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TAIT'S

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THE MINISTRY.

It is proverbial that men, individually honest, will be, collectively, roguish; whence, observes the poet,

“Chartered boroughs are so great a plague;”

and the reasons of this truth do not lie very deep: but it baffles all philosophy to explain how it is that men, so able individually as are some of his Majesty's ministers, are, collectively, so incapable. Tory cabinets were compounded like the witches' charms:—a number of worthless things—newts, toads, baboons' blood, and ounces of a red-haired hypocrite, were flung together; and the mess worked potently for mischief. But the contrary is the effect of mingling the good qualities of Whigs, which, as if by a chemical process, render a result having no property in common with the chief elements employed. Three men of stronger *will* than Lords Grey, Durham, and Palmerston, could hardly be brought together; and yet, indecision and wavering have marked all the conduct of the administration, excepting in the single instance of their constancy to the bill—to which, however, they were fixed by the country; and, though firm in adherence to the thing, they have been unsteady in their mode of carrying it on, and have tottered most uneasily under the precious burthen. For talent again, there are Lords Brougham, Melbourne, and Grey; Lord Althorp too, a sensible man—one certainly above the average understanding, though not acute or felicitous in the delivery of his thoughts—and yet the counsels directed by such men have been feeble and crude; and they have been set forth with a *niaiserie* of manner, which has even disgraced their intrinsic demerits. Lord John Russell, though never rated as a miracle of sapience, was reputed a man who would not run his head against a wall, or walk into a well, and yet he has amazed all by the surface of insufficiency he has developed. In one respect, both he and his noble colleague are godlike. When the enemy pierces them with logical arms, the weapons pass through and through without making any impression, or producing any other effect than the discharge of a humour fitter for Heaven than for earth. That there must be a radical fault in the cabinet is clear, when so much strength is included in it, and so much weakness mani-

fested. The truth is, that it is composed of incompatibles ; the talent is connected with conflicting principles. The ministry may be thus classified :—

POPULAR.	ARISTOCRATICAL.	SEE-SAWING BETWEEN THE TWO PRINCIPLES.
Lord Brougham, Lord Althorp, Lord Durham.	Lord Melbourne, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Palmerston.	Earl Grey, Lord Goderich.
Again, rating these men according to ability, they would stand thus :—		
TALENT.	OFFICIAL APTITUDE.	RHETORIC.
Lord Brougham, Lord Durham, Lord Melbourne.	Lord Palmerston, Lord Goderich.	Earl Grey.

There is no head here for Lord Althorp :—honesty is his denomination. We are yet more at a loss for a place for Lord Lansdowne. He has not enough talent, official aptitude, or rhetoric, to come under the heads, and yet he does not fall so short as to make the justice of his exclusion clear. He is a lover of ease and his order. Most of these men are, however, so mottled in their opinions and affections, that it is difficult to assign them any distinct denomination. Lord Durham is believed to be the staunchest reformer. He cannot be called *teres et rotundus* ; but he has the reputation of being a most indisputable thorn to the declared enemies and false friends of the people. He is honoured with the fiercest hatred and most virulent abuse of the Tory party. Lord Brougham, by those who best know him, and whose judgment is of high authority, is said to have all good objects at heart : but his reputation lies at this disadvantage, that he is perpetually finessing against himself, while his friends are backbiting and his enemies slaving on him. The retainers of the aristocratical ministers are incessantly throwing suspicion and abuse on the Chancellor. It is no bad rule to judge of the affections of the masters by the conduct of the servants. This would give us the clue to one weakness of the Cabinet. The reputation of Lord Melbourne for talent we take on private report. Certain it is, that his talent has not manifested itself in the cause of reform, or in connexion with any one popular or useful object. His defence of the new beer bill, so important to the comfort of the poor, and the purity of the magistracy, was worse than any attack could have been. He is one of those men who are said to be very clever, only they do not show it. He is reported to be an extraordinarily great man in his Home Office. His affections, however, have long been notorious for every thing severe and unpopular which a man professing Whig politics could favour without losing caste. He has been a Whig who might much better have been cast a Tory of the Castlereagh school. Lord Palmerston again was a Tory of this iron school, a thorough hack for the road to ruin ; there he exercised his best paces, and used to kick at Joseph Hume. Lord Goderich is an amiable man, *par negotiis*, who would pull very well with other men of a right sort, but whose leanings will be to the worse, (the aristocratical side,) where there are two, because his timidity inclines him to the stationary party ; as we see an old woman in a carriage-way stand stock-still under the horses' noses, lest she should run into danger. We now come to the character, the development of which has been such a surprise to the country, Earl Grey. The world gave him credit for statesmanship. They who knew him more closely, were aware that he was wanting in the first essential of statesmanship, the knowledge

of the *status*. For years he had kept up no acquaintance with the world, either through books or conversation. The changes which have been so rapidly taking place in the public mind, have been unmarked by him. He is a political neophyte in his old age. He takes up the world as he laid it down, and thinks it will yet bound submissive to the ruler's racket. In rhetoric, he is as accomplished and vigorous as ever; in his understanding, there seems to be but the one fault, that he knows not what he has to do with. He is like Dominie Sampson, resuming the early lessons of "little Harry Bertram," six feet high, precisely where they were broken off, when he was whipped up by the gauger. He spouts as mere phrases, sentiments which have ceased to pass as phrases, and are resented as propositions of oppression. The reception of his talk about vindicating the rights of the Irish clergy and crushing resistance, must have astonished him about as much, as the poor Dey of Algiers was amazed in Italy, when a question was raised, as to his privilege of strangling one of his attendants, and peremptorily decided in the negative. The exile had simply forgotten the difference of time and place; and Algiers does not differ more from Italy, than England as it is differs from England as it was, when Earl Grey finished the impressions of his mind. For years he has lived in a haughty retirement, suffering much from ill health, and vacant for hypochondriacal fancies. It is still a matter of wonder, that so bold and well cast a measure as the Reform Bill, should have proceeded from such a condition of intellect. Here was no misapprehension of the state of opinion, and the necessities of the times; but while he espouses the cause, he sets himself against the consequences,—while he affords the means of redress, he declares for the inviolability of abuses. Again, in the conduct of the Reform Bill itself, there is the precise converse of this inconsistency. As in the reform pregnant with all other reforms, he affords the means, while he pledges himself to resist, the objects; so, on the other hand, in the conduct of it, he has proposed the object, and, up to the hour at which we write, withheld the means. One moment we see him busy, and earnest in making bricks without straw; and, at another, we hear him declaring, that not a part of our tottering pile shall be altered or amended. He would and he would not. He would give the people their rights and continue their wrongs. He would give the people power with the one hand, and oppose their resistance of abuses with the other. He reforms a corrupt Parliament, and threatens to vindicate with the bullet and the bayonet, an exaction for which no service is rendered.* He would concede to public opinion in the ruling measure, and resist it at the hazard of civil war, in the instance of a particular abuse, intolerable to seven millions of people subjected to it, and to another twelve millions who witness it, and make common cause as to the principle, and sympathize with those engaged in the struggle against it.

These various inconsistencies favour the opinion that the plan of reform was the work of a mind bolder and more cognizant of the times; and to Lord Durham it is attributed. However this fact may be, and whatever may be the causes of the contradictions we have noticed, it cannot be denied that the Premier's advocacy of the measure has been pre-eminently able and intrepid. In rhetoric there has been no failure on his part. The failing has been in the incomparably more important

* Lord Althorp has since explained, that it is not intended to maintain the tithe system, but to punish resistance to it before justice is rendered.

point of action. Indeed, his have been the only speeches denoting any breadth of view, and piercing comprehension. It is strange that a man who so accurately apprehended the state of the public mind, with relation to this question, should show so profound an ignorance of it in other instances, in which it is unequivocally manifested. None, however, "are so blind as those who will not see."

The distribution of the ministerial patronage is another example of the neglect of means, which seems hardly reconcilable with zeal for the objects professed. What are the people to think when they see arms from their own arsenals presented to their enemies? The effect is not singly to deprive the popular side of certain powers, which go to increase the hostile force; but also the sanction of opinion is conveyed to the enemy by these signs of extraordinary preference. The argument is, that their merits must be great, their claims overwhelming, when even their adversaries are compelled to pass over their own supporters, and acknowledge the superior qualification of their foes. As this elates the Tory party, so it abashes the Liberals; who have to bear the scoff of their opponents, and either to confess their own unworthiness, or to call in question the justice and courage of their leaders.

All men were amazed that Lord Hill, the nominee of the Duke of Wellington, was continued in the command of the army. Why was it to seem that the Tories only could produce a man fit to be Commander-in-Chief? Why were the Tories' bellowing threats of civil war to be comforted in their folly, by seeing one of their faction at the head of the army,—an enemy in our camp, and in command of our camp! Lord Hill did not vote on the Reform Bill. Sir Henry Parnell did not vote on the Russian Dutch Loan. Lord Hill was continued in the command, which should never have been confided to him. Sir Henry Parnell was instantly dismissed from the only office in the Government held by one whose qualifications far exceeded the place assigned for their exercise. Sir Henry committed a fault, but unconsciously. It is a pregnant fact, that he had no notion that his withholding his vote would be offensive to the Ministry. He had seen them so negligent of support, so careless of absolute hostility, so tolerant of actual injury, that he could hardly suppose, that, in taking the precise course on a secondary question, which Lord Hill had pursued on the vital one with impunity, he should provoke his colleagues to a rupture. But it was the old quarrel of the wolf and the lamb. Sir Henry had long discovered himself to be too good an economist for his colleagues. He did not leave his principles at the door of his office, and they were disagreeable where such things are not customary. He talked of retrenchment as if he were still on the "other side" of the House. To most fabrics there is an outside and an inside; the outside smooth and specious, the inside less fit for inspection, and laid next to self; it is especially so with the mantle of Government, the wrong side of which comes next the skin.

Earl Grey's use of his patronage has not been more blameable than Lord Brougham's, which is next in importance. A capital error, and apparently without a motive, was the appointment of Mr. Horne to the Solicitor-Generalship. As the new Chancellor was deficient in knowledge of equity, it was the more necessary that he should have a Solicitor-General who could assist and uphold him. We need not say how he has provided for his wants. The thing is ludicrous—the jest of the court and the commons. Then, in the new Bankrupt Court—that notable specimen of blundering, for the costly clumsiness of

which the country is not, in fact, indebted to the Chancellor, but to one Mr. Vizard, whose oracles are preferred to those of Bentham, albeit his name is better known in connexion with the business of making members of Parliament, than with the science of jurisprudence,—in the appointments to this precious piece of handy-work, (with its four judges to work, and four more to look over them, with such uses as the Gog and Magog in the old Hall might amply have supplied), errors of a less pardonable nature are to be traced. One may be specially instanced, the alleged motive for which was the part which the learned gentleman had taken in the suppression of some mysterious papers affecting Royalty. The question is, whether services of this sort constitute qualification for judicial office. While we are touching on this subject, we are tempted to notice a curious illustration of the rebuke of the mote in a brother's eye, in complacent unconsciousness of the beam in the censor's. Among the official assignees selected by the commissioners, were two persons, one of whom happened to be a brother, another a brother-in-law of members of the electing committee. The brother had declined to vote. Of the qualifications of the gentlemen chosen there was no doubt or question. The Chancellor, however, when he saw the names in the list, took alarm, and rejected them, signifying his displeasure that persons should have been nominated, the brother and brother-in-law of whom were on the committee. The idea of a brother having any part or influence in preferring a brother, was shocking to him, though of his own act he had appointed his brother to a mastership. For this fraternal preference there was the sanction of no committee of disinterested persons, nay there was not the approval of any one man in the country acquainted with the merits of the choice. Here Lord Brougham's favouritism, we believe, stops; Earl Grey's takes a far wider range, and we only lament that he had not five hundred more kinsmen to promote in different parts of the empire, in lieu of those enemies of the good cause, whom he has, in default of personal partialities, invested with power. Inexplicable it is that a nobleman, who, in 1810, demanded as a condition of office, that the Prince's household should be turned out, has, at the present conjuncture, so incomparably important, suffered posts of influence and command to be filled by bitter and avowed enemies to his counsels. The stake has been boldly and generously proposed, but the game has been ill played, though we have little doubt that it will ultimately be won. He who plays ill, with a nation to back him, may almost call his cards. Much mystery has been thrown about the creation of peers. One would think that Earl Grey, from tenderness to the order, wished to induce a belief that it is a difficult matter to make peers. As Teddy the tiler says, in the farce, to his brother hodman, "You baste, sure you suppose it as easy to make a peer as to make a hod of mortar." Our opinion is, that there has never been any real difficulty about the matter; though the satellites of those ministers whom we account disaffected to popular objects, have been most loud in imputing the delay to the disinclination of the King. They had, however, represented the same obstacle to the dissolution of the late Parliament, and we remember how nobly the slander was confuted by his Majesty's right majestic exercise of his prerogative. Certain we are that the persons to whom we allude, would not dare whisper against the Crown, but at the instance of their patrons for some shabby party purpose.

The Whigs have not the knack of holding their tongues. If it or our depended on it, they could not help cackling in their clubs. They

are from long habit incontinent of counsel, occupied for so many years as they have been, in saying instead of doing. The babble of Brookes is irrepressible. Hence it has been no secret that Lord Lansdowne is warmly opposed to the creation of peers; indeed, he is said to have shewn such an energy in resisting this essential to the national peace, as he has never testified in any other instance of his political life. He is reported to have been comforted and abetted by Lord Melbourne. Here then we come to a new classification of ministers and official personages, in which we shall adopt the nomenclature of mothers with daughters on hand, who style younger sons, *detrimentials* or *vipers*.

DETRIMENTALS.

Lord Lansdown.
Lord Hill.
Lord Shaftesbury.
Mr. Stanley.
The Solicitor-General,

VIPERS.

Lord Melbourne.
Lord Palmerston.

Until some of these are weeded out, the ministry will not work freely towards any public object, and the weakness and wavering resulting from conflicting principles will be seen in its policy.

The squeamishness which some have really felt about the creation of peers is wonderful. When a man throws himself out of a window, it is not the stone on which he falls that is to be blamed for his cracked skull. The vote on the Reform Bill, and not the creation, will have to answer for the damage of the institution. Every man not deluded by the fancies of Blackstone and De Lolme, was aware, that the House of Peers must be one of two things; either an irresponsible body, which is a despotism, or an arm of the legislature obedient to the royal will. In the rejection of the Reform Bill, it gave us a specimen of what its despotism would be; and now it will be reduced to its second condition, that of an organ of the royal pleasure. As the Commons are brought to represent the people, so the Lords will henceforth represent the ministry, whose roots of power must be in the Lower House. That poor sport of his own vanity, Mr. H. Hunt, who speaks for the only praise he can get, the praise of the Tories, has delivered himself of this piece of nonsense. "He must solemnly say, that it was the common sense of the thing, that if they made it a precedent to create a number of Peers to carry what they considered a good and constitutional measure, it would be used against them as a precedent for carrying an unconstitutional measure." The answer to this is simply, that on the speaker's showing, when the brains are out, the man must die. If the first creation of Peers reduces the power of the Lords, as contended, no second creation can raise them to the power of mischief. Every increment to the House would sink it lower in public respect and in legislative incapacity.

The House of Lords once put, by a creation, in harmony with popular opinion, may run on smoothly with the Commons; but it will never, on any important question, be able to resist the Commons, unless the Commons have ceased to be representative of the nation. The last discord has been heard; and we hope, ere this appears in print, resolved into a new harmony, in the key of that popular letter A. In this we see no sort of evil. A delusion is dissipated. The Lords have only discovered the anti-national qualities belonging to one of their two conditions—that of irresponsibility; and they must be reduced to the other—that of subordination to the existing government.

A TETE A TETE WITH MR. TAIT.

TAIT.—Well, Mr. Smith, now you have read my prospectus, what do you think of my prospects?—Is there not room for me?

SMITH.—Room, man! room! There's always room for those who will make room for themselves.

TAIT.—But see you not that I propose to take unoccupied ground?

SMITH.—Unoccupied ground! tut, tut; unoccupied ground is barren ground—ground that no man has thought worth the trouble of cultivating. Elbow your way into the thickest of the crowd;—where many are speaking, they are heard best who speak the loudest—where many are shining, they are seen to most advantage who shine the brightest. Look ye, Mr. Tait,—I see you are half-inclined to be frightened by the popular croak of bad times, rivals, and overstocked markets. Heed it not;—our enemies are our best friends, for, by their means, we have conflicts which invigorate us, and conquests which delight us. Oh, what an appetite it gives a man for his supper, to wipe the sweat from his brow and the blood from his wounds! Never does a cock crow with such ecstasy on unoccupied ground, as he does on ground from which he has driven a conquered enemy.

TAIT.—Very true, Mr. Smith, very true; but I must contend that there is a demand at this time for a magazine of liberal principles, of independent spirit, bearing upon the times, bringing out the sympathies of mankind.

SMITH.—Mr. Tait, listen to my views of political economy in the matter of the book trade. You may talk till doomsday about demand and supply, and all that sort of thing; but I will ask you one plain question:—You have kept shop in Edinburgh some few years, and you have occasionally sold a copy or two of the *Waverley* novels; do you recollect that, before those novels were published, any customer came into your shop with money in his hand, saying, “Now, Mr. Tait, here is money, which you shall have, if you will produce, or cause to be produced, an interesting and lively narrative, called a novel, but written fifty times better than any novel that has been produced for the last twenty years.” Or, in the whole course of your existence, and in all your intercourse with the reading and thinking public, did you ever set your eyes on any individual of whom you could positively pronounce,—“Such an one is in want of a good novel, a good magazine, or a good poem?”

TAIT.—Mercy, mercy, my good friend, don't talk about poetry, it puts one in mind of hot-pressed foolscap—of hard-pressed foolscap. There is clearly no demand for poetry. Put anything into the form of verse, and you proscribe it; nobody will read it, and what is worse nobody will buy it.

SMITH.—And yet at this moment John Murray is putting forth a large impression of Lord Byron's works. So far from there being no demand for poetry, there is at this moment offered a premium of ten thousand pounds for a really sublime and original poem on any topic which the writer may choose.

TAIT, (*in great astonishment.*)—A what? A premium for the best poem?

SMITH.—No, Mr. Tait, no premium for the best, for bad is the best; but a premium for a good one, for a poem that has the life of life, the vigour of strength, the spirit of glory, and the soul of beauty.

TAIT.—And who offers the premium?

SMITH.—The public.—Mark me now. It is the supply that creates the demand. The want of a good book is not felt till a good book is published—then all the world is dying to read it; but if the public, looking for good books, finds nothing but froth, froth, trash, trash, flummery, and mummerly—things that have been said a thousand times before said a thousand times worse than ever—thoughts from those who think not, and who cannot think what thinking is—tales from those who have not heads—observations from those who observe not,—it grows disgusted, and rejects reading altogether. Depend upon it, Mr. Tait, the public is not an ass, it knows good from bad; some few readers, who cannot think, will read for reading's sake; but they who can think will prefer their own wordless thoughts to others' thoughtless words. Have you ever seen a thriving citizen sitting down to a well-dressed dinner of three courses; and have you observed, if, sitting at the same table, you were not too busy to observe, with what deep glee and intense delight of application, he has given up his soul to the meats before him? Then you have seen the public with a good book. On the other hand, have you ever seen a lean, gaunt, rib-displaying, hungry dog, prowling about in the vicinity of a slut's kitchen, where divers dirty bones lie begging for a dog's tooth in the sun; and have you seen the poor beast first take up one and then another, and then another, and then walk away in hungry despair and unfed sorrow? Then you have seen a lover of printed paper, in a reading-room, on the first or second day of the month, mumbling and grumbling over the periodical publications; taking up one and yawning at the first page, taking up another and yawning at the second page; sneering at one that it smells of perfumery, at another that it smells of blood, or at another that it smells of brimstone, or at another that it is scentless, bloodless, fleshless, lifeless, soulless and altogether stark naught, driven at last, in despair of managing to get through an article, to read the advertisements, or to meditate on the meteorological table.

TAIT.—All this I have seen, Mr. Smith, and so has every body who has eyes. I know that nothing but that which is excellent has a chance of excelling; but I think that I have a double chance of success—from the talent of my contributors, and the comparative originality of my plan.

SMITH.—Of the talent of your contributors I have not the slightest doubt; but as to the originality of your plan, be kind enough to enlighten me.

TAIT.—I can do it in three words, Liberality, Spirit, Utility.

SMITH.—Have we never had them before?

TAIT.—Never united.—We have had periodicals of liberal politics, but then they have been tame, flat, and flabby: they have carried with their liberality a mighty weight of dry goods, prosing disquisitions, spoony tales, pointless epigrams, and endless twaddle, which has appertained as much to the politics and interests of the moon as to those of our own miscellaneous and wondrous planet. Their liberality has been the liberality of the editor in inserting articles which must have been heavy enough to break down an iron press and to set the printer's devil yawning. I have sometimes been tempted to imagine that magazine editors have occasionally inserted papers by way of making the writers ashamed of themselves, and shewing the world what vapid nonsense some men can write, when they set about it in good earnest.

SMITH.—I believe you, I believe you, Mr. Tait; but you are

speaking very boldly, man. Suppose now that I were to let the world know what you have been saying to me; would they not expect, think you, that Tait's Edinburgh Magazine will contain no trash, no balderdash, no flat wishwash, muckery and moonshine?

TAIT.—To be sure they would, and so I would have them; and they shall not be disappointed in their expectation. Have I not said in my prospectus—

SMITH.—Pish!—beg pardon for interrupting,—but in a confidential conversation like this, what signifies alluding to a prospectus? I want to have from your own lips your own notions of your own words. Now, for instance, you profess liberality. Who in the name of wonder would ever put forth a prospectus professing illiberality?

TAIT.—No one professes illiberality: but they put it forth under the cloak of very fine words, with which the foxes of old used to sing the geese to sleep; they talk of venerable institutions, and glorious constitutions, of the pride and envy of surrounding nations, of the test of ages, and the time-honoured pinnacles,—which have just as much meaning as the buzz of a cockchafer;—

SMITH.—And are as great a nuisance. I do confess to you, Mr. Tait, that of all mental operations, if mental it may be called,—or to speak more properly, of all uses of the ears, I know none more utterly disagreeable or annoying than listening to a long prosification in the shape of argument in favor of exploded whims, all about nine-tenths of nothing at all.

TAIT.—But if you hate the wearisome buzz of pretended argument in favour of Toryism, toadeatory, and the like, what think you of the jesuitical trash and trickery of putting together cock-and-bull stories all about the abominations of the French Revolution, as if every movement in favour of liberty and equal laws were necessarily and inseparably connected with bloodshed and brutality?

SMITH.—Capital, Mr. Tait, capital! Oh, I do admire it with all my heart.

TAIT.—Eh—what! admire it! Do you believe such tales? Do you not regard such tales and representations as either absolute falsehoods or gross exaggerations?

SMITH.—Neither one nor t'other, Mr. Tait. They are all true enough; but peradventure there may be a little poetical embellishment about them,—no more. When I saw the attempt that was made to discredit the cause of Parliamentary Reform by means of dreadful stories of the French Revolution, I smiled—smiled not from any delight or satisfaction that I had in reading the tales, but I smiled at the simplicity of the logic of those good people who used weapons that destroyed their own arguments. Why, man, if these tales be true, and I have no doubt that they are, what a story do they tell of the deep and grinding oppression which drove passive humanity, when it could be no longer passive, to break out into such a dreadful fury of loud resistance. When I read or hear of violence bursting forth, I am naturally led to ask, "Is there not a cause?" My very heart bleeds to think what insolence man must have endured from his fellow man, in the way of political and social oppression, before he could have been driven to that outrageous reaction which appeared in the first French Revolution.

TAIT.—(attempting to conceal an incipient smile).—But you do not read, Mr. Smith, of any such violence used towards the people of France,

by the nobles and clergy, as was used by the people towards the nobility and the clergy.

SMITH.—You may well have a difficulty in keeping your countenance, when you affect to think that nothing but physical force can provoke physical violence. You know as well, as I can tell you, that insolence is one of the most irritating parts of oppression. A friend of mine, lately deceased, told me, that he was in Paris a few months only before the breaking out of what we now call the first French Revolution, and that, being in a carriage with a French nobleman, a sudden jolt was felt, which led the owner of the carriage to ask his coachman what was the matter. The coachman told his master that it was only a poor man whom they had run over. The nobleman made no other remark than "*Pauvre Diable ! Tant pis pour lui !*" This nobleman, my informant told me, was a perfect gentleman, a most amiable man ; but he had been brought up, like the rest of them, from his very cradle, to regard nine-tenths of his fellow creatures with the utmost contempt. So far from considering the horrors of a revolution as any argument for a pertinacious adherence to superannuated crotchets and ancient institutions, I view them as the most irrefragable demonstration of the necessity of conforming to the Spirit of the Times.

TAIT.—There now, you have just expressed my own views of what I mean by liberality. I have no objection to laws, customs, institutions, or the like, so long as they have a meaning, or have a use ; but when we have outgrown them, we should cast them away from us as incumbrances. It is well enough for the people of China or Hindostan to go on, from century to century, in their old habits, forms, and customs ; but mutability is the very essence of the European constitution. In Europe there is nothing old. Its changeableness is its strength and glory ; and those people are the most powerful who have had the most changes. How farcical and ridiculous it is for us, by the side of Hindoos or Chinese, to talk of our venerable institutions and time-honoured laws which have stood the test of ages ! We are perpetually changing, and changing in every thing ; in laws, which we are continually making and re-making, enlarging, explaining, altering, modelling, and adapting to circumstances ; in dress, which scarcely lasts a month in the same shape and colour ; in language, literature, arts, cookery, dinner-time, breakfast-time, furniture, beds, bedding, drama, dancing, music, manners, building, smoking, drinking, snuff-taking ; in fact, we change so much from generation to generation, that could we see and hear our grandfathers and grandmothers they would appear to us as foreigners. My view, therefore, of liberality, as concerns my Magazine, is, that we should conform to these mutations, and join them in their progress towards something yet more desirable, which we always have in prospect and never in possession. When I speak of liberality, I am not speaking of any ephemeral party, or any crotchety knot of grumblers, but of a broad, generous, right-down, straightforward, upright, honest principle that hates humbug, cuts blarney, explodes cant ; that looks facts boldly in the face, and laughs outright at the absurdity of men wearing their grandmother's petticoats, or peering through their grandfather's spectacles. Talk about change ! why, sir, what a venerable set of beings are the Hottentots, who have no more social or political mutations than the very beasts of the field !

SMITH.—Your liberality, Master Tait, seems to be exceedingly broad

and comprehensive. But run you not some risk, with your passion for liberality, of becoming a bigot to liberality? We have heard of such.

TAIT.—We have so;—but mind me—my liberality is not so much a matter of excess as of comprehensiveness. I don't so much hate a man for being a Tory, as I love him for being a fellow-creature. We should pity a man for being a Tory in these times. He is a poor creature that the march of events has left behind; he is like a short-legged drummer-boy who cannot keep up with the movement of the regiment; he is a being of a bygone age, singing an old song, telling a forgotten tale; his mind is hung with cobwebs; he is the preter-pluperfect tense of politics; he is an extract from the lumber room where we have thrown our ghosts, witches, and alchemists. We may laugh at Tories—there is no harm in that—inasmuch as no man is morally culpable for doing what he cannot help. But I would not persecute the poor creatures. I would let them live, if it were only for antiquity's sake.

SMITH.—But you are speaking of *bona fide* Tories who are such from incompetence of judgment, slowness of perception, or simplicity of heart.

TAIT.—Verily, I am; what else are you thinking of?

SMITH.—I am thinking there may be some rank coxcombs who, proud of the Belial wit, which can make the worse appear the better cause, or interestedly subservient to their lordly feeders, lend the aid of their little logic to the cause of despotism, by contributing to abuse the public mind, and using, for that purpose, arguments, the hollowness of which they see and know even while they use them.

TAIT.—For such I have no lib—— Yes—yes—I beg pardon—I have a great deal of liberality for them. I would liberally lash them, liberally expose them. I think it quite enough, Mr. Smith, for man to have dominion over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea;—I think it quite enough that he should appropriate to himself the speed of the horse, the strength of the ox, the fleece of the sheep, and the plumage of the birds;—man may be content with the mastery which he has over nature, subduing the elements to his use, riding on the waves of the sea, guiding the rivers in their course, catching the vagrant winds, and making the flaming fire his servant; he may be content with all this, without making a slave of his fellow-man, by force, or humbug; as for those who contribute to the slavery of their fellow creatures, by blarney and sophistry, I have for them the utmost liberality of a hearty scorn.

SMITH.—Pray, what do you think of the wisdom of our ancestors, Mr. Tait?

TAIT.—Which of our ancestors?—our fathers, our grandfathers, our great-grandfathers——

SMITH.—Or our great-grandmothers?

TAIT.—Or, again, our Protestant ancestors, our Catholic ancestors, or our Druidical ancestors? I cannot affirm or deny anything concerning our ancestors as to their wisdom, or their lack of wisdom, till I know what is meant by the term, "ancestors." If the term be designed to include all who have gone before us, it merely affirms that the present generation is the silliest set of men that have ever dwelt on the face of the earth. Now, where the dickens, for we must not say devil, is the proof of it? Has the world been struck silly all at once, or have we been growing stupider and stupider from one generation to another, so that the farther back we trace our ancestry, the wiser the world was? On

this supposition, then, our Catholic ancestors were wiser than our Protestant ancestors, and our Druidical ancestors wiser than all.

SMITH.—Capital.—Very well put, Mr. Tait, very well put. I see you are not disposed to swallow words and fancy them wisdom. Definition plays the deuce with humbug. Slang words are bandied about and pass from one to another with such rapidity that they are never examined; but when you catch hold of them and bring their noses to the grindstone of definition, they squeak out *peccavi*, and vanish into thin air. But you said something about spirit as being one of the recommendations of your magazine. Will you enlighten me a little on that point? You are not afraid of definition.

TAIT.—Why, man, don't you know that spirit is breath, and breath is life? By spirit, I mean that my magazine will be distinguished for its life and living interest; that it will talk of that which living people talk and think about; that it will not look like a thing of the last century; that there will be no necessity to examine the date to know whether it be a work of the present or the past age; that it will not merely talk of things that are, but that it will talk of them in the spirit of one that apprehends, feels, and is interested in them.

SMITH.—But may you not make it too ephemeral?

TAIT.—Not at all. It cannot smack too much of the day. Take up an old magazine that was published in the days of your grandmother's youth, whom you have heard talk of Wilkes and Liberty; and what are you disposed to read in that magazine, now? Not spoony tales all about Damon and Phillis, and fleecy flocks; not essays on friendship and gratitude; not sonnets to the moon, or meditations on moonshine; but the anecdotes, events, biographies and *livingnesses* of the day. For, how can that which has not a present life expect a future life?

SMITH.—I agree with you. There is in composition a fashion as there is in women's bonnets and caps; that which is at one moment sup-
 pably elegant is at another exquisitely absurd. I have seen, and for mere curiosity read, articles in old magazines which appear now to be the very quintessence of insipidity and slop; but in the very same magazines have been articles concerning the things and thoughts of the day, not only readable, but well written; so that the very articles which seemed to belong to all time belong to no time, and those articles which have the aspect of the day, have the interest of to-morrow. I can, therefore, readily apprehend your notion of making your magazine a thing of the day. But by spirit, Mr. Tait, some people seem to mean personality, scurrility, scandal, and defamation.

TAIT.—A very bad spirit is that, Mr. Smith.

SMITH.—I must own to you that when I see authors descending to dirty personalities, quizzing one another's noses, be they snubby or be they puggy, delineating for the amusement of a set of gaping geese all the particularities of a man's domestic life and personal history, I am very much reminded of the grimaces of pantaloons and the sly slaps which a nimble harlequin administers to the clown in a pantomime. I take it for granted that your contributors are gentlemen?

TAIT.—They would be very angry if you did not.

SMITH.—But is a gentleman, who has a regard for character and decency, a match for a foul-mouthed puppy who cares not what filth he may handle, so that he may bespatter an opponent? If a gentleman be provoked to throw mud upon a scavenger, it is only done with a silver spoon, which holds so little, that the scavenger laughs at it. Besides,

they who make it a business to expose themselves, must be totally invulnerable to such an attempt to expose them.

TAIT.—It is even so, Mr. Smith. No, Sir.—The spirit of my magazine shall be a good spirit, sportive and gentle, strong, and pure. It shall not contain the words of recollecting readers, but the thoughts of observing thinkers. You have opened many a book, and shut it again, without reading a word? Have you not?

SMITH.—I have, certainly,—but what is the drift of your question?

TAIT.—I will tell you. By a mere glance on the printed page, you can see at once whether the book be written in the English language or not.

SMITH.—I can so, undoubtedly.

TAIT.—And in like manner, can you not see, by a single glance—ay, even without reading a sentence, that there is life and spirit in an article? There is some writing, Mr. Smith, which seems to lay hold of your eyes as soon as you open the book, and which springs up and says, “Come, read me.”

SMITH.—I have indeed experienced that.

TAIT.—And you shall experience a great deal more of it, if you will read my magazine. You shall then see what I mean by spirit, that I do not mean insolence and impertinence; that I do not mean slang and balderdash; that I do not mean personality and dirty satire; but that I mean gladness of soul, elasticity of heart, truth of thought, clearness of expression, and that dexterity of mental distillation which draws from the chaotic wash of an agitated world the essence of truth, of beauty, and of goodness.

SMITH.—By my troth, Mr. Tait, but I begin to think that the world has had a great loss in not having had your magazine before.

TAIT.—I think so too, and as it has fasted so long, I hope it will now set to with a good appetite.

SMITH.—I see now what you mean by spirit; the truth is, that you mean poetry.

TAIT.—Poetry! No, no, Mr. Smith, poetry will not do, the world has outgrown it: there is no relish for it: the very sight of verse is a kind of *noli me legere*.

SMITH.—My dear fellow, I am not talking about verse; verse has grown into disrepute, because it has so frequently lacked poetry. For my own part, I love poetry so deeply, and so dearly, that I can scarcely bear the sight of verse. It is like the empty house of a departed friend—

“Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Do sound like voices from the dead.”

Poetry is not in the eye or the ear, nor is it at the finger-ends; it consists not in the distortion of words, or subversion of sentences, or in jingling epithets linked to limping nothings. Poetry is that mental electricity, whereby the heart holds living converse with the soul of nature, and the living invisible spirit of the material and visible world. Poetry is every where, and in every thing, in light and in darkness, in joy and in sorrow, in love and in hatred, in form and in colour, in motion and in rest, in day and in night, in summer and in winter, in cities and in deserts, in prose, and, sometimes, but not always, in verse.

TAIT.—Ay, ay, poetry, as you speak of it, is all very well. I have no objection to it; the more of it the better. There would be some utility in that.

SMITH.—Ah! now my good friend, I am delighted to hear you talk of utility and poetry in one breath. I must confess to you, that when I

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first read your prospectus, and saw the word UTILITY, I began to have qualms about spinning jennies and steam-engines, and all the apparatus of meat, drink, and clothing, as if a man's whole being consisted in nothing but eating mutton chops, and wearing breeches.

TAIT.—You must then have had very narrow views of my views.

SMITH.—My good sir, you must know that there is a set of men in this strange world of ours, who, when they once get on a hobby, will ride it to all manner of excess and absurdity, and there is perhaps no word in the language that has been made such a fool of as the word UTILITY. It has been construed to mean nothing but the visible and tangible; nothing but that which has a direct and positive tendency to fill the belly or cover the back. Your super-super-utilitarian Quixote would tear all the fringe from our curtains, would dash the capitals from our columns, and the gold from our gingerbread. When I was a young man, and had a little propensity to quizzing, which, I now trust, I have totally subdued, I once asked an old maid, who was prodigiously wise and sagacious, which was most useful, a fiddle or a frying-pan.

TAIT.—And she decided in favour of the frying-pan?

SMITH.—To be sure, she did; and you will find that to be the case almost all the world over, that second-rate wits, and deputy wise-acres, think nothing useful that does not contribute to the support of life, as if being were of more importance than well-being. They speak of the useful and the ornamental, as if the one were opposed to the other, and, as if that which is ornamental is not useful.

TAIT.—I'll tell you what, Mr. Smith, I have a very great respect for you, and a good opinion of your discernment; and, therefore, I take it for granted, that you merely wanted to draw me out on the subject of utility; but, if I could believe that you deliberately thought me such an ass as to be an utilitarian of the class you are alluding to, I should be very much tempted to hand you to the door, and to make you a present of a kick for a keepsake.

SMITH.—You are safe enough from all such temptation, for, if I had ever suspected you to be guilty of such high-treason against common sense as not to see the use of ornament, I never would have darkened your doors with the shadow of my earthly tabernacle.

TAIT.—So far, Mr. Smith, am I from denying or doubting the utility of ornament, that I absolutely hold that the very value of all the substance of life and being consists in its susceptibility of ornament. Is not sight a blessing? Is not the eye a most eminently useful organ of the body? Yet, wherein consists the glory and beauty of its usefulness? Is it merely useful in preventing us from knocking our noses against a post, and breaking our shins against chairs and tables? Or, is it not principally useful in feeding the soul with forms of beauty, and delighting the heart with the substance of sublimity? Ornament is the perfection, the refinement, the acme of utility. Every thing that contributes to the enjoyment of our being, and the perfection of our nature, is useful; and what is life without beauty and embellishment?

SMITH.—Very good, Mr. Tait, very good. If your magazine should be a beautiful, it will be a useful production.

TAIT.—And, if it be useful, it will be beautiful, for use and beauty are inseparable.

SMITH.—Now I understand you. If you adhere to these principles your Magazine *must do*,—*shall do*. If it be not well received by the public, never again believe a word you hear from any man of the name of Smith.

THE REVOLUTION.

THERE is a double meaning hid under the word Revolution, which has done excellent service to the opponents of political amelioration. Strictly taken, it means nothing more than the transfer of political power from one set of holders to another. But transfers of this kind have at times been accompanied by anarchy, havoc, and desolation; and these disagreeable images are viewed in minds of a certain calibre, as necessary and unavoidable component parts of all Revolutions. Keeping in mind this confusion of ideas, we would say to that defeated faction now clamouring so loudly and piteously, that, if by "Revolution" they mean a transfer of political power from themselves to the people, they are not far wrong in calling our Reform Bill, Revolutionary. If they mean that the adoption of that measure must end in anarchy, it is their own self-willed, anile conduct ~~doe~~, that can verify their lugubrious prophecies. When a man ventures to predict that a house will be burned, it is his own fault if he prove a false prophet: and low as we rank the talents, contemptuously as we estimate the might of our adversaries, we believe that some of them are quite capable of making an analogous attempt.

There is no great harm even in an ill-favoured name, so long as its injustice is known. We may allow the enemies of Reform to call it Revolution if they will. It is our part, humouring them by the adoption of their vocabulary, eschewing vain contests about words, to submit such explanations to the public as may defeat their incendiary intentions—by letting in a little light upon them. To this end we propose to shew that our present frame of government, the child of two revolutions, calls imperatively for the helping hand of a third. By our first revolution, supreme and irresponsible power was wrested from the feudal nobles and Romish Church. This was effected by a chain of almost imperceptible innovations, from the time of Henry VIII., to that of Elizabeth. By our second revolution, the king of Britain was made the organ, not the controller of the law. This, after many a bloody struggle, was effected by the unresisted expulsion of James II. By the third—with which the parent nation now labours in the throes of parturition,—and God give her a speedy, quiet, and joyful delivery!—the power of a juggling oligarchy will be stricken down for ever.

By the revolution of 1688, the sovereigns of Britain, who had endeavoured to claim as their heritage the power of which time and events had deprived the aristocracy—and the Romish hierarchy, were brought back within more modest limits of authority. Unfortunately, however, sufficient pains were not taken to ensure to the people the election of all their own representatives, or a sufficient control over those whose nomination was in their own hands. The King was now little more than the first nobleman of the land; and the aristocracy, emancipated from his control, limited in their numbers, and on that account able to act in concert, united among themselves by blood and intermarriage—possessed in the hold, which their close boroughs gave them over the House of Commons, a power of governing the state according to their own pleasure, which only differed from that possessed by their ancestors of the feudal period, in the secret and underhand manner in which they were under the necessity of exercising it. So long as the majority of their body were united, their influence over the

other House gave them the power of controlling its deliberations ; but the temper of the people had now become such that it might have been dangerous to let them know in what manner they were shackled and immeshed by the nobility. This English House of Commons created by the Peers, was yet further corrupted by the admixture of forty-five members from Scotland, in the election of not one of whom was there the least alloy of popular suffrage. The united body took an early opportunity of securing itself yet further against any encroachments on the part of the people, by the passing of the act for septennial Parliaments. Upon this corporation, in a short time, devolved the whole of the laborious department of government. The aristocracy, disqualified by their habits and education for business, gladly laid the burden upon the shoulders of an assembly whose feelings and interests they knew to be identified with their own. The power which it possessed of checking and controlling the King's ministers rendered it impossible for him to employ any confidential servants from which its support was withheld. Thus the whole power of the state, as well executive as legislative, became vested in the House of Commons ; in other words, in those noblemen and that small portion of the Commons who had the power of nominating its members. Thus, after centuries of vain aspirations and desperate struggles for the attainment of liberty, was the whole power of the state again lodged in the hands of a small faction, with interests necessarily different from those of the whole community, and, unlike its predecessors, reigning not with the shew of brute violence, which necessarily revolts humanity, but under the specious pretence of being the people's choice, and acting in strict accordance with law and justice.

The reign of force was now over—that of intrigue and corruption had begun. The quick eye of ambition was not long of discerning that whoever was supported by a majority of the makers of the House of Commons was master of the King, Lords, and Commons. To Walpole belongs the unenviable distinction of being the first to discover the infallible method of securing such a majority. He was the first who dared boldly to act upon the principle that even a nobleman might have his price. Through the cloak of public spirit, or high gentlemanly feeling, he saw the soul of the boroughmonger ; and he spoke to it in the only language it was capable of understanding—interest, in its thousand forms of power, gold, and parade. The sums of money which as minister he held at his disposal, increased by the new found El Dorado of the borrowing system—the immense number of sinecures and employments with disproportioned emoluments, which our ill-organized system, and above all, the church, enabled him to bestow, were liberally applied to secure for him followers and supporters, even at the hazard of draining the exchequer, and leaving the machine of state to stand still.

So coarse and vulgar a method of obtaining power was “ level to the meanest capacity.” With, perhaps, the exception of Chatham, all his successors, Whig and Tory, have acted upon it. In proportion as the country extended its territory, and the inhabitants grew in intelligence, enterprise and wealth, greater means of corruption were placed at the disposal of Ministry ; and in proportion as the pressure of the system grew less and less endurable, the power of enlisting a numerous and well-disciplined phalanx of defenders increased. At first the buyers and sellers of power had modesty enough to be ashamed of the iniquity of their traffic, and the grace to conceal it, although at the expense of a lie. Like prostitutes, however, they by degrees grew brazened enough to

avow their profession openly. And, now, men of genius must be suborned to wrest the truth, and make falsehood appear the better reason—to wreath the deformity of falsehood, oppression, servility and avarice with the flowers of fancy, wit, and humour—to lend an air of grace and gallantry to meanness and self-abasement. The grave preacher was taught to inculcate, from the pulpit, lessons of slavish submission and acquiescence in wrong, calling them religion and morality. The hired buffoon was employed to represent patriotism as ignorance, narrow-mindedness, or hypocrisy. The long-breathed, brazen-faced wrangler was placed in Parliament to talk down all opposition. The diffusion of knowledge was hunted down under the cry of sedition, irreligion, and immorality. The passions of the ignorant multitude were pandered and appealed to; as witness amongst a thousand other instances the destruction of Priestly's house, books, and apparatus at Birmingham. The structure founded in usurpation, and built of corruption, was white-washed over with the fair pretext of morality, social order and boon-companionship.

Under such a system of government the chief direction of affairs was not confided to transcending talents or approved honesty. Plausible conciliating manners, and a liberal distribution of the wealth and power sucked from the nation, seated a Minister firmly in office. Possessed of such qualities he might be the veriest imbecile under the sun, still he was fit to govern. From North or Newcastle, down to Vansittart or Sidmouth, such a succession of incapables, and with so slender a sprinkling of men of talent, will rarely be met in the annals of the world. At times when their blunders had periled the very existence of the system, a man like Pitt would be called upon, not to re-place it by a better, but to cobble up the old crazy machine so that it might hang a little longer together. The principles of government and plan of policy which one set of Ministers have inherited from another during the period we are now treating of, may be briefly described.

The first great object of government—the good of the governed—was not acknowledged. Our oligarchy was the legitimate successor of Kings by divine right. The people were an engine which he, who managed to scramble into power, might apply in any manner to serve his own purposes. These purposes were dictated, according to the character of the individual, by the purblind passions, avarice, ambition, or love of show. One Minister wished for the reputation of conquering new territories: another sacrificed the national interests to the vain-glorious dream of settling the quarrels of all Europe; a third was intent upon heaping up treasure for himself and his relations. On one point all three were agreed;—while encouraging, as far as was consistent with their ulterior plans, the industry and accumulation of the country—to secure the means of drawing as much of its wealth into their own hands as possible. To this desire, accompanied by incorrect notions of the nature of trade, must be attributed our colonial policy, invented with a view to prevent, if possible, the least particle of property eluding their grasp:—to this, the anxiety of every ministry to concentrate, if possible, a power of taxing every British territory in the Parliament of this Island. The presumptuous endeavour to tax unrepresented America' roused her to assert her independence, and a similar encroachment called forth the energies of the Irish volunteers. And here we may remark, in the partial and oppressive distribution of taxation, the subserviency of the members of Parliament to those who have made and unmade them. The merchant

and manufacturer are considered by the great landlords, just as they were in the feudal times, as a sort of Amalekites whom it is lawful to spoil. They are patronised as bringing wealth and splendour in their train, but they are made to pay well for the patronage afforded them. The burden of taxation is laid upon their shoulders.* They are prohibited purchasing food from other lands till their patrons have no more to sell; they are obliged to purchase the raw produce of their tolerators in preference to that of every other country. They are first fleeced to fill the pockets of the landlord, and then forced to pay the Government which treats them in this manner. The money exacted from the people, was, as already hinted, expended differently at different times. Sometimes our armies and navies were fitted out with a needless parade of force; at other times they were allowed to decrease in numbers, or to rot in the dockyards, while the Minister was stuffing his own pockets; but whether employed or not, the people must pay for them.

It is evident then, that under the outward show of free institutions, we have been governed since 1688, by an oligarchy limited in number, and rapacious in character. Its rapacity has increased as length of years has rendered it more hackneyed in the ways of deceit and oppression. This fact explains the sympathy which our rulers have ever shewn for the despotic monarchs of the Continent. Their cause was one. Hence our accession to the first unholy league framed to crush the young liberties of France. Hence our incessant intrigues on the Continent until the restoration of the Bourbons was achieved. Hence our profuse expenditure in hiring nations and dynasties to fight in their own defence. Hence Castlereagh's coquetting with the Holy Alliance. Hence Wellington's and Aberdeen's jeremiads over our secession from that nefarious association. The whole of these proceedings, in which the resources of the country have been wantonly squandered, and its character compromised, had their source in the conviction that the Kings of Europe, and the oligarchy of England, stand in the same relation to their respective nations, and that their only safety is to be sought in a compact mutually to defend each other against every mutiny of their slaves.

A plan of rule under which the interests of the governors have, for a century and a-half, been systematically preferred to those of the governed—under which avarice and imbecility, on the part of the rulers, have contended for the mastery—under which every amendment of our social organization has been scornfully and contumeliously rejected—under which the people have been plundered, and their wealth squandered upon undertakings which were either indifferent or prejudicial to their interests—under which brother has been stirred up to hate his brother for difference of creed, or for a mere fancied incompatibility of their pecuniary interests—has, at length, brought us to the situation which might have been anticipated. Trades which have been called into factitious existence, are giving signs of their sandy foundation,—trades which have been injudiciously checked, are depressed to a fearful extent. The agriculturist, who has been encouraged to ruinous speculations by restrictions upon the importation of foreign agricultural produce, shares

* It is true that all taxation falls ultimately on the consumer, but indirect taxation upon commerce and manufactures, by checking industry, doubles the sum really paid by the merchant and manufacturer. Besides the landlords, when they resisted a proportional increase of the land-tax, were not aware that even indirect taxation must ultimately reach their own pockets as consumers. They had the will, if not the power, to shift the burden entirely from their own shoulders.

in the general depression. The sum wrung from the nation, under the form of taxes, continues amid all this distress and poverty unabated. The poor labourers whom the capitalist cannot employ, he is forced to feed lest hunger should drive them to desperation.* To crown all, the workers of the evil have been, at last, driven to admit its existence; and by their attempts to cure, have but rendered the disease more complicated and inveterate. They dared not admit the real cause of the distress—their own incapacity to govern. Even the remedies that were suggested; restoration of the currency, liberation of trade from its fetters, church law and financial reform, they have ventured upon with a timid hand. They have tried and abandoned each by turns, unable to perceive that each, without the others, was useless. They have shaken the compactness of the old system without amending it. They have made "confusion worse confounded."

Out of all this evil arises a fair promise of future good. The spirit which awakened at the Reformation, and triumphed at the Revolution, although it has been suppressed, has never been extinguished. The language of Defoe and the Legion Club were caught up in America by Franklin and Jefferson, and their voices were echoed here by Price and Priestly. The example of France encouraged the love of liberty. Bold words were spoken, the sound of which yet tingles in our ears. From that time to this, although liberty has been trodden down and scorned—her name made a mockery and a by-word—there has been in the country a small faithful band which has not ceased to pay to her the homage of the heart. The retributive suffering which has at length followed in the train of tame submission to falsehood and oppression, and the diffusion of knowledge which has been effected in despite of every opposition, have at last awakened the universal nation. The tyranny under which we have groaned—the third against which this nation has been called to struggle—based as it is on delusion and false pretences, needs but to be fairly looked in the face that it may be destroyed. It is a nightmare whose empire is amid darkness and dreams, and which is annihilated the moment we awake. The nation is now asserting its right to govern itself; and, notwithstanding the syren wailings of the interested in every corner of the land—notwithstanding the denunciations of our modern Coriolanus and his blustering retainers—it will succeed. The sceptre which has dropped from the grasp of the oligarchy must be transferred to the people. Whether this object be effected by the measure which has so long been depending before the Legislature, or by another and more comprehensive, is to us a matter of the utmost indifference. Those who manage the affairs of State must in future be the nominees of

* The population of England and Wales in 1831, was 13,894,574 by the census. The amount of poor-rates, expended for the relief of the poor in the year ending 25th March, 1831, was, by returns lately submitted to the House of Commons, £6,798,888, 10s. The Rev. John Thomas Becher stated in his evidence before the Committee of the Lords, on the state of the poor-laws, that a male pauper was supported for 2s. 8d. per week; a female for 2s.; a child for 1s. 2d. Assuming, that, among the paupers of England and Wales, the number of men, women, and children were equal, and that every pauper was supported entirely out of the poor-rates, these data would give their number about a million and a-half. But the number of women and children far exceeds that of men; many only receive partial relief; and there are many local charities not taken into account. The number of persons at present, more or less dependent on charity in England and Wales, must exceed one-fourth of the total population. (This calculation excludes state-paupers on the pension list and in the church.)—Then look to Ireland.

the nation, identified with its interests, and of approved skill and honesty. Our future rulers must act under a sense of thorough responsibility.

From this time forth,
The few must know their service to the many.

National happiness must now become the aim of Government, not a bonus held out to the people to allure them to serve its private purposes.

Such is the past—the future is a page which admits of being but dimly scanned. One thing is certain, that our fate is now, under Providence, in our own hands; and that it will require the utmost exertion of the nation's courage, intelligence, and wariness, to rescue it from the dilemma into which it has been brought by the incapacity of its former rulers. A radical reform in our institutions and economy must be immediately begun, and systematically and unflinchingly persevered in. Much delusion is yet prevalent which must be combated;—the body politic is feverish and irritated, and not unlikely, in a moment of perversity, to act like a sick man, who nauseated by the bitterness of the remedy offered him, refuses to be cured.

The duty most imperatively urgent upon our new legislators will be to promote the diffusion of knowledge. Elementary schools, adequate to the population, must be founded in every district. The reform, which has searched minor charities, and even laid hand, however lightly, upon our Scottish Universities, must extend its influence to the great monopolies of Oxford and Cambridge. They were intended by their founders to promote knowledge, and this generous intention they must be made to fulfil. It must no longer be said that the great seminaries of English education are log-lines of the human understanding; that while the rest of the nation has been successfully rivalling other countries in science, art, and literature, these over-wealthy institutions have been striving to repress the generous aspirations of the mind after knowledge. In farther aid of the diffusion of knowledge, every tax tending to repress literary exertion, and the free interchange of the literature of this country with that of foreign nations—all duties upon newspapers and pamphlets, and foreign books, must be abolished. Let free inquiry loose, and truth ultimately will prevail. Permit unlimited access to the fountain of knowledge, for here indeed "increase of appetite doth grow with what it feeds upon."

Next in importance is the task of systematising and simplifying the proceedings of the Legislature and of the Executive Government. Much valuable time may be saved, and much useless expense avoided, by referring to local legislative bodies, a great proportion of the private bills which occupy so much of the attention of Parliament. The House of Commons must be divided into committees of legislation, finance, &c. to which must be remitted all projects of new laws; all information respecting their several departments; all petitions from the people therewith connected. In these committees evidence must be sifted and arranged methodically, and the measures to be proposed for the adoption of the whole legislative body brought into a definite and accurate form. The necessity of some arrangement like this is demonstrated by the numberless instances of paltry and partial enactments smuggled through the House of Commons; by the inaccurate, and frequently unintelligible, language of our Acts of Parliament; and by the bush-fighting unpractical character of the Debates. In like manner the public accounts must be made up in a compact and intelligible

manner. The number of Boards, and of official persons, must be restricted within the narrowest possible limits. Above all care must be taken to give every possible publicity to the proceedings of the Legislature of the Executive, and of the general state of the country. The preliminary labours of the different Finance Committees; of the Commissioners appointed by the Crown to report on the civil list, the officers of state, and the Exchequer; and the invaluable report of Dr. Bowring, have materially facilitated the attainment of these arrangements.

The next great object of attention is the diminution of the national burthens. This can never be accomplished without the adoption of an honest and direct system of taxation. Indirect taxation, as tending to press hard upon industry, and to superinduce a system of juggling delusion—of picking people's pockets unawares, must come to an end. Borrowing for national purposes, if indeed it be permitted at all, must be effected upon some system analagous to that suggested in a subsequent article of the present number. Some compromise, such as that suggested by the late Mr. Ricardo, must be agreed to by the landholders, fundholders, and other capitalists, in order to free the nation from the pressure of that incubus, our present debt. The tithe system, now put an end to in Ireland, must be abolished in England likewise. It is surely time for men to see the folly and inutility of submitting their necks to what is called an Established Church. Can any thing be more incongruous than a state of affairs, in which a man, according as he chances to stand on the north or the south side of a river, is a Dissenter, or a member of the Establishment. Christianity is now as widely diffused through these realms as human means can effect it—and only for missionary purposes was an organised system of affiliated churches contemplated by the founders of our religion. Every reasonable being now admits, that the different sects to which we belong, however they may differ on the question of discipline, preach in the main the same doctrine. It is matter of notoriety that the dissenters have done more to diffuse and keep alive vital religion among the people, than the Establishment. Why then continue to rob the nation of such an immense annual sum—and levied, too, in so impolitic a manner—for the support of a useless excrescence, an infringement upon Christian liberty. Another important alleviation of the national burdens will be effected by the abolition of all corporations which have the power of imposing local taxes; and conferring upon the inhabitants of the district the right of electing those who regulate their police and its expenditure. Lastly, such a system of poor's rates must be adopted as will insure the application of this tax to its legitimate purpose. The capitalist must no longer be allowed to pay his labourer out of a fund, which belongs, by a sacred right, to the impotent and necessitous.

Scarcely of secondary importance to the simplification and reduction of state burdens, is the removal of all restraints upon individual industry. Those impolitic laws, which restrict one branch of trade, and afford unnatural encouragement to another, for the attainment of some fancied good, must be abolished. The enterprise of man left to make his fortune by his own exertions will supply us with hardy and daring defenders, without alluring individuals to pursue a gainless traffic. The distress at present attributed to our recurrence to the principles of free trade, is the result of their not having been adopted to their full extent. The transition from an artificial to a natural system of trade, is a painful operation, but a cure will be the consequence of momentary suffering. Com-

merce in grain and in everything else must be freed from its shackles. It is not true that our adoption of the principles of free trade will not meet with reciprocal concessions. Nations stand at present in the same relation to each other, as men do in the savage state—they are afraid to trust the stranger. Let us set the example, and we will be followed. In France, in America, just views are rapidly gaining ground. The rest will follow. A commerce based upon industry native to the soil—suggested by its productions, not the child of statute—will be free from the periodical sicknesses to which our present hot-house plants are subject. In like manner, our connection with our colonies must be placed on a proper footing. Colonies are swarms from the parent hive when over-full. The ties of kindred and affection give them a claim to protection in their nonage. Their friendship may be relied on in the hour of danger in proportion as they are kindly treated. Their commerce is valuable in proportion as it is freed from all restraints. While yet too young to form a state, they are members of our body politic, subject to the same burdens, entitled to the same immunities. When they are able to govern themselves let us part company in friendship. Any attempt, by restrictions on their trade, and the imposition of duties, to wrest from them their honest gains, must alienate their affections; and, although it may enrich a few, must entail a burden on the community.

The last reform to which we propose at present to allude, is Law Reform. The object of all law is the security of person and property. The civil law determines, in questions of disputed ownership, to whom the property in question belongs. The criminal law forbids, under the sanction of punishments, all attacks upon a neighbour's person or property. The remnants of institutions, which have long ceased to exist still continue to render the civil law of this country voluminous, perplexed, and unintelligible:—the artificial nature of our system of government has elevated many an indifferent action into the character of a crime:—while the utter ignorance of the science of legislation has rendered both branches full of the most oppressive and contradictory rules; and has lent to the latter in particular a character of blood-thirstiness revolting to every feeling of humanity. The same evil fate has attended the organization of our courts of justice, which are deeply tainted with inaptitude for business, and aptitude for vexatious delay. In some the judicial is confounded with the executive, in others with the legislative character: in all the expense is enormous. As sources of hatred and all uncharitableness—as perverters of the natural sense of justice—as impediments to commerce—and as burdens on the community, they are unsurpassed.

The reform which we have attempted, however inadequately, to sketch, must follow up the reform in our representative system, otherwise we have been like wayward children, loudly claiming a privilege which we never intended to exercise. Its object is to simplify our institutions—to render them less burdensome and at the same time more effective—to put the machine of the state in good working order. It is only in such a searching reform—a reform proceeding upon systematic and comprehensive views, that there is hope for the nation. The curse of the bit-by-bit reformer is, that, by introducing a good regulation into a bad system, he but increases the mischief. All the harm done is attributed to the innovation, not to the old, rooted abuses, whose contaminating touch turns even good into evil. He “sews new cloth upon old garments, making the rent worse.” Good regulations

are only available under a good system. It is the impossibility of otherwise escaping from the pertinacious adherence to what was vile of one party, and the piddling, mischievous tampering with the constitution of those who saw the cure but did not dare to apply it, that has forced the nation to take the task into its own hands. If, under the Reform Bill, we obtain a set of representatives, enlightened and bold enough to apply a radical reform to all our defective institutions, then our third revolution has accomplished its ends, and the nation starts, with renewed energies, on a long career of prosperity. If the Bill be defeated, or found not to answer, we must have a further extension of the suffrage. As lovers of peace and quiet, we should prefer the first alternative, but can never hesitate between the second and a perpetuation of old abuses. Come what may, our political creed—the great object which we propose as the termination of our labours, is fully and frankly avowed, and neither danger nor obloquy shall make us retract it. Our faith is firm—our resolution unchanging—our faces Zionward—and our motto that of England's noblest patriot,—

VESTIGIA NULLA RETROSUM.

ON THE LATE REMARKABLE SILENCE OF "THE POET LAUREATE."

WHEN Tudor tyrants England's crown disgraced,
 They kept two menial knaves—to prove their taste—
 With different gifts, to please the moody King—
 One hired to dance—and one suborned to sing.
 They played their fulsome antics round and round,
 The one with bells—and one with laurel crowned.
 Invidious years the precious pair divide—
 Our Southey still survives—our Summers died. ‡
 What ails the Doctor—is his music past?...
 Our hired buffoon declines to grin at last.
 Vitellius lives. The venal laureate sings
 The first of Regents—and the best of Kings.
 Vitellius dies. They drag, with vain parade,
 The ponderous coffin, to sepulchral shade,
 While joyous England rings, from shore to shore—
 "Thanks to great God! Vitellius is no more."
 Now, surely, is the time. With right good will,
 The hireling hand will ply the grey goose quill—
 Sonorous odes the eager voice will bray—
 Wine fires the genius—gold suggests the lay...
 Say, has thy sack turned sour—thy golden fee
 Grown dross? Will interest wring no line from thee?
 No tortured dactyli his loss bewail—
 No Sapphic monster, with Adonian tail—
 No dithyrambic threnody, to shew
 How many virtues lie enshrined below—
 How—o'er his hearse—the orphan people shed
 Cascades of tears—and mourn their Father dead!
 No. Silence suits him well. 'Tis thine to run—
 Ere yet too late—to hail the rising sun!
 While clouds of heathen night the world o'erlung—
 From haunted grot the Pythian damsel sung—
 Base juggling hands the wreath of Phœbus wove—
 And oaks groaned out the edicts of the Jove.
 The light breaks forth. Imposture's reign is o'er—
 Mute is Dodona—Delphos lies no more.—

‡ Will: Summers, the last stipendiary Court jester.

To Hell's black womb the silent Gods retire—
 While shivering Vesta fans her waning fire.
 So Thou—O!st England writhed beneath her chain—
 And Freedom urged her trampled rights in vain—
 Wast hired, at stated periods, to rehearse
 The deeds of despots in blaspheming verse.
 To worth and wit poor frantic Lear to raise,
 And daub Vitellius o'er with bestly praise.
 In Slavery's cause the murdered myriads bleed—
 Thy jingling metre lauds the mighty deed—
 Misrule's black acts still foremost to proclaim—
 Proud of thy yoke, vain-glorious of thy shame.
 Gone is night's empire—happier days have come—
 Great William reigns—the Delphic voice is dumb.
 Millions of knees in votive ardour bend
 To pray for Him—our Patriot—and our Friend.
 From amile Statesmen—from the rust of years—
 From mitred Sybarites, and felon Peers—
 Ordained by Heaven to rescue and redeem—
 And Southey's servile dōtage shuns the theme.

THE MARTINET.

"He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too old, as it were—too peregrinate, as I may call it."—
Love's Labour Lost.

THE "Martinet" is the name of a genus, not of a species; the title of a race variously feathered, but having specific qualities in common. There is your military martinet, your clerical martinet, your legal martinet, and the martinet of common life, ("*Gallixista fastidiosa communis*," Linnæus would class him,) who is to the others what the house-sparrow is to the rest of his tribe. It is with him alone we have to do. The "martinet" is a person who is all his life violently busied in endeavouring to be a perfect gentleman, and who almost succeeds. He misses the point by overstepping it. He is like one of those greyhounds which outrun the hare fleetly enough, but cannot "take" her when they have done so. They have a little too much speed, and a little too little tact. The martinet is always bent upon thinking, saying, doing, and having, every-thing after a nicer fashion than other people, until his nicety runs into downright mannerism; all his ideas become "clipped taffeta," and all his eggs are known to have "two yolks." He rarely comes of age or is thoroughly ripe till near forty, before which he may be a little of the precise fop, and after which he changes to the somewhat foppish precisian, which is the best definition of him. He would be an excellent member of society were he not a little too nice for its every-day work, which, to speak a truth in metaphor, will not always admit of white gloves. He is remarkably consistent in all his proceedings, however, and the outward man is a perfect and complete type of the inward, and *vice versa*. His soul is never out of pumps and silk stockings, and picks its way amidst the little mental puddles and cross-roads of this world with a chariness of step, which is at once edifying and amusing. Of inward show he is not less "elaborate" than of outward; and, though a descendant of Eve, takes equal care of the clothing of both mind and body.

Were his tailor to be abandoned enough to attempt to palm upon

him a coat of the very best Yorkshire, instead of the very best Wiltshire broad-cloth, (an enormity of which *homo reserens*—he was once very near being the victim,) the one would be sure to lose, if discovered, the best of his customers, and the other the best of a month's sleep. If he wears a wig, his expenditure with his *peruquier* is never less than five-and-twenty guineas a-year. His cigars, though he smokes little, cost him nearly as much. His hat is water-proof; his stop-watch and repeater are of a scapement that never varies more than six seconds in the twelve months from the time-piece at the Observatory at Greenwich, where he has a friend, who is so good as sometimes to compare notes with him. By the advice of his boot-maker—who, by the way, has some knowledge of the length of his foot—he never puts on a new pair until they are at least a year old; and he parted with his last foot-boy because he one day discovered a perceptible difference between the polish of the right and left foot. In winter, he wears and recommends cork soles. His toilet is no sinecure; and on the table are always to be found, besides his dressing-box, which contains an assortment of combs, scissors, tweezers, pomades, and essences, not easily equalled, a bottle of "Eau de Cologne, véritable," a Packwood and Criterion strop; a case of gold-mounted razors, (the best in England,) which he bought, nearly thirty years ago, of the successor of "Warren," in the Strand; and a silvered shaving-pot, upon a principle of his own, redolent of Rigges' "patent violet-scented soap." His net-silk purse is ringed with gold at one end, and with silver at the other; and although not much of a snuff-taker, he always carries a box, on the lid of which smiles the portrait of the once celebrated and beautiful, though now somewhat forgotten, Duchess of D——, or the equally resplendent Lady Emily M——.

His table is of the same finish with his wardrobe. If he sat down to dinner, even when alone, in boots, that visitation which Quin ascribed to the prevalent neglect of "pudding on a Sunday"—an earthquake might be expected to follow. His spoons and silver forks are marked with his crest; and he omits no opportunity to inform his friends, that the right of the family to the arms was proved at Herald's College by his great uncle John. He has receipts for mulligatawny and oyster soup, not to be equalled; and another for currie-powder, which a friend of his obtained, as the greatest of favours, from Sir Stamford Raffles, and which, though bound in honour not to make known, he means to leave to his son by will, under certain injunctions. His cookery of a "French rabbit," provided the claret be first-rate, is superb; and on very particular occasions, he condescends to know how to concoct a bowl of punch, especially champagne punch, for the which he has a formula in rhyme, the poetry of which never, as is its happy case, losing sight of correctness and common-sense, comes, as well as its subject matter, home to "his business and his bosom." His "caviar" is, through the kindness of a commercial friend, imported from the hand of the very Russian *cuisinier*, who prepares it (unctuous relish!) for the table of the Emperor himself. His cheese is Stilton or Parmesan.

Like "Mrs. Diana Scapes," he is also "curious in his liquors," and, in despite of Beau Brummell, patronizes "malt," as far as to take one glass of excellent "college ale,"—which he gets through his friend Dr. Dusty of All Souls—between pastry and Parmesan. After cheese, he can relish one, and only one, glass of port—all the better if of the "Comet vintage," or of some vintage ten years anterior to that. His drink, however, is claret, old hock, Madeira, and latterly, since it has

become a sort of fashion, old sherry. In these he is a connoisseur not to be sneezed at; and if asked his opinion, makes it a rule never to give it upon the first glass, invariably observing, that "if he would he couldn't, and if he could he wouldn't!" He produces anchovy toast as an indispensable in a long evening, after dinner, and to it he recommends a liqueur-glass of cherry-brandy, which he believes is of that incomparable recipe, of which the late King was so fond. If he be a bachelor, he has, in his dining-room, a cellaret, in which repose this, and other similar liquid rarities, and beneath his sideboard stands a machine, for which he paid twelve guineas, for producing *ice extempore*.

His literary tastes bear a certain resemblance to, and have a certain analogy with, his gustatory—proving the truth of that intimate connexion between the stomach and the head, upon which physiologists are so delighted to dwell. In poetry the heresies and escapades of Lord Byron are too much for him, although as a Peer and a gentleman he always speaks well and deferentially of him. Shelley he can make nothing of, and therefore says, which is the strict truth in one sense at least, that he has never read him. He praises Campbell, Crabbe, and Rogers, and shakes his head at Tom Moore; but Pope is his especial favourite; and if anything in verse has his heart, it is the "Rape of the Lock." Peter Pindar he partly dislikes, but Anstey, the "Bath Guide," is high in his estimation; and with him "Gray's Odes" stand far above those of Collins'. Of the "Elegy in a Country Church" he thinks, as he says, "like the rest of the world." "Shenstone's Pastorals" he has read. Burns he praises, but in his heart, thinks him a "wonderful clown," and shrugs his shoulders at his extreme popularity. He says as little about Shakespeare as he can, and has by heart some half dozen lines of Milton, which is all he really knows of him. In the drama he inclines to the "unities;" and of the English Theatre "Sheridan's School for Scandal," and Otway's "Venice Preserved," or Rowe's "Fair Penitent," are what he best likes in his heart. John Kemble is his favourite actor—Kean he thinks somewhat vulgar. In prose he thinks Dr. Johnson the greatest man that ever existed, and next to him he places Addison and Burke. His historian is Hume; and for morals and metaphysics he goes to Paley and Dr. Reid, or Dugald Stewart, and is well content. For the satires of Swift he has no relish. They discompose his ideas; and he of all things detests to have his head set a spinning like a te-totum, either by a book or by anything else. Bishop Berkeley once did this for him to such a tune, that he shewed a visible uneasiness at the mention of the book ever after. In *Tristram Shandy*, however, he has a sort of suppressed delight, which he hardly likes to acknowledge, the magnet of attraction being, though he knows it not, in the characters of Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, and the Widow Wadman. His religious reading is confined to "Blair's Sermons," and the "Whole Duty of Man," in which he always keeps a little slip of double gilt-edged paper as a marker, without reflecting that it is a sort of proof that he has never got through either. His Pocket Bible always lies upon his toilet table. He knows a little of Mathematics in general, a little of Algebra, and a little of Fluxions, which is principally to be discovered from his having *Emmerson*, *Simpson*, and *Bonnycastle's* works in his library. In classical learning he confesses to having "forgotten" a good deal of Greek; but sports a Latin phrase upon occasion, and is something of a critic in languages. He prefers Virgil to Homer, and Horace to Pindar, and can, upon occasion, enter into a dissertation on the precise meaning

of a "Simplex munditia." He also delights in a pun, and most especially in a Latin one; and when applied to for payment of *paving-rate*, never fails to reply "*Paveant illi, non paveam ego!*" which, though peradventure repeated for the twentieth time, still serves to sweeten the adieu between his purse and its contents. He is also an amateur in etymologies and derivatives, and is sorry that the learned Selden's solution of the origin of the term "gentleman" seems to include in it something not altogether complimentary to religion. This is his only objection to it. He speaks French; and his accent is, he flatters himself, an approximation to the veritable Parisian. Modern novels he does not read, but has read "Waverley" and "Pelham."

His library is not large, but select; and as he does not sit in it excepting very occasionally, the fire grate is a moveable one, and can be turned at will from parlor to library and *vice versa*,—a whim of his old acquaintance Dr. Trifle of Oxford. In it are his library table and stuffed chair; a bust of Pitt and another of Cicero; a patent inkstand and silver pen; an atlas, and maps upon rollers; a crimson screen, an improved "Secrétaire;" a barometer and a thermometer. Upon the shelves may be found almost for certain Boswell's Johnson; Encyclopædia Britannica; Peptic Precepts and Cook's Oracle; the Miseries of Human Life; Prideaux' Connexion of the Old and New Testament; Dr. Pearson's Culina Famulatrix Medicinæ; Soame Jenyn's Essays; the Farrier's Guide; Selden's Table-talk; Archbishop Tillotson's Sermons; Henderson on Wines; Boscawen's Horace; Croker's Battles of Talavera and Busaco; Dictionary of Quotations; Lord Londonderry's Peninsular Campaigns; the Art of Shaving, with directions for the management of the Razor; Todd's Johnson's Dictionary; Peacham's Completo Gentleman; Harris' Hermes; Roget on the Teeth; Memoirs of Pitt; Jokeby, a Barlesque on Rokeby; English Proverbs; Paley's Moral Philosophy; Chesterfield's Letters; Buchan's Domestic Medicine; Debrett's Peerage; Colonel Thornton's Sporting Tour; Court Kalendar; the Oracle, or Three Hundred Questions explained and answered; Gordon's Tacitus an Elzevir Virgil; Epistolæ obscurorum virorum; Martial's Epigrams; Tully's Offices; and Henry's Family Bible.

His general character for nicety is excellent, both in a moral and religious point of view; and he holds himself to have done a questionable thing in looking into a number of Harriette Wilson, in which a gay *quondam* friend of his figured. When he marries, the ceremony is performed by the Honourable and very Reverend the Dean of some place, to whom he claims a distant relationship. He takes his wine in moderation; never bets, nor plays above guinea points, and *always* at whist. He goes to church regularly; his pew is a square one, with green curtains. He dines upon fish on good Friday, and declines visiting during Passion week in mixed parties. If he ever had any peccadilloes of any kind, they are buried in a cloud, as snug as that which shrouded the pious Eneas when he paid his first visit to Queen Dido.

He dies, aged fifty-seven, of a pleuritic attack, complicated with angina pectoris; and having left fifty pounds to each of the principal charitable institutions of his neighbourhood, and fifty pounds to the churchwardens of his parish, to be distributed amongst the poor professing the religion of the Church of England, he is buried in his "family vault," and his last wish fulfilled,—that is to say, his epitaph is composed in Latin, and the inscription put up under the especial care and inspection of his friend Dr. Dusty of Oxford. *Requiescat.*

STATE OF MAGIC IN EGYPT.—BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

Our friends the Tories are fond of anything that borders on the impossible. They manifestly regret the time when every bush had its hobgoblin after sunset, or at all events was as likely to contain one as to harbour a jack-hare. The smallest fragment of the Black Art is a treasure to them; and a real witch would be far dearer to them than a dryad. What their reason is for thus delighting in the things that are not;—what the bearing is they see in it on the things that are—for they are a substantial people, and do not deal even with non-entities for nothing;—all this is for those to determine, who know the difference between a useful half-faith and impracticable unbelief, and have calculated the ease with which a man who fears the foul fiend at all corners, may be led into the quiet payment of tax for church or state, and the performance of the other duties of a submissive citizen.

Not that they do this with all the sober sadness of some old women. On the contrary, they contrive to play at hawk-and-buzzard, between jest and earnest. And then, as they sometimes do on more serious occasions,—as, for instance, when they published the staff of the Tory army of occupation that is to be, and affected to be surprised to find another staff prepared to answer them,—they can say it was all in jest, and wonder that anybody could think of taking seriously such playful pleasantry.

My business at present, is with your townsman Blackwood's story of the Magician of Cairo, at the end of his Magazine for August, Part the Second. I happened to be at Cairo,—Grand Cairo, as it should be in a story,—in the autumn, not of 1830, but of 1822; being in the act of returning, with my wife and a boy of seven years old, from sojourning some eight years in India, in, as Cervantes would have said, "the honourable office of a captain of dragoons," varied by divers negotiations and correspondences with Wahabees and strange misbelievers in the Erythrean sea, in the quality of an Arabic interpreter upon the staff, and other toils and accidents too numerous to mention. Halting, then, at Cairo, under the hospitable roof of the Consul-General of Abyssinian fame, it was my fortune to see something so like what was seen eight years afterwards, bating minute differences, that I cannot help recounting it, for the sake of comparison; noting, however, that, as I do not pretend to contradict what anybody *did* see, by what *I did not see*, so I expect that what I *did not see* shall be treated with equal reverence in return.

At the Consul-General's table, (being, as before in part intimated, in August 1822,) the conversation turned on the belief in magic; and the Consul's Italian Staff propounded the following story, which seemed to have perfect possession of their best belief. They said that a magician of great name was then in Cairo,—I think a Mogrebine; and that he had been sent for to the Consul's house, and put to the following proof. A silver spoon had been lost, and he was invited to point out the thief. On arriving, he sent for an Arab boy at hazard out of the street, and after various ceremonies, poured ink into the boy's hand, into which the boy was to look. It was stated, that he asked the boy what he saw, and the boy answered, "*I see a little man.*"—Tell him to bring a flag.—"*Now he has brought a flag.*"—Tell him to bring another.—"*Now he has brought another.*"—Tell him to bring a third.—"*Now he has brought it.*"—Tell him to bring a fourth.—"*He has brought it.*"—Tell him to

bring the captain of them all.—“*I see a great Sheik on horseback.*”—Tell him to bring the man that stole the spoon.—“*Now he has brought him.*”—What is he like?—“*He is a Frang, poor-looking and mesquin.*” After which, followed other points of personal description not remembered; but which drew from the Staff the observation, that a European of exactly those qualities had been about the house. We expressed our desire to be introduced to the magician, and the Consul gravely intimated, it might hurt the prejudices of his wife, as being a Catholic; to the great mirth of the beautiful Consulless when she was told of it, who, though a Catholic and an Italian, declared she was the only person in the family, that set all the magicians in Egypt at defiance.

Having some time afterwards established ourselves in a house of our own, on the edge of the garden of the Austrian Consulate, (as I remember by the token that a Turkish officer who had been taking his evening walk of meditation, very gravely opened the window from the garden, put in first one leg of his huge trowsers and then the other, and strode into the room followed by his pipe-bearer, as being the shortest cut into the street; though I must do him the justice to say he laughed and was very conversable, when I brought him up with a salam and a cup of coffee, by way of demonstrating there was somebody in the house besides the Arab owner), we sent for the magician. I remember a well-dressed personable man, of what, after the fashion of the nomenclature in the Chamber of Deputies, might be called the young middle-age. He agreed to show us a specimen of his art, though I do not recollect that the nature of it was defined. He fixed upon our little boy of seven years old to be his instrument; and I remember he talked some nonsense about requiring an innocent agent, and how a woman might do as well, if she could plead the innocent presence of the unborn. He despatched a servant into the bazar, to procure frankincense and other things which he directed; and on their being produced, we all retired into a room, and closed the doors and windows. An earthen pot was placed in the middle of the floor, containing fire; and the magician sat down by it. He placed the little boy before him, and poured ink into the hollow of the boy's hand, and bid him look into it steadily. I think the mother rather quailed, at seeing her child in such propinquity with “the Enemy;” but recovered herself on being exhorted to defy the devil and all his works. And the thing was not entirely without danger from another quarter; for it was understood the Pasha had directed a special edict against all dealing with familiar spirits; and the Pasha's edicts were not altogether to be trifled with, as we knew from the mishap of a poor Indian servant, who was caught in the bazar in the fact of taking thirteen of the Pasha's tin piastres in change for a dollar, when the political economy of Cairo had decreed that twelve were to be equal in public estimation, and was immediately incarcerated in the place of skulls, or at least of heads, from which it is supposed he would have come out shorn of his beard and the chin it grew from, if the Consular cocked hat and Abyssinian charger had not proceeded at a gallop to the Court at Shubra, to claim him as a subject of the British crown; and much did poor Baloo vow, that no earthly temptation should take him again, to quit the gentle rule of the old Lady in Leadenhall-street, who, though she pinches a Peishwa and mercilessly screws a renter when it suits her, it must be allowed has a reverent care for the heads of all her lieges, and gives them a fair chance of going to their graves with the members nature had bestowed on them.

Hisce positis, as the logicians say, the magician began his process.

The boy was innocent of fear; being in fact a person rather perplexed and imperfect in those parts of theology that should have caused him to feel alarm. His native nurse first taught him to kiss his hand to the moon walking in brightness; which, being especially reprobated in the book of Job, we persuaded him to renounce. We next found him making salams as he passed the fat old gentleman with an elephant's head, and other foul idolatries bedaubed with rose-pink and butter, that show themselves on various milestone-like appurtenances to an Indian road. After his visit to the Persian Gulph he leaned more towards monotheism; and I once found him seated between two guns on the quarter-deck of an Arab frigate, in the midst of a fry of devotees of little more than his own age, busily engaged in chanting canticles in praise of Mohammed the 'amber-ee.' His early leaning towards the ugly gods of Hindostan, had made it a delicate matter to introduce him to our Evil Principle; and the fact was, that when he afterwards saw the Freischutz in England, we had no means of making him comprehend the nature of the crimson fiend, but by telling him he was a relation of his old elephant-headed friend Gunputty. On the whole I imagine there never was a better subject to cope with a sorcerer; and when he asked the cause of the immediate preparations, we told him the man was going to show some feats of legerdemain such as he used to see in India. The magician began by throwing grains of incense upon the fire, bowing with a see-saw motion and repeating "*Heyya hadji Capitân, Heyya hadji Capitân;*" which being interpreted, if it was intended to have any meaning, would appear to imply "*Hurra, pilgrim Captain!*" being, as I understood it at the time, an invocation by his style and title, of the spirit he wished to see. When nothing came, he increased his zeal after the manner of a priest of Baal, and seemed determined that if the "Captain" was sleeping or on a journey, he should not be missed for want of calling. One slight *variorum* reading I observed. Instead of saying to the boy "What do you see?" as had been reported,—he said "*Do you see a little man?*" which, if he had been accessible to fear or phantasy, was manifestly telling him what he was to look for. The boy however, resolutely declared he saw nothing; and the sorcerer continued his calls upon his spirit. When in this manner curiosity had been roused to something like expectation, the boy suddenly exclaimed, "I see something!"—*Tremor occupat artus*;—when he quashed it all by adding, "I see my nose." By the dim light of the fire, he had succeeded in getting a glimpse of his own countenance reflected in the ink. The magician doubled his exertions by way of carrying the thing off; but there was much less gravity in his audience afterwards; and at last he was forced to declare, that the spirit would not come, and the reason he believed was because we were Christians. He said, however, if an Arab boy was substituted the spirit would come. A servant therefore was sent out to bring a boy by the offer of a piastre, and one was soon produced. Whether there was any confederacy or not, I had no precise means to ascertain; but I was inclined to think not. The Arab boy was trusted with the ink in the place of the European, and on the magician's asking him the leading question "Do you see a little man?" he took but one look and answered "Yes." The orders then followed "Tell him to bring a flag," &c.; to all of which, whether operated on by some dread of refusing, or by the natural inclination of one rogue to help another, he duly answered that the thing was done. I do not remember any further

denouement that there was ; and so ended the magic of the magician of Grand Cairo.

Being disappointed in this experiment, we began to seek for the opportunity of making others, and offered a reward for any person who would show us a specimen of imp or spirit. One man was produced, who was stated to be of considerable fame. He said he would show me a spirit ; but I must go out with him three nights running to a cross road at midnight, and perform divers ceremonies and lustrations which he proceeded to describe. I believe he had got an inkling, that I intended to leave Cairo the next day. I told him, however, that I would cheerfully go through any ceremonies he might propose. He next said, it would be necessary that I should repeat the name of the spirit I called for, eleven thousand times ; and this I assured him I would painfully perform. He then said, he was afraid at my age the operation would be dangerous. I wonder whether the rogue meant that I was too young, or too old, or too middle-aged ; for I was exactly thirty-eight. Seeing that I only pressed him the more, he took his fee and walked off, intimating that there was no use in doing these things with Frangis.

I saw another instance in Cairo, of the way in which a story accumulates by telling, and the degree in which even sensible Europeans by long residence are induced to give into the beliefs they find around them. The conversation turned one day on the power of charming serpents, supposed to be inherent in certain descendants of the *Paylli*. One of the Consular Staff immediately declared, that a most remarkable instance of the fact had happened in the Consul-General's own court-yard the day before. That one of those gifted men had come into the yard, and declared he knew by his art that there were serpents in the stable ; and that he had immediately gone and summoned forth two snakes of the most poisonous kind, which he seized in his hands and brought in the presence of the relator to the Consul's threshold. Now it happened to me, to see the whole of this scene. I was wandering about the Consul's court, gazing at the curiosities scattered around, enough to have set up any European museum with an Egyptian branch, and particularly, I remember, at a lame mummy's crutch, found with him in his coffin, on which it is possible the original owner hopped away from the plague of frogs. An old rural Arab of respectable appearance was standing at the Consul's door, holding in his hand the crooked stick which an Arab keeps to recover the halter of his camel if he happens to lose it while mounted, and presenting altogether a parallel to a substantial yeoman with his riding-whip, come to town to do a little justice-business with the Mayor. A stable-keeper came and said, that two snakes had made their appearance in the stable ; on which the Arab, being no more in the habit of fearing such vermin than a European farmer of fearing rats, proceeded towards the stable, and I followed him. Sure enough there were two snakes in dalliance in the horse's stall ; and my construction was, that it was the poor animals' St. Valentine. The Arab, however, ruthlessly smote them with his gib stick, in a way that showed an exact comprehension of what would settle a snake ; and brought them hanging by the tails and still writhing with the remains of life, and laid them at the threshold of the house. I looked at the snakes, and felt a strong persuasion they were of a harmless kind ; but whether they were or not, was of small moment as the Arab treated them.

I remember in India once driving one of the snake-jugglers to discovery. He told the servants there were snakes in the stable ; and

offered to produce one. He accordingly went, with piping and other ceremonies, and soon demonstrated a goodly *cobra de capello* struggling by the tail. He secured this in his repertory of snakes, and said he thought there was another; on which he went through the same operations again. Though he had been too quick for me on both occasions, I offered him a rupee to produce a third, which he agreed to; and this time I saw the snake's head, struggling rather oddly in his nether garments. He ran into the horse's stall, rushed forward with a shriek to distract attention, and then I saw him jerk out a snake of some four feet long, and drag it backwards by the tip of the tail as if desperately afraid of it. Knowing his snakes must be an exhaustible quantity, I proffered a second rupee for another, taking care to keep between him and the snake-basket; which he declined. But on turning round and giving him a chance to communicate with his receptacle, he quickly presented himself with the assurance that now he thought he knew where a serpent might be lodged. The Indian servants all devoutly believed in his skill; but it is impossible not to be ashamed of Europeans, who adorn their books with marks of similar gullibility.

One more story, and I have done. I do intensely regret, that at Cairo I did not purchase a manifest book of magic, in Arabic, adorned with terrible figures of daemons down the margins, which would have been enough to burn any succession of possessors in the good old times. It was offered me for forty piastres (about 13s. 4d.); but blasé as I was with curiosities, and distracted between the desire to have the book and to avoid increasing baggage, I haggled about the price, and the seller never presented himself again. On examining it, it was manifestly a book of *chemistry*, or possibly enough alchemy; the various agents being typified in the margin by daemons with prodigious horns and tails, in which I thought I recognized the origin of the odd remnants still presented on the coloured bottles in a druggist's window. One most tremendous fiend, who might be recognized as frequently repeated, was always underlined *zeybak*, 'quicksilver;' and another of diverse form but equal terror, was lettered *hâmiz*, 'an acid.' I would willingly give ten times the sum, if the book was recoverable now. There can be no doubt that here was one of the books of secret arts, our forefathers used to suffer for.

Finally, Sir, may heaven deliver us, *which I doubt*, from all sorcerers, magicians, soothsayers, dealers with familiar spirits, and others of the class which the old law calls 'incorrigible rogues and vagabonds,' by the passing of the Reform Bill. So prays, &c. &c.

LINES.

BY DR. BOWRING.

Few are the fragments left of follies past;
 For worthless things are transient. Those that last
 Have in them germs of an eternal spirit,
 And out of good their permanence inherit.
 Baseness is mutability's ally;
 But the sublime affections never die.

Virtue makes smiles of tears; vice, tears of smiles.

THE VENTILATORS.

A TALE OF THE LAST SESSION.

"THE most unfortunate season to bring out a girl, without any exception, since the year of that wretched business of Queen Caroline, even admitting that we have a most amiable Queen, and may expect drawing-rooms."—This was said by Lady Holroyd, with her most imposing face of feminine diplomacy, across a breakfast-table, at which she sat *tête-a-tête* with her husband.

"Then suppose, my dear, you *keep her in*," replied Sir Jermyn Holroyd, with quiet humour,—“suit your tactics to the time. And what makes you imagine, Anne, that in coming up to town for a week or two, where her presence was required by me on her coming of age, that my pretty ward thinks any thing about *out or in*?”

"Nonsense! Sir Jermyn; Miss Clifford has some reason to complain of my neglect already; but were it not that our friends are prepared to see her with us, that expectation is a tip-toe, and Margaret of age, I would still have counselled seclusion for this Spring. The men—that is, all the men worth thinking about—*will* think of nothing but their vile politics. There will be no dinners—thin parties—the House and the Clubs everlasting."

"Pho! you take it far too seriously, Annc. The world will wag this session pretty much in the old way, at least, so far as relates to marrying, and being given in marriage. So nice a little girl as Margaret, with the Priory acres to her petticoat, is only in danger of being too quickly snapped at: you must take care, in the first place, to make her over to some honest Whig; and, if possible, to one of our own county." Lady Holroyd bowed with dignity; her look saying, "You may safely confide all that to me."

While this conversation passed, the subject of it, a lovely and pleasing girl, with nothing in the least *striking* at a first glance, entered the apartment, prepared to go out, her shawl over her arm. She had arrived in London only on the preceding evening, and, in right of supposed fatigue, though Margaret's blooming face acknowledged none, breakfast had been sent up to her chamber.

"Going out, Miss Clifford! so early, and alone?—the carriage, I believe, is not ordered yet," said Lady Holroyd, in stately surprise.

"Only to run across the way to Georgiana," returned the young lady. "She has got into one of those fine new houses, I believe; but I know 'her whereabouts,' and old Ralph will marshal me."

The young lady kissed her hand, like one quietly resolved not to be stayed, and was off, leaving her patroness to direct to Sir Jermyn the emphatic,—“Miss Clifford cannot be aware that Lady Robert Anson and I don't visit—that circumstances render it impossible we should be on any terms save those of the coldest civility—if to that much her ladyship is longer entitled."

Five minutes afterwards Miss Clifford was in the arms of her proscribed friend, who started from under the hands of her maid to receive her thrice-welcome visiter.—“My dear charming Margaret, how kind to *force* your way to me; I have *note-laid* you for three days, thinking I might smuggle you in here—contraband, for a few hours before you passed into legal custody;—and why not *come* to me at first, and for altogether? But a week emancipates you, and then *you are mine!*"

"But, Georgiana, now that I have breath, what has come between you and my worthy guardian's excellent lady, an old *family friend*, who appeared, too, so particularly gracious to you?"

"So she has not told you then?" said Lady Robert, colouring slightly.—"Oh! 'tis nothing, or less—*politics*,—I believe;—only we don't visit—*tant pis*, and *tant mieux*, unless she were able to keep you from me; on all other points I defy her."

Lady Robert Anson was the favourite school-fellow and early friend of Miss Clifford. Her ladyship had now been married for nearly five years, and was the mother of three children, though only four years the senior of the secluded Margaret; and this period had made her as much a woman of the world as was permitted by a heart naturally kind, though habitually selfish; and a head which, affecting deep knowledge of public affairs, and of those secret causes in high places on which they hinge, was as volatile and inconstant as it had been at eighteen. It was in vain for Lady Robert to pretend to diplomacy; but with her party she had her own uses.

In grace, and charm of manner, Lady Robert had improved during her sojourn in the higher regions and deeper recesses of the fashionable and the political world; and the early beauty of which young Margaret had been so generously proud, had gained as much in refinement and delicacy of expression, as it had lost in ingenuous freshness and juvenile bloom. To none of her high-bred fascinations was Miss Clifford insensible, but the charm of kindness was far above them all,—Georgiana loved her. She at least loved Georgiana; not—and she chided herself for the feeling—as she once had done, but still far too truly and dearly not to have lately passed many an anxious hour on her account.

Miss Clifford had come to give a long morning solely to her friend; and Lady Robert had ordered herself to be denied to all the world. Several times Margaret attempted to lead the conversation to affairs of serious import to both the ladies; but Lady Robert either gave it a detestable turn, or looked so vexed that Margaret could not press her.

"You know I must—*must*, Georgiana, tell Sir Jermyn *all*, one of these days. I never lie down nor rise without self-accusation."

"You think far too seriously, too superstitiously, dearest Margaret, of these trifling matters. In a week you will be your own mistress—accountable to no one. You cannot doubt the honour of Lord Robert,—you cannot, Margaret, break my heart by exposures which would be so painful, so ruinous at present:—say nothing more about it, love. Oh! there comes your maid with your clothes to dress. I took the liberty to send your apologies to Lady Holroyd. How could the exacting old woman expect you from me to-day."

"I wish you had not, Georgiana," said Miss Clifford gravely; "I would not for any thing offend a person so respectable, and so very kind to me as Lady Holroyd has always been." But the thing was already fixed, and Margaret soon forgot every cause of uneasiness in the charm of her friend's conversation, and the revival of old themes and girlish scenes. And in this way, and with the customary helps of tumbling over dresses, books, music, jewellery, &c. &c. and narrating past, and planning future amusements, Lady Robert contrived to speed the morning hours.

Though the order, *Not at home*, had been most explicitly given, the servants interpreted it in some understood way; for in the course of the morning several gentlemen were admitted who appeared to be of Lady

Robert's most intimate and confidential *coterie*, and also two ladies, handsome, fashionable, dashing women, who were permitted to remain nameless, though some of the gentlemen were particularly introduced to Miss Clifford. Men and women appeared alike ardent politicians, plunged over head and ears in the affairs of the day, and the debate of the night. Lady Robert's work-table had been constituted into a council-board, where pamphlets and newspapers were tumbled over, notes received and despatched, and gold pencils kept busy in incessant calculation,—gay badinage mingling with serious discussion, and flippant remark with earnest deliberation, or what the ladies appeared to believe such.

"Ten to one against Talbot's motion!" cried one of the ladies, whom Lady Robert, somewhat *cockneyishly*, as Margaret thought, named "Mrs. A."

Lady Robert skimmed rapidly over the calculations which had led to this challenge, and raised her graceful head in triumph to the keen-eyed, subtle-looking, diplomatic person, announced as Mr. Snapdragon, who leaned upon her chair, while his regards were fixed on Margaret, who had retired, as far as possible from the council-table, apparently occupied with a book. This gentleman had just come in along with a military man, whom Margaret heard sportively named in the circle, Lady Robert's *Cortejo*, a term supposed peculiarly applicable to an old Peninsular campaigner playing the gallant. "Who is this fine girl you have got to-day, Lady Robert?" inquired the diplomatist in a lisping kind of voice, the tones of which grated on Margaret's ear.

"One to whom your labours of to-night may earn you an introduction," she whispered, "a ward of old Holroyd's, the — shire heiress, a real God-send to me at present, the best of my ways and means for the season, and a charming girl to boot—Miss Clifford, my old school-fellow and dearest friend." Mr. Snapdragon muttered some words of intended compliment "to the early friend-ship," which his tone and manner converted into a sneer. "Snappy being of the amiable nature," another gentleman whispered, "that the sweetest things sent up from his heart become acrid in their progress to his tongue."

Lord Robert Anson now first made his appearance, and looked as if just out of bed, fevered and bloated. He complained of headach, and of the murderous hours of "the House." While he paid his compliments to Miss Clifford, the political deliberations were resumed in divan. They were now also joined by a pompous-like person, of great account with his party, for causes not exactly intrinsic. He was very formally introduced to Miss Clifford of the Priory, — shire, as Mr. Bellwether, member for — shire.

The plan of action for the night was submitted to Mr. Bellwether, who took credit for what Snapdragon called his acute suggestions of a former morning, as gravely as if they had ever glanced within a thousand degrees of his slow and obtuse mind.

Of what was passing, Margaret, though a silent, could not be an inattentive observer. She noticed that as the heavy tread of Mr. Bellwether was heard, and long before he was announced, Snapdragon had whisked Mrs. A. off, through a side door, as a piece of smuggled goods not proper to be seen by every body in their society; and also marked the angry impatience with which the appearance of another important confederate was expected, who never came. Snapdragon looked to his watch a dozen times, though the time-piece glittered before him, and at last cursed himself for having attempted "to move such a dish of skim-milk to any honourable enterprise."

One by one the party now dropped off, Lady Robert or Snapdragon sending after them those light jests and petty sarcasms which break neither bones nor squares, and which often give the bystanders a truer light into the character of the inventor of the wit than of the person at whom it is levelled. The party was reduced to seven, when the butler announced luncheon, to which Miss Clifford was conducted by the *Cortejo*, who, she now found, possessed the irresistible claim on a lady's sympathy of wanting an arm. The nominal luncheon turned out a sumptuous, though small dinner, such as Lady Robert, too good a diplomatist to "neglect her table," was accustomed to give her party-friends on field-days like this, that concoction and digestion might proceed together, without loss of time. At lunch, or dinner, the conversation became more general, gay, animated, and witty, or approached that happier something verging on wit. Enemies were not forgotten, but friends were the favourite subjects, where nobody was spared, from the most sacred interior of the Court to the mob leaders, as they were called. The minutes fled so pleasantly, that Lady Robert was compelled to remind the gentlemen of their public duties; and as she rose from table, touching her glass with her lip, she called gaily to Margaret to pledge her, country fashion, to the discomfiture of Mr. Talbot's motion.

Miss Clifford unconsciously pushed back her own glass; first, looked disconcerted by the request, but afterwards still more so at the grave way in which she had taken it. One of the gentlemen whispered something about angels' prayers; and Lady Robert, with some affectation of manner, but in her most caressing tones, murmured, "Nay love, that potent Whiggess, Lady Holroyd, cannot have converted you already?—luckily, I caught you too quickly for that."

"Lady Holroyd never made an attempt that would so ill reward her trouble," said Margaret coldly.

"Miss Clifford will let her husband be politician for both sides of the House," said Lord Robert.

"As Lady Robert has done," cried Snapdragon; and the lady so complimented reddened over brow and bosom, but affected to laugh. Margaret had learned—as in England who does not know more or less of every public affair, and the alleged causes of every public action—that Lady Robert Anson was greatly blamed for her husband having *shabbily* deserted his party.

"I mean Miss Clifford will permit her husband to give the law in politics," stammered Lord Robert, amending his blunder, in the usual fashion, by making it worse.

"And he will be an honest Tory," cried Snapdragon, in that sharp, brassy Irish voice, and presumptuous manner, which made him already Margaret's antipathy.

"At least, he shall be an honest man!" said Margaret, with spirit and dignity that rather surprised her friend.

"Bravo! spirit it's faith—all that English girls want to be angels;" and turning to Lady Robert, "Are we to know that to-night our guardian angel keeps watch for us—that bright eyes are upon us—that from yonder station, they still—"

"Rain influence, and judge the prize."

"My heart you may be sure is with you, but I can neither leave my fair guest, nor yet ——"

"Take her with you?"—interrupted Snapdragon, in a smothered voice. "Why not—capital decoy duck—we can easily send abroad a rumour which will carry a legion of young Whiglins up to you. Talbot's majority is at most five. By Jove! you might turn it! *Uête-de-fer* would absolutely worship you for a stroke of female *strategy*, so akin to his own genius in war."

"Too absurd!" returned Lady Robert, evidently gratified. "Though I do unscrupulously enjoy an election *ruse*, the locking-out would be going too far."

"Not a bit of it, if successfully managed; which I cannot doubt, if in your fair hands. I would send you "clever Mrs. A., and a few more of Venus's fly-traps," cried he earnestly, as the consequences of this stroke unfolded to his quick apprehension; and drawing up his shoulders, he protruded the fine-turned, but snake-like head, in which glittered the cold, clear, bright eyes; and spread abroad those eager, mobile, clutchy fingers, till they grew into the semblance of talons or fangs, before the gaze of Margaret. There now passed many eager whispers, in which were mingled such words as the Prince, the Duke, the Ambassadors. "You could, you might, if you would, out-general them all. By Styx you might!—or I bet my head for a tennis-ball to the Radicals——"

"Rated at its fair value, Snappy," murmured Sir R. Rawlinson, hardly aside.

"For what lesser purpose did Heaven illuminate such eyes with such a soul, such wit," continued the persevering politician—in the present instance too persevering, or too indiscreetly urgent; for the aristocratic lady, with some hauteur, said aloud: "This would be going far to serve one's friends; besides, I have infinite contempt for such rivalry."

Thus ended the conversation. Some of the gentlemen swallowed fresh exhilarating *sumpers*, others coffee of triple strength, and all disappeared.

"A strange scene this to you, love," said Lady Robert, in her most caressing tones, and wreathing her beautiful arms round Margaret, who sat bolt upright beside her on the couch in an attitude of grave determined thought. Her sincere reply was, "At least unusual, Georgiana."

"You must often have heard of Snapdragon, though, till lately, he was not of our *set*. He is the most talented, versatile creature in the world; full of taste and wit, independently of his great capacity as a statesman, a man of business, and a debater. The Walpoles, father and son, in one;—and wields a plume, I promise you, like a scorpion."

"An odd combination, indeed, Lady Robert. You remember our old little books at school told us, the wasp was armed with a sting, and the toad furnished with venom. The nobler animals are endowed with no such means of offence."

"When *our* party get in," continued Lady Robert, pursuing the train of her own thoughts, "there is no saying to what that man may rise.—Save the Duke—and, like Bellwether, he is now rather in the past tense,—there are no two men we could not better spare than Snappy.—And why not pledge me to the discomfiture of Talbot, Margaret? If you knew how that man has tortured us, or the cause I have *personally* to abhor him," —

"You astonish me, Lady Robert," cried Margaret, colouring; "I understood Mr. Talbot to have been a great favourite with you. When I was last in London, you did all you could to make every body in love with him." The young lady laughed, and again coloured slightly.

"So I did,—and so he was then, a prodigious favourite; one on whom

Lord Robert and I quite relied, which makes his conduct the more horrid in deserting us now."

"You shock as well as astonish me, Georgiana; a man so high-principled, of such honourable feeling as Mr. Talbot, distinguished in every way. It was quite a triumph when he carried our county; even Lady Holroyd, much as she dislikes Catholics, was delighted with Mr. Talbot getting into Parliament——"

"Where his first business was to attack and expose his friends. But for Talbot—ay Talbot—Lord Robert need not have lost that northern embassy, which, trifling as the emoluments are, would have been something to us, till brighter days come round,—something better than living in London in this *small way*,"—Lady Robert glanced with impatience and vexation round her splendid drawing room,—"small I mean to what we were accustomed to, while our friends were in office, or to what is expected from our rank."—Lady Robert now looked extremely sensible and matronly. "I speak to you as a sincere friend, Margaret,—you who have done so much for us,—and as to one sensible far beyond your years or opportunities. Our noble relatives have all so much to do with themselves. I am sure, I wish there was a law authorizing British midwives to drown two thirds, at least, of the female offspring of the nobility in China basins. They have, I said, all so much to do with themselves, that it became quite a *duty* to provide for us in some public way. Now, except that Lord Robert draws his full pay as colonel, of which they could not deprive him, and that we have a mere trifle from the colonial government, of which some Irish person, whom —— saddled on us, gets £300, a full fifth, for doing the duties, whatever they are, and that the reversion of mamma's pension has been secured to me,—and a terrible business it was,—we have not one farthing of income. You know to your cost, Margaret, that we were not at the first out-set the wisest of people. But what could we do? Had our friends staid in, all would have been well in a little time; and I would have had such pleasure, love, in seeing you established among us. But the Duke is so terribly self-willed,—now this is in the strictest confidence,—his cast-iron temper has been our deadliest trial; and ——, the arch-traitor, knows so well how to irritate, tickle, and keep him in play. But we might still have had the embassy, even from the present set—they, blessings on them, have a sort of fellow-feeling, having little wants of their own—save for Talbot and the Radical crew, who, raising the cry of a job against us, frightened the poor dear Whigs into retrenchment."

"Perhaps Mr. Talbot was not aware of who was to hold the appointment," said Margaret; "perhaps thought it a needless one, a burden on the country," she added very gravely;—but Lady Robert caught only at the first part of the sentence.

"O! that would have signified nothing to Mr. Patriot Talbot," she cried, laughing in angry disdain; "his virtue would have rejoiced the more in the sacrifice to his friends the *reformers*, had it been of his own brother, if he had had one. You can form no notion, love, of the unprincipled, daring length to which Mr. Talbot and his revolutionary friends are pushing matters this season,—of the nature of the incendiary war they almost openly wage with rank, property, and the most sacred institutions in church and state."

"Good Heavens! Georgiana, it cannot be of the Talbot I know, you speak—for his mother's sake I trust he is none of those——"

"A leader, a chief; I assure you it is a fact, love.—Don't you read the

papers at all?—those of them worth reading, I mean:—there you will learn Talbot. Let me give you a specimen:—among his motions—his vile clap-traps—of this year, was one about the revenues of the Irish bishops, a direct attack on church property. You have heard of my uncle, the Bishop, Margaret, and what a favourite I am with him,—he was a sort of forlorn hope to us when all else failed. He has a very handsome revenue to be sure; but is it not his own?—and think of him of late years being condemned to live away from the Court where he had been so much, and from all his friends, in that horrid country for months at a time, solely from a high sense of duty. He is a delightful person, the Bishop, one who truly adorns the mitre. He lived in the handsomest style between Bath, London, and Windsor, and was constantly making us presents, and seizing the opportunities which fell in his way of doing us all manner of public kindnesses. He was a prodigious favourite with *our* King, [by this style Lady Robert and her female friends, at all times distinguished George IV. from his royal brother,] and was often at Windsor Castle for weeks together in the latter years of the late reign. Heigho! how times have changed! My uncle had as much to say with a certain Marchioness as proved very useful to his friends; and I assure you, Margaret, whatever ill-natured people may insinuate, no one was more capable of true friendship than that lady, where she took a fancy. My uncle possessed all those agreeable small talents for society, which at Court tell so well. He understood all the little amusing games and turns of address which the Dowager-court people enjoy so much, though to us they do seem tiresome. Forty years ago he was a first-rate Grecian, I am told; and you know the Bench is not very rich in the best blood, which has its own value in certain places. He *was* all that I say; and you may guess the extent of my obligations to Mr. Talbot, when I tell you, that his infamous motion gave this admirable prelate, my poor uncle, a fit of gout, which flew to his brain, or something of that sort. Sir Henry Hallford never understood the case properly, though no one doubted the cause; and now, though absolutely rolling in gold, immensely rich, he has got a wild craze, that the radicals will plunder him, the funds break, and that he will die a beggar in Trim work-house, some horrid Irish place; nor would he now part with one guinea to save all our lives.”

“Poor Ireland, how I enjoy thy revenge!” thought Margaret, who found some difficulty in preserving her gravity at this pitiful history. At last, she said, “The people of Ireland are so miserably poor, Lady Robert—that must be Talbot’s apology; and the bulk of them are Catholics too. One could say, in thinking of them, nearly with Chateaubriand, a royalist even up to your bent:—‘A time will come when it will not be believed, that, in a Christian land, one priest enjoyed a revenue of £20,000, while thousands of people wanted a meal.’”

“Merciful, Margaret, surely you cannot be an enemy of the Church!”

“Heaven forbid! Lady Robert; I hope there is nothing in what I say, that shews I am not a sincere friend of the church, its most submissive daughter. I only think, in common with tens of thousands of Church of England Christians, that its revenues are sometimes cruelly gathered, always ill divided, and too often ill bestowed.”

“I must yoke Bellwether upon you, Margaret; he did represent ——— University,” said Lady Robert, with forced gaiety; “or Goulburn or Herries. They will demonstrate by *figures*, love, what a miserable pittance, if divided among the people, all that our *rapacious* Order enjoys would in reality be.—And the necessity of preserving the Second Estate, Margaret,

of maintaining the *tone* in religion and morals. How could that be ever so cheaply supported as at present?"

"When I saw you last you were quite a Liberal, Lady Robert, at least in church matters."

"We were horridly betrayed, love; thrown, I fear, irretrievably into a false position. Lord Robert had been so entangled with the Canning *clique*, who were a doomed race—the sooner we cut and ran there the better; but then came *our* capital blunder—the Duke never should have conceded these Catholic claims. And now mark the base ingratitude of these Irish papists to us, their best friends;—to a man they support the Grey set." A short pause of thought took place.—"And Robert might have been with these. There we see Palmerston, Melbourne,—all the old men in again;—but who can tell what is best! The path of public men is beset with quicksands. Sir Robert Peel has ruined his reputation by honesty; and, thanks to Mr. Talbot, so, meanwhile, the base press says, has Lord Robert Anson, by vacillation."

Miss Clifford had heard, with pain and mortification, that Lord Robert Anson had, at his outset in life, acted a mean, shuffling, undecided part with the Whigs, afterwards a treacherous one with the Canning administration, and, latterly, a truckling one with the succeeding government. He was, however, in virtue of his family connexions and influence, floated on, till all had lately foundered together. "But why thanks to Talbot, Georgiana?" cried Miss Clifford, in a tone of earnestness and vexation. "I know so little of your affairs. While you were a fine lady and a minister's wife, entertaining foreign princes and ambassadors, I could not expect you to answer my poor letters, and since you have grown a politician it has been much worse. I fear, Georgiana, you have never even read my country epistles.—To which of your parties does Mr. Talbot really belong?"

"To none, love, none.—But, *de*, Margaret, could you imagine I would not read your letters?—Mr. Patriot Talbot is a man of the people—an independent member—the modern Andrew Marvell, my dear—eats his mutton and turnip with his mother in some small house about Parliament Street, fagging in the Chancery Court all the morning like a tiger, and labouring in the House of Commons all night to build up a reputation with the Reformers, and destroy us. It is altogether too ridiculous!" continued the lady, with a choking laugh.—"When elected for your county, on the strength of his public virtues and wonderful talents, forsooth, by the sovereign chaw-bacons, to represent and guard their precious interests——"

"Nay, Lady Robert——"

"Pardon the offence against good taste, Margaret. Party-people, I own, are always vulgar; but you do not yet know what a *humbug* it all is,—to use another vulgar but expressive word of my friend Snapdragon's, proscribed, I believe, at our old school,—what an egregious humbug! but you will too soon learn."

"Never, I trust," cried Margaret, emphatically, "that independence and public honesty, though rare, are non-existing in England."

"With the phoenix and the unicorn, Margaret, they exist."

"But the unicorn does exist," said Margaret, laughing, "somewhere in the interior of Africa."

"And so may the patriot, love,—in that same latitude; and every body who goes to seek him will die. But this interrupts my story.—When Talbot got in on the people's shoulders, as they describe it in their ele-

gant phraseology, I thought he might be of very great use to us. We all thought him worth gaining; even the highest of the very highest powers; and who so apt a negotiator as his old friend, Lady Robert Anson, who was accordingly entrusted with this delicate affair. I shewed my credentials—opened my case; but no—Heaven knows what the man plays for; but his game, meanwhile, benefits only the base Whigs. I failed of course; tried the mother, who kept her door shut in the face of what the newspapers call my allurements, temptations, charms, and fascinations. She is a very gentlewomanly person, I believe; but she has surrounded herself and her proud papist notions with a triple Chinese wall of prejudices against us, the friends of the papists, which neither _____'s battering-rams, nor my small sapping and mining, could dare on."

"Don't tell me more of this, Lady Robert," cried Margaret, abruptly, and in a tone of vexation. "Mrs. Talbot is a person whom I must respect, nay, venerate."

"Just one small specimen, Margaret love, quite in your own way, to do you good, to sweeten your imagination. Talbot's election—though to be done *at* and *below* prime cost, so great a favourite is he—cost, nevertheless, some £3000. This sum the Whigs would have defrayed; and they owed him much more before he got into Parliament at all, were it only for his various scribblements in their cause,—we must not say in their *service*. Conceive the ridiculous pride of the old woman! all her jewels,—hair-looks that, had glittered in the masques of the Plantagenets and Tudors, ornaments of the fair Talbots of other days,—she, to my knowledge, sold underhand, to save her son this mighty obligation, that no stain, forsooth, might rest on 'the one entire and perfect chrysolite,' which now forms Mrs. Talbot's wealth of jewellery."

"Dearest Lady Robert, is it possible you do not sympathize in so fine an action!" cried Margaret, her eyes glowing and glistening; "if you do not, you are not the Georgiana you once were."

"Perhaps, love, I do sympathize a little. I am at least heartily insignificant at the way the pretty toys went,—to think of the gems my chaste grandames had admired, the Talbot diamonds of our county, sparkling in the tiara of my new ally? Well, no matter,—politics, like misery, bring folks acquainted with strange companions,—the calumnious Whigs would say bed-fellows. 'Tis a sorry trade,—and a thankless.—If we had got this paltry embassy," continued the lady, 'deeply sighing, "it would have been so delightful to run away from London.—but don't speak of Talbot again to me, Margaret; with all the reasons I have to hate him, I am an angel to be able to think of that man with temper."

Lady Robert, notwithstanding all her gaiety, brilliance, and high spirits, and the secret influence in public affairs, on which she prided herself, now that the flimsy veil was removed, seemed so ill at ease, that though many, if not of all her misfortunes, were clearly attributable to a line of conduct, deliberately chosen and obstinately followed, her friend could not do less than fondly pity, while she gently blamed. She would again have returned to confidential affairs; but Lady Robert declared herself so happy to-night, and begged so earnestly to waive all odious business for this one evening, that Margaret could only sigh and yield.

It was now time to dress for that half hour of the Opera which Margaret reluctantly consented to share with her friend. And for this half hour of exhibition, the fair diplomatist made as elaborate a toilet as if she had been going into the presence of Majesty. "Is it not miserable

to find the habit; the necessity of dress, beginning to outlive the enjoyment?" she said, while anxiously directing, and patiently submitting to the finishing touches of a French waiting-maid obtained as a treasure from the Ambassador, — one, it was alleged; better skilled in the English language and the dexterous use of keys than her lady would have approved. Her own dress complete, Lady Robert as anxiously superintended the proper equipment of her friend. "In beauty and elegance, we far eclipse the Whig women," she said, gaily, while surveying and complimenting Margaret. "That is confessed even by their own swains; and the crisis requires all our forces, artillery of all kinds."

It was a dull opera, and a thin chilling circle, — no woman worth bestowing a second look, nor man a second thought upon, — so Lady Robert pronounced. And of the few gentlemen who lounged into the box and chatted with her, not one was considered worthy of being named to the heiress, whom she said she was determined not to cheapen by too general introductions. She soon seemed restless, uneasy, and out of place, and frankly confessed that her heart was not here. "Dare I tempt you, Margaret, within the verge of my spells? I am under a sort of engagement to sup with my friends at — House, where bright eyes make their own welcome. — Shall I tempt you thither? — But first, with what will you bribe me, to place you within eye and earshot of Mr. Talbot's eloquence, and the merciless thrashing that learned gentleman may make up his mind for to-night."

"The latter part of your offer, would, I own, be a delightful gratification, if modestly practicable," replied the young lady; "but when, how, or where?"

"Never mind the when and where — follow you my white plume." And in a few minutes, cloaked and muffled, the ladies alighted near the House of Commons, and found Sir R. Rawlinson as if in waiting for them. Him Lady Robert gaily accosted with, "How wears the night," — heard that Talbot had not opened yet, — that Bellwether had contrived to throw in the drag of a few petitions, and, that unless the debate was protracted to a very late hour, the division might be defeated by delay for that night. With this, after some scrambling and winding through stairs and passages, not of the most inviting description, they found themselves at the *Ventilators* of the House of Commons! That den called in the clubs, "The Petticoat Parliament House," where night after night, through the last two agitating sessions, high-born, stooping, kneeling, *silent* Beauty, might be seen worshipping Eloquence. Never had brighter eyes, or fairer and more warmly throbbing bosoms, viewed or watched the fortunes of the lists, at the tournaments, than those that now viewed the turmoil and wordy war which nightly raged below, among gallant Knights of the Shire, and gentle Squires representatives of rotten boroughs; nor ever had the dames of chivalry raised to Heaven more fervent aspirations for the success of their favourites.

"Fountain of stolen waters! dear, dirty, dingy, *exciting*, enchanting den!" cried Lady Robert, on entering the place which had been her late haunt, and in which several persons, chiefly ladies, — young, beautiful, and elegant women, — were already assembled, and at their post of observation; "dear, dirty hole in the wall, what theatre, opera-house, royal drawing-room, or more delightful royal cabinet, is to be compared in torturing, maddening interest, to the rack I have lately found in thee." She met several persons of both sexes belonging to her party, and some of the members of her coterie; — but the chiefs were all

engaged below, and a few subalterns, loungers and *attachés*, did gallant duty for the evening. Lady Robert's first care was to find an advantageous post for her young friend; and, that done, she joined one of the groupes, and afterwards disappeared, though Margaret, in the full gratification of a lady's longing to penetrate those mysteries so provokingly and carefully veiled from female eyes, was too deeply engaged to mark the desertion.

Separated from the overpowering multitude of august and impressive associations which must crowd on every educated mind, in seeing, for the first time, the representatives of the British empire, there is nothing intrinsically either dignified or splendid in the aspects of that show. To a New-Zealander, a congregation of Methodists, or a Jewish synagogue, would infallibly prove more imposing,—a regiment of foot arranged in a chapel, a much more magnificent sight than that huge, *Free-and-easy* motley assembly, of lounging, lolling, sitting, standing, leaning, stretching, yawning, slumbering, sleeping, winking, gaping, goggling, chewing, jotting, nodding, note-making multitude of "Faithful Commons in Parliament assembled." Yet with what feelings is it first beheld!—by Miss Clifford, at any rate, whose maiden glance was as awful an undertaking as ever was modest young member's maiden speech.

"'Tis the prettiest villain.

She fetches her breath like a new-ta'en sparrow,"

reported the Honourable Horace Wimbleton, a prating poet of Lady Robert's party, whom she had despatched to attend to the commands of Miss Clifford, mainly to get his perked ears out of the reach of the confidential whispers of the *coterie*. This was now increased by the "Mrs. A." of the morning, and the *Cortejo*, who came up stairs, leaving, as he said, "Sawdragon, lurking in the jungle, ready to spring on Talbot."

The demeanour of Miss Clifford was not ill depicted in Wimbleton's conceited quotation. In surveying that formidable array, composed of so many discordant elements, yet forming so majestic a whole, her cheek flushed, and her heart throbbled as if too large for her bosom. When the first swell of feeling subsided, curiosity came into play, and she looked round for some one to tell her who was who.—Mr. Horace Wimbleton, with whom she had no desire to cultivate a closer intimacy, though he styled himself, Perpetual Speaker of the Ladies' House, had disappeared on his embassy; and fortune favoured Margaret in throwing her upon the politeness of her next neighbour, a stately, and rather aristocratic-looking matron, who appeared as much interested in the affairs of the night as herself, and yet took a benevolent pleasure in informing the novice. And who were those "Faithful Commons," likely first to strike, and afterwards to rivet a lady's—a woman's eyes? "Is it Sir James Grahame or Colonel Evans you mean?" whispered Margaret's informer, in reply to a question. Margaret meant both, and several others also; but her eye was still restless—it had not found the object it sought:—like some other patriots, it is to be feared Margaret tried to conceal certain personal feelings under the veil of public interests. "But the heroes of this night, Ma'am?" she whispered. "O, the Bill Men!" returned the lady, smiling, "There is a host of heroes here."

"'Tis the member for———shire, I mean, as the hero of this night."

"Oh, the *real* hero!" said the Lady, smiling more freely; "Mr. Edward Talbot. There he is—whispering to Lord Palmerston—to that gentleman with the luxuriant whiskers.—No, no, your eye is quite in the

wrong direction; the something at which you look, resembling a human countenance, gleaming beneath that thicket of hair, does not belong to his Lordship; that is Colonel §——, or, as the wits of the Clubs name him, Mephibosheth."

The actual appearance of Mr. Talbot, a rush of members into the House, and the dead silence, resolved Margaret's doubts. She had seen him but once, for some years, but had not forgotten him. His first words were to her inaudible. The subject of his motion was the education of the people; "Not a Ministerial measure," Miss Clifford's neighbour whispered, "but one, which, to a certain extent, it was expected the ministry would support, and also some members of the Opposition." This whispered explanation had scarcely been given, when the speaker, borne on in the full tide of his discourse, first revealed to the distant fair spectator that something till then unimagined, the magic power, the commanding force of the highest eloquence.

At the close of his speech, and while the walls still shook with the exciting cheers which wound up and dissolved the charm, and brought a gush of sympathetic tears into Miss Clifford's eyes, she involuntarily turned to her companion, who appeared almost as much moved as herself, drew a long relieving breath, a deep sigh, and passionately whispered, "And this is eloquence! I never before divined aright what that mightiest power might mean; but 'tis *truth* also—noble, generous, patriot feeling. Oh, how admirable, how enviable that man who, blessed with such glorious gifts, thus uses them in swaying these hundreds of minds for the happiness of millions!"—and then abruptly checking herself, as if ashamed of unmaidenly enthusiasm, she muttered in a low hurried tone: "Mr. Talbot is member for my native county; and we in —— shire are naturally a little proud of him. I have heard of his wonderful Parliamentary talents long; but never heard him *speak* before,—and he is so very eloquent!"

Margaret's varying emotion, her thrilling sympathy, and rapturous surrender of every thought and feeling to the passing scene, had not escaped the notice of her companion, nor yet this 'lame and impotent conclusion.'—"Mr. Talbot ought to be deeply sensible of the obliging partiality of his fair young constituent,—and here I believe, he comes to thank you." And the man sprung forward, on whose lips and eyes Margaret's soul had trembled for the last hour. She turned half away, tugging her veil, and shrinking into herself, shivering with uncontrollable emotion. Fortunately she was not seen.

"You have paid for your fancy, Mother," was said in the voice which had lately vibrated to Margaret's heart, in tones how like and how unlike, light, cordial, cheerful—"I am glad, that, till this moment, Mr. —— did not tell me he had brought you to the House. You would have put me out to a certainty.—You must be quite exhausted?"

"Not exhausted, Edward;—not in the least—only too much gratified, too delighted."

"Home, now then," cried the son, "I must be off like a bolt; but your squire, —— is getting you some tea, I believe."

"Not off, Edward, till you have made your acknowledgments to one of your constituents, my fair unknown neighbour, for the patient, nay, I believe, unwearied attention with which she has listened to your long discourse."

"Indeed!" cried the member for —— shire, smiling, and bowing profoundly to the young lady, half screened behind his mother; then

half starting, with a speaking look he exclaimed, "Mother, and can you not guess who this is?" Margaret, now fairly turned upon, blushed, and smiled, and bowed, and smiled and blushed again, under the gaze of the son and mother.

"Ha, I see now!—by her brow and smile, a Clifford! How could I have been so stupid?—I ought to know the Clifford countenance. May I now claim the privilege of an old woman, and an old — shire woman, to inquire which of our fair Cliffords I have the honour to address?"

"Margaret Clifford of the Priory," breathed Margaret.

"Then meet where we may, we ought to meet as friends," said the old lady, extending her hand; and Miss Clifford curtsied her deep delighted thanks, as one who sought and felt in this gracious reception something beyond the commencement of an ordinary acquaintanceship.

The gentleman, who came attended by a servant with tea, cried to Mr. Talbot to be off—Snapdragon was on his legs. And Talbot hurried away, crying, "Mother, Miss Clifford, are you really not tired? May I hope to find you *both* here in a half hour?"

"You will find us, Edward," cried Mrs. Talbot. "I can promise you neither of us will desert you till we enjoy your triumph."

"Or console me under my defeat—a more truly womanly office," cried the disappearing member.

"And how, my dear, do we meet in this strange place?" said Mrs. Talbot, as both ladies sipped the 'refreshing lymph'; "and, pardon me, you are alone too?"

"I am with Lady Robert Anson," replied Margaret. "I am properly with Lady Holroyd; but I owe to Lady Robert the gratification of witnessing a debate.—And whither can she have betaken herself?" continued the young lady, now first recollecting the desertion of her friend, and the awkwardness of her own situation.

"Since Lady Robert became a member of the ex-official corps diplomatique, she is oppressed with duties," said Mrs. Talbot. "Miss Clifford must suffer me to take place of her truant Ladyship as matron protector; but her set will all crowd hither immediately, or as soon as they hear the tones of their party-idol, Mr. Snapdragon."

As Mrs. Talbot spoke, Lady Robert re-appeared with her fair friend, and two or three gentlemen. "Alone, Margaret? where is Lord Robert,—where Wimbledon, to whose innocent guardianship I consigned you? And Snapdragon is on his legs—you will be enchanted Margaret. Defy his power if you can:—to your post then."

Miss Clifford (who still stood near Mrs. Talbot, of whom Lady Robert appeared to have no knowledge) could not be called altogether an unprejudiced listener of the regular, trained campaigner, whose tactics were to turn into ridicule what he could not controvert. The young life of Margaret had been more one of reflection than of action and bustle. Her temper was warm and candid; and the quick perception, and the love of truth, the spontaneous impulse of her naturally clear, and still unwarped mind. Miss Clifford owed many blessings to what her fashionable friends called "a neglected education." On this night, as one sarcasm followed another, and as the envenomed shafts of wit, which recoiled from the mark at which they were apparently aimed, tickled into cheers the thoughtless and malicious, her indignation became irrepressible. Her curling lip, her changing colour, and muttered reprobation, betrayed her feelings to her venerable neighbour. But when this fierce attack became more close; and distorted statements of facts, gross exaggerations, and

insinuations at once barefacedly false and provokingly impudent, roused her indignation to the glowing pitch, rendered more intense by the knowledge that the mother of Talbot heard every word of this tirade,—her feelings were unconsciously revealed in the impetuous whisper of, “Base, base—false and base!—but this cannot wound the feelings, nor touch the fair fame of Mr. Talbot.”

“No, my dear,—no, no,” replied the mother, returning the sympathetic pressure of the hand, which somehow hers had sought and met. “It cannot be, and I am ashamed of feeling myself so vulnerable to the serpent-sting of that person.” From the other quarter of this whispering gallery, Margaret was assailed with the admiring exclamations, and low *Hear! hear!* of Lady Robert and her friends. “Exquisite creature! can Talbot survive this *pounding*?” she cried, turning triumphantly to Margaret. “I perceive you are spell-bound Margaret, and no wonder—Snapdragon, I am certain, is aware of our presence. If eyes could penetrate plaster, he is the basilisk possesses those to do the feat. Does he not nightly dart their *scorching* fires, through the ponderous and fleshy volume of ————. Ha! now you mark him looking up to the *Ventilators*. Did you note that about ‘airs from heaven,’ meaning us, or ‘blasts from hell,’ that is the Treasury Bench. How fortunate, love, to have heard Snapdragon to-night, when he positively outdoes himself! He will,—he must, turn the fortune of the question. What does that man not deserve of us! How keen, how biting his sarcasm!—and that unique, saucy, felicitous piquancy of style which compels those to admire who are fit to wear his brilliant eyes out—those to doat who are ready to damn———”

“If to provoke and irritate be an orator’s highest triumph, *yours* excels, Georgiana. He may lend you aid in ill offices, or in exposing foes; but alas for the party who have no better instrument for gaining friends than one whose best weapons are petulance, arrogance, and the underbred flippancy which passes for wit.”

“You are severe on Snapdragon, Margaret. You will learn to know him better. It was in that childish way I thought at first, in my sugar-plum nonage, when I made faces at olives, and thought mawkish downy peaches the only dessert: such childish fancies disappear with time. What comparison between our brilliant, poignant, pungent champion, and that lump of sweetened curd, for example, Lord Althorp there?”

“Can you indeed compare them, Georgiana?” cried Margaret. “A man of excellent sense, admirable temper, unimpeachable integrity—a true lover of his country—one on whom one may pledge salvation, and rest in peace—with a political adventurer, whom presumption has enabled to scramble high indeed, since he can number among the tools of his spite or his ambition the wife of Lord Robert Anson!—Pardon my warmth, Georgiana,—you know how I love you; but not what it is to be wroth with what one loves. I am never angered with those for whom I don’t care.”

Lady Robert was not prepared for anything so brusque in her staid, mild Margaret—nor yet for a young country lady making such rapid progress in knowledge of public character. She reddened and affected to be absorbed in listening.

Something so offensive, and grossly personal, was now said below, that the house resounded with indignant cries of “Order! Order! Chair! Chair!” Even Lady Robert drawing back, and up, said, “This is too bad. In the vehemence of argument Snapdragon forgets that Mr.

Talbot is a man of honour, and of family." This burst of natural and aristocratic feeling, in which Margaret rejoiced, was scarce uttered, when Mr. Talbot appeared, and Lady Robert's "better part of woman" was suddenly overcome by other interests. She had no leisure to analyze her thoughts, a process with which she was at no time familiar, when Talbot was seen addressing both the ladies who stood near her, her fair self unnoticed.

"Mother!" he cried, looking chidingly in the face of the old lady, whom, till then, Lady Robert had not deigned to regard. "Mother! I see how it is; you have tempted me away in the heat of the debate, for I did fear you might be but too impressible by some points of Mr. Snapdragon's oratory."

"I have at any rate the grace to be ashamed of weakness so mean," replied the mother.—"If you durst reply, Miss Clifford," she continued, turning round and smiling in the face of Margaret, "how we could demolish him."

"I am unfortunate in Miss Clifford's first night of the Ventilators being one in which Mr. Snapdragon has chosen to give me such a tremendous thrashing," said Talbot laughing.

"Ha! Mr. Talbot," exclaimed Lady Robert, making a rally, and affecting only now to have noticed him—"driven to this corner?" Her speech was marred by the cross fire of Mrs. Talbot, who exclaimed, "Miss Clifford rates such ribald stuff at its true value—utter contempt. Go, Edward, do your duty; you need no advocate with the pure and the true." There was an awkward, embarrassed silence, of which Mr. Talbot took advantage to bow himself off.

"How is all this, Margaret?" whispered Lady Robert.—"How came Talbot hither, and his mother—*elective* affinities—eh? Does the gentleman smell dissolution. But remember, love, you are pledged to us."

Margaret smiled, and shook her head, with grave incredulity, and felt relieved when her friend was drawn away to the brilliant party which now entered, two foreign ladies of the highest distinction, attended by three gentlemen.—"And you refuse to be introduced, Margaret," said Lady Robert, in an expostulatory tone, vexed and angry; "you prefer a hum-drum chat with an old woman, to the conversation of the brilliant strangers to whom you might have the advantage of being presented."

"I do indeed, Georgiana; I am not ambitious."—Lady Robert turned from her with marked vexation.

Mr. Bellwether was now "on his legs." He had adroitly, and with what our lady spectators thought abundant assurance and self-sufficiency, taken precedence of Mr. Talbot's friend, who rose to say for Talbot, in reply to Snapdragon, things which, though less than truth, a modest man can hardly say for himself. Every one seemed to fancy this a privileged time for chat. The house emptied below like a church dismissing, and the ladies laughed above—all but Margaret Clifford and Mrs. Talbot.

"My son informed me how much of grace he owed at his late election to the ladies of the Priory, and I have always intended making my grateful acknowledgments to my old friend Mrs. Elizabeth; but old people get so lazy.—I hope our fingers are not true emblems of our feelings; with me the latter are quick enough for sixty-five, at least where my son is concerned."—Margaret bowed, and said her grand-aunt would have been so happy to hear from Mrs. Talbot; they rejoiced, indeed, when Mr. Talbot carried his election, but that was a general feeling in the country. "Edward informed me he had, after his election, the felicity of seeing

the ladies of the Priory at an Archery meeting, in the Priory Park—when shall I forget its oaks and beeches!"

"Did he, indeed! did Mr. Talbot talk of our Archery meeting?" cried Margaret, in a glow of gratified feeling.—"Ay, and of the Bow Meeting ball, and its fair partner," said Mrs. Talbot.

"Aunt Elizabeth said that was the most truly *English* day of outdoor and in-door gaiety she had witnessed for fifty years,—our Bow Meeting," said Margaret, rather blinking the question. "She will be so proud to hear that Mr. Talbot remembers the rural holiday of our neighbourhood, in honour of his success, which our good neighbours believed portended better days to merry old England."

"You mean the Priory tenants, Miss Clifford, who voted for my son."

"Not at our instance," cried Margaret, smiling; "my grand-aunt did not even tell our neighbours they were free to vote as their consciences dictated. She said, that was what sturdy Englishmen should never once doubt about. But Mrs. Elizabeth has such a horror of female politicians, that she would think I had committed her by the little I have said to-night. I only wish Lady Robert showed a little of ~~the~~ feminine dislike of such subjects." Margaret looked with anxiety to her friend, now engaged in vivacious whisper with the "illustrious strangers."

"She, poor thing, knows as much of politics—if by politics you understand knowledge of public interests, and the struggles and balance of parties—as the sole of the tiny satin slipper, she is now dancing. She has been inveigled by art, and involved by vanity and circumstances, in intrigues which she cannot fathom, and would, I trust, loathe if she could."

"You don't, then, approve of women interfering in public affairs?" said Margaret, vexed for her friend.

"I, at least, regret to see the grace, beauty, and rank of so charming a young woman, degraded into the instruments of political intrigue. Nor can I hold Lady Robert innocent; her share of the stakes played for, is that embassy on which she has set her heart. I cannot esteem such motives."

"Will you give me leave to present Georgiana to you?" cried Margaret, in a sudden flash of that enthusiasm which was latent in her disposition, and which, alternating with her exterior coldness, and quiet, sweet seriousness of manner, gave so rare a charm to her character where she was known. "She had the most yielding and impressible nature—the gentlest heart."

"I know not how to resist Miss Clifford's wish," replied Mrs. Talbot, smiling graciously; "though I have no hope of converting her fashionable friend.—I, however, distinguish between Lady Robert and some of her fair allies, though I fear all the world is not so charitable. Nor do I blame her or any woman for knowing too much of public affairs, but for having their knowledge uniformly on the selfish side. When the influence of women in society is considered, how important often becomes the counsel, the interference, the indirect control, which it is only graceful and proper for them to employ! Into how many dishonest acts and mean compliances have I known public men betrayed, ~~that~~ wives and daughters may retain their baubles, and hold degraded state, though at the expense of the poor man's integrity! Had Lady Robert Anson—pardon my freedom, I speak to one whom I consider worthy of frank dealing—had Lady Robert, in her married life, really possessed any proper knowledge of political affairs, of public duty, and of the true honour

her husband, as a public man, how different had been the part that she would have counselled, and that he might have sustained!"

"Then you do approve of women interfering in affairs?" asked Margaret, doubtfully.

"As we know very well they will interfere, I would rather they did so in an honest way," replied Mrs. Talbot. "Women are but too often the domestic traitors, whose prudent and gentle counsels stick by place in all events, and tender fears of loss of fortune, and ruin of their children's prospects, betray men into the basest compromises, if not into the profligate desertion of duty. Instead of admiring the amiable, graceful passiveness and feminine delicacy we see so be- praised, I am often tempted to despise it as unprincipled cunning, in the gentle, timid, yielding, innocent creatures; who will know nothing of the wages of corruption, or the fruits of public plunder, save how to lavish them with taste and elegance on their own persons and selfish vanities. They know nothing of politics, indeed; they mind their family affairs and amusements, and do not concern themselves with how the wives and daughters of sinecurists, and idle gentlemen, are enabled to outdazzle those of non-placemen and patriots, of which last kind of men they have generally a "shocking opinion," as persons unpardonably negligent of the interests of their families, and rather tainted with infidelity. Yes, Miss Clifford, while I scorn the petty arts of female intrigue, I would, from the wife of the Constable, to her who shares the dignities of the Lord Chancellor, have every woman know as much of politics as to discriminate right from wrong; her highest public duty, from her own worldly interest; and to be able to say to her husband, on all proper occasions, 'Don't be the base thing who would draw emolument and distinction from the ruin of your country, and the degradation of your own character; put me and my children out of view; your integrity and honour are our dearest possession. With these untainted, we never can be poor, nor need we higher distinction.' I would have women support the faltering resolution, which they too often undermine; strengthen the infirm purpose which their prudent offices are directed still farther to shake; employ their tears, caresses, and solicitations, *occasionally*, on the side of public duty, though personal interest should pull the other way. In periods of trial, public men are too frequently found dishonest, but the females connected with them are almost always so, though often less from want of principle than of instruction, and of the capacity of looking in an enlarged way to the scope and consequences of actions."

While Mrs. Talbot thus whispered above, Mr. Bellwether held on prosing below; and Mr. Horace Wimbledon, again in waiting, informed the ladies that there would be no division for a good hour, as Bellwether, like an extemporary Methodist parson, when apparently winding up for a close, was often farther off than ever. And ——— and ——— must speak—they would not sleep otherwise; and the Blacking-man had still to wake his "brazen-trump obstreperous."

This was a favourable pause for another examination of "the House," of which Mr. Wimbledon had the bead-roll at his fingers' ends; but Miss Clifford seemed so insensible to his talents as a sketcher, that in a few minutes he flew off to another duty of the night—to report to the Club upon the heirs. In all the Clubs of all the parties, Mr. Horace, if not welcomed, was tolerated, for the sake of his gossip, his connexions, and qualities as a *quizee*. He encountered Sir Jermyn Holroyd, who had just paired off, under the somniferous influence of Mr. Bellwether, and

earnest imploring eyes, and tones which Miss Fanny Kemble might emulate, she exclaimed, "Gentlemen, if ye be indeed friends of Mr. Talbot, remember the doors will be locked." A more prosaic sentence from a lady's lips could not easily be imagined. The Duke of Wellington's own—"Up Guards and at them," was not more homely in its sublimity, nor yet more effective. Five of the gentlemen, huddling down their trophies and burdens at the feet of their fair captors, ran off, muttering curses against themselves, and craving pardons from the ladies. The fair bevy, thus abruptly deserted, first looked blank, and next surveyed the intruder with disdainful glances. She turned away, followed by Lady Robert.

"You have done a strange, bold thing, Miss Clifford!" said Lady Robert, angered out of her policy, and half ashamed of the part in which she had been detected.

"I have done a *right, true* thing, Georgiana, though I wish it had not been mine to do it." There was a dead pause of anxious breathless suspense; and then the vote was announced, but not yet distinctly understood by the ladies above. Margaret, in the strong revulsion of her feelings, felt as if she would die. She leaned heavily in the arm of Mrs. Talbot, sunk more and more helplessly on another and stronger arm, which now clasped and sustained her, and sobbed in passionate, nervous emotion.

"Miss Clifford, Margaret, dearest Margaret!" was breathed in her dying ear by the voice to whose remembered tones Margaret's heart had secretly vibrated for long months back.—"Margaret! my own Margaret!" cried Lady Robert Anson, and her fair, jewelled arms were intertwined with those of her political enemy, and fondly wound round her early friend, forgetful of all but their youthful affection.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

It was given when Margaret, feeling now that she was assuredly dying, languid, and flabby, and in the arms of her friends, pressed their united arms to her bosom, and became totally insensible. "The air of this horrid place has killed her," cried Lady Robert; and a hubbub arose below and around, that a lady had fainted in the Ventilators, Sir Jermyn Holyroyd's ward—there she was—Mr. Talbot carrying her to a private room and Lady Robert Anson and a crowd of women about her.

When Margaret again opened her eyes, the same persons were around her, and Lady Robert and Mrs. Talbot supporting her. Deep shame was her first distinct feeling; she almost wished that she had indeed died;—then came another thought.

"Yes, love, *we* have triumphed," said Mrs. Talbot; "I know what your eyes are asking—and only by a majority of three—Talbot owes you this great victory; and to-morrow he shall know how."

"I have been very, very foolish, I fear," said the young lady. "The stifling air of that place—heat—and altogether;—and as I never fainted in my life before, I fancied I was dying."—Mr. Talbot now went in search of any body's carriage, and every body's was offered; but before this was arranged, Sir Jermyn Holyroyd burst in upon them. He came at the House of Commons,—the manœuvre to defeat Talbot's majority, —the fainting and carrying out &c. &c. were already the laws of the Clubs, though twenty minutes had not elapsed. He had also picked up some intelligence of the supper at ——— House, of "the illustrious strangers," of "clever, handsome Mrs. A.," and of the life Lord and Lady Robert were leading; and, on the whole, he resolved, though at the

expense of a little incivility, to carry his ward home with him without more delay. The flustered looks of Lord Robert, who waited to attend his wife and the heiress on their farther midnight progress, confirmed his resolution. Lady Robert made some feeble opposition to this arrangement, and offered to give up her party and attend her friend; but to this Margaret would not consent. Mrs. Talbot seemed pleased with the determination; and, seeing her into Sir Jermyn's carriage, she took the kindest leave, promising to visit her early on the morrow. Lady Robert, uneasy and vexed, got into the carriage beside Margaret, whom she embraced affectionately, weeping real tears, however mingled and disturbed their source might be. "How little of your confidence you have given me, Margaret! Is it like true friendship that I should be the last to know of Mr. Talbot's feelings for you?"

"For me, Georgiana!" and Margaret was thankful that the veil of night hid her mantling blushes. "No, no, that is impossible;" and in the deep humility of true passion, Margaret felt how vain the thought that Talbot, the eloquent, the powerful, the admired, could, or ought to think of her; her reason giving decision against the interests of her heart. "I will not upbraid you, Georgiana;—I could not tell what I have no right—what I dare not believe; but of the election, and our happy Archery Meeting, I did write you more than once—very foolishly perhaps,—but certainly confidently." Lady Robert could not answer—she muttered something of their own election, of Brighton, and of Margaret Georgiana having had the measles. She then dried her eyes, took a hurried leave, was handed into her own carriage, where her female associates were impatiently waiting, and drove off for —— House; while Sir Jermyn taking his place beside his ward, gave the order, *Home*, in a voice intended to silence the whispers of impertinent bystanders.

The first minute spent alone with her son, was employed by Mrs. Talbot in informing him of what he already knew, that he probably owed his small majority to the spirit and presence of mind of Miss Clifford. "When you told me of your Bow Meeting at the Priory, you forget to mention how really charming a girl, sweet, serious, and spirited, the young heiress was. It could not be from insensibility to the fact."

"No; Mother, from any thing save that."

"You are proud, Talbot, and perhaps retain your boyish hatred of heiresses;—you think Miss Clifford too rich?"

"Not guilty, Mother!—Before I ever saw Miss Clifford, I was aware that her fortune was embarrassed, that she is any thing but rich. The goodnature of her guardian, her own girlish generosity, and the prodigality of the Ansons, have stripped her poor enough. This is no secret, I believe, save to those most concerned. I hope she may still be rich enough for her own happiness."

"Unprincipled plunderers!" exclaimed Mrs. Talbot; "and the disgrace of such proceedings, is, to a young woman, even worse than the pecuniary loss. Conceive the degradation of taking advantage of the unsuspecting kindness of a girl, to involve her youth and inexperience in toils which are painful and shameful even to manhood.—But you cannot be so stupid, Talbot?"

"Nay, Mother, it is for you, my oldest and most intimate friend, to judge of my character in this respect," replied the gentleman with grave humour.

"Then why—why, Edward?" cried the mother. "Surely—yet there

can be no other cause; you cannot imagine me so wretched a bigot—strongly as I feel that one objection.”

“You have divined aright, Mother; though I did hope to overcome that one obstacle,—if once but *half* assured that there might not exist another, far more insurmountable, with the lady herself. I feared Lady Robert’s influence; and, save in this one case, don’t much admire Lady Robert’s friends.”

“I certainly wish Miss Clifford of the religion of her ancestors,” resumed the mother; “but if excellent Mrs. Elizabeth could see with pleasure an independent Catholic gentleman representing —shire, shall I not open my arms to this charming girl, who has already, unconsciously, undesignedly, found her way to my heart, through its most accessible, and yet most guarded avenue.”

This conversation brought the humble hackney-coach, which conveyed home the mother and son, to the door of the snug, comfortable house in Parliament Street, so contemptuously described by Lady Robert Anson. It was now past three in the morning. Mrs. Talbot declared truly, that she had not been such a rake for ten good years, but was yet resolved to learn early how Margaret fared, after her agitating night.

While this passed in one homeward carriage, Sir Jermyn Holroyd in another was listening to the first half-extorted, and then impetuous confession of his ward.—“Don’t let people call me an heiress, Sir Jermyn! I seem to myself, where that is imagined, to be the meanest of deceivers. In a few days I shall leave London, and be forgotten; till then, and till the Priory is sold, don’t let Mr. Talbot, nor any body, fancy me other than I am,—a very credulous, facile girl, whom a few tears and fair professions will betray into the most imprudent actions.”

“Pack of swindlers! I’ll expose them—I will, Margaret—£15,000 in three years lavished on their vile extravagance; and plundered off a child. How infamous! Why, the clear Priory rents, for seven years, do not amount to more. And how much of that has gone to Jews and money-lenders?—how much to foreign milliners and faddlers?—besides the £2000 the clubs had the story about, laid out in jewels,—poor Mrs. Talbot’s, I believe, faith,—which Lord Robert presented to one of the female harpies, who was to obtain him that precious embassy! They shall refund, by Jove!”

“Do not! do not, dear Sir Jermyn, say more of this. I can suffer any any thing,—so can Mrs. Elizabeth, rather than expose Lord Robert, or grieve Georgiana, whose worst faults are of circumstances. How happy and relieved I feel that the worst is now told, and that I shall not longer be thought an heiress.”

“Don’t talk nonsense, Margaret.” You have played the fool, and my friend, Mrs. Elizabeth, the old fool, which, in money matters, is more surprising. I may have been a little reckless, myself too, in looking after you,—all girls need to be looked after; but Talbot’s Chancery practice is, they tell me, this year worth something handsome, and on the increase every day. We may keep the Priory among us yet.”

Margaret felt it her duty, as a young lady, to affect to believe that this referred to Mr. Talbot, who admired the Priory, and was to purchase it; but she was too much a truth-speaker to be able to perpetrate the harmless fiction which female genius had instinctively invented.

Next morning, before Sir Jermyn Holroyd went out to attend a committee of the House, on a turnpike bill,—a bit of harmless legislation

which frequently fell to his share,—he looked in at Brookes', as usual, but with a face of more than usual weight of meaning.

"Oh! there comes Sir Jermyñ—we shall now know the truth.—When does Talbot—if it be a fair question—marry your beautiful ward, the heroine of the *Ventilators*. Wimbledon is to make something out of it—either a comedy in five acts, or a three-volumed fashionable novel, as Mr. Colburn and he can agree on. But when does it happen? Talbot was seen at your door by eleven this morning, throwing politics and law to the dogs; then came Lady Robert, with her veil close drawn down—eyes beautiful in tears! next Mrs. Talbot, who remains with the *bride* and Lady Holroyd now—a committee on silks, probably. When does Talbot clench his ——— shire interest with "the white wonder" of Miss Clifford's hand."

"The very first holiday Saturday Lord Althorp can spare for so laudable a purpose, I guess," replied Wimbledon, "Miss Clifford being too good a reformer to take her learned lover a day from the Bill." And, in a few Saturdays afterwards, Sir Jermyñ gave away the bride—saw the new-married pair set off from the church door, for the Priory, and Lord and Lady Robert Anson, at the same moment, for a continental retreat. Seated, in returning home, between his wife and Mrs. Elizabeth Clifford, who had come up to town to witness the marriage of her grand-niece, he demanded of Lady Holroyd, what was become of the dull season, the shocking season, the bore of a season. "No defrauding Dan Cupid of his rights, Anne, any more now than forty years ago. Drive him from Heaven, Earth, Air, and Water, and every private dwelling in Westminster,—why, you shall find him lurking in that most unlikely of all places, the roof of St. Stephen's Chapel; whence, should my friend, Mr. Hume, exorcise him as an idle, anti-utilitarian vagabond, he will contrive to nestle in some other quarter equally odd and unsuspected."

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIME.

"A change has come over the Spirit of the Time; mighty questions have been stirred; deep interests have been created, vast masses of men, formerly inert and passive, have suddenly begun to heave and to tro with the force of a newly-inspired animation, old things are passing away—all things are becoming new"—*Prospectus of Tait's Magazine*.

Persons less adventurous than ourselves would scarcely dare to preach at so early a period of their career. But we are too deeply in earnest to be scared at a solemn epithet,—too intent upon the furtherance of one grand object to be moved by considerations of ordinary expediency. Our desire is, at the outset, to evince, as clearly as possible, the intensity of our own convictions, and to give to the world a flavour of the quality of our principles. We propose, therefore, *populo volente*, to preach for a little from the text which our prospectus has incidentally supplied; to look back to the past, and forward to the future; to trace, in a rough and rapid sketch, the gradual development of that mighty spirit which is now agitating the nation; and to endeavour to divest, by anticipation, the ultimate shape and form which it is likely to impress on the great communities of mankind. We do not of course pretend to any kind of political second-sight—a millstone is to our eyes as impenetrably opaque as to those of other men. But we have read history with tolerable diligence and attention. Through the spectacles of past experience we have looked at the events of our own time;

and we are anxious to note down the results of a course of observation and inquiry extending to half a century—a period, into which has been crowded enough to diversify the annals of ages. Truly, “a change has come over the spirit of the time.” How that has been gradually produced, and *what* consequences are likely to follow from this mighty revolution of opinion, it will be our business here, as concisely as possible, to explain.

The first note, in the march of this “change,” was sounded at Lexington in America. There the first volley of musketry was fired at the bosoms of the colonists; there the first blood flowed in a contest which had its origin in the assertion of a great principle of public liberty—namely, that taxation without representation is tyranny and oppression—and which, after various turns of fortune, received its consummation in victory and independence. Folly and infatuation, almost incredible in these times, when tyrants have become better instructed in the means of repression, aided the cause of justice and liberty. The *might* seemed in enormous disproportion to the *right*; but the *right*, nevertheless, prevailed. America was emancipated; and, happily for herself, she found a Washington to consolidate, by popular institutions, planted on the broadest basis, that freedom and independence which he had so gloriously conquered for his country. What freeman’s heart does not warm at the name of that saint-like hero and guardian of liberty? And who can think, without proud exultation, of the conquest achieved by the wisdom of Franklin and the virtue of Washington? But these great men, and their scarcely less amiable associates, conquered not for themselves alone. They, indeed, overthrew and falsified all pre-existing theories of government, by establishing a pure democracy in one of the largest as well as richest countries of the world; and by organizing it so as to enable it to resist every shock to which it might be exposed, and to extend itself on every side without materially endangering the principle of central union and strength. But this, considered by itself, was not, in our estimation, their greatest achievement. They gave a new impulse to the human mind throughout the whole civilized world. They roused it from the lethargy into which it had sunk. They forced men to think, to inquire, and to discuss. Asserting right against might—principle against authority and dictation, they rallied around them the sympathies of generous spirits in all countries. For the first time there began to be a public opinion. Popular at first as are all wars, with the unthinking multitude, the disastrous events of the contest soon produced a powerful reaction in this country. Parliament resounded with denunciations uttered in strains of eloquence worthy of the best days of Greece and Rome. In the fierce collision of parties, and the discussion of passing topics, great principles were evolved. Light gleamed from the western sky, and was reflected, in a concentrated and dazzling radiance, by the great mirrors of Parliament. The press, too, became animated; and, obscurely conscious of its power, began to minister to that new-born appetite which was destined to grow by what it fed on. “A change had already come over the spirit of the time,” and afforded an auspicious prognostication of progressive expansion in the time to come.

America is, therefore, to be considered as the fatherland of liberty in these modern days. But men of other nations besides ours worshipped at the shrine where Franklin, and Washington, and Jefferson ministered as priests. In the spirit of national hatred, not in any generous sympathy with a people struggling for all that is dear to men, France had

aided the American colonists in throwing off the yoke of the mother country. She had sent her *Fayettes* and her *Rochambeaus* to command her auxiliary battalions, and fight by the side of *Washington* against the forces of that great country which she considered as her natural enemy. Deeply committed in the contest, therefore, she became insensibly identified with its results, and bound, by every tie of honour, to uphold that independence which she had helped to establish. A connexion was thus formed, and an interchange of feelings and opinions produced, of which the consequences were not yet foreseen. But a very few years sufficed to bring on the crisis to which so many causes were now contributing; and which, sooner or later, overtakes every system, civil or religious, that is essentially adverse to the interests of mankind. The good seed imported from America found a congenial soil in France. There oppression and misrule had reached that point where endurance ends and resistance begins. Religion had been depraved into gross superstition among the many, and utter infidelity among the few; while the privileges, the power, the wealth, the luxury, and the profligacy of an overgrown hierarchy, were viewed with indignation and distrust. The government was in keeping with the church—weak, wicked, worthless, wavering; despised abroad, oppressive at home; beggared in means notwithstanding the abominable extortions systematically practised under its sanction; corrupt in principle, and still more corrupt in practice; allied to, and identified with, all that had grown most odious to the expanding intellect of the nation, and gradually losing its last hold on these hereditary prepossessions and prejudices to which alone it could look for support. The people had continually before their eyes the example of that young and vigorous country, whose standards of independence they had helped to rear, and the sickening experience of their own. In America they saw nothing but freedom and happiness—in France nothing but slavery and misery. Was it possible that such a state of things could endure long?—that the yoke which had worn into the raw could be patiently borne?—that the people should submit to suffer contempt and oppression, and misery,—that a degenerate nobility, a corrupt church, and a worthless, contemptible government, might continue to riot in the spoils of their industry? No, truly: The time for all this was past; the spirit of feudalism was laid, and the era of sense and reason had begun.

The States-General were convoked, and the revolution commenced:—that event itself was a revolution, and it was the precursor of others still more memorable. Folly, and infatuation bordering on insanity, reigned in the King's council. *Mirabeau* thundered and lightened in the National Assembly. The long-suppressed voice of the country was at length heard; and perfidy, occasionally borrowing help from violence, forced it to assume a tone of menace and defiance. The people responded to the loudest notes that were struck by their representatives in their name. The Court was defeated and driven from all its positions. A hollow truce succeeded,—a constitution was granted,—and, in the first moments of giddy triumph, accepted with joy. But the fierce impulse had been given,—the mighty movement had been commenced, and none could arrest its onward career. The States-General became the Constituent Assembly; and the Constituent Assembly merged into the Convention. The monarchy was overthrown—the altars of the church were rendered desolate. A great act of national justice followed, Europe was astounded. The old despots were stricken with terror and dis-

may. The shock was electric, and thrilled through the hearts of the nations. Deep heavings and loudly-uttered sympathies greeted the first efforts of the French people. But the public execution of the King was the signal for a partial reaction. A general war burst upon France. The legions of despotism gathered round her frontiers, and threatened to blot her out as a nation from the map of Europe. But the army of young liberty was strong in the might with which it was nerved; the opposing hosts were overthrown; victory followed fast on the heels of victory; her raw levies became experienced veterans; her young generals great commanders; genius and valour attended her steps. Great crimes were indeed committed; the wildest anarchy for a season prevailed; and fanatical fiends, thrown up to the surface by the very violence of the commotion, revelled out their day of blood and tears. But victory became chained to the car of the Republic; and the preliminaries of Leoben, followed by the peace of Campo-Formio, secured it a recognised place among the nations.

Such was the conclusion of the first act of this tremendous drama. But the representation soon changed its character. A great military chief had appeared—too great for a republic. The people also, weary of change, sickened with blood, and exhausted with suffering, longed for repose. The time was favourable to adventurous ambition; and the man who appeared upon the scene, was equal to any time or to any occasion, however critical. He was now in the full blaze of his fame. His military achievements had thrown those of all the other revolutionary commanders into the shade. In genius he stood proudly eminent, towering high above all rivalry. His force of character was matchless; his self-confidence unbounded. His perceptions were quick as the flash of the lightning; and decision came the instant after, like the rattling peal of thunder. Amidst the sands and solitudes of Egypt, he had divined, from the columns of an old newspaper, the true state of affairs in France. His resolution was taken. He saw that the crisis had arrived, and he returned to France. He had left victory, and he found defeat; confidence, and he found distrust and suspicion; prosperity, and he found nothing but misery. The government of the Directory had become at once contemptible for its imbecility, and hateful for its oppression. All looked up to him. He chose his time, and the revolution of the 18th Brumaire sealed the fate of the Republic. The sovereign-power passed into the hands of the First Consul, who, by an easy transition, became the Emperor. But he was not allowed to rest on the eminence which he had gained. Coalition after coalition was formed against him, but to no purpose. Each in succession was annihilated by the united force of his power and his genius. A colossal fabric of military despotism was reared up out of the very elements which had been employed to crush it. Ancient thrones were overturned, and new ones erected in their stead. The independence of all nations was threatened. Europe crouched at the feet of this extraordinary man, who appeared to aim at universal dominion, and to stretch out the arms of his ambition over the whole earth. But the hour of retribution was at hand. His star, so long in the ascendant, at length waxed dim and pale. Fortune forsook him in his most daring venture; the very elements conspired to accelerate his ruin; perfidy, too, did its part. After encountering disasters which it freezes the very spirit to think of, and maintaining a death-struggle, illumed, even in its most lurid and agonising moments, by brilliant coruscations of his transcendent genius, he fell. But even, though fallen, he was feared by his enemies, because

still beloved by all that remained of his one magnificent and invincible armies. The victors were astounded at their own success, and awed by the *prestige* that still hovered around his character. He was suffered to remain too near the theatre of his former power. France grew dissatisfied. The restored dynasty was detested as such, and hated still more as associated with recollections, feelings, and principles adverse to the spirit and genius of the age. He saw his advantage; landed in France from Elba; marched to Paris without opposition; walked into St. Cloud as easily as if he had only left it on an excursion; and once more became Emperor of the French. Romance has imagined nothing half so wonderful as this. But his days were numbered, even unto an hundred. Waterloo came, and he now fell like Lucifer, never to rise again. Legitimacy triumphed in his overthrow, and rivers of blood had apparently been poured out in vain.

But no, not in vain. If it be asked what benefits France reaped from the revolution, and the gigantic system that grew out of it? we answer, So many and so great, that they would have been cheaply purchased even at a costlier price. The old monarchy was overthrown, and never can be re-constituted on its ancient principles; aristocracy received a blow from which it never has recovered, and never will recover; the monopoly of the soil, as well as all other monopolies, was destroyed, and industry of every kind set free; taxes, oppressive by their amount, and infinitely more so by the inequality with which they had been levied, were put an end to; privileges of all sorts ceased; a code of laws, adapted to the new order of things was prepared, and put in force; the rule of succession was changed, and the abominably iniquitous principle of primogeniture, one of the most odious rules of feudalism, for ever abrogated; a new order of men was planted on the soil, and as they derived their title from the revolution, they were for that reason deeply interested in maintaining the validity of the changes it had operated, and the rights it had created. These were fully recognised by Napoleon; and the Bourbons, however willing to do so, durst not even challenge, far less attack them. The country prospered; the people saw and felt their consequence; the career opened to ambition, in all classes, was boundless. Genius, talents, and virtue, became the only titles to honour, and the only passport to office. Hereditary wisdom was laughed to scorn. Emulation and enterprise had full scope for their exertions; industry was protected, commerce encouraged, the useful arts improved by the contributions of science, the fine arts encouraged by the patronage, not of this or that titled aristocrat, but by that of a thriving and happy population. Withal public morals were purified. This is a result of the revolution, which no one can deny, and which it is impossible not to contemplate with satisfaction. But it had other and still more striking effects. The generation which grew up in the course of its progress, became unconsciously the inheritors of its principles, as well as of the habits of thought and feeling to which it had given birth; and these, in due time, they communicated to their children. Hence, out of every hundred of men in France at the present day, at least ninety may be considered as children of the revolution, as persons who are deeply imbued with its leading doctrines, and resolute to maintain and defend all the great interests it created. Among such men, the spirit of liberty is an ever-living, ever-active principle, chainless as the wind, resistless as the ocean, and terrible to its enemies as an army with banners. It is wholly irrepresible. It is never stationary. Its course is onward, sometimes slower,

sometimes quicker,—but always onward. It may be compared to one of those Alpine rivers, which, notwithstanding the strength and force of the current, may, for a time, be dammed up by the fallen avalanche, and thrown backwards by the magnitude of the apparently insurmountable obstacle, but which only recoils to accumulate greater power for the struggle, and is certain, at last, to burst through the opposing barrier with irresistible fury, scattering, in the first wild rush, terrible evidences of its power.

Nothing is more common among a certain class of sophists than to declaim about the horrors of the French Revolution, and the suffering and misery which attended its march. But persons shut their eyes to the obvious truth, that the wounds it inflicted were temporary, while the benefits it conferred must, from their very nature, be permanent. Pandæmonium itself can disgorge nothing more odious or more horrible than the crimes of terrorists. But what then? These fanatical fiends, by their terrific and sanguinary energy, saved France, just as Palafox, or those under him, defended Zaragoza; and not a scar of a wound they inflicted is now discoverable on the fair face of society in France. The military despotism of Napoleon, his exhausting conscriptions, his endless wars, and his bloody battles, were dreadful evils, and no friend of humanity can contemplate such waste of life and living energy, without a shudder. But, again we say, what then? The blanks in the population have long since been filled up; the evil has been repaired and forgotten; while the good which that wonderful man performed, the monuments which he raised, the glory which he won, and the impulse which he gave to all the productive energies of France, remain as a permanent inheritance to that country. Posterity will judge more impartially than we can be supposed yet qualified to do, and strike the balance with a juster hand. One consoling reflection, however, arises from the survey of these disastrous events, and that is, that the onward course of the human mind was never for one instant altogether arrested. The crimes committed in the name of liberty, indeed, shook the wavering faith of some, abated the enthusiasm of others, and forced all, for a time, to pause; while the enemies of freedom greedily seized the opportunity to calumniate that which they hated, by representing the most frightful abuse and prostitution of the name, as its natural and necessary fruits, and thence seeking a pretext for riveting more firmly the fetters of despotism. In the first burst of surprise, astonishment, and sorrow, these men were believed and trusted; but the hollowness of their designs soon awakened reflection and stimulated inquiry. The mind soon recovered its tone and liberty. Liberty again appeared lovely as ever, despotism tenfold more hateful and hideous. But a severe course of experience engendered prudence and watchfulness. Men moderated their ardour in order to nurse their affection. The omnipotence of opinion was revealed, and to that all trusted.

To the execrable Castlereagh policy of England it was owing that the old Bourbon incubus was saddled upon France. He died, however, by his own hand, and with him perished the system which had fulfilled the natural period of its demise—the system of Pitt, which had entailed upon Europe five-and-twenty years of war, upon England eight hundred millions of debt, and ended in the restoration of a superannuated dynasty, and the formation of the Holy Alliance, or, in other words, in a grand confederacy of sovereigns against the liberty of nations. We still groan and sweat under the weary load of this frightful legacy. But

happily, its pressure forced men to open their eyes to the true nature of that detestable policy, which had laid it on the shoulders of the nation. Public opinion became more concentrated and more powerful. Peace abroad, retrenchment at home, the reform of all administrative abuses, and the extension as well as purification of our institutions, began to be loudly demanded. Green-bags and gagging-bills had been tried, and tried in vain. Nothing could resist the onward march of the spirit which had been awakened in the great mass of the people. Concessions could no longer be withheld. Under the compulsion of the power which now acted upon the government, its policy became insensibly liberalized. The Holy Alliance received its death-blow in England, though not until it had blasted, by its wavering influence, the nascent germs of liberty in Spain, in Naples, in Piedmont, and in Italy. Greece, glorious Greece, cast off the slough which for ages had deformed the fair face of that classic land, and appeared, fresh and vigorous, in the young beauty of independence. Even Turkey became the theatre of change, and Sultan Mahmoud an energetic and fearless reformer. The old Bourbon dynasty still endured in France; but its days were numbered—the prophetic anticipation of Napoleon was about to be realized. A man, Polignac, whom adversity had failed to teach wisdom, and who, cursed with the blindness of infatuation, thought himself secure, while seated as it were on a loaded mine:—this man fired the train, and the terrific explosion instantly followed.

The Revolution of the Three Days—who can name it without inward glorying and exultation?—achieved by the most heroic valour, unstained by a single crime, furnished an example, as well as a stimulus to opinion, throughout all Europe. Belgium and Poland, with opposite fates, followed the one; while in every civilized nation the force of the other was deeply felt, and soon visible in the demand for reform and regeneration. What has taken place in our own all know; what events we are yet destined to witness Heaven alone can tell. We hope the best; we have confidence in our present rulers, because their being, as such, is identified with the success of that measure which the country, the country at large, has so loudly approved. They must stand or fall with the cause of the people. But the House of Peers!—"Ay, there's the rub."—will they adventure still to resist the united wishes of the King, the Commons, and the people of Great Britain and Ireland? Will they force the Sybil to scatter her last leaves to the wind? Will they rush madly in where even angels would fear to tread? Will they dare the wrath of a mighty empire, that rottenness and corruption may still be their portion? Will they compel us to act upon the conviction, daily becoming more general, that we could do very well without the Lords? Above all, will they not, by an act of constitutional energy, be saved "while it is called to-day" from the fate which their own folly would prepare for themselves? Time alone can resolve these mysteries; and as the interval must be brief, we wait with anxiety, but without fear. Meanwhile, Poland—heroic Poland!—has fallen, but not fallen in vain. No "staying friend" stretched out a hand to help her; no "generous foe" is that which, by impelling its irresistible masses of disciplined barbarians, triumphed in the struggle. But the blood of her brave defenders has not been bootlessly shed. It cries from the earth for vengeance; and its cry will one day be heard. Renovated France and reformed Britain will not always lend a deaf ear to the supplications of men who have shewn that they deserve liberty by consenting to pay

such a price for even a faint chance of obtaining it. We are upon the confines of a new era. "A change has come over the spirit of the time; mighty questions have been stirred; deep interests have been created; vast masses of men, formerly inert and passive, have suddenly begun to heave to and fro with the force of a newly-inspired animation; old things are passing away; all things are becoming new." Meanwhile, let the word be, "Fraternization among Freemen all over the World!"

THE PECHLER.

It is long since the natural history of such creatures as the lion, the horse, and the elephant, was perfectly ascertained and understood. Every body now knows every thing that can be known about such honest, downright, plain-sailing animals; and zoophytes are all the rage. It would be quite in vain that you busied yourself in the East Indies in the amiable task of catching and stuffing tigers, in order that you might send them home to the Museum of the Edinburgh University, or that of the Wernerian Society. I verily believe that Professor Jameson and Mr. Patrick Neill would not thank you for a shipload of such intelligible stuffery. But mark the eyes of a naturalist when you tell him of some new marine creature, half vegetable half animal, which springs up in the shape of a tumbler, with something like an umbrella and stalk in the middle, and perhaps fixes itself to the ground by a few dozen legs, each with fifteen eyes in a row along the side, like the buttons of a pair of spatterdashes. The man's face kindles at the description, like a coal under a pair of bellows; and, if you can be so patriotic as to transfer the specimen to Canonmills Loch, there to flourish in immortal youth for the benefit of all whom it may concern, why you will find yourself next week with as many initial letters tagged to your name as might qualify you for becoming editor of an encyclopedia.

In the same way as regular proper birds and beasts have now ceased to possess any interest, so have the ordinary characters of society fallen into a kind of contempt in our literature. It was very well for Homer to describe heroes like Achilles and Agamemnon; and for the Spectator to talk of such men as Will Honeycomb or Sir Roger de Coverley. These personages were like the horse and the lion in the infancy of natural history. But any thing like a full-grown, healthy, natural man is now of no use. Every body knew all about him ages ago. If you want proper subjects for the moral museum, you must poke into the holes and corners of human nature,—you must dive far beneath the surface, and "pluck up drowned horrors by the locks." In short, it will not do nowadays to describe any thing but nondescripts.

Acting under this impression, I take leave to introduce the genus *Pechler* to the notice of the world,—a creature who, neither in town nor country, is any thing very decidedly, but yet may be described, I doubt not, in such terms as to awaken a full recollection of him in the mind of every reader.

The Pechler is a character in humble life, who assumes no distinct profession, but contrives to live a curious, irregular life by means of all kinds of out-of-the-way bargainings, and contracts for work; his habits being generally in a considerable degree determined by the accident of

his living in a city or in the country. Burns alluded to the rural class of Pechlers, when, in speaking of his own youthful prospects, he says, that he saw only two modes of bettering his circumstances; first, that of rigid economy, and, second, that of *bargain-making*. Holy Willie was a Pechler; and, if I am not mistaken, the "bletherin bitch,"* another of his heroes, survives a Pechler to this day. The Pechler is usually a short, active-looking man, with coarse grey stockings, corduroy breeches, and a seven-days beard. His neckcloth is one hard roll of red or blue cotton, enclosing a collar, which, evidently, has never yet been made acquainted with the mysterious process invented by Brummell. His watch is a little spherical silver one, with Roman numerals; its chain is steel, and consists of a series or congeries of chains, interrupted every two or three inches by little flat plates, and garnished at the end with an old-fashioned pebble seal, a George-the-Second sixpence, a small Indian shell, and a key formed on three angles, like the human figure when sitting. The town-pechler lives about such places as the Cowfeeder Row—the back of the Canongate—and a certain *terra Australis incognita*, which bears, I believe, the name of the Causeway-side. He has generally a concern in some grass park in the neighbourhood, where he keeps a cow or horse when he happens to buy one. He is always a married man, with a vast number of children, whom he is rigorous in setting to work as soon almost as they are able to walk. Though invariably rather wealthy than otherwise, he is a great economist in his household. He buys the most of his provisions in a growing or living state. In June, you find him attending a sale of standing grain, where, if he does not bid largely in a wholesale capacity, he at least purchases an acre or two for his own meal. This is reaped by his own children—put into sheaves by himself, (for he is a capital bandster)—threshed also by himself—ground at a mill in which he has some concern, and brought home by his own horse and cart. In October you see him attending a sale of growing potatoes,—perhaps he buys a whole field on speculation,—possibly only an acre for his family. At the very worst, he sees how potatoes are going,—enjoys the honour of having his advice asked by the less experienced, and partakes, however fruitlessly, of the bottle which has been paraded for the purpose of encouraging the sale. The Pechler frequents all kinds of markets. At Dalkeith he goes from sack to sack as a bee does from flower to flower. He dives his hand deep into every bag, feels the meal with a knowing air between his finger and thumb,—tastes it with an air still more knowing; and, after asking the price, remarks, if he does not mean to buy, that it is "a good meal." He has all the technical abbreviated language of markets at his finger-ends. "What's barley?" "Six-and-thirty."—"How's lead?" "Heavy."—"Poultry looking up," and "pigs looking down." When he has made

* The person here alluded to is the subject of an epitaph as follows:—

Beneath thur stanes lie Jamie's banes;
O, Death, it's my opinion,
Ye ne'er took sic a *bletherin bitch*
Into your dark dominion.

Not long ago an admirer of Burns, visiting Mauchline, had the subject of this jest pointed out to him in the street—a poor old broken-down man, the ruins of a Pechler. "Are ye the bletherin bitch?" inquired the stranger, at the same time putting his hand into his pocket for money. "Oo, 'deed ay, sir," answered the immortalized wretch, his eye keenly watching the pocket of his intending benefactor, "I'm the *bletherin bitch*." The man had evidently come to feel the burlesque of Burns as an honour, and one of a profitable kind.

a purchase, he pays it either in notes drawn from a huge worn pocket-book, which seems almost in itself a bank, or by what he calls "a bit check on Sir Willie."**

In his capacity of corn-factor upon a small scale, the Pechler is a great adept in all matters connected with farm produce, and whatever may increase or depress its value. Not a cloud can cross the horizon, but he knows what effect it is to have next Friday at Haddington. He will, by a mysterious algebra peculiar to himself, weigh off the depth of water at the observatory, or, what is more in his way, the pools which he finds in the morning before his door, against the scale of prices at Dalkeith, and you would be astonished at the accuracy of the calculation. I once came upon a Pechler in the course of a country walk. He was leaning over the gate of a barley field; and, if he had not borne all the external marks of a declared and licensed Pechler, I could have known him by the considerate calculating air with which he marked the rising braird. I entered into conversation with him, and remarked that that was a fine field of barley. "Yes," he said drily, "it's gude beare; but, man, ye dinna ken hoo it is gude." The Pechler, I saw, approved of the grain, by virtue of his intimate and actual acquaintance with the subject: he knew it to be good, perhaps, from his certainty as to the goodness of the soil, the sufficiency of the manure, the excellent labour which had been bestowed upon it, besides a minute examination of all the outward symptoms. But he saw, from my city aspect, that I only thought it good, because the field bore a verdant appearance. He thought me, in short, as green as the barley; and his conscientious skill could not respond even to my humble remark, without letting me see that he did so upon different and deeper principles. "Yes—it's gude beare; but, man, ye dinna ken hoo it is gude!" The Director-General of the fine arts could not have more expressively marked his contempt for some raw exclamation about a picture,—such as "How pretty!" Verily, thought I, there is no department of knowledge without its pride of skill.

But the Pechler is a person of multiform appearance, and endless varieties of employment. Sometimes he steps into a place where turnpikes are rousing; and, if the thought strikes him, he will take a few tolls, into which, next week, he has planted off almost all the grown up members of his family. You have perhaps left off acquaintance with a particular Pechler, as contractor for building a dyke near your residence in the country; and, the next time you see him, he is ascending from a hole in the street, literally a man of straw, being busied in forming a new drain. Some days afterwards, when you are in quest of a house against next Whitsuntide, you find yourself waited upon by this identical Pechler, as an emissary of the landlord. It is a great employment of the Pechler to let houses. This is just one of those irregular kinds of business which the city Pechler rejoices in. He is indeed so fond of it, that he often sinks his own gains in house property. You find him at a sale of what are called "old materials," namely, the stone and wood-work of a house about to be taken down, to admit, perhaps, of some public work. He is flying along crazy joists, while pulverised lime wraps him all around, the very demon of dust! He buys the whole for a few pounds, and, some weeks after, a house perhaps occupied in former times by "lords and ladies gay," rises in a new shape in the

** It is necessary to explain to the southern reader that Sir William Forbes and Co. were, for a long time, the bankers in highest consideration in Scotland, especially among the rural classes.

suburbs, for the accommodation of humble artisans, whom the Pechler has the pleasure of persecuting twice or oftener in the year for ever after. The Pechler, in his capacity of landlord, becomes acquainted with a property in human nature, which has hitherto been supposed to reside exclusively in certain classes of birds. This property is one by no means favourable to the interests of his own property. It is a disposition to migrate, which prevails among his tenants at particular seasons, generally about three weeks previous to the 25th of May and the 22d of November. It is incalculable the trouble which he and his whole race and kindred have, about those periods, in watching the motions of the tenantry. He wanders nightly like a ghost about "the property," and if he sees a light in a window after midnight, he is thrown into an agony, lest a removal is contemplated. His children rise at different periods of the night to relieve guard, but even while he sleeps, he thinks he sees his vassals flying away with their goods and chattels, in order to avoid being troubled about that rending misery—rent. If all keeps fair till term-day, he goes his rounds with a gracious countenance, mumbling to every tenant some complimentary speeches, in which the word "convenient" is alone heard, but, in being heard, is enough. Perhaps, instead of rent, he is met with some flaming complaint as to the want of repairs, but unless he receives payment of his demands, he turns a deaf ear to all such memorialists. If payment be really made, then he makes it his endeavour to soothe the complainants as much as possible. There is no black so very black, nor no white so very white, but he will make it look a little better. The roof may show a breach, through which the tenant can see ten degrees of the blue empyrean, but, in the Pechler's mind, every thing may be cured by "a little plaster." "A little plaster" is his catholicon for all evils, and "that he will come and apply himself, some day very soon." He will never admit any fault in his property, which is beyond his own personal skill to correct, no more than Dr Poppleton would acknowledge the existence of any disease which might not be cured by his own pill. He has been heard, in extraordinary cases, to speak of such a thing as "a barrowfu' o' bricks," but so very rarely, that it is not entitled to enter into the estimate of his character and habits.

The Pechler is always prosperous, so long as things depend upon his own immediate exertions and sagacity, and while his children are still so young as to be obliged to conform to all his rules. But the unhappy man is almost invariably ruined by his family. He has been all his life a severe disciplinarian. Every Sunday, twice in the day, has he marched his flock of Johnnies and Jennies to Dr M'Crie's, or Mr. Lothian's, besides having, all his life,

Morning, nightly,
On the questions targ'd them tightly

But all is as nought when the struggling savages arrive at ripe age. Jockies are then set up as meal-dealers or builders, and Jennies are married to grocers and tanners. The boys carry higher heads than their father, but not so long, and the sons-in-law, (as blood, according to the kindly Scotch adage, is thicker than water,) obtain his scratchy, but valuable signature, to bills and other obligations. The gains of wisdom and parsimony are then squandered by folly and self-indulgence. Even while the family is still domiciled with him, he is in danger of having his good old system broken in upon. The wretches see finer style in

the dwellings of their playmates, and they begin to discover that their father is not the poor man he seems. The Pechler is thunderstruck, some fine morning, at finding his household convulsed by a general rebellion, to which the very wife of his bosom is evidently not ill-affected, against further breakfasts of porridge. The ancient dynasty [*quasi dicitur dine-dsty*] of potatoes is tumbled from its throne; and tea, hitherto a thing only enjoyed clandestinely when he was from home, sets up its unblushing front every evening, as if it had a title of a thousand years standing. It is in vain that he struggles against these innovations. He is brought to submission, like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, by the very multitude of his enemies. He might seize a Jock or a Jenny, as Gulliver could have done by half a score of his minute foes, but whatever punishment he could inflict, would be revenged twenty-fold by the myriad shafts of ridicule, and remonstrance, and complaint, which would have instantly been directed against him. At length, the poor Pechler, after a manful resistance, is obliged to give in with a good grace; and TEA, the arch-fiend of his former dreams, reigns supreme.

From such causes as these the Pechler often ends where he commenced—a very poor man; but yet the case is often far otherwise. Perhaps his eldest son is reared a baker. The youth is steady and active. The moment he is out of his apprenticeship, he marries his master's daughter, and the two swarm off to set up in some new street, about the outskirts of the New Town. Little stock is required to set up a baker. Two pounds buy a bag of flour, and no more is required to begin with. The wife is established in a small back room, with a window of two panes looking into the front shop; and there she sits, looking through her loop-hole of retreat on the world that passes by, unless when called upon to attend to her customers. In the evenings, if you happen to drop in to buy anything for your children, you get a peep through that loop-hole, unless it be altogether covered by its curtain of green baize, of such a comfortable tea-table as makes you envy the happy lot of the son of the Pechler. Or perhaps the honest baker himself appears in his door, with his red cowl pushed back from his brow, and is engaged in discussing, amidst a crowd of neighbours, some knotty subject that has just been started by the Scotsman or the Chronicle. He is redolent of warm toast, and his wife is just washing the "tea things" in the back-room. His broad hearty laugh, the expression of a mind at ease with itself, and happy with all around it, is heard occasionally over the debate; and if a customer chances to enter, the transaction is in general so simple, that it does not interrupt his argument, but he continues speaking to his friends at the door from the far recesses of the shop, till he is enabled by the conclusion of the business to resume his station in the threshold. The Pechler watches and rejoices over the good behaviour of this worthy son, with a gratulation of spirit inconceivably great. He loves the children (for bakers always have lots of children) far better than do their father or mother; and they, in their turn, would not give their grandfather for twenty of their more immediate parents. As they sit on his knee, they ask him innumerable questions about his watch, and its many chains, and its seal, and its sixpence, and its little shell; and, occasionally, when they are "gude bairns," he will even allow them to see the inside of the wonderful machine. They entertain a most reverential respect for a particular pocket in his large yellow woollen vest, in which they know he keeps halfpence. That pocket

seems to them the most estimable and glorious object in the whole world; and they cannot see him bring his hand so much as near it, without a fluttering tremor of expectation almost amounting to delirium. Their first breeches have all along been *hanselled* by the Pechler, and indeed every successive pair since; and, in fact, they are so often treated by him in this way, that their ideas of "grandfather" and "halfpence" are inseparable.

And so I leave the Pechler to his repose.

ON THE PRINCIPLES OF NATIONAL BORROWING.

PRIVATE individuals obtain loans upon two considerations:—firstly, of the promised payment of simple interest, until such time as they shall replace the capital; secondly, of an engagement to pay an annuity for a certain period, generally the natural life of the lender.

Borrowing at simple interest is, when practised by prudent men, the act of adding to their pecuniary resources, with a view to the beneficial employment of the capital borrowed. The interest is the remuneration paid to the lender for the use of his money; and the borrower's intention is to employ the funds placed at his disposal, in such a manner that they shall produce, in addition to the sum annually paid as interest, a surplus sufficient to compensate his own expenditure of time and exertion. Money taken up at simple interest and invested in landed property, comes under this definition; for the borrower proceeds on the assumption, that the annual proceeds of the property will pay the interest with a surplus. The process which has just been described, is *borrowing* in the strict and legitimate meaning of the term. Were any person in private life to obtain money at simple interest with other views, his ruin would be predicted immediately.

Borrowing by way of annuity is precisely the opposite of this. Lending upon annuity is practised by persons, who so far from intending to employ their money with a view to reproduction, wish to sink it. Lenders upon annuity are persons possessed of property, which they wish to expend upon themselves during their life-time, childless persons, persons extravagant, or at variance with their natural heirs. Borrowers upon annuity again, are persons who wish to anticipate their future resources: corporate bodies, for instance, having an annual revenue, some part of which they wish to anticipate for the execution of a public work; or extravagant individuals who wish to spend sums beyond the extent of their immediate income.

Borrowing by way of annuity, when strictly examined, will be found to be a means of anticipating future resources upon a calculation of chances, and providing that the *repayment* of the sum lent shall be spread over many future years under the name of interest payable out of future income. The intention of every person who sinks his money in an annuity, is to live upon his principal, and to enjoy it all during his life-time. If he could foreknow the precise duration of his life, he need not lend on annuity, because he would only require to divide the money by the number of his remaining years, and expend the quotient annually. But not possessing this prescience, he seeks a borrower, who calculating, as he best can, the probable duration of his life, will take his money, and engage to pay him an annual sum, which shall, if the calculation

be correct, approximate to a repayment of the sum advanced, together with the interest. If the annuitant survive the term calculated upon, the borrower incurs a loss; if he die earlier, the borrower gains.

The advantage, in as far as the borrower is concerned, of raising money by life-annuity, over borrowing at simple interest, is twofold. The repayment is spread over many years, and there is the chance of ultimate gain by the premature death of the annuitant. The advantage will be evident, if we suppose the case of a corporate body borrowing money in order to sink it in the building of a bridge or church, and being bound to repay the sum out of its revenue. It is clear, that unless there is reason to calculate upon some very great and speedy enlargement of revenue, a rare thing either with corporate bodies or nations, the mode of borrowing, in which the process of repayment is immediately begun, is both safest and cheapest. To perceive this, it is only necessary to reflect, that the repayment must be derived from the future income. Every payment of simple interest, unaccompanied by some extra payment, as an instalment of principal, constitutes a yearly loss to the body, and leaves it as much in debt as ever.

But the loss occasioned by thus paying simple interest upon money which is sunk, is not the worst mischief arising out of this system. The great danger is, that exigencies may spring up before the process of repayment is commenced, compelling the debtors, not only to delay repayment still longer, but to increase the debt. When this occurs, the difficulty of repayment is of course increased in the ratio of the increase of debt. Supposing this process to be continued, it must at last happen that the annual revenues of the corporate borrowers are entirely absorbed in the payment of the interest, without a possibility of the redemption of the sum owing. The lenders of the money become, in this case, the real owners of the corporation, receiving, as they must, all rents, customs, tolls, dues, &c. whence the corporate revenue is derived.

If the foregoing considerations be founded in any thing like truth or common sense, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion, that if money is to be borrowed to be *sunk*, it ought to be borrowed upon some principle, either identical with, or analogous to, that of borrowing on annuity. Let us apply this principle to the question of national borrowing. It is hardly necessary to premise, that nations always, in actual fact, borrow money in order to sink it. It may indeed be said, that nations, by means of borrowed money, have conquered valuable additions of territory; yet it has so often happened, that these acquisitions are either relinquished as the price of peace, or else yield, when retained, no direct return to the state, that it may be safely affirmed as a truth, that nations *borrow* only to *sink*. This being the case, it follows that nations should borrow upon some principle analogous to that of borrowing on annuity, inasmuch as it seems clear, upon the general principle, that such method would be found to be by far the least injurious. Nor do the effects of other methods, as far as they have been made apparent by experience, lead to a different conclusion.

To prove this in any way, excepting generally, would be foreign to the scope and purpose of these strictures. To afford this proof, some general and simple remarks and calculations are all that are necessary. In the first place, then, it is to be observed, that when money is borrowed at simple interest, and sunk upon the chance of a future ability to repay, the sums paid as interest, before the repayment commences and is completed, are merely interest upon *lost time*. This loss of time too, is, by

the nature of the transaction, unlimited. The evil produced, however, is co-equal with the loss of time before the repayment is effected; and the one being unlimited, the other may become enormous. A nation, for instance, borrows a sum at five per cent. per annum, simple interest. Now, it is clear, that if twenty years elapse before repayment is made, the entire sum will have been paid in the shape of interest, and the nation be involved just as much as ever. If at the end of the twenty years a repayment can be at once effected, the nation still *pays double*; that is to say, an amount of interest equal to the original sum, and then the sum itself; and in proportion to the length of time elapsed before repayment is made, must the loss be.

If we apply this reasoning to facts, and take the English debt for an example, we shall arrive at some conclusions so startling, that the enormous waste and drain of money becomes almost too much for the imagination. A part of the British debt has now existed for upwards of a century. It has gone on, and is going on, unredeemed; and now without a rational hope of redemption, however distant. Now, it is known, that sums bearing legal interest, that is to say five per cent. per annum, double themselves in twenty years, putting compound interest out of the question. Such of the English debt, then, as has existed beyond the century, supposing it to have been originally borrowed at the interest of five per cent. per annum, has been paid *five times over*, without the nation having arrived one iota nearer its liquidation than it was at the hour on which it was borrowed. Before the war of 1793, the debt amounted to two hundred and fifty millions, speaking in round numbers. Since that period, forty years have elapsed. At the legal rate of interest, therefore, five hundred millions of pounds have been drained from the pockets of the English people, that is to say, from the pockets of the industrious and productive classes of England—as “interest” (interest!) upon this small portion of the debt alone, and this was only the amount of the nation’s debt at the end of the American war, before Pitt became minister, and by his own acts and those of his successors, TRIPLED the amount.

The entire debt existing as far forward as 1812, which was near the conclusion of the war, is now twenty years of age. Its whole amount, if contracted at, or about legal interest, must, accordingly, have been taken from the people, under the name of interest, up to this time. An enormous sum, and how thrown away—for how does the nation stand at this very hour? It stands just as it stood in 1815, the conclusion of the war, loaded with an enormous debt of eight hundred millions of pounds, which load seventeen years of peace have done nothing to alleviate, if we except a slight reduction of interest effected, by taking advantage of that want of profitable employment for capital, which the debt itself has been chiefly instrumental in creating. Upon this debt, if unredeemed, the interest is legally payable *for ever* by a people, whose utmost exertions do not suffice to raise the amount annually demanded of them, and who are yet the most industrious and ingenious people upon earth, “*Sic vos, non vobis, mellificatis apes,*”—and to the man whose name has given currency to this “system,” as it is called, a statue has been raised in the civic hall of the capital of the country, which he has brought to this state of embarrassment, decrepitude, and ruin, without example in the history of nations! Talk of “delusion”—? Shades of Mississippi Law, and the blowers of the South Sea bubble!—But more of this hereafter. So much for borrowing money at simple interest,

to sink, either by nations or individuals. So much for national debts upon the "Pitt system."

It now remains to be shewn *how* money might be borrowed, if not without national loss, at least without permanent national misery and ruin, and to an extent sufficient and more than sufficient for the utmost exigencies of a nation like Great Britain, if under a tolerable government. In order to do this, it is only necessary to trace a rough outline of the manner in which money might be taken up and repaid, within a limited period, under a system analogous to that of annuities, that is to say, upon the principle of repaying principal under the name of interest. Persons accustomed to such schemes would propose a hundred different modes of doing this. A method, however, at once simple and extravagant, will best shew the safety of so borrowing, at almost any sacrifice, compared with the mischief of national debts, as hitherto contracted.

It has been computed that the average value of life,—that is to say, that taking all the persons, young and old, living in a country at any given time, the mean period of their existence may be probably stated at fourteen or fifteen years. This may safely be taken as a standard, whether true or not; because the expectation of life of the active portion of a community, say those from twenty to sixty years of age, is much above this. Let us then take fifteen years as the period for which a nation may quite fairly burthen itself, inasmuch as its collective life may probably reach to that extent. This being the period, let us suppose the nation, wishing to borrow, to give transferrable bonds, expiring at the expiration of fifteen years from the date of each, for the sums borrowed, each bond bearing interest at the rate of *twelve per cent. per annum*, payable yearly. It is evident that persons holding such bonds might expend *five per cent.* of their interest yearly, and by saving the remaining *seven per cent.*, be repaid their principal at the expiration of the bond, putting compound interest, which might be obtained upon the saved instalments, out of the question. In this way the nation borrowing would certainly lose nearly *cent. per cent.*, paying, as it would do, under the name of interest, one hundred and eighty pounds for every hundred pounds borrowed; but then this would be the ultimatum and maximum of loss, and the sacrifice could not be aggravated by any events whatsoever.

That immense sums might be taken up under some system similar to this, with far less of mischief than has been caused by the existing absurdity and injustice of borrowing at simple interest, and burthening posterity with the debt, a few simple considerations will shew. Suppose a nation, like England in annual resources, borrowing in this way, and determined to "out-Pitt" even Pitt himself in extravagance of expenditure, such a nation might borrow twenty millions annually, and go on doing *so ad infinitum*, without the annual amount of interest ever exceeding *thirty-six millions* of pounds. This sum it would reach in the fifteenth year of debt, but could go no further, as the old bonds would then expire as fast as the new ones were issued; and when new bonds were no longer issued, the entire burthen would gradually decrease, and be extinguished in fifteen years, when the interest on the last twenty millions borrowed would be paid.

From this simple calculation two things are evident: first, that the repayment of principal under the name of interest is the most certain and efficient of "Sinking Funds;" and next, that the loss upon such a transaction as this would be little, or no more than would be the loss

upon the existing English debt, stating it in round numbers at *eight hundred millions*, and supposing the nation to be *now* prosperous enough to redeem it at a very rapid rate. In this supposition the enormous sums already paid as interest upon it are put out of the question. Suppose, then, the country to possess a clear surplus revenue of twenty-five millions of pounds every year, applicable as a sinking fund to the liquidation of its debt, it would yet take *thirty-two years* to complete the process; and with a yearly instalment of *twenty-five millions* for *thirty-two years*, an average interest of *sixteen years* would still remain to be paid before the debt was extinguished,—that is to say, *eighty per cent.* upon the whole amount, supposing it to have been borrowed originally at five per cent. per annum. Such are the probable advantages of a system of borrowing after some method similar to that of annuity, as compared with the results of sinking money, borrowed at simple interest, and trusting to the chapter of accidents for repayment.

A second advantage now comes to be considered, and that is, that, be the sacrifice what it will, *it falls upon the existing generation only, and cannot be carried further without the consent of the next.* That this is an advantage may be denied by those who assert the right of a nation to burthen or control its posterity; let us, therefore, inquire if any such right can exist in reason and common sense. If we look at the laws which have been enacted to regulate the power of individuals over their property, we shall find them generally averse to any such absolute control. According to the English law, the power of future control is greatest in the case of real property; and yet any English entail may be broken by consent of all the parties if of legal age.* In cases of personal property, the power to regulate the descent is curtailed by a statute, occasioned by a singular attempt, under the will of the late Peter Thellusson, the banker, who left his large personal property—to the exclusion of his heirs immediately succeeding—in trust, to accumulate at interest until it had reached a certain sum, the disposition of which was laid down in the will. This attempt to leave not only what a man had, but what he had not, was very properly set at nought, and the will set aside in favour of the immediate heir. In the case of life-interest, the income of the estate only is liable for the debts of the owner of the life-interest, and that only during the period of the owner's life. This is not only common justice, but common sense of the plainest description; and this is the case *in point*, for in what relation does a whole country stand to its existing possessors? Clearly in the relation in which a landed estate does to the individual who has his life-interest in it only. They cannot alienate it. They may expend its proceeds during the term of their natural lives; but their power as a nation can, of necessity, extend no further. Who, unless it were the Indians who sold Pennsylvania to Penn, ever dreamed of a people selling a country to another nation, and spending the principal? Each generation then has a life-interest in the soil, and nothing more; and as this is the law of nature, so is it that of common sense. To suppose, then, a people to have the right to burthen the future possessors of a country, upon a plea of necessity, is to suppose that a man can have a right to mortgage an estate, in which he has only a life-interest, upon a plea of necessity. And what apparent necessity can justify the absurdity of anticipating resources which may be wanted in future simi-

* The detrimental character of our absurd Scottish system of entails has been so clearly established, that we leave it out of view.

lar contingencies? Had Blenheim and Ramilies cost five or six hundred millions, Waterloo could not have been paid for; and Waterloo has, confessedly, anticipated the bonfires of the next generation, as some wag is said to have anticipated Dr. Southey's bonfire on the summit of Skiddaw: that is to say, by setting fire to it "the day before the fair!"

But if the case put be contrary to all the dictates of natural justice, what is to be said of the doctrine that a people may not only mortgage the lands but the bodies of their descendants—not only the soil, but the flesh and blood of posterity? To this, however, the system of rendering posterity liable for national debts extends; for how is either the interest or principal of such a debt to be raised? Not from the land alone, but also from the labour and skill of those who cultivate the land, and from the capital, skill, and labour of those who, not possessing landed property, have acquired monied possessions and commercial wealth. To mortgage the souls and bodies of millions of men in this way, to say to them, "the tax-gatherer shall come to your hearths for ever; and, until you have raised the required tribute, your skill and your labour, your brain and your sinews shall be ours, though you, and your wives, and your children starve for it," is a bondage of which the world never heard before, and for which, the epithet "Egyptian" is inadequate and tame. In modern times, the personal liberty, and the *bonâ fide* property of a man, have been held liable for his debts, but not the persons of his children. No European tyranny, at least, has ever openly attempted this; for this would be neither more nor less than to reduce man at once to the condition of a slave. What is the slave's condition? It is this:—He is either provided by his master, who compels him to labour and receives the fruits, with such food and raiment as to such master shall seem sufficient; or he is allowed to preserve to himself only such portion of his labour as will barely admit of his obtaining food and raiment for himself. The first of these shocking alternatives is the best, inasmuch as the master or overseer looking on, and seeing it to be his interest to keep the slave in health and vigour, feeds and clothes him accordingly. When the masters have no individual property in their slaves, the case is worse. So is it with nations overloaded with debt, and with exhausted resources and decreasing revenues. The receiver of the interest of the debt has no individual and definite property in the bodies of any of the industrious and productive classes who are compelled to toil to raise it. He, therefore, as long as he receives it, neither can nor does care how, at what expense, or by whom it is raised. He does not see the process—perhaps does not suspect even its nature. The ruined merchant and starved mechanic are nothing to him as long as their places are supplied by others doomed to go through the same ordeal. Nor is this either exaggeration or sophistry; for, strip such systems of a few artfully misapplied phrases, and it must be clear, to all but the blind, that this is the actual, real, and most astounding condition of all who are condemned from their cradles to apply the best part of their labour to the payment of debts contracted by others. It is the description of an extreme case; but this, or something very near this, was the case of the French peasantry and bourgeoisie under the old monarchy. The result is known. To take all the real property of the country from its possessors, in order to liquidate debts contracted by their forefathers, who had only a life-interest in it, would be bad enough. But were even this done, still, though they might be "ruined men," as far as property goes, their strength, their talents,—in short, their capacity to labour and acquire

would be left them. They would be poor men—but not slaves. Take from them this last, poor heritage,—mortgage their souls and bodies,—sell their talents,—sell their strength, and compel them to work out the price, and they are slaves—literal slaves—albeit they may know it not.

Such, stripped of its disguises, is the effect of what is called "National Debt."

If, then, there be a nation which has been persuaded so to act; if there be a nation which has thought it right and consistent, for the sake of its "just and necessary" wars, to leave its children defenceless, and unable to carry on any war, however just and necessary; if there be a nation which has not hesitated to load its descendants with a debt, the interest of which the annual national produce is hardly adequate to pay, and at the same time to carry on the government of the country; if there be a nation which has thus placed its industrious successors in a situation from which they cannot extricate themselves without inflicting misery upon others, or in which they cannot remain without suffering it themselves;—if there be such a nation, then that nation has—whether it knew or did not know the full effect of what it did when the unauthorized bargain was made—to the best of its power, and without reserve, sold its children for slaves to the successors of those who lent the money. Its posterity are, like the genii that came and bowed down to Aladdin, the "slaves of the lamp"—the bondsmen of those who, at a call, could produce silver and gold; and, unless some scheme of equitable adjustment be devised, they must remain so, until, by some effort of overwrought suffering, the charm be dissipated, and the spell broken; until the pains of those who pay unjustly are found to be more than a balance for the pains of those who shall cease unjustly to receive, and the bond which Folly sealed, shall be cancelled by Desperation.

If this delineation may be thought by any to apply to our own country, it is the fault of the rulers who framed the existing system, and not of the truth which dictates the description. The holder of the mirror is not responsible for the reflection; and to the door of the "great statesman now no more," and his worthy successors, must the scandal be laid, if the prophecy of one of his and their bitterest and most talented enemies be accomplished, and the English funding system end in being "a monument of wonder, not so much for the extent to which it has been carried, as for the folly of believing in it."

STATE OF "THE WEST COUNTRY."

THE time in which we live belongs to history. It is for the instruction of the future historian, as well as for the warning of the infatuated few who would vainly oppose their petty strength to the progress of reform, that we put upon record a sketch of the state of popular feeling in the West of Scotland, drawn from personal and intimate acquaintance with the most secret springs that regulate its movements—a sketch which has at least accuracy and impartiality to recommend it. The circumstance is worthy of remark, that the populous and wealthy district generally known in the South of Scotland under the familiar designation of "the West Country"—a district comprehending the shires of Lanark, Dumbarton, and Renfrew, the northern division of Ayrshire, and the

southern part of Stirlingshire—exhibited during the religious persecution under the last Stuarts, the first example in Scottish history of Political Unions. At least we know no institutions more nearly resembling the "Societies" of that period. This historical reminiscence seems to have in it something typical. It is to the boroughmongers, like the song of "willow-willow" haunting poor Desdemona the night before her death, prophetic of their coming doom.*

Previous to the Duke of Wellington's memorable declaration against reform, the labouring classes, in this part of the country, had very generally organized themselves into bodies for mutual protection against the exactions of their employers, and for the purpose of more effectually urging their complaints upon the notice of the legislature. At first these associations were discountenanced by the higher and middle classes, as unnecessary in themselves, and dangerous to the peace of society; but, in proportion as the general hope of relief from taxation at the hands of the legislature abated, and the difficulties and embarrassments of the middle classes increased, they began to be regarded by the wealthy with less hostility. The opinion rapidly gained ground, that the people must look to themselves for effectual relief. Parliamentary Reform became a favourite with many who before were its strenuous opponents. Just at this moment, when old opinions and prejudices were giving way, the French Revolution broke out, touching men's hearts as with a live coal from the Altar of Liberty,—inspiring new hopes as to the destiny and happiness of our race,—impressing on all a profound sense of the power that lodges in the people, and of the consequent danger of driving it to extremity,—and converting to the opinions of the age, not only all who before were wavering, but tens of thousands who, until then, had never awakened from their dream of servile confidence in the most rapacious and unprincipled oligarchy that ever usurped the government of a nation.

From this moment the middle and the working classes instituted a generous rivalry who should be most forward in conciliating and uniting with the other. Meetings, both public and convivial, were held, which tended materially to substitute feelings of respect, friendship, and mutual dependence, for old sentiments of mistrust and defiance. Political unions and reform associations sprung up, and the cry for reform swelled to such a loudness, that the most haughty and obstinate man of his age was obliged to bend beneath the storm. Convulsion must have followed this overthrow of the Wellington Administration, had not a reforming Ministry been called to office in its stead. Earl Grey's official pledge in favour of reform was hailed with universal delight. The people, instead of looking to their own unaided efforts to effect their wishes, had their hopes, their resolution, their energies, concentrated in, and bound up, with the constitutionally appointed executive, and were thus withdrawn from the wild whirlpool of revolution. How devotedly the people have supported Ministers in their plan of reform, let their conduct at the late general election, their magnanimous postponement of many a cherished wish, in order to prevent division on the Reform Bill—their disinterested support of the Administration against treacheries

* The author might have added, that the Kingdom of Fife, in its day another strong hold of Presbyterianism, is at present bristling all over with political unions, much after the fashion of the West. In Nithsdale and Galloway, "Cockburn's Path," and the Glen-Kens, re-echo the cry of Reform.—ED.

and difficulties that would otherwise have been insurmountable,—their patience, peacefulness, and unwearied vigilance, declare. With the course of events public feeling has assumed a more determinate aspect, and popular organization a more perfect shape; and both have at present settled into a fixed, distinct, and tangible character.

Throughout the West of Scotland, nearly the whole of the middle, and a very great portion of the upper, are cordially united with the labouring classes of society, in the determination to see the measure of Reform proposed by Earl Grey's Administration, carried into effect. To accomplish this, they are prepared to quail at no danger, to shrink from no responsibility; aware that if it fail, consequences must ensue infinitely more dreadful than any that can result from even overstrained efforts to ensure its success. It is certain, that, in the event of the present Reform Bill again miscarrying in the House of Lords, either through the intrigues of faction, or the over-delicacy of Earl Grey on the subject of creating new Peers, we should have, in the West, a general movement of a very formidable nature, tacitly approved of and supported, if not openly and actively participated in, by at least nine-tenths of the whole population. The organization for such a movement is complete. The great towns, such as Glasgow, Paisley and Greenock, have their Trades' Unions, Political Unions or Reform Associations, each perfectly aware of what all the others are about, and ready to co-operate whenever circumstances may call upon them. There are, moreover, either existing independently or in connexion with these, innumerable minor unions in every village and district throughout this densely-peopled tract, whose aptitude, organization, and fearless alacrity, may be best illustrated by a reference to the admirable order of the immense numbers which have lately attended the various processions got up from time to time at different points, either to do honour to his Majesty, or to distinguish the more important crisis in the progress of Reform. The rapidity with which communications circulate among these bodies, and the electric speed with which, on any emergency, a whole district could be made, as it were, to spring at once upon its feet, may be inferred from the fact, that, on any occasion when news is anxiously expected, the villages and districts remote from a post-office station, employ *runners* to wait the arrival of the mail at the nearest points; by this means obtaining intelligence almost as speedily as a mail driving *directly* to their respective localities could bring it. Nor should it here pass unnoticed, that, within Glasgow and its immediate vicinity, a body of 30,000 men, perfectly organized, and by no means disposed to take fright at their own or other people's shadows, could be gathered together—if not in "heavy marching order," at least in something like it,—in the very short space of nine or ten hours!—Those who may feel inclined to question this assertion will do well never to give occasion for proving its accuracy.

Perfect as is the organization, and strong as is the political feeling existing over the West of Scotland, we do not believe that even in the event of the Reform Bill being again defeated, there will be any appeal made to physical force, unless provocation to that alternative be given by the military and other instruments of power. Were this attempted, an immediate collision with the military and whoever supported them, would be neither feared nor shunned; for the people, since the days of the barricades in Paris and Brussels, have acquired confidence in their own strength. If left to themselves, however, they would prefer, and

universally adopt, the more peaceable, yet equally effective plan, of refusing to pay all taxes excepting by distraint; aware that this, without the waste of one drop of blood, would bring their oppressors to a standstill in a very few months. The general resolution to avail themselves of this perfectly constitutional resource, in preference to more violent and sanguinary measures, is characteristic of the intelligence that now distinguishes the majority of the inhabitants of the district to which our statements have reference, and proves, at the same time, how vain is the hope either to cheat out of their rights, or argue out of their opinions, a people so far advanced in the knowledge of social, political, and moral justice.

It only remains to be added, that the slow progress of the measure of Reform, prolonging the feverish distrust and restlessness of the public mind, has struck industry and trade with a paralysis. How can a man pursue his work in quiet when momentarily expecting the roof to come down crackling and crashing about his ears? Many of the former enemies of the Bill have at last seen the truth of this, and begin to yelp and clamour most vigorously for its enactment into a law. Earnestly do we press these signs of the times upon the notice of all enemies of the people's rights. If they will not yield to the imposing array of determined men ranged under the banner of Reform, let them shew some mercy to the discomfited nerves of their quondam friends. "Though the governor be firm," let "the father relent."

AN ESSAY ON KISSING.

KISSING is a delicate subject and must be handled accordingly.—Kisses are of various kinds. There is the kiss infantile, and the kiss parental, the kiss friendly, the kiss amatory, &c. &c. We exclude from our catalogue the Judas kiss—a perversion of the nature of the institute, which, even leaving out of consideration the awful depth of impiety with which the designation associates it, can only rank with that class of crimes, the bare attempt to name which palsies the tongue.

First in dignity is the kiss parental. This kiss is witnessed in its purest and most amiable state in young mothers,—matrons so little faded from the free maiden bloom, that the stranger hesitates in what class of femininity to rank them. They have the rich blushing grace of the virgin, and her coy timidity, most like to the caresses of a greyhound, insinuating fondness by approaches of serpentine grace, yet ready to bound away, startled even by an anticipated response. But in the midst of this softness we are aware of a growing dignity—a statelier bearing—a prouder consciousness and self-possession, not yet developed, but throwing herald beams before it. A being such as we have attempted to describe, bending over her first child with a love which no created being but herself can ever feel for another—so intense, so pure, so utterly devoid of selfishness—bathing its cheeks, chin, eyes, and brow, in a flood of kisses, is a picture which earth cannot surpass, and heaven scarcely equal. If, at times, a thought of self do cross her devotion, it is but a slight tinge of vanity, so graceful as to lose every alloy of littleness that attaches to the feeling.

The kiss parental also includes that of the father. If it be less beautiful, less winning than that of the mother, it is on the other hand more

impressive. The arrangements of society—perhaps also a natural tendency in women to bestow their affections upon men somewhat their seniors—the wish to temper in the pure draught of matrimonial happiness a feeling of awe and veneration with the more tumultuous throb of love—bring it about that the husband, in general, rather exceeds his wife in years. At all events, there is something in the tenor of man's life that gives a hardness to his outward bearing,—a habitual repression of the utterance of his feelings,—the very reverse of the graceful, wave-like yielding of woman's heart, voice, and features to the pressure of every breeze. When we see the face which never blenched at danger,—which strives to mantle even the joy of its heart, as the waveless ocean the treasures which lie fathoms beneath its surface, soften, as his wife holds out the helpless one to woo his embrace, then relent into a grim smile, as he holds at a distance its little caressing hands, and finally imprints a long and deep kiss upon its cheek, or pouting lips, with a "God bless thee, my boy!"

So glad at this as he, we cannot be,
 but our rejoicing
 At nothing can be more.

Hitherto we have spoken of the kiss parental, unmixed with any associations. It assumes, under certain circumstances, the aspect of sublimity. It is easy to picture how the mother's instinctive love must grow, in the event of a worthy object, with every succeeding year,—how the beautiful or manly form, the warm generous heart, and the frank bearing must heighten and ennoble her affection. It is impossible to imagine the full extent of a mother's agony, when deprived of such an object. "My son, my son, my beautiful, my brave!" Rachel weeping over her infants, and refusing to be comforted, because they were not, is a faint type of such a desolation. Yet there have been mothers who, when their country or their faith called for the sacrifice, could stamp a burning kiss on their son's brow, and motion him forth—there was no voice, nature so far asserted her supremacy—to the battle or to the stake.

Turn we to a less mournful subject, the kiss amatory. On writing this word, we feel our breast fluttering beneath a clogging weight of fear, just as it did—we care not to say how many years ago. It is a strange and a beautiful thing—first innocent love. There is that in female beauty, that delights merely to gaze upon; but beware of looking too long. The lustrous black pupil contrasting with the white of the eye and the carnated skin,—the clear placid blue, into which you see down, down into the very soul,—the deep hazel, lustrous as a sun-lit stream, seen through an opening in its willowy banks,—all may be gazed upon with impunity ninety-nine times, and the hundredth you are a gone man. On a sudden, the eye strikes you as deeper and brighter than ever; or you fancy that a long look is stolen at you beneath a drooping eyelid, and that there is a slight flush on the cheek,—and at once you are in love. Then you spend the mornings in contriving apologies for calling, and the days and evenings in playing them off. When you lay your hand on the door bell, your knees tremble, and your breast feels compassed; and when admitted, you sit, and look, and say nothing, and go away determined to tell your whole story the next time. This goes on for months, varied by the occasional daring of kissing a flower with which she presents you—perhaps in the daring intoxication

of love wafting it towards her; or in an affectation of the Quixote style, kneeling with mock heroic emphasis to kiss her hand in affected jest; and the next time you meet with her, both are stately and reserved as ever. Till at last, on some unnoticeable day, when you find yourself alone with the lady, you quite unawares feel her hand in yours, a yielding shudder crosses her, and, you know not how, she is in your arms, and you press upon her lips delayed but not withheld

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love.

The kiss conjugal is of a severer cast of beauty. During the first years of matrimony it approaches, according to circumstances and the dispositions of the individuals, to the character of the kiss amatory. Othello, when he rejoins his "fair warrior" at Cyprus, is still all the lover. For a time his bliss is speechless; but as soon as he finds words—

If I were now to die
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Imogene's meditations upon the kiss of which her cruel step-mother has defrauded her, though less intensely passionate, have still more in them of the lover than the wife:

I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or, I could make him swear
That she of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charged him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with orisons; (for when
I am in Heaven for him;) or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father;
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

It is in Coriolanus that we find the pride, depth, and glory of the kiss of wedded love best exemplified. In the Volscian camp he at first affects to receive his wife and mother coldly. "These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome." But nature will not be gainsaid:

Like a dull actor now
I have forgot my part, and I am out
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, "Forgive our Romans." Oh, a kiss
Long as my exile—sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous Queen of Heav'n, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.

The kiss friendly is extremely graceful among girls. Among men we cannot endure it. Great rough-bearded carles slavering each other, is enough to turn one's stomach. For this reason, and because we esteem it a desecration of the ordinance to make a woman's lips common to

every stray customer, we are averse to the, "salute," (using the word in its old English acceptation,) which still remains the accustomed mode of greeting in some parts of the Continent. "What you've touched you may take."

These four are the principal species of kisses—all the rest being mere combinations or varieties of them. A practical treatise on kissing would lead us into a wide field of discussion, but we regard this essay as standing in the same relation to such a dissertation as Euclid's Elements to a course of physical and mechanical science. Such a treatise is still a desideratum, although valuable and plenteous materials are scattered through the literature of various nations. Among the most important sources of information to which we may refer our readers, are—Anacreon, Sappho, and Longus, among the ancients, the Sacontala among the Orientals, and the dialogue between Orlando and Rosalind, together with that between Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet among the moderns. In conclusion, we have only to remark, that the state of the science of kissing in any nation may be assumed as a pretty accurate standard of its civilization. The inhabitants of the Tonga Islands know neither the practice nor a name for it. In Greek, the various kinds of kissing have as many distinctive designations as the various kinds of epicures in French.

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TRUE CAUSES OF THE LATE INSURRECTION OF THE SLAVES IN JAMAICA

The Slaveholders are at their old tricks again. There has been an insurrection among the negroes in Jamaica; and the Baptist missionaries are of course to blame! It does indeed seem a little inexplicable to us, on this side of the water, who have been accustomed to find the followers of that sect the meekest and most inoffensive of the followers of Christ, that they should change their character so entirely the moment they set foot in the West Indies, and become firebrands, and stirrers up of sedition. It seems still more strange that the evidence brought against them should be so lightly credited. The driver on an estate, while prisoner among the insurgents, is told by a girl, that she had been told by a man, that a Baptist preacher, who had left the island some time before, was off the coast in a Spanish vessel, sending messages of encouragement and advice to his former flock; and makes affidavit to this effect, after he regains his liberty. On the strength of this, the Jamaica pepper grows hotter than ever; and nothing is talked of but the "fine hanging woods of Trelawny and St. James's."

Unaccountable though these things may appear at first sight, we think we can read the riddle. "There is a daily beauty in the lives of the Missionaries that doth make ugly" the (we use a mild term) somewhat reckless lives of the planters and their tools, who, of course, bear a grudge towards them. Again, the worthy whip-masters of Jamaica are at present at once frightened, mortified, and angry. They are frightened, and not without cause. They are mortified to find that, after all their late blustering, they owe their lives and property to British bayonets. They are angry (like all other rational beings) at every thing—with and without cause—because they have been annoyed. In this blessed temper, they are like the sick baby beating its nurse; or, like still, the gentleman kicking his dog out of the room because himself is

stinking. They are glad to have an opportunity of wreaking their objectless spite, and paying off some old scores at the same time.

Now, we have always thought it a charitable action to remonstrate, albeit with a fool, when he was making himself too absurd; and are even yet Quixotic enough to attempt to wash a blackamoor white. Our readers, therefore, will not be so much surprised, as they otherwise might, to see us attempt a remonstrance with the little gingery despots of our sugar gardens. And here do we abandon our assumed tone of levity, and in sober, downright earnest, not as flatterers, yet as better friends than they are, request the attention of all who have the least share in the guilt of denying liberty to their fellow beings, to a plain and true story. We undertake to demonstrate that the late insurrection of the slaves in Jamaica has been the work of the planters themselves; and we undertake to do this upon their own evidence.

We venture the assertion upon these grounds:—The planters continued to treat their slaves with harshness,—they refused to ameliorate their condition, or to enforce the laws which have been enacted in their favour—and they shut in their face the door of emancipation in perpetuity. Having thus stung the wretches to the quick, they set them the example of threatening to vindicate, what they claimed as their own rights, by arms; and they took no precautions to guard against the danger their injustice had incurred.

In regard to the first charge, we are continually told that the condition of the slaves has been of late much improved. Something of truth there may be in this, though certainly not to the extent they would have us believe. But this also must be taken into account, that every concession to the negroes has been most reluctantly and ungraciously yielded. The planters contended, as long as they could, for the maintenance of every abuse which they now take credit for abolishing. They never relinquished one iota of their power until it was wrested from their reluctant grasp; and they uniformly made its loss a plea against all further concession. Their conduct towards their slaves was painted in as fair colours by themselves and their abettors, when Clarkson first raised his voice in the cause of humanity, as it is now. Upon their testimony we can place little reliance. Let us look, therefore, at facts.

One strong piece of evidence on this point, is found in the workhouse lists, published in every West Indian paper. The workhouse is the place where slaves, convicted of any offence, are sent to expiate it by hard labour and extra stripes. It is also the place where every person of colour, suspected of being a runaway slave, is detained until he is claimed, or, in the event of no master appearing, sold, as we would say of a horse in this country, "for his keep." This is one inveterate source of abuse and oppression. Slavery is presumed,—the person apprehended is bound to establish his freedom. He must produce a written attestation that he is free, or the evidence of his liberator. Thus:—"St. Ann's Workhouse, September 21, 1831—James Williams, a creole, five feet nine inches, slim made, black complexion, says he is free, but has no document thereof."—"St. Elizabeth's Workhouse, October 4, 1831—Thomas Francis, a likely-looking young man, says he is free, and a native of Bermuda; that he came to this island in a vessel called the Lucy, Captain Phenix. His story is evidently a fabrication, as he bears indubitable marks of his being, or having been, a slave." Same place and date: "Frances Davey, a middle-aged woman; black complexion, and is, or affects to be, unable to stand erect, and has marks of cupping on

her breast. She had in her possession a paper, containing the charge, with a manumission should be made, and signed Robert Phillips, Green Island, &c. — Thomas Vale, Workhouse, October 5, 1831. — James Davis, the boy, says his father; that his uncle, William Davis, a free black man, Kingston, knows him to be free, and that his mother, Maria Ricketts, lives at Port Mary." Enough of this sickening exhibition of tyranny. It lay in our way, and we could not omit the opportunity of shewing with what jealous care the liberty of the negro, and all who share his blood, is guarded in Jamaica.

The immediate reason why we requested attention to the lists is this — that the descriptions of the persons of the slaves contained in them, amply justify our scepticism as to the humanity of their treatment and the attention paid to their health. Running our eye along them we continually meet with passages like the following:—"Edward Chase, has marks of flogging on his back, and the marks of a cut on his forehead;" "George Williams, marks of punishment on his shoulders;" "Davy, a Mungola, marks of flogging on shoulders;" "James Smith, marks of severe flogging on his back;" "Quaco, marks of recent punishment on his back;" "John Browne, flogging marks on shoulders." Nay, so delicate is the discernment of the superintendents in the matter of flogging, that we sometimes find the entry, "marks of public punishment." But this is not all:—scarcely one of these unfortunate creatures, but we find in his description, "left foot ulcerated," or "two of his right toes are lost, the great toe-nails and the same foot are ulcerated," or "her left shoulder is ulcerated," or "marks of cuts on his hands and legs, his fingers are contracted, and his left foot turned outwards," or "a large scar on the right side of the forehead, and his right foot much enlarged with an ulcer," or "found on the right side in a very debilitated state from a sore on his head," or "left thigh wasted and knee distorted." Upon these entries we offer no comment save this, that these marks and these sores are alike the product of man's merciless usage, not the necessary consequence of mere poverty and wretchedness. The expressions quoted are, every one of them, copied verbatim from one week's workhouse lists in the Jamaica Royal Gazette. We might easily have doubled them, and they are rather under than above the average amount of distressing pictures.

Still further light is thrown upon the treatment to which negroes are subjected, by those mockeries of justice which are so daringly played off, whenever the laws for the protection of the slave are attempted to be enforced. The few examples we subjoin are taken not from the report of any friends of emancipation, but from a paper published in the West Indies—published by persons interested in the continuance of the slave system, and its zealous, bullying, and brutal advocates.

On the 6th of June, 1831, Humphries, the head servant of a tavern, was accused at the Police Office, Kingston, of punishing a boy, with undue severity, on a Sunday. The accuser "heard a sound of very heavy blows; they were repeated to about the number of twenty, before the person on whom they were inflicted screamed; when the boy commenced screaming, the punishment was increased, and continued for several minutes; the cries of the negro were so distressing, that one gentleman left the house in disgust; another remarked to the inflictor, "that he seemed to be taking very effectual means to drive away customers." The accused said, "that he had only given the boy half-a-dozen licks with a cow-skin, above his jacket and trousers." The accuser was ready to swear that

there were at least thirty-nine blows, and these he had heard at a great distance. The boy was produced, and declared that, having been detained while on a message, Humphries had ordered a negro to flog him: "He flog me well; then Mr. Clark say he no half-flog me, and take the cow-skin himself and flog me very much." The accused here exclaimed, "You lie, sir," and was not checked by the bench. The boy was ordered to withdraw with a medical man, who, on his return, said the boy was "not in the slightest degree injured." Humphries was dismissed with a reprimand, for flogging the boy on the Sabbath.

II. On the 24th September, 1831, a Court of Protection was formed at Kingston, for the purpose of investigating the case of a boy who had been severely lacerated by his mistress. The boy was exhibited in open court, "and no one," says the Royal Gazette, "could view the marks on his body without shuddering." Mr. Tyrell, who saw the boy shortly after he was punished, described the state in which he found him, as "revolting to human nature." "Delicacy forbids the publication of particulars," says the Gazette. "The mistress, Madame Poptte Dijeine, admitted that she had purchased the cow-skin and licked the boy round the loins. She expressed no contrition. The question being put, whether there was a case for prosecution; the Board divided—six in the affirmative, and six in the negative. The chairman "considering it was a matter that ought to be fairly investigated," gave the casting vote in favour of prosecution. The case was subsequently handed over to the City Solicitor for the Crown; and, from that day to this, we have been unable to trace it further.

III. On the 28th of November, 1829, Mr. Taylor, attorney of James B. Wildman, owner of the Low-Ground estate in the parish of Clarendon, in the discharge of his duty as overseer, impounded some stock belonging to Kenneth M'Donald, proprietor of North Hall. M'Donald, in revenge, ordered two of his slaves to flog Eleanor James, a slave belonging to the Low-Ground estate. His command was executed in a manner which drew from those cognizant of the case, the epithets, "barbarous, inhuman, atrocious." The woman was taken by one of her master's book-keepers before a Mr. M'Leod, a magistrate. According to the book-keeper's story, Mr. M'Leod refused to examine the woman, and sent her a distance of thirty miles to complain to the Clerk of the Peace. According to Mr. M'Leod's own story, "he told her to take up her clothes that he might see the wounds; she took up her clothes, but as he saw no marks of recent flogging, he thought she had not raised her clothes sufficiently, and told her to raise them higher, which she did; he still could discover no marks, except some of a former flogging, and as he was going on a journey he thought it best to refer her to the Clerk of the Peace." In April, 1830, the case was brought before a Counsel of Protection; which "Resolved, That the subject matter of complaint is not properly cognizable by the Counsel of Protection, but that the owner of the slave has his remedy against the person or persons inflicting such punishment; if a slave or slaves by indictment in the Slave Court; and if by a free person or persons, by indictment in the Quarter Sessions or Grand Court." "The reason why the case was not held cognizable by the Counsel is excellent,—the person causing the slave to be punished was not her master. In January, 1831, the two slaves who flogged the woman were indicted, but acquitted on their master coming forward, and declaring that they had acted by his orders. The only persons then on the island who had been present, were Macdonald's wife and some slaves, whose

evidence was not admissible against a white; of course, no proceedings could be instituted against the delinquent. A complaint was presented to the governor, who remonstrated with the Vestry of the parish, but without effect.

IV. One more instance of the legal juggling played off upon the slaves—of the villanous “keeping the word of promise to the ear, and breaking it to the hope,”—and we have done with this part of our subject: Robert Aird died in 1819, leaving fourteen slaves and other property.—His executor, Robert Fairweather, was directed, after satisfying all his creditors, to emancipate the whole of the slaves. This he neglected to perform till he was brought into court in October, 1831. It was proved that the testator had died possessed of property worth, at least, £260, independent of the slaves. It was proved; that from 1804 up to 1831, no judgment was open against the deceased. The executor pleaded that the testator had directed him to purchase a piece of ground and divide it among the slaves; maintaining, that until this had been accomplished, they had no right to their freedom. This defence was over-ruled as frivolous. He next produced a judgment taken against the estate of the deceased, by his (the executor's) own son for £180. *It was found to want the mark of the Record Office*; and was, consequently, held to be inadmissible. Four of the slaves had died in the interim. The jury found the executor guilty, “*Damages 7½d.*” It is worthy of remark, that the same month which witnessed the return of this righteous verdict, saw a slave condemned to perpetual confinement in the workhouse, for absconding six months from his master's service.

We request the most thorough-going supporter of our West Indian system of slavery, to read these narratives,—told as matters of course and every-day occurrence by the slave-holders themselves—and, after this, we dare him to deny the vile despotism exercised by the whites over their victims. It appears from their own admission, that blacks, who have given no offence, may be treated with wanton cruelty to spite their masters; it has been proved, that the same men who can outrage all decency, when a mal-treated female sues for redress, become even finically decorous, when there is a possibility of veiling from the public eye a boy's sufferings; it has been proved, that so common are blows and scourgings, that weals, sores, and ulcers, have become the badge of all the negro tribe; it has been proved, that the negro may be juggled out of his freedom with impunity; it has been proved that there is no court that will grant the slave redress against the white.—But there is yet more behind. It is not enough that our colonists prepare for their black brethren a hell upon earth, they must also confer upon it as much of eternity as is in their puny power.

“With the most eager inveteracy have the planters protested against every recognition of a common humanity in the negroes. Earnestly and unrelentingly do they struggle against every concession that justice claims for them. They will not even allow them the honour of being called the King's subjects. Mr. Lynch remarked, that, “in the despatch, labourers were no longer termed *slaves*, but *his Majesty's subjects*. He denied that they were *his Majesty's subjects*. His Majesty had sold them (?) to others, and he could not ask taxes, or levy troops from them.” On the same evening that these sentiments were propounded in the Legislative Assembly of Jamaica, Mr. Beaumont brought forward his motion,

* Jamaica House of Assembly, Debate on the Governor's Message, Friday, November 28, 1831

that slaves should be allowed to purchase their liberty. When it came to a division, Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Watkins were the only members who voted in the affirmative. These sayings and doings of the most wealthy, influential, and intelligent inhabitants of that colony, are a useful commentary upon certain dark passages in the resolutions passed at the various parish meetings last summer. One and all of them declare that they are anxious to prepare the slaves for emancipation; but one and all of them express their belief that to deprive them of slave labour would be to render their lands and machinery useless and valueless.* It is hard to reconcile sentiments so contradictory. The avowal, however, that they hold their slaves to be beyond the protection of the law, and that they would not take any steps to admit them within it, shews that the first averment was merely made in pity to the prejudices of Englishmen. They were unwilling to startle our weak minds. But, in truth, that state to which they have reduced the blacks they are determined to perpetuate.

Really, on looking back at the grounds of complaint we have gone over, it does not appear that there is any necessity to search further for the occasion of the late revolt. We have already—and we use the words deliberately and of forethought, as the expression of an opinion at which we have arrived after careful inquiry and reflection—said enough, not to palliate, but to justify, the negro rebellion. Say what we may—prostrate as much as we please of our common sense and human feeling at the throne of interest and self-will—still every man must acknowledge that a state of slavery is an unnatural condition. While, for the sake of peace and quiet, we acknowledge a right of property in the inanimate and brute creation, we confess ourselves unable to understand how one man can, upon any pretext, lay claim to the ownership and use of the sinews of another. The law of property—that great compact upon which all civil society is based—allows me to use my superior skill, knowledge, and activity to denude my neighbour (so that force or fraud be not employed) of every thing but his bodily and mental powers,—and he must acquiesce. But his physical frame—so incomprehensibly united with his mental—is his inalienably. He may not transfer the property in it to another, without himself sinning against the first law of nature; he may not be deprived of it by external coercion, without being grossly and unpardonably wronged. However silken the bands which bind him, he owes it to himself—to that mysterious Power which gave him being, the moment he awakens into intellectual life, to burst them asunder; and this right is not in the slightest degree trenched upon, when cruelty, and mockery, and all the oppression which despotism can invent, have made the iron of slavery enter into his soul, and sting him to madness. The actions

* The petition of the colonial delegates, assembled at Barbadoes, says:—"The inhabitants of these colonies, or their ancestors, have expended considerable sums of money, not only in the purchase of slaves, but of lands, buildings, machinery, stock, implements, and utensils of husbandry, *which without the labour of the slave would be rendered of no value*, and any indemnity made to the colonist should embrace all and every species of property." It requires a face beyond that of Joseph Surface ("moral to the last") to insert what follows in the same document:—"Your petitioners pray leave to represent, that, by their efforts to improve the condition of the slave they have already raised him far above the original state of barbarism; that they have placed him in the possession of COMPARATIVE COMFORT; that THEY have invested him with PRIVILEGES AND IMMUNITIES, and that they are GRADUALLY proceeding to qualify him for a larger participation in the advantages of civilized life."—Mercy on us! Major Longbow lied terribly, but nothing like this.

to which his frenzy prompts him run parallel to the justigations of his natural sense of right, and halloo him on to victory. The arm which strikes for freedom is hallowed under every circumstance.

But we pledge ourselves, in addition to the fact, that the iron bondage of our slave colonies justified its victims bursting from it in wrath, to shew that the clamours of the planters themselves instilled into their serfs the belief that a mighty nation had decreed their freedom—that the assertion of certain rights by the planters, at all hazards, set the negroes the example of vindicating their liberty with their own right hands—that the deafness of the planters to the yell of the coming storm, audible to every ear but their own, prevented them from guarding against it.

In February, 1831, delegates from Barbadoes, Antigua, Demerara and Essequibo, Dominica, Grenada, Nevis, St. Kitt's, St. Vincent, Tobago, and the Virgin Islands, met in the first-mentioned colony, and agreed upon addresses to the King and both Houses of Parliament, and a memorial to the Board of Trade. In all of these it is assumed,—that the continuation of slave labour is essential to the very existence of the colonies; that to abrogate it would be an interference with the rights of private property; and that measures were in progress for infringing this right. On the 16th of August, in the same year, “the Merchants, Planters, and others, interested in the welfare of Tobago,” assembled in the Court House of Scarborough, declare,—“That we have heard with dismay and apprehension, that it is in contemplation to emancipate the negro slaves in this island, without giving any compensation whatever to the individual so to be deprived of his property.” About the same time Nevis transmitted an address to the King, couched in more moderate terms, but insinuating the same belief. But in Jamaica the clamour was, if possible, more loud, bitter, and incessant than elsewhere. Meetings were held in every parish, long speeches were made, fierce resolutions passed, and published repeatedly in different papers. The whole island, indeed, during the months of July, August, and September, bore no unapt resemblance to an ant-hill in a state of alarm—a dense multitude of fierce, little, assiduous creatures, hurrying hither and thither, tumbling over each other, ejecting little jets of venom, and biting at all and sundry. Still the burden of their song was, that a faction in the House of Commons, aided and abetted by his Majesty's Ministers, had in contemplation to force certain legislative and fiscal regulations upon the islands, which must necessarily work their ruin; and still in the van of these tyrannical enactments was placed the bugbear—immediate and unconditional emancipation of the slaves.

But the declarations of our valorous drinkers of Sanguaree, and curriers of black hides, did not stop here. There were to be “wars and rumours of wars.” At the meeting of the parish of St. George, it was resolved, among other things,—“That no law or power can justly deprive us of our rights, and we should ill deserve the name of Britons, did we, by non-resistance, allow our properties to be wrested from us, till COMPENSATION is fixed and provided, and made available; * * * that possessing, as we do, British feelings and honour, we here publicly declare, that we will never submit to the spoliation of our property, without a spirited and desperate resistance; * * * That this parish will cheerfully co-operate with the other parishes in forming a union for the preservation of the colony, &c.” The meeting in the parish of St. Ann's is called expressly for the purpose of taking into consideration “the means of forming a colonial union, that, by a simultaneous and

united effort of the whole colony, so concentrated in government and action, we may hope, under Providence, to preserve our lives and properties." The petitioners of Manchester get positively pathetic—speak of "perishing with honour," "casting a halo round their memories," and "dying martyrs;" and conclude with the doughty declaration,—that "even their enemies may live, and have cause to repent of their unnatural and sanguinary conduct." The meeting in Clarendon parish, which, with something approaching to antithesis, denominates itself "a meeting of the inhabitants, slaveholders and freeholders," speaks yet more plainly:—"Resolved, that in furtherance of these views, our representatives in Assembly be requested to support any measure brought forth, for the establishment in each parish of a permanent militia; and that we will cheerfully not only do our duty therein, but contribute to their maintenance." These resolves are a fair specimen of the rest passed throughout the island. We need only add, that the House of Assembly was taunted, in full convocation, by one of its members, for having talked so many years of resistance, without having taken any steps towards effecting it.

The warlike propensities of our islanders did not vent themselves in words alone, there were demonstrations also. The militia inspections were noticed and dwelt upon with even more than the usual emphasis. The Cornwall Regiment of Horse, the Western Interior Regiment of Light Infantry, the St. Andrew's Regiment, with its artillery and rifle companies; the regiments of St. Mary's and St. John's, and St. Dorothy's, Clarendon, Manchester, and Kingston; the hardy mountaineers of St. Andrew's,—all met with at least their due meed of praise. Then there were balls and dinners, where toasts were given, and "patriotic members" reminded of their duties to the Colony, and "independent electors" assured of the devotion of their "manly representatives." In short, every one was as valiant and confident, as fine weather, drink, the admiration of pretty women, red coats, white feathers, military music, and firing of blank cartridge could make him.

Now we put it to the common sense of any man, even though he may have the misfortune to be a planter, to say what must have been the effect of these proceedings of the year 1831, upon the minds of the slaves? They were told that Great Britain had determined to make them free, but that their masters were resolved to intercept the boon. They were taught by the language of these same masters, that the question must, in all human probability, be determined by an appeal to arms. They learned from the ostentatious mustering of the militia regiments, the numerical force with which they had to contend. Leaving entirely out of view the fact, that many of the slaves have learned to read, and do habitually peruse the Gazettes, the Africans are proverbial for curiosity, and little likely to close their ears and eyes to the marchings and countermarchings, the speechifyings and grumblings of their masters. The more vague and desultory their information, the more likely to excite exaggerated hopes. If the planters of Jamaica had wished to stir up a rebellion, they could not have managed the affair more admirably than by thus leading the slaves to believe, that England had demanded, and was ready to fight for, their freedom; and by vapouring about a war with the mother country, which heeded their threats as little as a mastiff "couched in grim repose" does the yelping of a lady's spoiled lap-dog—to the utter neglect of the pregnant symptoms of commotion among the blacks.

These were, indeed, portentous enough to rouse the attention of any one but a West India planter. So early as the end of July, it was asserted in the Cornwall Courant, that the slaves in one corner of the island were in full expectation of obtaining their liberty at Christmas. In the beginning of September, the incendiary began his work in Cornwall, and the negroes on the neighbouring estates were remarked to be unusually remiss in their exertions to extinguish the flames. About the same time, repeated fires broke out in Kingston, accompanied by circumstances strongly indicative of design. The Montego Bay Gazette informed us on the 15th of October, that a report of serious disturbances in the parish of St. Ann, (which afterwards proved unfounded) had induced the authorities to order out the parish militia on permanent duty. In the course of December, the coshering among the slaves was known to the overseers of almost every estate in the parishes of St. James and Trelawny. Yet the executive government was kept in utter ignorance of the fact till the twenty-second of December. The overseers were, in several instances, taken prisoners by the slaves. The parish custodes, the magistrates, and militia, were surprised, and obliged to retreat before the insurgents, to gather together in small bands for the purpose of defence, or to retreat into Montego Bay, until the regular troops arrived to support them. The men, who a few months before, had been wielding the lash over their slaves, and daring the whole power of Britain to free them if it could, lay now scattered and irresolute at the mercy of their despised bondsmen. Thus has another authority been added for our conviction, that the slaveholders of the West Indies would not be sure of their lives and property for an instant, but for the support afforded them by British bayonets. And in addition, a most instructive contrast is held out to our view in the language of the slaves and their masters. The latter cried out "to take as few prisoners as possible," and gloated with savage ecstasy over the prospective strangulation of the innocent Baptists. The former, scarcely in one instance, hurt or insulted their prisoners, until some of their friends had fallen. One of their leaders expressly declared, "That he did not wish to take away the life of any person who did not stand between him and his rights."

These, then, are the facts regarding the last servile war of Jamaica. Our only surprise is, that it has spread over so narrow a district, and been so easily crushed. It was not the work of any class of missionaries; further than this, that they have contributed to enlighten the minds of the blacks, and that every step in knowledge unfits a man for slavery. To evade this danger, the planters must shut their slaves out from access to every source of information, however trivial. The true cause of the insurrection, is the unnatural and unjust character of every social system, of which slavery forms a part. Such a state of society is entirely artificial, and can only be bolstered up by props, as unnatural and revolting as itself. The history of every country, where a portion of the population is in a state of slavery, is but one continued recurrence of periodical revolts like the present, accompanied by bloodshed, conflagration, and military excesses. The slaves feel an indelible hankering after liberty,—are goaded on by the cruelties of their masters,—are put down with the strong hand, and remain quiet till the first and more vivid impressions of their defeat are effaced. The whole system is essentially rotten, and costs more in the constant repairs that are necessary, than would suffice to erect a permanent and substantial fabric in its stead. The legislators

and executive of a slave state, are like men standing on the yielding deals of a worm-eaten floor, busied nailing fresh timber over the holes through which their predecessors have disappeared.

Urgently do we request the attention of all, who in this country or the West Indies, have any concern in perpetuating the abuse of slavery to these considerations. In this, as in every important step in life, delay is death. The upholding of the slave system costs this country immense sums annually, while the islands in which it exists, are so many lazarettos, where rot, year after year, hundreds of her bravest troops. As we share in the guilt, so do we share in the punishment. The upholding of the slave system keeps the West Indian proprietor in a constant fever of suspicion, anger and terror. His whole existence is devoted to a game at hazard, in which health, the best feelings of the heart, and often life itself, are squandered away in the greedy hope, that some precarious throw may bring him wealth. Here, too, may we trace the hand of a superintending and retributive Providence. The contravention of the laws of nature places the perpetrator in a state of constant suffering, the undoubted and necessary consequence of his own transgression. The only measure that can give security and permanent peace to the West Indies, is the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery. "Prepare the slaves gradually for emancipation!" In other words, do not allow your boy to go into the water till he has learned to swim. "Give the planter compensation!" Even were it not true that England has paid more than half the purchase-money of his slaves, he ought to thank us for ridding him of so bad a bargain. They cost him more to keep them quiet as slaves, than the property he claims in them is worth.

A LAWYER'S DREAM.

To sleep—perchance to dream—
Ay—there's the rub!

EVERY age has been marked out from amongst its fellows, by some distinguishing appellation. That in which we live will be known, in after times, as "The Age of clubs," while its battles and its books, its religions, revolutions, and reforms, will figure only as so many episodes, to fill up the crowded pages of our future historians. The destinies of England are now ruled by clubs, which form a vast representative assembly, from which society receives, with willingness, its laws. Each town, each class, has its Albions, or its Alfreds; there is not a hamlet in the country but boasts of its occasional re-unions, where, perhaps, under some more modest roof, politics and porter, whiggery and whiskey, dimly shadow forth the aristocratic glories of Brookes', or of Boodles', where, perhaps, some village Crookford, though with diminished returns, strives to allure the heedless hodman, by inducements, certes not so great, but equally *imprising*, as those which overcome the prodigal peer at the famous establishment in St. James's.

In our own "gule town," I have the honour to rank myself in the lists of a club, entirely composed of members of that mighty limb, the Law. We are no gamesters, as ——— are. We console ourselves, however, in the absence of the dice-box, by the decanter. We play *roulette* alone in our reelings homeward, while *rouge et noir* is

correctly pictured forth, only in the corresponding colours of our visages and our vestments. Freed from the harass of the winter session, the 12th of March is the day of our great anniversary. Then do we spend the night, not "in converse of deep philosophy," but in wassail and in wine—"In the red cup that crowns (query drowns) our memory." The song, the jest, most frequently at the expense of some renowned and unfortunate litigator, pass round the joyous board, while some successful aspirant whispers in his neighbour's ear the tale of a fortunate and a feeble campaign, counting over, like a reaper after harvest, or more properly, perhaps, like a thief, after having bound the true man, the produce of his professional spoliations, while all fail not to

"Tell o'er the tales of many a night of toil,
And marvel where they next shall seize a spoil:
No matter where—the agent's care be this—
Theirs—to believe no prey nor place amiss."

Our last anniversary was probably the fullest meeting in our annals; but a melancholy gloom seemed thrown around us. Old and esteemed good jokes passed off unregarded; even though Apollo—Magnus Apollo himself—bent his bow with his usual felicity and force, the shafts fell unheeded and harmless to the ground. Even the wine made no impression, and it would appear, as if we had swallowed the corks and not the contents of unnumbered bottles, so buoyant and obtruding our sorrows had become. The appalling fact oozed out at last,—the season had been a failure, and the seed for future crops appeared to be withered at the core. It is not difficult to imagine that men, so familiar, through life, with the elucidation of *causes*, should endeavour to trace, to its true source, the origin of this dreadful diminution of professional remuneration. Cholera had, for awhile, to bear the malediction of the meeting, the attack lamely led by one who, forgetting, in the ardour of the chase, the proper *division* of labour, appeared not so much to jump as to *fly* towards the object of his enmity. The extension of national temperance had the honour of a damning notice from a huge-boned man, "fat, i' faith, and corpulent"—whose enormous potatoes left no doubt as to the unity of his practice with his principles. The march of intellect—that rogues' march, amongst our labourers, landowners, and commercialists, was adduced by a parchment faced homunculus, who, in doleful *accounts*, recounted the fearful falling off of productive Pleas, and provincial recommendations. The opinion, however, of an aged and atrabiliarian anatomy, on whose withered front might be read the mark of that self-slayer Corruption, seemed to carry the weight of the majority. In a long diatribe, he vented forth his anger against Reform, to which alone he attributed the sinking lucre of the law, silencing, by the appropriate apologue of the goose and the golden egg, the interrupting dissent of two eminent political assistants, (my fat friend and ———,) who chuckled over the recent spoils of a northern contested election. At an early hour we broke up, when each, with his head full of wine, and his heart full of despair, strove with tortuous perplexity to accomplish "the house and the home that owned him."

At mine a blazing hearth awaited my arrival. Brooding o'er the long catalogue of the night's adventures, with indifferent avidity, I seized upon the nearest work which lay on my table. Drawing my chair towards the fire, and putting my feet on the fender, I proceeded to unfold its ample pages, which bore for a title, the following awful

appellation, "A Bill (as amended by the Committee,) to amend the representation of the people, &c. &c." There seemed something so odd in the coincidence between this chance selection and the evening's conversation, that I determined to re-peruse it. More in sorrow than in anger, I waded through its various preliminary clauses, and concluding condemnatory schedules. Throwing myself back in despair, a long train of disagreeable images floated before my disturbed imagination. The whole beautifully-proportioned and profitable machinery of paper votes,—the snug brotherhood of boroughs, places, profits, and pensions, together with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of mighty member-mongering, cozening, and corruption, all my poor little ones of schedule A, at one fell swoop torn off from the roll of our glorious constitution! A lawyer's occupation gone! Boroughs huddled up with shires in indecent and unwilling union,—constrained connexion of uncongenial counties,—the ancient splendour of royalties forced into the democratic arms of upstart and mushroom manufactories, or perchance for ever blotted out from the map of political power,—viewing all these, I wept for my unhappy country. Musing, like old Mortality, on this painful record of a goodly army of martyred greatness, a heavy sleep overcame my maudlin sensibilities, and disclosed to my astonished "mind's eye" a new host of frightful representations.

Methought I had bent my steps towards St. Giles's. On the way up, I was particularly struck by the altered appearance of every thing around me. A new freshness, a new health and contentment seemed to glow in the countenances of our mechanics, while a teeming commerce appeared transacting at every counter, behind which stood the pleased and prosperous shopman, whose windows displayed a list of prices, which made his goods within the reach of all, even of the poorest. Every thing, in fine, bespoke a wealth, a happiness, and comfort, I had not hitherto in any city observed. I could have fancied myself transported into the fabled land where roast pigeons fly into the mouths of the inhabitants, and fountains of champagne bubble up perennially to kiss their lips. There was one thing which struck me with peculiar force. The brazen sceptre which adorned the statue of the Grand Monarque in the crossing of Hanover Street, was wrested from the Royal grasp. Regretting this unaccountable change, and the loss sustained by the arts, I pressed forward on my journey. A new subject of marvel soon occurred. In the window of a flourishing-looking shop, I read the startling notice, "JUST PUBLISHED, TAIT'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY, 1836!—Did I dream? Where was I? Again I looked, there 1836 still met my eyes,—it was incomprehensible,—had I slept over the intermediate space? This was a mystery I could not understand. A tide of men, in merry congratulation, poured down the Earthen Mound. I hurried up, but every one seemed to avoid me as an unclean thing. As I turned into the High Street, a vast congregation had assembled, cheering an individual mounted on a triumphal car. Do I see, do I hear aright? Hustings erected at the Cross of Edinburgh, and the man of the people returned as its independent representative! I could not bear the sight. I entered the Parliament Square. A sombre and unwonted stillness, not the hurrying to and fro of ordinary days, had possession of the place.

As I crossed the threshold of the great hall, I gazed with redoubled astonishment on the scene before me. Every thing was changed. There was none of that confusion and noise, none of that crowding and

congregating, none of that clamouring of angry counsel wrangling at the side bar I had usually observed; even the jesters of the stove were silent; the voice of the crier was hushed, and his desk desolate as the walls of Balclutha! Yet was the hall not untenanted. There might be about two hundred individuals there assembled. Heavens! who are they? Their glaring eyes and haggard looks must now portend some dreadful purpose! One of them, I remembered in his high and *palm*y state, but he now appeared with a pale and deathlike hue o'erspreading his once noble countenance. He thus addressed me:—"The game is now up,—years have proved that the Reform Bill has saved the country, but we are ruined. Jobbing, our only hope, has been wrested from our hands, we are held up to the world's scorn as false prophets and placeless politicians,—but we will not succumb,—no—on this day are gathered together from all parts of the country, the sole remnants of a once great party now breathing forth its last; there be yet a few makers of votes, whom men call political agents, and traders in votes, whom men call boroughmongers, who have the courage to consummate this terrible sacrifice which is now preparing,—who will suffer martyrdom rather than change their opinions, detestable though they may be."

A vast mass of musty parchments was borne into the hall, and piled up at the foot of the statue of Lord Melville, which those around regarded as a fitting altar-piece to receive the offering, an altar-piece at which they had all often, and not unanswered, kneeled. An emphatic address was delivered by one of the members, who, holding aloft, what I was told, was a copy of the Reform Bill, called down imprecations on the heads of those who were its promoters, its authors, and admirers. Applying to it a lighted torch, he thrust it blazing into the pile before him, cast himself upon it, and called upon those around him to follow his example. At this time a new and strange occurrence distracted their attention—a huge and ponderous cheese, on which was graven the name of a wealthy western county, came rolling along the floor. This did not fail to attract the attention of a large fat man, who seemed by no means ambitious of the honours of martyrdom. He looked amongst his former friends, but they seemed to proffer nothing worthy of his acceptance. By and by an extraordinary metamorphosis seemed to take place as he gazed with riveted delight on the tempting bait that travelled past before him. His ears began to prick up—his face, from which now protruded a long and wiry whisker, commenced an unnatural elongation—his arms seemed gradually to assume the appearance of fore legs; and at last a long tail began to emanate from the hinder part of his now embrowned and brutified body. Round and round about he whisked in delighted pursuit of the said tail, gambolling and squeaking as if proud of his newly acquired honours, when off he banged in the chase, succeeded in running down the game, and disappeared from my view into some musty hole, to chew and to mumble it at leisure. He was quickly followed by nearly the whole of the assemblage, all of whom underwent the same extraordinary transmutation.

With the exception of myself, one only remained. He lay stretched on the blazing pile, imprecating curses on the heads of the deserters. I wept for the departure of political consistency,—and as he beheld the tears trickle down my cheeks, he called me to come near to him. I advanced within his reach,—“Thou alone art worthy to share the glorious death of the last of the Boroughmongers.” Saying this, he dragged me amongst the flames, and clasped me as with a giant's strength within his

scorching embrace. In vain I struggled to escape—the flames seized on my quivering members. I looked up, in beseeching prayer, to the statue overhead, and beheld, dropping from the cold image of my former patron, tears, which but too clearly announced that the interest he and his once possessed was now gone for ever. I cast my eyes towards the painted window, which, instead of the figure of justice, now represented the angel of destruction, trampling on the ruins of rotten boroughs, on whose streets was imprinted the damning alpha of Reform. A long array of martyred patriots, leading in chains those forsworn jurymen who had convicted, and those corrupt judges who had condemned them, filled up the picture. Gazing on these my heart sickened within me. The dying curses of the wretch beside me added fresh horrors to my situation. The heat now became suffocating and intolerable; the flames reached all around me. Death, with his sunken eye and bloodless skull, hovered round, his arm uplifted for the blow. With a fiendlike stare he launched the fatal arrow. I bounded up with a horrid shriek, and—awoke in a devil of a fright. What was my astonishment to find my feet nearly fried by the fire, the Bill I had been reading, and which I still held in my hand, in a blaze, from being placed too near the candle, and my man John, with hands upraised, in the act of throwing over me a pitcher of cold water, fresh drawn from the pump!

IRISH TITHES. -

IN Scotland, where the right of resuming the wealth bestowed upon an intolerant and oppressive church was, *de facto*, asserted, several centuries ago, we find it difficult to account for the infatuation which still continues to see something sacred in the institution of tithes. We would not exactly go the length of recommending that the example set by our ancestors should be followed in all its details. The portion of the produce of the land which was entailed upon the Episcopalian Church of Ireland, may be better bestowed than upon a rapacious and domineering aristocracy. But the application of the tithes of Ireland, which the will of the nation has decreed shall no longer be applied to the support of an anti-national priesthood, is not the subject which we propose to discuss at present, any more than the abstract expediency of tithing as a mode of impost. We may be more usefully employed in submitting to the English and Scottish public—which, in this matter is shamefully ignorant—a detailed account of the real nature and pressure of the tithe system in Ireland, occasionally interspersing the dry and revolting narrative with such reflections as naturally suggest themselves. We are enabled to do this in the most satisfactory manner, from the returns made to the Catholic Association. The census-book, compiled by order of that Assembly, has been kindly placed in our hands—a favour which he alone who has waded through the mass of unsatisfactory Parliamentary papers, or yet more unsatisfactory private reports, labouring to attain clear information on this subject, can adequately appreciate. These returns, if complete, would furnish the finest body of moral statistics that per-

haps ever existed, within the same compass; and yet we cannot regret that they are imperfect, for this imperfection was caused by the wise and noble measure which gave peace to the consciences of seven millions of British subjects. The returns were interrupted by emancipation. The fragment of the blade, however, that remains would be sufficient to give a death-blow to tithes, had not the general combination of the Irish people already extinguished them.

The returns embrace many subjects. The first column contains the number of Catholics in the parish; the second that of Non-Catholics; the third the amount of tithes; the fourth of church cess; the fifth of glebe; the sixth of bishop's lands; the seventh contains information respecting schools; the eighth respecting places of religious worship; the ninth contains a list of the principal landed proprietors, whether absentee or resident; the tenth remarks on the state of cultivation, with such other general observations as were deemed proper to communicate.

One word as to the authority of this valuable document. We regard it as entitled to the highest degree of credit. The returns were made, in almost every instance, by the Roman Catholic clergyman of the parish, attested by his signature, published in the newspapers, and circulated through the empire. If incorrect, they were open to contradiction and exposure. The full blaze of publicity was about them; a vigilant, active, wealthy party, with an able and not very scrupulous portion of the press at its command, was watching for any instance of misrepresentation or error. As we are not aware that any objection of moment has been made to them, it is unnecessary to say more. If respectability of character, the fullest publicity, and the scrutinizing examination of enemies, cannot secure fidelity in such returns, we know not what precautions can secure it.

Without further preface we address ourselves to our task.

In the three parishes of Magherafelt, Arhoc, and Clonoe, (diocese of Armagh) there were, at the time the return was made:—

Catholics,	- - - - -	11,626
Non-Catholics,	- - - - -	6,089

Amount of *Tithes* alone, £1,383 a-year; independent of 215 acres of glebe in the first parish; a house and glebe, worth £200 a-year, in the second; and a house and glebe in the third, worth £100 a-year. The total sum, therefore, paid—not for 6,089 members of the Established Church, but for the proportion of its adherents contained in 6,089 *Non-Catholics*—amounts to within a few pounds of £2000 a-year. This in a parish where nearly two-thirds of the inhabitants are Catholic! The Catholics of these three parishes, consequently, pay for the spiritual necessities of perhaps 3000 Protestants, about £1200 a-year. A reader, whose perceptions of justice have not been blunted by early participation in something similar to the iniquitous system of jobbing and plunder which prevails in Ireland, will think this sufficiently unjust; but what will his surprise be when he is told that to this sum of £2000 a-year, he is to add “an immense tract of church lands,” in the same district? When he is further informed, that the Catholic inhabitants of one parish are in such a state of poverty, that their own chapel is in a miserable, decaying state, can he wonder they should detest the Establishment, which clothes itself in splendour from the money of the poor, while the services of their religion are dishonoured and disabled by the distress which that Establishment occasions? If he were further informed, that, although the

North are more moderate, and his demeanour more becoming, than those of the wealthy sinecurists of the South.*

In the South and West of Ireland there are many parishes in which there is neither church nor Protestant; of course these parishes pay tithes! We really are not certain that they do not in every case pay church cess also. An Irish Protestant gentleman, a member of Parliament, has been so good as to furnish us with the following case:

"The parish of Carne, barony of Forth, county of Wexford, contains 800 acres, 200 of which are unprofitable. The tithes amount to £400 a-year. The Protestant population consisted, not long ago, of one elderly gentleman, a bachelor, (dead about three months) and he had been churchwarden for thirty years, for want of a second Protestant, and one widow with four children. The son of the incumbent acted as curate and parish clerk to his father, sometimes even as bell-ringer. Three years since the clergyman endeavoured to get a new church built, saying, the old church was not large enough; the churchwarden, however, frustrated the project, as the burden would have fallen on his Roman Catholic tenants."

We are, ourselves, acquainted with a parish, the tithes of which, by composition, amount to more than £400 a-year. There are but four Protestant amongst nearly two hundred Catholic families. There is no church, nor has the face of the incumbent been seen for years. Church cess (independent of tithes,) is charged on the whole community, because these four families frequent the church of the neighbouring parish. It is, or rather was, in contemplation to build a church there, though it is acknowledged that for three out of the four families, it is much more convenient, from various local causes, to attend the neighbouring church. Then, it may be asked, Why should the parish be burthened with so heavy an expense? For the benefit of those, who have never seen the working of an Irish job, we will explain:—One needy Protestant hopes to obtain the contract for building it; another to dispose, at a profitable rate, of a field as its site; and the remainder favoured the scheme, because, from some remaining dregs of party spirit, they were glad of anything which could annoy and oppress their Catholic brethren.

February 9.—Mr. H. Grattan said, in his place in the House of Commons, "I know one individual who has £600 a-year—a perfect sinecure—who never resides in the parish. I know another who has £700 a-year, and in his parish there are not two Protestants. Again, in another parish there never has been a church nor a resident clergyman, and the people pay £300 a-year to an absentee rector. In a fourth the clergyman has been absent for near twenty years, and the parishioners pay him £600 per annum. In other parishes I know there are no Protestants, except the rector and his family. (Loud cries of hear, hear, hear.) Yet these are but a few instances out of numerous cases."

In the three parishes of New Ross, Duncormack, and the union of St. James, (diocese of Ferns,) the numbers were—

Catholics,	-	-	-	-	15,500
Not-Catholics,	-	-	-	-	1,517

* We remember a curious discussion between two Protestant gentlemen, one the representative of a town in Ulster, the other of a town in Leinster, on the cause of this apparent anomaly. It having been suggested that it might arise from an inherent difference in the dispositions of the clergymen, the explanation was rejected at once.—"No, when a northern clergyman comes to us, he is a locust."

Here, where the Catholics are to the Not-Catholics in a greater ratio than eleven to one, the tithes amount to £2675 (not to mention three glebes, (one a small glebe, the second of three, and the last of thirty acres,) and the church cess. And all this for the spiritual edification of perhaps 700 persons! Can it be a matter of surprise that the ravenous hunger of the Establishment, and her total sterility of good should be the consequence of such a pampered indulgence? A salary, quite disproportioned to the quantity of service rendered, is perhaps the most effectual mode ever invented to secure the slovenly discharge, and ultimately the utter neglect, of even that over-rated duty. You tell the individual in the most impressive of all language,—that of your acts,—that he is paid for some other cause,—that the office is a mere cloak, a scheme, a pretext for the salary. He naturally, and, indeed, very justly infers, that the duties of a partitioned office share its falsehood and insignificance. Contempt is of a contagious nature. Having learned to despise the farce of part, he proceeds to look on the whole in the same light, and to confound the slight share of real utility with the mass of deception by which it is surrounded. In the Irish church the evil is much aggravated. The incumbent, unless blinded by early prepossessions, is sensible that his claims to the tenth part of the property of the Catholic, who receives no equivalent whatever for it, has no ground in justice, but is based solely on law. His claim is no right,—it is a mere creature, a fiction, the mode and degree of resistance to which, is only to be determined by prudence. The consequences on both sides are obvious. Unless some peculiar causes produce an unusual degree of personal affection, even his moderate demands are looked on by the people as unfeeling extortions. The clergyman having broken the standard of right, and set up in its place the rule of legality, is too apt to make his necessities, his avarice, or the patience of the parish, the measure of his claims. Sensible, too, that he can urge no ground of justice in his favour,—that he is but the creature of the legislature,—he treats every opposition to tithes as a personal insult to himself, and a resistance to government. Accordingly, on the first struggles of irritated nature, he shouts *rebellion*, besieges Government with letters for the Insurrection Act, calls out the police and the military, sours the country, fills the jail, transports and hangs half-a-score of Whiteboys; and in a year or two, perhaps,—if, for the present, he escapes the bloodhound chase of their relations,—is found murdered twenty yards from his own hall door,—or, it may be, “the price of blood” is exacted from some one of his young and innocent family by the hands of a hired assassin.

It is indeed one of the worst effects of this wicked system, that it destroys in the minds of the people all respect for law, and produces a strong indisposition to resort to it for redress. In England, generally speaking, an obnoxious enactment does not, in the remotest degree, impair the reverence of the subject for Law. But in Ireland, where it bears the odious character of the sole creator and defender of mischievous institutions, the indignation of the people, having no middle term on which to spend itself, ascends at once to Government, and becomes an insurrection. It is usual to exclaim against the ferocity of the lower orders, and charge as an ineradicable stain on the national character, the frightful crimes committed in those periodical paroxysms. God forbid we should not feel as deep a horror at those sanguinary deeds, as any other individual in the empire; but, if we wish to understand the real feelings and motives of the Irish peasant, we must always

bear in mind, that he considers himself engaged in a war with the law and all its adherents, civil and military, where he is perfectly justified in using every sort of stratagem. All his conduct must be estimated in that light. It is a state of open hostility between two parties, whose business it is to deceive and kill as many as they can. If he shoots a man from behind a fence, it is not an assassination, it is merely an ambush,—if he intercepts a proctor, it is a party of the enemy cut off,—if six or seven policemen are killed, it is “a brilliant infantry affair,”—if a house be burned down, the peasant would think himself more justifiable than Sir G. Cockburn, when, in the last American war, he reduced so many private houses to ruins,—for he perils more than that gallant officer; he is exposed to two chances, the sword and the halter. This is a frightful state of things, and awful is the responsibility of those who have taught the Irish peasant to regard law as his natural enemy, and fly to midnight outrage for what Bacon calls “wild justice.”

To proceed with the returns. In the union of Doneraile, (diocese of Cloyne,) there is exhibited the following frontless instance of the tithe system:—

Catholics,	-	-	-	-	11,207
Not-Catholics,	-	-	-	-	413

Tithes, £1600 a-year. Church cess, 6d. an acre.—Now as far as all we have seen and heard of, the south of Ireland leads us to believe, we may estimate the dissenters at about one-half of those 413 Not-Catholics. For the edification, therefore, of 206 members of the Established Church, the successor of the Apostles in this parish, whoever he may be, (his name is probably to be found in the Bath Court Guide, or wherever the infirm and the gouty wait for the angel of fashion to stir the pool into health,) fleeces it of £1600 a-year, £1550 of which, contrary to all justice but that of the tithe system, is exacted from Catholics.

In the parish of Kildorrery, (same diocese,) the numbers were—

Catholics,	-	-	-	-	5578
Not-Catholics,	-	-	-	-	74

It is curious that the amount of tithe is not stated. Under that head, we find pencilled “wrote for particulars,” and well he might; for in one column, we find, “There are two splendid churches, and a third is about to be built,—one poor thatched chapel;” and in another, “people very poor.” If the reader should be confounded at three churches for a *moult* of seventy-four persons, or one church for twelve, we could, from our experience, suggest some analogies in explanation; but it will probably be sufficient to refer to a case already stated as within our own knowledge.

In the parish of Charleville, (same diocese,) the numbers were:—

Catholics,	-	-	-	-	5434
Not-Catholics,	-	-	-	-	334

Tithes, £1400. Glebe, £10, and church cess, £90 a-year. Thus, the Catholics of this parish pay over £1300 a-year to a clergyman of a different faith, who, in the nature of things, can make no equivalent for it, and have besides their own chapels and clergy to maintain. We also find that at an expense of about £400, they have erected a school for the education of their children. In one column, the state of the poor is declared to be “wretched for want of employment;” but out of the husks of indigence and misery, the Establishment can squeeze £1300 a-year in tithes, independent of a glebe worth £10 a-year, and an annual cess of £90!

In the union of Ballyholoe and Kilfaughnabeg, (same diocese,) the numbers were:—

Catholics, - - - - -	7646
Not Catholics, - - - - -	332

Tithes, £800 a-year, glebe, £50 a-year, and a church cess of 1½d. an acre, though there was no church in the parish!—so uniform in all its variations is the oppression of the Establishment! If the amount of plunder be less, the ostentation of the injustice is more offensive,—if the practical grievance be diminished, the violation of principle is greater.

In the union of Ardfield and Rathbarney, (same diocese,) the numbers were—

Catholics, - - - - -	5960
Not-Catholics, (including Police)	84

Here we have the consolation of knowing, that the majority of the eighty-four are of the Establishment. Granting them to be two-thirds or sixty persons, What is the sum paid by Catholics? In tithes, £712, and in church cess, £48 a-year. Government trembling for the morals of its police, fleeces the parish of £760 a-year, and exhibits the fine example of iniquity rendered subservient to the purposes of virtue. But it may be well doubted, whether this peculiar combination of circumstances endears either the Government or the police to the people.

In Castle Lyons, (same diocese,) the numbers were—

Catholics, - - - - -	6359
Not-Catholics, - - - - -	193

Tithes, £1456; glebe, 10 acres; church cess, £60 a-year. Adopting the same calculation as before, we find this would amount to a poll tax on each Catholic, male and female, of about fourteen shillings a-year. In Ireland, the average rate of wages is perhaps stated high at sevenpence a-day for a male, and fivepence for a female. It is therefore plain, that each Catholic male would contribute to this blessed unchristian church twenty-four days, and each Catholic female thirty-three days labour. We ask pardon for these cool calculations.

One more instance out of this fertile diocese. In Clondrohid, the numbers were—

Catholics, - - - - -	5070
Not-Catholics, - - - - -	38

Tithes over £1000 a-year; glebe, 60 acres; church cess, £165 a-year. A church, the yearly expense of maintaining which, is £165, for we suppose twenty persons, whom the clergyman could receive in his parlour! Indeed, one-half of these twenty persons may be presumed to be of his own family.

It was at Skibbereen in this diocese, that the Rev. Mr. Morrit, about ten years since, while levying a distress for tithe, caused to be shot—we cannot at this moment exactly say how many persons; (in Ireland it is difficult to keep an account of the loss of lives caused by the tithe system, for the marks of one are soon swept away by another sanguinary torrent;) but we remember that a Rev. Gentleman, a member of the Established Church of that country, and now a political Coryphæus, did at that time pronounce Mr. Morrit, “the worst enemy the Church had in Ireland.” The Establishment now can dip her hands, up to the elbows in blood, and feel no horror. How dreadful is the change in her language! The slaughter of Newtonbarry is toasted at judicial orgies, and the wish of the old blood-thirsty debauchee of Otway, is become a war-cry in Ireland.

Let us turn to Kildare and Leighlin, the focus of determined resistance to this system :—Are there here no abuses to shock the natural feeling of justice, and irritate men, by particular iniquity? In the union of Paulstown and Gorebridge, the very first on the list, there were—

Catholics,	-	-	-	5261
Not-Catholics,	-	-	-	289

What were the tithes?—£2,040 a-year. But how many churches? Actually four churches for the Episcopalians in 289 Not-Catholics. That is, adopting the same rule as before, one church to thirty-six members of the Establishment. The burthens of this unhappy parish stood thus :—The tithes; the original expense of four churches, each probably not much under £1000; the constant taxes for their repair, solely at the discretion of a few Protestant parishioners; the fixed salaries for sextons, pew-openers, &c. &c. And yet the actual pressure of all ths, though surely not inconsiderable, is nothing to the rage of heart occasioned by the reflection that all of it *must* be paid according to the pure will and pleasure of another; that, over the amount, the mode, the time, the party burdened has no control. It is the leer of men going to vote away his money—it is the demand of the sum, enforced by the instant seizure of his cow—it is the utter injustice of the whole transaction, that burns, with a slow, dry fire, the heart of the peasant. It is true, indeed, that, on many of those occasions, Protestant parishioners, from none but the most honourable and disinterested motives, throw themselves between the Catholic population and those exactions; but it is questionable whether this does not aggravate the disease. At any rate, a whole nation, in whom we wish to preserve an erect, independent, self-relying spirit, should not hang on the bounty or humanity of any individuals. The noble feelings that are engendered in a generous mind, by sympathy with the oppressed, and the glow of honour that flushes the face of a manly protector, are much too dearly purchased by the inferiority of millions, and the loss of self-respect in a whole nation.

The reader has probably, if he ever dipped into the present situation of tithes, heard of Graigue, in the diocese we have now arrived at. It does not necessarily follow, that, where tithes are low, the pressure may not be considerable, and the irritation great, because the breaking out of the ulcers is determined by a variety of local circumstances. We may, however, be assured that, *cæteris paribus*, the indignation will bear proportion to the magnitude of the injustice. In Graigue there were,—

Catholics,	-	-	-	7441
Not-Catholics,	-	-	-	127

Tithes, £1600 a-year, with two houses and glebes, independent of a church cess of £80 a-year!

Killabean (same diocese)—

Catholics,	-	-	-	5855
Not-Catholics,	-	-	-	326

Tithes, £1400 a-year.

Geashill and Ballycane (same diocese)—

Catholics,	-	-	-	7559
Not-Catholics,	-	-	-	1140

Tithes, £1705 a-year, with a glebe of 91 acres, besides a church cess of threepence an acre on 22,500 acres.

Castletown (diocese of Killaloe)—

Catholics,	-	-	-	2798
Not-Catholics,	-	-	-	72

Tithes, £1081 a-year, with a glebe of three acres, and a church cess of twopence an acre on 15,000 acres.

Kinvarra (diocese of Kilmacduagh and Milfenora)—

Catholics,	-	-	-	4376
Not-Catholics,	-	-	-	2

Tithes, £360 a-year! The clergyman being paid, we suppose, for educating himself and his wife. Yet even this solution fails in Kilmoo—

Catholics,	-	-	-	769
Not-Catholics,	-	-	-	-

Tithes, £300 a-year! and off 769 Catholics!

To these we could add, from the same prolific source, numerous instances of equal oppression, but our limits warms us to stop. Enough has been stated to demonstrate the iniquity of the system. Indeed, the only thing singular is, that it should have been tolerated so long. "But the march of the human mind is slow." Great abilities, great evils, and extraordinary circumstances were required to create that policy of national combination of which the abolition of tithes is the most striking, as the Association was its most splendid result. For the latter, in the history of popular struggles, it will be vain to seek a parallel. The former is as extraordinary in character, and as complete in success. A system, the growth and reproach of centuries, has been overthrown in one short year—by submission to the law. We hear, indeed, of hurlers' meetings, of proctors beaten, and threatening notices; but it is a great mistake to suppose that these are any more than the eruptions which attend any great change in the constitution of the body politic. So far from being the result of the system, they are directly opposed to it in spirit and practice,—they did even thwart its success. The system is the very reverse of violence,—it is humble submission to law,—it is the extremity of passive obedience, but dictated by the most determined spirit of resistance. It is a practical servility, excusable only because we know it to be the fruit of an untameable liberty. The cattle are seized—impounded—brought to auction; but a plague seems upon them—no one will bid a shilling—no one will buy them. There had been branded on them by the owner the moment they were seized. A Roman could not shun with greater horror any thing devoted to the infernal gods than a whole people the cattle branded with that single word. They are driven to Dublin under a guard of police, perhaps soldiers, and there shipped for Liverpool; but their evil fame has gone before; the obnoxious word is on them, and there too no buyer can be found. The consequence is, that no cattle are seized, and tithes are, therefore, at an end. Every person, not interested in their continuance, with whom we have conversed, acknowledges this. A provision for the number of clergymen really required by the wants of Protestants, is just and necessary. A liberal provision for the present incumbents none are disposed to refuse, but the tithe-system, in its present amount and distribution of income,—its prodigal salaries,—its scandalous sinecures,—its mass of jobs, is over. The Irish people have decided the question for themselves; and we know that a powerful body of their representatives share their indignant determination.

In this post-mortem inspection of tithes, a rational and useful curiosity would justify us, without resorting for excuse to that natural feeling which has been so vividly expressed by the poet—

— pedibusque informe cadaver
 Protrahitur. Nequeunt expleri corda tuendo
 Terribiles oculos, voltum, villosaque setis
 Pectora semiferi, atque extinctos faucibus ignes.

But another motive governs us. Much still remains to be done. Parliamentary sanction is necessary to legalize the abolition of tithes decreed by the Irish people. The very forms of justice must be rigidly observed; and we were anxious, by a detailed practical examination of the system—by clearly exhibiting the various particular instances of its oppression—to detach from the cause any honest man whom ignorance or prejudice may still range on the side of so much iniquity.

THE UPPER HOUSE.

“ True,” says the stickler for things as they are, “ there are many and striking anomalies in the state of the representation, and in the whole frame of the British Government; but forms and regulations which appear irrational and dangerous to the simple men of the present generation, are in reality mysteries of wisdom and beneficence, handed down to us by our sagacious and venerable ancestors.”

The assertion, that with all its apparent inconsistencies, the machine works well, has been so often and confidently repeated, that it looks like heresy to call in question the truth of the dogma. It is rather, however, surprising that the mischievous conduct of the Peers has not provoked some prying reformer, not having the fear of coronets, ermine, and lawn sleeves, before his eyes, to apply the boasted test to the House of Lords itself. In ordinary life, when an improver meets with an obstacle which baffles all his efforts, he becomes very inquisitive into the intrinsic value of this insurmountable impediment to his operations; and however indispensable to the working of the engine, this incorrigible part of the machinery may always have appeared, he is compelled, at last, to inquire if it may not be superseded with advantage.

Let us institute a similar course of inquiry into the functions of the Upper-House of Parliament. To fix the value of the House of Lords as a part of our legislative machinery, we have only to ascertain, whether, in the instances in which it has rejected the bills passed by the Lower-House, it has proved itself the safeguard of the rights and liberties of the country, or an obstacle to improvement.

The following examples of the working of the Upper House are extracted from Aitken's Annals of the reign of George the Third, a period sufficiently extensive and important for the purpose of the present investigation. In the domestic transactions of each year, the author notices every bill of national importance, passed by the Commons, and rejected by the Lords.

In 1772,

The Bill brought in by Sir George Saville for relieving dissenting ministers from the obligation to subscribe the doctrinal articles of the Established Church, passed the Commons with an inconsiderable opposition, but was rejected by the Lords, at a second reading, by a majority, including proxies, of 102 to 20.

In 1773,

The same Bill again passed the Commons, by the same majority, and was once more rejected in the House of Lords.

In 1780,

A Bill passed the Commons to prevent members of Parliament from engaging in Government contracts, but was thrown out by the Lords.

In 1783,

Mr. Fox's East India Bill passed the Commons; but while the bill was before the Lords, influence was used to alarm the King, who put a note into the hands of Earl Temple, to the effect, "that he should deem those who should vote for the bill, not only not his friends, but his enemies; and that, if Lord Temple could put this in stronger words, he had full authority so to do."—The result was, the Ministers were left in a minority of 79 to 87.

In 1792,

A Bill for the gradual abolition of the Slave Trade passed the Commons, and was lost in the Lords.

In 1794,

Mr. Wilberforce's motion for the abolition of that branch of the Slave Trade, which went to the supply of the islands and territories belonging to foreigners, was carried in the Commons by 63 to 40, but was thrown out in the Lords by 45 to 4.

In 1808,*

Mr. Banks brought in a Bill for preventing the grant of offices in reversion; which having passed the House, was thrown out by the Lords. Having, however, been again introduced, with a limitation to one year, and some other alterations, it was suffered to pass into a law.

In 1810,

Mr. Banks made a motion to render perpetual the Act for preventing the grant of offices in reversion; the bill passed the Commons, but was thrown out, at the second reading, by the Lords.

It must be kept in mind that there is no selection here, but that every case, mentioned by Aitken, is given, whether it makes for or against the Upper House; so that, in striking the balance, the reader has only to consider how many of the preceding instances of rejection were advantageous, and how many of them were pernicious, and how great would have been the amount of loss sustained by the empire, had not the superior wisdom of the hereditary legislators interfered.

It ought likewise to be borne in mind that no period was more fruitful in Acts of Parliament encroaching on the liberty of the subject; in suspensions of the Habeas Corpus Act; in gagging bills; in green bags filled by spies and informers, and their profligate employers; in acts for crushing the rising liberties of foreign states, and squandering the resources of the country. How many of these were stopped in their progress, and rejected with scorn, by this boasted safeguard against the rash acts of the Commons? Verily, the Upper-House is guiltless of the sin of Quixotism in favour of suffering humanity. In vain shall we look over the dreary waste of their legislation, during the long reign of George the Third, for a solitary instance of their interference to protect the country from the unwise, the wasteful, the profligate, the despotic acts, hatched in such abundance in the Lower-House.

Their guilt is, however, not merely negative. They have not only refused to exert their power in opposition to the aggressions of the Commons upon civil and religious liberty. We have seen them stand, when the minister of the day, by accident, permitted a measure, favourable to humanity or the interests of the people, to escape from the Lower-House, prepared, with their hereditary powers, to give it the *coup de grace* in the Upper. Not only was the individual measure strangled,

but the hopelessness of any attempt to legislate in favour of freedom, was made manifest. Had some small portion of these bills been permitted to struggle through the Upper-House, philanthropic and liberal representatives might have been encouraged to originate, and perhaps, to carry measures still more beneficial. But, seeing that all their anxious toil, should it even be successful in the Commons, was sure to be defeated in the Lords, rational men ceased to vex themselves with what they knew would prove labour in vain.

No people pay greater deference to rank and wealth than the British. They are proud of their Corinthian capital, and predisposed to confide in its integrity and wisdom; they will submit to absurdity and injury, when proceeding from members of the ancient aristocracy, which, in a plebeian, would rouse their scorn and indignation:—it is curious to observe this feeling manifesting itself, not only in the obsequious Tory, but in the philosophical Utilitarian, and the violent Radical. This national prejudice, if we may so call it, gives to the Peers an immense influence for good or for evil. They have the power to confer incalculable benefit on the ranks below them; and, were they even in a slight degree to prove themselves the *Decus et tutamen patriæ*, the people would be lavish in their praise.

It is not true that the lower orders entertain a feeling of hostility to the higher ranks; but the long continued pressure of poverty and suffering which they consider as in some degree attributable to the measures of Parliament, sympathising rather with the prejudices and interests of the Aristocracy, than with the feelings and necessities of the great body of the people, has, for some time, irritated them against an oligarchy which, most unwisely for themselves, struggles to retain a power which the mass of the country consider unjustly usurped and corruptly exercised, and which the people have determined to resume.

John Bull is the most patient of all living creatures; but the insults and injuries of his rulers may goad him to gambols which they may rue. He has borne much and long, but there is a period to the endurance even of the most patient of animals. The conduct of the Peers in rejecting the Reform Bill, has left him looking with a determined sullenness at their House. They may yet appease him, and all will be forgotten. But if, instigated by the Father of Mischiefs, they treat with contempt the prayers of a united people, and resolve to mock them with the shadow of a representation, and to perpetuate on their necks the yoke of an oligarchy, then ———

SONNET.

OFt have I felt—more deeply ne'er than now—
 How short 'tis doomed my term of life shall be:
 Tho' placid seems the volume of my brow,
 There is a fount within, where none may see,
 Whence streams of living sorrow ever flow,
 Wasting the spirit, as the senseless stone
 Is worn away by sure degrees, tho' slow,
 O'er which the torrent gushes ceaseless on.
 My heart is all too busy—fond to draw
 A tide of thought even from the meanest things;
 And the deep mysteries of old Nature's law
 O'erwhelm my soul with such imaginings—
 Could every cloud of grief be now dispelled,
 Mind on itself would prey—its might can not be quelled!

GERTRUDE.

THE SCOTTISH REFORM BILL.

At the period that we write, the fate of the Scottish Bill is still uncertain. What modifications it may receive in committee cannot be foreseen. Probably it will not receive many. We shall notice one or two which it would be well to introduce, premising always that we are not dissatisfied with the measure, either in principle or in detail. We would merely suggest, not press our amendments. It truth, we cannot, with very much patience, advert to the conduct of those semi-reformers, or anti-reformers, or under whatever category they may be most properly classed, who would embarrass the progress of the English Bill by arguments drawn from the defects of the Scottish Bill. It must be evident to every unprejudiced thinker, that in no way could the rejection of the latter be more certainly provided for, than by any fancied amendment which might lead to the rejection of that which, in respect both to Scottish and Irish Reform, must ever be looked on as a necessary preliminary, that were the English Bill to fall, the other two would perish as certainly as would the members by the removal of the head. In the integrity of the English measure the people of Scotland, indeed, are more deeply interested than are the English themselves. The English could bear the loss of reform. With all their rotten and nominally boroughs, their schedules A and schedules B, they have a host of places where neither oligarch nor aristocrat possesses influence. Under all the difficulties of the present system, England has yet been able to return a large majority of members pledged to reform. Doubtless the temporary excitement of the last election did much, the name of the King, the countenance of the King's Ministers, did much also. There is a fashion in all things. Reform was followed, and is still followed by many, because it is the prevailing mode. But, apart from temporary and accidental causes, the example given during last election of what the people can do when they choose to unite, will not be forgotten in future elections. The rejection of the bill, therefore, as far as England is concerned, would effect but little for the enemies of reform. A majority they might possibly secure, but not to support the practice, however it might enable them to keep up the principles of the old system. Come what may, England henceforth is reformed. How stands the case with Scotland? Our excitement was much more deep and pervading than the excitement in England, yet it did not enable us to return a majority favorable to our political regeneration. We did all that men could do, but we could not overcome our impossibilities, we could not convert the ignorant, the interested, and the base, into honest and enlightened friends of their country, we could not expand the little narrow selfish heart of a borough-jobber, so as to admit the common weal of a whole people. And if, even in the torrent and fervour of our zeal and affection for the cause, we were yet compelled, *multa genantes*, to behold a majority of anti-reformers sent to the great council of the nation, to misrepresent the sentiments of Scotland, what hope is there that, when the torrent has slackened and the fervour has cooled, we shall, by our unaided efforts, be able, at any future election, to change that majority into a minority? For us then, in the case of the Reform Bill being rejected, there remains nothing but a fearful looking for of all the evils of the old system, aggravated, as they doubtless would be, by the hatred of that faction which has so long domineered over us, and whose

fears have, during the last twelvemonths, been so seriously awakened. There is another reason why the English might sit down, if not with pleasure, at least with patience, under a misfortune which must sink us in utter despair. In the English representative system, imperfect and vicious as it is, there is much that is sound and good. If the inferior portion be monstrous and deformed, the superior is comely and fair. In our system, all is alike loathsome: it is to look upon

“A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture could never stick.”

Of the English the vital parts are yet in full and active play; disease has assailed the extremities only. Ours is a spotted lazarus; from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, there is no soundness therein. The English system asks reform; ours requires reconstruction. Regarding the question in this view,—and this is the true and obvious view,—can anything be more absurd than the argument of those who object to the Scottish Bill that it gives to Scotland only eight additional members? We never had a member—we have none now, in the proper and legitimate meaning of the term. The gentlemen who nightly address the House of Commons, whether on Scottish grievances or Scottish gratitude,—and there are some very excellent men among them,—are as much the representatives of Scotland as they are of Kamtschatka. The bill, then, honestly interpreted, does not give us eight members, it gives us fifty-three members. It carries with it the abolition of the whole of the rotten and nomination system under which we have groaned for the last hundred-and-thirty years; it puts in schedule A. the whole of our mock electoral system, and replaces it by a system which freemen can exercise and rational beings approve.

Those who in their simplicity, or their craft, object to fifty-three members for Scotland, while England has 500, would do well to remember how long and how patiently they have tolerated, in Scotland, its present chosen five-and-forty, and to ponder for a little on their value, as well as their number. If Ministers had laid down as the principle of enfranchisement, as well as of disfranchisement, the amount of population and of taxes, then, we admit, Scotland might have justly complained. But they aimed at no ~~one~~ balancing of the various parts of the empire—they neither parcelled it out into commercial nor departmental districts. Old names, old boundaries, old forms, old anomalies, and irregularities even, whatever did not tend directly to mar or to destroy the great principle of free election, they religiously maintained. Among other anomalies, they retained the distribution of members in the three great portions of the empire, with only such modifications as the lapse of years, and the creation of new interests, imperatively demanded. To find fault with the scheme, because such are its workings, is to blame it for effecting what it proposes to effect. He whose fig-tree gave him wild instead of cultured figs, might reasonably complain, but these objectors complain of their fig-tree because it does not bring forth nectarines.

And why should we suppose that, with a representation of 53 members, we shall suffer any damage, from which, with a representation of seventy, we should escape? We would speak of the dying, as of the dead, the truth and nothing but the truth; and to the representation of Scotland, as at present constituted, we feel compelled to give credit, for a close and earnest attention to matters of mere local interest. The system has

much to answer for on the score of general principle; it has at divers times been attended with great and gross oppression; venality has been its father, and corruption its mother and its sister; but still those who worked it were children of the kindly north; they felt that yearning of the heart towards their birth-dame, which in Scotsmen, neither lapse of years nor distance of place ever wholly obliterates—which many waters quench not, neither do the floods drown. Of the local interest of the country it is, then, impossible, under the new system, to entertain a reasonable fear; and why should we fear for its general interests? On whom has the burden of their vindication been hitherto laid? Has it not been on the members of England? And has ever John Bull,—proud, passionate, boasting but honest, downright, free-hearted, open-handed, John Bull, shewn himself unequal to the task, or unwilling to buckle to it? And “if these things have been done in the green tree, what will not be done in the dry?” If with all the checks which Sarum and Gatton interposed to prevent the expression of public opinion, no act of oppression has hitherto been perpetrated in any nook or corner however obscure, which the free men of England did not stand forward to denounce, shall we fear for their zeal when these checks are removed? We arrive, then, at what we deem no forced nor illegitimate conclusion; that all cavilling at the intended number of our members, or at their distribution, is unwise and uncalled for in reformers, and that in anti-reformers it is the basest and most despicable hypocrisy, meant not to better the Scottish bill, but to inflict, through its sides, a deadly wound on that in which it lives and moves—the English bill. In a word, not deeming the Scottish bill a perfect measure, nor a complete measure, nor pretending that it might not be amended, both by addition and alteration, we still hold that it is well on our part to receive it in the spirit of thankfulness; to bid God bless the giver, as honest Sancho says, and not to “look the gift horse in the mouth.”

We have dwelt on these preliminary considerations at some length, but the subject is an important one. We shall now proceed to compare the present and the intended systems.

The present number of members, we need hardly observe, are, for the sixty-six boroughs, fifteen; for the thirty-three counties thirty. Of the boroughs, Edinburgh returns one member; the remaining sixty-five boroughs are distributed into fourteen groups, nine of which consist of five, and the remaining five of four boroughs each. From the way in which the election is gone about, there is, in reality, no more than one elector in each borough, with the exception of Edinburgh. In the following table, however, we have thought it best to consider the whole of the members of council in the light of electors.

Electors under the present law, in each of the groups of sixty-six boroughs, (Edinburgh included), by which the fifteen borough members are returned:—

Names.	Electors.	Names.	Electors.	Names.	Electors.
Edinburgh,	33	Dysart gr.	94	Haddington gr.	99
Aberdeen, group	82	Elgin gr.	74	Inverkeithing gr.	122
Ayr gr.	83	Forfar gr.	131	Kirkwall gr.	80
Crail gr.	94	Fortrose gr.	70	Selkirk gr.	100
Dumfries gr.	95	Glasgow gr.	84	Wigton gr.	72

Of individual boroughs, Inverkeithing has the greatest number of electors—thirty-nine; and Inverary the smallest number—nine; of the

remainder three have more than thirty; twenty-two more than twenty; and thirty-nine have fewer than twenty electors each. The total of the borough electors of Scotland amounts to 1313. The thirty-three counties are arranged as in the following table; where the parliamentary return, from which it is compiled, does not specify the "paper votes," the average of one half of the whole number has been used—these cases are distinguished by an asterisk.

ELECTORS, under the present law, in each of the thirty counties or groups of counties, by which the thirty county members are returned. The first column gives the name of the county; the second the entire number of freeholders enrolled; the third the number of freeholders who vote on bare superiority:—

Aberdeen	180	90*	Dumfries	82	40	Orkney	43	28
Argyll	113	84	Edinburgh	172	141	Peebles	46	16
Ayr	196	93	Elgin	33	17	Perth	239	92
Banff	51	32	Fife	228	42	Renfrew	142	103
Berwick	147	28	Forfar	120	60*	Ross	81	40
Bute and Caithness	68	56	Haddington	106	60	Roxburgh	149	79
Clackmannan and Kinross	35	22	Inverness	88	58	Selkirk	50	19
Cromarty and Nairn	36	24	Kinross	82	48	Stirling	130	58
Dumbarton	71	52	Kirkcudbright	166	98	Sutherland	20	6
			Lanark	224	112	Wigtoun	70	35
			Linlithgow	65	40			

Perth it will be seen has the greatest, and Clackmannan and Kinross the smallest number of electors. The number of electors in the thirty-three counties is 3233; whereof 1673 vote on superiority. The entire constituency of Scotland, under the present election laws, thus amounts to 4,546; which gives, on an average, one member for 100½ electors; and one elector for 518 of population. Such is the present state of our representation; let us attend to the proposed state.

The number of members, we have already stated, is intended to be fifty-three, of which thirty will be county members, and twenty-three borough members; the increase being wholly in the latter class. In the arrangement of the counties there is very little alteration. Nairn will be joined to Elgin, instead of being joined to Cromarty; Cromarty will be joined to Ross; Clackmannan and Kinross remain as they are at present. There is this difference, however, in the conjoined counties—the plan of alternate voting, by which the aristocrats, at the Union, sought, and not without success, to secure their monopoly as entire as circumstances would permit, is no longer recognised. The three groups of minor counties will, for all political purposes, be considered as forming, each, one indivisible whole. The district of Cowall in Argyleshire, which is cut off from the rest of the county by Loch Fine, is to be attached to Bute; the detached portions of Stirling and Perth are joined to Kinross, to which they naturally belong; and the Shetland "lairds" will no longer have to lament that accidental omission,* by which they have hitherto been deprived of their franchise; they will be joined, not nominally, but really, to their neighbours of Orkney.

Of the boroughs, Edinburgh and Glasgow will in future, return two members; and Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, and the newly created boroughs of Paisley and Greenock one member each. In the Fortrose, Dysart, Inverkeithing, Haddington, Dumfries, and Wigtoun groups, the bill

* There is in Shetland no valuable rent

makes no alteration. The other groups are arranged as follows. The new boroughs are distinguished by capitals, and boroughs that have changed their places by Italics :—

1st, LEITH	3d, Elgin	Forfar	Dumbarton
PORTOBELLO	Cullen	5th, Coupar	KILMARNOCK
MUSSELBURGH	Banff	St. Andrews	7th, Linlithgow
FISHERROW	Inverury	Anstruther, E.	Lanark
2d, Kirkwall	Kintore	Anstruther, W.	FALKIRK
Wick	PETERHEAD	Crail	AIRDRIE
Dornoch †	4th, Inverhervie	Kilrenny	8th, Ayr
Dingwall	Montrose	Pittenweem	Irvine
Tain	Arbroath	6th, Renfrew	Campbeltown
Cromarty	Brechin	Rutherglen	Inverary

The first bill disfranchised the small and insignificant group of the Anstruther boroughs, which, by the census of 1821, contained only 6067 inhabitants. In the present bill it is saved from the executioner, by being conjoined with Cupar and St. Andrew's. The only disfranchisements are, the boroughs of Selkirk and Peebles, in the counties of the same name, and Rothsay in Bute county. These three boroughs, which contain, by the census of 1831, about 9,000 inhabitants, are thrown into their respective counties, with the view of procuring for each so numerous a constituency as may give it comparative independence.

The new arrangement is of small importance compared with the change in the qualification; in that alone lies the real practical reform, which it is the object of the bill to introduce. We have stated the number of borough and county electors, and nothing can be more ridiculously disproportionate to the augmented and still augmenting population of the country. But the paucity of voters is not the worst feature in the system. In the boroughs they are, without an exception, self-elected and irresponsible. It is true, that, in a considerable number, there is something approaching to freedom of election in the trades' representatives, but the trades' representatives are invariably the minority of the elective body. Of the boroughs, those, in which there are no trades' representatives at all, or in which the merchant councillors exercise a control over the trades' electors, are much more tolerable than those in which the electors are left free and powerless; they do not aggravate injustice by hypocrisy.

In the counties, also, by the strange system of separating the superiority from the possession of property, we have contrived to create a constituency which, as a national political engine, is unequalled in the world of ancient or modern times, for its inefficiency and absurdity. Whatever might be the original intention of the division of representation into country and town, it is pretty clear, that its ultimate object, in England, has been to connect, in the former the real, in the latter the personal property of the kingdom, with the existing government. In Scotland, we have contrived to mature a system which combines the closeness of the rotten boroughs of our neighbours with the beggary of universal suffrage. Our borough electors require no qualification and possess none save a doubtful residence, and for that purpose a pigstye will suffice as well as a palace; our county electors require indeed a qualification, but one that has no connexion with property, and from them no residence is required. The borough representatives of Scotland might be returned by men who did not possess a shilling, and the

county representatives by men that did not possess a shilling's worth in the kingdom whose highest interests were intrusted to their care. *Mais nous allons changer tout cela*, the constituency of Scotland will henceforth carry with it value as well as number, instead of being destitute of both.

In the counties the constituency will in future consist of—

- 1st. The present electors, during the period of their natural life.
- 2nd. Owners in possession of houses, lands, or other heritable property, heritable debts excepted, of the clear annual value of L.10.
- 3rd. Life-renters of any such houses, lands or other heritable property.
- 4th. Tenants for life, or for sixty years without breaks, of houses, lands or other heritable subjects, of the clear annual value of L.10.
- 5th. Tenants for twenty years, of houses, lands, &c. of the clear annual value of £50.

6th. Tenants, *being occupants*, of houses, lands, &c. of the annual rent of £50 or upwards, held on lease of not less than five years.

7th. Tenants, *being occupants*, who have paid a "grassum" of not less than £300, on any lease of not less than five years, whatever the rent may be.

Joint proprietors and occupants have all the privileges of sole proprietors or occupants, provided the amount of the property or leasehold be sufficient to give a title to each.

The precise addition, which will be made to the electors of counties, by extending the suffrage to the six classes of persons above described, is not very easily estimated. The number of persons, who hold the *dominium utile* of freehold property above £10 and under £100 valued rent, amounts, according to the parliamentary returns, to 7,754. Even out of these freeholders, therefore, not a few of the counties might obtain a respectable, if not a numerous, constituency. Dumfries would have, 500; Ayr, 600; Fife, 750; Lanark, 1,000; Orkney, without including Shetland, 1,300. The average for the various counties, would be about 370.

Under the third head fall to be enumerated the parochial clergy, with the exception of sixty or seventy, whose manses are in boroughs, and who do not possess glebes—the dissenting clergy, for the most part—and a few of the parochial schoolmasters. These three classes will amount to about 1,300. For calculating the number of the other voters of this class, or of any portion of those of the remaining classes, we possess no certain nor authentic data. To the number of farming tenants we might, perhaps, approximate. The valued rent of the entire kingdom somewhat exceeds £3,600,000; if from that amount we deduct one sixth for lands occupied by the owners, and allow one agricultural tenant on an average, for each £200 of the remainder, we shall have £15,000 tenants for the whole of Scotland. As lands, with us, are rarely if ever held on shorter leases than seven years, and as, unless in the highlands and islands, and in the neighbourhood of great towns, few leases fall short of L.50 rent, by far the greater number of our farmers will be entitled, under the new system, to a vote. On a rough estimate,—and until the actual registration of the electors take place, any estimate must be a rough one,—we should be disposed to say, that the county electors will be increased not less than tenfold; that, with three or four exceptions, when nearly all the property of a county is in the hands of one great family, the smaller counties will have from 500 to 1,000, and the larger from 1,500 to 2,000 electors.

In the boroughs we possess more certain means of estimating the advantages of the bill. The electors of boroughs are in future to consist of the actual occupants, whether proprietors, life-renters, or tenants, of any house, warehouse, counting-house or shop, which, without or with any land owned or occupied under the same landlord, shall amount to the annual rent of £10.

In plain English or plain Scottish, every man, who occupies a house or part of a house of any kind, or a house and a "yard," provided the two belong to the same "laird," and are together worth £10 a-year, will have a vote for the borough in which they are situated. Joint occupants have the same privileges in boroughs as in counties.

The number of persons who will become possessed of the franchise, in consequence of its extension to £10 householders, will, at the lowest estimate, exceed 35,000. The number of £10 houses in the existing boroughs and their respective suburbs, striking off the three disfranchised boroughs of Selkirk, Peebles and Rothsay, and not including the newly enfranchised boroughs of Paisley, Greenock, Leith, Portobello, Musselburgh, Fisherrow, Peterhead, Kilmarnock, Falkirk and Airdrie, are estimated in the parliamentary returns at 30,376. Instead then of a constituency of 4,546, or, making allowance for the electors, who possess qualifications in more counties than one, of 4,000 individuals representing no interest under heaven but their own, we may fairly calculate, under the bill, on a constituency of not less than 65,000, representing all the varied interests of the community, from the decent thrifty shop-keeper and industrious tradesman up to the Duke of a quarter of a million of revenue.

It was our intention to enter into a detailed criticism of the measure which we have been describing, but space would fail us. We shall restrict ourselves to two remarks. An objection to the qualification clauses of the Scottish Bill will naturally suggest itself, founded on their departure from the corresponding clauses of the English Bill. It was to be expected, that in this particular, the two measures were, *mutatis mutandis*, to be the same; the answer hitherto given to the question "why are they not so," is by no means so satisfactory to the querist, as it appears to have been to the respondent. It is a principle in the English Bill, that no description of property should remain unrepresented; there is a restriction with respect to amount, but, with that exception, in borough or in county, every man has, or may have, a vote. In Scotland this will not be the case. Take, for instance, feu-duties within borough, no amount of this very common description of property will give a qualification to its owner. Suppose the Earl of Moray to occupy a house worth ten pounds, for six weeks in the course of the year, he would have a vote for the two city members; but, supposing his Lordship not to occupy a house in Edinburgh, the thousands *per annum*, which he draws from his splendid property of Drumsheugh, would not suffice to give him a vote either for borough or county. How many of the houses in Edinburgh, and in every borough and town in Scotland, are held in feu? Taking the boroughs, not in their present limits, but in the limits to be assigned them by the Bill, certainly not less than one-half.

This is not the only description of property which will not be represented. In smaller towns of Scotland, nothing is more common than for a man to be owner of houses to the amount of £80, £100, £120 *per annum*, not one of which is worth £10. Dornoch is a case in point. There is not a house worth £10 *per annum* in the borough. Supposing

the whole of Dornoch to be the property of one man, he would not possess; nor would one of his tenants possess, a single vote, either for the borough, or for the county of Sutherland. It may be very proper to assign but one vote to one property; but here are two instances of property to a large amount, from which no vote is, in any way, derivable. Nor are these cases got up; they are *bona fide* existing cases in every borough in Scotland. Mr. Jeffrey's answer, when twitted with his inconsistency in giving a vote to the owner of freehold property, within borough, in England, and denying it to the owner of freehold property, within borough, in Scotland, was, that, from the latter, nothing was taken away—he never had a vote. Now this, with all submission, was a pitiful answer. If the Reform Bill had no other object than to confirm existing rights, the Lord Advocate might keep it to light his cigar. The proper subject for consideration is, whether one rule should be laid down for one quarter of the kingdom, and another for another. If it be for the benefit of all classes, that the borough freeholder should, in England, retain his qualification; by parity of reason, the borough proprietor, whether of feu, or of houses, should, in Scotland, be clothed with it.

The case of owners of feus, or of small houses, in the neighbourhood of boroughs, is peculiarly hard, for, were no extension of the borough to take place, they would necessarily obtain a vote for the county. The measure, which is one of grace to every one besides, is to them a measure of deprivation. The rule we would lay down, which is in strict conformity with the spirit of the Bill, is this—that property, whether freehold, or burgage, or leasehold, or ranking under what title soever, should, although situate within borough, give to the owner a vote for the county, of which the borough formed part, provided always, that the owner, by himself or tenants, did not, or might not, acquire, by virtue of it, a vote for the borough itself.

The clause of the Bill, (the 33d.) to which these remarks apply, contains a compensatory proviso of an exceedingly edifying character. After declaring that no property, within borough, shall give a right of voting in the county, it adds, that no property *without* the borough shall give a right of voting in it. To make every thing secure it ought to have subjoined, nor without the kingdom.

There is an objection which we have heard urged against the Bill, in which we, by no means, concur. We have heard the Bill objected to because it gives a vote to the established clergy, and, by necessary consequence, where they have a qualification, to the dissenting clergy. It is said that politics ought not to be mixed up with religion; and, it is added, that the clergy, themselves, are averse from the boon which the act holds out, on the ground, that, by accepting it, they may chance to disoblige those whom it is their interest to oblige. We shall not enter on the question, how far politics should mingle with religion; but, certainly, from those who uphold the necessity of a church establishment, it seems strange to hear doubts of the propriety of such a mingling. For our part, we should be disposed to question the soundness of that man's faith who did not feel warmly for the welfare of his country, and who was not prepared to brave the censure of his nearest friend in its vindication. We have no doubt that the Established Clergy will constitute a most valuable and independent class of voters; and we should be sincerely sorry that any such absurd and injurious anomaly should enter into a bill of general enfranchisement as their disqualification.

No, if we must have changes, let them be changed in the right direction, let them be confirmations of the principles of the Bill, not disconfirmations; let them be enlargements of the freedom, wherewith it is destined to make us free, not restrictions of it. More members, more voters, we will receive with joy and rejoicing; but, if that may not be, if we may have nothing but the Bill, let us, at least, have—THE WHOLE BILL.

LAY OF THE LEAST MINSTREL,

By the Author of "Nights of the Round Table," &c. &c.

Blessings be on thee, merry Sakin,
Fluttering through my narrow hall,
Round on airy winglet whirling,
Blithesome, though an exiled thrall.

For thou wast borne from far, my Birdie,
Strapped on a roaming Savoyard's back,
Trained to tune up thy hurdy-gurdy,
To store the merry varlet's pack.

But bless thy stars, my witless Peter,
And prize my cabin snug and *bien*,
Where thou may'st churm thy High-Dutch
metre,
With seeds a store, and water sheen,—

To dip thy bill, and lave thy bosom
And flirt adown thy dappled wing,
Till drops roll from my living blossom,
Like pearls from Beauty's severed string

And pranks hast thou, and wiles a many,
Sweet *Minna*-singer of the *Wald*,
Best known to me—but prize me any
That love to note *were wasser* thine,—

Now on that mirrored shadow passing,
Thou little deem'st thy pretty self;
Now, on the lattice, singing, veering,
A restive, shy, but gladsome elf.—

Scanning aloft, with curious eye,
Those sable gantet sailing past,
Or vicwing, in the storm-veined sky,
The sea-mews tossing on the blast

But presto—whak!—that shade? alas!
Why plume thy wings in quivering pride?
Think'st thou that mockery thing of glass
Can ever be thy life-warm bride?

—Go, gentle bachelor, content thee
To trill, in aimless repetition,
Thy love-lays, tuned to measures dainty,
Like brother bards of small condition

And notes hast thou breathe not of gladness,
Congenial more with moods of mine
Snatches of mirth, with strains of sadness,
Born of the land of love and wine.

Pensive and low, thy veiled voice swelling,
Like Judah's songs, by Babel's stream,
As if thine infant vine-branch dwelling,
Were rising in some eldritch dream.

Come tell me of that forest bower,
With thoughts of which thy bosom swells—
Say, hung thy father's tiny tower,
By Rolands-Bek or Drachentels?

From what *plumed* baron of the Rhine
Does Peter date his *high-born* race?
What *hatchments*, with the Goldspink line,
Enriched their blood, refined their grace?

Little wot'st thou of family story,—
Ah, Peter, less thou reck'st, I fear!
Thy young breast beats—but not for glory—
A minstrel, but no cavalier.

Hadst thou heard Brunswick's battle-cry,
Come rushing down the bold, broad Rhine,
Shivering the leafy canopy
Where nestled the †Aberdevine,—

Even thy bead-drop of German blood
Had kindled to heroic blaze,
But, tush! such "Gales of Gold and Flood"
Happied in thy great great-grandfather's days.

Remember'st thou thy tiny mother,
What eve thy lore in flight began,
Thine, and that scarce-broached brat's, thy
brother,
In circlets safe of half a span?

O! how her little *lass* was beating,
When first ye poised your timid wings,
Advancing bold, but swift retreating,
Like imp burst from his leading-string.

• But fledging brave, wast thou, my Larkie,
I trow her matron pride rose high,
When from the vine-twig's tendrils airy,
Peered *Peterkin*, a glance and shy.

Fader, in wider air careering,
Would wile thee to the topmost blossom,
But thou, small rook, sly downward veering,
Sought'st *were mama's* soft *green* blossom.

And July's moon rode brightly by,
Red strawberries through the leaves were
glowing,
Our Peter now could feed and fly,
Yea, cross small brooks, *sans* sails or rowing.

Remember'st then, my grave *Recorder*,
An eve of balm, the broad earth mute,
When, by the gray Rhine's castled border,
Thou wak'edst thy little *Zauber* Flot?

A faint, low churm, a louder trill—
When all abashed, thou stunted'st singing—
Listen'd'st, and, "at its own sweet will,"
†Let out thy voice, melodious ringing!

And did *Frau Siska* praise her pet?
And what, pray, said you *small Minneker*?
But, Peter,—it were best forget,—
All, all, are perished—thou art here!

A mortal lot is thine and mine,—
So, Peter, best all be forgot,—
And ours the mutual task divine,
To sweeten each a mortal lot

I moisten Peter's merry whistle,
And Peter lifts, my small apostle,

† The crows, special objects of wonder to Peter
‡ Aberdevine is the proper name of Peter's tribe

§ A young bird beginning to try its voice in song is called a *Recorder*—its little, bashful, hesitating, first attempts being termed *recording*. Save the expanding faculties of childhood, nothing can be more sweetly *beginning* than this process—not even the unfolding of flowers.

|| It is scarce necessary to tell that, in this stanza, Chaucer and Wordsworth, the *first* and the *last* of England's Poets have been pressed into the service of illustrating Peter's education.

PRESENT ASPECT OF AFFAIRS.

It was conjectured from the first, that the Tory lords would not be such bad tacticians as to repeat their stab at Reform in the same place, and that they would take to themselves the grace of allowing of the second reading. The Ultras, whose passions have an organ in the Quarterly Review, are displeas'd with this temporizing policy, as they term it, which proceeds from apprehensions in which their bloated presumption does not permit them to share : but many of the peers are perfectly sensible of the danger of their position ; they are not lulled to security by the "grim repose," and have some notion of the peril of stirring up the wrath of a nation. They perceive that a second rejection of the Bill will have an effect materially different from the first, as it is scarcely possible that the Ministry can continue in office, and carry on with the hope of success. Lord Grey and his colleagues, who have stood between them and the people's resentment, should be withdrawn, and a bitter conflict of unexampled inequality would commence—the few with their riches on the one side, the many with their wrongs on the other. Then would the oligarchy find themselves in the condition of the ass in the fable loaded with treasure ; for their possessions, in turbulent times, would be more troublesome to defend, than available for defence or attack, and, according to the extent of them, the obnoxious individual's sensibility to annoyance and injury would be increased. These are considerations to be looked forward to by men who incur the hazard of convulsing a country ; and those who see their way, however stern their resolves may be, perceive the prudence of evading the popular hatred by every art in their power, and breaking the force of it by frittering away the provocations in a warfare of detail, allowing of various changes of position, which make it difficult for the public to fix upon any particular act in the process, as chargeable with the responsibility and odium of the ultimate defeat. Now, Lord A. votes for a part of the bill, and presently he votes against an important clause ; and, again, he votes for another. Lord B. alternates with him ; and each pleads that he has shown no factious hostility, and only exercised a fair discretion, adopting the good and rejecting the questionable parts ; and, yet, by this process, the measure is stabbed in a hundred places ! "Thou canst not say I did it," is, however, the defence of each conspirator.

The pride of the Ultra-Tories disrelishes this plan of operation which implies an awe of the popular resentment. They would break the sticks in bundle, and not condescend to pick and choose, and break this, and pass that. Despising that insignificant body, the nation, which they have so long abused with impunity that they mistake its patience for impotence, they hold in contempt those who would shuffle with it rather than trample it fiercely under foot. Their laugh at the more prudent intriguers, reminds us of the story of the young reprobate who derided the bare-footed friar, saying, "Father, if there should happen to be no other world, you will be in sorry case after all your mortifications."—"Son," answered the other, "if there should be another world, your mistake will be the more serious of the two."

If there should happen to be such a thing as spirit in the nation, the Ultra-Tory error would have the more serious consequences to the blunderer. Either policy, however, must be disastrous. Both members of the faction would hook the whale with their trout-line ; the only difference is, that the Ultras would strike hard, and refuse to give an inch,

while the moderate Tories would let the reel run, and give the mighty creature play to avoid his plunges, and cunningly to prevent his discovering that he is caught—which discovers he is not likely to make when tickled with such tackle. With a flap of the tail, or a spurt of water, either fisher in troubled waters would be canted mast high. That they can hold the nation in captivity with their angling rod, we have no sort of apprehension; but it is not equally certain, that they may not catch a gudgeon in Lord Grey. While the cause is in the hands of Ministers, it is not absolutely safe; whenever it may be thrown down to the people it will soon be secured. Lord Grey has all in his power; he can retrieve as many blunders as he chooses to commit save one, and for that one he is now reported to be reserving himself, viz. the postponement of the creation of Peers, till he perceives the necessity on the bringing up of the report, when, with a majority, any damage is to be repaired that may have been done in committee. Thus all the moral effect of a series of victories is to be given to the enemy, and as the *Times* has sagaciously observed, the half-reform Lords will say the House is so pledged "to those great changes, that though we voted against them with ministers, now that they are carried, will be childish to disturb them; so that on the report, we shall deem it our duty to oppose the Ministers and defend the alterations."

But, suppose the necessity for a creation should not have been made apparent before the bringing up of the report,—suppose the wily Tories should play a game not deeper than Lord Grey's,—suppose they should join his ranks, and swell his minority to a majority in committee, and desert, at the last moment, on the third reading?

All as yet is speculation; and we write but on rumours, which are all adverse, indeed, to confidence in Lord Grey. He has the cards in his hands; and is it possible that he will lose the game rather than play his trumps?—All that we know is, that he has the power for any patriotic purpose; and if we suddenly saw in the Gazette a list of peerage creations, our only surprise would be at the vigour and decision so manifested. For the final issue we have no fears; but, for the sake of public confidence and suffering industry, we earnestly desire the means, for the end to be produced,—the security against the possibility of miscarriage—the new Peers.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AMIDST THE RUINS OF FINCHALL ABBEY.

THESE ivied walls, which seem to nod
To very ruin, who would help to rend
In rage or bigotry, doth sure offend
'Gainst Nature's self, as well as Nature's God.
Pale contemplation sat upon that sod,
Beneath the shade, where cliff and foliage blend;
And he, whom the harsh world would not befriend,
Here found contentment, and could bless the rod.
Snatch'd from the bondage of life's restless round,
Forgo like ambition, love, and pride,
In "measureless content" could I rest here,—
Forgetting I had e'er heard other sound
Than the fantastic breezes when they sigh'd,
Or the clear music of the lonely Wear.

T. D.

ANE GROUSE CHAW.

AIR—*“The Campbells are coming.”*

To the vot'ries of Freedom,—'twas the Editor spoke,—
 Unharness your shoulders from EBONY'S ;* yoke —
 Our watch-word's “the King and the People,” I ween,
 Then crowd to the banner of Tait's Magazine!

CHORUS.

Oh! talent and genius shall stamp every page,
 There's song for the youth, and there's lore for the sage,
 And terse little articles, pungent and keen,
 Shall sprinkle the pages of Tait's Magazine.

She bursts into light with the birds and the flowers,
 And the treasures of MIND o'er the kingdom she pours ;
 Her visible powers shall exterminate spleen ;—
 Then rush to the banner of Tait's Magazine.

For talent and genius, &c.

She shall speed thro' the land, over mountain and plain,
 Like Pallas new sprung from old Jupiter's brain ;
 'Neath the flash of her eye all her rivals must quail,
 For great is the TAIT, and must ever prevail!

For talent and genius, &c.

'Tis a subject for Wilkie—the best, tho' the last—
 To paint her antagonists standing aghast,
 With spite in their faces, and tears in their e'ens,
 As they gaze on the glories of Tait's Magazine.

For talent and genius, &c.

Her trembling opponents wax deadly and pale,
 For her star's in the zenith, her shout's on the gale ;
 And multitudes—myriads, hail her their Queen ;
 March on to thy glory, then, Tait's Magazine!

For talent and genius shall stamp every page,
 There's song for the youth, and there's lore for the sage,
 And terse little articles, pungent and keen,
 Shall sprinkle the pages of Tait's Magazine.

And soon some trusty brother of the trade
 Will do for thee what thou hast done for thousands.
Blair.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

[Under this head we propose to give :—1st, A Historical Register of the past month; 2d, A Commercial Register, relating to the same period; 3d, Short Reviews of the publications of the month. 4th, Criticism on the new Music of the month. To these may be added, occasionally, notices of novelties in the arts of Painting and Sculpture, and of the Drama. The Magazine is published on the last day of every month; and these records of the leading events in Art, Literature, Politics, and Trade, are brought down regularly to the latest possible period.]

POLITICAL HISTORY.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

THE speech delivered from the throne at the opening of the present session, on the 6th of December, 1831, indicated the line of policy intended to be pursued by Ministry, in so far only as it touched upon the topics to which their attention was principally directed. For our part, we prefer the American mode of entering into a detailed account of the domestic condition and foreign relations of the State, and an explicit statement of the political measures which the rulers have in contemplation. The only legitimate objects of free governments are to promote the happiness of the people at home, and defend against foreign aggression. These can in no way be furthered by secrecy, mystery, and *coups d'état*, (we had almost written *de theatre*.) The brief prorogation which preceded the re-assembling of Parliament, and other specialities, are, perhaps, a sufficient excuse for Ministers on the present occasion, but the general principle ought never to be lost sight of.

The subjects recommended to the attention of Parliament were:—Reform, Cholera, the state of Ireland, the Financial arrangements for the year, our relations with France, Belgium, Holland, and Portugal. We shall endeavour to follow the progressive insight into the views of Ministry on each of these important topics, afforded by their gradual development in the course of the debates.

REFORM.—In the speech from the throne, “a speedy and satisfactory settlement” of the question of Reform is urgently recommended. The future proceedings of the Ministry showed that they adhered to their original purpose of remodelling our constitution by three separate bills, applicable to the varying exigencies of the three incorporated nations.—That, for reforming the representation

of England, was brought up and read for the first time on the 12th December. The bill had been considerably amended in regard to precision of expression; and some of its minor arrangements had been modified in order to evade the quibbling objections of the preceding session. The Opposition modestly claimed these parts as their own, but like unnatural parents attacked them as fiercely as if they had been the brood of their adversaries. The theme most fertile in discussion was “certain anomalies in the application of the principle upon which the right of return to the member was conceded or denied.” The friends of the measure were at times silly enough to argue this point. The only answer was:—“The present basis of the representation is too narrow and unequally distributed. The basis proposed to be substituted is better, but makes no pretence to perfection. That could only be obtained by an entire alteration of our elective system.” Between the ravils of enemies, and the attempts of *precisian* friends to plaster it into perfect smoothness, the bill was reported “not a whit the worse of the wear” for the tugging and tearing it had met with in Committee, on Wednesday the 14th of March.—The Irish and Scotch bills were each read for the first time on Friday, the 19th of January; and then allowed to lie over till the tug of war regarding the English bill should be over. The Irish members complain loudly that a fair proportion of members has not been allotted to Ireland. To this we would make nearly the same answer as to the Tory objections to the English bill:—“The measure professes to be no more than the nearest approximation to perfect right, rendered possible by the present state of strength and enlightenment of the reforming interest. Will you, because you cannot get more members, refuse a more perfect control over

those you have?" Nevertheless, let us have the matter fairly and fully discussed. We are anxious to see the measure as perfect as possible. A clamour has been raised on similar grounds against the Scotch Bill by Sir George Murray and other equally staunch reformers. On this head we refer our readers to an article on "The Scotch Bill" in our present number.—The proceedings in the House of Commons relating to the question of reform, have however been comparatively uninteresting. Every one knows that the measure is safe enough there. It is the caballing and intriguing that is going on out of doors, and above all the sickening uncertainty regarding the firmness of ministers that has prolonged the popular fever. A rally has been attempted by the Tories in Edinburgh and two or three other places, but the voices of the malcontents have died away melancholy, as the voice of a solitary wanderer in the desert. Lords Wellington and Londonderry set at defiance all rules of etiquette in hopes to bully the King into submission. The corporation of Dublin, thinking like Looney McTwolter, that "they were the boys for bewitching him," came over and made their bow to Majesty, and went back with a flea in their ear. Lords Harrowby and W. Cliffe, sullied a fame hitherto spotless, by holding out delusive prospects of accommodation. A knot of hollow reformers entered into a bond to accept the bill with any alterations the Lords might make upon it. And amid all this base falsehood, trickery and contempt of every principle of common honesty or even decent hypocrisy, NO WORD OF PEERS. By this time next month we shall know better. Meanwhile the Unions

Le couching head on ground, with cat-like watch.

In every town-land, borough and parish the friends of Reform know each other and are prepared to act in concert. An affiliation of all the Unions, to pay no direct tax, but to allow themselves to be distrained, would be the work of a week. *In matters of legislation and finance members of Parliament are our Representatives; in the task of forming a Constitution they are our Delegates.*

CHOLERA.—In the king's speech the arrival of this unwelcome guest was announced, and effectual measures to guard against it were said to have been taken. These measures have been utterly devoid of use; and the bills since introduced do not seem to be much more effective. There has been a great deal of talk about the matter in the House—little to the purpose.

STATE OF IRELAND.—The passage in the speech from the throne which refers to this unhappy country is as follows. "In parts of Ireland a systematic opposition has been made to the payment of Tithes, attended in some instances with afflicting results; and it will be one of your first duties to inquire whether it may not be possible to effect improvements in the Laws respecting this subject, which may afford the necessary protection to the established church, and at the same time remove the present causes of complaint."—In pursuance of this recommendation, Lord Melbourne moved the appointment of a Committee on Irish Tithes, in the Lords, on the 15th of December; and the same evening Mr. Stanley moved for a similar Committee in the Commons.—On the 7th of February, Earl Grey, in presenting a petition on this subject, used the words: "I think it absolutely and imperatively necessary, before we proceed to legislate on this subject, generally, that the authority of the law, as it at present stands, should be fully vindicated." This caused great alarm; but, on the 14th, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, called up by the manly and indignant eloquence of Mr. Walker, explained, that the noble Lord, at the head of the Government, merely intended to say, by way of apology, for the extraordinary assistance lent to the Irish tithe-proctor; "that when extraordinary powers were necessary to enforce the law, they ought not to be given unless they were accompanied with a remedy for the grievances complained of." In the course of the discussion an insidious attempt, on the part of Mr. Croker, to attribute different sentiments to the Irish Secretary, drew from Mr. Stanley the explicit declaration, that "the extinction of the present system of tithes was contemplated by government."—On the 16th, the Committee of the Lords, and on the 18th, the Committee of the Commons presented their first reports. Both agreed in recommending the extinction of the tithe system in Ireland; but both agreed in attributing more importance to the embarrassments of the clergy than to the sufferings of the peasantry.—Mr. Stanley having given notice of a motion on the subject, twenty-four Irish members met, on the 6th of March, to determine what course they ought to pursue. On the 8th, Mr. Stanley moved, "That this House do resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House, to consider the subject of Tithes in Ireland." This was met by a counter-motion that further inquiry should be delayed until the Committee had finished their investigations, and

submitted their reports and evidence to the House. The original motion was agreed to by a majority of 314 to 31. —On the 13th, Mr. Stanley moved a string of resolutions, concluding with a proposal to commute the Church's claim to tithes for landed rights. It is evident that the force of events has driven Ministers to entertain a bolder scheme than at first; but they must go further. The only measure which can settle the question, is to place the Catholic and Presbyterian churches in Ireland on a footing of equality with the Episcopalian, and abrogate tythes forever. —Some other Irish grievances have been adverted to, but no legislative proceedings having been founded upon them; they tell only as indications of public feeling, for which the reader is referred to the head of "Ireland." The most important bills introduced with a view to the benefit of Ireland, are:—"A bill for consolidating and amending the laws relative to Jurors and Juries in Ireland;" and "A Bill to repeal an act, &c. entitled, 'an Act to amend the Law of Ireland, respecting the Assignment and Subletting of Lands and Tenements,' and to substitute other provisions in lieu thereof;"—"An Act to extend the Jurisdiction of Civil Bill Courts in Ireland, from the late Irish currency to the present currency of the realm;" and "An Act to enable his Majesty's Postmaster-General to extend the accommodation by Post, and regulate the Privilege of Franking in Ireland." The urgency of the Irish distillers has extorted a partial repeal of the malt drawback, to the manifest detriment of many individuals in Scotland, and without any rational prospect of advantage to themselves. Any thing that bolsters up the old rotten system of seeking to alleviate impolitic burdens by the costly counter-agent of appointing officials to repay what ought never to have been exacted, ought to be eschewed.

FINANCE.—The King's speech promised that the estimates for the ensuing year should be formed "with the strictest regard to economy. It has been proposed by Ministers, that the financial year shall, in future, begin on the first of April and close on the 31st of March. This accounts for the manner in which the estimates are here stated.

Civil Government Charges from 1st January 1832, to 31st March 1833,	-	£195,000	0	0
Civil Contingencies for same period,	-	200,000	0	0
Miscellaneous Estimates for same period,	-	496,543	0	0

Navy Estimates from 1st January to 31st March 1832,	-	1,090,307	16	7
Victualling and Medical Departments for same period,	-	332,681	18	0

Army Effective Service, from 1st January to 31st March 1832,	901,631	3	4
Non-Effective, } for	729,860	18	8
Commissariat, } same	116,440	1	5
Ordnance, } period,	341,163	0	0

Grand Total of Naval Estimates for 1832-33,	4,908,034	14	7
Commissariat, 1832-33,	328,750	7	6
Ordnance, 1832-33,	- 1,015,359	0	0

Army Extraordinaries from 1st January 1832, to 31st March 1833,	-	300,000	0	0
The Army Estimates of Effective and Non-Effective for 1832-33,	have not yet come to hand.			

In the whole of these estimates, there is a visible struggle to retrench. This praiseworthy effort is particularly conspicuous in the Naval department.—The Army Estimates are the most obnoxious to censure; so much so, that Sir Henry Parnell's determination not to move them in their present form, was one of the principal causes of his resignation. The evil lies in the anomalous arrangement which places the whole real power in this department in the Commander-in-Chief's office. *The Secretary at War is, in most matters, merely a clerk to register the acts of the Horse Guards. The Duke of Wellington, through the instrumentality of his creature, Lord Hill, is, at present, the real minister in this department.*—The charge of the debt continues exactly where it was.—Exertions have been made to simplify the system of management in some departments of government in a manner that promises immediate retrenchment, and increased power of future control. This remark is applicable, in particular, to Sir James Grahame's bill, to "amend the laws relating to the business of the Civil Departments of the Navy, and to make other regulations for more effectually carrying on the Duties of the said Departments." The benefits of the Bill for uniting the office of Surveyor-General of Works with that of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, is more questionable. The Board of Works might have more advantageously been merged in the Ordnance department.—Ministry have committed no unfortunate blunder

in their pecuniary arrangements:—we allude to their payment of the interest and instalment of the Russia-Dutch loan without consulting Parliament.—A deficiency in the last quarter of last year, which was laid hold of by the Opposition, was of little consequence, and clearly attributable to a measure carried into effect by themselves when in office.—Some interesting information on the head of Finance will, most probably, be elicited by the Financial Resolutions which Colonel Torrens has announced his intention of moving on the 29th of March.

FOREIGN RELATIONS.—We have not yet got quite rid of our accursed habit of poking our finger into other people's pies, and getting it scalded for our pains. What had we to do lecturing the Belgians, and Dutch as to the best arrangement of their internal affairs? All that was allowable for us or any other civilised nation was to see that no third party interfered with their arrangements.—A convention has been entered into with France, for the effectual suppression of the African slave-trade. The reciprocity treaty with that country is not yet matured.

LEGISLATION.—In this department we have had, during the period to which our retrospect reaches, the usual piddling attempts at law-tinkering. When will men learn that the way to amend law is not by rendering it more complicated and contradictory. We have at this moment lying before us no less than ten bills relating to England, three to Scotland, and twelve to Ireland,—all purporting to be amendments on the law as it at present stands, or improvements in the manner of conducting judicial proceedings. Now, it is certain, that the object of most of these enactments is desirable; but in the first place there are few of them calculated to attain their end; and in the second place no care has been taken to ascertain in how far they will assimilate and work in harmony with the already existing regulations. Each of these will, before it effect anything, become “the fruitful mother of a dozen more.” Our courts and laws are in many respects defective—miserably defective; but it is not by such puny, unscientific, piece-meal legislation that they are to be amended.—From these remarks an honourable exception must be made in favour of Mr. Campbell's general Registry Bill, and the bills for—“The Limitation of Actions and Suits relating to Real Property, and for simplifying the Remedies for trying the Rights thereto;”—“For the Abolition of Fines and Recoveries, and the substitution of more simple modes of assurance;”—“For the

Amendment of the law relating to the Estate of a tenant by the courtesy of England;”—“For the Amendment of the Law relating to Dower;”—and “For the Amendment of the Law of Inheritance.” Each of these has a reference to the rest, and might take its place in a revised system of law. They are the fruit of anxious study, based upon the invaluable researches of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of the Law of Real Property. In particular the Registry Bill, against which the combined clamour of ignorance and interest has been so portentously raised, is a measure indispensable to the safety of the honest dealer. It is pitiable to see the manly sense of Englishmen truckling to the insinuations of attorneys travelling from county to county.* It makes one sad for human nature to see such displays as the opposition of the member for Durham—that happy compound of dullness and pertness—presents.—With pleasure do we enter upon our record, Mr. Sadler's Factory Bill. Directly opposed as we are to this gentleman in his political creed, we are happy to bear testimony to the pure benevolence which has inspired this measure. In a healthy state of society it would be uncalled for; but until our happy days return, it is just that those who are not of age to think and act for themselves should be shielded by the law against that apathy to their sufferings engendered in the breasts of their parents by penury and starvation.

MANCHESTER MASSACRE.—On the 15th of March, Mr. Hunt moved for a Committee to inquire into the events of the 16th of August, 1819. There were for the motion 31; against it 206. This clearly proves that the present parliament is mainly composed of men who see that reform is unavoidable, but not of men imbued with that spirit and those principles which will actuate a reformed legislature. They would politely throw a veil over the atrocities of the expiring system. We say,—“Give them all publicity; let them be graven on our hearts, and on the hearts of our children, and our children's children that fear and abhorrence may prevent weakness and indolence from hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt.” Dr. Lushington, Messrs.

* Among the petitions against this bill, are to be found many purporting to come from widely distant places, the language of which is verbatim the same. The allegations of one petition are not unfrequently directly contradicted by another. Some of the petitioners honestly confess their ground of objection to be—that the knowledge of the burdens of an estate may render it difficult to obtain money on its security.

Hume, O'Connell, Strickland, and Gillon—let this be remembered by the people of England—spoke manfully in support of the motion.

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

In both countries there has occurred nothing worthy of commemoration since the commencement of the month, but the progress of cholera. Its diffusion since its first arrival at Sunderland has been slow and irregular. In the beginning, its course was northwards; it first reached Newcastle, whence it diffused itself through the surrounding country. Passing over all the intermediate stages, it arrived in Haddington. Thence it spread to Musselburgh, and Portobello. A few cases occurred in Edinburgh. It was next heard of in Kirkintulloch; and in a short time appeared in Glasgow. The next place attacked was London. It was supposed to have disappeared from Edinburgh; but suddenly re-appeared in Canonmills and the village of the Water of Leith, which we certainly have been in the habit of viewing as joined to the town. The disease has been extremely virulent only where it caught the inhabitants unprepared. It seems at its first access almost immedicable. When about to leave a place, it becomes much milder. To this circumstance must be attributed, the immense number of contradictory specifics. Medical men, who at first found all their drugs unavailing, have attributed to their last experimental medicines cures which would have taken place although nothing had been administered. Dissection has hitherto thrown no light on the nature or cause of the disease.

IRELAND.

By the Census of 1831, Ireland must have contained at the commencement of the present year 7,734,365 inhabitants, exclusive of the military, which the present system of government renders it necessary to maintain permanently in that country to aid the police in keeping the people quiet. These millions inhabit 2,450 parishes: of which 1,507 had made arrangements respecting tithes under the Composition Act previous to January 1832. The gross amount of composition is £422,004, 6s. 1d. The whole tithes of Ireland are estimated at £800,000. An article in our present number explains the additional burdens imposed by the establishment upon each parish. The present annual value of the church lands in Ireland we have not been able to ascertain. The Board of first fruits in Ireland has since

1825 expended annually on an average £20,000 in building churches and glebe houses and purchasing glebes. Under these circumstances we cannot wonder that resistance to the payment of tithes at present engrosses the public mind in Ireland.—The first decided opposition to the payment of tithe took place in the parish of Graigue (on the borders of Kilkenny and Carlow) in November 1830. The subsequent progress up to the commencement of the present year is beyond the limits of our retrospect. It has gone on increasing since January. In the course of February several meetings to petition against tithes were held in the county of Carlow. There was a meeting in almost every barony of Wexford. But the spirit of resistance has spread beyond the boundaries of Leinster. The inhabitants of the parishes of Kilworth, Kilcrumper, Macrony and Leitrim in the county of Cork, met on the 26th of February to petition against the present oppressive system. Both Protestants and Catholics convened for a similar purpose at Athenry and other parishes in the county Galway on the same day. Even the inhabitants of Pettigo in the distant Donegal, transmitted a memorial to Government on this all-important subject by the hand of the military commandant of the district. But the most imposing of all the meetings were those of Graigue, Naas near Dublin, and the Curragh of Kildare, at each of which, upwards of 10,000 men appeared. The temperate daring of the speakers was every thing that could be desired.—These proceedings of the many resident landlords and yeomanry of Ireland are not to be confounded with the outrages committed under the pretext of this good cause. Such excesses are perhaps inseparable from moments of popular excitement, which are naturally selected by desperadoes because then "their sounding steps cannot be heard." At any rate this must continue to be the case in Ireland as long as an ill-organised and oppressive government perverts the peasant's sense of right and grinds him to desperation. On the 11th January the Earl of Gosford announced to government an assault committed a few days before upon some of the tithe drivers in the parish of Creggan, county of Armagh. On Thursday the 13th a body of 2,000 men paraded the Barony of Ennismore in the county of Donegal in a violent and threatening manner, and attacked the house of one individual. On the 23rd. they collected in yet greater numbers at Carndonagh, and broke the windows of the Lieutenant of Police, exclaiming they would not pay rent, tithes

nor taxes until O'Connell had got new laws for Ireland. A party estimated at 7,000 men assembled in like manner at Clonmanny on the 24th and obliged the tithe agent by threats to refund what he had collected. Rockite notices were posted liberally throughout the four provinces. Sir John Harvey, Inspector-General of Police for the province of Leinster, states in his evidence before the Committee on Tithes, that by directing the whole force of military and police which government could bring to bear upon the county of Kilkenny, upon Graigue for two months incessantly, he had not been able to collect above one third of the arrears of tithe due in that parish alone. The Rev. Hans Hamilton stated to the same committee that the disturbed districts (meaning thereby those also in which the opposition was entirely passive) must be proclaimed, and "an overwhelming force of military and police poured in upon them, or tithes must be abandoned;" and to do the Rev. gentleman justice, he seemed most anxious for the adoption of the first alternative.—A Privy Council met at the Castle on the 15th of February, consisting of one Earl and one soldier, the rest clergymen and lawyers, which declared that certain districts of Kilkenny and Queen's County were in a state of disturbance, and required an extraordinary establishment of police. We were not much astonished when Mr. Sturley promulgated his Arms Bill to a wondering senate. The Secretary for Ireland is a clever lad, but he was like many other scions of the Aristocracy sent into Parliament when he ought to have been still at college, to blunder his way into Statesmanship; and your suckling ministers are proverbially fond of "energetic measures." But that men, come to the years of discretion and long resident in Ireland, should have known no better what the time called for is passing strange.—O'Connell managed the matter better. On the 17th of February he dispatched Mr. Thomas Steele on a mission to Ireland. That gentleman attended a meeting of the National Political Union in Dublin on the 23rd, where he was enthusiastically welcomed and called to the chair. He read O'Connell's message to the assembly which briefly and forcibly impressed the mischief which had resulted from outrage, the impediments which violence and crime had thrown in the way of the abolition of tithes. Mr. Steele announced his intention of visiting the disturbed districts, but was assured that the meetings already held, by giving a legal vent to the feelings of the people,

had put an effectual check upon disturbances. On Sunday the 4th of March Mr. O'Connell arrived and addressed the Union in person.—The Orangemen have now resolved to try their hand at agitation, and resistance to the imposition of disagreeable taxes. At the very moment that the protestant (how a name respectable elsewhere may be rendered odious by the knaves who assume it) magistrates were clamouring for assistance against what they called insurrection, they refused to act unless relieved of certain fees payable upon the renewal of their commissions. The plea would have been feasible enough, and the manner of urging it unimpeachable from any other quarter. Since that time the enlightened arrangements of the ministry for promoting education in Ireland, have been made a handle for the excitement of factious grumblings: and one baronet with equal piety and good taste has endeavoured to raise the war-cry of "the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible."

COLONIES.

JAMAICA is the colony in which recent events seem to call most particularly for commemoration.—On Friday the 16th December, 1831, the negroes on the Salt Spring estate, parish of St. James, evinced a spirit of insubordination; and two constables sent to apprehend and convey the ring-leaders to Montego Bay, were assaulted and deprived of their pistols and mules. The town was in a state of alarm, and a thousand confused rumours floated about on Saturday and Sunday. On Monday, immediately after sunset the reflection of conflagrations was seen immediately above the horizon in seven different directions. On the 23rd the trash-houses of York Estate in Trelawny parish were fired; and a strong spirit of insubordination was evinced by the slaves on several other estates. Up to the 30th the number of fires in the parishes of St. James and Trelawny continued on the increase. Nine tenths of the slave population refused to work. The militia had been called out on the 20th, and parties despatched to different stations where insurrectionary movements were expected. At first, wherever they appeared, the negroes retired to the woods. The latter, however, continued to harass their pursuers, and growing bolder by degrees, the parties of militia were withdrawn, lest they should be cut off in detail; and the effective force of the regiment was concentrated in Montego Bay.—Lord Belmore, the governor, who received intelligence of these occurrences

on the 22d, immediately made application to Commodore Farquhar, who, at his request, despatched ships-of-war to Port-Antonio, Montego Bay, and Black River. On the 29th, Sir Willoughby Cotton embarked with two companies of the 84th Regiment for Montego Bay, on board the *Sparrowhawk*. On the 31st, Commodore Farquhar followed in the *Blanche*, with 300 men of the 33d and 84th Regiments; and twelve artillerymen, with two field-pieces and rockets, &c.—On the 29th, the governor having convened a council of war, in due form, martial law was regularly proclaimed. Orders were, at the same time issued to the St. Ann's Western Regiment to assemble at Rio Bueno; the Clarendon Regiment on the confines of Trelawny; the Westmoreland and Hanover Regiments on the confines of St. James's. The object of this arrangement was to cut off all communication between the disturbed districts, and other parts of the island.—These orders had scarcely been given, when intelligence was received from General Robertson that the insurrection had spread into the parish of St. Elizabeth. The General expressed an opinion that his whole force was unable to suppress the insurgents. Accordingly, fifty men of the 77th, were sent on board the *Rose* on the 3d of January, and despatched under the command of Major Wilson, to Black River.—Sir Willoughby Cotton proceeded immediately on his arrival at his destination, to arrange an organized system of operations, in which he was readily seconded by all the militia, with the exception of the Trelawny regiment, of which he found much reason to complain. He succeeded in opening up a communication with Maroon Town, and obtained essential assistance from the Maroons, in tracking the negroes, most of whom retired to the woods. By the 6th, Sir Willoughby was able to write to the Governor that the neck of the insurrection was broken in that district. There have been partial risings at various points since, but the spirit of the negroes seems broken; and, with the exception of a few of the boldest, they are returning to work. Such of the ringleaders as fell into the hands of the military have been shot; the others flogged, or pardoned. The amount of lives lost, and property destroyed, is not known, except from vague rumour. Box, a Wesleyan missionary, was apprehended, but liberated by the Governor; there being no tangible accusation brought against him.—On the 31st of December, the governor received intelligence from the

custos of the Parish of Portland, that the negroes on three estates had refused to work and betaken themselves to the woods. Captain Tathwell with thirty men of the thirty-third regiment, was accordingly embarked on board the *Hya-sinth* for Morant Bay with directions to march thence to Manchioneal; where he found the regiments of Portland, St. George, and St. Thomas, in the east, already assembled. At the same time, forty men of the seventy-seventh were conveyed in the boats of the *Champion* from Port Antonio to Manchioneal. The command of the district was given to Colonel M'Leod, with the rank of Lieut.-General of militia. No farther movements were attempted on the part of the slaves; the burning of a trash-house which occurred, being apparently accidental. The Maroons, however, sent in pursuit of the absconding slaves, found thirty-one houses erected in the deepest recesses of the woods—an indication that their measures must have been taken some time before. The King's proclamation, when read to the negroes in Manchioneal, was treated with undisguised contempt.—On the 14th of January symptoms of insubordination shewed themselves on an estate in St. Anne's parish. This was a quarter in which nothing of the kind had been looked for. An example was made of a ringleader; and two companies of the St. Catherine's militia were marched upon that point to preserve quiet.—Great preparations were made at Kingston, but nothing transpired to shew their necessity.—No occurrence has as yet justified the assertions of the planters that the insurrection was prompted and organized by the sectarian missionaries. The threats against them were, nevertheless, so audacious, that the Wesleyans found themselves under the necessity of claiming the governor's protection. In an interview which three of their number had with his Lordship, at St. Iago, on the 7th of January, this was frankly promised.—Lord Belmore returns to England, and is succeeded by Lord Mulgrave. This arrangement was made some time ago.

DEMERARY and ESSEQUIBO.—The order in Council, dated 2nd November, 1831, was published in this colony on the 12th January, 1832. A protest was immediately drawn up, and signed by the great majority of the proprietors and overseers; a note was appended to this document authorizing certain individuals to appear for the interest of the subscribers, and execute the protest at the Colonial Secretary's Office. They protest against the Order in Council as an

infringement upon the fundamental laws of the Colony and upon the rights of private property; they protest against all authorities and parties concerned in promulgating and enforcing the order; they protest against any obedience they may be forced to yield to its provisions being interpreted into acquiescence or voluntary submission. The paper is eminently characterised by that confusion of language, and that blundering repetition of strong expressions, unavoidable when people are in a towering passion.

ST. LUCIA.—The promulgation of the Order in Council was followed by a refusal to furnish government with provisions and other necessaries. A vessel was fitted out to procure the requisite supplies from the neighbouring islands. The colonists endeavoured by the same vessel to forward letters to their correspondents requesting them not to furnish the government with what it wanted. The letters were opened by the acting governor, Lieutenant-colonel Boyden, and an embargo laid upon all vessels from the 18th to the 23rd of January. All shops were shut up, and trade of every kind at a stand-still. The negroes were refusing to work.

It is evident that a crisis is approaching in the history of our West India colonies. They have some reason to complain of our legislature for fettering them with unnecessary taxes and restrictions. On the other hand, they have conceded to us at least a mediæval right in their internal arrangements, in return for the protection afforded them by our fleets and armies. This they seek to elude, in the question of negro emancipation, under the pretext that "slaves are not subjects"—thus seeking to remove those unhappy beings from the protection of the laws. There is, we fear, little chance of their seeing the danger in which they stand, till they have pulled down upon themselves a heavier judgment than that of Jamaica.

FOREIGN STATES.

Our intelligence, respecting transactions abroad, since the beginning of the present year, the period at which our historical register commences, is not sufficiently definite and authentic to justify us in recording them. This deficiency shall be amply supplied in future numbers.

STATE OF COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

MARCH, 1832.

UNDER this head, we shall record monthly, the state of British Manufactures and Commerce; not confining ourselves to the transactions of the Stock Exchange, or even of "the City," but comprising within our view the great seats of manufacturing industry, and the principal outposts, and examining the causes which affect the prosperity of the Foreign and Home Trade in all its most extensive branches.

At the period when our labours commence, trade is suffering under depression from two great causes; first, the suspension of confidence as to internal tranquillity, owing to the delay in passing the Reform Bill; and, secondly, the appearance of the Cholera in the metropolis, and in one of our great manufacturing districts, in both of which it has had effects like those it produces on the human frame, checking the circulation, obstructing the pores, and oppressing the sources of life and activity. Yet as the disease has fallen upon a subject not previously unhealthy, there is good reason to believe

that the patient will, ere long, recover. A more permanent cause, it must be allowed, bears upon the energies of the nation—in some degree limiting the extent of its operations, but still more reducing the profit upon them, namely, the oppressive load of taxation. Low profits and low wages are a universal subject of complaint, and thus industry is kept unduly on the strain with inadequate compensation. The passing of the Reform Bill, whose fruits will be public confidence and economical government; the abolition of the Corn Laws, which would remove an incubus from the productive classes; the opening of the markets of India and China to our merchants, or the modification of the American tariff,—any one of these things—much more all—would give a spring to the national industry, and hasten the return of prosperity. A melancholy reverse would be produced by the spread of the Cholera to the English manufacturing districts.

The currency of the country is in a

sound state, and the bill circulation indicates a healthy condition of trade. There never was less of speculation or over-trading. Stocks are low both in the hands of the manufacturer and the retail dealer. Money is not scarce. The farmers are feeling the beneficial effects of a good harvest and a high price of wool, which enable them to struggle against excessive rents. The manufacturers are, generally speaking, active; and the foreign trade is pretty good. Here are substantial grounds for hope, if the clouds should pass away from the political horizon.

But to descend to particulars :

LONDON, the great centre of commercial and money transactions, is nearly paralyzed by the Cholera. In consequence of the quarantine established in foreign countries, there is a distressing stagnation in the shipping and export trade; and even the country dealers, who are accustomed to make their purchases of manufactured goods in the metropolis, have been kept away by fear of the pestilence. Should this cause continue long to prevail, it will be nearly as ruinous to tradesmen, as it is calamitous to the labouring classes.

THE COTTON MANUFACTURE,—by far the largest branch of manufacturing industry,—is, on the whole, in a flourishing state. At *Manchester*, and the other great towns of Lancashire, the weavers, both by the hand-loom and power-loom, are in full employment; though the hand-loom weavers are, and ever will be, wretchedly paid, owing to the facility of learning that employment, the consequent liability to an overstock of hands, and the competition of the power-loom. The demand for goods is large and increasing, both for the foreign and home trade, and stocks are low. The spinning branch is much depressed, and has, for some months back, been a very losing trade. The printers have experienced admirable effects from the repeal of the duty on printed cottons and muslins, by the present Chancellor of the Exchequer; they have made a great advance in the excellence of their work, and have distanced all foreign competition, when quality and cheapness are taken together. The best French prints may equal, or even excel, the best English; but the former are too expensive to meet the English in the general markets of the world. The prospects of the Cotton Manufactures are decidedly good, if the cholera should not reach the manufacturing districts. In Scotland, this calamity has already occurred, and is severely felt. *Glasgow* and *Paisley*, where

trade was previously good, have had their activity much restricted, and their prospects clouded, by the existence of the distemper, which is ever found to produce much more alarm at a distance, than in the place where it actually exists. Owing to the quarantining regulations, the shipments of goods are very few; and even when Scotch manufactured goods are sent to be shipped at Liverpool, the foreign consuls there make diligent inquiry, and certify that they came from an infected place. The manufacturers are looking to the necessity of working short hours, and dismissing many of their workmen; and some of the principal houses have bought goods in Manchester to execute their orders. The shipping of the Clyde is necessarily in a very depressed state.

At *Liverpool*, which is so closely connected with the manufacturing districts, and shares their prosperity or distress, trade is decidedly good; it is indeed in a state of unusual activity, owing to the obstruction of the Thames and the Clyde. The demand for cotton is steady and even increasing; and as the quantity imported has been less this year than last, as the stocks are now lower than in March 1831, and as the present crop is believed to be short of what was estimated, and not exceeding an average, the price has risen in all qualities, especially in the low and common kind. The exports of manufactured goods from Liverpool were greater during the last year, and the first two months of the present, than have been known for many years past, especially to the United States. The Dutch colonies of the East, cut off from the Belgian manufactures, are now considerable customers to the English. There is also an extensive trade to China, especially in cotton goods and yarn, carried on from Liverpool, by the Americans; when the absurd monopoly of the East India Company is at an end, this branch will come into the hands of our own countrymen.

THE WOOLLEN MANUFACTURE, which ranks next in importance to the cotton, is in a less flourishing condition. The mildness of the winter has had an unfavourable effect on the demand for coarse woollens, blankets, and flannels. The cholera in London has occasioned many orders, both for the capital and foreign countries, to be countermanded. The rise in the price of the raw material which, in the low and middle qualities has been great, has also narrowed the profits of the manufacturer; cloth has not experienced a proportionate rise, and the attempt to obtain it has injuriously affected the sale. The country demand is, on

the whole, steady. During the last year, the exports were exceedingly large, especially to the United States; that market being now fully stocked, a reaction is taking place. The trade to Portugal is suspended, in consequence of the critical state of that country, Don Miguel's lawless tyranny, and the monstrous quarantine of seventy days established against English vessels. A good trade is anticipated to Germany and the north of Europe. The important market of Brazil is nearly lost, owing to the total want of confidence in the stability of the Government.

In the *West of England*, the woollen manufacture is much brisker than it has been for a long time past; extensive orders for the East Indies have contributed much to produce this effect. At *Leeds* and *Halifax* the trade is dull, and the mills are working short hours; but the domestic manufacturers in the populous clothing villages of the West Riding of Yorkshire are, for the most part fully employed, though making miserable profits. At *Huddersfield*, trade is more lively, especially in the fancy manufacture.

The **Worsted Stuff Manufacture**, whose chief seat is at *Bradford* and the neighbourhood, is in a tolerably good state.

FOREIGN WOOL, of middle and low qualities, is scarce and steady in price. The finer qualities were never cheaper. **ENGLISH LONG WOOLS** keep up from the scanty supply. **ENGLISH SHORT WOOLS** were rather lower at the great fair at Bristol in the beginning of this month, and the Leicester market is flat.

The **SILK MANUFACTURE**. The unfavourable side of this manufacture has been fully exhibited in Parliament: the trade is undoubtedly much depressed, and the manufacturers of Spitalfields, Macclesfield, and Congleton, are suffering severely. Yet the distress of these places is more owing to the successful competition of Manchester, where all the silk weavers are fully employed, than to the competition of the French. The trade has extended immensely since it was partially opened by Mr. Huskisson.

The **GLOVE MANUFACTURE** at Worcester has been much injured by the competition of Yeovil, Chard, &c. as well as by the new manufacture of cotton gloves at Leicester. The fact, that the importation of the raw material of leather gloves was twice as large in 1831 as in 1829, amply proves that this trade is not going to decay.

The **IRON MANUFACTURE**. An excessive supply has for a long time kept prices extremely low, notwithstanding a

very great demand. Stocks are somewhat decreasing, and the home and export trade is large, but prices do not rise.

The **HARDWARE AND CUTLERY MANUFACTURES** of Birmingham and Sheffield are in a state of great activity.

The market for **COLONIAL PRODUCTS** has been greatly depressed, owing to the negro insurrection in Jamaica, and the dreadful loss of property it involves. *Sugar* has consequently risen in price. The attempt made in Parliament to obtain a reduction of the duties, the narrow division by which that attempt was defeated, and the expectation held out by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of some alteration favourable to the West India Interest, keep the trade in suspense.

The commercial world are looking with much anxiety to a modification of the Tariff of the United States. The liquidation of the national debt of that country, which will take place this year, would at once enable Congress to make a reduction in the duties on imported commodities; nor is it probable that a people like the Americans will consent to pay heavy taxes, when the revenue does not require it, for the mere protection of the manufacturers of New-England. A bill for gradually reducing the high duties on cotton, woollen, and iron manufactures introduced by Mr. MacDuffie, is now before the House of Representatives: its fate is uncertain, yet, that some such measure must soon pass, appears almost inevitable. A modification of the English Corn Laws would accelerate a modification of the American Tariff; and, by each of these measures, the people of Great Britain would prodigiously gain in wealth and comfort.

The "Comparative Statement of British and Foreign Tonnage which have entered the Ports of Great Britain for the last six years, ending 5th January, 1832," presented to the House of Commons on the 5th of March, is inserted here, as a valuable comment upon the alleged decline of the shipping interest, from the adoption of free-trade principles.

Year.	British Tonnage.	Foreign Tonnage.
1826	1,796,250	643,022
1827	1,972,780	715,824
1828	1,955,548	604,097
1829	2,033,854	682,048
1830	2,036,091	756,297
1831	2,236,446	847,320

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MEDICINE.

Supplement to the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal: containing Official Reports, and Analyses of other Recent Publications on Malignant Cholera. Edinburgh: Adam Black.

WE notice this valuable number of one of the most able medical periodicals in Europe, in order to save us from the necessity of lumbering our pages with the titles of the publications on cholera, "in number numberless," spawned, like premature births, under the influence of terror. The most valuable are briefly indicated in the "Supplement;" which contains, moreover, full details of the cholera, as it appeared in Russia, Poland, and Egypt, and in our own country. The paper by Dr. Christison, detailing the arrangements of the Edinburgh Board of Health, is particularly valuable.

Observations on the Medical Treatment of Insanity. By EDWARD J. SEYMOUR, M.D. London: Longman & Co.

THIS volume contains the substance of the Croonian lectures, delivered in May, 1831, by the author. He confines himself to "the investigation of diseases of the sensorium, arising from the disturbance of its intellectual perceptions, either actually commencing in the brain itself, or secondarily, from the extraordinary sympathy of that organ with viscera, in the other cavities of the body." This we hold to be anything rather than clear language. The style is agreeable, the arrangement natural, and the subject interesting. No new light, however, is thrown upon either the nature or origin of the disease, or best modes of cure. The treatise would, as an exercise, do credit to a pupil, but is scarcely worthy of a teacher.

HISTORY, STATISTICS, AND TRAVELS.

The Cabinet Annual Register, and Historical, Political, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Chronicle for the year 1831. London: Henry Washbourne.

UPON the whole this work is better than its predecessors; and has the merit of more liberal politics. There is still room, however, for the improvement which the Editor promises in the next volume. Of the present one, the part most worthy of commendation is the abstract of parliamentary proceedings which is executed with fairness. We are not insensible to the apology that the Chronicle of

foreign events has been necessarily limited by the importance of the occurrences at home; but this portion of the book is of unequal execution; and the narrative of Polish affairs is particularly meagre. Though a reformer, the author in his chapter on Domestic History, has hazarded various opinions and insinuations which he may perhaps refer to in proof of his impartiality, but which are too like paltering to the views of the crafty, worthless faction, which foresees its merited extinction in the success of Reform. He thinks that the connexion of "the enlightened and honourable portion" of the advocates of Parliamentary Reform, with the system of incendiarism and destruction of property, is utterly impossible. Truly, the Reformers are much obliged to him for the cautious admission. A raging Conservative could not have been more nicely guarded in his language. The cloven foot appears again, when we are informed that the "respectable" part of the press exerted itself to maintain order after the rejection of the Bill by the Lords; the "worthless portion" of it to promote discord and anarchy; but that the people remained quiet notwithstanding its endeavours, and "the imprudent violence of many of the public speakers." The decision of the Peers did indeed produce discord; but we know of no portion of the press which laboured to create anarchy; and the language of the public speakers though determined, was almost uniformly moderate—sometimes too moderate.—We are not surprised that a writer so accommodating to lordly prejudice, should direct his pointless arrows against Political Unions; that he should deem the existence of these "clubbists" as he terms them illegal, inconsistent with monarchy, nay, perhaps dangerous to the security of property; and that he is inclined to think they should instantly have been suppressed by Government! How comes it that not a word is said of the Charles-street gang? Are open associations to concentrate public opinion, more unconstitutional than secret cabals for the universal diffusion of bribery, and the strengthening of all manner of corrupt influence? The Charles-street people may not have deserved notice in the historical summary; but, at least, the doings of these public robbers might have had a place in the "Notabilia," with as much propriety as the tricks of private rogues.—By the way, the Editor ought not hereafter to permit so many trifling events to

appear in these "Notabilia." Take the following example; it is, to be sure, one of the strongest:—"October 31.—A fine dray horse, belonging to Messrs Reid and Co., drawing a butt of beer out of the cellar of a public house in High-street, Marylebone, fell back into the cellar, a depth of eighteen feet, and was so much injured by the fall, that it died in a few minutes"—p. 363.—There is a collection of public documents, lists, tables, &c. which will be useful. We direct especial notice to the list of pensioners in 1831, enjoying pensions of £1000 and upwards. A list of the division in the House of Peers on the Reform Bill would not have been misplaced.

Practical View of Ireland from the Period of the Union; with Plans for the Permanent Relief of the Poor, and the Improvement of her Municipal Organization. By JAMES BUTLER BRYAN. Dublin: W. F. Wakeman.

MR. BRYAN starts with the declaration that the "Regeneration of Ireland evidently depends upon the just application of the science of social economy." He has not however shewn himself adequate to this delicate task, either in his acquaintance with the principles of that science, or with the exact circumstances of the society to which he seeks to apply them. His book is loose, rambling, and declamatory. It affords sufficient ground to doubt a man's knowledge of any science when he abandons argument for appeals to the feelings. We can place little reliance upon assertions guaranteed by such a reference as—"an eminent stock-broker in Dublin informs me," and yet this, or something equivalent, is frequently Mr. Butler's only authority. In short, our objections to his book are:—That he has told us nothing about Ireland we did not know before; that he has suggested no remedies for her ills that have not often been discussed; that he has brought forward no new argument in their favour.—Some facts, however, which he states, remind us of what cannot be too often repeated:—1st, There are no poor laws in Ireland, and consequently the proprietors have no interest in seeing that their land is not overstocked; and England and Scotland are turned into poor-houses for maintaining the redundant pauperism of Ireland. 2d, Under the present wretched system, the Irish peasant is continually on the brink of starvation; the marked increase of disease in Ireland of late years is in a great measure the consequence of inanition. 3d, The Irish are burdened with a heavy

taxation for the payment of an alien priesthood. The Protestant Church Establishment in Ireland is of no direct use; for the majority of the people dare not listen to its doctrines. It is of no indirect use in the support of morality in any higher degree than the Romish Church. The morals of both are the same, although their faith may differ. 4th, The judicial system of Ireland is so burdened with incompatible legislative and executive functions, that the temptation to jobbing is not only held out to, but pressed upon its officers. 5th, There is very inadequate provision made for the protection of personal freedom. In the year 1828, the number of persons committed for trial in England and Wales was 16,564: the number not prosecuted, or against whom no bills were found, was 1,627, about one-tenth of the whole number. The number of persons committed for trial in Ireland during the same year was 14,683: the number not prosecuted, or against whom no bills were found, was 3,169, considerably more than one-fifth.—With a population thus plundered, famished, and unprotected by the law, need we wonder that the landed proprietors of Ireland hold their domains solely by the tenure of British bayonets?

Historical Researches into the Politics, Intercourse, and Trade of the Carthaginians, Ethiopians, and Egyptians. By A. H. L. HEEREN, translated from the German. Two volumes 8vo. Oxford: D. A. Talboys.

THIS is an ably executed translation of a portion of Heeren's voluminous publications on the statistics of the ancients.—The portion of this work which the author has devoted to Egypt and Ethiopia consists principally of a *precis* of the monuments these nations have left behind them; and an attempt to infer from their nature, and from the few meagre traditions which classical authors have preserved, the institutions and moral and intellectual development of the people who executed them. The commercial details are brief and unsatisfactory, confined to an enumeration of the principal articles, and a sketch of the high roads of Egyptian and Ethiopian trade.—The essay on Carthage is much more complete and satisfactory. Strange that we should know so much of the domestic economy of a people, whose very language has so completely perished, that we can but vaguely guess at the great family to which it belonged!—The Carthaginian state in its principles much resembled that of Rome. The power was vested in the inhabitants of the principal

city; to which the other towns of the empire owed a more or less implicit obedience.—That portion of northern Africa, bounded on the south by the lesser Syrtis and Lake Loudeah,—on the east and north, by the Mediterranean, and having an indefinite boundary to the west, was densely peopled and highly cultivated. The Balearian Islands, Sardinia, and Malta, the west of Sicily, and the southern parts of Corsica, were subject to Carthage. She had frequent factories along the coast of Africa to the Strait of Gibraltar, and along the coast of Spain.—The land commerce of Carthage extended eastward through the desert to Egypt, and possibly southward to the Niger; her maritime commerce over the whole Mediterranean, beyond the Straits, southward along the coast of Africa, northward to the Scilly Isles.—Her war-fleets were more numerous, her vessels of greater bulk, and better appointed than those of any other nation. In addition to her own citizens, she could, by her wealth, command the warlike services of the numerous barbarian tribes in the neighbourhood of her settlements.—At the time she thus flourished, the only other nations of any consequence upon the waters of the inland basin, terminating on the west at the Strait of Gibraltar, on the east at the double Strait between Tunis and Sicily (which is commanded by Malta,) and between that island and Calabria, were the Romans, Etrurians, and Massilians. The Romans had as yet no fleet; the other two were comparatively limited in their extent of territory and other resources. Under these circumstances, the vain dream of appropriating all the shores of a sea, and by that means the waters themselves, whose exits and entrances admitted of being so easily guarded, was any thing but unnatural. But Carthaginian greatness was held together by a rope of sand and not calculated to endure. Power, even when concentrated in one person, is uncertain; how much more so when it is the common property of a large multitude, whose respective rights and relations are undefined? That state alone can endure, whose institutions, giving to every citizen a share in their establishment, give him a pride and interest in their perpetuation. Carthage was weakened by internal dissension; and fell before the Romans. The disease was natural and necessary; the conquerors were accidental—had they not effected her overthrow, some other people must have done it.—Carthage has left us no trace of her language; but translations of two commercial treaties—of the nar-

native of one sea voyage, and of the fragments of a work upon husbandry have come down to us.

Memoir of Sebastian Cabot, with a Review of the History of Maritime Discovery; illustrated by Documents from the Rolls, now first published. London: Hurst, Chance, & Co.

THE author of this memoir, Mr. Biddle, an American, has rendered essential service to the early history of his native continent, by ascertaining, with more accuracy than any former writer, the precise date of its discovery, and the extent and locality of the investigations made by its first discoverer. His tone is triumphant and sarcastic, but really his forerunners have given him some cause.—Sebastian Cabot was the son of John Cabot, a Venetian merchant, resident in England. He was long supposed to have been a native of Venice; but Richard Eden says, in his “Decades of the New World,—‘Sebastian Cabote told me that he was borne in Brystowe, and that at fiii (four) yeare old, he was carried with his father to Venice, and so returned agayne into England, with his father, after certayne years, whereby he was thought to have been born in Venice.’” He came back to England in childhood—“*pene infans*;” and there remained, till he reached man’s estate.—Lewis Sebastian, and Sancius Cabot, with their father, were the first, after Columbus, to project a voyage to India, by a north-westerly route; and their scheme was approved of, and put into execution under the patronage of Henry VII. Their first patent, is dated the 5th of March, 1496. They were thereby authorized “to seek out, discover, and find whatsoever isles, countries, regions, or provinces of the heathen and infidels, whatsoever they be, and in what part of the world soever they be, which, before this time, have been unknown to all Christians.” A fifth of the profits of the enterprise was reserved to the King; and the exclusive resort and traffic assigned to the patentees. The expedition sailed from Bristol, in May 1497, under the command of Sebastian; and we learn from an ancient Bristol manuscript, that, “In the year 1497, the 24th June, on St. John’s day, was Newfoundland found by Bristol men, in a ship called the *Mathew*.” Having reached latitude 67 and a-half, Cabot bent his course southward, coasting along the continent of Labrador, until he came to a latitude corresponding with that of the Strait of Gibraltar. According to Peter Martyr, “*ad occidentem profectus tantum est,*

ut *Cubum insulam a laeva longitudine graduum penè parem habuerit.*" But here he was compelled to abandon farther pursuit, and for want of provisions, return to England.—These facts are now, for the first time, ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt, by the discovery of the second patent in the Rolls' Chapel. This document empowers John Kabotta to take at pleasure six English ships, and "them convey and lode to the Londe and Isles of late found, by the same John, in our name, and by our commandement." Ignorance of the existence of this document has kept geographers in the dark regarding the results of the first voyage of Sebastian Cabot, and led them to assign the merit of the discovery to the father in place of the son. Mr. Biddle has completely established the claims of the latter. The patents were conferred upon the father as the responsible undertaker of the enterprise; but it is doubtful, if he even accompanied the expedition. To Sebastian Cabot belongs the honour of having twice reached America, and commenced his *third voyage* from England, when Amerigo Vespucci crossed the Atlantic for the *first time*. And, yet, remarks Mr. Biddle, "while the name of the one overspreads the New World, no bay, cape, or headland recalls the memory of the other."—Regarding Sebastian's second expedition, we only know, from Eden, that he "directed his course by the trace of Islands upon the Cape of Labrador, at lviij degrees; affirmynge that, in the moneth of July, there was such cold and heapes of ice, that he durst pass no further;" and that, "considerynge the cold and the strangeness of the unknown lande, he turned his course from thence to the west, plowyng the coast of the land of Baccalaos, unto the xxxviii degrees, from whence he returned to Englande." Cabot made several subsequent voyages to North and South America; filled, at one time, the office of pilot-major in Spain; and, latterly, returning to England, influenced, by his wisdom and experience, various maritime expeditions, from which the greatest commercial advantages resulted to his native country.—Independently of the learning and industry shewn in this volume—throwing light upon many important questions in the history of maritime discovery—its author is entitled to our liveliest gratitude for rescuing from obscurity the too long neglected records of a man, who, in the words of his biographer, "ended, as he began, his career in the service of his native country, infusing into her maritime spirit of lofty enterprise—a high moral tone—a system of mild, but inflexible

discipline, of which the results were, not long after, so conspicuously displayed."

On Financial Reform. By SIR HENRY PARNELL, Bart. M.P. Fourth edition. London: John Murray.

THE LACONIC preface to this edition contains the history of the practical advance of the principles enunciated in the work.—"The increasing contempt for the old policy, that trade can be advantageously regulated by taxation, is most gratifying. Since 1831, the duties on leather, printed calicoes, coals, and slates, have been repealed; those on Brandy and French wines reduced. A commission has been appointed to suggest improvements on the mode of public accounts; of this measure, Dr. Bowring's report of the Commissioners on the Exchange are the fruits. An inquiry has been instituted at Paris by the French and British governments, respecting the best means of removing the restrictions which fetter the commerce of the two nations. Conventions have been held in America:—one by the friends of free-trade at Philadelphia; another by its opponents at New York. Both have published able arguments in defence of their respective views. Meanwhile the State of New York has declared for Free Trade. If these three great nations succeed in freeing themselves from old and illiberal prejudices, the world must follow in their wake. Sir Henry justly remarks, that at home two great objects yet remain to be accomplished:—1st, The reformation of our colonial system relative to trade and finance; 2d, A large reduction of national expenditure. Whenever one or the other is accomplished, he may cherish the proud reflection that he has been one of their ablest, most honest, and most indefatigable advocates.

British America. By JOHN M'GREGOR, Esq. In two vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: William Blackwood.

MAKING allowance for two or three obsolete whimsies respecting colonial systems, and the advantage of restrictions on trade, we have found Mr. M'Gregor a sensible and intelligent man. Even after the works of Bouchette on the Canadas, and Haliburton on Nova Scotia, he may be read with advantage. Although by no means equally important with the works of these gentlemen, his book does at times serve to clear up some points they have left in doubt. But his most valuable contribution to the statistics of our trans-Atlantic settlements is the account of the island of Newfoundland—concerning which, we seldom in this country per-

fectly in the dark.—Newfoundland extends nearly across the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; between 46° and 51° of north latitude; and 52° and 59° of West longitude. Its form is triangular, the line of southern coast forming the base, and the northern extremity the apex. Mr. McGregor nowhere states the amount of population, but the census of 1827 gave 36,000, and Bouchette estimated it in 1831, at 75,000. These settlers are all located on the coast. The interior is scarcely known, but from two journeys by an enterprising gentleman of the name of Cormack. In 1822, he accomplished a pedestrian excursion across the southern and broadest extremity of the island, from Trinity bay on the east to St. George's on the west. The general character of the surface was a succession of lakes, rocks, marshes, and scrubby trees. Granite prevailed everywhere. He met indications of iron, and found coal. The eastern half of the interior is low and picturesque; to the westward it is rugged and mountainous, with little wood. The mountains are seldom in ridges. There are large tracts of peat marsh. Mr. Cormack was of opinion that bridle roads might easily be made in the interior. In October 1827, Mr. Cormack departing from the Bay of Exploits in lat. 49° N. crossed to Red Indian Lake about the same latitude, in the centre of the island, and returned to the point, whence he started, by the river which carries off the waters of that basin—a circuit of 220 miles. The country was found to be for the most part low and marshy, with hills to the north and to the west. The principal part of the settlers in Newfoundland inhabit the peninsula of Avalon, which is almost divided from the mainland, into two parallel islands by the bays of Trinity and Conception; which, indenting the east side of the island, almost meet those of Placentia and St. Mary, entering from the south. Scattered settlements extend along the east coast to Twillingate in 50° north latitude; and all along the south coast. St. John's town, the capital, has a population fluctuating between 10,000 and 15,000. For the last three years Newfoundland has exported on an average, fish, oils, and furs, annually, to the value of L. 494,000. She maintains, beside her trade with the mother country, a lively intercourse with our West Indian settlements, and with Prince Edward's Island: exchanging her fish with the former for colonial produce; and her various importations with the latter for grain, cattle, lumber, &c. The fisheries on their own coast and that of Labrador, and the sea-bathing occupy the

greater part of the inhabitants. The prosperity of Newfoundland has been materially impeded by the want of a local legislature—which we trust a popular government at home will soon see the justice and expediency of conceding.

Journal of a Tour in the State of New-York, in the year 1830; with Remarks on Agriculture, in those places most favourable for Settlers. By JOHN FOWLER. London: Whittaker, Treacher, and Arnot.

Mr. Fowler deserves great credit for preserving his temper, and writing about the portion of America he has visited in such a liberal spirit, for he was literally hunted from New York up the Hudson to Albany, and thence the whole length of the Erie canal to Buffalo, by relays of bugs. His descriptions are most graphic, and shew that he felt his subject, but (unlike some other travellers) he does not confound the inhabitants with the vermin of some of their inns, and vituperate the former for the injuries inflicted on him by the latter.—His book contains much valuable information for intending agricultural emigrants. The most northern point of the State of New York, is situated in lat. 45° north. It extends from north to south, 304 miles, and from east to west, 316 exclusive of Long Island. Its area, exclusive of all large waters, is computed to be 27,656,960 acres;—its population 2,000,000 exclusive of foreigners not naturalized. The State is intersected by the Hudson, navigable from the city of New-York to Albany; by the Champlain canal and lake, from that town to the British frontiers in lat. 45° north; from the same central point westward, by the Erie canal to Buffalo. The great mass of the population is concentrated along these lines of water communication. The points of commercial intercourse are New York, the port of the state; Albany, the centre of internal communication; and Buffalo on Lake Erie, rising into importance. The Commerce of the City of New York exceeds that of any other in the United States, and is perhaps only second to London and Liverpool in the commercial world. Silver is the legal tender. The State monies are dollars (4s. 6d. E. at par.) and cents (hundredth parts.) There are numerous banking establishments throughout the State, which issue notes from a large amount down to five dollars. Legal interest is seven per cent., but more may be obtained. The manufactures of the State are thriving, and on the increase, but do not yet vie with those of the Eastern States.—Mr.

Fowler is most minute and particular in his details of the agricultural statistics of the places he visited.—Long Island, 115 miles long, 20 broad, and divided into three counties, has good soil on the north coast, extending from the western extremity about thirty miles to the eastward. On the south the soil is sandy—in some places not worth cultivating; to the east it is chiefly pite-barren. Indian corn is the staple produce, yielding 25 to 50 bushels (of 56 lbs.) per acre, and worth from 50 to 60 cents per bushel. Hay, (chiefly of artificial grasses,) 30 to 40 cwt. per acre; price 8 to 10 dollars per ton. Horses for farming cost from 60 to 75 dollars; milch cows from 15 to 40. There is a great deal of fruit grown, and it pays well. There is plenty of marine vegetable manure. The most general fencing is stone walls, which cost 125 cents the rod. Farming men get 8 to 12 dollars per month, board wages, for eight months of the year; women 5 per month for the whole year round. The roads are good, though sandy; repairing them costs each farmer 5 or 6 dollars per annum for every hundred acres he occupies. The communication with New York is ready and cheap. In 1830, a farm of 200 acres with a superior house, good farm-house, and excellent out-houses, well fenced and in high cultivation sold for 30,000 dollars. Long Island is better fitted for an opulent farmer than for one of limited means.—In the neighbourhood of Utica, on the Erie canal, the soil is fully as well adapted for grazing as for raising crops. Woodland is fully as valuable as cleared. Farms in the vicinity of the canal are valued at from 25 to 50 dollars per acre—the wild land, ten miles from it, sells at from 5 to 10. Not enough of land is rented to establish a rate of rental, but it may be stated at from 1 to 1½ dollars per acre. It is held almost invariably by the year. The *share*, or *hauling* system is prevalent—the farmer sowing the seed and team, doing the whole work, and dividing the produce with the landlord. Wheat produces from 12 to 35 bushels per acre; Indian corn from 15 to 50. The price of the former averages 1 dollar for 60 lbs.; of the latter 56 cents for 56 lbs. Hay returns from 20 to 60 cwt. per acre; and sells at 5 dollars per ton. The value of horses and cows is much the same as in Long Island. Manure is too much neglected. The usual fences, (worm, or crooked rail fences,) cost 50 cents per rod. The roads are repaired by a levy on the farmers, and a poll tax of a day's work on every capable man in the parish. Labourers' wages vary from

5 to 12 dollars per month exclusive of board.—These two points may serve to give a general idea of the state of the agricultural interest in New York.—Internal communication throughout the upper part of the State is much facilitated by branch canals. The slovenly manner in which the roads are necessarily laid out in the less peopled districts render the dust an intolerable nuisance during the dry months. Cloathing is somewhat dearer than in England, food much cheaper. Fever and ague prevail to a considerable extent in the upper country; and are imagined to be most prevalent where the water is bad. The city of New York is at intervals subject to extraordinary mortalities. Crises against property are most frequent at New York and Albany; they are rather on the increase.—These seem the most important particulars reported by Mr. Fowler. The following passage we quote for the satisfaction of Captain Basil Hall;—"On all occasions the utmost deference and most respectful attention is ever paid to the ladies."

BIOGRAPHY.

Reminiscences of the Rev. Robert Hall, A.M., late of Bristol, and Sketches of his Sermons, preached at Cambridge, prior to 1806. By JOHN GREENE, formerly resident at Cambridge. London: Westley and Davis.

THIS is a specimen of the most pleasing kind of biography—the reminiscences of an attached friend. With the genius of Hall every body was acquainted; but here we have him in his native, simple, homely, hearty character, a fine example of the dissenting clergymen of England—a body of men who have done more to bring knowledge temporal and eternal, home to the bosoms of the community, and to keep alive the flame of civil and religious liberty, than any other in the state. The day is approaching when the nation must judge between a lordly establishment and those who have in reality broke the bread of life to the people; and that it may come well prepared to judgment, we recommend the earnest perusal of the "Memoirs of Calamy," the "Correspondence of Doddridge," and these "Reminiscences of Robert Hall." We are proud to do justice to the splendid talents, and truly Christian spirit of many members of the English establishment, and we are no bigots in regard to former establishments; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that, while our rich establishments have proved hot-beds of all corruption and worldly-mindedness, the dissenters of

England, rivaling the holders of fat livings in genius and learning, have left them far behind in their cultivation of the Christian graces.

Memoirs of great Commanders. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. In Three Vols. London: Colburn and Bentley.

A SELECTION of well-conceived and beautifully narrated biographies—the produce of the leisure hours of a man of genius. We are, however, utterly unable to account for bigotry evinced by Mr. James in the life of Oliver Cromwell. Had that great man reigned “by divine right,” and been really guilty of all he is here charged with, his biographer would have found apologies in plenty. It would seem as if superior minds, when they addict themselves to wallowing in the quagmire of superannuated prejudice, have a power of immersing themselves more completely than their neighbours.

The Lives of the Italian Poets. By the Rev. HENRY STIBBING. Second Edition. Three Volumes. London: Edward Bull.

To have a second edition called for is a compliment richly merited by these elegant memoirs. The author announces a volume of illustrative translations from the most esteemed portions of the minor poetry of Italy.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY, No. XXVIII. *British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.* By ALAN CUNNINGHAM. London: John Murray.

THIS number contains, among others, the life of the most eminent of the Scottish painters.—In the life of Jameson, (the Scottish Vandylke,) the author takes a brief retrospect of the history of art, at a period when our national chronicles of even political transactions, are obscure. The sketch is curious and interesting.—The lives of Ramsay, Runciman, and Raaburn are barren in incident; but Mr. Cunningham’s estimate of their power is uniformly correct.—By far the best-written memoir in the volume is that of Ramsay, who, in the opinion of Flaxman, was the first of English painters for poetic dignity of conception. The enthusiasm, application, and extreme sensitiveness of this son of genius, and the gradual “darkening down” of his excited spirit to a state of mental imbecility, are forcibly and feelingly delineated.—The biography of Copley, an artist of considerable celebrity, and father to the present Sir J. Lindhurst, is given to the world, for the first time, in this volume.

Histoire de Napoleon Bonaparte, et l’usage des Ecoles. Par L. A. J. MORDACQUE. A Londres: Porquet & Co.

IN this work, the author has confined himself to the simple narrative of Napoleon’s life. It is written, in a plain, perspicuous style, and from the fascinating and instructive nature, of the subject, is well adapted *pour la jeunesse*.

POETRY.

The Summer Fête. A Poem, with Songs. By T. MOORE. London: Power.

AFTER all, Mr. Moore is the only person alive who can parody Mr. Moore’s poetry. His ode to “The Fair Pugilist,” with its attendant note, in the “Memorial to Congress,” is worth all that the small wits of the day put together have given us, and takes most provokingly the joke out of their mouths. In the same manner any person stumbling upon the following passage, might hesitate whether to attribute it to the grand and serious of “Lalla Rookh,” or to the levity of “The Summer Fête.”

How gay ———
Shone out the high-born knights and dames,
Now grouped around that festal board;
A living mass of plumes and flowers,
As they had robbed both birds and bowers—
A peopled rainbow, swarming through
With inhabitants of every hue.

We doubt, however, whether the poet has this time been happy in the selection of his subject. It is so silly that any attempt, by dint of *persiflage*, to make it look more so, is seeking to “gild refined gold.” The songs, we suppose, always excepting that of the Greek Mariners, are really those sung on the occasion of the poem is meant to celebrate, which accounts for their dulness. The poem itself, however, shews that the light grace of Moore’s fancy is yet undimmed by time. There are passages well entitled to stand beside the picture of the Marchesa:—

“All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
In the manner of Ackermann’s dresses for May.”

Who that has ever had his ears subjected to the painful process, but must admit the full justice of this remark:—

——— That most painful process tuning,—
That process which must oft have given
Poor Milton’s ears a deadly wound,
So pleased, among the joys of Heaven,
He specifies “harps ever tuned.”†

The description of the motley group assembled at the Fête is Moore all over:

Accompanied with gay Sultanas,
Rebecca, Sappho, Roxalana—

† ——— Their golden harps they took—
Harps ever tuned.

Paradise Lost, Book 3.

Circassian slaves, whom Love would pay
 Half his maternal realm to ransom;
 Young nuns, whose chief religion lay
 In looking most profanely handsome;—
 Muses in muslin—pastoral maids,
 With hats from the Arcadian shades,
 And fortune-tellers—rich, 'twas plain,
 For fortune-hunters tormented their train.

The grave astonishment of Father Thames

To find
 Such doings on his moral tide—

is exquisite. We must protest, however, against the unconscionable quantity of champagne that Mr. Moore pours into his ladies. The music seems to have been composed under the soporific influence of the words.

NOVELS AND PROSE FICTION.

My Old Portfolio; or, Tales and Sketches. By HENRY GLASSFORD BELL. London: Smith and Elder.

THIS little book convinces us that its author is a man of genius in the strict acceptance of the term. There are passages in the volume of intense and commanding passion,—there are passages full of the most delicate and acute sense of the beauties of nature,—and (most decided proof of all,) there are passages of rich racy humour, in which the author shews himself able to control the whirl of his emotions, and smile as he recollects, whether he is allowing himself to be hurried away. This last we hold to be the surest proof of our position. A man may have a forgetive fancy, and yet produce nothing but abortions. A man may have glowing passion, yet melt with his own fires. But when intellect is added to both in such proportion, that he can feel whither the others, if uncontrolled, would hurry him,—and, instead of becoming their slave, transform them into his instruments,—then is he possessed of real genius, capable of producing something that will live. In Mr. Bell's "Harry Pemberton," we find passionate power; in his "Summer Thoughts and Rambles," "Fruits in their Seasons," a fine fresh feeling of nature; in his "Mythae von Wodenblock," "Rise and Progress of a Small Volume of Po-

ems, with some Account of their Decline and Fall," "The Living Mummy and the Leyden Professor," and "Love of the Clyde," original, stirring, and felicitous humour. We might point out what seem to us faults in some of the more ambitious sketches, but it is not worth while, for we know the next will be better. We say this, notwithstanding Mr. Bell's solemn vow, to be occupied for some years to come with studies of an abstract and severer nature." We know that he could as soon cease to breathe as abandon his loved employment. This, however, we will say for him, try what course in life he will, he has that in him which must command success.

Orcaidian Sketches; Legendary and Iyrical Pieces. By DAVID VEDDER. Edinburgh: William Tait.

THERE is a frank, hearty, manly power in Mr. Vedder's sketches that fairly takes us by storm. With Orkney, we have hitherto been acquainted, chiefly through the instrumentality of Malcolm, and beautifully does he paint it in summer loveliness, and delightfully reflect in the mirror of his own gentle mind, the quaint manners of its inhabitants. Mr. Vedder, we suspect, however, has given us a more correct picture,—if smacks of the roughness and asperity of the reality. The Laird o' Yarpia and Magnus Halero are pictures, of which the subject belongs to the Dutch school, while the execution has much of the savage daring of Ross. There is also a fine specimen of the last of the feudal lords,—the vermin seem to have been laid to the backbone. Like the Norway rat, they bite in the last agony. The Nautical Reminiscences are spirited, but too abrupt, as if the author's materials for spinning his yarn had been rather scanty. "My Native Parish," is a fine picture of "the march of mind." There is much that is worthy of praise in the verses at the end of the volume. Some of his songs are truly excellent, and shew that the tail of the mantle of Burns, and Ramsay, has descended upon Vedder.

MUSIC.

INTRODUCTORY.

ONE of the most remarkable occurrences in the modern history of music, is the gradual assimilation of the three great schools of this art: I look only a few years back, and find certain distinctive systems of musical composition invariably pursued by the Italian, German, and French composers. In the Italian

School, music relied for effect on the most obvious impetuosity, the simplest expressions, and harmonic arrangement. The French aspired to revivify the science, and employ the powers of music in the excitement of the most sublime emotions. The Germans of art were made subservient to the most ardent passion. What seemed almost inimical to the Italians

and French, the Germans made matter of grave and laborious investigation. Hence resulted those profound revelations of harmony, which the master-spirits of that country introduced with such extraordinary effect both into their operatic and instrumental compositions.—The present reigning style of musical composition in these countries, partakes largely of the characteristics of the three great schools blended together. The Germans have departed from the severity of science; and, adopting the simple elegance of the Italians, combine intellectual melody with rich and masterly instrumentation. The Italians, whilst they have preserved their fine fluency of expressive melody, avail themselves so freely of the results of German research, that their music is daily assuming more and more of a scientific and elaborate character. The French adhere no longer on their stilted ideas of unities and declamation. Their composers have found an easy access to the lively national sensibility, by uniting the graces of melody and harmony, and retaining only a spice of the old predilection for noisy and ostentatious brilliancy. Every thing denotes an amalgamation of national characteristics, and the rapid formation of a standard of excellence amongst the three European nations, where music has been fostered into its present flourishing condition. Nor are our remarks applicable to operatic music only. The same influences have been at work in instrumental productions.—In England, for lack of home product, foreign music continues to be extensively imported. But although this country can boast of no character by which the musical merits of her composers are recognised abroad, a general appreciation of the best description of art is becoming so prevalent, that we are confident of its ripening, at no distant period, into results that will redound to her fair fame.—We intend to keep an eye upon the progress of musical art, and give a monthly digest of whatever is deemed worthy of notice, at home and abroad. We open our record with rather a paucity of materials, few musical matters of immediate interest occupying attention. In London, the great theatres are possessed with devils; and poor MAYERBEER appears to be getting scanty justice in the songs of his tormentors. Neither of the houses buys the original score, which is kept, in *réserve*, by MORRIS MASON, the new opera-house singer, and purchaser of the work. The drama is, therefore, brought up under manifold disadvantages; and it is deplorable that a

great work should be sacrificed to the supidity of theatrical management. *Robert le Diable* was written for the grand French opera, and is unquestionably the greatest novelty of the musical age. The composer felt he was about to enter a field, where the most illustrious of his predecessors had gloried to excel; and he was ambitious to be classed and remembered with GLUCK, PIZZINI, CHERUBINI, and ROSSINI. The opera proved successful. The most fastidious pronounced it a remarkable production in the history of the art. The subject is truly one of admirable adaptability for dramatic effect; the *Libretto*, by SCRIBE, and GERMAIN DE LAVIGNE, possessing all the elements of a musical drama, replete with passion. We cannot but notice its extraordinary varieties of style. The introduction is descriptive of the fierce and indomitable military spirit of the eleventh century. The second act represents the elegance and refinement of the inmates of a palace. In the third, the spectator is introduced into the company of demons and spectres, where the ear is astounded with mysterious effects, produced by novel means. The fourth act is all passion; and the fifth is solemn and religious.—BELLINI is now the favourite in Italy.—His opera, *Il Pirata, la Straniera, and la Sonnambula*, have had decided success. The style of this author is pure and original—his melody is graceful; but his phrases are rather abrupt for the development and expression of fine ideas. His last opera, *Norma*, has not, we understand, been successful at Milan. A new opera by MELICADANTE, *I Normanni a Parigi*, has produced *furore* at Turin. The music is well spoken of; and must be good, seeing that its representation, occupying four hours, has been repeatedly called for. In Germany we hear of no late novelties of much consequence.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

Etudes Préparatoires; and Etudes Supplémentaires, pour le Piano. Par CHARLES CHAUVEAU.—London: COLES & CO.

THE author of these studies says, that "*Moscheles, Kalkbrenner, Herz, and Bertini*, have powerfully contributed to complete the musical revolution begun by *Cramer, and Clementi*." Does M. Chauveau really mean to say that *Cramer, and Clementi* have only begun a course of study for the pianoforte, which has been completed by *Moscheles, &c.*? If so, we beg to tell him, that the courses of study by *Cramer and Clementi* have

never been equalled for completeness. If the pupil has Cræmer's useful extracts, preparatory exercises, diversions, two books of studies, and *Neukomm's Gesangs- und Pianoforte*, we cannot, for the sake of the use which the student should derive, while Mr. Chaulieu seems to think "we left to fill up." Independence of these considerations, we are inclined to think his studies are not calculated to be greatly serviceable or beneficial to the student. He seems to have been much at a loss for matter to fill up the second book; for the last twenty-one pages consist of exercises all in the same simple style. The work is beautifully got up.

SONG. By the CHEVALIER SEYMOUR NEUKOMM. LONDON: CRAMER, ADDISON, and BEALE.

THE vocal compositions of Neukomm are by no means inferior in every respect to the brilliant class of English songs, that they may be said to form an era in the musical history of the country. In *Napoleon's Midnight Review*, the imitative and descriptive powers of music are displayed with the utmost ingenuity. The music commences in a slow march style, where the rolling of the spectre's train is introduced with consummate skill. The overpowering modulation, and the accompaniment is descriptive of the shapes starting from their graves, is a proof of those happy efforts, which a first-rate genius and well instructed organ could alone suggest. The organ suspensions, and the close in the music, are wonderfully effective.—Another of Neukomm's felicitous publications is "THE SEA," a charming song, in a different style from the former, and in character so popular, that it will be understood by singers and hearers of every degree. To estimate this song, one must enter into the sensations of the mariner, who has passed his life on the "blue and open sea;" and we can well observe how beautifully expressed the Poet is by every ascending note of the music.

It is a fine, bold, exhilarating melody, simple construction, but really a gem. The music is in a style that no person professing to sing at all, can fail to be attracted to, and we will be made acquainted with a piece of song. There are several other

of Neukomm we intended noticing; but which we reserve till a future occasion. In the meantime, we shall be delighted, if, by our influence, the music of this fascinating composer become more universally known and practised. The words are principally by Barry Cornwall.

LAYS OF BYRON, No. I. "I would I were a careless child." No. II. "The Maid of Athens."—The poetry selected from his *Lorain's Works*. The music composed by S. NELSON, LONDON: CRAMER, ADDISON, and BEALE.

UNDER this title, it is doubtless intended to vocalize such parts of Byron's poetry as are at all adaptable to musical rhythm. The words of No. I. are well calculated for this purpose; and Mr. Nelson's music though not conceived in the best style of expression, is graceful and pleasing. In No. 2, the composer has adopted an uncommon, but, for his theme, not un-effective accent. The air is melodious, and the accompaniments judicious; but the composer's want of power and free expression is still more felt in this, than in the preceding song.

La Clochette Rondoletto Brillant, pour le Piano-forte, sur un motif de Paganini. Par L. NIEDERMEYER. Paganini's *Adieu de Vicence, March and Polonaise, for the Piano-forte*. By G. LICKL. LONDON: BOOSEY and Co.

THE *Campanella* rondo will not be soon forgotten by any one who has heard it. Niedermeyer has made an agreeable piano-forte piece upon it. The March arranged by Lickl is bold, and effective, and would of itself entitle Paganini to rank very high as a writer in the best style of classical composition.

Rondo Brilliant for the Piano-forte. By A. DEVAUX. LONDON: BOOSEY and Co. The subject of this rondo is brilliantly wrought up. The piece is however beyond the reach of any but a well advanced player.

La Giraffe, Rondeau Arabe, pour le Piano-forte. Par W. PLACIDY. LONDON: BOOSEY and Co. AN allegro, and a little expressive andantino, introduce the rondo *Giraffe*, which is pleasing, although rather elongated.

Mars and Venus, Quatuor Symphonique pour le Piano-forte, violon, et violoncelle. Par BOOSEY and Co. LONDON: BOOSEY and Co. This is a beautiful quatuor, with fine and violin accompaniments, which

By HENRY

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE

THE SECOND READING.

It is impossible to peruse the Debate on the Second Reading of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords, without a deep feeling of anxiety for the ultimate success of the measure. Honestly speaking, we think that by this concession it has only been advanced into a situation of greater danger. The language of its friends—with one or two honourable exceptions—was any thing but clear and explicit. The great argument of several noble Lords for sending it into a Committee, was, that they might afterwards reject it with a better grace. The opposition of the Ultra Tories was as deep, virulent, and foul-mouthed as ever. We are still far from being satisfied that Earl Grey was justified in perilising the measure upon so narrow a majority, but his conduct has at least placed it beyond all doubt that nothing short of a regeneration of the present members of the House can enable him to carry it, unimpaired, without an addition to their number. Lord Grey has known his order long enough to be able to translate their speeches into common English; and this being the case, we adjure him by every motive that can influence a high-minded statesman, to save the Peers from themselves.

It is impossible to say how many different shades and diversities of opinion may obtain among the Lords; but one thing is certain, that a great many of them are most lamentably ignorant of their position in society, of the real tenure of their power. They neither know the people of England, nor the nature of the hold they have upon them. When we hear a noble Lord declaring in his place, that "he knew, by rejecting the Bill, inconveniences would be created; but, he believed, that none would be created which might not be met by a firm government;" and when we further remark that this silly, unfeeling, ill-timed bravado is received with a burst of applause, we know not which feeling predominates in our minds, that with legislators so ignorant of the character of the Nation, we should have gone on, even so well as we have done, or that we should again be obliged to be bound hand and foot, to their tender mercies. The government is flung down in silken and hoarse tones to a mighty and excited nation, and a motley band

fleshed in the trade of war, or hardened in the heartless subtleties of law, or just escaped from the control of the schoolmaster, cheer on their bully. It is well for these men that the nation has more sense and temper than themselves, otherwise they might now be in the situation—we will not say of the conscript fathers of Rome when the Gauls entered the capitol, but in that of a desperate crew, who, when the trampling waves are surging on all sides over their stranded vessel, strive to drown the noise and the terror of the storm by their drunken halloo.

But the ignorance of the character of the people evinced by the Peers, goes beyond a mere misapprehension of their power. In reading their speeches, one is almost tempted to fancy some noble Lords are of opinion that none but a Peer can possess honesty or common sense. They treat the nation like a herd of brutes who would be unable to conduct themselves with common propriety did not their betters think and act for them. The Duke of Buckingham knows so little of the world beyond the circle of his own immediate friends, that he really believes the rest of the community to be, to a man, paupers. Nay, one could almost fancy that some members of the Peerage, who might have been expected to know better, imagine their plebeian countrymen destitute of eyes and ears. At least, upon no other assumption can we attribute a meaning to words like the following, uttered in presence of crowding strangers, and of reporters writing as if for a wager: "Except in moments of great excitement, which would occasionally prevail in all countries, he had rather observed in that class of persons, a disposition to rely upon the judgment of their superiors, particularly when that judgment was not forced upon them."—(Cheers.)—"He thought that other noble Lords would concur with him in saying, that they had always shown a disposition to feel flattered on being consulted by their superiors, and, in the end, to rely upon their judgment." When the priests of Memphis wished to juggle the people into morality and respect for the laws, they converted their pseudo-miracles in secret; and when Iago described the Moor as "fit to be led by the nose," he took care that Othello did not overhear him. But our wise senators conspire to wheedle us (be it for our good or for our ill) at the top of their lungs, and in the face of the assembled nation. Nor is this contempt for the unprivileged class confined to those who remain in their original obscurity. Although a commoner may have elbowed his way into a peerage, he is still reminded, on all occasions, that he is a *parvenu*. When Lord Wharncliffe, forgetting that, until a few years back, he was merely the head of one of the oldest and wealthiest families in England, the representative in Parliament of a large and populous county, and one whom no personal danger could turn from his purpose, ventured to insinuate that *he*, who had spent a busy life amongst Englishmen, knew their character better than the Duke of Wellington, who had rarely come in contact with them; he was reminded by Lord Falmouth, "that the noble Duke had been employed in the civil service of his country three times as long as the noble Lord had been a member of that House."*

* Poor Wharncliffe! This sneer at the newness of his coronet must be particularly galling, after his condescending declaration when the Bill was before the House last year, that "beyond these walls their Lordships sometimes mingled with the Commons."

This scorn of the Commons extends beyond that portion of the class which moves in the private walks of life. It reaches even the creatures whom the boroughmongering lords select to perform the drudgery of legislation in the other House. One noble Lord tells us that "the constitution is already too democratic;" another, that he thinks "the House of Commons, both in constitution and conduct, democratical enough," (which we implicitly believe;) a third gives a tolerable insight into the opinion he entertains of the use of this branch of the legislature, when he calls it a good school,—a sort of debating society for training Peers to elocution and public business; as if the interests of a mighty nation were but a foot-ball to amuse these young Broddignaggians to the practice of athletic exercises.

In this spirit of contempt for the people, lies the first and most obvious danger to which the Bill is still exposed. A minority of the Peers, so numerous as scarcely to deserve the name, has declared that it loathes and abhors the measure, and despises its supporters. These men are ignorant, and are determined to remain ignorant, of the constitution of the society for which they are called to legislate. They are Quixotes living under a mental hallucination, in a world of bygone centuries. They fancy that bearing the titles of fendal Barons, they can present the same imposing front to the Commons that their ancestors did. They are, withal, proud, self-willed, and regardless of danger. Ten to one, could their mental vision be couched,—could they be made to see clearly the danger in which they stand, their first impulse would be, to shut their eyes again, and rush on to take the bull by the horns. Nothing is to be hoped from them, but by opposing to their mad career a will stern and unbending as their own.

Have they been thus encountered? On the contrary, the framers of the Bill have uniformly sought to conciliate their infuriate adversaries. The soothing system is, in the main a good one; but there are cases of derangement in which it is utterly inapplicable,—and of these the present is one. The Anti-reformers speak of impeaching the Prime Minister; and he blandly tells them that the measure is now in their hands, and meekly prays that the danger to be incurred by rejecting it may fall upon his head alone. Shylock's

" ——— Fall Sir, you spit on me last Wednesday;
You spur'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies,"—

is a terse picture of rendering good for evil, when compared with the forbearance of the noble Earl. Even the front of Brougham, terrible to enemies, is smoothed, and his mouth wears one unchanging smile. His Majesty's Ministers are like the gods of Epicurus, unmoved alike by prayers or maledictions. Superior to human passion, they sit aloft upon their transcendental thrones, their countenances dressed in one eternal simper. Their followers, of course, take their cue from them, and all is politeness and concession. "The Bill! oh, my dear Lord! you will pass the Bill. I do not myself see how it can benefit the people, but they are anxious to have it." I would not be so unpolite as to insist upon your yielding to me in such a trifle; but you must see that it can do you no harm. The thing is a mere matter of conscience, but it will gratify a great many honest people. That's a good fellow!" And this jesuitical, cold, half-patronising support of the measure is expected to countervail

an opposition struggling with all its heart and soul—resolved to die in the last ditch.

It would even be well if the phalanx of Lord Grey were composed of such men. But it is a well-known, and avowed fact, that the motive which induced many to swell his majority on the late occasion, was the hope of being thus enabled more certainly to strangle the measure. Their language is—that their hatred and abhorrence of the Bill is in no wise diminished, but that after soothing the people by arguing the project with them in detail, they may, with less danger of giving offence, mutilate or frustrate its provisions. They expect to be able to sap its principles insidiously in the Committee; or, should the worst come to the worst, to throw it out at the Third Reading. These are the new accessions to Earl Grey's ranks; but even among his original supporters, there are not a few who would gladly, if they but knew how, get rid of this odious Bill. They have adopted it out of no love they bear it, but because, hampered by family connexions, they could not refuse their compliance; or, convinced that Reform was unavoidable, they yielded reluctantly to the pressure of necessity. They are ready to acquiesce in any evasion of the measure by which they may be enabled to save appearances. They are quite willing, were it not that they feel the eye of the people on them, to give even in to such a gross snare, such an apparent pit-fall, as the Duke of Buckingham's most exquisite plan of Reform.

The parties then, are by no means equally matched; and even if they were more upon a par, their weapons are unequal. The House of Lords is a little world within itself, having a morality and logic of its own. Words have there a very different meaning from what attaches to them out of doors, and actions are judged by a totally different standard. When we hear a noble Lord speak of the lower classes, their want of moral principle and information, we have some difficulty in recognising, under these flattering denominations, the industrious, enterprising, intelligent merchants, mechanics, and yeomen of England. Again, when we see Peers, with a view of transmitting their large estates, unincumbered, to their eldest sons, quartering the younger scions of the family upon the public, we are inclined to call it avarice and extortion. In their estimate of morality, it passes current for prudence and fatherly affection. An attempt to govern with the sword, would be designated tyranny were our vocabulary consulted; in theirs it is true courage. It is owing to this anomalous constitution of the aristocratical mind, that the very arms with which the Bill was defended in the Commons, have been occasionally turned against it with success in the Lords.

With them it is an understood axiom, that all the power they possess is justly theirs, and that all the purposes to which they can apply it are just and honourable. It would be unparliamentary for any peer to question principles so clearly established. Now, unfortunately, the Bill proceeds upon the assumption that both are false. In the Commons, where this latter opinion is now all but universally entertained, the defence of such a bill was easy; the labour and the shame of sophistical and crooked reasoning lay with its opponents. But, in the House of Lords, the policy of its friends has been to disclaim the principles upon which it is based. Their task is to persuade their illustrious colleagues that the Bill is not calculated to extend the liberties of the people, or to secure good and cheap government and legislation—that, in short, it is the most harmless and inefficient measure that ever was proposed. So.

phistry so glaring, even the logic of the House of Lords is able to expose.—On the whole, it must be evident to every man who can think for himself, that the struggle in the Upper House is not a war of reason but of will. Not one of the speakers seeks to convince his opponents; his utmost endeavour is to put a fair face on his own conduct. In no public assembly have we ever heard such frequent protestations that the speakers had no hope of converting those who entertained opinions different from their own—in none have we so often seen the line of fair argument deserted for the grossest personal invective. The victory will be adjudged, not to the party which reasons best, but to that which is most obstinate; and, looking to the materials of which they are composed, the superiority is undeniably on the side of the anti-reformers. Their creed is more uniform, their league better knit, their discipline more perfect, their hearts more devoted. They have a deep stake on the issue of the game. They are fighting their own battle, while their opponents, acting merely as our auxiliaries, are but half hearty in the cause—if, indeed, this be not to over-rate their zeal.

Thus circumstanced, it is to itself alone that the nation ought to look. Whatever trifling advantages we have lately gained, has not been owing to the fine diplomacy of Ministers, but to the firm, unwavering front the people have hitherto presented. It was no insidious blandishments of Earl Grey—it was the conviction that the universal nation had shrunk from their side, leaving them in a moral vacuum, that extorted from Lords Harrowby and Wharnccliffe the concession they have made to popular feeling. It is perseverance in the same determined conduct that must follow up the blow. Let us aid Ministers; but let us not, for a moment, repose any confidence in their timid policy. We know that we have given offence in some quarters, by what is called our harsh judgment of the Premier; but we are not, on that account, convinced that we have erred. Even by the showing of Earl Grey's friends, his conciliatory deportment is only warrantable on the assumption that it is worn to cloak the sternest resolution. When a man makes up his mind to finesse, he must not be astonished that even his well-wishers are deceived. Earl Grey has selected his course, and will doubtless pursue it—if to a successful issue, with more heartfelt gratitude from none than from ourselves. But as he is confessedly playing a double game, we must be excused if the frailty of our nature lead us to mistrust him. Fine-spun webs of policy are so easily torn asunder, that, even with the firmest confidence in the intentions of the artisan, we have little faith in them. In case of the failure of the van-guard, we must have a reserve ready; and the only one adequate to the present emergency is a united and determined nation.

Our opinion is, that the discussion on the second reading has shewn more clearly than ever the necessity for a creation of Peers. Lords Harrowby and Wharnccliffe, and the Bishop of London, are men of sense, and, we believe, only desire to come round with some attention to decorum—with “coy, reluctant, amorous delay.” But in not one other; however, under whichever banner he may have hitherto ranked himself, have we the slightest confidence. A great deal of nonsense has been spoken as to whether such a measure would be constitutional or not. It is clear that the people have a right to demand a creation. The Peers are sitting as judges upon a case in which they have themselves an interest. They are enacting the fable of the fox, called to decide upon the complaint of the goose, whose goslings he had stolen, with a

strong pre-disposition to order her to his ladder for her seditious impertinence. In any court of law, the plaintiff is entitled to challenge the judge who has an adverse interest—to demand that he shall not be judge in his own cause. The forms of our constitution do not in the present case admit of the people of England adopting such a line of conduct, although their judges have a direct tangible interest in perpetuating the abuse which is the ground of complaint. But the forms of the constitution admit of the Monarch's increasing the number of the Peers to any extent he may deem expedient. Here then is a succedaneum for the right of challenge which is denied to us. We only ask the King, in the legitimate exercise of his royal prerogative, to add to the Assembly of the Peers as many individuals, deriving no advantage from the present corrupt system of Parliamentary election, as may serve to neutralize the votes of those who do. By such a step no constitutional form is violated; and the ends of essential justice will be obtained. The demands of the lawyer and the honest man will alike have been gratified.

But the only method of securing this consummation "so devoutly to be wished" is by continuing the external pressure. The nation must declare its anxious longing to see this step taken, not in gentle whispers and inuendoes, but in explicit language, loudly and reiteratedly. If Ministers honestly intend to have recourse to a creation should they find it unavoidable, they will take the plunge with a better grace when animated by the encouraging exhortations of the whole country. If their courage is not yet screwed up to this pitch, they need to be reminded of their duty. At no moment of this protracted struggle has boldness and perseverance on the part of the people been more called for than at present. We are within sight of the harbour, but our course thither lies through a perilous surf. We never needed to keep a sharper look out upon our helmsman and rowers, for if they lose heart, or slacken their exertions for a moment, we are lost.

Lost—but not for ever. Some weak, though well meaning friends of social order, attribute a most absurd value to mere forms. There are bonds which unite man with man in society which will survive, even though a self-willed legislative body should insist upon sinking itself, at the hazard of engulfing the whole state along with it. Independently of the ties of friendship and family affection, there are the chains of habit scarcely less strong. Man's natural tendency is to do to-day what he has done yesterday. Our modes of transacting business, perfected by long practice—the little amenities of life would keep us together, were our Corinthian capital to insist upon throwing itself down in a pet. Nay, did our House of Commons prove itself worthy of its high vocation, such an event might happen, unattended even by so enduring a reflux of the ordinary affairs of life, as was caused in the waters of Jordan, while the ark passed through. That body would, as a matter of course, step into the shoes of the abdicated dignitaries, the reformers throughout the country would lend their aid in keeping the peace in their different districts, and every thing would go on as well, or better, than before.

We say this, God knows, not from any desire to witness such an occurrence. We would deprecate, with our whole heart, so sudden and violent an alteration of our institutions. But, it is right that the House of Lords should be brought to know both itself and the people better. We are anxious to make them aware, that the *prestige* which once clung

to their *caste* has vanished—that they are no longer looked upon as the indispensable part of the body corporate, which they flatter themselves they are. More particularly would we seek to impress upon their minds, that in wealth, intelligence, high feeling, and resolute daring, the Commons of England are every way their equals. We are no born thralls to be bullied and scared with impunity. We do not envy their great possessions, or their sounding titles, or the glittering figure they cut in the eyes of the world. We are ready to assist in preserving these their peculiar privileges from spoliation. But we demand, in return for the watch and ward we keep over their luxuries, that they will respect our humbler property. Amid the blandishments of their Delilahs why should they envy us our ewe lamb? Our little patrimony—the vineyard which our forefathers bequeathed us, we will defend to the last against the mightiest Ahab. The liberties of England shall, as far as in us lies, be handed down, unimpaired, (“at the least,” as our canny countryman said to his master,) to the latest posterity.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

SIR,—To write in your magazine makes me feel as if I, at length, had the pleasure of being personally in Scotland, a gratification which I have not yet enjoyed in any other way. I dive into my channel of communication, like another Alpheus, and re-appear in the shop of Mr. Tait; not pursuing, I trust, any thing *fugitive*, but behaving very unlike a fiver-god, and helping to bring forth an Edinburgh periodical!

Nor will you, Sir, who enter so much into the interests of your fellow-creatures, and know so well of what their faculties are capable, look upon this kind of presence as a thing so purely unreal as it might be supposed. Our strongest proof of the existence of any thing amounts but to a proportionate belief to that effect; and it would puzzle a wise man, though not a fool, to prove to himself that I was not, in some spiritual measure, in any place where I chose to pitch my imagination; which metaphysical subtlety I notice merely, in the first place, to baulk your friend the Pechler, should he think it a settled thing that a man cannot be in two places at once (which would be a very green assumption of his;) and, secondly, the better to impress a conviction I have, that I know Scotland very well, and have been there many times.

Whether we go to another country on these occasions, in the manner of a thing spiritual, our souls being pitched out of ourselves like rockets or meteors; or whether the country comes to us, and our large souls are inhabited by it for the time being, upon the principle of the greater including the less, the mind of man being a far more capacious thing than any set of square miles, I shall leave to the curious to determine; but if I am not intimate with the very best parts of Scotland, and have seen them a thousand times, then do I know nothing of Burns, or Allan Ramsay, or Walter Scott, or Smollett, or Ossian, or James the First or Fifth, or snoods, or cockernonies, or gloamin, or birks and burnies, or plaids, bonnets, and philabegs, or John Knox, or Queen Mary, or the Canon-gate, or the Caith Hill, or Hume and Robertson, or Tweedside, or a haggis, or cakes, or heather, or reels and strathspeys, or Gleugary, or

All the Clans, or Auld Robin Gray, or a mist, or rappée, or second-sight, or the kirk, or the cutty-stool, or golf and hurling, or the Border, or Bruce and Wallace, or bagpipes, or bonnie lasses.

“A lover’s plaid, and a bed of heath,” says the right-poetical Allan Cunningham, “are favourite topics with the Northern Muse: when the heather is in bloom, it is worthy of becoming the couch of beauty. A sea of brown blossom, undulating as far as the eye can reach, and swarming with wild bees, is a fine sight.” Sir, I have seen it a million times, though I never set eyes on it.

Who that has ever read it, is not put into visual possession of the following scene in the Gentle Shepherd?—

A flowrie hown, between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claes;
A trotting burnie, whimpling through the ground,
Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round;
Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear.

Or this?—

The open field.—A cottage in a glen;
An auld wife spinning at the sunny ean’.

Or this other, a perfect domestic picture?

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
Wi’ a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair:
Glaud by a morning ingle takes a beck,
The rising sun shines mott’ through the reek:
A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
And now and then a joke maun intervene.

The globe we inhabit is divisible into two worlds, one hardly less tangible, and far more known than the other,—the common geographical world, and the world of books. And the latter may be as geographically set forth. A man of letters, conversant with poetry and romance, might draw out a very curious map, in which this world of books should be delineated and filled up, to the delight of all genuine readers, as truly as that in Guthrie or Pinkerton. To give a specimen, and begin with Scotland; Scotland would not be the mere territory it is, with a scale of so many miles to a degree, and such and such a population. Who (except a patriot or a cosmopolite) cares for the miles or the men, or knows that they exist, in any degree of consciousness with which he cares for the never-dying population of books? How many generations of men have passed away, and will pass, in Ayrshire or Dumfries, and not all the myriads be as interesting to us as a single Burns? What have we known of them, or shall know, whether lairds, lords, or ladies, in comparison with the inspired ploughman? But we know of the bards and the lasses, and the places which *he* has recorded in song; we know the scene of Tam o’ Shanter’s exploit; we know the pastoral landscapes above quoted, and the scenes immortalized in Walker Scott and the old ballads; and therefore the book-map of Scotland would present us with the most prominent of these. We should have the Border with its banditti-towers and woods; Tweedside, Melrose, and Rosslyn; *Edina*, otherwise called Edinburgh and Auld Reekie, or the town of Hume, Robertson, and others; Woodhouselee, and other classical and haunted places; the bower built by Bessy Bell and Mary Gray; the farm-houses of Burns’s friends, the scenes of his loves and sorrow; the land of Old Mortality, of the Gentle Shepherd, and of Ossian. The Highlands and the great blue billowy domains of heather would be distinctly marked out, in their most poetical regions; and we should have the tracks of Ben

Jonson to Hawthornden, of Rob Roy to his hiding-places, and of Jeanie Deans towards England. Abbotsford, to be sure, would not be left out; nor the house of the Antiquary, almost as real a man as his author. Nor is this all. For we should have older Scotland; the Scotland of James the First, and Peeblis at the Play, and Gawin, Douglas, and Bruce, and Wallace; and we should have older Scotland still, the Scotland of Ariosto with his tale of Ginevra, and of the new Andromeda delivered from the sea-monster at the isle of Ebuda (the Hebrides;) and there would be the residence of the famous Launcelot of the Lake at Berwick, called the Joyeuse Garde, and other ancient sites of chivalry and romance; nor should the nightingale be left out in Ginevra's bower, for Ariosto has put it there, and there accordingly it is and has been heard, let ornithology say what it will; for what ornithologist knows so much of the nightingale as a poet? We would have an inscription put on the spot—"Here the nightingale sings, contrary to what has been affirmed by White and others."

This is the Scotland of Books,—and a beautiful place it is. I will venture to affirm, Sir, even to yourself, that it is a more beautiful place than the other Scotland, always excepting, to an exile or a lover; for the former is piqued to prefer what he must not touch; and, to the latter, no spot is so charming, as the ugliest place that contains his beauty. Not that Scotland has not many places, literally, as well as poetically, beautiful. I know that well enough. But, you see that young man there, turning down the corner of the dullest spot in Edinburgh, with a dead wall over against it, and delight in his eyes? He sees No. 4, the house where the girl lives he is in love with. Now, what that place is to him, all places are, in their proportion, to the lover of books, who has beheld them by the light of imagination and sympathy.

China, Sir, is a very unknown place to us—in one sense of the word unknown; but who is not intimate with it as the land of tea and *china*, and ko-tons, and pagodas, and mandarins, and Confucius, and conical caps, and people with little names, little eyes, and little feet, who sit in little bowers, drinking little cups of tea, and writing little odes? The Jesuits, and the tea-cups, and the novel of Iu-Kiao-Li, have made us well acquainted with it, better, a great deal, than millions of its inhabitants are acquainted,—fellows who think it in the middle of the world, and know nothing of themselves. With *one* China they are totally unacquainted, to wit, the great China of the poet and old travellers; Cathay, "seat of Cathain Can," the country of which Ariosto's Angelica was Princess-royal. Yes, she was a Chinese, the fairest of her sex, Angelica. It shows that the ladies in that country must have greatly degenerated, for it is impossible to conceive that Ariosto, and Orlando, and Rinaldo, and King Sacripant, who was a Circassian, could have been in love with her for having eyes and feet like a pig. I will deviate here into a critical remark, which is, that the Italian poets seem to have considered people the handsomer, the farther you went north. The old traveller, it is true, found a good deal of the beauty that depends on red and white, in Tartary and other western regions; and a fine complexion is highly esteemed in the swarthy south. But Astolfo, the Englishman, is celebrated for his beauty by the Italian poets; the unrivalled Angelica was a Chinese; and the handsomest of Ariosto's heroes, Zerbino, of whom he writes the famous passage, that "Nature made him, and then broke the mould," is a Scotsman. The poet had probably seen some very handsome Scotsmen in Romagna.—With this piece of "bribery and corruption" to your national readers, I return to my subject.

Book-England on the map, would shine as the Albion of the old giants, as the "Logres of Lyones," of the Knight of the Round Table; as the scene of Amadis de Gaul, with its island of Windsor; as the abode of the fairies, of the Druids, of the divine Countess of Coventry, of Guy, Earl of Warwick, of *Alfred* (whose reality was a romance,) of the Fair Rosamond, of the Arcades and "Comus," of Chaucer and Spenser, of the poets of the Globe and the Mermaid, the wits of Twickenham and Hampton Court; and Fleet Street should be Johnson's Fleet Street: albeit the Tower would belong to Julius Cæsar; and Blackfriars to Suckling, Vandyke, and the *Dunciad!* Chronology, and the mixture of truth and fiction, that is to say, of one sort of truth and another, would be nothing in a work of this kind; for, as it has been before observed, things are real in proportion as they are impressive; and who has not as "gross, open, and palpable," an idea of Falstaff in East Cheap, as of Captain Grose himself, beating up his quarters? A map of fictitious, literary, and historical, London, would, of itself, constitute a great curiosity. So would one of Edinburgh or of any other city in which there have been great men and romantic events, whether the latter were real or fictitious. Swift speaks of maps, in which they

"Place elephants for want of towns."

Here would be towns and elephants too, the popular and the prodigious.

How much would not Swift do for Ireland, in this geography of wit and talent! What a figure would not St. Patrick's cathedral make! The other day, mention was made of a "Dean of St. Patrick's" *now living!* as if there was, or ever could be again, more than one Dean of St. Patrick's. In the Irish maps we should have the Saint himself driving out all venomous creatures; (what a pity he could not have included the Orangemen!) and there would be the old Irish kings, and O'Donoghue with his white horse, and the lady of the "gold wand," who made the miraculous virgin pilgrimage, and all the other marvels of lakes and ladies, and the unique towers still remaining to perplex the antiquary, and Goldsmith's Deserted Village, and Goldsmith himself, and the birth-places of Steele and Sterne, and the brief bower of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Carolan with his harp, and the schools of the poor Latin boys under the hedges, and Castle-Rackrent, and Edgeworth's town, and the Giant's Causeway, and Ginlea and other classical poverties, and Spenser's castle on the river Mulla, with the wood-gods whom his pipe drew round him. Ireland is wild ground still; and there are some that would fain keep it so, like a forest to hunt in.

The French map would present us with the woods and warriors of old Gaul, with Lucan's witch, with Charlemagne and his court at Tours, with the siege of Paris by the Saracens, and half the wonders of Italian poetry; with Angelica and Medora; with the Castles of Orlando and Rinaldo, and the traitor Gan, with part of the great forest of Ardenne (Rosalind being in it;) the gentle territory of the Troubadours, and Navarre, with Love's Labour Lost, and Vacluse with Petrarch and Laura, and the pastoral scenes of D'Urfé's romance, and the men-wolves of Brittany, and the Fairy of Lusignan. Napoleon also, (for he too was a romance,) should be drawn as a giant, meeting the allied forces in the neighbourhood of Paris.

Italy would be covered with ancient and modern romance; with Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Dante, Boccaccio, &c., with classical villas, and scenes Elysian and infernal. There would be the region of Saturn during his Age of Gold, and the old Tuscan cities, and Phaeton in the north, and

the syrens and fairies at Naples, and Polyphemus in Sicily, with the abodes of Boiardo and Ariosto, and Horace's Mount Soracte, and the Cross of St. Peter, and the city in the sea, and the golden scenes of Titian and Raphael, and other names that make us hear the music of their owners; and Pythagoras with his philosophy, and Petrarch with his lute. A circle of stars would tell us where Galileo lived; and the palace of Doria would look more than royal towards the sea.

I dare not, in this hasty sketch, and with limited time before me, indulge myself in these luxuries of recollection, or do anything more than barely mention the names of Spain, Fontarabia, and Cervantes; of Greece; of Persia and the Arabian Nights; of Mount Caucasus, and Turkey, and the Gothic North; of El Dorado and Columbus; and the sea-snakes, floating islands, and other marvels of the ocean; not forgetting the Atalantis of Plato, and the regions of Gulliver and Peter Wilkins. Neither can I have the pleasure of being suffocated, with contemplating, at proper length, the burning deserts of Africa; or of hearing the ghostly sounds of its old satyrs and Ægipans in their woody hills at night time, described by Pomponius Mela; or of seeing the stormy Spirit of the Cape, stationed there for ever by Camoens, and whose stature on the map would be like a mountain. You will be good enough to take this paper as nothing but a hint of what such a map might contain.

One word, however, respecting a heresy in fictitious belief, which has been uttered by Rousseau, and repeated, I am sorry to say, by our excellent poet Wordsworth, the man of all men who ought not to reduce a matter of fact to what might be supposed to be its poverty. Rousseau, speaking of the banks of the Lignon, where the scene of the old French romance is laid, expresses his disappointment at finding there nothing like the beautiful things he fancied in his childhood; and Mr. Wordsworth, in his poems of Yarrow, visited and unvisited, utters a like regret, in speaking of the scene of the "bonny bride—the winsome marrow." I know there is such an opinion abroad, like many other errors; but it does not become men of imagination to give in to it; and I must protest against it, as a flat irreligion. I do not pretend to be as romantic in my conduct as the Genevese philosopher, or as poetical in my nature as the bard of Rydal-Mount; but I have, by nature, perhaps, greater animal spirits than either; and a bit of health is a fine prism to see fancies by. It may be granted, for the sake of argument, that the book Lignon, and the book Yarrow, are still finer things than the Lignon and Yarrow geographical; but to be actually on the spot, to look with one's own eyes upon the places in which our favourite heroes or heroines underwent the circumstances that have made us love them,—this may surely make up for any advantage on the side of the description in the book; and, in addition to this, we have the pleasure of seeing how much has been done for the place by love and poetry. I have seen various places in Europe, which have been rendered interesting, by great men and their works; and I never found myself the worse for seeing them, but the better. I seem to have made friends with them in their own homes; to have walked, and talked, and suffered, and enjoyed with them; and if their books have made the places better, *the books themselves were there that made them so*, and that grew out of them. The poet's hand was on the place, blessing it. I can no more separate this idea from the spot, than I can take away from it any other beauty. Even in London, I find the principle hold good in me, though I have lived there many years, and, of course, associated it with every commonplace, the most

unpoetical. The greater still includes the less : and I can no more pass through Westminster, without thinking of Milton ; or the Borough, without thinking of Chaucer and Shakspeare ; or Gray's Inn, without calling Bacon to mind ; or Bloomsbury Square, without Steele and Akenside,—than I can prefer brick and mortar to wit and poetry, or not see a beauty upon it beyond architecture, in the splendour of the recollection. I once had a duty to perform, which kept me out late at night, and severely taxed my health and spirits. My path lay through a neighbourhood, in which Dryden lived ; and though nothing could be more commonplace, and I used to be tired to the heart and soul of me, I never hesitated to go a little out of my way, purely that I might pass through Gerard Street, and so give myself the shadow of a pleasant thought.

I am, Sir, your cordial well-wisher,

A LOVER OF BOOKS.

SONG OF THE RHENISH PROVINCES.

THE Rhine is born in the winter storm
 Upon a bed of snow ;
 He's suckled by the avalanche,
 Dissolved in summer's glow ;
 He's cradled on the iron ledge
 Of Constance' craggy wall,
 And rocked to sleep on the roaring steep
 Of wild Schaufhausen's fall.
 With such a Sire!—what wonder then
 Our maids are fair, our sons are men !
 Like a proud conqueror advancing,
 Triumphantly he rolls,
 The flood his chariot, and the waves,
 His steeds of foam, controls.
 Before his brow the forests bow :
 Attendant on his state,
 On either hand, a giant band,
 The chained mountains wait,
 Like captive kings—their sentinels
 A thousand crested citadels.
 Johannisberg and Rudesheim,
 With grape-besmeared hand,
 All reeking from their fragrant toil,
 His proud cupbearers stand ;
 The tribute of a thousand keels
 He takes with high disdain,
 And, borne before his rushing wheels,
 He sweeps it to the plain.
 Such are thy triumphs, Father Rhine !
 Who dare to boast such glorious line ?
 The Switzer on thy native mountains,
 Thine eldest born is he ;
 He drinks thy first free-bubbling fountains,
 He drinks, and he is free.
 Would that thine after simpler waters,
 Descending to the plain,
 If such their first ennobling spirit,
 Like virtue could retain ;
 'Tis pity sure thy bondless waves
 Should e'er be soiled by lips of slaves.
 Slaves ! who are slaves ? Bring me my sword !
 Have we not fought and bled ?
 Yes : triumphed too 'gainst Freedom's foes—
 Behold our wounds are red !—

This blade—what dims it to the hilt?
 Life blood—'tis of the Frank—
 We rose and burst their yoke accurst,
 And gained—that sullen clank—
 Could it be chains?—Say hath our aid
 In Freedom's cause been thus repaid!
 Rhine, I would pledge thee in a cup
 Of thine own native growth;
 But my hand trembles as I raise
 The goblet to my mouth;
 It seems as if by letter'd limbs
 The wine-press had been trod;
 To me, at least, it has the taste
 Of friends', of brothers' blood,
 And broken faith.—In such curst wine,
 I may not, dare not, pledge thee, Rhine!
 Sweep on, thou dark majestic river!
 Ten thousand years thy roar
 Has swelled as now; and shall for ever,
 Till Time shall be no more.
 If then the hand that first designed,
 And sent thee on thy course,
 In depth of thy sublimity,
 Recall thee to thy source,
 Thine earthly race of glory run,—
 Tell not the deeds thy Kings have done.

THE IRISH PEASANTRY.*

THE character and social condition of the Irish people, is one of the most intricate moral problems that has ever been proposed to the civilized world. They are a mass of jarring elements, an assemblage of incongruities and palpable contradictions. How a people of warm affections, a joyous temperament, good natural capacity, quick, lively, frank-hearted, and generous, should, at the same time, be subtle, vindictive, cruel, impatient of all social restraint, disorderly, reckless, and but too often deeply criminal, is a riddle which superficial thinkers generally solve by confounding man's original nature with the vices of men's wicked institutions, and taking for granted, that the Irishman, unlike every other human being, comes into the world restless and riotous, and with an innate abhorrence of tithes, proctors, excisemen, Orange yeomanry, and Courts of Quarter Sessions,—and not merely with that inherent love of whatever is believed to contribute to his happiness, and hatred of what is painful, insulting, and injurious, which characterizes every race of men, from "Indus to the Pole." A writer, in this Magazine for last month, has given us that satisfactory clew to the anomalous national character of the Irish, which has long been sought elsewhere, and always in vain; in the Irishman's race, in his blood, in his passions,—everywhere but in the evils of his condition.

"It is," he says, "usual to exclaim against the ferocity of the lower orders, and charge as an ineradicable stain on the national character, the frightful crimes committed in those periodical paroxysms. God forbid we should not feel as deep a horror at those sanguinary deeds, as any other individual in the empire; but if we wish to understand the real feelings and motives of the Irish peasant, we must always bear in mind, that he considers himself engaged in a war with the law and all its adhe-

* TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.—Curry & Co. Dublin.
 LEGENDS AND STORIES OF IRELAND.—By Samuel Lover. Wakeman, Dublin.

rents, civil and military, where he is perfectly justified in using every sort of stratagem. All his conduct must be estimated in that light. It is a state of open hostility between two parties, whose business it is to deceive and kill as many as they can. If he shoots a man from behind a fence, it is not an assassination, it is merely an ambush,—if he intercepts a proctor, it is a party of the enemy cut off,—if six or seven policemen are killed, it is ‘a brilliant infantry affair,’—if a house be burned down, the peasant would think himself more justifiable than Sir G. Cockburn, when, in the last American war, he reduced so many private houses to ruins,—for he perils more than that gallant officer; he is exposed to two chances, the sword and the halter.”

Here then is the maze unravelled, the mystery cleared. With this solution, the correct title of the volumes mentioned in the note, should be “*Stories and Tales, illustrative of the Condition of the Peasantry, during the Civil and Religious Wars of Ireland;*” and keeping this in view, instead of denouncing the lawlessness and ferocity of the people, our admiration would be kindled, and our sympathies engaged by the many traits of devoted patriotism, generosity, and fidelity, which have marked the fierce and protracted struggles of that ill-used country. Ireland, for centuries past, can only be regarded as one vast arena of mortal combat, having the organized force of the Conqueror lodged in barrack and *bawn*, and the native *Guerrilla* troops scattered through every cabin, farm-house, and village in the island. There have been intervals of the sullen tranquillity of exhaustion, and others of hollow truce; but the elements of strife have then been merely neutralized, or, at most, dormant. The fuel, though not always in a state of ignition, has been constantly accumulating, ready to catch fire at the slightest spark, or burst into spontaneous combustion. Ireland, in brief, has been, ever since its conquest, in nearly the same condition as this kingdom, during the worst of the remote periods of civil convulsion, and as the Highland and Southern Border remained till a period comparatively recent. The modern foraying Michael Colliers, and Captain Rocks of Ireland, are the exact counterparts of our own gallant Johnny Armstrong, and brave Rob Roy. The principle of this perpetual conflict is also nearly the same,—“War on the castle, but peace to the cottage”—spoil the rich man’s herds, but spare the poor man’s cow. The strife has, however, often been tenfold embittered by the rapacity and insolence of the dominant faction; and by religious differences, artfully inflamed, and kept rancorous from the vilest of political motives, till the deep-rooted principle of resistance to that authority, and those laws, which, to the Irishman’s imagination, and too often to his experience, appear only framed to plunder and insult, has made many of the British people believe that it is impossible for him to live under the regulated institutions of society. They forget that nature has given him quick, strong passions; and long misgovernment bequeathed a gathered inheritance of national degradation and individual suffering—misery and desolation to his hearth, and persecution and contempt to his altar—which it concerns his manhood to revenge, and his dearest interests to redress. From time to time, the gnawings and promptings of these feelings have urged him on to wild, headlong resistance—the sallies of despair goaded to frenzy—the struggles of the infuriated maniac, who either will not or cannot perceive that his furious efforts only subject him to stricter watching and heavier chains. Within these last two years, these periodical frenzy-fits have been imbued into that “passive resistance,” of which the concentrated energies indicate more serious, and, we hope, happier consequences. No one acquainted with Irish history will wonder that Irishmen have so often burst into open rebellion; one only laments that

their efforts to better their condition, and redeem their disgrace, have been so ill-concerted as only to recoil upon their own heads.—But our business is with the domestic condition of the Irish people, and with the singular and striking fact, that, though the soil of Ireland has been, for generations, little different from an extended encampment, the social virtues have still flourished under the shadow of the altar, and within the genial influence of the cottage hearth. The true secret, which reconciles the monstrous moral incongruity of the Irish character, is, that those successive generations of Guerillas, under their many fanciful designations, have always been billeted *at home*—among their wives, and children, and chapels; and that the ties of kindred, and the charities of neighbourhood—whatever is most humanizing, in “all the priest and all the nurse have taught” to poor men, have been extended over them, and tempered their violence, and sweetened their fierce blood. To the hereditary oppressor, and all leagued with him, the Irishman is ferocious and vindictive enough; and these dark passions often borrow strength from the affections he carries into his own circle, while, without much discrimination, he wreaks on others the misery it tortures him to see endured in his home.

The point of honour among the Irish people, that on which an Irishman of the lower class concentrates all his public virtue, is strongly indicative of the social condition of his country. It is *fidelity*, at all hazards, to that tacit or covenanted league formed by the oppressed against the oppressor. Every shade and hue of guilt may be forgiven, save failure in good faith to the common cause, or the meanness of betrayal. The law is the common foe, and all are combined against it; resistance is the highest heroism—submission the meanest cowardice; and to deny shelter and succour to the most guilty criminal, or to denounce the blood-dyed murderer to its just penalties, is deemed the basest villainy—the only offence never to be pardoned—a stain on family and personal honour never to be wiped out—a Cain-brand, never to be eradicated.

Those homely and familiar stories, which unlatch the door of the cabin, and shew us the turbulent, lawless Irishman in the midst of his family-circle—pigs, poultry, tramping priest, the beggar, and the beggar's dog, the very cricket* chirruping in chorus as all joyously share his open hospitality and surround the potato basket are valuable, as they help to explain those contradictions and anomalies, which, at a superficial glance, perplex the moralist in contemplating the Irish character. They teach us, also, that he who cherishes the kindly affections revealed here requires only, in his frank and loving nature, to be treated with justice and kindness, to become as good a subject as he is a husband, father, and neighbour. These stories, which shew us the Irish in all the goings-on of ordinary life, at the fair, the wake, the chapel, the bridal, the burial, and in the *skrimmage*, exhibit another affecting and important feature in the condition of Ireland which ought to be more dwelt upon, one which completely makes out the proposition of the writer, whose theory of the social state of Ireland we have adopted. This is the condition and character of the

* We do not remember to have seen any of their national writers notice the superstition of the Irish peasantry, in favour of this lively creature, which they may be said to domesticate. They love and protect it; they fancy it lucky, and delight to hear its merry chirrup, and see it come out at night to the warmth and blaze of the turf-fire, when its little portion of the blessed potatoes always thrown down. Goldsmith, who kept an Irish heart in his breast, and carried it into English literature, undoubtedly here from some Irish fire-side his gay and beautiful image,—

The cricket chirrup on the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

women ; who after ages of crime and suffering have rolled over and polluted their native land, remain as pure, gentle, and affectionate, as "when Malachi wore the collar of gold." The wives and daughters of those violent and lawless men are seldom heard of in their brawls, save as peace-makers, and never in their midnight atrocities. The character of their sex appears too well understood, and too deeply respected by their turbulent, reckless companions, to admit of their being made participants in the outrage and crime in which it is considered manly and gallant for the men to engage. The mildness and gentleness of the female character in Ireland, as contrasted with the dispositions to which injustice has trained the men, was the circumstance which struck us most forcibly on first visiting that country. It is at once a redeeming point, and a thing of bright promise. The women must sympathize deeply in the feelings of their friends and countrymen, for this is human nature ; but the character of their sex remains entire, and their share of the common wrong is felt and resented only as women feel, with submission, gentleness, and patient endurance. They are often, in the hands of the parish priests, the instruments of restraining violence, and preventing crime and anarchy. Thus employed in the service of humanity, Philosophy may, for once, admire priestcraft.

To the silent influence of the women, and the active and most beneficial interference of the priests, may be attributed whatever degree of moral restraint and forbearance the oppressed and infuriate peasantry have exhibited. But for the chapel and the fireside, these maddened hordes must, long ere now, have converted their country into one widespread scene of desolation and carnage ; and have either expelled their conquerors or been extirpated themselves. Yet it is common for bigoted ignorance and political cant to clamour against the Irish Catholic priesthood, as the source of all the discontents of Ireland. A priesthood is at the bottom of much of this ; but, assuredly, it is not the Roman Catholic. If it be politically powerful, it is so only for good. The faith may be erring ; but, in Ireland, many of its works, as taught by those obnoxious priests, are of the most beautiful fruits of pure and elevating Christianity ; they are peace, long-suffering, forgiveness, charity. The Catholic Church of Ireland is too poor to be corrupt in its practices ; and if there be jealousy of the influence of its priesthood, and if the Presbyter or Episcopal would attain like sway, let him use the same means. The Catholic priest neither works by miracles nor magic. His instruments of power are his zeal, piety, patience, sympathy, charity, renunciation of self, and a devotion of the whole man to those duties which find neither their support nor reward on earth, save in the grateful affection of his flock. To the direction which the parish priests of Ireland have often given to the maddened passions and feelings, which they were unable wholly to eradicate, Britain has owed the peace and preservation* of this her right arm. To them Ireland will probably soon owe that successful political and moral regeneration, of which the organized plan of quiet but determined resistance, co-extensive with the island, gives at last so consolatory a promise. We are tempted to say this much by certain slips in these "*Irish Traits*," the spirit of which, though not bad, is not always one of wisdom and healing.

* A member of the present Cabinet, and a good Protestant—who, to our knowledge, made his legs his compasses, and his own eyes and ears his instruments on what it is so important to every British statesman to know—the actual condition of Ireland—has often declared that the Catholic priests are the most important and useful auxiliaries Government have in Ireland.

WHEESHT !

GENIUS of Silence ! whose step, as thou walkest over the earth, falls as lightly as the descending snow-flake, invest me with thy mantle of down, and provide me with a quill of softest plume, while I attempt to recount all the properties and associations of thy shibboleth—WHEESHT !

Every body must have more or less acquaintance with a provokingly quiet set of people, who constantly look and move as if they were saying wheesht!—a velvet-footed race, with smooth, goodly faces, who eat, drink, walk, and sleep—perhaps snore too—below their breath, and would not for the world be guilty of what they call making a fuss. This set of people are always very anxious that things should be managed in a prudent, quiet, unostentatious way. If they were going to have a ride in a coach—supposing they could bear the rattle of such a thing—they would have it drawn up six doors off,

“ ————— lest folk
Should say that they were proud.”

They keep the doors within their houses always well oiled, and the pulleys of their windows in the best state of repair, so that none of them may ever be guilty of a single creak or rattle. Their clothes are always very trim about their persons,—or, to use a Scotch phrase, *clappit*; no superfluous skirts—no majestic train—not so much as an useless lappel, if it can be avoided; because such things tend to make a fuss—might even happen to pull down something that would make a crash, or a clash, or a dash, or a splash, or something else in *ash*. When they rise to leave a room, it is perceptible that they are sedulous to glide away as smoothly, and noiselessly, and unobservedly, as possible: they are evidently much put about, that they cannot devolve through the key-hole, so as to save the fluster of opening the door. “ We must learn to walk circumspectly. We must make no stir. Let us take things coolly. Let us do every thing with decency and propriety. Allow no room for evil tongues. As well not give people occasion to *speak*. We’ll do very well in our own quiet way. WHEESHT !” As these people move along, they keep a clear look-out on all hands, afraid to come in contact with any thing; and they evidently would feel much inconvenienced, if Providence would see fit to furnish them with antennæ like the spider, or whiskers like the cat, so that they might be admonished beforehand. The chance of being disturbed by any little object. If they saw a nut-shell in the way, they would go about to avoid treading upon it. “ Bad boys, to throw their nut-shells down in the way !” If you were to come up behind one of them in the street, and, conceiving him to be one of your own hearty hall-door-wall-met kind of acquaintances, give him a sound slap on the shoulder, and ask him how he did, you would see him start like a Laputan philosopher under the influence of the flapper, and perhaps next moment faint, sink, and die away upon the street, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown, unless an address card happened to be found in his pocket. But see one *trysted* with an obstreperous bottle of small ale, with which he is going to regale you as you drop in, some warm, thisty forenoon, at his country box. He brings in the bottle in his arms, nursing it all the way as carefully as he would a new-born babe. He sets about the business of driving in the screw, with all the solemnity, and silence, and

decorum, with which a Druid could have set about the sacrifice of a human being. The stopper is recusant; it requires more exertion than he can at any time think of making—for violent gesture is equivalent to noise. It has to be transferred to your own less scrupulous care. You make the cork fly in a moment, and see what a water-spout of foam ! The quietist is paralysed with the loudness of the report, and the fizzing, cheeping, squeaking, spirting, and squirting which the liquor makes, as you vainly endeavour to repress it with your hand. The echoes of the house, that have slumbered for months, are roused by your calls for relays of tumblers, wherein to receive the seemingly endless effusion of froth. And after puzzling and noozling your way to the bottom of half-a-dozen of these tumblers, in the vain quest of a mouthful, you leave the unhappy quietist in agony for the evening—his ears rent with your jocund remarks on the small ale, and all the rest of his senses shattered, and torn, and disgusted with the scene of ravage which you have been the innocent means of introducing into his parlour. It must be remarked that these velvet people scarcely detest any thing so much as a hearty laugh. They mark a cachinnator as a man to be avoided. Of men whom they have every other reason to regard with esteem, they will remark,—“ Yes, he is very good—a very estimable man; but don't you think he has a rather boisterous way of laughing?” Your quietist never laughs, even at the most amusing incident or witticism: he only treats you to a soft noiseless smile. In their conversation, they appear as if they were at some pains to avoid using the harsh consonants, such as *r* and *t*: they indulge chiefly in liquids and vowels, and do a great deal with such monosyllabic interjections, as *ah*, *eh*, *ay*, *oh*, &c. They often speak upon a respiration, instead of an aspiration, as if their words made less noise when bound inwards than outwards: they seem as if they wished to swallow their very language, upon the same principle as a manufactory consuming its own smoke, so that it might never more give any trouble, or create any fuss, in the world. Sometimes, in company, they escape the horror of making a noise with their tongues altogether. They sit in a composed manner, perhaps looking into the fire, and only signify their appreciation of what you are saying to them, by occasional inarticulate sounds within their closed lips, or by a motion of the head to one side, or by a mere transient glance of the eye. This is what they call having a little quiet conversation; and when the parties rise, it is always observable that they display an appearance of vast edification.

These men of aspirate existence are often found in possession of small public dignities, such as that of provost, bailie, or town-clerk in some country burgh. Nothing can be done by such people—no step can be taken, till they have thoroughly ascertained that it is to have a perfectly good appearance, and that there is no back-come or negative influence which may derange it. “ Wheesht! just let us keep a *calm sough*. We must proceed decently. We must walk with circumspection. That business about the Port-brae—I'll just take occasion some night to ca' in by John Ritchie's, and hear what *he* says about it, and if *he* doesna seem to hae any objection, we'll see what may be done. In the mean time, ye may throw yoursell in Mr. ——'s way, and hear *his* breath. We canna be ower cautious. Dinna gang anes eerand. That would look ower *set-ill* on the business. We'll see about it a', by and by; ay, we'll see about it; just *be* canny for awhile: wheesht!”

Or perhaps it is,—“ That business about the clerkship to the buird: my son John, he's a weel-doing lad. Mr. Jamieson, *his* late master,

joost looked upon him as the apple o' his ee. He used to say he could take a voyage to Cheena, and hae an easy mind a' the time, for he was sure that John wad hae every thing right when he cam back. Served a regular apprenticeship to a double-you-ess. Though it's mysel that says't, there canna be a candidate better qualifeed. For my ain part, I'm an auld servant o' the toon. In that business, ye ken, o' the brig, I was never aff my feet—lost a gude deal o' my ain business by negleck—and ye ken as weel as ony body hoo muckle fyke I've ha'en wi' the Puir's House. I've just been considering whether John has ony chance. We're anxious to soond our way afore we gang ony farther; for we wadna like to pit in for't and no get it after a'. Ye'll hae a vote? [Here the person addressed intimates many friendly wishes, but is not inclined to give a distinct pledge.] Ou na—we canna expeck that, ye ken. It wad neither be richt o' me to ask it, nor for you to gie 't. The toon's interest, abune a' things! But I just ca'd to let ye ken hoo things stude. I'm by nae means anxious for the place to John. But some o' oor freends wad hae us to come forrit, and we did na like that they should ha' been at sae muckle trouble on oor account, and we fa' back after a'. In the mean time, ye'll say naething till ye hear frae me. We're gaun to be very cautious. We'll feel our way—Wheesht!

Even to the humblest individuals connected with corporations, this system of quietness extends. There is always a kind of valet or *man* of the corporation's body, who hands about the circulars which call the members together, attends to the decoring, as Caleb Balderston would call it, of the hall of assembly, and lives in a den hard by, where he "keeps the keys." This man is always found to be a most decided votary of the idea of *wheesht!* He goes noiseless about the place, like a puff of Old Town smoke, and seems absolutely oppressed with a sense of the decency with which it is necessary to conduct "corporation business." Yea, he cannot pronounce the very word, "corporation," without that sinking of the voice and interjectional reverence of manner, with which certain words of a really sacred nature are properly uttered in ordinary discourse. He looks upon "the corporation" as the greatest of all public bodies; if the government itself be greater, it is only greater in another way. And the deacon, in his opinion—oh, no man can equal the deacon. "The corporation is very rich. We support twenty-three deeked members and eleven widows, and we ha'e a richt to put five callants into the Orphan Hospital. We've our charter frae James the Sixth; and our record—we've a grand record. It has the Catholic oath at the beginning,—'By my pairt of Paradise'—that ilk member swears to, when he enters. If you wad be very quiet about it, ye might gang up stairs and see't. Mak' nae noise, now. Wheesht!"

There is a kindred set of men, who act in something like the same capacity to places of worship—old decent men—squires of the church's body, who come in, as avant-couriers of the minister, to lay down his Bible on the desk, and who evidently are at a great deal of trouble in keeping up a tremendously grave and important aspect, appropriate to their duties. These old men appear in large entailed black coats, which have been in the family for ages, and the skirts of which sweep solemnly by, almost like the mainsheet of a seventy-four. Such persons might be the very door-keepers of the Court of Silence—the high priests of the idea of *wheesht!* They are immensely impressed with a sense of the greatness of the minister, though, perhaps, he is, in reality, no conflagrator of the Thames; and their whole form and impression breathes of the

solemnity of "the vestry." Anything that an elder says is to them law; and if the minister were to address himself to them, they would feel the honour so deeply, that they would not know what they were about all the rest of the day. When they appear within the body of the church, they do not, of course, say anything; but it is evident that they mean a great deal by their anti-disturbance aspect. "Children, be all quiet; public worship is just about to commence; it behoves all people to show an outward decency in the house of God. I could give ye a word mysel'; but I leave it to the minister. All I shall say is—*Wheesht!*"*

Then there is a set of equally peaceable old men, who, in the country, act as elders, and stand, every Sunday, with a peculiarly mortified and speechless aspect, beside the plate which receives the oblations of the congregation—'grave and reverend seignors,' fixed as statues, with their hands thrust into the opposite cuffs of their spencers, and down-cast faces that would not smile for untold gold. The boys, and even older people, are almost afraid to pass them, they are so awfully solemn. In one respect they are a kind of fuglemen. The countenances of the worshippers in passing catch from them the contagion of decorum, and instead of the easy, this-world expression which they sported a few minutes ago, while talking in the church-yard upon such terrene subjects as crops and markets, display, in their pews, a gravity appropriate to the placé, but which could scarcely have been otherwise assumed. In fact, these old grave men, if planted in the entrance to the cave of Trojanius, would have been sufficient to account for the miracle. During the first prayer they are seen to enter the body of the church, and plant themselves in a seat under the pulpit, with a quietness and solemnity that would not be amiss among the special jurors of Rhadamanthus. If you visit one in his own residence, some evening during the week, you find him sitting in a small lonely room, with a large Bible open before him, into which, as you enter, he quietly thrusts his spectacles for a mark. You almost tremble to disturb so fine a picture of religious contemplation. When he speaks, you find that he has a deep, guttural voice, broken and softened into something inexpressibly smooth and gentle; a constant *susurrus* of wheesht! If you converse regarding books, you find that, of all secular compositions, he likes Hervey's Meditations, and (what he calls) *Strum's* Reflections. The subdued tone of these works harmonizes finely with the tranquil pulsations of his soul and heart. On a Sunday afternoon, when the slight bustle which the dismissal of the congregation has made upon the street is all hushed down into the soft and melancholy calm which ever rests that day upon the rural towns of Sootland, if you drop quietly in upon him, you find him sitting in his back room, in the midst of his family, with a stream of rich

* Personages of this kind abound in the streets of Edinburgh, during the hour between ten and eleven on Sunday forenoons, when they are all going to their respective places of worship. One of them was observed gliding gently along Prince's Street one forenoon, in company with some other "decent people," to whom he was evidently making a few quiet, solemn remarks upon the subject of things in general, with, perhaps a particular reference to the gaudy show of fine new houses and elegantly dressed people, whom he saw around him. He was just overheard to make one observation; but it was most characteristic of the quiet tribe to which he belonged: "Sirs," said he, with a philosophical glance from side to side, "*there's nae reality in naething now!*"

This world is but a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given.

light from the setting sun, falling upon his quiet grey head, and a large Bible displaying its brighter treasures before him. He is reading a chapter to his children, in the low, murmuring voice peculiar to him. The whole scene is one of piquant noiselessness and repose; for the children, admirably trained, are all as quiet as doves, and, besides his own voice, there is no sound to be heard, excepting, perhaps, the soft occasional wail of the wind, or the equivocal lull of the distant waterfall. Should one of the young people betray but the slightest mark of restlessness, a glance from the old man, *over the top of the spectacles*, stills it in an instant. There is something in the scene that seems to say,—“Children let us all be meek and gentle of spirit—let us all be reverent, and lowly, and quiet; let us sit amidst the stillness of the evening hour, and offer up the silent vespers of a grateful and devout spirit—be every worldly and profane thought banished—be ye holy and calm—wheesht!”

There is a set of the generation of quietists, who are ever and anon coming up to you in the street with a curious *entre-nous* expression of phiz, as if, like a grief-laden ghost, they were possessed of some secret which they could not bring themselves to divulge. Now, for my part, I have no curiosity after secrets. I would rather want the best of them than be at the trouble of recollecting to keep them to myself. Yet, these people do often seize me by the button, and attempt to work off “a great secret” upon me, in their quiet way, dribble by dribble, notwithstanding all I can do to the contrary. “Have you heard of any thing within the last few days? Anything about ———? I heard it whispered last night, but I could not believe it. It was talked of to-day, however, I know, in the Parliament House. And Guthry, he told, knows all about it. For God’s sake, however, speak loudly about it; and don’t say, I told you. It’s a very delicate business. Wheesht!” And so, after a thousand insinuations, by whisper, wink, shrug, and smile, they quit button, and leave you weltering in astonishment, unable to make out, for the life of you, what all this means; nay, perhaps, so completely do you feel bamboozled by the tide of new and imperfect ideas which has been let loose upon you, that you scarcely know that you are walking on the earth for five minutes after. You feel ravished away, as it were, into middle air, *caput ferit altu sidera*—not with elation, but with botheration of spirit. Your imagination toils and pants after their meaning through the great abyss of space; and you hardly feel the pressure of the real world around you for the afternoon.

Then there is a set of people, of the quieter sex—good neighbours, mothers of families—who, when there is any sickness in your own house, and the mistress of the house herself is not very well able to take care of it, rush in unbidden, apparently upon the same instinct which brings birds of prey to fields of battle, and immediately begin to assume a strange kind of unauthorized directorate, as if they had been all their lives as familiar with the scene as yourself. These kind persons leave their own houses to Providence, all selfish considerations being abandoned for the time at the call of what they term distress. On coming home to dinner, totally unwitting of the trouble which has befallen the family in your absence, you are surprised *in limine*, at the very door-step, by meeting a quiet-looking oldish woman in her stocking-soles, who comes forward, holding up her hand, after the manner of a judge administering an oath, and only pronounces the single emphatic word—wheesht! You are beckoned in a most mysterious manner into a side-room, and told to be very quiet, for ——— has just fallen into a sleep, which the Doctor

expects to do a great deal of good, and there must, upon no account, be any disturbance. Though the bed-room of the patient is so far away, that no voice, however loud, could reach it, this high priestess of silence, still speaks thirty degrees below the zero of articulation, the sense of the necessity of quiet being so weighty upon her mind, that she totally forgets the state of the case in this particular instance, and even perhaps if she were removed to the distance of several miles, would still fear to give her words full utterance. You soon find this discreet old lady in full possession of your house; invested with the management of the keys; arbitress of all matters connected with the childrens' frocks; and sole autocrat of the bread and butter. If you live in any of the streets of the New Town, where hardly a cart or carriage is to be heard from morning till night, you immediately find the street in front of the door, strewed with tanners' bark, to deafen the sound of those rarely occurring annoyances. Of course, if you live in the Old Town, where carts and carriages are incessant, the patient is understood to have nerves accordingly, and no bark is required. Suppose the case to be one where the mistress of the house herself is indisposed: for some time you find your consequence as master entirely absorbed; you are a mere subordinate where once you were principal; the attentions of all the servants, and also of the discreet lady, are all engrossed by the patient; and you come into, and go out of the house, without ever being heeded or regarded; unless, perhaps, when you happen to make a very *leette* noise, and then a troop of harpies, with the discreet lady at their head, fly upon you, with open mouth and uplifted hands, and all the gesticulation and expression which might properly accompany an outburst of indignant remonstrance, but which, in this case, is a kind of dumb thunder, ending all in the awful monosyllable—*wheesht!* Then, there is an oiling of doors, and a throng of women going through the house in their stockings, or at most in what are called *carpet*-shoes, and a whispering and breathing of *wheesht!* for many days, till at last, through very contagion, you yourself become as timid as a tit-mouse, and almost forget the sound of your own voice. Then the mysterious old woman, how beautifully she manages everything! Her out-goings and her in-comings are all most becoming and composed. The flame which you see her occasionally sending over a plateful of brandy for the sick-room, is not more gently lambent than her own pace. You see her a few yards off addressing herself to some underling, and, although you hear not a whisper nor a breath, except, perhaps, the ever-interjected *wheesht*, to your surprise her language appears to be comprehended by the person spoken to, and lo and behold it is immediately acted upon. The very children, albeit unaccustomed to the reign of silence, are overborne and dashed down by the awful influence of the everlasting *wheesht*, and are observed crawling, like so many kittens, through a suite of apartments, where they erst performed gallopades of the most outrageous description. If you happen to take a peep into the sick-chamber, you see the mysterious woman standing over the bed, with the air and gestures of an inspired Pythoness, pointing to distant bottles and boxes, and doing every thing (speech excepted) to make herself understood. If the wrong bottle or box be touched by the servant, she writhes her whole body and countenance in an agony of dumb negation; but, when the right one is pounced upon at last, she suddenly relaxes into approval, and her agonies cease. Suppose that the patient at last “departs,” the stillness of the household is not remitted, in consideration of there being no longer any one to be disturbed. It

rather becomes more deep and solemn than ever. There is still the same carpet-shoeing as before—the same ejaculating of *whesht*. The house begins to look like an absolute sepulchre, and the mysterious woman like some marble and unspeaking cherub planted to guard it. She takes a leading hand in the melancholy duties paid to the dead, and is always able to recommend a person who makes grave-clothes—Mrs. So-and-so—living in some close in the Old Town, first stair, fifth door up. She can even do something in the way of mournings for the survivors; the children will require this, and the servants that; so much crape for this one's hat; so much black ribbon for that one's bonnet. Even after all these matters have been arranged by her friendly intervention, she does not yet depart. She must see after the wine and cake at the funeral, and take care that every thing is managed with decency, and, above all things, *quietly*. At last, when all is over, she soofs out at the door, with a strange rustle of silk, as if she were saying, and saying for the last farewell time, the oft-repeated shibboleth of her kind—*WHESHT!*

THE DYING SUB-LIEUTENANT, IN ITALY—TO THE TRI-COLOR.

Wounded on the battle-field,
 The silent dead around me lying,
 My brain awhile in stupor seal'd,
 Now wakens to the sense of dying:
 The bloody coil of fight is o'er,
 The twilight dew falls chilly round;
 I hear the far-off drum no more,
 Nor the retreating bugle's sound.
 All is silent, all are gone;
 Near me in this hour are none
 Save the speechless; none to tell
 How the falt'ring battle fell:
 No help to bind this shatter'd breast,
 No help to stanch this streaming brow:
 Thou alone of all the rest,
 Only Thou, only Thou,
 On the bloody herbage cast,
 Each bright hue bedrench'd in gore,
 Faithful comrade to the last,
 Abidest by me, Tri-color!

Midmost of the battle's roar,
 Stunn'd by sudden sabre blow
 Of the onward-dashing foe,
 And fallen on the plain;
 Still my grasping fingers knew thee,
 Still clung hard in dizzy pain,
 Now this blood has seal'd them to thee,
 Ye shall never part again,
 Tri-color! till life is o'er.

Since from Seine's blue waves we parted,
 Sworn companions unto death,
 Young, and strong, and fiery-hearted;
 Breathing scorn of life's sweet breath,

Proud of strength, and proud of beauty,
 I a bridegroom—thou a bride,
 Scarce the call and curb of duty
 Check'd our wayward, wanton pride.
 From that morn of blissful union
 To this hour of anguish drear,
 (Cherish'd well and sweet communion,
 Fair and bright, tho' brief career!)
 What quick scenes have changed around us!
 What fierce ills our passion tried!
 Danger still together found us
 Hand in hand, and side by side.

In the thickest throng of battle,
 Where the drum's alarum rattle
 Sinks, drown'd amid the roar of fight,—
 The charge—th' encounter—and the fight :
 Where the fiery masses run
 Forward to the flashing gun ;
 Where, by broken rampart wall,
 A foremost few fight but to fall,—
 There have we together been,
 There, thro' rifted smoke-cloud seen,
 The glazing eyes of dying men
 Have open'd on the light again,
 With one last gaze to worship thee,
 Bright Token-Flag of Liberty !

Ah, me ! vain this thrill of pride,
 Vain these thoughts of glory won,
 'To struggle with the quenchless tide
 Of pangs that thro' my body run ;
 Thro' blinding blood mine eyesight swims :
 You bright blue arch I scarce behold ;
 And feel these faint 'unsinew'd limbs
 Fast stiff'ning in the twilight cold.
 Great God ! that art the Cause of all,
 What frenzy of remorseless ire
 Hast thou accurs'd mankind withal !
 What hunger, what insane desire,
 What passion to destroy or die,
 What rav'ning after prey or food,
 That man should on his brother fly,
 Like savage of the unshorn wood,
 And riot in his out-pour'd blood !

One moment have I done thee wrong ?
 Ah ! Liberty, forgive, forgive
 The sins of this blaspheming tongue,
 Murmurs by mortal anguish wrung :
 Some men must die, that more may live
 In freedom. Until men throw down
 The tow'ring fane themselves have built,
 That mightier Babel upward grown,
 Stronghold of power leagu'd with guilt ;
 'Till priest, till tyrant, hated names,
 That brand the brow of earth with shame,
 Are ras'd under thy feet divine,
 Men must pour forth their blood like wine,
 Their breath, as incense, at thy shrine.
 Hear me, divinest Spirit, let
 The holy kiss my lips now set
 Upon thy bloody banner, wet

With my heart's blood, a token be,
A parting sign, a pledge in death,
That dying I hold fast my faith,
And give thee worship, Liberty!

* * * *

Even yet I am not dead! These hours
Will never pass! How softly now
Yon moonlight down the valley pours
Itself, and o'er the mountain's brow
How beautiful this scene to those
Whose hearts and limbs in lightness move!
Ah! why did I the calm repose,
The happiness, the peace, the love,
That grew around me in my home,
Abandon after blood to roam?
Happy there, as morning found me,
Evening rock'd my heart to rest;
There each pleasure circled round me,
Each fond tie my feelings blest.
Where be now the lips that form'd me
To those thoughts which freemen know;
Where the happy looks that warm'd me
With affection's fondest glow?
Ah! me, never more shall I
Meet those eyes which bless'd me then;
Speaking glance of sparkling eye
Never shall behold again!
Far away, oh! far away,
Amid the pleasant fields of France,
Children of sweet folly, they
Strike the lute, and lead the dance:
Even now, perchance, they speak of me,
With no sad fears or fond regret,
But proudly and exultingly,
As fighting for sweet Freedom yet,
And pledge my name in rosy wine:
While I am dying here alone,
With none to hear my dying moan,
With none whose hand to clasp in mine,
And give the last faint farewell token,
That love, while other passions fly
The heart's expiring agony,
Abides, till it's last string is broken.

Only Thou of all that's dear,
TRI-COLOR, art with me here.
On thy bosom, gentle friend,
Soon these throes of death shall end.
Even now faint these breathings swell,
Even now slow these blood-drops pour;
Farewell, pleasant world; farewell, TRI-COLOR!

P. W.

USE AND ABUSE OF POLITICAL TERMS.*

MR. LEWIS is known in society as the son of the Right Hon. T. Frankland Lewis, and in literature, as the translator, jointly with Mr. Henry Tufnell, of two erudite and interesting works on classical antiquity, Muller's Dorians, and Bockh's Public Economy of Athens. Mr. Lewis is also the author of a little work on logic; to which subject, stimulated like many others of the Oxford youth, by the precepts and example of Dr. Whately, he has devoted more than common attention, and was so far peculiarly qualified for writing such a work as the volume before us professes to be. This alone should entitle him to no slight praise; for such is the present state of the human mind, in some important departments, that it is often highly meritorious to have written a book, in itself of no extraordinary merit, if the work afford proof that any one of the requisites for writing a good book on the same subject is possessed in an eminent degree.

Certain it is, that there scarcely ever was a period when logic was so little studied, systematically, and in a scientific manner, as of late years; while, perhaps, no generation ever had less to plead in extenuation of neglecting it. For if, in order to reason well, it were only necessary to be destitute of every spark of fancy and poetic imagination, the world of letters and thought might boast, just now, of containing few besides good reasoners; people to whom, one would imagine, that logic must be all in all, if we did not, to our astonishment, find that they despise it. But the most prosaic matter-of-fact person in the world must not flatter himself that he is able to reason because he is fit for nothing else. Reasoning, like all other mental excellencies, comes by appropriate culture; not by exterminating the opposite good quality, the other half of a perfect character. Perhaps the mere reasoners, with whom the world abounds, would be considerably less numerous, if men really took the pains to learn to reason. It is a sign of a weak judgment, as of a weak virtue, to take to flight at the approach of every thing which can, by any remote possibility, lead it astray. Men who, for want of cultivation, have the intellects of dwarfs, are of course the slaves of their imagination, if they have any, as they are the slaves of their sensations, if they have not; and it is partly, perhaps, because the systematic culture of the thinking faculty is in little repute, that imagination also is in such bad odour; there being no solidity and vigour of intellect to resist it where it tends to mislead. The sublimest of English poets composed an elementary book of logic for the schools; but our puny rhymsters think logic, forsooth, too dry for them; † and our logicians, from that and other causes, very commonly say with M. Casimir Perier, *A quoi un poëte est-il bon ?*

* Use and Abuse of Political Terms. By George Cornwall Lewis, Esq. Student of Christ Church, Oxford.—London: Fellowes, 1832.

† The greatest English poet of our own times lays no claim to this glorious independence of any obligation to pay regard to the laws of thought. Those whom Mr. Wordsworth honours with his acquaintance, know it to be one of his favourite opinions, that want of proper intellectual culture, much more than the rarity of genius, is the cause why there are so few true poets; the foundation of poetry, as of all other

In undertaking to treat of the use and abuse of the leading terms of political philosophy, Mr. Lewis has set before himself a task to which no one but a logician could be competent, and one of the most important to which logic could be applied. If, however, we were disposed for minute criticism, we might find some scope for it in the very title-page. We might ask, what is meant by an abuse of terms; and whether a man is not at liberty to employ terms in any way which enables him to deliver himself of his own ideas the most intelligibly; to bring home to the minds of others, in the greatest completeness, the impression which exists in his own? This question, though it has a considerable bearing upon many parts of Mr. Lewis's book, throws, however, no doubt upon the importance of the object he aims at. His end is, to prevent things essentially different, from being confounded, because they happen to be called by the same name. It is past doubt that this, like all other modes of false and slovenly thinking, might be copiously exemplified from the field of politics; and Mr. Lewis has not been unhappy in his choice of examples. The instances, in which the confusion of language is the consequence, and not the cause, of the erroneous train of thought (which we believe to be generally the more common case,) are equally worthy of Mr. Lewis's attention, and will, no doubt, in time receive an equal share of it.

Some notion of the extent of ground over which our author travels may be gathered from his table of contents; which, with that view, we transcribe:—

“1. Government. 2. Constitution—Constitutional. 3. Right—Duty—Wrong—Rightful—Wrongful—Justice. 4. Law—Lawful—Unlawful. 5. Sovereign—Sovereignty—Division of Forms of Government. 6. Monarchy—Royalty—King—7. Commonwealth—Republic—Republican. 8. Aristocracy—Oligarchy—Nobility. 9. Democracy. 10. Mixed Government—Balance of Powers. 11. People—Community. 12. Representation—Representative—Representative Government. 13. Rich—Middle Class—Poor. 14. Nature—Natural—Unnatural—State of Nature. 15. Liberty—Freedom—Free. 16. Free Government—Arbitrary Government—Tyranny—Despotism—Anarchy. 17. Power—Authority—Force. 18. Public—Private—Political—Civil—Municipal. 19. Property—Possession—Estate—Estates of Parliament. 20. Community of Goods.”

To explain thoroughly the various senses of any one of these terms, would require, possibly, as much space, as Mr. Lewis has devoted to them all. His observations, however, are those of an instructed and intelligent mind. They contain, perhaps, not much that is absolutely new; except that ideas, which the mind has made completely its own, always come out in a form more or less different from that in which they went in, and are, in that sense, always original. Moreover, any one who can look straight into a thing itself, and not merely at its image mirrored in another man's mind, can also look at things, upon occasion, when there is no other man to point them out.*

productions of man's reason, being logic. By logic, he does not mean syllogisms in mode and figure, but justness of thought and precision of language; and, above all, knowing accurately your own meaning.

While we are on this subject, we must be permitted to express our regret, that a poet who has meditated as profoundly on the theory of his art, as he has laboured assiduously in its practice, should have put forth nothing which can convey any adequate notion to posterity of his merits in this department; and that philosophical speculations on the subject of poetry, with which it would be folly to compare any others existing in our language, have profited only to a few private friends.

* Mr. Lewis has very properly, in our opinion, spared himself the ostentatious candour of mentioning the authors to whom he was indebted, they being mostly wri-

Yet, highly as we think of this work, and still more highly of the author's capabilities, we will not pretend that he has realized all our conceptions of what such a work ought to be. We do not think he is fully conscious of what his subject requires of him. The most that he ever seems to accomplish, is to make out that something is wrong, but not how that which is wrong may be made right. He may say, that this is all he aimed at; and so, indeed, it is. But it may always be questioned, whether one has indeed cut down to the very root of an error, who leaves no truth planted in its stead. Mr Lewis, at least, continually leaves the mind under the unsatisfactory impression, that the matter has not been probed to the bottom, and that underneath almost every thing which he sees, there lies something deeper which he does not see. If in this we should be deemed hypercritical, we would say in our defence, that we should never think of ranging Mr. Lewis in the class of those, from whom we take thankfully and without asking questions, any trifling matter, which is all they have to bestow. The author of such a work as the present, is entitled to be tried by the same standard as the highest order of intellect; to be compared not with the small productions of small minds, but with ideal perfection.

Mankind have many ideas, and but few words. This truth should never be absent from the mind of one who takes upon him to decide if another man's language is philosophical or the reverse. Two consequences follow from it; one, that a certain laxity in the use of language must be borne with, if a writer makes himself understood; the other, that, to understand a writer who is obliged to use the same words as a vehicle for different ideas, requires a vigorous effort of co-operation on the part of the reader. These unavoidable ambiguities render it easier, we admit, for confusion of ideas to pass undetected: but they also render it more difficult for any man's ideas to be so expressed that they shall not appear confused; particularly when viewed with that habitual contempt with which men of clear ideas generally regard those, any of whose ideas are not clear, and with that disposition which contempt, like every other passion, commonly carries with it, to presume the existence of its object. It should be recollected, too, that many a man has a mind teeming with important thoughts, who is quite incapable of putting them into words which shall not be liable to any metaphysical objection; that when this is the case, the logical incoherence or incongruity of the expression, is commonly the very first thing which strikes the mind, and that which there is least merit in perceiving. The man of superior intellect, in that case, is not he who can only see that the proposition precisely as stated, is not true; but he who, not overlooking the incorrectness at the surface, does, nevertheless, discern that there is truth at the bottom. The logical defect, on the other hand, is the only thing which strikes the eye of the mere logician. The proper office, we should have conceived, of a clear thinker, would be to make other men's thoughts

tern of established reputation. Such studious honesty in disclaiming any private right to truths which are the common property of mankind, generally implies either that the author cares, and expects the reader to care, more about the ownership of an idea than about its value; or else that he designs to pass himself off as the first promulgator of every thought which he does not expressly assign to the true discoverer. This is one of the thousand forms of that commonest of egotisms, egotism under a shew of modesty. The only obligations which Mr. Lewis with a just discrimination stops to acknowledge, are to a philosopher who is not yet so well known as he deserves to be, Mr. Austin, Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of London.

clear for them, if they cannot do it for themselves, and to give words to the man of genius, fitted to express his ideas with philosophical accuracy. Socrates, in the beautiful dialogue called the *Phædrus*, describes his own vocation as that of a mental midwife: not so Mr. A. or B., who, perhaps, owes the advantage of clear ideas to the fact of his having no ideas which it is at all difficult to make clear. The use of logic, it would seem, to such a person, is not to help others, but to privilege himself against being required to listen to them. He will not think it worth his while to examine what a man has to say, unless it is put to him in such a manner that it shall cost him no trouble at all to make it out. If you come to him needing help, you may learn from him that you are a fool; but you certainly will not be made wise.

It would be grossly unjust to Mr. Lewis to accuse him of any thing approaching to this; but we could have wished that his work could have been more decidedly cited as an example of the opposite quality. We desiderate in it somewhat more of what becomes all men, but, most of all, a young man, to whom the struggles of life are only in their commencement, and whose spirit cannot yet have been wounded, or his temper embittered by hostile collision with the world, but which, in young men more especially, is apt to be wanting—a slowness to condemn. A man must now learn, by experience, what once came almost by nature to those who had any faculty of seeing; to look upon all things with a benevolent, but upon great men and their works with a reverential spirit; rather to seek in them for what he may learn from them, than for opportunities of shewing what they might have learned from him; to give such men the benefit of every possibility of their having spoken with a rational meaning; not easily or hastily to persuade himself that men like Plato, and Locke, and Rousseau, and Bentham, gave themselves a world of trouble in running after something which they thought was a reality, but which he Mr. A. B. can clearly see to be an unsubstantial phantom; to exhaust every other hypothesis, before supposing himself wiser than they; and even then to examine, with good will and without prejudice, if their error do not contain some germ of truth; and if any conclusion, such as a philosopher can adopt, may even yet be built upon the foundation on which they, it may be, have reared nothing but an edifice of sand.

Such men are not refuted because they are convicted of using words occasionally with no very definite meaning, or even of founding an argument upon an ambiguity. The substance of correct reasoning may still be there, although there be a deficiency in the forms. A vague term, which they may never have given themselves the trouble to define, may yet, on each particular occasion, have excited in their minds precisely the ideas it should excite. The leading word in an argument may be ambiguous; but between its two meanings there is often a secret link of connexion, unobserved by the critic but felt by the author, though perhaps he may not have given himself a strictly logical account of it; and the conclusion may turn not upon what is different in the two meanings, but upon what they have in common, or at least analogous.

Until logicians know these things, and act as if they knew them, they must not expect that a logician and a captious man will cease to be, in common apprehension, nearly synonymous. How, in fact, can it be otherwise in the mind of a person, who knows not very clearly what logic is, but who finds that he can in no way give utterance to his conviction without infringing logical rules, while he is conscious all the

time that the real grounds of the conviction have not been touched in the slightest degree?

It is only in a very qualified sense that these admonitions can be applied to Mr. Lewis; but there are so few persons of our time to whom they do not apply more or less, (and perhaps there have been but few at any time,) that we are not surprised to find them even in his case far from superfluous. It remains for us to establish this by particular instances.

Mr. Lewis, under the word *right*, gives a definition of legal rights, and then lays it down that all rights are the creatures of law, that is, of the will of the sovereign; that the sovereign himself has no rights, nor can any one have rights as against the sovereign; because, being sovereign, he is by that supposition exempt from legal obligation, or legal responsibility. So far, so good. Mr. Lewis then says, that to call any thing a right which cannot be enforced by law, is an abuse of language. We answer,—Not until mankind have consented to be bound by Mr. Lewis's definition. For example, when Dr. Johnson says that a man has not a *moral right* to think as he pleases, "because he ought to inform himself, and think justly," Mr. Lewis says he must mean *legal right*; and adds other observations, proving that he has not even caught a glimpse of Johnson's drift. Again, according to him, whoever asserts that no man can have a *right* to do that which is *wrong*, founds an argument upon a mere ambiguity, confounding a right with the adjective *right*: and this ambiguity is "mischievous, because it serves as an inducement to error, and confounds things as well as words."

Now, we contend that Mr. Lewis is here censuring what he does not thoroughly understand, and that the use of the word *right*, in both these cases, is as good logic and as good English as his own. *Right* is the correlative of *duty*, or *obligation*; and (with some limitations) is co-extensive with those terms. Whatever any man is under an obligation to give you, or to do for you, to that you have a right. There are legal obligations, and there are consequently legal rights. There are also *moral obligations*; and no one, that we know of, considers this phrase an abuse of language, or proposes that it should be dispensed with. It seems, therefore, but an adherence to the established usage of our language, to speak of moral rights; which stand in the same relation to moral obligations as legal rights do to legal obligations. All that is necessary is to settle distinctly with ourselves, and make it intelligible to those whom we are addressing, which kind of rights it is that we mean; if we fail in which, we become justly liable to Mr. Lewis's censure. It has not totally escaped Mr. Lewis that there may be some meaning in the phrase, moral rights; but he has, by no means, correctly hit that meaning. He expounds it thus,—"*claims recommended by views of justice or public policy*;" the sort of claim a man may be said to have to anything which you think it *desirable* that he should possess. No such thing. No man in his sound senses considers himself to be *wronged* every time he does not get what he *desires*; every man distinguishes between what he thinks another man *morally bound* to do, and what he merely *would like* to see him do; between what is morally criminal, a fit subject for complaint or reproach, and what excites only regrets, and a wish that the act had been abstained from. No system of moral philosophy or metaphysics that we ever heard of, denies this distinction; though several have undertaken to account for it, and to place it upon the right footing.

If you may say that it is the moral duty of subjects to obey their government, you may also express this by saying that government has a moral *right* to their obedience. If you may say that it is the moral duty of sovereigns to govern well, or else to abdicate, you may say that subjects have a right to be well governed. If you may say, that it is morally culpable in a government to attempt to retain its authority, contrary to the inclinations of its subjects; you may say, that the people have a right to change their government. All this, without any logical inaccuracy, or "abuse of language." We are not defending this phraseology as the best that can be employed; the language of *right* and the language of *duty*, are logically equivalent, and the latter has, in many respects, the advantage. We are only contending, that, whoever uses the word *right* shall not be adjudged guilty of nonsense, until it has been tried whether this mode of interpreting his meaning will make it sense. And this we complain that Mr. Lewis has not done.

To explain what we meant by saying that almost everything which Mr. Lewis sees has something lying under it which he does not see, we have now to shew, that, in catching at an imaginary ambiguity near the surface, he has missed the deeper and less obvious ambiguities by which men are really misled. Two of these we shall briefly set forth.

Speaking morally, you are said to have a right to do a thing, if all persons are morally bound not to hinder you from doing it. But, in another sense, to have a right to do a thing, is the opposite of having no right to do it,—viz. of being under a moral obligation to forbear from doing it. In this sense, to say that you have a right to do a thing, means that you may do it without any breach of duty on your part; that other persons not only ought not to hinder you, but have no cause to think the worse of you for doing it. This is a perfectly distinct proposition from the preceding. The *right* which you have by virtue of a duty incumbent upon other persons, is obviously quite a different thing from a right consisting in the absence of any duty incumbent upon yourself. Yet the two things are perpetually confounded. Thus a man will say he has a right to publish his opinions; which may be true in this sense, that it would be a breach of duty in any other person to interfere and prevent the publication:—but he assumes thereupon, that in publishing his opinions, he himself violates no duty; which may either be true or false, depending, as it does, upon his having taken due pains to satisfy himself, first, that the opinions are true, and next, that their publication in this manner, and at this particular juncture, will probably be beneficial to the interests of truth, on the whole. In this sense of the word, a man has no *right* to do that which is *wrong*, though it may often happen that nobody has a right to *prevent* him from doing it.

The second ambiguity is that of confounding a right, of any kind, with a right to enforce that right by resisting or punishing a violation of it. Men will say, for example, that they have a right to a good government, which is undeniably true, it being the moral duty of their governors to govern them well. But in granting this, you are supposed to have admitted their right or liberty to turn out their governors, and punish them, for having failed in the performance of this duty, which, far from being the same thing, is by no means universally true, but depends upon an immense number of varying circumstances, and is, perhaps, altogether the knottiest question in practical ethics. This example involves *both* the ambiguities which we have mentioned.

We have dwelt longer on this one topic than the reader perhaps will approve. We shall pass more slightly over the remainder.

Our author treats with unqualified contempt all that has been written by Locke and others, concerning a state of nature and the social compact. In this we cannot altogether agree with him. The state of society contemplated by Rousseau, in which mankind lived together without government, may never have existed, and it is of no consequence whether it did so or not. The question is not whether it ever existed, but whether there is any advantage in supposing it hypothetically; as we assume in argument all kinds of cases which never occur, in order to illustrate those which do. All discussions respecting a state of nature are inquiries what morality would be if there were no law. This is the real scope of Locke's Essay on Government, rightly understood: whatever is objectionable in the details did not arise from the nature of the inquiry, but from a certain wavering and obscurity in his notion of the grounds of morality itself. Nor is this mode of viewing the subject, we conceive, without its advantages, in an enlarged view, either of morality or law. Not to mention that, as is observed by Locke himself, all independent governments, in relation to one another, are actually in a state of nature, subject to moral duties but obeying no common superior; so that the speculations which Mr. Lewis despises, tend, in international morality at least, to a direct practical application.

Even the social compact, (though a pure fiction, upon which no valid argument can consequently be founded,) and the doctrine connected with it, of the inalienable and imprescriptible rights of man, had this good in them, that they were suggested by a sense, that the power of the sovereign, although, of course, incapable of any legal limitation, has a moral limit, since a government ought not to take from any of its subjects more than it gives. Whatever obligation any man would lie under in a state of nature, not to inflict evil upon another for the sake of good to himself, that same obligation lies upon society towards every one of its members. If he injure or molest any of his fellow-citizens, the consequences of whatever they may be obliged to do in self-defence, must fall upon himself; but otherwise, the government fails of its duty, if on any plea of doing good to the community in the aggregate, it reduces him to such a state, that he is on the whole a loser by living in a state of government, and would have been better off if it did not exist. This is the truth which was dimly shadowed forth, in howsoever rude and unskilful a manner, in the theories of the social compact and of the rights of man. It was felt, that a man's voluntary consent to live under a government, was the surest proof he could give of his feeling it to be beneficial to him; and so great was the importance attached to this sort of assurance, that where an express consent was out of the question, some circumstance was fixed upon, from which, by stretching a few points, a consent might be presumed. But the test is real, where, as in imperfectly settled countries, the forest is open to the man who is not contented with his lot.

Notwithstanding the length to which our remarks have extended, we cannot overlook one or two passages, less remarkable for their importance, than as proofs of the haste with which Mr. Lewis must have examined the authors and even the passages he has criticised.

Thus, where Mr. Bentham recommends *natural* procedure in the administration of justice, in opposition to *technical*, Mr. Lewis observes, that as it is impossible to suppose that any mode of judicial procedure

should be left to the discretion of the judge guided by no rules, the word *natural*, in this case, "seems to be a vague term of praise, signifying that system which, to the writer, seems most expedient." It shews but little knowledge of Mr. Bentham's habits of mind, to account in *this* way, of all others, for any phraseology he may think proper to adopt. The fact is, as has been explained a hundred times by Mr. Bentham himself,—that by *natural* procedure, he means what he also calls *domestic* procedure; viz. the simple and direct mode of getting at the truth which suggests itself *naturally*,—that is, readily, and invariably, to all men who are inquiring in good earnest into any matter which, happening to concern *themselves*, they are really desirous to ascertain. That the technical methods of our own, and all other systems of law, are bad in proportion as they deviate from this, is what Mr. Bentham affirms, and, we will add, proves.

Again, when Mr. Mill speaks of the *corruptive operation* of what are called the advantages of fortune, Mr. Lewis comments upon the strangeness of this sentiment from the writer of a treatise on Political Economy; that is, on the production and accumulation of wealth; and hints, that the work in question must have been composed with an object similar to that of a treatise on poisons. Did it never occur to Mr. Lewis, that Mr. Mill's meaning might be, not that a people are corrupted by the amount of the wealth which they possess in the aggregate, but that the inequalities in the distribution of it have a tendency to corrupt those who obtain the large masses, especially when these come to them by descent, and not by merit, or any kind of exertion employed in earning them?

To add one instance more, Mr. Lewis falls foul of the often quoted sentence of Tacitus, "that the most degenerate states have the greatest number of laws; *in corruptissimâ republicâ plurimæ leges*; a position not only not true, but the very reverse of the truth, as the effect of the progress of civilization is to multiply enactments, in order to suit the extended relations, and the more refined and diversified forms of property, introduced by the improvement of society." Mr. Lewis is a scholar, and understands the *words* of Tacitus, but, in this case, it is clear, he has not understood the ideas. He has committed what he himself would call an *ignoratio elenchi*. By a corrupt society, Tacitus (we will take upon ourselves to assert) did not mean a *rude* society. The author was speaking of the decline of a nation's morality, and the critic talks to you of the improvement of its industry. Tacitus meant, that, in the most *immoral* society, there is the most frequent occasion for the interposition of the legislator; and we venture to agree with him, thinking it very clear, that the less you are able to rely upon conscience and opinion, the more you are obliged to do by means of the law—a truth which is not only not the opposite of Mr. Lewis's position, but stands in no logical relation to it at all, more than to the binomial theorem.

These are the blemishes of Mr. Lewis's work. Yet they do not induce us to qualify our high opinion, both of the book and of its author. It is an able, and a useful publication; only, it is not a sufficient dissertation on the use and abuse of the leading political terms.

We have often thought, that a really philosophical Treatise on the Ambiguities of the Moral Sciences would be one of the most valuable scientific contributions which a man of first-rate intellectual ability could confer upon his age, and upon posterity. But it would not be so much

a book of criticism as of inquiry. Its main end would be, not to set people right in their use of words, which you never can be qualified to do, so long as their *thoughts*, on the subject treated of, are in any way different from yours; but to get at their thoughts through their words, and to see what sort of a view of truth can be got, by looking at it in their way. It would then be seen, how multifarious are the properties and distinctions to be marked, and how few the words to mark them with, so that one word is sometimes all we have to denote a dozen different ideas, and that men go wrong less often than Mr. Lewis supposes, from using a word in many senses, but more frequently from using it only in one, the distinctions which it serves to mark in its other acceptations not being adverted to at all. Such a book would enable all kinds of thinkers, who are now at daggers-drawn, because they are speaking different dialects and know it not, to understand one another, and to perceive that, with the proper explanations, their doctrines are reconcilable; and would unite all the exclusive and one-sided systems, so long the bane of true philosophy, by placing before each man a more comprehensive view, in which the whole of what is affirmative in his own view would be included.

This is the larger and nobler design which Mr. Lewis should set before himself, and which, we believe, his abilities to be equal to, did he but feel that this is the only task worthy of them. He might thus contribute a large part to what is probably destined to be the great philosophical achievement of the era, of which many signs already announce the commencement; viz. to unite all half-truths, which have been fighting against one another ever since the creation, and blend them in one harmonious whole.

SLAVONIAN POETRY.*

THE Slavonian race has played an important part in the history of eastern Europe, and the Slavonian tongue is still the prevailing language throughout the extensive region, extending from the head of the Adriatic to the Gulf of Finland, and from the Elbe to the Euxine and the Ural Mountains. Little, we fear, is yet known of this people, or its simple and touching literature, notwithstanding the attention which has, from time to time, been excited by some of its tribes,—by the wrongs and sufferings of Poland, by the unwieldy and ill-cemented power of Russia. That spirit of universal philanthropy which has driven Dr. Bowring through the greater part of Europe, every where discovering, with a pe-

* Cheskian Anthology; being a History of the Poetical Literature of Bohemia, with Translated Specimens. By John Bowring. London: 1832.

Servian Popular Poetry; translated by John Bowring. London: 1827.

Specimens of the Polish Poets; with Notes and Observations on the Literature of Poland. By John Bowring. London: 1827.

Specimens of the Russian Poets. Translated by John Bowring; with Preliminary Remarks and Biographical Notices. Second Edition. London: 1821.

Poetry of the Magyars; preceded by a Sketch of the Language and Literature of Hungary. By John Bowring. London: 1830.

culiar and delicate tact, what is truly noble and beautiful in human nature; under however rude an exterior it might be concealed, joined to his unwearied industry, have enabled us to indicate this rich vein of poetry and romance to the English reader.

It is difficult "to delve the Slavonians to the root;" a fact, indeed, which may be predicated of every nation under the sun. The names by which their larger re-unions are at present known are,—Russians, Lithuanians, Poles, Silesians, Bohemians, Moravians, Croats, Servians, and Wallachians. Each of these nations seem to have been formed by the coalition, voluntary or by conquest, of certain tribes of the same race. The names of the primeval septs throw little light upon their early history, and the varieties of dialect still less. The Servian dialect approaches more nearly to the Russian, than to the Bohemian or Polish, although the two nations speaking the latter are, in fact, situated betwixt the other two.

The portion of Europe inhabited by Slavonians was formerly much more extensive than at present. Towards the north-west, their territory spread along the shores of the Baltic, occupying the whole of Pomerania. In the south, they were, at one time, masters of Roumelia and the Morea. Their ascendancy is yet to be traced in the Greek dialect of Constantinople; the accentuation of which is Slavonian, although the words (perhaps even the vowel-sounds and consonants) are Hellenic. The names of many places in the Morea are the same that we find at this day around Moscow, and in Pomerania. In the eighth century, the line of country extending from the frontiers of Arcadia to Cape Taenarus was known by the appellation *Σαλαβινα*. The popular songs of the Morea are, upon the whole, more deeply tinged with Slavonian than with Grecian superstitions.

Nor was it for extent of territory alone that the nations of the Slavonic race were distinguished. Their courage and endurance were well tried against the Saxon, in the mountain defiles between Bohemia and Lusatia. When we explored, in 1825, the wild and beautiful tract of mountain scenery, lying on both sides of the Elbe, between Dresden and Toplitz, we found every glen swarming with legends of old Bohemian warriors. And well did the gloomy, narrow, labyrinthine valleys, at times interspersed with some spot of rare and sunny beauty; and well did their yet gloomier designations, harmonize with the traditions of a nation slowly and sullenly retiring from the fields cultivated by their forefathers—ever and anon galled by anger and shame, to turn round and dash once more into the enemy's ranks. The resistance offered to the Osmanlee on the pine-clad Balkan was equally resolute and chivalrous.

This instinctive bravery is, however, common to all the human race. There are no cowards but what are such from want of practice. The Slavonians had nobler virtues to distinguish them. Few are ignorant of the long contest for ascendancy between the Russian and Polish nations. The character evinced by each during the struggle, deeply tarnished though it be with the errors and vices of humanity, has much that commands our respect. The tameless freedom of the Polish spirit, although it did at times degenerate into oppression of the weak, compensates to the feelings, if not to the understanding, the turbulent and anarchical tendency of the nation's institutions and temper. The susceptibility shewn by the Russians of being drilled into any thing, is a happy predisposition of yet slumbering faculties, which await but the animation of a free spirit to start up into a mighty nation. The limbs are arranged in seemly order

and fair proportion ; and whenever God pleases to breathe his breath into its nostrils, His image will start into existence, mirroring its Creator in deportment as well as form.

The name of Moravia is indissolubly united with one of the gentlest and purest emanations of the Christian spirit that has been witnessed in these latter times. The Moravian brothers have eminently distinguished themselves by simplicity and gentleness. They have squared their lives to that rule of surpassing love, which, shrinking from the infliction of pain upon a worm, is yet capable of braving every danger in the discharge of duty. On the snowy wastes of Greenland, on the far and frozen Labrador, do we find these men unremittingly busied in disseminating the true religion ; opposing to the most savage adversaries no other defence than that deep brotherly love which suffers uncomplainingly, and at times unnerves even ferocity by its contagious influence.

But the proudest page of Slavonian history is that which speaks of Bohemia. The voice which Wycliffe raised amid the silence and solitude of benighted Europe, was first echoed back in Prague. The martyr Huss shook the papal ascendancy to its centre in his native country. It was the exiles from Prague who, a full century later, first brought the doctrines of the Reformation to Leipzig ; for even Luther, who had already commenced his labours, was, at that time, so little awakened to a full sense of the importance of his mission, that he entered a formal protest against his being supposed to partake of the heretical doctrines of the Bohemians. It was in Prague, next after Switzerland and Holland, that the world was shewn in what spirit the attempt of a tyrant to trample on a nation's laws and immunities, ought to be encountered. Towards the close of the 16th century, the Emperor Rudolph was obliged to affix his signature to a justification of the armed opposition of the Bohemians to his unconstitutional decrees. In 1618 his successor endeavoured to trample down this charter. The provincial delegates assembled at Prague, irritated by the rude insolence of the imperial messengers, coolly tossed them out of the castle window. The rest of Europe expressed astonishment at such a bold step. The Bohemians replied, that the only thing astonishing in the matter was the escape of the messengers with their necks unbroken, after falling from such a height. Nor was it in the council hall alone that the Bohemians acted thus boldly ; for two hundred years did they keep the field, in defence of their civil and religious liberties, until, deserted and betrayed both by leaders and allies, they were overpowered by superior numbers.

At the present time a dimness seems to have come over the star of Slavonia. Russia has abandoned her energies to the control and direction of a despot, and has thus been enabled, not to achieve happiness for herself, but to destroy that of others. Poland and Lithuania have been, again and again, overthrown in their struggles to attain national independence. Bohemia and Moravia have become the born thralls and heritage of the stranger. Servia, Croatia, and the other Slavonian provinces extending along the Turkish, Austrian, and Russian frontiers, the scenes of incessant wars, have been left in a state of nature, and abandoned to the demoralising habitudes of plunder and bloodshed. But to the believer in the imperishable nature of the human mind, this mass of seeming corruption presents but the aspect of a fermentation into new and purer life. The Creator has left nations as well as men to acquire experience by the sufferings their own errors bring upon them. Mutual calamity teaches in time mutual forbearance ; and the unavailing pomp and parade of military despotism works its own overthrow. Literature

is working its way silently but rapidly amongst these distant nations. Dr. Bowring's versions of their modern poets evince fine taste and a generous spirit; and we know, from personal observation, that the other departments of human knowledge are sedulously cultivated in many a little Goshen scattered over the benighted expanse of Slavonia. It is to the working of this vital principle that we look ultimately for the liberation of Bohemia and Poland; nay, of Russia, (for a mere conquering nation is always itself the veriest slave.) It is to this that we look for the elevation of the ruder tribes in the scale of humanity; and from our hearts do we thank Dr. Bowring for bringing home to us, in so pleasing a shape, so pleasing a truth.

From these considerations we turn with a feeling of pleasure to the snatches of popular and traditional poetry sprinkled through the volumes now before us. One character pervades them all, speaking as forcibly to the common origin of the different nations as even their kindred dialects. The district of Servia, to which European civilization can, even at this day, scarcely be said to have extended, yields the richest harvest of aboriginal song. The Bohemian language, including the subordinate dialect spoken in Moravia and along the Carpathian range, is next in fertility. The Poles and Russians seem to have preserved fewest of those cradle songs of infant civilization. Is this owing to their state revolutions, or the want of a zealous antiquary? In Lithuania we know there yet exists a large body of traditionary song, and we invite our translator's attention to it.

Dr. Bowring's beautiful description of Servian poetry will apply to that of all the kindred nations. "How so much of beautiful anonymous poetry should have been created in so perfect a form, is a subject well worthy of inquiry. Among a people who look to music and song as a source of enjoyment, the habit of improvisation grows up imperceptibly, and engages all the fertilities of imagination in its exercise. The thought which first finds vent in a poetical form, if worth preservation, is polished and perfected as it passes from lip to lip, till it receives the stamp of popular approval, and becomes, as it were, a national possession. There is no text-book, no authentic record, to which it can be referred, whose authority should interfere with its improvement. The poetry of a people is common inheritance, which one generation transfers, sanctioned and amended, to another." Songs, in short, are thought, over which the national mind has brooded, as,

"Over her own sweet voice the wood-dove broods."

They will be more monotonous, or in greater diversity, in proportion to the simplicity or complexity of the national institutions; and, according to the progress of the national refinement, they will exhibit delicate sentiment, or rude heartiness, or that vulgarity which creeps like a thick scurf over a portion of every half-enlightened community. To these influences are attributable the diversity of tone in Bohemian and Servian song,—the original materials are the same; even the form is the same. One figure of speech pervades them all, to which we do not well know how to give a name. In the Servian anthology we find it in the commencement of the "Step-Sisters:"

Near each other grew two verdant larches,
And, between, a high and slender fir-tree:
Not two larches were they—not two larches;
They were brothers' children of one mother.

Again, in the "Farewell:"

Full of wine, white branches of the vine-trees,
To white Buda's fortress white had clung them.
No! it was no vine-tree white and pregnant;
No! it was a pair of faithful lovers
From their early youth betrothed together.

In like manner in a Bohemian legend:

A youth speeds o'er the mountain's top—
Alas that youth no mountain cross'd:
A foe—a fierce and savage foe—
His frown of darkness round him cast, &c.

Thus, even in the body of poetry, which, next after the Greenland songs is the simplest that has come under our observation, we find an artificial arrangement of ideas, frequently recurring, calculated to startle, to awaken, and keep alive the attention. It belongs to the same class of literary resources with the epigrammatic conceit, and the hurrying "in medias res" of the epic. The paucity of such forms, and their frequent repetition, is always a guarantee of antiquity in a poem.

In Bohemia the early establishment of the Christian religion, and a permanent form of government, has so completely obliterated the early national superstition, that only the most shadowy and evanescent traces remain. The Servian, who, betwixt Mahomedanism and Christianity,

Hangs as even
As doth Medina's tomb 'twixt Earth and Heaven,

has retained a deeper impression of the belief of his fathers. We adopt here the words of Boöring. "Over all is spread the influence of a remarkable and no doubt antique mythology. An omnipresent spirit, airy and fanciful, making its dwelling in solitudes—ruling over mountains and forests—a being called the Vila is heard to issue its irresistible mandates, and pour forth its prophetic inspiration: sometimes in a form of female beauty, sometimes a wilder Diana—now a goddess gathering and dispersing the clouds, and now an owl among ruins and ivy. The Vila, always capricious and often malevolent, is a most important actor in all the popular poetry of Servia. The *Trica Polonica* is sacred to her. She is equally renowned for the beauty of her person and the swiftness of her step:—'Fair as the mountain Vila,' is the highest compliment to a Servian lady. 'Swift as the Vila,' is the most eloquent eulogium on a Servian steed." All memory of this wayward being, "sparkling at once in beauty and destruction," seems to have ceased to haunt the Bohemians, Russians, and Poles, although some careful enquirer may yet discover her lingering among the Carpathian steeps, or skimming across the deserts of the Ukraine.

Faint traces of some superstition connected with fountains and rivers are visible in the poetry of all the Slavonian nations, but so disjointed, that its real character cannot even be guessed at. One of the most beautiful of these traces is in the Servian

SMILIA.

Sweet Smilia flowers did Smilia pull,
Her sleevelets and her bosom full;
By the cool stream she gather'd them,
And twined her many a diadem—

A diadem of flowery wreaths :—
 One round her brows its fragrance breathes,
 One to her bosom friend she throws ;
 The other where the streamlet flows
 She flings, and says in gentlest tone—
 “Swim on, thou odorous wreath ! swim on,
 Swim to my Juris' home, and there
 O whisper in his mother's ear :
 Say, wilt thou not thy Juris wed ?
 Then give him not a widow's bed,
 But some sweet maiden young and fair.”

A Bohemian song of the sixteenth century touches the same string.

The light breeze is blowing
 Around the King's forest :
 The maiden is hastening,
 She hastes to the stream ;
 She scoops with her bucket
 The fresh flowing waters :
 But look to the maiden—
 The stream bears a nosegay,
 A nosegay of fragrance,
 Of violets and roses :
 The maiden outstretches
 Her hand to obtain it—
 She falls—Ah ! she falls in
 The cold running water.
 O ! had I but known it,
 Thou beautiful nosegay !
 But known on the borders
 Who planted thy beauties,
 In faith I would give him
 A ring of pure gold.

The following, also Bohemian, is more explicit :

O'erpower'd with weariness, I slept
 Within the ouken grove—
 And near me grew, as morning woke,
 A rosemary tree above.
 I gathered many a rosemary branch,
 And twined them in a wreath,
 And threw it in the flowing stream,
 The fresh cool stream beneath ;
 And said, whos'er this wreath shall see,
 And save it from the tide,
 That maiden shall my mistress be,
 That maiden be my bride.
 And morning came—and many a maid
 Her pitcher went to fill ;
 They watch'd the verdant rosemary wreath
 That floated on the rill.
 Ludmilla saw the flowers, and stretch'd
 Her hand to grasp the wreath,—
 Poor dove she fell—the stream roll'd on,
 'Twas silence all and death.

Then let me mourn and let me weep,
 And to her grave I'll go,
 And there eternal watches keep
 Communing with my woe.

And then my eyes shall shed dark tears,
 'Till they are closed in death,
 And time shall hang upon my bier
 That fatal rosemary wreath.

The same idea occurs in a very old song, which exists only in the Slavonico-Polish as spoken in Volhynia.

THE THREE FOUNTAINS.

These are three stars in the heaven's blue deep,
 And brightly they shine though silently ;
 On the plain three silver fountains leap,
 And there stood beside them ladies three,—
 A wife, a widow, a virgin maid ;
 And thus to the rippling streams they said.

The wife hung over the fount, and there
 Pour'd from her hand its waters clear.

" Wave of the fountain counsel me :
 Do I a husband's love possess ?
 Will fondness and fidelity
 Bring me the flower of happiness ?"

" O yes! while in Virtue's path thou art,
 Bliss shall thine and thy husband's be :
 Shofld thy faith wax cold, and be false thy heart,
 Thine shall be shame and misery."

Lonely and gloomy the widow stood,
 And mingled her tears with the gushing flood.

" Sorrow is mine! for what dark deed
 Am I forced to wander alone below ;
 Has God, to punish my sins, decreed
 That mine should be helpless, hopeless woe ?"

" Rise, widow, rise with dawn of day,
 Dry up thy tears and thy woes forget,
 And pray to the River-God,*—humbly pray,
 And he shall give thee a husband yet."

At the neighbouring fountain sighed the maid,
 And she took a wreath of flowers from her head.

" The streams flow on, and the wild-winds sweep,—
 River-God! give me a husband soon ;
 Clung to his bosom let me sleep,
 And mine be the bright and blessed boon."

" Fling not thy wreath in the stream, fair maid!
 A noble youth shall be given to thee ;
 Soon thou shalt marriage garlands braid,
 And many the days of thy joy shall be."

Of all the modes of divination recorded in history or tradition, this is the most pure and beautiful—the fresh flowers floating down the unsullied stream, forming a possible link between two young hearts, each overflowing with love and yearning for an object. The interest becomes deepened, where the object has already been selected, and the mystic chaplet is followed with tearful eyes and a throbbing bosom, lest the stream should bear it to an unwelcome destination. The danger that lies in being over-bold, and daring to question futurity, seems to

* The original word is Bog, which means at the same time god and river. The river Hog was worshipped by the ancient Slavonians, and still retains its sacred name.

be hinted at in the fatal consequences of attempting to grasp at the wreath. This pretty superstition seems to have been the fairest, as it has proved the longest-lived child of the Slavonian river worship.

A superstition among the Servians respecting the cuckoo has made that "wandering voice," as Wordsworth beautifully and truly terms her, a prominent feature in Servian poetry. "The cuckoo, (*kukavitzu*), according to Servian tradition, was a maiden who mourned so unceasingly for a dead brother, that she was changed into a bird, and thence continues, without ceasing, her melancholy note." A Servian girl who has lost a brother, never hears the cuckoo without shedding tears.—"I, a poor cuckoo," is equivalent to "woe is me!" The cuckoo retains its place in Bohemian poetry, but the sentiment seems to have evaporated.

One legend of witchcraft we have met among the snatches of Servian song; but the witches are rather those of classical antiquity than our Christo-Teutonic crones who have sold themselves to Satan—a being, we may remark, unknown to the popular Servian mythology. The witches mentioned in the lines we are about to quote, more resemble the witches of modern Italy and of Horace, than our island broom-stick riders.

The sky is cover'd with stars agn
The plains are cover'd with flocks of sheep :
But where is the shepherd? On the plain
The Shepherd is lost in careless sleep :
The youthful *Radoje* sleeps :—Arise!
Awake! his sister Jania cries.

"Jania! my sister! nay! depart!
My body is to witches plighted:
My mother has torn away my heart,
And my aunt my mother lighted."

We have now ranged through pretty nearly the whole of the Slavonian metaphysical world. A Russian song shall "shut the scene." It seems to hover between the allegorical and the supernatural. There is a savage wildness in the imagination heightened by its fragmentary nature. From our ignorance of the tradition referred to, it affects us after the manner of a horrible dream, in which our fancies, assuming no definite shape, are the more awful on that account.

Thou field of my own, thou field so fair!
So wide, extensive, fertile there!
Adorn'd with gems so gay and bright,
With flowers and butterflies and bees,
And plants and shrubs and leafy trees,
Thou hast but one ungrateful sight.

See there upon the broom-tree's bough,
The young grey eagle flapping now,
O'er the raven black that he tears asunder,
Whose warm red blood is dropping under,
And sprinkles the moisten'd ground below:
The raven black—a wild one he!
And the eagle grey—his enemy!

No swallow, gliding round and round
His homely happy nest, is found :—
But a mother is seen in the darksome vale,
Or sad by the raging ocean's tide ;
A sister sighs on the fountain's side,
A lover weeps in the night dews pale—
The sun shines forth—the dews are dried.

Turn we now from the world of shadows back to the green earth, its loves, hatreds, and follies, its clouds and its sunshine. The relations of life among the Servians are most simple and primitive, and the emotions which their poetry seeks to awaken have a corresponding narrowness of range. The love of a mother for her children, of a sister for her brother; the innocent longing of the ripening maiden for a lover; the rage of rejected love; the loathing occasioned by being forced into the arms of another; family dissensions; and the universal theme of war and plunder, almost exhaust the topics of the Servian poets. The most beautiful and most rooted affection seems to have been that between sisters and a brother. In a primitive state of society this is so natural. The sister is accustomed to watch like a more juvenile parent over her baby brother, or she looks up for protection to the young warrior. The brother views with pride the budding beauty of his sister. Their feelings are those of the strongest friendship, hallowed by the tie of consanguinity, rendered tenderer by the difference of sex. Theirs is the warmest, purest, and holiest of human attachments. In one of the most poetical of Servian traditions "the Step Sisters," the story hinges upon the jealousy which a brother's fondness for his sister awakened in his wife's bosom. The intensity and duration of a sister's love is powerfully expressed in these lines:—

The sun sunk down behind the gold-flower'd hill;
 The warriors from the fight approach the shore;
 There stood young George's wife serene and still:
 She counted all the heroes o'er and o'er,
 And found not those she loved—though they were three:—
 Her husband George; her marriage friend, another,
 Who late had led the marriage revelry;
 The third, her best beloved, her only brother.

Her husband he was dead; she rent her hair
 For him.—Her friend was gone—for him she tore
 Her cheeks. Her only brother was not there;
 For him she plucked her eyeballs from their bed.
 Her hair grew forth as lovely as before;
 Upon her cheeks her former beauties spread;
 But nothing could her perish'd sight restore:
 Nought heals the heart that weeps a brother dead.

Equally intense is the expression of love: and characterized by all the frankness of a simple age. The maiden honestly avows her wishes. Thus:—

The maiden sat upon the hill,
 Upon the hill and far away,
 Her fingers wove a silken cord,
 And thus I heard the maiden say:
 O with what joy, what ready will,
 If some fond youth, some youth adored,
 Might wear thee, should I weave thee now!
 The finest gold I'd interblend,
 The richest pearls as white as snow.
 But if I knew, my silken friend,
 That an old man should wear thee, I
 The coarsest worsted would inweave,
 My finest silk for dog-grass leave,
 And all thy knots with nettles tie.

The danger of being sold to some old rich churl must in these times have been a sufficient bugbear to maidens: at least if we may judge by

the frequency with which poets insist upon it. "Ajkuna's marriage," and "Youth and Age," in Dr. Bowring's collection of Servian poetry are instances of the most graceful management of this subject. But when "the course of true love did run smoothly," it prompted, as in all countries, the most delicate fancies. This little madrigal breathes the very voluptuousness of

LOVE.

The youth he struck on the tambourine,*
 And nought was so bright as its golden sheen ;
 Of the hair of maidens twined together
 Its strings, which he struck with a falcon's feather.
 The maid look'd down from the balcony,
 And thus to her inner self said she :—
 " O heaven ! what a noble youth is he !
 Wouldst thou but give this youth to me,
 I would make of the garden pinks his bed,
 I would lay fair roses under his head ;
 And waked by perfume, with what delight
 Would he kiss the maiden's forehead white."

A more delicate sentiment, we will be bold to say, is not to be found in the whole range of poetry, than the following :—

ANXIETY.

I fain would sing—but will be silent now,
 For pain is sitting on my lover's brow ;
 And he would hear me—and, though silent, deem
 I pleased myself, but little thought of him,
 While of nought else I think ; to him I give.
 My spirit—and for him alone I live :
 Bear him within my heart, as mothers bear
 The last and youngest object of their care.

A fine sparkling antithesis to this devoted maiden, is found in a short Bohemian song. The girlish fluttering triumph is beautifully expressed.

Mother ! look round thee,
 Round thee and see
 All the youths struggling,
 Struggling for me.
 Fierce is the struggle,
 Eager and wild ;
 Does thy heart gladden ?
 I am thy child.

The passions of this untutored race speak out devoid of hypocrisy. A jilted youth does not assume a gay air, and pretend to laugh at his misfortune : he honestly confesses his annoyance, by imprecating misery on the cause of it.

What ! shall I be a marriage guest ?
 And shall I bid the maid be blest ?
 Hear then my marriage blessing, hear
 No son her barren womb shall bear ;

* The Doctor has here been contented to commit a blunder in order to find a rhyme. Where did he learn that a *tambourine* has strings. The *gusle* of the Servians is a stringed instrument.

May every bit of bread she breaks
 Bring with it wretchedness and woe,—
 For every drop her thirst that slakes
 May tears of bitter anguish flow!

The efficacy of such curses was an article of belief.

“ Wake! O wake! thou lovely maiden,
 Why art slumbering now,
 All the rosy wreaths are fading,
 Fading on thy brow.
 He thy heart's own love will marry,
 He will break his vow!”

“ Let him marry, let him marry,
 I shall not complain,
 But the thunderbolt of Heaven
 Shall destroy him then.”

Nay, they reached beyond the grave.

“ Doth the earth, sweet son, lie heavy on thee?
 Heavy are the planks of maple round thee?”

From his grave the voice of Konda answers:—
 “ Lightly presses the green earth upon me,
 Lightly press the planks of maple round me,
 Heavy is the virgins' malediction;
 When they sigh, their sighs reach God's high presence;
 When they curse, the world begins to tremble;
 When they weep, even God is touch'd with pity.

Their katreds and jealousies are expressed in the same straight-forward manner. They partake, too, of the simple character of the social relations among which they have originated. The jealousy of a mother or sister at seeing a new mistress introduced into her house, and many others, which in our civilized time vent themselves in petty spite, affording subjects for the comic muse, led, in these days of ignorance, to terrible tragedies. But from this side of the picture we gladly turn away.

What has been said of the Servian, holds also true of the Bohemian songs; and, indeed, our examples have been selected indifferently from those of either nation. But in the latter, we find a more liberal admixture of playfulness and humour. Thus in

CONFESSION.

But for my father's angry talking,
 I'd frankly own that I was walking
 With one—whom he could not discover—
 Frown he or not—it was my lover.

And if my father would not scold me,
 I'd tell him what my lover told me;
 And what he gave—a secret this is—
 Scold he or not—'twas love's sweet kisses.

And if my father would not wonder,
 I'd tear the secret's veil asunder;
 Wonder or not—my lover made me
 A sweet and solemn vow to wed me.

He vowed—sincere and eager-hearted—
E'en while he kiss'd me as we parted,
With thee he would not leave me longer,
But claim me when the wheat is stronger.

We cannot better wind up these specimens of the Slavonian muse, than by a description of a "Slavonian dancereess" from the pen of a Magyar,—one of a race which, with all deference to Dr. Bowring, we hold to be utterly alien to the Slavonians.

With maiden of Slavonian race,
Clad in light robes of flowing grace,
I danced—and got me in her dress
Entangled, by her flauntiness.

I tried, but scarce could set me free,
And blushed at my perplexity;
Involved within the folds far more,
And in the fringes than before.

And then I made a vow, and said
I'll have no fringed Slavonian maid;
Hungaria's plain-dressed girls for me,
Hungaria's chaste simplicity.

The charge is a serious one, ladies of Slavonia; and we fear the prominent figure which red boots and similar glaring articles of apparel cut in your poetry bears it out. But why rest upon such evidence? Who that has neared the Turkish frontier, but must remember the rich and variegated colours in which both sexes take delight, and their fringes which "in number may be!"

We have laid before our readers some of the most characteristic, and we believe also some of the sweetest fragments of Slavonian minstrelsy. The old literature, of which they form a part, is not one in which poetry as an art has been carried far. These snatches of poetic thought stand to an epic or dramatic poem, in the same relation that the dash of a wave, or the tinkling ripple of the rising tide along the beach does to a piece of music, in which not only is each note sweet in itself—the harmony of the whole enhances the charm of each. They are not poems, but the materials out of which some master mind might one day have constructed a poem, had not foreign violence dashed to earth the rising structure of national genius. What has been thus rudely torn asunder, may not again be united; yet is it a pleasing task to gather together these Sibylline leaves, to arrange them, and admire their beauty.

Age cannot wither them, nor custom stale
Their infinite variety.

They will endure as memorials of a people, for whom their descendants, to whatever pitch of greatness they may arrive, shall have no cause to blush.

I'VE WANDERED EAST, I'VE WANDERED WEST.

A Scottish Ballad.

BY W. MOTHERWELL, ESQ.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Thro' mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luvie o' life's young day.
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luvie grows culc.

O dear, dear, Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygone years
Still sling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears.
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyue.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remembered ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, afen yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock't in loof,
What our wee heids could think?
Wha' faith bent down ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lness, but
My lness was in thee.

O mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' sham,
Whene'er the schule weans, laughin', said,
We cleek't thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdais,
(The schule then skail't at noon),
When we ran aff to speel the braces—
The broomy braes o' June?

My heid rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As aye by aye the thochts rush back
O' schule time, and o' thee.
Oh mornin' life! Oh mornin' luvie!
Oh lightsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like Simmer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, luvie, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon.
The Simmer leaves hung ower our heids,
The flowers burst round our feet;
And in the gloamin' o' the wud,
The throssil whusslit sweet.

The throssil whusslit in the wud,
The burn sung to the trees,
And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinklit down your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak.
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I ha'e been to thee.
As cloerly twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye ha'e been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine eae as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows gait
Wi' dreamings o' Langsyne?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've bogue a weary h.t.;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travellin' its way;
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The luvie o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sinder'd young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue.
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I deae,
Did I but ken your heart still dream't
O' by-gane days and me.

A SOLDIER'S TALE.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

I SHALL never forget the scene. The evening parade was over, and our officers assembled in groups, were sauntering over the ground, discussing the news of the day, and planning schemes of amusement for the morrow. A short way in front were a body of pioneers, raising redoubts and forming intrenchments; and immediately in rear of our camp-ground were our German auxiliaries sitting before their tents,—some with long pipes, deeply engaged in the silent solemnity of smoking; and others raising a choral stave, and, in the wild and beautiful strains of their country, singing themselves home. The wood and watering parties had

just returned from their labours, and the general bustle of the camp was beginning to settle down into the low hum, preparatory to repose. Our band of music, however, still lingered on the ground, playing some old national airs, and delighting the lovers of Scottish song by whom it was attended. The last sunset gleam, warm and gorgeous, was sleeping on the hills, in glorious contrast with their sombre shadows, lengthening over the land, like outposts of the night.

"One air more before we go," cried an officer to the band, which was preparing to depart; and immediately it struck up the beautiful strain of Durandarte and Balerna, breathing of love in death, in the fight of Roncesvalles, from whose field of fame we were then not far distant. The effect of the music was heightened to a thrilling degree by the time, place, and circumstances in which it was performed; the plaintive and flute-like tones sighing like a death-wail, and chording with the deep bass of trumpet and trombone, which pealed forth, deepened, and rolled away in dying thunder through the calm.

The performance had just ceased, when we were suddenly roused from the reverie in which it had entranced us, by the trampling of a steed bearing an aid-de-camp, at full gallop. Suddenly he reined in his charger before the tent of our commanding-officer, to whom he delivered certain despatches; and, observing that he had a long ride before him, immediately resumed his journey, and setting spurs to his horse, was soon lost in the gathering gloom of night.

It is with a strange and thrilling sensation—when an enemy is immediately in front—that the order for an advance before daybreak is heard in camp, accompanied, as it always is, with the ominous serving out of three days' provisions, and sixty rounds of ball-cartridge to each man; together with the bustle of packing up the heavy baggage—the noise and hubbub in the camp—the deep and hollow roll of the great guns, dragging up from the rear—and the congregating together of the officers in their tents, preparing for the movement; some speculating upon the results of the coming battle; some smoking cigars and jesting with death; some musing upon absent friends, ruminating on the past or peering into the future; and, perchance, a few—a very few thinking beings, pondering on the final destiny of man, the mystery of death, and the searchless secret beyond the grave. Having made our brief arrangements for approaching events, and feeling the chill of night beginning to be severe, I quitted the tent along with my two messmates, Wade and Fitzmaurice, and we seated ourselves by a blazing wood fire, a few yards in front of our canvass habitation. Our conversation, as might be supposed, turned upon the expected events which to-morrow's dawn would usher in, when, observing that Fitzmaurice remained silent and thoughtful, "I'll lay a bet," said Wade, "that our friend here has a love-affair on hand; and that there is some fair lady in England of whom he is thinking; for I'm sure nothing less could make a soldier, and one of the *Lights* too, look so melancholy upon the evening of a battle, with the stirring prospect of a glorious affair with the enemies of his country so near at hand."

"You have guessed rightly," answered Fitzmaurice, with a faint smile; "the thought of a fair girl is indeed busy at my heart." My passion, though not unknown to her, nor, as I believe, unreturned, was yet, owing to a sense of my dependent situation, and the uncertainty of a soldier's life,—never formally declared; and though this seems all the better under present circumstances, yet, strange to say, I cannot help

regretting not having spoken out, and made a confession of my attachment."

"Nonsense," rejoined the other; "if you live to return home you will find her waiting you, and it will then be time enough. I have greater cause than you to be thoughtful, being already betrothed to the woman I love most upon earth, and of whom to-morrow may deprive me for ever. But of the fortune, of which you regret the want, I almost regret the possession,—for a poor man is at least pretty sure of the affection of his mistress; but it was so long before I obtained from mine, something like even a reluctant consent, that I have since had some painful misgivings, lest she may have been wrought upon by the remonstrances of her friends, to accept what, in point of fortune, they might consider an advantageous offer, and thus have been induced to give her hand, where she could not bestow her heart. I own, however, that this was a mere suspicion, perhaps unjust to her, and which I have endeavoured to dismiss from my mind. I have merely mentioned it at present, to shew that life is never free from annoyances; and that the wealth, of which you regret the want, has not conferred happiness on me. And now, since we have been thus far each other's confidants in these matters,—should we all live to return to England, you two shall be present at my marriage, and give me your opinion of the bride."

To this prospective arrangement we readily agreed; and in order to prepare for the approaching conflict, at an early hour we retired to rest.

To be awakened from a sound sleep, even to the ordinary labour of life, is felt for the moment to be unpleasant,—what then must it be to be startled from the deep repose of the weary soldier, to the work—not of life, but of death—from the dreams of happiness and home, to the horrors of the bloody trade,—from refreshing rest into murderous turmoil!

At the beat of the warning drum, we got under arms, and marched in the shadow of night to the advanced posts, where we remained under cover of a stunted wood until daybreak.

At the first gleam of dawn, a signal-gun was fired, and we rushed on to the attack. The fight was long and bloody,—but British valour, ardent as enthusiasm, confident as faith, and obstinate as the instinct of the bull-dog, was at length crowned with success; and the day which had been lowering and tempestuous, was closed with victory and a golden calm. The sound of the trumpet was succeeded by the song of birds, and the roar of the battle by the vague and mystic lullaby of the coming night. The remnant of our regiment had assembled on the slope of a green hill, to which the stragglers of the Light Company were returning, singly, and in pairs; and I came up to the ground just as the last of the survivors seemed to have arrived.

He who has been a sojourner for long years in distant lands, knows with what tremors and misgivings the home of his youth is approached; but these are faint compared to the feelings with which the survivor of the battle's bloody day rejoins the remnant of his regiment, which returns at night. With a palpitating heart I heard the calling of the muster-roll, and marked with breathless suspense, the pauses that succeeded each familiar name—to which there was no reply. At length, those of my two friends were called, and, with lightened heart, I heard the response of their well-known voices. Our meeting was one of delight and congratulation; and, as the tents did not come up, we bivouacked beneath an old tree during the night.

The succeeding events of the campaign I pass over, as not being in any way connected with my story. Suffice it therefore to say, that the conclusion of the war took place a few months after this affair; and having passed unscathed through its various vicissitudes, by a more than usual good fortune, we all three met in London, that great rendezvous of military men upon their return from abroad.

We adjourned to the Old Slaughters Coffee-House in St. Martin's Lane, where we passed the evening; in the course of which Wade adverted to his marriage, which, he informed us, was to take place in a few days, and claimed the fulfilment of our promise of being present at the ceremony; at which we renewed our engagement to attend. Accordingly, at the time and place appointed, we arrived together; there were few persons present, and they were but indistinctly seen, in the dim light of a curtained apartment. The bride was led into the room, deeply veiled, so that we could not distinguish her features. Her head was bent downwards, and she seemed much affected during the ceremony, but began to regain her composure towards its close. As soon as it was concluded, she lifted her veil, and looking timidly upwards, disclosed a face of exquisite beauty, beaming through tears. At that moment I was suddenly startled by a deep, convulsive sob; and, turning round, beheld Fitzmaurice, pale as ashes, and staggering towards the door, through which he instantly glided away. My first impression was, that he felt sick, owing to the warmth and closeness of the room; but, upon observing the simultaneous agitation of the bride, who seemed about to faint, a suspicion flashed across my mind, that, in the new-married lady, he had recognised the object of his own attachment; while her violent emotion seemed to indicate some secret intelligence between them, and to render it probable that the fears which Wade had expressed to us, respecting the state of his wife's heart towards himself, were but too well founded. However this might be, he did not seem to have observed Fitzmaurice's agitation and sudden departure, and probably ascribed the momentary indisposition of the bride to the feelings natural to a young woman on such an occasion. Meanwhile, the company having partaken of some refreshments, the new-married pair set off upon their jaunt, and the party separated.

Pondering upon the scene I had just witnessed, I returned to my lodgings; but, feeling the time tedious, I passed the evening at the theatre. I retired to rest, rather fatigued, but could not sleep, so much were my thoughts haunted by the events of the day. As Fitzmaurice had promised to call upon me on the following morning, I waited with impatience till the appointed hour; but it came, and passed, and he did not arrive. A second and a third elapsed, and still he came not. I then feared he might be unwell; and, feeling certain misgivings respecting him, I forthwith sallied into the street, and proceeded towards his lodgings.

Upon arriving there, and inquiring for my friend, I was informed, that, on the afternoon of the preceding day, he had come home in a state of great excitement; and, having hastily packed up his baggage, and discharged his bill, had ordered a hackney coach, in which he drove away—no one knew whither. There was something in all this ill-calculated to ease my apprehensions, and I forthwith set on foot an inquiry after him, but I could obtain no clue to a discovery; and, after trying to trace out his movements in vain, I gave up the pursuit, hoping that

time or chance would throw some light upon his sudden and mysterious disappearance.

After the perils and privations of war, the news of pence had been hailed in the camp as tidings of great joy ; and, in common with others, the return to my country, and the comforts of home, were pleasant things to me. But, as soon as the novelty was over, the old instinct of the soldier, the hankering after excitement and the love of change, again began to return ; I became "restless and wearisome," and sought relief in the vicissitudes of travel.

After wandering over the continent for about a year, I was recalled, by matters of a domestic nature, which required my presence in England. where upon landing, I proceeded towards London, and was overtaken by darkness at an inn but one stage from the metropolis, at which I took up my abode for the night. In passing up stairs, I was accosted by a voice familiar to my ear, and, looking up, recognised in the speaker my old messmate, Wade. Upon my inquiring after his lady, he informed me that she was then along with him at the inn, where they had just arrived from a jaunt in the country, which he had been giving her, in consequence of ill-health and lowness of spirits ; and that they were to proceed next day to call on a medical friend of his, who had been very successful in the treatment of nervous complaints, and mental dejection, and who then superintended a private asylum a few miles from town, where many patients labouring under seemingly incurable melancholy, had obtained great benefit, and frequently complete recovery. He said he wished to consult the doctor respecting his wife, whose health had not been improved by the means usually employed ; and, as the residence of his friend lay only a little way out of the direct road to London, he took my promise that I would accompany them on their visit on the following day. Upon entering the breakfast parlour next morning, I was introduced to Mrs. Wade, as a friend of her husband, who had been present on the occasion of her marriage. At that word a hectic flush fevered her cheek for a "burning moment," but speedily passed away, leaving her paler than before. After a few common-place topics had been discussed, Wade asked me, if I had lately heard from Fitzmaurice, where he was, and what he was about ? A deeper tinge than before again overspread the face of Mrs. Wade, and confirmed my suspicions. I answered briefly, that I had not heard of my friend for some time, and was not acquainted with his movements. The subject then dropped, and the conversation turned upon generalities, until we arrived at the doctor's residence, which was within a short walk of the asylum he superintended.

He received us with a quiet kindness rather to be felt than expressed. He was apparently about fifty years of age, of a grave but gentle demeanour, with an eye which rested upon its object with a fixedness not the less searching for the want of quickness and brilliancy. His voice was soft and low, and there was altogether about him an air of repose, as if the emotions of troubled minds, which he had so long witnessed, had chastened down in him all human passion into quiet endurance and unchanging calm.

After dinner was over Wade made allusion to the state of his wife's health, and the doctor, after putting some questions and giving her some general directions, stole a look at her unobserved, and then rallied her upon the unreasonableness of low spirits in a young married woman ; and took occasion to advert to the bad consequences of indulging in any

secret and unavailing grief, which, he observed, had often led to the most deplorable of human maladies, even mental derangement—of which he stated many melancholy cases in the asylum under his care; and having thus excited our curiosity, in accordance with our wishes, he agreed to gratify us with a sight of some of his patients. We approached the asylum through spacious and beautiful grounds, and having passed its gates, were conducted by its superintendent to its secret cells. The first which we entered was tenanted by a raging maniac, who stood before us with fettered hands and visage fierce and fiend-like, screaming curses upon nature, and shrieking out that there was no God:—his eyes glared like balls of fire, and the hell that raged within him had scathed, a once sanguine and athletic frame, into a gaunt spectre—a ghastly and thunder-stricken ruin. Though but in the summer of his years, his hair was silver grey and streamed around his brow, in wild and wintry wreaths. His bold and reckless spirit, in the pride of intellectual power, had dared to search the unsearchable—to question—to doubt—to disbelieve, till at length he sunk into the abyss of atheism, and nature seemed such a fearful and inscrutable mystery to his bewildered mind, that he became horror-struck at his own thoughts, and went raving mad. His fits of blaspheming fury were succeeded by sudden dejection, and trembling terror, and sore dismay, when he would sink down on his knees and weep like a child. We gladly retired from this awful spectacle of a ruined spirit, and proceeded to the next apartment, in which we beheld a victim of the gaming table.

His to a handsome fortune and naturally ambitious, he had associated with the magnates of the land, and “vied in vanities” with the wealthiest and the worst of its sons. But his means though great were not equal to his demands, and, ashamed to retrench, he took to the gaming table, where, with hopes deferred, health impaired, and fortune wasted, his days and nights fevered away in agonizing dreams, till at length he was cast out from the haunts of St. James’s a beggar and a maniac. Upon entering the cell we found him seated on the floor, where, in imagination, he pursued a phantom game, and raising his head at our approach, he regarded us with a gaze of horror, and crying, with the voice of despair, “Lost, all lost, and now for hell!”—struck his head with his clenched hands; and fell back upon the floor exhausted with agony.

These frightful cases of excited insanity were too much for the nerves of Mrs. Wade, and we were about to quit the asylum, when our conductor proposed that we should see some cases of a less agitating description among the victims of melancholy.

“My patients (observed he) who labour under mental dejection are most numerous; and sad to say, the cureless sorrow is chiefly incident to the most amiable and highly-gifted of human beings,—for the glowing fancy and the warm and susceptible heart are ever the first to fall under affliction. Too keenly alive to the joys and sorrows of life, they are easily raised to rapture, or sunk into despair.” Saying this he ushered us into a neighbouring cell, whose inmate was standing with his back towards us, and his arms folded across his breast; he appeared to be in the deep abstraction of a distant dream, but at length pressing his forehead with his hand as if trying to recollect something, “It cannot be (he exclaimed) that she is married! her heart was mine, and how could she give her hand to another!—but I have been unwell of late, and have had delirious slumbers; methought she was wedded to my friend, and that I—Oh! horrible!—was invited to witness the marriage.” At these

words, the speaker suddenly turning round, revealed, in the wan, grief-worn visage before us, the wreck of my lost friend Fitzmaurice!—Scarce pausing in his soliloquy, his gaze fixing and dilating upon the face of his first love, “It was—it was a dream, (he continued) I knew it was—and here she is herself come to convince me of her truth.—Angel of my life, let me thank thee!” and he sprang towards Mrs. Wade just as she was swooning away into the arms of her husband. The doctor rushed in betwixt them and Fitzmaurice, and hurrying us out of the cell, secured the door upon the unhappy man, whose cries came after us, as we hastened back from the asylum. Upon reaching the doctor’s residence, the carriage being in waiting, Mrs. Wade was helped into it by her husband, who bidding us a hasty and incoherent adieu, leapt in after her and instantly drove away.

The sudden meeting with the object of her first affection in such appalling circumstances gave a fatal shock to a frame already wasted by secret care; a rapid decline succeeded, and in a few weeks she was released from all earthly sorrows.

A short time previous to her death, she made a full confession to her husband of her previous attachment to Fitzmaurice, and of the overpowering remonstrances of her friends, begging his forgiveness; and whatever the nature of his feelings might have been, he behaved to her with unremitting attention till her death.

After the last duties were paid to her remains he set off for the Continent, to seek, and haply to find, in foreign scenes, excitement to life and alleviation of its sorrows.

PRESENT STATE OF SCOTTISH LAIRDS AND THEIR TENANTS.

No class of men were ever placed in a more favourable situation than the proprietors of land in Scotland, in the period between 1775 and 1815. Without any exertion on their own parts, their rentals were increased fourfold, and the value of their properties in many instances rose in a much greater proportion. The burdens on their lands, on the other hand, were not augmented in any considerable degree. The land tax has remained the same in amount since the Union—£48,000 per annum, a sum which is now equalled by the rental of the tolls in some counties. Poor rates are all but unknown in the rural parishes. Tithes were generally commuted for a small payment in money early in the last century. The land proprietor of England was not nearly so favourably situated. His rental did not increase so much, and the tithes always carried off the tenth of the amount, while the poor’s rates rose from £1,531,000 in 1776 to £6,292,000 in 1813.

When the change of value in agricultural produce took place, at the end of the war, it was many years before the proprietors were affected by it. The tenantry were deceived by the Corn Law of 1815. They thought that that measure would keep up the prices of their produce; and they continued for several years to take lands at rents which the high war prices alone could enable them to pay. In Scotland, almost all leases of farms are for the term of nineteen years; and the tenantry

Scottish Lairds and their Tenants.

had, therefore, not the remedy of quitting their farms when they found their rents were too high. They were thus placed at the mercy of their landlords; and the latter generally did not scruple to draw from the tenantry, in the form of rents, the profits the latter had made during the war. The farmers were in general in opulent circumstances in 1815. So little attention has been paid to statistics in this country, that any estimate of the capital engaged in any employment must necessarily be vague; but after examining such data as can be procured, we think the farming capital of Scotland in 1815 may be moderately taken at £60,000,000. Now, after much inquiry in various parts of the country, we are convinced that at least two-thirds of this capital has disappeared.

To those who have not paid much attention to such subjects, so great a loss may seem incredible. But when it is considered that upwards of eleven years ago it was proved, by the numerous witnesses examined before the committee of the House of Commons, that a great part of the agricultural capital had *then* been lost; that the soil was rapidly deteriorating, from the diminution of the stock of cattle kept on the farms, and of agricultural capital; that, after that period, the value of produce fell very considerably, and that there has hardly been a single year since in which any profit could have been made,—it will appear that we have not exaggerated the extent of the loss. Of this large sum of money a great proportion must have passed into the pockets of the landholders; for we have known instances in which the landlord has received for many years more than double the rent that the farm was found to be worth when the ruin of the tenant forced it into the market. It is only of late years, therefore, that the land proprietors of Scotland have begun to feel that change in the value of agricultural produce which has pressed so heavily on their tenantry for the last seventeen years.

But, notwithstanding all these favourable circumstances, it is doubtful if the present race of Scottish land proprietors are in more enviable or generally in easier circumstances than their forefathers. Their rent-rolls are, no doubt, greatly augmented; they possess finer houses and grounds; and many estates, which formerly yielded but a scanty pasture, now produce luxuriant crops; but, in many instances, their debts have increased in a proportion at least equal to the rise in their rentals. With the increase of their rent-rolls expensive habits were contracted; and he who, at the beginning of the war, considered himself in a rank of society little higher than that of his tenant, at the end of it, attempted to cope with the nobility of the country. Land had been so long increasing in value, that many thought there were no bounds to the increase. Hence, in making contracts of marriage, and of family settlements, the estate was valued much higher than it was worth; the provisions left to the widow and younger children were therefore exorbitant. Many instances have occurred, in which the eldest son and heir had not a share equal to the younger children, after paying their provisions; although his father thought, when making his settlement, that he was leaving him an ample fortune. It is a rare thing to find a small proprietor, who, by saving from his increased rents, has purchased lands during the war. On the contrary, estates under £3000 per annum, when not entailed, have very frequently changed hands; the sales having generally been occasioned by the embarrassments of the proprietor. Few of those retained are free from debt, and many of them are so

much encumbered, as to render a sale, in the course of a few years, inevitable. Lands of the value of upwards of £300,000, in the single county of Berwick, have been exposed to sale in the year 1831; and it is understood, that, in several other counties, lands in each, to a similar amount, now are, or lately were, in the market. The rents of farms have fallen in many instances already, and in all cases must soon fall upwards of thirty per cent., as compared with those formerly paid. To persons whose sole income is derived from a small estate, and who have been in the practice of spending their whole income within the year,—such a diminution of their resources, when it comes fairly into operation, will, in a few years, prove ruinous. The expense of living has not been reduced in any thing like an equal degree; and it is very difficult for a person to live on two-thirds of the income he has been accustomed to expend.

Where small estates are entailed, the proprietors are in a still worse condition. Provisions to younger children can, in most cases, be made, at least to any considerable extent, only by saving from the rental. Money can be borrowed on such estates, only by way of annuity on the life of the proprietor; so that a much higher rate of interest than usual must be paid. Thus, at present, money can be borrowed on lands at three and a half per cent.; but an entailed proprietor cannot borrow under six per cent. In addition, he must pay the premium of insurance on his life for a sum equal to that borrowed, that the lender may be secure in receiving payment of the sum lent, when the annuity ceases by the borrower's death. The amount of the premium varies, according to the borrower's age. At forty he may insure for three per cent., at fifty for four, at sixty for six, making the whole annual expense at these ages respectively nine, ten, and twelve per cent.

Nor is it in the value of agricultural produce alone that a great fall has taken place. The rents of salmon fisheries, and the price of timber, have decreased still more. The thinnings of plantations, which, during the war, brought a considerable return, are now hardly saleable, and will not pay the expense of cutting, unless the size be considerable. In the north and west parts of the country a large revenue was derived from kelp. Upwards of eighty thousand people were engaged in its manufacture, and the total quantity produced amounted to about sixteen thousand tons. By much the most considerable part of the rental of many Highland proprietors arose from kelp shores. The price during the war was often as high as £20 per ton: but since the peace it has fallen to £3, £4, and £5, in consequence of the importation of barilla. Mr. Campbell of Islay, stated in his place in the House of Commons, in March, 1831, that kelp was at that time perfectly unsaleable, and the proprietors were induced to continue its manufacture only through compassion to the poor people engaged in it, who must otherwise have starved. Since that period, however, there has been more demand for kelp, though the price is still very low. In some parts of the country the manufacture has altogether been discontinued.

It has often been asserted, that proprietors of land, notwithstanding the decrease in their rental, are in as favourable a situation at present as they were during the war, as it is said that the fall in the rate of interest, and in the expense of living, is equal to the decrease of rent. But in the first place, it is not true, that the expense of living has diminished one-third, and it is only of late years, that the rate of interest has fallen. Up to 1820 or 1821, it rose very considerably, and we have

known cases of redeemable annuities of twelve or fourteen per cent. granted in 1817 or 1818, being paid by land proprietors to a very recent period. A very short calculation will shew, that even at the present rate of interest, a land proprietor is in a much worse situation than he was twenty years ago. Suppose an estate in fee simple, yielding at that time £2000 a-year, and, (what is a very common case,) that it is burdened to the extent of one-third of the value, or £20,000. Then the following was the situation of the proprietor during the war :—

Rental,	-	-	-	-	-	£2000
Interest of debt at 5 per cent.,	-	-	-	-	-	1000
						<hr/>
Free income,	-	-	-	-	-	£1000
						<hr/>
Value of estate at 30 years' purchase,	-	-	-	-	-	£60,000
Deduct debt,	-	-	-	-	-	20,000
						<hr/>
Clear reversion,	-	-	-	-	-	40,000
						<hr/>
At present, we assume the rental is diminished one-third.						
Gross income,	-	-	-	-	-	£1333
Interest of debt at 3½ per cent.	-	-	-	-	-	700
						<hr/>
Free income,	-	-	-	-	-	£633
						<hr/>
Value of the estate at 30 years' purchase,	-	-	-	-	-	£40,000
Deduct debt,	-	-	-	-	-	20,000
						<hr/>
Clear reversion, only	-	-	-	-	-	£20,000

So that the half of his fortune has been lost, while the expense of living has certainly not decreased one-third. Suppose, again, that the estate is sold. The reversion of £40,000 during the war would bring an income of £2000 per annum at 5 per cent., but the reversion of £20,000 at present will only produce £700, the rate of interest being 3½ per cent.

The distress of the tenantry, both in agricultural and stock farms, is greater than it has been at any former period since the commencement of this century. Their capital has in general been exhausted by paying the high rents contracted for when prices of produce were much higher than at present. Their credit is much lower than at any period since the war; and gloom, anxiety, and discontent pervade the whole body of the agricultural population. On all estates of considerable extent the arrears are great. The number of children of the tenantry attending the higher seminaries of education has diminished; and, in some districts, the consumption of exciseable commodities among the tenantry is falling off. The stock of cattle kept upon the farms has much diminished, a sure sign of the diminution of capital; and the soil is in consequence rapidly deteriorating. Reductions of rent have not in general been given till too late: for in the period which is allowed to elapse between the demand for reduction and the complying with it on the part of the landlord, the farm has decreased greatly in value by the deterioration of the soil; and the exhausted circumstances of the tenant do not enable him to bring his farm to its former state of fertility.

In Scotland the pastoral districts are of much importance. The total

extent of the kingdom is nineteen millions of English acres ; of which little more than five are under cultivation : so that three-fourths of the kingdom are occupied principally in the rearing of sheep. The distress in the pastoral districts can easily be explained. On sheep farms it is expected that the wool should pay the rent, leaving the carcass to discharge the other expences, and for profit on the capital employed. Now between the years 1813 and 1827, wool fell one half in value, and sheep and lambs to the same extent. Lord Napier has extensive sheep farms in Ettrick Forest, which he managed himself for many years ; and he stated before the Committee on the Wool Trade in 1828, that the produce of a farm, which on the average, from 1806 to 1817, yielded £490 per annum, only brought £240 in 1827. He was asked " Are the Committee to understand from your lordship, that the produce of at least half of Scotland; and from which half of the rent is paid, has fallen fifty per cent. in value ? " " Certainly." The value of black cattle fell also considerably, but never reached so great a depression as the produce of sheep-farms. The average prices of the last fifteen years compared with the war prices, shew a fall of about thirty per cent. Since 1827 or 1828, the value of sheep and wool has risen considerably, and now approaches within thirty per cent. of the war prices.

We have been favoured with communications from the most important agricultural districts in Scotland, by persons well qualified to furnish information to be relied on. But our limits only permit us to advert to that from East Lothian, which has long stood at the head of the agricultural counties. From a detailed statement made out by an intelligent practical farmer, in order to shew the value of land in this county from 1822 to 1832, compared with the period from 1805 to 1815, we have derived some curious results. The statement applies to a farm of three hundred and sixty acres of good land cultivated on the most improved system. The quantity of produce is assumed to have been equal at both periods, and the following are the results:—

	War.	Peace.
Value of produce, deducting seed	£3133	£2128
Expence of cultivation	1139	1032
Rent one boll three firlots of wheat	1311	910
Interest- and profit on tenant's capital } (L.3600) and for superintending farm }	383	165

It thus appears, that even where the rent is paid in grain, and the produce has in every respect been the same at the two periods, the profits of the tenant have diminished no less than fifty-seven per cent., while the rent has only fallen thirty per cent. It is evident that the cultivation of grain cannot long be carried on with such profits, for they do not amount to the ordinary interest of the capital required. No allowance for the expense of living of the tenant and his family is made in the statement, at either of the periods. But, unfavourable as this view is, the real state of matters is much worse. The rents were not stipulated for in grain during the war, but in money ; and no material abatements were given till 1820, or 1822 ; so that during the period which elapsed from 1814, when the value of agricultural produce fell, till 1820, the tenant was paying the high rent, while receiving the diminished price of produce. After rents were generally reduced, another evil of a most serious

nature affected this county, as well as Fife and the Carse of Gowrie, though in these districts not to so great an extent. Ever since 1826 the wheat crop has been attacked by a fly, which occasioned a decrease to the extent of thirty-three per cent. ; and the loss from this cause in a farm of the above description, exceeds £250 per annum. Thus there has not only been a total loss of the capital expended on the soil amounting to £3000, but also an annual loss of £85. In these circumstances, it is not wonderful that the most gloomy despondency has seized the tenantry. Many have lost all hope of living by their profession,—several have emigrated to the Continent and to America,—and many are preparing to follow them. We believe the emigration would be very general, if the tenantry could get quit of their leases, and recover the capital they have expended on the soil. Improvements by the tenantry are, in a great measure, at an end. The quantity of lime manufactured in the county, is only one-third of what it was twelve years ago. A great number of bankruptcies have taken place, some of them of tenants who were possessed of many thousand pounds at the end of the war. On an estate purchased twelve or fifteen years ago, only one tenant, out of eleven who were on it at the time of the purchase, now remain. All the rest have become bankrupt. The soil is deteriorating from severe cropping and want of capital; and in many districts of the county, the high-farming for which the county was formerly distinguished, is no longer to be seen. We are well aware that the distress in this part of Scotland, but more especially in this county, has been attributed, in some measure, to what has been called the expensive mode of living of the tenantry; and, since the high rents formerly given could not be obtained from the farmers of East Lothian, those from other parts of Scotland have been induced to pay high rents for lands in this county, on the representation or assumption, that, by their more economical style of living, they could afford to pay higher rents. But we believe the expectations formed on this ground have been completely disappointed. There is no class of the community who, in proportion to their capital, live at so small an expense as the tenantry; and the farmers of East Lothian, Berwickshire, and Roxburghshire, are not an exception to this remark. When a person, acquainted only with the inferior districts of Scotland, first goes into these counties, he is, no doubt, surprised at the appearance of the houses of the tenantry, as well as to observe that they do not themselves personally engage in the labours of the field. But such persons do not consider the very different state of agriculture in these counties from what they have been accustomed to. We have before us the rent-roll of an estate in the North of £25,000 a-year; and there are upwards of six hundred tenants, thus averaging a rent, payable by each, of only £40. In East Lothian, the land rental of which, in 1811, was £180,000, there are, certainly, not four hundred tenants; and we have heard them estimated at a much smaller number. Then, as to capital, it is held that an arable farm cannot be well cultivated unless the tenant has capital to the amount of £10 an acre; and, as the farms in East Lothian, as well as in Berwickshire and Roxburghshire, consist of from three hundred to five hundred acres each, the tenantry ought to possess, and indeed at the end of the war did possess, very large capitals. On farms of such extent it would be absurd for the tenant to engage in labour himself. His time is much more profitably employed in superintending the labour of others. Men, with capitals of from £2,000 to £10,000 are entitled to live in a decent style, more especially as all of them have received libe-

ral educations; and many of them have been educated as well as the greater number of those who practise the learned professions. In the above counties we could point out many tenants paying £2000 a-year of rent, and a few who pay as much as £5000. According to the data on which the property tax was levied, these mens' profits ought to amount to from £1000 to £2500 a-year. Yet we believe that the tenantry in these counties do not generally expend in living, in addition to the pigs, poultry, &c. produced on their farms, more than a sum equal to the interest of the capital employed in their cultivation.

The most serious consequences may be apprehended if the agricultural distress continues much longer without alleviation. It must speedily affect all classes in the community. "In the increasing wealth and progressive skill of the agricultural capitalist, the farmer, the steady progress of the landed body is dependent. Not a step can be made in agriculture, not an improvement, not a single operation of new power introduced into the art of cultivation, which does not, if generally adopted, by its unequal effects over the surface of the country, raise the mass of rents. The property, the energy, the mental skill of the farmer, are thus the mainstay, the sole permanent reliance of the landlords. Every circumstance which diminishes the means, the security, and the hopefulness and energy of these agents of cultivation must be proportionally detrimental to the best interests of the proprietors."*

Nor is it the landed proprietor alone who is interested in the welfare of the agriculturists. All other classes of the community, however far removed from agricultural pursuits, are quickly and deeply affected by the prosperity or depression of agriculture. One third of the population of the United Kingdom is employed in the cultivation of the soil, or in the management of herds and flocks; the highest and richest part of the community derive their revenues from their labours; and the annual produce of the soil exceeds in value the productions of all other occupations.

The whole property created in Great Britain and Ireland, in the year 1812, was estimated, by Dr. Colquhoun, at £430,000,000, of which more than one-half (£217,000,000) was the produce of agriculture in all its branches. The whole property created by our manufactories in 1812 is estimated at £114,000,000, and by foreign commerce and shipping, at £46,000,000.

The branch of industry, which, next to the cultivation of the soil, is the most important to the country, is the cotton manufacture, the annual value of which may amount to £50,000,000; but the value of the grain consumed by man and animals in the United Kingdom, must approach £100,000,000 per annum. It may easily be shewn that upwards of eight millions of people are engaged in agriculture in the United Kingdom. To these must be added the proprietors of the soil, whose number, including their families, may be estimated at three hundred thousand. Now, suppose, each of them to spend £20 per annum, then £166,000,000 are annually spent by the agricultural and landed interest, while only £46,000,000 are received from our foreign customers.†

* Jones on Distribution of Wealth.

† The declared value of British and Irish produce and manufactures, exported in 1828, was £36,812,756.

FEMALE LETTER-WRITERS.

THESE are but one species of composition of which it may be safely affirmed that many finer specimens have been lost to the world than any that are preserved: it is that in which women reign supreme,—domestic and familiar letters. After centuries of scholarly regret, it is consolatory to believe that very few Iliads, and not one Macbeth, have ever perished; but what an infinite series of the records of noble and tender feeling, the brightest effusions of mind, and the finest impulses of heart, have the flames devoured, in the shape of letters! The world does not possess a single letter of Shakspeare; but how many, for which it would barter rubies, must have singed geese at Stratford-on-Avon, or given crispness to the love-locks of Anne Hathway; for, notwithstanding Mr. Moore's gratuitous assumption, we deny, point-blank, that Shakspeare is any proof that great geniuses make bad husbands. What a treasure were the epistles despatched by the nameless adventurer during his vigorous early struggles, in London, and in Elizabeth's reign—when Sydney and Spenser were to be met in the theatres, Bacon and Burleigh in the courts, and Jonson and Marlowe in the taverns—when Leicester and Essex trade the land, and Drake and Howard swept the seas! What a precious record were that which might form the first series of love-letters that we regret—the only one for which our grief is unappeasable! Let us hope that the edition of the plays promised James Boswell in heaven may have an appendix containing the lost letters.

How often have we sympathized with the admirers of the new Heloise for the destruction of Jean Jacques's real love-letters, those written to Madame d'Houdetot. Still we hope for their joyful resurrection. The lady has not been many years dead, and French letters appear written on asbestos—fire will not consume them. Even we, though somewhat faded from primal admiration of the Citizen of Geneva, would rejoice in the epistles of which their enamoured author exclaims,—“If those of Heloise have been found ardent—Heavens! what would have been said of these! Such letters as mine to her were never thrown into the fire. If they are ever made public, the world will see in what manner I have loved.” It is perhaps much better the world cannot see. It is a cold-hearted, restless, swiftly-changing world. If introduced but now to

Clarens, sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep love,

we rather suspect it would be with prodigiously diminished effect. But it is our own female letter-writers—would we had more of them—that form our text, if we can contrive to stick to it. One who knew a few things has told us, that “the letters of great men are the most precious part of their writings.” Now, we rather think the “Principia,” or “Paradise Lost,” fully more precious than the letters of the respective writers; but had Bacon said this of the letters of clever and amiable women, seldom dissenting from him on any point of human wisdom, we had at once respectfully concurred. Of the letters of men, even great men, we have scarce enow to compensate for the volumes of dull, trite, trifling epistles, or clap-traps for posterity, deposited before-hand in cabinets, and brought to light by the vanity and cupidity of friends. The female letter-writers are totally exempt from these charges; with a few deep *blue*, and principally modern exceptions;—Miss Seward, of Lichfield, who inflicted on her friends what the public rejected; or the learned

Mrs. Montague, sedulously building up a literary reputation. These ladies we hardly allow to be, in our sense, letter-writers at all. They are authors who cultivate a particular branch of the profession, and delay publishing till their executors assume the obloquy of the task. The female letters in which we delight are such as have slipped as undesignedly from the heart as if the art of painting had still been undiscovered—the off-hand effusions of warm affection, undoubting confidence, sweetness, gaiety, fancy, wit, pleasantry, playfulness—genuine records of the daily business, interests, and pleasures of domestic life; no matter how trifling the details, so that they flow from the heart. Genuine letters of this kind—and it is impossible to counterfeit their semblance—form the most delightful kind of reading. Their highest perfection makes us more envy Franco her Sevigné and De Staal, than her Racine. Such collections are more improving than the most faithful autobiographies, for they must be truer; and if they do not apparently go farther, they yet allow deeper insight into the character of the writer; unconsciously revealing the varied tints and delicate shadings of individual mind, ex- hibiting nature, in her free and graceful undress, the refreshing breeze as well as the halcyon serene. Autobiographies, though the nearest approach to familiar letters, want their charm as much as their truth. They deceive without intending it; for the visual orb of the artist, the most rapid and clear-sighted that ever lived, will either glance oblique from harsh features, or soften and varnish deformities. Autobiographies are full-length portraits, generally intended for effect; letters, such as we mean, are part and parcel of a man's mind, and no writing has so lively a power of realization. They place us in the midst of past generations, as if we lived among them; they lift the curtain which separates the illu- sive from the true; place us by the parlour fireside, or in the dressing- room of the beauty of lost ages; unlock the most secret repositories, and give us a key to the most hidden thoughts. To the constitutional re- serve, and exterior coldness of the English national character, whether in men or women, the medium of correspondence, even among near relatives, is indispensable, were it but to enable friends to understand those sentiments and motives of action which proud modesty never could otherwise reveal.

With the complete writings of Swift, Cowper, Gray, and Burns, before us, how little should we know of the hidden man, of the inner life, especially of the first two, save for those precious relics of their correspon- dence, which more than supply the place of memoirs. But for his care- less letters, the Dean of St. Patrick's might have been believed to de- serve those harsh and cruel censures, which have been poured forth upon parts of his life, faulty, indeed, yet expiated, as far as possible, by puri- fying repentance. How much of the inner character of this shrewd, ambitious, morose cynic, is revealed, not in his studied correspondence with Oxford, Pope, and Atterbury, but in his slipshod journal to Stella, and careless epistles to Dr. Sheridan!—How much of the agonizing depths of his feelings is made visible by this one flash struck from his proud, flinty spirit, on hearing of the last fatal illness of the person he loved so dearly, and used with such strange unkindness, "What have I to do in this world! I never was in such agonies as when I read your letter, (Dr. Sheridan's) and had it in my pocket. *I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer!*" This one heart-wrung sentence might have made his late reviewers temper the vials of unmitigated wrath, which generous and manly feeling has led them to pour forth on the memory of the Tory

political parson. A woman might almost forgive him the injuries of her sex, on seeing the proud man thus overwhelmed and humiliated. But this is wandering from our subject.

Among the first pure specimens of female letters, are those of the ambitious and unfortunate favourite of Henry VIII., Anna Boleyn. Her coquettish love-letters to her royal wedded wooer, display art and finesse, of which so young a woman must have been incapable without prompting, though she had the advantage of early schooling in the French Court. But her celebrated letter, written from the Tower, remains a very extraordinary literary production, apart from the trying circumstances in which it was composed. It is one of the finest specimens of mental self-possession and dignified propriety that we possess. Could it, indeed, have been the unaided production of the calumniated and persecuted victim? This, though questioned, is more probable than that any one could have counterfeited so skilfully. Like the letter of Swift, to which we have referred, it goes far to atone for many sins and heartlessnesses in the former life of the beautiful and coquettish queen. It breathes the passive courage of woman in her hour of fiery trial, with the sublime composure and elevation, which the approach of another state imparts, in some degree, to the meanest creature. It opens like a strain of solemn music.

The epistles of the illustrious daughter of this victim of a brutal brute, who, to that character, added no small portion of the vulgar, sensual ruffian,—are full of individuality and instruction. In the character of Elizabeth were strangely commingled, the fierce, headlong, impetuous blood of her father, with the coolness, finesse, and trickery of her other parent. She was as coquettish and artful as Anna Boleyn, though on a bolder scale; and as headstrong and domineering as bluff King Hal. Her memorable letter to the Bishop of Ely, is a sample of the paternal stock. It also shews clearly how reformed protestant princes originally regarded the union of State and Church, and the uses of a hierarchy. A more laconic and complete view of this mystic alliance need not be sought for. This prelate had offended Elizabeth, by refusing to cede to her the garden and orchard of Ely-House, after it had been iniquitously wrested from him by a suit in the Chancellor's Court, in which no suitor had any chance with the Crown. "Proud prelate!" says the royal virago; "I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement; but I would have you to know, that I who made you what you are, can unmake you;" [Here is a lesson for the State-Church!]"—"and if you do not forthwith fulfil your agreement, by God! I will immediately unprock you. Your's, as you demean yourself, Elizabeth Regina." So much for the nursing-mother of the reformed faith. This is a pure specimen of the style of King Harry. The crafty, politic, and hypocritical letters of this Princess, in which the pride and cruelty of her father are blended with the subtily of her mother, (as in her correspondence with Sir Amias Paulet, the custodier of her unhappy rival, Queen Mary,) are only disgusting. But Elizabeth had many styles. In some of her epistles, there are the freshness, and frankness of womanly cordiality, mingled with the romance and high-spirit which made heroes of her courtiers, and herself their inspiration. Take her epistle to her favourite, Dudley Earl of Warwick, while maintaining the town of Havre against the French. The Virgin Queen had some worthless, but never any despicable favourites. In this point she excelled all her royal successors.—"My dear Warwick: If your honour and my desire could accord with the loss of the needfulest

finger I keep, God so help me in my utmost need, as I would gladly lose that one joint for your safe abode with me; but since I cannot do that I would, I will do that I may, and will drink in an ash-cup, than that you and yours should not be succoured, both by sea and land; yea, and with all speed possible; and let this my scribbling hand witness them all."

Some of the letters of the ladies of the Protector's family, are interesting, but mainly from the juxta-position of the fair writers, and the rank and political consequence of their correspondents. In the noblest strain of the Norman aristocracy, is the well-known letter of the high-spirited Countess of Pembroke and Derby to Joseph Williamson, the subservient minister of Charles II. The indignant epistle of the Countess of Nottingham to the unmanly and slanderous Danish ambassador, is another noble instance of a roused and injured lady, chastising a craven spirit with her crow-quill, as effectually as ever did knight with his gauntletted hand. But all these fall short of the mark of familiar female epistles: even those of Rachel Lady Russell, which long have, and, we hope, long will form part of an Englishwoman's select library—are not of the captivating female toys we mean. The collected letters of this illustrious matron, are of greater excellence than attraction. They are either didactic and religious epistles to her learned and reverend correspondents; or they treat of those matters of weighty interest, regarding her family, which the murder of Lord Russell had devolved upon his lady. Of the terrible scenes which developed her noble character, when she shared the prison, and almost the scaffold, of her husband, there remains no record in her voluminous correspondence. Affection has preserved a few homely letters, belonging to the earlier and happier part of her married life; and kind hearts will love, and pure ones revere them. They have, besides, in some degree, the charm of which we are in pursuit,—they are domestic, familiar letters.

"Lady Russell to Lord Russell; written from Tunbridge, and addressed to London, in the year 1678.

"After a toilsome day, there is some refreshment to be telling our story to our best friends. I have seen your girl well laid in bed, and ourselves have made our suppers upon biscuits, a bottle of white wine, and another of beer, mingled my uncle's way, with nutmeg and sugar. None are disposing to bed,—not so much as complaining of weariness. Beds and things are all very well here; our want is yourself and good weather. But, now I have told you our present condition—to say a little of the past.—I do really think, if I could have imagined the illness of the journey, it would have discouraged me: it is not to be expressed how bad the way is from Seven Oaks; but our horses did exceedingly well, and Spencer very diligent, often off his horse to lay hold of the coach. I have not much more to say this night: I hope the quilt is remembered; and Francis must remember to send more biscuits, either when you come, or soon after. I long to hear from you, my dearest soul, and truly think your absence already an age. I have no mind to my gold plate: here is no table to set it on; but if that does not come, I desire that you would bid Betty Foster (a house-maid) send the silver glass I use every day. In discretion I haste to bed, longing for Monday, I assure you.

Past ten o'clock.

From yours,

R. RUSSELL.

Lady Margaret says we are not glutted with company yet: you will let Northumberland know we are well; and Allie—†

† These ladies, the Countess of Northumberland and Lady Allington, were half-sisters of Rachel, Lady Russell.

It was thus flowed the domestic hours of the affectionate wife, who, in deep affliction, was soon to prove herself the fitting partner of a patriot martyr. Such were the hearts which tyranny wrenched asunder.

But the most brilliant of our female letter-writers belonged to a succeeding age. Lady Mary Wortley had no prototype in this country, so far as the world knows; nor has she had any worthy successor. The literary reputation of Lady Mary rests exclusively on her letters; though she versified largely, and scribbled on many subjects; and, as a satirist and lampooner, entitled herself to the "bad eminence" of the pillory, and of having her ear-rings cropt, were equal justice even dealt to the ennobled and the mean offender. As it is, she is fully qualified, by her satires and private letters, to take the place of honour between Mrs. Centlivre and Aphra Behn. Laying altogether aside Lady Mary's letters descriptive of her travels, which are lively, delightful, and, as all subsequent experience has established, perfectly accurate; her domestic familiar letters, though steeped in the worst vices of her character, are full of attraction. They indeed want the best charm of a woman's correspondence; for her ladyship could not impart what she did not possess, but they still rank highly as epistolary compositions. There is nothing overstrained or affected,—nothing of the *blue* about them. All shews facility precision, and good taste in composition; with great moral depravity, no doubt, and utter and avowed heartlessness. The private letters of Lady Mary Wortley to her sister and other ladies, and those of the Earl of Chesterfield to his son, are the deepest satires that ever were penned against the English aristocracy: add to these the Memoirs of Doddington and a few other volumes, and the picture is complete. Lady Mary Wortley is an instance of that anomaly every where, save in the highest circles of aristocracy, or among people of the lowest rank, hacknied by living in the eye of the world,—of a head far too crafty and mature for the shoulders which carried it, and of a heart lustrums older than the bosom in which it was presumed to exist. It is, however, doubtful if, in a moral sense, a heart, often the most useless and troublesome commodity in the world to a young lady of rank, ever formed any part of the anatomy of Lady Mary Pierrepont. The letters of her extreme girlhood are quite as shrewd, penetrating, and worldly as those of her grey hairs. The story of her marriage is well known. She ran away, when very young, with Mr. Wortley, rully more to spite her father than please herself. The same governing motive influenced many of her actions, and in some instances counterbalanced her calculations. She was too vivacious and self-willed to be always prudently selfish. Her first letter after her love-match is a curiosity—

* * * *

"I don't know very well how to begin: I am perfectly unacquainted with a matrimonial style. After all, I think it better to write as if we were not married at all." And so she does, ending her brief first epistle matrimonial by saying, gaily, "'Tis dark, or I should not conclude so soon. Pray, my love, begin at the top, and read till you come to the bottom;" a degree of conjugal attention she hardly expected. A succeeding letter gives matrimonial counsel, by which Mr. Wortley did not fail to profit. "I am glad you think of serving your friends," (by allowing himself to be elected for Newark,) "I hope it will put you in mind of serving yourself. I need not enlarge upon the advantages of *money*:—every thing we see, and every thing we hear, puts us in remembrance of it. If it were possible to restore liberty to your country, (her ladyship and her husband were violent Whigs,) "or limit the

encroachments of the prerogative by reducing yourself to a garret, I should be pleased to share so glorious a poverty with you ; but as the world is, and will be, *it is a sort of duty to be rich*, that it may be in one's power to do good—riches being another name for power ; towards the obtaining of which, the first necessary quality is impudence ; and, as Demosthenes said of pronunciation in oratory, the second is *impudence*, and the third still impudence. No modest man ever did, or ever will, make his fortune. Your friend Lord Halifax, Robert Walpole, and all other remarkable instances of sudden advancement, have been remarkably impudent. The Ministry is like a play at Court ; there is a little door to get in, a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost. People who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and, still thrusting heartily, are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd—is shoved about by every body—his clothes torn—almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get in before him that don't make so good a figure as himself. I don't say it is impossible for an impudent man not to rise in the world ; but a moderate merit, with a large share of impudence, is more probable to be advanced than the greatest qualifications without it. If this letter is impertinent, it is founded upon an opinion of your merit, which, if it is a mistaken one, I would not be undeceived. It is my interest to believe, as I do, that you deserve every thing, and are capable of every thing ; but nobody else will believe it if they see you get nothing." How many statesmen have since acted upon her ladyship's maxims besides the old Dragon, of Wantley, who, if he did not obtain great political power, at least put money enough in his purse !

It is not easy to say whether Lady Mary's private letters, those which she durst not publish during her husband's life, but which she took effectual care should appear, are more instructive on her own character, or as pictures of high life. Take her coronation of George II.:—Walpole's of George III., or Sir Walter Scott's of George IV., are not to be compared with it. It is written to her sister the Countess of Mar, as are many of her best and worst letters ; not that she even affects to care a pin for her relative ; she merely takes her up as a person to whom she might vent her spleen and her wit, where both had a chance of obtaining eclat : The Countess of Mar was then living in Jacobite exile in the brilliant circles of Paris. " I cannot deny that I was very well diverted on the coronation-day. I saw the procession much at my ease, and then got into Westminster Hall without trouble, where it was very entertaining to observe the variety of airs which all meant the same thing. The business of every walker there was to conceal vanity, and gain admiration. For these purposes some languished, and others strutted, but a visible satisfaction was diffused over every countenance as soon as the coronet was clapped on the head. But she that drew the greatest number of eyes was, indisputably, Lady Orkney. She exposed behind a mixture of fat and wrinkles, and before, a very considerable protuberance which preceded her. Add to this, the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her grey hairs, which, by good fortune, stood directly upright, and it is impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual ; and I should have thought her one of the largest things of God's making, if my Lady St. John had not displayed all her charms in honour of the day. The poor Duchess of Montrose crept along with a dozen black snakes playing round her face ; and my

Lady Portland, who is fallen away since her dismission from Court, represented finely an Egyptian mummy, embroidered over with hieroglyphics." Such are the language and sentiments of a lady of the highest birth and fashion; and her letters might have been written yesterday. There is nothing antiquated about them, or her. Were she alive now, she might, to-morrow, be a patroness of Almack's, and send paragraphs to the Morning Post. In talent and manners she would find herself very like, only vastly superior, to the fair J.'s and L.'s she might meet there. As a favourable specimen of her talents, a real picture of fashionable manners, and what besides might furnish a dramatist with excellent hints, we give a few more passages from this most brilliant writer among the female nobility. Her ladyship never thinks of using her pen to her sister but on some piquant topic. "I own," she says, "I enjoy vast delight in the folly of mankind; and, God be praised, there is an inexhaustible source of entertainment. I will mention to you some suspicions of my own in relation to Lord B***t, which I really never mentioned to any one; but as there is never fire without some smoke, these smothered flames, though admirably covered with whole heaps of politics, were at length seen, felt, and understood." Her ladyship relates the noble courtier's dismission, and maliciously adds, "I know we cannot help laughing when one sees him next; and I own I long for the pleasurable moment. I am sorry for another of our acquaintance, whose follies—for it is impossible to avoid that word—are not of a kind to give mirth to those who wish her well. The discreet and sober Lady L**** has lost such furious sums at Bath, that it may be questioned whether all the sweetness the waters can put into my Lord's blood, will induce him to forgive her; particularly £700 at one sitting, which is aggravated by many astonishing circumstances. This is as odd to me, as Lord T——m's shooting himself; and another demonstration of the latent fire that lies under cold countenances—

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I find it is impossible to forbear telling you the metamorphoses of some of our acquaintances, which appear as odd to me as any in Ovid. Would any one believe that Lady H**** is a beauty, and in love? and that Mrs. Anastasia Robinson is, at the same time, a prude and a kept mistress? and those things in spite of nature and fortune. The first of these ladies is tenderly attached to the polite Mr. M——, and such are all the joys of happy love, notwithstanding she wants the use of her two hands by a rheumatism, and he has an arm that he cannot move. I wish I could tell you the particulars of this amour, which seems to me as curious as that between two oysters, and as well worth the attention of naturalists. The second heroine has engaged half the town in arms from the nicety of her virtue, which has not been able to bear the too near approach of Senesino in the opera; and her condescension in accepting Lord Peterborough for her champion, who has signalized his love and courage on this occasion, in as many ways as Don Quixote did for Dulcinea. Poor Senesino, like a vanquished giant, was forced to confess, upon his knees, that Anastasia was a paragon of virtue and beauty. Lord Stanhope, a dwarf to the said giant, joked on his side, and was challenged for his pains. Lord Delawar was Lord Peterborough's second; my

* This lady was a celebrated singer. Lord Peterborough married her, after that eccentric hero was far advanced in life.

Lady miscarried: the whole town divided into parties on that important point. Innumerable have been the disorders between the two sexes on so great an account, besides half the House of Peers being put under arrest. By the providence of Heaven, and the wise cares of his Majesty, no bloodshed ensued; however, things are now tolerably accommodated; and the fair lady rides through the town in the shining berlin of her hero, not to reckon the more solid advantage of £100 a-month; which, it is said, he allows her." By way of close to this sisterly epistle, her Ladyship says, "I suppose you know our uncle Fielding is dead. I regret him prodigiously." For vivacity and grace of style, this letter might have been written by the brightest *bel esprit* of 1832. It is a clever portraiture of fashionable life, by one thoroughly skilled in its ways, and who was, moreover, the most able delineator of its manners that has ever appeared in its Exclusive ranks. Like all her letters, it shews an intimate knowledge of human nature, as it is displayed among the most profligate and frivolous members of the aristocracy, great power of clever satire, and poignancy of ill-natured remark. Here stop the equivocal merits of Lady Mary Wortley's letters: and the odious qualities with which her correspondence is replete, the malice, calumny, impudence, social treachery, and shameless grossness, are poorly redeemed by considerable wit, and great brilliancy of style: and what we have given of her Ladyship's remains, are delicate specimens. There are parts of her letters to the Countess of Mar, and other ladies of like rank, with which we durst not venture to enrich these humble pages. The picture they exhibit of the individual, and of the Exclusive Caste, is any thing but alluring. When English purity declares itself revolted by the grossness of manners displayed in foreign literature, let us remember our own national blemishes. Our Lady Mary will go far to counterbalance the old letter-scribbling Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the Regent. If the noble Englishwoman lacked something of the disgusting grossness, which finds its true home at the extremes of social life, in courts, or in the lowest haunts of vice, she had tenfold the malignity of the princely dame.

The voluminous correspondence of a woman of good fashion and talents, Mrs. Montague—the Shakspeare Montague, who commented on the Bard of St. George, not quite like William Hazlitt, but yet in a good and reverential, if not an o'er-informed spirit,—occupies a distinguished place among ambitious female letters. The early effusions of this lady, while Miss Robinson, are often smart and lively, though deformed by a perpetual hard-straining after effect; yet they never once attain the ease, grace, rapidity and clearness of the Lady Mary, who, with her many dreadful faults, had no affectations. She breathed in a region above, as a nymph of Billingsgate does in one below them: affectation is the weakness of middle life. Still less is there in the set epistles of Mrs. Montague any thing to persuade us, that a single one of them slipped from the writer's heart, unstudied and unheeded—unthinking of effect, and then impressing the deepest. They are clever sketchy essays, with an address and subscription, elaborated on the rule of Johnson's epistolary canons, who, in letter-writing, lays down the law,—that trifles require exuberance of ornament,—that the building which has no strength, must be valued for the grace of its decorations,—that the pablic must be polished with care, which hopes to be valued as a diamond. His conclusion is better, "Words must be laboured, when they are intended to stand for things." This is the true secret of most of the ambitious and ornate writing with which ladies favour their corre-

spondents, and of the construction, among others, of those letters, which his Litchfield acquaintance, Miss Seward, inflicted first on her friends, that the public might afterwards be struck through their sides. But, even in the most tiresome and afflicting of these letters, there is an attraction wanting to other kinds of writing. They all give some anecdotes of remarkable persons, some half pictures of manners, and transient glimpses into character. A volume of letters, in which proper names appear with any frequency, can never be wholly uninteresting; and one may extract pleasure and instruction, even from Miss Seward's weighty legacy to Mr. Constable the bookseller. In letter-writing, as in every thing else, commend us, however, to words, ~~which~~ are things; to the exuberance which throws up from the deep mines of native feeling the rough diamond, together with the imbedding soil, and leaves ~~it~~ to leisurely to polish its pebbles. Of the letters which women could write, and which, on our theory of the best letters never being published, they often do write, we may obtain some notion from the letters occasionally introduced by the female novelists into their narratives, and by their novels in letters. Those introduced are often fine specimens: pathetic and touching as the stories of Mrs. Opie; the one particularly from a ruined girl, written under sentence of death for child-murder, to her heartless seducer, which it is not possible to peruse without heart-wringing pity. No letters can be more beautiful in their affectionate and graceful simplicity than those thrown into the tales of the Miss Lees; or more shrewd, humorous and characteristic, if not perfectly natural, than those in Miss Ferrier's stories. Yet, though wonderfully true to life, these are not real letters. Flesh and blood, the breathing substance, and the immortal spirit, are not their endowment. And the faded characters of an old, blotted, and tattered sheet, traced by some fair hand over which the grave has long closed, shall speak with more pleading eloquence.

It was once our chance to peruse—most delectable reading—a bundle of old love-letters, by a French lady, probably a pupil of Jean Jacques, written in all the abandonment of despair, and the ardour of romantic passion, to a man esteemed a hero in his own day—'le brave Corcoran,' Paul Jones, from whom fortune was for ever tearing her. Those vehement exclamations—those endless repetitions—articulate groans—for her raving words were little else—and cries scarcely intelligible, yet felt to arise from the agonized depths of the heart, were affecting enough in their way; but the tear-blots that half effaced the faint characters were irresistible. What a picture of real passion, and suffering did those blotted scrawls exhibit, following each other by every post, while the lost lover remained at Brest! what a multitude of thoughts summon up to contemplation—the least of them the forlorn French maiden locked up in her closet, sleepless, hopeless, on her knees pouring forth those passionate vows, and heart-breaking cries of bereavement and despair, and shedding those burning, blistering tears, whose traces remain when death has so long sealed their bright fountains.* Had the gods blessed us with "the faculty divine," as with the vision, we had certainly indited very tender verses "To an old tear-stained love-letter."

* In the memoirs of Paul Jones, it is said that the author of these letters, which the mingled vanity and affection of Jones preserved, was a young lady of the Court. This might or might not have been. At any rate, one thinks of the woman, and not of the rank. Fanny Seward is no power over our sympathies, as Romeo's lady-love.

Among the best female letters we possess, are a few of those of poor Mary Wolstonecraft. Her descriptive letters from Norway and Sweden are beautiful indeed. But, unfortunately, it happens of women always, as of His Majesty's Ministers at present—faults in them are worse than crimes. This is somewhat unreasonable, and not very moral—but so the world wills it; and, till something better is devised, we submit. Friends of social order, we will rather have a low and imperfect standard than none. We have, in English literature, other charming female letters, of which the writers are wholly unexceptionable; a few by the too early lost Miss Smith, the young translator of Klopstock; and a very pleasing and natural series by Mrs. Grant of Laggan; those especially written in the earlier part of her life, and to her early and real friends,—delightful records of a life spent in virtuous retirement, and rich in life's best blessings, those which flow from its purifying griefs as certainly as from its enjoyments. This lady's studied letters of congratulation and condolence, though they are likely those that were most admired by her friends, most handed about, and lent as a favour to copy, are, to our feeling, only a little better, as female letters, than specimens of the same class composed by many other ladies. Heavy and sermonizing, and, if sincere, not quite natural, are all such elaborations of ceremonious intermeddlement with the sorrows which the heart best knoweth.

We have one or two very pretty, and entirely natural letters of Mrs. Mary Brunton, enough to make us long for more of such pleasing transcripts of an amiable and intelligent woman's true mind.

Female love-letters are rare and choicé productions. Sappho wrote in verse; and the Heloise of Abelard, in Latin. These passion-breathing epistles come to female readers in this dark veil, yet they can see that the world has no such love-letters:

They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires.

The halting prose of the simple translation has more power than the polished verse of Pope, which seems an impertinence interposed between the writer and the reader; and, in love-letters, man is seen to yield the palm to woman, the impassioned ardent to the ardent tender. The national character of the Germans is most interestingly developed in sundry little fragments of familiar domestic correspondence of the German women; they are the antipodes of French female letters, and yet the most charming, gentle, tender, and natural, that is imaginable. In "Richardson's Correspondence," there is a letter from the first wife of Klopstock, the poet, which realizes nearly all we would be understood to mean by a true feminine letter. The very imperfection of the language gives it additional captivation. Her affectionate feelings and innocent happiness, make German idioms and broken English, like Lady Mortimer's Welsh—

Sweet as ditties, highly pœned,
Sung by a fair Queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing-division to her lute.

We cannot do better than conclude with this extract of a woman's love-letter, of the best kind.

"After having seen him two hours, I was obliged to leave the evening in a company, which never had been so wearisome to me. I could not speak, I could not play; I thought I saw nothing but Klopstock. I saw him the next day, and the

following, and we were very seriously friends. But the fourth day he departed. It was an strong hour the hour of his departure! He wrote with affection, and from that time our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I never believed my love to be friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but Klopstock, and shewed his letters. They rallied at me, and said I was in love. I rallied them again, and said that they must have a very friendshipless heart, if they had no idea of friendship to a man as well as to a woman. Thus it continued eight months, in which time my friends found as much love in Klopstock's letters as I did, and I perceived it likewise, but I would not believe it. At the last Klopstock said plainly that he loved; and I startled as for a wrong thing. I answered, that it was no love, but friendship, as it was what I felt for him; we had not seen one another enough to love, (as if love must have more time than friendship!) This was sincerely my meaning, and I had this meaning till Klopstock came again to Hamburg. This he did a year after we had seen one another the first time. We saw,—we were friends,—we loved; and we believed that we loved; and a short time after, I could even tell Klopstock that I loved. But we were obliged to part again, and wait two years for our wedding. My mother would not let me marry a stranger. I could marry then without her consentment, as by the death of my father my fortune depended not on her; but this was an horrible idea for me; and thank heaven that I have prevailed by prayers! At this time knowing Klopstock, she loves him as her lively son, and thanks God that she has not persisted. We married—and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am so happy, and still I dote upon Klopstock, as if he was my bridegroom.

"If you knew my husband, you would not wonder. If you knew his poem, I could describe him very briefly, in saying he is in all respects what he is as a poet. This I can say with all wifely modesty But I dare not to speak of my husband; I am all raptures when I do it. And as happy as I am in love, so happy am I in friendship, in my mother, two elder sisters, and five other women. How rich I am!"

EIKON BASILIKH:

OR, THE FOURTRAICTURE OF HIS LATE SACRED MAJESTY.

*Written on the Erection of the Bronze Statue of George IV. in George Street,
Edinburgh, a few months ago.*

COME—let us raise an effigy on high
To our dead Sovereign, lest his name should die.
The murderous cannon, in our mould, shall run—
Fit metal for The Lord's Anointed One!
Set in his grasp the sceptre, which, of yore,
In iron days the perjured Stuarts bore:
With wreath of Upas be the temples crowned,
And masker's garb the motley limbs surrounded!
Now rear colossal Dagon to his place—
And one vast bloodstone be the mighty base!
'Tis done. Erect the brazen monster stands—
And now the base the artist's aid demands.
Th' inscriptive legend we may then commit
To Southey's muse, or classic Croker's wit.

Around that mighty base, in bold relief,
Set forth the ensigns of a nation's grief.
O! let the sculptor's cunning hand prepare
To blazon high his princely virtues there.
Let maudlin bishops scenic tears pretend,
And bankrupt parasites deplore their friend!

Portray him revelling in his tinsel bowers,
'Midst shattered pinnacles, and band-box towers,
Pouring the dabling implements of vice—
The broken sceptre, the loaded dice,
The herald's garb, the gaming table's design—
The broken cup that spills its lees of wine,

The dying lamps, survivors of the night,
That wave and flicker in the morning light;
The great Silenus, wallowing in his sty,
With limbs collapsing, and with leering eye,
While reeling fawns their prouettes display,
With nymphs that reel as merrily as they—
Away!—No more!—The ivy twines between,
And modest foliage hides the sensual scene!

A tragic tale our sculptor's art must tell.
Twine, twine the cypress, for it suits it well.
It speaks of woman's wrong, of villain's art,
The broken promise, and the broken heart.
On yonder couch, a mournful Queen reclines,
Oppressed with sorrow, and in sickness pines.
How joyed the land—how beautiful and gay
The princely pageant of her bridal day!
Alas! ere morning, from the genual bed
Gone is young Hymen—Até reigns instead!
Even to the grave, malignant fiends pursue—
And He, the pure and virtuous, leads the crew!
From scenes too foul to meet a maiden's eyes,
With streaming hair, the youthful Charlotte flies,
She flies indignant from the house of sin,
For Comus waves his sorcerous wand within!

Deep tolls the midnight bell. A sable train
Wings through the aisles of yon funereal fane.
Spared her sire's shame, her injured mother's wo,
O, weep not thus—'tis mercy gives the blow!

Again that bell! *His life, the dream is past,*
And he is called to his account at last.
And death has come. No kindred hands assuage
Th' ignoble sufferings of his everend age.
Immodest aims the sinking head sustain,
And stifled conscience wakes, nor wakes in vain.
High o'er his tomb, 'midst plumes of peacock, set
False jewels in the pluckbeck coronet,
And paper wreaths—fit emblems to supply
Of him whose life was one Incarnate Lie.

See—for their rights the outraged people plead!
What the reply? The trooper spurs his steed—
They fly—they fall, by brutal force oppressed:
The dungeon cell and famine tame the rest.

For those sweet Patriots shall no space remain,
Who kindly forged a rivet for our chain?
Yes—Heaven-born Pitt in speaking gesture stands,
And Melville tears aloft his spotless hands.
His patent gag, let Addington display—
His scorpion lash, the courtly Castlereagh.
O, great quartette of statesmen! fit to wait
On such a monarch, for his guard of state!

Blest Patron Saint! To thy congenial shrine
Shall flock all worthy spirits like to thine.
Assassins, there, shall whet the deadly steel,
And sad Conservatives bepraise their Peel;
Adore their Wetherell's wit, their Goulburn's sigh
Recount their tears that flow from Eldon's eyes;
Gloat o'er their Sibthorpe's incoherent dreams,
And groan, *Amen*, while Perceval blasphemes;
For placeless, hopeless, briefless Twiss explore,
And spin the same trite falsehood ten times o'er.
By-placemen, there, shall league with ruined squire;
And lamp-light Circes lure the passers by;
Despair and Crime shall consecrate the place—
The rendezvous of all that's foul and base!

POLITICAL STATE OF THE THREE NORTHERN ENGLISH COUNTIES.

IN order to come to a correct estimate of the political state of the three northern counties of Cumberland, Northumberland, and Durham, it is necessary to recur to circumstances now of long standing, and of times past. In the years 1817, 1818, and 1819, until the passing of those memorable and infamous enactments, entitled "The Six Acts," there existed, in great force, in these counties, an organization well known by the name of "The Great Northern Union." Its greatest strength was on the banks of the Tyne and Wear, and in the city and neighbourhood of Carlisle; but its ramifications were spread over the whole three counties; and there were few towns, of these counties, which were not more or less, according to circumstances, in communication with it, or affected by its influence. The Northern Union, however, consisted nearly altogether of the lower classes. The middle classes at that time, no doubt, contained a body of persons strongly attached to constitutional liberty, and averse to the reign of terror (for it was nothing less,) which then prevailed. But they were attached, from long habit, to the party known by the name of "Whigs," as distinguished from other grades of reformers; and the whig leaders of this period certainly betrayed a want of spirit, which, if it were prudent, as perhaps it was, is to be distinguished by that epithet alone. Their conduct was that of men who had become alarmed at the very storm they had assisted to raise; and, with the honourable exceptions of Lords Grey and Durham (then Mr. Lambton,) they joined the Tories, either openly or covertly, in the "Conservative" mercies of that dark period. The dungeons of government were crowded with victims, arrested "on suspicion;" between whom and their prison, no "Habeas Corpus Act" was left to interpose. No public meeting, even under a roof, could take place without the license of a servile magistracy; the press was subjected to all but a censorship; the course even of criminal justice was warped and suspended; and the blood spilt at Manchester "cried from the ground" in vain. By these measures, the spirit of the people was for a time broken; and the Northern Union was, to all appearance, broken up, quelled, disheartened, and dispersed. It ceased openly to show itself, and dwindled down to a size of comparative insignificance. That bond of brotherhood was, however, in many instances, too strong to be broken; and exists, at this hour, in renewed and growing solidity.

That the conduct of the Whig leaders in the North, alienated from them the respect and confidence of the mass of the population, is undeniable; and, in this state of alienation they remained, until the events that crowded upon the country during the latter part of the Wellington administration, opened a door for reconciliation; which the accession of Lord Grey to power, and the proposal of the Reform Bill, might have effected fully and completely, as it actually did partially and to a certain extent; and had the Whig leaders, during the excitement of the general election of the Spring of 1831, cordially thrown themselves upon the people, they might have commanded, and continued to command, the three counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, and Durham. Doubt and fear, however, intervened; and the election of the liberal candidates in these districts, was less owing to the exertions and leadership of the Whig party, emphatically so called, than to the overpowering zeal of the

body of the people, which proved to be too strong to be resisted or controlled for a single moment. The Reformers, as by one impulse, formed immediate committees throughout the three counties—money was liberally subscribed—the people named their own candidates—the distant voters pledged themselves, wherever they had the means, to go to the poll at their own expense—the central committees of the three counties corresponded, and rendered each other mutual good offices. The consequence was, that the Lowther, Londonderry, and Northumberlandal influence, vanished like a night-mare, as soon as the giant, so long chained and torpid, began to move; and the fortresses of Toryism, so long deemed impregnable, were carried with an ease and rapidity which astonished both the victors and the vanquished. So entirely unexpected was the result by those who had not the means of knowing the determination and unanimity of the people, that, until the events of the election were known, it is believed that the Noble Premier despaired of the success of his son, one of the present Members for Northumberland.

When the agents of the pretended Whig, Lord Tankerville, joined the agents of the Tory Duke of Northumberland, in canvassing for the Tory candidate, (which is the fact,) it was clear enough that, upon the people, and nobody but the people, the success of the reforming candidates depended. They threw themselves upon the people; and in Northumberland and Durham the whole was decided in a few days. In Cumberland, the stronghold of the Lowthers, and in Westmoreland, the struggle was more protracted.

The great and valuable effect of these memorable elections was, that it taught the people the secret of their own strength; a revelation, which having been once made, cannot be smothered or forgotten. A second consequence of this knowledge, and of the excitement created by it, was, the rise of the "Northern Political Union;" a Union formed upon the model of the celebrated Birmingham Union, and including the elements of the great Union of 1819, with superadded force, derived from the open junction or known friendliness of a great portion of the middle classes throughout the counties of Northumberland and Durham. There were, no doubt, some secondary causes which aided in the formation, and gave wings to the popularity of this association. The seamen of the Tyne had been long in union for the regulation of wages; and the colliers of the Tyne and Wear, tired out by a long series of real or supposed hardships and grievances, were adopting similar measures. When men once begin to inquire, inquiry will not be confined to one channel. When men once begin to contend against oppression, the resistance speedily extends itself into a war against oppression of all sorts. These men have therefore begun to be politicians, and to look beyond the mere circumstances of the moment for the real cause of many of their privations. Throughout the rural districts of Northumberland and Durham, a considerable spirit of independence had long been preserved and cherished. Amidst these combined favourable circumstances, therefore, the Union has gone on extending itself; with little open opposition from the Tories, and indeed with little opposition of any sort.

It has been objected to this and to similar associations, that they resemble the clubs of the early French Revolution, and are therefore to be deprecated. The objectors however forget that union only gives unity of time and direction to the expansive power of public opinion. If public opinion be healthy, then union must be a benefit: if it be unhealthy,

the contrary. Nor is it possible to prove that men can be fitted for the enjoyment of free institutions who are unfit to act in union for the attainment of those institutions.

Be this as it may, the union of the people of the two counties of Northumberland and Durham has gone on in steady, not to say rapid progress, and is every day becoming closer and closer. While the institution was yet in its infancy, its friends and associates dined together on the day of the Coronation of his present Majesty, to the number of *sixteen hundred persons*, who were accommodated in a connected series of tents erected for the purpose! And on the rejection of the first Reform Bill by the Peers, the meeting of the Union to address his Majesty to retain his Ministers, consisted of certainly not less than eighty thousand men, attended by fourteen bands of music, and carrying various banners and devices.

That this combination has done great good, in promoting a good understanding and proper intercourse between the middle and lower classes of these populous districts, is quite undeniable. Hardly a week passes, without the acting council receiving addresses of thanks, on different occasions, agreed to by district meetings of the associates, or invitations to attend these meetings. It seems in vain to deny, that such meetings, by causing a pleasing intercourse between men who could hardly otherwise have met, are producing great and lasting benefit.

By such intercourse, good feeling is not only promoted, but ability drawn forth. The habit of properly discussing political topics is gradually taught and learned; the real bearings and effects of political measures are traced; and the advantages of an intelligent unanimity enforced and explained. There was a period, when the "Universal Suffrage," and "Annual Parliament" doctrines of Mr. Hunt were beginning to take effect; but this has, in a great measure, been checked by the enlightened policy of Lord Grey, in bringing forward so extensive a plan of Reform. It may, generally speaking, be safely affirmed, that the inhabitants, that the great bulk of the population, of the counties of Northumberland and Durham, are unanimous in their support of the Reform Bill, and irrevocably bent upon the attainment of their object. That they esteem the proposed measure as final, is unquestionably not the case; and, though disposed to give it a fair trial, as it stands, it is certain, that a proposal of the "Vote by Ballot," and of "Triennial Parliaments," would find amongst them many advocates. It may also be safely asserted, that though the correspondence between the inhabitants of these two counties, and those of Cumberland, is not of that intimate sort as is their correspondence with each other, yet, in all material points, they are perfectly agreed.* The best proof of the unanimity of feeling, in the north of England, are the facts, that, any petition for Reform in Parliament, in the name of the Union, would certainly obtain forty thousand signatures in the course of a very few days; and that, by the same means, the almost entire population of the Tyne and Wear districts could be brought together to act in concert, at thirty-six hours notice, should the emergency call for a display of numbers.

* One of these points of agreement, is the unpopularity of the existing overgrown Church Establishment. Its unpopularity in its own cathedral towns, is one of the most striking arguments against the English Church. It is difficult to say whether the Established Church is most obnoxious to the feelings of the people at Carlisle, or at Durham.

With all this steady enthusiasm, however, they are, especially the Northumbrians, perhaps the coolest-headed set of men in his Majesty's dominions, and the least likely to be led into turbulence or violence. Should the Reform Bill pass, they will diligently and perseveringly cultivate it for its fruits,—equal laws and cheap government. Should it (which may Providence avert!) be again rejected, or be destroyed in detail by the Peers, they will, with the same constancy, stand by those who shall be the National Leaders through so arduous a crisis. This is quite certain; and it is in vain to think of reaction or apathy. They are irrevocably determined to have the Bill; especially those towns to whom representatives have been promised. They are determined to have some voice in framing the system of legislation by which they are to be governed; and reject, to a man, with indignation, the audacious assertion of the mitred and insolent Horsley, that "the people of England have nothing to do with the laws, but to obey them!"

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SHAKING HANDS.

GENTLE READER, if thou hast any philosophy in thee, give me thy hand! Let us make a peripatetic tour over the town for an hour or two. I have a theory to establish which was nothing but facts and fair inductions, to confer a glory on its author "above all Greek, above all Roman fame." 'Twas always a favourite notion of mine, that there existed some mystic mutual relationship between the *hand* and the *heart*; but never, till last night, after long, deep, and sweet cogitation on the delicate phenomena of a parting squeeze impressed upon my palm, did the mode of verifying this great law of nature suggest itself. Now that I have penetrated the mystery, and may, I presume, with all the modesty of true science, shout my "Eureka," hie we away, gentle reader, where mortals most do congregate! You yourself shall furnish the tests by which the truth and perfection of this immortal hypothesis is about to be confirmed beyond all dispute, quackery, or cavil. You have only to introduce me to any friend you may meet on our journey, of whom I possess no previous knowledge; and, no sooner shall I have joined hands with the stranger, than, as surely as the falling of an apple elicited the law of universal gravitation, shall I, the humble, yet uncelebrated student of nature, present you with a full, faithful, and minute analysis of his or her idiosyncrasy and general character, fairly deduced from the *mere modus of manual contact*. We shall go most Baconically to work, cool, calm, observant and unprejudiced, "ab odio, amicitia, ira, atque misericordia, vacui;" and, if successful in our experiments, as, doubtless we must be, the royal road to the knowledge of human character is, at length, as satisfactorily ascertained, as that to Newhaven, or the windings of the Niger. Phrenology may scratch his bumps, and go to bed, with old dame Chiromancy. His occupation and hers alike are gone for ever.

Well, most courteous reader, thus far on our journey, I perceive you look inquisitively in my face, to learn what properties, moral and intellectual, my theory ascribes to you tall, good-looking fellow, we just now left in front of the Register Office. By the way, I beg your par-

don for alluding to his *stature* or *physiognomy*; for, on the honour of a man of science, I shall borrow no auxiliary lights from these sources. These are qualities not dreamt of in our philosophy. Its supreme glory, in fact, arises from a complete independence of all other sciences. It acknowledges not a link of the *quoddam commune vinculum*, which Cicero, in his half-enlightened wisdom, stated to exist between all departments of human knowledge. No, no; the hand, the hand alone, is the talisman by which we are to penetrate the arcana of character; the five fingers are the mystic symbols, by means of which an intellectual freemasonry between the physical and moral world, pregnant with splendid utilitarian results, is about to be illustrated for the first time. Grasp, pressure, shake; their duration, intensity, spontaneity, tenacity, with all the *je ne sçai quoi* of mode and action which escape the vulgar unphilosophical performers of the well known but ill-understood ceremony of shaking hands; these are the data on which our inductions shall proceed, at all times.

But now for the particular case before us. We have—let me see—promptly proffered, full spread palm; firm muscular gripe, without pinching *ad dolorem*, free swing of the arm from the elbow; temperature healthful; spirit, soul, vitality, in the *tout ensemble*. Why, gentle reader, if our science may be in aught believed, that tall friend of yours does you credit. His heart is in the right place; nay, he must needs be an honest, unaffected, clear-headed, intelligent, manly fellow. Let me tell you, ere we proceed further, we shall not meet with many gems of his water 'mid all the multitudinous mass, male and female, promenading it in Prince's Street. He is a person I would fain see more of: not but that, by the aid of science, I have searched him as with lighted candles already; of which you shall anon have satisfactory proof. I am convinced he loves his old friends warmly—is more feared than fearing of his foes—his soul blends with a congenial spirit as one flame with another. All is open and straightforward with him: he hates fudge and subterfuge, and seasons not his talk with "ifs" and "buts," and "so to speaks." He thinks aloud—claims and allows the widest range and latitude of opinion—talks in public companies as freely as to a solitary crony—never studied those modifications of language and sentiment that qualify for the court or the drawing-room—is temperate without the patronage of Temperance Societies, and social in spite of them: rigorous in all the essentials of morality, he is more willing to lend the cloak of charity to a frailer neighbour, than to cast it over the blemishes that prying eyes may fancy they find in himself: he has more sterling sense than philosophy—studies men more than books, and women more than either: is not likely to remain a bachelor long after the Reform Bill has passed; but must have a wife who understands domestic, better than political economy, and who possesses a great many good qualities and accomplishments, without being too deeply sensible of her superiority. With regard to his political faith, (for a politician he must be, maugre all the petty tyrants who would lord it over "meddlers in these matters,") certes, he is a radical; that is, being interpreted, a rational, a patriot, a political millenarian, who believes it as possible to chain the steeds of the Summer sun to their ocean-stall, as to arrest the march of human improvement by the drags, and the clogs, and the too-long venerated lumber of antiquity. But, lest I should fall into the philosophic sin of presuming, too hastily, on the perfection of our science, I shall sum up your tall friend's character, by merely adding, that, in lite-

nature, I should consider him solid, well read, critical; possessing fire, fancy, and energy, as a writer, probably attached to the grenadier corps of some quarterly periodical, and, no doubt, ranking among the *élite* of a certain "new Monthly," that shall, for the present, be nameless. Now, most patient reader, putting all these items of character together, and making due allowance for the minute and delicate data on which so ample a structure has been reared, tell us, whether you are not astounded at the exact accordance of the result with that of your previous experience; whether you have not felt irresistibly prompted to exclaim, as we proceeded, "How charming is divine philosophy!"

Deeply convinced, much beloved and admiring reader, that such have been the emotions of thy bosom, we joyfully pursue our course, regardless of the taunts and base insinuations which went to wait on exhibitions of super-eminent merit. And, as for number two, it is a case on which I have no particular desire to enlarge; I mean the gentleman whom we greeted at the door of ——'s hotel. 'Tis an instance of mere physical energy. There was no more indication of mind in that man's hand than in that of a pump. As for heart, if he indeed possessed such a thing, he surely would not habitually endanger the shoulder-joints of God's creatures by such an unmerciful twig as that he gave me just now. Thank Heaven! he inflicted no second wrench, otherwise, instead of thus calmly pursuing our experiments, Dr. Liston must have been called upon to experiment sorely on me. Oh! if the "schoolmaster" should ever come athwart that fellow, I hope he will forthwith send him to study "Monro on the Bones," that I've may see the peril his friends encounter when they meet him! Ladies! who have once met this two-horse-power machine, I am, certain ye would run into a gin shop for shelter, rather than risk a second greeting. For my part, if it shall ever be my lot to come within his clutch again, I shall take care to fortify my right arm by grasping it firmly immediately above the elbow with the left hand; and, in order to prevent accidents to that useful member, the tongue, during the *shaking* ceremonial, I shall keep the teeth together as hard as if I had "locked jaw." As for this man of muscle's peculiar talent, it is altogether gymnastic, I opine; therefore, I leave the Six Feet Club to supply the deficiencies of our sketch, without discredit, I trust, to the philosophy we illustrate.

Our third experiment is to ascertain the constituent elements of yon rickety, cadaverous-looking personage, who hastened away from the neighbourhood of No. 78, where we met him, as if he had felt an incipient gripe of cholera in his nether man, when Tait's flaming *affiche*, announcing the appearance of the "True Edinburgh Maga" caught his eye. Pho! how clammy, cold, and repulsive was the brachial fin he deposited in my hand, to be shaken, if I list, but too devoid of animation for reciprocating the action; and, did you not observe, how deadly pendulous it fell down again by his side, after I had involuntarily shrunk from its torpedo touch? Why, this individual furnishes one of those obvious proofs of our theory's soundness, which makes me marvel that the fame now awaiting us had not been anticipated long ago. I never saw the man in my life before, except once, I believe, sneaking into a secret hole-and-corner meeting; and, in the Parliamentary phrase, *I hope, through the kindness of Providence, shall never see him again.* But the vision of his whole walk and conversation is before me. By the flambeau of science, the most occult and cobwebbed recesses of his soul—if soul he has—are revealed. His systems cannot be mistaken. 'Tis

a case of toryism of the most malignant type—foul-handed, cold-hearted, moribund toryism. The diffusion of knowledge among what he calls the *low orders* of society, has infected the creature with the taint of premature decay. He cannot long survive the visitation of growing knowledge and independence. The innovations which justice and common sense are daily making alike in Church and State matters, are verily appalling to a being like him, who, trimmed and disciplined according to the creeds of ancestral wisdom, could not allow himself to pare the nail of a big toe, were it protruding through the upper leather of his shoe, unless he could find some precedent in the family records authorizing the operation. But, gentle reader, having, by the mere touch of this creature's hand, detected, to thy satisfaction, no doubt, the genus to which he belongs, it is unnecessary to spend time with the individual—*Non parliam' di lor', ma guarda e passa.*

Are we now asked to solve the problem of his idiosyncrasy who condescendingly vouchsafed us the left hand ungloved, with the *aisance* of a thorough-bred disciple of Chesterfield? A few words will suffice. The youth having some certain powers of observation, and, being withal imitative, acts his part exactly as he saw the thing performed between Lord Swagger and a tenant of his own, who had kindly accommodated his Lordship with the loan of £5000, to pay his winter expenses in London. It is quite clear, therefore, that the lad has no claim to originality of thought, his left-handed greeting not being a mode of his own invention. When we next meet, I shall put three fingers, and no more, in his fist; which must be allowed an elegant and appropriate return.

Now, gentle reader, it is almost high time that we *shake hands* and part; especially since the evening air, according to the non-contagionist doctors, predisposes for cholera. Yet, how can I bid you good bye, ere some investigation be made into that sweet psychological rarity, Miss—Miss—what d'ye call her, of ——— Crescent, who, just now, glided away from us like a boreal aurora? Ay, such are the objects of which our philosophy is most devotedly cognisant! That little alabaster hand “saith more than thousand homilies,” or legislative orations either. Those twinkling talismanic fingers send their harmonious vibrations through the favoured palm that touches them to every string of this heart, not mute and insensible. They are redolent of gentleness, liveliness, suavity of temper, delicate taste, and most exquisite fancy. Her shake too, was not that conventional, weighed and measured operation, which prudent mothers may find it necessary to teach less observant girls. It was spontaneous, inartificial, I had almost said, divine; altogether, such as we may suppose the customary ceremony of angelic beings when they bid each other good morning, on the spangled pathway that skirts some downy cloudwreath, as stainlessly pure as their own celestial selves. I am too old a man for changing my way of life; and, moreover, the world claims the philosopher as public property, and conceives itself wronged, when those who are “born for mankind” narrow their sphere of action to the domestic circle; but, were it otherwise, I—I should ——— Shade of the mighty Newton! save from the common frailty of humanity, the man who has thus aspired, however feebly, to illustrate the sublime science of shaking hands!

NON-PROPOSALS ; OR DOUBTS RESOLVED.

I WONDER when 'twill be our turn
 A wedding here to keep !
 Sure Thomson's "*flame*" might quicker burn,
 His "*lope*" seems gone to sleep !
 I wonder why he hums and haws
 With 'kerchief at his nose ;
 And then makes one expecting pause,——
 Yet still he don't propose !

I wonder whether Bell or Bess,
 It is he most admires.
 Even Mistress Match'em cannot guess——
 It really patience tires !
 He hung, last night, o'er Bella's chair,
 And things seem'd at a close ;
 To-day t'was Bess was all his care,
 But yet he don't propose !

He's gone to concert, play, and ball,
 So often with them now,
 That it must seem to one and all
 As binding as a vow.
 He certainly ~~does~~ mean to take
 One of the girls, and close
 The life he leads—the flirting rake !
 But yet he don't propose !

I often wonder what he thinks
 We ask him here to do ;
 'Coolly he Cockburn's claret drinks,
 And wins from me, at Loo !
 For twenty months he's dangled on,
 The foremost of ~~the~~ ^{his} beaux,
 While half-a-dozen else have gone,——
 And still he don't propose !

No matter—'tis a comfort, though,
 To know he will take *one*,
 And even tho' Bess and Bella go,
 He still may fix on Fan !
 I'll have him in the family,
 That's sure !——But, why, you look"—
 " Oh, madam ! Mister Thomson's just
 Got married to his cook !——"

SCOTTISH YEOMANRY.

PERILOUS times are approaching; every prudent man will look to his means of defence. The preparation for violence, and the system of intimidation, begun by the late soldier ministry, has not been discontinued by our Whig rulers. The military are ostentatiously paraded, almost daily, through the streets of our principal towns, to shew the inhabitants what is ready for them. Our slumbers are disturbed by the fife and the drum. Troops are marching and countermarching throughout the country, to convince the people that the Government is not defenceless. The army has been increased by eight thousand men. All this is pleasing to the Tories; who seem confident of regaining place and power, and are anxious to increase the means of coercion, by embodying corps of yeomanry. With this object, the Tory periodical press has, for the last year and a half, been flattering the yeomen. "They are the true constitutional force of the country," "Britons to the core;" and the ease with which they are to "squash" the radicals, is much vaunted. A new system of sword exercise is in preparation for them. It is observed, that it is unnecessary to teach them the whole exercise, as they will not be opposed to cavalry, but merely to mobs, to men armed with staves and pikes only, or, in some few instances, with the musket and bayonet. One or two parts only of the exercise, applicable to attacks on cavalry, are, however, to be taught the yeomen. These cuts will be useful, it is pleasantly remarked, when the radicals get into a tree, or upon a wall. (*Wide United Service Journal.*) Our present object is to review this part of the Tory forces, and to endeavour to point out the part the yeomanry will act in the contemplated campaign against the liberties of the people.

By yeomanry, we of course do not mean that array of wonderful horsemen mounted on hacks with broken knees, hired at livery stables, or withdrawn, for the day, from the butcher's cart or the baker's waggon, which such places as Edinburgh and Glasgow occasionally exhibit in their streets, for the amusement of children. It is impossible to conjecture how such motley assemblages of advocates and attorneys, bankers and bakers, butchers and brewers, manufacturers and millers, and so on, through all the letters in the alphabet, would act in a political struggle. The fur helmet or laced jacket is the only bond of union in such bodies. The uniform of the different troopers is the only point of resemblance among them. There is no common feeling in such a heterogeneous mass. They know nothing of each other; they never associate, except when engaged, for a few days in the year, in what they are pleased to term military duty. The influence of such bodies, in an appeal to force, would amount, we believe, precisely to nothing: the abettors of corruption would be and their efforts paralyzed by the friends of freedom, in their respective troops. That many of these troopers would willingly dye their sabres in the blood of the reformers, we do not doubt. They make a boast that they would. But, on the other hand, we are well aware, that the most efficient part of such troops—the part that would not sicken of a campaign in a single week, because they were deprived of their usual enjoyments,—are stanch Reformers; most of them deeply tinged with radical, some even with republican principles.

Dismissing, then, such corps, without further remark, let us consider the state of feeling among our real yeomanry, the tenantry—that part of the population which stands between the aristocracy and the peasantry.

This is a most important class, not only from the numbers, but from the hardy habits of its members, which fit them for soon becoming efficient soldiers. The Tories remember, that, in 1803, on the threat of Buonaparte's invasion, these men rose almost *en masse*; and that, in Great Britain and Ireland, nearly fifty thousand were embodied at one time in yeomanry regiments, while, probably, as many more served on foot. Various false alarms were made, perhaps for the purpose of seeing if any reliance could be placed on such forces; and the result was most satisfactory. In one instance, every trooper, except two, in the yeomanry of an extensive southern county, assembled in less than six hours, although the alarm was given at midnight. When the Tories, therefore, find the whole body of the people of the towns opposed to them, when they reflect on the events at Paris and Brussels, and see the small number of disposable troops this country possesses—they look with much eagerness to the yeomanry. They hope they will afford them the means of coercing the inhabitants of the towns, and that, while the army in their castles and barracks keep the people at bay, the yeomanry will cut off the supplies of provisions from the country, and starve them into submission.

This is, no doubt, a very pretty plan of a campaign for the protection of the sinecures of the Lord Charleses, and the pensions of the Lady Julianas; but it is drawn up without due investigation. The authors of it, like all town's-people, are extremely ignorant of country affairs; and even such of them as belong to the landed aristocracy, have kept themselves too much aloof from their inferiors to know anything of their state of feeling. It is imagined that the same spirit which was in operation thirty years ago is still alive, that it will be as easy to raise yeomanry corps now as then, and that these corps will lend their assistance as willingly to putting down the people and supporting corruption, as they formerly did to repel the foreign invader. It is altogether forgotten that in thirty years a new generation of men spring up, that education has been greatly extended, and that the labours of the press have diffused knowledge into the most remote districts. The change in the behaviour of the aristocracy to their tenantry is overlooked. At the breaking out of the first French Revolution, the Scottish aristocracy were so much alarmed at the severe retribution that tyrannical conduct of the French noblesse to their inferiors had brought down on their devoted heads, that they resolved to do every thing they could to conciliate their tenantry. They easily succeeded in their aim; for a small degree of attention bestowed by a great man on his inferiors operates wonderfully. Besides, agricultural pursuits were then in a flourishing state, the price of grain was yearly rising as the currency was depreciated, and the leases under which the Scottish tenantry always hold their farms enabled them, for a time, to draw the whole benefit of the rise. These circumstances put the tenantry in good humour, and rendered them willing to oblige their lairds when they wished to ride at the head of a troop of yeomanry.

But matters are now in a very different state. There is no foreign enemy to repel. The yeomanry never contemplated that they were to be employed as a body of armed policemen, and far less that they were to be engaged in civil war. They have discovered that even *Rex* is not a word of so portentous a meaning as they formerly imagined. They now see that there are enemies at home, more dangerous than any abroad, because they are nearer head quarters, and their attacks are

more insidious. The aristocracy having recovered from the terror inspired into them by the first French Revolution, have for many years ceased to identify themselves with their inferiors. Attempts to conciliate them have no doubt been made since *The Three Days*, but with about the same success as would attend the civility of a notorious pickpocket to a man of sense in the streets of London. They comprehend the meaning of the change of behaviour, and see that condescension at home is the mere effect of revolution abroad. Besides, agricultural pursuits were never in a more depressed state. Since 1815, the tenants have been paying, in the shape of rents, to their landlords, that capital which had cost them and their fathers half a century of toil to realize. The resumption of cash payments operated with more severity on the Scottish tenantry than on any other portion of the community. Their leases prevented them quitting their farms when they found their farms not worth the rent. They were forced to remain, until their capital was exhausted, and their effects sold off to satisfy the landlord's demands. They consider the change in the currency nothing less than a piece of legal robbery,—a contrivance, by which the land proprietors—the only part of the Scottish country population which is represented in parliament—raised their rents one third during the currency of their leases. In the face of such a measure, they treat with derision the assertion that they are represented in parliament by their landlords. The rigorous enforcement of the game laws of late years, has been another cause of disgust. It has alienated the affections of the whole body of the peasantry from the aristocracy; and some of the most resolute, who have suffered from these laws, are ever for revenge. The tenantry are in a most gloomy, despondent, and discontented mood; and being in as bad a state as they can well be, no men are more anxious for a change of system. They know any change must be favourable to them. No class of men are more thorough-going reformers. In some counties, more than nineteen out of every twenty of the farmers signed petitions to parliament for reform. These petitions were got up entirely by the tenantry. From not one county in Scotland has there been a petition by the tenantry alone against reform. A few of those who were in arrear of rent, have been compelled to sign such petitions prepared by their landlords or their factors; but this is no more to be considered an act of free will, than the retiring to the Sanctuary to avoid imprisonment for their rent. Some certainly refused to sign any petition; they said they would not humiliate themselves by addressing a body which treated their representations with contempt. Some (we had it with regret, but it is right that the Tories should know the whole truth,) did not scruple to say, that matters were far beyond remedy by a reform in the representation; that revolution is the only cure; and that reform is injurious, by retarding its approach, and by deluding the people.

With such feelings and notions, nothing excites the indignation of the tenantry more than the Tory project to embody them to put down reform. Hence, the efforts to raise troops of yeomanry have been singularly unsuccessful. In Eife, it is now nearly a year since we read the appointments of the officers in the Gazette; but we have never heard of the regiment having been seen in the field. The Tories have had to pay for the uniforms of such of the tenantry as the state of their accounts was their landlords forced to enlist. It is injurious to a man's credit to be seen in a yeomanry uniform: his rent is suspected to be in arrear. The most strenuous exertions have been made in many counties, by men

of the highest rank, and possessing a numerous tenantry, without their having been able, in some instances, to embody a single troop. During the war whole regiments might have been raised with half the effort. The lairds have been told by their tenants that, on the slightest prospect of foreign invasion, they will rise as readily as they did in 1803; but, as the object is to organize a force to protect the barons in their castles against the consequences of their own misconduct and folly, they will leave them to defend themselves as they best can. Besides the military mania which pervaded the country during the war has disappeared. The very children have ceased to play at soldiers.*

We, therefore, assure our town readers that the Tories are much mistaken when they think they can make tools of the Scottish yeomanry, to aid them to put down freedom. On the contrary, the yeomanry will be found arrayed on the side of Liberty; and, not only their aid may be relied on, but also that of the peasantry, who will readily enlist themselves under the banners of their masters and employers in any political struggle. The peasantry know well the causes of their misery and poverty, and who are to be blamed for it. Whatever, therefore, may be wanting in the day of trial, it will not be men; for the rural population of Scotland alone will furnish 250,000 able to bear arms.*

KEEP HIM DOWN.

"John, what noise is that?" "It's the man, my lord." "What does he want now?" "He wants up." "Keep him down then, I say, keep him down."—*Story of a man disturbing a Court.*

ONE day, when we stood third in the first form at — school, the master propounded some general question to the class, at which we all dutifully stood dumb for a few moments, scarcely hoping or daring to answer any thing so much apparently beyond our depth, and so entirely out of the routine of our lessons. At length, a rather awkward-looking boy, near the bottom of the form, one of the # # # of boobies, who, like the lower depths of the ocean, were never in the least disturbed by the revolutions that might be going on nearer the top, started forward, and half screamed an answer. Had Virgil come in and responded himself, the class could not have been more astonished than it was at the sudden ambition, the rashness, the impudence of this boy, in supposing that he, forsooth, should have known anything about it, when we, the *Conscripti Patres* at the head of the class, held our silence. An universal titter of "Eh—eh!" got up, and half of the class literally pointed at him the finger of mingled scorn and raillery. "Right!" however, shouted the master, to the infinitely greater astonishment of all; and, in the turning of a leaf, our suddenly inspired idiot was seated at the top, while every one of his former superiors and scorers lost a place.

The value of a story of this kind depends upon its truth: now, this one is true; it is, *bonâ fide*, a genuine anecdote of human nature. More than this, we can relate, with an equally conscientious regard to truth,

* There are at present 25,000 soldiers in Great Britain, and 20,000 in Ireland.

that the lout who thus strangely shone forth among his more pretending companions appeared to receive a kind of impulse from the event. His ambition, formerly dormant, was excited; he studied to retain his elevated place, or at least to sink back as little from it as possible; he finally became one of the best scholars in the class, and he has since conducted himself very respectably in a learned profession.

The anecdote, we regret to say, is of too extensive application in the business of the world. All mankind are in some measure a set of school-boys, crying "Eli!" and pointing the finger, whenever any one endeavours to start out of their ranks, even for the purpose of doing them good. One would almost suppose that the first attempt of an individual to do a clever or a great action is felt as a personal insult by all the rest, or as a design to do them some injury. "For him to set himself up in that kind of way!—what is he, forsooth?—a fellow not fit to do so and so, let alone attempting so, and so—a forward puppy!" Or, perhaps:—"Poor creature—led away by his own vanity, he has published a book—an awful piece of trash, of course—he is much to be pitied for exposing himself in such a manner. Poor silly young man!" Or possibly:—"Great vapouring fellow! what could put it into his head that he was fit to illuminate mankind on that subject—more fit to be a porter than anything else; I dare say, put him into a mill, he would have strength enough to continue turning it; but for a fellow like that to pretend to do so and so—he ought to be sent to Bedlam—he must be put down."

We are far from assuming that men are invariably or obstinately reluctant to acknowledge merit where it exists. But we affirm that, until that point be turned where it becomes a settled matter in fame, and often even much later, merit is sternly and very generally denied. The vast multitude of the class of pretenders in all departments of excellence may, perhaps, account partly for this cruel system; but it cannot account for it altogether. Pretension is frequently sanctioned in the end by fame; why, then, ought it so invariably to be sneered at and disputed at the first? It is a dreadful fact against all orders of enlightened professional men, literary and scientific men also, that the merit of young aspirants is rarely acknowledged first by that class in which they aim at placing themselves. It is first perceived by the public at large, or some unconcerned class, and then coldly and slowly allowed by the profession itself. Indeed, the greatest disposition to *keep down* is always manifested by those very persons from whom, on account of the similarity of their pursuits, and perhaps of their early circumstances, sympathy was most to be expected. It is somewhat like a struggle at the Pit door. You are trying, perhaps, to raise yourself up to a certain platform, where you will have a chance of getting in among the first. You make repeated attempts; but your predecessors in that advantage stand wide, and endeavour, by every means, to prevent your elevation. Your toes are once or twice dreadfully pinched; your hat is knocked down over your eyes; and you think yourself shockingly ill-used. You gain your point at last, and—oh, the depravity of human nature!—you immediately begin to stand wide, tramp on the toes, and knock down the hat of every one who tries to follow you! "Keep him down there, keep him down there."

This is very bad in human nature, and ought to be corrected by reason or ridicule. Nothing, we must confess, is so apt to excite our gall as to see some senior, who, perhaps, is established in the reputa-

tion of very moderate talents, turning up his senseless nose at the effort of some younger and more ardent spirit, whose wings as yet have scarcely been tried—as if youth, in Chatham's phrase, 'were a crime, and ambition a misdemeanor.' Some twaddler, for instance, of "the stove," who lives upon the fame of having written an article in the Blue and Yellow, about the year 1808, sneering at the tastes and pursuits of some young literary neophyte, whose writings are said to be making their way in the world, or some sincere editor by profession, who assumes, and is allowed the credit of a great name, for nobody knows what, unless his name be rendered great by the endless string of initial letters appended to it—at the genius of some half-fledged *litterateur*, who is likely to be remembered a thousand years after him. Or,—but we dare not trust ourselves with the various members of the great *keep-him-down confederacy*; otherwise, we think there are some envious, and, therefore, *consciously small men*, whom we could appal with "their own image."

In the "Pilgrim's Progress," there is a fine vision seen by Christian at the Interpreter's House. It consists, at first, of a palace, with bright Ones enjoying heavenly pleasures on the roof, and a crowd of devils guarding and occupying the door. Whoever wants to get up to the roof must make his way through this demoniac *guarda costa*, who are prepared to tear every intruder in pieces if they can. A strong man in armour comes up to a clerk who is sitting at a desk on the lawn. "Put down my name," says the stranger, who then fixes his buckler, grasps firmly his sword, and dashes fearlessly into the throng of fiends. They, of course, fall upon him tooth and claw; but, in a minute after, he emerges upon the roof in triumph, and is joyfully received into the heavenly company. Bunyan, in this allegory, has unintentionally shadowed forth the history of every young aspirant in letters. He is received, at first, by a troop of fellow-creatures rendered fiendish by malignant passions—'by envy, malice, and all uncharitableness;' and it is only such determined spirits, as can encounter and survive this horrid probation, that make their way to fame. Those who have hitherto been his compeers, see him go forward from their ranks with a howl of jealousy, and a long-resounding "Eh!" of scorn: those who form the class in which he wishes to mingle, meet him with serried spears and presented bayonets, amidst which he must throw himself, with the chance of being trampled down, kicked, stabbed, spit upon, and finally tossed out from the ranks, a lifeless and gory lump. Even those persons who may have hitherto been his friends, are apt, on this occasion, to leave him to his fate—perhaps, to add to its bitterness. They either see him stealing a march a-head of themselves, which, to poor human nature, is a most grievous thing; or else they see him endeavouring to rival them in something in which they have hitherto been eminent, and comparatively alone; which is also a very intolerable thing to man born of woman. Hence it would almost appear as if these people felt relieved and put out of pain, when they hear of his failure in what he attempted. His non-success they candidly ascribe to his total incapacity. He might be a very good drudging tradesman, "if he would stick to it;" but for so and so, that it is quite a different thing. "Keep him down there, I say!"

It would astonish many of the innocent unconscious reading public if they knew what paltriness of feeling, what jealousies, what a strong disposition to *keep-him-down-ism* pervades the republic of letters. The

man who publishes once in the three months despises the man who publishes every month; the man of a month holds light the man of a week. There is an aristocracy of six shillings scowling at a *populus* of half-a-crown; and a *populus* of half-a crown sneering at a *plebs* of sixpence; even sixpences, we do not doubt, have their own thoughts respecting coppers. There are many most useful and popular kinds of literature, which the quarterly people would sooner die than acknowledge; or, at the utmost, if they do ever allude to such low things, it is with a quizzing-glass and kid-glove fastidiousness, similar to an Esquisite's delicacy on the subject of any odious thing he may have occasion to look at or handle. There is a certain man of three months, who, when he cannot avoid speaking of an author as yet unacknowledged by his equals, gets over the dilemma by giving him a different Christian name from his own, or by misquoting the titles of his books. He seems to think that it would ruin him altogether were he to appear quite *au fait* with the concerns and doings of such a low person.

We should be loth to think our brethren of the quill the only offenders in this way; and indeed this big round world is full of them. In busy life, a young fellow who claims kindred with the established has some chance of getting on—he is smuggled in as one of themselves. But long and heart-breaking is the waiting for admission within the busy circle, of him who has nothing but his own good head and heart to rely upon. Every attempt to push himself forward is rewarded with a cool supercilious glance; no one condescends to extend a friendly hand to him. Every man he addresses turns away to speak with another. He gets embarrassed, stammers—they nod coldly to each other, and it is all up with him. Oh! if those who at the bar, or in any other department of mundane business have elbowed themselves into place, would but think how one smile of encouragement, one cordial word, may sweeten long years of fluttering expectation, and nerve to fresh exertions, they would surely be more ready to come out of their shell of reserve.

This is no very pretty feature of human nature; and yet, like every thing else, it has its uses. It tries and strengthens the sufferer; and we confess we have little tolerance for him who sinks under it. He shews a want of stamina—he is a puny hot-house plant. Give us the brawny, sturdy, spirited fellow, who feels his courage and determination increased by each rebuff. Such a man cannot be "kept down." A cold look is a sort of shower-bath bracing his nerves; a rude rebuff, a wrestling match, giving toughness to his sinews. Every new encounter adds to his skill, strength, and endurance, and paves the way for his final triumph.

Such a fellow is our young and beloved bantling, TAIT'S MAGAZINE; although, honest man, he has little to complain of the world's tendency to *keeping-down-ism*. On the other hand, the honest and hearty welcome he has met with in every quarter where it was desirable, makes us fear he runs no small chance of being spoiled. Our young Gargantua has been as kindly dandled and fostered by his good gossips of the daily and weekly press as ever was his great prototype, the hero of the immortal Rabelais—and heartily do we pray that it may be with like good issue. Not but some scurvy knaves, whose bad word is more to be desired than their praise, have pretended to look askance on his sprightly infamy, and made mouths at him behind his back. By the wings of the wind-mill of Myrebalais, they were best not repeat the joke; "for, though he be not splenetic nor rash," yet nothing delights him more than to deal back a lusty buffet with compound interest.

INCIDENCE OF TITHES.

THE time being obviously at hand for the accomplishment of a final and universal commutation of tithes, it is necessary for our countrymen to be aware how this odious tax has hitherto affected them, in order that they may look on with intelligence, whilst means are devising for its extinction. The cant of high churchmen, and those aristocrats to whom High Church was useful, has, up to the present time, been this:—Tithe is a part of rent;—if abolished, the peasant would just pay so much more to the landlord,—it therefore affects nobody; it is Mother Church's landed estate, and nobody has a right to complain of it. Now, it is our fortune to be entire infidels as to this orthodox logic; so sceptical indeed as, in the first place, to deny the premises; and, even granting the premises, still to resist the conclusion. We deny that tithes are a part of rent, or have the most distant affinity to rent: we deny that their abolition would make the farmer pay one farthing more to his landlord: and even, although we should assent to this preliminary proposition, still would we altogether disallow the jesuitical inference, that they are the imprescriptible right of Mother Church, that they oppress nobody, and that nobody has ought to do with them.

First, then, we undertake to maintain, against all Christendom, and eke Heathenese,—that tithes are a *bonâ fide* tax upon the produce of the soil,—that, like all such taxes, they act in raising the price of that produce, and, therefore, in throwing the burden upon the consumer. Were agricultural produce not tithed, we uphold, that it would just be one-tenth cheaper than it now is; and, consequently, that our tithe-fed clergy are supported by this increment of price, extracted from every man, woman, and child, within these realms, who requires food,—peasant, honourable, or noble. The true state of the case is obvious in the extreme; and, if we mistake not, it will now, for a few not very deeply hidden reasons, begin to be recognised by many who have hitherto been afflicted with a marvellously convenient dulness of intellect. A few plain considerations will make our whole readers understand it; and, as the matter is one which affects us *en masse*, we have no hesitation in claiming for it the attention it so urgently demands. To avoid every complexity arising from the vague vastness of the thing, let us suppose some other article than corn subjected to tithe. Let that article be *hats*, and fancy that we employ as much power in this manufacture, as produces one hundred per week. If tithed, ninety hats only would remain to the capitalist; and, is it not evident as an axiom, that he will act in regard of the sale of these ninety, precisely as if they were his whole production? That he actually produced ten more, signifies not a whit. Ninety are his whole efficient return; and, from ninety, he must extract his necessary reimbursements. Now, these necessary reimbursements have evidently no connexion whatever with the number of hats produced: they depend solely upon the expense of men and capital required for the manufacture. The expense remaining the same, the reimbursements necessarily remain also the same, whatever the mere quantity of produce. For the ninety hats then, he must just receive as much money as he would have demanded for the whole hundred, in case of his being free from tithe; and all that the tax thus does, is to raise the price of each hat by one-tenth. Supposing £90 were his adequate money return, it is clear, that, on the imposition of tithe, he will make each purchaser

pay twenty shillings for a hat, which he would have otherwise sold for eighteen shillings. The wearer or consumer would thus pay just two shillings in behoof of Mother Church; and, were her tithes abolished, the price would so far fall. On whom the burden falls, then, in this case, is clear; and, if it is still contended, that the same thing will not happen, supposing corn the tithed article, it must be upon the ground, that there is something about the mode of producing corn, in an economical point of view, which applies to no other manufacture.

Now it may be said, and said plausibly, that there *is* such a peculiarity,—RENT being paid by no producer but the agriculturist;—which remarkable circumstance may alter all the bearings of this question. If tithe is a part of rent, doubtless this peculiarity will altogether demolish our reasonings; but we can show, without difficulty, that the rent of any manufacture subject to rent, would be precisely of the same amount, whether the produce was tithed or not;—and, to determine the mooted point, this showing will of course suffice. Add, for this purpose, to our original supposition another, odd perhaps, but easily granted and followed out. Suppose, *first*, that by increase of the number of wearers, more hats came to be wanted than the foregoing one hundred; and, suppose, *secondly*, that no more could be produced, except at the expense of *more than the proportional labour*. The state of things may be so unfavourable, that double the strength of men and capital, which were adequate to produce the first one hundred, may not be able to produce more than one hundred and ninety; half the strength being employed in producing the one hundred as before, and the new half only producing ninety. Suppose again, that the rough material, or *felt*, were got from a quarry, and that the cause of the increased difficulty of production is the circumstance of all quarries being more difficult to work than the one at the command of the first manufacturer. If this quarry is upon a third person's ground, it is a moral certainty that its proprietor will address our said first manufacturer somewhat after the following wise:—"I see, Sir, your neighbour employs as many men and as much capital as you, and is satisfied with ninety hats per week; it is clear, therefore, you could go on quite well, though you also had only ninety; and since you produce a hundred, you must give me the surplus ten, and make yourself equal with your friend, otherwise you shall no longer have the use of my good and easily-wrought quarry." To a moral certainty, as we have said, such language would be held, and just on account of its entire reasonableness the manufacturer must needs submit. The new arrangement then would be as follows:—Each of the active producers would get the same number, viz. ninety hats in return for his week's labour and outlay, and the possessor of the preferable quarry would receive the ten as RENT. Supposing, as before, £90 to be the capitalist's adequate reimbursement, and, as the hats, in order to afford it, must sell for £1 each, £10 would be the proprietor's money rent. Without one iota of difference, does all this apply to the case of corn;—rent arising and being determined, solely because we have to operate upon soils of varied fertility. Let us now proceed one other step, and consider the operation of Tithe.

The second manufacturer who produces the ninety hats, after paying his tenth or tithe, would have eighty-one remaining; and the first manufacturer who produces the hundred, would, after tithe, have only ninety remaining. Now the cause of rent was the difference of the quantities of their produce from the same outlay, and its operation merely went to

put them upon an equality. The first manufacturer, therefore, cannot now pay *tes hats* in rent, as that would reduce his *clear* returns to one below his neighbour's. Rent will, therefore, be reduced to *nine*; each manufacturer will retain *eighty-one* as return for outlay; and the bishop, or other hierarth, will receive *nineteen*. Rent thus appears reduced,* but it is only rent in *kind*—not rent in *money* or in *value*;—for mark the other consequence. For these *eighty-one hats* the manufacturer must still have his adequate return or his £90; and will not now, therefore, sell them below £1, 2s. 2½d. sterling each. Every wearer is thus taxed in the amount of 2s. 2½d. for each article he consumes; but the proprietor suffers nothing, nor is his rent changed,—*nine hats* at this higher rate amounting to £10, exactly as before.

Who then pays for the hunters and Fox-hounds of Mother Church? Landlords or public?—rent or price of corn?—nobody or every body? Had our hard-working population not been to be gulled, and Younger Sons Bishopped, there would not—at least for these many years—have been one man inclined even to put the question. Not in all the science of economy does a more irrefragable truth exist, than that the tithing of the produce of any one manufacture must just raise its price and impose a tax on its consumer. Except in so far as he consumes, the landlord is nowise affected by tithe, nor is there one farthing of it drawn from resources. The oppression, the just odiousness of our church tax, is now therefore, apparent. Inasmuch as it falls upon the necessaries of food, and inasmuch as an individual's consumption of mere necessaries, varies very little with his rank or wealth; this burden of church revenues is almost equally distributed over our whole population; or, in other words, tithe is as near as possible *Vo a POLL TAX*.

We enter not here upon the question as to whether these revenues are enormous; we ask not, nor wish to inquire, whether the Reverend Father brings to market a full return for the sweeping sum he pockets. These, in regard of our present purpose, are ulterior topics; and we unhesitatingly declare, that although it had already become evident as day, and as such, been accepted by all men,—that those many millions of our good money are worse than wasted, and every Hierarchy no better than a night-mare, bestriding the human intelligence, impeding the course of improvement, and marring human happiness, to the full extent of its impotent powers; we should yet consider the existence of that church, and the yearly destruction of the immense revenue it absorbs, as evils light as a very feather, compared with the revolting fact, that its subsistence is drawn almost wholly from the earnings of the poor; and that our Modern Priors, and Reformed Abbots, roll amidst a wealth, and wax sleek and leering, upon benefices upheld by the toils of the wretched! Every atrocity at all similar to a poll tax, has been long banished from our political codes, and lay-systems of finance.* Not unexceptionable these last yet are,—nay, full of partialities, and running over with a very

* We, of course, allude to a direct or positive taxation only;—that sort of taxation which flows from commercial restriction and monopoly, is not included under the foregoing condemnatory sentence. The grand tax of this nature,—a tax before whose magnitude all the taxes of our tax-blessed country shrink into insignificance,—the corn law—is, of course, directly a POLL-TAX; whatever we have said above of this species of taxation, we request may also be applied to it. At the very lowest computation, it sweats our population, and, of course, mostly the poor, out of above £12,000,000 annually!

superabundance of abuse; but schemes for the maintenance of a revenue to be paid in equal sums by the rich and poor, the child and the grown man,—they have either in shame relinquished, or piously abandoned in favour of Mother Church. To sound lovers of orthodoxy, to resolute supporters of “things as they are,” it will doubtless afford satisfaction to be informed, that by tables of British statistics, it may be made abundantly manifest, that out of every twenty shillings of tithe-raised income, fifteen are paid solely and exclusively by our labouring and indigent population! The beauty and philosophy of this *unique* arrangement we profess our utter inability to comprehend; but we wonder not,—for we are none of the initiated. The acknowledged and absolute principle of all modern theoretical finance,—that a man should contribute to the public revenue something in proportion to what he costs, which again is not far from being proportionate to his income, has always struck us as just, humane, and generous; but *canon law* is most probably upheld by Transcendental logic; and the Reform Bill has left us no leisure of late for Transcendentals. To Mother Church, it is not in her submissive children to mean any ill; and, with much pain, does our reverent allegiance venture one question as to her conscientiousness, or a remark on her wise regulations. All cognizant of her virtue, and all steadfast in our obedience, it yet strikes us as a strange thing, and, perchance, an awful, when we look to the hordes of England’s semi-barbaric peasantry, and calculate the money paid in support of her by the very machine-breakers and stack-yard burners, whose crimes evoke groans from pampered prelates, and induce upturnings of the pious eyeball;—it is startling, we say, and solemn, to ask, why these men are now in brutal ignorance! or, after the methods of human arithmetic, to compare the value paid them in return, in the shape of sermons to ears polite, divine-right discourses, tropes, flowers, and milky words! Doubtless, in the eyes of Mother Church, is the sorely defective balance-sheet made up, by that mysterious Honour thought to be done us by the Great, when they oppress and *ride* mankind. Not singular is She; as we who look on the fantastic world from a commanding watch-tower, can in good conscience aver. The warrior, or great king, whose epithets fill all lands, applies to myriads doses of it indeed plentiful; and therefore thinks not of the sweltering misery and clotted gore underneath his “fields of the cloth of gold:”—the dead soldier’s widow must not weep since her king laughs, and his foodless children are free to expend their cries in huzzaing out their king’s name. What more sweet sounding in The House at our time, than a West Indian’s harangue; and what more comfortable and complacent, than a dinner by “the Interest,” to a negro-hating, white-loving statesman? The ground below is terrible to common eyes, but then there is the compensating Honour! So rolls the car of Juggernaut crashing on; and it is said the grim god smiles, when the victim’s blood sprouts above the chariot wheels. Bland Hierarchy! Reverend Fathers, meek and mild! Do you smile likewise? Does it increase the comforts of your downy couches, that you know whence your luxurious ease has proceeded?

So much then for the question of Incidence. We trust we have inquired to the satisfaction and good pleasure of all, whether or not church-tax, in its present form, affects nobody; and whether or not it is “no grievance.” To all intents and purposes do we maintain, that this justly odious impost acts as a POLL-TAX; and nowhere else, in any en-

lightened land, can we meet at this day with one open, cherished and defended relic of what is emphatically the finance of our most barbarous antiquity. The very name of Tithes thus carries us to the days of Cade and Tyler, and, oddly enough, its coming extinction will be mainly owing to the Cades and Tylers of Ireland. Farther yet, however, we have to do with our friends the Jesuits; and again we dare them to the combat. Even allowing tithe to be a *RENT-TAX*, and, as such, the annual produce of certain lands, it any thing but follows, as they aver, that none but Mother Church has to do with it, that it can be no grievance, or is by no one to be complained of. That all this is true is quite possible, but it must be established by another sort of showing, and does not follow from these premises. To avoid complexity and unnecessary hypotheses, take the case of the Scottish Church. Tithes in their present shape are rent-taxes, and therefore appear the fruit neither immediate nor remote of any one individual's or class of individuals' industry. They, as well as all such, may be said to belong to *nobody*,—but only because they belong to *every body*. This peculiar character of rent-taxes will be at once understood if our readers refer to the nature of rent. The rent of £10, talked of above, arose, as they will remember, and went into the proprietor's pocket, without any exertion or industry of his whatsoever. So it is with all real rents. And if, before tithes are *PERCIVISD* by individuals, government appropriated them, or part of them as revenue, that part of its revenue would never be shown to affect any person, or to interfere with any species of industry. All the blustering and bald Irish about “no grievance,” reduces itself, we presume, simply to what we have said. But the question remains quite open regarding the inalienable right of every citizen of a free empire to see to the proper employment of that revenue,—its useful and impartial application. The revenue being public revenue, is therefore the property of all, and it matters nothing as to its source. If a man feels himself aggrieved by an injurious or partial direction of the expenditure, it is surely the most miserable of mockeries to tell him that the revenue arose from rent-taxes, and therefore that he has nothing to do with it. The absurdity is at once demolished by the retort—*Who then has to do with it?*—and it were most easy to demolish it a thousand times—to beat and re-beat the beaten, only not so desuabable, inasmuch as we are alike chary of our own words and tender of the patience of the reader.—But let the moral of the argument we combat, not pass here without marked observation. Often has the song of “no burden” been dinned into our ears, and oft flung with indignation at the prying and restless Dissenter,—a fact than which nothing could more clearly betoken a conscious lack of more defensible grounds. In intellectual warfare, the outworks are never defended, except there are prophetic bodings of the insufficiency of the merits of the stronghold; and the stubbornness with which the advocates of our Establishments have stuck to this shallow sophism, is a memorable evidence, either of their convictions or their fears, that the portion of revenue in question is not at present expended with a proper breadth of view towards the general utility; and that Establishments, as they now exist, might not fairly be supported, were their sustenance derived from the population at large, or if the population at large “had anything to do” with their economy. More on this subject we shall impress at an after time.*

* If, in the foregoing paper, we may seem to have spoken disrespectfully of any set of men who differ from us, we beg it to be understood distinctly, that this disre-

BRITISH WRITERS ON AMERICA

It is much easier to find fault than to drag reluctant beauty to the light of day. Any one can carp and cavil; for to be able to do this it is only necessary that he should feel annoyed. But to feel the fine harmonies of nature,—to point out the sunny-side of society, requires kindred susceptibilities, and the power of expressing aptly what has been generally conceived. We heartily wish that it were in our power to impress this truth upon the conviction of British travellers in general, and British travellers in America in particular. John Bull does not like to be put out of his way, and he is, moreover, convinced that he himself is a model of perfection. A Frenchman is trivial, a German is loutish, an American clownish, but John—absolute John—is gallant without frivolity,—trid without sluggishness,—independent without rudeness, at least he believes himself to be so. The consequence of this, again, is, that, although at the head of his own table, one of the warmest-hearted fellows that ever looked and talked consequentially, he no sooner steps abroad than he begins to make himself unhappy, censure his neighbours, and become at once impertinent and disagreeable. The consequence is, that John is in a few days to get himself voted a bore all the world over. It is chiefly at the expense of America that he has of late been exhibiting this admirable trait of his character, and, as persevering in such a line of conduct may, one day or another, lead to unpleasant consequences, we think it high time to appeal to his good sense, of which, after all, he possesses more than strangers are inclined to give him credit for, respecting the absurdity of his conduct. In other words, we propose to overhaul, in a summary manner, one or two of our late writers on America.

*. First on the list comes Captain Hall—as good a fellow as ever stepped between stem and stern—and a great fool into the bargain. A propensity to theorise and scribble is with him an hereditary disease. In his case, this *caiothes* shewed itself at first in rather a pleasing form,—as fevers sometimes send a higher flow of spirits, and a more lustrous flash of the eye before them as heralds of their approach, or as the delicate hectic forebodes sickness at the core. The Captain's Loo-Choo, and his Cruises off the Coast of South America, are as nice Summer reading as any lady in the land could desire. The poor man began to take airs upon his success, to talk big among the crowds that congregated to see

spect attracts solely to those who, while a certain opinion was the safest, chose to cling to it without examination as to its truth, and, as we may not uncharitably add, without any regard for the truth whatsoever. To these men "the *fitting* is always the *true*," and they may, therefore, take what they have got. It were uncandid, however, to disguise or conceal the fact, that many whom we believe to be conscientious inquirers, and accordingly reverence as such, likewise hold the opinion that Tithes is Rent-Tax. We profess ourselves in this, as in most things, followers of David Ricardo, and nothing we have yet seen has shaken or tended to shake our opinion of his accuracy. His views have been adopted and expounded by Mr. Mill, Mr. Macculloch, Sir Henry Parnell, and others of our most distinguished economists. The leader of the hostile party appears Mr. T. P. Thomson of Cambridge, who threw down the gauntlet in his clever pamphlet, "The true Theory of Rent." Some time hereafter we may be tempted in all probability to take part in the war, and to follow out the effects of the corn monopoly; meanwhile, let the foregoing article go forth with no other pretension than that of being a popular and approximate illustration of what we deem the truth upon a question becoming every day of more instant importance.

that rarest of all lions, a sea one; and to fancy himself destined for higher achievements. Like all men of small and lively intellect, he was extremely fond of forming theories respecting what he had never seen; and of defending them with particular warmth against every one who spoke from personal observation. The *caste* to which he belongs are eminent for their vituperation of every thing American; and he, knowing nothing of the matter, became, of course, a zealous patroniser of our cousins across the Atlantic. The conclusion to which he came was correct; but not exactly in the manner he understood it. The Americans are not, in reality, the beings whom bigotted Tories picture to themselves; but to them they must always appear such. Our kind, warm-hearted seaman was right in thinking they must have many good points. His mistake lay in supposing that a person, nursed in his prejudices, holding his opinions, could discover them.

Away he posted to America, with his mind made up to find the inhabitants such as he had often demonstrated they must necessarily be, and prepared to be most extravagantly delighted with every thing he saw. "I knew how it would be," said a gentleman and scholar of our acquaintance, who chanced to cross the Atlantic in the same packet. "There was an exaggerated determination to admire every thing, that could not fail to break down." And so it proved. The Americans, whatever they might be in other respects, were not exactly the kind of things Captain Hall's restless fancy had pourtrayed them; and the moment he discovered this, they fell one hundred per cent. in his estimation. The land might be a very good land; but it was not the kind of land he expected to see. This was one of the fruits of his sage determination to go to America without consulting any of his predecessors. Had such a restless guesser as he, been capable of keeping his mind a perfect *tabula rasa*, the resolution would not have been so much amiss; but had he known any thing of his own character, he would have discovered, that want of information could not keep him from prejudging the people he was about to visit. The question was, whether he should deduce his opinions from slender *data* or from none. He preferred the latter alternative.

Soured at finding the realities of America did not at once fit into the nice little pigeon-holes he had prepared in his mind for receiving them, instead of setting about to reform his own pre-conceptions, he immediately began to condemn, in good set phrase, every thing that differed from them. The same amiable mood prompted him to remain a sturdy non-conformist in all those little trifles, which every man, who wishes to live comfortably in a foreign country, acquiesces in. For example, in America (as in Germany), the dinner-hour is earlier than with us, and it is a thing almost unheard of for travellers to dine elsewhere than at the *table-d'hôte*. "But brother Jack had ta'en the pouts," and must have his dinner when and where he would; and the consequence was, great annoyance to the worthy benefices, who had never dreamed of such out-of-the-way doings, great discomfort to our traveller himself, and an immense accession to his bile. Another circumstance fairly overthrew what remains of good humour he had left. He had blown his trumpet pretty loudly, announcing both far and near, that he was come as judge of assize to sit in judgment on them. What more natural than for the Americans, when they saw "a'chieild among them takin' notes," to evince some little curiosity respecting the opinion he entertained of them? Yet this the Captain immediately set down as a solecism in

American manners, aggravated by the want of proper docility in receiving his strictures, as if those who saw his half-knowledge, or total misapprehension, were bound to acquiesce in all his pragmatistical strictures! All his fairy castles had now dispersed in thin air; and in a mood, compared with which, Johnson, growlingly and reluctantly dragged as a raree-show through Scotland, was gentleness and affability itself, and Smollett (poor Sterne's Smelfungus) the very milk of human kindness, Captain Hall went "dim-sounding on his perilous way," pre-determined to walk through the land from Dan to Beersheba, and cry that all was barren. Indeed, he seems himself to be more than half aware of this, his most blessed condition. One-half of his book is taken up with apologizing for the the tone he assumes. He felt that he was expressing himself with too much warmth, but could not think of moderating his expressions. It would have been undignified to reconsider, and troublesome to re-write his book—so he betakes himself to little sophisms, to quiet his own conscience, and silence his revolted reader.

The truth is, that his facts do not bear out his inferences. Captain Hall has the feelings and principles of a gentleman, and could never dream of stating what was not. But, unluckily, he glides from position to conclusion, down the soft flowing stream of passion, instead of toiling along the hard, dry high-way of logical inference. He is everywhere kindly and warmly received. Every nook and corner of the land, every domestic arrangement, is laid bare to his scrutinizing, peering, inquisitive gaze. No concealment is attempted, but frankness is the order of the day. And how does he proceed to his business of calm and impartial observer? He finds, in New York, the most effective establishment for extinguishing fires it has been his lot to meet with; and his first thought is to grumble at the firemen for making too much noise. He examines, at West Point, an admirably organized military academy; he is told that it has been the means of sending well instructed engineers to every quarter of the Union; and he disapproves of it upon certain speculative reasons of preference for a standing army, which it is intended to supersede; and demonstrates, upon abstract grounds, to his own entire satisfaction, that his informants must be mistaken. He visits several penitentiaries, and acknowledges that they are admirably conducted; but then, in his opinion, based upon no knowledge of the peculiar circumstances of America, the punishment of death is indispensable in every well-regulated society. His objections never amount to an assertion that the system does not work well, but merely that his own maggoty brain could hatch a better.

But, it is not in regard to America alone that the Captain has laboured to keep his mind free from all previous information; he seems to have crossed the Atlantic with an ignorance of his own country, very pardonable in a sailor, but not at all enhancing his qualifications to judge of another. He instances many peculiarities of American society, which he might have found flourishing rankly and luxuriantly at home. He goes so far, that he mentions as characteristic, that, on the Erie Canal, the passengers are, in the habit of jumping out, and running or walking a little in advance of the boat. Did he ever travel, we wonder, in an English stage-coach? In the days of our youth, it was customary to do something "very near this," while the process of changing horses was going on. Again, the Captain attributes to the democratical institutions of America, what he calls the rambling unsatisfactory character of the legislative debates; but, had he ever visited St. Stephen's, or even

a meeting of the freeholders of his native county, he might have witnessed an equally bush-fighting style of debate, under our monarchical (we beg pardon, corporation and paper-vote) system of government. Lastly, he instances as the result of a defect in the American frame of polity, that the police is rather feeble in the back settlements. But he does not say that it is more so than in our own, where, in addition to the blessed supremacy of King, Lords, and Boroughmongers, bowed down to by every true Briton, the inhabitants acknowledge the additional and no less awful rule of Lieutenant-governor, Council, and Provincial Assembly.

From Captain Hall, whose volumes contain more pretension, with a comparatively less portion of solid information to excuse it, than any we have lately perused, we turn to Mrs. Trollope. We have said, and justly, that it is not of mis-statements that America has to complain in the Captain's case. It is because of the envenomed spirit, which always discovers an unfavourable symptom in the mere trifle, that she is entitled to grumble. Mrs. Trollope goes further; for, with double his quantity of spleen, she is by no means particular about the accuracy of her statements. But we are anticipating.

Mrs. Trollope sailed in the Autumn of 1827, for New Orleans. She had left her husband behind, and was in company with Miss Wright, an amiable but weak-minded enthusiast, who undertook to demonstrate, experimentally, the equality of blacks to whites in point of intellect,—tired of the task, in a short time, and traversed America, preaching an entire revolution in the moral and religious world,—and finally settled down into a wife. What Mrs. Trollope's views were in going to America, is nowhere very explicitly stated. She ascended the Mississippi; parted in a pet from her philosophical friend, and settled, for rather more than a year, in Cincinnati. She then crossed the Alleghanies; visited Washington; and took up her abode, for a time, in a small town on the banks of the Potomac. She afterwards visited Philadelphia, and finally embarked at New-York for England.

One remark forces itself upon us, on looking back to the very outset of this tour. A lady, evidently not genteel—for she belongs most unequivocally to the silver-fork school—but accustomed to all the snug comforts of a London life, transports herself at once to the back woods of America. She has no employment but to sit and brood over the loss of the buttered muffins, which find no succedaneum on her breakfast-table; and she is too helpless to supply, by her own devices, the want of the little amenities which custom has made indispensable to her. The people around her are almost exclusively emigrants, whom want has drawn from their eastern home—busied in the first great task of securing a livelihood. The lady has, moreover, quarrelled with her Utopian friend, for having lured her to this uncouth land, and is dreadfully afflicted with the sullen. Now, we put the case even to a Quarterly Reviewer. Was she in a fit situation, and a proper temper, to judge of the refinement of the Americans? Take a parallel case. Suppose a Parisian *badaud* to be transported at once from the *Boulevards* to the coast of Merioneth, or to some valley in the distant Lewis, and forced, by circumstances, to spend a year there;—would he be entitled to pass judgment upon the tone of society among the educated classes of England? ⁴¹

Let us follow the lady on her tour. She takes a flying glance at Washington, where she is obliged to admit a better tone of society prevails. She then squats among the slave-holding buckskins of Virginia,

And here, as formerly, at New Orleans, she forgets that all that is worthy of blame is the consequence, not of democratical institutions, but of that moral blight, domestic slavery. Her last visit is to Philadelphia; and here the picture is really pleasing. The heart of the woman relents; and the little malicious strokes which she at times deals out, are equally applicable to our side of the Atlantic. The ladies of the Dorcas Society will find admirable parallels in our sermon-hunting patrons and promoters of repositories and charitable sales of ladies' work. Keeping in view that Mrs. Trollope enjoyed such a transient glimpse of American polished life—that her friends and intimates were evidently of that class whose minds are more occupied with business than elegant accomplishments—that her connexion with the fair preacher against Christianity and wedlock, (for they are no more tolerant on these points in America than here,) must have clung to her like a plague-spot, shutting against her the doors of the bulk of cautious, steady citizens—we feel no ways surprised at the virulence with which she writes about a country, where she must have felt herself so awkwardly circumstanced. Indeed, her diatribes appear not only natural but proper, when we learn, from the incidental statement of her son's leaving her to enrol himself at Oxford, that the work has been compiled for the pious and maternal purpose of recommending the son of so orthodox a mother, to the paternal care of the heads of colleges.

So far all has been quite proper. Mrs. Trollope is very angry with America and Americans; and it is just and proper that she should vent her spleen, like a true woman, in a hearty scold. It is not quite proper, however, in her to tell fibs, or what is just as bad, unaccredited stories, for the purpose of giving greater finish to her invective. Scarcely one of her anecdotes is given as the result of her own observation; they are, for the most part, picked up at that fountain-head of trustworthy information, the tea-table. The atrocious calumny against Jefferson himself, is hazarded on no better authority. Not a few of her stories we recognize as old friends whom we have met before in the pages of American Annals. And even in what she saw herself, laying aside her spenetic microscope and viewing objects in their natural size, we recognise, as in the case of Captain Hall, many traits common to us with the Americans. The proceedings at the Camp Meeting are very foolish indeed, but not without a parallel in the annals of the Southcotian, Rowite, and other heresies in our own land. The scene at the theatre in New York is odd enough—but then Mrs. Trollope was forewarned that no respectable person could go to that particular establishment. If ladies will go to naughty places, what can they expect?

We proposed at first to advert to the frequent attacks upon America in the Quarterly Review; but it is not worth while. The character of that publication is too well known. It was started to defend every old existing abuse against the vigorous attacks of the Edinburgh. Search was made among the magnates of the land and the dignitaries of the church, but not one of them was found able to advocate the cause of his order. They were obliged to intrust their defence to a self-educated shoemaker,—himself a living proof of plebeian capacity, as they were of the inadequacy of the institutions which gave them power to embue them with ability. The last number of the work shows, as in a mirror, the souls and tenets of its supporters. There is a bit of learning for the scholar, and a bit of fine feeling for the lover of humanity; and then, under this gilding, there is a bitter nauseous pill of falsehood

and sophistry. Mrs. Trollope is welcomed with avidity; bitter inuendoes are appended to her sarcasms; every light in her dark picture is struck out, in order that one confused chaotic mass alone may remain; and the few sketches of American worth and virtue with which she has thinly sprinkled her work, are anxiously passed over in silence. Next, a retainer of quality is introduced to tell us his adventures at Melton Newbray, that we may become yet more enamoured of the land which has such a Delphos for the centre of its civilization. The great end and aim of his article is to tell us that he has twice followed the hounds, and actually been admitted to the table of a "noble *bon-vivant*." The adventures of the evening are detailed with a minuteness and reverence, which shew the writer would have previously deemed a voyage to the Pole shorter and of less difficult achievement than the journey he had made upwards into good society. Admitted to the table of a "noble *bon-vivant*!" And it is upon the authority of such specimens of prostituted talent—of men who sacrifice every feeling of independence, and the consciousness of powerful, cultivated, honest minds—who belie their feelings for the mean purpose of obtaining admission to a society which despises them,—that we are to credit all the idle tales we are told concerning American rudeness.

The Americans need have no fear. Our countrymen have more sense, than to take their opinions of blood-relations from the distorted accounts of petty whipster book-makers, disappointed vixens, and literary toadies. They do not believe that America is more advanced in knowledge and refinement than Europe; but they know that, with slight divergencies, both hemispheres are in this respect nearly abreast of each other. And they know, that both being yet far from the goal, their generous Transatlantic rivals start unencumbered by many old prejudices and social trammels, which we cannot here escape from. The Americans have many asperities in the intercourse of daily life to rub off:—they will do well to learn this even from the remarks of enemies. But they have generous feeling, sound sense, and, above all, a rising literature,—the only true softener and purifier of manners. It is not to our bullet-headed and iron-fisted barons of the feudal times, nor to the silken Sybarites of the age of the last Stuarts, that England owes her eminence in minor morals. Germany had the one—rude, boorish, coarse. France had the other—rotten in their minds as in their bones. It was the Steeles and Addisons of England who first reclaimed her lordly savages; and it was our free institutions which awakened the genius of these amiable moralists. Let America remember this; and, instead of hankering (as we fear a few mal-contents still do,) after the aristocratic flesh-pots of Egypt—after "butter in a lordly dish"—let her look steadily to the East, where only the true sun rises. The diffusion of knowledge, and a taste for art, be the great, the unremitted object of her patriot labours.

SCOTLAND TAXED, BECAUSE OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM.

In another paper of this number we have shown that tithes raise the price of the necessaries of life by one-tenth. The tax thus laid upon us by so clumsy a machinery is a POLL-TAX; and we leave it for the consideration of all conscientious men in the religious world, whether, for religious purposes, a mode of taxation so barbarous ought any longer to have existence in our statute book. Our countrymen have been often grievously charged with exclusive attention to their own narrowest interests, and a few of them perhaps justly. On our strong representations on behalf of tithe-oppressed populations, these latter will cross their arms, make off with something in imitation of a Bond Street swagger, and recommend us to leave the English and Irish with their battle, as this is no business of ours. We can tell these Samaritans differently. The tax is not confined to Ireland and England. Our own church, it is true, is not tithe-supported, and, at any rate, is not a dear one; but, *besides paying for it, we also are taxed, BECAUSE OF THE ENGLISH AND IRISH HIERARCHIES, just as severely as any Englishman or Irishman in the United Kingdom.* Startling the fact may be,—new it will appear to many,—but, *FACT IT IS;* and we invoke all Scotland's energies to deliver us from the extraordinary grievance. Mark how the matter stands. We have said and shown that, because of tithe, the price of corn is heightened by one-tenth. Now Scotland, compared with England and Ireland, in an agricultural point of view, is a trifle—a single small corn field. *The price current of England, therefore, necessarily determines the price here;* and it is a natural and immediate consequence, *that by whatever affects English consumers, Scottish consumers are also affected.* The most ordinary method of considering the tithe question brings this out as distinctly as could be done by scientific demonstration. Is not every farmer and every smatterer in economics aware, that tithe in England prevents an immense quantity of land from being broken up? Remove tithe, then, and the plough is instantly in action; the increased production of corn brings down prices, and the Scottish consumer obtains his share of the relief. We by no means say that the quantum of tax or revenue thus extracted from us goes to the pockets of the southern Bishops, but it is nearly the same as if it did. What becomes of it, and whom every meal-eater is thus made to carry upon his shoulders, is no inscrutable mystery. The tithe-raised price forces into cultivation worse soils than would otherwise be brought under the plough. That Scotland is farther cultivated than England is notorious, nor does she owe it to her superior husbandry *alone.* The extra cultivation *INCREASES RENT,* and to our rent-holders, our proprietors—it matters little to the consumer that their heads wear no mitres—does one share of the tax regularly go. When we hear of Scotland having nothing to do with the tithe question, we laugh. She has nothing to do with it, only if it is unimportant to her that every meal-eater is taxed in one-tenth the price of provisions. We have brought forward this distinct statement for the purpose of infusing all the energy of selfishness into our Northern fellow-countrymen's opposition to the continuance of this hateful impost under any form; but, *be it declared,* that for the miserable low-browed Patriotism which cannot be roused by the call of friendship, or touched by a disin-

terested sympathy—we have neither regard nor toleration.* To the unworthy Caledonian who, in ignorance of the foregoing effect, folds his arms and refuses help to generous England, we could almost wish, in punishment, a perpetuity of the burthen. His case would be no anomaly in the moral world; he would be frozen into a new and remarkable illustration of the beneficent law; that a man can never neglect or overlook his neighbour, without, by his own selfish hands, inflicting a wound upon himself.

ON A SHARP DEBATE IN A CERTAIN NOBLE HOUSE.

WHEN "Noble Lords" wax hot with "Noble Lords,"
How wisely they repeat, those "Noble words"¹
How grand to hear the "Noble Earl" rebuke
The ignoble meaning of the "Noble Duke!"
Convict the "Noble Viscount"² of a lie;
Give "Noble Barons" all but a black eye;
And prove the "Noble Marquis," in his mirth,
The saddest fool that ever walk'd the earth.
"What," asks the poet, "can ennoble pots?"
Fine words 'm^ust broken heads and flying pots.

IRISH MELODIES.—No. 1.—(NEW SERIES.)

AIR—"Away with your Pouting."

AWAY with your twaddle and prating,
Your speeches, and similes bright;
The front of the Whigs is imposing,
We'll make no more of them to-night.
Oh! push not the House to division,
Our weakness we'll only display;
I would not come into confusion
With fellows who will have their way.

Exhibit no more of your dudgeon,
Rhetorical figures don't sport;
For Joseph, the Scottish curmudgeon,—
'Tis figures alone is his forte.
And as for that spalpeen Macaulay,
Who cut up my beautiful work,
You may search from Aleppo to Salec,
Ere you find such a terrible Turk.

Bad luck to the baronet, Hobhouse,
Of yore call'd the Westminster flower,—
Pray, did he not cruelly rob us
Of influence, places, and power?
From the first, 'twas his party's intention,
To o'erturn us ere ever we wist;—
Alas! I had coustas to pension,
And none of them, then, on the list.

Farewell to our glories for ever,
From the summit of grandeur we're hurl'd;
For the Whigs have inserted a lever
Will alter the course of the world.
Like a true philosophical hero,
In this my unhappy condition,
I'll sit down, and revise "Talavera,"
And publish a second edition.

No. II.

AIR—"The Meeting of the Waters."

Oh! there ne'er was a place to my mem'ry en-
dear'd
Like the "dewer-cover'd mound where no voters
appear'd";
Contention and wrangling was never known
there,
For the hall was untenanted—empty the chair.
For the hall, &c.

Yet it was ne'er 'cause harmony smil'd on the
scene,
Nor that concord for ages had resident been,
Nor that I, its proprietor, aye had my will,—
It was something more sterling and beautiful
It was something, &c. [still

'Twas its affluence, influence, patronage, power,
That attended my steps, and enlivened each hour;
It's weight in the senate, my joy and my pride,
Excell'd five Scotch boroughs that stand on the
Clyde.
Excell'd five, &c.

Sweet mound of Old Sarum! tho' they've done
thee wrong!
I shall pour my regrets and my feelings in song;
And when on my death-bed I calmly recline,
May my ashes, dear borough, be mingled with
thine.
Maxmy ashes, &c.

* When shall Scotland cease to be twitted with her Parliamentary selfishness and almost proverbial abasement? The answer is,—when Scotland shall really appear in Parliament. The FORTY-FIVE nominees of paper voters, and little Town-council oligarchies were about as properly her representatives as they were of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. Latterly, however, the mob broke in; and, as usual, did much good. The repute and actions of Mr. Hume recorded its triumph; and it was also the popular voice which bore into St. Stephen's, across the necks of the fretting, fuming, village oligarchies, such industrious and independent members as Mr. Ross, Mr. Gillon, &c. &c.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

POLITICAL HISTORY.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

REFORM.—The Reform Bill has continued to advance slowly since our last. The Third Reading was carried in the House of Commons, by a majority of 116, on Thursday the 22d of March. It was carried to the Lords, and by them read a first time on Monday the 26th. The Second Reading was voted by a majority of NINE; and it now stands committed for the first day after the Easter Recess. The speeches of the Opposition Lords were less characterized by eloquence, or by any novelty in argument, than by exquisite ignorance of their real position, and empty bluster. Lord Ellenborough, in a speech which set Cocker and Aristotle alike at defiance, told the House that the Bill disfranchised “both the middle and lower classes.” This enumeration leaves only the Aristocracy remaining; but we suspect, had the object of the measure been to enfranchise them exclusively, his Lordship’s opposition would have been much less vehement. We have all along been unable to conceive any possible argument against the Scottish Bill, but his Lordship has helped us to one. “Under the Bill the Members for Scotland would be Presbyterians, distinguished for bigotry and a persecuting spirit.” He concluded with the emphatic declaration, “by rejecting the Bill, inconveniences might be created; but none which might not be met by a firm Government,” a speech which shall not be forgotten. The Bishop of Durham—a minister of peace, was also of opinion, that “the dangers of rejecting would be transient, and required but the energetic exercise of the powers of Government, to be disarmed of their terrors.” The Earl of Wicklow gravely argued, that since Earl Grey had acknowledged the present Bill to be a considerable improvement upon that of last session, noble Lords “were called upon, by the prospect of still greater good, and further improvement, to vote for the rejection of the present measure.” “Hark you! that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts!” The Marquis of Londonderry

bawled out, that “he was not debarred nor deterred from stating every thing he heard by delicacy—(laughter)—or any other feeling!!!” This is honest, but we can say no more in its favour. Really, if the Marquis go on at this rate, he must be kept at home, and not allowed “to play the fool but in his own house.” Whether he will venture to do so there, is questionable, for report avers that *vanes* are turned by *tempests*. Lord Mansfield thought the House of Commons, both in constitution and conduct democratical enough. He believed that the Lords had “on many occasions found the House of Commons interfere with”—with what, in Heaven’s name?—“with some of their schemes for public improvement!” In other words, the House of Commons stands, even in its present state, too much in the way of the Lords, and ought to be abolished! The great danger of the Bill was, that voters “would require pledges from their representatives which it was impossible for them to give;” as if there could be any danger in a man begging for what cannot, in the nature of things, be given him. The great crime of the rotten boroughs was, that they had been the means of sending to Parliament, Members “too licentious in the cause of liberty.” The Duke of Wellington, with more debating tact than we gave him credit for, laid hold of a silly averment by Lord Melbourne, “that he did not expect any relief to the distress of the country from this measure.” It is, however, of little consequence what the expectations of the noble Secretary are, and of still less what the noble Duke pleases to infer from them. Lord Winchelsea argued against the Bill because he found all its supporters viewing it in reference to their individual interests. It slipped out, however, that these supporters embraced every class of the community; so the noble Earl’s observations are in favour of the Bill. Balaam-like, he has blessed it. He added, that he was “as much a Reformer as ever,” which is not improbable; and that, in the event of Peers being created, he “would not condescend to sit in the House,” which

would be no great loss. The Duke of Buckingham attempted to be eloquent, and even poetical, but only succeeded in making a sad splutter. He called Charles I. "a Citizen King;" told the Marquis of Shrewsbury he was no gentleman; and lauded both Houses of Parliament as perfect specimens of a "democratic aristocracy, and aristocratic democracy." Really, looking to the polite manners of the Lords, and the liberal (in money matters) legislation of the Commons, we incline to agree with him. The Bishop of Exeter anticipated "severe lessons" from the noble Lords opposite; and in this he was not disappointed. Some of his Lordship's imagery was so low, that the Society for the Suppression of Vice are said to have it in contemplation to prosecute every newspaper that reported it. The law lords were as dull as usual. Earl Carnarvon attempted to be witty at the expense of "Scotch boroughs with barbarous names," as if he could have found none such in Wales. The crime of the boroughs in question was returning Charles Fox to Parliament,—we wish that none of these corporations had heavier faults to answer for. Earl Grey opened in support of the measure. His speech was, as usual, characterized by lucid arrangement, felicitous and nervous diction. We think, however, without being one whit less conchitatory, he might have taken his stand on higher ground. Lord Melbourne, acknowledged that he did not think the Bill would do any good beyond quieting the people. "The wish was parent to that thought." What has such a cold friend to do in the cabinet? The Earl of Shrewsbury, not so hackneyed in the jargon of the House, told their Lordships some home truths, which do not seem to have been particularly relished. Earl Radnor supported his well-won character for manliness and patriotism. The Marquis of Lansdowne was the first to read the Bishop of Exeter one of the "severe lessons" he had anticipated. With the most delicate irony he complimented him upon his efficient discharge of the office of recruiting-officer for the Duke of Buckingham, insinuating that he doubtless "did this with all the sincerity which was so well known to belong to him." The speech of the noble Marquis was distinguished by its bold and just views, and the extensive acquaintance with modern history which it displayed. Next evening Lord Durham, in a speech of the most overwhelming eloquence, recurred to the subject of the Bishop of Exeter, and laid bare to the general gaze the mean, carnalious soul of the triple-turned rene-

gade. Philpotts had doubtless winced under the fine sneers of Lansdowne, but Durham's storm of blows battered and astounded him. Confused and reeling, like a drunkard, he rose to *explain*; but only involved himself further; for his equivocation called up Earl Grey to give him the *coup-de-grace*; and we all know his Lordship's power in this way, when put to his mettle. The creature is not likely to disgust the public by another exhibition. To return to Lord Durham. His speech was second to none in research and eloquence, while, in firmness and decision, it is, out of sight, the first delivered during the debate. The power evinced by his Lordship of wedding the coolest self-possession and forethought to all the energy which unbounded passion leads to other men, entitle him to a high place in the cabinet. He has more of Chatham in him than any man now alive. HE MUST ONE DAY BE OUR PRIME MINISTER. Lord Goderich was respectable. Lord Brougham has of late been suffering severely in mind and body. We now come to the "convertites." The speech of Lord Harrowby was excellent. That of Lord Wharnciffe was also statesman-like, but ought to have been delivered when the Bill was last before the House; it contains nothing he did not then know. The Bishop of London was satisfactory. These three peers will gulp and swallow the whole measure. We have now gone over the only important part of the debate; for the Duke of Buckingham's notice of a bran-new plan of reform, and the eulogiums passed upon it are rather too fattwitted a *ruse* to have much of danger in them. Wellington protests, and like Juliet's nurse, we do rejoice to hear it. Their Lordships have been left to "chew the end of sweet and bitter fancy" till after the Easter recess. If by that time they have not made up their minds to pass the measure un mutilated, and Earl Grey hesitate a moment longer to march in a grenadier company of peers among them, why then he will richly deserve the impeachment with which he has been so often threatened. We learn, from an authoritative source, that the chief stand of the Opposition is to be made on the metropolitan districts. We have no great fears on this head so long as the Parliament continues to sit in Westminster.

IRELAND.—On the 2d of April, Mr. Stanley, in conformity with the first of the resolutions moved by himself on the 13th of March, brought in a bill "To facilitate the recovery of tithes in certain cases in Ireland, and for the relief of the clergy of the Established Church." Its

provisions are:—That the Lord Lieutenant be authorised to advance 60,000*l.* for the purposes of the act; that applications for relief by ecclesiastical persons who have not received tithes for the last past year be made by memorial to the Lord Lieutenant; that when an ecclesiastical person is declared entitled to relief under the act, his right to tithes for the last past year ceases, and is vested in the crown; that whenever any ecclesiastical person has been declared entitled to relief, a proclamation shall be issued by the Lord Lieutenant, enjoining defaulters to pay their arrears to the collector of excise in their district, within one month, under penalty of suffering levy and recovery for the sums remaining unpaid; that the receipt of the collector of excise shall be a sufficient receipt; that ulterior proceedings, if necessary, shall be instituted in the Court of Chancery, and that they shall be summary; that intending petitioners under the act shall give ten days warning; that monies paid under the act shall be placed to the credit of the Teller of the Exchequer, and kept separate; that parties unjustly sued shall have their costs paid from the surplus fund. Several Irish members expressed their hostility to the measure, but declined entering upon details till the second reading.

In future we propose reserving our history of the legislative and financial measures of every session till its close. We shall thus be enabled to communicate to it a more systematic and satisfactory character.

BRITISH ISLANDS.

The public temper differs from what it was when we concluded our last monthly retrospect only in the accumulated intensity of its silent vehemence. No demonstrations of importance have been made, during the interim, in any of the three kingdoms. Cholera continues to gain ground languidly.

COLONIES.

A bill was introduced by Messrs. Rice and F. Baring, on the 23d of March, "to authorise the Commissioners for auditing the public accounts of Great Britain, to audit accounts of the receipt and expenditure of Colonial Revenue." The operation of this bill is of course restricted to the Crown Colonies. As its object is to reduce the number of unnecessary officials, and as it bears marks of the wise system of gradual centralization and simplification of accounts which his Majesty's Ministers have adopted, we hail it with delight. It is to a pervading reform of our system of administra-

tion that the colonists, as well as the mother country, must look for relief from their real distress. To this they are entitled, a fact which ought never to be forgotten amid our squabbles with them in vindication of the rights of their black peasantry.—A bill was introduced on the 10th of April, "To allow the importation of lumber, and of fish and provisions, duty free, into the islands of Barbadoes, St. Vincent, and St. Lucia, and to indemnify the Governors and others of those islands for having permitted their importation duty free." We would request the attention of the slaveholders to the fact, that all their real grievances and distresses are readily listened to by the people of this country, and when it is possible, promptly remedied or relieved. That we extend the same good will to the sable victims of their oppression is out of regard to the sacred rights of the slave, not out of enmity to the master. They shall ever find us kind kinsmen; but whatever power circumstances may give us over them shall be used to check them in the career of oppression.

WEST INDIES.—In our historical summary for last month we hazarded the opinion that a crisis was approaching in the history of our slave-holding colonies. It may not be unnecessary, with a view to judging more accurately of the progress of events, to recapitulate here the late transactions between these provinces, and the general government.—An order in Council was passed on the 2d November, 1831, for improving the condition of slaves in British Guiana, Trinidad, Saint Lucia, Mauritius, and the Cape of Good Hope. This order was intimated to the Governor of these colonies by a despatch from Lord Goderich, bearing date the 5th of the same month. On the 10th of December his Lordship again addressed the Governors of the Crown colonies, intimating the intention of Government to bring forward, at the earliest possible period, a fiscal arrangement for the relief of such of them as should be found to have obtempered the Order, and of such colonies, possessing Legislative Assemblies, as should have declared its provisions to have the force of law. A circular of the same date, from his Lordship, to the Governors of the West India Legislative Colonies, conveyed a similar intimation. He entered, in that document, into a detailed defence of the conduct of Government in substituting this mode of enforcing an amelioration in the condition of the slaves, for the course of authoritative admonition, which had been pursued for nine years, with

out producing any effect.—In a circular to the same authorities, dated the 16th of December, he requests each of them, if the Assembly of his Colony be not in session at the time of his receiving the Order, to convoke that body, together with the Council, at the earliest period, for the purpose of taking so important a question into consideration.—The despatch including the Order in Council, was received in Demerara on the 19th of December. The Court of Policy met on the 10th of January, 1832, and agreed to memorialize the Governor on the expediency of postponing the publication of the Order. Their memorial was presented next day. The Governor, holding that no discretionary power was left him, issued a Proclamation in terms of the Order on the 12th.—Sir Lewis Grant, Governor of Trinidad, as soon as he received the Order in Council, forwarded a copy to Mr. Jackson, chairman of the Committee of Proprietors, suggesting that it might be productive of beneficial effects, were the colonists to anticipate in practice the changes proposed. This gentleman replied on the 31st of December, requesting, in name of the Committee, that certain provisions of the order should be modified. On the 4th of January, the Cabildo (the municipal body of Port d'Espagne) memorialized the Governor, requesting him to delay the promulgation of the Order till such time as they might receive an answer to their intended petition to the throne. The prayer of this memorial was refused, on the ground that the Cabildo, in arrogating the right to present it, had exceeded its constitutional functions. The Proclamation was issued on the 5th; copies being, at the same time, forwarded to the commandants of quarters, and the principal proprietors of sugar estates, while, at the same time, a sufficient number was printed for the use of all proprietors and maugers. The proprietors met, on the sixth, and petitioned for a modification of some provisions of the Order; which was refused, as out of the governor's power. While these transactions were going on, the slaves on two estates in the colony refused to work, on the plea, that, at the time of their removal from Tortola, ten years ago, they were promised their freedom in seven years. Their story had much to corroborate, but not sufficient to establish its truth. The slaves were tranquillized by the promise of an open trial. Sir Lewis addressed Government on the 18th, recommending compliance with some of the suggestions of the proprietors: whose conduct and language, he has, from the first, described as being,

with one or two exceptions, highly correct and moderate.—The Order in Council was proclaimed in St. Lucia on the 24th of December. This step was attended with disturbances, partly originating in other causes, which will be found detailed below.—The Governor of Barbadoes, in compliance with Lord Goderich's circular of the 16th December, lost no time in convoking the Council and House of Assembly; to both of which bodies he transmitted copies of the despatch. The Speaker of the House of Assembly acknowledged the receipt of his Excellency's message on the 17th of January, and intimated the intention of the House to give the subject due consideration.—Sir E. J. Murray Macgregor's despatch, dated 28th January, 1832, intimates, that the local legislature of Dominico being in session when the circular arrived, the Order in Council had been immediately laid before them. Both the Council and House of Assembly pledged themselves to give it serious attention. The latter body adjourned, to afford the members time for mature consideration; but the Governor expresses a degree of confidence, that their resolutions will be satisfactory.—In Grenada, both branches of the legislature met on the 26th of January, and appointed a Joint-Committee, to take the matter into consideration. The House then adjourned till the 6th of March.—The House of Assembly of Antigua, intimated to the Governor on the 25th of January, that—"It feels itself compelled to decline, to entertain the speculative opinions which have been so authoritatively addressed to it on this occasion; involving, as they do, the introduction of a code of innovations, ruinous in their effects, being compatible neither with the safety of the colony, nor with a fair and equitable consideration of the rights of property." The Board of Council, in like manner, declared, on the 2d of February, that "It feels itself called upon to decline its compliance with the determined and ruinous conditions submitted by his Majesty's Government to our unmodified adoption."—Sir George Hill writes from St. Vincent's, on the 28th of January, that he has summoned the legislative bodies for the 10th of February; and that he will employ the intermediate time in "ascertaining the views and dispositions of the gentlemen of property and influence, and in a sincere endeavour to obviate such objections as they may oppose to his Lordship's powerful reasoning in support of the proposed measures." Governor Nicolay writes from St. Christopher's about the same time, that he will

immediately submit his Lordship's communications to the legislatures of that island, Nevis, and the Virgin Islands. —Meanwhile, the West India interest in this country has not been idle. Mr. Marryat transmitted to Lord Goderich, on the 23rd of February, "Observations upon the Circular Despatch, transmitting the Order in Council of 2nd November, 1831," agreed to at a meeting of the Committee of Crown Colonies. This document, although long and elaborate, contains nothing new.—In the course of February, accounts of the Jamaica insurrection reached this country. The Privy Council was immediately convened, for the purpose of determining upon the best measures to be adopted in such an emergency. The result was an announcement, on the part of Lord Goderich, to Lord Belmore, that the instructions, on the subject of Negro Slavery, could not be revoked. His Lordship was authorized, in case events had obliged him to suspend the execution of the orders he had received, to continue that suspension until the restoration of general tranquillity. At the same time he was instructed to seize the earliest occasion, after internal peace had been restored, to direct the attention of the Council and Assembly to the subject. This despatch was followed up on the 10th by another, addressed to the Governors of the West India Colonies, with the exception of Jamaica and Honduras. It alludes to the disturbances in the first mentioned colony; adverts to the intemperate discussions of last year as the most probable cause; and transmits a copy of a proclamation drawn up for Jamaica, to be used if necessary. This document requests the Governor to warn the proprietary body of the danger of publicly imputing to Government resolutions which it has never adopted; to enjoin upon the magistrates to convey the earliest intelligence of every movement indicating a rebellious spirit; and to check the progress of delusive hopes among the slaves. —The West Indians at home still continue to agitate. They convened a meeting of the planters, merchants, ship-owners, manufacturers, tradesmen, and others interested in the preservation of the West India colonies, on the 6th of April, which was crowded to excess. A great many long speeches were made, and twelve worthy resolutions agreed to, the sum and substance of which is as follows:—That the West India Islands are a valuable possession for Great Britain; that the conduct of this country towards the planters has been most unjust, and is likely to draw down the loss of these colonies; that the negroes are spoiled

children, and would be ruined by being withdrawn from under the whip of the overseer; that a bonus ought to be given to the planters for the promotion of slavery; and that the opponents of that system are lying fanatics." We were nothing moved at hearing such sentiments from the older and more hardened advocates of slavery, but to see at their head the nephew of Lord Daer! Is this boy, scarcely escaped from the ferula, not contented with blazing his apostasy from the principles of his family in his constitutional seat, that he seeks an ultraneous occasion of shewing at how early a period the heart may get hardened to the sufferings of humanity?—On the 6th, the West India merchants of London transmitted to Lord Goderich a protest against the Order in Council. They declare, that the order of 2d November, 1831, is unjust, inconsistent with the parliamentary resolutions of 1823, and destructive of the right of property; that the enforcement of the order by fiscal regulations is only paralleled by the attempt to tax America, which occasioned her revolution; that property in slaves ought not to be meddled with before a fund is prepared for compensation; that they do therefore throw all the responsibility of these measures upon the British Government, and protest against them. Here, for the present, the matter rests. The colonists are entitled to every possible alleviation of their burdens—to freedom from the shackles of commercial restriction. We claim for them the same immunities we demand for ourselves. But the slaves have the same hold upon them. "How can they expect justice, rendering none?" The West India interest is in a deep decline, and nothing can cure it but the introduction of a healthy state of society—liberty to the peasant and free trade to the planter.

JAMAICA.—We resume our narrative of the servile war in this colony where we broke off last month. On the 6th of January, Sir W. Cotton had felt himself warranted to write to Lord Belmore "that the neck of the insurrection was broken." It would be in vain were we to attempt a sketch of the numberless small operations which ensued, having for their object to trample out the sparks left behind by the flame just quenched. The Maroons volunteered their services to hunt down their black brethren, and were gladly employed. It is customary for these barbarians to substantiate their tales of the slaves they have slaughtered in the mountains by producing the ears of their victims. The militia, recovered from their first panic, breathed nothing but blood. A negro woman, who was in

company with a body of rebels, when surprised by the militia, held up her child as a flag of truce. She was immediately brought down with a shot; and the monster who perpetrated the act made it a matter of boast, that his aim was so nice as to kill the mother without hurting the child. The commander-in-chief was obliged to issue an order, forbidding negroes, taken prisoners, to be shot without trial. He seems, however, to have been but indifferently obeyed. On the 12th of January, Lieut. Genu of the Trelawney regiment was tried by a court martial for shooting a negro driver belonging to Lima estate, where the slaves, although not working, had not joined the insurgents. The deed was proved to have been done in cold blood, no resistance having been offered by the man when apprehended. The commander-in-chief had visited the estate a few hours before, and promised the negroes protection. The court declared the charge "not proved."—Pfeiffer, a Moravian missionary, was arrested, accused of accession to the rebellion, tried and honourably acquitted. Burchell, a Baptist missionary, just arrived from England, was arrested on the 17th of January, but nothing was found to criminate him. It appeared, however, that some negroes had been heard to say, "that he was to bring their freedom out," and he received orders to remain on board the ship in which he sailed from England.—On the 21st, the Governor summoned a council of war, at which it was unanimously resolved that martial law should be continued in operation.—On the 25th, certain Wesleyan missionaries waited upon his Excellency, and preferred complaints against the militia stationed at St. Anne's Bay.—On the 29th, Lord Belmore embarked for Montego Bay, it having been judged expedient for him to visit in person the disturbed districts. He found, as indeed he had been previously informed, by letters from Sir W. Cotton, and the Custos of St. James's, that affairs were ripe for issuing a conditional amnesty. He accordingly issued a proclamation on the 3d of February, but the overseers not having returned to their estates, the ringleaders had not been ascertained with accuracy, and the document was necessarily vague. It was nevertheless so effective, that in a few days the number of slaves absent from their estates in Hanover parish, amounting, at Lord Belmore's arrival in Montego Bay, to 1600, was diminished to 400. This step produced a good deal of discontent among the whites; and their mutterings increased when a restriction was laid upon the trials by courts martial.

Although an immense number of half-starved wretches had been killed in the woods, and shot or hanged by awards of military tribunals, although the gaol at Montego Bay contained, at that moment, 500 prisoners, crowded into the courthouse, which, having been used as a prison, was, in the words of the Jamaica Royal Gazette, "becoming so obnoxious, from the noisome stench, arising from so many *unkempt* and filthy human beings, as likely to create pestilence," they were yet unsatiated with gloating upon the sufferings of their victims, and clamoured still for blood. On the 5th of February, the Governor, by proclamation, declared, that martial law had ceased. He issued, at the same time, a militia general order, under the 48th Geo. III. c. 4. commonly called the Party Law; by which the Governor is entitled to order out parties of militia in times of insurrection and rebellion. The object of this step was to enable the overseers to return to their estates, where the negroes had, for some time, been working without any whites to superintend them.—On the 6th of February, Lord Belmore set out upon a progress through the disturbed districts. He proceeded that day to Lucia. The next to Savannah-la-Mar; and, on the 9th, continued his route to New Savannah. He everywhere found the prisons crowded, and adopted the same humane measures as in Montego. On the 11th, he returned to Montego Bay by the western interior road, visiting several of the estates which had been the scenes of violence, and addressed the negroes.—On his Excellency's return to Montego Bay, he found that a new scene of disorder had occurred during his absence. A large mob had assembled, and rased the Baptists' chapel to the ground. He soon after learned, that the Baptists' chapels at Falmouth, Lucia, and Savannah-la-Mar, had shared the same fate. On the 13th, his Lordship published a proclamation against the rioters. No authentic intelligence of a later date has yet reached this country, but more serious outrages against the missionaries are apprehended. Lord Belmore's conduct has hitherto been everything that could be wished. We trust, therefore, that the same stern and inexorable justice, which has been meted to the slave, shall be measured out to the freeman likewise.—A curious example of the temper of the slave-holders is afforded, by the proceedings of a Court of Inquiry, held in St. Anne's parish, on the 23d of January. A Mr. Watkis, one of the two coloured members returned to the last Assembly, was accused of the atrocious crime of having remarked to an ac-

quaintance, under the seal of secrecy, "that the insurrection to leeward was some of the sweets of slavery." Of course, this gentleman was immediately sent to Coventry: with a view to redeem himself from this unpleasant situation, he demanded the investigation in question. The charge was, however, completely established against him, and he still suffers the punishment due to his offence.

ST. LUCIA.—The proceedings which followed the proclamation of the Order in Council of 5th November, 1831, in St. Lucia, have their rise partly in discontents, previously rankling in the breasts of the planters; to explain which, we are under the necessity of going so far back with our narrative as the beginning of August last.—On the first of that month, three members of Council addressed a memorial to the acting Governor, Lieutenant-Colonel Bozon, requesting a reduction of public salaries, &c. and desiring him to forward it to the Colonial Secretary. Their request was complied with on the 19th; Colonel Bozon forwarding, at the same time, a representation from Mr. Bustard, Chief-Secretary of the colony, pointing out some inaccuracies of the memorial. Lord Goderich's answer bears date the 5th of November. His Lordship promises that so soon as a commission for a new Governor shall have been issued, arrangements shall be made for conferring upon the Council "every proper authority for the exercise of financial control." An insinuation in the Memorial, that the crops of the island have decreased in consequence of the improvement in the condition of slaves is disproved by reference to the annual exports. Several suggestions of the Memorial are adopted.—Before the representations of the Council arrived in this country, the hurricane occurred which swept so destructively over Barbadoes, St. Lucia, and St. Vincent. The same three gentlemen lost no time in again addressing Government. Colonel Bozon in transmitting their representation, complained of a want of courtesy evinced by the late period at which it had been forwarded to him. Lord Goderich's reply contained a gentle hint that justice required that all complaints against the local authorities ought to be communicated to them, with a view to enable them to state their defence. This despatch is dated the 17th of November.—The Order in Council of the 2d November was published on the 26th of December, with notice that the same would be in operation fourteen days thereafter. Mr. Hunter, the most influential man on the island, with two others, waited upon the Governor on the 28th, requesting

permission to call a meeting of the inhabitants; their petition was granted. The meeting was held on the 4th of January; much violent language was uttered to a committee appointed to memorialize the Governor on the expediency of delaying the enforcement of the Order. The medical practitioners resolved the same day to cease practising if the Order in Council were enforced, and the merchants to furnish the planters with provisions or clothing except for ready money. The Governor replied to the memorial of the Committee of inhabitants on the 6th, stating his inability to suspend the Order in Council. On the 7th of January Mr. Hunter threw up his commission as assessor of the Royal Court. On the 9th, the medical reporter to the Government resigned. The island continued harassed by alarming reports of burnings and insurrections of the slaves up to the 16th of the month. They all proved groundless, and are understood to have been invented for the sole purpose of alarming the government. On the morning of the 16th, the merchants shut up their shops, and refused to transact any business, until the Order was suspended. On the 17th, the keeper of the prison reported that he had only two days provisions on hand. The slaves found themselves unable to purchase provisions, and a rebellion was expected.* The Governor summoned a Council, at which it was resolved, to dispatch a vessel to Martinique for the purchase of 400l. of provisions. The Governor of that island refused to sanction the transport of any provisions, on the plea, that certain run-away slaves had been harboured in St. Lucia—an allegation apparently groundless. The merchants, the medical and legal practitioners seized this moment of alarm, to harass the Governor with fresh remonstrances against the heavy taxation of the island. Towards evening, the Admiral on the Barbadoes station, alarmed by the report of a slave-insurrection, appeared off the island with two frigates, but immediately set sail, on learning that it was a false alarm. Next day an unusual anxiety to dispatch a sloop, the *Jane*, to Martinique, was displayed; and the Governor, fearing that the object might be to dissuade the merchants of Martinique from furnishing provisions, laid an embargo on all the vessels in

* That such a result was actually contemplated by the planters, appears from Robert Han- nay's letter, seized on board the *Jane*. "All the slaves have been shut up since you left this, and as tranquilly may reign but a short time, while Quashy gets hungry; I see no harm why we should not be prepared with 'defencibles'; and I wish you would see the price of a pair of small pistols."

port. A proclamation was at the same time issued, declaring the combination entered into by the merchants to withhold supplies illegal. At night, a boat belonging to the *Jane*, attempted to break the embargo. Letters from seventeen of the most influential persons on the island to their correspondents in Martinique, were found on board. Their tenor was, that the inhabitants had resolved to starve the Government into a compromise on the subject of the Order; and, in all of them, the merchants of Martinique were exhorted not to deal with the Government envoy, and to obstruct and detain him by every means in their power. On the 23d, the Governor agreed to defer the payment of the taxes complained against until the meeting of the Privy Council of the Island, which was summoned on the 30th; and the merchants re-opened their stores at the same time. Next day, the Governor arrested Mr. Stephen Williams, a principal merchant, Messrs. Voisson and Kossac, second class merchants, and Mr. Walker, a clerk to a commercial house, with a view to their being proceeded against according to law, for conspiring against Government.—Lord Goderich, in his despatch to the new Governor of St. Lucia, approves of Colonel Bozon's proceedings. In the question of taxation, right is apparently on the side of the colonists; but their attempt to evade an act of justice to the coloured peasantry, by a life of conduct which rendered insurrection, in their own opinion, inevitable, is as wanton and flagitious a crime as can well be conceived. The conduct of the French Governor in abetting the colonists was most reprehensible.

TRINIDAD.—In this Colony, as we have stated above, the Order in Council was, after a modest opposition, submitted to, and a petition for some modification of its provisions transmitted to Government. On the 30th of December, Mr. Marryat, M. P., transmitted a petition from the colonists for an elective legislature. To this petition, the Secretary for the Colonies adverts in his despatches of the 14th and 30th of January. He admits the disadvantages laboured under by the island in consequence of the taxes being imposed by the executive; but justifies the refusal of a constitution, on the ground of so large a portion of the population being in a state of slavery. This is just. The home Government, by giving the colonists a House of Assembly, would weaken its power of interfering in behalf of the slave. As soon as all the inhabitants of Trinidad are equal before the law, they will have

an undeniable claim to a constitution. To procure it, they have only to emancipate their slaves. As they love cheap Government, let them instantly complete this act of justice.

CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

FRANCE would be, if her rulers pleased, the head of the European constitutionalists; as Russia, Austria, and Prussia, are of the legitimates. These three powers, each with a different form of government, each with a different state religion, yet all alike divine, look from their eastern locality, with hatred and distrust, on every land where popular principles of government are asserted. United among themselves, they have delayed the settlement of the question between Belgium and Holland, in hopes that the chapter of accidents might turn up something in favour of legitimacy. The level lands at the mouth of the Rhine and Scheldt, are still kept by this unworthy policy in a fever-fret of anxiety.—That rope of sand, the German confederacy, seems likely to be blown apart. The whole country is at present in a state of high excitement respecting the Liberty of the Press.—Italy is unsettled. The Pope stands between France and Austria, like Captain Macheath between his two wives,—

“How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!”

The only countries, where internal history has of late presented any very marked feature, are France and Russia.

FRANCE.—The cholera has broken out in Paris, with a violence that makes our visitation look trifling in comparison. Up to the 14th of April, there had been 8,349 reported cases in Paris alone, of which 3,226 had proved fatal. The official reports, however, give no adequate notion of the real violence of the disease. The highest classes have been attacked as well as the poor. Peers of France, Deputies, Judges, foreign Ambassadors, have alike fallen its victims. The President of the Council has been attacked, but is expected to recover. The cholera may be considered as extending through France, from Troyes in Champagne to Rouen, from Chateau-Thierry to Evreux, and from Campiègne to Orleans. It is also stated to have made its appearance near Lille. The Faculty of Medicine in France seems as ignorant of any manner of dealing with this baffling disease, as our own physicians.—The progress of the pestilence has not abated the violence of party-spirit; but it has thinned the attendance upon the Chamber of Deputies most materially. The

opposition to the Ministers languishes of course; and the legislative and administrative functions are discharged in the most slovenly manner. The budgets have not, up to the time of our latest intelligence, been thoroughly discussed; and, for the same reason, that we defer the history of our own financial measures, till the close of the Session, we adopt a similar plan with the French. A new corn law was definitively voted in the Chambers of Deputies on the 31st of March. From the 1st July, 1833, corn of all countries is to be subjected to the duties; but these duties vary in each of the four districts of France. A surplus duty is imposed on corn imported in foreign bottoms. A Bill, introduced for the purpose of reducing the enormous bounties on French Fisheries has been much mutilated during its progress through the Chamber, at the instance of the Deputies for the maritime towns. On the 13th of April, the Chamber was unable to proceed to business, a sufficient number of members not having assembled. On the 15th it was adjourned *sine die*. A serious disturbance occurred during the Carnival at Grenoble. Some maskers paraded the streets in characters intended to ridicule the Ministry. The magistrates, with undue precipitation, called in the military, on the refusal of the revellers to disperse, and several lives were lost. The indignation of the inhabitants was raised to such a pitch, that the soldiers were withdrawn from the town. On the 23d of March, an order of the day from Marshal Soult appeared in the *Moniteur*, thanking the soldiers. This was a most wanton and gratuitous insult. The disturbance was caused by the introduction of the military, and ceased the moment they withdrew. An attempt has been made to link this affair with some alleged plot between the Carlists and Republicans, but without success. Louis Philippe sits on a tottering throne, but he has only to thank himself and his advisers for this. The people will not be satisfied until the basis of the representation be extended, nor ought they. A chamber, as at present constituted, is in no hurry to effect the necessary reforms. It is in vain for a monarch, who is neither a great soldier, nor possessed of a hereditary title to the throne, to dream of treading in the footsteps of Napoleon or Charles. He must throw himself into the arms of the nation; there he will be safe, and there alone. No doubt, the Carlist faction is at work, but the nation thus reconciled and united, their infamous machinations would soon cease to be of any avail. The reckless character of their incendiary

practices must be revolting, even to their own friends.

RUSSIA.—The doom of Poland has been, for the present, consummated. This unfortunate country has been deprived of her constitution, and incorporated with Russia. Of the ukase, by which this rank violation of all international law is decreed, the following are the most important provisions: Art. 1. The kingdom of Poland is *for ever* re-united to the Russian empire. (Prophetic and blasphemous.) Art. 20. Our army in the empire, and in the kingdom, shall compose one in common, without distinction of Russian or Polish troops. (Vain attempt; the Polish spirit may animate the Russian, but cannot be extinguished by the pressure of his dullness.) Art. 21. This is seeking to check a contagious disorder, by surrounding the patient with a dense crowd of healthy subjects.) Art. 25. The governor of Poland has the power of suspending every determination of the administrative council, that he fears may be displeasing at head quarters. Art. 26. The nomination of all functionaries is vested in the Emperor. (These two provisions speak for themselves.) The autocrat has got the Poles muzzled and tied up, and thinks he may now go to bed. There let him slumber, till a storm comes rattling over the Caspian, to awake him.

CONTINENTS OF AMERICA.

THERE is little of importance in the last arrivals from the United States or Mexico. The South American republics shift and change with much rapidity, that it is dangerous to predicate any thing concerning them.

BRAZIL.—Among the many instances wherein the commercial interests of Great Britain have been either sacrificed or neglected, owing to these interests having no just, fair, and legitimate influence in the representation of the country, there is, perhaps, none more striking than that of the present state of the heavy commercial claims which our merchants have upon Brazil, and which, although repeatedly and powerfully urged on the attention of the Canning and Wellington administrations, remain yet unredressed and uncompensated. As a short narrative of the facts of this transaction, by which nearly half a million of British property has been withheld from its rightful owners for upwards of five years, may interest certain of our readers, and may shew them the absolute necessity there is for such a reform in Parliament being obtained as will afford to the commerce of this country a greater attention to its growing interests, we subjoin the following simple statement.

—In consequence of the war which broke out in the year 1826 between the United Provinces of Buenos Ayres and Brazil, the port of Buenos Ayres was declared by the latter power to be under a strict blockade; notification of which was published in the London Gazette on the 26th February of that year. For some considerable time, however, after this blockade was declared, it was maintained in the most inefficient manner; so much so, that vessels of all nations arrived and sailed from the port of Buenos Ayres without any obstruction; and, indeed, the Admiral (Lobo) in command of the Brazilian blockading squadron was compelled, more than once, to seek refuge in Monte Video, then in possession of the Emperor of Brazil.—At the period this blockade was declared, a very extensive trade was carrying on between Great Britain and the River Plate; and as it was known that the instructions to the Brazilian Admiral were to warn off all vessels before making any capture, this, coupled with the very inefficient manner in which the blockade itself was enforced, induced the vessels then loading in British ports for Buenos Ayres to proceed on their respective voyages, the masters being instructed, if the blockade was in force on their arrival in the River Plate, (for it had been repeatedly raised by the gallantry of the small squadron belonging to Buenos Ayres, and commanded by Admiral Browne,) to proceed to Monte Video, and either wait there until the blockades should be raised, or discharge their cargoes as their consignees might consider most advisable.—By the time, however, that these vessels arrived, a more adequate force had been employed by the Brazilian Government to maintain the blockade, and they were all, as they respectively approached, captured by the blockading squadron, (in defiance of the Emperor's express instructions that every vessel should first be warned off,) and sent either to Monte Video or Rio de Janeiro, where they were all condemned by the Courts of Admiralty; not for any attempt, or even alleged attempt, to break the blockade, but on the above ground, that they had sailed from Great Britain in the knowledge of it. These sentences were afterwards, in the great majority of instances, declared illegal, and reversed by the Brazilian Court of Appeal; but, in the meantime, some of the vessels and their cargoes had been sold under the first sentence, and those that were afterwards restored were all, more or less, plundered and destroyed.—These arbitrary proceedings, as may be conceived, caused no small distress and

ruin to the merchants interested in the trade to the River Plate, who called loudly on the British Government to procure them the restoration of their property, or ample compensation; and, at last, in the month of May, 1829, a memorandum or treaty was concluded between Lord Pousonby, his Majesty's ambassador at Rio de Janeiro, and the Brazilian Government, by which ample compensation was stipulated for the property so unjustly captured and destroyed, and a commission named to examine into and settle each claim according to the terms of the treaty.—It soon became evident, however, that the Brazilian Government had no real intention to settle the British claims, and recent instructions were given to the Commissioners to protract, by every means in their power, the settlement of any one claim; and so successful have been the means employed, that, in point of fact, up to this moment not one claim has been settled, nor one farthing has been received by any British subject for the property of which he was so illegally deprived so far back as the years 1826 and 1827.—Very different was the course pursued by the Governments of France and America, whose subjects were placed in precisely similar circumstances as the British. They immediately sent powerful squadrons to Rio de Janeiro, with instructions to demand compensation for the captured property, or to make reprisals; the consequence was, that treaties were made in August, 1828, fixing the rate of compensation and mode of payment; and, in fact, the subjects of France and America have long since received full compensation for their property, while the losses of British subjects remain at this moment uncompensated and undressed.—On the accession of the present Ministry to power, numerous and energetic remonstrances were addressed to them both by the claimants in this country and their agents at Rio de Janeiro, stating the long-continued and successful system of delay that had been adopted by the Brazilian Government through their Commissioners; and that they had no hope whatever of ever receiving any compensation for their property, unless such measures were resorted to as had been procured, for the subjects of France and America, such prompt redress for the losses they had sustained. The subject has also been repeatedly brought under the notice of Parliament, by the member for Glasgow and others; and, accordingly, it is understood that the British Government transmitted, by the *Magicienne* frigate, which arrived at Rio on the 26th December last, in struc-

tions to Mr. Aston, H. M. Charge d'Affaires there, to make reprisals with the naval force on the station, which is amply sufficient for the purpose, unless the settlement of the British claims was immediately proceeded with in terms of the treaty so long ago concluded by Lord Ponsonby.—In this state the question now rests; and the chief difficulty that presents itself is the mode of payment, as the Brazilian Government, seeing from the peremptory demands of the British Government, that the settlement could not be much longer delayed, applied to the legislative assemblies during their last sitting for means to be placed at their disposal to discharge them, and which was, after many stormy debates, granted,

by empowering the Government to borrow a certain amount at the same rate for which the last loan was contracted—viz. 62½, while the stock is now only worth 45, and likely to go still lower should such an additional sum as between 400,000*l.* and 500,000*l.*, the estimated amount of the British claims, be also thrown into the market.—It may be worthy of remark, that in several cases where these captures were brought under the review of our courts of law, in actions against the underwriters, and where the sentence of condemnation was pleaded in defence, it was held out to be tenable, as the principle on which those acts of condemnation was founded was wholly illegal.

STATE OF COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

APRIL, 1832.

THE two causes which we mentioned in our last report, as mainly operating to restrict commercial activity, namely, the Cholera, and the uncertainty that prevailed as to the fate of the Reform Bill, still continue to produce a very unfavourable effect. Not only is the foreign trade of the country considerably injured by the cholera, which has led to the establishment of quarantine against British ships in other countries, but the home trade is also depressed by the same cause, added to the political disquietude which prevails.—That the uneasiness and want of confidence which prevail in the commercial world are, in a great degree, to be ascribed to the cause here assigned, is rendered highly probable, not to say certain, by the fact, that there is no other adequate cause (except the cholera) for the distrust that unquestionably exists. There is no want of money in the market, but only a want of employment for it. The revenue is in a satisfactory state, and the funds are steady. The character of the circulation is perfectly healthy; and the exchanges with foreign countries are high. The home market is not glutted

with manufactured goods, but notoriously and very much the reverse. Yet gloom and anxiety prevail; speculation is at an end; the retail dealer buys the smallest possible quantity of goods that will suffice for his trade; and the manufacturer keeps his stock as low as he conveniently can. The import trade is necessarily affected by this state of things, and most articles of foreign produce are depressed. The universal opinion of persons in trade is, that the passing of the Reform Bill would restore confidence and activity; and the very existence of this universal opinion proves, that the suspense as to that measure is a principal cause of the present stagnation.—There is no ground for despondency as to the commercial condition of the country. A parliamentary paper, just published, shews the amount of the foreign trade of Great Britain and Ireland for the years 1830 and 1831; and if we add from official documents the foreign trade for the years 1828 and 1829, the result will be very satisfactory as to Great Britain, though less so as to Ireland.

TRADE OF GREAT BRITAIN WITH FOREIGN PARTS.

Years end. at Jan. 5th.	Exports of British and Irish Produce and Manufactures from Great Britain.		Exports of Foreign and Colonial Produce from Great Britain.	Imports into Great Britain.
	Official Value. £	Declared Value. £		
1829	52,020,150	36,152,798	9,028,654	43,536,187
1830	55,465,723	35,212,873	10,606,440	42,311,649
1831	60,492,637	37,691,302	8,555,786	44,815,397
1832	60,090,123	36,652,694	10,729,943	48,161,661

TRADE OF IRELAND WITH FOREIGN PARTS.

Years ended Jan. 5th.	Exports of British and Irish Produce and Manufactures from Ireland.		Exports of Foreign and Colonial Produce from Ireland.	Imports into Ireland.
	Official Value. £	Declared Value. £	Official Value. £	Official Value. £
1829	768,304	661,377	17,890	1,632,278
1830	747,318	617,596	15,962	1,669,668
1831	648,228	560,200	14,651	1,429,844
1832	593,810	510,953	15,129	1,552,228

The above table will suffice to show that the foreign trade of this country is steady and improving; and though it may afflict Mr. Alderman Waithman to see the growing disproportion between the official and declared value of the exports, yet, if he will look at the constantly increasing amount of imports which they purchase for us in return, and at the increasing tonnage of our shipping, as displayed in the table we published last month, he may take comfort, and dismiss his crotchets.

The revenue for the quarter ending the 5th of April 1832 is very satisfactory, and might seem to disprove the assertions we have made respecting the dulness of trade. Unhappily, however, those statements are universally felt to be true; but the state of the revenue encourages the hope that trade would become brisk and prosperous if the Reform Bill were passed, and if the cholera should not extend to the manufacturing districts.

Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain, in the Years and Quarters ended on the 5th of April, 1831, and the 5th of April, 1832, shewing the increase or decrease on each head thereof.

	Years ended April 5.		Increase.	Decrease.
	1831.	1832.		
	£	£	£	£
Customs	16,538,425	15,084,207	1,454,218
Excise	16,069,612	14,602,488	1,467,124
Stamps	6,565,575	6,567,695	2,120
Post Office	1,350,011	1,400,006	49,995
Taxes	4,964,025	4,988,412	24,387
Miscellaneous	628,355	413,722	214,633
Total	46,116,003	43,056,530	76,502	3,135,975
		Deduct Increase.....	76,502
		Decrease on the Year...	3,059,473
	Quarters ended April 5.		Increase.	Decrease.
	1831.	1832.		
	£	£	£	£
Customs	3,713,386	3,460,878	252,508
Excise	2,362,607	2,634,220	271,615
Stamps	1,587,043	1,653,820	66,785
Post Office	339,000	348,000	9,000
Taxes	325,523	449,593	124,070
Miscellaneous	92,769	97,169	4,400
Total	8,420,328	8,643,688	475,868	252,508
		Deduct Decrease.....	252,508
		Increase on the Quarter	223,360	

The deficiency on the year, ended 5th April, 1832, compared with the previous year, is almost entirely accounted for by the repeal of the taxes on beer, coals, printed goods, candles, hides, and cider; and the increase of 223,360*l.* in the quarter just ended, shews the country to have been, on the whole, in a prosperous state. The decrease in the customs duties for the quarter is, no doubt, to be ascribed mainly to the obstruction of foreign trade by the cholera, especially at the port of London. The loss of the coal duties, which, if continued, would have produced 80,000*l.* to the quarter; a difference of 18,212*l.* in the corn duties, as compared with the corresponding quarter of last year; and an excess of 70,000*l.* in the payments of sugar drawbacks this quarter, would shew the real decline in the customs to be not 252,219*l.*, but only 84,007*l.*

The FOREIGN TRADE of the country is, as we have said, very injuriously affected by the cholera. In some of the countries of Europe, as in *Spain* and *Portugal*, the quarantine is so long, and is attended with such vexatious circumstances, that it has put an almost total stop to exportation. Not only is there a heavy expense incurred by the detention of the vessels, with the trouble and risk of discharging the cargoes at the quarantine stations; but the manufacturers feel that their goods may probably be delayed till the season proper for them is past; in which case they would have to lie over for twelve months, with almost a certainty that a change of fashion in patterns and colours would by that time render them unsaleable. In *France*, owing to the breaking out of the cholera in Paris, with a degree of fury altogether unparalleled in any other part of Europe, quarantine has been abolished as useless; and if other governments would be convinced by the proof now afforded (in addition to the experience of all the other countries where it has appeared,) that quarantine can no more exclude this epidemic, than it can fetter the circulation of the atmosphere itself, there would be a general abandonment of these injurious restrictions. The quarantine in *Holland* is still absurdly long; but at *Hamburg*, and in the ports of the *Baltic*, it is merely nominal. In the *Italian States* the term varies, but it is not immoderate.

The unsettled state of the question of *Belgian Independence*, owing to the refusal of the King of the Netherlands to agree to the treaty, and the warlike preparations making, both in *Holland* and *Belgium*, seriously affects the trade to the largest European markets for British

manufactures. The agreement of *England* and *France*, and it is understood also of *Austria* and *Prussia*, to the treaty of *Belgian Independence*; together with the amicable assurances of *Russia*, seems to leave but little doubt that peace will be maintained; but even that little doubt is sufficient to repress commercial activity, and the markets of *Germany*, *Belgium*, and *Holland*, are, in consequence, receiving much less than the usual supply of British goods. The exportation to *Russia* will be affected in some degree, by the recent augmentation of custom duties in that country. The trade to *Italy*, the *Greek Islands*, and the *Levant*, is, on the whole, steady and good.

The market of the *United States*, as mentioned in our last, has been overstocked with British goods, and the reaction is now felt very unpleasantly: accounts are received of failures and distress in that country, of the scarcity of money, and a great fall in the price of goods. It is difficult to obtain returns from the *States*; which is not to be wondered at, as our ports are now closed against foreign grain and flour by the high duties. 282,500 barrels of American flour are in bond at *Liverpool*, and there is no prospect of its being liberated for many months. The system of our Corn Laws makes the trade a complete lottery, and it cannot but disgust the Americans, and indispose them to modify their tariff, besides necessarily and directly operating to limit the commerce between the two countries.

The trade to *British America* has lately been prosperous and increasing. The population of these colonies is rapidly augmenting, no less than 50,000 emigrants having gone out last year; and as the emigrants soon obtain a comfortable subsistence, the demand for British manufactures must be gradually extended.

Mexico, *Brazil*, and *Buenos Ayres*, &c. overstocked with British manufactures; and this cause, combined with the unsettled state of the governments and the insecurity of property, renders it inexpedient to send goods to these markets.

The view above given of the generally unfavourable state of the foreign markets necessarily limits our exports, and oppresses the great branches of manufacturing industry.

LONDON, though free from anything like panic or alarm on the ground of the cholera, which has almost exclusively confined itself to the Borough and the south side of the river, still feels the injurious effects of the disease on foreign commerce. The export trade is extremely languid and unsatisfactory; and

a heavy failure at Hamburg, affecting many houses connected with that city, and with the ports of the Baltic, either directly or indirectly, has added distrust to depression. In the import trade, especially in *Baltic produce*, there is no life or speculation, the consumers buying in the most sparing manner. The *wood trade* has never recovered from the depression which succeeded, in Autumn last, to the brisk demand of the previous Spring and Summer; and both European and American timber is now selling below the cost of importation. In *hax, hemp, tallow*, and other articles of Russian produce, there is also a total absence of animation, although the stocks are unusually small, except of hemp, upon which it was hoped that government would have reduced the heavy duty of 4*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* per ton; but it is now understood that the petition of the merchants for this boon to the shipping interest has been rejected.

In the *Corn* market there has lately been some indication of improvement; but the state of this trade will depend on the prospects of the ensuing crop, and on the extent of the supplies from Ireland; from which country the supply of wheat, last year, much exceeded that of previous years. The market for *Colonial Produce*, after having been greatly improved, on the arrival of the disastrous news from Jamaica, has become much less brisk, and the prices of *sugar* have slightly receded. A considerable demand for the Continent occurred towards the end of March, which raised the price of *coffee*; but as the rise of this market has not been met by a corresponding advance of prices in the Netherlands and Germany, there is less animation in the trade. At the beginning of this month the stock of British plantation sugar in London and Liverpool was only 11,000 casks, whilst, at the same time last year, the quantity on hand was 17,700 casks; and at the end of March 1830, it was 22,000 casks. The comparative quietness of the demand can, therefore, only be accounted for by the general circumstances of the country. No announcement has yet been made of the nature of the relief to be granted to the West India interest by government; but nothing can effectually relieve that interest, except the abolition of all restrictions on the lumber and provision trades; and the relief of the West Indians ought no longer to be admitted as a reason for restricting, by unfavourable duties on East India sugar, the agricultural and commercial improvements of Hindostan.

But to come to our great branches of domestic industry:—The COTTON MA-

NUFACTURE is in a state of much less activity than at our last report. Owing to causes explained above, the demand for Europe and America has been curtailed; and the London buyers, through whom the consumption of the south of England is principally supplied, are doing as little business as possible. The trade of *Manchester* is, therefore, dull; and *Glasgow* has suffered more severely, as its manufactures could not until lately be sent to Liverpool without undergoing quarantine, (that being the port where quarantine on coasting vessels was longest enforced,) and as the circuitous route of Leith and Hull is more expensive. All business between Lancashire and Glasgow, which can be put off, is in consequence suspended; and thus the total amount of transactions is greatly diminished. Too little is doing to enable the manufacturers to make satisfactory profits. The spinners, as a body, are working at a loss. Power-loom manufacturers are doing worse than they were last month, their goods having declined in price. The same is the case with the hand-loom manufacturers, who have reduced wages in order to meet the depreciation in their goods. In velveteens, which had been paying well, the decline is considerable—about three half pence per lb. The printers, who were fully employed in January, February, and March, are now complaining of want of orders.

At *Liverpool* the *cotton* market continues to be in a good state. An advance of price took place on all qualities during the month of March; and, at the close of the month, the stocks of cotton in the different ports of the kingdom, were less than in former years, being 201,950 bales in 1832,—260,490 bales in 1831,—and 250,870 bales in 1830. Early in the present month, large arrivals took place, and a slight depression of price was the consequence; but it is still supposed that the crop arriving this year will fall short of the preceding one. The foreign trade of Liverpool flourishes at the expense of London, owing to the happy exemption of the former place from cholera. The arrivals and sailings of vessels have of late been unusually numerous, and the merchants are in good spirits. From this port 80 vessels, of 22,575 tons, sailed, for British America, between the 1st of March and the 7th of April; and at the latter date, 25 ships, of 4,836 tons, were loading for the same destination. The quantity of goods exported to British America this year has been much greater than in any previous year. A new article of commerce, namely, *East India flour*, is coming extensive-

ly into use, for the making of size and starch; it is chiefly exported by the Calcutta Flour-Mills Company, and is found to answer better than American flour, which has hitherto been considered the best for this purpose. The manufacture of soda from common salt, for the purposes of bleaching and making soap, is now carried on to a considerable extent in Liverpool; and this article is likely to compete with, if not to supersede, pot and pearl ashes, for the above-mentioned purposes, as it can be sold for about 20*l.* a ton, whilst ashes of equal strength cost 28*l.* or 29*l.* a ton. This new manufacture will be beneficial to England, though injurious to the Canadas, whence we now obtain so large a quantity of ashes.

THE WOOLLEN MANUFACTURE is in a still more depressed state than at the date of our last report, owing chiefly to the failure of the foreign markets. The manufacturers of the *West of England* are better employed than those of *Yorkshire*. At this season, trade ought to be lively; both the London and country buyers usually purchase largely, in this month, to answer the spring demand; but the buyers from London are few; and, though the country dealers have, of late, increased their purchases, it is chiefly for the lower and middling qualities, made by the domestic manufacturer, whilst there is a very slack demand for superfine cloths; and the mills of *Leeds*, *Huddersfield*, and *Halifax*, are but partially employed. Many weavers are out of employment. The domestic manu-

facturers are well employed. The blanket and flannel trade, and also that of balzes and bookings, are greatly depressed.

THE WOOL TRADE necessarily sympathizes with the manufacture. *English Wools* have declined a little in price during the month; the farmers still demand the same prices, but the staplers are compelled to accept the reduction offered by the manufacturers. The prospect of the supply of wools at the clip is very good; owing to the mildness of the winter few sheep have died or been diseased. *Foreign Wool* is a little lower, which may be, in part, ascribed to the season of the year, when the new clip is about to come in.

THE WORSTED STUFF MANUFACTURE is flat, but not worse than last month; the stocks in the hands of the manufacturer and the retail dealer are low. The Bradford market has been dull during this month; and there has been a small reduction of price in the kinds not wanted, but those in demand retain their price.

IN THE IRON TRADE there is no alteration; much is doing, to little profit. The reduction of wages in the iron works has made the workmen much dissatisfied. The LEAD and COPPER trades are equally dull; the importation of copper from South America has depressed the English copper trade.

THE HOSIERY and LACE MANUFACTURES of *Nottingham* and *Leicester* are in a state of great depression.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Francis the First, an Historical Drama.

By MISS FRANCES ANN KEMBLE.
Murray: London.

CURIOSITY has been considerably roused by the appearance of this work, so often announced, so long deferred. The public, or that small portion of it that cares about such matters, was rather pleased with this dextrous preliminary game at bo-peep, and happy to witness, on any terms, the modern miracle of a good tragedy. Nor was it ever doubted or questioned that the revival of the tragic drama, in which so many had failed, was left to a young lady scarcely out of her teens. Genius, which, like the wind of Heaven, bloweth where it listeth, might as readily find Miss Kemble in the Green-room as

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Shakspeare holding a link before the theatre. The play was acted; the London press was in a rapture, and the dramatic efforts of Coleridge, Byron, Mitford, and Maturin, were, by some of the newspaper critics, thrown to the dogs. As for Milman or Knowles, they were really not worthy of being named in the same day with *Francis the First*. It is not Miss Kemble's fault that her performance on the stage, some years ago, was announced by a prodigious flourish of penny trumpets; and now, again, in a higher walk, by a bray, and twang of Jews' harps. It is not her fault that foolish admirers, and injudicious friends, have challenged comparison between her and those with whom her own modesty

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and good sense never could have permitted comparison; or that she has been buffed, be-praised, and be-paragraphed, till the public, like the great goose it often shews itself, begins to take her drama on the exact terms it did the young Roscius when, much in the same style, and by the self-same means and machinery, he was thrust before her noble uncle John, to the amusement of the ill-natured, and the disgust of the enlightened and judicious. None of these things are Miss Kemble's fault; and it is her merit that, having been born and bred among a hereditary race of players, and of cultivated people connected with the stage, she early put herself apprentice to acting and dramatic composition; and from her advantages, natural cleverness, and tact, has succeeded wonderfully in both walks; and with the same diligence may succeed much farther, and yet leave the stock tragic pieces of the British Theatre much as she found them. The language of the play is, throughout, correct, smooth, and elaborately polished; and rather of a poetical cast than poetical. The plot, or double plot, is not very coherent, but the chief defect is in the characters; and yet we should have minded little what they had done, provided it was well and boldly done. The Queen Mother is, we presume, the leading female personage. She is of a caste on which none of the great dramatists have ever ventured: one of those unnatural monsters—a Potiphar's wife—of the existence of which, save in their fierce Egyptian prototype, we could doubt altogether, were it not for the strange pleasure female writers take in delineating a character the most unfit for dramatic, or for any other good purposes.† The character of the Queen Mother is, throughout, wholly and only disgusting; there is no grandeur in her guilt nor terror in her power. Since she was there, however, new and deep tragic interest might have been created by the conflict of passions between the mother and daughter, whose affections are unconsciously placed on the same person. Of a similar circumstance, in humble life, Coleridge has made powerful tragic use. The early scenes between De Bourbon and the Queen are too abrupt, and the passion of the lady developed with a haste which fully just-

fies the Constable's scorn. That which follows between him and the Princess Margaret is a deeper blot, as the character of the Princess is finely imaginal, which makes us the more sorry to lose her, without either rhyme or reason, the instant she has inspired us with interest, and indignant to see her so vilely treated. De Bourbon, beloved by the Queen, is the plighted lover of her daughter, yet "a beggar in his drink," would not so brutally have violated the holiest sanctities of nature as does the chivalrous De Bourbon in hurling the burning shame of the "Royal harlot" upon her innocent daughter,—that daughter, his own chaste and tender mistress. Of the Princess we never hear again, and no wonder: we expected to have the mother's part of her "speaking daggers," or the mistress's lamenting the treason of her lost lover, or the angels soothing and protecting Françoise, a gentle maiden, yet "silly, sooth," who falls the scarcely resisting victim of the unbridled and unpunished licence of Francis. This is not what was wont to be called poetical justice; but slight atonement goes far in Princes. Are the ruin, misery, infamy, and death, which the crimes of the King spread around him, presumed to be all expiated by the sentimental harangue over the dead body of the lady with which he insults the presence of her betrothed husband? In conclusion, we have pleasure in saying, that though very far from a perfect drama,—Francis the first is, all things considered, a wonderful production:—it contains some fine scenes, and many pleasing ones; which, though they may render the play slow-paced and languid, read well in detached portions. We had marked out a few of the best portions as specimens of the language and sentiment, but must be brief. The following is the address of Margaret to De Bourbon in prison, whither she has come to urge him to escape. He reckons little of his life, saying, there is none to inherit his name. She replies:—

Hold there, my Lord!
 Posterity, to whom great men and their
 Fair names belong, is your inheritor.
 Your country from whose Kings your house
 had birth,
 Claims of you, Sir, your high and spotless name!
 I crave it of you;—for when there be none
 Bearing the blood of mighty men, to bear
 Their virtues also,—I have emblazoned them
 Upon her flag, which o'er the world she waves,
 Persuading others to like glorious deeds.
 Oh! will you die upon a public scaffold?
 Beneath the hands o' th' executioner!
 Shall the vile rabble bait you to your death!
 Shall they applaud and make your fate a tale
 For taverns, and the busy city streets?
 And in the wide hereafter,—for the which
 All warriors hope to live,—shall your proud name
 Be bandied to and fro by foul tradition,
 Branded and cursed as rebels' name should be?

† Ladies have some odd tastes. It appears impossible to some of the best of our female writers to weave a story together without some naughty episode, at the very least. Miss Porter, for example, can't imagine no perfect hero, nor one worthy of her stamp, till his virtue is exposed, and comes forth to sublimate from the fiery ordeal of the temptations of one or more of the above monsters,—the Potiphar's wives.

The following description spoken by Francis at midnight looking out from the door of his tent on the eve of the fatal battle of Pavia, is pleasing, if not very original.

How many are there, sleeping on you field,
Who shall to-morrow lay them down for ever!
How many heads, whose dreams are all of conquest,
Lie pillowed on their graves! Where shall they be

After the dawn, awakened by our trumpets,
Has drawn away night's curtain?

Now through the silent air
And the dark night, might Faucy dream she saw
Death stalking in the midst of yonder field,
Marking the prey that shall be his to-morrow
Why, how is this? My blood chills in my veins!
A shadow passes over me! shall I?—
Oh, conscience! lie thou still. It is thy hand
That strikes so cold upon my sense,

I'll wake D'Albret,
For now already through the twilight breaks
The dappled hue of morn, chasing away
Night's shadows, and these gloomy phantasies.
There is a freshness in the early air
That quickens every faculty, and makes
A keen enjoyment of existence only.

What, ho! awake D'Albret! the day hath
dawned,
And the young morning, clad in saffron robes
Of glorious light, opens heaven's eastern gate,
And bids the sun good-morrow.—Hark! the
trumpet,

Clear as the lark's shrill matin note, doth sound
Through the blue vault—the hum of multitudes
Rises in the still air,—the clash of steel,
The tramp of trained feet doth beat the ground
In even measure. Steeds neigh long and loud—
And voices of command, whoop and halloo,
Ring through the tented lines;

The following sisterly lines are pretty :

Oh, Lautree! blame me not; we twain have been,
E'en from our birth, together and alone,
Two healthful scions of a goodly stock,
Whose other shoots have withered all—we've
grown
Still side by side; I like some fragile aspen—
And thou a sturdy oak, 'neath whose broad
shelter
I reared my head: then frown not that the wind
Doth weigh the trembling aspen to the earth,
While the stout oak scarce owns the powerless
breeze.

Illustrations of Political Economy—
No. 2, the Hill and the Valley.—No.
3, Brooke, and Brooke Farm. FOX:
Paternoster Row.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS IS ABROAD!
This we propound as a discovery, secondary only in importance to that made by the Lord Chancellor; and when he next repeats his declaration, let every one couple ours with it. In complete unconsciousness of their scope and object, we opened these small volumes—the *Hill and the Valley* first. Their character and tendency were so novel and singular, that we fancied we began “to gyp a great peard under the muffler.” Scotch shrewdness was for once at fault; and on reading further, we became convinced that the *Hill and Valley*, and *Brooke Farm*, are as authentic as they are extraordi-

nary female productions, *manly* in principles and reasoning, but softened and adorned with many feminine graces and felicities. In one word, these tales are Smith and Ricardo's theories put pleasantly in action, and made level to every capacity. May we not then truly affirm that the Schoolmistress is abroad; and that here we have her teaching the alphabet and primer, of a difficult and complex science, by an ingenious motherly contrivance of her own, which surmounts its difficulties, relieves its imagined dullness, and makes study a pastime. *Life in the Wilds*, which we notice forms the first number of this cheap and instructive series, we have not yet seen, but presume it refers to society in the rudest state of social accommodation. *Brooke, and Brooke Farm* familiarly applies the principles of political economy to agricultural affairs—that is, to the manufacture of corn, cattle, and dairy produce; and affords, apart from this design of instruction, a delightful picture of a small English rural community in a rapid state of progressive improvement. *The Hill and the Valley* relates the formation, profitable working, and destruction of extensive iron mines in South Wales; and illustrates the principles of capital and production, the rights of labour, and the value of machinery; also in connexion with a pleasing story, of which the personages are the capitalists and workmen. Though not quite prepared to subscribe to every application of the principles Miss Martineau expounds in these volumes, we heartily and unreservedly bear testimony to the ability with which she has executed the task she has so ingeniously, and with so much boldness and originality, devised for herself; and feel sincere pleasure in directing the attention of others to what has so agreeably surprised, and profitably occupied our own. That the story-lover may not fancy himself entrapped, and defrauded of his rights, we shall first give an extract in the old beaten way, before proceeding to the new track so unexpectedly opened up.

There is not a village in England that I love so well as Brooke; but I was born and have always lived there, and this is probably the reason why I see beauty in it; for strangers do not appear struck with it.

There is one long straggling street, where the blacksmith, the publican, the grocer, and the haberdasher live; these houses being separated, some by gardens, others by cowsheds or pigsties. My father's house stands a little way out of the village, just a quarter of a mile from the “Withers' Arms,” the only public-house in the place. Our dwelling stands so far back from the road, and is just so much planted with trees and shrubs, as to be free from noise and dust; while it is not so retired as to appear ashamed of

keeping company with the houses in the neighbourhood. The children playing in the road may see the ladies at work in the bow-window, by peeping through the bars of the white gate; and if any little boy should venture in to pick up his ball or recover his kite, he may chance to meet the master looking after his fruit-trees, or to catch a glimpse of the mistress cutting her roses.

At the west end of the village street stands the church, upon a rising ground planted with evergreens, while the modest parsonage retires behind it, with its little court in front, and its blooming pear-tree trained against the walls. Beyond, are a fine range of fields and some flourishing young plantations; but in my early days they were not to be seen. There was, instead, a wide common, skirted in some parts with very poor cottages. No trees, no gardens were seen around them. I remember how bleak and bare the situation of those dwellings used to appear. A pool of muddy water was before the doors of some, and a dunghill was heaped up against the wall of others. Each had a cow-shed, such as it was, with its ragged thatch, and its sides full of holes, through which the wind whistled. Each cottager possessed a cow which grazed on the common, and which, though lean from being only half-fed, was the best wealth of its master. As each villager had a right of common, every housekeeper possessed a cow; and often in my evening walk I met eight or nine of these miserable cattle coming home to be milked. Little John Todd, the blacksmith's son, used to drive in several in company with his father's. He took charge of Miss Black's, the milliner, of Wickstead's, the publican, and of Harper's, the grocer. With all these cows, there was no great abundance of milk, butter, and cheese, in the place; for no more milk was yielded than was wanted for each family. There were tribes of children in most of the cottages; and the grocer had his shop-boy, the publican his stable-boy, and the milliner her apprentice, to feed: so that there was a demand for as much milk as the poor animals could supply. A donkey or two, and a few pigs and geese, were also to be seen on the common, grazing or drinking from the pools, or dabbling in them. There was a pretty pond of clear water near the pathway which led across the common; and it was overhung on one side by a clump of beeches which formed a pleasant shade in summer, and were a relief to the eye in winter when the ground was covered with snow. Behind this clump the common was no longer level, but swelled into healthy hillocks, bright with gorse and broom, and the variety of plants which usually flourish in company with them. The view of the church and parsonage from the highest of these hills was particularly pretty when the setting sun shone full on their windows, and on the bench in the churchyard, where the old man used to go to enjoy its last beams. I have sat on that hill for many an hour, watching the children at their sports about the pond, or tending the cows; and have remained there with my father till no sound was heard but the dying hum from a distance, and nothing was to be seen of the village but the sparks from the blacksmith's forge.—My father agrees with me that Brooke is one of the prettiest villages in England.

Such is Brooke in its original state; and it is so pretty and engaging, that we have not the heart to present its portrait after the common was enclosed, the flocks and herds increased, husbandry immensely improved and extended, the cottages neat, substantial, and well furnished, the population doubled, and the people better fed, clothed, and educated; and all by the enclosure of Brooke common, the consolidation of small farms, the profitable employment of one in-

telligent gentleman's capital, and the co-operation of the labourers.

Our next extract must be of a different kind. Mr. Wallace, a partner in the iron mines, and his amiable and elegant wife, are conversing with old Armstrong, an eccentric character, who lives in solitude in a mountain cottage, with an ancient housekeeper, as much within, and to himself, as is possible for a man who lives on the verge of civilized life, and retains a strong taste for newspapers. He keeps his money under his bed, from distrust of mankind, and of commercial security; and we are rather surprised that the author does not show him murdered some night, and his cash-chest rifled; but she might not have the fortitude to execute such extreme justice, and as probably, thought him sufficiently punished in having so much unproductive capital beside him, and, by the state of defence he and his housekeeper were obliged to maintain in their mountain garrison. It is to this old gentleman Mrs. Wallace puts the following inquiry:—

“I should like to know,” said Mrs. Wallace, “what it is that shocks you so much in our doings below.”

She could not have made a more welcome inquiry. Armstrong was eloquent upon the malignancy of smoke, and rows of houses, and ridges of chimneys, and all the appearances which attend an iron-work, and appealed to his guest as a lady of taste, whether such a laying waste of the works of nature was not melancholy. Mrs. Wallace could not agree that it was. It was true that a grove was a finer object at this distance than a cinder-ridge, and that a mountain-stream was more picturesque than a column of smoke; but there was beauty of a different kind which belonged to such establishments, and to which she was sure Mr. Armstrong would not be blind if he would only come down and survey the works. There was in the first place the beauty of the machinery. She thought it could not but gratify the taste to see how men bring the powers of nature under their own control by their own contrivances; how the wind and the fire are made to act in the furnace so that the metal runs out in a pure stream below; how, by the application of steam, such a substance as iron is passed between rollers, and compressed and shaped by them as easily as if it were potter's clay, and then cut into lengths like twigs.

Armstrong shook his head, and said this was all too artificial for him; and that granting (as he did not deny), that nature worked as much as man in these processes, she worked in another way which was not so beneficial,—in men's hearts, making them avaricious, deceitful, and envious.

“I was going to say,” replied Mrs. Wallace, “that there is another sort of beauty in such establishments, which I prefer to that I was speaking of. I know nothing more beautiful than to see a number of people fully employed, and earning comforts for themselves and each other. If people obtain their money as they want it, they are less likely to be avaricious than if it came to them without exertion on their part; because the energy which they give to the pursuit in the one case, is likely to fix itself upon its rewards in the other. I do not know of any particular temptation to deceit or envy where all have their appointed labour and a sufficient reward without interfering with one another.”

"I have seen enough of the tricks of trade," said the old man."

"You have been unfortunate as I have understood, said Mr. Wallace; but it does not follow that there is slavery wherever there is social industry, any more than that every one has such a pretty place as this to retire to in case of disgust with the world. But, as I was going to add to my wife's description, there appears to me not less beauty in the mechanism of society than in the inventions of art."

"That is, you being a master, like to survey the ranks of slaves under you."

"Not so," said Mr. Wallace mildly, for he was not inclined to resent the petulance of the old man. "There is no slavery, no enforced labour, no oppression, that I am aware of, in our establishment. Masters and men agree upon measures of mutual service, and the exertions of each party are alike necessary to the success of their undertaking."

"If all men had followed your mode of life to this day, there would have been no iron-work, nor any other sort of manufacture in existence; and life would have been barbarous in comparison with what it is; and there would have been few in comparison born to enjoy it. You would yourself have been a sufferer. You would have had no spade and no scythe, no bucket for your well, no chain for your bucket, no newspaper in the morning, and no Farmer's Journal in the afternoon. Since you owe all these things, and a thousand others, to the co-operation of capitalists and labourers, my dear sir, it seems rather ungracious to despise such a union."

"Well, sir, you shall have it your own way. How many classes of producers do you reckon?"

"Speaking of manufacturing produce, I reckon two—the two I have mentioned; and I never listen to any question of their comparative value, since they are both necessary to production."

"I should have thought labour more valuable than capital," said Mr. Wallace, "because it must have been in operation first. The first material must have been obtained, the first machine must have been made, by labour."

"True. Capital owes its origin to labour; but labour is in its turn assisted and improved by capital to such a degree, that its productiveness is incalculably increased. Our labourers could no more send ship-loads of bar-iron abroad without the help of the furnace and forge, and machinery, supplied by their masters, than their masters without the help of their labour."

"Then the more valuable this capital is, the more abundant the material wrought, the more perfect the machinery, the better for the labourer. And yet all do not think so."

"Because those who object to machinery do not perceive its true nature and office. Machinery, as it does the work of many men, or that which it would take one man a long time to do, may be viewed as hoarded labour. This, being set to work in addition to natural labour, yields a greatly increased produce; and the gains of the capitalist being thus increased, he employs a yet larger portion of labour with a view to get farther gains; and so a perpetual progress is made."

"Not without drawbacks, however," said Armstrong. "Do not forget the consequent failure of demand."

"That is only a temporary evil: for when the market is overstocked, prices fall; and when the price has fallen, more people can afford to buy than bought before, and so a new demand grows up. If printing and paper-making, for instance, were still unknown, we should have no newspapers; if the machinery were very imperfect, they would be so expensive as to be within reach of none but the wealthy; but, as the produce of both arts is abundant, and therefore cheap, we find newspapers in every almshouse; and if it were not for a duty which has nothing to do with their production, we should see them lying in many a cottage window. Thus, the public are equally obliged to the owners of printing presses and their workmen. These workmen are obliged to the masters whose capital sets them to work,

and the masters are obliged to their men for the labour which sets their presses going. All are gainers by the co-operation of labour and capital."

From these extracts some notion may be formed of the object and execution of these remarkable volumes. To their author, Benjamin Franklin would have raised a statue, provided he had ever been betrayed into such a piece of romantic extravagance for any public benefactor whatever.

A Historical Treatise on Trial by Jury, Wager of Law, and other co-ordinate Forensic Institutions. By T. G. REPP. Edinburgh: Thomas Clark. 1832.

THIS is obviously the work of a man extensively acquainted with Scandinavian literature, and contains much curious information as to the origin and progress of jury trial, and the other kindred modes of procedure, by which, in rude times, justice was attempted to be administered in the North. The treatise, as Mr. Repp informs us, was undertaken with the view of furnishing information as to "whether the verdict of the jury in the north was required to be unanimous, or whether the verdict of the majority was received as valid and conclusive; and how far the judge had any influence on the final verdict when the jurors disagreed?" Towards the discussion of those questions Mr. Repp has examined about forty ancient codes of Scandinavian law, and has frequently directed his attention, to other points relating to the antiquity or authenticity of these codes, and to general history, which will be interesting to the legal antiquary. The nature and history of the Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, and Icelandic juries are successively considered; and the author has shewn that in all these cases the verdict was decided by the majority of voices. The theory that the unanimity required in English juries arises from the circumstance, that a condition, originally peculiarly to the wager of law, has been, as it seems by mistake, adapted to, and identified with, the regular jury, appears to us extremely probable. But we must refer those of our readers who are curious on such matters to the work itself, which they will find worthy of their perusal. Mr. Repp investigates the antiquities of jury trial in Scandinavia with all the zeal that might be expected from an ardent admirer of its expediency. He is an Icelander besides, and we may admire, though we cannot sympathize in, the vehemence of some of his national partialities.

The Cabinet Cyclopaedia, conducted by Dr. Lardner and others. Vol. XXIX. History of Spain and Portugal, vol. I. London: Longman and Co., and John Taylor, 1832.

We have much pleasure in recommending this first volume of a general history of Spain and Portugal. If the three remaining volumes be executed with equal care and elegance, we shall have a popular and correct history of the Peninsula, which our literature has hitherto wanted. That portion of the work now before us extends from the earliest period of Spanish history, down to the destruction of the Caliphate of the West in 1031; and embraces, in a rapid and pleasing narrative, a description of the original inhabitants of the Peninsula; the contests of the Romans and the Carthaginians; the settlement of the Roman power; the polity introduced by it; the irruption of the Barbarians; the rise, transactions, and institutions of the Visigothic Monarchy; and, finally, the Mohammedan invasion and conquest of the Goths, and the history of the Caliphate. The author has shewn commendable industry in culling truth from the meagre, contradictory, and often incredible relations of contemporary chroniclers and historians. But we think he has been sufficiently harsh in his estimate of the Visigothic polity, in comparison with that of the other European nations at the same period; and it may, perhaps, be regretted that the knowledge of Dr. Southey's projected work on the Arabian and Moorish Domination, should have induced him to compress his view of that part of it contained in this volume, within, perhaps, too narrow limits. We look forward, however, to the remainder of the work with considerable eagerness, knowing that the talents and learning of the historian will there be exerted upon subjects of greater interest in many points, but, above all, as illustrating the earlier rise, and the more speedy and full development, in the middle ages, of the principles of constitutional freedom in the Christian kingdoms of Spain, than in any other of the European states. We must here protest against the author's attempt, in one or two instances, to ingraft factious sentiments or expressions upon the discussion of matters with which they have no concern. What imaginable reason was there for bestowing upon us a note in defence of church establishments, to which the writer seems to think that titles are a necessary adjunct? Uncalled-for exhibitions of political prejudice are poor recommendations of a historical work.

Poland, Homer, and other Poems. Black, Edinburgh; Longman & Co., London.

IT would be easy to string together a few smooth commonplaces to introduce this volume, but it is more just to give the whole of the limited space we can spare to the poems themselves. They are the production of that most enviable of all beings, a young poet; and are full of promise, as much from the pure and generous spirit they breathe, as from considerable poetic accomplishment. Poland, the longest piece, opens thus:—

Spirit of Freedom, shadow of the God
Whom nations worship when he walks abroad;
Shadow, yet light, to whom we turn our eyes,
When chafed by wrong or smote by miseries;
Guardian of truth, without whose aid our life
Would be a warfare of eternal strife—
Where hast thou hid thy face and veil'd thy brow?
The hearts of men are searching for thee now.
Lo! from its watch a glorious star is driven;
There is a comet wand'ring through thy heaven;
There is a plague upon the shrinking earth
That threatens thy reign with pestilence and death,
A deep and dark conspiracy of sin ———"

This is still finer:—

O Europe! Europe! falsely named the wise,
How couldst thou gaze on such a sacrifice?
Well didst thou know the base and guilty wile,
And yet thy lips were smiling all the while.
Tell me, I pray thee, was the sight so sweet,
To view thy sister gasping at thy feet?
Was it so very pleasant to thy heart
To see her blood upon thy garments start?
Is that a stain so slight ———

We would like to give a few lines from an animated apostrophe to Prince Adam Czartoryski, to whom the volume is appropriately inscribed, but pass to the following invocation, which is in a yet higher strain:—

O! that a new Tyrtæus would awake,
To speak aloud as never man yet spake;
To scatter forth his passion like a shower,
With voice of glory and with words of power;
To move the passive nations, till they feel
The startling justice of that high appeal,
Until the spirit, caged within the soul,
Were freed, and bounding onwards. ———

Homer contains many fine descriptive stanzas. Its close is impressively beautiful. It will probably be the favourite with most readers:—our own is the *Lament for Shelley*. It is poetry; and high earnest of what may yet be expected from the writer. Those who have heard of Shelley's death, and obsequies, can never forget circumstances so fraught with mournful interest. They are thus strikingly described.

Upon a bare and desolated shore,
Where the tired waters jangle with the shells,
The ocean flung the wasted form it bore,
Amongst its ridged lines, and tufted pebbles.
There was he found. No toll of church-yard bells
Rings for his burial: no mourners keep
Watch o'er his coffin, till the iron nails
Rivet him down—they laid him on a heap,
Like an old Roman chief, who sleeps his wakless sleep!

It was a hot and slumb'rous summer-noon ;
 The sun was glaring like a pestilence
 Up in the sky, and over the lagoon
 No shadow fell. The kindled pile, from whence
 The smoke oozed out, in breathings dark and
 dense,
 Threw a short shadow on the sand, spellbound
 Was nature, and the quietude intense,
 Broken but by the short and crackling sound,
 And one lone sea-bird's scream, that flew in
 circles round.

The master † of the lyre stood 'near, his eye
 Wandered, as when some doomed man doth
 read
 A prophetic warnings of calamity ;
 And one was there, who leant his throbbing
 head

Against a tree,—his very heart did bleed
 Within him, like a brother's—Weep anew!
 God shield thy spirit in its hour of need,
 Thou persecuted man ! for it is true,
 And just, and good, though some would pierce
 it through and through

We take leave of this volume, sincerely
 regretting that we can do such imperfect
 justice to its merits.*

† Lord Byron and Mr Leigh Hunt were al-
 most the sole mourners at this "strange sacri-
 fice." It must gratify the survivor to see, that,
 in a new generation, and among a distant people,
 there are ingenious minds, that can think and
 judge for the motive, and calmly distribute retri-
 butive justice

MUSIC.

MUSICAL composition seems nearly at
 a stand at home and abroad. The art,
 we are told, is spreading its influence
 among the Americans, who have estab-
 lished an Italian Opera in New York.
 The fame of PAGANINI is so far travel-
 led, that a violin player at Calcutta
 holds out as an attraction, that he is an
illicé of the Italian prodigy! Even the
 Brahmins are distinguishing themselves
 as concerto players. VERAPIAH, in the
 service of the Rajah of Sanjore, exe-
 cutes the most difficult piano-forte pieces
 at first sight! Don PEDRO is making
 himself no less remarkable by the roman-
 ce of his political venture, than by
 his overtures, which have been perform-
 ing at Paris. One of these, in E flat,
 says Feti's, is *d'une facture correcte, et
 annonce dans son auteur, une connais-
 sance étendue des effets de l'orchestre.*
 We fear the ex-Emperor's overtures will
 not be listened to by his opponent, even
 if musical, with much gratification. But
 we trust, for the honour of the art, that
 MEYER, has "no music in himself,"
 and is, consequently, only "fit for trea-
 sons, stratagems, and spoils!"

The distresses of Poland have driven
 her exiled patriots to turn their musical
 talents to account in foreign lands. A
 Polish girl, Mademoiselle LEONORKA,
 just entering her teens, said to be equally
 interesting, on account of her misfortune,
 and her skill on the violin, has been
 giving concerts at Bourdeaux.

The veteran, PLEYEL—a composer
 who long enjoyed an almost universal
 reputation—died lately in France. Many
 persons will remember the time, when
 PLEYEL's compositions were the only
 esteemed things of the day; although he
 has long ago given place to the more im-

passioned and elaborate style of modern
 instrumental music. Several of his
 works will, however, withstand "the
 rature of oblivion." He is uniformly
 characterised by smooth intelligible writ-
 ing; and his slow movements are full of
 sweetness and grace.

MUZIO CLEMENTI, the father of
 modern piano-forte music, has also paid
 the debt of nature at an advanced age.
 Besides his celebrity as a composer and
 concerto-player, CLEMENTI was a man
 of scientific acquirements and general
 information. CRAMER, FIELD, and
 BERTINI, were his pupils; and KALK-
 BRENNER is indebted to him for the
 direction of his early efforts in music.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

Songs of the Seasons.—The Music com-
 posed by the Author of the Musical
Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.
 —NOVELLO: London.

MISS FLOWERS has acquired deserved
 fame by her Illustrations of the
Waverley Novels. The present work will
 add to—nay, completely establish her
 title to celebrity as a composer. The
Songs of the Seasons are the result of
 profound, well-directed study, and pure
 refined taste. In style, they resemble
 the work of the old English masters,
 but are perfectly original; and, for bold
 freedom of harmonic progression, and
 fine-flowing melody, will vie with the
 productions of any composer, living or
 dead. We have our apprehensions, that
 their very excellence may mar their po-
 pularity. Modern taste has been
 upon models of so totally opposite and de-
 generate a kind, that it is quite unpre-
 pared to appreciate a revival of the styles

of PURCELL and ARNE. We hope it may prove otherwise. The authoress has our best wishes, and we shall rejoice in her success, looking forward to many future essays of her richly gifted powers.

The Favourite Air in Robert le Diable, arranged for the piano-forte, by ADOLPHE ADAM. Airs de Ballet in Alto, by HERZ. London :

MAYERBEER'S *Robert le Diable* has been greedily seized upon, cut, carved, and dished-up by composers in various adaptations for the piano-forte. As the opera is new to us, we prefer, at present, the simple arrangement by ADAM; which is ably executed, and gives the player a good idea of this noble production, so redolent of beautiful ideas and rich effects.

Farewell. The words by LORD BYRON. The music by FERDINAND REIS. London : T. WELSH.

THIS is a well-expressed song; but so very scientific in structure, that we fear it will never be appreciated by amateur singers.

The Merry Moonlight Hour. A canzonet composed by JOHN THOMSON, Esq. PATERSON and ROY, Edinburgh.

A TRULY exquisite song; light, sparkling, and animated. It will bear comparison with the best productions of its original and clever composer. When known, we are convinced it will be a general favourite.

The Hour is come. A duet written by T. ATKINSON, Esq. Composed by JOHN TURNBULL. J. WILLIS, London.

A COMPOSITION that has absolutely nothing to recommend it. The melodies are trifling, and the accompaniments thin and ineffective. The words deserve better music.

O yes, I often think of Her. A Ballad by Captain CHARLES GRAY. The music by T. REED. J. WILLIS, London.

A CLEVER ballad, both as regards words and music.

The Widow. A Ballad by T. HAYNES BAYLY. Composed by G. A. HODSON. London : GOULDING and Co.

THERE is truth and feeling mixed up with mawkish simplicity in Bayly's ballads. The song before us is an elixir for young widows, resolved never more to submit to the matrimonial yoke, agreeing, we suppose, that

The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.

The music by Hodson is of a very commonplace character.

Child of the West. A Highland Ballad, written by F. W. N. BAYLY. The music by G. A. HODSON. GOULDING and Co. London.

THIS is one of those vile cockney effusions that well deserve the fate of the daw with borrowed feathers, in the fable—to be pecked at by every person of discernment, for aspiring to the title it so presumptuously adopts. We marvel how such trash can be tolerated. The music is wretchedly bad, and the poetry absolutely ludicrous. A maid is addressed "Fair chiel of the West." The "bonnie bonnie thistle rears its head," and "nods to the purple heather." Protesting, that a "canny cot by the blue hill's side" is at her service, the fair chiel is directed by her swain to look to the mist in the north, gathering "like the spirit of song in its shadowy vest," (why not kill?) But the *sumrum bonum* of their felicity is to "dance o'er the Highlands together." We advise the whole tribe, man, woman, and boy, of the pseudo Scottish composers, to join in this dance. A few skips and piroettes, by one of the "blue hill sides," would rid the world of these poisoners and perverters of good old Scottish minstrelsy.

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

OUR THREE DAYS.

Man geht aus Nacht in Sonne,
Man geht aus Graus in Wonne,
Aus Tod ins Leben ein.*

WE can think of no appellation so accurately descriptive of the week which intervened between the 9th of May, when the resignation of Lord Grey was officially announced, and the 16th, when that nobleman was again sent for by the King, as that which we have selected for the title of this article. It is affectation to deny that the recall of the Reform Administration, and the consequent salvation of their Bill, has been the work of demonstrations on the part of the people, as intelligible, if not as violent as the warlike operations of the Parisians. The House of Lords continued hostile to Reform, the King had been seduced to falsify his pledges, the country was threatened with a military government; but the people of England rose as one man to vindicate their rights, and the fetters preparing for them melted on the anvil of the forger. Wherever the intelligence of the posture of affairs in the metropolis arrived—and it was circulated through the kingdom with unexampled rapidity—there was not a moment's hesitation, not a solitary instance of indulgence in the aimless and impotent anger expressed by riots. The inhabitants assembled spontaneously *en masse* to petition the House of Commons to stop the supplies, hinting, in no ambiguous language, that this measure was but the initiative of a long campaign which they had sketched out! that did their first blow fall short, they were prepared to follow it up by one heavier and more effective. It was plain that each man had calculated his own powers of exertion and endurance, and assented to a plan of action in which a remedy had been prepared for every repulse, and the position to be occupied after every possible defeat premeditated. Fore-warned and fore-armed, Britain stood ready for the struggle.

* "Through night we seek the sun,
Through fear to joy we run,
Through death we enter life."

The un-preconcerted unanimity of the people was most cheering in more respects than one. It shewed that they knew their rights, and the legal forms invented to guard them, as well as that they were prepared to move in their defence. Birmingham and London cried at once, "Stop the supplies!" The sound was repeated across the level plains of Lancashire and over the wolds of Yorkshire. Taking its way through canny Cumberland and Northumberland, it was re-echoed by Salisbury Craigs, and on the green of Glasgow, and spread from these central points up every green strath and heathery valley of Scotland. The shout had not yet subsided when an echo, richly tipped with the brogue, came ringing joyous and shrill across the Irish channel. In the black north, Belfast and Newry did their duty. The boys of Tipperary were gathering to the fun. Within the pale was held an honoured meeting. Dublin sent forth her congregated citizens by tens of thousands; and among them one before whom our hearts bow down with devotion—one who, in youth, periled life and fame for liberty, and for her consented to waste his best years in exile,—one whose heart cherished the houseless wanderer when every door seemed closed against her,—Archibald Hamilton Rowan.

"Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!
Hear it, good man, old in days!
Thou tree of covert and of rest,
For this young Bird that was distrest;
Among thy branches safe she lay,
And she was free to sport and play
When Falcons were abroad for prey."

It would be vain to attempt a record of all the generous patriots who stood forward—of all the burning words they uttered. Some chanced upon a happier phrase than others; but, in the essentials, all were at one. Birmingham alluded to the provision in the bill of rights, which vindicated the title of the citizen to have arms for his defence; Sheffield reminded the King, in respectful, but manly language, that the stability of the crown, as well as the peace of the country, might be endangered by adherence to the whispers of incendiaries; the Political and Trades' Unions of Edinburgh declared that they trusted in the nation alone, and called upon the reformers of the whole empire simultaneously to petition the House of Commons, to assume the office of their fugleman and central committee.

We are truly proud of the commanding attitude assumed by our countrymen on this occasion. They have proved themselves worthy descendants of the men who resisted and vanquished Charles the First and expelled his son. They have shewn that they possessed the devoted bravery, and more than the knowledge of their ancestors. There has been no wanton destruction, there have been no vain boasting and braggadocio threats. Assembled at every point in multitudes, such as have never before been seen, they have not once allowed themselves to be hurried into undue transport by the contagion of sympathy. Their words were weighed and valued—subdued, not exaggerated. Under the influence of the most intense excitement, they struggled successfully to maintain the ascendancy of reason; by the most violent efforts of self-control, they repressed the instigations of hurrying and blinding passion; they looked round for a spot to plant their foot upon, from which it would be impossible to drive them. Their stern determination, and the energy

with which they submitted themselves to the restraining voice of reason, must have reminded the Duke of Wellington, rather disagreeably, of the intense whispers of his officers whenever the enemy advanced on the British lines,—“Steady men, there! steady! down with your muzzles!” and of the irresistible force with which the repressed energy of his soldiers, when the leash was slipped, thundered through the opposing ranks. The aspect of the nation was like an approaching thunder-storm, black, grim, sultry, suffocating, but breathless and silent as death.

A sight of any of the numerous meetings, held at this crisis, would have satisfied the most infuriated Tory that the case of his party was hopeless. We were only present at one, but the features of all were much the same. Standing on the declivity of Salisbury Craigs, we looked down upon the hustings erected in the King's Park. The members of the Committee were ascending the platform at irregular intervals, and already a dense mass was crowding around its base, while dispersed groups were crossing each other over the whole field, buzzing and restless as insects on a summer evening. A low distant murmur was heard in the direction of the palace; as it drew nearer muffled music was distinguishable—“The Land of the Leal.” Passing the corner of Holyrood, a broad black banner rose into sight behind the wall, and glided, flapping onwards until, with its bearers, it emerged into the open field. It was followed by the standard of the Trades' Union, bearing on a sable field a bunch of rods—“United, who can break us.” And for upwards of half-an-hour, the procession—five men a-breast—continued to defile into the field, advance towards and encircle the hustings. As one black banner, after another, arose upon the view, and was borne forward, till the inscriptions and devices became legible, it seemed as if the human tide would continue to flow for ever. The cheers with which several favourite mottoes and the tri-color were received, swelled upwards to the spectators of the hill, one dense shattering volume of sound. The heart of a nation, devoting itself through the most perilous emergencies, to persevere in a just cause, was in the sound as it slowly wreathed up the hill-side on its way to approving Heaven. The view from the hustings was yet more striking. On every hand extended a dense semicircle paved with human heads, all shouldering to get near. The outward circle of curious spectators was very thin, every man was anxious to press forward and take part in the business. Fifty thousand faces looked eagerly up at every speaker; some with their hands at their ears to catch the sound more distinctly, others shading their eyes from the sun, sad determination expressed in every brow. There was not, as on ordinary occasions, a quick, gleesome interchange of remarks on what fell from the speakers—the caustic gibes which a Scotchman can scarcely refrain from, even when most deeply serious; every man seemed to check his breathing lest it might interrupt the stillness. The movers of the resolutions wore also an aspect of anxious solemnity. While revealing the whole exigency of the case, and exhorting to every sacrifice, they, one and all, felt the necessity of regulating the determined spirit of the people. Their exhortations to preserve order were received with reiterated cries of “We will;” the names of traitors and oppressors elicited hootings of derision or deep-enduring hatred; those of the late Ministers hearty applause; and every bold expression of resolutions to brave the worst, was met with the triumphant rustling and waving of banners, and with a hurrah, which, commencing beneath the

hustings, spread backwards to the outskirts of the assembly ; where, after some preliminary questioning, it was taken up and tossed back to the platform, on every side of which it dashed upwards like the waves of the ocean. It was plain that the stern spirit of the Covenanter was again breathing through the land ; that in defence of a regulated freedom, the people were ready to dare all extremities.

In the late emergency, the House of Commons did its duty nobly. Even before being called upon, it placed itself at the head of the national movement. Lord Ebrington's motion was simultaneous with the earliest meetings out of doors. This was followed up by Mr. Hume's notice of another and stronger motion ; and by the prompt seizure of every occasion which offered to resume the theme night after night. The party in the House opposed to Reform maintained a wise silence, or only spoke to some minor point, for the purpose of relieving their awkward consciousness of insignificance. The liberal members—Ebrington, Hume, Duncombe, O'Connell, Macaulay, Gillon, and others—discharged their duty to their country in a bold and fearless spirit, which entitles them to rank with the Hampdens, Pym, and Elliotts, the fathers of our liberties. The benefit conferred upon the country by the prompt and decided measures of the House of Commons, cannot be over-rated. It gave to the people throughout the country a common centre of discipline and organization ; it reared aloft a banner, to which they were to look in every unexpected eddy of the headlong fight ; it gave order, purpose, and legality to their movements. The popular phalanx was by this means rendered as united as numerous. The mass of the nation was up, and ranged under their natural self-elected leaders—those members of the Commons who really represented the interests of the community.

Let us now look to the band opposed to this multitudinous army, stronger even in its good cause than in the myriads which swelled its ranks. Up to the date of the memorable division of the 7th of May, the ostensible bar to the passing of the Bill had consisted of a majority of the peers. But these men were only united in their enmity to Reform : in their notions of the best manner of opposing it there were irreconcilable differences. Some daring natures were for maintaining the usurpations of their body with a high hand, while some more timid were for opposing to the torrent the more dangerous barrier of apparent yielding. Again, hardened intriguers were anxious to wrest power from the hands of the popular Ministry at the price of any concession, and weak-minded, well-meaning bigots were prepared to brave all hazards rather than concede. There was confusion in the camp, but of a nature calculated to increase the stubbornness of resistance. Had the object of the gang been to *do* anything, their disputes among themselves must have shackled and thwarted their own projects. But as they stood merely on the defensive, their mutual grudges served to exasperate the savage doggedness with which they stubbornly placed themselves in the way of the advancing force.

While the eye of the nation was upon these open demonstrations of hostility—while every nerve was strained to overcome this palpable obstacle, insidious foes, of whom no man dreamed, were busy at work. The steadfastness and good faith of the throne, of which no one for a moment entertained a doubt, was sapped insidiously. The scholars of Metternich—the husks, the dregs, the refuse of the Castlereagh faction—had betaken themselves to means which had generally been found irre-

sistible in governments where the people had no voice. A soldier, whose youth had been polluted by the debasing example of the vice-regal court in Dublin, whose manly pith had been worn out amid the ruthless scenes of war, whose whole life had taught him to look upon men merely as counters to be hazarded in his reckless and unprincipled gambling—a diplomatist who had sold soul and body to the demon of legitimacy—a lawyer who had run the gamut of every political opinion—a blustering, bullying George Dandin, who inherited a pension earned by his father's perversion of the law—and others, their worthy compeers, seized the opportunity, when the public attention was riveted upon the House of Lords, to attack the King by domestic influence. Two of his royal brothers were avowedly of the fraternity. The Queen was generally understood to have a strong desire to enact the part of Maria Antoinette. Another auxiliary force was found among those rapacious and misbegotten brats, who, encouraged by the acquiescence of Ministers in a doating father's fondness, had begun to nurse the most extravagant ambition, and chafed at finding their avarice and pride restrained within decent limits. With a few honourable exceptions, the whole of his Majesty's confidential relations were gained over to a nefarious conspiracy against the people's rights. The underlings of the Court, whom Lord Grey's mistaken policy had allowed to remain about the King's person, were attached to the faction, which sought, at all hazards, to regain office. The Sovereign was thus beset on every side by reckless intriguers, working at all hours—in the drawing-room, at the table, in the nuptial bed—upon the facility of a mind, naturally none of the strongest, and arrived at that period of life, when most men are willing to sacrifice everything for the attainment of quiet and repose. The affection and confidence of the King were alienated from his constitutional advisers; and the faction, in whose behalf this game was played, had regular intelligence of how the work went on.

Having, in this underhand manner, succeeded in sawing away one of Earl Grey's main supporters, they proceeded to trip him up in the manner which they thought least likely to excite the popular feeling in his behalf. A direct attack upon the principles of the Bill was not hazarded at first. It was proposed to postpone the question of disfranchisement to that of enfranchisement. There was a possibility of the peers not in the secret, seeing the drift of this arrangement, while it escaped the notice of the people. A delicate hint was given their Lordships, that means might be found, not merely of delaying, but of defeating the resumption, by the people of their usurped power of returning Members to the House of Commons. It was hoped that the large towns gratified by the concession of the elective franchise, might grow lukewarm in their desire of the abolition of rotten boroughs. Lord Grey's conciliatory policy encouraged them to expect a similar want of decision in future; and thus a bright prospect was opened up to the conspirators of mutilating the obnoxious Bill—defeating and disgracing the Ministers night after night—rendering them suspicious in the eyes of the nation, as they had rendered them obnoxious in the eyes of the King—and finally expelling them, dishonoured and unregretted, from office.

The web was spun with all the noiseless and cunning artifice of the spider; but its meshes proved as weak. It might have trammelled blue bottles; but the wasps broke through. Earl Grey, with a decision for which the enemy was not prepared, moved an adjournment of the discussion the instant he found himself in the minority. This was more

prompt than his adversaries wished, or were prepared to meet. The King was won, but the people had yet to be conciliated, or divided. No time was to be lost; so a noble Lord rose in his place, and after indulging in a little polite wonderment at the Premier's taking so much to heart an opposition, which was in no way directed against the principle of the Bill, proceeded to state, that his objection to the measure was not because of its extending the elective franchise to £10 renters, but because the privilege was not extended in some places to a yet poorer class of voters. It was his intention to move, as an amendment on this clause, that the old practice of scot and lot voting be retained in some towns. This shallow device excited a grin of contempt over the whole country; but it was all that the dull brains of our oppressors could invent on the spur of the moment.

Lord Grey immediately demanded the fulfilment of the royal pledge to make peers, and being refused, resigned without further delay. The storm was instantly up. The mine had not been completely sprung, and the principal intrenchments of the Bill, the popular affection, were yet undamaged. But the faction had advanced too far to retreat. Lords Wellington and Lyndhurst were sent for by the King, and undertook to attempt to form an administration. But here an unexpected obstacle intervened. The King had yielded much—more than a man of high principle and firm mind would have dared to yield—but he possessed the feelings of a gentleman. He shrunk from the idea of retracting a pledge publicly given before the assembled representatives of the nation. He insisted that the new Ministry should concede a measure of Reform sufficiently ample to satisfy the people. It was much to ask at the hands of men who had denounced all reform as unnecessary and dangerous. Acceptance of office, upon such terms, could not fail to startle the honest fools who acted upon principle—could not fail to expose the intriguers to the nation in the light of men who had contended, not from conviction, but for place. But “the Captain’s a bold man;” and he shewed it on this occasion. He undertook the task of collecting coadjutors, and of carrying through the House of Lords a *Bill*—THE BILL. This he has not dared, save by implication, to deny in what he called his explanation in the House of Lords; and this has been virtually asserted by Mr. Baring in the House of Commons.

Such infamous dereliction from even the hypocritical pretence of principle was “too much.” The Ultra-Tories stood aghast at his impudence. Peel felt that it was too soon to venture again upon the farce of Catholic concession. Even Croker (*et tu Brute!*) declared, “that he had too much regard for his character to accept office under such circumstances.” The exasperation of the people was redoubled on hearing that the national liberties were about to be intrusted to the protection of him who had declared all public meetings farces; who had expressed his regret that the people of Ireland would not break the law; and who now, to sum up the overwhelming amount of his iniquities, was ready to carry through a measure which he had himself characterized as uncalled for, revolutionary, and dangerous, in a protest, the ink of which had not yet dried up. In him the outraged feeling of the public found a consummate monster, whose iniquities their utmost loathing and abhorrence were inadequate to do justice to; a man who, for the sake of personal aggrandizement, had driven the nation to the verge of civil war; a fiend willing to goad a nation to madness, and then make its frantic excesses a pretext for punishment to be inflicted by his own “hangman’s hands.”

Loud and emphatic was the declaration from all quarters, that they would not receive even their rights from such a polluted source; that there was contamination in his very touch. A feverish rage and jealousy burned hotter every hour; public credit was shaken; his own creatures shrunk trembling from the side of the genius of the storm, who still stood, like Satan, unappalled, and untouched with sympathy; the monied incubus, upon whose aid he relied, confessed that it could no longer aid him. Left thus alone, he was obliged to abandon the vain hope of regaining the reins of government, and with his submission fell the last hope of Toryism, never to rise again.

Were we to live to the age of Methuselah, we could not hope to live again such a day as that which brought the news of Earl Grey's restoration to office. The guard of the mail, with that joyous incontinence of information which is always found in the bringer of glad tidings, blabbed the pleasing intelligence to every one who questioned him. The light mail-curricle bounded over the stones, and still, wherever it passed, a joyous acclamation rose from the assembled crowd,

“ And ever with it as it moved along.”

The houses poured forth their inmates, attracted by a shout which spoke the very soul of joy. Every face beamed with involuntary and irrepressible smiles. Young men threw up their hats; old men danced the Highland fling; multitudes dispersed on all sides, their faces flushed, and their eyes sparkling with joy, to be the first to diffuse the glad intelligence through the town. Every man they encountered, with whom they had the slightest and most casual acquaintance, was addressed—even some whom they knew not, or towards whom they were observing that dignified affectation of irrecognition which follows misunderstanding between former friends, were cordially greeted with the blithe news. In that hour of ecstasy old grudges were forgiven, and new friendships struck up. Nothing was seen but shaking of hands—nothing heard but light-hearted thoughtless laughter. Tories seemed to be annihilated for the moment, lest their sad faces should mar the general flow of happiness. Some of our friends, anxious to be thought more knowing than their fellows, will pretend that they recognized the scowling brows of the gang stealing through the crowd, and disappearing in back lanes and nameless alleys: but we do not believe them. We do not believe that the most anxious search, prompted by the most huge reward, could for the whole of that evening have ferreted out a Tory in Edinburgh,—the thing is impossible. In honour of the nation's jubilee, a kind Providence had decreed that, for the moment, they should cease to exist.*

* Since the above was written, we have learned the reception of the news of Lord Grey's re-installment in Birmingham. It was at once dignified and hearty, as became the city in which Priestley struck the first note of the grand overture of Freedom. The bells rung a merry peal; the broad banner of England was sent dancing to the breeze; a deputation of 50,000 men, with music and flags, met Mr. Attwood a mile from Birmingham, to accompany his progress to Newhall-hill. No Roman conqueror ever was honoured with such a triumph, or deserved it half so much. To Mr. Attwood and his Union we owe the first impulse of the national movement; and to his temper and equanimity we owe much of its success. The leading reformers came forward to congratulate the meeting, in language beautifully harmonizing with the truly Christian burst of praise and thanksgiving offered upon the occasion by the Rev. Hughes Hulton. It has been the fashion of the Tories to represent the reform-

And "with the morning sage reflection came," not to damp our merriment, but to substitute a more matured, elevated, and enduring cheerfulness. We felt ourselves free. A BLOODLESS THREE DAYS had been achieved. In our first number we demonstrated that, although in form and theory our constitution devolved the executive function upon a King acting by means of responsible advisers; and the legislative on the King and the Houses of Lords and Commons, each possessing a voice equally potential with the others; yet in reality both the legislative and executive power had, for upwards of a century, been exercised by an oligarchy, dictating their parts to their puppets before the scenes. Lord Grey's resignation brought the question between the people and these its oppressors at once to an issue. The nation mustered and displayed its strength; the boroughmongers strove to array their troops, but found themselves deserted and powerless. Like the arch-fiend, they

looked up, and knew
Their mounted scale aloft; nor more: but fled
Murm'ring, and with them fled the shades of night.

They refused to join battle, not because they wanted the will—we have heard them gleefully anticipate the moment when the question should be put to such an arbitrement—but because they wanted the power. They remain unconvinced; because reason has no voice to the corrupted heart. They have yielded up an unjust and illegal power which they were willing to have upheld by brute violence, simply because they saw an overwhelming force arrayed against them. Within the limits of the law, by the law, and for the law, the people have conquered their own rights. To the original framer of the Reform Bill, whoever he may be—to Earl Grey, who saw at once its fitness, introduced it, and with an undeviating honesty in fine harmony with his long and consistent life of patriotism, clung to it without faltering—to all the members of the Cabinet who so firmly adhered to each other and their measure—all the exuberant gratitude which the nation so spontaneously yields, is most justly due. But for the people themselves we claim a large share of the honour; for the sound sense displayed in their frank acceptance and appreciation of the measure, and for the fearless, unswerving fidelity with which they have supported it. Twice has Earl Grey been defeated;—once by the openly avowed self-will of the Lords, once by the intrigues of a parcel of worthless buzzing flies, gendered within the tainted precincts of a Court;—and twice have the people of England placed him in a situation to renew the combat with advantage. The Commons have earned their freedom as they earn their bread—"in the sweat of their brows."

The nation, now secure of victory, may well look back with complacency and honest pride to its exertions. They were such as do credit to the oldest and best-trained soldiers of freedom. They were the struggles of veterans; deliberate, all with a distinct aim, and without needless waste of strength. The people may, indeed, call themselves free; for, in asserting their own rights, they have shewn themselves morally,

ers as demoralized and devoid of religion. It is false. They respect freedom of opinion; but among the immense majority of them will be found a stern sense of duty and deep lively religious impressions.

as well as physically, free. No selfish motive—no wish to snatch a larger share of profit than his brethren—no envy of his more fortunate neighbours animated one of the sacred band, but honest regard for “the greatest possible good of the greatest possible number.” After the first burst of exultant jubilation had subsided, we looked round upon the spring woods where the green was creeping up towards the summit of the trees—to the orchards where the blossoms were peeping out like blushing girls, alluring the more sedate and manly leaves to follow them—to hill and plain, where every herb seemed to expand to the eye amid the temperate atmosphere—to the rippling sea flashing beneath the declining sun; and while the birds rung out their “sweet jargonings” on every side, it seemed as if universal nature were celebrating the festival of an enfranchised nation. We listened in fancy to the unanimous shout of generous devotion which still pealed in our ears from yesterday—we felt nobler and more hopeful views of the destinies of humanity awakened—and we walked with prouder steps, freemen among a nation who were and deserved to be free. The arduous struggle in which we have been engaged, and the burst of unfeigned sympathetic triumph which has bound us together, have lent a chivalrous and brotherly tinge to our sentiments, have inspired, with a degree of self-respect, all reformers, and breathed into the whole people the breath of a new life. Its workings will be seen and heard of yet.

Nor have we conquered for ourselves alone, but for Europe—for the world. Miguel, William of Holland, the autocrats of Russia and Austria, looked hopefully to the reinstatement of Wellington at the head of affairs, and Lord Aberdeen in the Foreign office. They tremble and turn pale at the downfall of their allies. France sees in our success a guarantee for her well-won freedom; and the Rhone, Garonne, Loire, and Seine sparkle more merrily in the sun. Belgium feels assured of her independence. The freemen of Germany, the noble remnants of the men of 1813, nerve themselves more confidently for their patriotic endeavours; and even the Pole sees a glimpse of hope break through his dungeon gloom. But although all these prospects of futurity should melt like hoar-frost beneath an April sun, the fresh impetus which our spirits, buoyant in their release from thralldom, will give to art, literature, and science, will diffuse its contagious influence. The generous rivalry of France, America, and England, the three nations in which the rights of man have been vindicated, will not remain without effect, even upon those who are yet sighing in bondage.

It is time, however, now that our first transports have somewhat subsided, to regard our exact situation. We are free. A fair promise of ameliorated institutions lies before us. But during our brief struggle, powers once formidable have been exterminated or weakened; new experience of the workings of our institutions have been gained, new questions of vital interest have been suggested to many. The moral earthquake has submerged old mountains, and thrown up new. The events of a week have changed the face of nature. The storm which has been so long gathering, has done in an hour the work of years. We have passed into a new state of things, and new feelings have been awakened during the transition. We propose to indicate a few of the changes which have come over the spirits of men.

Our most gratifying conviction is, that the Tories, as a party, are routed, dispersed, and stricken down for ever. By their late desperate

game, they have removed the curtain which concealed from the irreverent eye of the world their dying agonies. No one, it is said, ever saw a dead crow or a dead jack-ass; and had our old enemies been contented like the honourable house of Milnwood, to "go out like the snuff of a candle," they might have exhaled without any person nosing them. But in the delirium of fever, they insisted upon arming themselves for the fight while the death-rattle was in their throat, and they sunk down from sheer exhaustion before their contemptuously pitying antagonists. The sceptre of power was again held out to them, as if in retributive mockery, but their palsied fingers sought in vain to clutch it. "They rest from their labours, and their works (such as they are) shall follow them." We are too humane to insult a fallen enemy; but there is no harm in pronouncing a funeral oration over departed greatness.

"The Tories as a party, (we begin our harangue after the most approved fashion of the French academicians,) after existing for some time in a state of suspended animation, again presented themselves to public notice about the time that George III. ascended the throne. Their mental conformation bore a strong analogy to the physical structure of the animal termed by naturalists the Sloth, which seems framed for the express purpose of clambering up and clinging to high trees, never quitting them while one green or succulent leaf or twig remains, and even then with reluctance. Their innate propensities soon prompted them to aspire to the green and lofty summits of the state; and so securely did they nestle there, that they have never since been all tumbled down at one time. Once or twice the Whigs did manage to creep up, but only in consequence of a bargain that a certain number of their unclean predecessors should remain; in consequence of which, like the stork among the cranes, they got as bad a name as their companions; and not possessing the same tenacity of place were soon shaken down.

"The actions of the Tories are to be read in the chronicles of Britain during their ascendancy. They kindled up by their oppression the spirit of resistance in America, which led to the emancipation of the colonies. They kindled by their treachery and cruelty the flame of rebellion in Ireland. They precipitated this country into a war which has left us loaded with debt, and Europe exactly where it was. They have been the friends and abettors of every tyranny, spiritual and temporal. They have sought to govern by brute force, bribery; sowing distrust and dissension among friends, and encouraging sedition that they might have the pleasure of punishing it. They sat like an incubus upon the country; and when their hold at last waxed faint, and they were shaken off, Sinbad's joy at getting rid of the old man of the sea, or Christian's, when his bundle fell off, was as a drop of water to the ocean, when compared with the triumphant jollity of the nation, once more stretching itself at ease.

"Their professions and practice have been a jumble of the most revolting incongruities. They have ever professed the most devoted love and loyalty to all kings; but any one who ventured to emancipate himself from their trammels was sure to be assailed with abuse, which Billingsgate could not surpass. As long as the lower orders were contented to remain rude, ignorant, and sensual, they were the darlings of the Tories, reserved as a sort of sleuth-hounds to halloo upon every man who thought for himself; but no sooner did they venture to reflect than they were called "the swinish multitude," cut down and trampled under foot. The Tories were vastly religious; but their religion consisted in

taking off their hats when they passed a church door, and expressing great respect for clergymen, especially such as were wealthy or of good family. A man who was earnest in doctrine, disturbed the equanimity of their minds, and was esteemed a suspicious character. They were huge admirers of every thing established; and this rather confused their notions. In Ireland they were true-blue Protestants, and friends of the Revolution settlement; in England and Scotland they were all for high-church and the Stuarts; and whenever they looked abroad, they were impressed with a prodigious reverence for the Pope, whose adherents they ground to the dust at home. In their private carriage they were particularly fond of imitating the swagger of the old cavaliers: their conversation was a strange medley of gross licentiousness and superstition, of drunken squabble and maudlin reverence for the law. Towards the end of their career, as they began to find themselves going down in the world; and their tempers, already none of the sweetest from the irritability of their outworn constitutions, got gradually more soured, they were, in their ferocious attempts at merriment no unapt representatives of the old persecutor whom Presbyterian tradition represents as alternately blaspheming and roaring out snatches of old bottle songs, while his attendants kept shifting him from one tub of cold water to another, in order to allay the flames already glowing within him. To sum up their character, they were genuine descendants of the Giant Pope, whom old Bunyan saw in his dreams, wanting his Herculean strength, but inheriting his frightful mask and apparel. They lived feared, and died despised."

And so we leave the Tories to their long repose. It is reported that a few scattered individuals of the tribe still survive, like scattered Indian families, or hermit beavers, lingering amid the settlements of the Europeans; and that our natural historians are anxious to procure a few specimens to be stuffed and deposited in our museums, before, like that anomalous bird the Dodo, the genus become altogether extinct. Were it not that the filthy habits, and malicious and treacherous tempers of the creatures might render them disagreeable inmates, we would recommend the attempt to domesticate a few. They are imitative, and amusing as a monkey. We have been told that the Queen held a levee a few days after the return of Earl Grey to office. The Tory "dames of honour," in emulation of the peers who threatened to secede from the House of Lords, refused to recognise their Whig friends. The two factions drew up in long unbroken lines on opposite sides of the state apartments. This petticoat parliament irresistibly reminds us of a procession of children, with branches and handkerchiefs, which we observed parading a neighbouring field with great decorum, the whole time of the last meeting in the King's Park.

From the unhonoured dead we turn to the contemplation of the living; and here a fact of the most serious importance forces itself upon our attention. At the same moment that the alteration in our elective system strengthens the voice of the people in the House of Commons, the conduct of the king, the aristocracy, and the bishops, has led not a few to question the utility of such offices. From the very first moment that the question of Reform was urged, the haughty insolent opposition of a majority of the Temporal and Spiritual Peers excited a strong feeling of enmity among the people. Their pertinacity, and the recklessness with which they have caught at every subterfuge, however mean, and have dared every manœuvre, however pregnant with danger to the State, that promis-

ed to avert Reform, has eaten into the hearts of many like a cancer. Still it was hoped that with a reformed House of Commons, and a patriot king, the remaining legislative body might be kept within its proper sphere of action, and prevented from doing harm. In the enthusiasm of the moment, the nation threw itself with implicit confidence upon the Monarch, and seemed to forget that, after all, kings were but men, and liable to be biassed and turned aside from the right as well as others. The late events have somewhat allayed this over-trusting loyalty. We do not think that they will leave behind them a permanent grudge against our good-natured monarch: they will only restore him to his natural level, beyond which an evanescent enthusiasm had for a time borne him up. He is what he ever was, a frank jovial sailor, with much kindness of disposition, and a large stock of that gossiping knowledge of domestic arrangements for which his father was famous; withal anxious to do what is right, and fond of popularity, but not very clear-headed; and like most elderly gentlemen with young wives, and a large assortment of living reminiscences of early indiscretions, too easily open to solicitation. The nation has had its eyes couched: it sees him in his true light; it appreciates him more justly, but it cannot help liking him. The danger threatens not him but his office. Men to whom a doubt on the subject never before suggested itself, now dare to question the expediency of leaving the appointment to an office, on the firmness, good faith, and comprehensive mind of whose occupant so much depends, to the uncertain determination of birth. And not only has this question been mooted, but by throwing them back upon their former doubts, it has revived the enmity to a hereditary peerage and a political hierarchy.

We know, that by drawing the public attention to this fact, we are incurring the reprobation of all the worshippers of "Wheesh!" But it has ever been our creed, that in frank, outspoken discussion there is safety; that the pent-up thoughts of the heart alone are dangerous. No man in the physical world but the veriest child or idiot, seeks to screen himself from danger by shutting his eyes. In the moral world the case is still stronger; for there we may trace almost every danger to mutual misunderstanding. We repeat therefore, in yet more explicit terms, that late events have led men of the world, practical business men, to look with complacency upon political opinions which have hitherto been maintained in this country, almost exclusively, by a few scattered and recluse scholars. From that week in which a majority of the Lords, by their opposition to a measure restoring to the Commons the right of electing their own representatives, and by their profligate indifference to the means they used to thwart it, placed upon record their belief that the interest of their order was anti-national—from that week in which a king paltered with his plighted word—we date the existence of a republican party in the country. Men of education and refined habits admit that there is some truth in what the supporters of aristocracy say respecting the polish which insensibly emanates from a body of the community living for the amenities of life alone; but they feel that when the existence of such a caste is to be purchased by the surrender of our liberties, and the sacrifice of our moral convictions, this is "paying too dear for our whistle." To this conclusion we conscientiously believe it must have come at last. The power of the English aristocracy was founded on their hold of the nomination boroughs and their immense wealth. The former was in a great measure the source of the

latter. The accumulated wealth of the father was transmitted to the eldest son; while the younger branches of the family were provided for by the pension list, the army and navy, or the church. These halcyon days are at an end; provision must henceforth be made for cadets by burdening the heir; and in the natural course of things, the property of the Peers would in less than a century have been brought more upon a level with, or even below that of wealthy commoners. The House of Lords must have died a natural death; and without Peers to support it, a hereditary monarchy could not long endure. But under these circumstances, the transition would have been gradual and tranquil; the diffusion of knowledge, morality, and true religion, acting as its pioneer. The danger lies in the premature urging of the question. The nation at large is not prepared to entertain it, and rash and untamed spirits may seek to force on the discussion. Not with us lies the blame, but with those whose conduct has alienated the affections and the confidence of the people.*

One thing is certain—that much depends upon the conduct of the ministry. They must seek to know the time and to act up to it. It is a fearful prospect for a nation, when “the hour comes but not the man.” We repeat what we have already said, that to Earl Grey and his coadjutors for their introduction of a reform so effective, and for their honest adherence to it, the country owes a deep and lasting debt of gratitude. To the noble Earl in particular, who, in the course of a long and active life, has never faltered in his allegiance to the cause, we pay from our hearts the tribute which few statesmen have earned—the declaration that we believe him to be a thoroughly honest man. Yet doth he lack something. We could wish to see him throw himself more frankly into the arms of a people who may be guided like a child by the hand of kindness, but who bristle up at the first shew of coercion or mistrust. He must also act in future with more firmness and decision; he must remember who placed him where he is, and with whose interests he is identified. There must be a clean sweep of the Tories in office. They must “make way for better men.” It is no doubt a delicate matter to prescribe to a king, any more than to a private gentleman, what domestics he shall retain; but in cases of emergency, delicacy must be postponed, even upon so tender a point. We have experienced the disastrous effect of having the king surrounded by the refuse of an anti-national faction; and in return for the homage and wealth which he receives from us, we are entitled to demand that he will drive our venomous enemies from his presence. Lord Grey will not do his duty to his country or himself, if, after the lesson he has got, he leave “so much as a Tory cat to mew in his sovereign’s palace.” He must also set about in earnest to alleviate the national burdens, to free enterprise and industry from the fetters of monopoly, and to relieve the press from its heavy burdens. He may rest assured that the nation is no overgrown baby that cried its eyes out for reform, and having got it, will sit down contented with the possession of the new toy. Reform was ardently prayed for as a means for an end. Those who will hold power now, must give satisfactory proof that they are honestly and energetically working for the good of the country.

In seeking to press these facts upon the attention of ministers, we

* Of the Church of England we say nothing at present; proposing to invite our readers to an investigation of its utility and efficacy in an early number.

have no wish to insinuate a doubt of their good intentions. But we know, in the first place, that as wealthy men, they do not feel that need of immediate relief which presses like an armed man upon the middle and lower classes; and, in the second place, that accustomed during their whole lives to adopt measures for which they are responsible in opposition, they are timid and hesitating when called upon to act. Herein lies their chief danger. Irresolution is almost as bad as rashness. While the latter plainly shews that a man does not know what he would be at, the former shews that at least he has no distinct conception of it. Let Lord Grey, remember how indispensable it is for him to gain by his conduct the confidence of the country. The Tory party is now extinct; and the nation may be viewed as divided into reformers of a thousand different shades. The republicans are as yet but few in number—we should say like the Tories, but that on the one hand, we find the weakness of infancy, on the other that of dotage; and if conciliated by fair evidence, that the Ministry are honestly doing their best, will content themselves with standing by and giving them an occasional jog on the elbow when they seem to flag. They have too much sense to object to a constitution on the pedantic ground of dislike to its form, so long as it works tolerably well. But Earl Grey will act wisely if he remember the nature of the hold which the party, at present ostensibly headed by him, possesses upon the attachment of the Whigs of England. The name Whig has two significations. By some it is affected to express their adherence to a knot of public men who have assumed—perhaps we might say inherited—that appellation. By others it is adopted as expressive of certain political opinions. This independent class form an overwhelming majority of English Whigs; and they, as well as the republicans, must be conciliated by deeds not words. “Measures, not men,” is their watchword; “or, if men, because of their measures.” Upon the boldness of Lord Grey’s financial and economical reform depend the confidence to be reposed in him by the country, and our safety from the violence of faction. Never were a people more completely a nation of brothers than we (with the exception of an insignificant minority) are at this moment; but distress and distrust can break asunder stronger ties than those of sentiment. We wait to see whether the talents of our rulers are adequate to keep these wolves from the door.

On one point we feel no misgiving. Britain is free, and will be happy. No doubt there will be occasional dissensions, and much angry and violent hatreds for a time. A nation of freemen cannot be brought to observe the discipline of a Carthusian cloister. The best of friends get savage and ridiculous over their wine, but without bearing a grudge or feeling unhappy. Come what come may, our creed is, that all things are working for good; and we have held by it in more threatening times than the present. We saw the Bourbons forced upon France by foreign bayonets, yet we looked forward with hope. We saw the allied sovereigns forfeit their promises, and, blaspheming the name of the Most High, trample upon young freedom, still we despaired not. We have seen Spain succumb to a despot, and Portugal to a brute; and clung the faster to our belief, as the mountaineer on the lone hill side grasps the heather the tighter the more fiercely the storm rages. And we will not abandon it now that the sun has at length broken from behind the cloud. We stand, as it were, on the fields drenched but fertilized with rain, gazing at the bow resting one glorious extremity upon the trees glittering with rain-drops, the other upon the blue and waveless ocean,

as it glows upon the black cloud sinking down the horizon, and we admire the power that can lend beauty even to the elements of destruction—that enables the mind to mingle a cup of the richest pleasure out of the remembrance of past misfortunes. Should other storms await us we are prepared to meet them, convinced that, in the discharge of duty, there is happiness under the sternest trials.*

CULTIVATION OF THE FANCY.†

For a mixture of broad humour, as broad simplicity, and wild fancy, there is no writer of our age equal to Hogg. He is also a great master of *vraisemblance*; and we have often wondered how some of his tales in prose have escaped the popularity of “Chevy Chace,” the “Babes in the Wood,” and such universal favourites. Perhaps it is because there are no children in the present century. A real child would now be a prodigy. There are different sizes of human beings, from eighteen inches to six feet six: but there are no children. They are all born like Falstaff, with grey heads and great bellies, and are dandies and fine ladies as soon as they can lisp. We never talk to children as we used to love to be talked to fifty years ago, without coming to shame. The little things draw up, and show their accomplishments or knowledge of the world, in lieu of the *bon-bonnerie* of fancy with which we thought to treat them. They smile with pity at our talk of the Fairy Tales; they are but indifferently informed of Puss in Boots; they have seen Tom Thumb at the Play; they have forgotten the Arabian Nights. If we would talk to a child now, we must look out for a person in a wig somewhere near our own years. The last of the Babes will soon be going down to the grave at the age of Old Parr. The only real nursery in the country is the House of Lords; and they are spoiled children, unruly Brobdignags, educated according to the direction of Mr. Long Wellesley “to play h—ll and Tommy” with the nation. With such a generation of old young people, an author like Mr. Hogg is cast out of his time. Had he written a hundred years ago, how immense would have been the popularity of his ‘Winter Evening Tales!’ They would have been found in every drawing-room, school-room, kitchen, and cottage. The history of *Basil Lee* would have been as familiar to the tongue as Robinson Crusoe, or as was the history of Mrs. Veal when ghosts were in credit. But ghosts have gone out, superstition is not understood, and romance cannot exist without it. To people who know what belongs to ghosts, as we do who were born in the days or rather the nights of ghosts, what a ghost story is that in *Basil Lee*! How finely the scene is darkened for its appearance! the wild solitary spot; the hideous apparitions so horribly homely and familiar; the dead with the living, and foul with the grave’s corruption! Contrast again this scene of superstitious terror with the humour and truth with which Basil’s transition from rank cowardice to heroism.

* The early period of the month at which we go to press, obliges us to close this paper before we receive the latest intelligence. If any thing of importance transpires, we will advert to it in an article at the end of the number.

† Hogg’s Queer Book. Blackwood.

is described. His acts of poltroonery are misunderstood by the spectators, and pass for exploits of extraordinary bravery; he is praised, and the praise makes him act up to the character erroneously commended in him. The first part of the idea has been followed up in some amusing articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*, *The Life of Sir Frizzle Pumpkin*. But this is a caricature, Basil is exact to nature. In the same story, with what exquisite truth and beauty, the affection of woman is set off against the ingratitude and sordid self-hness of man. The adventures of Tibby Scott and her mate, in another story, would once have been nearly as much relished by people of all ages and degrees as *John Gilpin*. But has even *John Gilpin* his honour now? Do we see him on the walls; do we see "*Chey Chase*," or the "*Babes in the Wood*," or "*Death and the Lady*," fluttering in the wind as the streamers, the long pennants of fancy, at Hyde Park corner, formerly Poets' Corner, where ballads hung on strings, not of Apollo's Lyre, but such as displayed them for sale at one penny each, the present price of a magazine. No; the ballads are no more. The voice of poetry has ceased to cry in the streets. The stands have disappeared. The little old people of the present day, of all qualities, licentiate and voluptuarize in Tommy Moore, or warble with Bayly. The pot-boys sing "*I'd be a Butterfly*;" the truant errand-lad murmurs "*Fly from the world, oh Bessy, to me*." Extremes meet, one half of the world is too wise, and the other too foolish. The young are wise before their time, and the old boobyish behind their time. We were once acquainted with a dog who had a trick of hunting his own tail. He was the type of the latter half of the world. The other half, on the contrary, would run tail on after an elephant. ~~It~~ is very fine to have this forward spirit, and to come to be wise very soon; but there is an excellent old saying, that they who think themselves wise are not so wise as they think themselves; and, accordingly, it is good to cherish a little consciousness of fooling, and, above all, to keep a little corner of the mind for fancy to play in: it needs not be much: in a chamber the size of a hazel nut, she will make a theatre, in which the universe shall be but as a stage property.

To see the necessity for this, look at the young men in our House of Commons. You will find good abilities, solid acquirements; but lumps of lead, in all that pertains to the imagination, and incapable of those flights which, though they seem but as the flutterings of sportiveness, often raise the mind to new views, and to strike on rich quarries which otherwise would have escaped observation. They can go through a lengthy laborious exposition; but for the retort upon the scoff or the awkward irony, the exposure of the fallacy by apt instance, the turning the point of metaphor against the argument of the speaker who has used it; for all such strokes of ready wit and address they are loggish as crocodiles, to whose irregularity of muscles Heaven has given only a right-lined faculty of rapacity. If we examine these men with a view of exploring their defect, we should inquire into their knowledge of "*Goody Two-Shoes*;" ask what converseance they had with the "*Arabian Nights*;" what was their knowledge of "*Fairy Tales*;" how their minds were struck with "*Johnny Gilpin*;" and whether their souls had ever answered, with tears, to the pathos of the "*Children in the Wood*." This would be an examination into the primer; and hence we should ascend to the *Percy Relics*, *De Foe's novels*, and *Swift's Gulliver*.

Shame for us! we forget in which of the *Fairy Tales* it is, that a

good genius and an evil genius have a desperate conflict, in which the evil genius takes all sorts of forms, and the good genius metamorphoses herself into antagonist natures; as thus, when the evil one becomes a rat, the good becomes a cat; if the evil one soars as a lark, the good pursues as a hawk. Once, we remember, the evil spirit becomes a pomegranate, and the good as a cock eats up all the seeds. This is the type of what an accomplished orator should be capable. Whatever form error assumes, he should be able to command his genius to take the form of attack appropriate to the destruction of it,—to fly, to dart, to pounce, to grapple, to peck,—in a word, to stoop to conquer, in any shape adapted to the victory. For this purpose, it is not enough that the mind is stored with knowledge, but the fancy must be exercised. Error has its fancy; its skill in escaping under false appearances; and the soldiers of truth should be able to combat and defeat it in all its Protean shifts. But nothing is thought of now but solidity. A man's head must be as grave and substantial as a cannon ball; good for a straight flight at its mark, and no more. This is villainous. We should be fit for more than one thing. It is good to trifle and sport, and show a faculty of buoyancy as well as rectitude of aim, nay, to play the fool occasionally; which Johnson sagely remarked, was the dearest privilege of a man of acknowledged sense.

But how is a man now-a-days, to know how to play the fool?—Where is he to find a master? There were once on a time seven wise men,—it were now a hard matter to find as many fools. The old original British fool is lost; like the *expercaillie*, it is a thing that was. The world is getting on too fast; it is precocious; it is advancing beyond its strength; it is becoming too wise to last; it has flung away its toys too soon, and is endangering its life with too sedate a manhood ere its twenty-first century. A really wise man will be discovered by this sign, that he chooses to wear some little fable or folly in such sort that his friends and his foes may lay hold of it when they list, and make it a handle for detraction or disparagement. The most dangerous thing in the world is to be *teres et rotundus*, enwrapped in excellence, as some rash folk strive to be. What is the consequence?—that envy or malice cuts bodily into them. They experience the fate of the tortoise, which was carried mid-air, and dashed to pieces against a rock by the eagle, because it was so inaccessible. Now and then a prudent man should commit some small fault or absurdity, on which his acquaintances may fasten and feed their self-complacency. The Spaniards in their bull-fights, when the animal's rage becomes dangerous, hold forth their cloaks to them; and let them carry them off; the bull rages, pushes and stamps against the mantle, and the man escapes. So it should be with the world. He must sometimes let it suppose it is trampling us under foot, when it is only raging against some rag of vanity we have purposely loosened to it as it becomes really formidable. If Solomon were among us, he would occasionally adjudicate like a London alderman. Homer nodded sometimes, no doubt, for very good reasons of his own; and we would advise every author to leave some little blemish or blunder in his work, upon which the critics can fasten, and show their parts, which it is necessary for them to do; for, otherwise, they will be constrained to invent objections and disparagements, which may be far more injurious to his fame. When a critic espies an undoubted fault, in the delight of showing his superior acumen and knowledge, it is wonderful what a benignity possesses his mind; and he feels a charitable and indulgent

spirit towards an author who has laid himself so conveniently open to attack. The same law holds in morals. Let a person be heard of without faults, and all the world will be at his character to ransack the secret vice; but let it be notorious that he is vain, proud, too fond of money, or of power, or what you will, and tribute is paid to detraction, and he may pass on undisturbed.

What has all this to do with "Hogg's Queer Book?" some one asks. We answer,—The most intimate connexion: First, a queer article is proper to a queer book; and, secondly, the moral of all this is, that we should have a care of being too wise for the toys of the world, and the sportive, the fanciful, or even the trifling. It is bad for the mind, and, withal, dangerous to the reputation. A man who finds that he has outgrown his taste for ballads, should put on short coats again and a slobbering bib, and try to restore himself to the wiser state of childhood. We have heard of men of very superior minds, engaged in the profession of the law, so foreign to improvement and adverse to any honest possessions, who have, on reading a profound metaphysical treatise, rejoiced to find that their capacities of higher intelligence remained to them. This was a good experiment as to one faculty; but to try another, they would have done well to revert to some of the old trinkets of fancy, and see whether any delight could be revived in their minds by their curious beauties, or any admiration excited at the art and ingenuity with which they are worked. We declare that we think very much the better of ourselves for the pleasure with which we have read Mr. Hogg's Queer Book, and for finding all his grotesque imaginations and wild fancies, his fairy-land adventures, and his ghostery, familiar and welcome to us as old friends. The stories most to our mind are, "Robin Reid," "Jock Johnstone, the Tinkler," "The Laird of Lun," and the "Origin of the Fairies." Our taste in these things may be summed up in one of the author's lines—

"The wilder 'tis, I love it better."

WHAT WILL THE ARMY DO?

We answer, once, that the army will do its duty. But the essence of military duty, as that is understood and defined in the Wellington school, consists in blind, unreflecting, mechanical obedience to orders issued by competent authority; and the best soldier is the most perfect automaton. Conscience, principle, natural feeling, affection, opinion, judgment, reason, intelligence,—all, according to the military martinets of the present day, must be overcome by the force of discipline, and merged in the instinct of obedience. The implied doctrine of the would-be military despotism, is, that if a soldier be commanded to level his firelock at the bosom of his father, his brother, his neighbour, or his friend, he must obey, and pull the trigger when the fogleman gives the signal. In a word, a soldier, according to the class of *doctrinatres* to which we allude, is one whose profession it is to kill, according to rule, and who is himself liable to suffer death if he refuse, or even hesitate to act conformably to this principle when ordered to do so. But the time is gone by when such violent, and we may add, unconstitu-

tional notions can be entertained, far less reduced to practice in this country. We have said that the army will do its duty,—we even believe that it will do more ; but with us the citizen can never be altogether merged in the soldier, nor the man in the mere military instrument : and hence, in considering the precise nature and quality of its duty, the army will probably reflect that a man is not emancipated from the eternal obligations under which every human creature lies to God, and to the laws of reason, patriotism, and humanity, by being tricked out in scarlet or blue, and provided with a firelock and accoutrements. We go farther, and say that the soldier has civil rights as well as the citizen, that he is equally, or even more interested in good government, and that nothing can ever justify him in lending his hand or his arms to commit parricide on that country which he is sworn to defend.

Reformers have been threatened by their adversaries with the army ; and the menace was not without meaning or force, considering that the chief command of this incomparable body of men continued in the hands of a mere lieutenant of the people's greatest enemy. But the blood-thirsty miscreants who held this language, and who calculated upon the army as the grand engine with which they might crush at will the liberties of the country, did not stop to consider whether our brave defenders, who have so often fought and conquered, even " under the cold shade of aristocracy," would consent to become passive instruments or tools in the hands of the faction, by which the army itself, as well as the country, has been so long domineered over and oppressed. They relied on the natural effects of discipline, and the instinct of obedience which it engenders ; but they forgot that the question was no longer about encountering a foreign enemy,—that the power of knowledge has been communicated to the soldier as well as the citizen,—that the ties which bind him to the society of his country can never be severed,—that he also has a stake in the hedge ; and that, though naturally as fearless as the steel by his side, he could not but be chilled by that " cold shade " which had intercepted from him the genial rays of favour and of hope. They knew not that the army had long ceased to be a brute mass, susceptible of impulsion, at the pleasure of those who were invested with authority to regulate its motions ; that although it might be carried, or even forced a certain length, there was a point at which action would cease, and re-action commence. They did not reflect that, between the army and the people, the identity of interests is complete, and that every step in advance made by the latter, must, from the very nature of things, be so much gained by the former. It was as absurd and irrational therefore, as it was insane, to threaten a country like this, struggling to disenthral itself from the fetters of a detestable oligarchy, with military execution. The bloody mandate might indeed have gone forth, but no hands would have been found to execute it. Well do the people know that the army are their friends : well do the army know, that every improvement which has of late years been effected, every abuse which has been cured, every outrage to reason and humanity, which has been suppressed, in the constitution and discipline of the armed force, owes its origin to the generous efforts of the people. There is not a British soldier so ignorant as not to be perfectly aware who are the persons that have all along patronised and supported the infamous punishment of flogging ; there is not a British soldier who has forgotten the long-continued and persevering exertions made to put an end to that degrading infliction, or who

does not feel grateful, even for the partial success which has attended these efforts. The army is not so incurious or unobservant as military dandies and despotical captains would have the world to believe.

But this is not all. The army have a deep and immediate interest in the success of that cause which the people have determined to carry at all hazards, and at every sacrifice. If they have fought and conquered "under the cold shade of aristocracy," what would they not achieve, were the oligarchical monopoly broken down, and the avenues to promotion thrown open to the ambition of every private in the ranks? Now, this is one consequence which *must* follow from the success of the Reform Bill; because the victory of the people will never be secure as long as the army continues in the hands of a faction essentially and inveterately adverse to the country. Its constitution *must* therefore be popularised. This is a conservative measure without which all others will, in the end, prove nugatory. We *must* have a national army, in which the national genius will have full scope. The traffic in commissions must be destroyed. The law of seniority, which is the conservative law of mediocrity, must be subjected to due limitations. The career of promotion must be thrown open to all. Some, we know, will be ready to exclaim against all this as terribly levelling and democratical, and to denounce our statements as revolutionary. Our answer, however, is, *first*, that the changes to which we point have now become wholly inevitable; and, *secondly*, that these have already been made in every efficient and well-regulated army on the Continent, particularly in those of Russia and Prussia, where bravery and talent furnish the only coin in which promotion is paid for. How, then, can it ever prove dangerous to a free country, like ours, to adopt improvements, which even despots have found practicable and safe, nay, eminently beneficial?

No class of the community, therefore, will gain more by the success of Reform than the army. And, is it possible, that the soldiers can be ignorant of this? On the contrary, they know it well; and, judging from *some* symptoms which have recently manifested themselves, it is not difficult to foresee how they will act upon any emergency that may occur. In one word, they have resolved to be free. Hitherto genius, in the lower ranks of the service has been completely paralyzed; and, although our non-commissioned officers are confessedly the best in the world, seldom, indeed, has one of their number been able to pass that enchanted line which has hitherto separated their order from that of the aristocratical imbeciles placed over them, and whom, in nine cases out of ten, they in reality command. But the time is approaching when soldiers only will command soldiers, and when the bravest and the best, without reference to the accidents of birth or station, will receive that distinction which can never be either honestly or beneficially conferred, except on merit alone. In a few short years, or we should rather say months, the French army threw out from its ranks Massena, Murat, Jourdan, Soult, Lannes, Augereau, Bessieres, Kellerman, Lefebre, Ney, Mortier, Suchet, Brune, Victor, and a multitude of others, little, if at all, inferior to these celebrated commanders; nor can it be doubted, that, were equal scope afforded in the British army, it would furnish, when occasion required, men not less calculated to lead it to honour and to victory.

If, then, it be asked, what the army will do, in the event of an ultimate collision between the faction, which has so long domineered over the country, and the nation at large, we answer, without any hesitation, **that it will make common cause with the people.**

MISS EDGEWORTH'S WORKS.*

THE world is a large debtor to Miss Edgeworth. For the last forty years she has been an eminent instructress in the difficult art of social well-being, in the science of happiness. The grandchildren of those whom she informed and benefited are now reaping the fruits of her labours, in improved modes of mental and of moral culture, and in increased knowledge. During nearly the same period she has held the envied place of the most high and popular of the fair preachers of the fashionable world; and, unlike most other great dignitaries, she has been beyond all doubt the most useful and practical. That its improvement has been at all commensurate to the great ability, tact, and earnestness of the lecturer, is to us extremely doubtful, and probably more so to Miss Edgeworth herself. She has thrown away her finest lessons on a class which, like the adder, turns a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer, charm she ever so wisely; and now leaves it, possessed, no doubt, of greatly increased knowledge, and with but little more of that true wisdom of which she is so distinguished a teacher, than when she first dedicated her talents to its improvement. Miss Edgeworth has had to encounter, in full force, the torrent of corrupted manners, and the passions and vanities which belong to a luxurious state of society; and, like every other dispassionate moral teacher, she feels the heady current too strong for her calm resistance, and is doomed to experience that even when intellect advances the most rapidly, the passions remain ever the same, keep the same whirling coil, and create the same illusions; changing their outward signs and their objects of pursuit from the extremes of the decorative shell or feather of the savage, to the ribbon or nickname of the courtier, but never once abandoning the chase or slackening in the mad pursuit. It is enough that Miss Edgeworth has succeeded, in what she designed, beyond all her compeers, and only failed where success was impossible. She has meanwhile bestowed on the world many admirable and delightful volumes, made her own age somewhat wiser and better, and sown seeds of truth and wisdom which will yet fructify and produce more abundantly. To us, what she has intended is however much less important than what, without intending it, she has accomplished,—and to that we turn.

Miss Edgeworth formally disclaims the name of novelist. Her early writings were didactic treatises happily illustrated; in which, however, we are glad to say that the liveliness and exuberant invention of the writer occasionally ran away with, or fairly for a time overthrew her set first purpose. But this not so frequently as could be wished; for she never long threw the reins to fancy. She aspired to be a teacher and leader in the difficult art of happiness, to which she wished to conduct her disciples by the broad and beaten path, keeping steadily in view the ancient and approved landmarks. Her pole-star is duty—not, however, *her*—

Stern Daughter of the voice of God!

but *duty*, so easily perceptible, so little involved in the storm and conflict of the passions, and so closely intertwined with immediate interests,

* Now publishing in monthly volumes, by Baldwin and Cradock, London.

that it scarcely requires stronger motive, than a tolerably enlightened selfishness, to prefer and follow it. Neither Christian martyrdom, nor high-souled heroism, are required in advancing on the secure path, by which Miss Edgeworth leads her pupils onward to all manner of worldly prosperity and happiness. She seldom or never magnanimously leaves her favourites to a self-sustaining, self-rewarding virtue. All her pattern-children are docile and tractable, and are, accordingly, rewarded with hours of rational plays, abundance of cherry-pie, and other good things. Her model young women are well-informed, reasonable, and dutiful; but far too prudent to get into any scrape, or entanglement of the affections. They are thorough mistress of at least one agreeable accomplishment, handsome, and perfectly well-bred, and are sure to be prudently and happily married to some worthy man, rather above their own station in life, and with the approbation of all wise friends. In like manner, her pattern young men uniformly prosper in their respective professions by the orthodox means of industry, integrity, and perseverance, giving energy to moderate abilities; and by a few odd freaks of fortune, (in which Miss Edgeworth likes to indulge,) opportunely, but honourably seized, and turned to advantage. There are other faults of her preconcerted system—her system which she has the merit of often breaking through. If born in Madrid two centuries ago; Miss Edgeworth would certainly have thought it right to believe, that a Queen of Spain could have no legs, however her reason had rejected the absurdity. Even now, she has, or had, some doubts of the virgin purity of young ladies who openly commit waltzery; and will not keep terms, nor allow good husbands, to those who sing *Anacreontic* (Mooreish, we presume,) songs. While labouring to destroy those prejudices which divide nations, and narrow the human heart, she intimates considerable suspicion of what are called “French manners,” as if profligacy were not much the same everywhere, and whether veiled or barefaced. She has, moreover, certain stiff conventional notions of caste; and while ridiculing the bulwarks and circumvallations of the fashionable world, sturdily maintains the lines of demarcation which surround the provincial gentry, and divide the kitchen from the hall. Her rigid exclusion of the kitchen division of the human race from the nursery and parlour, shews neither an enlarged philosophy, nor that expansive spirit of humanity which we should have liked to find in Miss Edgeworth. Her notions of vulgarity, too, are often those of latitude and syllables; her standard of the vulgar not being what is mean, low, selfish, or narrow, in modes of thinking and feeling, but a want of the self-possession which is supposed to distinguish persons who have always lived in refined society, or of the indispensable Shibboleth of pure accentuation of certain words. A kindred fault, is bad taste in the style of her jokes, and obtrusiveness and pertness in repartee. Grace Nugent’s retort courteous, for example, the sweet, amiable, unconscious, and proscribed Grace Nugent, is anything but the retort of a noble or a delicate feminine mind, and wholly unworthy, we shall say impossible, in Lady Clonbrony’s “sweet Grace.” From this delightful creature, the step is natural to Miss Edgeworth’s chapter of moral and social *proscriptions*. It is young men alone her doctrines must influence, if they are to have any power at all; but, it is probable, their only actual effect has been, to cover with deeper shame, to load with more agonizing humiliation, the innocent victims of the follies and crimes of those over whom the proscribed had no control. There are circumstances in the domestic history of Miss Edgeworth’s respectable family,

which she can neither consider ungraceful in practice, nor wrong in principle, since she has voluntarily assumed the task of relating them to the world, which yet in the existing social relations of English life, must be, and are, viewed by many with a repugnance and horror that would neither be excited by the unfortunate circumstances of the innocent proscribed young women, nor of their offending mothers. But conceive how her clear understanding and sense of right would be revolted, by the monstrous injustice of making the female offspring of a man (of her father Mr. Edgeworth,) by his two wives, who were sisters, subjects of a new moral proscription, condemned to celibacy, or separation from all men endowed with delicacy of feeling, and a nice sense of honour. Many civil disabilities and penal enactments have been abrogated since Miss Edgeworth's volumes saw the light, and we are tempted to say this much, in the hope that, in this final edition, she may be led to revise some of her former opinions, and re-examine the grounds of her female proscriptions. They are more than cruel; they are unjust. To proceed with faults:—there is a slight tinge of pedantry, as well as of prudery, in many of Miss Edgeworth's works. The governess is obtruded, bridling, and acting as fagwoman to her pupils, from nine to nineteen, who are somewhat prone to showing their medal of good behaviour and advancement, and to what in Scotland is called *trapping* their less clever contemporaries. This is about the sum total of our faults with Miss Edgeworth; and is set off by a balance which could well afford much greater deduction, and yet leave us enough her debtors. It would be unreasonable to charge this accomplished writer with not doing what she never intended to perform. We can therefore only wish, that her views of her task had been broader and more elevated,—that she had struck boldly at the heart of systems, where she has only skirmished with the outworks; and looked to social evils, in their remote and irresistible causes, as well as in their disastrous but almost necessary results,—that she had done something to shew, that the stream required to be purified at the fountain head, if it is expected to flow in purity through the many little conduits and channels of private life.

The higher moral agencies, religion, poetry, passion, have no place in Miss Edgeworth's system, which she appears to think they would only disturb and counteract; and *romance* has the least possible. Yet the woman will sometimes break out, and push aside the formal instructress. It is then we not only like her best, but sit the most patiently at her feet, delighted and edified disciples, and forgive her a thousand dry documents, while she reads us one "Simple Susan." At such times, we are like her own Rosamond Percy, listening to the unexpected burst of energetic passion, and high-souled enthusiasm in her sage sister Caroline; and, like that charming Rosamond, who by the way is very near cheating Miss Edgeworth into romance, we would try to keep up this high tone a little longer; but she is too wise and sensible, knows too well what is good for us, and so smiles at our childishness, and eludes us. But, is it childishness?—here is the doubt. A heroine or two, cast a little more in the Shakesperian mould, might have her uses, though she did not carry a pair of gold scales in her pocket, scrupulously to weigh the moral and mental qualities of her admirer from day to day, and striking an impartial balance, next consider how far it would be for the interests of her happiness to accept of him, making indulgent allowance as *tare and tret*, and even discounting a trifle for drawback. This rigid proscription of all vehement passion and overwhelming feeling, of reckless generosity in man, and of the all-sacrificing tenderness of woman, of heedless uncalculating enter-

prise, doing and daring, is unwise on Miss Edgeworth's own theory; and is besides, liable to an objection she would at once admit, of overshooting the mark aimed at. Who, for instance, ever felt one particle of care, fear, anxiety, or interest, about her most elaborately perfect heroine, her self-sufficing, prudent Belinda, compared with the expansive sympathy commanded by that most amiable of the erring—most enchanting of the perverse—most fascinating of the capricious,—she who wins hearts in spite of Miss Edgeworth, and of reason—erring, faulty, frank, generous, open-hearted Lady Delacour. Miss Edgeworth ought either to make her pattern ladies somewhat more attractive, a little more feminine—weak we shall not call it—or pardon her readers for lavishing their affections on her more captivating and piquante naughty ones. If zeal for her creed enables her to deal out justice and equity with stern impartiality, so cannot the sensibility of her readers.

It may be from this adherence to the principles of a system, that Miss Edgeworth excludes from all her writings,—along with the strife and tumult of the stronger passions, and the struggles of the high-souled, self-sacrificing virtue, which looks not to earth for its recompense, every sign of sensibility to the beauty of the natural world—that pervading sympathy and ideality, of which even the homeliest narratives are full; which abounds in John Bunyan, and overflows in Robinson Crusoe. Of this, her voluminous works are literally destitute. A clear stage, with a few tables and chairs, and the shew of a book-case, are all that seem necessary to furnish her scene. There is no rich romantic background,—neither foliage nor flowers, birds nor stars,—neither sea nor sky, nor the dear green earth, with all that it inherits of the grand and the beautiful. Such adventitious matters, she appears to consider impertinences in her pages, however brilliantly they may sparkle with all manner of the artificial objects which engross polite society. This is a melancholy blank, and a defect also, in one who refers so constantly to the true and lasting sources of human enjoyment, as contrasted with the factitious and fleeting. One more observation, and all that we have further to say, is unalloyed praise. It may have been the Edinburgh Review, with which Miss Edgeworth has been for so many years a prodigious, and almost the exclusive female favourite, which has conferred on her a reputation, to which she is not now at any rate entitled, of being the best, if not the only national painter of Irish characters and manners. Neither her feelings, mind, nor imagination, however, are Irish. She is a shrewd Englishwoman, of enlarged understanding and rare talent, who cleverly, but sometimes not very correctly, sketches Irish character and manners, as any other well-informed person long resident in Ireland might do; with many cool, minute touches, which would infallibly have escaped one, whose heart and imagination had warmed and expanded among the Irish people, and who, from childhood to womanhood, had grown up, nursed in their traditions, usages, habitudes, and feelings. In writing of the Irish, she has neither dived to the depths of the author of the "O'Hara Tales," nor soared to the altitudes of Lady Morgan. She has shewn nothing of the troubled tumultuous passion, and dark vehemence of the former, nor of the vividness and abandon of the latter. There is little about her that proves the true raciness of the sod. Though her heart, and good wishes, and excellent understanding, may have been in Ireland, her imagination and fancy are, so far as is seen in her works, clearly absentees:—they are essentially English. An Irish popular writer, who disclaims regard or knowledge of Brian Boru, the Milesians,

Carolan, the Irish jig, and all manner of *schanoas*, can no more be called national, than a Scottish author who should know and reck nothing of Bruce and Wallace, the Covenanters, and the old ballads. Now this is not meant to detract one whit from Miss Edgeworth. It is only setting our readers right on what she never arrogated, though it has been so lavishly, and, as we think, erroneously ascribed to her.

Laying aside Miss Edgeworth's objects, we come next to her actual achievements, and her individual merits as one of the most copious and popular of English female writers. She belongs to no school, though a slight affectation of the *Genlis* was perceptible in her earlier writings. She has had no imitators, save a few individuals in Ireland who have never emerged from local obscurity. Good sense is her characteristic, and entire and dextrous command of all her talents; great liveliness, with the power of bridling in her fancy, and, within a certain and limited range, fertile and copious invention, which, in details and fillings up, enables her to finish her sketches with a thousand little incidental strokes, every one of which tells. Along with certain other arts of the novelist, she generally disclaims an involuted fable, but has discovered less judgment or forbearance in sundry little complications and unravellings forced into the service in developing the characters of her personages, which are often impossible, and which though probable, would nevertheless be puerile. Her narratives present few striking incidents or situations of any kind, and almost no extravagances. Those vagaries that do occur, like the follies of all very wise people, are absurd enough.

In female character Miss Edgeworth is among novelists what Pope is among the poets. Her gallery of female portraits, of the ordinary women who walk about the work-day world in silks and satins, whether in their fresh lustre or faded, is by far the richest we possess. Their petty selfishnesses, ambitions, rivalships, pretensions, vanities, strategies, and the follies of all kinds by which, without daring on deeper enormities, they fritter away their own happiness and injure society, are seized with the finest tact, and delineated with matured study. Miss Edgeworth takes a fault of character as Miss Baillie does a passion, and expands and illustrates it with a sagacity and subtilty of observation, and a penetration into the springs of petty action, in which she is altogether unrivalled. Take a few instances,—as the vice of bad temper, displayed in Mrs. Somers in the Tale of “*Emilie de Coulanges*,” or vulgar ambition, and the love of a despicable sort of notoriety and acceptance in fashionable society, which is so often the besetting sin of women, as pictured to the life in Lady Clonbrony with her Hibernian super-refinements—the Manœvurer, the frozen Tory court lady, the fair Whig aristocrat, the scheming mother Mrs. Commissioner Falconer—the endless variety of those “*Machiavels, the waiting maids*,” and a hundred other female characters, each individualized by her little peculiar fault, or her small vice, which breaks no commandment, and yet proves the bane and plague of domestic and social life, and the underminer of all personal worth and dignity of mind. She is also eminently skilful in apposition. How finely is that divinest quality of the female character, sweetness of temper, contrasted in the ingenuous and affectionate *Emilie de Coulanges* with the tormenting irascibility of Mrs. Somers; and the full-blown purse-proud ostentation of the vulgar Lady Stocks with the aristocratic *hauteur*, only kept by politeness from insolence, in Lady Bradstone. Lady Geraldine is a charming, and natural, and what is more, a really Irish character, the frank grace of which may

well set off the blemish of a bad style of practical joking. Lady Dashfort, too, who is so clever and amusing that we own a sneaking regard for her, and would be glad to put in a demurrer against judgment. Habit and circumstance are all-powerful, but there surely is a strong self-correcting power in an understanding like that of Lady Dashfort. With her it might be too late for happiness, but not for virtue. Miss Edgeworth's conclusion is no doubt true to general nature and to her own wise mind; and in mending her book to our taste, we would spoil her moral. But we must resist the temptation of roaming through Miss Edgeworth's gallery of female beauties.

We have scarce space to dwell separately on the various names in the rich catalogue of Miss Edgeworth's works. *Belinda*, her first novel, still remains one of her most brilliant literary efforts, though less fortunate in its subject than *Ennui*, the *Absentees*, and some of those later stories, which first opened up the *terru incognita* of Ireland to English readers. *Belinda* is an admirable picture of the London fashionable world, as it existed when Charles James Fox was a macaroni, as the dandy of his young days was called,—Sheridan, a wit, and the Duchess of Devonshire, sole empress of fashion, literature, and taste,—when the men drank more wine, and the ladies affected greater dash and brusquerie of manners than would take, after their fifteen years Frenchifying. The charm of *Belinda* is our beloved Lady Delacour, and with her repentance and amendment of life its interest flags, if it does not terminate. Yet she is only reformed—not tamed. She repents, not in sackcloth and ashes, but with a free conscience, fresh spirits, and that keener perception and relish of enjoyment which buoys up vol. III. This novel is otherwise full of ordinary fashionable characters, rich in brilliant, pointed dialogue and easy wit. Such specimens as Sir Philip Stukely, and his Fides Achates, the other Siamese twin, could scarcely be matched now in the clubs of the metropolis, at least in ignorance, though we cannot be so sure of what a crack regiment of Hussars might still produce. Sunday schools have been instituted since then, and have reacted on the aristocracy. Sir Philip's declaration of love is one of Miss Edgeworth's best scenes; nor is it a whit exaggerated. There is more pure romance in *Belinda* than in most of the works of this writer; but it is not of an attractive kind, nor in any way intimately blended with the characters. Clarence Harvey, with his universal genius, his extravagant theories, and wild achievements, is, however, a true man of that chaotic period, when the force of a tremendous shock had drifted old opinions from their moorings; when Rousseau had eloquently painted social beatitudes, which Mr. Day, the friend of Mr. Edgeworth, attempted to realize, and which Miss Edgeworth amplified and showed to be fallacious. Clarence Harvey and his adventures become, at last, a little tedious,—a fault with which his creator is more rarely chargeable than any other three volumer whatever, Sir Walter himself not excepted; for among her numerous merits, she deserves especial praise for the time and pains she has bestowed in winnowing the wheat from the chaff, which she, indeed, never gives us in the ordinary way, mixed with more or less of the superior commodity, but alone, and by bushels; which is the honestest method, as people may be on their guard, and decline it.

The "Tales of Fashionable Life" is the work on which Miss Edgeworth's reputation for brilliant talent must permanently rest. They are also those which best establish her superiority in the more solid and

commanding qualities of mind and intellect. They do not require to be commemorated; they live pleasingly in the memory of every one who has once perused them; not with the literary recollections which agitate and excite, but among those which mingle with the daily thoughts, business, and affections of ordinary men and women, furnishing them with examples, allusions, precepts of conduct, and the most improving of all amusements. Who can have forgotten *Emui*, which Sir Walter Scott has happily complimented as the antidote of the misery it paints,—or the *Absentees*, which, taken all in all, is probably the most delightful of Miss Edgeworth's stories, and the one above all others calculated to produce most good in the circle for which these Tales are intended; with all, at least, in that circle who have hearts to feel, and minds to be convinced and enlightened. Would the Irish gentry only listen to arguments so eloquently put, appeals so patriotic, O'Connell need no longer agitate for the repeal of the Union. Let us modify our opinion, and confess that, in the tale of the *Absentee*, the immediate results are wiser and better than those evolved by the writers of bolder and more poetical fictions, whom we consider more purely national and Irish, and whose warmth and vehemence, we are sorry to say, often impress far more than Miss Edgeworth's considerate wisdom and calm benevolence.

Before taking leave of this accomplished writer, we would return her thanks for the generous estimate she has always made, of the influences and moral value of literature. From her works of the size of Tom Thumb to her most elaborate treatises, she has never shirked her profession. Literature has formed the business, the enjoyment, and the glory of her own life, and in season and out of season she exalts it; and to its pure and untroubled springs constantly directs every degree and age of her readers. Literature is one of her main agents in accomplishing all her best ends. Knowledge and study are, together with the cultivation of the benevolent affections, her corrective for false ambition, her cure for *ennui*, her substitute for dissipating destructive pleasures, the means of independent and honourable success in life, and a sure guide to the happiness which is alone worthy of the highest human intelligence.

It is now time we were come to "Castle Rackrent"—the first volume of the series, which forms so handsome a monument to Miss Edgeworth's genius. "Castle Rackrent," a lively, and we are sorry to say too faithful Irish portraiture, is yet hard, and over-coloured, and, though true, yet confoundedly to one side. Nor can we allow "Castle Rackrent" to establish Miss Edgeworth's title of a national writer. The delineator of Hamilton Bawn, and the beauties and comforts of Quilca, could have painted the successive baronets of Rackrent with the same truth and humour. It is indeed quite in Swift's style of mingled satire and burlesque; but who thinks the Dean of St. Patrick's a national Irish writer? Yet poor old Thady is an exquisite fellow in his way, and Irish exceedingly—we dare not deny it. Of the other part of this volume—"the Essay on Irish Bulls"—the most satisfactory thing we ever learned was, that, on publication, it was ordered for the Bath Agricultural Society by their secretary. That learned body may have milked the bull to some purpose. To most other persons the Essay appears heavy, trite, and pedantic. The foundations of *Castle Rackrent* will totter under its weight. This *brochure*, save a few chapters, perhaps the ninth and tenth, is, in all likelihood, the composition of Mr. Edgeworth. It bears few marks of the free, lively, and graceful pen of his daughter.

THE BOTHERATION OF THE "PERSONNEL."

Nothing is more common than to hear complaints as to the cruelty and negligence of former ages, in suffering men of genius to languish in poverty during their lives, and only appreciating them after they are alike beyond flattery and censure. Each age seems to have some dreadful cases of neglect wherewith to charge its predecessor; while, as if to show how very different it is, it takes the greatest pains to heap posthumous honours upon the individuals neglected, in the way of erecting monuments to their memories, patronising their children at anniversary feasts, and ranting a great deal of their poetry. Now, the fact is, that each present age, all the time it is seeking to atone for the faults of that which is past, is committing exactly the same errors, in respect of existing men of genius; and is destined to be equally railed against accordingly by that which is to succeed it. What is the cause of this? I think I can show. It is The Botheration of the "PERSONNEL!"

The bodies of men are, in general, of considerable use. A ploughman, for instance, without a body, would make but a poor appearance between the shafts of his plough. A disembodied spirit would have little effect, I should suppose, at the bar. And in the case of an army in the field, I could conceive nothing more awkward than for the men to come in an impersonal form. Granted, the bodies of men are, in general, of very considerable use—in some cases, quite indispensable; to literary men, however, the body is only a botheration. It will be acknowledged that, if a man has a body, it must be, at all hazards, clothed, fed, and provided with a natural share of all physical enjoyments. The bodies of literary men are as fond of a house to live in, a bed to lie in, and food to eat, and liquor to drink, as any bodies whatever: nay, it is said, that of some of the particulars of human enjoyment, they are more fond than any other class of men. Well, it must be seen that these necessities, on the part of the literary man, must lead him into a great many circumstances and relations of a grossly real, and not at all romantic kind. The appeal of Shylock in favour of his tribe—

"Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands; organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?"

—brought forward by the man of genius, instead of obtaining the sym-

* This phrase is by no means a satisfactory description of the creature of inspiration and feeling, which is generally meant by it. However, there is no other phrase that could be adopted in preference. Indeed, it is somewhat remarkable that the English language is totally deficient in a proper epithet to express a high order of intellectual power. *Genius* signifies only a bent towards some particular pursuit. The terms *an able man*, and *a man of ability*, are vague, and may signify only physical power. *Wit* was the old word for every kind of mental efficacy; but it is now applied exclusively to one. *Ingenue* (*ingenium*) was another word in use among our ancestors, but devoted expressly to poetical power; though obsolete, it is perhaps

pathics of his kind, has no effect but that of degrading him in their estimation. It makes him out a clod, instead of a god, as they were partly disposed to think him. He is detected in being only one of themselves. Hence they never can fully or thoroughly appreciate him, till death shall have sphered his spirit in the skies, and left nothing of him behind to meet their sight, but the empty trophy of his title-pages, and the green sod upon his grave.

An individual of that class of private persons who run crazed after literary men and other notorious creatures, was once invited, along with a number of kindred spirits, and also of native literati, to breakfast at a gentleman's house, where a lion of the first water, from England, was that morning to be exhibited. The individual I speak of was a lady; one who doted upon "hot-pressed darlings," collected autographs, and thought Byron the most interesting person of the age. She looked forward to this breakfast with expectations of the most sanguine kind, for the illustrious stranger was really a being of high intellectual superiority, and one who might be expected to speak nothing but oracular wisdom. She went;—the breakfast began; the feast of reason was for a while postponed to the feast of the body. Tea and coffee flowed; but of soul, "not a pouring." A preternatural quiet reigned. Men ate and drank beneath their breath. Of words there were scarcely any, and those entirely in aspirations; for no one could venture to hazard a remark, even upon that least disputable of all subjects, the weather, in the presence of such a great man. Time flew on, and still nothing had been said by either the worshipped or the worshippers: The whole object of the meeting seemed as if it were to be nought. At length, the open and greedy ears of our friend were regaled with one distinct sentence from the mouth of the illustrissimo. It was,—"ye gods!—" "I'll thank ye for some ham." Heaven and earth! *I'll thank ye for some ham!* Did ever divine lips condescend to pronounce such gross and earthy words, *I'll thank ye for some ham!*—let the words of the breakfast, the day, the year, be blotted for ever out of the book of past things.

This anecdote tends to shew, in a striking way, the disadvantage under which intellectual greatness labours in its connection with a bodily frame. It shews that a great author would attain much more consideration in the world, if, like the bird of spring, according to the beautiful idea of Wordsworth, he were "but a wandering voice." The light seen far above the billows by night *might be a star*, till we arrive at the spot, and find it only a *lamp*, sustained by whale oil, at the top of a tall building. So, judging of those who have delighted the world by their writings, we might suppose them sparks shed from the bright mind of Divinity itself; till some day we learn that they are not only beings of

the best word we know of to supply the deficiency. "A clever man" is a vulgarism, or, at the best, can only express alacrity of mind. *Talent* is a word perverted from its proper sense, in consequence of being used figuratively in the well known parable; it will scarcely be found in the sense of intellectual power in any work of more than thirty years standing. As for *talented*, it is an abominable piece of vulgarity, which, being found in any manuscript communication to Tait's Magazine, ought to mark at once the propriety of its exclusion. The phrase of the last century was a *man of parts*; but how such a series of words could be seriously used to express mental superiority, I cannot conceive.

mere flesh and blood, but, perhaps, characterized by even an unusual share of the fallings incident to humanity.

Of all the disadvantages alluded to, those afforded by personal aspect are, perhaps, the most deeply felt by men of letters. Genius enshrines itself sometimes in strange tabernacles; and there is not wanting a theory, that, in proportion to the approach to perfection in the mental, is the departure from beauty in the external configuration. One minute part of this theory may almost be considered as proved, and, if so, it would certainly give feasibility to the whole. It is, that the depth of the upper lip, which, in beauty, ought to be very little, is found, by a tolerably extensive observation, to be in genius very great. I am not disposed, however, to assign to the generality of men of genius more than a fair proportion of ugliness. They have their share, and that is enough for the present purpose. To be in the least degree inferior in looks to what they are in mental accomplishment; to be at all liable to a scrutiny in respect of exterior, is enough to embitter the feelings of many literary men. The whole person is an awkward *sinus* or *outshot* from the central point of the intellect; and, however useful, as before remarked, to many men, is to them only a trouble and a coil. Suppose his failing lies in diminutiveness of stature, what incessant mortification is he doomed to feel in having himself measured day by day against every gawky to whom nature has been more kind. Suppose an extreme case. Imagine a mere *ort* of humanity, a creature more like a toad than a man; suppose this individual has been gifted with a mind of the purest brightness, with feelings of the most exquisite sensibility. No such wretch, though his life were as pure as new-driven snow, could set up his face as a lionizable author. Could he, fit only to be shuddered at by woman, write passionate sonnets, expressing the emotions of his literally crushed bosom respecting disappointments in love? No: the mind in such a case, however brilliant, however magnanimous, would be utterly destroyed by the *personnel*. We can all trace the effect which even a slight lameness had upon one of the greatest of modern intellects—BYRON. In his name, in his parentage, in his position in society, in all the varied relations of life, the literary man is subject to grievous annoyances, arising from the disproportion which always, more or less, exists between his mental and personal status. His name may be so wretchedly commonplace, that Fame can never mouth it. A Byronic intellect attached to any one of many hundreds of our British surnames, is inconceivable. I verily believe that if a second Shakespeare were born with the name of Mr. Lamb's hero, (Hogsflesh) he would make not the least way in the world. Nor is this a new idea. An ancient writer, whose name I have forgot, asserts that no man could be a great poet who had not been born at a place which was calculated to make a respectable sound in verse. On the same principle, I would contend that, to attain a decent share of distinction, either in this life or after it, a man must possess a name not altogether wanting in euphony. As at least a negative proof of this position, it may be pointed out that there is not one great name in the circle of British glories, literary or military, which has a mean sound. How many men, then, must have been born, with every power to delight and benefit their kind, but whom the unhappy circumstances of a paltry cognomen, or an ungainly form, have prevented from being great!

Then, again, as to the position of a man of genius in the world. We all

know that wonders in this way have sprung from the classes of ploughmen, and shepherds, and shopkeepers; and have enjoyed, to appearance, some share of general patronage. These men, however, are, after all, looked upon without real respect by the more wealthy people around them. In this country, where almost every pretension is reckoned up under the magical letters L.L.D., a miracle of genius, who does not assume a bearing of equality with the better orders of society, is looked upon as a *quis*. He may be endured for a night at some lionizing party, but next day, and in all further time, he is cut dead. The individuals guilty of these unworthy feelings will be ready, I have no doubt, to weep with those who weep over the sorrows of this child of genius, when he shall have been purged by death from all the dross of worldly circumstance, and can put them to no more risk of having to recognise him as a rather humble acquaintance. But till then who, except the small class already alluded to as running crazed after live lions, will be troubled with him? I can hardly blame society for this, because, after all, the ultimate posthumous character of the individual is a consideration too vague to be of any avail against the immediate and common principles by which the mass of men are actuated. It would be more than could be expected from flesh and blood, to take up a plain-looking man into one's phaeton in Prince's Street, and endure the curious remarks of one's fellows thereanent, for the reason that this individual is likely to be spoken of with admiration, by persons who are to ride along Prince's Street in the twentieth century. To hold a burning coal in the hand, by thinking on the frosty Caucasus, were not a more severe trial to the nerves. But, though I exempt society from blame, I do not the less deplore the anomalous situation which literary men hold in relation to it—in respect of their reputation, so much exalted above ordinary men—in worldly circumstances, generally so much below them. It appears to me, that this contrariety of relations is a perplexity too much for even great intellects to bear with philosophy. The most able and the most modest men, wanting in the external recommendations of life, and yet possessing about them that which gives them importance in distant lands, and will carry their names down into futurity, may hardly comport themselves with discretion, under such strange circumstances; but run, I may say, a perpetual risk of shipwreck upon some point or other; or must at least get into such a state of irritability, from offended *amour propre*, and a constant brooding over the discrepancies of their personal and mental status, as to produce the most fatal effects.

To bring this strange discrepancy, as clearly as possible, before the mind of the reader, I shall adduce a living illustration in the person of James Hogg, the well-known Ettrick Shepherd. I hold it to be indisputable, that Mr. Hogg is endowed, by nature, with poetical gifts of a very high order. He has, beyond all doubt, written verses which will never be forgotten while any other English poetical compositions, as yet before the public, shall remain. I say nothing for his somewhat coarse prose, nor for certain whole bushels of his verse. But I assert, that, at least, one poetical volume is among the most beautiful, and likely to be one of the most permanent, of the versified works of the present age. It is granted, then, that this is a man destined to be remembered, while the mass of the contemporary generation is gone by, as if it had never been. But, after assigning to him this intellectual rank, I would ask how it suits with his station in society? Are there not thousands—

thousands fully capable of admiring his works, both while he is living, and after he shall be dead, and who would think it scorn to be suspected of not sympathizing with the fate of Burns, of Kirke White, and of Chatterton,—who, to recall the Shepherd's own touching language, look strange upon his untutored manners and simple attire? Do not thousands, who only fill a respectable place in society, which ninety-nine out of every hundred men could fill as well, and who must, by and by, go from their place of temporary importance and authority, and be no more heard of, *think coldly* of this poor poet, whose use in this world has already been ten thousand times more extensively beneficial than their own, and who, after his death, will scarcely ever cease to be a creature, or, at least a *name*, of some interest? The cause of this is the *personnel*, and the *personnel* alone.

Altogether, considering the immense abstract importance of the literary class in the state, and the blessings which they are every day employed in diffusing amongst their kind, it seems wonderful, in the highest degree, that their situation in society should still be, in general, attended with so many disadvantages, and that their honours in life should be so disproportionate to their consequence in the grave. This is more especially remarkable in the case of the Newspaper Press. The influence of a few of the London editors over public affairs is so great, that they must now enter into every question of Government. Yet, even "the private gentleman" of Printing-house Square has only a salary of a thousand a-year, while the rest have, in hardly any case, more than five hundred. This humility of fortune, with their want of *name* as individuals, renders their condition in the world the most anomalous that anywhere exists. It is still a generally accepted maxim, that no man ought to trust altogether to his pen for bread; which fixes the fact, that that which may produce no less glittering a prize than immortality, is insufficient to ensure a crust at the instant. The very greatest of our modern *litterateurs* have found it necessary to depend, for the daily necessities of life, upon some trade, though it be one which everybody can practise; and limit their exertions in behalf of the race, and for posterity, to leisure hours spared by labour! The greater part of the golden mind must be devoted to the most commonplace purposes, in order that its owner may obtain the gross objects of appetite which he perhaps despises; while only a fraction can be spared to a business, every moment spent in which will, perhaps, be so much appreciated hereafter, that posterity will curse the necessity which could spare no more; at the same time, taking no note of the like circumstances happening under its own eyes every day.

TO A CERTAIN EX-MINISTER.†

Lo! at the bar—for black offences tried—
Base Empson stands, with Dudley by his side;
Once injured England's lords, poor-prisoners, now,
Dismissed by Henry, as by William—Thou,
Pale trembling culprits!—when each plea is o'er,
And fine-spun sophistries avail no more,
“One boon,” they cry, “one little boon we claim:
Tell not our fate—O, publish not our shame
Forth unto England! England may find doom
Her ancient laws are laid in Empson's tomb—
To foreign lands—the nations will surmise
Our institutions die—when Dudley dies.”

They spoke in vain. They punished on the tree;
And then prophetic mantle falls on Thee.
Scorned for their crimes—the land's relentless foe—
’Twas thine to state ill-omened pleas like those.
And Thou, when Freedom's star begins to shine,
Bark'st at its rays, and mak'st such pleadings thine.

THE BANK CHARTER.

We reform the constitution of England, and we do right, but let us also reform the constitution of the Bank of England, for no t assuredly as long as it shall continue in its present state, it is the greatest nuisance that ever disgraced this or any other country.—*Times*, Sept 19, 1831.

It seems pretty generally to obtain belief in the city, that the question of the Bank Charter will come under the consideration of Parliament in the course of the present session, and we believe also, that an eager desire exists among all classes of the sound interest that this may be the case, and a remedy, as they trust, applied to the evils connected with the whole London system of banking. All these are more or less to be traced to the exclusive privileges of the Bank Charter. By preventing the formation of private banks in or near the metropolis with a greater number of partners than six, some of those establishments got into weak hands, and the failures which ensued during the panic drove the best portion of the business to the Bank of England. Hence the extent of the private accommodation which the bankers, through their knowledge of the parties, were able with safety to themselves to diffuse among their connexions, has almost wholly stopped, for in the large scale of the Bank transactions all such discrimination is out of the question. Almost all the banking business is now in the hands either of the great corporation and two or three discount houses on a large scale, who chiefly employ money placed at their disposal by country connexions. It is a remarkable fact, that Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, and some others of the chief towns of England, enjoy a far better and more steady system of banking than the metropolis is able to boast of. The banking companies lately formed there are all said to be conducting useful and profitable business, without any issues of their notes, confining themselves to the circulation of commercial bills and notes of the Bank of England. During some late periods when specie was extremely scarce in London, nothing of the sort occurred in the places above referred to, but the rate of interest was equal and moderate, and in all respects in the state most favourable to steady commercial operations. London, from its position and other advantages, is fitted to be the great banking emporium to the whole of Europe. To cramp and destroy these advantages by a monopoly in favour of one corporation, is an evil to the whole country, of the magnitude of which we shall hardly be quite sensible until it is removed.—*Times*, 10th February, 1832.

The question of the renewal of the Charter of the Bank of England involves the whole case of paper money, as it affects all the interests of the community; because the management of the currency of London regulates the banking business, as to issuing bank notes, throughout the whole kingdom, and thus comes home to every individual who deals with a banker.

In this way it is that the landed interest is particularly concerned in the decision which the legislature may come to upon the question of the renewal of the Charter; because, if a sound system of banking shall be established throughout the country, English farmers will then

† Empson and Dudley, the profligate ministers of Henry VII., when brought to their trial, had the merit of inventing the plea of the Constitution being in danger, to save themselves from the gibbet.

derive the same benefits from the accommodation of banks that Scotch farmers derive from it, and they will thus be better able to employ their capital to advantage and pay rent to landlords. All persons also in trade or engaged in manufactures, will obtain similar benefits from a sound system of banking: so that the whole public is most deeply interested in full advantage being taken by the legislature of the expiration of the Charter of the Bank of England, to substitute a more secure and more useful plan of banking in the place of the present one.

The Bank of England was established in 1694, in consequence of having made an advance to Government of £1,200,000, which sum constituted its capital. The term of the Charter granted to the Company was from the 1st of August, 1694, to the 1st August, 1705, when it was terminable on the re-payment of the sum of £1,200,000. No such re-payment has been effected, renewals of the Charter having, at various periods, been made; and at present it is in force until the expiration of twelve months notice to be given after the 1st of August, 1833, and until payment by the public to the Bank of the debt due to it.(1) This debt amounts to £11,686,800.

Some writers seem to be of opinion that the only use of the issuing of paper money by banks is the substitution of a paper currency for a metallic one. "The use of paper, instead of gold, substitutes the cheapest in place of the most expensive medium, and enables the country, without loss to any individual, to exchange all the gold which it before used for this purpose, for raw materials, utensils, and food; by the use of which both its wealth and its enjoyments are increased."(2) Mr. Ricardo, after giving this description of the use of paper money, proceeds to say, "The whole business which the whole community can carry on, depends on the quantity of its capital, that is of its raw material, machinery, food, vessels, &c. employed in production. After a well-regulated paper money is established, these can neither be increased nor diminished by the operation of banking." He further says, "Adam Smith speaks of the advantages derived by merchants from the superiority of the Scotch mode of affording accommodation to trade over the English mode, by means of cash accounts. These cash accounts are credits given by the Scotch banker to his customers in addition to the bills which he discounts for them; but as the banker, in proportion as he advances money and sends it into circulation in one way, is debarred from issuing so much in the other, it is difficult to perceive in what the advantage consists."(3) These remarks show that Mr. Ricardo was somewhat disposed to deny that trade and industry could derive any advantage from the accommodation which banks are in the habit of affording in discounts, and loans, or cash credits; and this opinion has been adopted by other writers on the subject of banking. On the other hand, there are authors of the highest authority, who maintain an opposite opinion and which, to common observation, appears to be correct; namely, that banks do greatly assist trade and industry by the various modes of accommodation and assistance which they adopt in carrying on their business.

Mr. McCulloch, in describing the Scotch system of cash-credits, says, "It is an exceedingly convenient mode of accommodating the public.—

(1) 40 Geo. iii. c. 201.

(2) Ricardo's Principles of Political Economy, p. 432.

(3) Ricardo's Principles, &c. p. 433.

This plan of making advances and giving of interest on deposits constitutes the peculiar excellence of the Scotch system, and has certainly been productive of great public advantage." The same author further says, "A banker who issues notes, coins, as it were, his credit. He derives the same revenue from the loan of his written promise to pay a certain sum, that he would derive from the loan of the sum itself, or of an equivalent amount of produce; and while he thus increases his own income, he, at the same time, contributes to increase the wealth of the public."(4)

Adam Smith, in the second chapter of his "Second Book of the Wealth of Nations," explains, at great length, the whole subject of banking. He says, "It is not by augmenting the capital of the country, but by rendering a greater part of that capital active and productive, than would otherwise be, so, that the most judicious operations of banking can increase the industry of the country. That part of his capital, which a dealer is obliged to keep by him unemployed, and in ready money for answering occasional demands, is so much dead stock, which, so long as it remains in this situation, produces nothing either to him or to his country. The judicious operations of banking enable him to convert this dead stock into active and productive stock; into materials to work upon, into tools to work with, and into provisions and subsistence to work for: into stock, which produces something both to himself and to his country."(5)

The effect of the operations of banking in rendering capital more active and more productive, as here explained by Adam Smith, is not a matter which admits of much doubt, because it is seen and felt in all directions, in all the concerns of trade; and, therefore, it may with safety be said, that paper-money is useful, not only as a substitute for metallic money, but also as a means of increasing trade and industry through the operations of banking.

The great object now to be inquired into, and decided upon by the legislature, is, how these two uses of paper money can be extensively conferred on the public with security. If the history of banking in England, America, France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, is referred to, it will shew that immense losses have, up almost to the present moment, accompanied the paper money system; and were it not for the example of the successful plan of banking in Scotland, it would be nearly impossible to avoid coming to a conclusion, that there was something in the nature of paper money, which rendered it impossible that it could ever be employed with safety in any country.

The Scotch system of banking contributes more than that of any other nation, to render capital active and productive; and possesses, at the same time, the prodigious advantage of almost perfect security against loss from bank failures. The whole capital of the country is made active and productive by the practice the banks act upon, of paying interest on money deposited with them, even on very small sums, and of advancing money on what are called cash-credits, to all persons of good character, occupied in industrious employments, who can find securities. In this way, the banks act as agents, or brokers, between all who want to lend, and all who want to borrow; and, by their interposition, benefit both parties. It appears from the evidence given before the Select Committee

(4) Principles of Political Economy, p. 135.

(5) Wealth of Nations. Mr. McCulloch's Edition, vol. ii. p. 77.

of the House of Commons in 1826, on Scotch Banking, that the amount of deposits in the banks may be taken at twenty millions; (6) and it is stated by Mr. J. G. Craig, that "It is rarely known that the banks have lost on cash-credits." (7)

The great benefit that Scotland has derived from this system of banking, is acknowledged by several authors of great authority. Adam Smith says that the trade and industry of Scotland, in his time, had increased very considerably, and that it could not be doubted that the banks had contributed a good deal to that increase. Sir James Stewart observes, in his "Principles of Political Economy," that it is "To the banks of Scotland the improvement of the country is entirely owing;" and "That all commercial countries, by imitating them, will reap advantages of which they are at present deprived." (8) The late Sir William Pulteney, than whom there was no one more capable of forming an accurate opinion on such a subject, said, in his speech in 1797, on the Bank Restriction-Bill, that the remarkable progress which Scotland had made in her commerce, manufactures, and fisheries, was to be attributed to her banking system. Mr. Kirkman Finlay said, in his evidence before the Committee on Scotch Banking, he thought the facilities afforded by the banks of Scotland were the principal ingredient of the prosperity of the country. All the witnesses examined by the Committee described the effects of the practice of paying interest on deposits, as particularly beneficial, by establishing habits of prudence and parsimony, and by leading to the rapid accumulation of capital. They represented it as giving to every one the advantage of a saving bank; and, with respect to the cash-credits plan, they shewed that it led to, promote industry and improve husbandry, and to introduce good moral habits among the lower classes of tradesmen and farmers.

When, in addition to what has now been said in favour of Scotch banking, it remains to be stated, that no gold has been in circulation in Scotland for the last fifty-five years; that there have not been any panics or runs on the banks; and that the whole loss suffered by the public from bank failures, from the first introduction of paper-money, is no more than £36,344,—it will appear that this system of banking deserves to be well examined in all its parts, in order that full advantage may be taken of so much experience, by those whose duty it is to direct the course of the legislature in the measures to be taken, in consequence of the expiration of the Charter of the Bank of England.

The immense losses which the people of England have suffered by the failures of banks, make it a matter of great importance to shew in what the difference consists between the Scotch and English systems of banking; but this may easily be done, because this difference consists in the laws for regulating this trade. The only law on the subject in Scotland is one for making bank notes payable on demand, and for preventing bank notes from being issued for a smaller sum than twenty shillings. So that the trade may be said to be nearly free; and it will be found to be quite correct, from what will be stated in the sequel, to consider this freedom of the trade as the characteristic of the Scotch system and the cause of its prosperity.

By the law of England, the principle of free trade has been wholly departed from, by prohibiting any banking company, except the Bank of

(6) P. 124.

(7) P. 268.

(8) Vol. i. p. 358.

England, from issuing bank notes, which consists of more than six partners, and by incorporating the Bank of England into a Company with a capital of nearly fifteen millions.

In Scotland the banking trade has grown up and become established under the control of active competition and rivalry; while in England, the restriction on the number of partners in banking companies has given unlimited power to the Bank of England over the currency. Nothing can be more dissimilar in point of fact than Scotch banking and English banking; and it will be found that the more carefully the workings of the two systems are examined, the more evident it will appear that the cause of the success of the Scotch system is, that it was founded on the principle of free competition and rivalry, and that the cause of the failure of the English system is, that it was founded on the principle of monopoly.

The following accurate observations have been made on this point in a recent number of the *Quarterly Review*. (9) "An impression prevails very generally on this side the Tweed, that the superior stability of the Scottish banking system rests upon the proverbial sagacity and wariness of the inhabitants of Scotland, and not upon any peculiarity inherent in the system itself. From this it is inferred that a circulating medium which has been found safe among our northern neighbours, would be attended with danger and insecurity if adopted here. This, however, appears to us to be a mistake. The security of Scottish banking arises from the general principles on which the system is organized, and not from any thing which is peculiar either to the character or habits of those by whom its operations are conducted. If adopted elsewhere, these principles would, we feel persuaded, be attended with similar results." With respect to the English banking system the article proceeds as follows:—"No reasonable man can doubt that the imperfection of the system of banking as practised in this kingdom, has been occasioned by the impolitic monopoly conferred on the Bank of England. Under the original provisions of the Charter granted to the Company, no bank could be formed in this country which consisted of more than six partners. This restriction is perfectly indefensible in point of principle; and in practice, it has proved, in a high degree, detrimental to the interests of the public, while it has not probably been productive of any real advantage to the proprietors of Bank Stock."

"The inferior banking system of England," says Sir Henry Parnell, "has been altogether created by the very impolitic regulations of the English law. In the first place, by increasing the capital of the Bank from L.1,200,000, its original amount, to L.14,686,800, its present amount, and thus investing the Bank Directors with the power of greatly increasing or suddenly contracting the currency as they think proper; and in the second place, by imposing a restriction, by which no more than six partners can form a banking company for the issuing of bank notes. In regard to the effect of the law which has prevented more than six partners from joining in a company for issuing bank notes, it is obvious that it has taken away, as to the Bank of England, the great check over abuses in issuing paper money, namely, the competition of rival banks; and that it has led to the establishing of weak banks in the country. If no such law had existed, according as the trade of the

country increased, large Joint Stock Companies would have been formed for opening banks both in London and the country, by collecting a number of shareholders. These banks would have issued paper of substantial value; they would have controlled each other, and they would have found it their interest to prevent the establishing of weak banks. But in consequence of strong banks of this description having been prohibited, the demand for paper money which rose up with the increase of trade, necessarily set on foot the establishing of that inferior description of banks which have so much abused the power of issuing paper money. This regulation, therefore, of the law, for limiting the number of partners in a bank, should be considered as the true cause of that ruinous system of banking which has occasioned such great embarrassments to trade, and such an immense loss of property." (10)

An accurate acquaintance with the principal circumstances belonging to a system of banking, such as that of Scotland, which from its complete success and security forms so striking an exception to all other places, is so essential in order to form a correct opinion upon the best scheme for enabling a country to derive with safety the full advantage of a paper currency, that a short description of these circumstances cannot fail at the present moment to be interesting and useful.

The first bank in Scotland was called "the National Bank of Scotland," and was established in 1695, with an exclusive privilege of banking for twenty-one years. This privilege was not renewed, and in 1727 the Royal Bank was established; and since that time other banks have been opened, making, at present, the total number of banks 32, having belonging to them 133 branch banks. (11)

By an act passed in 1765, all notes of the nature of a bank note, and circulating like specie, are to be paid on demand; and the issue of any promissory note for a sum less than twenty shillings is prohibited. This is the only law relating to the trade of banking in Scotland; so that, with the exception of the restrictions imposed by it, the trade is free.

It has already been stated that the whole loss which the public has sustained by failures of banks in Scotland, since they were first established, amounts to no more than L.36,344. The cause of this loss being so small in a country where paper money has driven all gold coin out of circulation, and that during a period exceeding fifty years, would seem to be a matter of difficulty to explain. But it is only necessary to examine carefully the evidence given before the Committee of the House of Commons on Scotch banking in 1826, to discover that this cause consists in the competition and rivalry with which the banks have conducted their business; and which have been the results of the almost perfect freedom from legislative interference, with which the trade of banking has most wisely been suffered to be carried on in Scotland.

As it was obviously the interest of the first, and every new bank, when established, to prevent loss of business by any addition being made to the number of banks, this principle of self-interest led, on every attempt to establish a new bank, to every kind of resistance and hostility on the part of the old banks. They always combined together to

(10) Observations on Paper Money and Banking, p. 32—36.

(11) See the Reports of the Committees of both Houses of Parliament, in 1826, on Scotch Banking. These should be attentively read, as containing a great deal of valuable information, bearing on the question of English Banking, particularly the evidence given before them.

stop or put down the new bank. This they did, by refusing to receive its paper, and sometimes by collecting together a large quantity of its paper, and, unexpectedly and simultaneously presenting it, and demanding payment for it, and, unless the new bank was possessed of sufficient capital, and was managed with great skill, it could not establish itself against such efforts to stop it; so that it was impossible a weak bank could come into existence; or that bank notes could be issued in Scotland, as in England, by every adventurer who chose to turn banker. In this way, only a short time ago, when the Commercial Bank was first opened, the most hostile steps were taken by the old banks against it; and it did not succeed in becoming a perfectly well established bank, until after having successfully resisted this hostility for upwards of two years; and thus proved the extent of its capital, and its fitness to be a bank. By this working of the private interest of the established banks, the public have been fully protected from the evil of banking carried on by persons wholly unworthy of confidence, either from their want of experience in the trade, or from an insufficiency of capital. It has been impossible that a weak bank could exist; and the consequence of none but strong banks having been established with sufficient capital, all conforming to the established regulations for carrying on the trade, has been the very little loss from failures, which has already been mentioned.

The great fundamental evil of banking, namely, over-issues of paper, can scarcely take place in Scotland, under the several customs and practices belonging to the Scotch system of banking. The paying of interest on deposits is a most efficient check upon over-issues; because it creates an interest throughout the whole public to send back daily to the banks all notes which are not wanted for immediate use. As also every individual who borrows money on a cash-credit, is interested in reducing his debt, by daily paying to his banker all the notes he can spare, in order to reduce the charge on it for interest, the practice of giving cash-credits is a most efficient check on over-issues. But the operation of the daily returning to the banks of all notes, for the sake of getting or reducing interest, leads to the constant accumulation in each bank of notes belonging to other banks; and this has introduced the practice of the banks making exchanges twice-a-week of each other's notes, and to the payment of the balances of exchanges, by bills at par on London at ten days' date.

Under this system of managing the business of banking in Scotland, it appears, by the evidence given before the committees, that all the notes of a bank come back to it very soon after they are issued, sometimes as soon as in one month(12); so that the inevitable consequence of a bank issuing more than it ought to do, is to have a large balance against it on the weekly exchanges, and consequently large sums to draw for on London. As, however, funds cannot be provided in London, on which to draw, without incurring considerable expense, the over-issuing of paper by a bank is necessarily attended with loss; and, therefore, no bank can adopt a course of regular over-issuing of its paper, as a scheme for making profit: on the contrary, every bank is interested in avoiding it; and thus the public is protected from this great evil, which is the cause of all those other evils of panics, runs, and failures, which have so often been experienced in England.

The great importance of fully understanding the causes of the prosperity of banking in Scotland, just at the present time, is a sufficient excuse for making the following extracts from the evidence given before the Committee of the House of Commons, in 1826. These most clearly explain, and fully support, what has now been stated respecting the principal circumstances connected with Scotch banking.

Evidence of Mr. J. G. Craig, W.S.—"What is the ordinary check which subsists against an over-issue?"—"All the banks of Scotland have agents at Edinburgh, who exchange their notes twice a-week, Monday and Friday. There is a sort of general calling in of the notes on these days, and the balances are paid by short-dated bills on London. I know that the state of these balances is looked at by the banks with the utmost jealousy and attention; and I cannot doubt, that, if anything in any degree wrong, were to appear in the course of these exchanges, the banks themselves would instantly correct it, and force a bank acting improperly to alter its mode of conduct."

"Do you mean, that if the other banks discovered an attempt at an over-issuing of notes on the part of one of the banks, they would endeavour to correct that?"—"They certainly would, for their own safety, as well as for the public good."

"Do you think that this is a sufficient check against the possibility of an over-issue by any particular bank?"—"I think no particular bank can over-issue."

"Do you think that, if all the banks were to combine, they could, by any means, force more notes permanently into circulation than the transactions of the country required?"—"I think it quite impossible; the notes which are not required for the use of the country would instantly be returned to the banks." (p. 269.)

Mr. Alexander Blair says:—"I conceive it impossible there could be an over-issue of our notes under the system of exchanges." * * * "If the notes issued by a bank are over and above the amount the country could absorb in circulation, they would necessarily be paid into one of the other banks, and they would bring them against the banker who issued them, and he would be obliged to pay them by a bill on London, which would be equivalent to his having paid gold to the person to whom he advanced the notes." (p. 481.)

Evidence of Mr. Thomas Kinnear.—"Is not the active check on an over-issue the established practice of drawing at par on London?"—"Virtually, the active check; or, I should say, the actual check. What prevents, in the notes issued by the bankers in Scotland, any excess over the circulation fairly demanded by the country, is, that twice-a-week a banker must pay the notes presented to him at the exchanges in the currency of London; and the cash credit system throws into the exchanges all the spare currency of the few last days preceding." (p. 130.)

But this system of exchanges not only prevents over-issues, but the possibility of a bank being opened and established which does not possess ample funds to guarantee the public from loss by its failure.

Evidence of Mr. Roger Aytoun.—"What security do you feel exists in Scotland against the establishing of a weaker description of banks, and thereby destroying the character of the present system, with regard to its solvency and security?"—"If weak banks were to be established, our exchanges are so powerful and so frequent, they could not stand it; in every six weeks, and sometimes in a month, we return the whole amount of our notes in circulation."

"Would there be a disposition on the part of the existing banks to combine against an attempt to introduce weaker banks?"—"If we found there was a weak bank, we would not receive its notes." p. 194.

All that is stated in these extracts, serves to establish this fact, namely, that it is the private interest of the bankers, working under, and with the force of competition and rivalry, which makes their trade profitable to themselves, and, at the same time, useful and safe to the public. This is a most important point to settle; because it is this successful working of the principle of private interest when left free to produce competition and rivalry in the trade of banking in Scotland, which indicates the course which ought now to be pursued in England, on the occasion of the expiration of the Charter of the Bank.

On quitting the subject of Scotch banking, and turning to English

banking, a very different state of things is found to exist. The failure of the latter has been almost as complete as the success of the former. Instead of a system of paper money, carried to its utmost extent, with the greatest benefit, and perfect security to the public, the use of paper money in England has been accompanied with great evil; mitigated, however, it must be admitted, in some degree, by the assistance it has given to industry.

It has already been mentioned, that the Bank of England was established in 1694. But the Act of the Legislature, which gave to English banking its peculiar character, and which may be considered as the foundation of all the misfortunes which have marked its progress, is the law passed in 1708, which declared, that during the continuance of the corporation of the Bank of England, "It should not be lawful for any body politic, erected, or to be erected, other than the said Governor and Company of the Bank of England, or for any other persons whatsoever united, or to be united, in covenants or partnerships, exceeding the number of six persons, in that part of Great Britain called England, to borrow, owe, or take up any sum, or sums of money, on their bills or notes, payable on demand, or in any less time than six months from the borrowing thereof." This enactment virtually established the monopoly of the Bank of England of issuing bank notes in London; for though a banking company of six partners might have issued them, such a project has never been attempted, and could not have been successful with a chartered body like the Bank of England for its rival and competitor.

The following statement will be sufficient to show, in a general manner, that the monopoly system has not worked well.

In 1696, during the great recoinage, the Bank of England was involved in considerable difficulties, and was even compelled to suspend payment of its notes, which were at a heavy discount. In 1745, the alarm occasioned by the advance of the Highlanders under the Pretender, led to a run upon the Bank; and, in order to gain time, the Directors adopted the device of paying in shillings and sixpences.

The year 1797 is, however, the most important epoch in the history of the Bank. Demands for cash, in the month of February of that year, poured in upon the Bank from all quarters; and on the 26th of that month, an Order in Council was issued, prohibiting the Directors from paying their notes in cash.

Although it is quite accurate to say, that the Bank did not stop payment, but ceased to pay its notes in cash, in obedience to this Order in Council, the transaction, in its true character, was nothing else but a stopping of payment by the Bank, and of the same nature exactly as the stopping of payment by any other bank that broke in the regular way, and could no longer fulfil its engagements to the public.

Whatever difference of opinion may have prevailed, and may still exist, as to the proximate cause of this stoppage of payment, whether a panic in the country, or the great amount of advances made by the bank to government, the original and real cause of it, upon an extended inquiry into the whole question, will be found to consist in the legislative regulations, by which one great bank only was established in the metropolis, and by which weak banks were suffered to be established throughout the whole country. In the sequel it will be shewn, that the working of these two elements of the English system could not fail to produce such sudden and immense drains for coin by the weak country banks on the one great metropolis bank, as to render, from time to time, the

suspension of cash payments altogether unavoidable ; so, as in fact, to establish this dernier expedient for getting out of an extreme difficulty, a part and parcel of the system of English banking.

The next and last memorable event, which strongly demonstrates the evil of the bank monopoly, is what happened at the latter end of 1825, and the beginning of 1826 ; namely, so sudden a drain on the Bank for gold, and to so large an extent, as to have placed the Bank on the very point of a second suspension and failure. Mr. Huskison said, on this occasion, in the House of Commons, that " We had been within a few hours of a state of barter." Nothing, in point of fact, saved the Bank from another stoppage of payment, but a supply of sovereigns, most liberally afforded by the Bank of France. In this instance, although it may be true that the proximate cause of the drain was distress of trade, and panic creating runs on private banks, the original cause in 1826, as in 1797, was the vicious legislation for regulating the banking trade.(13)

The principal evils of the existing system of English banking seem to be three :—1. The vesting of the uncontrolled government of the currency of the nation in the hands of twenty-four Bank Directors. 2. The misapplication of the capital of the Bank in advances to Government, and in other ways. 3. The Bank being at all times exposed to such a drain of gold on the part of the country banks, whenever a panic occurs, as to render it next to impossible to avoid stopping payment, and having recourse to Government to interpose with an Order of Council to suspend cash payments.

It is stated, in a work already quoted, namely, " Observations on Paper Money and Banking,"—" While trade was carried on upon a small scale, in comparison with what it is now ; while the paper of the Bank of England did not exceed a few millions, as was the case prior to the year 1780, and while but few country banks existed, the Bank of England did not possess the power of inundating the country with its paper. But it is now an admitted fact, that the Bank Directors have the means in their hands, without being subject to any control whatever, of increasing or reducing the circulation, in such a degree as to produce the greatest embarrassments to trade."(14) " Though," says Mr. Ricardo, " I am fully assured that it is both against the interest and the

(13) The convulsion of 1825-6 has been accounted for in the following manner: The panic of 1825-6 was entirely produced by the operations between the Bank and the Government. In 1823, the Bank bought the (dead weight) annuity of £585,740. In 1824, the Government reduced the 4 per cents., and to pay off the dissentients it borrowed £6,000,000 of the Bank. Here, then, and as arising from these two transactions, was a vast creation of artificial money; this gave rise to all the wild extravagant speculations of 1824-5; then followed a decline in the foreign exchanges, and the exportation of gold; and to check this, and to prevent a second restriction act, the Bank was obliged to call in its excessive circulation; and then came the panic. And therefore the spring, the cause, the active principle which produced the mad operations of 1824-5, and the subsequent panic of 1825-6, is to be found in the transactions between the Bank and the Government; and the final result was, that the country lost at least £30,000,000 of capital: not that this loss was occasioned by the panic, but in the operations which produced and laid the foundation of this panic; and had the panic not interposed to check us in our mad career, the loss would have been still more considerable. Here, then, is a loss of £30,000,000, the cause of which we have clearly traced to the operations between the Bank and the Government; and after this, let those who will, speak in favour of the Bank of England and a paper currency.

(14) Page 94.

wish of the Bank to exercise this power to the detriment of the public, yet, when I contemplate the evil consequences which might ensue from a sudden and great reduction of the circulation, as well as from a great addition to it, I cannot but deprecate the facility with which the State has armed the Bank with so formidable a prerogative.(15) Mr. Tooke says, with great force and truth,—“Next to the administration of the State, there is no administration of any office so immediately and extensively affecting the interests of the community as that which is intrusted to the persons (the Bank Directors) who are invested with the privilege of issuing paper money; and who, by the manner in which they exercise that privilege, have it in their power to produce great changes in the property and condition of every individual in the kingdom. No man or set of men ought, in my opinion, to be intrusted with that privilege.”(16) Mr. Henry Drummond says, in his pamphlet on Currency,—“The Bank of England possesses a formidable power over the properties of its fellow-subjects, which has been and can be productive of the most ruinous effects, without the possibility of conferring one redeeming benefit.”(17) Sir Henry Parnell says,—“The Bank of England, in point of fact, as it has been well described, in place of being what it was originally intended to be, namely, a Bank for commercial purposes, is become a great engine of State; receiving the revenue, paying the interest due to the public creditor; circulating exchequer bills; accommodating government with immediate advances, on the credit of distant funds; and assisting generally in all the great operations of finance. It not only influences, by the superior magnitude of its capital, the state of commercial transactions; but now, that paper has so far supplanted coin, it possesses some of the functions of sovereignty, in addition to those which belong to its trading character; so that, while we call to mind that it possesses the means of assisting commerce and financial affairs, it should not be forgotten that, in the same degree, it has the power of controlling and disturbing them.”(18) (19)

No impartial and reasoning mind can now hesitate to allow, that the ruinous consequences of the depreciation of paper money, subsequent to the suspension of cash payments in 1797, and of the restoration of the value of the currency to its old standard, the necessary result of this depreciation, ought wholly to be laid at the door of the Directors of the Bank of England. It was their ignorance of the causes of depreciation, and fluctuations of exchanges, that led them to act upon the rule which they told the Bullion Committee, in 1810, was their guide in making their issues, namely, to continue to increase their issues, as long as good bills were offered for discount; a rule the worthlessness of which has been exposed by the entire abandonment of it by succeeding directors.

Again, a very great share of the loss sustained by the public, in 1825

(15) Principles of Political Economy, p. 431.

(16) On Currency, p. 124.

(17) Par. 64.

(18) Observations on Paper Money and Banking, p. 96.

(19) Daniel Hardcastle says, in his pamphlet on Currency, (p. 62,) “That no greater evil can be imagined, than that an establishment should have the power (not by means of its capital, but by the expansion and contraction of its issues of mere paper) either to raise or lower the money-value of all property, both real and personal, to influence and regulate the transactions of every member of the community.”

and 1826, is to be set down to the account of the **Bank Directors**. Mr. Tooke says, that the Bank of England, precisely at that time, (1824,) when there ought to have been a contraction, increased its issues three millions; and that "this increased issue gave a fresh and powerful stimulant to the spirit of speculation, and assisted in converting the incipient delirium into absolute insanity." (20) Mr. Mushet says, in his pamphlet on Currency, that it is to the increased issues of the Bank of England, in 1824, he is disposed to attribute the whole of the distress in 1825. It is stated in an able article of the *Edinburgh Review*, (21) that the Bank Directors fell into a double error; first, in attempting to force the issue of their notes, when they ought to have foreseen a redundancy; and, secondly, in increasing their notes in circulation, for upwards of a twelvemonth after the drain for bullion had begun to operate on their coffers. Mr. McCulloch says, in his edition of the "Wealth of Nations:"—"It is not certainly meant, by anything which has now been stated, to insinuate that great loss and inconvenience has not frequently been occasioned by erroneous proceedings on the part of the Directors of the Bank of England. Their conduct in 1824 and 1825, for example, was directly opposed to every sound principle." (22)

II.—With respect to the second principal evil before mentioned, of the constant misapplication of the capital of the Bank of England, in advances to Government, and in other ways; whoever wishes to see this subject discussed in a very able manner, should read a pamphlet published in 1828, entitled, "An Address to the Proprietors of Bank Stock." (23) It is stated in this pamphlet, that the departure of the Company from the principles of banking business, in making advances to Government, and locking up its resources, has been the fatal cause of the chief pecuniary distresses of the nation; and that, in reviewing the transactions of the Bank of England, the most prominent features of deformity on the face of their affairs, is their connexion with Government; which has caused,—1st, Over-issues of Money; 2d, Locks-up of their Resources; 3d, Suspension of Cash Payments. The following estimate is given in this pamphlet of the outstanding demands on the Bank, and of the funds for discharging the same, (in 1828) formed from different detached returns made to Parliament.

(20) On Currency, p. 60.

(21) Vol. 43, p. 275.

(22) Vol. 4, p. 306.

(23) Published by Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street. The following is taken from the Preface of this work. "The great powers possessed by the Bank of England, and the abuse in the exercise of these powers, have led to consequences of fatal injury to the country. As few persons are aware to what extent these wrongs have been inflicted, and how deeply, directly or indirectly, every individual in the state is affected by them, it is desirable that such information of what has already occurred should be supplied; and as these powers, with their inherent liabilities to abuse, so far from being diminished, are constantly increased, either by new concessions yielded, or fresh advantages usurped or aimed at, it is of the highest importance that PUBLIC OPINION should exert its influence to arrest, in some measure, if possible, the fatal progression for the present; and to prevent the renewal of the exclusive privileges of the Bank of England, at their expiration on the termination of the Bank Charter in 1833."

Demands for which the Bank is liable.

Bank-notes in circulation,.....	20½ millions,(24)
Balances on account of bankers and other individuals, }	5½ do.
	26 millions, due, on demand, to the public.
Balance of public money,.....	4 do., due, on demand, to Government.
	30 millions due on demand.
Probable surplus profit due to the proprietors of Bank Stock, }	3 millions.
Total,.....	33 millions.
<i>Funds for discharging the same—appropriated as follows:—</i>	
Advances on dead-weight annuity,.....	11½ millions.
— on Exchequer bills,.....	9½ do.
— on account of dividends,.....	1 do.
— on mortgages,.....	2 do.
— on buildings,.....	1 do.
Dead locks-up,.....	25 millions.
Bills discounted,.....	1 do.
Probable balance in hand,.....	7 do.
Total,.....	33 millions, as above.(25)

(24) The amount of notes now (1832) in circulation, is £19,150,000.

(25) The following statement appeared in the Times of Sept. 19, 1831. "However necessary it may be that an establishment which has the entire direction and control of the currency of the country, should publish regularly and periodically the state of its affairs, yet, strange to say, this has never been required either by Parliament or the Bank Proprietors; and since the year 1819, we know nothing officially of the affairs of the Bank. This defect we will now endeavour to supply. We have very diligently considered the subject; we have been assisted in our researches by men of great and extensive information; and having carefully put things together, the following, we believe, will be found to be a pretty accurate account of the present position of the Bank of England:—

Dr.	Cr.
Debts,—viz.	Credits,—viz.
Bank-notes in circulation.....£18,000,000	Exchequer bills.....£4,000,000
Private balances.....5,000,000	Deficiency bills.....1,500,000
Due to public offices.....1,200,000	City bonds.....1,000,000
	Mortgages.....1,300,000
£24,200,000	Public companies.....300,000
	Dead weight annuity.....11,100,000
	Bills of exchange, advances on
	Exchequer bills, &c.....1,700,000
	Cash and bullion.....3,000,000
	£23,900,000
	Balance.....300,000
	£24,200,000

N. B. This account, it will be seen, leaves out the value of the Bank premises, and which in the former account delivered to Parliament, was put down at L.1,000,000.

"From this statement it therefore appears, that so excellently have the affairs of the Bank of England been conducted, that in the period from 1819 to the present

The pamphlet goes on to state,—“It is dreadful to contemplate the consequences to be apprehended, should another panic arise; for the same causes to which that of 1825 was owing, are in existence; and the same effects may result, with the additional evils which may arise from war producing loans and foreign expeditions, when the exchanges would turn against us? With only seven millions at their disposal, how are they (the Bank) to answer liabilities for thirty millions, payable on demand? They cannot call in mortgages and advances on buildings, when their customer's drafts and their own bank notes are presented at their counters. They cannot dispose of their dead-weight annuity, or Exchequer bills, at a moment when they would become unsaleable, from the very cause that would occasion a run on them for cash.”(26)

These quotations are made, not so much for the sake of imputing blame to the Directors, as to lay the grounds for the inference that such consequences are an inherent part of the existing system of English banking. For, seeing, on the one hand, how great the influence necessarily is, and must be, of Government over the Bank, and of what great urgency the wants of Government may, and often will be; and, on the other hand, seeing who the Directors are, and how incapable of resisting that influence and the claims this urgency creates, it is morally impossible that the Government will ever cease to require advances, or the Directors to refuse them, so long as the Bank monopoly is continued. The misappropriation, therefore, by the Bank of its funds in other ways than such as the principles of banking require, is a necessary evil of an immense magnitude belonging to this monopoly.

III.—With respect to the third principal evil of the system, it is evident that the Bank is placed in a situation of great difficulty and hazard by the liability imposed on it to provide a supply of coin, not only for its own exigencies, but for those of all the country banks, which keep but a small supply of coin in their coffers. They are all, however, holders to a greater or less extent of Government securities; and whenever any circumstance occurs to occasion a demand upon them for coin, they immediately sell or pledge the whole, or a portion of this stock, carry the notes they receive to the bank to be exchanged, and then carry the specie to the country. Hence, when any suspicions are entertained of the credit of the country banks, or when a panic originates among the holders of their notes, as was the case in 1797 and 1825, the whole of them retreat on the Bank of England; and 700 or 800 conduits are opened to draw off the specie of that establishment; which may thus, it is obvious, incur the risk of stoppage, without having done any thing wrong.

As the panic in 1797 led to the suspension of cash payments, and as only a few years elapsed after getting rid of the suspension before another panic placed the Bank within a few hours of being in such a state as to be again under the necessity of calling upon Government to have recourse to the same expedient; the evil of a suspension of cash payments is now proved by experience to belong to that system of bank-

day, the Directors have worked a diminution in the actual disposable capital of the establishment of L.4,531,100; for in 1819 this capital stood at L.4,231,190, and now it is L.300,000 worse than nothing; and when a few circumstances which we shall proceed to relate are taken into consideration, there is in all this nothing very marvellous.”

ing which allows to one Company only in London, the privilege of issuing bank notes.

As yet, only the losses of the public, proceeding directly from the errors of the Bank Directors, have been mentioned. It is now proper to notice those which have been produced by the country banks. They cannot be stated in figures, but some notion may be formed of their vast amount by referring to the failures which have taken place.

The number of commissions of bankruptcy which were issued against country banks from 1792 to the month of February, 1826, is two hundred and ninety-four. The loss, therefore, which the public has sustained by this branch of our banking system, must have been enormous. Although, however, this number of bankruptcies is indisputable evidence of what injury may arise from the substitution of paper money for metallic; if all the facts connected with the system of country banks were duly examined, it would be found they do not establish a conclusion unfavourable to the employing of paper money. The real evil has not been any pestilential quality in the piece of paper itself, but the law for regulating the system under which banking has been carried on. It is impossible to imagine how a more unwise law could have been passed than that of 1708, for limiting the number of partners in a banking company to six. Of all trades, the trade of banking is that particular trade which requires an abundance of capital; such a capital as can scarcely be got together except by a large number of partners forming themselves into a Joint-Stock Company. This law, therefore, made it impossible that country banks could be established on a proper foundation; and thus led to the establishing, over the whole country, those weak banks which have produced so much ruin. (27) Lord Liverpool, in a speech delivered in the House of Lords on the 17th February, 1826, thus truly described the system of banking which grew up under this law:—

“The present system of law, as to banks, must now be altered, in one way or other. It was the most absurd, the most inefficient; it had not one recommendation to stand upon. The present system was one of the fullest liberty as to what was rotten and bad, but of the most complete restriction as to all that was good. By it, a cobbler or a cheesemonger, without any proof of his ability to meet them, might issue his notes, unrestricted by any check whatever; while, on the other hand, more than six persons, however respectable, were not permitted to become partners in a bank with whose notes the whole business of the country might be transacted. Altogether this system was so absurd both in theory and practice, that it would not appear to deserve the slightest support, if it was attentively considered, even for a single moment.”

Although Lord Liverpool did make some changes in the law in 1826, it is rather astonishing, after having made this speech, that he left the cobbler and the cheesemonger the power still to issue his notes without any check

(27) Mr. McCulloch says in his new work, “The Dictionary of Commerce,” which cannot be referred to without passing the highest eulogium on the industry and talent which it displays, that, “in 1703 and 1825, when so many of the English provincial banks were swept off, there was not a single establishment in Scotland that gave way. Their superior stability seems to be ascribable partly to the formation of so many banks with numerous bodies of partners, which tends to prevent any company with a few partners, unless they are known to possess considerable fortune, from getting their notes into circulation.”—See head, Banks. (Scotland.)

whatever. The changes he made, consisted in repealing the restriction of the number of partners, except in London and within a distance of sixty-five miles, in allowing the Bank of England to establish branch banks, and in abolishing in England one pound notes. But these measures, it is quite obvious, fell vastly short of what was requisite to be done to correct the evils of the system. At best they were but meagre palliatives; for they left in full vigour the main vices of the system—one privileged bank in the metropolis, and the power of opening branch country banks. No one who is conversant with the subject can doubt that, whenever trade shall again become very prosperous (a circumstance that has not occurred since 1826,) the same ruinous results will flow from our banking system as those which occurred during the commercial prosperity of 1824 and 1825. A general and extravagant spirit of speculation and over-trading will spread itself; the Bank of England will increase its issues, the country banks will follow the example. The spirit of speculation and over-trading will thus be encouraged; a re-action will ensue; then a panic, and a run on the country banks; and then a simultaneous drain of specie on the Bank of England, followed either by a suspension of cash payments, or a hair-breadth escape from this standing remedy, as was the case in 1826.

If the merits of the English system of banking be weighed by the standard furnished by the ablest writers, nothing can be said in favour of it. The goodness or badness of every system of legislation, we are instructed by them, is to be measured by inquiring whether it answers the end for which it was designed,—*wisdom* itself being but another term for “the skilful adaptation of means to ends.” Now, surely, sufficient has been stated, in these pages to show that the English system of banking has not answered its only legitimate end, namely, that of enabling the public to employ paper money in a way both useful and safe; and, therefore, the conclusion to be come to is, that some other means ought to be tried to secure this end. Hitherto the derangements of our currency and banking system have too commonly been allowed to arise and continue without due examination and consideration whence they have originated, and without proper efforts to arrest their progress; and this may have happened, because mankind generally submit to sufferings without much complaint, when they are conceived to arise from causes too intricate to be traced, or too independent of human power to be controlled. But the vast importance of a proper settlement of the question of the Bank Charter should lead to other courses, and excite the most active and assiduous attention to the subject, and encourage every one to search for some sound principle on which to form his judgment.

We shall now proceed to examine and explain what that principle should be; and in order to clear the way for this undertaking, we conceive it proper to state summarily (although somewhat of a repetition) what are at this moment the provisions of the law under which the trade of banking in England is carried on.

1. The Bank of England is incorporated with a capital amounting to nearly fifteen millions, by a Charter of the Legislature, with the power of issuing bank notes; and it is also enabled by a special act to establish branch banks in the country for the same purpose.
2. The law prohibits more than six partners from forming a Banking Company, for issuing notes, in London, and within a distance of 65 miles.

3. All bank notes must be paid, on demand, in specie.

4. No note can be issued for a smaller sum than £5.

5. Every note must be stamped.

To use the language of Lord Liverpool, this "the present system of law as to banks, must now be altered in one way or other." There seems to be no second opinion as to the necessity of a considerable change; and modern publications have already prepared the way for the examination of the following plans:—1st. To continue the exclusive privileges of the Bank of England, and introduce new restrictions upon the country banks. 2d. to form a Government Bank from which all paper money should issue. 3d. To give only to the Bank of England the power of issuing bank notes throughout all England. 4th. To repeal the law restricting the number of partners in a Banking Company in London, and to make the trade in London as free as it is in the country.

1. With respect to the first plan, ample testimony is afforded in what has been stated in the preceding pages, of the inexpediency of continuing to the Bank of England the exclusive privilege it now has, upon any terms, and thus placing in its hand the absolute power of doing what it pleases with the currency of the nation.

2. With respect to the second plan, of placing the issuing of paper money in the hands of Government; as the experiment of banking in this way has been amply tried in many countries, and during a considerable period, and as it has completely failed in every instance, it seems to be one which cannot be adopted. The object which the advocates of this plan have in view, is to secure to the public the profit to be made by issuing paper money. But it is clear that if this business were performed by a government establishment of commissioners, clerks, &c. &c. there would be incurred so large an expense in salaries, superannuations, incidents, buildings, &c. &c. that a great deal of the profit which would be made by private management would be wasted by Government. Besides it is not likely that whatever might be the profit, any saving would be the consequence; the profit would more probably be applied to some new expenditure, rather than to provide for an old one. The advocates of this plan overlook the fact, that if the profit of issuing paper be left with the bankers, it fructifies for the ultimate benefit of the public. It is the fair return of a large capital most usefully employed; it produces a considerable and immediate accumulation of capital; and thus in the end renders to the State all the advantages belonging to increased national wealth.

3. As to the third plan, of appointing the Bank of England to supply the whole country with paper, this is virtually the same plan as the last; for the Government would unquestionably govern the Directors, and do what they pleased with respect to advances or extraordinary issues for extraordinary purposes. As this plan would abolish all existing banks, the derangement would be so immense and so injurious to all commercial and pecuniary transactions, that it would be impossible to carry it into effect.

4. The fourth plan, therefore, of repealing the restriction on establishing Joint-Stock Companies in London with an unlimited number of partners, is that which is peculiarly deserving of attentive consideration.

If this plan were acted upon, the trade of banking would be made free, subject to the conditions of bank notes being payable on demand in specie, and of none being issued under the value of £5. The following argument will show that this plan of a free trade will contain and

establish that principle of security which is the end a proper plan ought to reach. The way in which this plan will operate to produce this principle, is by introducing into the trade of banking the same competition which is the cause of the prosperity of all other trades when left quite free.

It may be stated as a general proposition, which admits of proof according to the strictest rules of reasoning, that as the motives for embarking in the trade of banking, and the objects of those who undertake it, are the same as those which guide the carrying on of other trades, the same rule of policy which lays down the principle of freedom as the best for them, should also lay it down as the best for the banking trade.

The reason on which the freedom of trade is founded, is, "That the greatest freedom of competition may be allowed in them, because every individual may be supposed to be a better judge of what is advantageous for himself than any one else; and because whatever tends most to advance the interests of individuals, tends most to advance those of the public:" or in other words, "The private interest of individual traders in seeking to realize profit on their capital, is identified with the public interest; and therefore may be left free to take its own course without danger to the public interest."

Now the private interest of a banker, when exposed to free competition, and conducting his affairs on sound trading principles, will always lead him, in applying his efforts to realize profit by his business, to avoid doing exactly all those things in carrying on his trade which would be injurious to the public, and to do all those things which would be useful to it; for it is quite impossible that he can do any thing which would injure the public, which would not in the first instance inflict an injury on himself.

As an over-issue of paper is the source of all the evils which arise from banking, namely, derangement of foreign exchanges, overtrading, sudden fluctuations in the quantity and value of money, commercial revolutions, panics, runs, and failures, let us see how the case stands as to the way bankers in London would manage their issues under a system of free trade.

In the first place it is clear that no evil can arise to the public from an over-issue without the bankers suffering first, and much beyond what all other persons suffer. Profit must be at an end, loss must take its place, and this to an immense amount, whenever a panic takes place in making efforts to avoid failure and bankruptcy.

If for example the trade of banking in London were free, and six, eight, ten, or twelve banks issued notes; as an over-issue of paper would depreciate the whole currency; as this would produce a fall in the exchanges; as this would lead to the returning of the notes to the banks for specie; and as this would be attended with certain loss, and great risk to the banks; the interest of the banks, or in other words, their only chance of making a certain profit by their trade, would always guide them so to manage their respective issues, that the aggregate average issue should never amount to an over-issue. In this way it is, that as profit is the vital object of the trade of banking, the avoiding of an over-issue must necessarily be a vital principle among bankers in the management of their trade. (27)

(27) Mr. Muret says in his pamphlet on Currency, "When the monopoly of the Bank expires, and the trade in money is free, a better order of things may arise, and

There seems to be no reason to doubt, that freedom in the trade of banking would afford the public that precise quantity of bank notes which it would stand in need of, just as effectually as it affords the necessary supply of the productions of other trades. No one can suppose that Mark Lane, Smithfield, and Billingsgate, would be more precisely supplied with the exact quantity of corn, meat, and fish, which the twelve hundred thousand inhabitants of London daily consume, if the supply was placed under the government of twenty-four directors of a corporation, than it is at present supplied under the influence of a perfectly free trade in these commodities. Nothing, at the first view of the subject, could strike the mind of a person unaccustomed to consider it, as so highly dangerous, as leaving twelve hundred thousand people to depend on free trade for their daily means of subsistence. Yet, however, we all see that the simple motive of self-interest, regulated by free competition, brings daily to London the precise number of quarters of corn, bullocks, and sheep, and the precise quantities of fish, potatoes, cabbages, and even of parsley and horse-radish, that twelve hundred thousand people have occasion for.

The reasoning here made use of, will be rendered more clear and forcible, by examining what would happen, if one London bank, after several had been established, in direct defiance of its own interest, should force more of its paper into circulation than its fair and regular business required. The circumstance of each bank, in the course of its transactions, receiving, in payments, the notes of other banks, would necessarily in London, as it has in Scotland, lead to regular exchanges of notes at short intervals. These would shew what each bank was doing, with respect to issuing notes; for it is quite certain, that if any one bank should over-issue, that circumstance would immediately appear in the increase of the balances due by it on making the exchanges. The consequence of the other banks discovering, through the means of the exchanges and balances, that a bank was forcing its paper improperly into circulation, would be, in London, what it is, in Scotland, namely, the taking of measures by the other banks, prompted by looking to their own security, to make the offending bank desist from pursuing its improper course of proceeding. These measures would consist, in their refusing to take the notes of the offending bank in payment; or in collecting together a large quantity of its notes, and making a sudden demand for the payment of them in specie; or acting in other ways, which would be attended with great inconvenience and loss to the offending banker, much greater than any profit on a forced over-issue could compensate.

It cannot be said that the reasons here given, to shew that if several Joint-Stock Companies were allowed to issue notes in London, there would be introduced efficient checks on over-issues by their mutual rivalry and competition, are not well founded; because there is all the experience derived from the Scotch system of banking, to prove that they

more paper and less coin may be employed with perfect security to the public; for there is no reason why the competition of capital employed in banking should not produce a steady and uniform result, alike beneficial to the public and to the capitalist. The circulation would be always full, but it would never be in excess. Any attempt at excess would be instantaneously returned upon the bank that made the experiment; neither would there be any deficiency, as it would be the interest of every banker to keep the circulation to the level of the value of money in other countries," p. 206.

are sound reasons. The principle of private interest there, working under the control of a fair and free competition, has established a perfectly safe plan of banking ; and the same cause would produce the same effect, if set to work in England.

• If the power of forming Joint-Stock Banking Companies in London were granted by the legislature, it is quite certain that at least from four to five banks, each with a capital of from four to five millions, probably more, would be immediately established. Under such circumstances, can any one for a moment doubt, that the system of English banking would be immensely improved? Instead of the management of the whole currency of the country being in the hands of the twenty-four Directors of the Bank of England ; and instead of its being contracted and extended, by selling and buying Exchequer bills ; the combined skill, trading experience, and forethought of all the directors of the new companies, would be incessantly applied in keeping the currency in a sound state, by diminishing or increasing discounts and other means of accommodation, according as the state of foreign exchanges and other circumstances indicated the necessity of contracting or extending the currency, and of assisting or checking commercial speculation.

One most decided advantage, which would be obtained by having several great banking companies in London, would be the dividing of the business and responsibility of supplying the country banks with specie. The London banks, when so exposed, would find it their interest to connect themselves with the country banks, so as to acquire a control, by advice or other means, over their proceedings, in order to obviate drains for specie. The country banks, on the other hand, from the assistance they would derive from the use of the paper of the London banks, would be greatly relieved from having recourse to the Capital for specie, and would be less liable to runs from the increased confidence they would acquire from being connected with the London banks.

The London banks, like the Edinburgh banks, would find it their interest to open branch banks in the country ; these would be extended to all parts of the kingdom, so that the whole, or nearly the whole, of the paper money would in the end be under the management of the London bankers, and of those Joint-Stock Country banks, which were supported with a sufficiency of capital. In this way, all the cobblers' and cheesemongers' banks would be rooted out, and something like a sound and wise system would at length be established in England.

Whoever contemplates what the future state of banking would be, with several banks established in London, possessing millions of capital, and having the whole of the country circulation under their immediate control, in comparison with what it is now, with one London Bank, and hundreds of country banks issuing their notes, unchecked by any control whatever, must be willing to allow, that the opening of the banking trade of London is a vast national object. To have the combined skill, experience, and forethought of the directors of all the new companies to govern the circulation of the kingdom, in the stead of whatever may be the skill, experience, and forethought, which those respectable individuals may possess, who may happen to be, for the time being, the Directors of the Bank of England, will be an effective guarantee against future derangements. Banking in England will thus be fixed on such solid supports, that suspicion and panic will disappear ; and, with confidence once established, the banks will be able to do what they dare not

now do in England, namely, introduce universally the Scotch practice of paying interest on deposits, and giving cash credits.

We shall now proceed to examine some of the objections that are commonly made to allowing Joint-Stock Banking Companies in London. It is not unusual to hear persons arguing against increasing the freedom of the trade of banking in this way, by referring to the losses which have been sustained under the existing system of banking in England, as decisive against giving more liberty to the trade. But these persons commit the error of overlooking the fact, that the existing system is one of monopoly and regulation; and they omit to take into consideration, that if the system had been of an opposite kind, it is not only possible, but highly probable, that no such losses would have happened.

Another way of opposing the opening of the trade of banking in London, is, referring to the banking operations of the United States of America. But it is only necessary to read the recent pamphlet of Mr. Gallatin, on "THE CURRENCY AND BANKING SYSTEM OF AMERICA," to see that nothing like free trade in banking has been allowed and tried there. No paper money was issued before 1783, in America; except by the Government; and, therefore, the immense depreciation of it that took place, cannot be charged at the door of free trade. Since 1783, laws upon laws have been passed, by Congress and by the several States, for regulating the trade of banking; so that nothing can be more illogical than to produce the results which have followed from these regulations, in argument against a plan for getting rid of regulation. The true logical conclusion to come to is, that, if free banking had existed in America, instead of regulated banking, the ruinous failures which have happened in America would not have occurred. Mr. Gallatin says, that, "from the 1st of January, 1811, to the 1st January, 1815, not less than one hundred and twenty new banks were chartered, and went into operation." Now, this single fact is sufficient to account for all the mischief; for, if the States' Legislatures and Governments, have taken upon themselves to create new banks after this fashion, it is only in the course of nature that numerous failures and immense loss should happen.

The authority of Adam Smith has been often cited, as being against making the trade of banking more free. But, on examining what he says on the subject, it will appear, that the restrictions he proposed were far from fettering the general freedom of the trade. He says, "Those exertions of the natural liberty of a few individuals, which might endanger the security of the whole society, are, and ought to be, restrained by the laws of all governments, of the most free as well as of the most despotical. The obligation of building party walls, in order to prevent the communication of fire, is a violation of natural liberty, exactly of the same kind with the regulations of banking which are proposed." A few pages following, A. Smith specifies what these regulations should be in this sentence:—"If bankers are restrained from issuing any circulating bank-notes, or notes payable to the bearer, for less than a certain sum; and, if they are subjected to the obligation of an immediate and unconditional payment of such notes as soon as presented, their trade may, with safety to the public, be rendered in all other respects perfectly free." (28) Now, as it is not proposed to alter the law,

which requires all bank-notes to be paid on demand in specie, or the law which prohibits the issuing of notes under £5 in value; according to this opinion of A. Smith, the trade of banking in London may be rendered perfectly free, in all other respects, with safety to the public.

Recourse is had to the writings of Mr. Ricardo, to try to shew that he was an advocate for restrictions in the banking trade. But he, like A. Smith, proposed only moderate regulations, and certainly was no friend to the monopoly of the Bank of England. "He says," as before mentioned, when speaking of the power of the Bank Directors, "When I contemplate the evil consequences which might ensue from a sudden and great reduction of the circulation, as well as from a great addition to it, I cannot but deprecate the facility with which the State has armed the Bank with so formidable a prerogative." (29). The chief restriction proposed by Mr. Ricardo was, the requiring of all banks to give security. He says, in his pamphlet "On an Economical and Secure Currency"—"In the case of the Bank of England notes, a guarantee is taken by the Government for the notes which the Bank issues; and the whole capital of the Bank amounting (then) to more than eleven and a half millions, must be lost before the holders of their notes can be sufferers from any imprudence they may commit. Why is not the same principle followed with respect to the country banks? What objection can there be against requiring those who take upon themselves the office of furnishing the public with a circulating medium, to deposit with Government an adequate security for the due performance of their engagements?" (30) There cannot be found, in the writings of Mr. Ricardo, any opinion which justifies a belief, that, if he was living, he would be an advocate for continuing the monopoly of the Bank of England. Those private friends who had an opportunity of conversing with him on the subject, know he was strongly opposed to a renewal of the Charter on any thing like the existing conditions. He would, in strict consistency with his long-established principles, no doubt, if now living, be an advocate for opening the trade of banking in London, subject, however, to the regulation of giving security for the amount of the notes issued by the new banks.

In proposing to open the banking trade of London, it is not necessary to require that the Bank of England should cease to act as the bank of the State. The functions the Bank discharges in this way are of the greatest public utility; and every praise is due to the Directors for the manner in which they have at all times performed them. It will, however, be the duty of Government and of Parliament to make a new and proper arrangement with respect to the remuneration to be paid.

Before coming to a conclusion, it is of some importance to say a few words to the advocates of the repeal of Mr. Peel's Bill, and to landlords in general. Let those who say so much good may be done through a change in the currency, consider whether or not a great portion of that good may not be secured by a good system of banking; that is to say, such a system as the establishing of opulent banks in London would produce, by carrying their opulence into all the counties, by means of their branch banks; and thus affording assistance to industry in all

shapes, to farmers as well as manufacturers, by paying interest on deposits, and giving cash-credits.

It is also of importance to say something to the tradesmen and shopkeepers of London. Let them consider how much their situation would be improved, by having the opportunity of being accommodated with cash-credit accounts at their bankers, on the Scotch plan.

With respect to what course Government will take, it may be said, that there is no reason for supposing that ministers will wholly depend, in forming a decision on the question, on their own stores of science, as deeply read and profoundly thinking philosophical statesmen. They will probably take a shorter course, of not entering upon a very elaborate investigation of general principles, such as the magnitude of the subject really requires, but let their opinions be governed by the opinions of others. Hence it is most important, that what is generally known to be the opinion of the public, namely, an opinion altogether opposed to the renewal of the exclusive privileges of the Bank of England, should be laid, without the least delay, before Parliament. The Government are entitled to have full confidence placed in them for entertaining the best intentions; and, therefore, the public will be greatly to blame, if, by their silence now, they throw away the opportunity of protecting and promoting their own interest.

In one point of view, it would appear to be impossible that the present Ministers can be a party in favour of renewing the restrictions on the banking trade; they, who, for so many years, have not only been the supporters, when in opposition to government, of the principles of free trade, but who also have assumed, and rightly so, the credit of being the authors of most of those excellent measures of opening trade, that were passed by preceding administrations. On this particular occasion, they should recollect, it was the administration of Lord Liverpool, that, when bringing under the consideration of the Bank of England, in 1826, the nature of their exclusive privileges, told the Bank, "SUCH PRIVILEGES ARE OUT OF FASHION; AND WHAT EXPECTATION CAN THE BANK, UNDER PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES, ENTERTAIN, THAT THEIRS WILL BE RENEWED?" (31)

A new plea has lately been set forth by the Directors of the Bank of England in favour of the renewal of their exclusive privileges, which is, that a great commercial crisis would have taken place, but for the way in which they have managed the currency since 1826. They say that nothing but the peculiar sagacity, knowledge, and judgment, with which they have acted during the last eighteen months, has saved the country from as great a commercial revulsion as that which occurred in 1825. This intelligence, at the least, has much of novelty about it; but it is impossible that it can be true. The revulsion of 1825 arose from excessive overtrading, glut, and a total stagnation in the markets. But, since 1825, trade has constantly been in so indifferent a state, that there has not been any overtrading. It has been conducted more on real funds than at any former period. The issues of paper by the Bank of England and the country banks, have been moderate; so that there is not the slightest grounds for the assertion of the Directors, that a commercial crisis was at hand. It is, no doubt, true, that the foreign ex-

(31) Letter from Lord Liverpool and Lord Goderich to the Governor of the Bank of England. July 13, 1826.

changes fell some months ago, and showed a tendency to be lower ; but this may happen without indicating any serious commercial embarrassment ; what it really does indicate, is a redundant currency, and a currency may be redundant without trade being at all the cause of it, or very much affected by it. The proper correction of the late fall in the exchanges, was doing that which was done by the Directors of the Bank of England, namely, contracting their paper. It might have been a matter of difficulty to accomplish this without producing some disturbance to trade : but such occasional derangements cannot wholly be avoided, and nothing can be said to show that they would be more frequent or greater, if the banking trade in London was under the management of several banks.

As to the boast of the Directors, that there would have been a great commercial revulsion, without their sagacious proceedings, founded on the peculiar opportunities which they possess of knowing better than it is possible for any others to know, how to manage the foreign exchanges ; this is of a piece with the cant of all monopolists. The India Company say, " without our peculiar means of knowing how to manage the Chinese, not a cup of tea could be drunk in the United Kingdom." There is always a solemn assumption of some occult qualifications, when a monopoly is attacked, most gravely set up to terrify weak minds from trusting what is managed by it to be managed by the talent, industry, skill, and capital, of the public at large. But, of all monopolists, the Directors of the Bank of England should be the last to put themselves forward as the protectors of the public against fluctuations of currency, commercial revulsions, panics, and stoppages of payment ; for, during the last forty years, the series of evils of this kind which has befallen this country, and in no very slow succession, if not wholly brought about by the Bank of England, has, most unquestionably, been in a great part occasioned, and, to a vast degree increased, by the great errors it has committed.

GÖTHE.

" Encore une autre étoile qui file,
Qui file, file et disparaît !"

BERANGER

GÖTHE, the literary patriarch of Europe, has at last been gathered to his home. We had designed the preparation of a notice of the life and labours of this remarkable man, drawn up with a riper care than can be afforded to a sketch so hasty as the present ; and would willingly have deferred all remark until it might be clothed in a form corresponding with the dignity of the subject. But we have been compelled to depart from this resolution. Other voices have been uttering dispraise and insulting remark over the grave of this great genius ; and we feel it a duty to delay not for an instant the testimony of our strong dissent from such invidious, and, as we are persuaded, unjust strictures. We have indeed felt humiliated to discover these evidences of a narrow and jealous spirit, which, we trusted, had been scourged from the precincts of our literature, to defile them no more ; and are ashamed at the betrayal

to the derision of other nations, of such impotent attempts to annul the nearly unanimous decision of educated Europe. In order, therefore, to disclaim all participation in such censures, and to assert what we believe will be sustained by those who are best qualified to pronounce a judgment, we shall now attempt a rapid sketch of Goëthe's literary features, although fully conscious that, from his amazing versatility, he is, perhaps, of all others, the writer whom it is most difficult to describe with even tolerable fairness, in a few sentences.

Were we required to compress into a few words the "characteristic" of this great author, we should place it in the union of an active and almost prodigal imagination, with an intellect, clear, subtle, and commanding. Or we might, perhaps, describe him more figuratively as a great type of the peculiar genius of his country, in its fullest native strength, and developed by a cultivation almost unexampled. For he did not rest contented with the power of shedding forth his ideas in all their wild and bright profusion; it was his faith, on the contrary, that Poetry, as the loftiest and most embracing of all noble arts, requires from its disciples no light or perfunctory labour; and to the demands of this belief he moulded the entire form of his literary life.* In the study of the human heart and intellect, in the discoveries of science, in the wealth of nature, in the miracles of the pencil and the chisel, he sought materials to extend or illustrate the principles of his art—a rare and truly noble vocation! In an age when, even in Germany, such men are few, he continued throughout life, in spite of temptations of no common importunity, the man of letters, or, as he loved to phrase it, "the artist," *par excellence*. And to the constant variety of his labours, to the decision with which he grasped, and made his own every great interest of the human mind, no less than to the power and beauty of his chief works, must be ascribed the influence, unparalleled since the days of Voltaire, which he exercised over the thoughts and literature of his country. His continued purpose was to raise and ennoble the mental energies of his time; and the mode in which he proceeded, if not successful, was surely worthy of a large and commanding intellect. He maintained that the dissociation of mind from mind in separate courses of exertion or production, was false and empirical; that the various developments of science, art, and genius, when properly understood, composed, and were intimately interwoven into one great and beautiful whole, of which the highest, because the most universal, type is poetry; and to the evolution of this philosophy did he dedicate the incessant industry of a long life, and the creations of his imperishable genius. All his pursuits, dissimilar and encyclopædic as they seemed, had thus, in his mind, a harmony with his great object, and were followed as progressive steps towards the full education of his powers; which he thus alternately exercised as the poet, the naturalist, the critic, or the philosopher. It is our belief that this diffusion of his energies, over a space too wide for human life to compass, has injured his success in the highest provinces of his art. We have moreover strong doubts

* See the lately published "Correspondence between Schiller and Goëthe." Cotta: Stuttgart. 1830. A work of rare and invaluable merit and instruction, as displaying the advances of these great minds in the course of assiduous culture, which they deemed indispensable to any deserving achievement in letters. What a lesson for our *scriptores omni gena*.

whether the establishment of a true faith in the minds of his countrymen, and the education of their tastes, had not been better furthered by a more frequent concentration of his poetical talents, and the production of more examples in place of rules, than by any criticism or philosophy of the belles lettres or art, how good and just soever. On this point we have always in humility conceived that Goethe was in error. A full discussion of the question, to which we may one day return, for it is replete with high interest, would exact more space than we can here afford. For the present, we can do no more than thus imperfectly allude to the subject. But some acquaintance with this feature of Goethe's literary purpose is indispensable to those who would fairly judge his writings.

We have already said that Goethe was a *savant*, a critic, a philosopher, a novelist, a poet. It is as the latter, alone, that we shall now proceed to commemorate him, being persuaded that in this character is he most justly assured of immortality. Even here, alas! we can render him but spare justice, on account of his "infinite variety."

" He ran
Through the moods of the lyre, and was master of all."

The task of describing him thus becomes almost impossible; an analysis of his separate works alone could demonstrate the difficulty of applying to his muse any epithet but "Protean." There is not more difference between Spenser and Pope, than exists between "Faust" and "Torquato Tasso;" or, again, between either or both of these, and the "Iphigenia," or the "Herman and Dorothea." One great characteristic, however, cannot fail to be observed in all; (a characteristic the enumeration of which will startle those intelligent and learned critics who judge of all Goethe's writings by a French-English Travestie of his boyish production, "Werther.") We allude to the almost passionless calmness of the author. He appears as one who has sounded the depths of human feeling and sorrow, but who has long ceased to struggle in their vortex. You cannot, for a moment, conceive of him, as afflicted or agitated by the emotions which he describes so truthfully. And the power which he nevertheless wields over the hearts of his readers, either disproves or forms an exception to the Horatian precept. He is not an alien, but a compassionate or reproving spectator. The battle is raging in the valley, and he sings its progress and events from the crest of an eminence to which the smoke and hurry of the conflict cannot ascend. It is surely this property,—the only cast of mind from which we may expect a modern epic, (if that form of poetry, indeed, is destined to be ever revived) which adds such a preternatural tone to the "Faust," while it clothes with severe beauty his tragedy of Iphigenia. The same peculiarity, though operating through a wholly different medium, imparts to his domestic epic, "Herman and Dorothea," much of its singular and exquisite attraction, its beautiful repose, and its simplicity, approaching to the sublime.

The latter, which is the longest of Goethe's purely poetical works, is considered, by many in Germany, as the most perfect thing in their language; although we are doubtful whether, in the present feverish state of taste, it would be much admired in England. The whole incident is confined to the progress and completion of a rustic love-affair, in the depicting of which, Goethe has had recourse to a pencil which few

hands but his could have used without failure. The unadorned freshness of his scenes, absolutely breathing the truth of nature, and replete with the frank, manly, right-heartedness of the German character; the exquisite flow of language, and the harmonious purity of colouring which distinguish this poem, more than compensate the absence of striking incident or strong passion; and we are persuaded that it is destined to outlive many of its tumultuous and be-lauded rivals. Our next mention must be of "Torquato Tasso," which, although cast in a dramatic form, claims principally to be viewed in its poetical character. It is, indeed, far from being adapted to the stage, where its long-drawn and pathetic melody would lose half of its effect. The subject need not be described; it is suggested by the title. If we were to select one from amongst Goëthe's works, in support of our appeal from the senseless cry against "German extravagance," "mysticism," &c. by which his memory has been already insulted, we should certainly fix upon this;—a production, in itself, worthy to immortalize the author, and written with a purity of style, and a profound, dignified sweetness, which the subject of the song would have been proud to imitate or to own. The moody, yet affectionate character of the young poet, the impatience of his fine nature, under the coarse advances of his aristocratical patron, the depth of his love, the desolation and heart-sinking of his despair, yet tempered with almost feminine meekness;—these are pourtrayed with touching, and even solemn fidelity, in language that glows with beaming thought, or warbles a very swan-song of despair. It is a noble poem, full of delicate and significant traits, and imbued with a deep knowledge of the human heart.

Of the "Faust," his other great work,—his greatest work,—the greatest work, beyond all contest, that the present age has produced, we cannot here speak. To bestow due examination, or even an approach towards an analysis of this extraordinary creation of genius, would itself demand an entire essay. With great reluctance, therefore, we abandon the subject for the present; though we cannot do so without first uttering a strong cry against the "Travestie," which Lord Leveson Gower has thought fit to term his "Translation" of this poem. It is no more Goëthe's "Faust" than is Sternhold's doggrel the poetry of King David. It is false, feeble, and utterly worthless. The task, indeed, was no enterprise for a literary lordling. There is, perhaps, in all England, but one man, Coleridge, who is worthy to attempt it. Some parts of the poem, and these containing rare beauties, we venture to pronounce untranslatable; at least, as to an entire transfusion of thought and expression combined with the lyrical form and harmony of the original. It is, nevertheless, a matter of deep regret, that Shelley, whose translation of the "Walpurgis-Night's Dream" is excellent, had not endeavoured to render the whole poem; much would have been lost, and yet enough been preserved, to awaken the English mind to its wonders. It is worth learning German, to enjoy it in its native language; and we can promise to all who make the attempt, that they will confess themselves rewarded for the labour, by this acquisition alone. What would we not give to recall the intense, absorbing delight with which we devoured its pages, as scene after scene first displayed alternate visions of beauty and wonder before us. The high, mournful reflection, the poignant satire, the inimitable simplicity (like the speech of the children in Paradise), the profound tenderness, the harrowing pathos, interspersed with the wild, grotesque, or terrible, which form an exqui-

site combination, the sum of this unequalled creation, enchain all the faculties of the soul; and the impression left on the mind is felt to be one of those which, once planted, become a part of its being.

As a lyrical poet, Goëthe strikes by the copiousness and elegance of his fancy, and that power which imparts grace and interest to "trifles light as air." This is, indeed, the prevailing character of his minor poems, although in some of these, his ballads especially, the strain assumes energy and boldness, and at times, when the subject is supernatural, his language puts on a stern concise coldness, the effect of which is absolutely thrilling. The rudeness of these, as well as the simple, warbling sweetness of the former, is the product of consummate, though concealed skill; and it is not, until the attempt is made to translate them, that the observation becomes thoroughly alive to the exquisite art with which they have been created. The subjects of this branch of Goëthe's writings are myriads; some descriptive, others colloquial, several amatory, satirical, apophthegmatic (the last is a favourite way of conveying dry truths among the Germans), in fine, *de todas las cosas y otras muchas mas*. In such a collection, where everything that fell, by carelessness or design, from the author, has been preserved, much is of course but little worth; but let not the reader of the merest (seeming) trifle, decide upon its merit, (particularly if he feel doubtful), until a second or a third perusal. For there are a thousand little unpretending lays and distichs scattered amongst his writings, which, on mature examination, are found to be pregnant with a deep or original thought, such as others would have enshrined in as many pages as Goëthe has employed words. His mind was a river, the very sands of which are golden.

We have not yet spoken of his "Elegies," which were chiefly composed, or at least conceived, during his travels in Italy, and not published until many years afterwards, so that they may be supposed to rank amongst the most complete of his works. They are principally descriptive or erratic, and contain much lively and passionate poetry, but with us they are far from being such favourites as many of his other productions. As specimens of the harmony with which the classical metres can be reproduced in the German language, they are almost unequalled. In hexameters also, is his translation, or rather modernization of that rare old German or Batavian apologue, "Reinecke-der Fuchs;" than which nothing has ever appeared more genial, racy, or replete with sly, humorous wisdom; to all which the version does more than justice, having added no little to the riches of the original.

A few words must be given to his dramatic works; they are of various, but unequal merit. "Egmont," the hero of which is the nobleman of that name, who, together with Hoorn and others, were victims of Alva's ferocity, in the days of the great Prince of Orange, is truly a noble performance, yet far from a perfect one. The interest lingers, and the close is attended with certain visionary spectacles, which we think ill-placed. But it has one rare and redeeming beauty—the character of Clärchen, Egmont's mistress—a creation such as few writers, save Shakespeare, have equalled; a lovely and timid girl, whom the depth of her passionate devotion fills with a wondrous energy to speak and to suffer, in the moments of her lover's danger; and when the despairing effort is past, and in vain, she closes her fair eyes to a world that is become hateful to their sight, and shrinks trustfully into the grave, as to a refuge and a hiding place.

"Götz von Berlichingen," an early work, the scene of which is laid

during the transition from the sway of the "strong hand" to the dominion of law and order,—though here and there *trainant*, and needlessly prolonged, breathes the strong spirit of the wild old times; and the scenes of rude manners and stern conflict are relieved by touches of pure and beautiful feeling, which show like violets springing from the knotty roots of the oak. "Clavigo," "Iphigenia," and a host of minor dramas we must dismiss with a bare mention; the two above-named alone claim much notice; the Iphigenia, indeed, we would fain analyze, in order to display the kindred, though not slavish spirit with which Göthe has reproduced the classical form of tragedy; different, how different, from the frigid caricature of French *classicisme*! Nor can we more particularly allude to the rhythmical pageant, allegories, operettas, prologues, &c., composed for the theatre of Weimar, during Göthe's reign as director. Thus far, though briefly, of his poetical works;—of his prose writings we have forborne, and must forbear to speak; and yet what indications have we not already given of the mental activity and versatile powers of this extraordinary man!

There are few literary lives which afford materials for such pleasant reflection, as Göthe's; few have there been who have been favoured to attain so much of their ambition,—almost none whose ambition was equally high and extended. The history of authors is, in general, little more than a dark chronicle of genius misapplied or unrewarded; of effort choked by disappointment; of talent defrauded of its harvest, until the hand that should have reaped, is grown cold! Not such was the happier fortune of Göthe. He lived to witness the recompense of his labours, in the love of his countrymen, in the tribute of rank, the deference of his literary compeers, and a reputation truly European. Not without the endurance of toil and opposition, and obloquy, was this high station won; yet the surrender of the reward did not abate his energies. To the last moment of his existence, his mind was ever present to influence and elevate the literature of his country; and the seed that his hand has scattered, will, we are fully assured, produce a fair and abundant harvest. The husbandman who sowed, is now no more: having prepared the field, and overshadowed it with broad and stately trees of his planting, he has gracefully retired from the task, and bequeathed the great work to be perfected by his successors.—But where are they?

On the right hand of the ducal coffin in the Chapel at Weimar, lies Schiller; the left is now occupied by his former friend, and long-time survivor:—a monument more noble than potentate ever before raised to his ashes, surrounds the departed sovereign and patron of these German worthies;—for the sanctity of genius is there, and will hallow that burial group for evermore!

Some words we must add in conclusion, respecting the treatment of which, even in the present day, German literature may justly accuse the English as a nation. The number of those who are qualified to sit as its judges is still limited, though daily increasing; but it is of the strictures passed by parties owing all their knowledge of this rich and various literature to the few meagre and ill-chosen English versions which we possess, or ignorant even of these, that we loudly complain. These individuals, who have never taken the pains to learn before they condemn, who judge by hearsay, and accuse on the faith of others, are they who talk so glibly of "German obscurity," "false taste," "humbug," and a variety of other slang epithets, wherewith they offend good

taste and good feeling whenever the name of a German author is mentioned. It is really time that this folly should have an end, disgraceful as it is to the utterers, and opposed to the candid and Catholic spirit which all true men of letters should cultivate and inculcate. But if these heedless scribes are incorrigible, and will persist in slandering what they have never even attempted to comprehend, their readers should be strongly warned to rate such censure at its true value; to go themselves and judge, and not to suffer the *dicta* of a hasty or jealous critic to fright them back. Of all whom we have ever known, who could read the German language, we have not found one to whom its literature was not precious. Need more be said in favour of an excellence, than that it converts all who approach, and that its maligners are those alone who behold it at a distance, or through the vapours of a distorting prejudice? The time is past, when a little superficial sarcasm could put the claims of a strong and beautiful literature to rest. We may shut our eyes, but we cannot obscure the vision of our neighbours:—they are rejoicing in its light, and learning from its wisdom, and loving its prophets and its bards. Shall we expose to their mirth the laughable spectacle of an ignorance refusing to learn and yet claiming to dictate; of censures repeated by rote, and received with stolid acquiescence? We hope not; at least the utterance of our voice shall not be wanting against tendencies so silly and pitiable; and in so doing, we feel assured of the approval and encouragement of most of the bright names that dignify English literature, and of no small number of our readers.

TO A TAMED DEER.

WHY art thou here? the breeze yet thrills
 All sweetly on thy Highland hills,
 Still radiant is the mimic wave
 That ripples o'er the silver pool,
 Where thou wert often wont to lave
 Thy form so bright and beautiful.
 The trees yet rear their branches high,
 That shaded thee from summer's sky;
 The little dancing murmuring rill
 Is murmuring and dancing still,
 With fairest wild flowers by its brink,
 That seemed to woo thee there to drink;
 The plains with daisies o'er them set,
 How green and fragrant are they yet!
 The earth is fair—the water clear,
 Then why, thou Bright One, art thou here?

 Is it no pleasure, then, to be,
 Like the wild breezes, fast and free;
 Like them, all uncontrolled, to roam,
 On every hill to find a home,
 One moment on the mountain rise,
 And dip thine antlers in the skies,
 The next, more swift than thought, to sweep
 Down to the valley, lone and deep,
 And on its greenest spot to rest
 With sunshine on thy glowing breast!

Away!—and lo! thy form hath passed
 As a bright cloud before the blast ;
 And now from some stupendous height
 Thy joyous eyes are beaming bright
 O'er sunny mount and flowery plain,
 Like monarch in his own domain.
 Now leaping fearful crags among,
 Where shade might scarcely glide along.
 Now plunging in the sweeping tide,
 Now spurning earth with step of pride,
 All glorious in thy past career ;
 Then why, thou Bright One, art thou here ?

Why art thou here ? those bonds reply
 Scarce better than thy rayless eye,
 Whose look of broken heart can tell
 The miseries of thy prison cell.
 Is it for heart so free as thine
 Within these narrow walls to pine ?
 Is it for thee, whose home hath been
 Where'er a mountain stood,
 Or nature spread a spot of green,
 Within such bounds to brood ?
 No, no ! thou Bright One, to be free
 Was meant for none—if not for thee !

IRISH EDUCATION.

THERE is no method by which an idle and misdirected opposition to a useful measure can be so effectually put down as by a plain description of the measure itself. If the opposition to the ministerial plan of Irish Education had been confined to Orangemen, whether they declaimed in Dublin, or exhibited their imported vagaries in Exeter-hall, it would have been unworthy, of public notice. It would be a waste of time and reason to argue with those who will not see the right, nor do they require any statement of a case of which they are already fully aware. Their misrepresentations are not misconceptions, and, however anxious to deceive others, they are not themselves in the slightest degree deceived. But when the opposition to the plan has extended to Scotland ; where, notably as it has been defeated in one instance, by the good sense of the people of Glasgow, there is a possibility, or rather, from what we have observed in our own good town, a probability, that it may spread among a pious and well-meaning population, it is highly expedient to let that population know the precise nature and tendency of the plan they are opposing. If, when instructed on these points, men won't see, or can't see the truth, and will still persist in getting up meetings and petitions against a measure, which reason and policy, and, not less than either, religion, recommend ; on their wrong heads and foolish hearts be the blame ! *Nostram liberavimus animam.*

It is not our purpose to enter upon the history of the Kildare-Street Society's labours ; we have nothing to do with the Society's plans or

their value, but in so far as a description of them is necessary to a correct understanding of the scheme by which that society is about to be superseded. We would merely premise, that those who look upon the differences that exist between the two great divisions of the Irish people—the Protestant and Catholic—as differences arising out of religious considerations merely, take a narrow and imperfect view of the question. It may appear strange to our countrymen, among whom religious controversy, though occasionally urged with great keenness, yet offers no interruption to friendly intercourse, to find Catholics and Protestants sticking with so much pertinacity for their peculiar opinions, not on the subject of education only but on every subject, where ingenuity can point out an occasion of dispute. The key to this general spirit of contention is not to be found in the differing creeds of the parties, neither is it referable to the influence of their priesthood, or their leaders, whether Orange or Green. It is only to be found in the fact, that Protestantism in Ireland is but another name for the party in power, and Romanism but another name for the party out of power. The struggle is one of domination between those who have long, almost as of right, exercised it, and those who are no longer disposed to submit to its exercise. The determination on the one side to retain command, and the determination on the other to deny obedience, give magnitude and interest to the most minute and trifling circumstance, and make both sides contend for the smallest advantage equally with the greatest, lest the voluntary abandonment of the smallest should bring the greatest into hazard. The real objection of the Catholics to the Kildare-Street Schools is, not that, by their attendance there, the religion of Catholic children would be put in danger, but that, by their recognition of a plan conducted by Protestants, the dominant party in Ireland would be more or less recognised. The real objection of the Protestants to the ministerial schools is not that, by their attendance there, the religion of Protestant children would be exposed to danger, but that, by their recognition of the plan, the right of the Catholics to a share in the management of Ireland would be more or less recognised.

Now for the Kildare-Street plan of education. One condition on which any grant of money by that society is made, is this, that the Bible, meaning of course the ordinary version, without note or comment, shall be taught in the school to which the grant is made. In the first place this plan is opposed to the principles of the more zealous portion of the Protestants. The exclusion of note and comment from the Kildare-Street Schools has led to the separation of numerous Protestant schools from the society. It is the more necessary to note this fact, because the imputation of bigotry has hitherto been made against the Catholics solely. Take the following evidence, of the Rev. Hans Hamilton, one of the witnesses examined before the Irish tithe committee, now sitting.

Q. When did the falling off of the Roman Catholic children from your schools commence?

A. Some years since, when the priests began to be afraid of their reading the Scriptures. I suppose for the last fifteen or twenty years.

Q. Were your schools connected with the Kildare-Street Society?

A. No, not latterly.

Q. Were they connected with any society?

A. No, they are under my own direction; they were brought under the Kildare-Street Society for a time; but we had at that time a Roman Catholic schoolmaster, and it occasioned a great deal of interference on the

part of the priest. We could only hear the children read the Scriptures, and we could not explain them under the regulation of the Kildare-Street Society.

Q. Then it was subsequent to your connexion ceasing with the Kildare-Street Society, that the withdrawal of the Roman Catholic children took place?

A. Yes.

Mr. Hamilton's is not a solitary case; but we notice his testimony in particular, because it clearly explains the real nature of the struggle to which we have already adverted. He describes, it will be seen, the opposition of the priests as commencing some fifteen or twenty years ago. Now it is a matter of historical fact, fully proved by the evidence before the Irish Education Committee, that the real and substantial opposition to the Kildare-Street Schools, dates no farther back than 1825. Though the priests, therefore, had objected to them on religious grounds for fifteen years before, it was not until the people came to consider them in a political light, it was not until the agitation which issued in the return of Mr. Stewart for Waterford, and Mr. O'Connell for Clare; and ultimately, and by necessary consequence, in the passing of the Emancipation Bill, that it came to be considered as a subject, in the decision of which, the antagonist principles of the two great parties were at stake.

Let us consider the religious argument urged by the Catholics against the Kildare-Street system. In the first place, they object to the version of the Bible proposed to be read either by Catholic priests or Catholic laymen. Into schools conducted on the principle of admitting only such portions of scripture Catholics were prepared to enter not with content merely but with joy. Such schools they now have. Now, what is there in all this to offend the most strictly religious in a Protestant community? In boarding schools where the master is *in loco parentis*, we allow that any thing like a compromise between the doctrines of the two opposing religions would hardly fail to diminish, if not to eradicate, in the children, a due respect for either. But in a mere day-school, where the sole, or at least the principal object is to instruct the poor of the community in the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic, what possible chance is there that the religious sentiments of a child will be in the slightest degree changed or modified were he never to see the Bible at all? The teaching of systems of religion is given up, be it observed, even by the Protestant party, as wholly out of the question; printed note or comment is not more strictly prohibited than is every thing approaching to oral note or comment. Are the peculiar doctrines of Protestantism so few, or so easily understood, that they may be collected from Scripture by the unaided investigations of a boy or girl from six to ten or twelve years of age, who is scarcely acquainted with the mere sounds in which they are communicated? If the instructions of the parent and of the clergyman be at present required to direct the child in the right path; and if these continue to be supplied, what reason is there for concluding that he will take the wrong one because he reads in school not the whole Bible, which he cannot understand, but a few of those parts only respecting whose interpretation there is no dispute among any of the various denominations of Christians? It is said that the Government plan takes from the Protestant that Bible which every Christian has a right to possess in its integrity. It is a natural inference from the fact, that the truths of Christianity

having been recorded, that mankind are bound to peruse them ; and as in no part of Scripture is there any limitation to this perusal, it seems equally to follow that all mankind ought to be enjoined that duty. But can any misrepresentation be more monstrous of a plain matter-of-fact, than to say, that the Bible is denied to any Protestant man, woman, or child, or the slightest restriction imposed on the reading or interpretation of it, by an arrangement which merely provides, that during a few hours of the day, and in a certain place, and for certain definite purposes, extracts instead of the whole Bible shall be employed ? Would any man in his senses say that Milton and Addison are denied to the reading community because it has been found most conducive to the pupil's progress that extracts only from the poetry of the one and from the prose of the other should be used in our schools ; most conducive not merely to his progress in the art of reading, but to his accurate perception of the beauties of style, and the pure morality that those masters exhibit ? We have employed the terms Protestant and Protestantism, and there is no danger that we should be mistaken by Irishmen when we make use of these terms ; but to Scotchmen it is necessary to explain that Protestant in Ireland means Episcopalian. The sympathy of Church of England men may have carried them farther than strict justice authorised in respect to the dispute between Irish churchmen and Irish Catholics, but they have their excuse ; they are not merely of the same faith, but of the same household of faith. But what excuse have the Presbyterians of Scotland for thrusting themselves forward in a contest between Episcopacy and Catholicity ? We had thought that most men who were read in the history of the Kirk of Scotland, were ready to admit that if its infancy was somewhat endangered by the persecutions of the Catholics, much more was its manhood trampled upon by the persecutions of the Episcopalian ; that if the ancient religion whipped us with rods, the modern whipped us with scorpions ; that the little finger of Sharpe was thicker than the loins of Beaton. Little love is, indeed, due from Scotland to the one party more than to the other ; or rather, if there be a straw to draw between them, Episcopacy has even less claim to our regard than Romanism. Whence then that new-born affection to the former that inflames the learned Doctors of our native land ? The reverend successors of the great apostle of Presbyterianism, who, in his zeal for simplicity of worship, turned away with not more disguised detestation from the shreds, than he did from the entire garment of the scarlet woman, whose sworn enemy he was. Our established clergymen have been represented as, for the most part, indisposed towards political reform, and as only restrained from expressing their hostility to it from the sentiments so universally felt and expressed by their parishioners. We confess that this statement, which appeared to us, when we first heard it, to be an unfounded calumny, has received strong confirmation from their conduct respecting the Irish schools. For, disguise it how they will to themselves or to others, it is a matter of notoriety, that the ministerial plan has been actively opposed in Parliament, and out of Parliament, by one party only ; the party which, in Ireland, is yet more decidedly hostile to the late Bill of Lord John Russell, than to the circular of Mr. Stanley. This consideration, were there no other, might well give pain to any honest, well-meaning man. But this is only one reason of many. The children at the Irish government schools will be taught to read ; in the course of their reading they will have put into their hands a series of extracts from Scripture, sufficiently copious

to acquaint them with the style and sentiments of the sacred volume ; with all, in a word, that school-boys ever can learn in Ireland, or any where else. They will have their parents to instruct them in the catechisms of their respective churches ; and where the capacity of their parents falls short, the clergyman of that community to which their parents belong. What more is done in Scotland ? What more can be done any where ? *What more is required ?*

That version, we need not observe, was made by Protestant clergy-men, which, perhaps, with an honest Catholic, would be sufficient cause of objection ; but there is a much better one. It is not a version from that text which the Catholic Church recognises as authentic. The question of which side is right, in such cases, is of small importance. The real question for a plain man to answer, is, how can he blame his brother for rejecting a book which he conscientiously considers to be erroneous ? Here is hitch the first. The next objection is still more important. The Catholics object not merely to our version, but to any version of the Scriptures, which, in the disputed passages, is unaccompanied by the notes and comments of the Church. Now, before we condemn this as illiberal, before we speak over-confidently of the contrast which it presents to our own practice, let us just for one moment consider what that practice is. It is quite true, that the Bible, as read in our schools, is unaccompanied by note or comment ; but it is forgotten that the Bible is accompanied by a small, but exceedingly comprehensive comment, in which all the doctrines of Protestantism are set forth. We give the Bible without note ; and well we may, when we give the Shorter Catechism along with it. The Catholics, therefore, demand nothing that is not strictly conformable to the practice of the Protestants. This is hitch the second. As we have already observed, this is not a purely religious dispute. There are enow of religious considerations mixed up with it ; but that, so long as there were no others, the question was one of, comparatively speaking, minor importance is evident from the fact, to which we have already adverted, namely, that, until the year 1825, there was no serious falling off in the attendance of the Roman Catholic children, at the Kildare-Street Schools. When, however, we find, as we now do, not only religious but political causes interfering with the Kildare-Street system of education, we can no longer determine its value on religious principles solely. There is then another element, the element of political expediency, let in, and the question must be tried in reference to that expediency. Let us consider the Ministerial scheme in this point of view. It will be allowed by the sturdiest stickler for Protestantism, that the object of a national education ought to be the education of the nation, or, at least, of a majority of the nation. There will always be a few that go wandering about the high-ways and bye-ways of human society, whom no compulsion of reason will induce to join their fellows. But it will hardly be denied that a scheme must be strangely constructed, and the wisdom of its planners must be fairly open to question, which, on set purpose, excludes the majority of the community from what ought to be, and pretends to be, a common benefit. That the Catholics of Ireland are the majority no one in his senses presumes to deny. We may estimate them, according to their opponents, at three-fourths, or, according to their friends, at seven-eighths, of the population ; by neither party is their predominance in number disputed. What, then, must be the wisdom of a plan of national education for Ireland, from which the Catholics are excluded ? It may

be an exceedingly desirable thing that they should become Protestants—that they should cease to be the majority; we don't at all question that. But it is also exceedingly desirable, that, whether they are converted or remain in error, they should be so instructed as clearly to understand those duties that are required of all subjects, to what form of religion soever they may adhere. There are three ways in which this might have been attempted. In the first place, Government, taking into consideration, that three are better than one, might have said to the Catholics.—“Use the Douay Bible, and what notes you think fit. It is true you will exclude from your schools the Protestants as effectually as they now exclude you from theirs; but the greatest possible good of the greatest possible number is the only intelligible aim of an upright and enlightened legislature; and, if we continue to support the Protestant schools, we have the least possible number, instead of the greatest. We would please you both if we could; but, since that cannot be, it is right that we please those whom it is most our duty to please.” To whatever clamour such a resolution on the part of Government might have subjected them, we are not aware of one solid objection to such an appropriation of the public revenue. A free state has no other rule, and can have no other rule, than the will of the majority, nor any other object than their advantage. On no principle, save that the majority must command and the minority obey, can a free state be maintained. The contrary is of the very essence of tyranny, by which we mean nothing else but the subjection of the many to the few.

In the second place, Government might have cut the knot which they could not untie. They might have said to the Kildare-Street people,—“Your plans are narrow and exclusive; you are but a handful of the community; it is unjust to levy taxes on the whole of the public for your peculiar benefit. We will withdraw the grant from you.” They might have said to the Catholics,—“You have not hitherto been participator in the bounty of the State; you will not be placed in future in a worse situation than you have hitherto occupied; and, to enable you to bear it with more patience, the Protestants will be no better off than you are.” That this method would have been more agreeable to the Orangemen than that which has been adopted, we know from the tenor of their speeches. But surely we need not say that to Scotchmen, who have long enjoyed the benefit of a national education, no conduct could have appeared more absurd, as well as unjust, than—because of the religious bigotry, or political differences of two parties—to take from both the only instrument that promised, in time, to liberalize and reconcile them to one another. There remained for adoption a third plan, which, neither exclusively Catholic, nor exclusively Protestant, was calculated to embrace the whole of those, whether of the one faith or of the other, whose narrow minds did not receive much more gratification by shutting out a rival than by admitting himself. There was not between the two parties, seldom as they agree upon anything, the slightest dispute touching the mode of instruction—the subjects on which instruction was to be given, the discipline of the schools—in no one point was there the smallest difference, but one, the admission of which, by the Catholics, implied a submission to the ascendancy of the Protestants. The presence of the Protestant Bible in the schools, was incompatible with the presence there of the Catholic children; but the presence of any portion of the Bible which the unassisted understandings of children were capable of comprehending, was not objected to.

ON THE POWER AND PROSPECTS OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

AMID the many changes which the political aspect of Europe has undergone during the last century, nothing strikes the historical student with such astonishment as the present position and supremacy of Russia. Of all the great European family, she was the last on whom the light of knowledge fell: her people thinly scattered over vast forests and trackless wastes, were sunk in the grossest barbarism. Ignorant of the advantages of social union, she was necessarily powerless, and became the ready prey of every invader. For many centuries her territory was merely a hunting field for the Khans of the Crimea, and the Swedish and Polish kings. In all the struggles, moral or military, that have convulsed Europe, from the time of Charlemagne to that of Peter the Great, Russia had no share; the statesman, in forming his subtle combinations, whether of the School of Machiavel or Oxenstiern, deemed her no more than a cipher,—her friendship or hostility being valued as lightly as that of the wandering tribes of the Tartars. But Peter the Great, like Epaminondas, had the glory of lifting up his country from contempt; though, with a happier fortune than Thebes, it fell not by his death. So beneficial have been the changes he made in the internal administration of the empire, and so perennial the seeds of improvement he planted, that, despite the imbecility of some of his successors, and the questionable policy of others, Russia has advanced to a pitch of power and aggrandisement, unparalleled, in rapidity and importance, in the history of modern states. From a petty barbarian she has become the acknowledged head of despot power. Not a cabinet in Europe is without her political agents, and throughout the great majority not a freeborn thought can burst into expression without withering beneath her scowl. The nations feel that, on her fiat, their destinies are suspended, and blush that the sons of the civilized should be the victims of savage caprice.

In the present troubled aspect of the world, when moral power is asserting its supremacy over brute force, and when the war of opinion, which sprang from the Polish Revolution of 1772, and still ravages Europe, is drawing to a crisis,—that awful crisis that shall speedily determine whether man is for ever to be the sport of tyrants and trampled in the dust; or, the thrones of kings and the colossal fabric of feudality are to be crushed beneath the chariot wheels of triumphant millions,—a survey of the power and prospects of Russia is alike attractive to the politician and the philanthropist.

As might have been expected, Russia has engaged much of the attention of public men, and no subject has called forth a greater diversity of opinion than the estimate of her power. Surrounded by overwhelming armies, possessed of every material of war but money, directing her whole energies towards the increase of her might, and lowering upon Europe from her throne of eternal snow, she has dazzled the eyes of the timid, and withdrawn their observation from her points of imbecility. Others, however, of steadier gaze, have analyzed her constituent elements; have discovered that weakness is perceptible in the midst of apparent strength; that her strength is centred in her barbarism; and that the waves of knowledge have dashed across the Niemen and the Dnieper, and are slowly but resistlessly approaching the very base of the Ural chain.

In following out this inquiry, it will be necessary to examine the separate sources of Russia's power, and then to consider the internal or other disadvantages which diminish or partially neutralize their efficiency.

I. One great element of strength is her population. Russia Proper, with her broad belt of conquered provinces, contains upwards of 50,000,000 inhabitants. They are constantly on the increase, to which many causes conduce. The anxiety displayed by the Government ever since the reign of Catherine II. to create an efficient marine, has tripled the population of Petersburg, Riga, and Revel, in the Baltic, and Cherson and Odessa in the Euxine. The encouragement given to agriculture by Alexander, chiefly in the province of Moscow and the departments of the south, has bettered the condition of the peasantry; and the magnitude of the demand for military supplies has given such a stimulus to the arm-factories of Tula, and the other establishments for furnishing the materiel of the army, as powerfully to have promoted native industry. And now when the Gate of the Dardanelles has been thrown open by Turkey, and the Black Sea, from a mere inland lake, has become the right arm of the Mediterranean, the attention of Russia will be more steadily directed to commercial enterprise, and the same solicitude and capital that were bestowed upon Odessa by Catherine and Potemkin will be expended on every port from the mouths of the Danube to Trebizond. As the tide of population is rolling southward, as the departments of the south are by far the most fertile, and as all the great rivers of Russia disembogue themselves into the Caspian and Black Seas, these circumstances, taken in connexion with the increased importance of the Black Sea, render it highly probable that Cherson or Odessa may become the seat of Government, and cause a tremendous accession of population in the wide range of provinces bordering on those seas.

II. Another mighty engine of power is the army, consisting, before the late campaigns in Turkey and Poland, of nearly a million of men. The loss sustained in these sanguinary struggles has considerably diminished its numbers; but in a country so populous, and under a government whose object is the possession of military power, its deficiencies will speedily be supplied. To the improvement of the army almost the whole time of the last three Emperors has been devoted. The Russians make excellent soldiers; for hardy frames, brutal ignorance and blind obedience to command, according to the principles of modern tactics, constitute the essentials of soldiership; independent thought in the soldier is a crime, and the point of perfection seems to consist in his mind's approximation to inert matter. But, however suitable these qualities may be in the soldier, others are desiderated in the leader. The autocrats, therefore, in accordance with the invariably seductive policy of their court, threw open their ranks for the reception of foreign talent; and so successful has the scheme proved, that the Russian army is at this moment one of the best officered in Europe. Diebitsch, the Balkan-passer, was a Silesian—Paskewitch, the conqueror of Erivan and destroyer of Warsaw, is a Pole of Lithuania; and Counts de Witt, Pahlen, and Sacken, and General Toll, who figured in the Polish massacre, are all Germans. The introduction of foreigners has had the effect of elevating the professional character of the officers, and of assimilating them with those of the other armies of Europe.

The recent establishment of military colonies in several of the southern provinces has excited much alarm in Europe. As the principles of the

system have been repeatedly explained to the public, it would be superfluous to descant on them here. The embarrassment of the government, arising from the expense of supporting a regular force, induced them to attempt the creation of a soldier-agricultural army—an expedient which will cost the crown little else than their arms and accoutrements. An experience of ten years has proved its adaptation to the state of the country: it now comprises from 60 to 100,000 soldiers—its numbers are rapidly increasing; and, like another Maelstrom, it is daily absorbing new districts and villages. Many writers assert that it will career onwards till it embraces the whole empire, and calculate that in thirty years it will place at the disposal of the autocrat 6,000,000 soldiers. What stronger proof can there be of the barbarism of the Russian people, than that arms may thus with impunity be put into their hands? Where is there another continental sovereign, save the kings of Denmark and Sweden, who durst hazard such an attempt? It would be but the signal for his dethronement.

In calmly reflecting on the formidable power of the Russian army, Europe has ground for apprehension. Such a mighty mass can never be an instrument of good. A thirst for dominion and a spirit of aggression have marked the policy of Russia ever since the death of Peter III. From that time till the present hour, her eye has been alternately fixed on the south and the west. No struggle of rival factions in her cabinet, no rebellion in her provinces, could arrest her untiring gaze on the sunny vales of Thessaly, or the rougher but not less enticing fields of Sweden and Poland. In this respect Russia resembles Ancient Rome.—England, Venice and Holland generally seized upon distant possessions, which entailed on them a vast expense of blood and treasure without adding materially to their aggregate strength; but Rome threw down the gauntlet to neither Carthage nor Macedon, until she had mastered all her Tuscan and Samnite neighbours. Russia, in like manner, disregarding remote triumphs, has employed her energies in extending her limits—and their enlargement from the Dwina to the Vistula can attest with what success. Her appetite for conquest is unsated—the spirit of her policy is unchanged; and her army, like an avalanche, still overhangs her frontier, ready to precipitate its terrific masses on the plains of the south.

III. But the chief strength of Russia lies in her inaccessibility. Her bulwarks are frosts and storms—mountains and mighty rivers; not her own native power, but Nature's, prostrates the foe before her. While every other land in Europe is vulnerable on all sides, she is unattackable, except on her southern frontier; she is backed by deserts and icy mountains, and all the horrors of the frozen zone. The acquisition of Finland has protected her western flank, and the commanding influence she exercises in the cabinets of Berlin and Vienna, and among the boyars and hospodars of the trans-Danubian provinces seems to render her impregnable along their wide territories.

Independently of these and some other inferior sources of power peculiar to her climate and condition, Russia, as has already been slightly adverted to, has acquired an adventitious influence of so transcendent a nature, as to enable her, in a great measure, to subject to her will the political movements of Europe. Whether from cowardice or indifference, the central powers have stood idly by for the last fifty years, and beheld Russia aggrandize herself at the expense of their neighbours. Her perpetual wars with Turkey were dictated by mere lust of power, and

her pretext for dismembering Poland was equally defenceless. And now, when Turkey is prostrate at her feet, and Poland still lies bleeding from her talons, these powers feel that the hour to bestir themselves has passed for the present. Prussia and Austria are locked in the coils of her policy; partly from their common interest in a withering despotism, and partly from a dread of her power. The others, panic-struck by the frightful failure of Buonaparte in 1812, tremble to enter the lists with her: Sweden and Denmark are too weak to baffle her,—the once free and fearless Hanse Towns quail beneath her glance,—and Germany, the “Heart of Europe,” strong in intellect, and stronger in numbers, is powerless from disunion. While cut up into petty palatinates, the limbs of her giant frame can never act in concert—they yet quiver from the injuries inflicted by the late wars,—and the thought of proud daring in the bosom of a German is chilled by the remembrance that his loved fatherland has been Europe’s slaughter-house in nearly every conflict, from the times of the first Cæsar to those of Napoleon. To the uprisen spirit of the times, and to France—lofty and regenerated France—not that of Perier, but that of Lafayette, the Continental nations must look for deliverance!

After this rapid survey of the sources, real or accessory, of Russia’s strength, it falls now to be considered in the first place, what causes exist in her internal condition to neutralize them as instruments of evil to other nations; and next, what will be the probable effect of recent events in Europe, and the consequent tremendous propulsion of the public mind, on the power, and even existence itself, of the present Russian empire.

I. Many powerful causes of weakness abound, and amongst the foremost it cannot fail to be remarked that Russia contains within herself the seeds of dissolution. She possesses not, like France or England, a homogeneous people, identified in blood, literature, and recollections; and ever ready to merge into one mass when their common safety is imperilled. Her best provinces have been the fruits of fraud or conquest, and they are nearly all of such recent acquisition, that supposing her policy had been much more conciliatory, sufficient time has not elapsed even to cicatrize the wounded feelings of the people and amalgamate them with Russia Proper. Finland, Courland, Samogitia, the Polish provinces, the Ukraine, Crimea, Astrachan, the Kuban and Georgia, form a vast girdle around her of smothered, but unextinguished hostility, ready to explode at her first embarrassment. To gratify her rapacity, the Allied Powers in 1815 cleft Sweden in twain, and threw the eastern half, or Finland, to the Russian vulture. But nations’ sympathies cannot thus be rent asunder! The Finlanders have not forgot their Scandinavian origin, nor their brotherhood, in arms and religion, with the Swedes. Among their legendary tales they chiefly cherish the recollection of their share in the wars of the Reformation. Their forefathers were the pith and sinew of the armies of Gustavus Adolphus—and their hearts still leap with pride at the name of Lutzen (that sternest of all Europe’s battlefields) where the blue and yellow regiments of Finland and Gothland secured, by their martyrdom, the triumph of liberty, and commanded the reluctant but resistless admiration of Piccolomini and Wallenstein! The Autocrat knows well how the Finns wince under his sway, and he confers superior honours and privileges on the Finnish life-guards to ensure their fidelity.

Any proof of the restiveness of Courland, Samogitia, Volhynia, and

the other western provinces wrenched from Poland at the three partitions, the alacrity with which they fraternised with the Poles during their last sanguinary struggle, renders superfluous.

The three provinces of the Ukraine, or Red or Malo-Russia, formed part of ancient Poland, and fell under the Russian yoke within the last two centuries. The Malo-Russians are not *adscripti glebæ*, like the serfs of Russia Proper; they still retain many privileges derived from the Polish kings and the Tartar khans of the Crimea. Indeed, their capital, Kiew, is rather Polish than Russian; and, from the greater liberty they enjoy, and freer communion with other nations, a spirit of independence is cherished, highly unfavourable to Russian ascendancy. They, in common with the Bessarabians and the Tartar tribes of the Crimea, Kasan, and Astrachan smart so severely under military and fiscal oppression, as to render them also impatient of Russian rule. And, with regard to the Lezghees, and the other warlike hordes of the Kuban, the Caucasus, and Georgia, the Autocrat is lord of no territory but what his armies cover. Had Buonaparte, in 1812, not sanctioned the severities of his soldiery in Lithuania and the Ukraine, it is now generally admitted that they and the other conquered provinces would have coalesced with him in the grand effort of annihilating their common foe.

II. The gross ignorance of the people is highly prejudicial to the empire. Of 50,000,000 inhabitants only 4,500,000 have received the benefit of education, and even of the latter, with the exception of the nobility and higher classes, very few have received more than the primary elements. The peasantry are slaves; and, until the death of Paul, were immersed in such barbarism, that generation followed generation to the grave without having imbibed a ray of additional light. The Czars knowing well that autocracy and intelligence could not co-exist; and the nobles perceiving that ignorance was the safeguard of villainage, concurred in the truly aristocratic principle of striving to foster rather than dispel the clouds that overshadowed the people. The parochial schools throughout the empire are more nominal than real,—military ones alone are cherished. The clergy, who might have proved subsidiary to the promotion of intelligence, rather narrow than expand the little knowledge that abounds. All but the highest order are very ignorant even of their own theology; and if recent travellers can be relied on, the majority are barely competent to perform their customary rites. The six universities can boast of able men, but all except Dorpat are deplorably inefficient. A rigorous censorship, and the subtlest espionage in the world, destroy to a great extent their usefulness. The Physical sciences solely are cultivated. In astronomy, botany, and geology, the Russian universities may compare with any in Europe; but these are not the awakeners of man. The philosophy of mind is made a jest of. The sublime doctrine of duty, that links every human soul in that sympathetic chain which embraces the last hamlet on the confines of nature, is used only to subserve the ignoble end, that man is born to be the tool of a fellow man; to bend to his nod, and live upon his smile. Moral science is shorn of all that is valuable, and the *corpus mortuum* thrown to the pupils.

In the culture of theology like principles prevail. This department, too, labours under a double disadvantage. Religion in Russia, as in a few other lands, is not only under the controul of an establishment,

“That sacerdotal gain, but general loss,”

which either discourages investigation, or renders its ablest members the mere gladiators of state-sanctioned dogmas, instead of inciting them to carve out new fields of inquiry and grapple with error in all its tortuous forms ; but even her own crude faith is inculcated in all its native barbarism. The theological professors being strictly prohibited from desecrating on other systems, their lectures are confined to the narrow bounds of their own creed ; and the student, instead of having the doctrines of enlightened theology unveiled to his vision, and led onward, from hill to hill, and Alp to Alp, is either flung back on the fantastic fancies of his forefathers, or plunged into a heartless scepticism.

Nor is the law department of the universities better administered. The Russian legislators having spurned the aid of other laws, their code is neither enriched by the admirable principles of the Roman, nor has it the steady consistency of the Feudal law. It is an indigested and indigestible collection of the ukases of the Czars ; regulated by no settled axioms, but imbibing its colour from the moral complexion of the reigning sovereign. A legal chair in Russia is, therefore, a perilous position, besides being exposed to a stricter surveillance. Instead of a course of lectures comprising a clear development of the principles of universal law, and a rigid application of those principles to the peculiar laws of Russia, the professors must darken the field of discussion, and restrict themselves to definitions, elaborate classifications and common-places. Should they dare to follow out certain views, or touch, however lightly, on the imperishable rights of man, they venture upon quicksands ; the eye of the police is arrested ; they are hurled from their chairs, and exiled. This is no exaggeration. Two or three of the professors of Wilna and Dorpat are at this moment rustivating in the wilds of Siberia.

The University of Dorpat was remarked as an exception ; Dorpat being a Livonian town, and the Lutheran and Catholic being the prevailing creeds in Livonia, Courland, and Samogitia, the government felt it prudent to relax the shackles of the censorship. In it alone, therefore, are professors of foreign creeds tolerated ; and as Public Law and Philosophy could there be taught with comparative impunity, its influence on the surrounding districts has been correspondingly beneficial. It is, however, to be lamented that, since the insurrection in December, 1825, on the accession of Nicholas, the privileges enjoyed by Dorpat have been considerably trenched upon.

If this be a correct picture of the educational establishments of Russia,* who can wonder at the state of the people ? The nobility may comprise among their number many of the most accomplished men in Europe, but they have proved themselves as indifferent to the mental illumination of their countrymen as the British merchant-lords of India, have of the Hindoos. Like them they seem merely encamped among the people, not of them.

Another effect of popular ignorance is the irresponsibility of the Crown. That bulwark of a free country, the all-controlling power of public opinion, has no existence here. In Russia there is no public mind ; the serfs have no knowledge of public events, and even if they had, the police would stifle its expression. Knowledge is the precursor of civilization ; civilization generates a love of liberty ; and a state of liberty creates that grand tribunal which moulds to its will the sternest purposes of kings ;

* *Vide Quarterly Journal of Education for January, 1832.*

and which, when man shall have outgrown the garments of his present political boyhood, will alone make and unmake rulers.

With a penetration worthy of Machiavel, the Czars foresaw that if the administration of the empire were committed to Russian hands, such a step would involve the necessity of educating the people. In order, therefore, to avoid an alternative, which might make their stability tremble, they attracted foreigners to their Court. Talent was the stranger's passport, no matter what his country or his creed. The success of the device must have exceeded the expectations of the Czars, as the public boards of Russia, since Catherine's time, have exhibited a vigour of talent equal to and often surpassing every cabinet in Europe. Switzerland gave her for instructors such men as Euler, the Bernouillis, La Forte and La Harpe; Scotland, General Gordon, to whom Peter entrusted the government of the empire during his absence at Haarlem, Marshal Keith and Admiral Greig, and the present chiefs of her three medical departments; Italy and Greece, Pozzo di Borgo and Capo D'Istria, and a serpent host of diplomatists; and the proudest ribbons of the Orders of St. George and St. Vladimir decorate the breasts of German adventurers. From strangers the Czars apprehended no evil, the probability being so remote of their influencing the minds of the people; while cultivated Russians, sprung not from the noblesse but from the popular ranks, by settling in the interior, might become centres of light and intelligence, and ultimately rouse the dormant spirits of their countrymen to a sense of their condition. The Czars, therefore, fearing the effect, extinguished the cause.

III. Mal-administration throughout every department of the state is also a main cause of weakness. In her relations with other states alone is Russia's superior policy displayed. In the civil and criminal courts justice is unknown, so universal have bribery and corruption become. The law itself, as has been noticed, being subject to perpetual fluctuation, renders the judges irresponsible, and furnishes a cloak to crime. For a serf to think of redress is idle; he cannot leave his cabin without his lord's permission, and even if he could, he possesses not the sole means of influencing the courts. Money, or its equivalent, determines every case, and constant habit has banished the sense of shame. As bribery and favouritism thus pervade every public department, the morals of the people could not escape. The Russians are accordingly represented by travellers as being so familiar with deceit and sensuality, as to look upon neither as wicked or despicable. The flagitiousness of the mercantile classes has rendered them as proverbial for dishonesty as the Turk of Negropont, or the Jew of Salonica.

IV. The great extent, and widely scattered population of Russia, enfeeble her power. The strength of nations is measured by the relation which extent, fertility, and population, bear to one another. France and England, from the density of their population, and the facility of obtaining food, could bring a force to act on a given point with a promptitude and momentum impossible to Russia. From the wretched condition of the roads, (except the great line from Petersburg, by Moscow, to Odessa),—from the diffusion of her people over nearly a ninth part of the habitable globe,—and the dilapidated state of her treasury, Russia has never sent beyond her limits a force at all commensurate with her numerical strength. The best statistical tables extant, those of Adrian Balbi, published in 1833, make the revenue of Russia only a fourth of that of England, and little more than a third of that of France. This fact proves her compa-

rative poverty; and when it is remembered that her public debt is vast in proportion to her revenue, and that her paper currency passes in the provinces for only a fourth part of its nominal value, her consequent incapacity of moving and equipping huge armies, opens up a cheering prospect for the interests of civilization.

Another cause of poverty is the weight and bulk of her products. Such commodities as grain, iron, timber, and flax, cannot be brought from the interior with a remunerating profit, except by rivers or canals; and even when transported to the coast, the want of convenient outlets unavoidably restricts the amount of her exports. She has few canals—her Baltic rivers are of trifling volume; as the Baltic itself is frozen half the year, and the White Sea, so perilous to navigators, her exports from the north can never be considerable. Again, as her chief rivers run into the Black Sea, which, until the recent opening of the Hellespont, afforded her only an occasional exit, her export trade there was nearly confined to her Crimean and Asiatic provinces.

This indicates the cause of Russia's weakness as a naval power. Though she possesses the most abundant materials for constructing a fleet, she wants seas and effective sailors. The White Sea cannot be a naval station, and the Baltic and Black Sea are only large lakes commanded by Elsinore and Constantinople. For the reasons above assigned Russia never had a carrying trade; her trade is carried on with the capital, and by the vessels of foreigners; and, it is self-evident, that a ship of war to be formidable, must be nourished and sustained by merchant crews. The Russian fleet at Navarino, was chiefly manned by Greek seamen, the majority of whom, on discovering Russia's designs on their country, through her tool, Capo d'Istrias, forsook her, and returned to their islands. According to Balbi's tables, her ships of war, though so easily created, are, like her revenue, in the ratio of only one-fourth of the British, and rather more than a third of the French. Dupin and Abbé de Pradt, led away by her military glare, have much over-rated her power. They overlook the comparative impotence of her navy. Did she dare to contend alone with England, the English fleet, without an effort, could sweep her seas, blockade her harbours, and reduce her to perplexity, without employing a single soldier. And if, as would probably happen, she should combine with Prussia or Austria, is England, supported by a higher morale, and a command of capital, the sine qua non of war, not free as ever, if necessary, to subsidize any of the Continental powers, and limit Europe's bugbear to her own domain? Russia's success in concealing her weakness from the world has been admirable. Her unaided efforts have never kept pace with her pretensions; and Dupin and De Pradt seem to forget while trumpeting her resources, that her display of giant strength in repulsing the French, was achieved by English gold—yes, all would have been futile without the aid of her horrid climate; and had Napoleon not attempted in one season what should have occupied two, he would infallibly have broken her sceptre in pieces. The imperfect medium through which she has generally been viewed, has always conduced to her advantage, but when closely surveyed; apprehension will disappear, as the spectre of the twilight vanishes before the light of day.

These causes of debility suggest the peril to which Russia is exposed from the altered spirit of the times. Since the downfall of Buonaparte, the immense change in public sentiment must be apparent to the dullest observer. The triumph of Waterloo, and the loud execration of Napoleon,

beclouded for a time the public eye, but the fitful sparkles from the ashes of crushed nations, and the incessant increase of the current of opinion, betokened danger to "public order." The gangrened wounds of Genoa, Venice, and Germany's lesser states, became infectious; but the brutal severities of the tyrants, like the constant re-creation of the Lernaean hydra's heads, only multiplied their antagonists, till the truth flashed upon them, that Freedom had a sanctuary from which the powers of earth and hell could not expel her—the freeman's breast! The silent filtration of knowledge, abhorrence of the extinguishers of liberty in Piedmont, Spain, and the Netherlands, and the flagitious imprisonment of Professors Arndt and Jahn, the creators of the Landwehr of 1813, for demanding from the Prussian King the constitution impledged as the reward of their patriotism, were gradually rousing the public mind of Europe, when a blaze of glory broke upon the world in the shape of the French Revolution. Not a generous breast existing but throbbled with responsive joy—joy at the triumph of right and intelligence over the galling fetters of feudality. The triumph was not alone over the Bourbon, but over human passion: the moderation of the victors has no parallel in the history of our race, and, it is to be hoped, has put an eternal extinguisher on the maligners of popular morality. France, or embodied liberty, like a second Samson, burst asunder the withes with which a despot-conclave had bound her mighty limbs,—and her political deliverance, will prove the precursor of man's! The rebound of France's great act was instantly felt throughout Europe, and dormant masses of mind were heaved to and fro, as the crude elements of nature when warmed by the first sun's light. The Belgian, the Switzer, and the Pole, and some of the bold hearts that are nursed among the rocks of the Appenines, seemed to start from the sleep of the grave; and even now, when Poland's blood has gorged the Russian vulture, and her mangled limbs have been scattered over the earth, the elements of "all that is worthy in man's little day" are stirring the bosoms of the Lombard and the Venetian, the Hungarian and the German, and all whose hearts lie withering under the pestilent mildew of tyranny.

Russia, beyond all other powers, has evoked the execration of Europe. She is not only the champion of the crusade against liberty; but her perfidy to Greece and cruelty to Poland have gathered around her the wrath of the world.

Thrice has Greece been betrayed by her. In 1770 she secured Riga and his followers into rebellion; but, after a shew of support, Count Orloff, the Russian leader basely withdrew, and left them to the tender mercies of the Ottoman. In 1809 she followed the same course, during the struggle of Ali Pacha; and, in 1820, after having stimulated the Moldavian and Roumeliot Greeks into resistance against Turkey, her army coolly looked on from the north bank of the Pruth, and beheld the last remnant of Ipsilanti's sacred band butchered by the Turkish cavalry. Although Russia has always fomented disaffection in Greece, her last wish was that the Greeks should achieve their own liberty. Her policy was to rest upon her arms, and patiently witness the exhaustion of their energies; and, when the cup of the Sultan's vengeance was full, to persuade them, by their affinity in creed, to claim her protection. It was in this dastard spirit that she concurred in Canning's Protocol of 6th July, 1826, and has ever since been insinuating her tools into the Greek councils, perceiving, if her scheme were successful, that Greece, though nominally free, would be virtually her's. For Greece she

entertained no noble sympathy; she merely coveted her territory, as a fulcrum on which to rear naval power. She knew that the possession of Greece would give her at once 20,000 excellent seamen, and lift her aloft among the chief naval states; but the dagger of Mavromichaelis, by opportunely removing Russia's subtlest agent, has rescued Christendom from a critical dilemma, and paved the way for John Coletti and his gallant Roumeliots assuming the reins of power. France and England, too, are now alive to Russia's designs, and find it their interest to regard her with a watchful eye.

In regard to Poland, the annals of the world contain nothing so atrocious as the tale of her partition. All Europe's interests were involved in her preservation. She might have been a wall of living fire against barbaric aggression; but her attempt to plant her institutions on a republican basis set the seal to her doom. To avenge republican outrage despots simultaneously combine, though they are deaf as adders to wrongs inflicted by their own "order." But Europe has reaped her reward. By blotting Poland from the map of nations, she became a mere floodgate for Scythian irruption; but the marvellous heroism of the Poles, in daring to the strife the champion of Despotism,—the mere sufferance of whom is a brand on manhood's brow,—and thereby offering themselves up as a sacrifice for their own and human liberty, has converted their name into a virtue, and though,

"Not a stone on their turfs, nor a bone in their graves,
They'll live in the fame that immortally saves;"

and, as the remnant of the self-devoted "Fabii were cherished by Rome, so will the wreck of the Poles be hereafter. In defiance of public treaties and solemnly plighted faith, the Autocrat has issued a manifesto, by which he 'obliterates the Polish name, and impiously invokes the sanction of the Almighty to his deeds of blood. Where skimmer the fires of Gomorrah? Where the thunderbolts of Heaven? If the cabinets of Europe cower under this most scandalous of insults, their degradation is complete. But "Freedom's pulse in Poland's breast is not for ever quelled;" her children are sweeping over Europe like an electric stream, firing the blood of every man of noble passion, and swelling the accumulating torrent of centuries of wrong. While memory retains the print of Sobieski, and Kosciuszko's name, Poland shall never be forgotten. Their names shall be bellwords till their country is upreared from the dust, and at the sound of which tens of thousands of swords shall leap from their scabbards when her morn of retribution dawns!

Besides the strong current of hostility against Russia, flowing from these sources, the elements at work on the Continent have diffused their influence beyond her borders. Her literature has made surprising advances, considering her recent escape from barbarism; and the country that can boast of such men as Pouchkin, Derzhavin, and Karamsin, possesses a guarantee of future enlightenment. Her armies comprise no fewer than 50,000 officers, and, from their having mingled with those of Western Europe, liberal sentiments are by no means rare among them. So notorious is the liberalism of General Yermoloff, and the Georgian army, (many of whom served in the army of Observation of 1812-14,) that despite the difficulty of procuring reinforcements for Diebitsch, not a battalion of Yermoloff's troops was called into Poland. Other facts powerfully corroborate this view. So dissatisfied were the educated classes with the condition of their country, about the period of Alexander's death, that a

conspiracy was planned for his downfall, in which most of the influential officers concurred. It broke out at the accession of Nicholas ; and he would assuredly have fallen its victim, had he not, with amazing presence of mind, instantly bearded the rebels. The surface of society seems smooth in St. Petersburg, but the ashes of discontent smoulder below ; which the fact of the entire conduct of the Polish massacre having been entrusted to foreign soldiers of fortune, tends to confirm.

If that moral power, which, amid the most appalling vicissitudes, has erected its crest over the earth, advances in the ratio of the last fifteen years, the doom of Russia is easily foretold. That light which has broke in on a part will soon pervade her whole soldiery, and point out their true interest ; and, as the elephants of Pyrrhus of Epirus scattered desolation, *not* through the army of Curius Dentatus, but through his own, so shall those stupendous armies so sedulously fostered, and so proudly confided in, become not the shield of her strength but the instrument of her destruction.

Every liberal heart in Europe is a citadel of freedom, and, however much apart, the rapid spread of knowledge telegraphs their sympathies and multiplies their number ; and, when closer communion shall have riveted their units into battalions, and phalanxed them in might, let the houses of Hapsburg, Romanzow, and Brandenburg beware ; let them start, like Sardanapalus, from their dream of repose, for the Mede will be then at the gate. The icy barriers of Russia will dissolve before the fiery wrath of awakened man—the tumultuous burst of irrepressible indignation will be the knell of despot-rule ; and what mankind have to dread is, not the tyrants' power of resistance, but the risk of the fall of their colossal towers encumbering the earth with their ruins.

MY NATIVE ISLE.

Oh ! tell not me of fairer lands,
Beneath a brighter sky ;
Of streams that roll o'er golden sands,
And flowers that never die !

My native isle ! my native isle !
Though bleak and bare thou be ;
And scant and cold thy summer smile,
Thou'rt all the world to me !

The flower that on thy mountains' brow,
When wintry winds assail,
Securely sleeps beneath the snow,
Its cold and kindly veil,—

Transplanted to a richer soil,
Where genial breezes play,
In sickly bloom will droop awhile,
Then wither and decay.

Such, such, thy sheltering embrace,
When storms prevail, I feel,
My father's fathers' resting place,
Though cold, yet kindly still.

And ah! the floweret's fate were mine,
If doomed from thee to part—
To sink in sickening slow decline,
The canker of the heart.

Love's dearest bands, friendship's strong ties,
That round my bosom twine!
All past delight, all present joys,
My native isle, are thine!

If all wert gone, like summer's dew,
Before the morning beams;
Still friends, that pass not, I should view,
In thy wild rocks and streams.

Oh! may they still, thy changeful skies,
Thy clouds, thy mists, be mine!
And the sun that ean my morning rise,
Gleam on my day's decline!

My native isle! my native isle!
Though bleak and bare thou be;
And soot and cold thy summer smile,
Thou'rt all the world to me!

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.*

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, his writings, and his character, may, by some, be deemed an obsolete topic, and belonging almost entirely to the province of history. Any discussion based on them, therefore, may be considered unnecessary by a generation so peculiarly absorbed by mere matters of the moment, as that of which we form a part. They, however, who scan events somewhat more closely, than do the over-hurried and hasty purveyors who cater for the popular taste, see that the temper of the present times, the questions that are now being agitated by large classes of the community, are bringing into existence modes of thinking remarkably analogous to many of those so eloquently propounded by Rousseau. A spirit of questioning every institution, a habit of bringing back society to its first principles, as described by Machiavelli, are now becoming prevalent; and as this proceeding is particularly carried on by the labouring population, it is not remarkable that opinions so favourable as those held by Rousseau, to the apparent immediate interests of the poorer classes, should now be revived. In these opinions there is much truth, as well as great and signal error. This error, many no writing are combating, without being aware of the eloquent, powerful, and acute defence which it received during the last century. It will possibly, therefore, be interesting to all, and instructive to many, to know the circumstances which heretofore led to the adoption of fallacies so potent, and from thence to gather a means for their refutation. The truth which the opinions of Rousseau contain, it is also highly important

* *Histoire de la Vie, et des Ouvrages de J. J. Rousseau; composés de Documents Authentiques, et dont une Partie est restée inconnue jusqu'à ce jour; d'une Biographie de ses Contemporains considérés dans leur Rapport avec cet Homme célèbre; et suivis de Lettres inédites.*—(à Paris, 1821.)

to learn. Though of the last age, he may instruct the present. The great luminary of the eighteenth century, still shines bright, though placed by the side of the great lights of the present time.

The situation of France, *political, moral, and literary*, exhibited, at the time of Rousseau's appearance as a writer, a combination of phenomena never before witnessed, and which probably will never again occur. The government was a perfect despotism—but a despotism that feared no internal enemies;—it possessed a consciousness of security, that permitted it to view without alarm, and almost without interest, the promulgation of all the various and varying opinions of the swarms of literary men, who for more than a century, had flocked to the capital. After the disputes of the *Fronde* were completely settled, and the uncontrolled dominion of Louis XIV. was permanently established, there sprung up, from causes which need not here be examined, a large and enlightened literary class in France. Out of the disputes of religion, arose the art of popular exposition, from thence a refinement of the French language; and immediately consequent on this, was an improvement in literature itself.* This improvement became, alternately, cause and effect; every successful attempt raised the taste of the public, to whom the writers addressed themselves; and the public, in return, demanded yet more finished efforts on the part of the writers. The reading public became enlarged. The aristocracy began to take delight in literary discussions, and to indulge in the pleasure of protecting and patronizing literary men. Tired of, and disgusted with the crabbed questions of the school theology, which, in the previous century, had kept Europe in a continual combustion, men now turned their attention to the more pleasant paths of literature. Although mere literature appeared during the first years of this remarkable period to occupy the general attention, by degrees there arose discussions on the gravest and most important subjects. To Corneille, Boileau, Racine, succeeded Diderot, D'Alembert, and Voltaire. Writers, either powerful themselves by station, or protected by the powerful, began to hazard opinions (covertly indeed) on religion, morality, and government. The government, fearing not these attempts, not having learned, by experience, the wonderful influence of discussion, looked on with calm acquiescence. When, indeed, some peculiar interest, or some individual was attacked, its aid in persecution was sought, and generally granted. There was not, however, on the part of the government, any thing vindictive in this persecution; and as soon as the personal, or peculiar animosity was satisfied, the government relapsed into quiet indifference. This indifference was, in fact, in the lapse of time, changed for rather a favouring regard.† The works of the *littérati* produced their effect on the government itself.‡ The persons composing it, began themselves to be more humanized, and to take interest in this new species of amusement; for literature was considered little more, despots not having yet discovered the danger of the game. Literary men and philosophers became, like dancers, actors, and painters, a pro-

* "Bientôt les sciences suivirent les lettres; à l'art d'écrire se joignit l'art de penser; gradation qui paroit étrange, et qui n'est peut-être que trop naturelle; et l'on commença à sentir le principal avantage du commerce des muses, celui de rendre les hommes plus sociables, en leur inspirant le désir de se plaire les uns aux autres par des ouvrages dignes de leur approbation." (Rousseau: *Discours sur le gouvernement proposé par l'Académie de Dijon*, 1749.)

† *Émile*, for example, advised and permitted the publication of the "*Emile*."

tacted, became an amusing class. The attacks of the philosophers, on received opinions, were pleasant means of excitement; and as no danger was expected, even a hit at religion was thought highly amusing. The discussions on music were quite as vehemently carried on as discussions on religion or morality, and occupied the attention of the government exactly in the same manner, and to the same extent. The petulant disputants, in both cases, were sometimes sent to the Bastille, and subjected to momentary displeasure; but the views of the government were seldom carried farther than the individual. As the literary taste increased, the importance of the literary class increased also; but their importance was never considered, with reference to the people. The dread entertained by any person, was not that the nation would be roused to rebellion, but that an epigram, or a satire, or a lampoon might be composed, which, in the eyes of his refined associates, would render him ridiculous. The literary men, thus, in time, became the companions of the powerful, and served to instruct as well as to amuse them. By degrees, philosophy began to occupy attention. Society was now entertained by opinions on physics, metaphysics, politics, morality, and religion. A tragedy and a scientific article in the *Encyclopédie* became equally a subject of discussion. Women would argue about the motion of fluid bodies; the management of an argument on the nature of the soul; the merits of an actor; the exposition *d'un sentiment*; the vices of peculiar governments; an essay expounding the theory of Newton, or an epigram by Piron. Such was the fashion; and so long as no evil resulted to themselves in the shape of diminished power or profit, the powerful indulged heedlessly in this whim, as in any other.

The priesthood, generally, did not delight in the license conceded to the *philosophes*; but this was rather a personal than a general objection. The satire which was launched against religion in the abstract, not seldom struck its professors with greater force than they desired. The priesthood consequently opposed the *philosophes*; but this rendered the whole affair more piquant to the lookers-on, and many of the *noblesse* took peculiar delight in protecting the satirist against the persecution of the priest. Rivalry, personal pique, and oftentimes mere malicious pleasantry, induced this desire to protect. It was not that Mon. le Marquis de — was an enemy to religion or despotism, or that he desired an overthrow of an established priesthood, or an established government, but he perhaps wished to wound Monseigneur l'Archevêque de this, the Abbe de that, or M. le Ministre of the other. Besides, to rail at religion or despotism was by the canon prohibited; to set at naught the rules created a pungent pleasure—making the old proverb true, "that stolen kisses are the sweetest." This state of things produced a curious phenomenon in the opposition of opinions and conduct, and showed how different is the effect produced by merely adopting opinions from that which follows when we link to them our affections. The vulgar have an expressive phrase to signify their estimation of the former proceeding in a particular case, calling it *lip religion*. The *lip* philosophy of the French *noblesse* was as extraordinary an exhibition as the world ever witnessed. They were in fact vehemently, and in the narrowest, most exclusive sense of the term, aristocratic. The opinions connected with their own peculiar worth, in consequence of their station and birth, were associated indissolubly with their affections. They were besides attached to the existing government; they desired—they thought of no other. Whatever they might say, whatever opinions they might enter-

tain, no matter on what subject, they and every one else felt, that these grand leading feelings could never be shaken or called in question: In the very hardihood of this feeling, they said and did things the most extravagant; adopting opinions of the widest democracy, venting the bitterest sarcasms against despotism, and superstition, and persecution. As in the case of what has been termed the healthy hardihood of a gentleman, the consciousness of a peculiar and unchallengeable standing leads to great carelessness and freedom; so in the case of the French noblesse, the confidence they felt that their talk would never be supposed capable of practical application, induced them to hazard any opinion, no matter how wise, how benevolent. This same hardihood made them protect the writers who amused them; and the writers, emboldened by protection, attacked every thing which offered a defenceless point. But various consequences arose from this proceeding that were not at first foreseen.*

Amongst the noblesse themselves, there was a thorough overturning of all established principles not immediately connected with their peculiar interests as a class. They were not less aristocrats in consequence of the prevailing philosophy; but they were in reality less devout, less moral. They lost their old principles, which led to private virtue but they obtained not new ones. They learned to despise their religion, but they adopted no moral principles which, without the aid of religion, might lead to virtue. All the old safeguards were broken down, and no new ones erected. Ties formerly the most sacred became despised. Marriage was a farce: honesty, as between man and man, was obsolete. The decencies as well as the virtues of life passed away, and every licentious desire had uncontrollable dominion.

Amongst the people the effect was widely different. A large portion of the bourgeoisie read and acquiesced in the opinions freely promulgated by and among their superiors. The liberality, which with the noblesse was the mere whim of the moment, and which never touched nor awakened their affections, sank deep in the minds of the excluded classes. With them they became ennobling feelings:—they were considered principles to be acted on—to be cherished, and never to be forgotten. The indignation that was pretended by the noblesse became a ruling passion with the people; they sighed for that freedom which the others merely talked of; and looked forward with impatience to the time of their liberation. This difference in expectations led, necessarily, to wide differences in

* "The court itself had favoured the progress of the '*tiers état*,' and had contributed to the development of its chief assistant, an increase of knowledge. The most despotic of monarchs aided this general movement of the public mind, and created a public opinion without wishing it. By encouraging eulogy, he provided for blame; because the examination which was permitted in his favour necessarily compelled him to try to go another which was unfavourable. When poetry was exhausted, discussions commenced; and the philosophers of the eighteenth century succeeded to the *littérateurs* of the seventeenth. Every thing became an object of their research and reflection; governments, laws, religion, abuses. They discovered rights, they exposed the wants of the people, and signalized injustice. A strong and enlightened public opinion was formed, whose attacks the government was obliged to suffer, and whose voice it could not stifle. This opinion, moreover, converted those whom it attacked. The courtiers from fashion, power from necessity, submitted themselves to its discussions; and the age of reforms was prepared by the age of philosophy, as was the latter by the age of literature and the fine arts.—Mignet *Hist. de la Rev. Fran. Introd.*

point of morality. Putting aside the other discrepant circumstances in the position of the people and the noblesse, the single fact that the one class merely talked liberality—merely dwelt for purposes of amusement and display on the great discussions of philosophy; and that the other really and deeply felt as well as debated the great truths which those discussions elicited—this single fact was sufficient to make the ideas which, in the one case, led to every species of vice, as necessarily, in the other, conduce to the highest classes of virtue. To the noblesse the arguments of the philosophers afforded a ready refutation of all the old laws of morality, and thus furnished a serviceable justification of vice; but with them philosophy created no immediate motive—none which to minds such as the nobles necessarily possessed appeared worthy of consideration, to build up a new code of virtue, or to resist the many temptations to pleasant vices which their situation offered. They gleaned enough from the expositions of the philosophers to be ready with a superficial answer to any preaching which might be made to them; but they heard not, neither could they feel any lesson of wisdom based upon the general happiness of their race. They thus played with reasoning and philosophy, and quickly learned to despise them both. Adopting no opinion with affectionate conviction (if we may use such a phrase), they deemed all of equal value, or rather equally valueless. Selfish objects became paramount. They sought for, they felt no sympathy. Immediate enjoyment was their sole end, and contempt for everything which they had heard called virtue, their predominating conviction.*

The situation of the bourgeoisie being different, philosophy with them produced different fruits. While the reasonings of the philosopher shook the foundation of their old opinions, they raised up motives, strong and constant in their action, to create a new and ennobling moral code. The objects of desire which these new ideas created, were objects to be obtained by union among themselves, by a demonstration of force, and also of worthiness. It was requisite for them to show, that they not only desired their political and social liberation, but also that they deserved, and could attain it. This was one and a powerful stimulant to virtuous conduct. Moreover, being in the situation of despised subordinates, they were unable to permit themselves the indulgences which the aristocracy enjoyed. They had not wealth to command those which required great expenditure, nor could they obtain protection for such as were violations of the law. Inevitable ruin would have been the necessary consequence of dissolute profligacy to the bourgeoisie. Their

* Rousseau saw this evil, and attributed it to its real cause. The conclusion he draws from thence is not correct; but seeing no more than he describes, he could legitimately draw no other. He says in the preface to "*Narcisse*,"—"Tout peuple qui a des mœurs, et qui par conséquent respecte ses lois et ne veut point raffiner sur ses anciens usages, doit se garantir avec soin des sciences, et surtout des savans, dont les maximes sentencieuses et dogmatiques lui apprendraient bientôt à mépriser ses usages et ses lois; ce qu'une nation ne peut jamais faire sans se corrompre. Le moindre changement dans les coutumes, fût-il même avantageux à certains égards, tourne toujours au préjudice des mœurs. Car les coutumes sont la morale du peuple; et dès qu'il cesse de les respecter, il n'a plus de règle que ses passions, ni de frein que les lois, qui peuvent quelquefois contenir les méchans mais jamais les rendre bons. D'ailleurs quand la philosophie a une fois appris à un peuple à mépriser ses coutumes, il trouve bientôt le secret d'é luder les lois. Je dis donc qu'il en est des mœurs d'un peuple comme de l'honneur d'un homme: c'est un trésor qu'il faut conserver, mais qu'on ne recouvre plus quand on l'a perdu."

minds were thus turned to other pleasures; and those exalted enjoyments which literature and science afforded, being easy of access, became, in great measure, the portion of the despised class. Honesty with them was also indispensably requisite. They were happily not placed in that trying situation, in which to be a villain, is not to be degraded and punished. With them, in short, there was no impunity for vice; there was every inducement to virtue. The new philosophy therefore gave them a new morality,—gave them new rules for the guidance of their conduct; and the conduct thus prescribed, was more virtuous than that which their old principles had enjoined.*

The influence of the state we have been attempting to describe upon the writers themselves was equally marked, and exhibited a still more curious complication of phenomena. The license they enjoyed, and the carelessness they saw in the government and aristocracy regarding opinions, gave them a hardihood in inquiry that was eminently conducive to original conceptions, and to the thorough investigation, as far as depended on courage, of every important question which their curiosity led them to discuss. This investigation, however, was uniformly bold and ingenious rather than profound. Their object generally was to strike; by new views to acquire reputation for talent and ingenuity; to amuse and captivate rather than to instruct. Addressing themselves to the aristocracy who sought amusement, living by their favours, and dependent for enjoyments and pleasures on their protection, it was natural that they should adopt a tone, and pursue a method of investigation, that should please an idle set of inquirers. This state of things, while it was productive of good, in permitting a perfectly free discussion, and in leading the writers to cultivate the faculty of clear and forcible exposition, was no less productive of mischief, in inducing with many a carelessness respecting opinions, in leading to superficial rather than profound investigations, and in rendering the literary class the sycophants of the powerful.

One of the most striking circumstances in the philosophy of the day, and which circumstance was partly owing to the peculiar situation of the writers, was, that almost all the discussions then carried on were of a negative, and not a positive description; went to prove the insufficiency and the inaccuracy of existing theories and doctrines, and but seldom (and never to any important extent) to establish and build up new ones † The consequence of all the reigning disputes therefore was, to induce a general state of scepticism, on almost all the leading prin-

* This is one of many proofs, past and existing, that the same opinion being adopted by persons in different states of mind, and different circumstances, will lead to widely different conduct. The reason is, that to action, the will is requisite; and the will is under the dominion, not merely of one feeling, but of the mass of feelings as compounded of our ideas, hopes, fears, and desires, and as guided and modified by our habits. Among other proofs of this, the prevalent state of feeling among the more enlightened of the young men of the day, is one fraught with interest to ourselves. It is needless to shut our eyes to the fact, that old feelings are now, in many cases, going out of fashion. Party morality, for example, has been completely exposed, and the interests of the aristocracy laid bare to even the least discerning mind. The more acute of our young men feel ashamed to acknowledge themselves dupes to old saws on this head. They see through the flimsy veil; but they have not acquired, in place of the old errors, any new ennobling feelings. Their selfishness is now absolutely blazoned; and they deem this perception of their own interests, and neglect of that of others, the deepest wisdom.

† We speak here of the moral sciences.

ciples of the moral sciences. It must be remembered that religion was exhibited to these men under one of its worst forms—one peculiarly liable to attack, leading, as it almost invariably has led, where free discussion has been allowed, to disbelief in religion generally. In the sixteenth century, the dominant idea (to use a modern and somewhat inaccurate expression,) was reformation in religion. In France, after years of dreadful confusion and misery, all expectations of reformation were crushed. Hopes of amendment departed; but not with them the perception of error in the existing dogmas and institutions. To amend being impossible, the next object was to abolish—to overturn religious feelings and opinions generally. Thus, one large section of the field of moral doctrine became unsettled: as regarded religion, the academie philosophy came into vogue. In Government the effect was nearly the same, the cause being nearly similar. The despotism of Louis XIV. was too firmly established to admit the most distant expectation of subversion, or even of amelioration. All that remained was quiet acquiescence in fact, and the indulgence of satire at its expense. Its evils and errors were, from time to time, exposed, and warmly commented on; but substitutes for the Government itself were seldom if ever thought of. Again a species of sceptical, or academie philosophy, was here in vogue.

Subjects which, like the science of jurisprudence, required exceedingly accurate and consecutive thinking, offered little to attract men impelled by the motives of the French philosophers. They contented themselves with signaling the more crying evils of the laws, and the administration of justice, while they left the sterile path of jurisprudential science for more indefatigable inquirers. No attempt worthy of the slightest consideration was ever hazarded by them to unite philosophy with law, or to frame a set of means to obtain the end which, in their general declarations, they conceived to be possible. They left law to lawyers, and indulged in objections to the existing system—objections well conceived, and oftentimes singularly well enforced,—but here their vocation ended:—“*Mépriser la science, et n'estimer que l'esprit, c'est le goût presque universel du siècle présent,*” was the statement of D'Aguesseau in the year 1709. He has eminently well characterized the intellectual character of his time, and its consequences, in another passage of the same paper;* to which we must refer the reader, since our limits will not allow us to extract it.

The above is necessarily a very general description, consisting entirely of assertions, which to be proved, would require a history of the period spoken of. That history cannot here be attempted. The reader therefore must himself make what farther inquiry is necessary; or disbelieve, or trust the statement here given, without additional evidence. The succeeding observations will take for granted the description as above attempted.

The immediately succeeding object proposed is, to bring before the reader a correct, and, if possible, a vivid conception of Rousseau's character, mental and moral. To this end a short sketch of his early life and education will be attempted; so much of his history being brought forward as will serve to illustrate the character of his mind, as well as

* *Troisième Mercuriale, prononcée à la St. Martin, 1709. La Science du Magistrat. Tom. I. Œuvres Complètes, 1819, p. 168. See also Septième Mercuriale, 1704. Ibid, p. 119, 127.*

to show how that character was created. This, with a general description of the effect produced on him by the then existing society of France, will be all that can be accomplished within the space of the present article. The system he proposed as a substitute for the one he saw, with the application of that system to the present time, will be a subject of subsequent inquiry.

In the year 1749, the Academy of Dijon proposed the following question:—"Has the Renovation of the Arts and Sciences contributed to purify or corrupt Society?"* Rousseau answered this question: his essay received the prize, (*was couronné*); and he suddenly, at the age of forty, acquired a great and unexpected reputation.

The view he took of society was new and startling. He propounded many important truths; followed to their legitimate consequences opinions generally expressed; and by his consistency was led to enunciate a crowd of extravagant errors. If we consider the character of the man, however, and the society into which he was thrown, his conclusions, his feelings, his conduct, though strange, will appear the necessary consequence of his situation.

Rousseau was possessed of an exquisitely nervous temperament, a weak frame, unsettled and delicate health. The education he received was peculiarly calculated to heighten the sensitiveness he received from nature,—to raise to morbid acuteness what, for his own happiness, ought to have been checked and carefully regulated,—to make him, in fact, the slave of warm emotions. His station, his wayward fate, continually wrought upon this sensibility, and drove him eventually to madness. Had his infancy been differently passed; had his subsequent youth been happy and tranquil; or had he, when he appeared in the world, fallen upon different times, he would, perhaps, have been a less useful example and instructor of mankind, but he would inevitably have been far happier himself. They whom nature has gifted with an apathetic temperament, who have passed their infancy and youth in the calm evenness and carelessness which youth usually enjoys, cannot penetrate the deep mysteries of such a mind as Rousseau's. His feelings they cannot comprehend,—his views they cannot appreciate,—his joys and his sorrows they cannot measure. He is as to them a being of a different order, endowed with different senses, framed in a different mould. Things which they perceive not, strike him to the quick. When they begin to feel, he is overpowered by emotion. His joys are bright glories that never shed a radiance on their dull souls; his sorrow is an overwhelming despair, incomprehensible by their apathetic temperament. The hard and horny hand of the labourer will grasp a hot iron with impunity; strip that hand of its skin, and the very air will be intolerable. The differences in the moral sensitiveness of various men are equal in their extent.

The father of ~~Geneva~~ Rousseau married, early in life, a woman whom he passionately loved. She had been the companion of his infancy and youth; and after many trials, and much opposition on the part of her relations, she became his wife. Rousseau's father was an humble citizen of Geneva, poor, and a watchmaker,—his mother was the daughter of a clergyman of some fortune and pretensions.† "Fate, which seemed

* Le Rétablissement des Sciences et des Arts a-t-il contribué à épurer ou à corrompre les Mœurs?

† Confessions L. 1. It is with pain that we attempt a translation of the exquisite language of Rousseau. The attempt is made, however, because thought necessary.

to oppose their passion, served only to increase it. The young lover being unable to obtain his mistress, gave himself up to grief. She advised him to travel in order that he might learn to forget her. He travelled; but without obtaining his object. He returned more in love than ever. He found her he loved still faithful—still kind. After this trial nothing remained but to love one another for their lives. They swore to do so,—and heaven blessed their oath. * * * * My father, after the birth of my only brother, departed for Constantinople, where he became clockmaker to the Seraglio. During his absence, the beauty of my mother, her wit, and her talents, attracted many admirers; amongst the warmest of these was M. de la Closure, the French Resident. His passion must have been warm, since, at the end of thirty years, I saw him weep when speaking of her. My mother had other safeguards, however, besides her virtue. She tenderly loved her husband. She pressed him to return. He quitted all, and came back. I was the sad fruit of this union. Ten months after, I was born infirm and ill. I cost my mother her life. My birth was the first of my misfortunes.

“I know not how my father supported this loss; but I do know that he was never consoled for it. He fancied that he saw her again in me, without being able to forget that I had taken her away. He never embraced me but I felt by his sighs and convulsive embraces, that a bitter regret was mixed with his caresses. They were but the more tender. When he said, ‘Jean Jacques, let us speak of thy mother,’ I was accustomed to answer, ‘We are about, then, to weep, my father.’ The words, themselves, drew tears from him. Ah!’ he exclaimed, render her to me again—console me for her loss—fill up the void she has left in my soul. Should I love thee thus, if you were only my child. Forty years after her loss, he died in the arms of a second wife; but the name of the first was on his lips—her image was at his heart.”

“Tels furent les auteurs de mes jours,” exclaims Rousseau. “De tous les dons que le ciel leur avoit départis, un cœur sensible est le seul qu’ils me laisserent; mais il avoit fait leur bonheur; et fit tous les malheurs de ma vie.”

Educated in his infancy by one so accustomed to yield to, and give outward demonstration of his emotions,—being by his nature himself prone to the same state of feeling—it is not wonderful that he should have this tendency increased, till it became actually a morbid excitement. To add still more to this dangerous excitation, and to increase its evil consequences, his father pursued a yet more extraordinary course.

“I felt,” says Rousseau, “before I thought. This is the common lot of humanity. It was mine more than that of most men. I am ignorant of what I did until five or six years of age; I know not how I learned to read. I recollect only the first things I read, and the effect upon me. From this I date an uninterrupted consciousness of myself. My mother had left behind her some romances. My father and myself were accustomed to read them after supper. The object, at first, was to exercise me in reading by the aid of amusing books; but the interest we took in them soon became so lively, that we read them by turns without interruption, and passed whole nights in this occupation. We could never leave off till we reached the end of the volume. Sometimes my father, hearing the swallows in the morning, would say, with shame, Let us go to bed; I am more a child than you.”

On this Rousseau makes the following judicious observations:—

“ In a short time I acquired by this dangerous method, not only an extreme facility in reading and understanding what I read, but also a knowledge of the passions singular at my age. I had yet no idea of things, when all the emotions were already known to me. I had conceived nothing, but had felt every thing. These confused emotions which I felt successively, had no effect upon the reason which I had not yet acquired ; but they formed for me one of a different stamp, and gave me the romantic and *bisarres* notions of human life, of which reflection and experience have never cured me.”

They who have not felt in themselves, nor witnessed in others, the consequences of this too early excitation of the emotions, would hardly be prepared for the fatal effects which almost necessarily flow from it. As in the case of Rousseau, it is almost certain that views of life will be framed upon exceedingly erroneous data, will necessarily be utterly false, and the expectations consequent on those views will be doomed to inevitable disappointment. But a still greater evil will arise. To the due framing of the man, it is requisite that the child should grow up in a certain carelessness of spirit. The natural mobility of a child requires, for the full development of the mental as well as physical powers, to have complete play. To train his infant limbs constant action is requisite. Watch a child, and see how unceasing is the motion requisite to keep him in a state of comfort ; confine him for a moment, and he is uncomfortable and unhappy. In the early days of his infancy, unable to move himself sufficiently, the nurse keeps him in constant motion ; having acquired strength he swings about his arms, kicks with his little legs, crawls, and throws himself into every possible contortion. The boy runs, leaps, and keeps himself in one incessant turmoil. It is not requisite to explain, or to attempt to explain these facts ; to state *why* this motion is needed ; suffice it that it *is* needed. But the action of the child is never spontaneously a *continuous* action of one sort. Put him to turn a wheel, and you would ruin his health and stop his growth. His motion is all un-consecutive, (if we may use such an expression,) first of one kind, then of another ; now he runs, now he walks, now he falls on the ground, now he climbs ; he claps his hands, he throws a stone, he pulls, all in a rapid but irregular series. He is like a monkey under the dominion of an ever-active nervous excitement. His mind requires the same sort of treatment. He requires to have a constant, and, to a great degree, an irregular series of mental feelings. They must not be *consecutive* feelings. He should have no emotions which continue for any long period ; and *no emotion should be raised which is not suggested by the present physical nature of the child.* Long consecutive trains of reasoning are, for the most part, a perfect mystery to him. His attention flags ; his memory is incapable of keeping before him the various links of the chain : if he attempts it he becomes fatigued ; and his mind, like his body, is, by such training, prevented from becoming vigorous or healthy.* Precocious emotions are yet worse than precocious reason-

* Let it not be imagined that all mental exercise in childhood is condemned. What is desired is, that it should commence almost imperceptibly, should increase with the increasing powers ; till, at length, the greatest labour may be attempted. But that in no case should the mental exercise be beyond the power of the mind. As in the case of the body, it is possible not only to give it too much, but also too *heavy* and too steady work ; so, not only may you task the mind too long, but you may also task it too heavily and too steadily. To make a child of six years old work

ings. The one merely weakens the intellectual power, the other fits a man for misery. To accustom the child to emotions, is to rob him of the glad carelessness of infancy; to rob him of this, is to deprive his mind of that elastic spring which is in life the grand preserver of happiness; that elasticity which enables us to rise up after disappointment, and begin a new race—to keep before us bright prospects—to hope firmly and steadily. As life wears on with the best regulated and strongest minds, this elasticity becomes less and less, and eventually breaks down. To bring us into life without this springing hope, is to render life a blank and barren waste. A child who has passed his infancy in anxiety and care, is ever a melancholy man; and whether this anxiety arise from fictitious subjects, or from real causes of sorrow, is immaterial. To take the most assured way known to mar all hopes of happiness, would be, not only to create this anxiety in childhood, and thereby create a morbidly melancholy temperament, but also, at the same time, to heighten the sensibilities, and thereby render him more deeply affected by every passing cause of emotion. A mind thus framed, subjected to adversity, will ever render its unhappy possessor exquisitely miserable.

But the education of Rousseau's infancy was admirably adapted to these ends. He was in the constant habit of seeing a person whom he loved in deep distress: an affectionate and quick-feeling child, would by this be kept in a state of constant anxiousness; and, to heighten his sensibility, he was led to sympathize with the ideal sorrows of heroes and heroines of romances. That the child was deeply interested in their fortunes, is evident from the fact, that he spent whole nights in following their history. This of itself is sufficient to prove the exceeding sensitiveness of his original, or natural temperament.* It proves, moreover, that he was moved by passions not belonging to his age—that he acquired feelings at variance with his physical state. These, in fact, were his earliest recollected impressions. Now, if any one will for a moment recall to his recollection the enormous influence these earliest impressions always possess—the indelible traces they leave, he will quickly understand why these played so important a part in Rousseau's after life; he will understand how they increased his sensibilities; rendering him as quick to feel, as if his actual nerves had been laid physically bare by the scalpel. With an obtuse and apathetic child, there would probably have resulted but little mischief from such a treatment. He would possibly have sympathized but little in the distress of his parent; and he would not have understood or felt the ideal miseries and pleasures of the heroes and heroines who absorbed the attention of Rousseau. Instead of reading,

a whole day, is to give it too much work; to make it turn a wheel for an hour, would be to give it too steady work; to make it lift a weight of ten pounds, would be to give it too heavy work. So to keep a child all day at his task, (as it is called,) to keep him an hour at one sort of task, to make him read Locke, are instances of the three mischievous proceedings in his mental training.

* Rousseau gives the following opinion of himself:—"J'avois donc de la religion tout ce qu'un enfant à l'âge où j'étois en pouvoit avoir. J'en avois même davantage, car pourquoi déguiser ici ma pensée? Mon enfance ne fut pas d'un enfant. Je sentis, je pensai, toujours en homme. Ce n'est qu'en grandissant que je suis rentré dans la classe ordinaire: en naissant j'en étois sorti. L'on rira de me voir me donner modestement pour un prodige. Soit, mais quand on aura bien ri qu'on trouve un enfant qu'à six ans les romans attachent, intéressent, transportent au point d'en pleurer à chaudes larmes; alors je sentirai ma vanité ridicule et conviendrai que j'ai tort." *Confessions*, L. 11.

he would have slept ; instead of weeping, he would have yawned. In a highly sensitive temperament, the constant object should be to moderate early emotions, to promote a careless joy in childhood, and to ward off the anxieties that will inevitably press upon the man. It must be remembered also, that the health of Rousseau was exceedingly delicate. That craving desire for action, which besets a robust child, must with him have been comparatively weak. He must by this time have been rendered more than commonly conscious of his thoughts. The sensations of vitality, all pleasant sensations, those joyous feelings of exuberant life and spirits, which run in a glad tide through the frame of an active, healthy child, must with him have been weak, perhaps unknown. His life began with thought and emotions, (*sentimens*,) rather than sensations.* They who have received this dangerous gift, have usually proved the great lights of humanity ; but life too often has been to them a burthen and a misery.

The reading romances, says Rousseau, finished with the summer of 1719 : he was then seven years old ; and to them succeeded studies better adapted to his age. Amongst his grandfather's books, he found works containing much useful knowledge, and treating on subjects in which he could take an interest without opposing nature, or awakening a too painful excitement. "Plutarch, above all, became my favourite reading. The pleasure I took in reading him, again and again, cured me somewhat of my passion for romances ; and I soon preferred Agesilaus, Brutus, Aristides, to Orondates, Artamenes, and Juba. By these interesting studies, and the conversations they occasioned between me and my father, were formed in me that republican and free spirit, that haughty and unconquerable character, impatient of restraint and of servitude, which, throughout my life, has tormented me in situations least proper to give a rein to my feelings. Unceasingly occupied with Rome, and with Athens,—living, if I may so express myself, with their great men,—born myself the citizen of a republic,—and the son of a father, whose strongest passion was the love of his country ; I was inflamed by his example. I believed myself a Greek or a Roman : I became the person whose life I read ; the story of such of their acts of constancy and intrepidity as struck me, made my eyes sparkle, and gave force and vigour to my voice. One day I related, at table, the history of Scevola, and startled the beholders who saw me stretch my hand over the fire to represent the action which he had performed."

He thus spent the early years of his childhood, indulging rather in intellectual than physical pleasures. His ideas were, even as a child, exalted and refined ; and he was ever subjected to kind, to affectionate treatment. "The children of kings could not be more carefully tended than I was, during my early years ; idolized by all who surrounded me ; and, what is much more rare, always treated as a beloved, never as a spoiled child." This happy state continued but for a short time. While it lasted, however, it was eminently conducive to the creation of a gentle, refined, generous, and sensitive spirit. In his

* This assertion is not opposed to what Rousseau himself says, when he says, "Je sentis avant de penser." He means by this, that his emotions came before his reasonings. All that the text means to assert, is, that the *ideas* of Rousseau were, in his youth, a much larger portion of his existence, than in ordinary cases. Boys usually have many sensations and few thoughts—Rousseau had many thoughts, and comparatively few sensations.

old age, he runs over, with a garrulous affection, the list of his earliest friends ; and, at the distance of fifty long years, speaks of them with a love still fresh and ardent. He passes over the story of his happy infancy, with a lingering and devious step ; dwells with dotting fondness on each little incident ; and paints, with inimitable grace and truth, this one of the few happy periods of his wayward life. They who have watched the progress of education, either in themselves or others, must have observed, that the times which have left on our recollections vivid impressions, whether of pleasure or of pain, have also tended greatly to the formation of our character. Affections and habit are ever stronger than the mere deductions of reason in guiding the conduct of every human being ; but the affections (and under this term we include any habit of strong continuous emotion,) are, for the most part, created in those times of excitement, which leave behind them permanent traces of their past existence. In Rousseau, the earliest, and, consequently, the most fruitful in their consequences, the strongest impressions were all of a beneficent, gentle—almost femininely gentle description. The softness which these early impressions imparted to his character, was never afterwards destroyed.

Telles furent les premieres affections de mon entrée a la vie ; ainsi commençoit à se former ou à se montrer en moi ce cœur à la fois si fier, et si tendre, ce caractere efféminé mais pourtant indomptable, qui flottant toujours entre la faiblesse et la courage, entre la mollesse et la vertu, m'a jusqu'au tout mis en contradiction avec moi-même, et a fait que l'abstinence et la jouissance, le plaisir et la sagesse m'ont également échappé."

Unfortunately this quiet life was destined to an early termination. His father quarrelled with an officer. The officer's nose bled, and he accused the father of Rousseau of drawing a sword in the city. This officer, being allied to some of the council, had interest sufficient to determine the authorities to send his opponent to prison. The father of Jean Jacques refused to go unless according to law they sent his accuser there also. This was not done, and he therefore expatriated—leaving his son to the care of his maternal uncle. Rousseau was for some years still treated with great kindness, and grew up the same sensitive child he had commenced.* At length he was sent to the office of a "greffier," a species of law officer or register. His master, however, soon sent him home, saying that his uncle had promised to send him a clever boy, but had in reality given him "an ass." Jean Jacques was then apprenticed to an engraver ; and here began his misery. By his education he had been imbued with romantic and elevated notions, had been tenderly treated, subjected to little discipline, and by no means prepared for drudgery, or application to mere mechanic labour. He was suddenly thrust into a shop, and all his old associations and feelings were rudely, not to say brutally, assailed. He who had been the cherished child of a fond father—the peton of his neighbours, and the little and favoured lover of pretty women—he who had indulged in high-flown love and patriotism—who dreamed of Brutus, and fancied himself a Roman—was at once made the apprentice-drudge of a watch engraver. The painful story of his degradation we need not follow. The brutality of his master

* Every parent would do well by carefully reading his description of his life, under the care of R. Lambercier.

drove him into vice, and eventually exiled him from his country. The poor boy ran away from his master ; and at the age of sixteen commenced that wandering unsettled career which ended only with his life. The reflections of Rousseau upon this event should be present to the mind of every parent and every master. How seldom do men recollect, that the children they govern are but miniatures of themselves ; that they feel, as men do,—that injustice, neglect, and contempt, sink deep into their minds ; and that misery is as much misery, though it be the portion of a being not four feet in height, as if it had fallen to the lot of a full-grown man.

“ Before I abandon myself to the fatality of my destiny, let me turn my eyes to that fate which awaited me, had I fallen into the hands of a better master. No situation was more suited to my temper, more fitted to render me happy, than the obscure and tranquil condition of a good artisan, particularly of certain classes, such, for example, as the engravers of Geneva. This condition, sufficiently lucrative to give me an easy subsistence, and not enough so to lead to a fortune, would have bounded my ambition for the remainder of my days ; and leaving me leisure to cultivate honestly moderate tastes, would have retained me within my sphere, without offering me the means of passing beyond it. Endowed with an imagination rich enough to adorn with its chimeras my condition,—sufficiently powerful to transport me at will, in thought, from one to the other, it mattered little of what condition I really was. “ The distance between my own situation and that of the first castle in the air that I might build, was not so great but that I could easily arrive in idea at the point I imagined. From this single fact it followed, that the most simple condition—that most free from troubles and care—that which left my mind most at liberty, was that which would have suited me best, and which was, in fact, precisely my own. I should have passed in the bosom of my family, my country, my friends, and my religion, a peaceful and quiet life, one that agreed with my character, and spent in a uniformity of labour that accorded with my taste, and a society that accorded with my affections. I should have been a good Christian, a good citizen, a good father of a family, a good friend, a good artisan ; in short, a good man. I should have loved my condition, and perhaps should have done it honour ; and after having passed an obscure and simple but an equal, happy life, I should have died peacefully in the midst of my friends. Soon forgotten, doubtless, I should at least have been regretted as long as I was remembered. In place of this,” he exclaims, “ What a picture I am about to draw ! Let me not, however, anticipate the miseries of my life. I shall but too much occupy my readers with this unhappy subject.”

With a mind fitted for a quiet and peaceful state, full of sensibilities, which, under happy circumstances, would have prevented his passage through life from being the dull journey of a stolid traveller, but which, in an unsettled condition, would necessarily expose him defenceless to a host of miseries, poor Rousseau left his home, his friends and his country. Without money, and without the knowledge of any art by which he could earn it, a mere child in years, and more than all, in experience, he was thrown upon the wide world, to battle for himself. Is it wonderful that under such circumstances, he should have been guilty of many errors—that temptation should overbear virtuous resolves—that a suspicious and even misanthropic spirit should eventually arise in him ?

Let not those judge him harshly who have not been subjected to the same perilous trials. He who has gone through the ordeal, and come out unscathed—*he* may be permitted to indulge in bitter rebuke, but assuredly will be the last to exercise his right. However faulty Rousseau may have been in particular cases, his mind was nevertheless saved from corruption by his accidental acquaintance with a very remarkable as well as a very amiable woman. Every reader who knows anything of Rousseau will know that we allude to Madame de Warrens. There is here not the slightest intention either to apologize for, or to palliate, by a consideration of the manners of the time, the connexion that took place between her and Jean Jacques; all that is desired is, that the effect of that connexion on the mind of Rousseau should be understood. That mind has become a subject interesting to mankind at large; a subject connected with matters of the most minute, most extended import, involving now the destinies not merely of a nation but the whole European world, now the most minute regulation of our nurseries, now the most important questions in the business of education. Whatever tended to produce this powerful instrument deserves the deepest attention.

While under the care of his relations, the education of Rousseau was peculiarly pure, simple, and gentle. Living in a country famous for almost prudish manners, under the care for the most part of women in the middling ranks of life, it was natural that his mind should be kept free from all libertine ideas—that he should be accustomed to strict decency of thought and of language; a stranger as well to the profligacy of conduct, then prevalent in France, as to the moral debasement which that profligacy engendered. Happily for himself he was not *used* by enjoyment; neither had he his capabilities for kind and exalting sympathies destroyed by the heartless intercourse then in vogue amidst the polite circles of Paris. Chance, after he left his home, kept him free from debasing connexions; and under the roof and guidance, and in the society of Madame de Warrens, he enjoyed in youth what few men are permitted to enjoy, the most perfect intercourse with an educated and delicate woman. There are few things which in the education of man, in what is called civilized life, have so powerful a tendency to “petrify the feelings,” to degrade and brutalize their characters as their early connexion with women dispossessed of modesty and never endowed with education. The link that binds man to woman should not be merely a physical passion. *That* can as well have for its object the base as the good—the lowest as well as the most exalted of her sex. *That* requires no delicacy of feeling, no generosity of sentiment, no tenderness, no benevolence. *That*, if it be single, destroys the necessity for these. A youth overflowing with sympathy, seeking, from the dictate of his nature, a soul warm with the same feelings, the same thoughts; looking for one on whom he may rest his floating visions of happiness, who may heighten by sharing, may extend, and render definite by participation, the host of vague yet noble imaginings which possess him; this youth, thus warm, thus sensitive, thus noble, who wants but one new emotion to render permanent the good that is yet unsettled, is let loose to his own guidance, and exposed to the worst temptations, and subjected to fatal and sickening disappointment. He meets not what he hopes. Where he sought refinement he meets with coarse vulgarity,—where sympathy, utter and degraded selfishness; no answering passion

meets his; his own elevated thoughts are not understood—his delicate emotions are mocked at; a revulsion takes place—disgust succeeds—he snatches the sole good, the sole enjoyment within his reach—he becomes careless as to any other. His sensibilities fade—his generous tendencies are destroyed; and the passion best fitted, if well directed, to render him benovolent and happy, being perverted in its course, brutalizes and hardens him. To this miserable ordeal Rousseau was never subjected. The most imaginative visionary, the most romantic lover, the most dreaming enthusiast that has ever communicated his secret thoughts to the world, he met with one, whatever were her failings, who could fully appreciate the wild and tumultuous crowd of emotions which possessed him—one with whom he had been accustomed deeply to sympathize—whose tastes, manners, thoughts and feelings were those of a highly educated and delicate woman.

After many wanderings and strange adventures, he was established quietly in her house, and continued to live with her for some years, passing his time almost wholly in her society, and employed in the assiduous cultivation of his mind. Music became a passion with him, and from it he hoped eventually to obtain his subsistence.

“Not finding himself sufficiently learned, and not believing that he was endowed with talents that would enable him to shine in the republic of letters, or to make his fortune by this means, he thought that he might obtain his end by music, which he particularly studied. Finding its signs defective, he conceived the project of simplifying them—he believed that he had succeeded, and set off to Paris with his new system. This was in 1741. He was then twenty-nine. He was, yet to remain ten years in obscurity.”

* * * * *

“Apprentice to a greffier, an engraver, lacquey, valet de chambre, seminariste, interpreter to an archimendrite, secretary au cadastre, music master, tutor—such were the professions he exercised, one after another; separating them by intervals consecrated to occupations of his own choice, to travels, to idleness, to promenades, to reading; he who was one day, without ceasing, to be the sport of fortune—to force mothers to fulfil the most holy of their duties—to teach men to depend on their own labour and industry—to hear a brave and generous nation request that he would compose for them a body of laws,—a nation which has become the victim, and has undergone the humiliating yoke of her more powerful enemies,—he who was to give to morals a charm hitherto unknown—and who, in short, was to effect a revolution in education, in manners, in the arts, and in politics.” (Mém. de R., vol. i. pp. 41, 42.)

If we now consider the temperament which Rousseau received from nature, and carefully consider his education, it will not be very difficult to understand the character he possessed. He says of himself, that, previous to his knowledge of M. Zain, who was the original of the Savoyard Vicar,—“Dans l'ordre successive de mes goûts et de mes idées, j'avois toujours été trop haut ou trop bas; Achille ou Thersite, tantôt héros, et tantôt vaurien.” (Confessions, l. iii.) Of the romantic part of his character, at the period of his departure for Paris, he was not cured; of the unworthy part little remained; still, at after periods of his life, the early deprivation of some of his ideas was sometimes manifest. He was exceedingly sensitive, proud, hating the very appearance of subjection, timid, and, to use a French phrase peculiarly somewhat *des mœurs honnêtes*. His virtues, and his ideas of virtue, had been gathered almost

entirely from books; and of authors he consequently had exceedingly exalted notions. Occupied intensely with his own thoughts and feelings, he had little quickness of observation, so that, although he had been placed in situations to obtain experience, he was, in truth, little acquainted with men,—he was a novice in the world. Fancy such a man thrown upon the brilliant society of Paris; living, for ten years, in that society, a person of little consideration, though inwardly conscious of the wonderful powers that belonged to him. It is easy to conceive the treatment he received, and to understand the effect produced by that treatment upon his proud, sensitive, and timid character. His views respecting the morality of the society he beheld, could, without difficulty, be foreseen, as well as the consequent opinions he entertained respecting the circumstances by which it was produced.

It has been above stated, that the society then existing, in spite of every outward shew of liberality, was, in essence, highly aristocratic. This was soon made manifest to Rousseau, by the most insulting conduct on the part of, some of the persons with whom he came in contact. In 1744, he accepted the situation of secretary to the French Embassy to Venice. He was ill-treated by the ambassador; and insulted, on his return to Paris, by Madame de Bezenval, the mother of the ambassador.

“La seconde circonstance est relative à Madame de Bezenval qui voulut l’envoyer diner à l’office.* Il en avoit depuis trop long temps oublié le chemin pour le reprendre; et malgré la détresse dans laquelle il se trouvoit, il alloit sortir lorsque Madame de Broglie, fit expliquer sa mere. A son retour de Venise, il fut très mal reçu de Madame de Bezenval, qui ne fut jamais se mettre dans la tête qu’il fut possible qu’un ambassadeur eût tort, avec son secrétaire. Jean Jacques fut tellement piqué de cet accueil, qu’en sortant de chez elle, il lui écrivit une des fortes et vives lettres qu’il ait peut-être écrites. C’eût été une pièce de comparaison fort curieuse; mais pour la conserver, il auroit fallu porter à notre littérature un intérêt, que ne pouvoit avoir une étrangère, qui ne trouvoit rien de beau dans ce monde que des parchamins, et rien de méritoire que le mérite des auteurs.” (Vol. i. p. 19, Memoires.)

These instances of marked and open insolence diminished necessarily, as Rousseau became known as a remarkable and powerful writer; still, wherever the leaven of aristocracy remains, no matter what may be the motives to conciliating, flattering, and careful conduct, there will there ever be an under current, expressive of insolent superiority. The mistress, even to her lover; the very best friend “who wears you in his

* Rousseau was not the only person who was insulted after this fashion. Madame Roland has given a graphic account of a piece of similar insolence. One of the most remarkable things connected with this statement by Madame Roland, is an observation which will be found respecting it in a tale by Miss Edgeworth, called “The Good French Governess.” Miss Edgeworth has taken upon herself to sneer at the indignation felt by Madame Roland on the occasion. Now, Miss Edgeworth is a woman of sense; and ought to have been able to conceive that such indignation was felt, not because there was any real degradation in being sent to dine with the servants, but because the person who sent her there thought it was so, and yet subjected her to the indignity. Let Miss Edgeworth fancy herself in an Irish nobleman’s house, and commanded by the hostess to go and dine in the servants’ hall; would she not deem this conduct a bitter affront? And in what can Miss Edgeworth claim superiority over Madame Roland? There are thousands, and ourselves among the number, who would place her infinitely below that remarkable woman.

heart of hearts;" he who will acknowledge the superiority of his friend in every moral and intellectual quality; who bestows on him his most unbounded confidence; who, in the hour of need, will trust to him; who, if he want aught done demanding courage, high feeling, talent, will seek first his plebeian friend,—this same man, if the spirit of aristocracy be in him, will not merely mark the superiority which he himself would enjoy, from his accidental distinctions, but will set over this, his bosom friend, men whom he himself despises, and that, too, merely because they also derive lustre from their station; will, ever and anon, draw a line between himself and his friend, in the very hour of confidence and sympathy; will, with apparent unconsciousness, but, in reality, with careful forethought, quietly let drop some pregnant hint—some allusive assertion destructive of all equality, and, consequently, destructive of all friendship. In the outset of life there are few "so learned in human dealings" as to possess a knowledge of this strange propensity. None, however, with one spark of honest pride, but must have acquired it, if he has been thrown into such discrepant station. Rousseau discovered it too late for his happiness. Besides the galling insults, which such associations inevitably induce, there was another, evil, which to Rousseau, was equally intolerable. This was the dependence in which the writers of the day were placed on some powerful friend. This was every day becoming more necessary, since the opposition to the promulgation of opinions was becoming every day more warm and vindictive. Some of the consequences of perfect freedom were beginning to be plainly understood. The real power of the priesthood was already shaken to its foundation; and Voltaire, ever the most powerful of their adversaries, was obliged to truckle to the government and aristocracy, in order to escape the consequences of priestly rage and vindictiveness. There was beginning to be a very vehement cry of "religion is in danger;" and no one dared, while attacking super-tition, to attack, at the same time, the aristocracy, lest they should be deprived of the old means of defence. This cry of the priesthood became, at length, so efficient, that Voltaire was content to purchase safety by expatriation; his friends being no longer able to defend him against the virulent hatred of his priestly enemies.

To this truckling Rousseau had a bitter repugnance.* Seeing the mischiefs resulting from the Government, from the reigning tone of manners, as well as from religion, he determined to expose the one evil as well as the other, and repulsed the idea of dependence upon a profligate society. There were others who entertained the same opinion, (Diderot for example;) but who, less imprudent than Rousseau, saw that it was more conducive to their purposes not to come to an open rupture with all evil doers in consequence. Diderot wisely withdrew, in great measure, from the society of the aristocracy, and, by his frugality, was ever independent of them. Rousseau, vehement and timid, feeling a burning indignation, made no scruple of openly avowing it; and consequently raised a host of enemies, before whom he fled into obscu-

* Montaigne had before felt the same disgust. "I love," he says, "to discourse and argue, but it is with few persons and for myself; for to serve as a spectacle to the great, and to make a parade of one's knowledge and talent, I deem a conduct and business unbecoming a man of honour." "Car de servir de spectacle aux grands, et faire à l'envi parade de son esprit, et de son caquet, je trouve que c'est un métier très-mesant à un homme d'honneur."

rity and exile. Diderot's was by far the wiser and more magnanimous course; but Diderot had been educated in the world, was not possessed of the vehement temperament that was the curse of Rousseau, and was a man of much more calm and equable fortitude. The virtue of Diderot equalled the simple grandeur of Socrates. Rousseau's mind was a most unfortunate compound; he had too much sensibility, or too little courage. Had he felt less warmly, he might easily have avoided the storm; had he been more courageous, he would have braved it. Byron, like Rousseau, was driven from society;* but Byron did not sink under the attack. He turned round upon his pursuers; and, by a spirit of vengeance, was buoyed up to a fierce and effectual resistance. He fought his way back to the world, and regained the favour he had perhaps deservedly forfeited. Had Rousseau possessed the vindictive spirit of Byron, with the steady perseverance and courage of Diderot, he might have read his enemies a lesson not easily forgotten. That lesson was read a few years afterwards; but it was written in blood.

THE FOURTH ESTATE.

HONOUR!—for ever honour and gratitude to the FOURTH ESTATE! Whoever in the late final conflict and issue of our fate may have faltered or hung back, wherever may have lurked the wavering or the treacherous, the phalanx of the press have stood shoulder to shoulder. They have shewn the firmness of adamant with the rapidity and power of lightning, and have contributed more to the national triumph than any other cause, save the people themselves. The Tories are accordingly biting the dust with the words on their lips!—"The base press"—"The incendiary, the treasonable press!" They have no reason to love it. When a true-hearted old Tory, of the time when Toryism was not yet completely debased and identified with unnational feeling, self-seeking corruption and jobbery, when Johnson founded the *Fourth Estate*, how little did his philosophy comprehend the nature of the stupendous power which, amidst poverty and difficulty, he was stealthily laying; or that he was forming a mighty focus into which the scattered rays of truth were to be gathered, and reflected back with increased brightness and intensity. *The Fourth Estate*, as the press is described in one of those pregnant jokes which sometimes turn out solemn earnest, must henceforth act as the alternate curb or spur of the other three, and as their corrector and counsellor. It already aids each in holding or adjusting that nice constitutional balance which determines the general welfare. Its advice, if attended to, would have saved Charles X. his crown, and secured to William IV. his popularity. It ought to be a Catholic King's

* Byron, indeed, brought down on himself the clamour of society, by his own misconduct. Rousseau could accuse himself of no vicious act. These two men were alike only in the degree of their sensibilities. It cannot, however, but be acknowledged that the clamour raised against Lord Byron, was altogether beyond what the public were justified in raising on the evidence they did or do possess. Byron's crime, if crime there was, is still a mystery. There are few men that might not be ruined by dark insinuations. For the honour of human nature, it is to be hoped that his opponents have some reason for their accusation.

private confessor, and half the keeper of an English monarch's conscience. To the people it already gives a supplementary body of active representatives, over which they have the sole control. It is what the pulpit and the daily holdings-forth were, in former periods of trouble, but with power and activity immeasurably greater.

Had the infatuated intriguers of the Opposition, with the legal Achitophel now execrated by his own party, whose counsels have so signally been turned to foolishness, read, however imperfectly, the signs of the times, manifested from day to day in the newspapers, though they could not have redeemed their power, they might have saved their forfeited character, and escaped the stigma and brand which neither Copley's robes nor the Duke's laurels can now hide.

The direct and indirect influence of the newspaper press, from the tact, ability, and integrity with which it is at present conducted, and the astonishing facility and rapidity with which it reports the debates in Parliament and the proceedings of all public assemblies, and indicates every change in the public interest, is a stronger safeguard of freedom, and check against corruption, than all the statutory enactments that ever legislative wisdom devised. All that it requires is sufferance—to be let alone in the workings of its magnificent power. What a launch forward it has given the public mind within the last eighteen months! Let its enemies hear it—"hear the truth sublime"—*Mind* never retrogrades. It may be crushed—annihilated; but it cannot recede. It would be as easy, in this country, to re-erect the worship of the *Mouths*, as to raise again the old errors which the press has lately been so powerful an arm in levelling.

Since the Revolution of the THREE DAYS, and the people's first general election in 1830, but especially since the declaration of Wellington, followed by Earl Grey's broad-based satisfactory measure, the newspaper press has been the consistent and powerful champion of Reform. That fractional part of it which, from interest and old habitudes, has clung to the Tory party, is hardly worth naming. Of the thirteen London daily papers, ten are instruments of Reform. The three on the other side, are of limited circulation, and would be almost insignificant save from the publicity given to them by their opponents. No Tory of common sense ever reads a Tory newspaper. He encourages, but leaves them to gull those who choose to be gulled. Of fifteen weekly papers in London, twelve steadily, boldly, and, like the daily prints, with astonishing power and talent, advocate popular rights, and defend the national honour. In the great manufacturing and commercial towns of Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, Leeds, Newcastle, &c., the proportion of liberal prints is about equally great as in the metropolis. There is in Edinburgh, the late stronghold and high place of Toryism rampant and unmitigated, but one paper which respectable Tories acknowledge—the venerable *Advertiser*—which is so confirmed in the old use and wont of admiring, and absolutely adoring, the general system, and all the little minor systems, and their satellites, and every tatter and shred belonging to them, that it is an equal wager its type would, unless strongly constrained, "voluntarily move into harmonious numbers," singing psalms to the days that we have seen.

In a few towns of England and Ireland, the clergy, and Tory squires, and Orangemen, have lately tried to stem the torrent—Dame Partington's mop to the Atlantic—by getting up joint-stock newspapers. These forced mushrooms of the dunghill of corruption have, in some instances,

died already, and must all perish, as soon as the subscription funds are exhausted. The actual state of public opinion, and the immense majority of Reformers among persons who buy and read newspapers, could not be referred to any surer test. A writer in Blackwood's Magazine lately adduced its sales as a proof of the popularity of its politics, forgetting, by the way, that it regularly claims superiority from literary talent. A good logician never brings forward two causes, where one is equal to the effect. But no matter; and, admitting that it is for Tory politics it is bought, and neither for talent, nor habit, nor the morbid curiosity of persons of opposite opinions, nor the natural consequences of time and chance perseveringly improved in the half lifetime that it has been before the public,—but solely politics. And what then does this prove? that the Tory driblets, however greedily swallowed, are but as a drop in the stream to the daily outpouring of the liberal press in London alone. This "magnificent power"—the Briareus-handed—the Argus-eyed—the myriad-voiced—the true "Orator of the human race"—never felt all its giant strength till now, and never used it to such noble purpose. For the use to which it has applied its influences, it is entitled alike to the thanks of the government and of the people. With shades of difference of opinion about men and modes, it has stuck stanchly to the main cause; dispelling error, detecting and exposing intrigue and falsehood, restraining popular violence, directing the heady current of opinion, rousing, stimulating, combining the living masses on which it acted so electrically; thinking, and watching, and feeling for all, with a generous self-devotion which is unparalleled, save by the patriotic exertions of the Parisian Journalists during the THREE DAYS. From the highest to the lowest, every individual connected with the press, in whatever capacity, appeared animated by the same enthusiasm, and acted as if the cause depended on his single efforts. And in this mighty crisis much indeed depended on activity and combination in wielding the moral force of the Fourth Estate. We have fought and triumphed, but must never forget how much of the victory is owing to the prodigious efforts and zealous co-operation of the public prints. They deserve well of their country. Next time we shall be sending them public votes of thanks, and they deserve a monument now. In the meanwhile, a sheet of *Golden sentences*, selected from the newspapers published between the 8th and 17th of May, ought to be hung on the walls of every free-man's dwelling. The newspapers have their own grievances, and must have suffered disappointment at the failure of the Ministry to redeem a pledge in their behalf, implied if not expressed; but they have magnanimously deferred their individual interests to the public good, and uttered no murmur; though we may guess that to have bought over this powerful engine, or bribed it to neutrality, had such been possible, a Tory government would have granted it any pecuniary immunity.

Notwithstanding the coarse and incessant vituperation which the Tories direct against the whole press—for their own fractional part is not worth notice—it is certain that up to the hour when it was evident that the cause of the people was betrayed, its counsels were (together with firmness and unanimity) patience and submission to the law. Till the fondest hopes of the nation were contemned and baffled, no newspaper had sanctioned by its approval even the "passive resistance" of suffering goods to be distrained rather than pay taxes to the government of the oligarchy, the clubs, the coteries, and the sword. Few of them had even counselled the making of peers up to the infatuated vote of the 9th Oc-

tober, nor subsequently, but as a measure of dire necessity. Their Lordships have taken care to cure the press and the public of this squeamishness; they have taught us to admire unmaking fully as much as creating. The press has indeed latterly spoken out in a tone of justly-roused indignation, and with an effect which may afterwards draw more profound reflection to its oracles. Its suppression by gagging bills, fines, and imprisonments, would necessarily have been the first work of an administration of force. Persecution of the press has even now been impotently menaced by the baffled intriguers, but the *Times*, single-handed, laughs Lord Lyndhurst to scorn, and holds at nought Earl Winchilsea, and the strong-willed flinty Duke. The vipers bite the file.

▲ The eloquence and literary talent displayed in the leading newspapers, is to us less remarkable than the clear-sighted, profound, and statesman-like views of their conductors. Night after night, day after day, what a torrent of forcible reasoning have they, at this juncture, thrown out; how many errors and blunders have they exposed and corrected, and in the egg crushed how much of incipient villany. The editor of a London daily paper acts continually and on the spur of the moment, as a judge in the highest resort; and summing up, and pronouncing upon every great interest agitated in Parliament and in the country, is but one of his duties. He stands in the situation of an influential and somewhat accredited agent, acting between the people and the government, and is, in some measure, expected to indicate the course to be taken by each. When the Government is in sympathy with the people, as, thank Heaven, it again is, his functions are superseded to a considerable degree, but the slightest revulsion restores the press to its fullest and most important uses, as the guide and enlightener of the governed, and a potent check on misrule. Even in times of its abridged influence, it is to the House of Commons what the people are to itself—the Mrs. Grundy, who helps to keep all right. The Lords' House, unfortunately for itself, is too closely enwrapped in its panoply of dignity, to regard Mrs. Grundy's opinions but as those of a vulgar character, quite unworthy its notice. It prefers the conservative wisdom and enlightened spirit of resistance, displayed by its emblem Dame Partington.

Our praise has been given to the moral sublime of the press, to its manly honesty, patriotism, and independence. It ought also to be liberally bestowed on its rapidity of movement, which, in thirty-six hours, apprised the northern capital of the ominous transactions in London; and, up to the 17th, laid on the breakfast-tables of the inhabitants of the metropolis, an exposure of the midnight intrigues and plottings in the recesses and purlieus of the palace, long before the actors were again awakened to perfect their mischief.

With such a power as the newspaper and periodical press, even in its present hampered condition, it is impossible to perpetuate misrule in Britain:—so again, we say,—Honour to THE FOURTH ESTATE! IT HAS DESERVED WELL OF ITS COUNTRY.

THE CONTRAST.

SEE you this picture? Such the once bright look
 Of that worn aged woman, bending low
 O'er the large pages of that Holiest Book,
 With dull fixed eye, and pale lips moving slow.

What earnest find you in that ruined shrine
 Of weary, wasted, poor humanity,
 Of the full loveliness so like divine
 Of form and face, she wore in days gone by?

Is this the figure, wrought in truest mould,
 Whose natural graces owned such power to move?
 Is this the brow—the glance,—whose mirror told
 Nought dwelt within but joy, and truth, and love?

And more than all, is this the mind that drew
 Thought, fancy, feeling, from the meanest thing?
 And its own mystery of enchantment threw
 O'er other hearts, till echoed every string!

This is strange contrast—but how such things are,
 Bewilder not thy watchful wondering heart;
 For I will shew thee contrast deeper far,
 And more enduring—yet thou wilt not start.

Amid the spirits of departed worth,
 Who now in sainted glory lifted high,
 Look down upon the busy fields of earth
 From their effulgent chambers in the sky:—

Methinks already, throned in light, I see
 That feeble matron's soul to heaven upborne—
 A floating seraph, blessed, pure, and free,
 As golden cloudlet on a summer's morn!

And even when dazzling in her life's best hour,
 Bloom on her cheek, and beauty on her brow,
 Oh! was she not a weak and worthless flower
 Compared with all she is in glory now!

That form, so peerless once, was but of clay;
 That heart, tho' warm, was mortal in its feeling;—
 But radiant now in heaven's eternal day,
 Each moment as it flies is aye revealing

More and more clear the spirit's perfect mind;
 Whose holy eye our noblest doings here
 Views but in sorrow, and compassion kind,
 And o'er their stain lets fall an Angel's tear!

Oh, endless mystery of Almighty Power!
 That from the acorn grows the giant tree,
 And grants to Faith the triumphant dower,
 The crown that never fades—of Immortality

NOTES ON THE CRISIS.

Ours apprehensions have proved too well-founded. The waverers—or the traitors, to give them their true name, for the wavering was a pretence to cover their treacherous purpose—by conceding the second reading, drew the Ministry into the snare. The Bill carried over that point, and the principle finally admitted, the King would not recognise the necessity for a creation of Peers. The Tories, who throughout had been encouraged by a knowledge of the King's real dispositions, and at the critical moment had private intelligence of his resolution, tried their way in the attempt to put the Bill out of joint, by postponing the disfranchisement to the enfranchisement clauses; calculating, that if they were thus permitted to dislocate the limbs, the treatment of the crippled thing would pass into their hands; or that if Lord Grey unsuccessfully resisted, he might be represented to the King as a wilful, impracticable man, stickling for a point of mere form, against the opinion of a majority disposed to put the measure into a shape for success, and bringing defeat upon himself by his unreasonable pertinacity. They reckoned correctly on every circumstance but the event. They judged most accurately of the King;—no wonder, as the Court instructed them; they had a perfect understanding of the hidden effect of the amendment for reversing the order of the Bill, and merely putting it on its head instead of its feet; but they were not prepared for the readiness with which Lord Grey comprehended the design, or for the firmness with which he limited its operation to the one defeat. The Minister applied to the King for the aid of the prerogative, or the acceptance of his resignation. The choice was the choice of kings. It was no part of the plan to drive Lord Grey unblemished from office, and to pass him into opposition with all the honours of popularity. The design was, to put him through a series of concessions or defeats, to exhibit him in every posture of feebleness; to make him suspected of dishonesty, or derided for impotence; to show him as an incapable, powerless champion, or a betrayer of the cause to which he had pledged uncompromising devotion. They desired not to destroy the Minister with a blow dealt in open hostility, but to kick and cuff him, and make him an object of derision, contemptuous pity, or angry suspicion. They would have treated him as Mirabel is treated by the bravoës in "The Inconstant;" one changing snuff-boxes with him, horn for gold; another fancying his coat, and rendering his own thread-bare garment in return; another insisting on his wig, and substituting his own scratch;—from this, it comes to one treading on his toes, and a second tweaking his nose, and a third winding up all, by asking him by whose sword he would prefer to die, as that was an issue on which they were peremptorily fixed, notwithstanding all the previous agreeable trifling. Lord Grey has *suo marte* delivered himself from such toils; and instead of his disgrace, which was so ardently desired by the cut-throat party, another is disgraced, whose sense of the effect, when he arrives at it, will not conduce to the favour of those whose shabby intrigues have been the direct causes.

The explanations of Ministers have left considerable obscurity about the King's conduct towards them respecting the creation of Peers. There is, however, no doubt that his Majesty had promised them the aid of a creation; and there is as little doubt that a knowledge of that promise induced the Lords Harrowby and Wharncliffe to make a pre-

tence of yielding, by which they drew Lord Grey into the snare of owing the Second Reading to their treacherous adhesion, instead of to the reinforcement, which surely he should have insisted on as necessary to the safety of the Bill. From the facts and statements at present before us, we infer that an opportunity has been lost. Supposing that the performance of the King's promise could at any time have been had, yet, if the demand had been sooner made, the denial or evasion would have sooner closed the career of the Ministry. Is it not therefore clear that the call upon his Majesty for the fulfilment of his engagements could not have been made till after the defeat on the 7th; and is it not possible that, if made at an earlier period, and before incessant intrigue and importunity had been allowed their full scope, compliance might have been had? To say the least, we fear, a chance has been thrown away; and in war or monarchical politics, no leader, however skilled or fortunate, can afford to throw away a chance. It is not improbable that Lord Grey was the dupe of Lords Harrowby and Wharnccliffe, and really gave them credit for the conversion they professed; though, when he saw the denouement of the plot, he could with sufficient clearness perceive the absurdity of expecting that men would lose any opportunity of giving a death-blow to a measure which they professed to believe destructive of the state, and fraught with the ruin of society. We think, therefore, that there must have been an indiscretion, a failure of sagacity on the part of Lord Grey; and without this supposition it is indeed impossible to understand the gratitude he and his colleagues express in their explanations for the conduct of his Majesty towards them. Lord Grey acknowledged the support and confidence that he had uniformly experienced; Lord Brougham the repeated proofs of confidence. Now the support and confidence so acknowledged were precisely the things which failed on the application on the 8th, and therefore we must infer that the same particular demand had never before been made on them.

It is very probable that Lord Grey had the wish to require the performance of the King's promise at an earlier period, but was thwarted by a difference of opinion in the cabinet. If the King's engagement was to make Peers, when the necessity should be apparent, and certain Lords in the administration had their doubts of the necessity, or their aversions to the expedient when the Premier was himself convinced of the necessity, we know not how he could make the application to his Majesty, without first (which perhaps he should have done,) remodelling the Cabinet, so as to bring it into accord with his views. The King would not have failed to have information of the difference of opinion, which would have caused him to ask the question, whether the Cabinet generally concurred as to the necessity, and the Premier would have been obliged to admit that he was in the minority. This may have been the hitch that caused a delay, in which the King's purpose was worked upon to yield. Here, therefore, was an indiscretion, — a fault of Lord Grey, at so critical a juncture, when any risk was to be preferred to the chance of losing the opportunity of obtaining the performance of the King's promise. It may be, however, that Lord Grey thought the promise he had so binding, that nothing but death could deprive him of the benefit of it in time of need. Even in that view, against death he should have been prepared

“To make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of Fate.”

In this one particular, the prudence of Lord Grey's course may be questionable; but there is not a doubt, *there lies not now the shadow of a suspicion on his honesty of purpose, and unalterable devotion to the public cause.*

As little doubt, on the other hand, is there, as to the honour and the prudence of *another great actor* in this catastrophe. The honour and the prudence are both negative, beyond question. *If a knowledge of the disease be half the cure, the world should not lament the insults and injuries which instruct it in the nature of vicious powers. Every page in the experience of mankind, teaches the same lesson; and almost every country in Europe presents the living examples in proof of it:—Portugal, Spain, France, Belgium, Poland, all attest the same truth, and shew the one cause always working the one effect.

Here the indignation boils over against the evil counsellors; and the reptiles are held up to scorn and execration, who have instigated the mischief. These things ever have, and ever will be at work; and in railing against them, we waste our wrath upon the branches, instead of going to the root of the evil. Kings will always have their creatures, and their creatures will possess them. In one reign, they will be of one sort; in another, of a different quality. On great occasions they signalize the malignity of their influence; but the misfortune is, that we should ever be liable to, or at the mercy of, such influence.

15th, In the House of Commons, last night, Sir Francis Burdett said "The Royal mind was open to reason—(stupendous compliment!) The King had no private views; he never had any. He had always said to his Ministers, Do that you think right, without considering me; do what is for the good of the country, and let that be your only guide." Did his Most Excellent Majesty, with a mind open to reason, say this when his Ministers, applied to him for a creation? Oh, no! He gave them full liberty to act, according to the best of their judgment, for the public good; and only withdrew his permission and his confidence, when they asked that which was necessary to give effect to their plans. What a miracle of patriotism! He gave them full liberty to go out to battle, and only refused the succours requisite for victory when they were called for. And who is it that makes this discovery, that no blame attaches to the King for convulsing the country by withholding the promised support from his Ministers? Why Sir Francis Burdett! In the House, on the 11th, he contended for the King's prerogative to enfranchise or disfranchise places at pleasure; or, what is the same thing, on the ground of their flourishing or decaying; a fact which could not be disputed with the King, however notoriously against the truth his exercise of his prerogative might imply the case to be. The Constitution of the House of Representation would thus be subjected to the Crown.

~~16th~~ Madame Roland was right. The vocation of kings to reformation is always to be mistrusted. William, when Duke of Clarence, was a blusterer; he was often out of favour with the King, his brother; always abused and vilified by the Tories; and, on the other hand, petted at Holland House. The Duke of Wellington deprived him of his appointment of Lord High Admiral, which, we believe, he loved dearer than his life. Was it this act which carried a secret conviction of the Duke's judgment to the mind of the Prince, and has made his Grace of authority for wisdom? When his Royal Highness was called to the

throne, the Tories bewailed the event as a national calamity. They traduced him in every conceivable way, and brought against him a blacker charge than any that applies to the memory of Nero—they said he was *vulgar*. Stories were circulated of his conversation which would have disgraced a scavenger. His manners were described as not only offensive to taste, but to decency. All this by the Tories! In one of the *Annuals* especially devoted to the Aristocracy, "The Keepsake," Mr. Theodore Hook wrote an elaborate satire on him, under the title of "The New King." These affronts on the one hand, and the affectionate respect shown to him by the Whig party and the people, it might have been supposed, would have inclined him to a decided course against his aspersers; but it was observed throughout, with no small degree of suspicion, that his Majesty's associates were Tory. At the *fêtes* given to him, it was noted that there were very few Reformers present; sometimes not *one*. It is highly probable that the contempt in which he was held by the Tories was never known to the King; but be that as it may, a king is a Tory animal, and he will be kinder to the offences of his tribe, than to the good offices of those who, in his opinions inconvenience his exalted notions of Royal dignity.

The whole truth flashed upon the world, when the King, the patriot King, the Reformer, sent for Lord Lyndhurst, on the resignation of his Ministers. This showed indeed which way the wind blew. Not a word need be said here of Lord Lyndhurst's character. The name speaks every thing. And this was the King's choice of an adviser! The King knew that he could not renounce Reform, that he might as well renounce his Crown; Reform was therefore to be a condition of the new Ministry, an *extensive* Reform its *profession*. Lord Lyndhurst was pitched upon, as the servant of all work, to assist in the organization of such an administration. There is a very expressive phrase which the Tories use to express what is plainly termed apostacy. They say, "Such a one has *listened to reason*;" or, "he will not refuse to *listen to reason*." Lord Lyndhurst, knowing himself, had also a pretty true conception of the character of his worthy confederate, the Duke of Wellington; and as he had *listened to reason* in the King's closet, so he judged, that the Duke would *listen to reason* in the same place. Reform had appeared to both a cureless mischief in Parliament, but a different view was to be had of it in his Majesty's chamber. There is a great deal in what is commonly called "putting one thing and another together." Reform, separately considered, seemed intolerable to these noble legislators, but, joined with office, it did not look so bad. At all events, be it what it might, there was no denying the King's wishes,—at least not when they pointed to office. They did not, indeed, withdraw their opposition in the House, to prevent the King's embarrassment, and signify their respect for his professed wishes, but they could not refuse compliance with his desire, that they should undertake office, though reform and revolution, and anarchy and destruction, should come of it. The Duke, in fine, *listened to reason*; and he and the other convert have suffered, in consequence, the common fate of listeners,—that of not hearing any good of themselves. Here ended the listening to reason. The Duke went into the market; but dog's meat was not to be had at any price he could offer. The very turn-spits reminded him, that they had a character; and declined his overtures, rejected his offers. It was most diverting, above all, to see

the prudery of Peel, the airs he put on when setting off his own scrupulousness against the Duke's backslidings. He was not boastful,—far from it; but he took care to impress the grounds of his resolutions in such a way, as to mark most distinctly where the frail one had fallen, and where he made his stand. Not that he blamed: oh no; he commended, extremely commended, the good-nature of his friend, and only feared lest his own particularity,—the nicety of his virtue,—the punctiliousness of his morality,—the different notion he had of saying black one moment and white the next, might be turned to the reproach of the more facile party. We are firmly convinced, that Cato himself could never have felt the pride of honesty to the same degree as Peel, when he found that there was a man in England who would do for office what he would not do. He bowed his head in humility, lest it should sweep the stars from the skies. He was oppressed with a sense of his own virtue. He had passed the mark of apostacy. He was made an honest man of. The Duke had the bottle-imp all to himself. The story goes, that as a certain person, not highly favoured by nature, was walking the streets, a stranger joyously accosted him, and tendering a very handsome snuff-box, said, "Sir,—I have the greatest happiness in handing you this box; it is your's."—"Mine! how do you mean?"—"Yes, Sir, it is your's; that box was presented to me as the ugliest man in England; and I was bound to keep it till I met with an uglier, and then to transfer it to him. I have travelled long and far; I have seen many; and yet the box has stuck by me; but now, at last, I see you, and recognise claims to it surpassing mine, as a Satyr to Hyperion. I rejoice in acquitting myself of my obligation, and think I may congratulate you, my good Sir, that the box is your's for ever." Something like this was the joy of Peel, when he saw the Duke in possession of the King's commission to organize a Reform Ministry.

17th. It was soon clear, that it was as easy for the Duke to raise the devil as a Ministry. The Thanës flew from him. He could not, like Matthews, play all the parts; and it was evident to the most greedy place-hunters, that he would play nothing but the devil. The Great Captain therefore flashed in the pan. He was "alone in his glory," and had the mortification of being obliged to tell the King, that the man of his choice could not patch up a Ministry. The King found himself in a false position. The country was without a Government, and never so well governed; its indignation intense—its spirit high—its resolves stern and fixed—its temper calm. The appearances left no choice, and Lord Grey was again sent for; but the time occupied in treating, denotes the difficulties that were yet to be overcome. Up to the close of this day, all was doubt; and it was feared that the Trimmers would find pretexts for coming in, at any sacrifice of consistency, "to protect his Majesty from being forced," as they term the coercion which saves a man from *felo de se*.

18th. Lord Grey declared in the House, that he had the assurance of adequate means for the success of the Bill, and that the Ministry was restored. The wrath of the Tory Lords was now changed to wailing. The night before, their insolence had seemed the intoxication of success. They now howled with rage. There was to be an end of the independence of the House, and the world was to go to wreck. They raved of the enormity of nominee peers—they, who saw nothing amiss in nominee members of the Representative Chamber!

Thus for things have worked well. The country has made a grand demonstration. The faction has made a signal exposure. The people have manifested what they *can* do. Their enemies have found out what they *cannot* do. They have taken nothing but contempt, by their abortive attempt. The Whigs are now reinstated; and surely with improved wisdom, if wisdom is to be had in the school of experience. The last fortnight has indeed teemed with instruction. Lord Grey has seen how vain have been all his endeavours to conciliate the adverse faction; how idle is the attempt to cajole the wolf, or buy off the rapacity of his nature. He must also observe that he has no strength but in the people,—by them he has been supported, by them borne on to his triumph. Let him not for a moment mistake the nature of his force—it is all derived. He is but as the pot of brass which floated down the stream with the earthen pot. The earthen pot came into collision with the brazen one, and was dashed to pieces. Let not the brazen pot misconceive the cause of this victory: it was undoubtedly of the better stuff, but the stream lent it the force which smashed the viler vessel; and if it steers out of the current, and runs itself on the shore, with the conceit of a capacity for tilting, it will soon find that, instead of being a potent conqueror, it is but an empty, armless, legless, motionless, lifeless thing, stuck fast in the mud.

21st, Nothing is as yet known of the terms on which Lord Grey has returned to office, and some are doubtful whether he has the power of creating peers. We think it utterly impossible that he can have again charged himself with his grave responsibilities without this condition. For what did he resign? “Not surely to sulk for a week, and succumb. Nothing but the assurance that the tuning-key is in his hands will induce the faction to withdraw their opposition; and Lord Grey must perfectly well know that any prospect of the success of the Bill without a creation, must include the certainty of his having the power to carry it by one. The doubt, unreasonable as we think it, on this head indicates the poor opinion which is entertained of the sagacity of the Ministry. As an addition is absolutely necessary in one quarter, so a clearance is as indispensable in others. There must be a complete fumigation. The country is overrun with troublesome insects, which must be driven from their nests and holds. A thorough sweeping is necessary, and the broom should first be employed about the Court. Having been so near an extremity as we have been this eventful week, every one sees how necessary to safety it is that the enemies of the people should be dislodged from the various “coils of vantage” they have been so blameably permitted to occupy.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

POLITICAL HISTORY.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE month of May, 1832, will be a land-mark in the history of this island. The whole country had been in a ferment during the Easter recess, with meetings assembled for the purpose of expressing their satisfaction with the second reading of the Reform Bill, and their earnest adjuration to have it speedily passed into a law. These assemblies of the people were more in number, and attended by more dense multitudes than had ever previously been witnessed. At all of them, it was unequivocally declared that nothing would satisfy the nation short of the full measure introduced by Earl Grey in its three great provisions, enfranchisement of large towns, disfranchisement of close and nomination boroughs, and the extension of the franchise to the 10*l*. renters. The quiet, steady ardour of the reformers of all classes, shewed that their resolution had been screwed to the sticking place. The national mood was silent, not exactly irritated, but such as not safely to be tampered with. On Monday the 7th of May, Parliament re-assembled, and the anti-reformers immediately unmasked their battery in the House of Lords. Earl Grey, on moving in Committee, the adoption of the disfranchising clause relating to schedule A, proposed that the number 56 be not specified; but that their Lordships do come to a successive vote on each individual borough as part of the clause. Lord Lyndhurst rose next, and reminding " noble Lords," that although by voting for the Second Reading they had pledged themselves to " the three principles of disfranchisement, enfranchisement, and extension of suffrage," they were not tied down to the exact amount specified in the Bill. His Lordship maintained that it was necessary to ascertain, in the first place, the number of places to which the franchise was to be extended, as that must be the limit of disfranchisement; and, on that ground, moved as an amendment the postponement of the first and second clauses. The amendment was supported by Lords Harrowby, Bexley, Welling-

ton, Winchilsea, Wharnccliffe, Ellenborough, Harewood, and Carnarvon, on the ground that the object of the amendment was not to defeat Schedules A and B. These noble orators instituted several most suspicious defences of their integrity and fair dealing—no person having, at that moment, called either in question. The Duke of Newcastle, with the high feeling of an English gentleman, honestly avowed he supported the amendment, as he would do any thing likely to frustrate the bill. Lords Grey and Brougham explicitly declared that they would regard the success of the amendment as fatal to the Bill. Lords Radnor and Holland held the same opinion: the latter most felicitously shewing that the priority of disfranchisement was a principle of the Bill. Lord Manvers felt himself tied down by his vote, on the Second Reading. Lord Clifford, a supporter of the Ministry, who addressed the House, for the first time, after an ill-timed and ineffective speech, left his party exactly where they were. The result of the discussion was:—

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Majority against Ministers 35

Immediately after the vote was taken, Earl Grey moved, that the further consideration of the Bill be postponed till Thursday. Lord Ellenborough seized the opportunity of narrating the mutilations of the measure which he and his friends contemplated:—113 members were to be taken from the close and nomination boroughs, and distributed among the places to which the franchise was to be extended. It was not proposed to raise the 10*l*. qualification, but, on the contrary, to retain, in some places, that of scot and lot. His Lordship expressed great anxiety to hasten the settlement of the Reform question. Lord Grey treated the empty hypocrisy with the most dignified scorn, and insisted upon postponement of further proceedings for the present. With the result of this first discussion in Committee, the country was rather pleased than

otherwise. The object of the opposition was transparent. They vainly hoped, that, by postponing the question of disfranchisement until they had allayed the clamours of Manchester, and other large places, they might adventure upon the rescue of some of their pet boroughs. They also expected to win the Huntites, by the prospect of scot and lot voting. The country, instead of being divided by such paltry shuffling, only felt its contempt for a faction increased, which could have recourse to such mean subterfuges. Lord Grey likewise had embraced the opportunity of stating more strongly than he had ever done before, his resolution to abide by the 10*l.* qualification. The most implicit reliance was placed on the firmness of the king; and the general feeling was, satisfaction that the enemy had shewn his teeth where he had no power of harming. An immediate creation of Peers was looked for as a matter of course. On the 8th, Lord Grey and his colleagues came unanimously to the resolution of instantly soliciting from the King a creation of Peers, sufficient to ensure the success of the Reform Bill. Immediately after the breaking up of the Cabinet, the Premier and the Chancellor proceeded to Windsor. The King affected to hesitate, on account of the great number requisite. The Ministers begged, in the event of his Majesty's not resolving to adopt their advice, to tender their resignation. The King desired till next day to deliberate. On the morning of Wednesday it was intimated that the resignation had been accepted. The affectation of delay was a mere farce. It has since been ascertained that the King had five days previously come to terms with the opposition. This breaking of kingly faith—for Earl Grey had at one time the royal pledge to create peers—was effected by the working of a most contemptible knot of intriguers upon the facility of a well-meaning weak old man. The Queen had been from the first inimical to reform. Her sentiments were shared by the royal brothers Gloucester and Cumberland. There had from the first existed betwixt the Queen and the Fitz-Clarences that civil dislike which legitimate spouses and illegitimate children are wont reciprocally to cherish. Circumstances had occurred yet more to embitter their mutual feelings of animosity. It happened, however, that the unreasonable ambition of the eldest bastard and the greed of the others were not sufficiently yielded to by Ministers, and the result was, that the two factions of court-flies joined in the end, like Highlanders of old, "against all honest men

who had purses in their pockets and breeches on their hinder ends." With such instruments, an ambitious oligarchy, ready to creep into office even at the expense of granting reform, which they had denounced as unnecessary or dangerous, or passing the Bill which they had called revolutionary, did not disdain to work. The King was now besieged incessantly, wearied nature at length gave way, and he falsified his word to Earl Grey. In this back-stair's intrigue, the Earl of Munster played the leading conspirator, thereby justly earning the title bestowed upon him by the Quarterly Review—"a good Tory," which in common English means a bad citizen. It is but justice to Col. Fox and Lord Errol, the King's sons-in-law, to add that they stood aloof from the whole of this miserable petticoat diplomacy, and have acted throughout honourable and consistent parts. The unlooked-for intelligence was received by the nation in a manner that makes us yet more proud of our country. The proceedings of the House of Lords were only looked to in order to ascertain from Earl Grey himself that he really had resigned. Not another thought was wasted upon those who had insulted us; but every man in every district of the country proceeded at once to act. In the House of Commons, Lord Althorp had no sooner announced the Ministerial resignation, than Lord Ebrington rose to give notice of his intention to move an address to the King, on the state of public affairs next evening. The motion which he subsequently laid before the House for its adoption, was as follows:—

"That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, humbly to represent to his Majesty the deep regret felt by this House at the change which has been announced in his Majesty's councils, by the retirement of those Ministers, in whom this House continues to repose unabated confidence.

"That this House, in conformity with the recommendation contained in his Majesty's most gracious speech from the throne, has framed, and sent up to the House of Lords, a Bill for a reform in the representation of the people, by which they are convinced, that the prerogatives of the Crown, the authorities of both Houses of Parliament, and the rights and liberties of the people are equally secured.

"That, to the progress of this measure, this House considers itself bound in duty to state to his Majesty, that his subjects are looking with the most intense anxiety; and they cannot disguise from his Majesty their apprehension, that any successful

attempt to mutilate, or impair its efficiency, would be productive of the greatest disappointment and dismay.

"This House is, therefore, compelled, by warm attachment to his Majesty's person and government, humbly, but most earnestly, to implore his Majesty to call to his councils, such persons only, as will carry into effect, unimpaired in all its essential provisions, that Bill for the Reform of the representation of the people, which has recently passed this House."

The debate which ensued is characterized by those who were present, as partaking of the solemnity and the interest of the occasion. "We have seldom," says the *Times*, "attended a discussion in which the House showed greater attention to the sentiments addressed to it by the different speakers, or in which the speakers seemed more impressed with the momentous nature of the crisis which their words and their votes were destined to effect." When the gallery was cleared for division, the numbers were:—

For Lord Ebrington's motion,	288
Against - - - - -	208

Majority in favour of the motion, 80
Of the members who usually vote with Lord Grey's Administration seventy-eight were absent chiefly out of London; eight paired off; twelve left the House without voting; and three voted against Lord Ebrington's motion. The whole nation was up acting simultaneously, and in co-operation with the House of Commons. There was no cold hesitating pause: every man was ready for action. In London, the National Union met on Wednesday evening, the evening of the resignation. The Union received an accession of one thousand two hundred members that night. It was resolved—That the betrayal of the people's cause was not attributable to Lord Grey or his Administration, but to the base and foul treachery of others; that meetings ought to be held in every county, town, and parish, for the purpose of concerting measures for averting the national danger; that a petition be presented to the House of Commons to vest the supplies in commissioners until such time as the Reform Bill pass into a law. Several of the speakers declared that they had not, and would not, pay taxes until the Bill was passed. Preparations were made the same evening for holding meetings in every ward and parish of the metropolis. On Thursday the Court of Common Council met in Guildhall, resolved to petition the Commons to stop the supplies, and nominated a committee of fifty members

to watch the progress of Reform. On Friday the Livery met at Guildhall, and the electors of Westminster at the Crown and Anchor Tavern. The resolutions adopted at both these meetings were substantially the same with those passed by the Common Council. At the Crown and Anchor Mr. O'Connell was loudly called for, and addressed the meeting in a strain of overwhelming eloquence. The inhabitants of the borough of Southwark met on Saturday in such numbers, that an adjournment to St. Margaret's Hill was necessary. Here also the Supplies were attacked. A strong symptom of the public feeling was called forth by the speech of Mr. Ellis. "He could not bring his mind to believe that his most gracious Majesty, King William IV. had given up his people. (The speaker paused slightly here, as if expecting a cheer, but the silence of the meeting was most marked, perfect silence having succeeded to the hum which generally prevails in large assemblies.) He could not bring his mind to believe but that his Majesty wished well to the country. (The same silence.) It was to the base advisers who had altered his Majesty's mind that they must attribute the frustration of their hopes. (A solitary hear!)" The Parliamentary district of St. Mary-le-bone, St. Pancras, and Paddington, met on Monday, to the number of 20,000 and upwards, Joseph Hume, Esq., in the chair. A true English address to the King was agreed to. Whilst these larger meetings were convened in the metropolis, the inhabitants of every parish and ward were assembling for the same purposes, and the National Union sat every night. The whole of London was up. The intelligence of Earl Grey's resignation reached Birmingham on Thursday morning. By eleven o'clock a printed placard was frequent in the windows: "Notice! No taxes paid here until the Reform Bill is passed!" In the course of the day, upwards of five hundred gentlemen who had hitherto held aloof, enrolled themselves as members of the Union. At four in the afternoon, the inhabitants of Birmingham and the surrounding towns met at Newhall-Hill. No placards, no regular citation had been issued, but their numbers could not possibly be less than 100,000. The space they occupied is six acres, and was densely filled. A petition was addressed to the House of Commons which, in addition to the usual prayer to stop the Supplies, contains the following remarkable sentence:—"That your petitioners find it declared in the Bill of Rights,

that the people of England may have arms for their defence.—(here the speaker was interrupted by tremendous cheering, which lasted for several minutes,) suitable to their condition, and as allowed by law; and your petitioners apprehend, that this great right will be put in force generally, and that the whole of the people of England will think it necessary to have arms for their defence, in order that they may be prepared for any circumstances that may arise." (Renewed cheers.) The Union afterwards declared its sittings permanent, and named a deputation to take the petition express to London, and communicate to the Common Council and the City of Westminster the determination of the people of Warwickshire and Staffordshire, to aid them in the common cause. The delegates, Messrs. Scholefield, Parkes, and Green, were followed to the verge of the town by the cheering of assembled multitudes; at Coventry they were enthusiastically welcomed; at the meetings of the Common Hall, of the electors of Westminster, and, of the parliamentary district of Mary-le-bone, they were warmly assured of respect and fellow-feeling. By the inconceivable exertions of the rival *Suns*, the news spread like wildfire through the country. Manchester received the intelligence on Thursday forenoon. At 12 o'clock, a meeting was held in the Town Hall, at which it was agreed to petition the Commons to stop the Supplies. In the course of four hours, the petition had received upwards of 25,000 signatures. A public meeting has since been held at Manchester, at which there could not be fewer than 40,000 persons present. The Parliamentary Reform Union of Liverpool passed resolutions on the tenth, declaratory of their intention to lend their aid, to give effect to the town meeting. On Monday the 14th, 15,000 inhabitants assembled to declare their confidence in Earl Grey, and to petition for withholding the Supplies. Sheffield, Wakefield, and Leeds, each rose, in succession, as the doleful messenger passed through. The Northern Union was at its post. Glasgow and Paisley mustered extempore meetings, of 60,000 each. A second meeting was held at the former city, at which there could not be less than 140,000 persons present—as solemnly determined as ever were their Whiggamore forefathers, and as sure to succeed. At Edinburgh, the Political Union, and the Trades' Union published declarations on Saturday, that, uncertain where to attribute blame, they looked for the safety of the nation alone in the simultaneous exertions of the House of

Commons, and the whole nation; and that they were ready, under existing circumstances, to co-operate with the rest of the inhabitants in petitioning the House of Commons to stop the supplies, referring to each man's private judgment what further steps might be advisable, in the event of failure. On Tuesday the 15th, the Reformers of Edinburgh met in the King's Park, in number from 40,000 to 50,000 strong. A multitude of sable banners, with most intelligible devices, were on the field. A more orderly, intelligent, and resolute meeting, we never witnessed. We have attempted to give a faint sketch of the progress of the fiery cross northward, (borne by a good-humoured young editor in a chaise and four); but the excitement was the same, and radiated with the same electricity in every direction round London. Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, Devon, Gloucestershire, were busting for the fray. England roared aloud as with one voice; and from the other side of the channel was heard a kind of Irish echo, declaring that Pat was ready for a truce. The account of the temper stirred up in the country by late occurrences rolled back upon London, and added to the feverish agitation of the inhabitants. Despite of all these signs, the mad attempt to form a ministry out of the enemies of the Bill was attempted. All the crooked machinations set at work are not, perhaps never may be, unravelled. It is, however, certain that the Duke of Wellington and those to collect a ministry, and if there be any meaning in words, hints, and mysterious phrases, Mr. Baring was at first willing to accept office under him. It would be too much to accuse the Duke of all that has been laid to his charge; but he stands accused—and wishes to without contradiction—of having been prepared to come into office resolved to pass the Bill, could he have found enough of coadjutors ready to brave the national indignation in furtherance of such a nefarious scheme. The suspicion of such an arrangement added fuel to the flame already so fiercely burning. It was known that many of the Scotch Greys wore the badge of the Birmingham Union. The troops stationed at Newcastle had openly declared their resolution not to fire upon the people. A similar declaration was understood to have been made by those marched to Glasgow about the time the Bill was first thrown out. A lieutenant in a yeomanry regiment was subjected to a court martial for questioning the law laid down by Chief Justice Tindal at Bristol, declaring that under the circumstances described by the learned judge he would

neither draw his sword nor allow those under his command to do so. The consternation of the mercantile world increased. The funds—that most mysterious of all juggles—kept pretty equable throughout the ferment, though latterly even they gave symptoms of depression. A great number of the small fundholders sold out, and in many instances the price was carried directly to the Bank to be exchanged for gold. Orders for remittances of gold began to pour in from the country bankers. During three days, upwards of a million and a half was paid in gold at the Bank—a large proportion in sums of from 20*l.* to 100*l.* A deputation from the Bank is understood to have waited upon the King, for the purpose of requesting an order in Council to suspend cash payments, and grant an amnesty. Meanwhile, the House of Commons did its duty manfully. Messrs. Duncombe, Huine, O'Connell, Gillon, Macaulay, defended the cause of the people with eloquence unsurpassed in the best days of our history. The accounts of the temper and demonstrations of the people, which poured in unintermittingly, from every quarter, backed their efforts. The truth was at last forced on the unwilling intriguers—**THE SPIRIT OF THE NATION WAS ROUSED, AND, STRONG IN THE JUSTICE OF THE CAUSE, ALL OPPOSITION WAS BOOTLESS.** Mr. Baring dropped a pretty intelligible hint, that no member of the House of Commons would take office under the Duke—Sir G. Murray, Messrs. Peel and Goulburn assented, by their silence. Mr. Huine, seconded by Lord Merpeth, suggested conciliation. The consequence was, that Earl Grey received a communication from the King on Tuesday, although the Earl of Munster had, the day before, been going about everywhere, saying, his father "would rather go to Hanover, than take back Lord Grey." Thus, by the orderly determination of a people knowing its rights, has one of the basest intriguers upon record been frustrated; and thus through the purblind conduct of those who would trample down every spark of public spirit has the flame of democracy been kindled more fiercely in the land. Enough is known to shew the baseness of **THE FACTION**; but edifying disclosures still await us.

CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

FRANCE.—Since the prorogation of the Chambers, nothing of importance has occurred. M. Perier is no more; but up to the moment of our writing, the new Ministerial arrangements are unknown.

VOE. 2.

The Castle's position, their impotent efforts, **THE DUCHESS DE BERTH** has been hovering round the proscribed territory like a pretty little butterfly, endeavoring to enact the wasp. Her first blow was an attempt to excite attention, by a remittance of 12,000 franks for the benefit of cholera patients. The government of a wealthy nation (very naturally and humanely too, we think,) refused so extravagant a present from a wandering gaberlunzie's wife; and M. Chateaubriand embraced the opportunity of writing a pamphlet on the subject, which, of course, nobody read. This happened about the end of April, was forgot before the 1st of May, nor seriously thought of till the second act of the pantomime recalled it to people's memories. On the 30th of April, about 8 in the morning, the Catholic party, who had, for some time, been cackling about, like hens about to lay, set themselves in motion. Several armed men forced the Curé of St. Laurent, to open the door of the tower, and hoisted a white flag on the top. A mob of from 2000 to 3000 persons proceeded to the haven to look out for a steamboat, in which they expected the Duchess and M. Baurmont. They repeatedly shouted "Vive Henry V." Several smaller boats dispersed themselves through the narrow streets of the old town. An attempt was made to attack the guard at the Palais du Justice." By half-past eight every man of the National Guard was at his post. Shortly after, the white flag was torn down from the tower of St. Laurent, and replaced by the tricolor. By mid-day tranquillity was restored, and one or two of the leaders were arrested. All this time there was no appearance of the steamboat or the Duchess. On the third of May a French cruiser captured an Italian steamboat with a lady on board, who was at first mistaken for the Duchess, but proved eventually only one of her suite. And thus closed the last crusade of the lady, who after the Three Days, walked in boots and breeches from St. Cloud to the place of embarkation. What comes next? The news of the defeat of Lord Grey occasioned more alarm than ten thousand such squibs. The Parisian funds fell immediately. On the other hand, cholera has abated, a much more formidable invader than the Duchess.

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.—Preparations for an appeal to arms have not been interrupted by either of these nations, notwithstanding the ratification of the Treaty of London. A scandalous infringement upon the rights of nations was perpetrated by the governor of Luxembourg on the 16th of April. A band of ruffians in his

pay seized upon M. Thorn, a Belgian senator, on the Belgian territory. He is still detained in the fortress. The inhabitants of the town are indignant, but held in check by the Prussian garrison which occupies the fortress in the name of the German Confederation, and by the Dutch *maré chausse*. The matter is still unsettled.

GERMANY.—A Congress of ministers, from the different German states, was held at Berlin about the end of April. The subjects submitted to its consideration were arrangements for improving the organization of the army of the Confederation;—overtures, on the part of Prussia, to induce the Southern, and such Northern states as have not yet acceded, to adopt her protecting system; the object of which is, to encourage the internal manufactures of Germany, by the imposition of heavy duties on French and English goods;—and proposals for placing the periodical press under stricter control throughout the territories of the Confederation. The government of Bavaria, baffled in all its attempt to put down a liberal journal, and the association formed to support it, is now present projecting improvements in education. Since it cannot drive newspapers from the country, it is determined they shall be read. This is spirited. An advertisement appeared lately in one of the journals of Rhine-Bavaria, advising the inhabitants to be on their guard against spies. The chief magistrate of Speier has since published an official announcement that the paternal government of the country disdains to use spies—it only uses means to acquire intelligence of the grumblings of the people. The Chambers of Hanover opened their session on the 30th April. More than any country in Germany, that kingdom is cursed with a poor, self-willed, arrogant aristocracy. They have no monarch to keep them in order. In addition to this, Count Munster, in 1812, of his own sovereign pleasure, introduced the system of two Chambers previously unknown in

Hanover, prohibited the publication of the debates, and forbade both Chambers to send an address to the King separately. A more effectual gag to the public voice could not easily be invented. The nation groans for reform!

GREECE.—About the commencement of the present year a majority of the Assembly collected at Nauplia, acceded to Megara, where it established a provisional government. The President Notaras issued a decree on the 18th of January, accusing Augustin Capo d'Istria of having caused the election of deputies under the terror of an armed force; of having drawn lines of troops, and erected batteries around the seat of the National Assembly, and of having by these means destroyed the legitimate government. For these offences he is declared a usurper, and every person in office and authority is called upon to subvert his power; he is consigned to the proper tribunal, and all authorities, civil and military, are enjoined to aid in carrying the decree into effect. On his part, the Count addressed a proclamation to the Greeks, announcing that the Allied Sovereigns had recognized the National Assembly; and, in their infinite bounty, promised them a Sovereign (not yet out of the nursery, but this fact is passed over in silence.) The same document promises an amnesty to all who claim its benefit within ten days after publication, with the exception of the assassins of the late President; and warns all Ottomans to quit the territories of Greece within a fortnight. On the 8th of April the Congress at Megara met in extraordinary session, sent a protest to the three protecting powers, against the imposition of a foreign sovereign, a child, and ignorant of the language and customs of the country, upon liberated Greece. It was, at the same time decreed that all the troops at the command of the Assembly should march against Capo d'Istria. By the latest accounts, the self-constituted President had been forced to take refuge in the Ionian Islands.

STATE OF COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.
MAY, 1832.

THE history of our trade during the past month is found in the history of our politics. One subject of intense and all-absorbing interest has filled the public mind; and the hopes and fears, the alarm and exultation, which have alternately prevailed with regard to the rights and liberties of the people, as involved in the principles of the reform and the success of the Reform Bill, have acted as the regulator of commercial operations. For a considerable part of the month all has been agitation—a constant and rapid fluctuation between joy and grief. The counting-house, the shop, and the loom, have been deserted, to attend public meetings, or to converse in the news-room and the club. The temporary interests of individuals were postponed to the highest interests of the state. As a necessary consequence of the perilous excitement which prevailed, not only the disposition to attend to business was wanting, but employment itself failed. When merchants and dealers are deterred from buying, the manufacturer must cease making. Commerce can no more flourish in the midst of political agitation and alarms, than vegetation can appear in the crater of a volcano.

In the three weeks which elapsed between the Second Reading of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords, on the 13th of April, and the defeat of Ministers in the Committee, on the 7th of May, a decided though gradual improvement took place in all the great branches of trade and manufactures, which had previously suffered from the suspense of the public mind as to the fate of that measure. It had been universally felt that the people would not endure the destruction or mutilation of the ministerial plan of reform, and the peace of the country could not therefore be regarded as secure, until the Bill was secure. The majority in favour of the Second Reading, though small, relieved the public from a load of anxiety, and was considered as affording promise that Ministers would be able to carry the Bill either by a creation of peers or by the effect of their success on those lords who have the well-known instinct of the animal which forsakes a falling house.

This political cause combining with the ordinary revival of trade in spring, the effects were highly favourable. Confidence began to be established; a general feeling prevailed that public tranquillity would be preserved; and, as a natural consequence, buyers purchased more freely, and manufacturers were encouraged to extend their operations. The London

dealers, who for some time past had scarcely been seen in the markets of Lancashire and Yorkshire, again made their appearance; and, for about three weeks, a gradual improvement in trade was realized. The restoration of confidence was proved by the rising of the funds.

Our trade with the continent of Europe improved at the same time, and from the same cause. The Second Reading of the Reform Bill, being regarded as a proof of the stability of the Grey Administration, and as excluding all immediate hopes of the Wellington and Aberdeen policy resuming its sway in the English cabinet, the plenipotentiaries of Prussia, Austria, and Russia, hastened to ratify the treaty of Belgian independence. All Germany, as well as Belgium, experienced the beneficial effects. The apprehensions of war were laid aside, and German orders flowed in upon the English manufacturers.

The defeat of Ministers on the Reform Bill, their resignation consequent on the refusal of the King to create Peers, and the communication opened by his Majesty with Lord Lyndhurst and the Duke of Wellington, produced an explosion of popular indignation, and a manifestation of resistance, such as this country had never before witnessed. All England, Scotland, and Ireland was up in the attitude of constitutional opposition. Where meetings were never held before, they were held now. The House of Commons was on all sides petitioned to stop the supplies. The people themselves threatened effectually to stop them, by refusing to pay taxes.

The effect on trade was that of a stroke of the palsy. Disturbance, if not revolution, being dreaded, confidence and credit shrunk up like the sensitive plant; speculation was at an end; no more business was done than was absolutely needful to supply the wants of the nation; half completed bargains were broken off by the purchasing party; markets which were proceeding when the news arrived, were suddenly stopped; manufacturers declined buying the raw material of their goods, and many closed manufacturing; retail dealers bought only as much as they needed for the supply of their pressing wants.

In London, mercantile transactions were brought to an absolute stand. If an earthquake had shattered the city, there could not have been a more general suspension of business. The funds fell, notwithstanding great exertions to keep

them up. Money became scarce and very valuable. The stream of cash which usually flows in upon the banks was at once checked, every body being anxious to keep as much as he could. On the Saturday and Monday, whilst the Duke of Wellington was endeavouring to construct an administration, a run took place on the Bank of England for gold, and in those two days not less than 600,000*l.* was drawn out. At the Savings' Banks, notices to withdraw investments were given to an immense amount. The breaking out of the Cholera did not so completely paralyze trade, as the resignation of Earl Grey.

At Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Leeds, and all the great manufacturing and commercial towns, nearly the same effects took place as in London. Orders both for manufactured goods and raw materials were countermanded to a great extent. The buyers who had gone down from London to lay in stocks of cottons, woollens, or worsted stuffs, returned without purchasing. The banks received little or no money.

The foreign trade was equally affected. German buyers suspended their purchases, arguing that the return of the Duke of Wellington to power would encourage the members of the Holy Alliance to attack France, and to restore Belgium to the King of the Netherlands. The momentary elevation of the military statesman to office will not only have its effect on all the great courts of Europe, but will be distinctly felt by the shopkeeper of the remotest towns of Silesia and Poland.

Had the cause continued, the effects would doubtless have been dreadful, even if no sudden revolt had brought matters to the decision of the sword. Happily, the political circumstances which produced the stagnation of trade, were of short continuance. On Tuesday the 15th, seven days after his Majesty had accepted the resignation of his Ministers, and six after the Duke of Wellington had been entrusted with a commission to form a new Government, the Duke found himself compelled to resign his presumptuous undertaking, and Earl Grey was recalled to the Councils of his Sovereign. Never perhaps did such universal exultation burst from all classes of the people as when this intelligence became known. The nation felt that it had by its own energy saved the Reform Bill and the Ministry, and averted the evil of a Wellington Administration. Even the Tories rejoiced—at least those engaged in trade—that the only Ministry in which the nation placed confidence was restored, and that the frightful consequences of strangling or mutilating the Reform Bill, were

averted. Confidence now took the place of alarm. The run upon the Bank for gold immediately ceased. The Funds rose. Money began to flow again in its usual channels. The bargains which had been broken off were now resumed and completed; and the operations of buying and selling went on as before.

The hesitation of his Majesty to comply with the demands of his Ministers, and the necessity of the case, by giving them power to create Peers, arrested the tide of joyful exultation in the country. But at length the patriotic firmness of the Cabinet prevailed; the required promise was given; and it was no sooner announced in the House of Peers, than the declaration of the Earl of Harewood showed that Ministers had completely triumphed, and that no efficient opposition could now be offered to the passing of the Bill.

This perilous crisis having passed, and tranquillity and confidence being restored, there is every reason to expect that trade will now become regularly good. For many months past, the stocks of the merchant, the retailer, and the manufacturer, have been kept at the lowest possible amount, and speculation has been nipped in the very bud. An impulse will now be given to every branch of trade. Both domestic and foreign buyers will come freely into the market. Money will be more plentiful. The spring demand will have its full effect on the manufacturer. Exportation and importation will increase. The Cholera having ceased in London, and clean bills of health being now given from that port, the shipping interest and the exporting merchant will feel the most sensible benefit. The retailers from the country will also again visit the metropolis, to buy in their assortments of goods.

Having noticed at so much length the great political causes which have affected trade in all its branches, little remains to be said on the minor causes which have been in operation, seeing that all shrink into insignificance compared with those already mentioned.

There seems good reason to hope that, when the Reform Bill shall have passed, trade will become steady, and perhaps brisk. Speculation, even of the most ordinary and legitimate kind, having been so long repressed; stocks of goods being now universally low among both retail and wholesale dealers, and nothing having occurred to limit the resources of the country, it may be confidently anticipated that the return of tranquillity will be followed by a revival of trade.

In LONDON, the disappearance of the cholera will cause a favourable reaction.

Country buyers were beginning to frequent the London market, when the resignation of Earl Grey threw all into confusion. They will now return with confidence. The Import Trade from the Baltic, the North Sea, and the Mediterranean, has been in the most depressed state; nor can any better representation be made of the demand for Colonial Produce for exportation. The prices of Sugar and Coffee have suffered a slight decline during the past month.

In the COTTON MARKET there has been a decline of prices, owing to the large arrivals from the United States; but an improvement was realized after the recall of Earl Grey. The demand of the manufacturers was extensive until the political agitation began.

The SHIPPING INTEREST, especially at Liverpool, is in an improved state; ships are now paying better than they have done for some time. The great number of emigrants from England, Scotland, and Ireland, has afforded profitable employment for a considerable quantity of shipping; and this is likely to be the case every spring for many years.

The WOOLLEN MANUFACTURE has sympathized with all other trades. It revived after the Second Reading of the Bill, and became nearly stagnant after the hostile vote in the House of Lords. The Blanket Manufacture, and that of low woollens, which had been greatly depressed, were considerably more active during that interval; as was also the Worsted Stuff Manufacture. The improvement in the manufactures caused a slight advance in the price of combing and low English wools.

The IRON TRADE is as dull as ever; no improvement in prices, and not so much doing. Lead is selling very freely at an advance of 20s. per ton.

The Finance Accounts, published by order of the House of Commons, contain, as usual, the details of the Imports and Exports for the last year, and the two preceding years; and also several returns of Shipping. As they cast much light on the improving or declining state of many branches of trade, we shall extract the principal articles:—

EXPORTS.

Value of the Produce and Manufactures of the United Kingdom, Exported from Great Britain to Foreign Parts, calculated at the Official Rates of Valuation.

THE PRINCIPAL ARTICLES.

SPECIES OF EXPORTS.	Years ending 5th January . . .		
	1830. £	1831. £	1832. £
Apparel, Slops, and Negro Clothing, . . .	387,694	384,213	368,545
Arms and Ammunition,	278,637	245,497	459,579
Brass and Copper Manufactures,	860,315	997,379	997,371
Coals and Culin,	312,854	435,590	435,008
Cotton Manufactures,	31,810,468	35,395,400	33,682,475
— Yarn,	5,458,958	5,655,569	5,674,600
Earthenware,	96,928	93,188	97,409
Fish,	184,136	276,968	190,685
Glass,	128,206	125,179	116,726
Hardwares and Cutlery,	765,757	802,021	967,793
Hats, Beavers, and Felt,	165,974	171,869	135,910
Iron and Steel, wrought and unwrought,	1,745,245	1,867,062	1,979,415
Linen Manufactures,	2,856,564	3,101,031	3,662,945
Machinery and Mill Works,	250,061	208,736	105,505
Plate, Plated Ware, Jewellery, and Watches,	175,615	194,401	188,245
Salt,	349,543	345,414	328,048
Silk Manufactures,	220,436	435,045	469,076
Soap and Candles,	199,378	237,522	229,618
Stationery,	187,438	167,679	177,698
Sugar, refined,	1,294,773	1,652,210	1,636,677
Tin unwrought,	121,261	111,052	79,457
— and Pewter Wares, and Tin Plates,	232,241	247,617	226,115
Woollen Manufactures,	5,361,997	5,551,644	6,187,979
TOTAL. Official Value of the Ex- PORTS of the Produce and Manu- facture of the United Kingdom, . . .	55,465,723	60,402,637	60,000,123

IMPORTS.

Value of Imports into Great Britain from Foreign Ports, calculated at the Official Rates of Valuation.

THE PRINCIPAL ARTICLES.

SPECIES OF IMPORTS.	Years ending 5th January.		
	1830. £	1831. £	1832. £
Ashes, Pearl and Pot,	197,623	286,122	279,838
Cochineal and Granilla,	231,837	255,380	180,747
Coffee	2,372,650	2,543,852	2,649,008
Corn, Grain, Meal, and Flour,	3,500,432	3,270,744	4,671,353
Flax and Tow, or Codilla of Hemp and Flax,	1,845,582	1,892,748	1,879,043
Hemp undressed,	287,864	378,325	434,398
Hides raw and tanned,	829,436	983,496	792,665
Indigo,	876,425	1,121,061	983,343
Iron, in bars,	147,971	148,154	170,162
Madder, and Madder Roots,	412,826	375,153	542,200
Molasses,	261,574	158,373	218,439
Oil of Olives,	152,117	365,045	551,092
— Palm,	179,945	213,458	164,760
— Train, Spermacetti, and Blubber, Rice,	430,039	368,404	480,164
—	215,144	132,661	165,449
Saltpetre,	109,166	86,595	107,864
Seeds—Flax and Linseed,	223,737	205,999	315,798
— Rape,	48,864	68,426	52,060
Silk, Raw, and Waste,	1,545,363	1,647,194	1,557,018
— Thrown,	254,165	496,977	757,712
— Manufactures of India,	170,415	124,599	159,421
— of Europe,	424,689	409,724	446,402
Skins, not being Furs,	205,877	186,828	238,103
Spelter,	210,952	221,379	191,032
Spirits, Brandy,	269,663	224,827	198,581
— Geneva,	11,860	14,192	15,189
— Rum,	597,843	593,101	675,599
Sugar,	6,279,555	6,382,129	6,935,985
Tallow,	1,145,488	1,076,967	1,062,234
Tar,	57,340	122,084	108,180
Tea,	3,054,439	3,189,774	3,164,892
Timber,	657,534	578,169	674,747
Tobacco and snuff,	204,963	278,186	305,247
Turpentine, Common,	130,163	119,744	158,539
Wines,	789,679	719,421	752,283
Wool, Cotton,	7,289,145	8,720,270	9,516,087
— Sheep's,	678,195	881,354	929,855
Yarn, Linen, raw,	165,580	100,247	95,046
TOTAL Official value of IMPORTS into Great Britain,	42,311,648	44,815,397	48,161,661

The table of Exports exhibits the rapid increase in the exports of Silk Manufactures, whilst there is scarcely any increase in the quantity of Foreign Silks imported into Great Britain. These facts illustrate the wisdom of the modification of the duties on raw silk and silk goods, effected by Mr. Huskisson.

The Manufacture of Linen, and that of Hardwares and Cutlery, are rapidly on the increase.

The constant extension of the Cotton Manufacture is evidenced by the rapid increase in the importation of Cotton Wool.

The Woollen Manufacture also appears to be flourishing, both from the increased importation of Foreign Wool, and the increased exportation of Woollen Manufactured goods.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

It strikes us, on looking back to our two former numbers, that, considering the space we are able to afford to this topic, there is an appearance of pedantry in the formal arrangement of a series of reviews. On the present occasion, therefore, we propose to run over with the reader, in a rambling, gossiping, chit-chatty sort of an article, the books which have accumulated on our table in the lapse of last month. They are not so numerous as they would be in less stirring times, when men need the stimulus of romantic tales, and rumbling poetry, to stimulate them amid the tedium of life's routine. Nowadays, good, decent books, over which one can nod of an evening, after the fatigues of the day—works which, with all the dulness of science, have none of its attention, filtering accuracy, and profundity—sermons, in short, and * "Sketches of the Edinburgh Clergy," are more in request. We have here slipped out the name of a book, which we proposed hoarding to the end of our article, in order to serve as a sedative, should any of its neighbours stir up our bile. Since we have, however, let the cat out of the bag—discovered, in other words, that we are possessed of such a treasure, we may as well say, now that it is a sort of "Traveller's Guide" to the General Assembly, adorned with handsome cuts; and, like its landlouping prototypes, useful as describing, not only what is, but what has been. Unluckily, in the present case, the latter is the more pleasing object of contemplation.

The next volume† upon which we lay our hands, is a much more serious matter; it is, indeed, the most valuable work we have seen for many a day. We do not believe that any man ever existed with such qualifications for compiling a Dictionary of Commerce, as Mr. M'ulloch. To do justice to his work, it would be necessary to have a separate review for every article in it. He has brought into active use, the stores he has accumulated during the labours of a life dedicated to the study of the abstract doctrines of value and exchange, and the patient investigation of every fact that might elucidate, modify, or correct his conclusions. The

work will be of unspeakable use to the merchant who will here find a store of valuable information respecting every article of merchandize, and their depots, and at the same time such views of the principles which regulate trade, as will teach him to conduct his operations like rational adventurers, not blind hazards; the man of general information, who knows the advantage of having beside him a book of reference when questions are publicly agitated, which interest all, but with which his peculiar habits of life have not made him conversant; the lawyer, whose notions of the law-merchant will be confused enough without a general idea of commerce; the statesman, one half of whose business it now is to discuss mercantile questions. It is the fashion to clamour against Mr. M'ulloch as a theorist. He is, it is true, a man who having got hold of a great leading principle, takes care not to let it go again. But we have known few who so carefully check their inferences by a constant appeal to facts.

KLOSTERHEIM ‡ what a leap from the veriest world of prose to the romantic and high-fantastical, and yet the name is all; for in form Klosterheim is only a tedious though somewhat extravagant history, and in essence as somniferous as opium itself. The Masque is but a poor copy of Abellino, although a remarkably close one. They stand almost in the relation of substance and shadow. The author has evidently no acquaintance with the writings of the age and country in which he lays his scene; there is a want of stirring life in his characters. From the names and allusions, it is evident that his principal sources have been Wallenstein, Schiller's, and Thirty Years' War—two works of genius, but the very last to be relied upon by any author who wished to assume the tone of any age but that in which they were composed. Every thing that passed through Schiller's mind became assimilated to himself. We are not astonished at finding Mr. D. Quincy at fault in his attempt to write a novel. He is essentially deficient in imagination. Fine, clear, logical intellect is the quality of his mind. When he attempts to soar, he becomes vague and cloudy. It is not genuine enthusiasm, but the fumes of opium which

* Sketches of the Edinburgh Clergy, &c. Edinburgh: John Anderson.

† A Dictionary, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, of Commerce and Commercial Navigation; illustrated with maps. By J. R. M'ulloch, Esq. London: Longman & Co.

‡ Klosterheim; or the Masque. By the English Opium-Eater. Edinburgh: Blackwood.

excite the Pythons within him. Impressively and bewildering, we have known him; but in proportion as his mind becomes sufficiently clear to attempt the delineation of character, the mystic clouds disperse, and as far as poetical feeling is concerned, he is short of his beams. In endeavouring to indicate our opinion of this book, and the cause of its failure, we have been reluctantly forced to touch upon a subject; painful at the best, but which must have been more so, had Mr. D. Quinsey insisted upon blazoning it in his title-page.

ROBERT CHAMBERS* is the most indefatigable man of his day. Not having the honour of his acquaintance, we should be loth to venture upon a rash assertion; but we suspect that he has sixteen hands, is polydexter, and constantly employed writing with them all at once. There is a charm too about every thing he writes, for his style is original, decidedly his own. It has a familiarity, and bonhomie, unaffected graphic power, and a vein of sentiment winding at times through the most grotesque forms. Those who know Chambers merely as a pleasing, gossiping narrator of old legends, know but half his worth. He has a quaint eye to the world about him; we would advise no one who indulges in hobby-horse equitation, and cannot "bide a good-humoured gird," to affect his society. The book to which these remarks are utterly inapplicable, videlicet, that of which we ought to have been speaking, his history of our most distinguished countrymen, is published by an enterprising Glasgow bookseller, who has of late been in the habit of dispensing an immense quantity of good matter through the country, in monthly portions, by the hands of industrious flying stationers. Many are the lone, bright-blazing fire-sides, from John o'Groats to, Greta Green, (we intend, some day, to publish a dissertation on the temperature of Scotland, taking this most southerly and marrying station for the oiling point,) who have been gladdened by his works. And better he cannot send them than these records of what has been achieved by the intellectual worthies of their native land. The book is worthy to occupy a place on the dusty window-broad between "Wallace Wight" and the Bible. Newspapers wear out in their peregrinations round the parish, and are ephemeral in every sense of the word.

Here, † we calculate, are two importations from beyond the broad Atlantic. The Annual Register contains the history of the first year of General Jackson's Presidency. It is not remarkable for elegance of composition; and is evidently the work of what was once called a Federalist—we know not what new name they have adopted. With all his biases, however, the author presents us with a pretty fair sketch of the state of parties at the last presidential election, and of the first formation of the two which have struggled for ascendancy beneath the here of New Orleans. Their watch-words are the different constructions put by each upon the powers awarded to the general government, by the Act of Union, in the matters of internal improvement and regulation of commerce. As we are expecting some arrivals from America, we do not enter at present, even cursorily, into the merits of the question. It seems to us that the greater proportion of men of education and debating tact are ranged in support of commercial restrictions; but that beneath powerful leaders, a band of sturdy right-thinking, though rather rambling advocates, fight the battle of free-trade. America seems, of late, to have been importing the diplomatic and economical notions of Germany, to a greater extent than is altogether beneficial. The American Almanac is the most valuable statistical register with which we are acquainted in any country.

Laying aside these useful tomes, ‡ our hand rests accidentally upon an ornamental importation from the same country. The binding (to begin at the beginning) is all that could be wished, and so is the paper and typography. We are sorry we cannot say so much of the engravings. One and all of them evince a want of the true feeling of an artist. They are the productions of a strong-minded, sterner people, determined to rise in the pictorial art, without having any very definite idea wherein its beauty consists—resolved to take heaven by storm. Our friends over the water need not bristle up at this dictum; for, with a few exceptions, (and these themselves artists) we hold the same harsh opinion of our loving countrymen. Many of the lyrics are

† American Annual Register, for 1820-30. Boston: Gray & Bowen; Glasgow, John Reid, & Co.

‡ The American Almanac; and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the year 1832. Boston Gray & Bowen; Glasgow, John Reid.

§ The Token: A Christmas and New-Year's Present. Edited by S. G. Goodrich; Boston, Gray & Bowen, 1832. Glasgow, John Reid, & Co.

* Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Scotsmen. By R. Chambers. With portraits Glasgow. Blackie and Son

pretty; but, somehow, none of them seem native to the soil. They are an echo, repeating what has been heard from this side of the Atlantic. The prose sketches are equal to any thing we have seen in our own annuals. The lines we are about to quote are pleasing and profitable reading for an autumnal evening.

FROST.

By F. T. Gould.

The frost looked forth, one still, clear night,
And he said, "now shall I be out of sight,
So through the valley and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way,
"I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow—and the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle, and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they.

Then he went to the mountain, and powdered
its crest,
He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he
dressed,
With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward points of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head."

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breath'd, wherever he stopt,
By the light of the moon was seen
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and
trees,
There were beves of birds, and swarms of bees—
There were cities, thrones, temples, and towers!
and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,—
He went to the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This bloated pitcher I'll break in three!
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall thicket to tell them I'm drinking!"

In short, the volume is well deserving the pleasant fate of being deposited as a native offering in the boudoirs of the fairies of New-York, whose charms set, at first sight, the bard of Tucuman in such ferocious raptures:

At first half-maddened in the blaze of charms,
I wished to clasp all Broadway in my arms."

What next? A subject well worthy our attention, especially when returning from our excursion, real or imaginary, to America—our mercantile navy.† It is rather an awkward confession for a reviewer to make, and, therefore, we tell it

* "A tale of Tucuman," a poem hurriedly dashed off, full of inequalities and ruggedness; yet evincing refined and generous feeling, a clear head, much information, and that nervous vivacity which always makes a spoon or spoils a horn."

† The Mercantile Navy Improved, &c &c. By James Ballingall. London: W. Morrison.

to the public in the strictest confidence; but, in good sooth, although we do wear reef, and tack (sawherry) with tolerable success, we know little of ship-building, scarcely more than is necessary to enable us to distinguish between a cutter and a caravel built vessel. We are, therefore, exactly the sort of person (or persons) to whom Mr. Ballingall tells us he makes his appeal—those who have no practical knowledge of the question. With all the decorous gravity of a Sir Roger de Coverley, therefore, do we adjudge, "that much may be said on both sides." We highly approve of some of his suggestions; but we doubt that vessels so solidly and compactly built as he proposes, would yield less, and consequently suffer more from the strain produced by pitching in a heavy sea than those constructed after the present fashion. Seriously, however, we recommend to the attention of all interested in the matter, a work evidently the fruit of painful and continued experiment, reminding them that Britain has been reproached, and justly, for want of due attention to the improvement of ship-building.

A history of the progress of steam-carriages, by an enthusiast,* and, consequently, an honest man, follows most appropriately in the wake of the seventy-four we have just been speaking about. This book we can honestly recommend to any one who wishes to make himself acquainted with the precise stage of perfection to which these inventions have been brought, and the means by which they have attained it. We fear, however, that we cannot altogether sympathize with his sanguine expectations of the result of the adoption of steam-carriages; neither do we lay so much weight upon the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons as he does. The gentlemen who composed it seem to have been utterly destitute of the faculty of putting cross questions.

Back to the world of poetry and romance. Here comes Sheridan Knowles, with a play† worthy of the wild old days of Shakspeare. He is the only man of our day who seems to have any notion of dramatic dialogue. The reader may take, as a specimen, the following between the Hunchback and a young gentleman who has taken his part in a quarrel. It solves the most difficult problem of dramatic art,

* A Historical and Practical Treatise upon Elemental Locomotion, by means of Steam-Carriages on Common Roads, &c. By Alexander Gordon, Civil Engineer. London: B. Stewart.

† The Hunchback. By James Sheridan Knowles. London: Moxon

at once spirited and interesting in itself,
and serving to forward the action.

WALTER.

I'll follow him!
Why do you hold me? 'Tis not courteous of you!
Think'st thou I fear them? Fear! I rate them
but
As dust! dross! offals! Let me at them!—Nay,
Call you this kind? then kindness know I not;
Nor do I thank you for't! Let go, I say!

CLIFFORD.

Nay, Master Walter, they're not worth your
wrath.

WALTER.

How know you me for Master Walter? By
My Hunchback, Eh!—my stils of legs and arms,
The fashion more of ape's, than man's? Aha!
So you have heard them too—their savage gibes
As I pass on,—“There goes my Lord!” Aha!
God made me, Sir, as well as them and you.
'Sdeath! I demand of you, unhand me, Sir.

CLIFFORD.

'There, Sir, you're free to follow them! Go forth!
And I'll go too: so of your wilfulness
Shall fall whate'er of evil may ensue.
Let's fit you waste your choler on a burr?
The nothings of the town; whose sport it is
To break their villain jests on worthy men,
The graver still the fitter! 'Pie for shame!
Regard what such would say? So would not I,
No more than heed a cur.

WALTER.

You're right, Sir; right,
For twenty crowns! So there's my rapier up!
You've done me a good turn against my will;
Which, like a wayward child, whose pet is off,
That made him restive under wholesome check,
I now right humbly own, and thank you for.

CLIFFORD.

No thanks, good Master Walter, owe you me!
I'm glad to know you, Sir.

WALTER.

I pray you, now,
How did you learn my name? Guess'd I not
right?
Was't not my comely hunch that taught it you?

CLIFFORD.

I own it.

WALTER.

Right, I know it; you tell truth.
I like you for't

CLIFFORD.

But when I heard it said
That Master Walter was a worthy man,
Whose word would pass on 'change, soon as his
bond;

A liberal man—for schemes of public good
That sets down tens, where others units write;
A charitable man—the good he does,
That's told of, not the half; I never more
Could see the hunch on Master Walter's back.

WALTER.

You would not flatter a poor citizen?

CLIFFORD.

Indeed, I flatter not!

WALTER.

I like your face:
A frank and honest one! Your frame's well knit,
Proportioned, shap'd!

CLIFFORD.

Good Sir!

WALTER.

Your name is Clifford—
Sir Thomas Clifford. Humph! You're not the
heir.

Direct, to the fair baronety? He
That was—was drown'd abroad. Am I not right?
Your cousin was't not? so, succeeded you
To rank and wealth, your birth ne'er promised
you.

CLIFFORD.

I see you know my history.

WALTER.

I do.

You're lucky who conjoin the benefits
Of penury and abundance; for I know
Your father was a man of slender means.
You do not blush I see. That's right! Why
should you?

What merit to be dropp'd on fortune's hill?
'The honour is to mount it. You'd have done it;
For, you were trained to knowledge, industry,
Frugality, and honesty,—the sinews
That surest help the climber to the top,
And keep him there. I have a clerk, Sir Thomas,
Once serv'd your father; there's the riddle for you.
Humph! I may thank you for my life to-day.

CLIFFORD.

I pray you say not so.

WALTER.

But I will say so!
Because I think so, know so, feel so, sir!
Your fortune, I have heard, I think, is ample;
And, doubtless, you live up to't?

CLIFFORD.

'Twas my rule,
And is so still, to keep my outlay, sir,
A span within my means.

WALTER.

A prudent rule.
The turf is a seductive pastime!

CLIFFORD.

Yes.

WALTER.

You keep a racing stud? You bet?

CLIFFORD.

No, neither.

'Twas still my father's precept—“Better owe
A yard of land to labour, than to chance
Be debtor for a rood!”

WALTER.

'Twas a wise precept.
You've a fair house—you'll get a mistress for it?

CLIFFORD.

In time.

WALTER.

In time! 'Tis time thy choice were made.
Ist not so yet? Or 's thy lady love
The newest still thou see'st?

CLIFFORD.

Nay, not so.

I'd marry, Master Walter, but old use—
For, since the age of thirteen, I have lived
In the world,—has made me jealous of the thing
That flatter'd me with hope of profit. Bargains
Another would snap up, might be for me
'Till I had turn'd and turn'd them! Speculations,
That promis'd twenty, thirty, forty, fifty,
Ay, cent. per cent. returns, I would not launch in
When others were afloat, and out at sea!
Whereby I made small gains, but mis'd great
losses:

As ever then I look'd before I leap'd,
So do I now.

WALTER.

Thou'rt all the better for it!
Let's see! Hand free—heart whole—well fa-
your'd—so!
Rich,—drest! Let that pass!—kind, vallant, pru-
dent—

Sir Thomas, I can help thee to a wife,
Hast thou the luck to win her?

CLIFFORD.

Master Walter!
You jest!

WALTER

I do not jest—I like you I mark—
I like you, and I like not every one!
I say a wife, Sir, can I help you to,
The pearly texture of whose dainty skin
Alone were worth thy baronetcy! Form
And feature has she, wherewith move and glow
The charms, that in the marble cold and still
Cull'd by the sculptor's jealous skill, and join'd
there,

Inspire us! Sir, a maid, before whose feet
A duke—a duke might lay his coronet,
To lift her to his state, and partner her!
A fresh heart too! A young fresh heart, Sir, one,
That Cupid has not toy'd with, and a warm one
Fresh, young, and warm! mark that! a mind to
boot

With, Sir, sense, taste, a garden strictly tended—
Where nought but what is costly flourishes
A consort for a king, Sir! Thou shalt see her

CLIFFORD.

I thank you, Master Walter! As you speak,
Methinks I see me at the altar foot,
Her hand fast lock'd in mine—the ring put on.
My wedding bell rings merry in my ear,
And round me throng glad tongues that give me
joy
To be the bridegroom of so fair a bride!

WALTER

What! sparks so thick? We'll have a blaze
anon!

SERVANT (entering)

The chariot's at the door

WALTER

It waits in time!
Sir Thomas, it shall bear thee to the bower
Where dwells this fair, for she's no city belle,
But e'en a sylvan Goddess.

CLIFFORD.

Have with you.

WALTER.

You'll bless the day you serv'd the Hunchback,
Sir! (Exit)

Mr. Knowles tells us that he was spuri-
ed on to try this comedy by the fail-
ure of "The Beggar of Bethnal-Green."
This is true spirit, and as was to be ex-
pected, has commanded success. We will
not say a word more about the play, but
insist upon all our readers perusing it.

What next? "An Anglo-Saxon Giam-
mar, &c. &c. &c." (a title as long as a

preface), by William Hunter. Pshaw
trash!

* A translation from the French; and
a work after our own heart. In a series
of unpretending letters, we obtain as com-
plete a notion of the rude peninsula of Ca-
labria, and its ruder inhabitants; of the
classical associations which haunt its
shores; of the organization of the district
under Murat; of the brigand haunts and
their savage reprisals, as if we had tra-
velled through the land, and been an ac-
tor in the scenes described.

Professor Rossetti's Treatise on the Anti-
Papal Spirit of the Italian Classics, † is as
fair a candidate for the black list of the
Vatican as we have met with. It is
startling enough to find such bold expres-
sions in the best and earliest writers of
Catholicism's own land. How could the
Papal power stand such home attacks?
The truth is, that the origin of the storm
in Germany saved it at home. It became
a point of honour with the Italians to
support a church of whose supremacy their
proudest city was the seat. Had it not
been for external pressure, the Old Lady
who sitteth upon seven hills might have
been paddling about in a steam-boat like
the Duchess de Berry, to get a distant
peep at her loved land, and still up six
tailors and an ex-colonel to revolutionize
the country.

We know not what tricking spirit has
arranged our books in such a manner
that there should remain nothing but
"Flowers of Fable" ‡ to bear up the
Pope's skirts. Nevertheless so it is; this
elegant and well-selected little book is the
last we shall mention for a month to
come. It is worthy of all praise.

* Calabria during a Military Residence of Three
Years, in a Series of Letters By a General Officer
of the French Army, from the original MS London
Eppingham Wilson

† Sullo Spirito Anti-Papale che produsse la Ri-
forma, e sulla segreto Influenza ch' esercito nella
Letteratura d'Europa, e specialmente d'Italia. Dis-
quisizioni di Gabriele Rossetti Londra Ircutzel,
Wurts, e Richter

‡ Flowers of Fable, &c Embellished with one
hundred and fifty engravings on wood London.
Vizetelly, Branston, & Co

MUSIC.

THE foreign and home journals are alike barren of any information at all interesting to our musical readers. The convulsions of political strife, and the horrors of pestilence are yet too active to permit the unalloyed enjoyment of music; for not turbulence and excitation, but

Soft stillness and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Among the recent publications, the *Songs of the Ocean*, the words by SMITH, and the music by MULLER, deserve notice. Sentiments congenial to the sons of the deep are here united to nervous and inspiriting strains. The work, which consists of ten pieces, is well entitled to the popularity which its designation alone

will be a passport to. *O Domine Deus*, the prayer of Mary Queen of Scots, by MARIELLI, is a solemn and effective composition. The accompaniment of the solo part is ingenious, and skilfully sustained. An *Introduction Rondino* for piano-forte and flute, by the same author, is pleasing, and of easy execution. A new edition of the *Vocal Music of the late C. W. Bannister*, in the course of publication, and of which several numbers are before us, contains chiefly sacred pieces adapted for two, three, and four voices. They are well calculated for choirs in dissenting congregations, and also for practice in private circles. The style of composition is that of the best English church writers.

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

TORIES, THE WHIGS, AND THE COURT.

THERE are no men in the world comparable to the Tories in resignation, excepting always the resignation of places, for which they are by no means remarkable. The Catholic Relief Bill was pronounced by the sage Eldon, the extinguisher of the sun of England. Religion was to cease with it; idolatry to begin. The Pope was to take possession of Lambeth Palace; O'Connell to seize the crown; and martyrs to be broiled in Smithfield.—But hold; let us not falsify the prophets—it was not O'Connell who was to seize the crown, but the Duke of Wellington, then charged with keeping George the Fourth in *duress* in Windsor Castle, for designs of “the loftiest and the most atrocious ambition,” in which he was said to be seconded by the arch-apostate and arch-traitor Peel! Who can forget that memorable day, when one Mr. Malcomb set off for Windsor, with the orthodoxy of the empire in a glass coach, and the hope of comforting and encouraging the enthralled monarch to save the Faith and the Constitution! But even that grand effort failed; the champions of Protestantism took nothing but the dust of the road by their motion, and the Faith and the Constitution were in due course destroyed. Yet the Tories survived; and what is stranger still, three short years after the utter demolition of the Faith and the Constitution, they took to themselves the name of the Conservative Party, and set at their head the destroyers Wellington and Peel. When we look back to the vaticinations of 1829, it is inconceivable what the Conservatives of the last year can have proposed to preserve. Having bewailed the ruin of all things, what pretext had they for concerning themselves *de quibusdam* *rebus* in peril. But this is their genius. One day they cry all is lost, and the next moment they are full of zeal to preserve. Before the passing of the Reform Bill, chaos would follow it. Instant anarchy and revolution were in its train. A wild democracy was to sweep away property and institutions. Nothing, it was affirmed, could stem the devastating rush of those most dangerous of human beings, the Ten Pound Householders. But hardly had the Bill become law, before we had again occasion to admire the resigned mood, the accommodating temper of the Tories, who, instead of reckoning on the coming together of heaven and earth, coolly began to speculate on the next election, and to promise themselves all sorts of advantage from it. Instead of supposing, now, that the new law must prove a besom of destruction, they calculate on making it a very convenient tool for their peculiar purposes.

Thus, after the consummation of the alleged revolutionary measure, fraught with inevitable ruin, we find the Tories as active and confident as ever, and exerting themselves as if the world would last their time, notwithstanding the Ten Pound franchise.

The Court is not so easily reconciled to the authors of the change as the Tories are to the change itself. The King's refusal to give the royal assent in person to the Reform Bill sufficiently denotes his dispositions. Had he given the assent in person, it would not have been a conclusive proof of his approbation, it might have implied no more than the policy of making a virtue of necessity,—but the denial of the acceptable act of grace which prudence would have dictated, indicates a deep-seated aversion, which has its vent in petulance after the will has been compelled to submission. With this bitter tide Lord Grey will have to struggle.

Long have the more knowing Tories seen, that the Reform Bill was the Whigs' tenure of office. Long, among themselves, have they remarked, that until the Bill should pass, there was no prospect of turning out the Ministry. They are now full of hopes. Let us not deceive ourselves. Lord Grey is hated at Court. He will either retire in disgust upon the passing of the Irish and Scotch Bills; be dismissed after a series of petty compliances with the dictation of the Court and the exactions of favourites; or he will be Minister *in spite of the King!* If he retire, the Ministry must be patched up with Tories or Radicals; for an unmixed Whig Government there is not the material which would have the support of the country. If it be soldered with Tories, it will be the figure of clay with claws of brass which cannot hold together. The great majority of the Tories, the great majority of the Whigs, and all the Radicals, will be against it. If it recruit from the Radicals, the extreme party will soon absorb the middle, and we shall in a short time have a fair trial of the democracy, without any sudden transition. But suppose the second case, that Lord Grey continues in power, hoping to avoid rupture with the Court, by opposing himself to the reform of abuses in Church and State. The only effect will be that he will lose the support of the people, and fall when he is helpless—friendless and disgraced. The Whigs should see that their policy is to stand and fall, if fall they must, on popular grounds, in which case they will be restored as before by the efforts of the people. They have kept office for months against the Court, and they may continue to keep it against the Court, and only because they have made a handsome point of difference with the Court. They will be flung out the moment they cease to have a popular quarrel with the Court. A bill for Triennial Parliaments, an extensive Church Reform, a sweeping plan of retrenchment, would renew their lease. The moment the Court has them without a national object, it throws them out. There is no reconciliation for them,—the Tory courtiers will take care of that, aided by the tenacity of resentment, which has been remarked in the breasts of Kings from the time of Homer to the present day; and whenever they think they can propitiate, they will surely destroy themselves. Carrying on his present popularity, Lord Grey may be minister in spite of the Court. The position may not be a pleasant one to a man of the aristocratic reverences; but he will have to consider that by holding it on such terms, he prevents the infatuated from precipitating things and rushing on destruction. No good citizen desires extreme changes to be suddenly made; but those who would attempt to oppose themselves to the easy but irresistible progress, will be hurled to a destruction they would not be brought to in the course of the movement they madly endeavour to stay. There is no anchorage in rapids; and, in all streams, steerage is obtained by going faster than the current.

RULE BRITANNIA.

NEW VERSION FOR THE REFORM FESTIVAL.

Light—light
 Reveals the dim horizon,
 Glancing on stream and spire;
 Old London's shroud
 Of smoke and cloud
 Seems a sheet of celestial fire:
 In the unaccustom'd gleam
 Of an earthborn beam,
 High Heaven's own lamps expire!
 Rule Britannia! lift high thy radiant brow!
 'Count not the craven child of thine, whose heart exults not now!

Calm—calm
 With red revolt around—
 In the sweep of Europe's storm—
 Unaw'd and high
 Was thine empress eye,
 Unmov'd thy majestic form;
 When, with bloodless hand
 On a sheathed brand,
 Thy voice decreed REFORM!
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Swift—swift
 As Hope and Fear can speed,
 Through earth the tidings go:
 Proud Austria's bird
 Hath cowering heard,
 And broods on approaching woe.
 The Russian bear
 To his sanguine lair,
 Steals savagely and slow.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

France! France!
 Sister of our strivings!
 Fate through dust and gore
 One hour may drag
 Thy rainbow flag,
 The gallant tri-color;
 Yet stint not thou
 Frank chorus now
 To the song from a friendly shore*—
 Rule Britannia! &c.

* We claim the poetical attribute of prophecy for the foregoing stanza, which was written *before* reading the subjoined extract from the *Journal du Havre*.—'The news that the Reform Bill had received the Royal assent having arrived yesterday by

Fly! fly!
 Ministers of darkness!
 Parasite—pest of kings!
 Fly, superstitious slaves!
 To her inmost caves,
 To the screen of her vampire wings;
 While joyous and free
 Over earth, sky, and sea,
 The myriad-ocean rings
 Rule Britannia! &c.

THE BANK CHARTER.

SINCE the article on this subject was written, which appeared in the last number of this Magazine, the House of Commons has appointed a *secret* committee "to inquire into the expediency of renewing the Charter of the Bank of England, and into the system on which banks of issue in England and Wales are conducted."

The making of the Committee a *secret* one, is a circumstance calculated to arouse suspicion, with respect to the intentions of government. On a subject of such vast importance to the public, the inquiry ought to be of the most open character. All the proceedings of the Bank of England, during the possession of its monopoly, should be fully disclosed, and the means afforded for every one out of, as well as in, Parliament, to judge correctly upon the good or the evil, which has been produced by the Legislature having vested in the twenty-four directors of a trading company, the unlimited powers to do whatever they thought proper with the currency of the nation.

This secrecy must necessarily fetter the inquirers; for it is impossible that those members of the Committee, who may be disposed to do their duty to the public, can obtain that assistance, which they ought to be able to command, with respect to collecting information, and finding out proper witnesses, and enabling them to give the evidence required, without the power of freely communicating the proceedings of the Committee, and the evidence given before it. If evidence be given by a set of witnesses in favour of the continuance of the monopoly, it will not be possible to rebut it, except by telling to other witnesses the facts and opinions on which their testimony is to be applied.

The suspicion arising out of this secrecy, that the renewal of the monopoly is a plan decided upon, is greatly strengthened by the choice which has been made of the members who compose the Committee. The number who are the natural allies of the Bank, as Directors or ex-Di-

the English packet, became, in our town, the signal for a little fête. The houses were immediately decorated with their respective national flags. The vessels in the harbour hoisted their colours in sign of rejoicing; and the post of the National Guard joined, on the same flag-staff, the English and French flags. In the evening, the band of the National Guard met, of its own accord, to give a serenade to the English Consul. As the flags of the two nations were floating together, so the patriotic airs of both countries were intermingled. The *Marsellois* followed *Rule Britannia*."

rectors; or as private bankers in London; or as belonging to "the monied interest" of London; or as country bankers, is very large;—while the number of those members who are independent of Government and advocate free principles, is very small. The speech of Lord Althorp in proposing the Committee, intimated an expectation that the Committee would be able to make its report in time to admit of a Legislative measure being passed in the present session; and enough has already transpired to lead to a belief, that there is a strong party in the Committee that desires so to conduct its inquiries as to secure this object.

Such a course of proceeding is one, however, which, if taken, cannot fail to be considered as highly objectionable. It is quite impossible that the conduct of the Bank of England, and the system and consequence of the country banking, can be properly investigated in the short space of time which will intervene before the termination of the session. Much less is it possible that the opinion of the public can be consulted, and a law be passed with that decent deliberation which the great importance of the subject requires.

Under these circumstances it is evident the public should be on the alert, and not feel satisfied with leaving the question of renewing the monopoly of the Bank wholly in the hands of the Committee. Those persons who are of opinion that the conduct of the Bank of England in 1824 and 1825, contributed to the convulsion of that period, and who also feel reason to believe that excessive issues, and sudden contractions of Bank of England paper produced the preceding convulsions in 1818, 1815, 1797, 1793, and 1783, should come forward, and by petitions to both Houses of Parliament, and communications to members of the committee, help to stop a crude and hasty legislation. The influence the Bank exercises on all those who are extensively engaged in trade in London, is of such a nature as to deter them from expressing or acting upon their own views of the impolicy of the monopoly; so that the public interest will inevitably suffer, if those who are independent of that influence, whether in London or the country, hold back, and leave the business wholly to the committee.

A question in which the agricultural, mining, manufacturing, and commercial interests of the nation, are so deeply involved, ought not to be made the subject of legislation in a House of Commons, which, by its own act, has pronounced itself not to represent public opinion. It should be postponed till a new Parliament shall be called, when it may be expected, that instead of the small number of members now in Parliament, who are competent to deal with a subject requiring so much knowledge of financial and commercial science, a great many of the best informed men of the kingdom will be found to have seats in the reformed House of Commons.

With respect to the motives of Government and of the Committee, no kind of imputation is meant to be insinuated. If they are favourable to a renewal of the Bank monopoly, there are sufficient grounds for their being actuated by the present intentions; but, at the same time, the point to be decided is of such a nature, and the reasons for referring it to another House of Commons, are so palpable, that this appeal to an active interposition by the public cannot be considered as improper or uncalled for. If Government should surrender itself into the hands of the "monied interest" of London, and, by its influence, hurry through, at the end of the session, a law for giving a new charter to the Bank for twenty-one years, such a measure will be so glar-

ingly wrong, so contrary to the usage of postponing all important questions when the termination of a session is approaching, and so repugnant to the feeling and interest of the public, that it will have no claim to be considered as imposing an obligation on the new Parliament not to repeal it. Although granting a charter, nothing like a chartered right will be conferred; and therefore it will be the duty, as no doubt it will be the disposition, of the reformed House of Commons, instantly to repeal such a law.

THE LAND OF CASTES,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

SAID his wife to the cobbler, "The sun shines so fair
On the black chimney top there, just opposite, love;
Let us walk to'ards the fields, where fine folks take the air,
And rusticate sweetly by brick-kiln and grove."
So the dame donn'd her slut-cover, he his cravat,
And off they went, chatting of this and of that.

They left streets of villas all blooming behind,
And bricks, pil'd in masses, preparing for more;
And above them beheld, with their backs to the wind,
The beautiful smoke, which seem'd proud to pass o'er
New villas so rural and red in a row,
Which stare at the great, as to warehouse they go.

Then they pass'd, and looked eastward on old Sheffield, plac'd
Black-red in the light, like a coal on the fire,
And saw, not three yards off, beflounc'd and belaced,
The fiddler's wife coming, like daughter of 'Squire,
With her big-bottomed gown, all of satin I ween,
Like a fresh heather besom, deep purple and green.

When fiddlers salute you, expect some good news;
They are prophets of good, and they evil eschew;
They worship the happy, and seldom abuse
Their terrible power, when they say, How d'ye do?
When fiddlers salute you, expect, without fail,
That your whizzing small stingo will soon be stout ale.

In all the professions, law, physic, or war,
Great men may be known by their strut to and fro;
But greatest of men is your fiddler by far,
For fiddlers are noticed by footmen you know;
They are known to the butler,—they drink with him too!
Yet the fiddler's wife curtsied, and said, How d'ye do?

She smiled at the cobbler, then said, How d'ye do?
And no more; pass'd him by, as a bug might a flea;
Oh, his heart, how it beat! would it knock a hole through?
Oh, what could have happened! what *could* the cause be?
When fiddlers salute you, expect, without fail,
That your whizzing small stingo will soon be stout ale.

She simper'd, she curtsied, she said, How d'ye do?
And, for once, gave the wall, which she'd no right to keep;
He thank'd her for nothing, of course, as was due,
Touch'd his hat to the lady, and look'd like a sheep
'Tis said by the sages, that nothing is new;
Yet fiddler met cobbler, and said, How d'ye do!

The cobbler grew thoughtful—said he, "Hath aunt Sue
Gone to Heav'n, and bequeath'd us of shillings score three?
Then I'll set up a salt-box, a mustard-pot too,
And the fiddler himself will be visiting me;
'Tis certain she curtsied and said, How d'ye do;
And I hope it's an omen about my aunt Sue."

Then, thus spake his lady, "Dear Joseph, though yet
We know not for truth that aunt Sue has gone home,
Let us order three herrings, and get into debt
On the strength of an omen, the best that could come;
We'll be dunn'd like our betters, come paper, come gold,
And bid at the sale, when our salt-box is sold."

Hurra, for the land of the high and the low,
Where the low ape the lofty, and pride fears no fall,
While tenpenny Jem sneers at ninepenny Joe,
And the only man safe is the lowest of all;
Though Dick, from the broker's, looks big as a prince
On Tom, from the broker's a Saturday since!

Hurra, for the land, where the scab of to-day
Claims kindred with ulcers just sixty years old,
And new pus turns pale, lest the knife cut away
Some ancient offeton, gore-clotted with gold,
And vital and lousy, with venom that makes
The dust which it drops upon turn into snakes!

But, day of the banquet for long-trampled worms;
When millions, all hissing and fang'd, will come forth,
Oh, ne'er may'st thou dawn upon horrible forms
That will sweep o'er the isle, like the wing of the north,
Drink horror for wine, under far-flaming skies,
And quench thy red light in the glare of their eyes!

MRS. GORE'S FAIR OF MAY FAIR.

THE Fashionable Novelists proceed on the exact principle of the manufacturer of the celebrated razor strops. They make novels to sell; and more novels, because there was a quick demand for the last; watching sedulously, meanwhile, the shifts and changes of taste, and the turn of the market, and generally going beyond the mark, lest they be suspected of falling short. The principle is as fair as it is intelligible: it is applied invariably to every other article of foppery and luxury in this country, where the trade in frivolities is still tolerably free, and why should the Fashionable novel prove the only exception? We cannot, therefore, join in the outrageous outcry against even the humblest of the ingenious artists who labour in this profitable vocation, or think there is more justice in running them down, than the clever jeweller or upholsterer who varies his articles to tempt, or suit the taste of the town; or the French milliner who invents some preposterous head-dress, and christening it after a Fashionable of the first-water, tempts the vanity of her of lustre regarded in Almack's as less pure. As well might we blame the theatrical manager who brings forward elephants, or jackasses, where Shakspeare and Sheridan were wont to be, as the novelist who studies the taste of his customers. The upholsterer may, in his individual tastes, be as classic as Anastasius Hope; the milliner very plain and moderate

in her own notions of head-gear; the manager an enthusiast for Macbeth and Othello:—what then?

They who live to please, must please to live;—

And so the drama is overturned, and fantastic bonnets and inconvenient couches are introduced, though nobody can be blamed, save those who buy them, nor they either, if they can afford the expense. When, as in the instance of Mrs. Gore, the artist is evidently equal to the accomplishment of something better and more enduring; when, instead of the fantastic fopperies and contemptible extravagancies of fashionable society, he might give us pictures of general life, and sketches of the first specimens of humanity, one does regret to see him tied down to employment so little congenial to his taste, and scarcely consistent with what his reflection must whisper is the right and the proper as well as the lasting and the noble. What then, again? Are not painters and sculptors of genius, and of the greatest accomplishment in their art, doomed to devote a very large proportion of their time to being the mere mechanical transmitters of foolish faces which the next generation will as certainly send to the garret, as the present must, perforce, admire and bepraise? Who thinks of abusing Chantrey, or sneering at Landseer, because the one models an Alderman, whose face might be nearly what the blind French lady imagined of Gibbon's countenance; or the other painted a group of puppies at the command of the greater puppy, their master? To the plain puppies their could indeed be no objection. To make the comparison fair they must be canine figuranti, decked out in hoops and furbelows, with bags and swords—dancing dogs, in short—the *Exclusives* of the puppy world, which, we do admit, considerably deepens the ridicule and disgrace of the unfortunate artist. He may however retire upon the substantial consolation of a better market price than if he had painted the stag-hounds in Waverley. But pounds, shillings and pence, are not an element of criticism. We are sorry for it, since they are otherwise of some account in this most generous and disinterested of possible worlds, and the main-spring of many valuable literary productions, besides Fashionable novels.

At the head of her class stands Mrs. Gore, an eminently clever female writer; and search Johnson from A to Z, scrutinizing every word denoting a quality, or the shade of a quality, and we shall find none half so appropriate and comprehensive as—*clever*. Mrs. Gore writes of the Fashionable world, not for it. It is a region so thinly peopled, that its own consumption is scarce worth taking into account. Nor can it relish such gross earthly food. It is living a Fashionable Novel, and leaves to inferior mortals "to monster its nothings," and to write and read its life. The consumers of Fashionable Novels would be small indeed, save for those fascinated hordes which, battalion after battalion, press forward upon its borders, eager to break through the guarded fence, and in some few instances, and with many rebuffs and scratches, succeeding,—and those distant thousands of wondering, sighing, good simple souls among the rural or provincial population on whom a puff is not thrown away even in the nineteenth century; who still believe, as sure as they do Mr. Rubric's sermon, that the fictitious Lady Dashaway must mean the real Lady Smashaway; and that the Duke of Derbyshire in the book is mostrously like the live Duke of Devonshire at Almack's or Crockford's; and who unfortunately have somehow grown up in the belief that it vastly concerns them to ascertain this point, some as leaders of local

fashionable sects, others as simple believers. These are the persons that take off the great staple of Mr. Colburn's manufactory, the numerous caste to whose vanity, credulity, and envy, (for there is a *souçon* of this amiable quality which it is necessary to bring into activity,) the Fashionable novelist ministers; revealing the glories of the charmed sphere through a smoked glass—repelling at once and attracting. Mrs. Gore, as we have said, is the cleverest among these ministers of an intoxicating pleasure, and among the physicians of ennui. She does not affect to be beforehand purposed mingling any thing like serious instruction with her amusements; but it sometimes falls in her way, nor is the lesson less effective from being given in the tone of badinage or satire: every wise preacher must suit the taste of his flock.

The central point of Mrs. Gore's narratives is Almack's—her year, "The Season"—her world, insolent *Exclusives* and dissipated *Coterieists*. Her first grand line of circumscription is the boundaries of May Fair and its dependencies. Thence she radiates to the distance fit for a Fête Champêtre, and next to the seats and places of such of the higher aristocracy as have the distinction of being Fashionables; or descends to the villas of Fashion's commercial aspirants, any where about twenty miles round London, as rapidly as a travelling chariot and four will carry her, rarely diverging to the right hand or to the left, on the great highway, or the briery or primrose by-ways of humanity. Sometimes the scene is shifted to that portion of the French metropolis which corresponds to May Fair, as far as it is possible for the Gallic and British capitals to correspond. Her characters are as limited in variety as is her scene in extent. Super-superfine fine ladies of the day—diplomatic manœuvring mothers, with their whole heart and genius bent towards fashionable establishments for their daughters, and daughters, seconding their intrigues and petty schemes, with the full consciousness of being principals in their success. Vapid men of high unimpeachable fashion, and their imitators; and of the genus Almack's, the varieties, pompous, lofty, supercilious, insolent, and so forth,—young gentlemen about town, and middle-aged ones in the House. The business of course is like that of more vulgar and sublunary worlds, dressing, dining, dancing, scandal, airings in the Park, mornings in Bond Street and the Arcades—how like yet how different!—But the grand game to which every serious faculty is bent, is Fashionable distinction, and as the means of this, matrimony; and in this game the women strive to out-wit the "available" men, the mothers to ward off "detrimentals"—a word by the way which has gone to the shades—and the attacked men to guard against the artifices of dress, manner, and character, brought to bear against their fortunes and freedom by the attacking ladies; or if that will not do, to back out with the best grace they can.

The limited boundaries of the field Mrs. Gore has selected for her researches, and its high state of cultivation, may be unfavourable to variety of specimens of indigenous plants; for the ladies and gentlemen to whom we are presented in her different works are all wonderfully alike. In one department only is her cabinet peculiarly rich; in *toadies*, both male and female; and in petrifications and fossil remains of Fashionables. At a plot Mrs. Gore does not often aim; and she is right. However such an affair might have been managed in the days of Fielding, it is generally bungled now. Her narrative gets on at a rapid, rambling, lively pace; nor does she conceive herself obliged,—no modern writer does,—

to bring up the threads of her discourse, or to square her characters on any exact principle of coherence or consistency. A young lady may be gentle, loving, and angelic in heart and disposition to-day; and by her mamma giving her a few dips in Fashion's stream, she comes out case-hardened to-morrow. Many of her personages also are unsubstantial and shadowy. Her hand is not sufficiently steady and commanding to bring out the features of a character with a few bold dashes and masterly strokes, and she or her readers have no patience for repeated minute touches. This—where we form any definite notion of them at all—involves her personages in inconsistencies which might revolt a logical mind, that cannot be persuaded to take a new step till it is satisfied about the last; but, as it does wonderfully well with novel-readers, there can be no serious objection.

With much liveliness and acuteness, pointed dialogue, sparkling antitheses, and epigrammatic turns, her personages "come like shadows so depart." We meet them in society, sit next them at dinner, dance with them, think them rather agreeable, but give them no abiding place in our memory, and feel small desire to cultivate their acquaintance farther. They may be all that is attractive and amiable, but for this we must take Mrs. Gore's polite assurance; the belief has no place in our own conviction. We remember them as the flirt in the pink, or the modest pleasing girl in the white frock, but we cannot recollect their names, for we are dreaming of other heroines. The fault is Mrs. Gore's;—she has no time, or she takes no pains by bringing us more together, to place us upon an agreeable easy footing. She throws open to us the doors of a brilliant suite of apartments, where elegant amusements, gay converse, and animating play are going forward; and with the slight introduction of fashion, leaves us to spend an agreeable night, if we choose, and forget all about it next morning. This is, perhaps, essential to the Fashionable Novel, to complete its resemblance to its prototype, Fashionable Life.

The first acts of Mrs. Gore's dramas are generally occupied in these descriptions and developments. The closing scenes exhibit the heartless intriguer completely foiled, baffled, disappointed, wrinkled, impoverished; bankrupt in all desirable possessions—"the engineer hoist with her own petard." Is it worth while to bestow so much pains and talent on this worthless fragmentary portion of humanity? Yes; for the reasons given above, and also, that while many are harmlessly amused a few may be instructed. Were it not that Mrs. Gore tracks home the same foibles and vices to Bloomsbury Square which she scents in the centre of May Fair, she might be accused of being tacitly in league with the radicals to depreciate the current aristocracy; but the false views and paltry objects of commercial grandees, ambitious of fashionable distinction, find no more favour in her sight than the same things when graced with a coronet, and hidden under the strawberry leaves.

The present three volumes, *THE FAIR OF MAY-FAIR*, contain six stories. *THE FLIRT OF TEN SEASONS* is an abridged "Mothers and Daughters." *THE SEPARATE MAINTENANCE* is a *rifacimento* of "Pin-Money;" and *THE SPECIAL LICENSE*, in its great outlines, approaches "Women as they Are." But though the leading features have a strong family resemblance, the details are dexterously varied. The little occurrences, incidental developments, passing remarks, and traits of penetrative sagacity into the paltry motives of mean minds, discover a more matured tact, a more experienced cleverness. Mrs. Gore has likewise, in

compliance with the expostulations of her critics, or on the prompting of her own good taste, laid aside the scraps of French, and odd-ends of Italian, with which she used to sprinkle and garnish her dialogues; but having erred on the one side, now mistakes the reverse of wrong for right, and surrenders a means of giving smartness and point to conversation apt to subside into the insipid, which she employed with unequalled facility. In dialogue she excels. It may not be very natural perhaps, but neither is the Opera, where people sing out their loves, hatreds, and orders for dinner; yet the first step got over, every body finds it answer wonderfully well, provided only the words sung put be not dull or tedious, which Mrs. Gore's words, whether said or sung, never are. The following conversation, from the FLIRT OF TEN SEASONS, passes at the mansion of a worthy old Dorsetshire Baronet, of a kind of which we fear the breed is extinct even in that fine county. The fair interlocutors are the Lady Caroline Ilchester, the daughter of a Duke,—an aristocrat and a fashionable of the first class, the purest blood of Almack's, and Mary Raymond, a beautiful right-minded girl, who has understanding enough to value her own natural advantages, and sufficient spirit to despise the insolent airs of the "Ladyship." By not over-valuing dukes, Mary Raymond finds one at her feet—rejects, and accepts, and is a duchess; while the Flirt, in vulgar phrase, loses her market. This is on the orthodox principle of Mrs. Lovechild's good books, giving the lump of plum-cake to the good boy. By-and-by, Mrs. Gore may get the length of shewing that the plum-cake only gave the good boy a surfeit; that his own plain bread-and-milk was quite as pleasant, if not more so. There is no curse so heavy as that of "every granted prayer." Mrs. Gore evidently sees the canker, though she contents herself with nibbling at the wart; and while she keeps working with her scissors about the fibres and off-shoots of the Upas of polite society, indicates, that she knows where to hit the tap-root, and could give it a smart blow if it suited her purpose. But we neglect the Lady Caroline.

"You have a brother in the Guards, I think, Miss Raymond?—I often meet him at Almack's, and the sort of public places where one meets every body."

"On the contrary, my brother never—"

"Exactly!—Very tall, with red hair. He would be a very good waltzer if he had the least idea of time, but—"

"I assure you that Henry—"

"They would have it last season that he was going to be married to Lady Gertrude Mildhurst; but I have very good reason to suppose he was only flirting with her married sister; and—"

"You are quite mistaken in—"

"Ah! well—I dare say I was wrong. Lady Gertrude is a very pretty girl; and though by no means in a good set, and too English in her tone, she is tolerably popular, independent of the attraction of those fifty thousand pounds, which Mr. Raymond,—Captain Raymond,—Captain is he?—found so irresistible."

"Believe me, Lady Caroline—"

"No! I really never trust to sisterly exculpations. Adela Richmond and I settled one night at Lansdowne House—"

"Adela!—then you know—"

"Very true!—I see you agree with us that a younger brother is just as excusable in attaching himself to an heiress, as a younger sister to an elder son. Adela declares that the very notion of being a Mrs. Henry, or a Mrs. Charles, would drive her to distraction."

"Drive her to distraction!" retorted Mary; "my cousin Adela's proceedings—"

"Your cousin?"—cried Lady Caroline, now really anxious for a reply. "Is Adela a cousin of yours, and of all these Langdale people?—I never should have guessed it."

"Not of all these Langdale people,—if you mean—"

"Sir Richard and her ladyship, and their learned son?"

"Adela Richmond is my mother's niece; the Raymonds are relations on my father's side."

"Ah! very true. I remember hearing her say that it was the destiny of the last generation of Miss Raymonds to marry in some unfortunate way or other; and that she had made up her mind to amend the matrimonial destinies of the Germaine family."

"I hope she may fulfil her intentions," observed Mary in a tone of pique. "And yet—"

"She has every chance that beauty and fashion can give," said Lady Caroline sneeringly. "One of my younger brothers took it into his head to fall desperately in love with her as soon as she came out; and Mamma was seriously uneasy about it. But I pacified her by the assurance, that so long as an heir apparent was to be had in London, Horace ran no danger; and, just as I predicted, she refused him at the end of the season, in company with half-a-dozen other despairing swains, not one of whom filled up the measure of her ambition."

"Not one of whom had managed to engage her affections, I conclude," added Mary gravely.

"I rather fancy Adela has no affections to engage," observed the impartial Lady Caroline. "Either her heart was already gone, or she was born without one."

"I will answer for it that she *had* one, and a very warm one too, when we were all children together. But Lady Germaine is a very worldly woman; and perhaps may have rendered Adela as calculating as herself."

"Perhaps so; it remains to be proved whether they calculate wisely. They seem to forget that human life is precarious; and that when Lady Germaine's jointure goes, Adela will only have her pretty face and a few thousand pounds to push her on in the world. An only child, and without any opulent connexions, what on earth would become of her in the event of her mother's death!"

"Poor girl!" said Mary, shuddering at any allusion to the death of a mother.

"And yet she has been rash enough to refuse Mr. Browze,—that great huge vulgar man with a Yorkshire estate as large as himself; and Sir Hector Mackenzie, who brought back that noble fortune last year from Calcutta!"

"Indeed!—then after all," said Mary, secretly reverting to the girl and boy attachment between Adela and her brother Harry, "my cousin may not be so heartless as I thought; after all she may prove herself superior to the temptations of a mercenary match."

"Heartless?—Why what do you imagine to have been her inducement in rejecting Sir Hector and Browze?—Affection for my brother Horace, or some other chivalrous knight with the horrors of a small competence to allure her to St. George's Church?—No, no! my dear Miss Raymond,—I cannot believe that so much unsophistication of mind exists even at Langdale."

"What *could* have been her motive," inquired Mary.

"Her mother's, you mean;—for my friend Adela had little voice in the business. Why of course to form a better connexion. Lady Germaine has been manœuvring to get Stoneham to her house all the spring;—and young Lord Westerham appeared really struck by Adela's beauty;—and Colonel Rawford, Lord Rawford's eldest son, is always dangling after her. In short, she is the fashion;—and Lady Germaine fancies she may marry whom she pleases. But both mother and daughter may find themselves mistaken. Marrying and flirting are two very different modes of amusement."

"Marrying and flirting are two very different modes of amusement!" exclaimed young Dechimini, with most provoking mimicry, having entered the boudoir on tiptoe without the smallest deference to the dignity of the two young ladies. "Raymond!—will you believe that Lady Caroline has actually decoyed your fair cousin into this lonely chamber to impart a lesson in fashionable ethics."

Burford was furious that a Mr. Dechimini, an undistinguished individual with a plebeian name, should presume to "Raymond" *him*, or degrade Lady Caroline Ilderfield to the level of his cousin Mary.

Doubtless, many more brilliant passages might be selected than the episode of the worthy Rubrics; but we shall for once venture to gratify those who prefer the finest spirit of humanity to that of fashion even in a Fashionable novel.

No human creature experienced any thing like real affliction on occasion of Dr. Docket's decease, (a man who was found to have been hoarding for fifty years the pro-

ceeds of his various benefices, for the satisfaction of adding a wing to the obscure college of which he was a fellow, to be called the Docket Wing,) but because they foresaw the installation of the Reverend Doctor Fagg, and the consequent banishment of the Reverend Eliab Rubric, the curate who, for twenty years past, had presided over the wants of the poor, the faith of the wavering, the happiness of the whole parish. He had, in fact, laboured solely and abundantly in his vocation, with the exception of collecting its tithes. The tithes were for the dunny vicar, and the Docket wing; a salary of £115 being deducted for the pittance of Eliab.

The Raymonds girls, familiarized by their works of benevolence with the state of the parish,—and the good old dowager, instructed by painful parental experience in the temporal and spiritual doctrines of Dr. Fagg,—were naturally moved with commiseration towards the people of Langdale. But all discussion was useless. The living had long been promised to the tutor of Sir Burford, the *protégé* of the Duke of Dronington. Intelligence of the death of the incumbent was duly dispatched to Bologna, where the Baronet and his shadow were residing; and they now began to expect the arrival of Nicodemus's small travelling valise and snug little person, to take possession of the Vicarage.

It was a doleful sight to Harry Raymond and his sisters to encounter poor Mrs. Rubric, or one of the Curate's fine, hard, healthy-looking boys, in their daily walks, and reflect how soon they were likely to be ejected from the decent happy little tenement in which they had so long resided, and which they had so often rendered a stronghold of defence to their poorer brethren. The gaffers and gammers of Langdale, trudged songless and discontented to work, pondering over the prospect of losing the comforter of their sickness, the strengthener of their hopes, the harbinger of their future compensation; and Rubric himself, in his rusty suit of curate's grey, was often seen scudding with the evening shadows along the meadows and coppices skirt^g the village, as if bidding farewell to the scene of his pastoral labours,—to the wilderness wherein he had so long folded his flock.

There is something humiliating, something painful, in the sight of a scholar,—a servant of the altar—a man with furrows on his brow, and the scars of fifty years of worldly suffering in his heart, driven forth like a hireling to seek his bread;—bidden to resign all intercourse with those for whose sins he has offered up his intercessions to heaven,—the shorn lamb he has sheltered in his bosom, the straggler he has recalled from the waste and the wayside to the fold of GOD! Rubric was too meek to complain, too proud to weep; but he looked at his children, and the walls in which they had been born to him, and which once he trusted would shelter them till the accomplishment of their maturity, in the silence of a deep-felt sorrow.

Poor Mrs. Rubric already began to count her moveables; to gather together her napery and the well-worn garments of her family; to wander round her tiny garden with a heart swelling mightily towards the gooseberry-bushes that had so long furnished her parsonic wine-press, and the crooked quince tree overhanging the pond, that had supplied her annual marmalade. There was not a double daisy putting up its pert head along the oyster-shell border, which did not (as Wordsworth sings) inspire her “with thoughts too deep for tears.” She wandered from the little laundry to the little parlour, from the little parlour to the little kitchen; and gazed upon her washing tubs and saucepans, saying, as the Indian tribes, on retiring to the back settlements, ejaculated to the bones of their ancestors, “How can we say unto *you*, arise and follow us?” Every stir in the village, every rumbling of wheels in the direction of the Pig and Whistle,—the chief hostel of Langdale,—filled her with alarm. She lived in a perpetual presentiment of the advent of the Reverend Nicodemus Fagg.

One evening,—it was the very evening appointed for Henry Raymond's return to town,—a stirring October evening, when the autumnal winds speak with a loud voice among the branches, and the swirling eddies of crisp serc leaves smite sharply against the windows, and Rubric and his wife were sitting dejectedly beside their fire; she, occupied with that everlasting implement of the penurious housewife, a darning-needle; he, pondering with spectacles on nose over a folio Chrysostom, bequeathed him by the dunny Vicar, *not* “to smooth his band in,” but as a handsome testimony of regard for twenty years' services. Both were silent, both sad. But on a sudden Mrs. Rubric paused, with the ravelled muslin in one hand, and the “glitter-forfer” in the other:—she heard a sound, a tumult, a rumbling of wheels. “'Tis the Doctor!” she faltered in a faint voice. “'Tis the Vicar!” responded her husband in a grave one; and rising with dignity he prepared, like Foscarì the Doge, to look upon his successor.

When, lo! a tap louder than any the crackling leaves the sycamores could pro-

duce, was heard at the parlour window; the garden door was burst open with mighty violence; and, rushing into the little chamber, there appeared—(no! not Nicodemus! we ask pardon for the interruption)—Harry Raymond and his three sisters; their fine eyes sparkling, their handsome cheeks glowing with the evening air, their white teeth appearing through smiles of uncontrollable gratulation.

“Margaret must read the letter,—Margaret is the cause of it all!” cried Jane.

HEARTS AND DIAMONDS is formed on a fresher pattern; but the most interesting and instructive, although the most painful tale, is the DIVORCEE. It is the essence of a hundred dark and painful stories. It also enshrines one of Mrs. Gore's *uniques*;—Jane Esthope is more than a counterpart to the Nabob Orme of THE FLIRT OF TEN SEASONS. How beautiful is the affectionate intimacy of the girlish Mrs. Allanby with this Israelite indeed!—how affecting the contrast of the last over-shadowed hours of the victim of Fashionable folly, spent with the same generous and guileless being. We choose our extracts from the days of poor Amelia's innocence. She is the very youthful wife of an elderly and excellent man, of ample fortune, who had chosen her out of a large poor family, and became the benefactor of all its grateful branches; which all droop and wither with her fall.

When first poor Jane was pointed out at Church to Mrs. Allanby of Allanby, her mean stature, duffle cloak, and straw bonnet, said little in her favour. It was not likely to occur to the girlish Amelia (still dazzled by the glittering prospects of ten thousand a-year) that much of the happiness of her future life could depend on so unimportant a person. She had not yet learned how soothing, how necessary, is the balm of sweet counsel, even to those who are clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day. She did not dream that the formality of Allanby Hall, and the awful dignity of the three Carmichaels, would very soon induce her to slip away unattended and unnoticed; and hastily traversing the two fields separating the western lodge of the Park from Moorcroft, the farm-house to which shortly after her marriage she had been ceremoniously introduced by her husband, seat herself cozily in Jane Esthope's ingle-nook, to talk to her,—no! not *talk*,—to *gossip* with her, concerning her mother, her brothers, and sisters;—listening in her turn to Jane's history of her yesterday's churning,—of the snut in farmer Brown's barley, and the stoats which had wrought such devastation in Goody Denham's poultry-yard.

To be sure there was something in Moorcroft which might have attracted visitors from even a more cheerful home than Allanby Hall! The farm was constructed within the ruins of the ancient Abbey of Allanby, on the precipitous banks of the river Greta; taking, in its internal arrangements, the imposing form of its Gothic precursor. The hall, as it was termed, (a chamber uniting both kitchen and parlour,) was formed out of the refectory of the monastery,—the Gothic recesses of which were converted into presses, the receptacles of Jane's household stores, her homespun and homemade. The ruins of the old cloisters still formed the boundary of her little domain; her bantams roosted on the grim effigy of an early Abbot; and the herbary which rendered her honey the boast of the neighbourhood, and her medicine chest the general resort of the poor, exhaled its spicy fragrance under the self-same southern wall which sheltered of yore the early esculents of the luxurious monks. Her grapes clustered round fancifully carved capitals of Saxon columns; her China roses blossomed between “a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille,” of hoary granite;—her beehives were ranged beneath the arch of a retiring window, once rich with a gorgeous variegation of deep-stained Flemish glass;—and the paved court, from whence her dove-cote sent up its flight of fantails, cardinals, and capuchins, into the clear blue sky, was consecrated by a tessellation of emblematic cross-bones and skulls, crowning the “*hic jacets*” of the Franciscan brotherhood of Allanby.

The modern tenant of this romantic abode, remained, in defiance of its associations, one of the most matter-of-fact persons in the world. * * * Even among the poorest of her neighbours, she was only “Jane Esthope.” No one ever thought of disguising her by the name of Miss, or Madam:—the heroine of Miss Baillie's tragedy, “the noble Jane de Montfort,” was not held more proudly superior to common forms of respect, than the little crooked, bright-faced being, who came smiling to her gate to welcome the young wife of Allanby; and who, having seated her in the wicker chair of ceremony, rejoiced in the sight of her beauty and the sound of her sweet voice, without

remembering how honoured was her lowly dwelling by the presence of the Lady of the Hall.

Without sufficient discernment of mind to comprehend the meritoriousness of Jane Esthope's character,—of her cheerfulness under prolonged sickness and habitual infirmities, of the tender mercies which limited her personal comforts, and taxed her slender fortunes,—Amelia was soothed by the sight of her radiant countenance, and the influence of her cordial nature. Many a lesson of wisdom did she unconsciously imbibe from the lips of one who was herself acquainted with only two sources of instruction—the Book of Truth and the face of nature. Mrs. Allanby became wiser and better during a half-hour's visit to Moorcroft, than after a whole day's schooling from the literary Priscilla or the controversial Lucinda. She was only aware, however, of becoming happier; for it was to Jane Esthope alone she ventured to prattle respecting her sister Stretton's apprehensions that her little boy had got the measles,—Mrs. Madoc Williams's anticipations of an heir-apparent that was to precede the hope of Allanby,—and her own anxiety that some tidings should reach her parents concerning the safety of the Orion frigate and its second Lieutenant, which, for two years past, had been cruising in mysterious silence in the Indian seas.

It was one bright day in April, after an absence of four or five, (a *long* absence for one who was in the habit of at least a five minutes' parley over the gate every morning of the week,) that Amelia passed the threshold of Moorcroft; and without interrupting Jane Esthope's occupation, who was busy-sorting flax for distribution among the poor, seated herself beside an open casement round which the gay flowers of the mezezon and corcorus were already clustering.

"I have not been here since Thursday," said she in a mournful tone. "We have had a terrible large party at the Hall."

"I met a carriage-and-four with the Tufton arms the other day, as I was returning from the West Lodge poorhouses," observed Jane, who had never in her life entered the Hall as a guest, and had no more notion of being invited there than of a presentation at Court.

"Lady Sophia Tufton and her family were with us three days; and we had my father's cousin, Sir Vavasor Kendal and his son, besides several other people."

"A large pleasant party?"

"Yes! Lady Carmichael thought it very pleasant. I heard her tell Mr. Allanby it went off 'vastly well considering;' but I don't know,—it seemed very stiff and unsociable after our Bath parties."

"Bath must be a very gay place," said Jane; "they tell me it is almost as large as Edinburgh."

"It is a very beautiful city; and yet when I happened to mention to one of the Miss Tuftons that I had never been in London, and had lived at Bath, she seemed so surprised; and said to her sister, 'I did not know people *lived* at Bath; I fancied one only went for the season.' And the next time I was alone with Lady Carmichael she begged me as a particular favour never again to mention that I was brought up at such a place; or that I never lived in town. 'People will find it out quite soon enough,' she said; 'and it would vex my brother to know that the Tuftons had been sneering at his wife'

"But *did* they sneer?"

"They looked at each other, but said not a word."

"Sir Vavasor Kendal must have been aware you are not a Londoner."

"He knows very little of us; and yet but for his introduction of Mr. Allanby, I should never have seen Westmoreland," said Mrs. Allanby with a deep sigh.

"You must love him for that!" cried Jane, glowing with the minor patriotism of love of county.

"He seems very amiable and gracious."

"And were his sons with him?—Colonel Kendal is one of our members, and is thought a very great man."

"So he seemed." He sat whispering every evening with the Miss Tuftons and Lady Sophia, till I almost fancied they were laughing at me."

"Dear, dear Mrs. Allanby,—laughing at *you*! How could you fancy such a thing?" said Jane, aghast at the notion.

"Indeed it was only my cousin Vavasor who condescended to take the least notice of me. I remember he came once to Bath, and used to dance with my sister Rose, when I was a little girl. And he asked me *so* many questions about home; and remembered all my brothers. I like Vavasor very much. I walked with him every morning; I almost thought of bringing him to visit you."

"I should have been very glad to see him."

"But I sometimes think, that if Lady Carmichael and her daughters knew of

my coming here so often, and how happy I am at Moorcroft, they would want to come too; and they are so very disagreeable!"

"Surely, they will soon be leaving the Hall?"

"Yes; I heard Miss Lucinda tell the Tuftons they should meet in town after Easter; and Vavasor seemed surprised when he found *we* were not going too. My cousin assures me I should be enchanted with London. But I am satisfied I should feel still more lonely there than at Allanby; for I know nobody in town but my brother Bob, whose time is taken up with business; and here I have you, Jane,—whom, next to Mamma and my sisters, I love better than any body."

"You are very good to say so," said Jane Esthope, warmly; "but in London you would soon gain plenty of fine friends."

Amelia sighed:—those she had acquired since her marriage gave her little anxiety to increase the number. "I want no new friends," said she. "Perhaps next year some of my brothers and sisters may be invited to Allanby, and it will not be so dull then,—I shall have my baby to shew them. How delightful it will be to bring them all here some morning! Helen draws beautifully, and will make me a sketch of Moorcroft. Poor Helen lost *her* little girl:—I shall be quite grieved for her, Jane, when she first sees mine."

"But is yours to be a little girl?—*We* in the village want an heir for Allanby Hall."

"Oh! no, no,—a dear little girl, who will always be with me—never leave me. I shall wish for no company then. Dear, dear Jane, think how happy I shall be when——"

"When you find that I have at last discovered your retreat!" cried a voice from the window. "Pardon me for venturing hither; but those two ferocious dragons, the Miss Carmichaels, informed me you were wandering somewhere about the park, and I gave my horse leave to follow you."

"He was very clever to find his way to Moorcroft," said Mrs. Allanby, blushing deeply as the face and figure of a very fine young man of five-and-twenty appeared at the casement; "I hope you have tied him at the gate, so that he may not trample the flower-beds. Jane, this is my cousin Vavasor."

The "cousin Vavasor," who, years afterwards, when poor Amelia had regularly graduated into a fashionable beauty, became her heartless seducer, without even the excuse of sharing in that love, of which her bosom was so full.

In conclusion, we give Mrs. Gore's rapid summary of the delights for which so many men and women "walk in a vain shew, and disquiet themselves in vain."

And in what, may we venture to inquire, consisted the "course of gaiety" apparently so warmly appreciated by both mother and daughter;—what were their habits, their occupations, their means and measure of enjoyment? To rail for the first four months of the season at the dulness and emptiness of town; to fume, fret, and scold for the four ensuing, at balls, or rumours of balls, from which they fancied themselves designedly omitted;—to grumble during the bright days of June at the multiplicity and incompatibility of their engagements; and amid the fading pleasures of July, to grasp at every dying flower till its leaves were crushed,—to redouble every effort, every matrimonial manœuvre, till disappointment became disgrace.

Nor were the minor cares and occupations of Adela more edifying or more satisfactory. Up till daylight, morning after morning, yet ever hurried away from the ball-room in "the sweet o' the night," lest the grey twilight should prove a dangerous visitation, a revealer of defeasures, a beacon-light to the unwary; chained to a mid-day couch, day after day, by headache and the apprehension not of personal fatigue, but of a careworn countenance;—all the labours of beauty,—all the cares of designing, ordering, inspecting and altering, ball dress after ball dress;—all the dread of being surpassed by the addition of a founce, feather, or spangle, by some mischievous rival;—all the apprehension of appearing either before or behind the fashion,—of offending Lady This by copying some irresistible peculiarity of her costume, or Lady That by flying into a contrary extreme;—all the peevish, trivial, selfish, contemptible vexations and toils of a mere woman of the world, perpetually gathering round her young head! To attract, to ensnare, to amuse a good creature occupied every thought of this immortal and responsible being.

SOCIETY IN ENGLAND.

THE object of the following series of papers will be to convey a correct idea of that very curious and complicated phenomenon, English Society. While making this attempt, it is not intended to pursue a regular plan. The subjects will be laid before the reader, much in the same order in which they suggested themselves to the writer; and provided that the portrait, on the whole, be a correct likeness, it matters little in what order the various features are delineated.

By the word society here is intended the various relations in which the different members and classes of our people stand to each other, in the character of neighbours. The immediate object in view is to describe merely what we may term social, as opposed to political, and mere family relations. But since the social are powerfully influenced by the political relations, the former in fact taking their impress or character in a great measure from the latter, political institutions will, of necessity, be frequently subject of remark. But this is far from the chief aim in view. There are faults in the social structure as now existing in England, that no mere political revolution or reform could alter. If to-morrow we had the most perfect government the wit of man could devise, we should be, in spite of this great amelioration, an unhappy people. There are feelings now existing in all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest, which, of necessity, would poison the happiness of any nation. As a people, we seem, in fact we are, ignorant, that happiness is our "being's end and aim." Our thoughts have been so intensely directed to the *means*, that the end has at length been totally forgotten. These vices in the system, time and long travail in the education of all classes alone can cure. To signalize these, and suggest modes of reform, is the great object of the following series of papers. The effort, however humble its execution, is in itself great, and unluckily, (that is, for the community,) it is new. Social ought to go hand in hand with political reform; but the evil in the case of the latter is palpable to most eyes, while the deep and deadly cancers of the former require careful and narrow search to be discovered; not because they are insignificant, but because a more intimate knowledge of social life, and social morality is necessary, to be able to distinguish the diseased from the healthy structure. The evil is of silent, though extensive influence. It starts not to view in striking and individual misery, but, in its slow growth, infects the whole mass of society. Gradual decay takes place, happiness departs, misery takes its place; various are the causes supposed, various the reforms suggested. But since the one are wrongly attributed, the latter are vain; and we go on from one generation to another, bearing the burthen of our miseries about us, complaining, and wretched, and bequeath a still more miserable existence to our successors. The evil, however, if known, is not difficult of cure. All that is required is, that we should determine to be happy in spite of the happiness of our neighbours. If we could once learn in what the elements of real happiness consist, it would not be long before we ourselves were happy.

 NO. II.—THE ARISTOCRACY IN THE COUNTRY.

In the spring of the year 18— having worn out my body by over-exertion and harassing my mind, my medical advisers commanded me

to leave London, and its various and varying excitements. In obedience to their orders I went out of town, and as quiet was my object, took up my abode at ———, a small village on the Hampshire coast. I well knew that my good countrymen would not thrust upon me their society; being, as I was, a stranger, and living after a very modest and moderate fashion; indeed, living as I did, I might, had it been my wish, have remained for the whole of my life in perfect solitude, untroubled by any impertinent, or any kind-hearted intrusion. The object I sought was therefore certain, since I took no introductions, and was luckily not personally known to any of the immediately surrounding gentry.

As my health gradually returned, my solitude became irksome; I was not strong enough to study, and mere *light reading*, as it is usually termed, is by no means a continuing source of amusement. To travel over the heaps of literary rubbish which are now, in defiance of every warning, impudently thrown out upon the highway, to annoy and obstruct the traveller, is a painful labour. Canting, flippant, supercilious, heartless, superficial; wanting all the higher excellencies of learning and of thought; wanting even an attractive manner, from the haste and carelessness with which they compose, our mere *litterateurs* of the present time, if they truly represent the public mind, serve to give one no very favourable impression respecting either the mental or moral endowments of our countrymen. There was no solace in the world of amusement they offered.

Friendship, however, brought me the mental occupation I desired. I could converse though I could not study; and friends were soon found who kindly lent their aid to lighten the burthen of my existence. Among others was a young American, whom I shall here call Pierrepont. It were useless, not to say impertinent, to give his real name.

Pierrepont had not been long in England. A few months before he had left the United States with the intention of travelling over Europe, and the first place he came to naturally enough was England. Like most Englishmen and their descendants, he was possessed by the pride of birth; and though proud, and justly proud, of the *institutions* of his country, which acknowledged no such distinctions, and the almost necessary tendency of which is to induce every citizen to think lightly of them, he yet felt and could not repress an aristocratic pride in being descended, not from his own country's worthies (and there are none greater) but from an old Norman family established in England at the time of the Conquest. The institutions of America cannot effect the whole of the education of her citizens. English literature, English learning, politics, philosophy, all play an important part in that education; and the more *instructed*, in the ordinary sense of the term, any one of her sons becomes, the more likely is he to be enthralled by the influence of that literature and philosophy. With some marked exceptions, English philosophy and literature are *aristocratic*. These exceptions also, are just the writers most seldom studied or appreciated. The general current of thought, the ordinary trains of association fostered by English writing, are of an exclusive aristocratic description. Locke, Milton, Hobbes, Sydney, Bentham, and a few others, may be found whose works breathe a different feeling; but who, now, ever even reads these? Still fewer is the number of those who study and understand them! In America our *ordinary* literature is chiefly studied, while the more recondite and exalted portions of it are less known than even in the coun-

try which gave it birth. Pierrepont was well read in all those more common portions of our literature, and being of an imaginative character, was more than ordinarily under its influence; more so than he well knew, or knowing would have acknowledged. On the other hand, the brilliant though short history of his own country had wrought deeply upon his mind; while her institutions had trained him to the doctrine, feeling, and practice of *equality*. These terms may appear strange, perhaps incongruous—they nevertheless have been advisedly selected. The *doctrine* of equality is, that the feelings, the happiness of one man, shall not only in law, but in the every-day intercourse of our lives, be allowed and deemed of import equal to that of any other man. The *feeling* of equality is, having this doctrine made as it were a part of our nature—just as the opposite opinion is in England, and was in France under the old *regime*, ingrafted on the hearts of the aristocratic classes. When, in the same quick, certain and unchallenged manner, in which the fostered child of aristocracy entertains contempt and recklessness for the feelings of his poorer fellow-creature, a man feels that his poorest neighbour's well-being must be respected just as if it were that of his richest, then that man has, what I call, the feeling of equality. When all his acts mark this feeling, when he not only admits it in words, but by his conduct, in all his relations with others, proves that he admits it, then he practises the doctrine of equality. My young friend, thanks to the institutions of his country, had received an education which made this doctrine, feeling, and practice, a part of his very nature. He was thus far a republican in heart as well as in name.

Pierrepont came to me early in June. The weather had been for some weeks genial and warm; the face of the country was in the highest degree beautiful, and the happy joyous nature of the season threw a life and radiance over the landscape that can seldom be found in our cold, dull, cheerless climate. As we rode through the green lanes, and swept by the many lordly dwellings, with which this part of England is profusely studded, my companion would break out into rapture at the singularly beautiful, and to him novel scenes the neighbourhood afforded. Turning to me as we passed one of those splendid abodes, more magnificent than any we had yet seen, he said, "You R——, have been in America, and know the character of its scenery, and therefore can well appreciate the pleasure I feel at the exquisite novelty before me. Look at that noble house, with its sweeping boundless lawns, its avenues of massy foliage. How exquisitely quiet, simple, yet magnificent! Your aristocracy at least shew taste in this portion of their establishment. Do you think," said he, with a sort of doubting and hesitation, "that this is more beautiful than the giant scenery of my native land?" My answer was, "That to me they seemed not objects of comparison. England (at least such portions as I have seen) has nothing that can be called scenery; that is, no natural scenery. The beauties of her landscape are not derived from the outline of the country; from the hues which the light throws over it, or which the mere atmosphere imparts. We have not here as with you the swelling outline of gigantic mountains—no magnificent forest here exhibits a gorgeous panoply of foliage—no majestic rivers roll through interminable plains—no fiery atmosphere clothes the whole heaven in purple and gold. All you see, or nearly all, is the sheer result of art and wealth. Those trees have been planted in the beautiful order in which you see them. Their very existence is a proof of enormous riches. They occupy much space, and capital

that has been idle a century. Those lawns have been rendered even, sloping, and smooth by the labour of hundreds of hands; and that noble dwelling, which seems the palace of a prince, has been a voracious gulf swallowing up hundreds of thousands of pounds. Beat down the house; let the trees alone grow that would spontaneously arise; let the lawns become wild, and then take your pencil, and see how poor, uninteresting and insignificant the whole would appear." "You speak, R. as if you almost desired such an event."—"No, indeed. I, like you, am too fond an idolater of all this beautiful landscape which you as a man of taste could not fail to admire. But unfortunately all its loveliness, (which at times I gaze upon for hours, until I almost lose, in my admiration, all other considerations,) is linked in the mind of every thinking man with associations of pain, and misery, and degradation."—"How is this? I see no reason for such."—"Ay, that is because you know not the society into which you have come. Stay with us a few months longer and you will think as I now speak. Do you see yonder board nailed to that stunted fir tree? Do you see its threatening with a PROSECUTION in large letters, according to law?—*persecution*, it should be. Do you see in the hedge there, a sort of gap apparently lately stopped up?—that was a footpath used by the poor. Those two things, insignificant as they may seem, are painful evidences of the radical vice of our social morality. You admire, and so do I, the quiet patrician solitude of the beautiful domain before us. There is more of real magnificence and dignity in that exquisite repose than if a troop of feudal retainers were seen in waiting at the gates. But that solitude is obtained in this case by oppression,—is desired not for the pleasures it might bestow, but on account of its *exclusiveness*." "You speak in riddles now," said Pierre-point, laughing; "I shall begin to think that your malady has reached your head. What can you mean? I see nothing to indicate this." No, indeed; the outside of things with us seldom betrays what lies below. Doubtless by the aid of your fervid imagination, and Washington Irving's romancing, you have peopled yonder house. Let me give you a picture of your thoughts. The owner, you fancy, a man of great wealth, influence, fine taste, and benevolence. One who, though he be a sort of feudal lord, yet exercises his power in no evil manner. You suppose him beloved by a large tenantry, who look upon him with a species of filial respect. You fancy him and his family (a family composed of generous youths, and elegant gentle-hearted girls) in daily intercourse with their poorer neighbours, giving advice where needed, assistance more substantial in money, or even personal attendance to the very poor. The sick you suppose to resort to this house for aid, and comfort, and instruction. In short, you have fancied a neighbourhood of which this family is the centre, guiding, cheering all, and beloved and respected by all. Now answer truly,—were not your cogitations of this complexion?" "You have, I think, somewhat exaggerated my thoughts, though certainly your guess has a semblance of truth. Indeed it is not surprising that I should have some such fancies. A man of wealth has in this country power to do what you have described; and one would suppose that having the power, he would be tempted, from mere personal interest, so to exercise it. This house I suppose was built to be inhabited; and if we live in a neighbourhood, it is but natural that we should make ourselves agreeable to that neighbourhood. Now what way more suitable or likely to be adopted than the one you have described?" "In faith you exhibit no slight ignorance of English society,

English feelings and manners. As a counterpart to your romance, I will give you the true history of this house, and *ex uno disce omnes*.—

“Its present owner is Lord A—, who not long since came, on the death of his father, into the possession of immense wealth. This father commenced life in some humble capacity; but by his industry, frugal habits, talents, and good fortune, came to be partner in a flourishing mercantile concern. The old man was not, however, content with mercantile gains. During the late war he was useful in the raising of loans to the then minister, and was paid accordingly. Some way or another, old B—’s stock-jobbing speculations always proved successful. Some said he was peculiarly clever in foreseeing events; others thought they were told him by the minister, in order that they might be turned to good account by the stock-jobber. However this may have been, B— grew exceedingly rich, and amongst other large property, he bought the place you see; or rather foreclosed a mortgage he had on it,—the former owner having been a foolish spendthrift about town. The house, by the aid of builders, and planters, and landscape gardeners, and a host of other functionaries, was made the beautiful place we now admire. As for old B—’s taste, it never extended beyond the binding of his private cash book, or the shape and size of his office table. When the old man died, which he did full of years, and glorying that he did not spend the interest of his interest, his ambitious son, Mr. G. B—, jun. succeeded. Now the young B— loathed the recollection of his father’s life. He had by times been sent to Oxford, was afterwards a young man about town, and soon after returned for the borough of C—, then among many in the possession of his father. He wished, he craved,—he would have given half his fortune to have been deemed one of the aristocracy—one of the *exclusive* class of society. To become so, he strained every nerve, and exercised every art his ingenuity suggested. Vulgar people, and he is one of the vilest, feel there is no way to rescue themselves from being confounded with what they term low people, but by haughtily shunning and insulting them. They have not that true dignity which quietly but certainly draws the only line that a man of sense requires. But with these *nouveaux riches*, and *lately gentlemen*, there is a painful recollection of their own elevation—that is, of their having been elevated. It is ever in their minds, is the spring of all their actions, and a curse which renders their wealth a torture. Well, B— had this dreadful malady, and applied to his Majesty for an earl’s coronet to cure it, much in the same way that poor wretches did formerly for his touch to relieve the scrofula. He was thus lifted among the nobles of our land; but neither our nobles, nor in fact any class of our landlords, possess that feudal spirit which you have spoken of. Most of them have arisen in this way; and you cannot suppose that men possessed of the dread I mention, would dare to have any intimate intercourse with a class so far beneath them as their tenants.” “Beneath them!” interrupted Pierrepont, “why beneath them?” “I cannot tell you *why*,” I answered. “I state a fact however. The tenants, that is the farming tenants, no matter how educated, no matter of what wealth or talents, are deemed by our aristocracy far beneath them. Let me proceed however. On all new men, and comparatively speaking the rich of our country are all such, their privilege does not sit easily;—it is maintained by a struggle, and the great instrument by which it is preserved is *exclusiveness*. As this same exclusiveness runs through English society, you ought to understand what is meant by it. Let us begin with the aristocracy

themselves. These, from the mode in which they are kept up, and constantly increased, are naturally enough separated off into small classes or coteries. The highest circle is peculiarly *recherché*, that is, exclusive—few, very few are the happy mortals who are admitted within its magic boundary. You, as an American, would, I think, be most unreluctantly excluded, unless indeed you can lay claim to being a direct descendant from some native prince—some one of the red rulers of the forest. Randolph of Ronnohe was here some time ago. I do not know how he succeeded, or whether he tried to be admitted; but since, as I understand, he lays claim to be descended from Pocohantas, (never mention the name of Capt. John Smith, her husband,) I fancy if his request had been well stated, he might have seen what black art these very exclusive persons do actually practise. The second class not being admitted to the first, revenge the affront on all such as they deem beneath them; they in their turn become exclusives; and thus the aristocracy itself consists of many grades or classes. Many are the nobles who are as sedulously excluded from the empyrean regions of D— house, as would be Mr. John Anybody the sugar-broker. Thousands of poor wretches spend their lives in attempting to become of such privileged set, sacrificing happiness, honour, and fortune to this their stupid ambition. This high-minded feeling descends, however, to the remaining portions of society, until at length you find the wholesale dealer excluding him who retails his goods; and not long since I saw an instance in which an enraged scavenger denounced them low fellows the *dustmen*. I have not yet learned whether the *dustmen* exclude any body.*

“ Thus, exclusiveness being the grand point in life, it must be shewn in every possible shape; and, alas! that it should be so; it extends to shutting up their beautiful houses, and still more beautiful grounds, and retiring from all social intercourse with their poorer neighbours. Some few there still are who have enough of kindness and true dignity not to practise this barbarism. The exception does them honour, while its rarity is a stain upon their order.”—“ But you seem, I think, to attribute too much to this boorish conduct. The people are only cut off from the pleasure of seeing the beautiful specimens of art which these houses contain, and of wandering through very beautiful grounds.” There is no very great harm in this, was Pierrepoint's observation. “ Ay—you speak like an American. The citizen of your republic needs no defence but from the law, requires no assistance from the mere sympathy of his richer neighbours. There is no great man who has power to oppress him, neither is he so poor or so ignorant as to depend for his happiness and even comfort upon the benevolent, good feelings of anybody. Far different is the condition of large masses of my poor countrymen. This man of millions here, could crush, and utterly ruin, ay, banish a hundred of any of the poor wretches round him. They lie prostrate before him. The law is a dead letter as regards them, and may be twisted, or evaded, or fought off by the noble here, to any purpose he may desire. It is of the highest importance therefore that this despot should have kindly feelings towards the poor, and be placed in such a position as to be acted upon by their good and evil opinion. This cannot be the case while he flies their society. If, as in the olden time, he came down upon

* “ La maniere eternelle de tout gentilhomme en France c'est de se croire supérieur à ses égaux, et égal à ses supérieurs.”

his lawn when it was covered with the peasants dwelling round his estate; if he mingled with them, knew their faces, and their families and fortunes, he could not avoid being interested in their welfare, desirous of their good, and to a certain extent dreading their ill opinion. The acts of atrocity that are now daily committed as regards them, would not, could not then be hazarded. Moreover this man is a law-maker, wholly independent as to continuing such, of any voting of the people. It is doubly necessary therefore that he should be placed under some moral, since there is no legal, check upon his conduct. There now exists neither the one nor the other, and what is the result—a hatred between these rulers and the remaining members of the community that I fear can never be allayed. ‘War to the knife’ will some day be declared by the people, and then the descendants of this narrow-minded aristocracy will bitterly rue the conduct of their ancestors.”—“You spoke just now,” said Pierrepont, after a short pause, “of the practice of the olden time, and you spoke in a tone so resembling that of admiration, that you surprised me. You so peculiarly a friend of *movement*.”

“What, then, you fancy that because I wish men to improve, and fancy that they do improve, I can see no good in the past, or, seeing, cannot admire it. What was good then I am perfectly willing to acknowledge, and I lament, bitterly lament, that reformers have seldom been so discriminating and reasonable as, while destroying bad institutions, to retain the good they often contained. I know not whether the men ought to be blamed for this however. ’Tis perhaps often impossible to effect so desirable an end. Just as now, it would seem almost impossible to cure the evils of our present society, without overturning the whole fabric. However, without attempting to determine this question, certain it is, there was some good in the feudal bond, which the present condition of those same classes of society formerly held by it do not now enjoy. The good to which I allude, sprang from the sort of social duties which that bond imposed on the lord. The relation between him and his vassal (for that is the word) was not a mere money relation. It extended far over the whole social intercourse of the two parties; and while it created a curious sort of religious respect on the part of the vassal, it gave him great and irresistible claims to kind offices from his lord. When that lord, in place of a turbulent marauder, became a quiet squire or country gentleman, the same feeling was often retained by both parties, and much good at times resulted from it; and from thence those pictures have been taken of old English hospitality and generous retainership which have so captivated the imagination of thousands. But ’tis now extinct. The tenantry of a landowner are now mere capitalists, not farmers. A farmer in my sense of the term, is he who lives upon his farm, cultivating it not merely with an eye to the per centage he gains on the capital expended, but with a view to his whole happiness. One who employs his capital in agriculture, because from thence he can gain a large return per cent., and the moment he can find more profitable employment in other branches of business, removes it: this is not a farmer after my fashion, or after the olden fashion. The old-fashioned farmer cultivated his farm in hopes of a comfortable subsistence, and happy mode of life. He looked to thrive, but he did not determine whether he did so or not by the balance at his bankers, but by the comfort in his dwelling, and of those in and around it. He was a person bound to the soil, by a tie which he never thought of breaking. While this was the case, tenantry were for ages descendants from forefathers who had tilled the self-same farm; and there might be, and

sometimes was, a very intimate intercourse between them and their landlords. Capital has now, however, been turned to farming as to other speculations; and the misery which the philosophic eye of Goldsmith foresaw and lamented by anticipation in his unrivalled "Deserted Village," has come to pass. The small farmers have disappeared, and while our produce has thereby increased, our happiness as a community has sensibly diminished. That narrow-minded race, the mere political economists, laugh at this. They have yet to learn that the accumulation of wealth is not all that is requisite to make men happy."—"If," said my friend, "you fling your shafts thus plentifully around you, I suspect you will some day rue your hasty zeal. None seem secure from your attacks: if at any time men should care about what you say, they will make common cause, and hunt you out of society. Be good enough, pray just now, to leave the political economists to themselves, and inform me what the farming population actually is. You have just told me what it is not."—"The farming population, as you term them, are of two sorts—viz., capitalists and labourers. The first is a very small, the other a very numerous class. Of the middling class who live in the country a very small fraction are farmers; so that when we hear an outcry raised about the agricultural interest, it should be remembered that thereby cannot be intended the interests of all, or any thing like all, the country population. However, the farmers are now usually men of large capital, who hire large tracts of land from the landowners, who are in fact the aristocracy. Between these two classes there is no sympathy—in fact, they cordially hate one another. If the farmer can pay his rent, he cares not much for his landlord, and if he cannot, he does not remain a tenant."

"But since there is no connexion between the landowner and the labouring farming population, how is it that the former can be charged with oppressing the latter?" asked Pierrepoint.—"That is a mystery not very difficult in its explanation. We indeed hear much talk respecting the manifold advantages the country derives from the aristocracy living on their estates; and the game laws have been preserved in order to have these useful persons to perform a great service to their nation. We give children sugar plumbs to make them good—we permit the aristocracy to have the singular privilege of shooting at peculiar kinds of birds in the hope of rendering them patriotic. One reward is not less puerile than the other. However you are desirous of learning how the aristocracy can be charged with oppression. You wish to know how this boasted utility takes so different a complexion. Truly may it be said that they have, by their precious influence, rendered the country a hell." We had now reached a sort of wild common that spread for some miles before us. On it grew nothing but furze or heath. To the left the belt of trees enclosing Lord A.'s grounds about his house, was so continued by new plantations as to take in a large portion from this wilderness. "There," said I, pointing to the enclosure, "is an instance of one of the ways in which oppression takes place. If you look some half-mile along this waste, you may see a small cluster of mud cottages; and you will perceive, when we reach them, that by dint of toil the poor inmates have managed to make for themselves, around their paltry dwellings, neat, and not unfruitful gardens. They have rescued these single spots from the great wilderness around; and by labour, for the expenditure of which no capitalist could be repaid, they have rendered these barren spots means of great comfort to their families. They are what you would term *squatters*; that is, they

have settled themselves there without leave, believing, and truly too, that the little spots they occupy can be useful to no one else. A few years since just such a little colony was on the spot of the wilderness now enclosed by this new plantation. This nobleman, he whose influence is to render such essential service to the country, fancied, that since these grounds could grow cabbages for the poor cotters, they would grow grass for his deer. Without hesitation he gave an order for the immediate ejection of his poor neighbours, pulled down their houses, rooted up their little orchards, scattered their fences, and made the spot such as you see it. Supposing that his grounds were rendered prettier by this; supposing that the miserable wretches had no title to their land—but the sweat which they had shed upon it, while labouring to render it fertile; suppose all this, would a kind-hearted man, one who had the smallest shadow of benevolent feeling; would he have so heartlessly desecrated the hearths of ten or twenty families? The same feelings of attachment clung to the humble dwelling of the poor cottager as are linked with the roof-tree of a rich man; feelings as hallowed and intense in the one case as the other. Thus to rend and tear asunder all the many tender associations which are joined with one's hearth, however lowly and humble it be, exhibits a wretched criminal callousness to the misery of one's fellow creatures. Do you think these acts do not sink deep in the recollection of the peasantry? Do you believe that there will be a child of the parents thus turned abroad upon the world, who will not treasure up the remembrance of this foul deed, and sigh for a day of ample revenge and retribution? We shall see the counterpart of this fearful tragedy some day in the towering flames that will shoot forth from the high pinnacles of these lordly palaces. We read, and tremble as we read, the fearful history of the destruction of the chateaux in France, by an enraged and long-abused peasantry: who shall say, when we may see what we have shuddered to read?" We had now reached the little cluster of mud cottages to which I had before pointed. "Now, here is another instance of the good feeling of these lords of the soil. I have given you one specimen of their utter recklessness as to the misery of their poor neighbours; here is an instance of their unsparing rapacity. These poor cottages, as you see, are built upon a perfect barren, and each little garden seems an oasis in the desert. None but wretches, reduced to a fearful state of want, would have attempted to cultivate this place in hopes of deriving nourishment from its produce. Its owner would have let it remain in its primitive rudeness and unproductiveness to the end of time. Yet the moment that the gardens appeared to thrive, the trees to blossom, he sends to demand a rent of the miserable inmates on pain of instant ejection. Could you believe this? A man of millions to clutch and claw, even from these half-starved peasants. The soul absolutely sickens at such grovelling baseness." "Bad—bad, indeed" said Pierrepont. "These are strange illustrations of the usefulness of aristocratic influence. It may be said, however, that there are individual instances, and that the conduct of the *class* is different."—"Oh, yes, any thing may be said; proof of the proposition, however, would be found difficult. Let it be asked is this man shunned by his class for thus acting? Not at all. His brethren laud him: he is a great man of the county, high in trust, and possessed of enormous power. If his class looked upon him with a proper feeling, they would shun such a wretch as they would a pestilence. But they do not—they dare not, because they have all, or nearly all, similar acts to overlook. Besides, the morality of his class includes not a consideration of the

welfare of the poor for the poor's sake. When, indeed, the misery of the people does evil to themselves, then, but not before, do they pay attention to their condition."—"Still," observed Pierrepont, "these are acts of individual oppression. They cannot, by their nature, extend to the whole poor. Can the aristocracy be charged with a system of general oppression?"—"Certainly. But observe as to these individual acts. They are significant marks of the feelings of the rich, and lead us to expect that the whole tenor of their conduct would be in the same spirit; and, remember, also, we are speaking of the influence of the aristocracy upon the people. Now acts of this sort are quite sufficient to generate hatred between the one class and the other; and anything so doing must be pernicious in its influence. We are a people divided against ourselves, and we are so through the influence of the aristocracy. But as to a general system of oppression, it can be easily shewn. The whole comforts of the people, in so far as they depend upon the legislature, are gradually, constantly curtailed. I could, as an example, have shewn you in our ride, fifty footpaths stopped up. This is no slight evil. No matter how useful to the poor peasant, however; the moment a land-owner dislikes one of these short cuts, he invites a brother land-owner and brother magistrate to dinner; and after dinner, they, in their magisterial capacity, determine that the said footpath ought, for the general welfare, to be closed; and closed it consequently is. Is there a common in which the poor man's cow, or ass, or geese can feed, the surrounding land-owners fix their eyes on it, and determine to enclose it; that is, to take it to themselves. A bill to enclose the common is brought into Parliament. The poor man has no one to represent his case, to set forth his grievance; the thing passes as a matter of course, and the poor man is robbed according to law. For, by a curious rule, he who has already got the largest quantity of land gets the largest share in the division; and he who has no land, which is the position of the poor, gets none. So that the poor man's cow, &c. are at once deprived of the means of subsistence. But, here, again, the mere political economist steps in and says, this is no great evil. The misery of the poor arises from their numbers, and commons and waste lands only put off the evil day. But why, I ask, anticipate the evil day? and why, above all, do any thing to exasperate the poor? Why shew them that you are careless of their welfare? Why do any thing, not absolutely necessary, which they deem an oppression? Why do injustice? It is of the highest importance that the minds of the people should be directed to the lasting and most powerful cause of their misery; but this can never be done while these petty acts of oppression are being practised. They point to these, and to them attribute their wretchedness. Go to a neighbourhood where a common has been enclosed, and the cry of all the poor is, "We were comfortable when we had a common; but the rich folks grugged us the use of it, and took it away." And, then, if they do not mistrust you, follow curses deep, not loud. But the catalogue of oppression ends not here. I know not whether you have happened to see any returns of the prisoners in the county jails; if you have, you must have observed that something like three-fourths of them are thrust into these dens of iniquity for poaching. A man with a half-starved family knocks down a wild bird, (which he cannot be made to consider private property, and which, I am prepared to shew is not private property;) and for this act he is sent to jail, and his family to the workhouse. This, from the numbers incarcerated, cannot be considered a rare and singular occurrence. It happens daily, nay, hourly, and has served more than any-

thing else to ruin our peasantry, and to raise up that civil, or rather servile war; which is incessantly raging in the very entrails of the land, between game-keepers and the peasantry. The evil is enormous, manifest; and for what is it borne? Why, that some few fools, young and old, should have the pleasure of shooting at partridges and pheasants, that require no more skill to be hit than would so many barn-door fowls. You will see employed in this ridiculous game, statesmen, generals; ay, and judges, the old fools! and for this petty boy-like amusement do they ruin the land. "This is the influence of the aristocracy in the country."—"This," said my friend, "is a subject with which you appear familiar. Have you ever, in your cogitations, thought of the remedy or remedies for the evils you describe?"—"Yes, oftentimes; but they must be reserved for other times. Put spurs to your horse, and let us make the best of our way home, for yonder is a thunder cloud sweeping this way, that will drench us in a minute should it catch us." A distant rumble made us quicken our pace, and just as we arrived at our door, the heavy drops fell at distant intervals, deep into the dry dust of the road. The wind was hushed, and the heavy sea rolled slowly and sullenly, and without the aid of wind, high up on the shore. Ere we had got well housed, the rain fell in torrents, the wind blew a hurricane, the dashing sea was covered with flying foam; there came flash upon flash of fierce and almost blinding lightning, while the deep bellying thunder drowned the loud roaring of the waves, and seemed to threaten a wide and universal destruction.

THE SPRING DAY.

THE cold March winds are over and gone;
 The warm Spring weather begins to breathe;
 The Earth is putting her Summer robes on,
 Purple above, and green beneath:
 A single cloud may scarcely lie
 On the face of the soft and glassy sky,
 The breezes help them so lightly by.

So—stand upon this bridge with me,
 And look on the sweet scenery.
 Look on yonder castle-wall
 That overhangs the water-fall,
 With battlements old and grey,—
 The velvet slope—the tufted mound—
 Where the cawing rooks wheel round and round;
 And the water, with a pleasant sound,
 Goes wandering on its way.

It is the very prime of Spring!
 And, far-off in the meadows green,
 Where the lambs are gambolling
 O'er the soft rich carpeting,
 What a flowery pomp is seen!
 On every tree—the smallest bough
 Hath some budding leaflets now;
 Every bank is rich with greenness,
 Every cottage shines with cleanness;
 And every girl in her window sets
 Primroses and violets.

Did you hear a raven croak
 On the top of yonder oak?
 Lo! he sits in all his glory,
 Perch'd upon his pulpit hoary,

All alone, and all forlorn,
 On this sweet and merry morn,
 Saying sad and solemn things.
 He hath seen a hundred Springs ;
 His rusty feathers are worn and old ;
 His heart is dead, his blood is cold,
 And he can feel no joy :
 The balmy Spring's delicious birth,
 The awakening smiles of the cheerful earth,
 With the voices of all things that live,
 Singing for happiness, only give
 His melancholy soul annoy.

Out upon his heartless lies,
 And evil-boding blasphemies ;
 Slanderer of God's fair creation !
 Like a fanatic he looks,
 Preaching death and condemnation
 To yon sinful congregation
 Of harden'd, unrepentant rooks ;
 Thro' the sweet sunshiny air
 Of this morning bright and fair,
 Sailing so merrily here and there,
 Building their nests, and cawing away,
 And joying in God's own sunny day !

SOME LATE PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF JOHN BULL, ESQ.

So ho, there ! "Who waits ?" cried 'Squire Bull, t'other morning, thumping impatiently with his heel on the floor of the upper chamber, where he now sat every day with Madam Reform, Warwickshire Tom, that gallant North Country Knight, Sir James of the Riccarton, a few other particular friends, and a good deal of company. This rough way of summoning his varlets was a fashion with John, and no one took it amiss of him. "'Tis a clerk I want," said John, as he pored on a Black-letter Ebony-bound tome of *The Chronicles of George Buchanan* ; "Find me, if within the four seas, that same droll fellow who penned the account of my famous suit with Lewis Baboon in Hocvs' time. The rigmarole of this Black-letter knave is about as full of lies, touching my late rumpus with Rustyfusty, as it is of crabbed pot-hooks."

'Squire Bull was respectfully informed that the person he wanted had for some time been dead—and had left neither kith nor kin, nor any thing in the world to resemble him. John was exceedingly sorry to hear it, for he had set his heart on having him to write out a true relation of his connexion with Madam Reform, and the late family quarrel with The Most Mighty and Potent Prince Rustyfusty. "It will be some time before we see his like among you, lads," said he nodding to his own bookkeepers ; and he ordered one to go to his friend the School-master, and request him to look out for a clerk,—but he was abroad. Several were recommended on the spot, "There's my excellent friend, Provost Pawkie," quoth Mr. John Galt, who was now cuitling favour with John, "a better or more verawcious Chronicler, your honour could not find for love or money."

A caddie entered in hot haste with a neat note written on gilt blush embossed paper, from Mr. Lockhart of the Chamberly,—who, though not allowed the *entrée*, contrived to have pretty early information of what the 'Squire was about—warmly recommending his friend, the Ettrick Shepherd, who, he doubted not, would prove an admirable historical

Clerk, uniting, as he did, so fine a vein of original fancy, with a bold, fertile, and undaunted invention. ["Lie through an inch board," grumbled John.] The note went on—"I would have solicited the honour of the patronage of the worthy 'Squire Bull—whom it gives me pleasure to congratulate on his late triumph—for my own pen"—"I'd be d—d if you'd got it though," said John, "till you mend your manners. Clever chap though Lockie—will stand a second skimming, an give him time to settle," and the 'Squire crushed the billet in his hand, as you ever saw Chuny crunch a cocoa nut.

"Never a word to say for any friend of yours, Will?" cried John, nodding encouragingly and kindly, with his own gruff graciousness, to a Saul among the people who had just come in.

"All busy at home, 'Squire. Hav'n't a spare hand for love or money. Getting on famously—up to 60,000 next month. But when the history does come out be sure we'll give it a hitch. No truer friends to your cause, 'Squire, going than we."

"Thank ye! thank ye! Glad to hear of your success too. No fear of you: keep good articles, but above all be honest in your wares. That's the main thing for a young trader.—I see it," continued the 'Squire, with a sly twinkle of his eye. "You may take down your little finger now. Proud as a bride of *hers* on the wedding day—eh?" And the 'Squire laughed good-humouredly, and, waving farewell, desired his love to Sister Peg and all friends in the North.

If we were to judge of the glut of clerkship in England by the number of applications and recommendations made to the 'Squire for this small office, it must be tremendous, and will require a Parliamentary committee. John was very doubtful. Two-thirds were Scots, one-third Irish. "Hang it, Tom, man," said he at last, unlike Solomon, and finding that in the multitude of counsellors there is only puzzling; "Hang it, man, can't you find me e'er a homebred Yorkshire lad who was eye-witness of these samé passages of our history? I don't mind clerkship a jot, if he be honest and tell the truth of me. The printer's devil will make out his pot-hooks somehow; and Bentley (he does it every day for the New Monthly) can help the spelling."

About two thousand names of applicants were thrown into the 'Squire's hat. He shook it up thrice, and drew Mr. Southey's man—"John Jones' footman! and poet!" "I'll take him on the Doctor's word," quoth John. "I'm sick of the bother." Doubtless the 'Squire might have chosen better, but this was no new thing with him.

CHAPTER I.

Shewing how 'Squire Bull had long been vexed with a bad Wife, and how he resolved to make a clear House of her.

* * * * But no sooner was the breath out of Gentleman George, than Mrs. Bull * took to her bed far gone in the black jaundice, and benumbed all over; and, after languishing for a few weeks, mightily disturbed, as she pretended, by the vulgar and uproarious hip-hipping and holloaing of Bill Boswell, the new head-steward, which gave her the headache, she yielded up the ghost, to the great contentment of John, but the deep regret of the other servants, and particularly of Hookey,

with whom she had been hand and glove throughout her whole married life, and indeed more at his command than became an honest woman, or else she was belied. She had been strongly suspected of Papistical notions, for which the old gentlewoman,* John's mother, at one time loved her as the Devil does holy water.

This old lady, who had got liberal notions in her latter days on certain subjects, readily winked at a little sly flirtation between her son's wives and *That Most Mighty and Potent Prince, Rufus Gules D'Argent D'Or Gryphon Weveril Rustre Rampant Saliant Millrind Flory Bendsinister Waterboujet Maximus Gustavus Adolphus Guttedesang Guttedelarme Heptarch Oligarch Tudor Plantagenet Cheveron Rustyfusty*, which soon afterwards drove John mad; though his mother, a charitable woman, hoped it meant no ill, as Old Bags assured her it had been the immemorial custom of the manor; and, moreover, kept peace in the family; and, as Sir Rueful Waverer, and Hecklepins, and the Pettifogger, and the Welshman, and Mad Charley, and the Yankee Rat vowed to God, gave John's children an air of genteel breeding they never otherwise would have had. But she abhorred, like the devil, the Scarlet wh—re, her husband's divorced wife, whom Bluff Hal had turned out of doors; and who, now she had got a crotchet into her head, set on Pat Murphy to rob her of her jointure, by proving a better title; a likely story truly, but it served the old lady to maunder about. The truth is, she began to suspect that John, who was fallen into great straits from one cause or another, grudged her monstrous jointure as a dreadful burden on the estate, and no end to it; for, give the old dame her will, she would live for ever, and, like many old folks, become every year the more cross, greedy, and grasping. And now she was nervous, forsooth! and not a hush could be heard among the neighbours, or straw turned in the streets, but she would bawl out for the watch, and call "Murder! murder! my jointure! my jointure! Hookey and John Bull, the unnatural villain, wish to turn his old mother out of doors, and rob her of her jointure! Bags! Bags! Canter! Canter! help! help!" And then she would pretend to tremble all over, and to be threatened with the falling sickness, to excite compassion in the crowd, till John was well nigh distraught with her tricks; and, what between his wife's doings with Rustyfusty, his mother's greed, his debts, and his extravagant saucy servants, he was indeed in as sad a taking as ever was honest unfortunate gentleman. "Was there ever so unlucky and ill-used a man," he would sometimes say to himself, "and all through the misconduct of those about him. My estates eaten up with Jew bonds, mortgages, and money brokers; my tenants ruined, and running off as fast as their legs can carry them, to take service with my greenhorn brother, Jonathan. My labourers on the parish, starving and in rags, and not permitted to buy them a quartern loaf for their hungry children, save at three pices, from that old villain, the Most Mighty and Potent Norman Prince Rustyfusty, whom, moreover, I suspect of being intimate enough with my wife." It was not without good reason that John indulged these suspicions. Sometimes he would find an anonymous letter below his pillow, which he strongly suspected came from his relation, Madam Reform, who had the honour and interest of John and his family much at heart. One of them mentioned, to the number of fifty-six, the names of the owlet corners, old houses, and stuts' corners, where Mrs. Bull openly gave Rustyfusty the rendezvous. Sometimes Madam attempted to call herself, but the serving-men were either sure to deny the

* The Church of England.

'Squire, or to say he was busy, and could see nobody; though oftener they would huff her off, and threaten her with the ducking-stool, for an impudent baggage, whom Mrs. Bull and the 'Squire's mother both mortally hated to see near him. At times, in his extremity, John would privately send a message to Madam Reform, calling her his best and only friend:—and so indeed she was, and, as many said, his real mother; and that the cunning old woman with the huge jointure had only some musty connexion of gossiped with the family, and had stolen him on that stormy night of his birth. This family tradition indeed looked feasible, inasmuch as the one never thought of any thing save to plunder and pillage him to make up her own pack; while Madam Reform sought only to keep his estate clear of encumbrances, and make the tenants comfortable and happy. "Had you taken my advice years ago, 'Squire," said Madam, when she got smuggled up the backstairs to see John, after his wife's death, "you would not have been in this strait now. But this is not the time to upbraid you;—better late thrive than never. Act like a man of sense and spirit now. Assert an Englishman's privilege to Choose a wife and Have a wife; ay, marry, and Rule a wife, in spite of the beastly custom of the manor, and of the ravenous tusks of That Most Mighty Potent," &c. &c.

"Hang him, old fox," interrupted John, "don't mention his name to me."

"Well," cried Madam, smiling, "act like yourself now—this is your time. There's Bill Boswain, your new steward, a jovial, hearty, free, outspoken fellow, with more honesty, if less skill, than if bred apprentice to the trade—he won't flinch you, I dare be sworn. But trust nobody is my advice. Look out yourself for an active, stirring lass for your wife, who will keep a strict eye to the servants, range from cellar to garret of a morning before breakfast, and carry the keys of the store-room herself; instead of taking up with those drabs of quality who despise you, pretending, like your last wife, to be cousin of That Most Mighty and Potent Prince, &c. &c. though little other than his cast-off mistress, long before you saw her face; and, if all tales be true, on very gracious terms with him afterwards."

"The b—h," growled John in his throat. "But now the turf's above her rotten carcase, I'll shew that tinsel-jacket knave what it is to make or meddle in my matters. Let me but catch, were it but his little finger in my house, or near wife of mine, and, by the Lord! I'll not only kick him out of my premises, neck and crop, but make his own cobwebbed roost rattle about his ears!" And John puffed and blew in admiration of his own valour and manhood.

"Well said, John, my hearty!" cried Madam; and Bruffum, and Old Greysteel, and all Jerry's men, were laughing and clapping John on the back. "Stick to that, man. But it will help you much, at the same time, if you choose, prudently, an honest, spirited lass, who can stand her own part at a pinch. The best of wives are not the worse of being looked after; but there is something in breed and education too. Get out to the far parts of Middlesex; beat up about the wolds of Kent; go a suitoring down into Yorkshire, and bring us up a healthy, rosy lass of decent kin,—and devil-may-care for her gentility;—one who has been bred in an honest way, and who, if needs must, can handle a pitchfork, and even her Broom at a pinch, in making a clean house of the vermin." John chuckled at this proposal; and his friends took leave, wishing him "Good speed in his wooing:"—and, had he listened fully to Madam, doubtless he had sped better; but as you shall hear, his hour was not yet come.

CHAPTER II.

How John brought his new Wife up to Town, and how she turned out.

While in the country, a maid, or pretending to be such, the new Mrs. Bull, shewed some good properties, and made many fair promises. But the truth is, the 'Squire was too honest and unsuspecting to deal with womankind, especially if ever his mother, Sly Bob, or Hookey, got her ear beforehand with him. The first thing that misliked John was Mrs. Bull taking a master on Hookey and Bob's recommendation, to teach her Manners, forsooth, and be her major-domo; nor was it long before she fell a-gadding, and privately coquetting with Rustyfusty, (who was never far from John's house,) though she was not nearly so shameless and brazen-faced as her predecessor, the jilt and Papist. But no sooner did John begin to expostulate with her, and mention his suspicions, than she flew in his face like a firebrand; and not many nights afterwards, having got an inkling from Madam Reform of what was going forward in his house, he fairly caught Hookey and Sly Bob smuggling the old fox, That Most Mighty and Potent, &c. &c. up stairs to Mrs. Bull's bed-chamber! You may guess if John was in a rage or not; and whether he stamped and swore, and threw his best wig in the fire, and fell to kicking his wife, and calling her all manner of names in a very beastly fashion indeed, till Hookey bristled up for "the innocent, traduced lady, who did nothing sure but follow the custom of the manor; and that, with every external observance of decency and decorum which became the 'Squire's wife, and what more would the jealous hunks look for?" and as John raged on, he threatened to pinion him; and they would certainly have had a bout at fistycuffs then, if the 'Squire, subduing his passion, had not secretly resolved to consult Madam Reform, and send the rogues a-packing at his own convenience. So Bob and the others made it up at this time, and made Hookey and John shake hands.

Now this Hookey, you must know, had been recommended to John's household service as the most specially honest downright fellow going; and being an old drill-sergeant of dragoons, and one, moreover, who hated all *Pater Noster*ing and mummery, who so likely to keep the troublesome old woman, John's mother, in famous order when she took her tantrums and tirrives, and bring her to reason about her cruelty to Pat's children; and perhaps reduce her jointure a swinging sum, which he made no secret of thinking a most iniquitous extortion, and far more than any old woman needed. The old lady would at one time as lief have seen a spider in her dish as Hookey her son's manager, whom her servants would call the "Pig-headed Dragoon;" but there was great chopping and changing after this, and who but he, with the old lady? His real name by the parish books of Killmaulhavoc, was Atty O'Bradley, alias Hook-nose,—but among friends and familiars Hookey for shortness. He had lived abroad, flogged and shot away at the black Pagans and niggers in foreign parts till he saw black white and white black, and lost the little of Christian bowels he ever had, which was not much loss after all. A pretty fellow you may say for a Christian gentleman's service, save, perhaps, as head-gamekeeper, which at first he was. He, indeed, at one time, as good as confessed that he knew no more of his Cocker than of the Rubrick and Psalter:—a fine head to manage for a gentleman

who had great outgivings and incomings, very confused books, and a burdened estate. But Atty now said, though his book arithmetic was small, he was capital at the Rule of Thumb. It had been the privilege of Gentleman George, an indolent, luxurious old coxcomb, who minded nothing but himself, nor that properly, to appoint the book-keeper, and he had taken a mighty fancy to this Hookey, whom he had bred and trained (at John's expense) for the great prize-fight to which that swaggering, upstart blade, Nap, once challenged the whole ring. Hookey had shewn both pluck and bottom there, no doubt of it; though the affray cost 'Squire Bull a swingeing sum, knocked up his trade for many a day, and lost him many of his best customers. "But it was all for their noble master's honour and glory," as the rascally serving-men were wont to say when they went snacks with those who filched his pockets; and this the simple 'Squire long believed, and was at first mightily tickled with the notion of the great man he was become, forsooth! the very gentleman whom of all others the neighbours looked up to! and whom it specially behoved to bring Nap to reason, and take the shine out of him. And the knaves would paint 'Squire John at full length, with a balance in his hand, weighing the world; or set him a-straddle with a pair of bandy legs across it, as if he were Big Sam: not but that John had as proper legs as another, but the attitude made him ridiculous. It was a high fancy to see John puffed up with—"how the neighbours all looked up to him for *justice*;" which, to say truth, was the commodity John most needed at home: and to hear the rogues who had his ear telling him that it would be a sin and scandal if so great a man, and a man of spirit like 'Squire Bull, should for one moment permit the fancy old Lewis Baboon's tenants had got, to set Nap in that worthy gentleman's elbow-chair, and let him manage his estates. What would Lord Strutt, alias Blubberlips say? and Esquire South, otherwise Signor Macaroni? and old Lord Peter, his mother's gossip, though she denied it? and Black Will, Corporal Fred's grandson? and the Landlord of the Black Bear? and Don Fernando?—who were all willing to lend a hand in taking the conceit out of Nap, if John would only furnish their servants with victuals and liveries, and a trifle for drink-money. And then the old gentlewoman, his mother, who, if a mouse but stirred, thought her jointure in danger, would set upon him, crying, there would be neither law nor gospel left in the parish, unless her dear son John lent a hand for her friend Lewis Baboon. Well did she of old know the tricks of villain tenants; and their next attempt would be none other than to burn her Prayer Book, and tear up her hearth-stone, under which one might have fancied she had buried her gold, such a fuss she kept up about it. Rustyfusty also, and Mrs. Bull would never be off John—"You a man of spirit!" they would cry; "you are not worth your own long ears, to allow that upsetting whipper-snapper, Nap, beat the ring; and rob you too of all your best customers, who now eat his radishes instead of buying your turnips, by which you made so handsome a penny!"

"Go it John, honey!" would Mrs. Bull cry, "just this once;" and she would kiss and coax him; and being a very good-natured fellow, though something rough, seldom grumbling till the reckoning came to be cleared, he would give signs of yielding; and then it was, "Who but he so able to bet against Nap; what were a few scurvy guineas to a substantial merchant, and estated gentleman like 'Squire Bull, respected by every body, and well to pass in the world!" And Master John, who was

not without a spice of vanity in his extraordinary composition, would next be tickled with what mighty bruisers and cock-fighters the old Squires, his forefathers, had been; and how their yachts had beat the world at sailing matches on the river,—at all which he would chuckle, and draw his purse once more, though it was now in a galloping consumption. But while John had a stiver of money or credit he never could refuse; and he obstinately shut his ears against all Madam Reform's whispers and warnings. If he ever came to a stand, then Billy Pitapat, or Dr. Slop, or Derrydown, (the same that found it easier to hang himself at last one morning than clear up John's books,) would hold a grand palaver—Pitapat beat the world at a palaver—and Mrs. Bull would throw her arms about his neck—"What man," they would cry, "have you no credit? Carry on with spirit, Squire; double your stakes if you would not see all you have spent already thrown to the dogs;" and the rogues would tip the wink to each other, John little suspecting they went snacks with his enemies, and helped Rustyfusty to gobble up the oyster, while they, with a hypocritical air, handed him the shell, making him believe the glittering stuff with which it was lined, was, so to speak, pearls and diamonds that would yet retrieve his fortunes. "Lend Black Will t'other guinea," they would say, "to get him a pair of decent breeches with which he can appear in the ring; and you'll see how handsomely he'll back your man Hookey, either as bottle-holder or bruiser;" and John would be worried into compliance, though it was about the very last guinea he had. If Madam Reform, who had nearly given him up herself, at any time sent Tod Charley, or this present Allworthy, or Bruffum, or any of old Jerry's boys to remonstrate, John would look serious and glum at times; but again, let him but hear he had gained a cock-match, and up in the skies he was, ordered a grand dinner, and set all the house bells a-ringing. Cash and trade running low, was the only thing that brought him fairly to his senses. As often, too as the tenants grumbled at audit-day about the hush-money, and bribes, and gold snuff-boxes, and smelling bottles, and tweezers, and what not, given to grooms and helpers, and their wives and sweethearts—not to mention the rack and manger at which the upper servants lived at all times, and the perpetual pillagings of That Most Mighty and Potent Prince Rustyfusty, the mortgage interest, the old woman's jointure, and all the rest, John would take a humoursome, stingy fit, button up his breeches pockets on his few remaining pence, which he would jingle, square his toes, clench his fists, and growl through his set teeth—"If I give another rap I'll be d—d." The rogues about him would pass the sly wink, "Never mind, we'll compass Master John for all this."

"What the deuce is it to me, as Madam Reform sensibly observes," would John mutter in soliloquy, as he took a turn in his empty warehouses, "though my neighbours Nap Stork and Lewis Baboon go to loggerheads. If the ring and Lewis' tenants will have Nap for champion, let them have him with a pox;" for John was not over-fond of Nap, on the score of teas and groceries, and afterwards shewed him about in the iron cage, which was but shabby—though he was ill-advised then, and abused by favourites as usual, and by that knave Rustyfusty. "I'll not pay down another stiver in this affair—so I won't!—if I had one," added the poor Squire, looking sheepish enough as he felt his empty pockets, in which the devil might now have danced a hornpipe any day.—These cross humours would get him a respite for eight-and-forty hours or so, and then the rogues would be at him again, Rustyfusty still the loudest.

"Ho! Master John, my good friend," he would cry in his swaggering way, "what crotchet has taken you now—you, whom an excellent, virtuous wife, and the countenance of my family, have made be looked up to at church, market, and Quarter Sessions?" and Dr. Slop or Old Bags would chime in, "But for your honour's four quarters, there would not be a maid unravished, or a hen-roost unpillaged in the village, by the villain Nap's men; who will certainly be over the pond in a washing-tub some morning, take my honest word for it, and set the Thames on fire about your honour."

"A fine example to our own tenants, John," would Gentleman George cry, or honest old Farmer George, as it might be, "to allow my worthy cousin Lewis Baboon's tatterdemalions use him so, and to say who shall be stewards or who not—changing them as they please, forsooth!"

Now John, who was not without a bottom of good sense, besides a strain of humour of his own, when his poor head was not muddled with their lies, would leer round and reply, "Something, mayhap, to you, lads, but devil a rush to me." John's mother would then rebuke him for blasphemy and for profane swearing.

But though John, when provoked and hard run for cash, took these cross fits, he was still much attached to his wife and the old gentlewoman his mother, and the head steward and his family, and they could, to say truth, by blowing in his ear, make him believe black was white, and roll him round their fingers. Though a plain frugal man himself, he took a pride in seeing his servants drest in handsome liveries, and well mounted and lodged; and plenty of beef and plum-pudding in his hall, and a foaming tankard to whoever called the way. Though he had now laid down his gilt coach, and walked a-foot, and was reduced to short commons himself, the annuities he gave to those past their service, though they might have pillaged him all the while they were in it, were indeed, Madam said, quite preposterous for a private gentleman. But true it is, "No man will thrive unless his wife let him;" and we have seen the kind of wife John had. Besides, most of his varlets were of the gentle blood of That Most Mighty and Potent Prince Rustyfusty; and what for their High Mightinesses could be good and grand enough? They cunningly made the poor bubble believe his own respectability and credit with the neighbours, and on 'Change, depended on the splendour and handsome appearance of his chambermaids and menials!—and menials they must not be called:—no, no—they were all book-keepers or secretaries, or house-governors, or what not. John's brother Jonathan, with whom, through the good offices of Madam Reform, he was again on speaking terms, would often have a hearty laugh at this, and twit the Old Squire, as he called him, with his ridiculous vanity, crying "Handsome is that handsome does, brother John;" and Madam Reform, though well watched, and hounded away by the lacqueys of her old admirer Pitapat who had jilted her in his youth—though to say truth, she never cared a doit for the hollow-hearted knave—would still find opportunity to whisper, when they met accidentally in Palace Yard or thereabout, or down at the Gunsmith's Shop, "Next to a good wife, 'Squire, get ye servants that understand and can do their own business,—there was gentle Georgy, who was a really fine spirited lad, till the older rogues corrupted him,—he who gave Darry down a black eye t'other morning,—he plays you the flute prettily enough, but of what use I pray is fluting to a book-keeper? get ye frugal industrious youths about you, who can keep their accounts in order, and above all, have been bred in the fear of God and in honest principles."

Madam, who did not like at this time to say much against Rustyfusty, as they still lived on fair terms, and in the same neighbourhood, was somewhat guarded; but Jonathan would roar over the pond in his loud pipe, "To the dogs with your vermin of tag-rag knights of the shoulder-knot, bastards, trulls and cater-cousins of That Most Mighty and Potent Prince Rustyfusty, who condescends—ha! ha! ha! 'Squire;" and Jonathan would shake his sides with laughter, and then say more seriously, "I'm sorry for you, John, ill as you used me in my youth;—take a greenhorn's advice, man—never pay a knave book-keeper for doing what a helper must do for him for fourth part of the pay."

Though John pretended to hear only about half of this, and sometimes thought Jonathan a forward jackanapes thus to school his elder brother, he had his own sad ruminations, poor gentleman. But let Hookey beat Nap at another sparring bout—for Hookey was not yet become a regular bruiser,—then all was well again, and his wife and the varlets would vie with each other in crying out, "Oh 'Squire John, the luck you have!—and so noble a spirit!—what are trifles to you, who have every thing so handsome about you,—hall, and park, and pleasure yacht, and the whole neighbourhood bursting with envy and admiration of you! Look to that vulgar, low-lived, peddling, ploughman, penny-saved-penny-got fellow, Jonathan, with never a silver tea-spoon in his pantry, nor a genteel servant in his hall; nor yet a chaplain to say grace to his pudding!—What would he give to be in your worship's shoes! Look at your fine library too, and your gilt pictures and medals, what can he shew like these, 'Squire?" John was sometimes silent and rather pleased; but if in bad humour, he would shout, "Let him take them all and be d—d,—That Mighty and Potent Norman Prince Rustyfusty, my most honourable cousin, and my b—h of a wife into the bargain."

"Hush," for any sake, would Mrs. Bull cry, and shut the windows lest the neighbours should hear, and then would shew John the gag; but if the gag was on him, he would only bawl the louder till fairly heard across the herring pond; and the neighbourhood thereabouts would swear he was going to play the devil with his wife at last;—but next morning all would be mum. Some pitied him, and others laughed at him,—for said they, "Why does not a great, bellowing, lusty fellow like that take help at his elbows." But it is easy for strangers to talk, and every man can manage a bad wife save him who has got her; and Old Nick himself never shewed more cunning, than those who got around simple John, who meanwhile went on, betting and grumbling, and grumbling and betting on the sparring-match, for which he had now told down every farthing of his ready cash. "Carry on with spirit—down with the dust, man!" was still the cry. "Double the stakes—now is the time! What a handsome aff you is, your honour has got in the great lake, to which your worship's cousin the Most Mighty and Potent Prince Rustyfusty, and your honour's poor servitors, may send their goslings to grass, and thus save the grass on the estate at home. Think of the whole box of spices, drugs, and dye-stuffs you took from Nic Frog* t'other year. And these they called 'John's objects,'† and made him cock-sure of getting the keeping of the first lock of the great eastern canal, on which he could clap a toll, and make his neighbours pay down smartly in custom. John would chuckle at this notion; and a hundred and fifty of them, at least, applied before-

* The Dutch.

† "British objects!"

hand for the places of keeper, and deputy-keeper, and deputy-keeper's assistant, and under assistant to deputy-keeper's under under-assistant." "Time enough," quoth John doggedly, "to sell the skin when the bear is hunted." But they settled it all among themselves, with the entire approbation of That Most Mighty, &c. &c. and immediately began to draw their handsome salaries, and a trifle for outfit.

But I question if all their arts could have kept John from running demented about this time, had it not been for an odd device fallen on by Pitapat, Madam Reform's man-sworn lover. He was something of a precise knave you must know, who affected to keep a conscience; so for some time before his death, for every guinea or broad piece he abstracted from the 'Squire's till, what does he, but solemnly deposite a new brass-farthing in a sink in the garden, pretending they would take root, and "fructify," and grow into double joes or golden guineas at least, and make all John's debts square yet. "At the Day of Judgment!" shouted Madam Reform, bursting with laughter; and John's mother's chaplain rebuked her for her abominable-blasphemy, and threatened her with the stocks. Poor John was surely off the hooks about this time, for the honest gull believed the wild story, and with tears in his eyes, listened while Rustyfusty told him of the eternal obligations of himself and his family to "the Immortal Pitapat now no more." And the old gentlewoman said this was true religion, and bade John return thanks, and diligently improve his mercies; and another hundred and fifty of Rustyfusty's cousins applied for the places of watchmen of the Six, and deputy-watchmen and deputy-watchmen's assistants, and under deputy-watchmen's assistants, and night-watchmen, and deputy night-watchmen, &c. &c. &c.: and Rusty appointed them forthwith, all with handsome salaries on which they entered immediately. And henceforth as often as John came to a dead set, and the duns grew troublesome, or the mortgages were threatened to be foreclosed, his face would brighten up for a moment or so, when the varlets would cry, "Cheer up, 'Squire! remember the Immortal Billy's holeful of farthings." "Not yet full though, John would say. "Ay, but always filling, and fructifying, when you are sleeping, 'Squire!" A drowning man or a bankrupt will catch at a straw. John would give a faint snigger, and sometimes beg for any sake to have a peep into Billy's sink to see the miraculous growth,—but catch them there; and if he grew suspicious and obstreperous, his wife would interfere, and his mother say it was rank infidelity.

But all this happened long before Hookey got the management of John's household,—of which, as I mentioned, he was likely to make so pretty a job,—and while he was yet a sparrer; and also before Sly Bob, in another of John's bad pinches for money, took a fancy that he also should be another Immortal; and being in his own way a mighty natural philosopher, he discovers that the reason John wanted money was from having too much; so what does he but burn all the 'Squire's small change one fine winter's morning, to make charcoal, with which he was to reduce some nostrum trash to the true *aurum potabile*, and thus fill both John's pockets royally. I need not tell you that Bob has been raking in his crucible from that day to this, though deuce a bit of gold has been seen yet; but he is still looking out. "Capital hit for you this of Bob's," quoth Bruffam to Madam Reform, when he gallanted her once down to Newcastle. "I am particularly obliged to the lad," answered Madam.

CHAPTER III.

Shewing how the great Prize-Fight, on which John Bull had betted so much, being won, he found leisure to rip 'up old Sores, and began to hold more frequent Communings with Madam Reform, and at last to see through the Roguery of his Servants.

I said before, that after John got embarrassed, being really an honest man he often took a stingy fit, and thought of his creditors; but I am afraid I cannot well call him honest much longer, when he began to think that the Jew brokers had charged him a swingeing premium, and took damnably high interest. But the old gentlewoman, who had a fellow feeling with Jew or Pagan where it concerned her jointure, would clamour away, and call John little better than a swindler. Heaven knows the poor Squire wished to give every one his own, and keep day and way honestly, however poorly, but he grudged their abominable usury. The few coins he still possessed, he now thought it safest to keep in his breeches pockets, instead of laying them out even in wares for his shop. ~~But~~ it was all one; for by the connivance of his wife, Rustyfusty's people would be at him, even in his sleep; and let him hide his breeches under the bed or under the bolster, or anywhere, no matter, there would their fingers be.

"What is the use of all this work?" they would say angrily; "John's estate is certainly well dipped—What then? Is there not a handsome reversion. It will last our time any way,—and after us the Deluge. Besides, is there not the immortal Pitapat's charming device of the farthings, John's Philosopher's Stone." The Squire was in a sad way about this time, changing his manager every other term, scolding his wife, cuffing his under servants, and dieting his labourers on bread and water,—all to keep square with the Jew brokers, pay his mother's jointure, and make both ends meet; but it would not all do. If he intimated any wish to examine his books, or restrain his servants' junketings, then his wife shook her head, and said he was gone off the hooks fairly now.—It was in this case we found him at the beginning of this our history,—gloomy, testy, humoursome; his wife just dead, and her successor found to be no better than she should be; Hookey playing fast and loose, with that Most Mighty, &c., and John without a true friend on earth save Madam Reform—a friend in need, as he now called her, and cursed himself for a ninny in not having insisted on bringing her into his house long before. But guess ye the hillaballoo that got up when Ally Croaker, Silly Billy, the Whipper-in, the Cad, Slangwhanger, and a posse of the gossoons, squirters, chalkers, broadside writers, and others of the fry kept in Hookey's half-pay out of John's pocket, gave notice that Madam's lads had been seen lurking in John's neighbourhood with letters and billetdoux; and that she might be daily expected herself, to attempt to gain access to John, and try to relieve him from the durance in which he was kept. Hookey treated the information with great contempt. "Let the jade only dare set her nose his way!—as for the nincompoop, John, let him keep quiet—or he, Hookey, should find a way to make him! His house, the blustering ninnyhammer, never had been better managed, nor half so well." Sly Bob, and the other lads bred in the parish, knew John's trim better, and disliked this vapouring in Hookey; who, you must know, was the most self-sufficient, conceited, pragmatrical fellow on earth, and, save in sparring where he kept a cunning fence, the most ignorant,—never seeing a

draw-well till he was plump over head and ears into the midst of it, the rest cursing his rashness as they wallowed below him, while he'd be crying to the wenches to hoist him out. Bob warned him again and again, with tears in his eyes, saying how bitterly he now repented crossing John about opening *the Gunsmith's shop.** On this warning failing, the understrappers tried to get up a small game of their own, and to turn the tables, and raise the waters on John. So if Mrs. Bull gave an assignation to Rustyfusty out in the country—they would be sure to say, "Well it sets you, Squire John, to complain,—just fresh from Madam at the Free Mason's Tavern, or Jerry's;" and then Mrs. Bull would pretend to be jealous, and search his pocket for love-letters, or order the post-bag to be rifled; and make the house-steward set some old beggar-man in the stocks, pretending that he was one of John's go-betweens with Madam and Brummagem Tom. A fine house they kept of it; and every soul, down to the fat scullion who stole the dripping, against the master, who now saw that nothing less would do than bringing in Madam, by force, in open day.

When the greedy old gentlewoman his mother heard this for certain,—very unlike Hookey, and always smelling more danger than there was, off she pulls her mob-cap, and flies about all the chapels in the neighbourhood, with her hair dishevelled, howling and wringing her hands; and afterwards appeared in the open hall to confront Madam, holding her silk apron to her eyes, while Old Bags supported her on the right side, and Toby Philpots on the left, alternately holding a smelling bottle to her nose, as if she were in the last extremity,—as she panted and screamed aloud, "Oh, John Bull! perverse, wicked John Bull! thus to vex the venerable mother, who suckled you at her breasts, and bred and reared you to man's estate; and who with the Immortal Pitapat, and The Most Mighty and Potent Prince, Rustyfusty, made you what you are, the envy and admiration of the whole neighbourhood." But if you had seen the looks she darted across the roof to Madam Reform,—who stood with Greysteel, Bruffam, the gallant north country knight, Sir James, and other of her friends,—as if she would have torn that comely lady's eyes out. "Don't you see," she exclaimed, "that Philip Baboon's men (whom will they have next for steward I wonder?) have turned off saintly Charles and faithful Poli, the best of serving-men. These vile knaves will be for certain over the pond to tear up my hearthstone, and burn my prayer book; helping Madam's tinker-cousins at Brummagem, and blackguard Pat's bully champion, roaring Dan, and your father's sour-faced daughter Peg, who hates me for exposing her early intrigues with Jack;—yea, steal my Bible,—so they will, and pull down my house about my ears." "Seize your jointure, you mean, old lady," cried John; for much as he had once revered his mother, he was fairly out of patience now with her violence and her avarice, which was at the foundation of all her mad freaks. The old gentlewoman would then try the other tack, and cozen and slobber him, and hang upon his neck, and call the Squire "her dear deluded son, who had been seduced away by Jack Wesley, papists, and blasphemers, but, above all, by that jade Madam Reform, from the arms of his faithful, affectionate, virtuous wife, and her, his true and loving mother."—"Go home, go home, old lady, and don't expose yourself in this way," John would say; "reform your house; keep fewer of these swag-

* Franchise of Birmingham.

gering, tearing blades, and canting knaves about you ; read your prayer-book, teach the children their catechism ; keep your petticoats clean ; and if you keep quiet, no one shall touch a hair of your head, or a farthing of your jointure ; but don't think to bubble me longer." But it was not come to the worst with the dowager yet, as you shall afterwards see. Even his mother's greed and tantrums, and the bad tongue she let loose on all his friends, were less to John about this time, than the damnable impudence of his wife and the upper servants, with Hookey at their head, who plainly told him, since it was come to this, Madam Reform should never crook her knee within his door ; and that at the point of the knife they would maintain the right of That Most Mighty and Potent Prince, Rustyfusty, to choose wives for John Bull, visit them when, where, and how he pleased ; and all the other good old customs of the Manor." "The custom of the Manor!" cried Winchy. "Custom of the Manor for ever!" echoed Old Bags ; "we'll go to death—and all for John's good—for the custom of the Manor."

John was rather stunned at first by their outcry ; but he looked round,—and there stood Greysteel at his back, Bill Boswain stanch, and Madam Reform posted strongly, with her best Broom in her hand, and Brummagem Tom at her back. Now this same custom of the Manor was something too bad to be described in decent company ; nor was it an old English custom any way, but an odious right claimed by the Most Mighty and Potent Prince Rustyfusty, because of his high Norman blood,—though 'Squire Bull was of as good blood as he any day, and far better flesh. So the quarrel grew from less to more, till Rustyfusty, breaking through all bounds, swore he would kiss John's wife before his face, thrust his hands into his strong box, break up his cellar and buttery hatch,—yea, saddle him, and bridle him, and mount him, and spur him, and ride him to the devil, if he, Prince Rustyfusty, so pleased ; and that he, John, might go whistle!—Now, of all the days of the year, this fell out upon the 7th October, in the year of our Salvation, 1831. But had you heard how John roared, and rampaged ; and flew through the streets, without stockings or shoes, wig or cravat. It was, indeed, with great ado that Madam and Tom got him to keep within bounds,—bidding him, of all loves, be quiet, for all that Hookey and Sly Bob wanted, was to swear the peace against him, and clap him in a strait-waistcoat ; and then if he complained, his mother would call his sick groans by her old name, and advise him to be gagged forthwith. John wiped his brows, and took a cooling draught, and owned it was all too true. And, turning round, with the tear still in his eye, he said to Bill Boswain, "What ! ho ! Bill, will you see an old friend, who has been the best friend you and your father's family ever had, used in this beastly way?" And Bill, who was a fine, slap-dash, devil-may-care sort of fellow, cried at once, "I'll stand by you, honest Jack, till the last gasp ;" and with that he gave his trowsers a knowing hoist, and turned the quid in his cheek. John's heart was at his mouth in a moment, for any kindness touched him to the quick ; so little had he been used, lately, poor man, to even bare justice in his own house. "It sha'n't be the worse for you and yours, Bill, for this," said the grateful man. "If there's a better silk gown than another in my warehouse, your wife shall have it." "Bill, and John, and I, against the world," shouted Greysteel ; and Tom's lads and Madam Reform said they would hold the dowager at the staff's end, and drub Rusty's whole rascalion gathering.

But many things fall out between the cup and the lip ; and though John was in sight of land, strong squalls arose ; and sorry am I to say it, but

every mischief that came against him might, more or less closely, be traced to his own mother. Madam Reform, she knew of the old, had never been a friend of hers; and now she fell to kicking, and scratching, and biting, and using all manner of bad names—calling Madam an atheistical French harlot, who had put love-potions in her dear son's gin, and kept him roaring drunk; and had *colloqued* for years with Tod Charley, Scotch Joe, Lord Peter, Dan, the Devil, and Tom Paine,* who she dreaded had set him upon rummaging his father's charter-box, and looking into the old title-deeds, to see if there was no clause to restrain her pride and prodigality, and compel her to come handsomely down for the parish-poor. It was here the shoe pinched, and the least mention of title-deeds threw her into fits, when the best names she gave her son were papist and rogue, with a threat of the stocks against all his abettors, or burning with brimstone matches. Pat Murphy, John's half-starved, merry brother-in-law, was also frightening the dowager about this time, swirling and flashing his shillelah in her face, till the fire flashed from her eyes; while he swore "he'd be hanged and quartered, before he gave the greedy old woman, who was nothing to him or his save a plague, were it but a pig's ear to make her a silk purse, so he wouldn't. It was the shame of the world, so it was, to stuff the lap of the rump-fed runnion with the pigs, poultry, and potatoes, *rared* by the swate of his brow, while his own darlins wanted bread."

John desired him to keep a civil tongue in his head,—the old gentlewoman, whatever were her faults, was his mother any way—at least she said so; but deuce a bit of him for all that, would blame Pat for complaining of her cormorant stomach.

"The auld lady had aye a crop for all corns," put in Peg, John's frosty-faced sister, who lived in the bleak moorlands, and who had never been a favourite with her step-mother, especially since she fell a-hankering after Jack* in her maidenhood. And as often as John Bull and his mother came at any time to high words, Peg would snigger in her sleeve, and sllily remark that "The auld leddy had kythed in her true colours at last. For her part, she ne'er saw a hair to draw between her and Lord Peter; and, by her troth, she, John's leal and loving sister Peg, meikle as he lightlied her, was e'en overjoyed to find that John was beginning to see through the auld dame's tricks, who had vexed and divided their Israel for mony a lang year;—the pridefu', upsetting, ambitious, good-for-nothing auld hussy, who was aye at the bottom of setting John against his ain kin, and tearing and dividing their father's house—conning with ilka steward to harry the tenantry, and poind for the kain,—and never did a hand's turn that could be called usefu' wark; but would sit with her gold watch at her side, and her rings on her fingers, dinked out—becking and bingeing wi' her curmudgeons and jennyflexions—mair like one of Lord Peter's painted harlots than the douse matron, for which she gave herself out, pretending to great nicety and 'havings, and to be come o' the true auld stock, though her ain very grandchildren were beginning to jeer at her greedy gaits, and to pluck her gown, crying, 'Mair o' your awmouses, and less o' your benisons, grand-dame.'" Peg was sure to run scant of breath as often as she got upon her step-mother's virtues; but before John, who only remarked gruffly, "She gets little off you, any way," could say more, taking no notice of the rebuff, Peg went on,—“And hark in your lug, brother mine—it's just

* Lord Peter, Martin, and Jack:—the Pope, Luther, and Calvin.

as true that she has an auld hankering after Lord Peter as that, if all tales be true, the Most Mighty and Potent Prince Rustyfusty is e'en o'er sib to Mrs. Bull, your ain liege lady."

John growled like a bear with a sore head, and knew not of whom first to fall foul; for he could have fought with the wind in this vein—Peg, Pat, wife, mother, and serving-men. But it was with her who lay in his bosom, flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone, he was really most enraged, especially when he saw that those who lately had lived in his house, like cat and dog, were now all combining against him, and in a league to support the old villain Rustyfusty. Nor was he quite pleased with Peg's jeers, whom he called a musty old maid.—"And better see, brother mine, than in your pitiful case, or than be buckled without either my ain privy or consent, by our Laird, to that cochlin, clocherin, daized, doited, donnerit, do-nae-gude, feckless, fuzionless, pechling, pingin, plouterin, potherin, athmactical rotten body, Borrowstoun; wha just does as your mother and the great folks up bye yonder bid him, and would sell country and kin, me and mine, and his birthingright to boot, for a mess o' pottage ony day."

"By the La', Harry," cried Pat, "Peg spakes like a Dublin counsellor;" for when Peg ran on with a string of such learned, long-tailed words, Pat always believed she must be talking Hebrew, or Latin at least. "No, no, brother," she continued, "dour and din as ye have sometimes called me, I'm a likely lass yet—scarce i' my prime; and, by the blessing of Providence, wha rules aboon a!" (Pat crossed himself, and Peg turned up the whites of her eyes, which was her fashion of signing the cross—at another time she would have rebuked Pat's idolatry, but she kept her thumb on it now—) "on my eident endeavours, I'll first dance at your wedding, John; and next have a wiselike goodman o' my ain, or ever this year o' grace, aughteen hundred and thretty-two, be out; wha will haud my part, and his bairns' part, and keep the crown o' the causey with the best o' ye; but whether it shall be Jamie, or Johnny, or Francie, I'm no that free to confess yet.—I was ne'er rash,—and they are a' gude—though Francie I'm wae to learn is sore troubled of late wi' a shortness o' wind."

"Spoke like your father's daughter, Peg," cried John. "Give me your hand, lass;—the broad blue bonnet for ever! Let us stand by each other till both are righted. Pat too, my noble fellow;"—and before the word was out, down came Pat's open hand smack into John's broad fist; and again he flourished his shillelah, and shouted, "Erin go bragh!" And Peg, though not given to "phrasin," as she said, kissed them both; and bade them "Quit them like men, and father-bairns, in this great battle of Armageddon that was drawing nigh; for, why? John's tulzie was Peg's cause, and Peg's brangle was Pat's victory." And they took a kind leave of each other,—on which John gave the bell such a tweague that the rope came in his hand, and the lazy varlets in the hall thought the house was on fire.

But we have rather cut before the point in this, our veritable history; for all this fell out long before the famous seventh of October, to which we alluded; and while Hookey and Sly Bob were still in John's service, though by this time he had more than a month's mind to turn them a-drift; and had now rung to put the question for the last time, point blank, yea or no, if they would respectfully lead in Madam Reform, and lend a hand at his divorcing his wife, and resisting the custom of the Manor. But of all this you shall hear in our next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

How John Bull now thoroughly ripped up all his old Sores, and, discovering the Knavery of his Servants, fairly kicked them down Stairs.

Hookey entered briskly, and with an air, and Sly Bob, with his hang-dog look, skulking behind, but seeming as obstinate as a mule for all that; for it was Bob's way ever to be in extremes—now as dour as a pig,—and again he would fetch and carry, and do whatever mean office he thought would recommend him to John and the children. John, while his blood was up, took courage, and bade Bill Boswain tell Hookey plainly he had resolved to bring in Madam Reform, and set her on the dais; and if Master Hookey could not bow his pride to show her the way—why, then?—of Greysteel he had got the best of characters.” Up got Hookey's game feathers, and off he tore his livery, in a huff, and down he thumped it, pretending John called his honesty in question about the house-books.* “I don't speak of the house expenses now,” quoth the 'Squire, “though they are high enough, in all conscience, for a man in my case. You have done me honour, too, in the cock-fights and sparrings—at least they tell me so—though, body o' me, if I rightly understand it. But what then? I think I have paid you handsomely,—besides the paddock and annuity, and the great silver-gilt tankard, though that's neither here nor there. But my house is my castle, and my wife's my wife, and I'll bring in Madam—ay, and set her in the best place, too, if I so please; and if you don't choose to make her welcome, why, the door's before you.”——“Marry, I'd break her neck sooner! brimstone hag,” cried Hookey; and Sly Bob, though he often called her as bad himself, winked, and pulled his sleeve;—but he paid no regard. “Do you think that *we*, the servants of Gentleman George, who beat the world at cock-fighting, would demean ourselves to sit in the same room with that drab, and her tatterdemalion Brummagem followers.”——“O, 'Squire, my beloved master,” cried Bob, “is this your gratitude to the brave Hookey? I speak not of my own poor but honest services——” “Burning all my small change, I suppose?” growled John,—“Your honour's champion,” Bob went on, shamming deaf about the small change, “who beat the ring for you? Though stiff and scant of wind for a fall himself now who can train your honour's hounds and young game cocks like brave Hookey?” John had lately begun to have a dim notion that the only use of game-cocks was to eat barley. “Keep no pullets that don't lay eggs,” said Madam Reform. “You have more dogs than you have bones for,” quoth Scotch Joe, of whose judgment the 'Squire had lately got an immense opinion. He therefore looked sulky and dogged; and Bob tipped the sly wink to Ally Croaker, to put in a word to gloze over Hookey's obstreperous humours.

“Fie, 'Squire Bull,” cried Ally, in his saucy forward way—for Ally, you must know, had sometimes succeeded in tickling John with a scurvy jest, at frugal Joe's expense, and others of Madam's followers; and had taken it upon him to name a young, blackguard, foul-mouthed, hempseed, pampered *gett* of his own, after the 'Squire. “Fie, John—what the good jeer, man! you roar more like a bull of Bashan than the respectable Citizen Bull, the envy and admiration of the whole neighbourhood; so blest is he in a wife and mother, and in *l'ami du famille*,—*That Most Mighty and Potent Prince, Rufus Giles D'Argent D'Or Gryphon Weveril Rustre Rampant Saliant Millrind Flory Bendsinister Waterbousjet*

* The Civil List.

Maximus Gustavus Adolphus Guttedesang Guttedelarme Tudor Phlangenet Cheveron Rustyfusty. That battered harridan, Madam Reform, has set your honour's worthy puddle-head a-seething with her damnable lies and tale-bearing, against your worship's faithful attached servants, my friend Sly Bob there and others, who would shed their blood for you." And here Bob piped one eye, while, with the other, he winked to Hookey, now was the time to mollify John Bull's humour about Madam.

"Please the pigs," quoth Bob in a whisper, "I shall henceforth walk warily; remember what came of it, when I formerly rashly committed myself, by crossing the 'Squire about the rendezvous Mrs. Bull gave the Most Potent, at the Rat's ford, and refusing to open the Gunsmith's shop, on which he had set his heart; but what's ordained must come to pass. I fancied the ball at our foot, then;" again he winked to Atty: but the stiff drill sergeant would not, at that time, move a peg to save the world, nor take the least notice, though no one better understood Bob's half-meanings and half-and-half manœuvres; so Bob was obliged to speak for himself. "Did I not, to please you, 'Squire, blast my own good name, which was better than precious ointment; and, which I shall rue to my dying day, offend the venerable lady, your honour's mother, with whom till then I was a mighty favourite, in that untoward affair of healing the scald head* of Pat's children?" John said nothing, but twirled his thumbs. "Monstrously against my conscience to vex that best of ladies," continued Bob. "When your honour comes to your worship's senses, sorry will you be to have grieved that pious, venerable, and most worshipful matron, by your rash and dangerous dealings with Gaffer Grey and Madam."—"Gammon," quoth John, doggedly twirling his thumbs faster and faster.

"Whose prayers, your mother's, I mean, you should humbly request on your bended knees, Mr. John," said the house chaplain, "to open your deluded eyes, instead of giving yourself up to the seductions and blandishments of a strange woman. I name no names; and Heaven forbid I should judge uncharitably, or unlike a Christian; but, infatuated man as you are, if you ever have another day to prosper, or if you long escape the mollygrubs and the cholick."—"Gammon!" cried John, more loudly; and Ally like a rogue in grain as he was, tipped the knowing wink to some of the others, and made a dismal face aside at the chaplain, and at chop-fallen Bob, and laid his finger to his nose.

"Gammon!" sighed Bob; "but it don't become me to bandy words with my honoured, though deceived master. Service, God wot, is no inheritance; I shall retire to my poor cottage in the Lower Row, and dibble in my cabbages; but your honour will surely, at parting, give me a character?"

"I'll be d—d if I do," roared John; and fairly rumping Bob, he turned fiercely on Ally, who, graceless rogue, was sniggering at the doleful plight of his fellow-servant, though in the very same scrape himself. Bob would have slunk off with his bleeding nose; but John cried gruffly, "Stand still, Sirrah, till you hear a piece of my mind at parting,—I have a damnable long black score to clear with you and your fellows." And out John whips his Black memorandum-book,—the same with which he had been furnished by Aulay Macaulay, Jerry's boys, and Scotch Joe and others of Madam's clerks, as a help to his memory; for the 'Squire had a bad head for figures without book; and thus, in a rumbling tone, like thunder at a distance, he preluded—"I that might

* "The healing measure."

have lived in honour and credit, my estates clear, my tenants happy, my books in order, my trade brisk, plenty in larder and cellar, and a good something in the strong-box, to be brought into debt and danger, and to a morsel of bread! First and foremost, you set me to loggerheads with Jonathan, for no fault on earth, save that, though frugal, he was a lad of spunk and mettle, and would not beck and bing to the b—h my wife, nor allow That Most Mighty and Potent Prince, Tudor Plantagenet Rustyfusty whip his long fingers into his pocket at his good pleasure. But you would punish him, I warrant you!—you would not let him be taught to *Parley vous*, and make his *congees* by our dancing-master. He should never be allowed to learn to make his bow, or to dance the *Allemande*, and the *Minuet de la Cour* to his dying day.—The Devil's own hornpipe ye have made me dance.—And now who but Jonathan? keeping his pleasure yacht on the lake with the best; his warehouses full, driving a brisk trade east and west; his word going as far on 'Change as my bond—and our Most Mighty and Potent Cousin entrusting the pillage he has made of me to Jonathan's safe custody.* Bob would again have slunk off, dreading the twinkle of John's eye; but Ally, who knew he might go home to his own parish and hoe potatoes for the rest of his life, for devil a new place he would ever get if he lost John's, resolved to stick to his skirts like a burr, knowing him to be a good-natured bubble, and hoping his temper might fall; so he held Bob fast. "A pretty house I have kept, and a fine trade driven," continued John, more calmly; "first, my head-steward and his family must roll in their gilt coach, kept in wine and walnuts, and decked out in cloth of gold; but that's the way of the world, and I am bold to say, I never grudged it to them; only I expect a little gratitude, and to have something of my own way in my own house; though I scarce think it of good moral example, whatever my mother may, to have their brats and trulls carousing in my hall, devouring my beef and pudding, and swilling my beer, lording it into the bargain over my poor tenants, and laughing in my face."

"And sure what's their bit and their sup, to a noble and generous 'Squire, like your honour," cried Slangwhanger, making a respectful bow to John, while aside he thrust his tongue into his cheek, and leered to Ally.

"My very errand, boys," continued the 'Squire, "must all make handsome figures," forsooth!—"All for your glory and credit, 'Squire," said Slangwhanger; "only think of Philippe Baboon's people, or Don Pedro's servants, and the pretty barmaid of the Black Bear, crying, 'What smart liveries 'Squire Bull's footmen sport,—what rare treats and junk-etings they give when they come abroad!'"—"As often as the Most Mighty and Potent Rustyfusty, or the baggage, my wife," continued John, unheeding the interruption, "despatch them on sleeveless errands, while, I believe in my conscience, their real business has been plotting and colleaguings with all manner of rogues against Madam, my family, and my honest neighbours; till now, whatever mischief or breach of the peace goes on, 'Out upon John Bull,' my neighbours cry, 'he and his varlets are at the bottom of this. 'Twas he egged on the Bear-baitings which have destroyed and ruined that poor friendless noble orphan of Hackum; he, poor lad, to whom nothing is now left but a good heart;—till, by Derrydown and the Norland's doings," John went on, "my

* How much have the British aristocracy in the American funds?

honest name stinks.—And Hocus * or Hookey, Lewis or Nap, it is still John Bull must pay the piper, dance who will. But now I tell you, rascals," roared John in a new paroxysm, "the Devil's to pay, and no pitch hot. Ha! ha! ho! ho! ho!" and with that seizing Bob and Ally in his frenzy, by the nape of the neck, he knoits me their heads together, and makes them spin out of the house; shewing rather more respect to Hookey, who strutted past with his arms a-kimbo, and his eye cocked, as if he said, "Demme, whose afraid?"

Ally, a sharp rogue, soon recovered his feet, and despatched his Scotch caddies, English errand-boys, and Irish gossoons, to every quarter, bidding all the gang, high and low, assemble immediately at the Hole in the Wall, Charley's Lane, and at the Poodle Dog; but the graver sort, as the resetters and the old gentlewoman's particular hangers-on, were to meet at the Mitre. And a fine turn out there was.

In the meanwhile, John unbuttons his red waistcoat, wipes his brows, takes another cooling draught, and sends a pressing message to Greysteel to go down to Bill Boswain, and forthwith consult about affairs. He hoped Bill would not take it amiss, he said, but he particularly wished Greysteel for house-steward. You may guess the 'Squire's family was in a fine state by this time. All the house at sixes and sevens,—the husband of one mind, the wife of another,—the fires out,—no dinner cooked,—nobody caring to go to market,—and if an order dropped in from a customer no one to attend to it. All the sober decent part of the tenantry, besides the journeymen, apprentices, and respectable young wenches, took part with Greysteel, and were enraged at the ill-usage of their master; and there they went, parading up and down; before John's door, rattling marrow-bones and cleavers, and waving flags and flambeaux, shouting, "Down with Hookey. No Hookey!—Greysteel and Bill Boswain for ever! Long live Madam Reform and her Broom!" and so forth; while, on the other side, the footmen, sturdy beggars, shabby genteel vagrants and drabs, and all the tag-rag and bob-tail of Rustyfusty, led on by Ally's gossoons, would squirt kennel water, screech on cat-calls, and bawl, "No Madam Reform! Hookey for ever! Long live Bill's wife!"

The sooner peace was now restored within doors John thought the better; and being an honest plain-dealing man, he owned it was but fair to give his wife, bad as she was, a last opportunity of speaking her mind, and making the best explanation of her conduct she could; so he sent his new servant Allworthy to her, in the face of open day, inviting his relations Peg and Pat to be present, and see fair play, as it was an affair which concerned the whole family.—"Are you, Mrs. Bull," quoth Dr. Russell—after reading the catalogue of her sins—"willing to confess your faults, to take Greysteel's advice, to swallow my prescriptions, and cast yourself on the mercy of your injured husband for what is past?"—"And," added Allworthy—very respectfully, and more civilly than so perverse a jade deserved; "do you forswear from this day forth, all unlawful intercourse, public or private, with *That Most Mighty and Potent Prince, Rufus Gules D'Argent D'Or Gryphon Weveril Rustre Rampant Saliant Millrind Flory Bendsinister Waterboujet Maximus Gustavus Adolphus Gutedesang Gutedelarme Tudor Plantagenet Hep-tarch Oligarch Cheveron Rustyfusty?* As in duty bound, I give him all his titles,—and, in his own place, no one more respects that illustrious Prince;—and, moreover, Ma'am, are you disposed to receive,

* The old name for Marlborough.—EDIT.

as becomes a dutiful wife, the worthy lady, Madam Reform, your husband's best friend, and to entertain her handsomely—aye and until, with the help of Greysteel, Attorney Bruffam, and others, all matters and janglings are accommodated between you and your true lord? And, in the first place, and in token of your sincerity, do you now give your free consent to have razed certain rotten tenements, to the number of fifty-six, heretofore used for purposes which I will not offend your ladyship's delicacy, by more plainly naming?"

"Marry," cried Pat's Dan, "As my cousin, Harry Fielding, says, some people's ears are the nicest parts about them," and Scotch Joe nodded approval. But Allworthy, disregarding this ill-bred interruption, with the greatest delicacy and decorum proceeded, and with the very greatest politeness also:—and then bowing, requested the lady to take her own time, no hurry, but to say *Ay* or *No* to the first proposal; and as she looked hesitating and demure, as if she wanted courage, up gets Sly Bob and Bletherall, whom some called Mad Charley, to speak for her; and had you but heard what an injured angel of light Bob did paint her! Then up got the Cornish Chuff, and gives him a shove, crying "Let me speak;" and Ally and Bletherall all at once arguing, bullying, and swearing, till no one knew what to make of the real character of John's wife. Rustyfusty, her gallant (for cake and pudding, as John sometimes cast in her teeth,) you may be sure sent his forward sparks to battle for the "innocent lady," and the good old custom of the Manor; and Rusty vapoured away about John's worse than moonshine madness in parting with such a treasure. The old gentlewoman sent, among others, her favourite orator, the Clerk of Oxenforde, and all to maintain the hereditary and indefeasible right of that Mighty and Most Potent Prince Tudor Plantagenet Rustyfusty, to cuckold John Bull as heretofore:—for that, as Greysteel observed, was the plain English of it, and the sum and substance of every palaver held at this time between Mrs. Bull's champions and her husband's friends Allworthy and the Doctor. "Why waste working hours on the baggage?" cried Dan and Joe. Allworthy however still took his own mild civil way, but for all that, again put it plainly to her, quietly and fairly; "Ma'am do you say *Ay* or *No*?" "What say you Bob, love?" she whimpered privately; her handkerchief at her eyes, now dreading immediate divorce, and being sent down to the country. "Charley is mad, and the Chuff and Oxenforde next to it—what say you?" Bob at this time was in one of his dour fits. "Say *No*," quoth Bob. "It is necessary to the proper support of your character and dignity." "*No*," said the lady faintly. She says *Ay*, cried one,—she says *No*, bawled another and the hall was in a fine uproar; John without side the door with Tims the clever printer's devil and Chronie, thundering and roaring "What does the jade say?" "Stuff all this," said Greysteel, crying down from the second pair. "Out with her," shouted Madam Reform; and to do Bill Boswain justice, he lent her a kick with right good will, as it seemed, which sent her tumbling down stairs in a couple of hurries.

Scarcely need I tell you that John Bull did not wear his weepers long for this minx. No sooner a widower than a brisk and jolly wooer; but being still raw in the ways of women, he resolved to walk by Madam Reform's counsel this time at every step, and take daily advice of Tims and Chronie, and every sincere friend; and, above all, to start for the country before the old gentlewoman, his mother, or Rustyfusty should get beforehand with him. For unnatural and monstrous as it seems, it is but too certain the old lady would again have palmed off one of Rustyfusty's painted harlots on her own son for a modest virgin.

It was long to tell of all their tricks. But John, by the kindness of friends, was up to trap this time; and, by the help of Peg and Pat, who left no stone unturned in his service, he picks up a fresh, comely, spirited, country lass, with something of the genteel air of town breeding too, and with a breath as sweet as a haycock:—now, you must know, his former wife had a breath smelt like a hunted badger.

Up to town comes the Squire and his young bride to hold their honeymoon, John in high glee, and the family delighted; but he was taken a little aback, I own, when she also chose Master Manners for her gentleman usher; from prudence, as she lisped, and being but a young thing, and inexperienced. “Look to please your husband, my dear,” whispered Madam Reform in her private ear, “and set old saws at defiance.” But, on the whole, John was pleased. Dan told her roundly to get up betimes, if she wished to thrive, and not turn day into night like the lazy lag-a-bed that was before her; and Scotch Joe often advised her to clap a label on the hall-door, “*Nobody admitted but on business.*” She, however, took her own way.

“Wulgar, hawkward, draggel-tailed wretch, how unlike the late lady!” would Ally’s boys cry; and as often as she appeared abroad the squinters were at her; and every word she spoke out of joint, besides a thousand lies, were proclaimed by Hookey’s old broadsiders and chalkers. “Who but she now,” some would cry; “but let Madam once get fairly into the house, and we’ll soon see her darling Brummagem Tom * take the pet wife’s place!”

In the meanwhile, you may believe the other party were not idle. Every day they would meet at the Mire and the Poodle, pretending to smoke their pipes and swill beer, but all the while planning how they might set John and Madam Reform by the ears; make Bill Boswain jealous of Brummagem Tom; Squire Bull suspect Greysteel; and scare all the old women and children of John’s family. Sly Bob, an old sneckdrawer, first tried his hand on the young wife with fair cozening speeches, but her virtue was proof; though, it must be owned, John looked pretty sharply after her, as often as she showed any disposition to be skittish, as once she did in a course about the Tower Hamlets.—“Make me a jotting of all she says and does,” whispered John to Tims; “keep an eye on Bill Boswain’s backstairs, too, my good lad,—who can trust son of woman, when the mother that bore him lifts her heel against him?” But when it was seen that Mrs. Bull’s virtue, with good looking after, was proof against all the blandishments and arts of Rustyfusty, the crocodile tears of the old gentlewoman, John’s mother, and the tricks of Bob and Hookey, John’s pride knew no bounds. At every spirited rebuff she gave them, John would light up his house, or give her a dinner or ball. In short, Bill Boswain, by this time, was the best fellow on earth with John, Greysteel a treasure, his young wife a jewel, and Madam Reform would be triumphantly brought in, in a few days now.

But many a thing falls out between the cup and the lip, as I sagely remarked before; and when the Squire thought himself nearest port, there were squalls and breakers a-head. To these our history must now turn; and what other should they be than John’s old plagues in Bill’s backstairs, and the intrigues of his discarded serving men with Prince Rusty. The truth was, the Squire should at once have kicked out the whole kit; but he was the most unsuspecting man in the world, and besides, looked to Greysteel turning them out next term.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE DAYS OF FRANCE.

" Cent peuples divers
 Chanteront, en brisant leurs fers,
 " Honneur aux enfans de la France !"—BERANGER

FRIENDS of the freeman's hopes, upraise
 A glad, exulting strain !
 A spirit, as of ancient days,
 Glows on our earth again !
 Seek ye no more in mouldering urns
 Its ember-few and cold ;
 Look up ! the fire ye worship burns
 More brightly than of old !

Imperial France ! this costliest gem—
 This one best boon of Heaven,
 Was all thy trophied diadem
 Yet lacked—and now 'tis given !
 Proud victors in a hundred fights,
 Lords of the lyre and pen—
 Now nobler name, and loftier rights
 Are yours, enfranchised MEN !

Old men of France ! whose tearful eyes
 Were lingering on the past,
 Rejoice ! your race of victories
 Is nobly crowned at last !
 Now may ye lay the silvered head
 To sleep, in thankful trust
 That Freedom's foot, alone, shall tread
 Above your honoured dust.

Bright Youth of France ! for gifts like thine
 Fame bears no common meed ;
 Firm soul, that grasped the great design ;
 Strong arm, that wrought the deed !
 Fair hands shall twine thy soldier-wreath,
 Grave sires thy civic crown,—
 And every land, where Virtue breathes,
 Shall hail thee as her own !

Fair girls of France ! your loving snares
 Well may ye proudly spread,
 To bind such lion-hearts as theirs,
 With Beauty's silken thread !
 As you would guard your virgin charms
 From coward, churl, or slave,
 With welcome smiles, and open arms,
 Receive the true and brave !

The Three Days of France.

And ye ! the beardless warrior-host !
 The chiefs in infant years !
 Well may glad France your glories boast,
 With proud, triumphant tears !
 God's help reward you ! gallant wights,
 And bless the arms ye wield
 Thus early for your country's rights,—
 Keen sword, and stainless shield !

Lo ! Hist'ry's muse her sleep hath burst,
 To snatch her ancient lyre,
 And fan *your* triumphs, as she nursed
 The old heroic fire !
 The spirit of a thousand years
 Is kindling in her glance,
 And swells her accents, as she hears
 Your deeds, young hope of France !

Brave hearts of France ! in every time,
 Land, language, class, or creed,
 Wherever lives the hate of crime,
 Or love of lofty deed ;
 Wherever Freedom's martyrs weep,
 Or Freedom's altar flames,
 All lips shall burn, all bosoms leap,
 At mention of your names !

If aught of good, devout, and high,
 In lasting praise endures ;
 If aught of glory *shall not die*,
 O gallant men ! 'tis yours !
 Strong trust ye claim, and grateful pride
 From those your strife hath freed ;
 And nations watch you eager-eyed,
 And bid your swords " God speed !"

Be wakeful ! though the blast should pause,
 The storm may rave again :
 Be merciful ! so pure a cause
 Should wear no spot or stain .
 Be hopeful ! from the risen sun
 The darkest clouds will fly :
 Be glad ! for surely ye have won
 A name that shall not die !

Aye ! breathe a prayer, yet low and deep !
 The tears that nations shed
 Fall on that mound, whose dust ye keep
 O'er Gallia's patriot dead !
 Well rest the brave ! yet living still,
 Their spirit's voice shall be ;
 Through every age the words shall thrill—
 " *We died—and France is free !*"

THE UNDYING ONE.

PEOPLE are so afraid of death, that they have verily undertaken to persuade themselves it is a blessing. Nature gives all their sophistry the lie. Such swaggering speeches as—"I could encounter darkness like a bride," only indicate a very faint predilection for matrimony. The truth is, that no one ever died with good will, except in a fit of absence, forgetting what he was about. In the drunkenness of war, love, or a contested election, such things may be; but, in the darkness of night, in the hour when nightmares reign, more correct notions prevail. Then shuddering, we reflect on all the vague attributes of the monster, till strong fancy paints his clutch silently extending itself round our neck, and we jump from the bed to avoid him. Fuseli, when he wished to penetrate the very soul of art, supped upon raw pork; and to those whose unimaginative eyes are unable to penetrate the restlessly changing, grim and fantastic clouds, bodying forth images of horror in the "valley of the shadow of death," we recommend some pounds of Welch Rabbit, and a corresponding allowance of Edinburgh ale, to endow them with "the vision and the faculty divine."

Among other dainty devices for reconciling themselves to that unamiable bourne to which all men are reluctantly dragged backwards by the coat-tails, some one—we know not to whom the bright idea first suggested itself—conceived the notable scheme of depicting the lot of a man destined to live for ever, in such forbidding colours, that no person should again sigh for such a lot.* This was holding up a great ugly mask, with lighted candles instead of eyes, to frighten a child over a precipice. The fancy is oriental—native to those realms where princes, between voluptuousness and indolence, grow more than half unmaned. The records of these times have perished; but I would give a trifle to know the success of the invention in its birth-place: whether any fat-witted satrap, stretched out in all the horrors of indigestion, listening to the low monotonous hum of his story-teller, was ever so frightened by this phantasm as to order for instant execution the first traitor who uttered the treasonable wish, "Oh, king! live for ever!"

This was the first origin of "wandering Jews." The type seems indeed undying; yet the individual enjoys but a brief span, as may be testified by a round dozen of them, who, even within our remembrance, have passed a short life, and a merry one, in the world of letters. They are perishable as meaner fictions. "Salathiel!" where is he? The race does not however become extinct. The fantastic brain of an age, in no degree imaginative, but desperately desirous of being so, produces a new ephemeris of this kind daily—a tiny phoenix springing into existence before its predecessor is fairly reduced to ashes. An effete fancy ever regales itself with horrors, as hoary sinners have been said by whipping to seek a restoration of wantonness.

There is a gross sophism at the root of all these hideous imaginings. The eternal mortal—if the words include not a contradiction—is uniformly unhappy, but not from a necessity of his nature. His misery is caused by some accidental circumstance. Ahasuerus suffers for a crime. The Strulbruggs of Gulliver are moral petrifications; they outlast, not outlive, their fellows; they are imbedded in new generations, like fossil remains in the deposites of a secondary, or tertiary formation. St. Leon is a contradiction. His sufferings arise from a morbid temperament, the con-

sequence of a disordered stomach—which no person gifted with the power of renovating his frame could be subject to. Some quack cheated the poor man with an imperfect elixir. His anticipations never could have been realized, for they sprung from the false idea that sentiment and sympathy, the fluttering bliss of the inexperienced heart, the light bloom of the human plum, must endure throughout his whole undying existence. They are evanescent in their nature—they have never been known to survive even to the full life of threescore and ten. The man of countless years must have outlived them, but he must also have outlived all relish for them. Had he really obtained the true elixir, he must, in the possession of perfect health, (for disease is nothing but decay), have carved out new pleasures for himself. Poor St. Leon suffered under an interminable consumption, a never-ending decay, an infinitesimal declension of his powers. His melancholy eloquence is the voice of old Tithonus, detailing every stage in the process of his exhalation into a grasshopper.

By one, and only one poet, since the world began, has the idea of an immortal human being been rightly conceived, and his name is unknown. It has "died upon the harp-strings;" it has been "written in water." We speak of the author of PUNCH. That worthy is the true personification of a healthy mind in a healthy body, insensible of decay, and without any assignable commencement of his career. Our earliest acquaintance with him found him of full-grown stature; and in the most perfect possession of his faculties. To this hour we can trace neither increase nor diminution in either. His flow of spirits is incessant, and full of the jolly exuberant luxuriance of health. "He cares for nobody—nb not he;" he knows his superiority over mortals, feels that he is alone in the world, and like a young eagle soars and stoops in proud consciousness of his solitary dignity. The ties of mortality are not for him, but for beings who stand upon an equality with each other. Sympathy he cannot feel for those puny beings who wither and die in a day. He helps himself to what he fancies, and makes the most of the moment. At times he amuses himself by counterfeiting the weakness of humanity. He calls for the physician, and after puzzling him with a strange complexity of ailments, and quivering for a good half hour beneath his loose doublet with the earthquake of a concealed laugh, he kicks him out of doors with contumely and derision. He kisses a pretty girl, and knocks her head against the wall when he is tired of her; he carouses with a hero, and extinguishes him when his company ceases to yield him amusement. The wife and child of to-day he treats as he did the wife and child of yesterday. The former is a mortal, and has grown old and decrepit, while Punch is still "lusty Juventus." She suffers the fate of Semele, who aspired, though unequal, to match herself with Jove. The weak sons of clay grow alarmed at the exuberant jollity of this more powerful nature, and seek to entrap him by their feeble laws and police establishments. Punch asks no better fun than to lead them into the fool's paradise of believing that they have him secure, and then to bound off with a goblin outcry of "lost, lost, lost,"* leaving the hangman dangling in his stead. The black enemy

* It is the fashion of the day to confess minor plagiarisms, in the hope that readers may be kept from looking out for greater. "There can be no doubt that the "goblin page" in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," is both in body and mind a close copy of Punch.

of mankind grows jealous of such impunity, but is soon taught that he has met with rather more than his match. And thus Punch goes on from day to day, flirting, fighting, and feasting, making a mockery of "grave saws and modern instances," wearing in derision, or tearing asunder the terrible trammels of law, as a child might a chain of dandelion stalks, trampling in his invulnerability upon all weapons, laughing, capering and screaming with excess of happiness, ineffably blest in the mere consciousness of an existence bubbling up like a redundant and perennial fountain, of a life which "has murmured on a thousand years," and which for unknown centuries will continue "to flow as now it flows."

The history of Punch is unknown, and his lineage is a mystery. It is probable that he belongs to what natural historians term the Caucasian race, for such a jolly nose as he wags must be sought for in vain among Mongols, Negroes, and Malays. Again to hazard a guess upon the strength of his language, its marked resemblance to the intonation of the Rabbis while officiating in the synagogue, would lead us to suppose him a descendant of the family of Shem. It is certain that effigies of Punch, glowing in the same refulgent beauty which still lights up his countenance, have been found among the sepulchres of the Pharaohs. It is also generally understood that his earliest appearance in Europe was made at Venice. These fragmentary indications of his origin afford grounds for little more than what Sir Thomas Browne would call "a wide solution;" but, as relating to such an extraordinary character, they may not be altogether devoid of interest. Whoever wishes to inquire more deeply into the matter may consult the forthcoming volume of "Transactions of the Edinburgh Antiquarian Society," where he will find an abstract of the various authorities in a paper which was lately rewarded by a vote of thanks and a diploma of honorary member from that eminent body. Indeed the president was pleased to declare that for industrious research, and correct appreciation of the value of evidence, it was second only to the secretary's inquiries into the history of the Hebrides.

But to return to Punch. His popularity is evident from the crowds that every where follow him. We have not heard of any occasion on which his horses were taken from his carriage, and their places supplied by human beings, (a circumstance which may be accounted for by the fact of there being no horses attached to the unpretending vehicle in which he travels;) but we know that no orator addresses a meeting in the open air with half so much effect. Nor is this to be wondered at when we consider that he unites in his own person the qualifications of so many public favourites,—the squeaking voice of one, the swelling paunch and fundamental feature of another, the rampant rollocking gesture of a third, and the imperturbable impertinence of a fourth. His repartee too is of the right stamp, always personal, and more remarkable as evincing the boldness of him who dares to utter, than the ingenuity of him who is capable of conceiving it.

It is not wonderful that the great and wealthy, whose vitiated palates envy so often the "simple pleasures of the poor," should have sought, at times, to monopolize the pleasures of Punch. His *debut* in the fashionable world was rather unfortunate. He was invited to the table of a noble lord, where the novelty of the scene so discomposed his thoughts, that he found himself unable to utter a word; and was, in consequence, after repeated exhortations to make himself amusing, kicked down

stairs. He was afterwards more successful, and has been received with smiles by royalty itself. In their favourite style of joking, and still more in their sentiments regarding the important topics of love and marriage, there is a strong similarity between Punch and our late gracious Monarch,—the “first gentleman in Europe.” That illustrious individual was not, however, remarkable for the permanence of his friendships. He held with old Fritz of Prussia, “Lorsqu’on a avalé le jus, on jette l’orange.” Many suffered from this foible; only three avenged themselves:—Moore “damned him to eternal fame;” Brummel cut him; and Punch delivered a series of lectures (Cobbett is supposed to have taken the first hint from him) in every town and village of the three kingdoms, with this legend inscribed above his pulpit, “Who has had the honour of performing before the Prince-Regent.” “Lord! what fools these mortals be,” Punch might well say to himself, as secure in his immortality, and inaccessible to mental anguish, he reeled with unceasing laughter through the land, making game of the treatment which had brought Sheridan to his grave.

Punch is, however, too general a favourite not to have had his enemies. Ben Jonson has commemorated the persecutions he suffered at the hands of the Puritans. At this day the Capuchins in Naples have not abandoned their attempts to preach him down. He was the victim of one of the first *ordonnances* of Charles X; and, I have no doubt, that sympathy for the oppressed hero made the Parisians more ready to rise against those which were soon after directed against themselves. “These things are my amusement,” says Punch; and he says it in good faith, not like Pope, crushing a bundle of abusive pamphlets as he spoke.

What the future fate of this gifted individual may be, it is impossible to divine. The age now opening upon the world promises “a free field and no favour” to every man; and where that is the rule of the game, genius and stamina, like those of Punch, must get the upper hand. Already a sphere had been left vacant for him, by the Dutchman removing his broad bottom, as the crab drew in its claw to make room for Augustus. But Leopold stepped in before him. The crown of Greece, however, like that of Belgium, has gone a-begging, and with still less hope of finding a wearer. Surely there can be no comparison between the claims of an experienced and travelled character like Punch, and those of a mere child. Young Otto, too, is a German; while to judge by the fine Aristophanes-like spirit of Punch, there must be Grecian blood in his veins.* Besides, Punch has every requisite for making a constitutional monarch. He has a more popular manner than Louis Philippe; and unlike another king “we daurna name,” he never allows words to be put into his mouth, or the strings which set his legs and arms in motion to be pulled, except by the legitimate showman. He is, perhaps, if any thing, too compliant, as a story we picked up in the course of our historical re-

* The following passage in the clouds of Aristophanes is applicable to no created being but Punch:—

ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὁ χρυσὸς οὐρανοῦ νανίας
 ἐγίγινται τῆς νικτὸς, ἀλλὰ στρεβίται
 ἐν πάντι σισύραϊς ἐγμικροδύλημινος.

Punch's favourite expression of scorn and indignation is as characteristic and notorious as that of Napoleon.

searches will testify. During the American war of independence, a party of loyalists were assembled in a coffee-room at New York, perusing, with due devotion, the King's speech. An individual, strongly suspected of revolutionary principles, took upon him to deny that the speech was the King's speech, and thus he, lawyer-like, argued.—“I remember, when a boy, being at a puppet-show where Punch was, as usual, very angry with his wife Joan. He abused her, doubled his fist, and frequently lifting up his leg, menaced her with sounds resembling the deep notes of a wind instrument. However, Punch's exertions did not so exactly imitate nature, but that the difference was perceptible, till in one of his paroxysms, the sound we heard was so much more mellow, deep-toned, and energetic, that a sailor near me called out ‘B—st me but that's too deep for Punch!’ So, gentlemen, you may, if you please, call it the King's speech; but I say it is too deep for Punch.”

THE IRISH YEOMANRY.

THERE is nothing which excites such astonishment in an Irishman conversing with an intelligent Englishman or Scotchman, as the profound ignorance which, in a short time, they betray of the real condition and feelings of his countrymen. It is not that many do not employ proper words,—it is not that they do not condemn the complication of misgovernment which oppresses Ireland, but the ideas they attach to these phrases, in vigour and warmth, fall far short of the broad evil of the reality. All is in that country on a larger scale, and of a more deadly malignity of type. When distress is said to prevail among the lower classes in this country, it means a diminution of comforts; in Ireland it signifies a fearful aggravation of misery. The ordinary level of human subsistence is so low, that any depreciation produces at once severe physical suffering through the mass of the population. When commercial embarrassment is said to exist in Ireland, the English and Scotch merchant takes it for granted that it is precisely similar to that temporary suspension or diminution of profits which he himself experiences; but there a large majority of people in business are threatened with instant ruin. So precarious is their ordinary situation, so shaken is the frame of business, and so nervous its condition, that every passing cloud strikes them with an electric shock. The exhausted poverty of the country, the small capitals, communicate to periods of embarrassment, a character which, as yet at least, they are far from having obtained in England. Rejected bills, blasted credit, and its immediate consequence (in Ireland, where all is one gigantic system of credit and fictitious wealth,) bankruptcy are the certain result of any lengthened crisis. It requires to have travelled through the country to conceive the numbers who are thrown on the world during one of those convulsions.

Another subject, on which much discussion has taken place, and the broad facts therefore of which might naturally be supposed to have been ascertained, affords a further and pregnant instance of that fog of misconception and prejudice which settles on the best intellects, when Ireland is concerned. We allude to the Repeal of the Union. Our Irish readers will be amazed, when we inform them, that a large pro-

portion of honest, serious, well-meaning men, actually believe this question is of no older date than the summer of 1830,—that repeal and separation are synonymous to the mind of every repealer,—that it owes its origin to no other cause than the restless ambition of Mr. O'Connell, employing it as a lever to raise himself into power,—and that it excites no national interest, being adopted solely by the party that adheres to the fortunes of the great Agitator. These, we assure them, are the clear persuasions of educated persons in Great Britain, upon whose sanity, were the Irish people to summon them before the Lord Chancellor, Brougham would instantly pronounce with the indignation naturally excited by this insult, to men of such admirable intellects, and such extensive information; and however our good friends of the Green Isle may be shocked, it is necessary that we set before the Scotch and English public the enormity of their error. Repeal, then, is emphatically a national question. No less than five-sixths of the Irish people have declared themselves for it. With six out of eight millions, which Ireland nearly contains, it has the obstinacy of a conviction, and the intensity of a passion. It is by its bearing on Repeal that any question is tried. The conclusive test of its merits is, whether will it injure or advance Repeal; and, beyond all doubt, it was on the decision of that interrogatory, that the devoted adherence of the *People* to Reform turned. With a single exception, all the liberal Journals of Dublin advocate Repeal; and their popularity bears an exact ratio to the energy, firmness, and power of their support. Those who think this a question of yesterday know little of the foundation of its influence, the rapidity of its growth, or the complication of its-intertexture with the history and feelings of the people. They dream, if they imagine, that anything short of the most prompt, judicious, and healing legislation has a chance of loosening the strained embrace of that affection, with which, at least, six millions clasp it to their hearts. Mr. O'Connell is more held than he holds to it; and, however sincere we may suppose the gratitude of his countrymen, it is certain that the main motive for the establishment of the annual tribute, was an intention not to pay him for his advocacy, but to enable him to devote his undivided energies to its success.

As to the date of its origin, and the interested motives attributed to Mr. O'Connell, it is sufficient to observe, that the very first public act of his long and splendid life was one of strenuous opposition to the Union, and that he has now dared to avow an unabated hostility to that measure. Three years before Emancipation passed, the writer heard him declare at a public aggregate meeting, that Emancipation was but the stepping-stone to Repeal. The sentiment seemed to kindle a ready train of feeling in the assembly; and loud cheers followed the expression of it. As, indeed, at that time many Protestants proposed to give Emancipation to the winds; and of these, the most prominent was Lord Cloncurry.

It is maintained by many intelligent persons, that the consequence of a Repeal of the Union would be separation. This is not the place to discuss the subject; but in justice to the people of Ireland, we must acknowledge that they reject, with indignation, the charge brought against them of seeking to dissolve the connexion between both countries—that their leaders admit the madness of a war with Great Britain, which would be the result of such an attempt,—and that they urge the fact of Ireland's having continued for centuries in connexion with England under the bond of an independent parliament, while the Union is a re-

cent innovation, which, for the space of its existence, has crowded with almost as much of misery, insult, and bloodshed, the last thirty years, as fills the whole of its previous history. .

But not to lash the reader round the whole circle of Irish grievance and British ignorance, we will exemplify both by a rapid exposition of the subject which is ostensibly, at least, our more immediate topic. What interest, what sympathy, is displayed in Parliament, or out of it, on the subject of the Irish Yeomanry? What writer, or speaker, in these countries, with scarce an exception, shews even a remote knowledge of the nature, distribution, cause, or policy of that force? Who is sensible that it is a nucleus of danger to ourselves, and that it bore a direct relation to Reform, of serious consideration. Take any man, and he will probably tell you, it is a national force, fairly selected from the general population, and that its establishment is in accordance with the principles of the present Government. There never was a grosser error. It is a force emphatically anti-national, the very condition of its existence is hostility to the nation,—it is selected (generally speaking) from a single sect,—and it is directly in the teeth of the principles, the professions, and the interests of this very ministry which called it into a mischievous activity. The Yeomanry of Ireland—to say that they are anti-Reformers, would give a faint notion of the hatred and contempt they express for Lord Grey's government. Their leaders are the violent ultra-Tories who oppose the Ministry, not on Reform alone, but on every question, foreign and domestic, by which honour can be gained to it, or peace to the country. With the one ominous exception of tithes, there is no vexation of opposition tactics, no virulence of contumely, that they have not heaped on the Ministry.* Nor would their opposition have rested there. On the memorable 15th of May last, when the Duke of Wellington had unbuckled his sword, to throw it into the scale, and it became necessary to calculate the chances of the approaching contest somewhat narrowly, near 30,000 Irish yeomen were set down, and most correctly, as ready to act against the people. Such was the admirable policy of Mr. Stanley, that he had clothed, armed, and equipped that force against his country, Reform, and even himself. Had not the gigantic demonstration of the empire crushed the heart of the Tory faction, the exhortations of the Evening Mail, calling on the Orangemen of Ireland to arm, would not have been without effect; and the country, for a short time, (for it could have been but a short time,) would have had reason to admire the foresight, prudence, and policy of the Irish Secretary, which had erected this convenient *point d'appui* for our deadly enemies; yet such a result would have been in strict accordance with the revival of the yeomanry. No one who has not been in Ireland can easily conceive the mischiefs of that measure, and the almost universal detestation it occasioned. If we were asked to assign the particular point on which the Irish people feel most acutely, we would at once answer—the revival of the yeomanry. The reader may probably be startled when he is told that this single step was the revival of party spirit in a form of great inveteracy—that it was a breach of solemn faith—and that it was a direct recurrence to that policy of division which, from its wickedness and cruelty, has acquired bad eminence in infamy, and been by none

* See the Conservative Club at Tims's, in Dublin, or the Education Meetings in Exeter Hall, particularly what the Morning Post would once have called the "Your-tents-Oh-Israel Speech" of Mr. Shaw, the Recorder of Dublin.

more loudly denounced than by the very individuals who employed it on this occasion. These assertions, however, are literally true, and unfortunately susceptible of easy proof. For that purpose it is merely necessary to recall the circumstances of the time.

In 1830-31, when the question of repeal began to be extensively agitated, Government resorted to two modes of crushing it, perhaps the most unwise and unworthy, to use a mild term, that ever were resorted to by a Government professing a regard for liberty, honour, and true religion. A statute existed, so atrocious, that it was tolerated only as one which never would be employed, (we mean that for the suppression of the Catholic Association), the nature of which may be conceived when we state that by it the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—that single individual, whoever he might chance to be—was authorized to disperse *any* meeting in Ireland, on *any* subject, under *any* circumstances, which it was his will and pleasure to be offended with on any account whatever. This statute, which the Whigs, of course, had condemned, was the identical one under which Mr. O'Connell was seized at his house, with no more regard than is ordinarily shown to a common felon, and borne off to the police office along with six other gentlemen of character and respectability. It was under this statute that so many meetings for several days were proclaimed down by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. No one had charged "the conspirators" with a riot, with a single illegal act or sentiment; their guilt consisted in a very doubtful violation of this statute, which at one blow annihilated liberty in a whole nation. We offer no opinion as to the policy of a Repeal of the Union. It may be the most necessary or most mischievous act in the world; but we would be false to every principle and instinct if we approved of the means employed to stifle it. If the Irish people were right in their views, they ought to succeed; if wrong, they ought to have been convinced of their error. The folly and injury of such a measure ought to have been proved to them; but conviction or content never was the result of proceedings so arbitrary and violent. The only consequence that could fairly be expected was a deeper sinking into the popular mind of that unfortunate suspicion which similar courses had engendered in that people, and a more inveterate adherence to the very question which it was intended to extinguish. The Government therefore prejudiced their own cause in the eyes of indifferent observers, and were far from recommending it to their immediate opponents. Let the reader, in the spirit of the great Christian rule of morality, place himself in the same situation,—let him suppose a discretionary power vested in one man of suppressing every reform meeting through the kingdom,—let him suppose the Birmingham Political Union, "the front and stay of the battle" a short fortnight since, dispersed by a mere proclamation under so iniquitous a statute,—he might then adequately conceive the injustice and irritation of the course pursued in Ireland. But it is unnecessary to draw on his imagination:—sixteen years since a reformer was subjected to deeper indignities and more cruel treatment. The Manchester massacre is an everlasting monument of such policy, and 1832 of its consequences.

The second mode, however, was even more mischievous than the first. The yeomanry were revived, and with it all that fury of religious dissension which it was the object of Emancipation to compose. Ministers considered, or affected to consider—in either case unwisely, in one wickedly—the body of the Irish people as rebels, and appealed to the exclusive loyalty of the Orangemen. The effect was instantaneous.

Party spirit sprung from its ashes. The Orange faction, seeing their old domination thus placed within their grasp, and by the men who had always condemned Orangeism, grew more violent and insolent than ever. To them it was a matter of total indifference under what pretext they obtained power, whether by purer religion or purer loyalty. They saw that the old policy of setting one party against the other, to prevent the necessity of doing justice to either, was revived, and that Emancipation was therefore in reality repealed. Along with these new hopes returned all the old watchwords of party, all the virulent abuse poured out on the religion, feelings, and persons of the Irish people; and, what was much more deplorable, there returned that appetite for blood which a long fast had exalted into the keenest stings of sanguinary desire. Brooding over defeat, and the loss of that power and patronage in which they had rioted so long, the sudden heat of favour called them into an activity the more dangerous from their former torpor. The yeomanry, composed in general of the low and violent Orangemen, feeling themselves to be held in leash against the people, and inflamed by praises from Parliament and a large portion of the English press, thought the hour was come for full revenge; and that they were determined to gratify on the first colour of a pretext. The police being in general strictly Orange, shared the feeling of the yeomanry, and were in fact the authors of the first massacre. At Castlepollard "a stone or two fell on the bayonets." There was no evidence to prove that the police were in danger; and, what is conclusive, not a single policeman was produced with the slightest mark of injury on his person; but the excuse was given, they turned round and fired by threes into the middle of the crowd. This premeditated coolness alone would prove the deadly *animus* of that force. But what reply can be made to the declaration of their chief constable, Blake, on the morning of that day—that he would keep them in their barracks, they were violent party men, and could not be trusted? We never heard a candid man answer that.

The massacre at Newtownbarry, which followed close on the heels of Castlepollard, was still more bloody and unprovoked. The small numbers of the police might, by possibility, have been urged as an extenuation in the latter case, but the yeomanry force at Newtownbarry was, every thing considered, overwhelming. There were several corps present, amounting to between one hundred and fifty and two hundred men; and the fullest previous preparation rendered them still more formidable to an unarmed people. Over these dreadful tragedies we willingly draw a veil; and if they are alluded to, it is only for the purpose of exhibiting the consequences which have attended the revival of the Irish yeomanry. Mr. Grattan said, with perfect truth, in the House of Commons, that the blood of the victims murdered at Newtownbarry and Castlepollard might be traced to the door of that House. It was the re-arming of the yeomanry,—the praises lavished on their exclusive loyalty,—the encouragement of them for the purposes of coercing the body of the people, and the inevitable result of such conduct: viz., that they should regard the people as their natural enemies, with whom they might, under the orders of Government itself, be soon committed in open civil war, that produced those slaughters. It is true the Ministry never contemplated this result; but if arms are placed in the hands of men whose passions they had excited by the most inflamed torches that can be

applied to the human mind ; if they taught them to regard the mass of their nation as little better than declared rebels, it could scarcely be expected that the yeomanry would not break out before the proper time had arrived. Nor could Government plead that no warning voice was raised against the measure. On the contrary, they were besought, in terms of the most anxious adjuration, to abandon so fatal a course. The liberal Irish members, those gentlemen to whom, on the question of reform, this nation owes so deep a gratitude, pointed out the consequences, and declared that they would cheerfully vote for an increase of the army, if necessary, rather than tear away the bandages from the wounds of their country, by introducing anew all those hateful divisions which had shaken public and private peace ; planted social life with innumerable malignities and bitternesses ; degraded justice into a violent partisan ; poisoned the springs of religion ; and, spreading as it rose from the corruption of society, split the national mind into a hundred rifts, and completely withered the general prosperity, by souring the affections and tempers of men, and rendering them incapable of any attention to industry, any concert, union, or enterprise for the improvement of their common country. Unfortunately, Mr. Stanley (for to the same statesmanlike conception, it is believed, the Arms Bill and the revival of the yeomanry are due) was deaf to all exhortation, and the consequences are before us. Party spirit is now as violent in the Orange mind as if Emancipation never had been carried. In the tone of their organs there is no difference, except, perhaps, an increased propensity to fierce and foul libels on every thing sacred and dear to the people. What is the cause of this ? It is that the solemn contract of emancipation has been violated by the revival of the yeomanry, and a flattering prospect held out to the Orange party of regaining their old ascendancy. We are perfectly aware of the seriousness of the accusation ; but, again we repeat, that however the Education System has been conceived in the spirit of that covenant, the revival of the Orange yeomanry for the purpose of coercing the majority of the nation did, in principle, directly abrogate it.

What was the meaning of Emancipation ? Was it not, that henceforward all distinctions of sect and party were to be abolished, and a small minority no longer permitted to lord it over seven-eighths of the nation, and usurp all the powers, privileges, dignities, and emoluments of the State. The pretext under which the Orange party possessed these—was religion. It was beneath this cloak of falsehood that the iniquity of the policy was concealed. The moment, therefore, that the Ministry placed the vast majority of the Irish nation under the ban of the empire, and armed the Orange party to coerce them, that moment the spirit and substance of Emancipation was violated. What mattered it to them whether it was for religion or loyalty, or both united, they could attain it. They were not such fools. To some it might have been pleasant to make religion the test, as it would wound the feelings of their countrymen ; but the far greater number were perfectly indifferent, if it were made to depend on the cut of a coat, provided a political Stultz were found to invent one which would effectually exclude the majority. This is the real clew to all the sound and fury on the new Education System. Had party spirit continued to subside at any thing approaching the ratio which governed its ebb up to the revival of the yeomanry, there would have been only the most insignificant

opposition to a measure, which all would acknowledge was in strict accordance with Emancipation: and this latter being irrevocable, as was the universal opinion of friends and opponents, minds of even the most stubborn obstinacy would have yielded to what seemed an overruling necessity.

It is imagined by some persons, that the yeomanry is a national force—a sort of national guard. Now we cannot, from the parliamentary returns (because any specification of the number has been omitted in each) exhibit the proportion in the various provinces of Ireland; but there is no doubt that the large majority is confined to Ulster. Before Mr. Stanley's administration, the yeomanry amounted, in round numbers, to 17,000, of whom 14,000 were raised in Ulster; and, at present, when they are 31,000, we are inclined to think the ratio has not been much departed from; but whether it be or not, makes the least possible difference, as even in Leinster, Connaught, and Munster, Orangemen are the bulk of the various corps. They form a small body of janissaries in every county. It might be argued, that the yeomanry is a fair representative of the people, because a considerable body exists in Wicklow, for instance; and it might be plausibly said, that not only the county itself, but every borough in it, returns reformers. Nay, one of the county members is a Catholic, and was an Agitator, a member of the Association, and a friend of Mr. O'Connell's; but the fact is, that the yeomanry are chosen from the small Orange party that exists in the county, and Newtownbarry itself is situated in Wicklow.

Never did fancy beget, or ignorance conceive a more gross mistake, than the notion that the yeomanry are a national force. It is totally alien to the fact, the policy, and the express declarations of Ministers. The population was disarmed, and the moment the yeomanry were armed, the only defence the people possessed against the yeomanry, besides their bravery and despair, was the regular army. Admirable policy which renders the idea of a standing army popular in Ireland! Admirable policy, which renders its employment necessary, and thus maintains, under their very noses, a force which may be turned against the liberties of the English people! The Irish popular members said,—“If coercion be necessary, if you are determined to have an armed force, let it be the army of the line, which is free from party spirit, and which does not hate the people?”

In our opinion, party spirit is of a more intractable nature than before 1829; and the cause is this. Emancipation was resisted and driven forward as a final measure, as one that was to decide for ever the question of ascendancy. Upon it each party staked its last hopes. Accordingly, when it had at length been carried, the Orange party were irresistibly inclined to peace. There was nothing to contend for—emancipation was final—the seal of the King, the representative of social faith and justice, had been set on it, and to stand out in longer opposition, conveyed a suspicion of the soundness of a man's understanding, rather than impeachment of his morality. It seemed a foolish opposition to Providence. Party spirit subsided with wonderful rapidity. A change directly opposite to that which Virgil describes as wrought on the Fury took place; the fiend that just now encumbered the earth shrunk into a feeble, wrinkled hag; but, at the touch of the Whig Ministry, a sudden metamorphosis occurred, and she sprung up again into the frightful features of the demon. The Orange party were convinced of their mis-

take. Foolishly they had imagined there was some force in law—some in solemn covenant—some in policy. To them it seemed totally beyond even the proverbial daring of human imagination that the Whigs would raise up the ascendancy which their own hard-hearted and hard-headed leader, the Duke of Wellington, had been compelled to overthrow. It never entered into their conception that the last measure, the disarming of the people, and the arming of themselves, would be resorted to ; but finding out the grossness of the error which attributed common consistency to their enemies, finding that Emancipation was a mere piece of waste paper, and that the domination of the minority was a thing not merely possible, but in actual existence, their views and opinions returned, with the violence of recoil, to their former position.

We would appeal to Lord Grey himself ; and ask—Is it worthy or prudent to revive such a system ? Will tyrannical statutes or religious dissension give bread to the population, or improve any one branch of industry ? He must be sensible that the yeomanry would have acted against the people in May ; and it is strange that such a fact can fall on his consciousness without raising some train of reflection. But does he imagine that the English people will tolerate it ? If so, his conduct amazes us ; for it certainly seems to indicate the most philosophical appreciation of the tendency of public opinion, and the error proves the amount of its momentum. A new relation has grown up between the people, whoever they are, and an affinity much too strong for the rotten, worn-out traces in which the Tories so long drove them. An affectionate disposition, the result of common interest, and dangers braved together, is plainly visible in the mind of the British towards the Irish people ; the readiness with which the latter throw aside, at the approach of the battle, their griefs and resentments, had something in it that could not fail to touch a proud and generous heart. He must be a careless observer who cannot perceive that England requires only to be well informed to do justice to Ireland. Goodwill is a soil in which knowledge bears abundant harvest, and where there is a real anxiety to learn, the power is sure soon to follow. Our Irish fellow-citizens are certainly to be blamed that they have not calculated the effects of misrepresentation—of steady, cool, deliberate falsehood, employed to mislead them on the subject of their feelings, condition, and opinions ; and if our exertions can remove any part of that mass of ignorance which alone neutralizes the good disposition of England towards a country eminently meriting affection, and capable of high prosperity, but affording, as it stands, an example of the unintelligible power of man to defeat the beneficent designs of Providence, in which, by a reversal of nature, salubrity seems only the guarantee of disease, affection of malignity, and fruitfulness of famine—we will be amply rewarded.

THE MAID OF ELVAR.*

NEVER were three beings more essentially different than Burns, Cunningham, and Hogg. The latter alone, is, properly speaking, the poet of nature; the others have enjoyed an education, not dictated by others, but prompted by their own aspirations, yet still an education, in the strictest acceptation of the term, better than what falls to the lot of nine-tenths of those who call themselves the educated classes. Hogg, on the contrary, if we can trust his own account—and there is much in his prose writings that bears him out—owes to persevering and bungling attempts of his own the “gifts” of reading and writing, which we all know “come by nature;” and farther, his scientific acquirements do not seem to extend. His prose writings are a thorough jumble; the style helpless, the matter a strange mixture of scraps of observation, downright absurdity, and details, which while their truth to nature forces you to read them, are alike revolting to common sense and good taste. Something of this may at times be found in his verses, but his lyrical and legendary poems are free from all such taint. They rise upon the ear with a wild and witch-like music, they awaken fancies of unearthly sylph-like or starry beauty. They are abstractions from every thing gross and human; the essence of pure poetic voluptuousness. In this department he is unapproached even by Burns. It strikes at first as anomalous that one so highly gifted should absolutely want the power of discriminating between the best and the worst of his own productions; but the solution of the riddle is easy. The intellectual power, the power of reflection or of judgment has never been trained; his poetical power is the free gift of nature, and hovers about and adorns a soul otherwise left in native rudeness, as the meteor gleams along the marsh, or as, in the witch legends of our native land, the most dulcet and thrilling notes of music mingle and sink or swell on the breeze, and the most ecstasically beautiful and delicious illusions of sight, taste, and smell, are evoked for the delight of poor, stupid, tattered and dirty crones. Hogg, save in the moment of inspiration, is a very common-place man; under its access he is the only genuine denizen of Fairyland now alive. He has drunken of Elf wine, and been gifted with the elvish flute, and yet remains the same lout as ever. He is a product of nature, not a responsible being. We must regard him as a flower or shell, prizing his beauties, and shutting our eyes to his defects, and holding him accountable for neither. Properly speaking, James Hogg is not known to the world. When people speak of him, they think of the Shepherd of the Noctes, a being of more powerful genius, but not by a hundred-degrees so curious and instructive a specimen of humanity.

Burns again, and Cunningham, are neither men entitled to be judged of by so lenient a standard, nor likely to be benefited by its application. They stand in a higher rank of literature—among those whose genius has been sedulously cultivated, who have pursued their art with a wish to render their attempts more and more perfect, and who have caught from their labours a more free and majestic gait. Burns in particular laboured most assiduously. He received the rudiments of

* The Maid of Elvar, a poem. By Allan Cunningham. London: Moxon.

education from a man who had enjoyed the benefits of a classical education, and was by him early familiarized with the technicalities of grammar and prosody. His father initiated him into the practice of arithmetic. This slender foundation we find him continually labouring to extend with a view to rearing upon it a solid structure. While yet a lad, he reads and re-reads his volumes of rude songs, and the ruder metre of "The History of Sir William Wallace," scrutinizing their harmony, and gradually forming his ear for versification, exercising his judgment upon the value of their imagery and sentiment. At Irving we find him struggling to master mathematics. Throughout his life, we trace a yearning after the acquirement of different tongues. The district in which he was born was vexed in his youth with fierce theological strife, the first indications of that restless and questioning spirit from which sprung the political storm which roared and thundered around the close of his career. These controversies stirred up thoughts of a deeper nature in his mind, troubling the repose, but elevating the character of his soul. And this training, imperfect, it is true, but still more systematic than falls to the lot of most men, was bestowed upon a mind, manly, generous, delicate, and powerful. Burns' sense of the beauty of external nature was quick and intuitive. His power of seeing the characters of men, of catching at once whatever was excellent, or base, or ludicrous about them was unerring. He possessed that strong physical constitution which gives energy to the utterance of thought,* and an imagination wide in its grasp and versatile in its application. He was, in short, fitted to become a model to his kind; but the relations of society in which he was placed, destroyed him. He was above his sphere, and although unwearied in his industry, could not succeed in it. His literary attempts introduced him to another; but those who moved in it, could not fancy a being born below them possessed of human feelings. Even Dugald Stewart expressed a most unphilosophical and insolent wonder at finding a peasant capable of pondering over the workings of his own mind; while the dull proser on *Belles Lettres* were elegantly astonished that a *Splacknuck*, picked up between the "riggs o' barley," should be able to write grammatically. The children of fashion again found a charm in his conversation which their emasculated souls had never before dreamed of; "he carried them off their feet." He was sought after by the learned, the elegant and the gay; he was shewn new pleasures and taught new wants; and when the novelty of his first appearance was over, and the fickle taste of those who lived merely for the moment grew tired of him, he was dismissed to his original poverty and obscurity. "The illustrious of his native land" regarded him as a thing luckily thrown in their way to contribute to their amusement, but knew not that it had a heart and desires as well as themselves. A more shameful outrage was never perpetrated against "God's express image." It is not our purpose to dwell upon, still less to extenuate what may have been Burns' subsequent failings; but when the day arrives to fix the doom of all, he may boldly stretch forth his hand towards his lordly flatterers and deserters, and say, "It was their doing."

Cunningham, we are now nearly within sight of. Our subject is more akin to Burns than Hogg, though different from both. More happy than

* The glow of his swarthy eye, which struck even the most unobservant, expressed his powerfully impassioned character.

the former in his fortunes, and, we believe, also, less exposed to danger by his original temperament, his life, since he first attracted notice, exhibits the steady progress in worldly comforts of a shrewd pains-taking man. His mental development has advanced with it step by step. His taste has become more refined and natural as years have matured his judgment; and his circle of thought and imagination has widened with his experience of the ways and dealings of men. In most of his ballads, published by Cromek, we find a painfully stilted and conventional style. But genius sparkles through. "Ye're our pure, said the voice o' God, for dwelling out o' Heaven," is an idea that startles and puzzles. We feel uncertain whether it belongs to the sublime or the extravagant. Yet we feel that it expresses the struggling of a strong mind seeking to achieve something great. "Galloway Tam," and some others, are emanations of that strong, masculine humour, which rescues the sentimental bard from the Slough of Despond of mawkish tenderness and prettiness. The description of the maiden whose frame was so delicate that "the blude-reid wine" tinged her fair throat as it trickled down, is within the region of beauty; and in the whole range of poetry, we have not found a happier expression of the ennobling nature of love (Boccaccio's Cymon not excepted) than in the song of "the Gardener Lad."¹¹

My love is set on a lofty spot,
Where I daurna mint my han';
But I'll water, and watch, and kiss the flowers
O' my bonnie ladie Annie.

The next step in Cunningham's progress is his "Mark Macrabin," which appeared originally in Blackwood's Magazine. The defects of this work are an unnatural elevation and stilted monotony of style, and sometimes a want of truth to nature. But no man ever read it without feeling that the whole soul of genius was there. We sit on the brae-side amid the cool settling down of the dew, listening to the distant lowing of cattle; or we rest beneath the bright moon at the foot of Lag Castle, and think of the times of the persecution. A strange medley of characters flit across the scene before us:—the gipsy desperado, the fair enthusiastic Buchanite, the witch-wife, the Cameronian, the gallant reckless libertine. It is true that their characteristic lineaments are not always very well defined, and that their motions are constrained and their veins bloodless, but the pageantry of their array has something about it gorgeous and striking. The author strikes every moment upon some string which responds the music of the heart, and all the beauties of earth and sky are lavishly squandered to form fitting frame-works for his pictures. The glamour of poetry is hurled into the air, and although at times a doubt suggests itself, whether the object upon which we gaze with such delight be a trim garden or a peat hag, we yield ourselves spell-bound to the witchery.

"Richard Faulder" and "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell" belong to the same period, and offer nothing to detain us at present. His novels, however, present the mind of Allan in a more advanced state of development. The works to which we have hitherto directed the reader's attention, are the product of a naturally vigorous mind, not yet possessed of very clear conceptions of its own aim, working upon the legends of its native land. In "Paul Jones" and "Sir Michael Scott," we trace the consequences of an acquaintance with the literature of the day more extensive than accurate. The politico-metaphysical character of the age has extended

even to Allan. He has been introduced to a wider and more diversified world; he has caught the trick of examining his own nature, and "sighs among his play-things." The nature of society and the structure of empires have become familiar speculations. But the images with which his fancy is filled are still those of his boyhood. In "Paul Jones" we again encounter our old friends, the dissipated Scotch Laird, the witch, the Cameronian, storms, phantom-ships, murder, and mirth-making. But an allegorical sense has been attached to these outward forms, and an attempt is made, not always unsuccessfully, to body forth the fierce struggle between the aristocracy and democracy, which still animates Europe. The feudal feelings still surviving amid altered circumstances; the untamed spirit of high aristocracy shaking itself down from its pedestal; the meanness which unawares clings to generous spirits asserting their natural equality with men of rank; the hollowness of forms clung to merely from dread lest worse should come in their place; the dogmatism of ignorance, which fancies itself enlightened, merely because it disbelieves,—all may be encountered at times, and dashed off with the hand of no common artist. In "Sir Michael Scott," we find the same ingredients,—the same endeavour to give utterance to abstract opinions under the mask of fictitious narrative, executed in a more sustained tone and comprehensive spirit, but mystified at the same time for the mass of readers by a large dash of witchcraft. The ladies expected a fairy tale, and choked upon a politico-philosophical romance, diversified by escapades of the most soaring and extravagant imagination. Both of these works in short must ever remain *caviare* to the multitude; but for those who can give a loose to fancy, who can find pleasure in the contemplation of the beautiful, who love to regard a half-trained Hercules wrestling with "a load might bow strong Atlas," they must ever possess a deep and lasting interest. The mind through which such conceptions pass, is like the night when the first dawn breaks in upon it,—when masses of shade and faint glimmerings shift and heave like the surface of a chaos,—when form seems one moment discernible, and the next is lost in the vague gloom. Bright and glorious day is coming as sure as the laws of nature are immutable, but as yet darkness has only been exchanged for confusion, which to some minds is the more disagreeable object of contemplation.

The next undertaking of our author was the "Lives of British Artists." In this work a marked and progressive improvement of his style is visible: it has approached nearer to that state of perfection in which the words are as a transparent medium through which the sense is distinctly seen, or of themselves attracting the attention, if at all, as the light murmuring of a brook expressive of its onward lapse. In the first volume Allan attempted to be philosophically critical, and in this endeavour we cannot say that he was completely successful. The exact and the critical are not the most prominent features of his mental character, nor would he perhaps be so well qualified for a poet if they were. In the succeeding volumes he has confined himself more to the task of compiling a pleasing narrative, interspersed with such remarks as might occur to a man of vigorous intellect, who lays no claim to the character of a systematic thinker. They are eminently and unobtrusively beautiful. We speak of them merely in a literary point of view, leaving to the student of history and biography to judge of their accuracy.

"The Maid of Elvar" is Cunningham's latest work, and to our taste

of all that he has published the most unvaryingly delightful. The story is simple ; not so much a reflex of real life, as a series of adventures, such as a poet is naturally inclined to wish and dream out for himself, while lingering "adown some trotting burn's meander." The youthful hero is of humble parentage, but alike distinguished in war and arms. The heroine is an exquisite beauty of noble birth. They meet, and of course love. The maid, driven by chance of war from her paternal hall, seeks refuge, under a feigned name, in the cottage of her lover's parents, learns to love him better, and gains the assurance that she is loved for herself alone. "The course of true love never did run smooth," and Eustace (for such is our hero's name) is obliged to bring back his bride o'er the border by force of arms. They visit her castle, and here a delicious scene occurs, reversing the incidents of Moore's "You remember Ellen." A dark mysterious palmer interferes, and declaring himself to be the lady's long-lost father, forbids such unequal alliance as she contemplates. Eustace is discovered to be of noble blood, and all ends happily.

Now we most earnestly entreat of our readers not to judge of the poetry by the outline of this somewhat nursery calibre of plot. This simple invention is only the author's excuse for embracing in one extended description all the poetical features of his native district, and all the varied features of its varied year. We, too, claim the green vale of Nith as the home of our infancy—its sounds and sights are graven on our memory, and intermingled with every thought. And here we have them all truly and lovelily mirrored in the murmuring and flashing stream of the poet's song. We stand in fancy once more on the hills of Dunscore, looking down upon the fertile valley, and hearing, amid the breathless silence of an autumnal noon, the gentle rustle of the grain as it falls before the sickle. We wander at will in the fresh morning, through the tall dewy grass, wreathed with fantastic knots of cobwebs sparkling with watery gems ; or in the hush of even-tide, when the stars come out one after another, and the reaper's horn is heard, and the scent of flowers rises sweetly through the cool air, the evening sacrifice of inanimate nature. The brown upland varies with the green valley, and the charms of spring with those of summer. Allan has roamed the land "from bald Corsincon down to nestling Barnhourie," noting every beauty, and his heart has cherished them amid the drought and bustle of the crowded city ; and here we have them in numerous verse the treasured musings of many a year. These glowing pictures of his own beloved home will yet become a constant inmate of the peasant's be-cobwebbed window-hole ; they will be thumbed, while the busy sun shines through the mottled reek, to while away the lingering minutes which must intervene ere the huge goans of reeking porridge, beneath which the table groans, have lost superfluous heat. Old men and women will nod their heads, and spread their palms upon their knees, and laugh loudly at descriptions of their revelry, which no one could pourtray who had not shared in them ; or they will assume an air of serious edification when the Sabbath stillness is described. The eyes of the lasses will gleam with clearer light beneath the spell of verse ; and youths will burn for an occasion to display "the might which slumbers in a peasant's arm." Let him who knows not Nithsdale read the "Maid of Ebor," and cease to be ignorant ; let him who does, dwell upon its pages as he would on the picture of an absent friend.

But Allan must be allowed to speak for himself. The first appear-

ance of the heroine is most bewitching, and the scene in which we find her is worthy of so fair a being.

XXV.

He came unto a small and pleasant bay—
A crescent-bay half garlanded with trees,
Which scented all the air ; whose blossoms gay
Were rife with birds, and musical with bees ;
And danced in beauty in the seaward breeze ;
While o'er the grove ascended Elvar Tower,
A mark by land, a beacon on the seas—
With fruit trees crowned, and gardens hung in flower,
Dropt round with fairy knolls and many an elfin bower.

XXVI.

Even as he stood, there came from Elvar Hall
A peerless one, with handmaids hemmed about—
Fair Sybil Lesley, lovesome, straight and tall,
Sweet as a lily ere the bloom bursts out :
A seaman looked and scarce suppressed a shout—
A shepherd saw her and looked down with awe ;
Even Ralph Latoun, a warrior tried and stout,
Seemed moved somewhat when he this vision saw,
Which with the rising sun came down the greenwood shaw,

XXVII.

Fair Sybil comes : the flowers which scent her feet
Bloom for her sake alone ; the polished shells
Raise as she touches them a sound as sweet
And musical as the breeze breathed on bells ;
Her hand waves love, and her dark eyes rain spells,
Her mouth, men might mistake it for the rose
Whose opening lips afar the wild bee smells :
Her hair down gushing in an awful flow,
And floods her ivory neck, and glitters as she goes.

The return of the triumphant warriors from the fight is equally beautiful, although different in character.

XXXIX.

The ripe corn waved in lone Dalgona glen,
That, with its bosom, basking in the sun,
Lies like a bird ; the hum of working men
Joins with the sound of streams that southward ran,
With fragrant holms atween ; then mix in one
Beside a church, and round two ancient towers
Form a deep fosse. Here sire is heired by son,
And war comes never : ancle deep in flowers
In summer walk its dames among the sunny bowers.

XL.

Upon the morn of which I sing, its church
Sent holy sounds into the brightening air,
And men with hoary haffets sought its porch,
And ancient dames and damsels passing fair ;
The melody of hymns, the voice of prayer,
Rose high to heaven for our afflicted land.
Miles Grame knelt down, and sad his snowy hair
He stroked, and prayed, that God's own helping hand
Would Scotland and his Son shield from the Southron brand.

XLI.

He rose, and homeward by the slumbering stream
Walked with the morn-dew glistening on his shoon.
The sun was up, and his outbursting beam
Touched tower and tree and pasture hills aboon ;
The stars were quenched, and vanished was the moon ;

Lowd lowd the herds, and the glad partridge cry
 Made corn-fields musical as groves at noon ;
 Birds left the perch, bee following bee hummed by,
 And gladness reigned on earth, and brightness claimed the sky.

XLII.

“ Song to the bird,” he said, “ bloom to the bough,
 Fruits to the earth, and fragrance to the morn,
 Flowers to the bee, to Winter sleet and snow,
 To Spring her lilies in the sunshine born :
 To Summer berries, and to Autumn corn,—
 Fowls to the air, fish to the silent stream,
 Speed to the roebuck, echoes to the horn,
 Motion to water, light to the moonbeam,
 To Age sad doubts and cares—to Youth his golden dream :—

XLIII.

“ To Youth his short and sunny dream—alas !
 How bitter, bitter must the waking be !”—
 Just then, descending through the woody pass,
 Which joins the valley with the uplands, he
 Saw Eustace Græme, with all his comrades free—
 Men came and gazed, and left the corn unreaped,
 Gray Miles for gladness was nigh fit to flee ;
 He cried, “ God bless thee !” high his old heart leapt,
 He tried to run—for joy he could not—but he wept.

XLIV.

He wept—but 'twas with gladness and great joy,
 For dearer far than conquerors' trophies, hame
 Came his sole child, his heart's delight—his boy.
 He stretched his arms, and faintly named his name,
 And said, “ Hast thou come from a field of fame ?
 How went the fight ? a warrior stout and fell
 Is Ralph Latoun—a spirit like the flame
 That mounts and burns—I mind his father well—
 O, I have much to ask, and thou hast much to tell.”

XLV.

“ Aye, thou mayest die, Miles Græme, as soon's thou wilt,
 Thy happy day is come,” John Lorburne said,
 “ For ne'er was stout hand laid on weapon hilt
 With such good will as our young leader laid.
 Lord Selby tried the sharpness of his blade ;
 From Ralph Latoun he made the red blood rain.
 With Eustace Græme, and the good saints to aid,
 We won green Nithsdale to our Queen again.”
 He spoke and gladdened all—an hundred hearts were fain,

XLVI.

And as he ceased they shouted. Shout on shout
 Made all the glen of green Dalgonar ring ;
 Fast from their homes, as from their hives gush out
 The bees, when on them bursts the blooming spring,
 Men start forth first, and high their bonnets fling—
 Dames follow, glad in all men's joys to share ;
 The foot of dowie care has found a wing,
 And gray fourscore roused from its dreamy lair
 Comes forth to swell the joy and fill with song the air.

XLVII.

And plucking holly boughs and pulling flowers,
 The maids and matrons forth to greet him go.
 Upon his head so thick the fragrant showers
 Fall, that Eupheme his mother scarce can know
 The son for whom she dreed the birthtime throe.
 Her joy found every form but that of words,
 Her breast could scarce contain her heart's o'erflow—
 She murmured low, “ The praise be all the Lord's
 And good Saint Bride's, that saved thee from the Southron sword.”

XLVIII.

No gentle oath a peasant swore. "Saint Bride!
Believe her not! no more in gods of stone
Shall I put trust; amid the battle's tide
I called on her, for fierce Latoun rushed on
And would have sped me, when a nobler one
Than any saint of metal, stone, or tree,
Stopt the dread Southron—Eustace Græme alone,
Henceforth sole saint to Simon Burn shall be."
He laughed, and threescore youths laughed louder still than he.

XLIX.

"Mock not the saints, my children," said the dame.
Though now to mock them men so fiercely preach—
But humble be of heart, kneel at the name
Of holy things; far far beyond the reach
Of our blind knowledge, God sits high to teach
With pest, war, thunder, lessons dread and deep;
We are but scattered pebbles on the beach,
O'er which eternity's dread waters sweep."
A bandsman sighed, and said, "Aye, as we sow we reap."

A delightful *catalogue raisonnés* of the beauties of the Vale of Dalgomar occurs in Part V.

XXVI.

Vale of Dalgomar, dear art thou to me!
Dearer than daylight to the sick at heart;
Hills rise atween us and wide rolls the sea,
Only to prove how passing dear thou art:
'Tis with my feet not with my heart ye part.
Dear are your fairy dales and flowery downs,
Your woods, your streams where silver fishes dart;
Your martyrs' graves, your cots, your towers, your towns,
Gray sires and matrons grave, with their long mourning gowns.

XXVII.

And fair, O vale! thou didst to Sybil look,
What time the west wind wafted from afar
The shepherd's song, and from the rustling stook
The farm-lad whistling filled his tumbler car;
Flies swarmed—among them leaped the mottled par,
The sun dried up the dew, and loud and clear
Horns rung on Campal and horns rung on Scaur;
Men stooped them to their tasks, and far and near
Hands moved, and sickles shone beneath the ripened ear.

XXVIII.

Hall looked o'er hall and cot o'er cot arose;
Hill towered o'er hill, green brae succeeded brae;
Wood waved o'er wood, and white as winter snows
On knolls around the shepherd's hirsels lay.
The village smoke curled in long wreaths away,
The scent of herbs and flowers filled all the breeze;
The black cocks crowed upon the mountains gray,
The flocks cawing blowing forth to lawns and leas,
And tongues of busy bairns hummed thick as a warming bea.

XXIX.

A hedge of hawthorn, mixed with holly, swept
Around each garden, screening every cot;
Among them all a bleaching rivulet crept,
Where webs lay white as lily without spot.
The parish-kirk, through reverend elms remote,
Stood 'midst its grave-stones, row succeeding row;
O'er all the distant city's steeples shot;
Bright in the sun, the Solway slept below,
Where sailors charmed the wind, yet still their ships swam slow.

The Sabbath of Cunningham may vie with that of Gghame.

XXXII.

The Sabbath morn

Is sweet—all sounds save nature's voice is still ;
 Mute shepherd's song-pipe, mute the harvest horn ;
 A holier tongue is given to brook and rill.
 Old men climb silently their cottage hill,
 There ruminatè and look sublime abroad ;
 Shake from their feet as thought on thought comes still,
 The dust of life's long dark and dreary road ;
 And rise from this gross earth, and give the day to God.

XXXIII.

Dalgonar kirk her warning bell hath rung,
 Glade, glen, and grove sound with the solemn strain,
 Wide at the summons every door is flung,
 And forth devout walks many a hoary swain,
 Their spouses with them ; while a gayer train
 Their daughters come, and gladden all the road.
 Of laughing eyes, ripe lips, and ringlets vain,
 And youths like lambs upon the sunny sod,
 Come light of heart and foot, and seek the house of God.

XXXIV.

It was a gladsome thing, up hill and glen
 Upon the morn of the Lord's-day to look ;
 For every place poured forth its stately men,
 And matrons with staid steps and holy book.
 Where'er a cottage stood, or stream'd a brook,
 Or rose a hall, or tower'd a castle gray,
 Youth left its joys, old age its care forsook :
 Meek beauty grew, and looked sedately gay,
 Nor at her shadow glanced as she went on her way.

XXXV.

There Eustace came as nature comes, all clad
 In homely green, and much with hoary men
 He came conversing, and sedately glad,
 Heard stories which escaped historic pen,
 To live with hinds on hill or pastoral glen ;
 And much they talked upon their kirk-ward way,
 Of ancient heroes, who by flood and fen,
 Triumphed or fell to English swords a prey ;
 Then paused, and held their hands toward their tomb-stones grey.

XXXVI.

Before them walked young Sybil, as a beam
 Strayed from the sun upon creation's morn ;
 Pure as the daylight in the running stream
 By which she walked, sweet as a rose new born
 To summer. "Eustace," thus said John of Some,
 "What maid is she, who goes thy mother by ;
 Comes she to watch the fold or reap the corn ?
 See, now she glances hitherward her eye,—
 Ay! ay! I read her look, and understand thy sigh."

XXXVII.

"Ye read both wrong, perchance. All was begone,
 On Roodmas eve she to my father came ;"
 Thus Eustace said, "and with her orphan man
 Won so his heart, that to my mother hame
 He took her. Sitting by our chamber flame
 I found her—while her cheeks with blushes dyed,
 She told her sorrows; and she told her name :
 And as she spoke, the rose and lily tried
 Which best became her looks." "Peace, peace," the old man cried,

XXXVIII.

"And heaven forgive us, if to think and speak
 Of heaven's best works in pureness be a crime."
 He spoke, and passed the churchyard-gate, and meek
 Trode with a foot religious through the clime,

The Maid of Elvar.

Where mortal might had closed accounts with time ;
 And every footstep measured kindred dust,
 There poets slept 'neath unmelodious rhyme ;
 There misspelt prose of matron fame took trust,
 The rough grave-digger's spade stood there red o'er with rust.

xxxix.

Filled was each seat, and thronged was every pew ;
 A sea of foreheads, tresses waving gray,
 White necks, and eyes of heaven's divinest blue
 Were there. Arose the preacher up to pray :
 A learned and bold man of the elder-day,
 With Rome he warred and struck her idols blind,
 And wooed much bin and levity away
 From lord and peasant, bondmaiden and hind ;
 And poured o'er all the strength and fulness of his mind.

xl.

And well and wisely preached he in that hour
 Of virtue's glory, which can never fade ;
 And sweetly sung the people, roof and tower
 Rung with the mournful melody they made ;
 Their heart and soul lent-matrou and lent maid ;
 The wild were awed, the souls of sinners shook :
 Her swelling bosom cambric-zoned, she laid
 Fair Sybil o'er the blessed inspired book :
 Faith glowed upon her brow ; heaven lightened in her look.

xli.

And there were eyes the sacred page forsook,
 To gaze enraptured on the stranger fair ;
 Hearts with love's fever for the first time shook,
 And even the preacher in his parting prayer,
 Shut his dark eyes, and warned men to beware
 Of beauty. ' Midst them like a star she shone,
 Or a pure lily born in May-morn air,
 Or rose the moment of its opening : none
 Could look on her but wished to look on her alone.

xlii.

All looked on her, save Eustace Græme, for he
 Had his heart full of other love ; when, tall
 And fair before him Sybil rises, see
 Whiter than snow she lets her white veil fall
 O'er face and form, and walks forth ' mongst them all :
 Eustace looked up, and looked up with a start ;
 He thought her sure the maid of Elvar Hall,
 And love of her rushed through him like a dart ;
 But ere three burning throbs were numbered by his heart,

xliii.

He saw 'twas Sybil. Straight he 'gan to muse
 On tales of yore, when high-born dames did pass
 From tapestried halls unto the greenwood boughs,
 And trimm'd their ringlets in some fountain glass ;
 And supt and sung with shepherd lad and lass,
 To cool their bosoms kindled with love fire :
 Or with the twin lambs, seated on the grass,
 Twined garlands while the birds' assembled choir
 Sung over-head of love, and kept alive desire.

The extract we have just made is appropriately introduced by a Saturday evening scene, which weds the Sunday to the week, as delightfully as the Cottar's Saturday Night. Though out of its due order, here it is.

iii.

Sweet sang young Sybil, and sweet smiled Eupheme,
 And every song there were kind words between ;
 Till nigh the hill the sun's bright border came,
 And poured its fire slant on the summit green :

On every field were busy labourers seen,—
 On every road there rolled the tumbler-car ;
 Whips smacked, steeds snorted, fast the pitchforks shewn
 Moved, and the corn-ricks, 'neath the twilight star,
 Rose fast, and harvest-horns rung o'er the hills afar.

IV.

Sweet was such sound to those who toiled since morn,
 Maids hung their sickles in the standing stook,
 And from their ringlets plucked the bearded corn ;
 Or from their hands the stinging nettles took,
 And laved their foreheads in the running brook,
 And gave their hot necks to the dewy air ;—
 The dewy air its glittering diamonds shook,
 Bright and profuse amid their snooded hair,
 And cooled the grass, and gemmed white feet and ankles bare.

V.

The horses loosed from labour gambol round,
 Drink in the streams or browse the tender grass ;
 Cows leave their pastures, o'er the moistened ground
 Their udders distill white fragrance as they pass ;
 To where with milk-pail stands the bare-armed lass,
 And every vale and hill and haugh pours home
 Its people ; nigh each farmer's door a mass
 Of rustics stand ; slow moving others come,
 Enjoying eve's sweet air on rivulet bank, and holm.

VI.

This was the last night of the week, and joy
 Was in the land, both man and beast were glad ;
 The air was balmy, from the heavens high
 The clear moon chased off every vapour sad ;
 The groves with rooks as thick as leaves were clad,
 The honey dew the hare licked from her feet ;
 The shepherd freed his right arm from his maud,
 His plum-tree whistle dipt in odorous weat,
 And from the green-hill side sent down his ditty sweet.

VII.

From earth to glowing heaven is full of joy.
 Meantime within the spense young Sybil sits,
 Her white hands labouring in her new employ,
 Her mind seems elsewhere, see, she works by fits.
 From task to task the eyedant matron flits,
 Her yarn hanks reckons, cheese lays on the shelves,
 Sets forth her supper-table, nor demits
 Till her hearth-stone might be a throne for elves,
 And in the polished presses men can see themselves.

VIII.

" 'Tis Saturday at e'en—cease, maiden, cease
 Thy thrift," Eupheme said, " and our gladness share ;
 This sacred eve brings the blest morn of peace,
 The day of duty and the night of prayer,
 And gives that rest to which all flesh is heir ;
 The dumb brutes know, the wild birds hail the hour,
 Rejoicing sounds fill the nocturnal air,
 The bee with nectar drunk reels from the flower,
 And heaven is in the breeze, and God is in the shower.

IX.

" So cease thy thrift, young Sybil, and rejoice."
 And as she spoke, were heard the door within,
 Her husband's first, and then her ae son's voice,
 Accompanied with the low and tittering din,
 Of snooded maids, and bandsmen of the bin,
 Pair after pair came gladsome o'er the floor,
 On Sybil looked and sate—a falling pin
 Had made a noise ; with palms outspread, demure,
 Miles prayed, God bless the food he gives the meek and poor.

The poem abounds with passages of equal beauty. Those which we have selected may enable the reader to judge of Cunningham's claim to rank beside Burns and Graham. But the whole texture of his song is full of thoughts like

violets dim,
And sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.

Such are :-

——— moor, mountain, glen and brake,
On which the sun takes such delight to shine
As if it glittered for the landscape's sake.

Or :—

And like a sunbeam o'er the mountain, lo !
As swift, and scarce less bright, see the enthusiast go !

Or :—

For, like the lark, my muse the daisy's flower
Loves best, and by lone fairy fountains flung,
Sings of domestic love in her rude country tongue.

Or :—

Ah ! Sybil's sweet : can sweetness e'er dissemble—
The unsunned lily on its slender stalk,
When breezes rise and silver dews assemble,
Shakes, as thy song shook her, and put her in a tremble.

Or :—

True gentle love is like the summer dew,
Which falls around when all is still and hush ;
And falls unseen, until its bright drops strew
With odours, herb and flower, and bank and bush.
O love, when womanhood is in the flush,
And man's a young and an unspotted thing !
His first-breathed word, and her half-conscious blush,
Are fair as light in Heaven, or flowers in spring,—
The first hour of true love is worth our worshipping.

But we must have done. We are as well aware as any critic in the land, that there are faults in this poem. The Spenserian stanza, at least in our author's hands, is ill adapted to the expression of jolly chainless humour ; and Allan, in attempting to be quaint, is at times merely abrupt. It is, moreover, true, that we are willing to back him against any man in the three kingdoms for the manufacture of break-jaw lines, when he has the humour ; and of his skill in this kind of workmanship we have here specimens in abundance. Take the poem, however, with all its drawbacks, it is one that will live. It does not bring him to the level of Burns, whose place is a little lower than Shakespeare, but it entitles us to apply to him the lines addressed to another Scottish poet :—

There's ane—come forrit, honest Allan,
Ye needna jouk ahint the hallan,
A chiel see clever ;
The teeth of time may gnaw Tamtaran,
But Thou's for ever.

ON THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE PITT SYSTEM.

It is to the *young men* of England that this paper is principally addressed. It is chiefly meant for those entering upon life and its active business. In order to understand and appreciate properly the scenes which they must shortly see, it is necessary for them to understand the situation in which their country is, at this moment, placed. A true knowledge of that situation includes a knowledge of the events and circumstances which led to it. The decline of the Pitt System may, no doubt, be properly said to have visibly begun in 1815, the very period of its apparent triumph. The seeds of destruction, however, which it all along carried within itself, were sown long before; and to that anterior period it is necessary to revert to give a complete view of the causes, moral and political, which have gradually brought to its downfall one of the most extraordinary systems of misrule that ever—Protean as the shapes of tyranny have been—appeared upon the face of the earth.

The system termed, in modern times, the Pitt System, is neither more nor less than a system under which a corrupt knot of the aristocracy shall govern England, by the application of money in various ways—by possessing rotten boroughs—by direct bribery—by patronage—by preferences of religion—by restrictions on the freedom of publication—and by a hired press, whose duty it is to veil the transactions going on by means of lies, sophistries, pretexts, and misrepresentations of every kind, possible or conceivable: this corrupt knot or oligarchy, of course, repaying itself for its expenditure, and enriching itself besides out of the plunder of the people subject to its sway. This system, like the “Medlar,” was, no doubt, “rotten ere ’twas ripe.” Sir Robert Walpole, Whig as he was, beyond question brought “the Upas” to a flourishing state of cultivation and verdure. Like certain vegetables, of which Dr. Johnson speaks, it even then “smelt of the uncleanly pains which had been taken to rear it;” and even then, to those who look narrowly at the signs of the times, it will be apparent that the seeds of destruction were beginning to germinate. After the expiration of the American war, however—that unholy, but, in its ultimate effects, thrice-blessed crusade, undertaken in part to satisfy the cravings of a half-idiot, half-despot, whom the followers of Pitt have delighted to honour as the “good old King,” but chiefly to extend to the Colonies that system of aristocratical plunder for which England seemed too narrow a field—the eyes of the people began to open, and to see clearly that of which, till then, they had obtained only glimpses. The cry for a “Reform in Parliament” was now loudly made; and the roll of the reformers of that period exhibited names as illustrious in rank and talent as any which they have since owned:—Chatham, Burke, the Duke of Richmond, and, lastly, Pitt—doomed to be the Judas Iscariot of the reform of which he was the apostle; and to die, if not by his own act, yet of deep chagrin and anguish, at the failure of all his plots against that, the which to destroy, he had sold body and soul—honesty, health, and good fame. He had said, in the days of his youthful sincerity, that, under the existing system, “no honest man could be minister.” He became minister himself, and exemplified to the letter the truth of his own aphorism, the only good one he ever uttered. His constitution, however, was not naturally adapted to his new diet, and his death was one of indigestion, evidently brought on by a surfeit of corruption and port wine,

neither of which could alleviate that slow agony, which the signal discomfiture of all his schemes entailed upon that most unfortunate man.

It is not probable that Pitt took the helm with any motives beyond those of common ambition. The American War had ended in the establishment of the Federal Republic of the United States; and had left England crippled, mortified, and saddled with a debt of £250,000,000, at that period, deemed enormous, as indeed it was. The privations, however, occasioned by it did not very sensibly or materially affect the industrious classes. The country rapidly recovered itself, and during the conclusion of the interval between the war with the colonies and that with France in 1793, enjoyed comparative ease and prosperity. The young Minister was economical, and, to a certain extent, popular. He had, to be sure, become a renegade from the cause of reform; but the knowledge of the necessity of that reform was, at that time, nearly altogether confined to a portion of the higher classes. There was no distress to goad on the people to inquire. They were at ease for the time. Employment was plentiful; taxes moderate; poor-rates comparatively small; the circulation was principally metallic; wheat varied in price with the seasons, but the average was thirty-six shillings to forty shillings the quarter, or four shillings and sixpence to five shillings the Winchester bushel; butcher's meat was sold at from twopence halfpenny to fourpence per lb.; and surplus population was not discovered. The nation was well, and it looked no further.

In the year 1789, however, the French Revolution broke forth in all its strength, and blazed out, like a volcano in the night, shooting its light into the sky, throwing its vivid flashes far and wide, and rousing men from their sleep. The French nation had, for centuries, submitted to a despotism, compared with the profligacy of which, the rule of the English boroughmongers was mildness. The extravagance of the court had, however, at last rendered it completely decrepit as well as odious; and the people, taking advantage of the languor of the monster, now become helpless through the effects of repletion, transfixed it, and, with one blow, rescued themselves from its pressure. Liberty became now, for the first time in Europe, for centuries, no longer a name. The excitement was wonderful. The nations began to awake; and the consternation of the English corruptionists, now trembling for their ill-gotten plunder, became great in the extreme. They intrigued against France—they stirred up the continental despots against her; and, at last, in desperation, plunged themselves and their country into the abyss of the war of 1793. There is little doubt that Pitt was forced into this dreadful measure by the corrupt aristocracy. But the citadel of his wavering virtue having been once carried, he gave himself up to his seducers, and threw himself into the arms of corruption, with an ardour which throws a doubt upon his former professions, such as they were. This, then, was the commencement of the Pitt System, under that title; that is to say, of the system of preserving corruption and public plunder in England at any price, and of waging an interminable war against freedom and popular government.

In commencing their crusade against France it happened, fortunately for mankind, that the despots miscalculated egregiously the resistance they were to meet with, and that Pitt's early economical habits still hung about him. They only learned by experience of what gigantic efforts a nation unanimous and determined to be free is capable. If it be an unerring rule that success in war is ever to be ascribed to the especial fa-

your of Providence, the events of the war against the French people loudly gave the lie to the vituperations of their enemies. In vain did the apostate and secretly pensioned Burke denounce France, and blot her, as he said, from the map of nations. In vain did the English clergy (always enemies of liberty) make their churches resound with politics, and, under pretence of preaching the Gospel of Peace, stir up the nations to blood and slaughter. Their curses only seemed to recoil upon themselves, and to fall upon the heads of those whom they would fain have aided by their prayers. The league of despots only served to destroy monarchy in France. The unfortunate Louis and his worthless wife were, in fact, brought to the scaffold by their brother kings; and the massacre of those who could not emigrate to fight against their country was, in reality, caused by those who did both. As the war proceeded, the successes of the French armies became more and more signal. They turned the tables upon their enemies; until, in the memorable year of 1797, Pitt, who had begun the war in the full expectation of conquering the soil and people, and destroying the resources of France, found, by a bitter retribution, England menaced with invasion, her resources exhausted, and the Bank unable to pay its creditors! This was the first great crisis of "the System." The balance trembled; and had not the desperate expedient of the Bank Restriction succeeded, Toryism would even then have probably tottered to its ruin. The experiment of issuing a paper money, not convertible into gold, was to be hazarded, however, or the war against liberty was at an end. It was tried—and it succeeded. Pitt had, before the stoppage of the Bank, denounced the French paper-money—the "assignats"—as fraught with ruin; and he had even resorted to the expedient of forging them, in order to bring them into discredit!* He was now driven to rely upon a similar expedient, and to issue a paper the value of which was based upon nothing but the ignorance of those who were contented to receive it as money. The time was favourable for the purpose. The war was popular with the million, whom the successes of the French arms and the excesses of their Government had excited and alarmed to a high degree. The subject of paper-money was, at that time, understood by few; and upon those few safety enjoined silence.

During the "reign of terror" that then existed in England, it was a sort of "constructive treason" to venture to doubt the solidity of the resources of the country, or to approve of the resistance of France to those who would have forced a despotic government upon her. The inconvertible paper was accordingly artfully introduced; the "restriction" against paying in gold being, at first, for very short periods, the limits of which were gradually extended, until the people became accustomed to see the Bank paying one piece of paper with another; and the country was at last inundated with an inconvertible currency, by a man who wished to have "Public Credit" inscribed upon his tomb! He was very near the mark, however, for "Public Credulity" might have done. The rise of prices, and apparent ease and prosperity which followed this operation, contributed effectually to deceive the people. They were attributed to some mysterious change for the better in the circumstances of the country. The apparent dearness of all commodities was attributed

* The participation of the Government in this scheme has been denied,—falsely, however. It is known that a part, at least, of the paper used was ordered by their agents, and manufactured at Langley Mill, in the county of Durham.

solely to the war, and not to any depreciation of the value of the currency, which was strenuously denied, and for many years altogether disbelieved. Nor was it, under the peculiar circumstances of the country, easy to prove it. The command of the seas, which England possessed, compelled the continental nations to obtain their supplies of colonial and other produce through her medium, under various devices of smuggling and neutral flags, and this kept the exchanges in such a state that the value of the British currency, as compared with that of other countries, was partly hidden and kept out of sight. The few persons who saw through the whole were called "jacobins." The increased ease with which taxes were raised, and the great apparent profits resulting from the continued rise in prices, endeared the juggle to both the landed and commercial interests, which seemed equally to benefit by it. To the Minister it seemed to open a mine of endless and unbounded wealth; and there can be little doubt but that, in this really accommodation paper of an insolvent Government, he thought he had discovered means for carrying his system to an extent beyond even his wildest dreams, extraordinary as were the delusions of these disgraceful times to England as a nation. From this period the absurd and ruinous (not to say wicked) system of loans—that is to say the system of borrowing millions, to sink them at simple interest, payable for ever, if the debt be unredeemed—went on as if both the governors and the governed had laboured under a temporary frenzy. Paper-money is dram-drinking to those who issue and employ it; and the Minister and the nation now drank of it to an excess of debauchery, the effects of which seventeen years of nausea and repentance have failed to remove, and which will only be removed by a process somewhat analogous to that of Dr. Sangrado. The extravagance, the corruption, and the waste of money at this period beggar all description. Not only were the enormous and unceasing loans raised upon such terms, that great fortunes were uniformly realized by the contractors; but, in the appropriation of the money borrowed at so dear a rate, in the name of "the nation," the nation was plundered double-fold. Army, navy contracts, and contracts of all kinds were taken sometimes at extravagant rates, and almost invariably executed with articles of the worst description. The torrent of corruption was too strong and wide to be stemmed. Government clerks rolled in wealth, the produce of bribes for "passing" the objectionable goods; and, as the *douceur* was demanded in all cases, an honest contractor was driven from the market.* The extent of this system of speculation can never be accurately

* The following anecdote strongly proves the strange state to which the Government offices had then arrived. Towards the beginning of the war of 1793, the old house of B—s and C—y were contractors for the delivery of goods to Government. The contract was honourably executed, when Mr. B—s, the senior partner, received an unsigned note, stating, that, until a certain *douceur* was paid, the goods could not be passed. B—s, who was well known to Pitt, having had frequent intercourse with him on East India affairs, waited at once upon the Minister, and shewed him the letter. The reply was this:—"Mr. B—s, in saying what I do to you, I know I am speaking to a sensible and honourable man. I know that most improper practices prevail; but, in the present situation of the country—in the midst of such a war as this—I cannot stop to inquire into them. I advise you to pay the money!" This doctrine B—s, who was an old Whig, of the "Wilks and Liberty" school, could not stomach. He stood out. The goods were passed; but this was his first and last "contract." Pitt outlived B—s; but after the death of the Minister, the surviving partner, Mr. C—y, related the circumstance, and from him the writer had it. He (*mirabile dictu!*) was a *Tory*, and one of Pitt's admirers!

known ; but it is clear that an immense amount of the money borrowed was never really applied to the service of the public, or, in truth, received by the country.

In order to reconcile, in some degree, the feelings of the more sane part of the community to this enormous waste and expenditure of the public money, the "heaven-born minister" resorted to a juggle, which in the impudence and success of its quackery, puts Doctor Graham and Paracelsus, Cagliostro, and George Psalmanazar to shame. This was the now exploded bubble of the "Sinking Fund." Dr. Price, a political writer and calculator, had shewn *upon paper*, that a penny lent out upon what is theoretically termed "compound interest," would in a series of years amount to an enormous sum. Upon this blessed notion, Pitt is said to have founded his "Sinking Fund;" and what is more extraordinary, he found the mass of the nation ready to believe in its efficacy. Whether Pitt was himself deceived, or only deceived others, cannot be decided ; nor is the decision of any consequence. His honesty can only be defended at the expense of his intellect, and his admirers are welcome to either side of the question. So infatuated however was the English nation, that it was generally believed, that while Pitt was borrowing millions upon millions with one hand, he was doing a wise thing to put aside with the other a trifling modicum of the sums borrowed, and pay an expensive set of commissioners to buy stock with it, and to lay out the dividends they received in the purchase of more. He and his gulls either would not, or could not see that debt can only be redeemed out of surplus income or revenue ; and that any taxes applied, under the notion of compound interest, to the payment of dividends upon stock held by commissioners could, at best, only be a part of that surplus revenue, let it be called what it would ; and that the expense of the commissioners was a dead loss. They could not see that nations borrow to *sink the money*—individuals to *employ it beneficially* ; and that out of the profits of such beneficial employment, "interest," *properly so called*, is paid.

From this time the war with France went on, until the short truce of Amiens, with unabated violence, and amidst various and wonderful events. The success of the paper money system in England produced, as all such systems at first do, some actual good, and the appearance of boundless resources. Bank notes for sums as low as one pound were issued ; and the number of country banks from about two hundred, rose to eight hundred. The rapid rise of the prices of agricultural produce and of rents, encouraged agriculture and the tillage of unenclosed lands. The discoveries in machinery aided the other causes in pushing manufactures to an extent beyond the dreams of projectors,—whilst the supremacy of the seas enabled England to maintain a monopoly of supply, which took off the products created by her industry and ingenuity. The events of the war, however, were the reverse of this picture. The arms of France triumphed amidst all the changes of her Government. The Continental despots were, one by one, beaten ; and at last under Buonaparte, it seemed as if England was, by the retribution of Providence, to be consumed by that fire, which she had been, beyond a doubt, the great instrument of kindling. The war became a sort of contest of life or death on the part of this country ; and it seemed to be a matter of extreme doubt, if doubt were left, whether she was ever to emerge from the difficulties that compassed her. In the midst of this mortal strife in the year 1806, Pitt died, with an exclamation in his mouth, which shew-

ed that he had some sense of the dreadful situation in which he and his party had placed the State. His successors, however, trode religiously in his footsteps; and the conflict went murderously on, until the ambition of Napoleon was buried in the snows of Russia, and the madness of one campaign put the imperial soldier in the power of his enemies. Throughout the latter part of the contest, it was observable that the Tory party lost every day in opinion and moral strength. During the empire of Napoleon, it became necessary to paint despotism in the most hideous colours, and here the liberal writers had the best of the cards. They joined in the vituperation of despotism of all kinds; but they included despotism at home with French despotism. The comparison was not in every point favourable to the former. With the romantic episode of the return from Elba and the carnage of Waterloo, the war concluded; and Napoleon was, against the Law of Nations, finally immured in St. Helena. This was the acmé, the last great triumph of the Pitt System. In their own phrase, "the play was over," and the Tories "went to supper," drunk with joy, and, as totally as possible, oblivious of the reckoning.

From this hour the visible and palpable decline of "the system" began; and it shewed itself instantaneously. As soon as the war ended, the artificial circumstances in which, for so many years the country was placed, became suddenly changed. The war expenditure of course ceased. The captured colonies were for the most part restored, and the nations began to import for themselves most of those productions which they could only before obtain through the medium of England. Rival manufactures sprung up over the Continent. Ships sailed under the flags of all nations; and England pressed to the earth with taxes, had now all over the world to contend with commercial competitors free from the clogs and trammels with which she was hampered. The events of the revolution were in strict accordance with the circumstances which produced it. The country banks, which had sprung up like mushrooms over the whole country, felt the depression, and the weakest became insolvent. The weaker manufacturers fell with them, and a rot of bankruptcy began to spread over the land. The adherents of the Pitt System were willing to attribute this disastrous state of affairs to any cause but the right one. Let them, however, have been as willing as they would, their ignorance, as the sequel shewed, would have been more than a match for their candour. The change was, with a mixture of truth, attributed to the "transition from war to peace," which was in fact the proximate cause; and this notion served to veil and account for the miseries of years. What were the facts? The alteration in the commerce of the country which took place, narrowed the scale of transactions, and rendered the circulation of the quantity of paper money which circulated during the war, impossible. This of course affected the price of agricultural as well as other produce, and the agricultural added to the commercial distress, still further narrowed the quantity of the circulating medium.

As the great commercial and manufacturing establishments were curtailed in their operations, such portion of the currency as they distributed in payment of wages and other sums divided into small portions, were drawn in; and in a ratio corresponding with the diminution of employment and circulation of money, the poor rates increased. The causes alternately acted and reacted upon each other. The decline in prices went on, and the poor rates grew.

The ministers and their adherents now puzzled beyond measure, and

as blind as bats, attributed the distress in agriculture to "over-production," and the increasing poor rates to "over-population." There were at once too much meat and too many people. Corn bills were to lessen the one and emigration the other! *Taxation* was not admitted to have any thing to do with the matter, and it was kept up at the highest possible rate. With these delusions, the middle classes were retained in adherence to the ministry and the system. The murmurs of the lower classes, whose distresses now made them loudly demand reform, were repressed by force,—by the military outrages at Manchester and the "Six Acts." In this perturbed state of affairs, there naturally arose a growing dislike to the inconvertible paper money, which ought by Pitt's law to have ceased in a twelvemonth after the peace. The cry for a return to "the ancient standard" increased, and the ignorant ministers, deceived by some fallacious appearances, consented to return to payments in gold. This sealed their fate and that of the system. During the Bank Restriction, the mass of gold coin in circulation had been gradually melted and surreptitiously sold to the goldsmiths and others, who thus became unexpectedly, and at a rate of great apparent cheapness, possessed of a huge mass of "illegal" bullion. To such extent was this carried, that for years there was no open or quoted price of bullion, and this at last caused for a time a depression in the exchangeable value of bullion in this country below its natural value. When the war ended, a great reduction in the quantity of paper money took place; and the values of gold and paper were, by these co-existing causes brought near together for the time. Upon a calculation that the price of gold in the paper money of a country *always* correctly measures the value of that paper the measure was determined, and from that moment the remaining hours of the system were counted. When the period for carrying the bill of Peel into effect arrived, the mistake was discovered; but it was too late.

In 1822, the bankers prepared for the extinction of the notes for sums under £5, when the pressure occasioned by the drawing in of this paper became so excessive, and the fall of prices so alarming, that the ministers faltered and respited the small notes, as they thought, for a period of about ten years. This, however, was beyond their power. The pouring forth of the paper after the respite, the sudden rise in prices, and the immense commercial transactions to which they naturally gave rise, at last swelled the importation of goods into the country so beyond bounds, and put the exchange into such a state, that the drain of gold from the Bank of England became excessive and continuous; and, to prevent a second stoppage, a sudden reduction of its circulation was of necessity effected, which ended in the panic of December, 1825, and rendered the total extinction of small notes in 1829 unavoidable. The spring of that year, when, under the Duke of Wellington's administration, the small notes were finally withdrawn, saw the death-blow given to the system. The immediate fall in prices filled the gazettes with commercial bankruptcy, and agriculture was equally affected. The depression of manufactures and commerce narrowed still further the circulation of money; employment declined, the poor rates rose, the pressure of the taxes became every day greater. The starving labourers cried aloud for relief. The fires blazed through the southern counties. In the northern counties discontent was at its height. The Bourbons were driven out by the exasperated French people. Still the Duke shut his

eyes and ears, and sternly denied Reform.* The event of the king's dinner in the city, at this critical moment, let in a sudden light, which shewed the alarmed commons upon what a barrel of gunpowder they were sitting. They drove the Duke from his place just in time to prevent the match being put to it;—and Pitt and his system were gone for ever.

Happen what will, neither this race of folly and wickedness, nor any thing like it, can ever again be seen in England. To those who have succeeded to the minglers of this cauldron of "toil and trouble," every allowance is certainly due. They have undertaken a task such as few men ever had to encounter. They have succeeded to the government of a nation loaded with a debt of eight hundred million pounds—with a poor rate, which has from 1793 gone on increasing, until it has reached very nearly eight millions a-year, with agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, all alike ruinously depressed, with a decreasing revenue, and with a circulating medium four-fifths paper, every day contracting itself further and further in consequence of the general pressure. To the government of this mass of elements of misery and mischief have they succeeded; and were they gods, let them be assured they have Titans to contend with.

To those who would really understand the state of the country, and the difficulties with which its ministers have to contend, the whole may be described in one homely sentence. Let him who reads it understand it as he would, if applied to everyday events, and with that understanding, apply it candidly to the present national circumstances. The fact then plainly is, that the Tories have left the concern in a state of complete confusion and embarrassment, and that Lords Grey and Brougham are chosen assignees.*

SONNET.

AMID the sweep and whirlwind of the sword,
 NEY—thou wast nurtured. Thou didst never learn
 As Politicians do, to turn, and turn,
 And turn again, and seize another Lord.
 Thy heart would not acknowledge such a word.
 Thou was't no slave—and could'st but inly spurn
 At base submission. On thy lonely urn
 Thus be it writ,—let hist'ry thus record:—
 "Sprung of the brave; to Courtiers unallied;
 He was my master—though un-dialem'd.
 Nature, thy fealty may not be stemm'd;
 I could not strike upon another's side.
 I was condemn'd a traitor,—and so died.—
 —They may first die—who, yet, may be condemn'd!"

* The following extract of a letter from an intelligent friend of the writer, well depicts the present state of the country. It is written at Peterborough, April 5.—
 "Sheer want of demand, which may be traced to stagnation in every branch of commerce, has at length reached even the *necessaries of life*. The custom of tradesmen has been to order goods for their Spring, their *mart*, and their *fair* sales; at which period, it was the good old custom *from time immemorial* for every good housewife to lay in a six or even twelve month's stock of necessaries of every description. 'Mart prices for ready money,' are exhibited in every town, and in almost every shop window. The luring bait thus held out of expending *ready money* to advantage was not lost upon every prudent head of a family, even in times when economy was not so much of an object. Alas! the mutability of our affairs has been *gradually* reducing this good old custom, till *this year* it has become a mere shadow, and the greater part of the *mart* stocks remain in the warehouses!"

THE ROUNDHEAD'S FAREWELL.

HEAR, lady! hear my latest song.
 I've lingered 'mid the festal throng
 Crowding thy father's halls this night;
 Have borne the averted brow, the slight
 Repelling the unwelcome guest;
 And have beheld my foe caress'd.—
 Yes! while thy brother's eye did trace,
 Coldly and distantly, my face,
 As if I were one all unknown—
 While even thou, beloved one,
 At distance stood'st, nor deign'd to lend,
 One kind look to a former friend:
 I saw the hated renegade,
 Who, for fair Freedom's cause betrayed,
 Dares claim thy hand, with kindly glee
 Received—as I was won't to be.
 Oh, God! it was a torturing hour,
 And almost rest me of the power
 Of my habitual self-command,
 In the cold shade myself to stand,
 And see him in the sun expand.

Oh, lady list! the horizon's edge
 Is whitening into day;—the sedge
 Is bending to the herald breeze;—
 The little birds among the trees,
 Still dreaming, rustle in their sleep;—
 More chilly o'er my brow doth creep
 The morning air;—my good steed, bound
 To our own trysting tree, the ground
 Paws eagerly;—I hear the sound
 Of waking life; and ere the sun
 Looks o'er yon hill, I must begone
 To see, as sun-flowers raise their head
 To greet him, banners rise and spread
 Above a sordid field of spears,
 Close-rustling like ripe harvest's ears.

In mercy speak! the cloud is riven,
 The thunder-bolt between us driven;
 And a black gulf is yawning wide,
 Our earthly courses to divide.
 Thou can'st not wed the man whose hand
 Is armed against thy father's band.
 Yet, ere I plunge amid the rout
 That reels and staggers round about;
 And seek the elements of strife,
 Revelling in passion's fiercest life,
 To grasp, to sunder, and control;
 Fain would I know that in thy soul
 My memory is not loathed. Yet, why
 Startle thy maiden modesty?
 And bid avow, at such an hour,
 With crim'sning cheek, thy fondness' power!

Still silent! Yes, thou art unmoved;
 And unrequited, I have loved.
 'Tis well! what I suspected long,
 Is true;—I have not done thee wrong.
 The timid blush—the downcast eye—
 The averted face—the choked reply—
 Ne'er spoke love's reciprocity.

The Roundhead's Farewell.

The ardent love expressed to thee
 In its full voiceless ecstasy,
 Was but an argument for scorn.
 My wo shall now be better borne :
 Since though we are for ever parted,
 I—only I—am broken hearted.

'Tis well ! when I my steed bestride,
 Bounding and quivering in his pride,
 Upon my death-chill'd heart shall rest
 But half its wo since thou art blest.
 Hear me ! From stoutest foe-man's arm
 Ne'er have I shrunk in low alarm ;
 Yet, when thy father's stalwart form,
 Like tall ship driven before the storm,
 Speeds on before the lagging war,
 I'll mark his crest and keep afar ;
 Although my heart with ardour glow
 To 'counter with the worthiest foe.
 Some half-regret thou yet might'st feel,
 Were I to bleed beneath his steel.

I dash love's sadness from my brow,
 And I am all my country's now :
 My tongue shall plead her cause—my steed
 Foam in her vanmost rank—my head
 Marshal her battles. Passion's flame
 Is dead within me. I will tame
 All earthly throbs, and my whole heart
 Concentre on the patriot's part.
 Subdued, resigned to God's high will,
 I'll task whatever I have of skill
 High plans of empire to devise,
 In which man's native liberties
 Shall be with order reconciled ;
 Watch them as mother's love a child ;
 Strike—not in anger—at their foes,
 Motived by that sublime repose
 Which still upholds each mighty mind,
 Heroic model of its kind,
 Where truth has built her lofty throne,
 Companioned by deep love alone.

Sadly resigned upon his steed
 He sprung and urged him to his speed ;
 Unknown to him a gentle flower,
 O'er which had breathed his words of power,
 In silence wither'd from that hour.
 But who of him would further know,
 Turn o'er with reverential awe
 Our English history's brightest leaves ;
 And where the muse the story weaves,
 Of one who in that time's unrest
 Most deeply probed the human breast ;
 With most unfaltering energy
 Nurtured our England's liberty ;
 And 'neath a sad-browed countenance
 Nourish'd a spark of young romance,—
 Of him whose solitary glance
 Of soft contentment and delight
 Beam'd forth upon the scaffold's height ;—
 He reads of the youth who rode forth to the slaughter,
 Convinced he was scorned by the Cavalier's daughter.

THE PRIEST'S HORSE.

Proficies nihil hoc, caedas licet usque flagello,
Si tibi purpureo de grege currit equus,

Martial. Lib. xiv. Epig. 55.

It is not many weeks since I dined with a Roman Catholic family in the neighbourhood of Dublin. I had been but a few minutes in the drawing-room, when I found that the centre of attraction "the observed of all observers," was a very old gentleman, whose dress, appearance, and demeanour, at once betrayed him to me as one of the old Catholic clergymen of Ireland. *Father*, or, as he was most generally termed, *Doctor* Reilly, seemed to be in age not less than seventy years; and the abstraction of his manner, before dinner, as to every thing passing around him, would induce the belief that he had already attained his second childhood. His face was of that pure, rich, bright scarlet, which can neither be imparted to the countenance by the consumption of an extra-quantity of whisky punch, nor its still more vulgar and stupifying predecessor, port-wine. No, it was a tint "more exquisito still," which claret, that sober, sedate, cool and delicious liquid, can alone communicate to "the human face divine." The dress of the clergyman was evidently as antiquated as his complexion. The head was surmounted by a little, close, brown wig, divided by a single curl, and which appeared to be pasted to the pericranium on which it was fixed. Around his neck was a neat, black silk stock, over which a milk-white muslin hand was turned. His black coat was cut in the manner of the primitive Quakers; his dark silk waistcoat had large flaps which nearly covered his "nether garment," and that was fastened at the knees by large silver clasps, while thick silk stockings embraced his plump little legs; and, then, his square-toed shoes were nearly concealed from the view by the enormous silver buckles placed upon them. I was assured by several, that the little old gentleman, whom I had not heard give utterance to a single word, was one of the most pleasant men I could meet with; and that *after* dinner, he would amuse me extremely. I could perceive no outward mark of genius about the Reverend Doctor; he took no notice of the conversation that was going on around him; and the only demonstration of intelligence I could discover in him, was the somewhat hasty glance he occasionally turned to the door, (as each new visitor was announced,) as if he expected that the welcome news of "*Dinner on the table*" was about being proclaimed to him. To me he appeared like the canon in *Gil Blas*, as one disposed to partake of the good things that might be laid before him at the festive board, but neither inclined nor capacitated to increase their pleasures by any contribution of wit or fancy.

Dinner, that grand epoch in the history of the day, was at last announced; ladies, even in an Irish assembly, were forgotten, and twenty hands were stretched out to the Doctor to conduct him to the dining-room. At dinner, I heard nothing of the Doctor until the first flask of Champagne was uncorked; and then there broke upon the ear a mellow, little voice, in which the *polished brévue* of the Irish gentleman, softened down by the peculiarity of a French accent, could be distinguished. The voice, I was told, belonged to the Doctor, who was just then asking Mrs. ———, our hostess, to take wine with him. At each remove the voice became stronger; and by the time that the des-

sert was on the table, the tones of the Doctor's voice were full, loud, and strong, and it was soon permitted to sweep, uncontrolled, over the entire range of the society. The puny punsters became dumb, the small talkers were silent; and no man, "nor woman either," presumed to open their mouths except to laugh at his Reverence's anecdotes, or to imbibe the good things which my worthy friend L—— had set before them.

I have heard story-tellers, in my time, but never felt the pleasure in listening to them, that I did in attending to the anecdotes of the Reverend Doctor Reilly. The manner, the look, and the tone, added, I know, considerably to the effect; but such are the gifts of a good story-teller, and they can neither be transferred to paper, nor communicated by an oral retailer. One great charm too, for me, in all these stories, was, that the narrator was, some way or another, concerned in them. There was, to be sure, egotism in this; but then, it was an egotism that gave a verisimilitude to every thing he told, and you believed that he was not mentioning any thing which he did not know to be a fact, however strange, extraordinary, or improbable it might seem to be. Amongst the other stories told by Doctor Reilly was the following, which I have endeavoured to report verbatim et literatim, as I heard it.—

"Never, my children, never borrow a priest's horse—it's an unlucky thing to do, for many reasons. First, if the priest's horse is a good one, he does not like to lend it. Next, if it is a bad one, and the priest says he will lend it, the moment you ask for it, you may happen to break your neck, or your leg, or may-be your nose, and thereby spoil your beauty. And, lastly, a priest's horse has so many friends, that if you are in a hurry, it will be shorter for you to walk than to wait for the horse to pay its visits. It is now more than fifty years since I gave the very counsel, that I am now administering to you, to Kit M'Gowran, one of my parishioners; but he thought, as may-be many of you think, that the priest was a fool, but he found the difference in a short time, as may-be most of you will before you die.

"As well as I recollect, it was in the year 1789, that I was parish priest of Leixlip, and at that time Kit M'Gowran was, of a farmer lad, one of my wealthiest parishioners. He had land on an old lease, and might have been a grand juror now, if he had minded the potatoes growing; but instead of that, Kit was always up in Dublin, playing rackets and balls, and drinking as much whisky in a week, as would float a canal boat through a lock. For two or three years, Kit was but little seen in the parish, though I must say to his credit, he always sent me my *dues* regularly, so that you perceive he was not a reprobate entirely. I was sorry to hear the neighbours talking bad of him, and was thinking of looking after him some time or another, when I would have nothing else to do; when one day, Kit came into my house dressed out in the pink of the fashion of that time. He was then what they called, I believe, a *macaroni*, and was the same sort of animal, that is now termed a dandy. He had a little hat, that would not go on a good ploughman's fist; his hair was *streeling* down his back and over his shoulders; the buttons on his coat were the size of saucepans, and the skirts of the coat hung down behind to the small of his leg; he had two watches, one on each side of his stomach, a waistcoat that did not cover his breast, and light leather small-clothes that came down below the calf, and were fastened there with bunches of ribbons, that were each as big as cauliflowers, Kit I saw was in great spirits, and had evidently some mad project in

his head ; but that, you know, was none of my business, if he did not choose to tell me of it. I had not, however, to ask him ; for he mentioned at once what brought him to his parish priest. Poor Kit laboured under a great defect, for he stuttered so dreadfully, that you should know him for seven years before you could understand a word he said to you. He had a tongue that was exactly like a one-nibbed pen,—which will splutter and splash, and tease, and vex you, and do every thing but express the sentiments of your mind.

“ Kit told me, in his own way, that he was going to be married the next day to a Miss Nelly Brangan, a rich huckster's daughter in Dublin, who was bringing him a large fortune, and that he had accordingly, as in duty bound, come to me for his ‘*sar-tiff-cat* ;’ and as a propitiation to me for the bad life he had led, he gave me a golden guinea, and a very neat miniature of the same coin. I could not refuse my certificate to such a worthy parishioner ; and after wishing him long life and happiness, and plenty of boys and girls, I thought Kit would be after-bidding me good morning. Kit, I found, had still something upon his mind. I asked him if I could oblige him farther. ‘ Why, Father Reilly,’ says Kit, ‘ that is a mighty purty little black horse of yours.’ ‘ It is indeed, child,’ I answered ; ‘ but it is very apt to go astray ; for it left me for a week, and only returned to me last night.’ ‘ Ah ! therf, Father Reilly,’ says he, ‘ it would be mighty respectable to see me riding up to-morrow morning to Miss Nelly Brangan's shop-door with such an elegant black horse under me. May-be you'd lend me a loan of it ?’ ‘ Indeed, child, I will,’ I replied, ‘ but I would not advise you to take it ; for my horse has a way of its own, and I have many friends between this and Dublin, that may-be it would sooner see than go to your wedding.’ ‘ Oh ! as to that,’ answered Kit, ‘ if it was the devil himself, begging your Reverence's pardon, I'd make him trot ;—so lend me the horse and I'll send it back to you to-morrow evening.’ ‘ Take it then Kit,’ said I ; ‘ but I warn you that it is an uneasy beast.’

“ It was not until eight o'clock the next morning that Kit M'Gowran came for the horse, and in addition to his dress the day before, he had a pair of spurs on him, that would do for a fighting cock, they were so long and so sharp ; and a whip that was like a fishing-rod. ‘ Well, Kit,’ says I, ‘ when are you to be married ?’

“ ‘ At ten, your Reverence,’ answered Kit, ‘ at ten to the minute.’

“ ‘ Then, Kit, my boy,’ said I, ‘ you should have been here at six to be in time, since you intend to ride the black horse.’

“ ‘ Oh ! bother !’ said Kit ; ‘ sure I am only six miles from town, and it's hard if I don't ride that in an hour,—so that in fact, I'll be before my time, and that wont be genteel ; for may-be I'd catch Nelly Brangan with her hair in papers ; and she wont look lovely that way, I know, whatever charms there may be in the *butter-cool* of gold guineas that the darling is going to give me.’

“ ‘ Well, mount at once,’ I observed, ‘ though I would advise you, if you are in a hurry—to walk.’

“ I had hardly said the word, when Kit jumped into the saddle, and gave his horse a whip and a spur—and off it cantered, as if it were in as great a hurry to be married as Kit himself. I followed them as fast as I could to the top of the hill, and there was Kit cutting the figure of six like any cavalry officer with his whip, and now and again plunging his heels into the horse's sides, and it kicking the stones before and

behind it, and *tattering* over the road like lightning. In half a minute they were both out of my sight, and I thought that if any one could get to Dublin with the horse in an hour, Kit M'Gowran was the man to do it.

“ For two miles of the road Kit went on gallantly. He was laughing and joking, and thinking to himself that I was only humbugging him in what I said about the horse, when in the very middle of a hard gallop, it stopped as if it had been shot, and up went Kit M'Gowran in the air, his long whip firmly fixed in his hand, and his long coat flying like a kite's tail after him, and the words, ‘ Who had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,’ in his mouth; and he had not time to cease saying them when he was landed head over heels in a meadow, seven or eight yards from the centre of the road! Kit was completely puzzled by the fall, he could not tell how he got there, or what caused it, or why he should be there at all, instead of being on the horse's back, until he looked about him, and saw the creature taking a fine comfortable drink at a little well by the side of the road, where I always stopped to refresh it. Kit after scratching his head, and his elbows, and the back — of his coat; and indeed they required it—for they were a little warmer than when he set out—went over to the horse, mounted it, and rode off again on his journey; but I give you my word he did not gallop so fast nor use the whip so much as he had before the horse took a sup of the well water.

“ The horse rode on as peaceable as a judge, and as if it were a poor priest, and not a rollocking young layman that was on its back; it went on so for about three quarters of a mile further, but when it got that distance Kit began to wonder at the way it was edging over to the right side of the road. Kit pulled to the left, but the horse still held on to the right; and while they were arguing this point with one another, the day-coach from Dublin kept driving up to them. The guard sounded his horn, as much as to say, ‘ Kit M'Gowran, don't be taking up the entire road with yourself and your horse.’ Kit knew very well what the guard meant, and he gave a desperate drag to his own (the left) side of the road; but the horse insisted upon *the right*, and the coach driving up in the same line, the leaders knocked up against my horse, and sent it and Kit into the ditch together to settle there any little difference of opinion that might be between them! How long Kit lay in the ditch he could not rightly tell; but when he got out of it, he went to look after the horse, and about five yards nearer to Dublin than where the accident had happened, he found the little darling taking a feed of oats, which it always got from one of my parishioners, when I travelled that road; and now that he is dead and gone, poor man! (Tim Divine was his name,) I must say I never got any thing else from him. Kit waited patiently till the horse had eaten its fill, and he then looked at one of his watches, and it told him that it was ten o'clock, and he then looked at the other, and it as plainly shewed him that it was nine to the minute. Kit knew how his watches went, and he accordingly guessed that the truth lay between them; so that he found he had but half an hour to go a distance of four miles at least, to where he was to be married.

“ Kit determined if he was to break his neck in the attempt, that he would be in Dublin to the minute he had promised, so that the instant he was on the horse's back again, he began cutting, and whipping, and spurring the beauty as hard and fast as his hands and legs would go—his legs particularly were working as fast as the arms of a wind-mill on

a stormy day. The horse was not at first disposed to resent any indignity that was offered to it, particularly after the good feed and the good drink that it had got, so that it trotted on pretty quickly for half a mile or so; but Kit still continuing to whip and spur it, it first let on to him by one or two kicks, that it was displeased; but Kit not taking the hint, it *stugged* entirely. Kit lashed more furiously than he had done before—the horse curvetted about the road—it reared—it pranced—it kicked—it went in a circle round the same point fifty times. Kit leathered away with his long whip upon its ears, and nose, and the horse backed and backed, until it at last left Kit back at Tim Divine's door, from which he had started about an hour before! Tim was astonished to see the animal so soon coming back to him for another feed; but having been informed by Kit of the way he had misbehaved towards it, Tim became the interpreter for the poor dumb creature, and told the rider that the best manner of *managing* it was to let it go as it liked.

“Poor Kit resigned himself to his fate; that he should be late at his own wedding, he saw was inevitable; he was now too much tired to walk, and with a sigh he flung the reins on the horse's neck, and encouraged it to proceed again towards Dublin. It set off a second time from Divine's door; but ceased to gallop, to canter, or to trot—on it went at a most discreet pace, and as sober, and as melancholy as if it felt sorry for disappointing him, or that it was travelling with myself to a friend's funeral.

“Kit could at last hear the town bells striking one o'clock—he was at Island-Bridge, and within view of Dublin—he could see Patrick's steeple pointing up into the sky, and looking as stiff and conceited, as if it were rejoiced at the annoyance of a Papist, while the arches of “Bloody-bridge” seemed to be laughing to their full extent at the impudence of such a young fellow riding into Dublin upon no less a horse than the favourite pony of the parish priest of Leixlip! So at least, Kit was thinking, when the creature remembered that I always stopped a day or two with Mrs. Robinson, a kind, good-body of a widow woman, that lived at the end of the bridge. In there it plunged; to the narrow little hole of a stable, never thinking of my friend Kit on its back, and in entering the door, he was swept clean off its back, and left stretched upon a dunghill, with his nose, face, and hands, all scratched, by the new-dashed wall against which he had been driven! He cursed, but that he found did not cure his hands; he swore, but that he perceived did not improve his appearance; so that he soon desisted from such modes of venting his passion; and after washing his hands, putting a few plaisters on his face, rubbing the dirt off his small-clothes, and coaxing the little horse out of the small stable, he again mounted, and rode off for Dublin,—a far uglier, and less consequential personage, than when he had cantered up the hill of Leixlip that morning.

“Kit was now in Barrack Street—he was, at two o'clock, just four hours after the stated time in the city! ‘Now,’ thought Kit to himself, ‘my troubles are at length all over, and I have only to make the best apology I can for my unaccountable absence to my darling Mrs. M'Gowran, that is to be my little bride—the wealthy Miss Nelly Brangan *that was.*’ Such were Kit's thoughts, when he heard two men talking behind him—

“‘Paddy, isn't that the horse we were bid to be on the look-out for?’
 “‘By dad, Dennis, if it isn't, it's very like it;—and do you see the

fellow that's riding it? He is mighty like the chap that was hung for horse-stealing at the last assizes.'

" ' So like, Paddy, that if it isn't him, I'd take my oath it's one of the same gang. The horse, you know, is missing these five days; and do you see the patches on the robber's face—that's to disguise himself. A decent dressed man wouldn't be in a fight, like one of us, Paddy, when we get a sup in our head.'

" ' That's true for you, Dennis; and see, it has lob-ears, wall-eyes, bald-face, and a docked tail;—it's the very horse. By my sowkins, we'll seize him,—he's a robber.'

" ' To be sure we will, Paddy,—he's a robber, and an unchristian robber too, to steal from a priest! Knock him down, Paddy!'

" ' That I will, and welcome, Dennis!'

" Kit was in the act of turning round to see a robber seized, when he felt his arms grappled by two stout frieze-coated countrymen, who both exclaimed in the same moment—' Where did you get the horse, you robber?'

" Poor stuttering Kit stammered out, ' I—I—I—g—g—g—got it—it—it—'

" ' Where, you sacrilegious thief?'

" ' In L—l—l—Leixlip,' said Kit, after many minutes, and twisting his tongue, like a ha'p'orth of tobacco, in his mouth, to make himself understood.

" ' Oh! the villain,' said Paddy, ' he has confessed it.'

" ' Yes he has, the scoundrel,' exclaimed Dennis; ' and do you see the confusion of the fellow—he can't speak, he is so frightened at the thought of being hanged. Drag him off the horse, and take him to the police office.'

" In a minute Kit was torn from the horse. A crowd collected around him, who were immediately informed by Paddy and Dennis, that they had seized a robber, who had ' stolen a priest's horse, and was going to sell him in Dublin.' Poor Kit was instantly assailed by the mob—his two watches dragged out of his fobs—his new coat torn to pieces—his little hat kicked to nothing—and his pantaloons covered with mud. Several times he attempted to say that he had got a loan of the horse; but the people were in too great a rage to attend to his stuttering, and he was dragged into the police office. Paddy and Dennis preferred a charge of horse-stealing against him; and he was such a dirty-looking blackguard, that the police officers at once hand-cuffed him, advised him to plead guilty, and removed him into the black-hole, where he passed the night!

" But this did not end the misfortunes of unlucky Kit M'Gowran; for Miss Nelly Brangan, after inviting all her friends to a wedding dinner, and a large evening party, was determined that they should not be disappointed. She waited patiently for Kit until the dinner was dressed, and then—bestowed her hand and fortune upon one of her neighbours, a Mr. James Devoy, who was to be bridesman to Kit; but who, in his absence, resolved to discharge those duties for which Kit had been particularly engaged.

" This, my young friends, I hope will be a warning to you. Never borrow a priest's horse, lest you should lose by the loan, a wife, a fortune, your liberty, two watches, and a new coat."

THE TWO DAYS AT PARIS.

THE first shock has passed away, and Louis Philippe's throne is still standing; but would it be any better than the boldness of a blind, rash mind, to affirm that the second will not shake it to its foundations? If the advanced guard of Liberty be so powerful, what can resist the courage and numbers of the main body. If from fifteen hundred to two thousand "veterans of twenty," for the space of two days, could defy, and for a time foil the immense military force directed against them, then what calculation would express the insignificance of the chances of despotism against the whole French nation? In the heart of Paris, surrounded by a population paralyzed into indifference, by the total unexpectedness of the insurrection—with scarce any concert—with no arms, but such as those detached posts stormed by them could supply—a handful of boys, commanded also by boys, braved, for two days, forty thousand soldiers of the line, twenty-two thousand National Guards, with cavalry and artillery, led on by generals who have entered half the capitals of Europe as conquerors. What a notion must we not entertain of their gallantry, devotion, and skill! What a charm is there in the name of liberty that can inspire such efforts! In the First Revolution, when France precipitated twelve hundred thousand men to the frontiers, her existence, as a nation, was at stake. A horde of ferocious barbarians, breathing slaughter in manifestoes from which every man of humanity recoiled in horror, were about to invade her soil, with the avowed purpose of imposing, at the point of the bayonet, a tyranny thirsting for revenge; but, there is much reason to believe, with the real one of dismembering her, as they had a short time before dismembered Poland. Freedom, also, in addition to its natural sweetness, possessed all the charms of novelty, and all the diffusion of an epidemic. A sacred visitation had touched them. But here, though we will endeavour very rapidly to show that the real difference lay only in the stages of feeling, and not in its radical nature or probable issue, yet circumstances were by no means so favourable. The same obvious necessity did not exist to silence doubts, and give to reflection the energetic instinct of self-preservation. Austria is arming, Prussia is arming, the advanced post of Poland has been stormed, the Italian flank of the Holy Alliance has been covered by the complete extinction of liberty in that country; and the spirit which enabled Napoleon, from that base of operations, to march on Vienna, has been perfectly suppressed; but yet the danger is remote. There is no treaty of Pilnitz as yet concluded—there is no Austro-Prussian army on the frontiers—no Duke of Brunswick has issued a proclamation—but, above all, the death of Casimir Perier, and the notorious feebleness of his successors, had rendered, as it seems to us, almost certain the appointment of a Ministry anxious for the national honour, and possessing energy to meet a conjuncture in which boldness and decision are mere vulgar prudence. These circumstances, along with the proximity of the late revolution, of which the lava was not quite cooled, rendered the people of Paris willing to give Louis Philippe another chance, and indisposed them to a rising at this particular moment. *The Two Days* undoubtedly show a want of prudence—of due estimation of men's feelings; but who, worth the name of man, will not pardon something to the cause? Who will not be touched by the youth, the bravery, and the generous spirit of those actors, whose fault was but the excess of honourable feeling? It is difficult not to participate in the emotions

which the actual sight of their heroism called up. "I saw them," says an eye-witness, "fighting with an energy and determination, yesterday, which made all of them appear heroes. They stormed almost every guardhouse in Paris, and succeeded in taking all the muskets, sabres, and ammunition that they found there. It was chiefly with these that they fought in the streets. It is not to be expected that such high-spirited men will sit down quietly under defeat."

We know that by persons from whom better things might be hoped, these scenes are represented as a Carlist insurrection, or mere insulated movements of a few frantic enthusiasts. But he must be very regardless of the progress of opinion,—very incapable of estimating the irritating influence of degrading conduct on a people like the French, of whom it is a literal truth to say, that they prefer honour to a thousand lives, and forgetful of the circumstances of these very days, if he can continue to regard them as any other than the premature expression of general feeling. Carlists may have mingled in it, and considering the contemptible nature of that faction, they may even with perfect safety have been employed as tools by the Revolutionists; but to treat this as a Carlist scheme, argues a degree of innocence upon which Louis Philippe's police could scarcely calculate. Sifted of every particle of truth that could be excluded, as the Government accounts are—for it is almost unnecessary to remind the reader, that all the opposition Journals were suppressed—yet so palpable is the real state of things, that notwithstanding all the zealous mutilation they have undergone, its real features can be distinguished. We see it was an unexpected explosion of national discontent, a premature outbreak of opinions shared by the mass of the people, though not as yet in all their intensity. This is plain from the reluctance of the National Guards to act, from the notorious tardiness of their turning out at the word of command, and from the fact that of 100,000 men, no more than 22,000 at this awful conjuncture did eventually take any share in the proceedings. Even of these, it would seem, the majority belonged to the neighbourhood of Paris. "Few National Guards," says the person already referred to, "took part against the people. They had no taste for drawing their swords upon their fellow citizens." But if there be any doubt on this subject, let the reader recall the policy pursued by Louis Philippe since his accession, let him put himself into the situation of a true Frenchman; and whether he be a lover of freedom, or a Tory acknowledging that the French people would naturally look with anxiety to their mere security, he must feel that they have ample cause for alarm. Disregarding all considerations of honour, which, nevertheless, in dealing with the feelings of this nation, are of the greatest moment,—forgetting the infamous treachery that ruined Poland,—forgetting also the blustering insolence, and then the sneaking meanness in the case of Italy, along with the Ancona expedition, which would be the very apex of ridiculous policy, were not our contempt in some degree suspended by wonder at its unintelligible nature; let him look round the continent of Europe, and see what ally will France have in the case of an invasion. Will she have one man to welcome her troops in Italy, when Austria in total defiance of the principle of non-intervention, has had perfect leisure to weed out every individual of manly feeling. "When the conduct of the French ministry too, by their wretched boasting, has called out the friends of liberty from their hiding places, only to make them be picked off by Austrian riflemen with the greater precision? Never did any Government take more effectual steps to betray every man who possessed the slightest

community of feeling or interest with it, and perhaps never did nation exhibit at the same moment more astounding proofs of incapacity, as if to deprive itself of even the miserable character of ability in knavishness. Europe has seen it with amazement submit to the first Austrian intervention, just after it had pompously pronounced the system of non-intervention, and resent the second, by sending a body of troops sufficient only to make it ridiculous. The Italian patriots must be unfit for the ordinary business of life, not to speak of the regeneration of a country, if they compromise themselves by the slightest intercourse with that force, or place the least reliance on a ministry capable of such policy. When the matter comes to an issue,—that is, when those soldiers have been witnesses to the last outrages of the principles which placed their master on the throne,—there will not be a man there who would provide a billet for a French trooper, should that country become the theatre of war.

The same policy will be pursued towards Germany. Every liberal of spirit and talent will be encouraged to come forward, until Prussia and Austria have secured every person who could be of the slightest service to the cause of freedom.

As to Poland, if there be truth in assertions made in the face of the world, and, as far as we know, never refuted,—perhaps denied would be the correcter term,—perfidy was added to deeper misconduct, which ingratitude had already made of a dye sufficiently dark. We know that persons will talk of non-intervention, but waiving the violation of this principle by the despots of the Holy Alliance, it ever seemed to us a policy full of danger and injustice to France, circumstanced as she is. It might be very well to assert it, if there were some great overruling power in the heart of Europe, to control and punish all deviations from it; but when those who alone possess the requisite power are the very states which are likely to violate it, does it not appear somewhat too generous a reliance on their disinterestedness to expect that they will apply the rod to their own shoulders? People of plain understanding would deem it rather preposterous to appeal from the accomplice to the accessory, or demand that the robber should do justice on the thief. But doubtless, should Nicholas resume the invasion of France, which Poland delayed, Louis Philippe might very wisely humour the Russian bear before the Austrian wolf. It is right to calculate on such things. It is also probable that these despots, flushed too, as one of them is, by the blood of Poland, will permit a kingdom to remain which holds out to her subjects the most tempting exhortation to revolt; which establishes—and in a people that has always exercised immense influence over continental opinion—a principle of the most decided and active hostility to their authority. Their affections must be strongly inclined towards it by the additional considerations that it has already projected Belgium into an independent orbit, and is the real spring of those demonstrations in Germany which are so full of peril to legitimates.

The mean position of the French Government in the eyes of foreign states might have some palliation, if it were employed to purchase domestic peace. But the policy of Louis Philippe is of a piece at home and abroad. Arbitrary proceedings, persecutions of the press, and intestine war, are its fruits. The consequence is a general discontent. The people find that its government crouches to Austria and the Carlists, that it may be terrible to them; and taught by that broad, rude, but unerring common rule that belongs to a people, that their liberty is periled by the successive ruin of every person in foreign countries from

whom they could expect assistance in case of a general movement against them, begin to contemplate their situation with alarm and disgust, but are willing to change measures, if possible, without a change of dynasty. This seems the state of France, and the late insurrection is one of the breakers that precede the storm.

Both parties may, from it, gather excellent lessons for their future conduct. Louis Philippe, now that the gulf, on the edge of which he has been playing his "fantastic tricks," has been revealed to him, may retrace his steps, and endeavour to assume a policy more in accordance with the wishes of his subjects, their honour, their security, and his own professions. We own, however, that the measure we have taken of his character is radically wrong, if he show himself anything but a true Bourbon. The steps taken subsequent to the insurrection, the declaring Paris under martial law, the determination to try by courts-martial offences committed previous to its establishment, the seizure of the journals, and the rest of the proceedings, are conceived in the lineal spirit of tyranny. Will one of the bravest, freest, and proudest nations in the world submit to him? No, never.

From the Two Days, the French patriots will perceive the folly of conspiracies marching too fast for the mass of the population. The day of conspiracies has passed by, and given place to open legal combination. To succeed, it is simply necessary that the people be aware of what is going on, that a community of feeling, by discussion, continued for a certain time, be established among them,—that they be separated from their enemies, and know whom to trust and whom to fear,—then, possessing a strength which is superior to all resistance, by a general movement they overthrow despotism at once. This was the course pursued before the Three Days. Every man understood the real state of things:—he saw the stakes, and the parties that played for them—an isolated Government, and an united people. One concert governed the whole nation; the ordinances were published, and Charles X. fell. But all was the reverse on the last occasion. There was little previous discussion, no concert, no broad general feeling; and therefore, when the explosion took place so suddenly, it was quite unintelligible to the bulk of the people. They doubted, they hesitated, and at last they acted against the very men by whose side they would have shed their heart's blood had they been prepared for the occasion. Conspiracies in the present state of the world are suspicious. They generally argue either bad objects, or weak heads on the part of those who form them. Knowledge has changed the face of politics, and made general discussion and the general will, the lever of liberty. Let the French form political unions. Let them expose the shuffling meanness of their Government, its perfidy, its incapacity, its arbitrary spirit; and either it or Louis Philippe must be changed. They cannot surely fail to perceive the manner in which we, by political unions, broke the Tory mind. It is an example worthy of imitation. Those capital advantages belong to that course. It effects change by the force of opinion alone, without violence or bloodshed. It clearly separates both parties into two masses, and exhibits at once the immense disparity of their strength. It gives the people all that they want, concert and preparation, and makes the nation feel as a single individual; and lastly, it destroys the supports of despotism, for by general discussion continued for some time, the nobler feelings of the soldiers prevail, and the army is melted into universal enthusiasm. Honour therefore, and gratitude to the man who, a few years since, conceived and established the system.

MEPHISTOPHELES AND THE STUDENT.

STUD. I strive to penetrate the cloud in vain,
 For power of thinking leaves the o'er-wrought brain.
 The mighty city's hush'd, as this lone room,
 Where my faint taper scarcely breaks the gloom.
 All—all is still, as if this feverish land
 Were cherish'd by a firm paternal hand ;
 Yet, when the sun casts his first level beams
 On dewy uplands and their silver streams—
 The bird first stirs it in the nightly screen,
 Where still the russet mingles with the green—
 The crested plover with elastic gait
 Again struts churming round his voracious mate—
 From broken dreams an outraged throng will start,
 With vengeance rankling in each manly heart ;
 While those who waked the tempest, bend before
 The awful omen of its coming fear.
 Would some far-sighted spirit at my call
 Arise and show me where the bolt will fall !
 Would, even the demon, who in mad career
 Led liquorish Faustus.—

MEPH. (*Tapping him on the shoulder.*) Gently ! I am here.

STUD. And who art thou ? Just Heavens ! it is the same.
 Passionless eye-brow with unholy flame ;
 The narrow forehead's furrow'd with despair ;
 Long upward ears, fade not his frizzled hair ;
 Mocking the presage of his brow austere,
 The sensual goat-lips quiver with a sneer ;
 The nose depressed, the broad uncloven chin,
 And the cheeks puffed out, with the table's sin ;
 A narrow chest, with swelling paunch which joins,
 And spindle shanks wedded to rounded loins—
 The fiend of mockery and lust untamed
 Is here, before my wish is fully framed.
 Detested wretch ! Ill'st the latest subtlest birth !
 Still does thy presence load the groaning earth ?

MEPH. I leave the earth ! It pleases me too well.
 Taste and insipid are the vaults of hell.
 Our tortures lose their former piquancy ;
 We've lived so long together, we agree :
 And our delight in fiendish caterwauling
 Grows faint, nor seeks relief in angry brawling.
 While here my daintiest luxury is cloying ;
 Men talk of building while their aim's destroying—
 Each views his neighbour's structure with a frown,
 Then leaves his own in haste to tear it down ;
 The other, on the self same errand bound,
 Counters his foe's on the neutral ground ;
 To work they go, kicks, cuffs, and beastly biting
 Exhaust them : they've forgot why they were fighting.
 Oh ! 'tis a lusty sight for such as me
 The folly of these six feet babes to see.
 Since this round globe went spinning from the hand
 Of its creator, few I think could stand ;
 Their brains taught the vertigo, and along
 They reeled right merrily, with drunken song ;
 Now kissing, scratching now, grand actions scheming,
 Vain and effectless as warm maiden's dreaming.

Mephistopheles and the Student.

STUD. And is thy falcon eye so much at fault?
Think'st thou that Time's great march is but a halt?
Dream'st thou that from the flame in which all things
Roar into smoke, no fire-eyed phoenix springs?
Thou canst not aid me if thy bounded view
Sees not destruction generate things new,
And the astounding elemental strife
Tear but away what would obstruct new life.

MEPH. I like your creed:—'tis pretty close allied
To that which drew old Faustus to my side.
Were I but sentimental, I could sigh
O'er our mad nights of waggish revelry.
He ponder'd long like you with pensive looks,
O'er strange machines and cumbrous musty books;
But, wearied of their emptiness, his chain
He broke, and sought the fresh green world again.
He leagu'd himself with me, and my wild gladness
Soon banish'd from his brow each trace of sadness.
From realm to realm we roved; and every where
Turning things topsy-turvy, mock'd despair.
Order's a solemn, dull, and tiresome thing;
But, in confusion, merriment takes wing;
And he who soars with her tattle fools derides,
While endless laughter shakes his jollity sides.
Permit me of my art to shew a sample—
I'll gage my head you follow his example.

STUD. Faustus was sad at times——

MEPH. I had forgot,
Until I wedded out each baby thought
That twined, like hindering ivy, round his mind,
He would relapse at times; and sadly blind
To his own good, and nursing human pain,
Frame brave resolves to be a fool again.

STUD. Then he became as you——

MEPH. We trifle time,
Darkness disperses—morn is in its prime.
The freshness of the dawn will do you good,
And the cock's clarion stir your sluggish blood.

STUD. Your grinding teeth give your false words the lie.
You would evade my question—Fiend, reply!—
Tell me how Faustus died?

MEPH. Like other fools
In sage observance of right godly rules.

STUD. False as thou art, for once thou'st spoke the truth.

MEPH. "False," "Fiend," and "Liar," pretty words in sooth
My friend, when you converse with gentlemen,
Use language more polite. If thou again
You seek to move my temper, I'll depart
And leave you to your own too-busy heart.
Like some great statesman, both to foes and friends,
I tell each truth that's like to serve my ends.
Listen! I knew a lad, who did inherit
Kindly affections and a daring spirit;
Thoughts that could question, fancies that could soar,
A face not beautiful, yet such as bore
The express image of the inner man.
He loved a maid—bear with me if you can——

Though your averted look disgust displays,
 I needs must laugh at my own sounding phrase—
 He loved a maid, with tresses dark as night,
 Parting above a brow of dazzling white.
 With every thought that stirred her gentle frame,
 Her colour eloquently went and came ;
 The lustrous love that from her eye would flee,
 Next moment changed to merry mockery ;
 In girlish ecstasy she gambolled round,
 A thing of air that trode not on the ground.
 You've read the human heart : perhaps can tell
 How the fool yielded to her magic spell—
 Such things are past my knowledge. But I know
 She wedded with another, and the blow
 Ruin'd his peace for ever. In the round
 Of vice he sought it, but he never found.
 At last he sagely turn'd to musty lore,
 And smiling nursed the canker in his core.

STUD. Peace, fiend!

MEPH. Not yet—the challenge was your own ;
 Beneath my truths your soul shall wince and groan.
 Now, mark me further. Still that love you hold
 With warmth, eternity can not make cold :
 While she regardless of you—fancy free,
 E'en lovelier in her matron dignity
 Than in her flush of youth, sees at her board
 Five comely striplings and her warrior lord.
 And now prepare to hearken to a tale
 Will turn your grey locks white. I know your frail
 And silly race can bear to lose a love,
 But not to know her worthless. Your bright dove
 This very night hath sought another nest ;
 By a young beardless stripling she's caressed.
 The world's cold sneer chafes sons alike and sire,
 And her curl'd darling dies to glut their ire.

STUD. Oh, God! Oh, God!

MEPH. What! He who loved the rays
 Of truth, thus weakly fainting 'neath its blaze?
 The red Simoom's behind, whose arid glow
 Shall wither every thought of joy you know.
 Love is the baby's plaything; man relies
 In his ripe years on manly sympathies.
 He seeks the strengthening converse of a mind
 Noble in principle, in thought refined—
 Of beings to whom thoughts and powers are given
 That like a village-steeple point to heaven :
 Point—but ne'er reach it. Human goodness seems
 To our sharp ken like evanescent dreams.
 One friend you had whose bounty unconfined
 Scattered its largess as the liberal wind
 Of Autumn strews the brown leaves in your path :
 Yet he destroyed your fortune—not in wrath—
 But by a grasping selfishness when want
 Knock'd at his door, and his rich means grew scant.
 Another was all purity—he would
 Controul each feeling, and be sternly good :
 And he, though love's fair flowers shadow'd his cot,
 Tasting the wine-cup, dwindled to a sot.
 A third —

STUD. Oh! hide his fate—in mercy spare!

MEPH. Mercy my nature knows not. As the air
 Feels not the odour that it wafts away,
 I cannot feel the pangs my words convey.
 Enough! I would but teach you that in lies
 Is found the only happiness you prize—
 That the fond sage, like passion's veriest slave,
 Finds all his happiness in visions brave.
 Lust is one rich throb, virtue is another,
 Like as one rosy cloud is to its brother.
 When first the spring in loveliness has broke
 O'er earth, each weed is glorious as the oak :
 When winter o'er the earth has cast its blight,
 The thistle's wither'd stem offends the sight.
 So man or woman in the budding spring
 Is a voluptuous and a beauteous thing ;
 But when the sinews shrink the blood grows cold,
 Peevish and hateful are the silly old—
 Your glorious youth like the broad Rhine doth pass
 To ooze in driblets through a dull morass.

STUD. What maddening power is in his eloquence,
 Which chains my reason while it shocks my sense?
 His sneer repels—his dark eye fascinates ;
 And, like the serpent on the bird that waits,
 He stands expectant till my faltering sword,
 Drunk and bewilder'd, claims him for my lord.

MEPH. To you I speak not as to common men ;
 Once have you 'scaped my lure, and would again.
 I claim you as my equal. You have tasted
 The Dead Sea fruit of vice—beauteous but blasted ;
 Experienced grown, I offer you the joy—
 The only one that's lasting—to destroy.

STUD. Lead'on ! I follow.

MEPH. For the Devil's sith
 The ripe world nods—we'll labour and be blithe.
 All Europe's bent upon a desperate game.
 Like minerals fermenting into flame,
 Whose subterraneous billows shake the plain,
 And topple down palace and fort like grain,
 When the mad wind roars o'er the awe-struck world—
 Or, from the apex of some mountain hurled,
 In fiery torrents or in dusty death,
 Whelm every creature that draws vital breath—
 The nations fretted cankered with oppression,
 Mature revenge 'gainst tyranny's transgression.
 Degraded by long years of slavery,
 It is not in their nature to be free.
 The sea-beach where kings sought to plant their seat
 Has run to quicksand 'neath their trampling feet :
 The sluggish and absorbing mass they've made,
 Will suck them in with all their vain parade.
 But when the people's vengeful tocsin chimes
 'Twill punish crime by fiercer bloodier crimes.
 At home—

STUD. I hear thy rushing wings at hand,
 Fiend ! settle down upon my native land.

MEPH. I felt a restless mood at fall of night,
 And like a bat wheel'd 'mid the thickening light.
 Above the setting sun, purple and gold,
 Thick clustering clouds in massy volumes roll'd ;

Beneath, their reflex on the heaving sea
 Lay like the pillars of eternity.
 'Twas silence save when ocean's viewless swells,
 Broke with light tinkling among tiny shells.
 I hover'd o'er the billowy hills of Spain
 Where stilet and guitar alternate reign—
 Germany whence eternal pipe-fumes rise,
 In dense and whirling eddies to the skies,—
 France, too, that land of restless hot-brain'd fools,
 Whose cannon—their sole argument—ne'er cools;
 Where night and noon a ceaseless noise pervades
 Of musquetry and rising barricades,—
 And every where 'mid twilight's drowny rest,
 I found hate festering in the human breast.
 These veering beings suit not my great ends,
 Who cuff to-day and are to-morrow friends :
 Here on this sea-girt isle I rest my wing
 Where mischief once a-foot takes its full swing.
 Long have your factions muster'd for the fray :
 The youngest babe will find it last his day.
 The long despised and trampled multitude
 Are frenzied with oppression—wild and rude ;
 Your rampant nobles with their swords alone,
 Would guard that veil which hides their power—the throne ;
 The " middle-class " which thinks itself perfection,
 Sees 'mid the burly with, unfeign'd dejection,
 It's wealth, its only idol, melt away :
 And as the vile dross melts, 'neath the same ray,
 Its patriotism withers and declines.
 The lurid light of civil contest shines
 Prospective o'er the land ; which, in hush'd wonder,
 Breathless and sultry, listens for the thunder.
 The sickly frame of your brave constitution
 Long pining, nears convulsive dissolution :
 The law has loosed its hold on every mind ;
 Your Monarch's weak and changeful as the wind ;
 Your Ministers still strive their acts to frame,
 By that which lives no longer save in name.
 Soon will the impatient people's red right hands
 Grapple each other's throats, and draw their brands ;
 While, 'mid the desolation, overhead
 In the blue sky, my quivering wings I spread—
 The fitting lark of this most glorious day—
 And gladly shriek a wild and witching lay,
 That shall appal, yet mad them to the fray.

(The crowing of cocks is heard without, and rattling of the first market carts along the street. Countryman sings.)

When the dark thunder cloud
 Broods o'er the land,
 Firmly 'tis grasp'd
 By a fatherly hand.
 The temple down batter'd,
 The pavement may strew,
 But the air is refresh'd,
 And the flowers spring anew.

STUD. The nightmare phantom fades in morning's light,
 And with him dies the madness of the night.
 Forgive, just God, my impious fever dreams !
 Bathe my hot brow in truth's composing streams !
 And, when the approaching tempest rattles o'er,
 Teach me to wait the issue and adore !

A TALE OF SHEFFIELD.

THE STORY OF GRYSSELLE D————.

IN that year of the last century, which was fatally distinguished by the promulgation of Sir Robert Walpole's general scheme of excise, Wadham D———— was the master of a pretty large manufactory in Sheffield. It stood at the upper end of a croft which formed part of the well known Castle-Hill, and before it was a gentle fall, whereon the grass, notwithstanding the soot which fell upon it, retained a continual freshness. At the foot of this fall, and nearly at the point where the streams of the Sheaf and the Don mingle together, Wadham D———— had erected a dwelling for himself, his daughter Gryselle, and his son Guisnes, who composed the whole of his household. The manufactory of Wadham D———— was the object of suspicion to the whole town; and as it might naturally be supposed, he himself, from some cause or other being generally shunned and hated, that suspicion took a colour and character most fatal to the tranquillity of the whole family. It was remarked by the workmen, that the wares which they made had no names; they were to be sure, like dibbers and spades, hoes and rakes, but they were simply called by numbers; and, as it was shrewdly observed, they could not be made for the culture of Christian earth, but to cast up, in large quantities, the dry light soils of distant Pagan lands. The master of the manufactory, however, pursued his course; neither he nor his children mingled in any way with the ordinary sports or business of the town; and it was remarked, that his only pleasure seemed to be sitting by the streams which bounded his dwelling, breathing forth clouds of tobacco smoke, and uttering, at intervals, strange foreign curses against the air and soil of England. Wadham D———— conveyed the produce of his workshops, in the third week of every moon, to some port on the west side of the Island. His pack-horses usually returned after an absence of ten days, so that it was generally known his wares had no distant journey. On these occasions they came back laden with small casks of sugar, a kind of black berries, and the produce of distant lands. These casks of sugar were the beginning of much strife and sorrow to Wadham D———— and his two children. It has already been noticed that he was beset by a general hatred; and it may be added, that dislike appeared so naturally to arise in the minds of the young, who could not have entertained any sinister prejudice against him, that a child was never known to approach him of its own will, nor a dog to fawn upon him, though he offered the animal ever so many messes of pottage. In person he was tall, but appeared to be weakly; his features were strictly regular, but every one declared that his countenance was hideous. He was said to be forty-three years of age, yet his bare, burned, and furrowed brow and cheeks declared that he had numbered the days of a patriarch. Gryselle, whose person was still more remarkable and contradictory, will be afterwards described.

One summer's night, (it was after a quarrel of unusual animosity had taken place between Wadham D———— and some of his neighbouring townspeople,) an occurrence took place which let loose at once the

floodgates of popular dislike, and swept away the master and the manufactory together. Boys and girls, and other half-educated people, little and great, generally look upon injuries done to bad people, or to their enemies in particular, with a half-satisfied conscience. So it was with the children and their parents, who lived in little dwellings around Wadham D——'s shops. The urchins drove nails into his casks of sugar, and if, by a successful act of piracy, they could carry home a small lump or two, the ill-judging mothers seldom remembered that a commandment had been broken, or that they, the guardians of their offspring, had smiled on the commencement of crime, whose goal was disgrace, ruin, and perhaps death. On the night alluded to, a crowd of youthful pilferers had made a gap in the sides of a cask larger than any which had been seen before. They were engaged in a noisy scramble, when suddenly a shrill scream issued at once from their little clear throats, and the contents of every apron fell to the ground as they drew back affrighted. So unusual an occurrence presently brought all the dames from their evening toils, and each anxious mother half out of breath, demanded of her little one what was the matter. "See," they exclaimed, each pointing with tiny fingers, "see, mother, the hand of ———." The women drew cautiously near, and directing their eyes to something which lay on the ground in the midst of the children, gave, in their turn, a loud cry of horror, and ran off, followed by the entire party. As might be supposed, the men were quickly summoned; and presently the smithies were deserted, and crowds of men, with hammers and other tools still clenched unwittingly in their brawny hands, surrounded the place. "What scare is this?" they demanded; when a boy, more daring than his fellows, pressed his way between their legs, and pointed to the hand of a man, half hidden in yellow sugar, as it lay on the ground. They took it up; and one of them held it out, with averted face, between his finger and thumb. "It is the hand of a man,—the very fingers and hand of a man and fellow-creature," said Allan Ditchfield. "I know it well; see here, comrades, are the cuttings of the band which has been bound round the wrist; the thumb here is stark; and, look ye, these two fingers have been *masht* up, with some tool or other." As he said this, the faces of his brother workmen gathered a frown darker than the sweat of labour which hung upon them, and many an arm unconsciously raised to its shoulder the hammer or the axe, which, in the sudden alarm, had been carried from the forge. "Bless you, this is *nought*," continued Allan; "I have seen twenty such hands, when I was in the *Indjees*, lying on a bit of grass not bigger than a quoit race. When they pull the poor blacks up with their triangles, if the sun should burn hot and long upon 'em, the bones crack, and they part at the shoulders and wrists, like *bands* strained and scorched, and down they come upon the ground, dead and quiet." A thrill of horror ran through the assembled workmen; they spoke not to each other; but they looked in one another's faces, and, on a sudden, as if actuated by one common impulse, they whirled their hammers in the air, and giving one loud hurrah, ran off in a body to the manufactory of Wadham D——. Presently the narrow Sheaf was burdened with broken casks, and the deeper and broader Don carried down with its ample current all the merchandize which the last train of pack-horses had brought.

It may be well to explain how it happened, that a body of men, themselves suffering many of the hardships which the poor natives of Guinea undergo in the islands of the Western Ocean, so suddenly felt them-

selves called up, wildly yet honestly, to shew their indignation against Wadham D——. They concluded, of course, that if he were not himself the accursed owner of slaves, it was from them and their forbidden toil that he drew all his wealth; and for aught they knew, some of the nameless instruments which he made might have severed the hand which they found from a body already tortured. The workmen, in the times alluded to, were also taught, that it was a gentle craft to work in iron and steel; and, inasmuch as mere doctrinal and preceptive teaching was less in fashion in those days than the present, and honest broad principles of general benevolence and universal fraternity, were preached by the public ministers of instruction, so the apron men of Hallam cared little for the consequences of an act, which, however it might be condemned by the law, would be acquitted in their own consciences.

Wadham D—— disappointed the fears of his enemies in the manner in which he resented the outrage on his property. He assumed the air of a man who had suffered the martyrdom of a fair fame, and who scorned to reply to the false or captious charges of a slanderous or ignorant world. It is not known that he made any judicial complaint whatever. Upon the coming of the next moon, however, many days before the fullness of her light invited the owners of the carrying horses and mules to ascend the hills in the cool and quiet time of night, troops of unknown conductors and their beasts entered the town. On the following morning, all the strangely shaped instruments of agriculture, and curiously wrought irons, beneath which the floors of the warerooms groaned, were gone; the tools used in their manufacture were gone also, or destroyed. The workmen came at their accustomed hour, and found the doors open to receive them; but the aids of their craft,—the furnace, the anvils, and the presses, wherewith they used to fashion things of which they knew not the names, had disappeared, or lay in useless fragments on the ground.

The father, the daughter, and the son departed at the same time, and having few acquaintances whom they cared to tell of their migration, and still fewer friends who would complain they had not been bade farewell, they speedily arrived at the new habitation which they had provided for themselves. In these days the skirts of the town were composed of unfruitful commons, and beyond them, on the side which was chosen for their abiding place, rugged and rocky grounds, interspersed with dry and useless heaths, made a wild and solitary region, which even at the present time astonishes the unaccustomed traveller ere he has left behind him the smoke of the town's fires. Within a few gun shots is a low tenement, yet bearing on its dwarf wall an imitation of the turreted roofs which were raised by the English gentry during the unhappy time of the great civil wars. The windows which on either side illumine the two principal apartments, are so contrived that the morning sun may enter and gild the feet of the indweller. On one side are seen a few buildings wherein to store the produce of the corn fields, and on the other, some thin and stunted sycamores, which promise, but give not shade. Before the house is a small reservoir, lined with the stone which lies cold and bare all over the surrounding grounds, and which is kept continually full by exudation from the moors which lie higher and beyond it. Behind all was a garden, now claimed and swallowed up by the kindred waste, which was entered only by a small back portal that opened from the house itself.

It is necessary, as it may afterwards appear, to be thus particular in

the description of the dwelling chosen by Wadham D——, for himself, and Grysselle and Guisnes, his children. It is also proper that Grysselle, the heroine of the story, should be described as truly as pen can describe that which owns no likeness in nature—no similitude amongst the multitudinous changes and visions of the wildest and most daring imagination. Grysselle had passed the twenty-third year of her life, when her father abandoned the means of acquiring farther wealth, and sought covert amongst the almost inaccessible, and certainly unsought for wilds, within five miles of the town of Sheffield. Her person was tall, and in the estimation of the million, most majestic. Her features were inexpressibly regular, and charmed the sculptor, whose anxious care and tempered chisels never produced the animation of a human face so matchless in form, so perfect in disposition. Her eyes were of the colour of which invented words are silent. Some happy artists have fallen on a poor resemblance of them, by giving to their pictured beauties large deep black orbs, upon which a bright light appears suddenly opened, and suddenly, fiercely, and malignantly returned. Her bosom was that becoming a very young maiden, but her step was fearless and matronly. An aged man who had looked upon her intensely for a few minutes, was once heard to exclaim, "Alas, fair maid, thou art a meteor which may burn, but which cannot cherish; all men will admire, none love thee—wonderful is thine outward working, within—empty, empty—heartless." Such was Grysselle. Her brother Guisnes was her elder by a year; one of those men of even temper and chastened aspiration, who, if they be not led through the travail of life appear absolutely to stand still.

Such, with one or two dull natives of the country, kept as serving men, were the sole inhabitants of the lone house on the Dore Moors. The seasons continued to chase each other, and the bosom of the earth was soft and fruitful, hard and sterile, as the rosy feet of spring, or the harsh strides of winter passed over it; yet Grysselle witnessed the coming and the departure of the sun without emotion. She stood erect on the dark heath; and the created world about her, and the endless chains of beings by which she was surrounded, raised within her, nor wonder, nor prayer, nor praise. Two years passed; and the father, the son, and the daughter lived on, as trees of the unknown Indian forest, advancing towards the last winter which would leave them sapless and leafless.

About this time, the Pretender, as the royal Prince Charles Edward was called by some people, caused much uneasiness to George the Second and his court at London. They had been advised not only of his presence in Scotland, but that many warlike lords, and wild clans of half-naked men, inhabiting the borders of the two countries, were preparing to fall on the low lands with shouts of war. Soon afterwards the central and northern parts of the kingdom swarmed with the king's troops; and General Wade, the favourite English officer of the time, pressed forward with many regiments of foreign mercenaries, with the intention of crushing at once, at whatever cost of blood, the infant rebellion. Derby and the neighbouring country, lying nearly in the midst of the kingdom, were filled with troops; and it was in these districts that recruits for sudden and limited service, were eagerly sought. In this department of the service, then immeasurably more esteemed than in latter times, one Captain Monckland had the supreme direction. The feathered cap and the light sword became this man; and as he moved about, gaily dressed in the trappings of his rank, the young men and women followed him with gazing admiration, which seemed, as it were,

drawn from them by a being possessed of some unknown strange power of fascination. Monckton, by design or chance, found himself early one morning with a few of his followers, before the long windows of Gryselle's apartment. It is unamusing to trace the course of acquaintance, affection, and passion, between two beings, from whom great events, pregnant with good or evil, pain or joy, are destined certainly to proceed. Monckton and Gryselle met; he was struck with the *singularity* of her beauty; he gazed, and the colour forsook his cheeks; again he looked, and awkwardly complaining that the sleeping winds of the moors had chilled him, suddenly retired.

From that moment Gryselle was a changed being—a fire arose within her, which all the tears of the world's sinners, all the dews of heaven could not extinguish. Hitherto she had been as a stranger on the peopled earth, and wandered in the crowd of life, as one armed against the pains, and despising the pleasures and sympathies, of mankind. But now she was changed:—a fierce passion, sometimes falsely called by the hallowed name of love, quickened her blood, maddened her pulse, and moved her hitherto placid face with strange and changing expression. Meanwhile, the beauty of the damsel haunted Monckton by day and by night, and he bowed down to it in fear and adoration, as his imagination suddenly called up that first gaze, from which he had so suddenly, and, as he now thought, unconsciously retired. He remembered that he was a soldier, and that the soldier's libertine course, to see, to desire, and to possess, had been his, in many a bloodless tent and field. Yet a strange sensation—it was not respect, he would not acknowledge it was fear—came upon him, whenever he thought of the maiden of the moors, and he was careless to repeat his visit for some days. Without, however, any mental arrangement with himself to venture once more to the cottage of Wadhams D——, Monckton, a second time, directed his eyes towards the apartment occupied by Gryselle. She was there, and had sat within it every minute, and hour, and day, which had elapsed since Monckton first entered it, wasting and sickening with desire for his return. As soon as she beheld him, she sprung out of the long window to the lawn, and welcomed him. Her hands seized his, she turned her eyes hotly, for a moment, upon his face, but, in the next, a sense of the pride of her sex returned, and, retiring a pace or two, she saluted her guest with the noble and stately courtesy common to the dames of those days. The manner of his reception was not without instruction to the gay and experienced Captain Monckton. His visits were repeated, though at intervals; and Gryselle was happy, if delirious and fevered hope permit the desiring heart to taste of joy. The hinds about the cottage were also blessed in the new being of Gryselle. She had hitherto cared to speak to them only when some service required a word or two; but now, in the season of love, she bestowed on them kind salutations, as they entered upon, or departed from, their daily toil. Once, as she was pacing the little lawn, from whence she could distinguish the approach of Monckton at the greatest distance, she observed one of her labouring women striving, in the intervals of her work, to restrain the wild gambols of a child at her side. Gryselle drew near, took up the wayward infant, smiled upon it, kissed it, and pressing into its little palm a small piece of gold, commended it to the love and care of its mother. On this occasion only is it recorded, that the beautiful, the dark-eyed Gryselle, betrayed an outpouring of “the milk of human kindness.”

The few months of a summer passed away, during which the news imperfectly reached the sequestered moors, that Charles Edward and his followers had entered Derby, and had quickly departed, without offering insult or injury to its inhabitants. With the confirmation of this intelligence, came the notice that the King's troops would presently fall back on the south. Monckton himself, was the first to acquaint Gryselle that the Government was anxious to relieve the loyal inhabitants of Derbyshire from the pressure of the military billets to which they had been subject, and would speedily disband or remove the army. The maiden sickened at the news: the smile which had sometimes given motion and life to her delicately formed mouth, was not seen again; her eyes returned to their original expression, and her lover beheld, once more, that remarkable aspect, still and cold as the look of a statue, from which he had retired with shuddering and fearful admiration. She knew that Monckton would depart with the troops, and she knew that his departure, without the hope, nay, the certain promise of return, would to her be death in its most abhorred form—death, lingering yet certain. As the day approached on which the camp was to be broken up, the deportment of Gryselle became most awful, and even frightened the stolid retainers on the farm. Wadham D—— himself, albeit unused to extend his inquiries, or bestow his sympathies on any human ailment but those of mere physical suffering, could not help questioning his daughter, “Why she did not use the nights for her proper rest, as she was wont to do; and why she had neither ears nor eyes for any thing which was said or presented to her?” The day of departure at length arrived,—Monckton appeared early to pronounce farewell; and as none of the scanty household cared to cross Gryselle, they entered the house, alone, and almost unnoticed. Contrary, however, to the whispered expectations of the servants, they remained together nearly the whole of the day. Before the evening, Wadham D——, his son Guisnes, and the whole household, with silent wonder and gratification, beheld Monckton and Gryselle part from each other with embraces of quiet and satisfied affection.

The lips of the maiden again deepened with the colour of life, her eyes were once more turned from the mid air, or the earth, to living objects; but, as it seemed, that she might still be as a mystery and a wonder to all who beheld her, her tongue seemed to desert its office,—her looks betokened ease enjoyed, and coming pleasure anticipated; yet, but for household necessities, she spoke not a word either to man or woman.

The cold autumn, which blesses the moorland wastes, had some time departed, when Gryselle, by an express post sent from the town, received letters from Captain Monckton. Their contents, as it appeared from her deportment, simply conveyed assurances of the fulfilment of expectations before cherished, and neither unusual joy, nor singular depression, followed their perusal. The night on which the post came and departed, brought one of those early falls of snow which are common in the wild uncultivated heaths of the north. The whole of the following day the white storm continued to fall gently on the ground; and, as is common, perhaps necessary on such occasions, the husbandmen and women remained sitting by the fire in dull and drowsy converse, and the windows and the doors of the cottage were sealed. The second night of the storm came on, and Wadham D—— and his family rose up and departed to their several chambers, as was their custom, without exchanging with each other greeting or blessing.

Early next morning, the silence of the moors was broken by horrid cries of "murder!"—Murder! murder! resounded over the level waste, and supernatural echoes repeated the fearful word a thousand times, wide through the thousand acres of the surrounding heath. The nearest acknowledged road from the scene of these dreadful exclamations, was the beautiful path of the Abbey Dale, about two miles distant towards the east; there, as it happened, where the snow had fallen in less quantity, a straggling party of discharged soldiers were pursuing a toilsome march to Sheffield. The alarm of blood, raised in the stillness of the early morning, reached their ears, and the youngest and most vigorous amongst them, turned aside to follow the sound. With dangerous labour they pursued their course, and led upon the nearest track, by the shouts which, at intervals, were still repeated, they rushed through the open and unguarded doors, until they arrived at the little portal, which, at the back of the dwelling, opened into the garden. Here were assembled the affrighted beings, whose throats had trumpeted through the waste the horrid cry of murder. In the midst of them lay the corpse of Wadham D——, his head reposing on the bloody knees of Guisnes, who sat upon the ground, with naked feet and half-clad body, pressing and soothing, in idiotic grief, the pallid forehead of the dead. Before him stood his sister Gryselle, dressed and furnished as if for a present journey. Her eyes streamed tears as from overflowing wells, but her bosom was motionless, and her closed lips parted not to burden the air with one sigh.

The men who so strangely had been attracted to this scene of blood, knew nothing of the thoughts of horror and wonder which filled the minds of the serving-men who stood around; and like fellows accustomed to witness or investigate the most horrible crimes, they busily set about examining the murdered man, and the extraordinary circumstances under which his scarcely cold body had been discovered. They found that he had been killed by a single blow, which had fallen on the back part of his head, and had left a large and ghastly aperture through which the stream of life had been rapidly exhausted. They observed that the stroke of murder had not fallen upon him in the circle of blood wherein he was found, but that he had received its full and mortal force in a distant part of the garden. Droppings of gore, and marks of naked feet, led them to the place of violence. Within a single pace of the precise spot, on which it seemed the body had first fallen, they found the footsteps of a man. That these marks had been made by the homicide, whoever he was, the sagacity of the whole party determined at once. Presently the feet of all present were scrutinized by the strangers, but the shape of none of them corresponded with the impressions left on the snow; and, as for Guisnes, who, still half-dressed, sat on the cold snow, and, with vacant sadness, supported the head of his lifeless father, he was not an object of suspicion with any one. From the garden, the accidental ministers of justice spread themselves through the house, unimpeded by the affrighted servants. In a little while one of the party hastily called out to his companions, and the disbanded soldiers pressed into a chamber, from which, it appeared, a man had suddenly arisen. "Behold," said he, "the instrument of death, and, I doubt not, part of the very gearing of the murderer." In the corner of the room which was nearest the door, lay a large country-shaped axe or bill-hook, and a pair of shoes fitting for a grown-up man. "These," continued the discoverer, "will we impound in the name of the King, and may Heaven

send the innocent a speedy deliverance." They were quickly conveyed from the misty chamber into the better light which the garden afforded ; and the discharged soldiers presently delivered, as their unanimous verdict, that the axe, which was still bloody, and retained on its uneven edges some of the dead man's grey hairs, was the instrument of his death, and that the owner of the shoes, which exactly corresponded with the foot-marks before remarked, and which, moreover, had recently been damped and stained by snow, belonged to the perpetrator of the murder. The name of Guisnes D—— was now whispered from one to another ; and, ere the affrighted man himself heard it pronounced, the strangers had summoned him, and in the name of justice, declared that he was their prisoner.

The unhappy man, without uttering a word, turned his eyes imploringly on his sister Gryselle, who had remained standing unmoved on the scene of death, as if she had been an image set up by some cunning hand. With a ready and unflinching voice, she replied to her brother's look, " It is true, that this bill thou hast been used to handle ; and true it is also, these thy shoes, which were found within the chamber in which thou sleepest, are still damp with the fresh snow of the morning ; yet, doubtless, thou art innocent of the sin of thy father's death." The effect of this speech was to draw the people nearer to the distracted Guisnes ; and just at the moment in which he was about to rally his terror-struck senses, and assert his innocence of the deed, they closed in upon him, bound him fast with the military belts which they wore, and placing him on horseback in the midst, led the way again to the interior of the country.

Gryselle stood before the now untenanted house, and beheld her brother turn and writhe his body, as he sat constrained on the saddle of the horse which was driven onward in spite of his supplications. She stood still, and beheld him striving in agony to attract her notice ; and she moved not from the spot until the distance between them had softened his strong and piercing shrieks, and rendered them undistinguishable from the cries and chirpings of the wild birds, which floated as little specks over the limits of the horizon. Gryselle then, with a rapid step, re-entered the dwelling, summoned to her the youngest of her male servants, and delivering to his hand a sealed packet, directed for Captain Monckton, despatched him on his journey, after many injunctions touching his speed and faithfulness. This business done, she quitted the habitation of her slaughtered parent by the first door, briefly said to her domestics, who stood round with vacant looks of terror, that she supposed they would shortly receive directions for his proper burial, and upon her palfrey, followed the course which had been already taken by the captors of her brother.

In the disturbed days of this most barbarous history, judicial commissions sat in various parts of the country, emptying by the potent aid of the gibbet, or the felon slave-ship, the gaols which had become too full to admit the usual delivery by the circuit judges. One of these commissions, consisting of three lawyers, supposed to be most learned, and known to be much favoured and trusted by the court, was sitting in the ancient judgment-hall of Derby. They took cognizance of all criminal charges, whether appertaining to ordinary men, or proceeding from the privileged people of military or clerical rank. Before such a tribunal Guisnes D—— was arraigned for the murder of his father.

In the meantime Gryselle also, but in freedom, with apparent

honour, and amidst general commiseration, entered the town. In this place had been erected, by one Edmund Large, a man as remarkable for his tenderness as for his wisdom, noble alms houses, as an asylum for the widows of clergymen. In this society of poor gentlewomen, Gryselle was received with the respect commanded by her now supposed fortune, and with the touching pity and silent commiseration which the blow that had already fallen on her family, and the other dreadful one which awaited it, irresistibly drew from hearts already touched by the bereavement of death. But the silent stupor which marked her demeanour from the moment she entered their half-sanctified domicile, troubled and amazed them. Themselves the creatures of grief and tenderness, they invented excuses for the conduct of their guest;—her eyes knew no tears—the words father, mother, had never been uttered. In the morning and evening services, which they had carefully framed to convey balm to a spirit so fearfully and fatally smitten as they believed hers to be, she never joined; and as the long and careful watchers of her midnight couch looked upon her immovable face, or listened to the quick but regular utterance of her breath, they wondered and trembled as they did so, that the maiden offered up to heaven no prayer for peace or pardon.

The young paricide, as he was called, was now put upon his deliverance. The trial did not greatly command the attention of the people. Crimes of great atrocity were at this time more common in England than at present; and there was nothing in the retired and almost unknown family of Wadham D—— to render him or his of much public account. Guisnes stood at the bar of guilt, and the various witnesses entered the box which had been prepared for them, described the circumstances under which the person had been arrested, and departed without further observance or question. His occupation throughout this scene was to gaze with searching eyes around the hall of justice, and to turn, again and again, intense looks towards its public gates. At length the forms of justice were completed, and the chief commissioner recalled the unhappy Guisnes to sensibility by demanding of him, in a sonorous voice, to which the prevailing silence lent power and solemnity, "What he had to offer, that man should not shed his blood, even as he had shed the blood of man?" The moment of knowledge and self-possession which had visited Guisnes was brief indeed; at the repetition of the word "blood" he fell forwards, faintly exclaiming, "Gryselle! Gryselle!" There was nothing in this trial to make its mortal termination necessary to the great, or desirable to the wicked; it was neither a court affair, nor was it prosecuted at the command of any rich or powerful man; and the commissioners suspending for a moment the proclamation of the prisoner's sentence, inquired who it was he had called upon? Upon this invitation a young pleader arose, and said "that the prisoner had called upon his sister Gryselle, whom he would fain have in court, though it was very generally known that her testimony, if delivered truly, would make much against him." The judges paused for a moment; and the sergeants in attendance were commanded to produce the maid, if she yet lingered within their jurisdiction. The abode of Gryselle, and her misfortunes, as they were deemed, had for some days been the common talk of the town's people; and the errand of the commissioners was speedily done.

The daughter of Wadham D—— was conducted, or rather passed, by the official attendants into the body of the Court. Guisnes arose from

the ground, and made a convulsive effort to reach her. The commissioner who had before spoken, again addressed him, and required that he should put to the witness such questions as he opined would serve his case. The accused again rallied; raising himself to his full and natural height, and grasping strongly the heavy bar of wood which separated him from the spectators, he turned towards Gryselle. "My sister," said he, "they charge me with taking the life of our dear father,—say, dost thou not know me innocent—dost thou not know me guiltless?" The mind and body of Guisnes seemed to sink under this last effort, and of all the people present, he alone perhaps was unconscious of the replication which followed the question he had proposed. Gryselle stood with her looks directed upon that part of the Court-house, which was determined by the accident of her first position; as her brother spoke, her eyes, which, when she entered, seemed by mere muscular exertion kept at full gaze, closed suddenly; her lips moved once or twice as she was about to speak, when suddenly a terrific shriek filled the crowded area, and she fell into the arms of one who had watched her extremity, apparently without life.

Guisnes was forthwith convicted of the murder. The virtue of the sister, who refused to utter the thing which was not, even to save the life of a beloved brother, was the theme of pious admiration; and on the following morning, the body of Guisnes swung in the air, and groans and execrations were the last human sounds which reached his ears.

Gryselle speedily left the kind widows, who had desired to administer to her woes, returned to the farm on the moors, discharged her servants, engaged others, and, as the country's term is, more *likeli* ones in their place; displaced the old substantial furniture which her father had originally brought to the place, and in its stead purchased goods of richer materials and more admired shapes.

All now, at the house on the moors, was bustle, if not gaiety,—life, if not pleasure. The new servants, with a laudable activity, which they had acquired in the fine town establishments from which they had lately been discharged, spread over the country the important secret, that their lady, Gryselle, was shortly to be married to a noble Captain of great fortune and illustrious family. Months continued to pass, but no lover, no captain of the maiden's fierce desire and hope was seen approaching the little green before the dwelling. Years passed, and no Monkton was seen pacing with ardent hasty steps the heaths of Dore.—Gryselle, in the world's calendar yet young, grew old and haggard; her servants one by one discharged themselves; the gay and modish fashions of the hangings and furniture were despoiled by neglect, and at last, the farm and its mistress became the feared things of the surrounding peasantry. For three years succeeding this period, the house sheltered but one living creature; none but the boldest of the country borderers could be tempted to fulfil her weekly orders for strong wines and meats fetched from the adjoining town; and it sometimes happened, that when, on succeeding nights, loud unearthly screams had disturbed the neighbouring cottagers, Gryselle was abandoned by the whole district—if not forgotten, at least left for long periods without aid or attendance.

One night in this region in which the elements of the air so commonly contend, there happened a storm, which was chiefly distinguished by frequent flashes of dark blue light that seemed to open the very bosom of the skies. Some children who had fled from the open wilds to gain

the shelter of the valleys, declared that the storm seemed to them, as they looked over their shoulders, to be all upon, and in, and round about the house of the murdered Wadham D——. In the morning, a band of cottagers, without previous concert, and without betraying to each other their thoughts and expectations, commenced a slow walk to the moors. They remarked, however, with surprise, when they first set foot on the heath, that the lightning had not scathed it, and they ventured to express a hope that its fearful fires had expired in the upper air. Presently they approached the place, which hitherto they had not ventured to name, though they had all journeyed to it with mechanical correctness. The doors and windows they found shattered and lying in fragments on the ground. Within, they were assailed with the smell of sulphur and fire, which appeared to have destroyed the stuffs and other soft furniture of the chief apartment. They passed through the little portal which led to the garden, and their course was arrested by what appeared to be heaps of thin muslin carelessly thrown on the ground. They raised them, and beneath, and partly enveloped in them, was Gryselle D——, long since dead, and then blackened and stained with blood, which lay dark and dry on her bosom, and upon her arms.— The country people fled from the scene of judgment, as one of the oldest amongst them declared it to be.

In due time the authorities of the district proceeded to the place, and the neighbourhood was officially informed, that Mistress Gryselle D——, the heiress of the fortunes of her father and brother, had been accidentally killed by a stroke of lightning. The surgeon who presided at the investigation, declared that she had been struck on the left side, just on the region of the heart, and that the stroke had been so delicately given, that though it touched and affected the ventricles of the seat of life, yet that she must have lived many hours after she fell. He further said, that the lightning had first touched her at the extremity of the garden, and that she must have crawled in agony, with her face touching the earth, to the very spot, where, as he had heard, her father, years ago, had been murdered, and there expired !

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This tale of facts requires little commentary. Gryselle had become violently enamoured with Captain Monckton ; in the confidence of love, or in the daring of lawless passion, she had acquainted him with her desire to be affianced to him. The soldier, little prompted perhaps by his heart to give a warmer answer, pleaded the hazard of his profession, and the poor and uncertain gains which an unstable Government afforded. Further, he obliquely intimated, that when her fortune or his own seemed equal to the costs which he attributed to matrimony, he would fulfil the dearest object of his wishes. From the moment of this declaration, the heroine took her course. Stealing one morning into the unguarded room where her brother slept, she put on his shoes, which were carelessly laid by the door, and arming herself with an instrument which he had been accustomed to use, silently followed her father, as he took his accustomed morning's walk, and with a single blow cleft his skull in twain. She returned, unheard and unseen, and having replaced the axe and the shoes, retired to her chamber, dressed herself for a journey as has already been shewn, and awaited the alarm which would presently be made by the stirring servants of the house. The joy which she thought awaited her, as the wife of the man she loved, sustained her

with a demon's strength throughout the trial. Enabled to offer herself as the possessor of the whole wealth of the family, she did not dream that her hopes and expectations would break beneath her. The news of the dreadful fates of the father and the son, did however reach the ears of Monckton, and instinctively he fled from arms, which, for aught he knew, were stained with blood. The desertion of Gryselle's servants, and the tales of her strange conduct which were reported about the moors, arose from her madness and horror of mind, when, abandoned by the world, she had leisure to sum up the enormity of her crimes, and the little sum of pleasure which they had purchased.

THE COMING ELECTION.

BEFORE these lines greet the eyes of our readers, the Scotch Reform Bill will have been added, like its great and worthy predecessor the English Reform Bill, to the statutes at large—an appendix of more value than the whole of the rest of the work. When describing it, in our first number—little anticipating the hazard in which its intriguing enemies were about to place it—we ventured to prophesy that it would suffer but few changes in its passage through committee. Our prophecy has turned out true; though, since the period when it was uttered, we have had occasion to entertain no small doubt of the reality of our inspiration. The few changes which it has suffered may be very briefly stated.

The district of Cowall, which was meant to be joined in the representation with the County of Bute, will remain with Argyle. The only alteration respecting the boroughs, consists in the inclusion in the bill itself of a schedule descriptive of their respective boundaries, instead of making the boundaries the subject of a separate bill, as was formerly proposed. In the machinery of the registration there are a few alterations. It was intended that the claims for registration, in the case of county electors, should be given in to the sheriff-clerk, and the details of the registration were imposed upon that officer, for whose remuneration a very small fee—sixpence for each elector—was assigned, the real remuneration being provided for in a more general way, under the name of "necessary expenses," by a separate clause of the bill. The smallness of the fee, or the amount of the labour, seems to have alarmed the sheriff-clerks; the task of registration is now transferred to the parish schoolmasters. The necessary-expenses-remuneration clause remains as it was. Instead of an appeal, in case of alleged errors in the registry, from the sheriff to the judges on circuit or the Lord Ordinary, the appeal is now made to lie to the sheriffs "liable in attendance on the several circuits of Justiciary." If this new court of review should, from any cause, fall short of three, the Judge of Circuit is empowered to nominate one or more sheriffs, or advocates of more than four years standing, to act as members of it. If, from accident, the number should fall short, after the Court of Review has been regularly appointed, then the President of the Court of Session is empowered to nominate one or more advocates for the purpose of completing it. In the counties of Edinburgh, Lanark, Fife, Forfar, and Aberdeen, where the number of electors is expected to be very great, the President of the Court of Session is empowered to appoint assistants to the several Sheriffs and Substitutes, in order that no uncalled-for delay may take

place in framing the registers of these counties. An additional clause to the bill, which limits the qualification of county members to the eldest sons of Scotch peers, and to persons possessing in England, Scotland, or Ireland a landed or heritable estate of not less than £500 a-year, or being heirs to such an estate, confinis, at the same time, to all persons, at present qualified to be returned as members for counties, the enjoyment of such a qualification during the period of their natural lives.

A provision added to the county-qualification clause enacts, that sub-tenants and assignees of sixty and twenty years leaseholds, shall be entitled to vote only if in actual occupancy of the property from which they claim a right of voting. There is also an additional provision to the borough-qualification clause, giving the right of voting to persons, resident within borough if they be owners of houses or other property to the amount of £10 or upwards, although they do not occupy property of that amount. This, it will be seen, removes one of the objections that we formerly urged against the Bill, namely, that there was a description of property which it left wholly unrepresentable—if we may coin a word—either in town or county. We are by no means satisfied that owners of feus within borough, to the amount of £10 or upwards, should not have a vote for the county where the borough is situated; nor, indeed, why, in any particular, however minute, which goes to extend the franchise, the Scotch and the English bills should differ.

We mentioned, in our last notice, that objections had been made to the qualification of the established clergy, and that an attempt, it was understood, would be made to deprive them of it. This very foolish attempt has been made, and, as it deserved, has most signally failed. Mr. Andrew Johnstone, member for Crail, was the person that moved the disqualification of nearly one thousand of the most respectable electors to be created by the Bill. He prefaced his motion with a statement, that no one who knew him would for a moment imagine that he was influenced by any hostility to the Established Church. We know the honourable member, and firmly believe that he was not actuated by any such hostility; we are also assured that he was not actuated by any hostility to the Bill; but we deem it extremely clear, notwithstanding both these admissions, that his motion had a very mischievous tendency. But enough of this.

We have now the bill, the whole bill, and a little more than the bill; and the question is, what are we to do with it? Here is an instrument of great power and nicety delivered over to us—how are we to set about using it? For it requires no ghost to tell us, that, in the hands of a skilful and patient artificer, the rudest implement may be made to produce better work than, in the hands of him who has neither skill nor patience, the most highly finished will. It is a small step towards the political regeneration of Scotland, to give a qualification to Ten Pound leaseholders and Ten Pound householders, and to burn paper votes and turn adrift deacons and delegates, if the electors be incapable or unwilling to exercise their newly acquired rights with freedom and discretion. We can believe that very many of the electors under the bill are possessed of a fair portion of that shrewdness of principle by which our countrymen are commonly distinguished; we also believe, that they will not be found wanting in those powers of discrimination for which Scotsmen have long been proverbial. We are quite sure that in neither of these particulars—and this is an exceedingly great comfort—will the new electors be found inferior to the old. It is one of the goods of the Scotch Reform Bill, that its probable issues, in one respect, differ entirely

From those of the English. The issues of the latter, in the estimation of a few—a very few, we grant—may be evil. There was much good in the English system as it stood. That good, according to the reasonings of the conservative party, is hazarded, under the Reform act, without an equal and assured substitute. But no party, not even the Duke of Wellington himself, has ventured to stand up in defence of the Scottish system. A change there cannot, in the nature of things, be detrimental, for the Father of Evil could not make the system worse. But, though the electors under the Bill cannot be worse than the electors before the Bill,—nay, though we may lay it down as demonstrated, without the trouble of going over the slips of a proof, which the least instructed of our readers can go over without our assistance, that they will be better; yet this consideration ought not to keep us from endeavouring so to enlighten them, as to procure from their exertions, not comparative good merely, but superlative, to make them not only better voters than their predecessors, but the best of all possible voters.

Popular elections are, Heaven knows, a novelty in our land. What may have been the character of our elections, before the management of the common good was taken out of the hands of the community, we have too few historical lights to enable us to discover; but, in our days, and the days of our fathers, and of our fathers' fathers, their character has been notorious enough. Old Sir John Dalrymple, at our first great meeting, said he had never before seen a hustings in Scotland; and we need hardly add, that of the fifty thousand men that he addressed, there was not one, that was not in the same predicament. And had the grey cliffs that overhung the assembly been gifted with a tongue to declare their experience of six thousand years, we rather think it would have been found to coincide with that of the thousands that were gathered under their shadow. The novelty of the circumstances in which they are placed, will be a drawback on the efficient performance of their high duties by the new electors. In England this will not be the case; there is hardly a man there, who will receive a vote under the new law, that has not, at some period of his life, possessed a vote under the old. At the same time, it is good to reflect, that, if our countrymen have been hitherto unused to the power of electors, they have been happily exempt from its temptations. The English constituency will retain a large alloy of the baseness and prostitution of the old system,—the ignorant, slavish, priest-ridden, and squire-ridden forty shilling freeholders,—the drunken dissipated and bribe-craving freemen. We have none of all this. The miserable remains of the borough electors are too insignificant to affect the mass of the new voters. The county electors will be equally lost among the feuars and farmers, with whom they are now assimilated. In the absolute freshness of the Scottish constituency we place our highest hopes. We doubt not that it will operate long and beneficially. The difficulty which strikes us as the greatest, and, indeed, the only important difficulty of our position, is to find fitting materials on which to operate.

Up to the present time, our Members have been selected after a fashion that most of our countrymen are pretty intimately acquainted with. In the counties, they have consisted of one of three classes;—1st. gentlemen of large landed property, the votes of whose estates were, of themselves, sufficient to insure their return;—2d. persons, who had trafficked largely by themselves and their relations, in fictitious votes, and were enabled to effect by their means what others effected by real votes;—3d. the nominees of these two classes. We believe we do not,

in the slightest degree exaggerate, when we say, that there has not been one individual chosen to represent any county in Scotland, in the memory of man, merely because of his popular qualities, or because of his fitness for the task. In the boroughs there has been a little more variety. Twenty or thirty years ago, with a few exceptions, the borough members were regularly nominated by the Dundas family, as in Edinburgh and a few other places they still are. Lord Hopetoun, the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Inverdale, Lord Rosslyn, Lord Galloway, and a few others, have always commanded, in consequence of the position of their respective estates, a large influence in certain boroughs. In one or two cases, boroughs were politically open, that is, they were purchasable by whomsoever chose to bribe highest. Previous to Mr. Hume's return, any thing like a popular borough member, in the ordinary meaning of the term, was unknown. During the last election there were several really popular returns, among which, one of the most honourable to all parties, was the return of the worthy and liberal-minded proprietor of Raith for the Kirkaldy district. Such men as Mr. Fergusson, Mr. Gillon, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Johnstone of Straiton,* and a few more of the present borough members, cannot be too highly prized; but what are these to so many? Among the county members the choice is still more limited.

It is absolutely necessary for a member of a borough, and for a member of a county equally to be possessed of leisure, as well as independence. He who has a business to wait upon in Glasgow or Edinburgh, to say nothing of Perth or Dundee, or Aberdeen, cannot abandon that business to clerks or warehousemen, while he is attending to the affairs of the nation, at three, four, or five hundred miles distance. It is the difficulty, that purely mercantile, or manufacturing capitalists, must ever experience in quitting, for any lengthened period, their warehouses or their manufactories, that has thrown so large a portion of the representation of the country into the hands of landed proprietors, who are tied to no locality; and of lawyers who, in the prosecution of their profession, must, of necessity, spend a large portion of the year in London. Now, if in England this difficulty be so much felt, that, with the exception of merchants residing in the metropolis, almost the entire representation is made up of country gentlemen and barristers, *a fortiori* must it be felt in Scotland. A merchant from Birmingham, or Manchester, or even Liverpool, may contrive, without any injurious sacrifice, to attend to his duties in Parliament, because the distance is not so great as to preclude him from attending to his private duties also. He can visit his home once a month, or even once a week, if any extraordinary occurrence call for his presence. He can spend his holidays there. During the Parliamentary session, numerous opportunities, arising out of the nature of the business pending in the House, will be afforded him of giving to his private affairs the benefit of that personal superintendence, without some portion of which no concern, small or great, simple or complicated, can long hope to prosper. But, putting aside the expense and the fatigue, the time required for their accomplishment renders repeated journeys from London to Scotland, during session, wholly impracticable. Whoever is chosen to represent either county or town of that kingdom, must lay his account for an absence, with one break at

* Mr. Johnstone seldom figures in the newspapers. The reporters can make nothing of him. They complain that he enunciates indistinctly, and that he speaks so broad, that they cannot understand him. Indeed Mr. Johnstone's Scotch is quite awful. But if he be seldom in the right place in the debate, he is always in the right place in the division.

the utmost, and that a small one, of six or seven months. For memberships, under the Reform Act, will be no honorary distinction. He that accepts of one must be content to work hard and closely, to be absent from no debate or division of local or general interest, to forego pleasure, to give up business, ay, even to risk health in the service of his constituents; and, having done all this, to be accounted but an unprofitable servant.

It will be a task of no small difficulty, to find in Scotland fifty-three men who possess even the first requisite of a member; but the difficulty is prodigiously augmented when we go to seek for the other and equally important requisites. It will hardly be denied, that of these, honesty is one. Now, most unfortunately, the combination of honesty and independence of circumstances is far from being a common one, for not only are there many honest men that are not rich, but there are a pretty considerable number of rich men that are not honest. Then, again, talents are as necessary as honesty. And it is a melancholy fact, notwithstanding the rapid march of intellect, during the last twenty years, notwithstanding all the labours of the schoolmaster abroad and at home, men of talents are still far from over numerous. If any one wish to discover how very scarce heads worth a penny a-piece are, let him go into the market and handle them. If he find one, of ten thousand, that is a whit sounder or clearer than a "fozy" turnip, may we never turn up our little finger again as long as we live.

It may thus be perceived, that even in a population of two millions and a quarter, it may not be the very easiest thing possible to find fifty-three men who are at once wealthy, and honest, and clever; and if we had fifty-three such men, ready ticketed, there would still be another quality which not one of the fifty-three might happen to possess. We must have members that think as we ourselves think, and are ready, on important questions, at least, to do as we bid them. Election would be a mockery without that. Now wealthy men, for the most part, lend but a deaf ear to their neighbour's counsel, even when they understand it; and honest men will very frequently insist on choosing their own way; and clever fellows have a knack of thinking for themselves.

There are a great many grave questions that a reformed Parliament will have to handle; and one of these, which requires handling, at once vigorous and skilful, will fall to be discussed in the very first session. It is one against which, perhaps, more prejudices are arrayed than were arrayed against the Reform Bill; it is of so great magnitude, and of such permanent interest, that did reform lead to nothing else than its equitable settlement, we should still account reform well purchased,—we allude to the Corn Laws. The other greatest question that our English neighbours will speedily have to discuss, and that our Irish neighbours have well nigh discussed already—the Tithe question—will cost us but little trouble to solve. If we select for our members, as under any circumstances we shall, good true-blue presbyterians, the tithes may be left to their best discretion, unadmonished by one word from their constituents. The Corn Laws constitute the grand struggle—a struggle between current and fixed capital, between personal and real property, between those who live by their own, and those who live by their neighbours' labour; between the producers of bread and its consumers. Its decision involves not merely the interests of classes, but the establishment of principles. On it will depend the questions of free trade and monopoly; whether we are to proceed with the one, or to fall back again upon the other; in a word, on its settlement depends whether Agriculture and Commerce are to be equally contributive to the good of the

community ; or whether Commerce is to be supported for the sake of the nation, and Agriculture for the sake of the landlords. It adds considerably to the difficulties that stand in the way of our choice of fitting members, that we are called on to choose them from among a class, which are, almost to a man, so blinded by prejudice and by interest on this question, that their sentiments on it alone are sufficient to disqualify them. Our merchants and manufacturers cannot abandon their business; our advocates cannot abandon their clients, in order to plead the cause of their countrymen in St. Stephen's. We have none but country gentlemen to rely on ; and how many country gentlemen are there, supposing them to be in all other respects deserving, that will give us that pledge which we are confidently assured the majority of every constituency in Scotland are prepared to exact, namely, that they will forthwith consider the Corn Laws with a view to their speedy if not immediate abrogation ?

We have endeavoured to point out the lets that are opposed to the wholesome exercise of the mighty privilege that reform has bestowed upon us. There is the inexperience of the electors themselves, so much the more to be lamented that even honest mistakes, committed now, will continue to be mischievously operative for a number of years to come ; there is the difficulty of procuring representatives that combine, in a sufficient degree, for the proper discharge of their duties, the elements of pecuniary independence, moral honesty, and clearheadedness ; there is, lastly, the additional difficulty of procuring men, who, with these requisites, may be willing to give satisfactory pledges that, on the question of the Corn Laws, which we put down as the *experimentum crucis* by which to test a member's fitness, they will use their power, not to oppose, but to support the interests of their constituents. Let us see what are our means of mastering these obstacles, for master them we must.

We do not mean, in this paper, to point out the nature of that machinery by which the electors must seek to effect their purpose. That combination of effect and unity of design are absolutely necessary to give their final triumph to the principles of reform, we suppose no reformer will deny. That this is to be effected only through the medium of societies, call them political unions, or call them reform clubs, or any other name that may be most acceptable to the general ear, by which the power of the electors can be accumulated and directed so as to render it effective, no sensible reformer will deny. In our estimate of such societies we differ, *toto cœlo*, both from ministers and their opponents ; with this difference, that the contempt which we cannot avoid feeling for the arguments of the former, we extend equally to the motives of the latter. On this subject, however, we consider it unnecessary to dwell at length, because we purpose, in a future number, to recur to it. Neither shall we touch at present upon the claims on our countrymen's notice of particular individuals, to which also we intend to advert at some length, as opportunity and our materials, of which we anticipate both an ample and accurate supply, may serve. For this number our remarks must be general.

In the first place, we would impress on our countrymen—and our advice is not so exclusively appropriate that Southerners as well as Northerners may not hearken to it—the propriety of doing nothing hastily. It is not very probable that the registries will be finished before the beginning of October ; (those of Scotland are limited to the 16th September at the earliest, after which there will remain the appeals from the Sheriff's judgment ;) the dissolution, therefore, can hardly take place

before the middle of that month, probably not before November, or even later. The electors have ample time to look around them, to consider not merely the best men but the best means of obtaining them. Let their maxim be "hooly and fairly."

In the second place, we would give them one word of counsel as to the class to which, with a view to the future representatives of the country, they would do well to direct their attention. It is essential that representatives be independent, but it is not by any means necessary that they be of the highest, or approaching to the highest class of society. We do not know what changes upon the old system of canvassing the reform act may produce in England; we trust it will produce a great change. We trust it will be no longer necessary to squander a fortune in order to ascertain the sentiments of a county, or to contest it, as it is most properly called. But whether John Bull must still have his coach to carry him to the hustings, and his beer barrel when there, in order to induce him to vote even for the candidate that he prefers, we entertain strong hopes that our countrymen will manfully despise to give or to withhold their voice from any such contemptible considerations. We hope they will perceive that whether a candidate pay for his seat under the name of necessary or unnecessary expenses, that, in meal or in malt, he will look to get that payment out of his seat, ay, and with ample interest too; that if he be compelled to buy his constituents, it matters not under what form or pretence, he will not scruple to sell them again, whenever an opportunity of doing so with a profit occurs. We therefore take it for granted that, on the mere principle of self-interest, no extravagance of expense will be permitted in the canvass or election of a member, or, indeed, any expense at all; for it would be worse than contemptible in six or eight hundred respectable individuals to charge their representative with a petty bill, which a few shillings from each would suffice to pay. The only extraordinary expenses of a member, then, will be his expenses in London. To what will these amount?

We do not speak of what a man may spend, but what a man, moving in the rank of a member of Parliament, must spend, when we say, advisedly, that a member, unincumbered by any family, may live in London well, and enjoy all the decencies of accommodation that his station requires, for ten or twelve guineas a-week; that, consequently, the utmost additional expense that a seat in the House need entail, including a journey to town and down again, will not exceed £300 a-year; that he who is in possession of £800 or £1000 a-year, and is willing to devote six months of his time, and £300, or, at the utmost, £350 of his income to the service of the public, may be justly entrusted with that service.

The late Alexander Dawson, member for Louth, lodged in a very plain and humble mansion in Downing Street, where we have very little hesitation in saying, that his expenditure did not greatly exceed the estimate we have here given; and yet a more independent or respectable member never sat in the House of Commons. Nor have we any reason to suppose, that his case was peculiar; we believe there are several of the most uncompromising members that Ireland has sent over, who do not expend above three or four hundred pounds, in their attendance upon Parliament, and that have not more than three or four hundred pounds to devote to that purpose. Indeed, though it may appear paradoxical, it is true, nevertheless, that a man of moderate fortune will commonly be found more independent than a man of large fortune. We do not allude to his independence of his butcher and baker, which, by the bye, is a species of independence to which your very wealthy men do not always aspire or attain. It is necessary, for the honest and un-

controlled assertion of opinion, that a man be independent of "Sir Paul and my Lord," as well as of his tradesmen. We know nothing which more tends to repress the aspirations, and to trammel the exertions of an honest well-meaning man, than an extensive connection with the higher gentry. And where shall we find an individual of fortune and family, whose connections do not ramify, after a fashion that it would puzzle any thing below a garter king to trace or disentangle? At a Reform Meeting at Liverpool, the other day, a member of the Political Union, speaking of the Pension List, exclaimed, as thousands had done before, against the pension granted to that "old baggage" the Duchess of Newcastle. The "old baggage" happened to be the aunt of Lord Molyneux, the Reforming Peer who filled the Chair at the meeting! *Ex uno disce omnes.* They are all alike; there is not a radical among them that is not cousin, once or twice removed, to all the Tories of the Peerage. How can we look for more than lip-service from such men? Blood is thicker than water. It is absurd to expect that a man should war with his own flesh, in vindication of the grievances of people that have no higher claim to his affections than a vote at a borough or county election. No; if we look for honest straightforward asserters of our rights, we must select our members, not from the clubs, nor from the the candidates for clubs, we must neither choose sprigs of nobility, who have no rule of thought or action but the *dictum* of their clique; nor wealthy parvenus, who are content to suffer the domination of the aristocracy, if the aristocracy will be content to suffer their company. We must choose from the middle classes, from those who approach in fortune, in sentiment, in taste, in judgment, to ourselves, if we wish to be well, and truly, and heartily served.

It is needless to show how very greatly, by taking our representatives from the middle rather than the higher classes, we shall increase our chances of procuring fitting persons from the increased number of the class whence the selection is made. But we would extend the number of candidates yet farther. It may appear strange, that *we*, who, to parody the master of parody, have Scotch heads and Scotch hearts, and who walk upon Scotch legs—and "sturdy bearers, gude be thankit!" they are—should recommend our countrymen to travel beyond Maiden Kirk, in the search of representatives; but, in defect of members at home, we do so truly and warmly. While we had neither voice nor vote in their appointment, though it mattered little whom our close councils and paper freeholders made choice of, it was still a small comfort that our members were Scotch; it was good to reflect, that they were bound to the country by one tie at least, though but a slender one. But now, when we are to have men of our own choice, we think it would be an act, we will not say of narrowness of mind, but, what is equally bad, of extreme folly, to take an unfit man, and to reject a fit man, because the unfit man was Scotch, and the fit man was English. No, no; let the one thing needful be sought for. In the first place, let us get men of right hearts and right principles, who have sufficient intelligence to discern the interests of the country, and sufficient zeal to prosecute those interests, through good report and bad report, in season and out of season; who will be turned from their purpose, as little by the frowns of a minister as by his smiles. If two men so endowed should, in any case, present themselves to our notice, where only one was wanted,—if, on examination of their merits, we should find nothing but the Tweed between them, why then, we do not say that we would not throw the tartan into the scale, "to cast the bauk just,"—and this is really all that we think a sound-thinking man would be called on to do,

MONTHLY REGISTER.

POLITICAL HISTORY.

GREAT BRITAIN.

OUR historical department was occupied last month with a narrative of the crisis which threatened this country with revolution. On the evening of Friday the 18th May, Lord Althorp announced to the House of Commons that Ministers had again accepted office, after receiving assurance that every power would be placed in their hands, which should be found necessary to secure the passing of the Reform Bill unmutated. The discussions on the English Bill in the House of Lords, subsequent to this communication, were mere matters of form. Few of the amendments proposed were even pushed to a division. The obnoxious clause, giving members to the metropolitan districts, was carried by a majority of 55 in a house of 127. A creation of Peers was not resorted to for the purpose of carrying the bill: at the earnest solicitations of royalty, a sufficient number of noble Lords absented themselves from the House to leave Ministers a majority on the third reading. The few who remained, however, expressed, in their speeches, the concentrated venom of all the absentees. They resembled a parcel of cowardly curs assembled round the gate of an inn-yard, to bay at a hackney coach driving off.—The royal assent was given by COMMISSION on the 7th of June; very few noble lords were in attendance. One member of the Commons, Sir Robert Inglis, although expressly invited, refused to attend the Speaker on the occasion. The emptiness of the Upper House, and the absence of the King, seemed to strike a damp over the feelings of the members of the House of Commons; for, on their return to their own chamber, there was no expression of joy or triumph, no exchange of congratulations even among the warmest supporters of the bill. It was felt that the boon of freedom had been reluctantly conceded; that it had become the law of the land with the unrelenting and avowed hostility of one body of the Legislature. The contest which ensured its success had left behind deep, perhaps irremediable wounds.—The conduct of the King, since the return of Lord Grey to office, has been such as to afford

reasonable ground for alarm amid these circumstances of exasperation between the Peers and the rest of the country. HE HAS NOT ADMITTED ONE OF HIS MINISTERS TO HIS PRESENCE EXCEPT UPON OCCASIONS OF PUBLIC CEREMONY; AND, IN PRIVATE, HE IS CONSTANTLY SURROUNDED BY COURT-FLIES, AND THE MOST VIRULENT RETAINERS OF THE CONSERVATIVE FACTION. Allowing that his Majesty still continues true to the cause of Reform, this pertinacious fit of the sulks shews, that the royal feeling of indignation against the nation, that will not conform, in every thing, to his wishes, has been awakened within him, and that evil counsellors have succeeded in giving it venom and endurance. This coldness to his constitutional advisers is an insult to the nation by whom they are supported. It moreover leads men's minds to one of two ugly conclusions:—either the King, by refusing to communicate, in a free and friendly manner, with Ministers, impedes public business, by his indulgence of a contemptible pique; or, if the business proceed equally well without him, he is a superfluity in the Constitution, and a Ministry chosen by the nation, according to legal forms, with a President at their head, might manage affairs equally well without him—thus saving us a great deal of expense, to say nothing of our being thus freed from all danger of convulsions, hazarded to please women and parasites.—The conservatives, however, are determined to make hay while the sun shines: they reckon, confidently, upon being in place at the time of the dissolution of Parliament, and possessing the power of influencing the elections. From their paltry intrigues there is little to dread; they may buzz and dance in the sunbeams at Windsor, like so many flies hovering about the axle-tree of a rolling wheel. Stop the movement they cannot. But they may make its progress uneven and dangerous, if Reformers do not continue united among themselves. There are differences of degree and opinion amongst us, but it is unsafe to argue these until the common enemy is crushed. By dividing upon these questions, at present,

we would see the infatuation of the Whigs at Bothwell Brigg,—calling for courts martial when the bloody cavaliers were galloping in upon them. There are symptoms of incipient disunion among us, and both parties are to blame. The Whigs, whose motto is “fair and softly,” hesitate to declare what kind of reform in the law, the army, and the civil offices, or what extent of retrenchment they contemplate. The honest men among them wink and nod mysteriously, and say beneath their breath, “We will do great things, never fear us, but take care, lest these fellows over there (pointing to the Tories) find out what we are after.” The jobbers among them, and heaven knows they are not few in number, are unwilling that their party should commit themselves by a pledge to remove any definite abuse, lest it should hereafter appear that the nation were not aware of its existence, in which case it might be retained for their advantage. They therefore encourage their more worthy coadjutors in this foolish and dangerous affectation of mystery. The radicals on the other hand, (among whom we are proud to be classed,) are disgusted with this prudish coquetry, and who can blame them? But we blame some of the more ardent spirits, who, instead of calmly despising such small game, and waiting till the total rout of the conservatives leaves it safe to appeal to the nation for its judgment betwixt us and our timid brethren, would precipitate the question between us from feelings of wounded pride at the attempt to hood-wink and treat them like children. Union is still the word; for our proud, heartless, bigoted oppressors are not yet totally broken up and dispersed:—These then are the dangers to which we are still exposed, although our good bark has weathered the first burst of the hurricane. A petted and angry king, surrounded by desperate and unprincipled intriguers,—an exasperated faction, unconscious of its exhausted state, like a Sampson ready to pull down the roof on its own head, so that it may crush its enemies along with it,—timid, resolute, and rash reformers, linked in unsympathizing union, each with paltry jealousy suspicious of the other’s views and motives. When we consider the immense multitude which must co-operate, if tranquillity is to be preserved, the liability of men to arrive at false conclusions, and their headlong fury, when once passion is awakened, we can scarcely conceive a mine more fit for springing. Our political atmosphere is close, sultry, and ominous of danger; the thunder-storm which is to purify it may be tremendous. Meanwhile let us

turn and see how ministers, those men to whom our national destiny has been entrusted, are conducting themselves in this critical period.—The Scotch bill has passed through the House of Commons with little opposition, and the country has declared itself satisfied with its provisions. From that quarter there is little danger to be apprehended. }But Ireland seems to be the rock a-head on which our hopes are again to be shipwrecked. The timid and hesitating spirit with which justice is conceded to that unhappy country, is as apparent in the Whig ministry as in any of their predecessors. It will be necessary, in order to take a fair view of this part of our subject, to recapitulate briefly the circumstances in which Ireland is placed, and the events which superinduced them. The consent of the Irish nation to the incorporating Union was obtained under false pretexs, by means of promises which were not fulfilled till the year 1829, and even then with paltry expressions of spite at having been forced to perform an act of justice. The gift of freedom was preceded by an act putting its boldest champions under the ban of law; and the act of Emancipation itself was stained by a personal blow at Mr. O’Connell. The Catholics were admitted to Parliament, but the majority of their constituents, members of their church, were disfranchised. This healing measure, the only wise enactment regarding Ireland ever passed by a British Parliament, was a blow, it is true, to Protestant ascendancy; but it was dealt with the light wantonness of a maiden punishing her lover for being over-bold—it proceeded from the *dulcis Amaryllidis ira*. It has moreover been in a great measure counteracted by Mr. Stanley’s bill for disarming the peasantry, and the re-embodiment of the yeomanry, as it had to a considerable degree been rendered nugatory by the establishment of the constabulary force. Of a later date the attempt on the part of Ministry to prop up an anti-national church has added to the cup of bitterness. This line of policy towards Ireland, persevered in by every successive ministry, has taught that country that by her own efforts alone she obtain admission to the equal benefits of the British constitution. England has to a certain degree possessed the indispensable right of self-legislation; but Ireland has, from first to last, been governed upon the same principles that dictate the measures by which Russia, Austria, and Prussia, keep their serfs in order. In addition to this galling consciousness, every Irishman feels that even the attempts of the British government to benefit his country—few and far

between it is true—have uniformly evinced the most gross and shameful ignorance of its condition. These are the sentiments which induce the independent Irish members to look twice at every favour offered them by a government of which Mr. Stanley is a member, and to call for such modifications of the Irish Reform Bill as will render it a real, not a mere nominal amendment of their representative system. An honest and enlightened ministry one should have expected to find most anxious to listen to the opinions of such men—opinions rendered more weighty by the numbers and unanimity of those who concur in them. And yet the conduct of Ministers in regard to the Irish Bill is very different from what their previous consistency and firmness might have led us to expect.—Mr. Stanley moved the second reading of the Bill on the 25th of May. His speech, which was directed chiefly against the allegation that the Bill was to receive the support of the Tories, was coldly received. The Protestant bigots could not be expected to approve of a harangue which advocated perfect equality of rights in men of all religious persuasions, and the liberal members for Ireland listened with cold and silent distrust. A motion that the Bill be read a second time that day six months was made by Mr. Lefroy, and seconded by Lord Castlereagh. Their only argument was the danger to which the Established Church would be exposed by the measure. A rambling discussion ensued between some members, in the course of which Colonel O'Connell accused Mr. O'Connell of a wish to separate the two countries. This attack called up the Member for Kerry, who, after explaining, for the benefit of the grown babies in the House, the distinction between a repeal of the Union and a separation of the kingdoms detailed, in a most powerful and impassioned speech, his various objections to the Irish Reform Bill. Adverting to Mr. Stanley's allusion to a letter, in which Mr. O'Connell maintained that the Bill would be supported by the Tories, Mr. O'Connell shewed, that although the principle of the Bill was such as he and his friends could not but approve of, its details were such as must in a great measure neutralize its beneficial effects. Mr. Stanley had himself called them conservative. Mr. Shiel, in a statesmanlike speech, supported the great agitator; while Captain Goggin accused him of being "the representative of Whitefeet and Blackfeet, and of the midnight incendiary and the mid-day assassin;" and Mr. Dawson used the Captain's cast-off figure of speech about the Protestants drawing the sword and throwing away the scabbard. Sir Robert

Peel was dubious what course he ought to pursue, but in conformity with the old whist-player's maxim, "when in doubt take the trick," made up his mind to vote against the bill. Mr. Stanley wound up this display of imbecile intolerance by adjuring the Orangemen to vote for the measure as having a tendency to defeat the schemes of Mr. O'Connell.—When on the 14th of June, Lord Althorp moved the resumption of the consideration of the Irish Reform Bill in committee, an attempt was made to postpone the discussion on the ground that the necessary information respecting the limits of the burghs had not been sufficient time in the hands of members to enable them to come to a determination. Ministers however persisted in going on; and Mr. O'Connell rose to move, that the House agree to instruct the committee into which it was about to resolve itself, "to restore the elective franchise to persons seised in fee, and occupying freeholds of the clear yearly value of 40s." It was maintained by the Irish members that the Reform Bill conferred the elective franchise upon a very inadequate number of voters, and that, as the 40s. freeholders had been deprived of their political rights at a late period, and by a violent stretch of power, it was but just to put them on the same footing with their brethren of England. The motion was rejected by a majority of 49 in a house of 195. Mr. O'Connell subsequently proposed another instruction to the committee:—"That the elective franchise be restored to persons seised of an estate for three lives, reservable for ever, of the yearly value of 40s., provided that the rent did not exceed £4 per annum, of which one-third was to be profit; and provided also that the renewal fee did not exceed £2." This suggestion was negatived without a division, but the house was not yet allowed to go into Committee. On the question being put by the Speaker, Sir Robert Heron proposed that it be an instruction to the Committee, that the additional member proposed by the draught-bill to be conferred on the University of Dublin, be given in preference to any, the most Protestant, if populous, city in Ireland. The Hon. Member complained of the injustice of giving to a constituency of 200 persons, the same number of representatives as to the large and populous county of Cork. Mr. Crampton maintained that the number of voters in the University would amount to 600, but the accuracy of his statement was called in question, and he did not defend it. Mr. Shiel contended that the additional member given to the University would only encourage a spirit already too

predominant in that Corporation of attaching more importance to its power of creating members of Parliament than its legitimate task of creating bachelors of arts. The addition to the university representation was defended by Lefroy and Croker for the Orange faction, and by Crampton, Attorney-General, and Stanley, Secretary for Ireland, two members of a reforming ministry, on the ground that it was necessary for the support of the Protestant interest in Ireland. "Honest" Althorp begged the House to support the proposal of the bill as necessary to ensure the success of the measure.—It is apparent from the tone of the speakers, that Mr. Stanley, reformer though he may call himself, is tainted with the principles of Protestant ascendancy, and that he and some others of the Cabinet, have forced their coadjutors to truckle to the Orangemen—a line of policy alike dishonest, unsafe, and disgraceful. The Irish members cannot, as honest men, receive such a measure as satisfactory. Ireland cannot see in its security for due attention being paid to her rights. Ministers will be shrinking from their duty to the country if they persevere in opposing the claims of Ireland, and will justify that country in demanding a repeal of the Union. We do not look upon such a step with the complacency of some of our friends. To speak of the power of a crown and a church common to both, to bind two nations having separate popular legislatures, is a farce. After the rights of the people have been established, Britain and Ireland must be two nations, or they must be thoroughly incorporated. Separate parliaments would be eternally going to loggerheads. But Irishmen will act unjustly to themselves, if they do not insist upon our incorporation being one of perfect equality; and we will be short-sighted fools if we insist upon any other terms. Lord Althorp and other conciliator gentlemen may speak of the necessity of concession—is concession ever to be made by the side of truth and justice, and by it alone? Ministers will do well to attend to Mr. O'Connell's suggestions, for he has deeply and soundly considered the subject.—The only other domestic events of importance in the annals of the last month, are the victories of the Irish over the tithe system. It is plain that tithes will never again be paid in the green isle; and it remains for Scotsmen, in particular, to say whether they will submit to pay their share of a tax levied upon them by government for the support of a church with which they have nothing to do, and which nine-tenths of them regard as unscriptural. The money advanced to the Irish clergy is levied indis-

criminate upon the whole nation, and not a farthing of it will ever be extracted from the tithe-payers of Ireland.—Already the prospective electors are bestirring themselves on all hands throughout the country.

COLONIES.

A British resident has been appointed at New Zealand; his salary is nominally to be defrayed out of the revenue of New South Wales. The income of that colony already falls short of its expenditure, and the burden will fall in reality on the mother country. An amicable intercourse is understood to exist between New Zealand and New South Wales; but, latterly, the colonial authorities have been much troubled, and trading intercourse disturbed, by the escape of runaway convicts to New Zealand, where they continue to perpetrate the most atrocious crimes with impunity. The urgency of the case induced Lord Howick to apply on the 7th of June for leave to bring in a bill "to enable the Governor and Legislative Council of New South Wales to make provision for the prevention and punishment of crimes committed in the islands of the Pacific Ocean." Keeping in view the principles of international law, the measure is somewhat anomalous, but the necessity of the case is undeniable.—Newfoundland is at last on the eve of obtaining justice. The under secretary for the colonies obtained permission on the 7th of June to bring in a bill for transferring the application of the revenues of that island to a legislative body to be created there, under a commission issued by his Majesty. The commission had already suggested the most advantageous constitution, and the object of the bill was to give the sanction of Parliament to the transfer of the management of the finance of the colony from the minister for the colonies to the representatives of the inhabitants. The bill also provided for continuing certain acts relating to the internal affairs of Newfoundland, (which would expire within the year,) until the new legislature should otherwise provide respecting them. The fishery acts were likewise decreed to continue in force for two years from the present time. The reader will find a *résumé* of the statistics of Newfoundland in the critical notices of New Publications in our first number.—The Committee on West India affairs have presented their report. It does not admit of doubt, that the Planters, and all connected with them, are in a state of severe pressure. It is also true, that part of their distress is owing to the restrictions laid upon their industry by our still highly artificial system of commercial policy. So far as the

concession of perfect freedom of trade can aid them, they are entitled to assistance. But it is also certain that many of their complaints are groundless; and that the true origin of the disease is their persisting in playing a losing game, and modestly calling upon this country to pay their losses. They insist upon raising more sugar than there is a market for, and then complain that they cannot sell; they persist in an injudicious system of husbandry, and wish us to make good the deficiency of their returns. The question of Slavery is not one of pounds, shillings, and pence. If any person has a claim for compensation, it is the slave who has been over-wrought and under-paid. What the holder may lose now he formerly made in exorbitant profits. Let the Planters open, as the Mexicans did, an account of debtor and creditor with the slaves, for their respective prices, and allow them to work themselves free. As to their other sources of loss, rational retrenchment, and exchanging a gambling speculation for the rearing of more marketable produce, will soon remedy them all.

CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

The affairs of Holland and Belgium are still unsettled. The constitutional spirit of Germany, the aspiration after a union of the small states into one great nation with free institutions, continues its now no longer silent working. But our interest centres at present on FRANCE.—There has really been an insurrection in favour of the exiled Bourbons. La Vendée, that ancient citadel of honest bigotry—that Highlands of France, has again been forced to bare its weak bosom to the national bayonets, in order to gratify the lust of power of a silly, selfish, and contemptible race. Subsequent to the Marseillois attempt at insurrection, the district of La Vendée was kept in an unsettled state by patrolling bodies of Chouans, whose predatory excursions rendered travelling insecure. On the 23d of May an attempt was made to rear the white flag near Parthenay, on the part of some needy lawless men, headed by two individuals formerly in the Bourbon guards. They were captured by the sub-prefect; and a detachment of the 63d regiment was cantoned in the disturbed district. Several arrests took place on the 25th and 26th, and the National Guard shewed itself every where on the alert. On the 27th a rencontre took place between some Chouans and a body of troops of the line and national guards, which was stubbornly contested, but terminated in a victory for the patriots. By a royal *ordonnance* of the 1st of June, the arrondissement of La-

val, Chateau-Gontier, and Vinr , were declared subject to martial law. It was soon discovered that the priests were deeply implicated in these commotions, and several were arrested, as well as different individuals of the resident nobility (*chateaux*.) Some persons, and among them three subordinate officers of the King's household were arrested in Paris; accused of participation in the Carlist manoeuvres. A number of forged notes had been for some time in circulation, and some were finally traced to the possession of a nobleman who was known to have paid several visits to Holyrood. The emissaries of government were, in the meantime, actively engaged in La Vend e tracing the origin of the insurrection. On the 30th of May a lieutenant of Gendarmerie, with a detachment of 28 men, accompanied General Dermoncourt to the Castle of La Carline, which they found already surrounded by a detachment of 50 men from the 32d regiment of the line. These troops were searching for deserters, and their report of some suspicious circumstances about the castle, induced the general to institute a search. M. Laubepin, the proprietor, who was represented as absent, was discovered hiding in a secret chamber. A number of papers were found in the apartment, sufficiently indicating the existence of a treasonable correspondence, together with some arms, a military dress, and several pieces of white cloth marked with black crosses and *seurs-de-lia*. The most important document was the scroll of a letter from Laubepin, warning Madame that she had been led to entertain exaggerated notions of the support she was likely to meet with in La Vend e. The writer represented the inhabitants as possessed of only a small quantity of arms, and unable to compete with the friends of the new system unless the attention of government were distracted by foreign aggression. From the letters of the Duchess it appears that orders had been distributed throughout France to the partisans of the exiled family, commanding them to take up arms on the 24th of May. She complains that these orders had not been complied with in La Vend e. The letter of the old Vendean, and another from a nameless young enthusiast, shew that the leaders were unwilling to move: they saw the hopelessness of the struggle, but the Duchess would listen to nothing but her own will, and declared that she would regard the cause of her family as lost were she obliged to retire. Bourmont, who had landed with the Duchess near Marseilles, and accompanied her to La Vend e, was convinced of the insufficiency of the preparations, and urged her to

reimark, but in vain. As regent during her son's minority, she issued proclamations: one to the army of Algiers, promising the decorations which had been withheld from it; another to the French nation, announcing that the country was oppressed by the expense of an unnecessarily numerous standing army; and a third to the adherents of her son, declaring that he would be *their companion in arms*. On the 4th of May, the King of the French, by the advice of his Ministers, declared the four departments of Maine and Loire, La Vendée, Loire Inferieure, and Les Deux Seves, within the circle of which the Duchess seemed to confine her motions, in a state of martial law. The soldiers of the line and the national guard pursued with unrenmitting ardour the stragglng bodies of Chouans. The courts martial commenced their sittings about the 9th, but were for some time exclusively occupied by preliminary investigations. By that time the armed bands had been beaten at all points, and many were voluntarily surrendering themselves. The Duchess of Berri was understood to be still concealed in the district; but repeated defeats, the exasperation of the public mind against the claims of her family, and the patriotism of the national guards had blasted the hopes of her adherents. The war was at an end.—While these events were occurring in the West, the capital itself was the scene of disturbances, not perhaps of more importance in themselves, but from the line of policy into which they have deluded the King, likely to prove the origin of more marked changes. On the 28th of May upwards of forty members of the Chamber of Deputies assembled at the house of M. Lafltte to affix their names to a declaration of the principles upon which they had opposed the measures of Government during the preceding session; including a detailed account of the principal subjects discussed. The main charge against the advisers of the King, was their departure from the principles of the Revolution. They were said to have acted as if the dynasty of Louis-Philippe were but a continuation of the system of the restoration, while, in truth, his throne was based on the triumphant principles of the great revolution of 1789. This accusation was followed up by strongly expressed disapprobation of the maintenance of the same extravagant expenditure as under the former dynasty; of the delay in the institution of popular schools; and of the mode of organizing the army. The signature of General Lamarque, then on his death-bed, was appended to this document by proxy. He died on the evening of

the 1st of June. That same day the Government, which had been for some time keeping a jealous eye on the proceedings of a society which assumed the title of "*Les Amis du Peuple*," ordered the doors of their place of meeting to be sealed up. Some of the members conceiving this process to be illegal, broke off the seals, and opened the doors. Several other members came in, and business was about to be commenced, when the *sergens de ville* rushed in, arrested all the persons present, thirty-one in number, and conveyed them to the prisons of the prefecture, where they were detained *au secret*. This unconstitutional stretch of power naturally produced a strong sensation in Paris. Tuesday, the 5th of June, was the day on which the remains of Lamarque were to quit Paris for the hero's native district. His son was anxious that the departure should take place privately, in conformity with the General's wishes. The importunities of friends induced him to alter this intention. Government regarding this as an overt act of defiance, an attempt to give greater *eclat* to the funeral of an opposition deputy than had attended that of Casimir Perier, and likewise afraid that the enemies of the established dynasty might seek to turn so large an assemblage of people to account, ordered no funeral honours to be paid to the deceased beyond what were his due as a general and member of the Chamber of Deputies. The Ecole Polytechnique was forbidden to attend. Considerable bodies of troops were assembled at various points, as a precaution against a rising of *Les Amis du Peuple*. Every means, however, had been taken by the friends of Lamarque for securing an imposing attendance of national guards, and other citizens. The crowd, both of foreigners and natives, which followed the remains of the liberal deputy, with banners of all kinds, was immense, notwithstanding the rain which fell during the early part of the day. The refusal of the piquet at the Etat Major to present arms while the procession was passing, excited the discontent of the people. The refusal of the Duke of Fitz-James to uncover when the body was borne past him, was the signal for breaking the windows of the house in which he was. Opposite the Port St. Denis a scuffle took place between one of the *sergens de ville* and a Decoré of July, in which the latter was wounded. All these events took place before the procession reached the bridge of Austerlitz; and are of consequence, as indicating a degree of irritation against the authorities on the part of many who took a part in the funeral ceremony, and a promptness to

take offence on the part of the government forces, unworthy of those whose office it was to preserve peace. Opposite to the bridge of Austerlitz, a scaffold had been erected, hung with black, and canopied with flags, for the accommodation of the orators, upon whom had devolved the duty of pronouncing the eulogium of the deceased. Just before the head of the procession reached this point, a considerable number of young men from L'Ecole Polytechnique, who had succeeded in making their escape by scaling the walls of the school, arrived upon the ground, and were received with loud acclamations. The speeches pronounced over the body, on account of their warm eulogiums of the political sentiments of General Lamarque, were received as censures of the Government, with that applause that evinced a stronger feeling of the political object of the meeting than of its funeral character. While the ceremony was proceeding, several disputes had arisen between the individuals forming the outskirts of the procession, and troops assembled to overawe them. Mutual insults had led to such a degree of excitement that Lafayette concluded his speech by calling upon the people not to sully by an act of theirs the sanctity of the occasion. He immediately afterwards entered a hackney-coach, from which the people took the horses to draw him to his home in triumph. By the time Lafayette reached the Place de la Bastille, the mutual exasperation of the people and the soldiery had reached its height. The coach in which he was, had just passed, when a body of cavalry, without any apparent new ground of offence, charged the unarmed mass following it, and, first discharging their pistols, proceeded to use their sabres. The cry "*Aux armes!*" was immediately heard from the crowd; and, like a spell, it instantaneously brought to the spot a man on horseback, who had made a conspicuous figure in the procession, carrying what some represent as a red flag, with the inscription "*Liberté ou la Mort,*" and others as the "*Bonnet rouge.*" The *rappel* was beat at all the guard-houses, but the disarmed guards, taken by surprise, were unwilling to side with either party; and a great number of them retired to their homes. The majority joined the troops, but a few, it is said, made common cause with the people. Within a few moments from the first attack of the military, barricades were formed at the end of the Bridge of Austerlitz, at the entrance of the roads on each side of the canal, and across the quay. The contagion spread, and barricades were formed in the streets of St. Antoine, St. Denis, St. Martin,

Montmartre and St. Croi. A few attempts were made to unpace the streets but without effect. The populace broke open several armourer's shops in the employment of Government, and made themselves masters of the powder magazine on the Boulevard de l'Hopital. The young men of L'Ecole Polytechnique, who had joined the procession, found on their return the gates closed upon them. Some by the aid of the citizens scaled the walls, but others remained excluded, and were thus forced to take a part of the proceedings of the night. The Rue Montmartre and the Rue St. Denis were the scenes of the most obstinate contest; owing, however, to the want of concert and organization among the people, the troops pressed rapidly onward suppressing the revolt. A violent fall of rain aided materially the restoration of order. By midnight the firing on both sides had almost entirely ceased. The King arrived from St. Cloud late in the evening, held a council of ministers, and reviewed the national guard on the Palace du Carrousel. During the night seals were placed by order of the Police on the presses of the *Tribune, Quotidienne,* and the *Courrier de l'Europe.* The numbers of the *National, Courrier Français, Journal de Commerce,* and *Corsaire,* containing the narrative of the disturbances, were seized at the post office. The first step was a literal execution of the Ordonnance, for issuing which Charles X. was forced to make room for the monarch of the barricades. The shops continued shut during the forenoon of Wednesday; all business was at a stand. The Bourse, it is true, was open and crowded, but nothing was done. Paris had the appearance of a city taken by storm. In the course of the afternoon, the people again attacked the soldiery at the Place de la Bastille and along the Boulevards, but were repulsed after a sharp contest. Several meetings of the deputies present in Paris, were held at the house of Messrs. Lafitte, in the course of the day, and a deputa- tion, consisting of Messrs. Lafitte, Odilon-Barrot, and Arago, were appointed to wait upon the King. On Thursday morning three ordinances appeared in the *Moniteur.* By the first, Paris was declared in a state of siege; by the second, the artillery corps of the national guard was dissolved; by the third, the pupils of the Polytechnic School were disbanded. The declaring Paris in a state of siege was justified by no better authority than a decree passed by Napoleon in 1811. But even the harsh precedent was exceeded, for its effect was declared retrospective. Amid these unconstitutional proceedings the funds continued to advance, but this was attributed to Government's bringing

its secret resources into the market, in order to force up their price. The liberal deputies in vain persuaded the King to convoke the chambers and proceed by constitutional means. Friday and Saturday were spent in domiciliary visits of the police, and increasing exasperation on the part of the people. Government began to reap the fruits of its tyrannical conduct in the absurd reports that were propagated respecting its measures, and the ready evidence which they met with. An attempt was made by Ministers to force medical men to give evidence respecting all wounded persons under their care; but this violation of the sacred duty of the physician was so strongly protested against by that respectable body, and excited such horror and loathing in the public mind, that it was desisted from. Forty of the most eminent members of the bar published an opinion, that the attempt to give retrospective effect to the Ordinance, declaring Paris in a state of siege, was illegal.

Thus, then, is Louis Philippe's government at present circumstanced. The Carlists are a nonentity, too contemptible to be noticed. The republicans are a growing party, consisting of men with clear definite notions, and, in general, all the energy of youth. The mass of the population of France is tired of commotion, and longs for a firm and settled government, but cares not for the present King. He has not the military glory of Napoleon, nor the legitimacy of the Bourbons, to dazzle the nation as to the real nature of his title to the throne. His personal character is, to say the least, not fascinating; and the memory of his father is repulsive. Yet, under these circumstances, seated on a throne, the blood shed to cement which, is not yet dry, he dares to suspend the rights of the citizens—to delay the convocation of their representatives—to insult their favourite opinions—and to substitute military despotism for regulated freedom. "As he has brewed so let him drink."

STATE OF COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

JUNE, 1832.

Tranquillity having been restored to the country by the passing of the Reform Bill, the natural fruit of tranquillity, commercial confidence, has already considerably revived. A sudden and rapid improvement of trade, after so long a period of quietude, was not to be expected; and the season of the year at which the important event has happened, namely, the beginning of summer, being generally one of dulness to the manufacturing and trading classes, has tended to lessen the immediate effect of a restoration of confidence. Nevertheless, a very decided improvement in the feeling of commercial men is manifest, and an impulse, distinctly perceptible, though not strongly marked, has been given to several branches of manufactures. An incubus of dread has been removed from the breasts of our manufacturers and merchants, and they exhibit the relief they feel in brighter countenances and returning activity.

The favourable circumstances which we have noticed in former months as promising a revival of trade, still continue. Very small stocks in the hands of the country dealers,—moderate stocks in the warehouses of the merchants and manufacturers,—a perfectly sound and healthy

state of the circulating medium,—the absence of every thing that could produce a fallacious prosperity:—these circumstances, combined with the vast resources of the British population, and the commanding power of British capital, promise a gradual recovery from the depression which has now for several months characterized our commerce. The manufacturers will soon begin to prepare for the fall trade, and it may reasonably be hoped that the latter part of the year will witness a return of commercial activity.

The spring trade to Germany, Russia, and the north of Europe has been good. The Leipsic fair fluctuated in the most remarkable manner, owing to the unsettled state of English politics. It began with activity; the news of Earl Grey's resignation and the Duke of Wellington's commission to form a ministry, which were every where felt to involve confusion in England and war on the Continent, struck a panic into the buyers; and business was nearly suspended, till the recall of the Reforming Administration gave assurance that peace would be preserved; after which the fair again became brisk, and English goods sold extensively.

The export of British goods to Russia

has hitherto been little affected by the late unwise augmentation in the customs duties of the Empire; and it may be expected that the reduction of the duty on hemp to a mere nominal amount, which has just been announced by Mr. Poulett Thomson, will, by increasing the import of that article, increase in a corresponding degree the export of British goods to St. Petersburg and Riga.

The severe quarantine restrictions established in Spain against British vessels and goods, have been so far relaxed since the cholera spread in France, that the trade is re-opened, and considerable orders are executing for that market.

Portugal still continues closed, more however from the fear of aid being sent in any shape to Don Pedro, than from the dread of infection. If the expedition, which is on the point of sailing to Portugal, should have the success which every friend of liberty must earnestly desire, and the tyrannical usurper should be hurled from his throne, the interests of British commerce will be greatly promoted. There has of late neither been personal security for our merchants, nor protection for their property, in Lisbon and Oporto, whilst all the obstructions have been thrown in the way of trade which despotic jealousy and brutal ignorance could suggest. The resources of that country have been dreadfully oppressed, and the important trade it has so long carried on with England, and which might be much further extended, has been wantonly sported with. This adds another to the innumerable existing proofs, that tyranny is as much opposed to commerce, as commerce is in its influence hostile to tyranny. Freedom and trade, the two great agents in civilizing the world, are natural and inseparable allies.

The United States' market, overstocked with the largest exportation ever made in one year of British goods, continues very bad; and the *projet* of a new tariff, in which the duties are materially lowered, will have the effect of increasing the stagnation, as the lower scale of duties cannot come into effect till the 3d of March, 1833. We cannot too often repeat, that the exclusion of American flour, by the operation of the English Corn Laws, is a formidable obstacle to the revival of the demand for British goods, and will prevent, as long as the cause continues, a steady, satisfactory, profitable, and pleasant intercourse between the two countries. The States, which are the principal consumers of British manufactures, have little else to return to us besides agricultural produce; when we receive that produce into our ports they always buy largely; when

we cease to receive it, their purchases cease.* There is a close sympathy between the productive classes of the two countries both in prosperity and distress; and we cannot inflict distress upon them by a system of alternate allurements and repulsion, without equally injuring our own interests, and making an intercourse which should be a bond of union & source of mutual irritation.

There is rather more animation both in the import and export trade of LONDON than there has been for some time past, though still considerable languor prevails; nor is money by any means plentiful, and discounts are confined in a great measure to first-rate paper. The shipping interest is still much depressed, but it may be hoped that it will find relief from the reduction of the hemp duty, both by the increase of the Baltic trade, and by the diminished cost of cordage and sail-cloth, which that measure will occasion. The market for Colonial produce has been in a tolerably good state, and sugars have slightly advanced in price. The Corn trade is steady.

The COTTON MANUFACTURE, after enjoying for some time much prosperity, has, for two or three months past, suffered considerable depression. The market has been slightly improved since the passing of the Reform Bill, as the buyers who left Manchester without purchasing, on the resignation of Earl Grey, have since returned, and bought the goods they were in want of.

The trade of LIVERPOOL necessarily sympathizes with that of the manufacturing districts, and it is therefore at present dull. Unusually large arrivals of cotton (nearly twice as great in May 1832 as in May 1831) have combined, with the slack demand, to depress prices; but as the manufacturers hold light stocks, and as the consumption is still large, some revival of demand is hoped for. The appearance of the cholera in this great seaport has had less effect on trade than might have been anticipated. The inefficiency of quarantine regulations has in many countries led to their relax-

* A better illustration of this general truth cannot be afforded than that contained in the comparative imports and sales of American flour at Liverpool in the first five months of 1831 and of 1832. In the first five months of 1831, 255,000 barrels of flour (nearly all American) entered the port of Liverpool; 320,000 barrels were taken out of bond, and only 5000 barrels remained in bond on the 31st of May. In the corresponding period of 1832 only 32,800 barrels of flour were imported, only 30,500 were taken out of bond; and on the 31st of May no less than 290,300 barrels remained in bond. Can we wonder at the immense exports of British manufactures to the United States in the last year, and at their diminutive amount in the present year?

ation; and in America vessels are subject only to inspection, or at most to a very short detention. There is, however, an unwillingness to export goods at present, owing to the uncertainty which prevails as to the quarantine regulations of other countries, where the periods of detention, though generally abridged, are very often changed.

An expedition, partly scientific and partly commercial, will sail from Liverpool in a few days, for the mouth of the river Niger, with a view to improve the discoveries of the Landers, by opening a communication with Central Africa. Perhaps nothing will be more likely to promote the civilization of that vast and torrid region, than this discovery of a great navigable stream, which will enable mercantile enterprise to carry a knowledge of the arts and productions of Europe into countries hitherto the most inaccessible, and to tribes the most wild and barbarous.

The WOOLLEN MANUFACTURE is in a languid state, as regards fine cloths. The markets of Leeds and Huddersfield are very heavy; which is, however, not unusual at this period of the year. In low woollens, flannels, blankets, and baizes, a very sensible improvement has taken place, which is felt beneficially at Rochdale, Dewsbury, and Halifax. The worsted stuff trade of Bradford, and the neighbourhood, is also in a good state, especially for the middling and low qualities of goods. In consequence of the increased activity in the manufactures made from English wool, both combing wools and short wools, of inferior kinds, have advanced in price. A strong expectation is entertained in Yorkshire, that the autumn will bring a general improvement in the trade.

ENGLISH CUSTOMS.—NEW SCHEDULE OF DUTIES.—Mr. Poulett Thomson, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, has brought a bill into the House of Commons, making very numerous alterations in the English Tariff, the principal of which is the reduction of the duty on hemp from 4s. 8d. to 1d. per cwt. Most of the other alterations proceed on the same principle, and will be productive of as much advantage compared with the importance of the articles which they affect, as that on hemp. A multitude of preposterous duties, which have no other effect than altogether to prohibit, or to restrict to the lowest amount the importation of the articles on which they are placed, without even the pretext that they are imposed for the protection of domestic industry, are swept away by this wise measure; and duties of

the most moderate kind, or in several cases, no duty at all, substituted for them.

As a general principle, the bill allows articles coming from British colonies to pass duty free. Gums, bark, drugs, oils, and dyeing wares, are relieved from absurd imposts. Russian dressed hides, instead of paying 5s. per hide, are to pay 1s. That excellent and nutritious article of food, cocoa, the consumption of which is chiefly limited by the heavy duty of 6d. per lb., will, in future, only pay 2d. per lb. When the duty on coffee was reduced (in 1808) from 1s. 7½d. per lb. to 7d., the effect was to increase the consumption in one year from 1,060,691 lbs. to 9,251,837 lbs.; and a similar effect is not unlikely to be produced in the consumption of cocoa.

As specimens of the absurd system of former Finance Ministers, and of the rational system adopted by Mr. Thomson, we may mention that the duty on alkanet root is reduced from 4l. 14s. 4d. per cwt. to 2s.; on almonds, (bitter,) from 1l. 11s. 8d. per cwt. to 4s.; on benjamin, or benzoin, from 11l. 4s. per cwt. to 4s.; on camphor, (refined,) from 4l. 13s. 4d. per cwt. to 1l. 8s.; on caoutchouc, (Indian rubber,) from 2l. 6s. 8d. per cwt. to 1s.; on carmine, from 4s. per oz. to 6d.; on dates, from 4l. 10s. 3d. per cwt. to 10s.; on gamboge, from 9l. 6s. 9d. per cwt. to 4s.; on gentian, from 2l. 16s. per cwt. to 4s.; on gum arabic, from 12s. per cwt. to nothing; on shell-lac, from 20 per cent. to nothing; on hoofs of cattle, from 20 per cent. to 1 per cent.; on castor oil, from 1l. 8s. per cwt. to 2s. 6d.; on quicksilver, from 6d. per lb. to 1d.; on sal ammoniac, from 1l. 8s. per cwt. to 1s.; on sal limonium, from 20l. 12s. per cwt. to 1s.; on anniseed, from 3l. per cwt. to 5s.; on hemp seed, from 2l. per qr. to 1s.; on spelter, from 10s. per cwt. to 2s.; on marble, from 1s. per solid foot to nothing; on tapioca, from 10s. per cwt. to 1s.; on woad, from 3s. per cwt. to 1s.

These, to be sure, are not very important articles, but the principle of the changes is excellent; and we may perhaps hope that, in the course of time, the same principle may be applied to sugar, tea, timber, tobacco, and, above all, to corn.

NEW AMERICAN TARIFF.—We have alluded to the Bill reported to the House of Representatives by the Secretary of the Treasury, containing a new Tariff for the United States. As nearly the whole revenue of the Republic arises from the Customs Duties, and as the liquidation of the National Debt this year will place the Government in the situation of having a very large surplus income beyond

its wants, the reduction of the duties becomes indispensable. The manufacturing interest, which the Government has sought to favour, by preposterous and mischievous restrictions on foreign goods, will now be compelled to see the temporary protection afforded to it in some degree withdrawn. It is manifest, however, from the outline of the new Tariff, that duties will still be levied on English woollen and cotton manufactures, as heavy as the wants of the State will allow to be exacted. The highest rate of duty is still attached to that class of goods. Nevertheless, the duty even on them is greatly reduced. Some kinds of woollens are at present subject to a duty of from 70 to 100 per cent. *ad valorem*; according to the new schedule, 30 per cent. is the highest rate to be charged. The reduction in the duties on hardwares and cutlery is very great, and will still further increase the prosperity of those flourishing branches of English industry.

It is doubtful whether the Bill will pass during the present year, as it has been introduced near the close of the Session of the Congress. If it should, it will certainly be modified—not to the advantage of the English manufacturer—and it will not come into operation till March in next year. If the Bill should not become law this year, it will be liable to alteration according to the result of the Election for President of the United

States,—the three candidates for that office, General Jackson, Mr. John Adams, and Mr. Henry Clay, holding very different opinions as to the policy of propping up the manufacturing class at the expense of the commercial and agricultural classes. Mr. Clay is understood to defend the restrictive system, and Mr. Adams (having altered his views since his own Presidency,) to oppose it; General Jackson takes a course between the other two.

A regulation is introduced into the Bill, limiting the credit hitherto given by the Government of the United States for the customs duties; at present, the duties are paid by the importer in instalments at eight, nine, and twelve months; the new Bill requires them to be paid one-half in three months, and the other half in six months; and, in the case of woollens, the duties are to be paid in cash. The effect of this change will be to make the trade more safe and steady. Speculators and adventurers avail themselves of the present system to make large and hazardous importations, trusting to realize the price of the goods before they are called upon to pay the duties to Government; thus they trade on no other capital than the government credits: it is needless to say, that this system produces gluts of the markets, and ruinous fluctuations of prices. The adoption of the English system will cause the demand to flow more steadily, and in safer channels.

THIEVES! THIEVES!

THE author of the article on the "Coming Elections" anticipated no change in the provisions of the Bill, nor did any other reasonable being. The Tories however knew better. They knew the horror with which English prejudice looks upon every deviation from the standard of English law or custom; they knew the timid eagerness with which ministers always seek to scuttle out of the way of a tolerably strong opposition; and in despite of the most strenuous remonstrances of the Lord Advocate, they have persuaded Lord Althorp, who is goodness itself, and consequently "open to conviction," to adopt a clause rendering a certain qualification necessary on the part of all candidates for the honour of representing Scotch burghs in Parliament. The mean, thief-like manner in which this new proviso, hitherto unknown to the constitution of Scotland, has been smuggled in, at a period so late, that the most prompt measures on the part of the reformers of this country to raise their voice against it can hardly enable them to obtain a hearing, was, of itself, a suspicious circumstance. And the dirty disreputable look of the blackguard, now that we have got a sight of him, sufficiently accounts for his sneaking anxiety to avoid observation. Here he is:—

"And be it enacted, that from and after *the passing of this Act*, no person, except the eldest son or heir presumptive of any peer of Parliament, shall be eligible to represent any County or Burgh or District of Burghs in Scotland, who shall not be the proprietor of a *landed or heritable Estate*, in some part of Great Britain or Ireland, of the value of *Six Hundred Pounds* a year for the Representative of a County, and *Three Hundred Pounds* a year for the Representative of a *Burgh or District of Burghs*, or be the heir apparent or presumptive to such an estate: Provided always, that all persons who at the time of *the passing of this Act* were qualified to be elected as representatives of any such County, or who were then, or before the *First of March one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one*, entitled to obtain such qualification as hereinbefore provided, shall continue to be eligible as such Representative for the term of their natural lives, and so long as they retain such qualification: Provided also, That after the end of this present Parliament, no member for any such County shall be required to be qualified as an elector within the said County; and if any person who shall be elected or returned to serve in Parliament for any County or *Burgh or District of Burghs* in Scotland as aforesaid, shall not, at the time of such election and return, be qualified as aforesaid, such *Election and Return shall be void*: Provided also, That it shall be competent to any other candidate, or to any two registered voters at such election, to require any candidate for any such County or Burgh or District of Burghs to take an oath of his being the possessor of such qualification."

We have been pretty well accustomed in this country to vague, clumsy, and redundant legal expressions; and yet a tolerably extensive acquaintance with acts of Parliament, does not enable us to parallel this specimen of the beauties of British legislation. The most ignorant attorney in the country would be ashamed to father it: it must be the concoction of some booby of a *Clerk*. What is meant by "entitled to obtain such a qualification as hereinbefore provided?" The qualification "hereinbefore provided" is the possession of a certain amount of property, and that every person is "entitled to obtain" if he can. Or is it meant to restrict the quality of eligibility to such persons as were possessed of the "qualification hereinbefore provided" "at the time of the passing of this act," or were "entitled to obtain it" "then or before the 21st of March, 1831?" Is it intended to exclude all who were entitled to obtain it between "then and the 23d of March," and all who shall in future obtain it? Again, it is said that these persons, whoever they may be, shall be eligible "for the term of their natural lives, and so long as they retain such qualification;" but no specification is given of the time for which they may retain the qualification after their decease. Beside such a gross tissue of blunders, the mere awkwardness of the next proviso sinks into insignificance.

So much for the external form of this by-blow, the fruits of the amorous dalliance

of a young and timid reforming Ministry, with some old heavy Scotch corruptionist. Let us now examine the spirit which looks out at the squinting eyes of the brat. In the first place it is not a simple provision that no men shall be returned to Parliament who have not a sufficiently ample income to place them above the suspicion of following the trade of Member of Parliament as a lucrative profession. Such an enactment would only have been impertinent, uncalled for, and useless. If electors are capable of exercising their franchise, they will not be such blockheads as to overlook the suspicion that attaches to an idle man who has no visible means of subsistence. Besides, if there be truth in the calculations of our friend who has been addressing the electors, in a previous page, and we have entire reliance on his accuracy, the sum fixed upon in the clause will not secure that independence which it professes to have in view. The rate is too low. It is an attempt to turn parliament into such a getteel poor-house as we have sometimes met on the Continent, where the inmates may live luxuriously upon public pickings, provided they bring enough of their own to secure them against absolute starvation.

The character, however, of this precious clause, is much worse than that of such a provision as we have been considering. It is equally foolish and vastly more knavish. It provides that the property necessary to give the qualification shall be of a peculiar kind, "A landed or heritable estate" is the word. The *or*, here, cannot be meant as alternative, implying landed (one kind of estate) *or* heritable (another); for a landed is an heritable estate. We do verily believe that the dunderpaters who manufactured the clause, conceived the bright idea of allowing none but country gentlemen to serve as members of Parliament for Scotland. The term, "heritable," however, includes lands, houses, erections within burgh, and bonds for money lent out upon landed security. Still our thanks are equally due to those, who, by this ingenious device, sought to perpetuate the dynasty of the paper voters, and of "the lairds"—that amiable race which blends in happy union the ignorance and prejudice of the English squire, with the time-serving and selfish greed of the packman. Their object was to render a bonnet laird eligible to represent Glasgow, while the wealthiest and most intelligent merchant in that city might be excluded from the right of aspiring to claim the suffrages of his fellow-citizens. We were to continue faithful vassals, finding our honour and glory in "doing the laird's bidding," and in striving to put a good face on the matter, even in cases as extreme as that in which the Highlander, lingering at the gallows foot, was clapped on the back by his faithful spouse, "Tat's a braw man, Donald: just gang up and please the Laird."

The scheme was right simple; but, as Burns says,

"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft agley:"

and so with this. The ignoble proprietor of sundry tenements in the Gallowgate of Glasgow, or of a vulgar manufactory or distillery, (the Duke of Buccleugh's horror at cheap whisky will revive at this thought with tenfold force,) is unfortunately as eligible as the thickest-skulled heir of entail of a couple of waste muirland farms. Still there is room for gratulation: the expiring tyrants have left to their faithful and obsequious servitors, the "men of business," or "doers," a rich reversion of employment after their own hearts. These *dii minores* of our Scottish elective mythology, were constant attendants upon the great Jupiters,—the county-voters; and not unfrequently (as in the case of Gilbert Glossin) aspired to an equality with them. Their souls are now desolate. The days are gone for ever, when the agent strengthened his employer's political influence, by splitting up his *superiorities* into *paper* votes, and filled his own pockets at the same time. No longer will he deal out the red gold to the bailies and deacons of royal burghs, from a measure which, like that of Ali Baba's brother, was greased at the bottom to retain a few broad pieces for the owner. But he will find a melancholy pleasure in going through the juggling processes which must immediately be invented to elude the provisions of the clause. He will be a kind of Caleb Balderstone, rejoicing to deal in dirty work, although his former patrons can in no way be benefited by it. A similar provision has long been the law in England; but it is a mere dead letter. We never heard but of one man who was kept out of parliament by its means: an eminent political philosopher, whose slippery character was so well known, that no man would trust him with his title-deeds even for an hour. Our Scottish lawyers will be found equal adepts at evasion. The only use of which this addi-

tion to the bill possibly can be, is to offer an additional motive to equivocation and perjury. It is dangerous to tamper with the sanctity of an oath ; and he who introduces an appeal to it on any occasion, when it is not unavoidable, stands not very far removed from the suborner.

We have not insisted upon the inadequacy of wealth as a standard of capacity. That truth is too obvious to need elucidation. Viewed in every light, this volunteer clause is hateful, and would be oppressive but for its feebleness. It calls for the most strenuous opposition on the part of every Scotsman. If he is not in time to remonstrate with the Commons, let him clamour in the ears of the Lords. Agitate, if necessary, on the subject from John o' Groat's house to Gretna.

There is something very suspicious in the anxiety which the Tories have of late manifested for lending additional graces to the bantering of their adversaries. Their busy interference with young Hopeful has the same amiable motive that used to make fairies endow the children of those who had offended them with specious but destructive gifts. They are like gipsies trying to steal a child, disfigure, and pass it for their own. Their anxiety for the purity of Parliament, testified by Wyndford's and Baring's bills, lying as they do on their political death-bed, smacks of the odour of sanctity in which Mother Cole sought to live. The loudness of their psalm-singing is suspicious : we think we see them scanning our pockets with the tails of their eyes. They had better far " die game," for their whining and snuffing only excites disgust and contempt. We feel involuntary respect for a gay bold-faced villain, but we loathe the scoundrel who affects the penitent with an eye to a reprieve. It is all in vain : our injuries have been too deep and lasting to be effaced from our memory by a few fair words. The Whigs are now on their trial before their country, and may be condemned ; but the Tories are damned beyond redemption. For the contumely and oppression which so long bowed us down, we owe them a hatred and scorn as lasting ; and it shall be paid even to the uttermost farthing.

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATES.

THERE are two problems in political science, which now, for the first time in England, demand some consideration. The people at length have a voice in the choice of their representatives. If they wish those representatives to be efficient ministers towards attaining good government, it behoves them seriously,—1st, To inquire what are the signs by which they may learn who is, and who is not, worthy of their confidence; and, 2dly,—To settle what degree of confidence ought, under the existing circumstances, to be awarded to the persons whom they may choose for their representatives.* In order to solve these two very perplexing questions, it is requisite distinctly to understand what these circumstances will be. We must know the difficulties to be overcome, before settling the qualities requisite to overcome them. These difficulties are either such as belong necessarily to the situation of a legislator at all times and in all places, or such as attach to it in peculiar times and peculiar places. Our immediate business is with the latter class. The peculiar difficulties which will surround the legislators of this country, in the immediately succeeding times, we desire at this moment particularly to signalize. At a subsequent stage of the inquiry, the former class of difficulties will require to be at least somewhat generally described.

England has, for ages, been under the dominion of an aristocracy. The spirit of that aristocracy pervades every rank of her people. Their dominion is a moral, as well as a political dominion; thus, though their political power may be sensibly diminished, they may still, nevertheless, retain much of their moral influence, and infect society with the feelings which that influence engenders. Among the most pernicious of these, is a longing desire for the favour and good-will of the aristocratic class, merely for its own sake, or for the sake of the rewards, in the shape of profit, which that class may hold out. It is remarked that the really powerful class, the rich bourgeoisie of France, at the present day, pant for the notice of the remnants of the old noblesse that yet linger

* The discussion of this second question we reserve for another opportunity.

within the Faubourg St. Germain. These nobles are poor and insignificant; still the prestige of their rank, the old spirit of aristocracy, sways the minds of their plebeian superiors: the Lafittes, the Periers of the Champs Elysées, bow down in their hearts, under the influence of romantic history, before the wretched descendants of the Montmorencies, the Tremouilles, the Rochefoucaults of ancient times. It is difficult, even by means of a convulsion, like the revolution of France, then, to eradicate feelings, once thoroughly implanted, in the minds of a whole people. The old degradation of the bourgeoisie, the old tyranny of the aristocracy, still are seen in these slight but pregnant indications. In England, the slavish feeling is now at its height. It is difficult to conceive a state more degraded than the present condition of the popular mind on the subject of social and political distinctions. The most powerful intellects of the community share in the general debasement, and mark, by their crawling subservience, the degree of mental prostration to which the whole people have arrived. The change in the powers of government likely to take place, will, for many years, but little affect this state of mind. There will still exist the same strong desire that now exists, for distinction, based on condition, and not on personal worth,—distinction derived wholly from position, and not from individual excellence. There will still be the same contempt and hatred of all below, the same adoration of all above. We shall still, as now, be servile and haughty, cringing and tyrannical; envious of, while fawning upon, and subservient to our superiors; ill-treating, despising, yet dreading those whom we deem and call our inferiors. Such would be the case, even if the aristocracy were utterly deprived of their political power. Unfortunately that will not be the case; they will still be able to carry on a war with the rest of the community. While their moral influence will be undiminished, their political power will yet be enormous; and this power, as hertofore, they will employ to the detriment of the large majority to whom they are opposed. They will still be able to hold out many attractive rewards to all who will be of their party, and visit, with much painful contumely and hatred, such as stand against them as their enemies. From this state of things there will result partial elements of mischief, that will be active in the coming periods of our history.

From reasons, moreover, which are too obvious to need exposition, the duties which every man owes to the whole community, have hitherto either been incompletely conceived, or utterly disregarded. There has been a constant following out of selfish interests, no matter how inimical to the general welfare; till, at length, the best men among us deem themselves worthy of all praise, if they merely abstain from evil, and do good only when not in the slightest degree disagreeable to themselves. Braving difficulties and dangers, undergoing suffering, or even privation, for the general welfare, is wholly obsolete—is laughed at if recollected. Suffering “for conscience sake” affixes a stigma; is deemed deserving of rebuke and censure; separates a man completely from all that is deemed respectable in society; ruins and degrades him even in the eyes of the most upright men of the community. The present time is peculiarly distinguished by its prudence. The test by which all parties try all men is their prudence, though the word signifies very different matters among different people; among those, however, who are deemed the patriots of the day, it means the power of accomplishing some benefit to the community, without risk, difficulty, or trouble, to

yourself." When such is the conduct, such the morality of the best men, what is likely to be that of persons of far inferior worth. The attempt, abstaining from doing good, when troublesome or dangerous, will not be the extent of their proceedings. They have done, they will still do, all the evil that is profitable to themselves. There has been, there will be exhibited a thorough recklessness of all interests, but selfish interests; and, for many years to come, the whole political morality of public men will be such as to permit this selfishness, without the slightest feeling of moral debasement. Habits are not easily destroyed: the future will, therefore, be but a reflex of the past, and generations pass away before the people be cured of their carelessness respecting public virtue; and, by a necessary consequence, before those whom they employ will deem it requisite to practise it. This state of mind will be another fruitful element of mischief.

Hitherto the subserviency of public men has, with some few exceptions hereafter to be noticed, been to the governing aristocracy. If the people come into power, however, another class of sycophants, viz. the sycophants of the people, will become numerous and dangerous. The popular favour unfortunately will, in the coming times, be a thing to be gained rather by flattery of popular prejudice, than by the honest discharge of a difficult duty. The interests of the people will carefully, no matter how unnecessarily, be set in opposition to that of the aristocracy; and suspicions engendered, which the conduct of the aristocracy, as well as their position, will almost certainly foster. But the suspicions of the people will be turned by this class of sycophants, not merely against the aristocracy, but still more carefully against the enlightened and high-minded patriots of the time. No sooner will these commence any real attempt to educate the people, an attempt directed to eradicate any of the many prejudices they entertain, and thus, by consequence, to overturn all power in the hands of ignorant demagogues,—than a cry will be raised by these latter. They will vehemently and artfully decry all these beneficial efforts: they will find pretexts for declaring these real friends to be covert enemies of the people, acting in concert with their open ones. The fears of ignorant declaimers will make them ever on the alert against the increase of knowledge. They will have an instinctive feeling, that knowledge among the people will be their ruin; and they will, consequently, be its ever steady opponents. The people, naturally jealous from old experience, and even from the existing power of the aristocracy, will be but too prone to listen to these mischievous advisers. Hitherto, (and the habits formed on past circumstances will not be easily eradicated,) the people have been accustomed to judge of their friends by their adherence to, and support of, one or two great principles, and the measures founded on them. These principles have been of such paramount importance, that all other circumstances connected with the character of their professed supporters have been passed over with neglect. Being plain and simple, little or no knowledge was necessary to understand and declaim upon them. Knowledge, therefore, of a high description, has, consequently, never been required in the supposed champions of the people's rights, and certainly has never been possessed by them. Moreover, as the advocacy of the one or two great questions hitherto agitated has been the sole test of moral worth, it has often happened that, under the guise of patriotism and virtue, there have lurked the basest motives, the lowest and most vulgar desires, the

most degraded morality. Many pseudo-patriots may now be found—high, too, in popular estimation, merely for their apparently fierce defence of popular rights—who at heart are vain-glorious, selfish, turning public interests to private advantage, dishonest, ignorant, and cowardly. Our unhappy position has called into existence this race of very doubtful utility, and the coming events are likely to perpetuate and increase the tribe.

This class will hereafter be peculiarly mischievous. Hitherto they have had little power to bad purposes; since the people, in reality, possessed no influence in the practical part of legislation. We have, up to the present moment, been in a state of warfare, in order to attain one great object, viz. power in the government of ourselves—power which hitherto we have had no opportunity of exercising. Our means to this great object have been rather the expression of feeling than of thought, little having been done beyond giving voice to our wishes. The task of such as thought, was merely to create in the public mind a belief in the necessity of a popular participation in the business of government; seldom, perhaps never, to explain the various modes in which the power desired is to be employed. The people have not been called on to come to any practical decision in the selection of their representatives—to support any direct legislative enactments, beyond that which confers on them the privileges they demand. Soon, however, the most difficult questions of legislation will be submitted to their consideration; and they necessarily will be called on to decide, in their capacity of electors, on the merits of various practical plans respecting these questions. This determination will require knowledge. The mere power of talking, the application of a few cant phrases, the hackneyed sayings of by-gone politicians, will be utterly useless. Patience in inquiry, capacity of understanding, habits of study and reflection, must be possessed by those who wish rightly to decide on the great points of political science, soon to be introduced to the people. In short, a long course of education will be requisite, both on the part of the people and their representatives, before the powers, which reform will confer on them, can be turned to their full amount of good.

Take as an example the improvement of the law. Fancy the people thoroughly persuaded of the evils resulting from the present system, and determined to reform the whole mass of mischievous incongruities of which the law is composed. Where is the man who could guide them in such a work? Can he be found among the Hunts, the Waithmans, or any other set of blustering demagogues now existing? Are not all these men ignorant, loquacious pretenders to legislative science. Is there any one of them that has any thing beyond a power of noisy declamation? (Many of them, indeed, do not even possess this faculty.) Could they safely be trusted with the management of any one branch of law which demanded investigation and new regulations? Conceive Mr. Hunt, or Mr. Alderman Waithman, called upon to draw up a new code of procedure. We should, at once, if such a thing was permitted, be deprived, for years, of all hopes of amelioration. Suppose either of these worthies called upon to explain the probable effect of any one general regulation of the law respecting property. Not one of them could do any thing beyond spouting or writing a few commonplaces, or hazarding various wandering guesses about the matter; and yet there is not one of them that does not fancy himself fit to undertake the office of a represen-

tative, and capable of legislating for a great people. If the people, in future, listen to such vain pretensions, they will bitterly rue the folly of which they have been guilty.*

If these views, respecting our future condition, be correct, it is certain that the qualities required in the representatives of the people need to be of a high and very rare description. These qualifications will be probity, capacity, courage,—and the greatest of these is courage. They must be honest and courageous enough to despise, as well the blandishments, as the contempt and hatred, of the aristocratic classes. They must dare to oppose the people, when the people are wrong; and to brave the ill opinion, even of honest men, when those men are ignorant. The motives, however, to obtain these high qualities, unless the great body of the people be wise in the awarding of their confidence, will be exceedingly weak and inefficient; while those to pursue selfish ends and purposes, will be strong and numerous. The feeling of opposition between the two great parties in the state becoming more vehement, and the strife more violent, the need for partisans will become stronger, and no art will be left untried to gain them. Thus the probity of public men will be more tried than before. Not only will they have to resist the ordinary temptations which now beset their path, but they will also have to meet new and more potent solicitations than any to which they have hitherto been accustomed. In an atmosphere, pestilential as the present, surrounded by disgusting spectacles of successful profligacy, awed by no outward manifestations of rebuke, left almost entirely to their own feelings of honour and probity by which to guide their course; tempted on one side by the blandishments of an artful aristocracy, lured on the other by the yet more powerful, though somewhat coarser, flattery of the popular party; haunted by jealousy, ever subject to suspicion; liable to have the purest motives misrepresented, the wisest suggestions brought as evidence of dishonesty,—the public men of the coming times have an ordeal to undergo, which will render virtue on their part almost miraculous. It is for the interest of the whole community, more than of any one portion thereof, that the difficulties of this situation should be lessened. Their interests will best be forwarded by virtuous representatives; and their efforts should be directed to the end of rendering all the circumstances which surround these men, such as will create in them virtuous desires. This they can only do by making their own approbation the reward of intelligence combined with honesty and courage; and, in order to do this, they must be themselves instructed. If they themselves be ignorant, they will be ever liable to be duped; they must trust to professions, since they will be unable to try a man by his conduct. Being ignorant and prejudiced themselves, they will be guided by ignorance, by prejudice, and by knavery in others. What they ought to desire in their representatives is, appropriate know-

* While pointing out the ignorance and inefficiency of this class of persons, there is no intention of enhancing the worth and knowledge of the present legislature of the country. Every attempt of these to reform abuses has been marked by signal incapacity and ignorance; but, as they seldom have made such attempts, they have not yet succeeded in throwing discredit on the cause of reform generally. When, however, the spirit of reform shall really be powerful among the legislators of this country; then, if there be failure in attempts to do good, an impression will be created that the existing abuses are, by their nature, incurable and necessary; and this failure will be certain if the present ignorant race of public men undertake the task of reform.

ledge and honesty ; and to create these, they must refuse their confidence to such as do not possess them. But now comes the question. By what signs are the people to distinguish who is, or who is not possessed of them ? It is clear that the people generally will not themselves possess the information requisite for a legislator ;—can they then, without this specific knowledge, discover whether others have acquired it ? It is also certain, that the people of a district cannot know every act of any man's life who shall offer himself to be their representative. By what means, then, can they determine whether he is worthy of their confidence ? The answers to these questions lead to results of the highest practical importance.

In the case of a physician, or surgeon, or soldier, or sailor, or lawyer, —although it is utterly impossible that the whole community can acquire the specific knowledge requisite for each, and thus all of them become physicians, surgeons, soldiers, sailors, and lawyers,—it is very possible, for them to acquire, (and very necessary that they should do so,) at least, a general and accurate conception of the subject-matter which forms the science of which these separate classes are supposed to be cognizant. Take, for example the case of a surgeon. Every well-educated man in the community might easily acquire a knowledge of the field which the surgeon should go over to attain the information requisite for a surgeon ; and knowing the field, he might, and would easily learn what course of study must be pursued by any person desirous of acquiring that information. That this sort of knowledge is quite within the reach of every man, is, we believe, obvious, and not likely to be denied : that any one who possessed it would be more competent to judge by the previous habits and conduct of a given individual, whether he were likely to possess the knowledge requisite for a surgeon, appears implied in the statement as it stands. But the thing that is so advantageous in the case of selecting a surgeon, would be equally so in that of choosing a legislator. A general knowledge of the information to be acquired by a legislator, and of the means of acquiring it, would be an excellent aid in deciding on the merits of a given individual. This knowledge is within the reach of every man in the community ; and ought to be acquired, if we sincerely desire to have efficient legislators in our representatives. As no man can become a surgeon, physician, lawyer, or sailor, without specific instruction, so no one can be a legislator without the same sort of definite or specific education. Of this important truth, the community will be aware only when they themselves have become informed in the manner here described ; and then they will derive one most efficient guide to their decision of the intellectual aptitude of any one offering himself as a legislator, from the mode in which such person has been educated. This insisting on specific education in a representative, may be deemed the most important practical determination which the community, as a body, could possibly form. If it were generally acted on, the happiness of the nation, in as far as it depended on the legislature, would almost be ensured : ignorance would certainly, in a very short time, be excluded from the government, and dishonesty would also quickly follow in the train of ignorance. To take care of our bodily health, specific instruction is thought absolutely requisite :—a quack in medicine is thought a mischievous pretender. But can any one believe that the many intricate workings of the political machine require not for their proper government, equal sagacity, equal knowledge ? Does any one believe that the vast field of legislative science can be travelled over

with greater ease than the more narrow one of medicine? The opinion could only be entertained by such as labour under a profound ignorance of all that a legislator is called upon to know.

Before any one, moreover, can with propriety and common modesty present himself to his fellow-countrymen, to act in the grave character of their representative, he ought to be able to point to some specific evidence of his fitness. He should be able to say, "This have I done;"—"this work I have composed on such portion of the science of legislation;"—"I have contemplated with care this class of enactments, those peculiar phenomena;"—"I bring this as evidence of my capacity for the office I seek." It ought always to be remembered, that electing a person to the situation of representative, ought never to be considered as doing the individual a favour, or rewarding him for his past conduct. If it be desirable to reward a given individual, let some appropriate reward be given; but no sensible man ever thought of expressing his gratitude to another by choosing him as his physician, or of calling in a friend to set a broken leg, without first assuring himself that his friend possessed the knowledge requisite for the task. If we seek a lawyer, we ask respecting his knowledge and capacity, and endeavour, if possible, to obtain some evidence respecting the one and the other. But where is the difference between the case of a legislator and that of these other servants employed by us? If there be any, it is, that as greater evil may be done by a legislator than by any other, his aptitude ought more specifically to be examined, and more convincing evidence required to establish it, since, in choosing a representative, we influence, not merely our own welfare, but that of all our fellow-countrymen: and, since the post is one of duty, and not of reward, we should carefully exclude from our minds all private affections, and all considerations but those connected with the aptitude, moral and intellectual, of the individual to fulfil the duties of the task which he undertakes.

These opinions are, it is true, diametrically opposed to the present conduct of the people, as well as to their estimation of the sort of obligation which the office of representative ought to impose. But this whole estimation seems founded on one great radical error; an error, indeed, arising out of the circumstances under which a representative has been hitherto chosen. The office has almost invariably been *solicited*, the vote of the elector being courted as a favour, and deemed a personal obligation conferred on the candidate. This is thoroughly to misconceive the relative situation of the parties. There ought to be no favour on either side. The elector ought not to require solicitation, for it is emphatically his interest which is concerned in the proceeding; nor should the candidate demand as a favour, the vote of the elector, and thus assume that to be his interest, which belongs peculiarly to another. A government is not chosen, ought not to be chosen, because it may please the persons composing it. The business it has to perform is the business of the people, and these are, by supposition, the electors. Mr. Grote, in his excellent pamphlet on "the Essentials of Parliamentary Reform," makes the following observations on this subject,—observations resulting at once from an accurate conception of the principles of government, and a thorough understanding of the present feelings of society. Though relating, specifically, to another part of the subject, they incidentally become exceedingly pertinent to the present matter.

"So long as voting is open, therefore, the votes of the middling and of the affluent will be determined, in the majority of cases, by some one of the innumerable varieties

of private influence; nor is the ballot less essential to purify their votes than to liberate those of the poor. I duly appreciate the beneficial effects of the private sympathies, and of that readiness to oblige and to requite, without which life would be a desert; but if the business of voting is to be subservient to a public end, it ought to be abstracted altogether from the sphere of their interference. Is it at all less detrimental to the main purpose of voting—the advancement of the wisest and best men in the community into the Legislative Assembly—that I should vote to please a friend, to return an obligation, or to conciliate a customer, than that I should sell my vote for 10*l.*, or for a place in the excise? It is melancholy to confess, that, on this important topic, the morality, both of rich and poor, has yet to be formed; nor can we hope ever to see it formed, except by means of the ballot. Most men consider their vote merely as a means of rendering service to a friend, and dispose of it exactly on the same principles as they would bestow any other favour. How abominable would be the course of justice, if they forgot their trust as jurors in the same cool and systematic manner; if one man thought himself authorized to solicit, and another to grant, a verdict in favour of plaintiff or defendant! Yet the function of voter is no less a public trust than that of juror; nor would the mischief of corrupt juries, prodigious as it is, surpass that of corrupt voting. It is fruitless to admonish men on the pernicious tendency of what is daily before their eyes, so long as the misleading influence is left in full vigour and application; but if the door be once shut against such influence, there is nothing to prevent voting from being assimilated to other public trusts, and from becoming really conducive to its peculiar and all-important purpose.”*

“I had the opportunity of being present, a little before the French elections of June, 1830, at a private preliminary meeting of French electors, in one of the arrondissements not far from Paris. About thirty electors met to estimate the chances, and to concert measures for the success of their candidate in the approaching contest. They called over the electoral list, and each person present pronounced respecting those whom he knew, or those who lived near him, whether they were likely to be supporters or opponents. For such as were not thoroughly known, attempts were made to guess at their political sentiments, or at their private partialities. But never was the slightest hint started of winning over a questionable voter by solicitation and intrigue, or of approaching his bosom by those invisible bye-paths, which an English electioneer so skilfully explores. Such artifices appear to have been considered in France too degrading for any one, except the agents of Charles X., who did employ them as much as was practicable, and who of course spared no pains to nullify and elude the ballot.”

Hitherto the inquiry has related to the circumstances influencing the intellectual fitness of the representatives; to the signs by which that fitness may be discovered. An inquiry not less important is, into the means of determining their moral fitness. Here it may be asked, are there not classes of men whom the people may more particularly trust? And if so, are there any signs or marks belonging to these classes, which peculiarly distinguish them from their fellow-citizens? The answer is, that there are no such classes. Individuals may be trust-worthy above others; but classes cannot be pointed out, as at all peculiarly entitled to confidence. This assertion is diametrically opposed to the prevalent

* The duty of a voter to the public has been banished, not only out of fact and society, but also out of political reasonings and conceptions. Hence the extraordinary difference in the public sentiment between the promise made by a voter to support a particular candidate, and the promise made by a juror to deliver a particular verdict. To be known to have made such a promise as juror, would suffice to brand a man with infamy; but, assuming that he has been guilty enough to make it, and that he repents prior to the verdict, will it not be generally considered that he commits less evil by breaking his promise, than by consummating an injustice? The indignation of mankind is directed, not against the violation of such a promise, but against the making it and the asking it.

Were voting considered as a public trust, the like feeling would prevail with respect to a voter; but it is considered as a matter purely private and optional: so that all which the public exacts of a voter is, that he shall keep a promise when he has once made it; and strenuous opposition has been raised to the ballot, on the ground that it would permit him to violate his promise without detection. Objectors on this ground forget that no promise, interfering with the due execution of a public trust, can be innocently made; and that, with respect to culpable promises, the desirable object is to prevent them from ever being asked or ever made, not to ensure their strict observance after they are made, to preserve men from ever entangling themselves in that trying position, wherein they can only choose between violating a promise or forfeiting a trust. Now it is obvious that electors are much less likely to be called upon to promise when they vote secretly, than when they vote openly; and where few promises are asked, few promises can be broken; so that the fact which the objection assumes, that promises will be habitually broken, is really untrue, while the end is also attained, of removing one great temptation to an undue species of promise.

opinion of the day. Riches, station, and high birth, are supposed, to a certain extent, to be guarantees for good conduct. The testimony of experience is, that neither riches, nor station, nor high birth, deserve consideration, as unconnected with a given individual. The temptations to error are as potent in the case of the rich as the poor man; the man of high as of humble station; of exalted, as of obscure lineage. The ruling party hold these opinions peculiarly obnoxious, and so strong is the sentiment prevalent on this head, that all the biographers both of Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson, for example, laboured hard to make out a gentleman's ancestry for the one and for the other. It was thought by the aristocracy the very height of presumption in these "new men," to pretend to the situation of Premier. "He is nobody," was the potent exclamation. "His father was this, his mother that;" The son of an actress, prime minister of England! The idea is monstrous; it is the portentous offspring of the French Revolution; "of the large and liberal cant of the day,"* and deserves to be considered as one of the most horrid atrocities of that atrocious commotion. "Let him know his station," was the universal exclamation of our nobility. The cry was uttered by every member of the class; by the mere stripling at college, who had caught it from his grandmother; by the dashing youth, who perhaps bestowed the great sentiment on his fellow the groom; by the senator, who, being no longer able to shoot, hunt, or satisfactorily to maintain a mistress, hobbled to the House as a means to dissipate the ennui of the last few months of his crapulous existence. "Let him know his station," rung like a knell in the ears of the plebeian assertor of aristocratic dominion. His last hours were rendered miserable by the legitimate consequences of the principles which he had spent his life in supporting. He obtained the just reward for his exertions.

But are not riches a guarantee? Let the men of the time answer this question. Look at the men now on the political stage. Are not all the great leaders of the aristocracy abounding in wealth? and who is there among the whole class, that is by his riches secured from temptation to do ill? But is not a high or respectable station some safeguard? If by a high station be meant such as the world renders homage to, the answer must be as before—it is no safeguard. If it merely mean that state which necessarily implies certain virtuous habits, then, indeed, a station may be some safeguard. But virtuous political habits belong to no class. The better educated persons of society seldom are guilty of private peculation, or stealing, or murder; but political profligacy of the most shameless sort has been, and is daily practised, by all who have had, and have, political power; political immorality not being counted a vice by any class of the people of England, within whose reach the possibility of perpetrating it has ever been placed. Again, it may be demanded, is not a competence an indispensable requisite, and some safeguard? Unfortunately the word competence is an ambiguous expression; what in one man's opinion is a competence, will not minister to a tenth part of the wants of another. He has a competency who can live according to his desires; if those desires entail little expense, a large income is not needed; if he be accustomed to expensive pleasures, then a large income may not be a competence. No sum, therefore, can be deemed such; none can be assumed as a rule. In every case we are driven to consider the individual himself, to learn his peculiar habits, his peculiar qualifications. These must be evidenced by his own acts,

* A phrase, be it remembered, coined by Mr. Canning himself.

and not by the station he holds in society. Be he of humble birth, "ditch-delivered by a drab," it is no matter. What are his feelings as marked by his conduct? what is his capacity for the office of a representative, as displayed by his own proceedings? These are the proper questions. Riches do not ensure a man's integrity; neither does his poverty. If he have been honest, it is probable that he will not undertake a task he is unable to perform; and if he have shown himself wise, prudent, and instructed, it is evident no one so well as himself can judge of his capacity, as dependent on his circumstances.

We are thus in every case driven from any hope of obtaining evidence respecting the moral fitness of an individual for the office of a representative, from a consideration of his class, to a scrutiny of his own character and history. And that this scrutiny may be efficient, it should be thoroughly unsparing. Before any one can demand confidence in his public capacity, he ought to exhibit worthiness in his private life. He who is dishonest in his private dealings, is likely to be so in all others. Every candidate should therefore be prepared to submit to the most minute and searching questions which bear upon his moral worth: and the public ought unhesitatingly to call upon every candidate to go through this wholesome ordeal. These statements, again, are diametrically opposed to the common feelings on the matter now under discussion. Those who have hitherto set the fashion on these topics, having had a direct and powerful interest to ward off all really efficient scrutiny, the general opinion, though diametrically opposed to the general interest, ought not to create surprise. One of the necessary and most pernicious consequences of an ill-disposed government is a general deprivation of public morality through the ignorance which it endeavours to engender and perpetuate. One of the most marked instances of this mischief, is the mistake generally fallen into in the very case before us. There has been a constant endeavour on the part of those who have borne the character of representatives of the people, to induce a belief that scrutiny is generally unnecessary, in most cases indecent,—that all inquiry into private character is an unwarrantable invasion of privacy, evincing an utter absence of decorum and proper delicacy of feeling. New circumstances call for new proceedings. It is time to throw away all such false notions of delicacy, and without scruple to canvass every part of the character and conduct of every man who offers himself to the people in a public capacity; to pursue this inquiry not by stealth, not by covert questioning, but by open, direct, unflinching examination.

In order thoroughly to exhibit the various motives by which a representative may be influenced, and from thence to frame practical rules by which to tell his probable moral worth, it would be necessary to dissect the existing society, to strip it of those various coverings by which its many mysteries are veiled from public view, and to follow in all its complicated windings the curious texture which binds the whole together, and which, by connecting all parts, renders each subservient to every other. But the present object is merely to point out the necessity under which we labour, of thoroughly investigating every public man's character; to insist upon the necessity of specific qualification in all such persons; not to explain every step requisite in carrying on the inquiry. This inquiry will be completely effective, only when it shall compel all public men to go through a legislative education; and before this can be done, it is necessary to learn what that education ought to include. But this great preliminary subject cannot be treated in the midst of a dis-

cussion like the present ; while any thing but a complete investigation would be time thrown away.

In our next number we shall proceed to the second subject proposed for inquiry ; viz. the degree of confidence which the people, under their present government, or any that they would be justified in expecting, ought to award to their representatives. At present we shall only recommend all electors not to pledge their votes to any candidate, with whose private character and general principles they are not well acquainted, and whose conduct in Parliament, when a few particular questions, which they deem of essential consequence to the welfare of the community, shall come to be discussed, they cannot distinctly foresee.

AURI PANEGYRICON.

Καὶ νῦν Διὶ τῷ γ' ἰσὶ λαμπρῶν καὶ πολλῶν
Ἡ χεῖρην ἀσβεβῆσαι δὴ σὺ σε γίγνῃσαι.

SHALL I not laud thee, Sovereign Lord of Earth,
Hope of all hearts, Arch-priest of every creed !
Thou only Good, sole test of right and worth—
The statesman's alchymy, the warrior's meed,—
Gold ! thou World's-God !—whate'er their race or name,
For thee the nations sweat, and pray, and bleed ;—
And is no voice yet clamorous for thy fame ?
Then let this offered strain, thine ingrate votaries shame.

Fie on the thankless satraps of thy reign !
Fie on thy silent priests ! for more are thine
Than ever watched Ephesian Delia's fane,
Dodona's whispering oaks, or Mecca's shrine.
Shall these be mute, sole idol—of all days,
Whose zealots cool not, or whose rites decline ?
Far be the thought ! one voice, at least, shall raise,
Though more in awe than love, a pean in thy praise.

Are not men's hearts thy realm, and all that springs
Beneath blue Uranus, thy wide domain ?
And kings, and laws, and empires, shadowy things,
Save when thy touch doth give them life ? In vain,
Shorn of thine aid, Truth strains her heavenward eyes,
Proud Honour calls, wronged Virtue doth complain ;
No pilgrims kiss their feet, no prayers arise
To bless the beggared shrines thy wiser sons despise.

And comes bright Genius earthward, from the sphere
Where, evermore, from seraph-harps arise
Immortal strains, which angels stoop to hear,
And solemn voices tell Heaven's mysteries ?
Here, in thy vassal-world, 'tis his to own
A God he knew not in his native skies ;
And yield his strength to fetters, though he groan ;
And soil his wings with dust, and crawl beneath thy throne.

Or doth he scorn thee ? Lo ! his tale is told,—
His days are numbered—dark they are and few !
Sharp Hate doth pierce him ; and Suspicion cold
Freeze his glad spirit like a poisonous dew ;
And though awhile he weave his laurel wreath,
Making sweet music 'midst a hostile crew,
Early the sounds are quenched. With faltering breath
He owns thy vengeful power, and seeks relief from Death !

Let him to dust—unwept for and unknell'd!
 Such are not for *thy* world, whose hope and aim
 Vague gleams of shadowy Heavens, or dreams of Eld,
 Or poet's fadeless crown, or sage's fame,
 Lure from thy away:—a wild, fantastic kind!
 Chasing in grief and gloom an empty name,
 Till misery bids them wake; though but to find
 How little worth their guest—their trusted skill how blind!

Greater than Jove! (for Jove confessed his will,)
 That tyrant of young hearts, the winged Child,
 Sits at thy feet submissive, and his skill
 Plies at thy hest:—with glittering bribes beguiled,
 Hath sold his birthright; on thy palace-gates
 Hangs up his painted quiver, and has piled
 His arrows round thy footstool, where he waits
 The signal of thy nod, to loose his eager fates.

No more, inviting such delicious wound,
 As in the flowery time, when Love was free,
 Soft bosoms tremble at his pinions' sound:—
 They know him for thy slave, and pray to thee!
 Taught by thy love, sly Eros doth disdain
 His early sport, but claps his hands to see
 His cousin Hymen drive a motley train
 Paired by his new deceit, and struggling in their chain.

Lo! Wisdom visits where thy chosen sit,
 In solemn pomp, to judge the needy tribe:
 Pale Genius kneels, and Learning doth submit
 To scornful pity, or opprobrious gibe;
 While those, thy Delphic ministers award
 Unerring doom, and laws and creeds prescribe—
 Wo to the beggared sage, or shivering bard!
 While Justice frowns aloof, and deems their sentence hard.

And millions throng to kiss the golden rod,
 The willing herd whom force and favour drive;
 And *some* there be, who dare blaspheme the God,
 And scorn the labours of the fretting hive;—
 And, waxing eloquent in strong disdain,
 (As madmen with the might of torrents strive,)
 Press through the gaping crowds that yearn for gain,
 Look upwards, and around; and, questioning, thus arraigu:—

“Dark king of many signs, mysterious Sleep!
 Night, Nature's mourning for a sunless sky!
 Ye wild, majestic waters! winds that sweep
 Through winged clouds, untracked by mortal eye!
 Eternal hills, Heaven's pillared gates! and ye,
 Bright host of starry eyes that glow on high!
 Speak! doth this mean and slavish creed agree
 With all ye symbol forth—the Infinite—the Free?”

“Most lovely earth; and was it to sustain
 This pismire toil; which, bending o'er a heap
 Of shining dust and pebbles, straws and grain,
 Makes for a shrine the mud where it doth creep;
 And, blind to broader paths or fairer views,
 Crawls, dull and grovelling, to its last poor sleep—
 Thy countless stores of scents, and sounds, and hues,
 Gush forth, and sing, and glow?—was *this* their noblest use?”

“Accuse these Helots, sacred dead! whose words
 In memory's solemn pages shine enrolled!
 Was this the spell that taught your thrilling chords
 Their deathless tones—their poet-numbers bold?
 Did drossy stremms defile the liquid springs
 Wherewith your eyeballs sprinkled, did behold
 Riches of endless space, and angel-wings
 Covering the face of Heaven! Were *such* your precious things?”

" I know, bright recompense for wait and scorn,
 Proud record of fair glories, deathless fame!
 The quest of nobler good thou wilt adorn;
 And thine own heirs will hallow and proclaim,
 When they who mucked their toil—the worldly crew—
 Shrunk to the kindred dust from whence they came,
 Lie silent and unsung;—their guerdon due,
 To feed the sullen soil from whence their blessings grew!"

Railer! thy words are frantic, and thine eyes
 Crazed by a phantom-worship! Cease—no more!
 At last, though late, fond rhapsodist, be wise;
 Bow to the god—the golden calf adore;
 Heed not what poets sang or sages taught;
 Sell friendship, love, thy faith, thy soul, for ore;—
 Or, if thy stubborn will disdains the thought,
 Go! hide thee from the world, and hoard what thou hast sought!

QUIZZING.

AMONG the noun-substantives still lacking in our vulgar tongue, to designate the follies and vices of modern manners, is one to define the perpetrator of that commonplace—the professor of that fashionable art, called by the learned, mystification; by the gossips, quizzing; by the French, *persiflage*. We know of no English term in which to embody the "*persifleur*" of the Parisians; and the deficiency is the more to be lamented that, although

" We have not got the *word*, we have the *thing*,"

in all the efflorescence of its odiousness.

Nothing can be more arbitrary than to fix the limits of a living language; and those who are fond of setting up Dr. Johnson as a Canute to keep back the advancing waves of philology, are, in fact, the mere Tories of literature, whose "Hitherto shalt thou go and no farther," is gradually becoming drowned in the stir and tumult of the march of intellect. It might have excoriated the ears of Dr. Parr to hear from the lips of an Hungarian innkeeper the Latin for a beefsteak and oyster sauce; or to hob and nob with the Waivode of Athens, in modern Greek. But to say that the English tongue shall stick fast in an age unenlightened by gas, un-waterproofed by caoutchouc, and unconscious of railroads, air-mattresses, Roman punch, patent coffins, paraboue-clogs, sinumbra lamps, Rumford stoves, japan blacking, and Conservative Clubs, is a manifest absurdity. The "well of English undefiled" is not wide enough to float a steam-boat; and Steele and Addison, were they to exhibit their flowing perukes at the Travellers' Club instead of Tom's and Will's, would have instant recourse to the slang dictionary for the extension and multiplication of their parts of speech.

Quizzing, however, is by no means a modern art or science; and disdains to be classed with the shampooing, or transfer-varnishing, or oriental-tinting, or mazurka-ing of the year (of the Lords) 1832. The *persifleur* of the Chaussée d'Antin, is but the "scorner" of the Scriptures; and the hoaxer of the Lowther Arcade, the mad wag of East-Cheape. During the prevalence of household fools and court jesters, it is probable that there may have been a monopoly of the trade; a privilege by courtesy attached to the motley coat, such as now invests the Mr. Merryman of Astley's amphitheatre. At the utmost, a private indi-

vidual was admitted to participate in the right of quizzing, his friends and the world in general, on the first day of April of every succeeding year.

But now that every man is his own jester, the peculiar department of personal mockery, or quizzing, is open to the general practitioner; and from the toddling old nurse who instructs our infant inexperience that the moon is made of green cheese, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who persuades our adult credulity that the firm of John Bull and Co. have no title to appear in the Gazette,—we are dupes through life to a general mystification. The King's Majesty quizzes the nation in an annual speech on the opening of Parliament; and the nation returns the compliment by addresses without end or aim, from one end of the year to the other. Parson Irving quizzed us from the pulpit, and Eldon from the woolsack. St. John Long quizzes us out of our lives, and the Anatomy Bill out of our bodies.

Quizzing was an art much practised among the Ancients. Diogenes was a *persifleur*; the "Phrygian-slave" a quizzer of great and original genius. Scarcely a Roman emperor but quizzed his subjects; and the sneers of Cicero went almost farther than his oratory. The nick-names so lavishly in use in Heathen times evidently originated in "the scorn of the scorers;" while, in modern ages, even kings have been "damned to everlasting fame" by the nudacity of some master of the art of quizzing. "Louis le Lutin,"—"Louis le Chauve,"—"Louis le Bègue,"—"Charles le Téméraire,"—"John Lackland,"—"Edward Longshanks,"—"William Rufus,"—"Albert the Bear,"—"Henry the Fowler," and fifty other princes, great and small, may be cited as traditional victims to the malice of some Theodore Hooke of former centuries. Don-Key,—Sir Bobadil Birnie,—Goose Goderich, are not more eminently martyrs to the practice of quizzing than Tarquin the Proud, or Harry Hotspur.

Various, and variously offensive, are the branches of this anonymous or cacophonous accomplishment; from the unpardonable flagrancy of the practical joke, to the merry conceit of an ironical compliment; from the commonplace manœuvre of filling our mull with Cayenne pepper, to the dexterous anatomization of ourselves, our works, our ancestry, and posterity, in the pages of a smart periodical. To-day we are flayed alive by the *persifleurs*, who change the "hot" and "cold" labels affixed to the water-courses of our bath; to-morrow, by the jocund jesters of the
 ——— Review!

It is surprising what extensive use has been made of this curious weapon in the conflicts of senatorial war. Of all the orators who ever quizzed the House of Commons, Canning was the mightiest. While he flourished the dagger of lath in their faces, or made a lunge at their ribs, the country gentlemen were never sure on which side of their mouth to laugh; and half-affronted, half-mystified, vainly attempted to cover their confusion by Falstaff's declaration, that they were not *really* dupes; that,

By the Lord! they knew him
 As well as He that made him!

The same vein of Parliamentary irony, or quizzing, has been worked by Croker; but the "Arrah now! honours!—are ye sure ye know the heads of yer mother's sons from so many rotten praxies?" is very different from the grave and courtly bantering of Canning's Lord Grizzle-ism.

Lord Chesterfield (the Lord Chesterfield) was the most graceful of quizzers,—Hobbes and Voltaire the most malicious,—Bolingbroke the most profound. Voltaire quizzed mankind in seventy volumes,—Byron in sixteen cantos,—Hope and Beckford in caffans and turbans, and Bulwer in a suit of Stutz superfine. We all know how Ulysses quizzed the Cyclop, and the fathers of the twelve tribes of Israel their common father. The crusades were, in truth, a hoax invented by the Papal See to divert the eyes of Christendom from its exactions and enormities; the South Sea bubble was a chef-d'œuvre of quizzing, and Law, the projector, the most expert *persifleur* of his day. His late Majesty was surrounded by merry jesters addicted to this pernicious propensity. By one he was quizzed into setting up the pepper-box minaret of the Pavilion; by another, into the creation of that wilderness of hay-stacks, the umquihle cottage in Windsor Park. A noble hoaxer, of singular gravity, persuaded him to exhibit himself in rotund maturity in the exposure of the philabeg and tartan; and a *persifleur*, the most imposing, passed off the gudgeons of the Virginia Water for John Doreys and red mullet at the Royal board.

Quizzing is, however, but a weed among the flowers of rhetoric. It is the most heartless of the daughters of mirth,—the hollow vizard found by the fox in the fable, a goodly face of merriment but without brains. The systematic banterer pursues a mode of attack as paltry as it is fatal; crushes us, like Pyrrhus of old, by flinging a crab at our heads; or poisons us, like the last Duchess of Burgundy, by a pinch of snuff tendered with an air of gallantry. A sneer, whether verbally or physiognomically conveyed, is the simoom of social life; while the sun still shines in our faces, we see every thing around us droop and wither under its influence.

All quizzing is not however of a malignant nature. We have amateurs and professional quizzers;—some who resort to the excitement of a hoax as a relief from their own dullness, even as others are actuated by “the dear delight of giving pain.” But even the most innocuous quizzers are an offensive person. His pleasantries manifestly proceed from a sense of superiority, or a desire of humiliating his superiors. A noble *persifleur*, having raised a false alarm of a surprise of the enemy, to put to the proof the valour of Turenne—“Young man,” said the Marshal, “had I betrayed the slightest symptom of poltroonery, your life should have atoned the hoax.” Many mockers by profession provoke moreover the fate of the lying boy who shrieked for help under the fangs of the wolf. They have dealt so largely in jest, that no one can believe them to be in earnest. There is an old French comedy entitled “*Le Persifleur*,” of which the hero becomes so renowned for quizzing, that when at length he prefers his suit to the object of his affections, nothing will persuade her that he is not bantering her by ironical professions. The Dialogues of Lucian exhibit a classical hoaxer of a similar description; and more than one of Boccaccio's heroes is the dupe of a clever mystification.

But of all human quizzing, ancient and modern, plebeian or patrician, nothing equals that now in triumphant practice in the lists of literature. From Zoilus to the penny newspapers, never has there been criticism, penned or spoken, so bitterly pungent as some of the grave laudatory articles, by which authors are now quizzed down to zero in the popular reviews. Satan Montgomery is bantered with the name of Isaiah; Miss Landon by a comparison with the Rochefoucault; and

Don Trueba, with Pigault le Brun. This is a refinement in cruelty. It is twining the rack with flowers, and hanging a man with a cord of gold. The sentence of the reviewer should be "Yes, yea; and nay, nay!" A Barmecide's feast of fame is a supererogation of malice. We hold that all authors so derided have a right to call upon their critics to make good their words; and build up the visionary castles of their *Fata Morgana*, (like London bridge in the nursery song) with "gravel and stone;" or rather, "with silver and gold." A heavy mulct should be imposed on literary quizzing.

ON THE PASSING OF THE REFORM BILL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CORN-LAW RHYMES.

TUNE.—"Rule Britannia."

WHEN wo-worn France first sternly spread
Her banner'd rainbow on the wind,
To strike rebellious reason dead,
The Kings of many lands combined;
Did they triumph? So they deemed:
Could they triumph? No, they dream'd.

From Freedom's ashes, at their call,
A fern of might arose, and blazed;
'Tis true, they saw that phantom fall;
'Tis true they crush'd the power they rais'd;
But in conflict with the wise,
Vain are armies, leagues, and lies.

Not freedom, no, but Freedom's foe,
The baffled league of Kings o'erthrew;
We conquer'd them though slaves can show
They conquer'd us, at Waterloo:
Mind is mightier than the strong!
Right hath triumph'd over wrong!

By sordid lusts to ruin led,
Come, England's foes, ye self-undone!
Behold for what ye tax'd our bread!
Is this the Mont Saint Jean ye won?
Hark! the Rabble's triumph-lay!
Sturdy beggars! who are they?

Fools! call your Czar! hire all his hordes!
Arm Cæsar Hardinge! league and plot!
Mind smites you with her wing of words,
And nought shall be where mind is not:
Crush'd to nothing—what you are—
Wormlings! will ye prate of war?

Ne paltry fray, no bloody day,
That crowns with praise the baby-great;
The deed of Brougham, Russell, Grey,
The deed that's DONE we celebrate!
Mind's great charter! Europe saved!
Man for ever unenslav'd!

Oh, could the wise, the brave, the just,
Who suffer'd—died, to break our chains,
Could Muir, could Palmer, from the dust,
Could murdered Gerald hear our strains—
Death would see, and souls in bliss,
O'ern ages bless'd in this!

THE FAMILY OF THE COLD FEET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "O'HARA TALES."

So were called a highly respectable Irish family; and the appellation is continued to their descendants of the present day, in consequence of the concluding circumstances of the following true narration. Incredulous some readers may be after having perused our paper to the end, notwithstanding our intimation that it deals with facts. Should such be the case we cannot help it; and shall only add, that while the occurrence, for which we apprehend most question, has authenticated parallels in many countries over the world, its truth, in the particular instance before us, has been vouched to the writer by a member of—*The Family of the Cold Feet*. Ay, and cold, cold were his own feet while he told the chilling story; so inveterately, so inheritedly and innately cold, that the blaze of the jovial fire to which we sat, during his narrative, could not impart to them the least warmth; and cold, cold were his children's feet—all except one, who obviously took after her mother, as well in constitution as in face and personal conformation; and cold; cold had been his father's feet—as cold, while he lived, as when he had been dead three days, and decidedly cold all over; and his grandfather's, and his grandfather's mother's—which respectable lady brought the inconvenience into the family. And now we begin to tell in what manner.

Antony Nugent, at four-and-twenty, was a tall, well-limbed, fair-haired, ruddy-cheeked, blue-eyed, and half-educated Irishman;—a younger brother, too, though on that account scarce a whit less dangerous to the heart's ease of many a blooming girl around him. He lived with his brother, the baronet, in the old cut-stone mansion, called Upper Court, having nothing to do but hunt, fish, shoot, cock-fight, dog-fight, badger-bait, ferret-chase the rabbits in the warren, and, above all, dear women, make love to you. Profession he would none of; taking fees, either as attorney, barrister, surgeon or physician, was very much beneath his family consequence; he might have put his fine broad shoulders into a red jacket, indeed, (or rather long and broad skirted red coat, as was then good military exquisitism,) had there been spirited wars going on all over Europe: but it was a time of profound peace, and he caudily admitted that he did not like the trouble of drilling, and parading, and mounting guard, when very little could be expected to come of it; and he had much rather stay at home, amusing himself as a country gentleman on his brother's grounds.

This sounded in many ears as quite an independent resolution; but that it really was so may be questioned. There was little doubt that, at a very early age, he had, with great facility, disposed of, among the pleasures of the Irish metropolis, the few thousands which fell to his share, as a younger brother, according to his father's will: so that when he spoke with a toss of his head, of "staying at home, amusing himself as a country gentleman on his brother's grounds," he must have meant, though perhaps it never struck him, at his brother's expense into the bargain. Sir Roger was fond of him, however, and one of a class of men of that peculiar good nature, besides, who can countenance the expense of those they are fond of, or, as he would himself have said, "used to,"

at the risk of their own personal independence; and so, Tony did very well; ay, just as well as if he had been elder son born, and wrote himself Sir Tony.

Well, love-making, it has been declared, was, above all others, his amusement on his brother's grounds, and in the neighbourhood. For it he would, in truth, give up fox, hare, the river's side, the rabbit-warren, a cock-fight, a badger-bait—any other thing; and of this he boasted, as he ought to have done, to more fair faces than two or three, and was estimated accordingly—for a season at least—by each of those to whom, in turn, he made the avowal in strict confidence. Nor was "Master Tony"—or, more expressively with reference to his virtual reign at Upper Court, "the young master," as the tenants called him—particularly select in the indulgence of his pastime. His "grand passion," or universal passion, asserted and proved itself in a very efficient kind of way, from the "cottier's" comely daughter up through the family of the small farmers, of the "strong farmer," of the gentleman farmer, and of the still more genteel farmer, till it had achieved its utmost flight, proportioned to his opportunities, at the fireside of the next squire, locally "square," baronet, bishop, or, haply, real lord. For Tony certainly had the blessed talent of making himself agreeable, and therefore welcome, from the mud-cabin to the family seat. We have called him half educated,—that is, he pretended to Virgil, and hinted at Euclid; still he had been a member of T. C. D., and he *could* smatter on, amusingly, among the very best society of his county; and in rhyming, which he devoted exclusively to songs in praise of angling, hunting, fishing, wine, and women, Tony was considered a master. To enable the reader to form some opinion on this point, as well as to further illustrate the ruling bent of his mind, a song is subjoined, which has been copied by one of his cold-footed descendants, from the family archives, at our solicitation.

Since with varying charms they inflame us,
To change us from one or from two,
Dear creatures they never can blame us,
If what they insist on we do!
So away with all fears of displeasing,
In easing
The teasing they doom us to know.
Their wrath we are sure of appeasing,
If we love them, and pay as we go!

In a garden, like bees, we may hum on,
And sip what we wish through its bowers—
And why *should* not the garden of woman
Be free as the garden of flowers?
Oh! if one is my rose, daffadilly,
Sweet Willy,
Or lily, another I call—
Nay, sometimes, lest our taste should grow chilly,
Why not snatch a leaf from them all!

Now, any sagacious reader will perceive that so much had not been said about Mr. Tony's characteristics, unless that they must have a good deal to do with the origin and perpetuation of "cold feet" in his family; and such, indeed, is the fact, as we hasten to make evident. The house of a neighbouring gentleman had long been untenanted, save by the rusty servants in whose care he had left it. Mr. Neville lost a well-beloved wife, in her first confinement, and immediately after quitted his

home and country to seek forgetfulness of sorrow in foreign lands. The innocent cause of her mother's death, his infant daughter, he deposited in safe and respectable hands, to be nursed through the first years of childhood; and when Esther Neville gained her sixth year, he sent for her from England, to which country he had just returned from the continent, and thenceforward assumed his natural right as her protector. For some time she was educated in England, afterwards in France and Italy, and ultimately in England again; and in her nineteenth year her father came back with her to his native country, to instal her, as her mother's successor, in his paternal mansion; announcing his determination never to re-marry, and proclaiming her heiress to his considerable estate, and funded property.

Antony Nugent for some long weeks before her arrival within ten minutes ride of Upper Court, had been rather at a loss for a new object of adoration. He soon got Sir Roger to accompany him to Mr. Neville's on a welcoming visit; fell in love with Esther, ten seconds after he had seen her; and having contrived to stay for dinner, while his brother returned home, told her as much before he left the house that evening.

Let no one be astonished at this despatch. It was his way. He couldn't help it. No, no more than a connoisseur can help expressing raptures at the first sight of an old picture, although he may have seen hundreds, quite as old, before it. In very truth, Tony could not recollect the time since his sixteenth year, that he had once been able to curb the avowal of his perfect love for any and every woman or girl the least interesting, by whose side he found himself the necessary number of hours. And we pray, in his behalf, that no ill-natured person will suppose it was because Esther Neville happened to be an heiress, and he a younger brother, that he so soon declared himself, in the present instance. No such thing. Heiresses were by no means new to him. He had been at the knees of one or two before, and given them up in a few months, weeks, or days, as it might be, for the untiring pleasure of once more manifesting his mighty love for the sex, in the case, perhaps, of a pennyless fifth or seventh daughter. No, indeed; the least mercenary lover on earth was Tony. And in some degree to account for this, considering his own pauper state, and a rapid growth of nephews at Upper Court, perhaps it is as well to surmise that, in making fervid love, like a lusty sun, to every flower in the female garden, he had not as yet ever thought of becoming entitled by marriage, to the goods and chattels of one individual woman. But *why* he should not have done so we are utterly unable to explain.

And how sped his as yet newest of all wooings? How did Esther Neville take his sufficiently abrupt attack? Not as she ought to have done, had she much experience of the world, or of the various sorts of fools of it. Out of select English boarding schools, or of continental convents she had lived but little; and romance substituted in her mind a wholesome and most necessary knowledge of mankind and of woman-kind. Of such a man as we have sketched Tony Nugent, at four and twenty, she had dreamed, as well as of her own powers of striking the death at first sight; not forgetting his really fervid and seemingly unchangeable manner in giving her so quick a proof of her good opinion of herself. In truth, although as the most romantic woman is bound to do, Esther made no response to his first startling speech, Tony had not repeated it, with pretty additions, more than four times, when

she did, and vows of deathless fidelity were forthwith interchanged; and in the stolen walks they enjoyed among the wild and solitary scenery adjacent to Mr. Neville's house, plans of future happiness, of happiness that never could, would, should, or ought to tire, towered up, like that same wild scenery, before and before them, till it faded into rich and beautiful vagueness in the distance. And this was as true of Tony Nugent as of Esther Neville. He felt as enthusiastic and as sincere as she did. Yes—not a doubt of it. He felt, in fact, as he had felt a hundred times before, just like a man in love for the very first time; and he could have sworn to the world, as well as to his own heart, that it was utterly impossible he should ever look with the slightest interest on another woman.

In fact, the ardent, quick-tempered Esther, was in her paradise—Fool's Paradise. Once or twice only, she thought it odd that, in all their schemes for perennial blisses, her lover never happened to allude to the married state. But, on reflection, this could mean nothing at all; or, if any thing, it illustrated his delicacy, and so helped to raise him in her estimation, if that were possible. It struck her, however, that she might as well tempt him a little on the point; so, one evening, when, as usual, she had stolen out to meet him by the river's side, Esther, after expressing her tremors at the idea of being missed and asked after by her father, added, "but our little uneasiness on that head, dear Tony, will soon be removed,—I mean, when you propose for me at home."

"Propose for you, at home, dearest Esther?" he repeated, staring at her with great simplicity, and, a disinterested observer might have added, something like quondary, or stupidity. In truth, it was the first time the idea had presented itself to his mind. And here we again express ourselves posed, and unable to make out the peculiar mental economy of our hero. Such as we have found him, however, we give him to the world; and that's all can be said on the subject.

A quick flash from Esther's dark eyes met his strange stare; and she demanded, sharply, "Why do you repeat my words?"

"Repeat your words, Esther?—oh, ay; yes, to be sure—what a blockhead I am—! ha! ha! don't be angry with me, *gru-ma-chree*—" here he slightly interrupted his speech by a little act—"but, as I over and over told you, my darling,—looking straight into your beautiful face" (it was *not* beautiful, only deeply interesting) "always makes me forget what I am saying—ay, or doing, either,"—and here he repeated the little act before alluded to.

Esther echoed his laugh; and, though nothing more distinct was said on the subject, all seemed well. On their way homeward, however, she thought Tony a shade graver, or more reflective than usual; and she lay down that night with the germ of something disagreeable in her mind.

The next evening, Tony sent her a message, as usual, and they were again alone, in a convenient, lover-like place. Esther came out, determined to watch him; and having made this resolution, she, doubtless, would have found in his words, looks, and manner, something she suspected him of, had he been as innocent as a babe. Truth must be told, however, Tony really was a changed, or, at least, a changing man. Why? He no more knew, at present, than he had known, on similar occasions, many a time and oft, before. Once, only, during the even-

ing, did he appear much interested ; but the occasion for his alteration of demeanour was no comfort to Esther's heart.

"When my cousin Mary comes to see me, dear Tony, we must, at once, make her a confidant," said Esther.

"Certainly, Esther.—Does she come soon?"

"To-morrow—some time of the day."

"Indeed? and that is soon;"—his handsome eyes beamed brightly, —though, alas! for poor Esther, they turned away, with a kind of a happy, speculative expression. "I'm so glad;—for your sake, I mean. Your cousin will be such company to you!"

"Thank you, Tony."—Esther was quite put out; she could make nothing of him.

"Is she older or younger than you, Esther?" demanded Tony, still in a calculating way.

"About my own age."

"And like you?—any family resemblance?"

"Not the least:—I am not *very* tall; she is tall: I am a brown girl; she is a fair one—"—"With blue eyes, light hair, and a good complexion?" interrupted Tony, vivaciously. "Yes, as is usual, with very fair women,"—"Very fair, you say?" again interrupted her waning, waning lover,—bewitched with the novelty of the contrast between his late mistress and his future one.

"Yes, Tony Nugent, *very* fair, as fair as heart can wish," answered Esther, now just beginning to apprehend.

"And only about nineteen, like yourself," cried Tony, not noticing Esther's expressive manner, in the anticipating joy of his simple heart; "and a bounding, bouncing, charming girl, I'll warrant; all smiles and laughter, and pleasant conversation! Yes, I remember you hinted as much to me before; didn't you, Esther?"

"Perhaps—why do you keep rubbing the palms of your hands together, Mr. Tony Nugent? I don't find the evening so cold."

No use in continuing the scene between the lovers, on this occasion; Tony arrived at home to rave as much about Esther's cousin, as he had done about Esther's self, before her arrival at Upper Court. Esther locked herself up in her chamber to hate the merry-hearted Mary, whom she had loved, during their first acquaintance in Dublin, on her way from England, to her father's house, and ever since, till this evening; and, even towards her *beau-ideal* of lover, and of constant lover, Tony Nugent, her heart began to change, and change badly. Unamiable ingredients had naturally mixed themselves up with the whole of Esther's character; and the course of her education and experience had not since worked them out of it. As a child, she was self-willed, almost daring in the attainment of whatever she had set her heart on, and resentful, if thwarted in gaining her object. Nay, worse, she could brood over her disappointment, and unrelentingly nurse a spirit of retaliation towards its author. Judicious direction of her mind and feelings, might, doubtless, have done much towards subduing, if not eradicating these infirmities, during her growth from child into girl; or the really good portions of her mind and heart, their generosity, and even romance, might have been cultivated and enlarged so as to weigh down their dangerous tendencies. Such, we repeat, had not however been the case; and, now, at nineteen, she was, therefore, a passive victim to the unamiable temptations of her nature; at the impulse, too, of the greatest disappointment any woman can feel, and which Esther Neville felt to an

intensity of which few women are capable. In fact, before the summer morning's sun danced dazlingly through her window, on her sleepless eyes, Esther had vowed a vengeance upon the unconscious Tony Nugent, for his buoyant spirits, the previous evening; nay, she had planned it, and only waited to receive full proof of his delinquency, with a fit opportunity, in order to carry it into execution.

And Tony did not keep her long waiting. He was in Mr. Neville's house when Mary O'Neil entered it, and scarce stirred from her side the whole evening. Esther had to suffer the scene of a laughing, witty, hilarious flirtation between her cousin and her quondam lover, while she sat neglected, looking out at the beauties of nature, through the old bow-window of the sombre drawing-room. She did suffer it, however, silently, and, to all appearance, contentedly; and, at length, she left them alone,—to reconnoitre, however, from an adjacent room; at the door of which she had not stood a long while, till her ears heard the words of perfidy from Tony's importunate lips, and then something else from them, with the aid of those of the laughing, almost scoffing Mary O'Neil, which sounded to Esther like a poisonous reptile's hiss.

And, now, she took her measures, her first ones, at least. She wrote to Mary's brother, a brave, though fierce old campaigner, quartered with his regiment in a town near at hand. She sought her father, in his library, and conversed with him some time. Then she had to adapt her manner and looks to her purposes, before re-entering the drawing-room, where the new lovers still sat in happy twilight.—“Does she laugh, at him still?” thought Esther, again eaves-dropping at the door. “No—*now* her voice is gentle enough, and if she *does* continue to reject his quickly conceived, and as quickly told love, 'tis in maiden murmurs only.—Good! very good!—Mary O'Neil, he shall be mine yet—mine, though it were but to shew him how I loathe him, when he *is* so!”—And, so meditating, Esther tripped into the room, in seemingly high spirits, rallying the happy pair, and congratulating herself on having been the means of making them known to each other. Mary laughed, and protested, and remonstrated, and asked “How could such nonsense enter into her dear Esther's head?”—And Master Tony, what did he say or do? Was there no appearance of disconcertion in his manner? no consciousness of being, at the least, a very gay deceiver? no awkwardness in the presence of the woman to whom, a few hours before, he had been swearing, in good round oaths, (as became his rank and bearing in those good old times,) entranced adoration and immortal fidelity? Not a trace of anything like all this: and for a very sufficient reason—namely, because he did not feel it. His heart accused him of nothing at all. He stood quite self-acquitted to his own conscience, or rather he had never been at its bar for an instant. He was but following his nature, his vocation. In a word, the matter did not, could not trouble his mind, had never done so, and was very unlikely ever to do so. And hence, upon Esther's re-appearance, he only joined in Mary O'Neil's laugh, and chuckled, and rubbed the palms of his hands together, in the way Esther scarce liked, (if he would recollect himself a little;) and really and truly thought it all exceedingly pleasant and natural, and just as it ought to be.

About three evenings after, Tony and Mary O'Neil were seated in a very nice little place, out of doors, doing their very best to be mutually amiable. It was a miniature, a fairy valley, abruptly entered, at one point, very near to that where they had chosen to repose themselves

after their romping walk, by a zig-zag path, down one of its sides—the side, too, opposite to where they sat. A little wailing brook—so little that it fretted itself in wailing against the mere pebbles which obstructed the would-be perfectly even course of its insignificant existence—was at their feet; their couch was one of the inland sweeps of its mossy, and daisied, and butter-cupped bank; and the sky-lark was bravuraing his last evening song for his wife, over their heads.—Could there be a better boudoir for two lovers? They thought not.

“But can I believe you?” murmured Mary, as Tony’s doomed head rested on her shoulder, and his arm encircled her waist;—“this time, your first time?”

“I vow and swear it, dearest, dearest darling, by the round world, and the blue sky over it!—by your two-eyes!—and by this—and this—.”

“Stop, stop!” whispered Mary, struggling; “there’s some one looking at you.”

Tony followed her glance with his own. On the top line of the sweeping ground opposite to them stood three figures. Esther Neville, leaning her right arm on her father’s, and her left on a dragoon officer of about forty. “My brother Peter!” half shrieked Mary, starting up.

The new comers stood a moment, observantly; during which Esther, turning her face alternately, from one to another of her supporters, pointed expressively towards the lovers. “What do they want here?” asked Tony, rising. Esther, her father, and Captain O’Neil, descended the zig-zag path to the brook, crossed the tiny stream by stepping-stones, and were soon with their friends.

“Hope you’re well, Miss Mary O’Neil, since I saw you last,” said the *militaire*. Mary could only run to him, and embrace him. “Good evening, Mr. Tony Nugent, began Esther.” “A kind good evening, Esther,” answered Tony, “though I thought we wished each other that before.” “I want to make you acquainted with Miss O’Neil’s brother, Captain O’Neil,” continued Esther. “Thank you kindly,” responded Tony.

“My service to you, sir,” said the Captain, bowing low, while the broad skirts of his braided buff coat stuck out at either side. “And mine to you, Captain,” answered Tony, quite cheerfully.

“I may as well make you a little better known to one another, gentlemen,” resumed Esther, haughtily taking her father’s arm, while her bridled passion made her brown cheeks pallid, and her slight lips ashy-coloured. “This, Mr. Antony Nugent, is a brave and distinguished officer, who, as yet, cannot count a stain on the honour of one member of his family, male or female, and who is determined he never shall. And this, Captain O’Neil, is the young gentleman who has been trifling with the affections of two of your relations, in the short space of a few weeks; the presumptuous beggar, who began by swearing himself *my* admirer, and who prevailed on me to conceal the dishonour from you, dearest father; and who, the very hour Mary O’Neil came to see me, repeated the same oaths to her—(Mary shrieked out at these words)—and repeated them, again and again, until at last she allowed him the degree of intimacy we have witnessed from the top of that height yonder.”

“A bad kind of business, Mr. Antony Nugent,” remarked the grave and gruff Captain. “I protest—I declare, Captain, I don’t know, I can’t see what all this means,” said Tony. “Then we must only try and clear your eyesight, sir.—You wish to have nothing to say

further in the matter, cousin Esther?" "Me!" repeated Esther, scoffingly, "I scorn the poor adventurer as I do the dust of the road I have come to find him for you." "Very well," rejoined the Captain, "you need be in no passion, my dear; I only asked you to declare your mind to his face—just to give him a hint that, although my own sister is second in the case, I should have seen you righted, before her, if such was your will, taking into account that *you* were first in the case. Very well. And so, Mr. Antony, 'tis with Miss O'Neil's help you are carrying on the war at present?"

"Sir? what do you say, Captain?" asked Tony.

"That is, in plain words, you are very much devoted to my sister."

"Devoted! I adore her on the knees of my heart! and have told her as much, no doubt, a thousand times!" assented Tony, joyously.

"Indeed; and any one might have guessed as much who had seen you together here in the open country, and in the broad day-light, as I did, a few moments ago. Very well, sir. You do my sister and me a great honour."

"Delighted to hear you say so!" cried Tony, pouncing on his hand, and shaking it.

"Very well, Mr. Antony. All very well so far; and of course you agree that, particularly after the scene here between you this evening, which any common peasant may have witnessed before your friends came up, the sooner such matters are brought to an end, the better for all parties concerned."

"I—I must really say," stammered Tony, "that I should be very, very sorry to bring things to an end so soon between me and my darling Mary ——." His heart merely failed him at the thought of *giving her up* so exceedingly soon; "but, if you afford me a little more time, and let me look about me a little, perhaps, with good opportunity, I may soon be able to oblige you."

"I can spare but very little time, sir," replied the Captain, looking dangerous. "My leave of absence extends but to three days."

"Well, Captain, well, even in three days a good many things may happen."

"But the business ought to be completed, sir, before I go back to my regiment."

"Well, and perhaps it may,—who knows?" assented Tony cheerfully, and with great self-reliance.

"Come, come, sir—I don't understand you at all, nor your foolish manner either. In one word, Mr. Antony Nugent, are you prepared to marry Miss O'Neil this evening, under Mr. Neville's roof?"

"Marry!"—ejaculated Tony, in unfeigned surprise. But he was soon made more familiar with the new-formed idea, on having the Captain's alternative suggested to him. Not, indeed, that he was as much a coward as he was a half-witted country gentleman. Had he disliked Mary, it is probable he would have stood and fired his four or five shots for a chance of escaping her; but, on the contrary, his passion for her still remained as strong as any he had ever felt for any other woman, chiefly, perhaps, because as yet she had not quite fully avowed her adoration of himself, and he wanted that habitual gratification, at any risk. In short, with the nature or extent of his new engagement only very vaguely established in his mind, and while poor Mary, notwithstanding a growing preference, objected on the score of Tony's perfidy to her cousin, as well as on account of the rapidity of the proceeding,

married they were that evening, in Mr. Neville's house,—her brother emphatically bullying her into compliance by threats of a foreign convent, to hide, as he said, the disgrace she had brought on her family. It should before now have been said that Mary O'Neil was an orphan, her father and her mother both dead, and therefore that she stood greatly in awe of a brother so much her elder.

"I wish you joy, Mary Nugent," whispered Esther, directly the marriage ceremony had been performed. Mary half started at the emphasis with which her cousin spoke; it seemed to hide a dangerous meaning. Then she began to wonder at Esther's zeal in so precipitately providing her with a husband, in the person of the very man whom, but a few days before, she had permitted to pay attentions to herself. And the reader's surprise may also be aroused on this point, recollecting Esther's mental resolve, while meanly eaves-drooping at the drawing-room door. Marrying Tony to another woman seemed, indeed, a strange step towards making him her own property. But we shall soon hear her explain the crooked and unique workings of her imperfected mind and unrefined heart.

How Tony was to support a wife, now that he had got one, together with some other little human beings who might follow the event, to say nothing of himself, dogs, horses, cocks, ferrets, and two or three servants, at least, to look after his whole menage; this was a question which occupied his brother-in-law the captain, his host, Mr. Neville, and (in a very slight degree) himself, to a late hour the night of his marriage.

"As for me," said Tony, laughing gaily, "every body knows that, since my last Dublin trip, I have been living on Divine Providence, like my friends the archbishops."

"Your brother may assist you," observed Mr. Neville.

"Roger has not a sod that isn't mortgaged twice over," answered Tony; "and I believe I helped him, the first time, my own self," he added, again laughing—not a false, forced laugh, but a very sincere hearty one.

"I live on my pay alone," said Captain O'Neil, "having been a little improvident, like yourself, brother Tony, in my younger days, with the wreck of the paternal property which my dear father's tastes, as a country gentleman, properly supporting the family consequence, left me to take care of. Your wife's little fortune remains untouched, however; and, with it, suppose we purchase and stock a snug farm for you? Care and prudence might soon make you and Mary rich, and cut out something for the little ones; and 'tis no disgrace to a gentleman to farm his own lands."

"Done!" cried Tony, striking the table with his knuckles. "Disgrace? not a bit; 'tis a most honourable occupation,—and that's the worst can be said of it. And as to care and prudence between my darling Mary and me, now that we are to be turned out on our own accounts; never fear, Captain; never fear, Mr. Neville. But now I want to go look after her, and ask what she's doing; so good night,—and here's our own noble healths. Good night—hurra!" And, bounding like a stag over the backs of chairs which stood in his way, Tony sallied forth on his self-imposed mission of discovery.

Two days after, the new-married couple, accompanied by the Captain, left Mr. Neville's house to take possession of their own. Esther Neville did not appear to wish them good bye,—her father said she was indisposed. Nor had she appeared to them since the moment after their marriage,

when she wished Mary joy in rather a remarkable manner. And her father all along gave the same account of her absence; but it was not the true one. Esther did not stay in the house ten minutes after leaving the drawing-room that evening. Ordering her carriage, she departed in it for the abode of a lady, a relation, in the neighbourhood; and home she did not return till Tony Nugent and his wife had quitted her father's house.

Let us jump over about a year-and-a-half, and visit farmer Tony in his own house, just to see what "care and prudence" had done for him in the mean time. He and Mary are sitting to a good turf fire, facing each other; and that's one feature of comfort, certainly. Tony has a huge jug of strong beer before him,—and that's another. But he is ill-dressed, and so is poor Mary; and he looks five years older than when last we saw him, and not so handsome, to say nothing of respectable; and she looks delicate, and worn, and drooping; in fact, she is but lately risen from her lying-in bed, with the premature loss of her baby. Glance round the room. Fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, nets, and other weapons and implements of field sport, irregularly placed over the chimney, hint that Tony is yet able, or recently has been, to follow some of his old pastimes; nay, a fox-hound rolled up before the fire, and a fresh brush stuck into the muzzle of a fowling-piece, proclaim, that, if his hunter is not yet in the stable, he very lately might have been found there. But what shall we say of the torn, and worn, and crumpled carpet on the floor? and of the rickety, almost shivered deal table before him; and of the one mean, thin, gauky tallow-candle which flickers on it? and of the broken chairs, and the damp white mould which in many places covers the paper on the walls of Tony's parlour?

*A few words of the conversation between him and his wife may assist us to answer:—"Never mind, Mary duck; keep never minding, and all will go right in the long run; and if you would just stop talking to me, in that way, about this woman and that woman, and this girl and that girl, you would leave me more heart to look about me, and keep things together."

"Very well, dear Tony, very well; only I'm told you had a fine time of it while I was up stairs, the last three weeks. But no matter. What we are now to do for common food, or even the old leaky house over our heads—that's the question."

"Well, and so it is, darling," assented Tony.

"You take it very quietly, Tony dear."

"And to be sure I do, Mary pet."

"But what do you mean to do? There is not a shilling left of the thirteen hundred spared out of my little fortune, after purchasing the farm, to help us on—is there?"

"Not a stiver, my love."

"And our stock is driven, almost to the last cow, for debts incurred in the meantime?"

"You speak the blessed truth, duck."

"And we owe more than they have sold for."

"Indeed and we do, sure enough."

"And no one will give us a loaf on credit any longer."

"So they say, darling."

"Then where are we to get the loaf?"

"Buy it—out of that, my dear:" and, to Mary's utter astonishment,

Tony emptied a goodly-sized leathern bag of golden guineas on the table.

"In the name of goodness, Tony, how have you come by that?"

"Esther Neville's attorney gave it to me."

"Esther Neville's attorney," repeated Mary, in consternation.

"Yes, love. You know since the old man's death she has all his great riches at her own disposal."

"Yes. Well, she lends it to you?"

"No such thing; but, as I was talking of mortgaging our little purchase, she heard of it, and so sent the attorney to me, and the business was soon settled."

"Soon, indeed," replied Mary. Then she added to herself: "Well might you wish me joy, Esther;" and dismal and fearful, though vague forebodings pressed on Mary's mind. "How soon must you repay Esther Neville, Tony?" she resumed, after a pause, during which her tranquil husband was whistling a hunting-air, and playing with the heap of gold on the table.

"Esther offered me my own time, darling; so, to make sure, I named this day twelvemonths; and there's what the little attorney called a special deed of agreement between us, that the land and house are Esther's if we are not quite punctual. But little fear of that: 'care and prudence' will enable us to meet the debt in six months, not to talk of twelve."

A stout, comely serving-wench here bustled into the parlour, much agitated, and bawled out: "Misther Antony, there's Kitty Larissy, the smith's daughter, from the other side o' the river, is afther sendin' in a little brat of a *gorsoon*, to ax you to step out to spake to her. I wondher what makes her ashamed or afcared to come up to our dour her ownself, instid o' snakin' about the house in that way."

"Divje's in the little fool, what can she want of me?" demanded Tony, bundling out of the room with a very bad grace.

"You're the best judge o' that, yourself, sir," answered the serving-wench, stumping after him in evident dudgeon,—and dudgeon of that peculiar kind which might have had its source in outraged though tender feelings.

"Twelve months are soon passed over;" and again, with permission, we approach Tony's house upon the day appointed for the re-payment of Esther's loan to him.

Something unusual occurs within. The road, as we come near, is covered with country-people; groups of them also recline on shelving ground over it; and all are grave, and converse in whispers. Looking to the humble mansion, we see its window-shutters closed. Entering its little court-yard, Sir Roger Nugent's old lumbering carriage appears at the door, with, behind it, those of some of the neighbouring gentry, and Sir Roger's servants wear long white hatbands and scarfs. Immediately before the door two chairs confront each other at some distance; and at either side of it stand two mutes in black cloaks, holding long black poles in their hands, surmounted by folds of white linen.—Death is in the house! The country people have flocked in to attend the funeral—a duty considered almost sacred among them—and to vie with each other in bearing the coffin on their shoulders to the church-yard. And now they know they have not to wait long, for the two chairs have just been placed before the door to receive the coffin in a few moments, while

the clergyman prays over it before it is lifted up and borne to its destination.

The pause, though short, is intensely awful. The country-people crowd up to the house, scarce uttering a breath. Hush! hark! that wild low wailing of women within the house announces the closing of the coffin-lid. Do not the hoarse moans of men mingle with it? Again hush! The corpse is brought out. Two clergymen, an old and a young man, issue through the door bareheaded, and murmuring prayers; white scarfs across their shoulders, and white flowing bands on their hats. Then, carried upon men's arms, who confront each other, appears the coffin—poor Tony Nugent and his brother following it as chief mourners, their eyes reddened and cast down, and their lower features hid in the collars of their black cloaks; other mourners, friends and neighbours, also appear in black cloaks, and, for the present, the procession is ended by women in close white mantles, with hoods gathered round their faces, whose wild lament now swells higher and higher on the ear, and is answered, suddenly, by the ejaculations and cries of the hitherto hushed crowd before the house. The coffin rests awhile upon the chairs; every head is uncovered, and every knee bent, while the clergymen pray over it. Then four strong men place it on their shoulders; the clergymen still precede it; the widower and his brother still follow it; Sir Roger's carriage and servants come after; then the friends and their carriages; then the women in white,—and all pass through the country-people, abroad, who form irregularly in their train, to the amount of perhaps a thousand souls, men, women, and children; and in this order the procession moves on, near the bank of a sffining placid river, and through the windings and inequalities of a road running almost by chance between sweeping hills at either hand; the continued wail of the women echoing from height to height, and along the surface of the water.

It was late of an October day when the funeral left the house. But the church-yard could soon be gained; it was not a quarter of a mile distant. Before arriving at it, however, the weather suddenly changed, as if to try the sincerity of the multitude of voluntary mourners. Hail, rain, sleet, and wind burst and blustered around them;—no creature of the assembly turned back.—The coffin was carried into Sir Roger's family vault, the mouth of which, in the middle of the uninclosed church-yard, was always covered over by a little oblong building of brick and mortar, surmounted by a marble slab, except when a tenant approached it; and then the slab was removed, and one side of the oblong broken down, to afford free passage for the descent of the corpse, down a few narrow stone steps. These circumstances it is advisable to mention: and notice is also invited to the closing events of the evening in the church-yard. The deluges of rain and sleet, and the roaring of the wind, increased rather than diminished at the moment, when, in the somewhat premature gloom of the hour, the coffin was being conveyed down the steps into the tomb. There was bustle, and confusion, and anxiety, and uncertainty. The steps were slippery from the sleet; the bearers of the sad burden missed their footing; they and it were precipitated into the depths of the vault: and the results of the accident soon appeared to be some dislocation of their limbs, and a giving way of the screws of the coffin-lid. For the men, help was at hand; for the other mishap, persons were to be sought after; the evening grew darker and blacker; the storm augmented its rage; and, at the advice of all friends present,

Tony Nugent consented to return home, and wait until morning to have the coffin screwed down again, and the mouth of the vault re-built.

We now rapidly approach the close of our true history. Sir Roger and the elder of the clergymen accompanied Tony to his house, to stay the night, and console him in his bereft situation. They found the doors closed; and this the servants, who had all gone with the funeral, pronounced strange, inasmuch as they had been left open, and, indeed, the house empty; after the departure of the body for the church-yard. Tony knocked; the door was opened by Esther Neville's attorney. The widower started, stared, and turned pale. The attorney drew him aside and said.—“Miss Neville, herself, sir, is in the parlour, and wishes to speak with you alone—quite alone.—I am not sure if her head is right; and what she exactly means to do I cannot guess; but she insists on seeing you without a witness.”

Tony looked still more confounded for a moment; but a happy thought seemed to relieve him a little; he whispered to his brother and the clergyman what was going on, and stepped into the parlour.

Esther Neville was seated at the fire in the riding dress of the day. A solitary candle scarce gave light to the apartment. To Tony's great comfort she smiled when he appeared, and held out her hand to him—saying.—“I am glad to see you *in my house*, Tony Nugent.”

“In *your* house, Esther?”

“Don't you remember what day of the month it is to-day?”

“Yes,” muttered Tony; “and now I guess what you mean, Esther Neville.”

“Perhaps you do not. Can you redeem your land and house?”

“No, not if one gold guinea could redeem them for me.”

“Then they *are* mine, you know; and, as the weather is bad, I intend sleeping here, to-night, with some servants, and my attorney. They will contrive a bed for *you*, at Upper Court, I suppose; or perhaps your friend the clergyman may oblige you.”

“Thank you, Esther; I'll go and see.”

“Stop a moment, dear Tony:” he started, and turned round, she was again smiling at him: “sit down, and let us have a little chat, something like old times.” He did as he was bid; she drew her chair closer to him.

“Ah, those old times, Tony! when you vowed and swore you loved me dearly!”

“And I did, Esther!” gasped Tony, his happy suspicion before entering the parlour now growing into almost a reality. “I did! as truly as ever man loved woman!”

“'Twas for a short time, however. You soon gave me up for another.”

“Ah, dear Esther, a foolish frolic; did not mean giving you up; and you were to blame, yourself, for separating us, really.”

“And perhaps I was, dear Tony. But that can't be helped now, you know. Let us go on, instead of looking back. Whatever attracted you to me, a few years ago, is still in me; and I am still a very young woman, not yet two-and-twenty.”

“To be sure you are, my dear Esther! and improved, if possible, every way! and more worthy of true love than ever!”

Did Tony mean and feel what he said? He did. Esther again was a contrast to all other women he had adored since their angry parting;

and—with the tomb unclosed over Mary O'Neil—and worse—her coffin unscrewed—he *did* mean and feel what he said.

They continued their conversation together for more than an hour. Esther's revenge over the paltry mind and heart of Tony Nugent lay within her grasp. She sent him to call in his brother, the clergyman, and the attorney. She invited them to be seated, and spoke as follows.

"Mr. Attorney—whatever I say, do not interrupt me. You have assured me there are no means of staying your proceedings against Mr. Tony Nugent, and that his house and lands must pass out of his possession, and he once more become a pauper. But I have found means. I do not scruple to say, gentleman all, that he and I were once sincerely attached to each other, and that an old love is now renewed, and as truly as ever. That being the case, there can be nothing very extraordinary in our becoming man and wife, and, for his sake, as soon as possible. Should we delay a single day—a single evening and night, I mean—I must become the possessor of his only earthly property; and, sudden—and, perhaps, something else—as the resolution may appear, I have consented to marry him, this instant, to save him from the humiliation of offering himself to me as a mere beggar."

Tony winced at the tone of her address. It was a little unlike (though he could not exactly say how or where) her honied words to him, a few moments before. And so was the expression of her face, though he could not define that either. Esther paused a moment, being interrupted by loud shouts and cries, seemingly of deadly terror, which passed by the house. They subsided, and she continued.

"Yes, Gentlemen, there he stands, Tony Nugent, my old lover; Tony Nugent, who, partly out of a return of pure, disinterested affection for me, partly from a very natural desire of keeping a roof over his head, presses me—" (there, again, thought Tony, why, 'twas she pressed me!) "to marry him this instant—in this house—the house of death—death's taint, and almost smell in it,—pah!—and while the late wife of his bosom is scarce yet cold in the grave! But these facts should only increase my love and gratitude, since they only show how great is the ardour of his passion. Here I stand up, then, dear Tony; and when I *am* your wife, you and your friends shall hear a few more of my opinions about you."

They stood hand in hand before the clergyman; every one but Esther, even Tony, looking stunned and confused. She afterwards declared her plan of revenge;—to have married him, in order to prove to the world the base folly and littleness of his nature, which, under the circumstances she had herself enumerated, could permit him to accept any woman's hand, either for whim, or self-interest, or both;—and then Esther would have spurned him to her feet, drawn his own picture to his face, and cast him off for ever. But the sweet cup of revenge was fearfully snatched from her lips, even while they touched it. All in the parlour were suddenly startled by a very low hoarse moaning at one of the windows, of which the shutters fastened inside. They listened, and feeble fingers seemed scratching at the glass; and then the weak, inarticulate voice passed round to the back of the house, accompanied by a trailing noise. A moment after, shrieks and howls of utter terror arose in the kitchen, and Tim Ryan, Tony's man-of-all-work, clasped round the waist by a stout serving-wench before mentioned, broke into the parlour, as mad for the time as any two poor creatures in Bedlam. "*Thononduou!*"

began Tim; and he only was able to speak, or rather stutter, "God forgive us for cursin'!—bud—here it's a fatter us, hot-fut!"

His master and friends rapidly questioned him; he took little notice. "And the duoul's in me, for a born fowl, to-run and open the back-dour, to let it in! only that you heard it Winny, and was afeard, and made me go out to see—Murther!—don't ye all hear it!" The trailing noise remarked outside the house, was now more distinct, coming along the passage from the kitchen. "Murther! and do ye mane to stay here!—Let me go, Winny; and help a hand to pull open this windee!" He began to unfasten the shutters,—“Oh, your reverence, won't you thry an' lay it, Sir!—Let me go, Winny, I tell you!”

But Winny did not let him go; and they emerged together through the now fully open window.

Almost at the same moment, Mary Nugent, clad in her grave-clothes rent and soiled, and with her hands and feet bleeding, dragged herself on her knees to the threshold of the parlour door; and there, after half raising herself to give one corpse-like look at the group within, fainted and fell across it, "a weary weight."

Our story is told. Esther Neville had only half her revenge; and when recovered from the terrors of that night, she made amends for having ever wished to wreak any. She shared her fortune with Mary and Tony, who lived together, a tolerably happy couple, during more than twenty years after—thanks to a false step and bad screws—the father and mother of sons and daughters—all as much alive all over their little bodies, as if their mamma had never been waked and buried beforehand,—all over their little bodies, except in their lower extremities,—a deficiency transmitted to them by Mary Nugent, who, in that respect, never was able wholly to rewarm herself out of the chill of the tomb, and who thus became the founder of "THE FAMILY OF THE COLD FEET."

SONG—BY MRS. GORE.

Wouldst thou cross the weary sea, Willie,
 Wouldst thou quit the threshold stone,
 Where thy young feet totter'd in infancy,
 Ere our mother's days were done?—
 Her last sad look of this world of woe
 Was ta'en from that threshold stone!

Shall another hand than thine, Willie,
 Bind up the gadding vine,
 That strays so wild o'er the casement pane,
 Where the woodbine-blossoms twine?
 Our mother's care first train'd them there,
 Where the noon-beams fiercest shine.

When thou'rt far away o'er the sea, Willie,
 Rude hands will soon molest
 The brooding bird that, year by year,
 Returns to yon dear old nest:—
 Dearly our mother lov'd to welcome
 That faithful summer guest!

The Punishment of Death.

What though the world go hard, Willie,
 And English bread be scant,
 There's a heartful cheer in our own dear land,
 That no other earth can grant;
 The prairie teems with brightest flowers,
 But it was not thy childhood's haunt.

See yonder the fair hill-side, Willie,
 Where the early harebells wave;
 See yonder the limgrove's quivering screen,
 See yonder the wildwood cave;
 See yonder the tall green grass that springs
 On our mother's kirkyard grave!

Sadly thou'lt miss them all, Willie,
 In the boundless forest plain,
 When the log-butt shelters thy burning head,
 And there's none to soothe thy pain;
 And curse the craving lust of gold,
 That tempted thee o'er the main.

Thou wilt think of our old roof tree, Willie,
 With its thin, grey, curling smoke;
 Thou wilt seem to see the spring gush forth
 From the roots of its sheltering oak;
 And seem to hear the solemn words
 That our dying mother spoke.

And thou wilt curse thy fickle foot, Willie,
 And the hour when thou wast born,
 And yearn for the meanest household thing
 Thou hast left behind in scorn
 Go not, Willie!—'twould grieve our mother
 To see me here forlorn.

We are but two in the world, Willie,
 But *one*, so thou dost not roam;
 But who can tell what chance may bide
 Where the routing breakers foam—
 Trim up the hearth!—my brother stays
 In our own dear father's home!

 THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ANTI-DRACO.

THE growing repugnance of the public mind to the punishment of death, is one of the strongest possible proofs of the advancing civilization of the age. There were times when our legislators might have made every offence which is cognizable by our Courts of Justice, a capital crime, without incurring the animadversion of public opinion; and, they certainly did make great progress towards that Draconic perfection of criminal legislation. In the worst periods, indeed, of our legislative history, there were some men of superior minds, whose clearer judgment estimated this sort of legislation as it deserved, and whose moral sense revolted at its wickedness, while their intelligence abhorred its barbarism. But, such men were isolated in their generation: their sentiments found no response in the public mind: their opinions had no

practical result. The people had lost the better instincts which are sometimes found to supply the place of moral instruction in the simplicity of the savage state, without having acquired those correct notions and cultivated sentiments which an advanced state of civilization teaches. Ignorant and narrow-minded pretenders to a knowledge of the "science of government," had brutalized the public mind by investing justice with the attributes of revenge; or, rather, they had deposed from her seat that "august and godlike" power, and enthroned in the temple dedicated to her name, the destroying spirit of vengeance. Hence, the people became dreadfully familiar with judicial slaughter; and from the habit of seeing legal murder committed in the name, and attended with all the solemnities of justice, their natural feelings ceased to be shocked by such deliberate outrages against reason, morals, and humanity. Thus vicious legislation debauched the human heart and understanding, and corrupted the sources of moral improvement, under the pretence of repressing crime!

By the enactment of laws which confounded all distinctions of moral guilt, and which rendered the life of man of so little value as to make its destruction, by judicial process, an ordinary and familiar occurrence, the legislators themselves became criminal; and, though their persons were beyond the reach of temporal punishment, their deeds cannot escape execration. It is necessary, as a warning to others, who may be disposed to exercise legislative power without regard to the eternal principles of justice, that the conduct of their delinquent predecessors should be arraigned before the tribunal of enlightened opinion, and that the judgment should pass upon their inemories which dooms them to a fame no less ignominious than immortal!

It is a melancholy and disgraceful fact, that the ancient criminal law of England, the work of the legislators that flourished among a primitive people, was far more considerate, with regard to human life, than the more modern enactments relative to crime, which have emanated from the "collective wisdom" of society since it became conceited of its advance in civilization. Sir William Meredith, in his eloquent and affecting speech in the year 1777, upon a bill for creating a new capital felony, remarked upon the small number of offences which were punishable with death by the ancient common law of England; and observed, "such was the tenderness, such the reluctance to shed blood, that if recompense could be possibly made, life was not to be touched;" adding, "there does not occur to my thoughts a proposition more abhorrent from nature and from reason, than that in a matter of property, when restitution is made, blood should still be required. But in regard to our whole system of criminal law, and much more to our habits of thinking and reasoning upon it, there is a sentence of the great Roman orator which I wish those who hear me, to remark. Exhorting the Senate to put a stop to executions, he says, '*hanc tollite ex civitate iudices! hanc pati nolite diutius in hac republica versari, quæ non modo id habet in se mali quod tot civis atrocissime sustulit, verum etiam hominibus lentissimis ademit misericordiam consuetudine incommodorum!*' Not more effectually in Rome than in England, did the exterminating spirit of barbarous statutes, eradicate from persons, naturally of the mildest disposition, the sentiment of mercy, by the familiar practice of JUDICIAL SLAUGHTER."

Let us hear what Judge Blackstone says upon this subject—a man who was never accused of a deficiency of "conservative" prudence, or

of a propensity to find fault with the acts of established power. In his commentary on the laws of England, he says,—“ We may observe that sanguinary laws are a bad symptom of the distemper of any state; or, at least, of its weak constitution. The laws of the Roman kings and the twelve tables of the Decemviri were full of cruel punishments. The Porcian law, which exempted all citizens from sentence of death, silently abrogated them all. In this period, the republic flourished. Under the Emperors, severe punishment revived, and the empire fell.” The same writer quotes the preamble of a statute passed in the first year of Queen Mary, the enlightened sentiments of which, with regard to criminal law, may well put to shame the spurious knowledge of the science of penal legislation, which distinguishes the labours of Sir Robert Peel and other conceited scientists in criminal jurisprudence in this “ age of intellect.” That preamble sets forth, “ that the state of every king consists more assuredly in the love of the subject towards the prince, than in the dread of laws made with rigorous pains; and that laws made for the preservation of the Commonwealth, without great penalties, are more often obeyed and kept, than laws made with extreme punishments.” Our laws against crime are characterized by the inversion of this sound principle; it being the opinion of their equally humane and sagacious authors, that the more they shocked human reason, and the natural feelings of mankind, the more effective they would be; contrary to the maxim of Montesquieu and of common sense, that “ the very acerbity of justice deadens its execution.” When Sir Robert Peel undertook to amend and ameliorate the criminal law, he seemed afraid of nothing so much as the limiting the range of its sanguinary operation. One of his greatest efforts of improving liberality, was to raise the value of the life of man from forty shillings to £5; though, if we take the difference of the value of money in the reign of Queen Anne, when the first hanging statute for stealing privately in the dwelling-house was passed, and the reign of George IV., it will be found that life was cheaper, even after that amended law of Sir Robert Peel was passed, than it was when the offence was first made capital. Some obsolete statutes of blood, indeed, Sir Robert Peel cut away: they were the withered branches of the sanguinary system. The lopping them off did not impair, but rather invigorated the baleful *Uvas* that threw its pestilent shade over the temple inscribed with the name of JUSTICE! Was this the person to catch the mantle of Romilly, and lead the march of legal reform in the path of his beneficial example?

Of all the ages that have passed since our free Saxon institutions were first desolated by the tide of the Norman conquest, the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but more especially the latter, were more prolific of sanguinary statutes than any which had preceded them. This barbarism struck its roots deeper into the soil, and flung a deeper gloom of shadow over the land, in the ages when the magnificent genius of Milton, the severe reason of Locke, the sublime intellect of Newton, poured forth the riches of political, moral, and physical science, than when the mighty mind of Alfred, in the obscured twilight of knowledge, laid the foundations of our Constitution. Nor did any one appear to civilize the spirit of the laws when our language and manners were polished and refined by the wits and moralists of what has been called the “ Augustan age of England,” which followed the more enterprising and masculine era, when Bacon broke the chains that enslaved the human mind to the dominion of what may be called an intellectual barbarism; and,

as was said of Plato of old, brought down philosophy from heaven to dwell with men! One would have thought that the conquests of such genius, the acquisitions of such knowledge, would have had the effect, not only of improving the mental powers, but of giving a purer perception to the moral sense. One would have thought that they would not only have had the effect of rendering man "more mild and sociable to man," in the ordinary intercourse of society, but also of ameliorating those institutions of society which sprang up in comparatively barbarous times, and remained stationary, while the human mind was pursuing that career of civilization to which the Art of Printing opened the way, and for which it furnished the great impelling power. It was not so, as far as the institution of criminal justice was concerned. In proportion as every other science was cultivated and advanced, that branch of the science of government which relates to the repression and punishment of crime, seemed to retrograde and become continually more savage, and more like what Lord Bacon calls the "wild justice of revenge. In his time, Blackstone complained that, among the variety of actions which men are daily liable to commit, no less than one hundred and sixty had been declared, by Act of Parliament, to be felonies deserving of death. The greater number of those statutes were comparatively recent; and upwards of sixty more were added to the black catalogue of capital crimes, between that time—the middle of the eighteenth century—and the beginning of the nineteenth; since when, a re-action has taken place, and reason endeavours to restore to justice her appropriate attributes, and to vindicate her outraged rights."

It is a maxim as true and as worthy of all acceptance in England, as in France, that "*une loi rigoureuse produit des crimes.*" Those who hold the doctrine that the legislature may justify the infliction of whatever degree of severity is, or appears to be, necessary for the prevention of crime, prostrate their intellect and moral sense before a sanguinary chimaera; for it is not more cruel than chimerical to confound the smallest offences with the greatest, with the hope of deterring from crime. We must be careful not to mistake the power which the legislature sometimes assumes, for the just authority which it has a right to exercise. If the exterminating code of a *single* Draco be odious, absurd, and impracticable, it matters not in the eye of reason or morality, that five or six hundred disciples of the Draconic system of legislation, have collectively voted a code as indiscriminate in the sanction of judicial murder; it will be equally odious, absurd, and impracticable. Laws that shock the sentiments of nature, confound the moral distinctions of guilt, and which endeavour to abolish those earlier laws, which were imprinted on the human heart by that CREATIVE WISDOM that made man in his own image—are not the less criminal, because they have been enacted by a number of individuals, instead of being the work of a solitary legislator. When life, the gift of God to man, is taken unnecessarily, whether the crime be the act of one, or the joint act of many, it is the same crime still. A legal form, and the legislative solemnities by which the human sacrifice is accompanied, cannot bless the act against which the decree of the Almighty has gone forth. Such forms and ceremonies can secure the perpetrators against the temporal consequences, but cannot relieve them from the moral guilt of murder.

The right of inflicting the punishment of death at all has been questioned: and well it may;—for, when we consider that the legislature can have no powers but what it derives from society at large, and society has

no other powers than what are derived from the individuals who compose it, which individuals, it is not pretended, have any power over human life, it does seem difficult to account for the legitimacy of that commission, which the legislature assumes, to destroy the life of man. But, waiving that question for the present, we may safely say that it was a deplorable error—an error the result of gross ignorance and vanity—in the legislature to believe that it had a warrant to make what offences it pleased incur a forfeiture of life. Lamentable have been the consequences of that criminal usurpation of a boundless authority to massacre indiscriminately, under the forms of law. So possessed had the English legislature become with the notion of its omnipotence in legislating upon crime, that it sent forth the sentence of extermination equally against trivial violations of the rights of property, as against crimes of violence and blood. To such extravagant lengths had the unaccountable appetite for the destruction of their species impelled English legislators at various times, that offences which were really nothing more than *civil trespasses*, and ought to have been treated as such, by compelling the offending party to make *restitution*, or to pay a moderate fine, or suffer a certain term of imprisonment, have been added to the fatal list of crimes punishable with death. Such, for example, are the offences of wilfully breaking down the head of a fish-pond; maliciously throwing down, or even partially destroying the rail, chain, post, or bar of a turn-pike gate; cutting down an apple or cherry tree in an orchard; or any ornamental tree in a garden or avenue; or any hop-binds, growing in a hop plantation; the wilful breaking of any tools used in the woollen manufactures, without the consent of the owner; the maliciously cutting or destroying any manufacture of linen cloth or yarn, when exposed to bleach or dry. There were even local acts inflicting death for particular trespasses. To damage the Bridges of Brentford or Blackfriars, was a clergyable felony; but to damage Westminster, London, and Putney Bridges, were capital crimes. The word damage, it need scarcely be observed, has a most vague and comprehensive signification. The act of a boy chipping a bit of stone off a balustrade, would, under any one of these statutes, subject him to the same punishment as if he murdered his father! It has been observed of some wild animals, that, once they have tasted human blood, they never relish any other food; and the English statute-book has afforded abundant evidence that the passion for enacting sanguinary laws, increases with the indulgence of it. The acts which we have alluded to, and several others, which for minor offences against property, or even for civil trespasses, pronounced the doom of extermination, were so outrageously repugnant to all proportionate notions of punishment, that, as civilization advanced, they fell into disuse; but many of them long remained on the statute-book, as a disgraceful notification to all the world, of the barbarism which our legislators dare not enforce, and with which they were reluctant to part. It was no part of their legislative creed, that laws should be so framed as not only to be capable of being obeyed, but to be deserving of being respected. But how could the criminal code of England be entitled to respect, when it ordained that the vagrant soldier or mariner that should wander without a pass from a magistrate, should suffer *death*!—that the boy of fourteen years, who kept company for one month with gipsies, should suffer *death*; that the man or woman who was guilty of the *undefined* crime of heresy, should be *burnt alive*; that the man or woman who was guilty of the *impossible* crime of witchcraft, should be *hanged*; that a malicious tres-

passer upon certain descriptions of property, should perish on the same scaffold with him who had lain in wait for the innocent, and deliberately steeped his hands in the blood of his human prey!

A great part of the intemperate and vindictive spirit of the English law, is to be ascribed to the practice of our legislators acting upon some temporary excitement, or, as Lord Bacon describes it, on "the spur of the occasion." It will suffice to illustrate this by one or two examples. There was a statute passed in the reign of Henry VIII., by which it was enacted, that persons convicted of poisoning should be *boiled to death*. It must be admitted that, atrocious and malignant as the crime of poisoning is, it does not become the character of justice, even if it be right to exterminate the offender, to take a fiend-like pleasure in protracting the agonies of death, and to display a horrid ingenuity in torturing the wretch whom she cuts off from mankind. It is surely enough that he dies, without his death being made the occasion of exhibiting the cruel and revengeful feelings of the legislator, by examples which teach cruelty to the people. In the present instance, we cease to wonder at the eccentric barbarity of the statute, when we find that it was made under the impulse of strong public indignation, in consequence of the atrocious crime of a person named Roos, who was cook to the Bishop of Rochester, and who, by putting poison into a pot of broth, part of which was served up to the Bishop's family, and the remainder to the poor of the parish, destroyed several lives; though we by no means vouch for the cogency of the proof, on which the charge of so enormous a crime was sustained. We know that sometimes families have been poisoned by accident; as, for instance, by an ill-cleaned copper vessel. However this may be, no doubt of the man's guilt was entertained. The novel and dreadful sort of punishment which he underwent, was inflicted by a special statute, passed for the occasion, and of course subsequently to the commission of the crime; and the *boiling to death* was intended to be a sort of retaliation, because the crime had been effected by *boiling*! He suffered the punishment by a retrospective operation of the act. This statute, however, did not long exist, to convert the proceedings of a court of justice into a sort of culinary process; for, in the first year of Edward VI., it was repealed. Only think of a British Parliament sitting in consultation upon a proposition of boiling a human being to death, and that by a law made after the crime had been committed! They could only have surpassed this by being actually present at the execution of their own sentence, and by taking care that the lingering torments of the diabolical cookery were not abridged by any merciful rapidity of operation on the part of the person whom the sheriff appointed to stir the fire, and preside over the horrors of the judicial cauldron. The sentence was executed in Smithfield. There was the fire lit—the cauldron raised—and the man boiled, by act of Parliament, to the great edification of the people; who, if they learned nothing else from it, learned, at least, that atrocious cruelty was a legislative virtue, which the vulgar might not, therefore, be ashamed to practise. It is bad enough in a legislative body to become ridiculous by its follies, but it is still worse to deserve the abhorrence of all enlightened minds by its inhumanity. If any thing could diminish the public indignation against the culprit who was convicted of so heinous a crime, it was the greater enormity of having recourse to such a mode of punishing it. We may fairly infer that the deliberate and shocking cruelty of the legislature, excited disgust even in that rude time, when we find that one of the first acts of the popular reign of Edward VI., a

few years after, was to erase the monstrous penalty of "boiling to death" for ever from the criminal law of England.

There is a species of *manslaughter*, and the only one which, by our law, until a very recent period, was punished with death. In other words, a particular statute made a species of homicide upon sudden provocation, and without malice aforethought, express or implied, punishable like murder. It is the species of manslaughter by mortally stabbing another, upon the impulse of a sudden quarrel. This was one of the capital laws which had been made under immediate excitement, and upon the "spur of the occasion;" and it outlived the circumstances which gave it birth. The act was passed in the second year of the reign of James the Second, in consequence of quarrels which frequently arose between Englishmen and Scotsmen on national pique, which ended in stabbing. Lord Raymond says the offence consisted in the manner of doing it; because the Scots carried small daggers, and frequently, upon differences arising at table, stabbed others unprovided. Blackstone says, "the statute was made on account of the frequent quarrels and stabbings with daggers which took place between the Scots and English at the accession of James First; and that being of a temporary nature, it ought to have expired with the mischief which it was meant to remedy; for, in point of solid and substantial justice, it cannot be said that the mode of killing, whether by stabbing, strangling, or shooting, can either extenuate or enhance the guilt." This statute introduced the anomalous absurdity into the law of putting an offender to death, *not* because he *killed* his adversary, but because he did it with *one sort* of weapon instead of another; so that he must be hanged if he stabbed on a sudden quarrel to the heart, but experienced a milder punishment if he knocked out his brains with a hammer. Such absurdities do legislators commit when they make laws only for particular cases, and, under the influence of some temporary excitement, forget the great principles of uniform justice!

When Sir Robert Peel, pretending to thoroughly revise and reform the forgery laws, brought in a bill perpetuating the punishment of death for the forgery of promissory notes, bills of exchange, and all negociable securities for money, he described how the laws came to be made capital originally for offences of this nature. He mentioned, on the authority of the state trials, the circumstances of the discovery of the extensive forgeries committed by a person named Hale upon a Mr. Gibson, a member of parliament, about the year 1728, which led to the new capital enactment; for, by the ancient common law, forgery, like other frauds, was but a misdemeanour punishable with fine and imprisonment. Sir Robert Peel stated, that he had no doubt, that to the indignation arising out of the gross frauds of the forger Hale, this new capital law was attributable. This then was another of the hanging statutes made under momentary excitement, and "on the spur of the occasion." Nothing is more dangerous than for the legislature to make laws under the instigation of passion, which always clouds the reason, disturbs the judgment, and disproportions the penalty to the offence. A father should not punish his child in anger, but wait until it cool, when the chastisement will be measured, not by miscalculating passion, but will be restrained within due bounds by the wholesome restraint of sober reflection. Sir Robert Peel, in stating that the hanging law against the forgery of promissory notes and bills of exchange, was the result not of deliberate reason but of momentary indignation, adduced an argument for the

alteration of the law in the same breath in which he proposed its continuance. It was as much as to state in the preamble of the act "whereas the penalty of death was first affixed to the forging of requisite securities for money, not upon a calm and reflecting view of the nature of the offence, and the general principles of justice, but through the impulse of sudden indignation, and the unthinking dictation of the passions; therefore it is right and proper the said penalty of death should continue to be the law of England for ever." What legislative logic would such a preamble betray!—and this was the identical logic of Sir Robert Peel on that memorable occasion.

So much for laws made under momentary excitement, of which we might give many other instances; but as an illustration of the danger of legislating on alarm, or passion, or sudden impulses, without any regard to general or fixed principles, the instances which we have adduced will be sufficient. They serve to show that collective bodies as well as individuals, depart from wisdom, in proportion as they submit themselves to the guidance of the passions.

It is now some time since the Marquis Beccaria announced the great but simple truth, that "Crime is more effectually repressed by the certainty than the severity of punishment;" yet to this day, how many are there of our statesmen and legislators who do not understand a maxim which reason suggests and experience confirms. We have judges at the present time who are not as enlightened on this subject as Judge Blackstone was in the middle of the last century; as was lately evinced in the debate in the House of Lords on Mr. Ewart's bill for abolishing the penalty of death for the offence of horse-stealing, cattle-stealing, and stealing privately in the dwelling-house. We have no doubt that the forthcoming discussion on the bill brought in by the Attorney-General to repeal the capital penalty in all cases of forgery, will elicit new proofs of the utter impossibility of reason or experience having any effect in dislodging the absurd prejudices of the legislative and judicial conservators of the sanguinary system. To them and their arguments, if arguments they may be called which are destitute of all shew of reason, we will take another opportunity of adverting, when we come to remark upon the practical operation of our hanging laws, and to examine the secondary punishments which it is necessary to substitute for the penalty of death. In the meantime, we cannot close this article better than by quoting the opinion of the enlightened commentator on the laws of England, as to the inevitable tendency of the severity of our laws to prevent that *certainty* of punishment without which no laws can be effective. He says, "So dreadful a list (of capital offences) instead of diminishing, *increases* the number of offenders. The injured, through compassion, will often forbear to prosecute. Juries, through compassion, will sometimes forget their oaths, and either acquit the guilty or mitigate the nature of the offence. And judges, through compassion, will respite one half of the convicts, and recommend them to the royal mercy. Among so many chances of escaping, the needy and hardened offender overlooks the multitude that suffer; he boldly engages in some desperate attempt to relieve his wants or supply his vices; and if, unexpectedly, the hand of justice overtakes him, he deems himself peculiarly unfortunate in falling at last a sacrifice to those laws which long impunity has taught him to contemn,"

STANZAS

UPON RAPHAEL'S MADONNA ALLA SEGGIOLA,

A COPY WHEREOF, EXQUISITELY PAINTED ON DRESDEN CHINA, ADORNS THE
BOWL OF THE AUTHOR'S PIPE.

MAIDEN, sweet and lowly,
Mother of God most holy,
A wonder of unearthliness and harmony doth rest
About thee and thy child,
Oh ! Virgin Lady mild,
And the infantine adorings of your little stranger guest.

He bringeth his young duty
To the homage of thy beauty,
And with fondest adoration would behold that new-born blossom ;
But the Godhead in surprise
Turns away its tender eyes,
And is clinging to its chosen home of shelter in thy bosom :

And thou dost all the while
With a most holy smile
Bend down on both those trustful looks of heav'nly-pledg'd security ;
Ah ! never mortal thought,
By tint or chisel, wrought
So sweet a dream of tenderness, divine delight, and purity.

I may not bow before thee,
Nor with bended knee adore thee,
Lest cold ones of the wiser creed miscall such raptures folly ;
Yet may I sue for grace,
By gazing on thy face,
And feed with those calm-brooding eyes my pious melancholy.

Ah ! why not bend in pray'r
Unto a thing so fair,
A vision of such loveliness as day did ne'er inherit ?
Altho' within their spell
Reality not dwell,
All worship of things beautiful is balm unto the spirit.

Ah ! why not make confession
To this more sweet expression
Of mercy and benevolence than angel looks might borrow ?
How can I not believe
These eyes have power to grieve
With very drops of pity for man's sinfulness and sorrow ?

I, while this balmy weed
Into the air doth speed,
It's light-blue wreaths of frankincense devoutly floating o'er thee ;
With quiet heart, world-weary,
Thus chant my Ave-Mary,
And tell my simple rosary o'er of pleasant thoughts before thee.

A 'SQUIRE, A WHOLE 'SQUIRE, AND NOTHING BUT
A 'SQUIRE.

To subdue our aspirations to the limit of our fortunes is supposed to be one of the hardest tasks of philosophy. It is always adduced as a fine example of moderation, that Curius Dentatus, the ex-consul, boiled his own cabbages; and that Marlborough, in his disgraced old age, enjoyed himself at sixpenny whist. But what are all these to the humility which contents itself with a sphere so contracted as that of a bumpkin of twenty descents, with a landed estate of five thousand a-year? What so circumscribed as the limits of his pleasures? what so mean as the march of his ambition? He begins and ends a 'Squire, a mere 'Squire, and nothing but a 'Squire.

The curate who preaches him into a doze each summer Sunday afternoon, may possibly live to be an archbishop; his butler's son, young Lees, (a godson of his own, supported by his aid at a neighbouring grammar school,) may, at some future period, achieve the woollack; the village apothecary, who drenches himself and his horses, may, by the overturning of a ministerial carriage at his door, eventually become the king's physician and privy purse; every contemned individual of his acquaintance may "achieve greatness or have greatness thrust upon him;" while he, unlucky wight! is condemned to live and die a 'Squire, a whole 'Squire, and nothing but a 'Squire!

Born indeed of a long race of 'Squires, 'Squirdom in its utmost boobyhood appears his predestined fate. Stuffed with the heavy porridge which constitutes the nourishment of the infant 'Squireling till he is old enough to toddle after Robin groom to the watering trough, and get kicked on the head by 'Squire Senior's favourite pad nag, he is sent off a year or two afterwards to a neighbouring cub-school, in high-lows, a leather cap, and Holland pinafore, to scrawl text hand copies and eat bull's eyes—to pass his holidays in the stable-yard, or pelting frogs in a duck pond; and at twelve years old, after six months' discussion on the comparative eligibility of the various public schools of the Kingdom, is at last secured by his tender mother from all chance of un-'Squirification, by the sentence of terminating his education "with a few young gentlemen under the care of a neighbouring clergyman." Two years at the obscure college, where his father and grandfather drank punch and queered the Dean before him, complete his course of mental darkness. At three-and-twenty he is an accomplished fox hunter, jockey, and cricketer; can scrawl through a letter, tolerably legible, to the 'Squiness his mother; and detect a gross error in the balance of accounts between the 'Squire his father and his land steward. He has invented a rat-trap; and unplumed half the poultry yard in the manufactory of artificial flies. His heart already overflows with the small patriotism of love of county. He looks —shire, he talks —shire; drinks —shire ale, and eats —shire cheese. He is a —shire 'Squire, a whole —shire 'Squire, and nothing but a —shire 'Squire.

At length the elder 'Squire reposes under the family pew, over which is duly appended a tablet with two fat-faced cherubims puffing at the angles, to inform succeeding congregations that Giles Gosling, Esq. of Gosling Hall, was a "tender father, a sincere Christian, and true friend." And all the acts of Giles Gosling, and all that he did, are they not written in the columns of the county newspaper? how he gave his

vote and interest for sixteen successive elections to four successive members of the noble House of Dumps; how he was a hearty Tory and an experienced farmer; how he introduced early Dutch turnips into the county of —; how he loved to take his ease in his inn, and his pipe at his Whist Club; how he lived and died (of — shire ale) a 'Squire, a whole 'Squire, and nothing but a 'Squire?

We now arrive at the accession of Giles Gosling, the twenty-first, whose opening address from the 'Squirearchical throne, promised staunch allegiance to the principles of 'Squiredom,—church and state (including an assize dinner to the judges, and visitation dinner to the Bishop); a moderate rise of rent on his estates, and a moderate fall of timber; a new frontage to the old house of Gosling, and the old backing of the new house of Dumps; a protest against Sunday-schools, or Monday-schools, or schools of any day or denomination; all ending with three cheers from the three representatives of the three black professions—the village apothecary, the village curate, and young Lees, the law student, who had been sent for to grace his patron's inauguration. And now the career of 'Squiredom lies open before him; and all the toils and cares of little greatness accumulate on his head. The march of 'Squirearchical intellect insists on enrolling him in its goodly company. Dutch turnips have given way to Ruta Baga. Whist Clubs and tobacco have become obsolete; and a Reading-Room and True Blue Club occupy the great red house in the market-place, where of yore his sires sat drinking fat ale and discoursing of fat cattle. His brethren of the quorum oppress him with squabbles concerning turnpike bills, and the erection of a new county jail; during the progress of which he becomes acquainted with Mr. Pilaster, the great builder, (we beg his pardon—*architect*—the race of builders is extinct,) by whom he is seduced into a pair of wings to Gosling Hall. After three years of brick and mortar, and scaffold poles, these spreading pinions are found to overshadow the old grass plot. A modern lawn is pronounced indispensable. Mr. Pilaster's esteemed friend and coadjutor, Mr. Spruce, the improver, is called into the council. Shrubberies are planted, a flower-garden laid out, a steam hothouse, an oak-leaf pinery, and cast-iron green-house superadded, for a mere trifle; which, with the other mere trifle of Pilaster's folio of accounts, necessitates the fall of a thriving oak coppice, within thirty years of its maturity. But what signifies the loss of an old wood? Two new groves of Gothic chimneys raise their tall heads on these Pilaster wings, which threaten to fly away with the estate. After a conference with young Lees, his new man of business, poor Giles discovers that nothing is left for him but mortgage or matrimony. He accordingly invests his last few floating hundreds in a new phaeton and pair of piebalds; sets off for Doncaster races; follows "a fortune" to Harrowgate; woos her through the regular routine of Fountain's Abbey, the Cave at Knaresborough, and the Dripping Well; and finally succeeds in driving back a Mrs. Gosling to Gosling Hall. He resolves to become a 'Squire, a married 'Squire, and the father of future 'Squires.

Matrimony is, at best, "An old way to pay new debts;"—and he would have done better to begin with mortgage, where he was sure to end. Mrs. Giles' thousands were tied up, his own acres loose; and, after all, he was obliged to have recourse to Lees of Lincoln's Inn, for the means of furnishing the new wings, in a style becoming the pretensions of Mrs. Gosling, and her twenty thousand pounds. No time was to be lost. Giles was already pricked from among his 'Squirearchical

brethren, to fill the onerous office of High Sheriff. Shrievaltry, the crowning honour of 'Squiredom, demands new liveries, and a coach and four. The mortgage was signed in haste, and repented at leisure; and scarcely were sessions, and 'sises, and hanging days at an end, when the bells pealed, and the bonfires blazed, in honour of the birth of a new 'Squireling!—One of the tall chimneys caught fire in cooking the Christening diener, and Giles Augustus Frederick Gosling was all but done brown, like other Christian martyrs, in the conflagration. The honour of the family mansion demanded immediate reparation; and its perplexed patriarch, who would now willingly have cut both wings, was compelled to file a second bill with Pilaster. A coalition ensued between the builder and the 'Squiness; and the ex-Sheriff was not let off without the addition of a new Gothic dairy, a new Grecian boudoir, and two Swiss lodges. He would almost as soon have tempted the penalty of the law (against bigamy), by more matrimony, than the penalty of the law (as per bill delivered) by more mortgages. Lees suggested the screwing system. The Gosling rents were raised; and next week the Gosling plantations were on fire in three places, and a flock of sheep lying with their throats cut in the home paddock! Arrest, imprisonment, trial, condemnation, and transportation, completed the catastrophe; and Giles began to find himself an unpopular 'Squire, a very unpopular 'Squire, and nothing but an unpopular 'Squire!

And now come the dark reverses of 'Squirearchical fortune. The exciseman passed him without touching his hat; Grist the miller rode by and made no sign; and Loem, the radical, stocking-weaver, rose and quitted the reading-room, (even with three columns of the *Times* still unread in his hand,) whenever the lord of Gosling Hall entered it. A battery of sneering paragraphs was fired off at him in the Opposition county paper; and a national school, with a façade as glaring and clumsy as that of his own company of local militia, was built up within a stone's throw of his lodge-gates. His lodge,—Mrs. Gosling's pet Swiss lodge, overgrown with clematis till it looked like the devil in a bush,—to be confronted by a thing like a Dutch guard-house, with a staring inscription in front concerning the voluntary subscriptions of the nobility and gentry, surrounded by a cabbagery, and cinder walks bordered with oyster-shells! Mrs. Giles grew hysterical, and Lees immediately recommended his patron to let the hall. He even offered to become his tenant at a moderate rent; and the 'Squiness, being ambitious of a winter at Brighton, and of seeing her name advertised among the "inquirers at the Palace," Gosling was moved to assent. Lees was now an M.P., the Curate a very venerable, an archdeacon, and Dr. Squill "an eminent medical practitioner" at Leamington Spa. But our hero was still a 'Squire, a whole 'Squire, and nothing but a 'Squire!

No sooner, however, was he banished from — shire, than he began to yearn after the pleasures and duties of his calling, while Mrs. Giles paraded her sensibility on the subject at divers tea-parties on the Marine Parade and Brunswick Square. Her album was filled with melting "Stanzas on Honeysuckle" and "Lines on quitting a favourite horse-chestnut." Master Giles whimpered after his pony and rabbits; and was disposed of in a salt-water seminary on the Steyne for scorbutic young noblemen. But his banished sire had no album in which to vent his *maladie de pays*. He still drank — shire ale, and ate — shire cheese, in tender reminiscence; while a friendly correspondence with his *quondam* bailiff at the hall, to inquire touching the show of young

birds, the show of wall-fruit, the harvest, the hay, and all other matters which concerned Humbug Lees, Esq. M. P. (who was no 'Squire) far more than himself,—betrayed that his heart, for mind he had none, still anchored at Gosling! The cat, metamorphosed by Venus into a nymph, still pricked her ears at the scratching of a mouse behind the arras. Giles, transmogrified by mortgages and matrimony into a Bflighton lounge, was still at heart a 'Squire, a whole 'Squire, and nothing but a 'Squire!

The happiest day of the week was that on which the arrival of his favourite county paper carried him back to that beloved town-hall with its venerated quorums, and that time-honoured market-place, where erst his decrees were rendered, and his fat and lean kine bought, sold, and exchanged. His eyes were seen to fix greedily on every record of larceny, or every mulct incurred by the sinners of the petty sessions; by every narrative of a colossal cucumber, or double-bearing pear tree; of a baker's wife the mother of three thriving babes; or a cow the mother of a calf with six legs. All —shire was holy ground to Gosling. A —shire calf was not a common calf; nor a —shire cucumber a common cucumber. When the spring shone brightly on the promenades of the two cliffs, his heart was in the green meadows of Gosling, with the May fly waving its little body over the stream. When September sent back the citizens to Cheapside, and brought forward an influx of "rank and fashion" in their place, his heart was amid the preserves of the Hall; he saw visions of percussion guns, and dreamed dreams of his favourite setter. Nay! one moist misty morning in November, as he was stewing over a slow fire, on a visit to an invalid dowager, "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." A vision passed before his eyes of the —shire hunt,—as it were of the Spectre Huntsman and his train; a view-haloo burst from the blustering lips of Gosling, which broke two cups of eggshell china on the mantle piece, and the tympanum of the noble valetudinarian. "Mr. Gosling!" exclaimed her ladyship's tall grim toady, ringing a peal of dismissal, "allow me to suggest that this is not a dog-kennel. Heaven preserve the poor dear Countess from another visit from a 'Squire, a whole 'Squire, and nothing but a 'Squire!"

Hope, like a silver eel, lies hidden in the mud at the bottom of every cup of human bitterness. Master Giles Augustus Frederick Gosling, at the bread-pudding academy, which brought him in contact with a dozen or so of sickly lordlings, was laying the foundations of a very bad constitution, and of what is termed a "very good connexion." All that Pitt did for his school-fellows is well known; all that the young Marquis of Woods-and-Forests might be tempted to do, was still to be calculated upon. Mrs. Gosling could only dream of a Baronetcy, the 'Squire of a Commissionership. G. A. F. G. was instructed to omit no opportunity of conciliating the son and heir of the Duke of Sinecure; and, accordingly, he went through a whole course of Cascarrilla draughts for the noble young patient; and a flogging and imposition for the noble young *im*-patient; robbed orchards for his eating, and broke bounds to procure ginger beer for his drinking. The event was fatal. The consumptive lordling fell sick for lack of physic, and died; the plethoric 'Squireling fell sick from redundancy of physic, and died also. The second boy, Joe, was now promoted to the prospects of Gosling-'Squiredom. His mane, which had been hitherto as that of a Shetland pony, was accordingly trimmed into a courtly crop. The pack-thread in his shoes was

exchanged for galloon, and the 'Squiness began, for the first time, to call him Joseph, and bear the sight of him.

Not so the 'Squire!—Joseph II. had been paternally dear to him, while still a ragamuffin; but, as the spruce heir of Gosling Hall, he hated to look upon his freckled face. Six years further from the attainment of his majority than the unfortunate G. A. F. G.,—the hope deferred of cutting off the entail of his estate made his fatherly heart sick. Till his son became of age, no chance for Giles of getting rid of mortgages, or mortgagers, or mortgagees, or, worst of all, of the vile Humbug Lees, Esq., M.P., who was now about to start for the county of ———, on the popularity of his battues at Gosling Hall, and his liberality to the hunt concerning the Gosling-fences. Before Joseph's arrival at man's estate, the 'Squire's estate must necessarily become a wilderness; not a pheasant nor a hedge remaining. His time is now passed in, what he calls, "ranging up to town," (where he appears only to be run down,) in order to "step to Grays Inn, and consult his new man of business" (the brother of his Brighton apothecary) concerning the trespasses, and misdemeanours, and ungrateful injuries of the lessee of Gosling Hall. All, however, is unavailing. An income of two thousand five hundred per annum (still remaining to the 'Squire from the wreck of bad-times, Pilaster, Spruce, Lees, and law,) fails within an annual thousand to cover the expenses of his mansion in Regency Square; and poor Gosling, of that ilk, is gradually becoming a ruined 'Squire, a despised ruined 'Squire, and nothing but a ruined 'Squire!

THE BANK CHARTER.

A PAMPHLET has just been published on the banking question, which well deserves to be read.* This pamphlet explains in detail what the power of the Bank of England is, over the currency, the commerce, and government of the country, and also over the funds. It exposes the abuses which have taken place in the exercise of this power. It explains how little advantage trade has derived from the Bank of England. It refutes the objections which have been made to the Scotch system of banking; and it concludes with a reply to a pamphlet published a short time ago, entitled "An Historical Sketch of the Bank of England." The "Plain Statement" may be recommended as a useful tract, in consequence of its containing copious extracts from the works of Mr. Tooke, Mr. R. Mushet, Mr. Henry Drummond, and others, upon currency and banking. The reader therefore will easily acquire a great deal of information, and that of the highest authority.

The following quotations from this pamphlet will show how immense the gain has been which the Bank has made of late years by its monopoly.

"The directors of the Bank of England say their conduct is guided by the most disinterested regard for the public, and that they so exercise their great power on all occasions over the currency, as never to enlarge or contract it, without having for

* "A Plain Statement of the Powers of the Bank of England," &c. &c. by Ridgway.

their object the support of commercial and public credit; such statements contain the colour of *bona fide* reasons; such reasons as any one can rest upon for the truth of an opinion really held. Allegations like these bear upon them the appearance of pretence, or pleas, invented and set up to defend opinions which are adopted and maintained, from other considerations than those of their truth or falsehood.*

"A due attention to the particular condition in which the Bank was placed in each of the above-mentioned cases, (in 1783, 1793, 1797, 1816, 1818, 1826), will leave no room to doubt that the real source of the misconduct of the Bank was the motive of realizing the largest possible profit on the Bank capital. The extracts show, that in 1790, and 1824, it was a mere question of profit, and that the increasing of the Issues by the Bank was a scheme to diminish its treasure. The immense gain which was the result of the management of the Bank, during the period of the Bank Restriction, is evidence that it was planned for the purpose of turning that event to the best account. The Directors may be as honest and upright men, as every body is ready to believe they are; but they cannot avoid feeling, from their situation, as the representatives of the proprietors of Bank Stock, that it is their first duty to protect their constituents from a loss of property, by doing all in their power to prevent any diminution in the established rate of dividend on Bank Stock. The proprietors of Bank Stock have no other object, when they purchase it, than to make the most of their money; and when they select Directors, they choose those persons whom they believe will best promote this object. Whenever, therefore, such a state of trade shall again arrive, as that which existed in the beginning of 1824, is it consistent with common sense to suppose that the Bank Directors could withstand the temptation of making a large profit, by discounting extensively, and by other means of increasing the issues of their paper? Would they throw away the opportunity of making good their dividend of eight per cent., on being told that the appearance of prosperity was delusive, and that sound principles required that a disposition to place confidence in it should be checked? They would, assuredly, enlarge their issues, and thus do all that lay in their way to promote speculation and over-trading; and if they did, in what part of the banking system do the means exist of controlling them, and of protecting the public from their imprudence? Surely, to leave matters in such a state, and to suffer the country to be exposed to an evil of this magnitude, is quite inconsistent with the right course of conduct of a wise government."

"The Supplement of the Encyclopædia Britannica, gives an accurate description of the profits of the Bank, to the year 1816; and is well deserving of the attention of those persons who see nothing in the conduct of the Directors but unabated exertions for the public good.

"From all these different causes, from the increased circulation of its notes, and from the vast accumulation of public business, the profits of the Bank appear to have been prodigiously augmented in the course of the late war; so that its average dividend, including the bonus from time to time added to it, will be found to amount, from the year 1797, to nearly 10 per cent.:" and it is calculated, besides, on data which admit of no considerable error, that the sum of undivided profit, must, in the mean time, have increased to the enormous amount of £13,000,000. Out of this fund, the Bank advanced to Government, for the year 1816, a loan of £6,000,000; and, at a Court of Proprietors, held in May, 1816, it was resolved to make an addition to the capital of the Bank of £2,910,600, the effect of which was to raise the capital of each proprietor of £100 stock, producing £10 per annum, to £125; and to increase his interest proportionally, namely, to £12, 10s. per annum. The great profit realized by the Bank, since the suspension of its cash payments, has produced a corresponding rise in the value of its stock. Throughout the year 1797, the average price of Bank Stock was about £125 per cent.; since that period, it has been gradually improving in value, and its market price now, (1816,) amounts to about £262 per cent. The original capital of the Bank has thus acquired, since the year 1797, an additional value, equal to nearly £16,000,000, which, added to the estimated increase in the sum of its undivided profit, amounting, according to Mr.

* The usual dividend of Bank Stock was 7 per cent. prior to 1797: in April, 1807, it was raised to 10 per cent. Between 1790 and 1807, a bonus was paid in addition to the dividend as follows:

June 1799,	L. 10 on every L. 100 Stock.
May 1801,	L. 5 Navy 6 per cent. ditto.
Nov. 1802,	L. 2 per cent. ditto, ditto.
Oct. 1804,	L. 5 per cent. cash, ditto.
Oct. 1805,	L. 5 ditto, ditto.
Oct. 1807,	L. 5 ditto, ditto.

of the calculation, to £9,599,359, makes a sum of £25,509,359, the actual im-
proved value of the Bank capital during the last nineteen years.

The following is an account of all distributions made by the Bank of England
to the proprietors of Bank Stock, whether by money payments, transfer of 5
per cent. annuities, or otherwise, under the heads of bonus, increase of dividend, and
increase of capital, betwixt the 25th of February, 1797, and the 31st of March, 1830 ;
in addition to the ordinary annual dividend of 7 per cent. on the capital stock of
that corporation, existing in 1797, including therein the whole dividend paid since
June, 1816, on their increased capital ; stating the periods when such distributions
were made, and the aggregate amount of the whole.

In June, 1799—	
£10 per cent. bonus, in 5 per cents 1797, on £11,642,400, is.....	£1,164,240
May, 1801—	
£5 per cent. ditto, in Navy 5 per cents ditto,.....	582,120
November, 1802—	
£2, 10s. per cent. ditto, ditto, ditto,.....	291,060
October, 1804—	
£5 per cent. Cash ditto, ditto,.....	582,120
October, 1805—	
£5 per cent. ditto, ditto, ditto,.....	582,120
October, 1806—	
£5 per cent. ditto, ditto, ditto,.....	582,120
From April, 1807, to Oct. 1822, both inclusive—	
Increase of Dividend, at the rate of £3 per cent. per annum, on £11,642,400 is, 16 years,.....	5,588,352
From April, 1823, to Oct. 1829, both inclusive—	
Increase of Dividend, at the rate of £1 per cent. per annum, on £11,642,400, is 7 years,.....	814,968
In June, 1816—	
Increase of Capital, at 25 per cent. is,.....	2,910,600
From Oct. 1816, to Oct. 1822, both inclusive—	
Dividend, at the rate of £10 per cent. per annum, on £2,910,600 in- creased Capital, is 7 years,.....	1,891,890
From April, 1823, to Oct. 1829, both inclusive—	
Dividend, at the rate of £8 per cent. per annum, on £2,910,600 in- creased Capital, is 7 years,.....	1,629,936
Aggregate Amount of the whole.....	£16,610,526

Annual Dividend payable on Bank Stock, in 1797, on a Capital of £11,642,400, at the rate of £7 per cent. per annum,.....	814,968
Annual Dividend payable since June, 1816, on a Capital of £14,553,000, to October, 1822, inclusive, at the rate of £10 per cent. per annum,...	1,455,300
Annual Dividend payable from April, 1823, to the 31st of March, 1830, both inclusive, on a Capital of £14,553,000, at the rate of £8 per cent. per annum.....	1,164,240

WILLIAM SNEE, *Dep. Acc.*

BANK OF ENGLAND, }
26th April, 1830. † }

The Bank Committee has been going on with its examinations, but
from what has transpired, notwithstanding its secrecy, it would appear
in a very desultory and unprofitable manner.

No well-digested or settled scheme of inquiry seems to have been pur-
sued ; the natural consequence of a great error committed, in the first
instance, by Government, in proposing to the House of Commons to
appoint a committee to inquire into the expediency of renewing the

* Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica, vol. ii. p. 79.

† Taken from Mr. McCulloch's Dictionary of Commerce, page 82.

charter, without any petition having been presented to the House by the Bank to ask for the renewal. The Government should have called on the Bank, if it desired to have a renewal, to present a petition as the basis of moving for a committee; and as such a petition must have stated some reasons for continuing exclusive privileges, the Committee, when entering upon their examinations, would have been led into a right course of inquiry, by the necessity of investigating the grounds on which these reasons were founded.

If the Bank do not present a petition, praying for a renewal of the Charter, and if the Committee, under such circumstances, decide that the Charter ought to be renewed, this curious result will take place, namely, that the House of Commons will put itself in a situation of asking a favour of the Bank, when, in the natural course of things, and without a great blunder having been committed by the Government, the party really receiving the favour, and that a favour of an immense magnitude, will be the Bank.

STANZAS, WRITTEN IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL,
WINDSOR, JUNE, 1832.

MY foot is on the grave of kings, each idol of his day;
Where is the canopy of gold should wave o'er royal clay?
Where are their ermin'd mantles now, the gems that brightly shone?
Nought but a stone is o'er their heads, and dust upon the stone.

Monarchs! abjure the hierarch's lore, and con your lesson here.
Truth precheth from the voiceless grave, and wisdom from the bier.
Not with your ushers marshalling—not while your courtiers smile—
Alone, with GOD to guide you, come, and tread this holy aisle.

A shadow flits athwart the nave! Say! which of all the crowd
Whose lives were twin'd with GEORGE'S life, whose hearts his smile made proud,
Which of the gartered throng that lent its brilliance to his crown,
Bends grateful o'er his grave to call absolving mercy down?

Is it a brave and loyal knight,—a statesman stern and gray,—
A gentle lady, veill'd and fair, who yonder steals away?
No! 'tis the deaf old Sacristan, whose palsied footsteps tread
The cold and hollow solitude still echoing o'er the dead!

These fretted stalls, time-stain'd and dark, this chancel dim and gaunt,
At intervals wake to the sound of hireling pray'r and chant;
But on the tomb no pious hand affection's offering flings—
Grief's hallow'd cypress roots not in the stony grave of kings!

The compensating hand of Heav'n on each his meed bestows;
To one it grants the diamond's blaze—to one the dew-gem'd rose;
To one the gorgeous couch of care—to one the pallet rude,
Where sleep, a downy halcyon, broods in holliest quietude.

So when some hoary village sire is summon'd to the Lord,
Mute round his bed his children stand, to catch each parting word;
And, year by year, through after life's long task of toil and care,
Snatch a sweet interval of rest to keep his grave-stone fair.

But by the plum'd and gilded couch where mortal greatness lies,
Loud moans the practis'd courtier, loud the well-taught mourner cries;
A nation's sable vest purveys the nation's grief profound,
And scutcheons glare, and heralds stalk, and anthems peal around.

Yet once roll'd back the stone upon that yawning sepulchre,
Once blas'd and done the pageant's guise, and hid the glittering bier,
Stern Time avenges on the dead their vain assumptions past,
And royal dust is merg'd in dust and nothingness at last.

But though denied th' embalming tear of social charities,
From kingly clay a phantom fair may Phoenix-like arise ;
O'er History's page, like Alfred's name, redeeming lustre shed,
And in a nation's weal, still claim a requiem for the dead !

P. G.

AN IMPROVISA-TORY EFFUSION.

" I am Tory enough to believe that great good may often be effected by commencing with an admission, that almost every thing long sanctioned by authority is probably right."—CAPTAIN HALL'S *Fragments, Second Series*, vol. II p. 56.

It is recorded of a country gentleman who had heard Mr. Burke deliver one of his most splendid orations, in the sentiments of which he perfectly coincided, that he arose and compressed his own intended eloquence into the following pithy sentence:—" I say ditto to Mr. Burke." Having in this example an *authority*, which I consider to be a thousand times better than an argument, I shall beg leave to ejaculate " Ditto" to my motto ; for as I feel, when quoting from Captain Hall, that " none but himself can be his parallel," I should deem it presumptuous in a little Tory moth like myself, to provoke a comparison with a political Mammoth, who, as the showman said of his elephant, is the biggest in the whole world except himself. After some well-graced actor leaves the stage, we all know how difficult it is for an inferior performer to win the attention of an audience, unless he present himself as an avowed imitator of his predecessor. Be this my end, as it is sure to be my best recommendation to the enlightened anti-reformers who may honour my lucubrations with a perusal. True it is that my gallant prototype was not quite borne out by the results of the experiment, when he recommended to Charles the Tenth the celebrated *Ordonnances*, the violation of the Charter, and the assumption of despotic power by main force. But what does this prove ? That the noble Captain was mistaken ? No such thing. It only shows that the whole French nation were wrong. A *grand coup d'état* is to be measured by its principles, not by its consequences ; and thus weighed, the French king will stand fully vindicated ; for the Bourbons, from the very foundation of their dynasty, had always been tyrants ; and the decrees in question were therefore abundantly " sanctioned by authority." None but such incurable rebels as the French would have dreamt of resisting them.

" *Stare super antiquas vias*" is the only solid foundation on which a state can support itself, so as to defy all improvement and reform, which are but other words for revolution. Never was there a rasher assertion than that of Bacon, when he declares that a froward retention of custom, after the necessity for it hath ceased, is the worst of all innovations. Sir, there is always a necessity for this retention of our good old customs, which may easily be shown by logical proof. As it will be admitted that the intellects of mankind are in all ages pretty nearly the same, it follows, as a matter of course, that when once the world has

arrived at years of discretion, the opinions then prevalent upon all the great interests of the human race, together with the laws enacted in conformity with those sentiments, will comprise an aggregate of wisdom, resulting from an experience of centuries, which after ages can never hope to surpass or improve, any more than an individual can expect to eclipse, in his latter years, the strength and intelligence of his manhood. This it is that constitutes the wisdom of our ancestors, from whose venerable, time-hallowed, enlightened, and ever-to-be profoundly revered institutions, we cannot deviate, without incurring as many dangers as the benighted traveller, who leaves the beaten track, to flounder amid bogs and pitfalls, in pursuit of an *ignis fatuus*. Though I cannot boast the novelty of this illustration, I am proud to say that it is "sanctioned by authority," which, as Captain Hall has so successfully shown, is much better than originality.

It will be objected, I know, that if a strict invariable adherence were given to this principle, the world would always remain stationary. And why should it not? Why should we drive it out to sea, to run the risk of storms and rocks, when we are snug in port, or safe at anchor? When a few have obtained possession of place, power, and profit, and are comfortably enjoying the loaves and fishes, while the millions, or myriads, are quietly pursuing their useful labours, as slaves or serfs; how can such a state of things be possibly improved! Such a condition has been "long sanctioned by authority," and must, therefore, be right. Only observe, how completely this magical word, "authority," sets the privileged classes at their ease, and keeps the drudges in submission, with their noses to the grindstone! Shakspeare was aware of this, when he said, "Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar, and the creature run from the cur: there, then, thou might'st behold the great image of authority;—a dog's obey'd in office." What a comfort it is, that a human pauper can thus be kept in awe by an inferior, and every way contemptible animal! It is a Government secret, well known to Kings and Ministers, and to those passive-obedience framers of the Church-Catechism, who teach us to honour and obey our pastors and masters, and all who are set in *authority* over us, without hesitation or inquiry. What tho' they be usurpers, heretics, or infidels? They have authority, and that is enough; for this word in politics, is equivalent to precedent, in law; that is to say, it supersedes our own opinions, and judgments, and makes us hear, see, and reason with the ears, eyes, and faculties of the by-gone generations. And very properly so, for who but a fool can doubt the wisdom of his ancestors?

Had Captain Hall and I, the Tory Mammoth and moth, been living at the introduction of Christianity, I have no doubt that we should have opposed it, *vi et armis*; for both Paganism and Judaism had "long been sanctioned by authority," to say nothing of their having the bestowal of the loaves and fishes, a not immaterial item in the account. For our defence, I can only appeal once more to Shakspeare, who tells us, that man,

"Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of that he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the Angels weep."

With which exculpatory plea, I and the Captain, (*Ego et rex meus*),

throw ourselves upon the mercy of the Court,—no unusual or unprofitable step with thorough-paced Tories.

For the continuance of the dark ages, we should also have been staunch sticklers; for our governing principle would have reminded us, that they had endured for a thousand years, no trifling evidence of their adaptation to the wants and the happiness of mankind; and we could never have forgotten, that during the whole of this period, the wisdom of our ancestors had been hallowed by all the sanctions of religion and royalty. On behalf of my colleague and myself, I will frankly express our regret at not having lived, during these ever-to-be-regretted thousand years, which constituted the millennium of Toryism, and the golden age of priesthood. Under the gallant and immutable Captain (*Teuero, duce et auspice Teuero,*) I should subsequently have combated against Martin Luther and the Reformers, (whose very name, fills me with unutterable loathing); for had not Popery also existed for a thousand years? was it not “sanctioned by authority?” had it not immeasurably enriched the Church? that sure test of its Christian utility; and was it not expressly calculated, by its claims, to a divine origin, and an infallible priesthood, to keep the people in subjection? that equally sure criterion of its political utility. Oh! that the world were wise enough, universally to adopt the tranquillizing doctrine, that “whatever is, is right;” provided always, that it has been long “sanctioned by authority.” Then should we have escaped all the convulsions and struggles that attended the abolition of the Feudal system, with its wholesome villainages, and its pleasant rights of jambage, and similar immunities, so beneficial to the privileged classes. Then would witchcraft still be flourishing through the land, to the salutary hanging of some thirty or forty thousand paupers per annum, whereby would have been prevented that burthensome poor’s rate, and superabundant population, under the evils of which we, of the better orders, are now groaning; while religion would not have received that vital stab which was predicted by the Clergy, when they preached, as they did, almost universally against the repeal of the witch-burning statutes. For Captain Hall and myself, I beg to put on record, that we fully agree with Dr. Henry, More, and Cudworth, and Bacon, and James I. and Judge Hale, and other eminent and enlightened men, constituting part and parcel of the wisdom of our ancestors, who stigmatized as atheists all those who wrote against witchcraft; for was not its existence sanctioned, not only by Scripture, but by the authority of a thousand years’ judicial condemnations? Good Heavens! my Tory blood boils in my veins when I see how impiously and presumptuously reformers and radicals will shut their eyes against all past experience, and abolish laws that can sub-pœna ten centuries to prove their propriety!

Then, Mr. Editor,—to resume my list of the advantages we should be enjoying, had we never rebelliously shaken off authority,—we should, in this our current *Anno Domini*, decide differences by the judicial duel, instead of an expensive law-suit; and try criminals by ordeal, and torture, and inquisition, and Star-Chamber process, instead of waiting for the assizes; and cure the king’s evil by royal touch, instead of seeing a physician; and make our fortunes by alchemy, and the transmutation of metals, instead of toiling and drudging for a whole life. And then, also, to jump over a thousand similar benefits, and come at once to modern times, we should be living under that happy and enviable state of law, when the Corporation and Test Acts were unrepealed, and the Slave

Trade in full activity, and the Catholic disabilities unremoved. All these had the sanction of "long authority;" and Captain Hall and I, though no great friends of liberty, take the liberty of asking the whole world, what has been gained by their abrogation? Was there ever a period of such universal convulsion, disaffection, poverty, sickness, and misery, as the present? And is it not flagrant, that all these misfortunes are mainly, if not solely, attributable to the abolition of these good old customs, to our want of reverence for the "wisdom of our ancestors," to the prevalent mania for improvement and innovation? Of all such pitiable delirations, the crowning insanity is this accursed, this suicidal Reform Bill, which, as Captain Hall and I verily believe, will exclude our party from power for at least fifty years to come, and, by means of Russell's Purge, will convert the whole country into a purgatory for the Tory faction. It serves us right; we are punished for the sins of our ancestors. Had they stuck to James the Second, their legitimate monarch, whose acts were "sanctioned by long authority;"—had they loyally and manfully resisted the Revolution effected by William III., we should have escaped the horrors of that worse Revolution with which we are menaced by William IV.

Assuredly Providence inspects those whom it has doomed to perish, or we should never thus madly rush upon certain destruction, having before our eyes the appalling, the awful, the tremendous, judicial punishment entailed upon the Americans, by their rebellious rejection of long-sanctioned authority. Who can read Captain Hall's or Mrs. Trollope's account of that unhappy people without shuddering? True it is that with a mere handful of men, they originally asserted their rights against the most powerful nation in the world, and never sheathed the sword they had drawn in the cause of liberty, until they had achieved national independence. True it is that, with an unprecedented rapidity, they have extended their territory, and redoubled the number of their subjects, until, with a daily increasing population of twelve millions, they have become a great, flourishing, and puissant empire. Equally unquestionable it is that they will very shortly have no national debt, which Captain Hall, with whom I am ever proud to agree, considers a great misfortune. It is admitted, moreover, that they are a religious people, without paying tithes; that they have few taxes, no game laws, no poor's rate, a beggar being unknown in their whole territory; while they are so united among themselves, as well as so proud of their republican government, that it would be impossible to discover in any one of their provinces a single disaffected person. The democrat who can see any thing enviable in all this, is welcome "to wonder with a foolish face of praise." But every medal has its reverse; and I call upon my fellow-countrymen,—the most thinking people in the world,—to mark the *per-contra* side of the account, as stated, without exaggeration, by Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope. In the first place, their government is a republic;—they have no king, no peerage, no law of *primogeniture*—no entailed estates, no titled and enormously endowed hierarchy, no pension list; in all which vital and important points, their inferiority to the mother country will be instantly recognized. Does not Captain Hall furthermore tell us, that, instead of the slavish deference and respect, to which he had been accustomed on board his own ship, and which had been "long sanctioned by authority," the lowest Yankee comported himself with an air of equality and independence that was absolutely intolerable? Does not Mrs. Trollope assure us, that, in America, it is im-

possible to treat the "helps," either male or female, with that insolence and arrogance, to which servants so abjectly submit in our own free and happy country? Were not her governess notions frequently shocked by observing, that the ladies, whose inviolable chastity she readily acknowledges, neither dressed according to the most approved fashion of Bond Street, nor conducted themselves, in several matters of minute etiquette, with that refinement and disciplined politeness which distinguish the best circles in England? Both travellers having made the ingenious discovery, that America being a new country, has none of the characteristics of an old one, justly complain that the tourist sees no picturesque ruins; that the people, universally preferring the useful to the ornamental, cultivate such arts only as connect themselves with trade, manufactures, and commerce; and that, in consequence of this plodding and mechanical turn, they cannot boast any such architectural *chef-d'œuvre* as Buckingham Palace, or the Brighton Pavilion; while they have no artist to execute such dainty devices as were painted by Stroking for our late King;—no sculptors, who can chisel out a decent Venus;—no Poet Laureate, who receives a salary for writing nothing.

These grave charges, which are the head and front of American offending, according to the indictment of the travellers, whose names I have mentioned, stand at present uncontradicted. I believe them to be irrefragable, and I trust, therefore, that we shall hear no more of the Yankees, except as a nation whose manners, habits, and institutions, ought to be viewed with profound abhorrence, by such a loyal, civilized, servant-spurning, sprucely dressed, and almost universally, silver-fork-using people as the English.

As these observations have been scribbled with an extemporaneous haste, and as I glory, not less than my colleague, the gallant Captain, in the party to which we both belong, I feel warranted, Mr. Editor, in subscribing myself

AN IMPROVISATORY.

PADDY FOOSHANE'S FRICASSEE.

PADDY FOOSHANE kept a shebeen house at Barleymount Cross, in which he sold whiskey—from which his Majesty did not derive any large portion of his revenues—ale, and provisions. One evening a number of friends, returning from a funeral—all neighbours too—stopt at his house, "because they were in grief," to drink a drop. There was Andy Agar, a stout rattling fellow, the natural son of a gentleman residing near there; Jack Shea, who was afterwards transported for running away with Bidy Lawlor; Tim Cournane, who, by reason of being on his keeping, was privileged to carry a gun; Owen Connor, a march-of-intellect man, who wished to enlighten proctors by making them swallow their processes; and a number of other "good boys." The night began to "rain cats and dogs," and there was no stirring out; so the cards were called for, a roaring fire was made down, and the whisky and ale began to flow. After due observation, and several experiments, a space large enough for the big table, and free from the drop down, was discovered. Here six persons, including Andy, Jack, Tim—with his gun

between his legs—and Owen, sat to play for a pig's head, of which the living owner, in the parlour below, testified, by frequent grunts, his displeasure at this unceremonious disposal of his property. One boy held several splinters to light them; and another was charged with the sole business of making more, and drying them in little bundles at the fire. This, however, did not prevent him from making many sallies to discover the state of the game. A ring, two or three deep, surrounded the players, and in their looks exhibited the most keen interest. This group formed what might be termed the foreground of the picture. In one corner were squatted five boys and three girls, also playing cards for pins. But, notwithstanding the smallness of the stakes, there were innumerable scuffles, and an unceasing clamour kept up, through which the treble of the girls was sure to be heard, and which, every now and then, required curses, loud and deep, from some unfortunate player at the large table, to silence. On the block by the fire sat Paddy himself, convulsing a large audience with laughter at some humorous story, or at one of his own practical jokes, while his wife bustled about, beat the dog, set pieces of plates and keelers to receive the rain wherever it oozed through the thatch, and occasionally stopped, half-provoked and half-admiring, to shake her head at her husband. Card-playing is very thirsty, and the boys were anxious to keep out the wet; so that long before the pig's head was decided, a messenger had been dispatched several times to Killarney, a distance of four English miles, for a pint of whisky each time. The ale also went merrily round, until most of the men were quite stupid, their faces swollen, and their eyes red and heavy. The contest at length was decided; but a quarrel about the skill of the respective parties succeeded, and threatened broken heads at one time. Indeed, had Tim been able to effect the purpose at which he diligently laboured, of getting the gun to his shoulder, it is very probable he would have taken ample satisfaction for some dreadful affront offered him by Andy; who, on his part, directed all his discourse to a large wooden gallon at the other end of the table. The imperturbable coolness of his opponent provoked Andy exceedingly. Abuse is bad enough; but contemptuous silence is more than flesh and blood can bear, particularly as he felt that he was running aground fast when he had the whole conversation to himself. He became quite furious, and, after two or three efforts, started up, and made a rush towards his wooden adversary; but the great slipperiness of the ground laid him on the flat of his back. This gave time, so that several interfered, and peace was made; but the harmony of the night was destroyed. At last, Jack Shea swore they must have something to eat; damn him but he was starved with drink, and he must get some rashers somewhere or other. Every one declared the same; and Paddy was ordered to cook some *griskins* forthwith. Paddy was completely non-plussed:—all the provisions were gone, and yet his guests were not to be trifled with. He made a hundred excuses:—“’Twas late—’twas dry now—and there was nothing in the house; sure they ate and drank enough.” But all in vain. The ould sinner was threatened with instant death if he delayed. So Paddy called a council of war in the parlour, consisting of his wife and himself.

“Agrah, Jillen, agrah, what will we do with these? Is there any meat in the tub? Where is the tongue? If it was yours, Jillen, we’d give them enough of it; but I mane the cow’s,” (aside.)

“Sure the proctors got the tongue ere yesterday, and you know there an’t a bit in the tub. Oh the murtherin villains! and I’ll engage

'twill be no good for us, after all my white bread and the whisky. That it may poison 'em!"

"Amen! Jillen; but don't curse them. After all, where's the meat? I'm sure that Andy will kill me if I don't make it out any how;—and he hasn't a penny to pay for it. You could drive the mail coach, Jillen, through his breeches pocket without jolting over a ha'penny. Coming, coming; d'ye hear 'em?"

"Oh, they'll murder us. Sure if we had any of the tripe I sent yesterday to the gauger."

"Eh! What's that you say? I declare to God here's Andy getting up. We must do something. *Thonon an dhiaoul*, I believe it. Jillen, run and bring me the leather breeches; run woman, alive! Where's the block and the hatchet? Go up and tell 'em you're putting down the pot."

Jillen pacified the uproar in the kitchen by loud promises, and returned to Paddy. The use of the leather breeches passed her comprehension; but Paddy actually took up the leather breeches, tore away the lining with great care, chopped the leather with the hatchet on the block, and put it into the pot as tripe. Considering the situation in which Andy and his friends were, and the appetite of the Irish peasantry for meat in any shape—"a bone" being their *summum bonum*—the risk was very little. If discovered, however, Paddy's safety was much worse than doubtful, as no people in the world have a greater horror of any unusual food. One of the most deadly modes of revenge they can employ is to give an enemy dog's or cat's flesh; and there have been instances where the persons who have eaten it, on being informed of the fact, have gone mad. But Paddy's habit of practical jokes, from which nothing could wean him, and his anger at their conduct, along with the fear he was in, did not allow him to hesitate a moment. Jillen remonstrated in vain. "Hould your tongue, you foolish woman. They're all as blind as the pig there. They'll never find it out. Bad luck to 'em too, my leather breeches! that I gave a pound note and a hog for ia Cork. See how nothing else would satisfy 'em!" The meat at length was ready. Paddy drowned it in butter, threw out the potatoes on the table, and served it up smoking hot with the greatest gravity.

"By J—," says Jack Shea, "that's fine stuff. How a man would dig a trench after that."

"I'll take a priest's oath," answered Tim Cahill, the most irritable of men, but whose temper was something softened by the rich steam;—

"Yet, Tim, what's a priest's oath? I never heard that."

"Why, sure, every one knows you didn't ever hear of anything of good."

"I say you lie, Tim, you rascal."

Tim was on his legs in a few moments, and a general battle was about to begin; but the appetite was too strong, and the quarrel was settled; Tim having been appeased by being allowed to explain a priest's oath. According to him, a priest's oath was this:—He was surrounded by books, which were gradually piled up until they reached his lips. He then kissed the uppermost, and swore by all to the bottom. As soon as the admiration excited by his explanation, in those who were capable of hearing Tim, had ceased, all fell to work; and certainly, if the tripe had been of ordinary texture, drunk as was the party, they would soon have disappeared. After gnawing at them for some time,

"Well," says Owen Connor, "that I mightn't!—but these are the quarest tripes I ever eat. It must be she was very ould."

"By J——," says Andy, taking a piece from his mouth to which he had been paying his addresses for the last half hour, "I'd as soon be eating leather. She was a bull, man; I can't find the soft end at all of it."

"And that's true for you, Andy," said the man of the gun; "and 'tis the greatest shame they hadn't a bull-bait to make him tinder. Paddy, was it from Jack Clifford's bull you got 'em? They'd do for wadding, they're so tough."

"I'll tell you, Tim, where I got them—'twas out of Lord Shannon's great cow at Cork, the great fat cow that the Lord Mayor bought for the Lord Lieutenant—*Asda churp naur hagusheh*.*

"Amen, I pray God! Paddy. Out of Lord Shandon's cow? near the steeple, I suppose; the great cow that couldn't walk with tallow. By J——, these are fine tripes. They'll make a man very strong. Andy, give me two or three *libbhers* more of 'em."

"Well, see that! out of Lord Shandon's cow: I wonder what they gave her, Paddy. That I mightn't!—but these would eat a pit of potatoes. Any how, they're good for the teeth. Paddy, what's the reason they send all the good mate from Cork to the Blacks?"

But before Paddy could answer this question, Andy, who had been endeavouring to help Tim, uttered a loud "*Thonom an dhiaoul!* what's this? Isn't this flannel?" The fact was, he had found a piece of the lining, which Paddy, in his hurry, had not removed; and all was confusion. Every eye was turned to Paddy; but with wonderful quickness he said, "'Tis the book tripe, *agragal*, don't you see?"—and actually persuaded them to it.

"Well, any how," says Tim, "it had the taste of wool."

"May this choke me," says Jack Shea, "if I didn't think that 'twas a piece of a leather breeches when I saw Andy *chewing* it."

This was a shot between wind and water to Paddy. His self-possession was nearly altogether lost, and he could do no more than turn it off by a faint laugh. But it jarred most unpleasantly on Andy's nerves. After looking at Paddy for some time with a very ominous look, he said, "*Yirroo Pandhriy* of the tricks, if I thought you were going on with any work here, my soul and my guts to the devil if I would not cut you into garters. By the vestment I'd make a *furhurmeen* of you."

"Is it I, Andy? That the hands may fall off me!"

But Tim Cahill made a most seasonable diversion. "Andy, when you die, you'll be the death of one fool, any how. What do you know that wasn't ever in Cork itself about tripes. I never ate such mate in my life; and 'twould be good for every poor man in the County of Kerry if he had a tub of it."

Tim's tone of authority, and the character he had got for learning, silenced every doubt, and all laid siege to the tripes again. But after some time, Andy was observed gazing with the most astonished curiosity into the plate before him. His eyes were rivetted on something; at last he touched it with his knife, and exclaimed, "*Kirhappa, dar dhia!*"—[A button by G—.]

"What's that you say?" burst from all! and every one rose in the best manner he could, to learn the meaning of the button.

* May it never come out of his body!

"Oh, the villain of the world!" roared Andy, "I'm pisoned! Where's the pike? For God's sake, ~~run~~ run for the priest, or I'm a dead man with the breeches. Where is he? D—n yeer bloods won't ye catch him, and I pisoned?"

The fact was, Andy had met one of the knee-buttons sewed into a piece of the tripe, and it was impossible for him to fail discovering the cheat. The rage, however, was not confined to Andy. As soon as it was understood what had been done, there was an universal rush for Paddy and Jillien; but Paddy was much too cunning to be caught, after the narrow escape he had of it before. The moment after the discovery of the lining, that he could do so without suspicion, he stole from the table, left the house, and hid himself. Jillien did the same; and nothing remained for the eaters, to vent their rage, but breaking every thing in the cabin; which was done in the utmost fury. Andy, however, continued watching for Paddy with a gun, a whole month after. He might be seen prowling along the ditches near the shebeen-house, waiting for a shot at him. Not that he would have scrupled to enter it, were he likely to find Paddy there; but the latter was completely on the *shuck-raun*, and never visited his cabin except by stealth. It was in one of those visits that Andy hoped to catch him.

BRITISH TAXATION AND EXPENDITURE.*

THE Black Book and the Finance Accounts do indeed make an extraordinary exposure of the manner in which the people of this country are plundered. No one can peruse the details without being heartily sickened. Is there no such thing as public principle? Is the only incentive to virtuous actions base filthy lucre? Blackguards in the street get up sham fights, that they may pick the pockets of the bystanders. Do the debates in Parliament, the altercations which nightly take place, the opposition of one party to the other, differ from these sham fights? Are they not really *got up* to enable both parties to put their hands into John Bull's pockets, while he is standing with them unbuttoned, looking at the squabble? At present there may possibly be more honesty in Parliament, for the members are better watched; but if we go back for a very few years, we will find that almost all the leading Parliamentary orators were paid in one shape or other out of the public purse. There was no distinction of parties. Either was willing to lay hold of anything. If they could not be Lords of the Bedchamber, they had no objection to the sinecure office of Doors Keeper; if they could not get £1000 they would take £10. Where pensions or sinecures are concerned there is no feeling of shame. Every one grasps all that he can, and is then on the watch for more plunder. When he finds he will be allowed no more in his own name, he has probably a bastard, or a whole family of them, or a cast-off mistress or two, to quarter on the people; or having reduced his sisters to destitution by squandering away their patrimony in profligacy, he uses his Parliamentary interest to have them inrolled in the state pauper list.

* THE FINANCE ACCOUNTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, for the Year 1831, ended 5th January, 1832.

THE EXTRAORDINARY BLACK BOOK. Second Edition. Effingham Wilson. 1832
[We earnestly recommend this book to the attention of all who wish to see the manner in which the people are plundered. The second edition is much improved.]

It is remarkable that men, otherwise of high honour and integrity, and who would consider their characters raised were they to receive money from an individual without its being justly due, pocket public money without scruple or hesitation; but for the people, there is neither mercy nor commiseration. In the expenditure of public money, it is a first principle that services done to the public can never be discharged. In the vulgar apprehension, the labourer is worthy of his hire, but then when the hire is paid the obligation of the hirer is held to cease. No one feels an overwhelming load of gratitude pressing on him as long as he lives, because he had once a servant for half-a-year, who did his duty in a creditable manner, or could even brush his trousers without picking the pockets. These services were precisely what he stipulated for, when he took the servant into his house; and the servant, on the other hand, bargained for his wages, and when they are paid, all engagement or obligation between the parties comes to an end. But it is a very different matter with the public servants. To take the public money is an obligation conferred on the public, and if any thing is done by the receiver, the nation feels itself under a load of obligation which it can never get rid of. One might think that the Dutchmen who fought with King William in 1688 might now possibly have been paid, having been in the muster roll for a century and a half. But, no. The heirs of the Duke of Schomberg, who was killed at the battle of the Boyne, still receive, and will receive till the next revolution, £4000 a-year as a hereditary pension. If the Duke of Schomberg was not the most valuable soldier that ever fought, he has proved at least one of the most expensive. The pension given his heirs, improved at 5 per cent. compound interest, would have amounted by this time to nearly £20,000,000 sterling, and as we have always been in debt since 1688, the granting of this pension has had the effect of burdening the country to the extent of £20,000,000. The Duke of Marlborough's victories have cost the country as much, for his heir to this day receives £5000 per annum, because the great Duke did his duty to his country, for which he was in his own lifetime splendidly rewarded.

But before proceeding to consider farther the expenditure of the public revenue, let us see from whom it is collected; for if we are not mistaken, its collection is fully as objectionable as its expenditure. Now it would be thought that those who have the greatest stake in the country—the richest people—should contribute most to pay the expenses of the Government. It is evidently of most consequence to them that property should be safe, that internal convulsions should be prevented, and attacks from abroad resisted, for they have most to lose. In particular, the proprietors of land should contribute in a higher proportion than any other portion of the community, as their property is the most difficult to protect. Personal property can be easily removed, or concealed; money can be sent to another country; but there is no removing the land;—the proprietor of it must remain where he is, and the whole produce of his estate is sure to be swept off by the foreign enemy, or the rebel. His only chance of safety is to have a government sufficiently strong to keep enemies and rebels away from his estate. To the great bulk of the community, a change of dynasty, a foreign conquest, or a rebellion, does not present the prospect of much inconvenience. The only property worthy of consideration which belongs to the body of the people, is the power of their hands, and their knowledge of different trades, and handicrafts. The middle classes depend mainly on professional skill for the means of their

subsistence. Any sufferings the middle and lower classes might endure from revolution, or foreign conquest, would only be temporary, and would be amply compensated by their being relieved from the National Debt, and, consequently, from an immense load of taxation, and by the removal of the numerous restrictions on trade and commerce, which at present greatly restrain honest industry. The landholders, therefore, have an interest infinitely greater than that of any other class, in the stability of government; and any change is always dangerous to them. We find, accordingly, that in almost all countries the land is considered the chief subject of taxation. At this day, in Asia, nearly the whole revenues of the Prince are derived from the soil. The land is held in small portions, by a perpetual and transferable title, but under an obligation of paying, annually, the Government demand, which is increased at the pleasure of the sovereign, and seldom amounts to less than a full rent. In France, the *fonciers*, or land tax, formerly yielded £10,000,000 out of a revenue of £35,000,000; more lately, the proportion was eight to thirty. The scutages on knight's fees, the assessments of hydage on other lands, and the subsidies so often mentioned in English history, were, in reality, land taxes. The cess, or land tax, in Scotland, before the Union, was the principal source of the public income. Of the total revenue of £110,000, it amounted to £36,000—exceeding either the customs, or excise. At the Union, it was fixed at £48,000, and it has never been increased; while the excise, in 1822, amounted to two millions and a half.

But do the landholders of Britain now pay for the support of Government, in proportion to their interest in the stability of the Government? Certainly not. The total gross public income of the United Kingdom, for the year ending 5th January, 1832, was L.54,250,439, of which not one fiftieth part,—L.1,167,167, was raised by the land tax; and even of this sum, a considerable portion is paid by houses. Of the L.54,000,000, no less than L.38,500,000 were derived from the customs and excise, being raised from articles of indispensable necessity to every person in the community, nearly L.2,500,000 from the Post Office—not one farthing of which is paid by the peers, or by Members of Parliament; and about L.7,500,000 from stamps; which revenue is almost wholly paid by the middle classes. The only stamps a great landed proprietor ever uses, are for receipts to his tenants—a branch of the stamp revenues which does not yield, in whole, L.250,000. But even of receipt stamps, a grocer, in good business, uses more than the proprietor of a dukedom. It is impossible to pass by the revenue of stamps, without pointing out the gross injustice suffered by the mercantile and monied classes, by the iniquitous probate and legacy duties. L.2,000,000, sterling, are annually withdrawn from these classes by this inquisitorial tax. By means of it, every man's affairs are, upon his death, pryed into, and ransacked by the officials of Government. The rules for levying the tax are so arbitrary, that no account can be passed without great trouble; whereby the expense incurred to law agents becomes, in many cases, most serious. Even although a man die insolvent, his affairs must be investigated, and an account rendered; and if he has any personal effects, though quite inadequate for the payment of his debts, an inventory of them must be lodged, written on a high *ad valorem* stamp. The price of the stamp may, no doubt, be got back, but the difficulties are so great, and the expense is so considerable, that, in most cases, the attempt is abandoned in despair. But can any thing be more monstrous, than that the succession to land should be altogether

untaxed, while that to money, or moveable property, is burdened in all instances, and in some to the extent of ten per cent. of the amount.

The only other branch of the revenue of considerable amount is the assessed taxes, which yielded last year £5,228,937. Our readers will say, here at least the aristocracy are reached; but stop a little. In the first place, the tax on horses raises nearly half a million; but upon what horses is the tax levied? Why, upon all horses, except the most numerous class—the husbandry horses,—those which cultivate the estates of our land proprietors. These horses were taxed during the war; but when the prices of agricultural produce fell, the landlords found it more convenient to repeal this tax than lower their rents; that is, they took the money out of the pockets of the people instead of their own. More than one half of the assessed taxes consists of inhabited house and window duties; and the unfair manner in which these are levied is well known. There are houses in Edinburgh which are assessed for the inhabited house duty at £400 a-year; many at £300, and a very great number at £200; yet the magnificent palace of Hopetoun, which must have cost £200,000 or £300,000, is only rated at £100. Gosford House, the noble seat of the Earl of Wemyss, is assessed at £80, or at about the same rate as a house of six or seven apartments in the New Town of Edinburgh. The same inequality and injustice prevail in England. The whole assessed rental of England and Wales is £11,154,109, of which, that of the single county of Middlesex is no less than £5,143,340. In London and Westminster there are four hundred and eighteen houses rated at £400 and upwards; in all the remainder of the kingdom only twenty! In the County of Chester, which contains Eaton, and many other splendid residences of the first class, there is but one mansion assessed so high as £300. In Westmoreland, which contains Lowther Castle, there is no assessment which is so high as £200. In Yorkshire, extensive as that county is, and splendid as the numerous seats it contains are, there are only four houses rated at £300, and one at £400. In all Wales there is but one assessment which reaches £110, and only eighteen amounting to £80. The far-famed Blenheim, whose proprietor has a hereditary pension of £5000, is rated at only £300; Alnwick Castle and Belvoir Castle at £200; Althorp at £110; Lambton Castle, Raby Castle, Brancepeth Castle, Wyndward and Ravensworth, all in the county of Durham, are each rated at £70. But enough. *Would it not be much more simple, as well as more honest, to exempt the aristocracy from taxes altogether?* This was the plan in France before the Revolution; and we are convinced that, if our aristocracy would give up their places and pensions in exchange for the exemption, the country would be a great gainer.

But it is a principle which runs through the whole of our taxation, that the richer one is, he pays less in proportion than the poor man. Thus, to take the case of the window duties. If a man has sixteen windows, he is charged 8s. 6d. for one additional; but if he lives in a palace containing one hundred and eighty, he may have as many more as he pleases for 1s. 6d. each. If a poor man borrows £50, he must pay £1 for a stamp for his bond, or two per cent on the loan. If a rich man borrow £50,000 he only requires a L.25 stamp; whereas, a stamp of L.1000 ought to be used were he to pay at the same rate as the poor man. Any sum exceeding L.20,000, however large, may be borrowed without using a higher stamp than L.25 for the bond. The same injustice runs all through the stamp laws. A receipt for L.2 requires a two-penny stamp; but a receipt for L.1000 does not require a

stamp of the price of one thousand pence, but, only of the price of the hundred and twenty pence, or 10s.; and no higher stamp is required for the paper on which any receipt, however large, is written. Again, the stamp for the protest of a bill under L.20 is 2s.; a stamp for a bill of L.500 and upwards is only 10s., though, at the same rate, such a stamp ought to be 50s for L.500, and so on, proportionally, for larger sums. But it is needless to multiply examples. The whole system of licenses is another mode in which the middle and lower orders are fleeced; the higher classes entirely escape this burden. The distinctions made in the same profession in this matter are amusing. The attorney is taxed at all hands before he is admitted; and has, after all, to pay for an annual license at the rate of L.12. The barrister is admitted to his profession without paying one-third of the stamp duties his fellow-practitioner pays; and during the whole remainder of his life he is professionally free from taxation. The latter learn, from their profession, to be talkative and clamorous, and some of them are in Parliament. The attempt to tax them would produce much cry and little wool; the grumbling of the former does not reach the ears of ministers, and so they are a fit object for plunder. The profession of a barrister is of an aristocratical nature, and it is useful in the support of abuses,—it does not like innovations, and delights in precedents; hence another ground of favour and exemption from taxation.

The principle, "Tax the poor, but let the rich escape," is apparent in every branch of the revenue. Let us look to the Customs. The champagne, claret, and burgundy of the rich, pay fourteen per cent. Port and sherry, of which the middle classes occasionally obtain a few glasses, and one in ten of the working classes tastes once in his lifetime, pay twenty-eight per cent.; but brandy pays five hundred per cent. Yet, these articles are all equally the produce of foreign countries. Tobacco, almost the only luxury of the poor man, is taxed nearly a thousand per cent.; and an act of Parliament has been lately passed, to prohibit its growth in Ireland, lest the poor should obtain the weed untaxed. It may be pretended, that this tax is imposed to prevent him expending his money on the luxuries, rather than the necessaries of life. Let us see how the latter are managed. By an act of the 6th year of the reign of our late Sovereign George the IV., of blessed and pious memory; and, we may add, as is done in the old Scotch statutes,—“whom God as-soilzie,” the importation of beef, lamb, mutton, pork, and swine, is altogether prohibited. By other statutes, foreign bacon, butter, cheese, eggs, &c. are heavily taxed on importation. All this is for the benefit of the landholders. They content themselves with excluding only nine-tenths of the corn we might purchase, for two-thirds of the price which it costs in this country. The tenth is permitted to come in, only because no ingenuity has yet been able to keep it out; but not until half a million is annually exacted as a tax on its importation. The corn laws cause the inhabitants of Britain to pay probably thirty or forty millions annually more for their food than they would otherwise do. The revenue derives half a million from this source—the landholders the remainder. What good it has done to our lairds and their tenants we explained in a late number. Their present state and prospects prove the truth of several old proverbs about ill-gotten wealth.

We must now have convinced every one, that it is the unrepresented and unwashed who pay the taxes, and that it is, therefore, but reasonable they should have something to say in their expendi-

ture. But, if any one is incredulous, we have plenty of more evidence at hand. In Scotland, proprietors of estates of £300 or £400 a-year are, in general, freeholders, and, in many counties, the voters, who have no property whatever, but merely a superiority, outnumber the real proprietors. Yet, the total number of freeholders in Scotland does not amount to two thousand five hundred. Suppose, then, we have two thousand landed proprietors in Scotland, that Ireland has three thousand, and England fifteen thousand, we have, in the United Kingdom, twenty thousand proprietors of land. Give each of them a family of five persons and seven servants, and we have, in all, a quarter of a million of land proprietors, with their families and servants. The number of fund holders, receiving dividends of £2000 a-year, and upwards, appears, from a late Parliamentary return, to be two thousand four hundred and thirty-four; and the incomes of £1000, and upwards, derived from professions, merchandize, and trade, were found, under the property-tax returns, to amount to three thousand three hundred. Allowing to each of the fundholders, professional men, merchants, tradesmen, a family of ten, including servants, we have fifty-seven thousand three hundred and forty persons; so that the aristocracy of the United Kingdom, with their servants, taking the term in its widest sense, hardly exceeds three hundred thousand,—one EIGHTIETH part of the whole population! It is in this proportion, therefore, that the taxes on consumption fall on the class who despise the whole remainder of the community as an ignorant rabble. Farther, the duties of customs are collected almost entirely upon the necessaries of life. Thus, the net produce of the customs of England and Scotland, for the year 1831, was £16,810,000; of which one-fourth was levied on sugar, half a million on coffee, half a million on corn, and a million on timber. Tobacco and snuff, the luxuries of the poor, yielded two millions and a half. Wine, the beverage of the rich, only one million and a-third. Rum and brandy, which is consumed principally by the middle classes, yielded three millions to the revenue. Butter, cheese, wool, &c. which must be consumed by the classes not aristocratical, in the proportion of seventy-nine to one, make up the remainder of this revenue. Of the revenue of Excise thirteen-fifteenths are derived from malt, British spirits, tea, soap, and licences, which again must necessarily be paid, almost entirely, by the middle and lower orders.

When all these facts are considered, it will appear, that of the whole revenue of Great Britain, *not one fortieth part is paid by that class who have always had the sole administration of affairs; sometimes changing it from one party to another, but never allowing the people to interfere.* Matters have been managed as might have been expected. The aristocracy have plunged us in an enormous national debt, equal in amount to the value of the whole land of Great Britain. They have caused millions of our fellow countrymen to perish in the field, and have brought the country to the verge of revolution. They have taxed every body and every thing. They have starved the people, by prohibiting the importation of food, and have oppressed—and impoverished them by the payment of pensions and sinecures, to their worthless retainers. They have disgusted the whole body of the population with the government. No one can be sure, that, before the end of this present year, the Constitutional Monarchy of Britain will not be replaced by a republic, or by a military despotism. It is amazing how twenty-four million* of men can allow themselves

to be trodden under foot, and plundered by a privileged class so contemptible in wealth, in intelligence, and in numbers.

Let us now take a glance at the expenditure of the immense revenue of fifty-four millions wrung from the working classes. By the expression—working-classes—we mean all that part of the community—the 79-80ths—who live by their industry,—excluding all land-proprietors, fundholders, sinecurists, and pensioners of either sex, and whatever may have been the services by which they have earned the means of now living in idleness and sloth. The interest of the national debt, and the enormous expense of management paid to the Bank of England absorb nearly twenty-nine millions. The expense of collection, £6, 13s. 8d. per cent. amounts to upwards of three millions and a half. The army and ordnance require no less than eight millions and a half; a sum equal to the whole public revenue at the accession of Geo. III. although we have not 100,000 men on foot. How a foreigner must stare at such a statement. The king of Prussia maintained an army of 325,000 men in 1819, though his entire revenue was only seven millions and a half. But on the continent, the system of quartering the brothers, sons, mistresses and bastards of the aristocracy upon the country is as yet in its infancy. The expense of the navy, again, exceeds five millions and a half—an enormous sum of money certainly, but still greatly under the amount of the sums expended on the army and ordnance, though the navy be the proper defence of England, and the naval force can never be used as an engine for depriving the people of their liberties. It is perhaps on this account that of late years the army has become the favourite force. But the singular circumstance that half the revenue of Britain—a country which has ever boasted of its freedom—a country in which the military force is kept on foot merely by tolerance, and which tolerance is granted only for the short period of a year, should be expended on the army and navy, demands further investigation. It will be found that a very large portion of the above sums are paid not to those who are actually in service, but to those who do nothing; to the loungers in blue surtouts in our streets. One can easily understand that at the end of the war there should have been heavy allowances on account of retired full pay, half pay, civil superannuations, &c. What the precise amount in 1815 was, we have not the documents at hand to ascertain; but in 1822, it was £5,389,087. Now as the war had been at an end for seven years, the receivers of these millions must have been pretty well advanced in life. Let us suppose the average age was forty-five, then by the year 1830, it appears by the Carlisle Table of Mortality, that one-ninth of the number must have died. These deaths ought to have reduced the dead-weight, as it is called, upwards of half a million; but instead of any reduction, we find it increased by no less than £74,553. How does this happen? Why, the scions of the aristocracy are appointed to ships and regiments, while the officers who fought and bled for their country during the war are left to starve on half pay; and the officers who are in the service are so disgusted by seeing beardless boys advanced, while they remain stationary, that they retire in disgust. “The cold shade of aristocracy” blasts all their prospects.

The enormous salaries of the higher offices of the crown absorb a large proportion of the revenue. The author of the *Black Book* enumerates nine hundred and fifty-six individuals whose incomes derived from the public purse amount to £2,161,922, averaging £3261

each. The pension roll amounts to £805,022 per annum; the sinecures to £356,555. The Duke of Sussex, Reformer as he professes himself to be, has £21,000 per annum, because he is a Royal Duke; yet his Royal Highness has his two children by Lady Augusta Murray quartered on the public for £2634 additional. The Duke of Cumberland—*tanto nomini nullum par eulogium*,—receives L.21,000 per annum, and is allowed £6000 more to educate his own son; and the Duchess of Kent has of course the same sum for the education of her daughter. We shall take a few entries from the Black Book. The pensions are of course all for meritorious public services. “Arbuthnot, Harriet, pension L.938.” Fitzhüm, Madam, pension L.40. The pension granted during his viceroyship by Marquis Wellesley who can perhaps explain it.” His Lordship will perhaps state at the same time the cause of the difference, in the public estimation, of the two ladies, which is in the proportion of twenty-three to one. Fitzclarence, Misses, pension L.2,300.* These are his Majesty’s natural children by Mrs. Jordan, the actress, who, it is reported, died from downright want and misery. The male scions of this connection, as it is delicately expressed among the higher ranks, are, an Earl and three Lords,—so cheap is nobility in Britain! The daughters are married to Lords and Honourables. One of their husbands, we are sorry to say, is our countryman. We had hoped his Scotch pride and Presbyterian education, would have enabled him to eschew such scions, even of Royalty. To the machinations of the illegitimate son of an actress, a vagabond by Act of Parliament, joined to the influence of our illustrious Queen, the daughter of the mighty house of Saxe Meiningen, are the twenty-four millions of the United Kingdom to ascribe the attempt to defeat the Reform Bill, and the temporary resignation of Earl Grey’s ministry.* The powerful state of Saxe Meiningen has a territory of three hundred and eighty-five square miles, fifty-four thousand inhabitants, a revenue of £35,000; and a military force of five hundred and forty-four soldiers. It is about the size of the county of Peebles; and the whole revenue would not pay the duty of the tobacco and snuff consumed in ten days by the people of Britain.—But to proceed,—

It would require a volume to point out the absurd purposes to which the revenue of the country is applied. Among the numerous articles by which the country is impoverished, are the Colonies. Thus, among others we find the expense of Sierra Leone for the year, £9730; of Newfoundland, £14,861; and of the miserable settlement at Fernando Po, £37,154. We shall conclude this part of our subject with two entries from the appendix to the Black Book. The people of Britain are taxed for payment of the following sums:—“Fees on the installation of his Serene Highness Augustus William Maximilian Frederick Lewis,” (what a fine name) “reigning Duke of Brunswick, Knight Companion of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, £439.” Now, as to the nobility of the Order of the Garter we know nothing, but we are ready to admit, it is much more respectable than some of our other British Orders. A man may appear in the insignia without blushing. But we cannot conceive why the people of Britain should pay for giving the “reigning Duke of Brunswick,” who seems to have a full stock of Christian names and

* It is proper to mention that Lords Errol and Falkland, and Colonel Fox, who are married to three of Mrs. Jordan’s daughters, resigned their posts in the House-hold when Earl Grey’s resignation was accepted.

titles, another nickname. If he could not pay the expense of the nickname, and his lieges of Brunswick would not disburse the needful, there was no need for saying any thing more about the matter. King William the Reformer, might have kept his proffered honour in his pocket till he found a customer who could pay the fees. But that the job should have been carried through, and the expense charged against us, is utterly monstrous. The next entry is "to pay the fees on the nomination of Count Munster, to be a Knight Grand Cross of the most Honourable Order of the Bath, L.330." This is the eldest scion of poor Mrs. Jordan, who was permitted to die in misery; and this Count Munster, (in Germany the stable boys are Counts) was created by the Whig Ministry, to their eternal disgrace, an Earl of the United Kingdom. The return he has made for his dignity every one knows. Now, if the country was to pay any thing for his Lordship, the money should have been laid out in purchasing letters of legitimation to white-wash his bastardy as far as it was practicable. Can any thing be more contemptible than the eldest son of the King allowing his father's suffering and deluded subjects to pay a miserable sum of L.330 for a paltry gewgaw bauble which his Royal progenitor chose to confer on him?

But let us return to more serious matters:

A Fop's a feather, and a Chief's a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

A question is often asked, what proportion of a man's income is taken from him in taxes? Now, the total income of the people of Britain may be estimated on data which we have not room to specify, at £250,000,000. That of Ireland we may assume at L.50,000,000,—making in all for the United Kingdom L.300,000,000. Of this sum more than one-sixth is drawn directly by Government. But that is not the whole. The local taxes amount to a very large sum. The poor's rates in England exceed L.8,000,000. Other local taxes and contributions probably amount to L.10,000,000 more. Then, as we have already explained, the higher and richer classes are exempted in a great measure from contributing their proper share of the national taxation. When these different circumstances are taken into view, it will hardly be disputed, that one-third part of every man's income, in the middle and lower classes of society, is taken away by the tax collector. Every man who works nine hours a-day is employed during three of these hours to enable him to pay his taxes—*Sic vos non robis vellera fertis oves*. Whatever may have been the case in Virgil's time, the fleecing system is in full operation now.

To conclude, let us give one word in answer to an argument often brought forward by the Tories. It is said that no harm can arise from taxation, or from sinecurists, provided the money be spent within the country. Now, in the first place, if the money be once paid, we have no security that it will be spent in Britain. The Bishop of Clogher is abroad as well as many other of our aristocracy, no doubt for good and sufficient reasons, and they, of course, spend in the countries where they reside, all they receive from their native land. We are not going into the question of absenteeism at present. But let us take a simple case. A farmer is due L.60 of taxes. He sells twenty quarters of wheat for L.60, and pays the money to the collector of taxes. The collector pays the money to the Government, and the agents of Government having received the money to be expended, and having occasion, for the subsistence of the troops, for twenty quarters of wheat, go to the farmer and

pay him back his money, receiving in return the wheat. Now, how does the farmer stand? He is precisely as he was when the tax collector left him, that is to say, he is poorer by twenty quarters of wheat than he was before that functionary paid him a visit. This is too obvious to be insisted on. The effect of sinecures and pensions may be explained with equal simplicity. Suppose ten men were placed by themselves on an island, and that the fertility of the soil was such, that each man could only produce by his labour one quarter of wheat, and the seed for next crop. Now, suppose each man consumed the quarter of wheat in the course of the year, and no more, things would continue in the same state from year to year, as long as the men could continue to do the same quantity of work. Let us see the effect of making one of them a pensioner or sinecurist, and so withdrawing one labourer from the field. The first consequence is, that instead of ten quarters for ten men, only nine are produced. Each man, instead of having a whole quarter for his annual consumption, has now only nine-tenths of a quarter. But then the sinecurist would probably exact the same quantity of grain as when he wrought. In that case, the working men would only have eight-tenths of a quarter each for their subsistence, and, at this stage, distress and misery would probably begin. The same principle which holds in these simple cases holds in all others, however complicated.

Our limits do not permit us to enter into the numerous and incalculable evils which taxation occasions by interfering with trade and industry. The injury it does is not only occasioned by taking money from the people, but by preventing their receiving it. The continual annoyance of being watched by excise officers, for example, and the waste of time occasioned by giving notices, and by waiting till the expiry of the prescribed period, at which the tradesman is in safety to commence his operations, add much to the expense of the manufacture. This again lessens the consumption, and it thus happens, that a maker of exciseable commodities, who, if never interrupted, could employ ten men, only requires five, and the other five are either paupers living on the poor's rates, or robbing passengers on the high-way.

LORD MAHON'S WAR OF THE SUCCESSION.

"Ee fat," exclaimed an elderly Aberdonian dame, when informed that Lord Aberdeen had attempted to play the part of an author; "ee fat do ye think? Our peer feel body o' a lordie has written a buik!" A similar sentiment, more courteously expressed, lies, we suspect, at the bottom of much of the admiration lavished upon aristocratic writers. There may not be much in a book, but still it is wonderful that a lord should have had the wit to write it. This is not exactly the case with Lord Mahon's new work, which evinces powers of research, arrangement, and lucid narrative, such as would not disgrace even that class, which, while cringing to the exaggerated claims of aristocratical arrogance, seeks to revenge its painful feeling of meanness by modestly laying claim to an exclusive title to intellect. "The War of the Succession," if not a work of the very highest historical talent, is still far above mediocrity.*

* History of the War of the Succession in Spain. By Lord Mahon. London: Murray.

It furnishes us, however, with a strange exhibition of that medley of smartness, talent, moral short-sightedness, half-information, and self-satisfaction, which in our day go to make up the mind of a young nobleman. The old are either downright Pomposos, whose characters have at least the beauty of consistency, or they are fine specimens of the old English gentleman. But the young are, with few exceptions, what we must occupy another paragraph in attempting to describe.

Their minds (we speak of the best of them) have been sedulously cultivated, but the education of the heart has been neglected; and where that is the case, the intellect remains for ever dwarfish and shrivelled, like the leaves of a stunted tree growing on an arid and ungrateful soil. They have been taught to believe from infancy, that one of the chief purposes of life is show and parade. Their manners are refined even to fastidiousness, and they indulge in a morbid feeling of distaste to whatever is coarse or vulgar. Like sensitive plants, they shrink from the contact of any hands more rude than those of their own kid-glove fraternity. Thus confined by their own feelings, within the narrow circle of their own *caste*, they grow up in utter ignorance of the powers, thoughts, and feelings, of all the rest of society. Their habits of superciliousness grow inveterate. They acknowledge that men have arisen among the lower orders superior in genius to any of themselves, but these are rare exceptions; and the works of even such gifted individuals are looked upon as destitute of a certain finishing grace, an elegance and freedom of touch, which it is the exclusive privilege of the Patrician mind to bestow. All the rest of the untitled sons of Adam they believe to be referrible to one of two classes—the men of plodding industry, or the ferocious rabble, who are to be deterred from bloodshed or pillage, only by constant watchfulness and intimidation. Habits and prejudices such as we have been describing, seem to have been rather strengthened than otherwise by the late addiction of our young nobility to literary pursuits. Their idea of philosophic scrutiny of human nature does not yet extend beyond the power of uttering a smart ill-natured sarcasm. Their study of history has inspired them with an admiration for, and, in some instances, a desire to emulate the statesmen of past centuries. They are struck with the dexterity and boldness of those ready-witted intriguers, who, because they were thrown by chance upon the surface of an unthinking mass of human beings, and were tossed to and fro by its fierce but brief and aimless heavings, fancied that they controlled the workings of a state. Utterly ignorant of the great aims of legislation, and the modes of giving it effect, our would-be rulers think to make themselves statesmen by aping the worn-out routine of petticoat intrigue, which secured place in the court of Louis XIV. It is no wonder that such a bias should have stimulated a great majority of the younger nobility to the reckless, paltry, and insane opposition which they have offered during the last two years, to the great measure for securing the liberties of England.

We have been induced to wander from the immediate consideration of the work before us into this discussion respecting the prejudices of its author and his noble compeers, by the prominent station which they occupy in the book. They perk themselves into our faces in every page; they tease us like the continuous under-toned murmur of a herd of flies persecuting the traveller on a sultry day. We find the childish obstinacy of a girl of fifteen represented as firmness of character, because she is a princess; nor does the fact of her abandoning all her resolutions

with silly and cowardly haste the moment danger approaches, in the least degree open Lord Mahon's eyes to her true character. An act of most disgraceful perfidy committed by a favourite hero of the noble historian, only "*seems* by no means worthy of an honourable enemy." No harsher sentence is pronounced, although no symptoms of repentance or anxiety to offer reparation were ever evinced. But then the offender was a lord :

" That in the captain's but a choleric word
Which in the soldier were flat blasphemy."

In a similar spirit Cardinal Portocarrero is dubbed an eminent statesman, although his talents, sufficient to secure ascendancy at court by means of intrigue, proved incapable of turning the power he had acquired to the benefit of his country. Another favourite of Lord Mahon is the Princess Orsini, an *intriguante* whose ambition no height could satisfy, and whose passions no years could cool. Having lavished all his sympathy and admiration upon worthies like these, it follows of course that he has none to spare for the people. His sneers at them are incessant, and smart sentences like the following are perpetually recurring :—"The populace of cities, like young tigers brought up tame, may go on many years without any symptoms of ferocity ; but if they only once taste human blood, they acquire an appetite for it."

Sentiments and judgments such as we have now been adverting to might have been passed over with silent contempt at a calmer crisis, or in a man whose views could have little influence upon the destinies of his country. But having just escaped from revolution, we are still standing giddily on the brink of the chasm, any thing but certain that some untoward accident may not even yet precipitate us into it. The quarter from which we anticipate most danger is from our young nobility, and that because of the preposterous notions in which they have of late been indulging. They will be called upon to co-operate in legislating for the country with a House of Commons, not consisting of their own nominees, sympathizing with them or truckling to them, but representing to a greater degree than ever hitherto in England the will and convictions of the democracy. And they are preparing themselves for the task by nursing the most absurd and exaggerated notions of their own superiority. They are jealously endeavouring, by all the petty arts which they learn from memoirs, used to prove successful in the courts of arbitrary princes, to counteract the wishes of a mighty nation, awake to its own rights and power. They are exciting hatred in the breasts of many who are inclined to receive them with open arms. Instead of training themselves to a worthy discharge of the great duties which are ere long to devolve upon them, they are labouring by the meanest chicanery to debar others from participating in them. They put their trust in court ladies and the Duke of Wellington, and refuse the chapped hands held out to them by the honest and industrious. We have eagerly seized upon the opportunity afforded by the publication of a book so deeply imbued with all their worst errors as that of Lord Mahon, to address them in the voice of expostulation and warning.

This is, we confess, to give a political tinge to our criticism ; but in a country where political opinion is the life-breath of the mind, this is unavoidable. It is the duty of every citizen to advocate, on every occasion, the principles to which he is honestly and from conviction attached. If he allow himself to be so far blinded as to deny the existence of

genius and imagination, or to attempt to underrate them, because they are engaged in supporting the cause to which he is opposed, he is a fool and a bigot; but if he allow one opinion which he believes to be untenable or dangerous to receive their dazzling sanction without seeking to expose its fallacy, he neglects his moral duty. Besides history and politics are inseparable, the partisan inevitably gives a colouring to facts. Lord Mahon goes further; he is perpetually seeking for occasions to introduce political lectures. Do the unaided inhabitants of a city, gallantly defending their hearths against a foreign soldiery, allow their passions to hurry them into excess? The opportunity is selected to utter a sapient discourse on the evils of democracy. Does a prince prove ungrateful? Occasion is immediately taken to sneer at the proverbial ingratitude of republics. The change of ministry in the reign of Queen Anne stirs up the historian to record his horror of a creation of peers, and elicits the following somewhat curious confession of faith:—"I cannot but pause for one moment, to observe how much the course of a century has inverted the meaning of these party nicknames; and to remark how much a modern Tory resembles a Whig of Queen Anne's reign, and a Tory of Queen Anne's reign a modern Whig." The likeness really does not strike us.

Apart from these considerations, *The History of the War of the Succession in Spain* will reward a perusal. It contains a narrative of an important era in the declension of Spanish power and wealth. When freedom of opinion and commercial enterprise first began to animate Europe, Spain promised to run as fair a career of improvement as any state in that mighty brotherhood.* The different kingdoms into which the Peninsula had been divided were at last united under one monarch. Each had, however, maintained its ancient institutions, and this circumstance, however adverse to the organization of an effective police, or the expedition of justice, was yet productive of this advantage, that it reminded the people that the laws under which they lived were their own free choice. The ancient constitutions of the Peninsula, moreover, recognized popular rights, perhaps, to a greater extent than those of any other part of Europe. The men were, withal, brave and enterprising, prompt to undertake, and stubborn to persevere. Their contests with the Moors had superinduced a strong portion of bigotry, but wider dealings with the world, and the progress of knowledge would have softened its relentless character.

Much nonsense has been written about the causes of the sudden check received by this gallant nation in its career of improvement. There is but one, the night-mare influence of priest-craft and despotism combining for mutual support. The extensive dominions of Charles V. enabled him to over-awe any portion of his Spanish subjects who might have disapproved of his conduct by an array of foreign troops, and his grasping and ambitious policy forced him on many occasions to disregard their rights and immunities. His son, a morose bigot, whose only aspiration was to be as a god upon earth, succeeded him upon the Spanish throne, with greater wealth, although with less extensive territories, and with a people whose stubbornness had been already tamed in part. The Inquisition had, even before his time, begun to extend its grasp over the free Castilian, who had lent his aid to establish it as a safeguard against the errors of the Jew and the Moor. A prince of Philip's character and pecuniary resources, identified in interest with such a fearful institution, was sufficient to extinguish freedom of thought. In forcibly

forbidding the free utterance of opinion, he fondly thought he was giving repose to his country—the repose of the churchyard. This alone, no misdirected love of gold, paralyzed the energies of Spain. The rich current from America streamed exclusively into the court, and was absorbed in that dry desert. The people felt not its influence. In this state of moral torpor the nation continued during the remaining period of the Hapsburg dynasty, dwindling as its masters dwindled. The last scion of that house expired at the close of the year 1700: the next fourteen years elapsed in a struggle, between two rival candidates, for the throne which he had left vacant—a period as instructive, as any recorded in history, to those who seek to appreciate justly those frames of government from which mankind is now in the process of emancipating itself.

The year 1700 was the mid-day of that system, under which kings selected such kingdoms as pleased their eye, and fought with each other for them; and the people were understood to have nothing to say in the choice of their rulers. No sooner, therefore, was it understood that the last hour of Charles II. was approaching, than the sovereigns of Austria and France took the field, with the view of adding the dominions of the childless monarch to their own overgrown territories. The dying king, feeble through life both in mind and body, was beset and harassed day and night, by emissaries of France soliciting the reversion of his crown for the grandson of Louis XIV., and by the creatures of the Emperor importuning him to bestow the rich gift upon the Archduke Charles. Fatigued with their incessant importunities, the old man at last dictated and signed a testament in favour of Philip of Anjou. "I am now already nothing," he exclaimed with a sigh upon taking this step; and Lord Mahon pertinently adds, "at what period of his life had he ever been otherwise?"

The Prince, to whose guardianship the interests of the Spanish nation were thus confided, was, when he ascended the throne, seventeen years of age, entirely ignorant of the condition and social relations of his new kingdom, and almost of its language. As the great object of Louis was to make Spain virtually a province of France, and as he knew his grandson to be weak, and unable to act except by the instigation of some stronger mind, his first object was to obtain the means of perpetuating his power over him when removed to a distance. For this purpose a young and beautiful wife was selected for him, and an experienced matron, attached to the interests of France, and capable of swaying a silly girl, was placed in her household. If this chain failed to bind Philip to his grandfather, the fault lay in the mismanagement of Louis himself; for Philip was the doating slave of his wife, and she was ruled in every thing by her *gouvernante*. The first use made of his power by the French King was, to obtain for his subjects a share of the Spanish monopoly of South America. The young monarch and his wife were enjoying the splendour of their station; their ministers were caballing against each other; and Spain was getting on in the best way it could without any efficient government.

Meanwhile, the English and Dutch grew jealous of the privileges bestowed upon the French; and in strict consistency with the then acknowledged rules of international law, proposed to invade Spain for giving to others what they did not pretend to have any right to claim for themselves. To this confederacy, the Emperor acceded; and the pretext for invading Spain put forth by the allies was, their resolution to assert the rights of the Archduke Charles, and to dethrone Philip; who,

as they alleged, had succeeded in virtue of a forged will. The combined powers, however, inquired as little after the wishes of the Spaniards themselves as the King of France had done. An armament, fitted out by the Dutch and English, failed in the attempt to take Cadiz, less from the resistance offered by the Spaniards than from the blunders of its own commanders. The Archduke next made some demonstrations on the frontiers of Portugal, with an army composed of British, Portuguese, and German troops. The Duke de Berwic succeeded in preventing him from entering the Spanish territory, until he was recalled in consequence of a court intrigue. The invaders then crossed the frontier, but Castile and Andalusia stood firm to the cause of Philip. Lord Peterborough, in the meantime, carried on a vigorous partisan warfare in Catalonia and Arragon, and ultimately succeeded in attaching the inhabitants of these provinces to the cause of Charles. The war continued to be carried on for ten years without apparently nearing any important result. The Dutch, English, Austrians, and French incurred great expense, and lost a multitude of men. The Spaniards saw their towns destroyed,—their country desolated, and, stung to frenzy, they wreaked on occasions a vengeance on the intruders, too horrible to name. These atrocities were repaid with still greater. At last Louis gave up the idea of supporting his grandson, and retreated from the field. The Archduke succeeded about the same time to the throne of the Holy Roman Empire; and his allies became as jealous of him as they had formerly been of Louis. He was deserted by them, and soon after obliged to relinquish the contest. But worst, the unhappy Catalans, who had been induced to join his standard, were abandoned to the vengeance of Philip, which was dealt out ruthlessly, and in overflowing measure. When at last admitted to grace, they were amerced in their few remaining privileges. And this fourteen years compound of the farcical and horrible is called by Lord Mahon, “a war undertaken with justice, and waged with resolution—a war fruitful in great actions, and important results.”

Lord Mahon mentions, in his dedication to the Duke of Wellington, “I have carefully consulted the MS. papers and correspondence of General Stanhope, who was, at one period, commander of the British army in Spain, and afterwards First Lord of the Treasury in England. These papers fill no less than fifteen or sixteen folio cases, and serve not only to communicate new facts, but to throw light upon others that were doubtful or imperfectly known.” We cannot help thinking that his Lordship, had he undertaken to compile a biography of his progenitor, illustrated by copious selections from these letters, would have engaged in a work more commensurate to his powers, and, consequently, more likely to prove honourable to himself, and advantageous to society at large. As it is, we cannot, nor are we inclined to, deny his claims to the same degree of reputation which a discerning public has already awarded to his two great compeers, Lords Leveson Gower and Portchester—that of clever little men, who have a prodigious ambition to be great, and who insist upon spoiling clever bookmakers, (themselves *videlicet*,) by converting them into feeble politicians.

SOME LATE PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF JOHN BULL, ESQ.

CHAPTER V.

(Continued from last Number.)

Shewing what Company daily resorted to the Mitre and Hole-in-the-Wall, and the plotting against 'Squire Bull which went on there.

Ally, as was said, sprung his rattle from the Hole-in-the-Wall, and a queer squad came tumbling in :—Jews, old clothes-men, young thieves, and old resetters, and a whole lot of broken attorneys, and scurvy hangers-on about the old woman, John's mother. The old lady came herself clandestinely in her sedan-chair, escorted by her chaplain and Old Bags; and hard at their back, clawing up his breeches, Bletheral, in such reeking haste that he had not taken time to change his linen.

"Slack in the girths, Charley," cried Bags, hotching and laughing, as he hobbled about to find the old woman a chair, in which, when he had placed her, as a peacemaker he introduced Hookey, whom she now kissed on both sides of his face, saying he was the lad for her money, and that she freely forgave him his late slippery trick about Pat's children, as he had now spoken out, and roundly too, to John about her trifle of jointure, particularly what she drew from Pat's bogs. And Hookey made believe to return the old lady's fond embrace, though some said his stomach rose at her slobbering. To say truth, next to Brown Bess herself, Hookey loved a pretty girl as well as most men of his age, and few believed that, in his heart, he cared one fig for the old gentlewoman. Bags, with tears in his eyes—for he was a fountain of tears—now inquired how she felt herself, and she replied, wonderfully comforted and refreshed.

"Did the gallant Hookey explain how he set the Yankee Rat in the place of your humble and faithful servitor, to the great prejudice of him and of John's family?" whispered Bags.

"Tush!" cried the old lady, peevishly; "Hookey will make you all right."

"Good, very good," sighed Bags, his eyes glistening; and with that in rolls Braggadocio, Chanticleer, Old Hecklepins, Sir Dismal Waverer, the Cornish Chuff, and a few more, with Signor Bullyrook, who swaggers up to the head of the board, sets himself in the best chair, thrusts back and cocks his dragoon castor, slaps the table with his open palm, sets his arms a-kimbo, and bellows out that he, Tempestoso Bullyrook, simple as he sat there, would swallow Gaffer Grey, and Madam Reform, and make but one snap of her Broom,—ay, as ever Tom Thumb did the Red Cow!

"As the Red Cow did valiant Tom," said Bags, laughing quietly; for he loved accuracy in language.

"All my eye," muttered the Chuff, gruffly.

"Did ye mutter, sirrah!" cried Bullyrook; and Bags, with brimming eyes, besought the noble signor, and also the worthy esquire, to temper their noble valour with a few grains of discretion.

"All there were friends alike to their own households in the first place, which was their duty as Christians; but, above all, to the cus-

tom of the manor; the Old Gentlewoman, and *that Most Mighty and Potent Prince Rufus Gules Argent Or Gryphon Weverel Rustre, Rampant Saliant Millrind Flory Bendsinister, &c. &c. &c. Rustyfusty*. He vowed to God, that, than he, their poor servitor Old Bags, one of the best and most honest men, though he said it, neither New Broom nor Old Broom, nor Birch Broom, nor Hair Broom, would make a cleaner sweep, give him but time and elbow-room; and if the gallant Hookey believed that Yankee Rat, or Black Rat, or Scarlet Rat, or any changing colour or complexion of Rat, knew better how to gnaw and nuzzle about the old cobwebbed holes and bores of John Bull's cabinet than he, or had a keener scent, they were in a damnable mistake. He was an old man, the more was the pity, and could not much longer now (the more the pity again) keep from taking possession of that handsome estate in the Fortunate Island, which the old gentlewoman had freely voted him, along with many other trifling items; but he was still, as in gratitude and duty bound, willing to keep out of possession, and serve the Squire her son at the old rate. Though some had said, in another place, that he ought to have laid up more of his treasures in the estate alluded to, he considered such observations highly out of order. He was an old man, a very venerable old man, who, but for wearing a buz wig in undress, would be crowned, he'd have John Bull to know, with the glory of grey hairs; and, careful as he might have been of his small vails, and the Christmas-box into which the old gentlewoman's chaplains had sometimes dropped a mite—that he would not deny—it was cruel, papistical, ungrateful, and highly out of order, and quite and clean against the custom of the manor, for Hookey to place the Yankey Rat,—for whom, any where else, he had the highest respect,—in his shoes; while he, though gouty, had,—praise be blessed! health and strength, and entire good will to wear them himself;” and here he lifted up his voice and wept at the ingratitude of men.

“And he buried in them—his shoes,” muttered one.—“Worthy, honest, faithful soul,—with what good nature, long-suffering, and equanimity, he has borne every one's misfortunes, save those of his dearly and only beloved Old John of Newcastle!”

“Maudlin!—blarney and drivel!” muttered the Chuff. “Now, gentlemen to business; for what are we here?” and, slapping the table, he scowled round. The tap-boy at this instant brought word that one was without wishing to come in to consult the old gentlewoman; but would not sit in the same box where Hookey, Toby Philpots, or Sly Bob sat.

“The new clerk of Oxenforde, dear Bob's successor, something of a precisian,” said the old woman; “but I shall manage him. He don't much affect dear Sir Dismal, or Heckelpins either; but I must make you all kiss and be friends, like good boys.” Bob, who had among his other fits, fits of the grace of shame, would have slunk off now to dibble in the cabbage, as usual, saying, he had a touch of a megrim from his deluded master's abominable ignorant ingratitude, meaning the rap John had lent him at parting over sconce and knuckles. But what by the cozening of Toby, the wheedling and the fair promises of the old woman, and the flattery of Rustyfusty's agents, the peace was soldered up at this time. The kiss went round,—the pipes were filled afresh,—the beer-pots replenished,—groats a-piece tabled; when Ally sprung to his feet, crying, “You sit palavering here, my masters; but I'd have you know

that if Madam and her Broom once get fairly hefted in John's house, 'tis all up with us. *Have* is a good dog, but *Holdfast* is a better."

"Spoke like an oracle," was cried in four different brogues—the Derry dialect conspicuous above all. "Our last chance is to give out that John is mad; stark staring mad; mad as a March hare—more by token the fit seized him in March."

"And that the pretended Madam is a painted French Jezabel, who has bewitched him through the power of Dan, the devil, and strong waters," cried Bletheral.

"Right, Charley—not forgetting John Wilkes, Guy Faux, and Tom Paine. These were pretty fellows in my day," said Old Bags; "the best playing-cards in Pitapat's pack."

"John must be made aware that if she—devil confound her!—and Gaffer once get in, it will be the blackest day ever the tenants saw; and that she will get over Nap's old knaves, rob the hen-roost, break into the cellar, bring in a vermin of Irish trampers, lousy Scots, and Brummagem tinkers, into the best parlour, and fire off the blunderbuss at whoever shall say, 'Madam, what do ye?'"

"I'll make affidavit to it all," cried Old Bags—"a pestilent, plaguy, troublesome jade, who will be poking her nose every where, and whom I never yet met in the course of my long and venerable life, without making a point of conscience to have her gagged, or commending her to the parish-headle's staff. See the rumpus the vile harlotry has made in Lewis' manor first and last;—rummaging the boxes of the poor servants, and stripping them of their honest vails, a horror to be heard of in a Christian community."

"True, Bags, my fine old Trojan," cried Ally; "vails, as you have chorussed a few times now; but don't weep, man. Marry, hang her, jade! to vex your honest soul so; but to this affair on hand:—The 'Squire, after all—and I have had some twenty-five years' experience of his sweet humours—is but a big, blustering, rollocking nincompoop; very apt to be hypochondriac, and afraid at times at his shadow in the water. What between fleeching and frightening, his fears of his duns, and the horror of the chollic——" ["For which I'll make him fast a couple of days—to cool his humour," said the old lady.]—"I bet a tester we frighten him into taking us all back again, within the month. In the first place, The Most Mighty and Potent Prince Rustyfusty, as often as Gaffer speaks of Madam, must swear he mistakes the woman, and is surely non-compos. We must all quiz Gaffer and his Broom, and try to make the 'Squire laugh. Get him to guffaw, and he's your man for the time. There's Punch and Judy;—tickle him up with that—

* * * Bolting whole yards of Hog's puddings;—that's a jest never fails with the 'Squire, as good on the hundredth repetition as at the first—

* * * "If all this won't do, set him on to smash a stained window or two of Prince Rustyfusty's old saloon; and so we swear the peace against him, clap him in the strait waistcoat.—Lord, how he will bellow and kick, hand and foot!"

"Gag him if he roar," cried Hecklepins.

"Lock up the press," cried the Pettifogger. "Put him on lower diet."

"The steel diet, the cold iron," cried a distant voice, "with Huffing Hal to administer it. Mrs. Bull, gentle soul! will fear being packed off to the country; she'll soon yield quietly to the brave Hookey—irre-

sistible among the wenches of all sorts, from Bill's back-stairs downwards; and why not with John's wife?"

"Or, if not, *throttle her*," replied Chuff.

"Bravo!" cried a few voices; but Sly Bob said never a word.

"Gemmen, I say," cried Bullyrook; but here Hookey prevailed; and Signor Tempestoso sat down, choking and spluttering in rage.

"Why, look ye, gentlemen," said Hookey, "I am short and pithy. I have done this same 'Squire some service; and you see how the huckstering, crop-eared, cuckoldy knave repays me. Not that I care that! for his pitiful service! But, demme! I'm an old campaigner; and I won't be beat off the field for nothing. Bill's wife and the wenches look to me; and I'll be hanged if I baulk them. So if this swaggering 'Squire of yours, Master Bob, gives me more of his jaw,—as I said before, if he won't be quiet, there's a way to make him." And with this Hookey, with his game looks, claps his hand on his toasting-fork.

"Bravo!" again cried they all; but Bob still sung mum. "Bleeding, blistering, and the steel diet, and we will soon *cow* 'Squire John!" It was understood that Hookey was to shave the 'Squire's head during the grand assault; while Huffing Hal, with his "solid jaw" was to pinion one sturdy limb, and the Moorcock another. But as they went on, Hookey, who sometimes shewed a little wisdom in his anger, on consulting Bob's glum looks, cried, "O, Lord, no, boys! I would not for my best Snuff-box, hurt a hair of the head of the 'Squire, provided he behave like a reasonable creature,—and kick out Gaffer and Madam when I bid him."

"And uphold and respect the ancient and imprescriptible rights of my noble cousin, that Most Mighty and Potent, &c. &c.," said Smatchet Storm-in-a-gutter, in his conceited way, whom Hookey would have brained, with a dozen of the same sort,—or spitted rather—"For deuce a drachm of brain they had among them," Atty said;—"A pert jackanapes," muttered the angry drill, "who takes upon him, as Orator Mansie's heir-at-law."

"That must be clearly and fully understood," cried a dozen of the Rusty faction.

"Before I lend my countenance," cried the Raw Duckling, with the mighty air of a goose lowering her head to pass under a gateway. "Who shall be John's servants is one thing,—and for that matter I vote for Hookey,—but the immutable rights, and ancient privileges of *us* of the blood of that Most Mighty and Potent &c. &c. &c. &c. is, I *opine*, another."

"O! of course, of course," cried Ally; for Atty O'Bradley disdained to reply at this time to the greenhorns. Indeed, Bill's serving-wenches had dandled and slobbered him till he was become as saucy as any page of the back-stairs, and as humoursome as my lady's lap-dog. His fellow-servants often said they had dogs' lives with his saucy, domineering ways; but, as Bob sighed, "what could they make of it."

"Of course, of course!" cried Ally, "what is sauce for the goose cannot in this case be sauce for the gander. No dog in John's house shall dare bark, were it but at the shadow of that Most Mighty and Potent, &c. &c. But hear the Most Noble Glorifukum, whose words being few are precious."

"I don't often bother ye, gentlemen," said Glorifukum; "and this same affair of John's wife don't much concern me personally, who live among the hills, and, being a married man, have little to say to the lady."

But hang me if I like to see sport spoiled. What the Thane is after is a poser to me; but, I presume, he means to repent, and turn saint on our hands. I don't well know the outs and ins of it;—that's the truth. It is not in my line; but it's a deuced unhandsome and ungentlemanly thing for any one gentleman to interfere with another. If this croup-eared cur of a 'Squire have a wife with taste enough to prefer my Most Mighty, and Potent cousin——?"

"But if she don't prefer?" interrupted one.

"O, hang it, that's another affair."

"Not a whit of it," cried the Pettifogger, afraid of Glorifukum's blunders. "Is it not equally expedient for the happiness and prosperity of the 'Squire's family, and equally the custom of the Manor; which, unless it were, heaven forbid I should stand up——"

"Whew!" cried Ally, whistling the thieves whistle through his fingers,—when in bounced a squad of tattered knaves, which made Bags instinctively clap his hand to his breeches pocket, and the old gentlewoman became alarmed for her reputation. "These, gemmen," said Ally, "are our excellent and approved good friends—my runners, and setters, my fetchers and carriers, my pets and lambs; of which the chief distinction is, that while some lie every day for our service, others don't much above once a quarter or so; but then it is a bounce I promise you! * * * * * "Here, Teddy, my own darling; be it your care to dress up some drab in a masquerade habit, like a Bess of Bedlam, whom you are to drive about holloaing after her as the true Madam Reform. Some of the 'Squire's old aunts will be sure to believe you; especially if you get Blacklegs and his rascallions to shout after, and bear her shoulder high through Muslin Lane, and that way. You Jiffy, my precious, be sure you let off a few squibs and crackers o' nights under John's window. If the old nurses can be got to squeak rape! robbery! the day is our own.—How the budge Dons stare," continued Ally, turning aside to his own knaves! "But down with the dust gentlemen of Prince Rustyfasty; table the yellow boys! All they are good for, and d—d slow at it;"—he whispered to his pets.—"No carrying on the war without the shiners, my dear boys." Bags became deeply affected, "Not a spare coin had he—he was an old man, a very old poor man who could neither work nor want; but to his best advice gratis, and the prayers of his dear friend, the old gentlewoman,"—"Tush!" cried the Chuff impatiently; and a hat was sent round, into which Braggadocio, Swaggerer, the Raw Duckling, and the other heirs of Prince Rusty, dropped a few small coins, saying they would settle the score again. It might be marked to them. "News at paying it," whispered the Whipper-in. This forced levy was divided, share and share alike, it was pretended; though the plausible grave knave in the black shabby-genteels fared best.

"There's the making of a clever Attorney spoiled in that last chap," said Ally.—"Whereabouts picked up?"—"At the Burking of Gentleman George's wife. The lad has a fine natural genius for resurrection work; almost a passion. I have known him grub and prowl about a charnel-house when the stench was intolerable to every Christian nose, for the pleasure of having a kick or fling at the mouldering bones. He's none of your nice ones."

"Faugh, pshaw!" cried Sly Bob, in a fit of real disgust. "Goules! Such brutal obscene tricks, my dear Ally, hurt us needlessly with the 'Squire. They are, as I said of Lovelocks and his tame elephant, some-

what 'injudicious jests.' Obstreperous and misled as John Bull, my dear master, is, he is a Christian at bottom, and has bowels; and, moreover, odd notions about decency and humanity."—Ally looked as black as the north.—"While the 'Squire's cocks fought well, and cash was plenty, he sometimes gave himself airs of admiring genealogies and Scotch pibrochs, and all that stuff, though marrow-bones and cleavers, or a change on the steeple bells, are nearer John's true mark in music."

"Any thing but a *Bob Major*," quoth Ally briskly, recovering the face Bob suddenly lost. "Whatever your grave worship may be pleased to think of my comrade, a 'cuter lad than he, now padding off is not in your bands; and nothing comes amiss to him. He'll chalk you up five hundred '*Down with Gaffers*' of a morning before drinking his first pot, and snuffle you through a long-winded homily, once a quarter or so, in what you would swear was the very voice of the old gentlewoman's own chaplain,—I promise you he has the trick of it;—tip you a chirp to the blowens, and turn you off a broadside between hands. Now you have him the German Doctor, trying (with the horn) to make John swallow what he calls antidotes to Madam's poisonous nostrums, as grave as if he were the chief of Greta himself; next (commend me to a fellow to whom nothing comes wrong) playing the puppets to Punch in yon Fair booth;—now the Jack Pudding himself, diverting the 'Squire till he got sulky, into broad grins, with legerdemain and hocus-pocus. How the grinning ninny was wont to roar at the tricks we got up to amuse him; but since this last damned crotchet took him, the devil himself can't make him laugh. The 'Squire with his sharp wits found us all out too——so he did! It was all devil's money that we conjured into his pockets. There came no good of those pancakes we made in his hat in the way of filling his belly," the 'Squire told us in his own bright fashion. The foreign jugglers did it better. "Now that's a cursed lie of Master John's."

Ally did not mention that the Squire found out that these shews, and crowds had been got together to cover picking his pocket of crowns and half-crowns; besides favouring the regular thieves, who grabbed at his fob, and often filched his snuff-horn and Bandana.

"Hold your peace, Ally, and know 'tis your master you mock," said Bob; who, among his many fits, sometimes took a High and Mighty honest fit, by way of change; a symptom with which Ally himself was never once troubled, and which he would tauntingly call the *mule-twist*,* Bob's father having been a weaver. "Neither you nor your chums were born or bred in this parish, and can't know the humour of the 'Squire; he may laugh at yon cogging knaves, but depend on't they'll get more of his kicks than his halfpence in the end."

Ally, who conceived his own hempseed, the 'Squire's name-son, included in Bob's lecture, muttered "You be hanged!" and wheeled round to Atty O'Bradley; who, however, seemed much of Bob's mind. Give Hookey his will, and the whole legions and tribes of ballad-mongers and caterwaulers of all sorts would have been tramped off to measure their feet by the rounds of the Tread-mill, or beat hemp in Bridewell. To his own long experience of actual business, a tight, sharp-eared, black-eyed chambermaid, about Bill's back-stairs, or a little French milliner, was, whether with John or his wife, or any one else, an agent

* A particular kind of yarn we believe.

worth a score of them. Had he not himself, who, God wot, knew nothing about metre-verse, tripped up Gentle Georgy, that mighty ballad-monger, with one whiff.—“Give me a lad that will look sharp, and do as he is bid—none of your hurdy-gurdy knaves for me.” And Hookey would grin at the presumption of Ally’s small clerks, and to see them blow out and swell, in spite of their pretended reverence for Prince Rusty and all his family, if *their* small wares were overlooked at market. “What, after all, were your Raw Ducklings and Storm-in-a-gutters to lads of spunk and mettle like them? They had a devil of a mind to cut Rusty and the whole concern, and take John by the hand.”

“Ally, my good friend, you’ll particularly oblige me by keeping your scullions expectant in the kitchen henceforth,” said Hookey, in his game way. “Meanwhile, Bob, a word with you;” and Atty stalked to a private box of the tap-room, and Bob sneaked after, while Ally made faces at both.

CHAPTER VI.

Shewing what passed between Hookey and Sly Bob; and the Dancing and racket in Bill Boswain’s back-parlour.

There was dead silence while Hookey lighted his *dhudeen*; for, like the ghosts, Bob would never, at such times, speak, till spoken to.

“All up with you now, Bob,” quoth Atty;—“*puff! puff! puff!*” for, short of wind at all times, his meershaum often eked out his meaning. He saw clearly through Bob, all save a few odd crannies and corners, at which clear-sighted Bob never could have guessed. Like a goose with its head tucked under its wing, which fancies itself invisible, he was always sure ’Squire John did not see him; yet Hookey had a sort of good opinion of him too, as one who knew something of John’s matters; now Ally he heartily despised, and would call him “*The Talking Potato.*”

“All up with your worship,” quoth Bob;—“as how? *puff! puff! puff!*” for Bob dearly loved to blow a small cloud about him, like his betters; whence he would talk forth like a Heathen oracle.—“As how?—as if you did not know all that goes forward in John’s tabernacle. How will Rusty and the Old Gentlewoman stand the brush of Gaffer and Madam, in their second sally?”

Bob sighed. “If there’s a Gaffer Grey in John’s house, there’s a grey mare in Bill Boswain’s stable,” said he, at length;—and Atty nodded, “Hit the nail.”

Bill was, at one time, you must know, all for Madam, and for humouring John; but now he would shake his head and say, he feared she was not the woman Gaffer gave her out for; nor quite the thing. He’d let Mrs. Bull and her fight it out between them. His wife knew Madam of old for a plaguy meddlesome breed-bate, who had made a sad rumpus near her father’s small cabin in the Oak Forest. He hoped it was not all true; but it was said; the smart Bar-maid of the Black Bear had sworn it to his wench. His wife had the honour to be a cousin-german of Prince Rustyfusty, and had a monstrous bad opinion of Madam.”

“So far good for Bill’s lady,” said Bob; “but if that raw, ignorant, peevish, green-sickness country wench, John’s new wife, persist in giv-

ing herself airs about her virtue, forsooth! and squeak and sing out as she has lately done, if the Most Mighty and Potent offer her, were it but a civil salute?"

"Why, then, suppose a little gentle violence, Bobby; just to colour decently what many guess to be the young woman's secret inclination, if she durst speak."

"Oh, Lord!" cried Bob.

"Gadzooks, with your squeamish stuff about hurting her constitution; don't you see Gaffer will have Madam up stairs, for good, before you can say Jack Robinson, if you don't look sharp;" and with that a thundering knock comes to the box-door, and in rushed the Pettifogger, Sir Dismal Waverer, and Neddy Lovelocks; and after them came Toby Philpots, and a lot of gossoons.

"There you swill at your ease, and Madam and Gaffer all but up stairs; and what is one poor old gentlewoman's resistance, though she do employ tooth and nail; and an aged and cripple Prince, who, though he has the face of a lion——"

"Has the heart of a mouse," quoth Atty. *Puff! puff! puff!*

"Call you this standing by your friends, and making up for past shortcomings?" cried the Welchman. And there was fighting Winchy in a corner, vapouring and squaring at his own shadow on the wall, and blustering out, "Say black is the eye of Bill's wife, and I'll box any man for a farthing!" and this he would bawl out every now and then, in the midst of business or prayers, no matter which, without either rhyme or reason. In rushed Ally, his eyes like coals, and his hair on end.

"All up! all up!—all my pains thrown away! John's wife and her virtue—the devil confound both!"—And to it they went, calling each other anything but gentlemen.

"Orator Mansie is of my mind," quoth one. "Keep the jade out by all means."

"Sir Dismal and Hecklepins think with me," cried another. "Make believe to let her come in, and crush her to death between the stair-doors."

But just in the nick of time arrives a dirty gossoon, from Bill Boswain's back stairs, with a few hen scratches on a bit of the whity brown, allowed for singeing the geese, put forth to Hookey, by her called Soldier's Joy, one of his favourite wenches, saying,—

"Cheer up, Champion! Bill's wife is our own; and Lumbercourt Lackland; the Cheese-monger and his wife, the young Monster, the *getts*, and all the powder-monkeys; and as for your own loving, stout-hearted wenches, they will scratch Madam's eyes out ere she get in, and serve her Gaffer with the same sauce.

"Dear Hookey's, to command,

"JENNY DRIVEN.

"P.S.—Pretty Bar-maid saw Missis to-day.

"Second P.S.—Bearer will tell more."

Here was cheering and clapping of hands.

"Draw the gossoon a half-pint, and score to me!" shouted old Bags, and they all shouted, and laughed, and clapped hands again at the generosity of Bags, and then the gossoon was examined.

"All our wenches would see Gaffer at the devil," said he. "A low-lived, pitiful, puritanic, snivelling rogue!—He!—a pretty steward, indeed! Never a hop or junketting since he got the place!—neither beer

in hand, while Tim sends a hasty message to the Squire, telling him how oddly matters were looking.

I trow John's house was in a fine mess this same night; *Tim*, and *Chrnie*, and *Specky*, and the whole, flying up stairs and down stairs, and all the lads flourishing their marrow-bones, and roaring nothing civil to Bill Boswain. Off Murdo sends a caddie hot-foot, to let Peg know what was going forward; and she kilts me up her tartan petticoat, fills her lap with stones, sticks her dirk in her kerchief to be at hand, puts a little oatmeal in her pock, and stood ready for the *brulzie*; and ne'er to cry "*a barley!* in John's cause," she said.—"Is Rusty-fusty clean dementit?" quoth she. 'Can Bill Bo'swain be dreaming? Do they ken who, when all comes to all, is master o' the house? Certes, they who play bowls with my brother John, when his beard's a bleeze, may look for rubbers: and I'm sure (she muttered quietly) I see no grudge if the Auld Lady get a clamewit in the bygoing. It might no' set me to put in my hand; but if Pat, poor fellow, put in the redding stroke, it would but look like a just retribution."

Pat was already hallooing and laying about him, for practice. John owned he was greatly obliged to them; but while his wife stood faithful to him, his own hand should keep his own head. And lovingly and truly did Mrs. Bull in this night of calamity act by her husband. I told you that Grey-steel, per-isting in Madam not saying her prayers backwards, had rather chosen to stand with her at the door, or go down stairs, and that same long night Mrs. Bull never closed her eye; and next morning early she sends off a message to Bill Boswain, as good as bidding him do his duty, or dread her husband's displeasure. Whatever former wives might have done, she was resolved to do her duty as became a faithful and loving helpmate, in resisting the villainous attempts of that arch knave that had impoverished and insulted her husband's family for generations. Farther, she begged to say, that till she saw what turn matters took, she was resolved to keep the keys of her husband's strong box herself; and if Hookey and Sly Bob took the place after that, let them provide for the house-keeping. The tenants, moreover, swore they would not pay a farthing of rent till they saw how the money went—they paid rents to Squire John's, and not to Hookey's orders. "What a termagant!" said Bob; but the family were in raptures with her; and when the Squire heard of the noble spirit and fidelity of his wife, he kissed her before the whole house, and vowed that were he unmarried to-morrow, he would be ready to take back to his arms the dear faithful creature who had stood by him in his adversity. "Whatever Bill," said he—"But least said is soonest mended."—John knew well what it was to be a married man himself.

But we left Gaffer Grey at Bill's fore-door, "May it please you," said he, "to settle the Squire's affair,—the sooner the better now. Prince Rusty pretends that without your certificate he can't believe you wish Madam in—a scrape of your pen will do it:—here's a nice clean-nibbed one ready. If not, I must throw up my place; there are but two ways for me." Bill's wife gives Bill a jog on the elbow to speak up, as Hookey and the Old Gentlewoman had desired him. "Don't you see Bill has got my Mistress's handkerchief tied round his finger for his whitlow," cried one wench.—"It's very bad for his health to keep poking and scribbling," cried another. "It hurts his nerves; he never can sleep after it." "My business is with Bill, Ma'am," quoth Grey-steel still. "Ay," quoth Bill sheepishly, "I'll let you know all about it

betimes in the morning ;" and thinking Gaffer had sheered off, out pops Hookey's long nose from a closet at the head of the back-stairs, where the wenches kept their pails and dusters. Gaffer saw him well enough, but did not think it worth while to take any notice, but making his bow respectfully, he walked off as stiff as a poker. Bill's face looked blue and twitchy; and wishing to be civil, he cries, " You'll surely take a morsel of *Bubble and Squeak* with us ere you go; my wife has it just ready." " No, thank ye," says Gaffer, " my business lies with 'Squire Bull, and admits of no delay. But as she has so much good company to-day, your lady will perhaps mend your commons." Mrs. Bill's maids affected to giggle; and one wench cries " You'll surely sell Hookey a bargain of Broom, Gaffer,—as you have no more need of it yourself." " My Broom, Ma'am, can speak for itself," replied Greysteel. And so it did, and boldly too, as the story goes; and to the consternation of the intended purchasers. But this is more like the old-world tales of witchcraft and necromancy than things that fall out in these gospel days; especially when jillfirts in back-stairs put in their oar; for which reason it is omitted in this veritable history. Certain it is, however, Gaffer brought off his magic Broom, a staff at his need, and a rod in pickle.

A rare junketting went on in Bill's back-parlour this same night. No word of *Bubble and Squeak* now; but gulravaching on chine, and turkey, and every thing John's larder had of the best, and an extra cupping to cure Bill's dumps; for though the wenches and young gallants looked swaggering enough, Bill's heart misgave him as often as he thought of his promise to John, and of the dismissal of Gaffer. Perhaps too, he missed John's honest hip-hip and hurra over his cups, crying as he'd done of late, " Here's to thee, honest Bill, my hearty, thou art the flower of the flock, and very pride of thy father's family!" For a time it seemed as if poor Bill really loved John, and liked to see him happy, prosperous, and good-humoured; for though not among the deepest of heads, Bill was an honest fellow, and had a shrewd guess that John had been scurvily treated. You may say, if this was so, how did matters get so far out of joint and I shall tell you. Besides the wenches, there never were so many " dour devils" about any one man's business. Bill had it of blood—John too was dour at a time—Sly Bob took the mule-twist himself and Gaffer was dour, —but Hookey was ten dours; and had moreover set his heart on having Gaffer out; to compass which, he would even bring in Madam! Even now while the light-o'-love damsels were dancing round him at her *durgie*, as they fancied he was pondering how to please John's wife in the first place, and play Blue Beard with her afterwards. " What noise's that?" quoth forlorn Bill, as the fiddler's screeched, the beakers flowed, and the dancers thumped around him, all at Master John's expense too. And forward dances a sharp wench, and claps his quilted night-cap on his pate, bidding him take a nap.—" That's not my poor 'Squire Bull's ordinary voice," sighed Bill. It was indeed Mrs. Bull's peremptory message to himself; but he must not hear of that till Hookey was consulted.

But I trow worse noises came ere long, which made them all hear on the deafest sides of their heads,—a pack of forward baggages and thankless varlets, eating at John's expense the good white bread divided by Greysteel, and colloquing with the discarded knaves at the Hole-in-the-wall to turn him out; carrying every eaves-dropping tale they could to those rascals.

" You may swear these cogging knaves and brawling gipsies will all be against you and the 'Squire," said Tims the clever printer's devil to Gaf.

fer ; " as long as their vails depend on Prince Rusty having his will of John's wife."

John said he left all to Bill as head-steward, though it irked him to see such cattle kept in his pay. " When is Bill going to turn off the head-gamekeeper ?" Chronis would say ; " I don't above half like Master Hookey's chums having charge of your bull-dogs and birding-pieces." " Your own very varlets impudently say, Madam shall never get up stairs," quoth Tims.—" Some Howe, or no Howe, they'll shove her off.—So they say.—It may be my fidgety humour, but I don't above half like the hang-dog look of Bill's wife's dismissed tea-kettle boy. What is he hanging on for, pray, about the back-stairs ? ' No good I guess. I wish to my heart Gaffer would appoint honest bailiffs to those farms of yours,—too intimate all with the gamekeepers : handy-dandy rogues of Hookey's one and all of them, and all in place still." John would shake his noddle ; as much as owning, poor soul, that he whom it most concerned was not in the secret, and had, indeed, next to nothing to say in the matter, if he were.

" Why, pray, did Bill Boswain and his wife not eat custard with Alderman Templebar, one of your honour's best tenants ? Is it because Hookey cannot, in going there, be tied to Mrs. Bill's apron-string, or Bill's slobbering bib ? Tims would say, for he was saucy enough sometimes.—" Why,—instead of eating a lunch, which the Alderman would give them hospitably and handsomely, as he has given to as good in his day, drive past his door, as if the foul Fiend was at their heels ? Is it because Hookey hates John's best tenant as the devil does early mass ? Why this cursed Hookey has bewitched them ; they seem to think more of him, than of you 'Squire and all your generation."

" Lord, Tims, what can I tell ! I only see what is what. I have my own thoughts too. Is it not hard enough that I can set my nose nowhere, but this Hookey casts up in my dish—the devil for ever confound him ! But let me first knock the brains out of Prince Rusty, my good fellow ; and, I warrant me, I manage Hookey." " You must not say knock down, 'Squire ; that's cleaf against law, whatever it may be with gospel. Your business is to kick him out, and keep him out, of your house, which is your castle ; but by no manner of means to speak of knocking down, unless he resist with tooth and nail, and you have the law on your side. Your wife keeping your keys, however, and your tenants taking care to whom they pay rent is another guess matter."—" Lord, Tims, you are mighty particular. His Serene Highness, himself, in his rages, says, 'tis all one to him." " He should know best, quoth Tims." A sharp spark as any going, I'll assure you this same Tims ; up early and down late, his ears on his neck, and his eyes glancing and prying every where. Prince Rustyfusty hated him like the Old One. Now you'd find him in Covent Garden, prising Scotch reds, then down to Billingsgate to cheapen mackerel, and whip round to Bill's back-stairs, to see what the maids and varlets were after. A fine poking he kept into their sluts' corners about this same time. Now he'd be at the Old Bailey, seeing a score fellows sent to be hanged off a morning for filching John's dishcloths or such like, and then off to inquire what Old Bags was about. He was a mighty frequenter of the playhouse, too ; but often pretended to be at such places, when really skulking about the Hole-in-the-wall, or under the benches at the Mitre, with his Wellington ears on his pate,—as much up to all roguery as if a sworn brother of the *ken* :—An honest lad though,—and, though never forgetting the main chance, true as steel to John, who ad-

mired him and his helpers exceedingly, though it was Gaffer's weakness to pretend sometimes he did not know him, when he met him in the street.

It was about this time the followers of the 'Squire and of the Most Potent came to be known as the *Steels*, and the *Rustys*; a name which they retain to this hour;—and ever after that, as often as they met at foot-ball, or in a tap-room, to it they would fall; and the *Steels* would beat home the others, who would squeak from their holes and corners, "*Long Live Prince Olgarch, and his Champion, the brave Hookey.*"—" *No German Sausage; No Grey Mares;*" the *Steels* would roar; and out they would sally, again, with their quarter-staves, and scour the streets, leaving their marks, when provoked, in broken sconces, and bloody noses, till Rusty's varlets durst not venture out at last, even at dusk.—But after a storm comes a calm; and a bright day was now dawning on 'Squire John, as you shall by and by learn in the concluding chapter of this our variable history.

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST

BY A HILL-SIDE PREACHER.

THERE is only one pleasure worth living for, and that is grouse shooting. The week which commences with the 12th of August is not only a period of unalloyed bliss, but a little oasis in the desert of life, upon which one's thoughts may dwell for the rest of the year. From August to January we prattle of our mighty deeds, and recal every spot, every moment, every little event, with the fond minuteness of a lover. We brag of the dozens we bagged on the 12th, when our feet are on the fender, and the balmy port glows like a huge ruby, in the light of the winter-fire, and the thudding and howling of the wind without, tells of the snow-drift whirling in huge, dense whirlpools, amid the inmost mountain glens, the scenes of our summer sport, and whelming everything that draws vital breath.

Again, from January to August, we indulge in the brightest anticipations. As the spring advances, we watch the weather, and calculate, with alternate hopes and fears, the chances of the breeding season. Under the pretext of a fishing excursion, we fly off to the mountains, where we wander about with fishing-rods and flies over our shoulders, but in reality watching the feathered denizens of the heather. Not but that we at times abandon ourselves to the feeling of the season. In the foreground the young sprouts of the heather are springing up, like so many live emeralds, amid the black spaces left by the *muir-burn*. Further away, a surface of intermingling black moss, and brown heather, and green grass, swells and sinks into a thousand huge humlocks of hills and winding glens, losing themselves in the blue distance. Overhead, is a canopy of cool, grey clouds, through the interstices of which a long hazy beam of light may at times be seen stretching to the earth, like the sail of a gigantic windmill, casting a spot of brightness now upon the side of a distant hill, and anon upon some silver stream, rippling and swirling over the rocks and pebbles. The sound of happy life is abroad on the mild air: for the bee bumbles among the moss; and the green plover, with its elegant crest, stalks at a little distance, churming its amorous note; and the black-cock rustles, with

drooped pinions and spread tail, in humble emulation of the gigantic pride of the farm-yard. Further away, high in the air, the whaup wheels in devious circles, screaming with ecstasy. The burns, too, contribute their notes to swell the harmony, either bubbling and simmering, richly brown, through the long grass and heather, or, broader and more pellucid grown, singing over the stones, "wi' a pleasing din." It is impossible to look at their cool, glassy surface, without dropping in the hook, and the moment it touches the water, a sharp-set trout gobbles it down, and spins above the surface, or tug-tugs at our limber wand; and, in a few moments, is lying, fresh and plump, on the yet curling brackens, which line our willow fishing-creel. And amid such sights and sounds, we spend one day of dreamy bliss, mending our morals, and fitting ourselves for the enjoyment of the 12th of August.

The interval which must still elapse before the advent of that bright day is generally spent in town. Often, however, do our hearts yearn after the heathery hills; and every inhabitant of the district whom business forces to seek the noisy streets, and every traveller whose route has lain through it, is strictly catechised, regarding the prospects of the young brood. The state of forwardness of the pouts, the excessive moisture or drought of the season, the growing ascendancy of the black cocks, whom the advance of tillage is throwing back upon his dwarfish kindred, much in the same way that the warlike Indians of the coast were driven among the ruder tribes of the mountains, by the progress of the white-faces—are eagerly and reiteratedly canvassed. As the wished-for day approaches, our fears and hopes assume an increased degree of intensity, and shift and vary with more rapid interchange. Not only the weather, and the conflicting testimony of men from the mountains, unite to perplex us—dreams of poachers now begin to haunt our sleep:—but this is a new chapter.

We are no game preservers. In the low country it is possible to increase the number of heads of partridge to an almost indefinite amount, but only by immense exertions, and at the risk of alienating the labouring peasantry by the savage strictness with which an odious law is enforced, and rendering the farmers sullen on account of the extra quantity of grain stealers they are forced to tolerate. But to preserve the heath-game—the very word is a mockery. It is too wild and free a product to be nursed into plumpness, and too sturdy to be materially diminished by the fair shooting of the scanty human population within its limits. It is only the insane attempt to *preserve* it that has rendered it scarce in certain districts. Two or three gentlemen take a lease of the shooting over a Highland farm; and anxious to astonish their lowland kin, by the number of brace they bag the first day, take strict precautions to preserve the game. They entertain shrewd suspicions that every hairy-houghed kilted herd whom they see stalking over the braes and through the mosses, has a long single barrel at home, and that his sheep-colley has been trained to stand to a hare or a moor-foul:—nor does their suspicion wrong him. So, to scare all interlopers they engage a regular Yorkshire-bred game-keeper to watch over their interests in these parts. York asks no better. He instals himself in the shooting box about the beginning of winter; runs up accounts for whisky with every person who will trust him; tries to seduce half-a-dozen fair-haired snooded lasses, but fails like a grim tyke as he is; quarrels with every honest lad in the district; claps up an acquaintance with the guard of the coach which passes nearest to his domicile; sets to work when the dogs are

sent up to him for training about the beginning of August, and picks off every feather and clout he can clap his eye upon, despatching them to some Edinburgh poulturer by his friend the guard; and endeavours to poison the ears of his masters against all the honest folks in the neighbourhood. The truth comes out at last when some part of his conduct begins to excite suspicion, and the whisky bills come pouring in; and the rascal is dismissed, but not until he has harried the country-side of its game, and destroyed the peace of the neighbourhood, and lined his own pockets well. And this is called *preserving game*! Nonsense, let the decent farmers and their herds gratify the propensities of nature by taking a chance shot, and they will respect your rights by leaving enough and to spare. No huckstering peddling game-merchant will then approach your chase, and the *muir-burn* will be kindled at the proper season, and with due precaution to prevent the destruction of eggs.

We lose patience when we think of the absurd importance attributed by squires to the preservation of game, and the exquisite folly of the oppressive laws by which they seek to enforce it. We know of no better receipt for converting a sturdy honest peasantry into a knot of lawless desperadoes than the game laws. It is not easy to show how a landlord has a greater right of property in the partridge which scratches its nest together in the hollow of his corn-rig, than in the crow which constructs its more solid edifice among the branches of the stately trees which surround his mansion. It is still more difficult to explain why he should have this right, and not the farmer, at whose expense the bird is reared. The peasant reasons thus when he is fined or imprisoned for taking a chance-shot at a bird; and his natural passions drive him on to tease his persecutor by repeating the offence. The consciousness that he has been in prison lessens his self-respect; and the companions he meets with there still further undermine, by their loose conversation, his tottering virtue. And here the self-indulgence of that very class whose greedy monopoly of pleasure exposed him to contamination spreads another snare for him, the wives and daughters of the men who punish him for poaching tempt him to the offence by offering a high price for game. He yields to the lure, and makes a farther advance towards crime by beginning to practise for gain, what the universal consent of those to whom he has been accustomed to look up as to his betters, half-persuades him is wrong. He is now entered as a free brother of that guild of from hand-to-mouth livers, composed of the lower and more disreputable class of horse-dealers, travelling-tinkers, fellows who frequent race-courses with thimble-boards and wheels of fortune, dog-breakers,—the black-legs in short of the lower world. He is punished again and again; and every fresh infliction confirms him in the habit of defiance to the censure of the industrious portion of the community. At last, with a heart thoroughly seared and selfish, placed in a situation beneath which he cannot fall, he commits some deed which sends him to the hulks or the gallows: and the fair-haired boy who once lay of a Sunday among the tedded grass conning the bible, or tripped, holding by his grandfather's hand, to the humble parish church, or leaned between his father's knees when the family circle gathered round the huge peat-fire of a winter evening, imbibing unconsciously habits of shrewd inquiry, and sentiments of stubborn honesty, is a lost and miserable wreck, a thing well nigh divested of humanity. And they whose thoughtlessness caused this ruin, turn up their eyes when they hear his name, and wonder how men can become such villains.

This is no overcharged picture. There is not a village in Scotland where we could not point out one or two individuals advancing rapidly along the dreary path we have attempted to describe. And what ought to strike our Nimrods with deeper remorse, many a one of them has been first taught to love field-sports by some neighbouring laird, who, finding the boy, sharp-eyed and ready-witted, praised and encouraged his cleverness at finding game, and lured him day after day from his tasks or his toil; and, as soon as he had taught him the pleasures of idleness, "whistled him down the wind to prey at fortune." But a day of retribution has come. These men are now organized into bands who assist each other. They have their game-depots and hucksters in every district, who stand in connexion with all the black-fishers and irregular shots of the neighbourhood, and with their brothers in trade throughout the kingdom. They are prompt to defend each other with the strong hand, if need be, and when any one falls into the gripe of law, a common purse is made for him. Some other time we may give an account of the field labourers—one of the mercantile partners of the concern is at present most distinctly visible to our mind's eye.

We cannot accurately determine how many years have passed over our heads since first Jock — made his appearance among the honest inhabitants of —, like a thing that had dropped from the moon. No one knew him or whence he came; he was a loutish looking elf, and stammered most dreadfully.* During the fishing season he was constantly to be seen with a huge black fishing-rod in his hands, in the use of which he seemed tolerably expert. Gradually people began to discover that, notwithstanding his seeming silliness, Jock always managed to sell his trouts, even to the most experienced *haggler*, at a high price. One spring he betook himself to dealing in singing birds; and we have reason to remember this stage of his career, seeing that he once, in the days of our inexperience, managed to dispose of a partridge pout to us under the specious designation "of a p—prime young laverock." A suspicion began about this time to take hold of the minds of the county gentlemen, that Jock was not altogether ignorant of the cause of the increased abstraction of game from their preserves. Being narrowly watched, he was once or twice entrapped, and deep and dire were the oaths of vengeance he swore when the whisky was in his head, and the wit out of it. Suddenly, however, he appeared in a new character. A bonnet laird in the neighbourhood, who was understood to be possessed of the mystic *ploughgate* (the quantity of land required in Scottish statutes to be held by every son of Adam who shall dare to draw a trigger upon a partridge), deputed Jock to "shoot over," as the phrase goes, his kail-yard; and Jock took out the license accordingly. The kail-yard must have been extremely well-stocked, for from that moment Jock has never failed to dispatch daily during the season, huge boxes of game to the capital, and across the border, to say nothing of the splendid variety that may be seen at all times in his store room. Ill-natured people add, moreover, that he is no great dab at a mark. He now, thanks to his success in trade, swaggers along the crown of the causeway, in a light-coloured, big-pocketed fustain jacket, and a jaunty

* He was the established flouting stock of the country lasses on a market-day. Even then, however, he exhibited some turn for moralizing. "Eh! hear to him manting," said a buxom wench, one morning, with a basket of butter on her arm. "Folk sudna mak fools o' gomerals," replied Jock.

Kilmarnock cow, striped alternately blue and red. The hesitation in his speech has also manifestly decreased when he does not speak in anger or in drink. Even from the first there was an aristocratic air about Jock—something of that careles roll in his gait which Byron affected to cover his lameness. It was also remarked that he evaded mysteriously all questions relating to his parentage, and never could learn to speak to any man except upon terms of the most perfect familiarity and equality. Birth, however, like murder, will come out. It so happened that Jock was entangled in a law-plea with a noble landed proprietor, celebrated for the strictness with which he enforces the game-laws. Our hero was victorious, but it struck him that there had been something unhandsome in the behaviour of his adversary, and he determined to take a noble revenge. One day his lordship was standing before a shop door as Jock was passing with a burden of hare-skins: the occasion was too tempting, and the malcontent affecting to reel, made his burden rattle on the Peer's face. Sacrilege like this could never be allowed to go unpunished, and Jock was immediately committed to gaol by the horror-struck Provost, who chanced to be present. Next day Lord ——— was attending a meeting of Justices of the Peace, when an old crone handed in a petition, announcing herself as the mother of Jock, discovering that he was a natural son of the old Duke of Q——, and praying for his enlargement. The gentlemen present laughingly interceded with his Lordship in behalf of his newly-discovered cousin, and the culprit was set at liberty. A few days after this, Jock was met by one of the intercessors, swaggering as usual under the influence of his morning. "Bless me, Jock," said our friend, "what tempted you to insult your cousin." "C—cousin," hiccuped Jock, "d—n him! He's no o' our side o' the house at a'."

But enough of Jock and his long-legged understrappers. We have no particular interest in the preservation of game, not having the good fortune to have been born among the lords of the soil; and the more dangerous feelings that have been engendered by oppressive game laws may be cured by those who excited them. Still, on the approach of the 12th of August, when we reflect how narrow a patch our southern moors are, and how accessible to Jock's well-organized band, we do feel misgivings on the subject of poachers, and wish them all most heartily to the devil.

All such unchristian thoughts vanish, however, the moment we take our place on the night-mail, on the 11th of August. Our gun-case has been deposited with anxious care beneath the inside seat, our small portmanteau in the front-boot, and our two faithful veteran pointers are looking anxiously down from the space intervening between the coachman's box, and the passengers' seat. The glare of the lights, the shuffling of quick passing feet on the pavement, the rattling of boxes, and the swearing of men, joined to their unwonted situation, have brought them to their wit's end. "All's right!" cries the guard. We spring to our place, and seize the chain attached to their collars; *tan-ta-ra* goes the horn; rattle go the wheels; the vehicle plunges backwards and forwards like a ship in the short seas, then gives a tremendous jolt upwards, and bounds forward over the stones; the poor brutes, maddened with fear and astonishment, set up a lamentable howl, and attempt to precipitate themselves from opposite sides of the coach. Coaxing, threatening, pulling, cuffing, and patting, our tongue and arms are alike exhausted ere we reach the outskirts of the town. There our

canine friends relax a little in their convulsive efforts; and keeping a sharp eye on their motions, we wrap our huge boat-cloak closely round us, and roll boundingly onward beneath a bright moon, stooping at times through a fleecy cloud, and casting partial gleams upon tree, tower, stream, and the ground haze which encircles the base of the distant hill. All is silent around save the barking of the village curs, awakened by our rattling wheels; and we drop by degrees into a soft reverie.

In this state we continue, with slight interruptions, till we reach the gorge of the hill-country. "If we have rain to-night it will meet us here," says the experienced guard; and scarcely are the words out of his mouth till we see an ugly cloud raise its lubber length over the brow of the nearest hill, to look down upon us, then, perceiving our defenceless situation, stretching it-self out like a man yawning, till its head is interposed between us and the moon, and lastly, like the malicious Kühleborn, throwing itself down upon us in one huge unbroken gush, while from a thousand gorges as many currents of wind, wakening at once, lift their voices, and rush howling down upon the very point where we are, eddying, struggling, roaring, and sobbing around us, and dashing oceans of spray in our faces. Vain are umbrellas—these feeble guards against town-bred showers—in such a situation. Their only use would be to bear us off the coach like parachutes, in order that we might be deposited, after riding the ring of the blast, with broken bones, upon one or other of these cairns. Vain too is even our seven-fold cloak, for the dogs are at their mad work again, and in our efforts to keep them at our feet, our form is exposed defenceless to the tempest. The coachman bends forward his head to shelter his face from the opposing blast, the horses alternately stagger on, or stop to turn aside from the storm, and thus, slowly and cheerlessly, we toil through the gloom. We have felt pleasure in pressing forward against a tempest like this on foot; our spirits rose, and we shouted aloud, and dared the spirit of the storm to increase his efforts, as an old Scandinavian challenged his Odin to mortal grapple; but, shivering and helpless on the top of a coach, the contest is unequal:—we are fairly cowed.

Thank Heaven, day has dawned at last; the rain has ceased to fall; the exhausted wind howls heavily and sullenly up the strath; the watery dark grey clouds cling to the summits of the hills, their white fringes stretching at times down the brink of a gully; the earth looks drenched and battered, and the fir trees look doubly black. Half-an-hour brings us to the inn where we learn that our impatient comrades were off the moment the rain was over, leaving a stout sheltie to bring us to the rendezvous. Our pointers are fit for no work to-day, so they must to the stable. Next moment, having slipped into dry garments, slung our shot-belt and powder-flask across our shoulders, and taken our good gun in our hand, we spring upon our diminutive steed; and before the astonished ostler is convinced that the reins have been twitched from his hands we are clattering up the hill-side. What a view from the top! On one side brown undulating moorlands stretch away to the foot of the central range, on the other a bright river winds through green holms to ——— Yes! the clouds are rising! There is the first flash of the Solway through the ground mist. Gradually the day brightens till old Saddleback shews himself in the distance. "The noon will look on a sultry day," and we must therefore be at work the moment the wind has whistled the rain-drop from the heather. This is better than the

contests and struggles of men—even though a reform bill be the object : so let us chaunt to the clatter of our palfrey's feet, an allegorical farewell to contention.

Here part we, my comrades ;
The struggle is o'er,
And I care for our martial
Pastime no more.
Let who will seek a pleasure
In drill and parade,
Since the danger is over
I throw down my blade.

Ere the rigour of winter
Hath thumped on the hill,
I'll lure the brown trout
From the moss-coloured rill :
'Neath the deep glow of August,
Across the brown heather,
My pointer and I
Will bound gladly together.

Yet though listless I loiter
In hamlet or hall,
Let your bugle-notes summon,
I'll bound to the call :
Though enraptured I wander
By mountain and glen,
Let THE CAUSE need a champion
I'm with you again.

No man willingly parts with one of his dogs on a day like this :—it is like abandoning one half of his prospects. The reader will not wonder therefore that all our persuasive powers are tasked to obtain such a favour. At last one of our friends, with that reluctant growling assent which is so commendable, as furnishing the obligee with an exact gauge of the amount of his obligation, tells us to take old foot-founded Dan, and be ——. We thank him, but accept only of the first clause of his gracious permission. In grouse shooting the sportsman's skill is displayed more in selecting his range than in bringing down his game. All our friends are adepts in this difficult branch of the science, and the only hesitation arises from a most vile affectation of reluctance to appropriate the best beat. After the churlish reception our request for the loan of a dog met with, we feel little inclined to stand on ceremony ; so having ascertained the precise spot where we are to lunch, we throw our gun into the hollow of our elbow, and calling Dan to our side, march off whistling the "rogue's march." After last night's rain the birds will sit high and dry : the wind too is threatening to fall, and any *swouff* that may keep stirring till mid-day will be caught by the brow of the hill, so setting our long legs in motion we dash through the rain-begemmed lady-fern, occasional bushes of whin, and long tangling knots of heather up to the brae-face where the shorter and more compact heath reigns dominant. A few looks of mortification at having left it in our power thus to take the lead are sent after us, and then each man takes off his several way.

"Dan, my boy, there's little chance of any thing sitting on this broad brown back of the hill ; so just hold steadily over for yon scattered lumps of grey stone. Yes, that was a shot down below us in the glen. They've got the first, but if you hold out we'll have the last of them. This is

life to be thrown forward whether you will or no by the elastic heather, to feel the free breeze playing round about you, and to hear the booming of the bee, as he sweeps past you, with a long circuitous flight, or his rustling amid the heather-bells at your feet, overpowered at times by the distant bleat of lambs. "Ha, Dan! I told you there was something there!"

Our soliloquy was, in effect, brought to an end by seeing the old boy brought up all of a sudden. He was driving straight on in a careless gentlemanly fashion, as if he did not expect to find any thing, sometimes dipping his nose down to the ground, sometimes heaving it high in the air and snapping at a fly, then casting a look over his shoulder to see whether we were following. All at once a side gale brought a whiff of game across his nostrils, and looking earnestly over his right shoulder, his paw which had been raised to advance still protruded, and his tail pointed as stiff as a poker, he stood gloating on the tainted breeze. We were some hundred yards in the rear, and between us lay an expanse of ticklish-looking black flow-moss, with tufts of bent and heather sticking at long intervals above the surface. It was an ugly looking spot of ground, but we had not practised in the Bog of Allen for nothing; so taking our gun mid-ships, and holding it horizontally in our left hand, we fetched a run, and springing from one knoll to another, in the twinkling of an eye, stood by the side of old Trusty, who still remained motionless as one of the gray stones around him. To whirl the lock into our right hand was the work of a moment; the next we touched Dan with our knee and chucked him onward. Slowly, his belly touching the ground, and his whole frame quivering with delight, he crept forward like a snake, till, with a triumphant crow, a patriarch of the moors sprung up, and holding himself edgeways to the wind, whirled down it upon whistling wing. Instinctively we cocked our gun; then thrust the thumb and fore-finger of our right hand into the waistcoat pocket, which, on such occasions, we carry filled with snuff; next took a hearty pinch, watching the increasing distance of our victim, and lastly brought the weapon with noiseless speed to our shoulder, fired, and dropped our bird. A boyish feeling crossed us—we could have rushed forward to seize the prey, but one look at the old veteran who had immediately *downed to charge*, recalled us to ourselves. Dan would have despised us for ever. So affecting an equanimity which we were far from feeling, we carefully reloaded our piece; and after fixing our copper-cap with more than our usual care, walked slowly forward to pick up the bird.

Shooting like every thing else, only needs a beginning. Once your hand is in, you go on confident and successful. Dan and we raised, and scattered, and thinned many a pack that day; but, of all the birds that fell to our share, none was like the first bird, and the death of none raised in our bosom such a proud palpitation of the heart. As we followed our game with absorbed attention, heedless of every thing else, the sun rose higher and higher, and the hills around us grew more barren. The slight breeze which had hitherto befriended us died entirely away. The bent and heather grew hot beneath our feet, and we slid along their sapless surface. Adust gaps yawned between the patches of burned up herbage, lined with dry crumbling peat. Dan could no longer nose the birds, and the crackling beneath our footsteps warned them prematurely of our approach—they whirred away long before we were within shot of them. In the hollow of the hills every ray of the sun was beat back upon us—the

air burned as in an oven. No shade was near, and disagreeable meditations on *coups de soleil* began to intrude themselves. At every step we slipped back nearly as far as we had advanced. It seemed as if we were spell-bound in the native valley of the Fire King, and about to be transmuted into one of his salamanders. It was, therefore, with no feeling short of ecstasy that, after scrambling with infinite labour up a small ascent, we descried the place which had been assigned as the locality of our noon-day meal. Swinging our flask, which still more than half full, hung suspended from our side, we uttered a devout aspiration after a safe termination to our journey, and poured the whole contents as a libation, down our throat.

This cynosure of the eyes of so many broiled sportsmen was indeed a luxurious dining-room on such a day. It was a little circular hollow among the hills. One-half of the narrow bottom was covered with a translucent tarn, terminated at one end by an overhanging beetle-browed rock, at the other by a thick grove of stunted alders. The other half consisted of a plain covered with short, soft grass, half encircling the water. Nearly opposite the centre of the lake a rill trickled down a narrow cleft in the hill, giving luxuriance to crowds of beautiful wild-flowers which clustered over it. Two or three broad gnarled oaks threw out their branches from either side of the fissure, casting a cool shadow across the lawn. Beneath this leafy canopy, when we arrived, was spread a broad white table-cloth, heaped with cold pies, ewe-milk cheese, butter, crisp oatmeal cakes, tongues, fowls, &c. &c. Sundry bottles of excellent wine were cooling in a little pool just above the junction of the rill with the lake. Our comrades were squatting in the most diversified attitudes around this good cheer; and the whole ground was cumbered with guns, bags of game, dogs panting with their tongues lolling out, and one or two sumpter ponies holding down their heads, and twisting their ears when a fly tickled them, after a most mulish fashion. But the most welcome sight that met our eye was a huge glass of porter. Never, no, not even in a painting by William Simpson, was it our lot to behold such a glorious contrast as that between its rich transparent brown and the creamy coronet on its brow. Without saying, "by your leave," we snatched it from the hands of him who was conveying it to his mouth, and emptied it at one long, leisurely, and luxurious draught. His growl of disappointment fell unheeded on our ear. Next moment we were elbow deep in a beefsteak pye.

Great allowances must be made for sportsmen on a hot day; but whether the reader be inclined to make them or not, we must confess so delightful was our resting place, that no one felt inclined to stir till long level lines of light told the evening was about to close in, and some of our seniors began to be haunted with dreams of future rheumatism. Our ponies had by this time arrived, and commending our arms and game to the care of the attendants, we mounted, and made for the inn. The contents of the watery cupboard, above alluded to, had been transferred to a more general receptacle; nor had our heads escaped the bewitching influence. "A spur in the head is worth two in the heel," was never better exemplified. We scoured, like the "wild hunt," across the quaking bogs, making for our destination as the crow flies, singing, screaming, and hallooing. The frightened moor-fowl whirred away from beneath our feet. The plover circled round our heads, adding her wild wail to our unearthly chorus. The outlair stirks cocked their tails, and made for the hills, routing as if the brize was on them. The collies

howled, and whined, and covered beneath their master's mauds. The tumult waxed louder and louder as we held on through peat-bog, across ditch and over dike. The terrified inhabitants were congregated at the inn-door, as if expecting to see a destroying angel sweeping down, on the cold blast, the herald of a rain storm, which already was whistling around us. A universal burst of laughter received our leader—a stout senior, who had already reached his grand climacteric—as he galloped into the yard, brandishing his whip, and shouting, “I’ve won the *broose*.” “Atweel laird,” said the grey-headed landlord, “it was daft in us to be frightened by ony hullabaloo that’s kicked up as lang as you and your freends are here.”

Scarcely were we fairly housed till down came the rain. The rising wind sobbed, and wailed, and whistled round the house, shaking the lowly tenement as if it wished to force an entry. As we stood at the window, we observed white sheets of water borne past by the gale, and portions of the thatch lifted and twisted by its force. From this cheerless contemplation we were summoned to a blazing peat fire and a hot supper; and, long after the “wee witching hour,” we retired to bed, where a balmy sleep, deep, breathless and dreamless, closed our 12th of August.

TO C. S. AND S. S.

On the Death of a Favourite Pointer.

POOR Gyp is dead! a better hound
Was never bred on English ground.
Awhile shall pity lend
Her tuneful help to tell his praise,
And mourn in unaffected lays
Your single-hearted friend.

I know not if his breed were good ;
I know not if of Spanish blood
His sire or grandsire came ;
But Gyp himself right well I knew,
A gallant pointer staunch and true,
As ever bore the name.

None of that tiny crouching race,
Of feeble form and tott’ring pace,
(Tho’ thence he drew, ’tis told,
His subtle nose and instinct fine ;)
Gyp owed to some far mightier line
His limbs of giant mould.

A strain perchance of that old breed,
Which like the lightning-footed steed,
Proud England calls her own ;
That erst while in the Britons’ war
Kept watch beside the sithc-wing’d car,
And tore th’ invaders down.

In matchless speed enduring long,
Nor thicket high, nor covert strong,
Against his bound avail’d ;
Of courage never known to yield,
His spirit would have kept the field
If e’er his strength had fail’d.

He should have liv'd in that old time
 When the bay'd boar, in sport sublime,
 Back on the hunter sprung ;
 When stag for hare, when wolf for fox
 Were chas'd, and merry England's oaks
 With the Kentish bugle rung.

He should have rang'd in days far back
 With bold Llewellyn's tuneful pack,
 Thro' Cambria's woodland green ;
 He, and that faithful hound* that died,
 Slain by the slumb'ring prince's side,
 A gallant pair had been.

To see him, when at dawn of day
 Mad for the sport he broke away !
 What limbs of buoyant might !
 What sallies of controllable glee
 Burst from his mouth ! an ecstasy—
 A phrenzy of delight.

Then mark the almost reasoning brute
 With cautious step, and nose acute,
 Ply the rough stubble round :
 Now missing the warm-scented track,
 He tries, with heedful cunning, back
 O'er the still hopeful ground :

Sudden he stops ; with stirless tail,
 And sideward nose that snuffs the gale,
 France-like behold him stand,
 One pausing step in air delay'd—
 He seems a dog of marble, made
 By some bold sculptor's hand.

Now chang'd the scene, for not alone
 Do sportsmen grieve that Gyp is gone ;
 A tenderer heart is sore,
 And gentle eyes, that once on him
 Delighted dwelt, with weeping dim,
 His bitter loss deplore.

For he was sprightly, full of play,
 Yet gentle as a morn of May,
 And hapless as a child ;
 And though a lady's fav'rite care,
 Was not as fav'rites sometimes are,
 By too much favour spoil'd.

How well he knew that lady's voice !
 How would his noble heart rejoice
 To hear its pleasant tone !
 With what a mild upbraiding look,
 He answer'd the unkind rebuke,
 When bidden to be gone !

With gladden'd spirit bounding free,
 And fierce, but not unruly glee,
 He at her summons came ;
 And in his speaking eyes she saw
 Fond meanings of delight and awe,
 Whene'er she named his name.

Louis Philippe of France.

Oh ! she will miss him more than they
 Who oft from morn till closing day
 His untir'd speed did prove ;
 If she should seek, she may not find
 Another friend so true and kind
 To cherish with her love.

Poor Gyp, although no cypress wave
 Above thine unregarded grave,
 To mark a sacred spot ;
 Altho' upreared in holy pile,
 No letter'd slab record awhile
 Virtues elsewhere forgot :

Altho' no monumental state,
 Proud mockery of man's darker fate,
 Lie heavy on thy breast,
 Thou hast a better meed ; the tear
 That mourns a dog *must* be sincere—
 No matter for the rest !

LOUIS PHILIPPE OF FRANCE.

It is the fashion in England to attribute all disturbances in France either to the Republican or the Carlist factions. If to detest the government of Louis Philippe be Republican or Carlist, then ninety-nine out of one thousand throughout all France are Republicans or Carlists.

No king ever ascended the throne, under more favourable auspices than Louis Philippe ; and though he had often conspired to wrest it from Louis XVIII. and Charles X., it is very certain that the revolution was made without any reference to him. No one thought of him. The nation had gained a sudden and unexpected victory ; it found itself without a government ; it was a body without a head : liberty was as yet unstained with crime, but anarchy was to be dreaded within, and the hostility of the northern powers without. In this crisis, the Duke of Orleans was proposed as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. His principles were sounded ; and, according to his professions, they were such as the most ardent lover of liberty could desire. It was but one step made to ascend that throne against which he had conspired for sixteen years ; and the step was not difficult, for he had won all hearts by his declarations. His avarice and his intrigues were all forgotten, in his apparently sincere declarations ; even the honest Lafayette was the dupe of his cunning, and exclaimed in the simplicity of his heart, " This is the best of republics." To mask his game, Louis Philippe cajoled Lafayette : they were like two young lovers ; not a day passed without three or four, and sometimes more letters passing between them. Louis Philippe called the General by the most endearing names—his father, his tutelary angel, the father of his country, the patriarch of liberty, and as " variety is the very spice of life that gives it all its flavour," the Citizen King took care to vary the patriotic epithets as much as possible. He told the General, that the standard of liberty planted in France should wave over every capital in Europe ; and when they presented him the tri-coloured flag, he pressed to his heart with rapture—" Those glorious colours under which he had formerly fought." He did not tell them, and they forgot to remember, that the tri-coloured flag is the livery of the family of Orleans, blue, white, and red ; and that he was there-

fore glad to see the country wear *his livery** once more, and the exclamation was consequently taken as a proof of his patriotism.

Lafayette, as is well known, will never fancy all right until he sees all the world republican; his royal pupil even went farther than himself, and declared his readiness to assist every nation that would rise against its government to assert its liberty. The General now unfolded his plans relative to Belgium, Italy, and Poland; and the King expressed not only his entire approbation of the scheme, but also that he would be ready to second their efforts with all the resources of France. This turned the General's head, and he fancied the King a republican indeed. He now went to work under what he supposed the King's sanction. In the meantime, the citizen King was most earnest in his assurances to the foreign powers, that the only difference they should find would be the mere change of name—Charles X. for Louis Philippe; that he should observe the same policy as his predecessors; and that if he appeared to go hand in hand with the people, it was only to prevent their rising, and once more disturbing the peace of Europe. He assured them at the same time that the "rebels" who counted on the assistance of France, should be disappointed. The refusal of one of the ambassadors named, to execute the Jesuitic mission brought the facts to light; and Lafayette being made acquainted with them, accused his royal pupil of treachery and bad faith, and cut his Majesty.

The mask soon dropped off entirely, and the people saw in Louis Philippe a greater enemy of liberty than Charles X. Intrigue filled all the avenues to the throne; none but those who would lend themselves to the King's views were received into favour: honest independence was certain of proscription. He was a Buonaparte without his brains. He set his face against all projects of laws which had for their object the good of the people. In his character of King, and successor of Charles X. he considered himself as the heir-at-law of the old monarchy; and as his only pleasure was to amass riches, whatever tended to scatter them royally abroad was suppressed, and he put the money in his own pocket.

The game in the royal forests was killed; any person was allowed to sport in them on paying his Majesty a fixed price for every head of game killed, according to its value; all was sold even to the library and philosophical instruments of the pages. Napoleon had resolved that his pages should be well-educated young men, and he appointed professors with a good library, and a cabinet of philosophical instruments; the institution was preserved by Louis XVIII. and Charles X.; but it was evident, from the catalogue, that it had remained as Napoleon left it. Louis Philippe thought it a pity that so much property should not be turned to account, and brought it to the hammer. But what most dis-

* The first revolutionary flag was green; but on the Duke of Orleans declaring himself one of the most zealous partisans, assuming the cognomen of *Egalité*, and declaring that he belonged to the *Tiers Etat*, and not to the Noblesse, they assumed his colours. He affirmed that he knew that he was not the son of the Duke of Orleans, but of the Duke's coachman. His assertion, however dishonourable to his mother, and consequently infamous on his part, was no doubt true; the family likeness of the coachman has descended to Louis Philippe, and the gallantries of his grandmother were well known. On a quarrel with her husband, she said, "You fancy yourself a very great personage, but I am greater than you; for I can make princes without you, and you cannot make them without me." It is in allusion to these facts, that in many of the caricatures, Louis Philippe is represented as a coachman.

gusted the nation was, that he was allowed eighteen millions of francs to support the dignity of the throne, and did not spend one-fourth of it. It was also ascertained, or at least currently believed, that he sent the rest, as well as his private income, out of the country. Certain it is, that he has neither placed it in the French funds nor kept it by him.

Louis XVIII. and Charles X. were accessible to the claims of suffering indigence. They and the other members of the royal family gave very large sums in charity; the Citizen King gives nothing: and whatever be the nature of the petition, the uniform printed answer sent, after a delay of two or three months, is,—“Your demand has passed under the King’s eyes, and has been referred to the minister of - - - - -.”*

Lafayette, during his ministry, made respectful representations to his Majesty against the increasing proscriptions and destitutions which daily took place at what was considered the royal pleasure. Former despots left to their ministers the care and the odium of preparing lists of proscription and destitution. The Citizen King knew that business was never so well done as when a man attended to it himself, and saved his ministers a great deal of trouble in this respect.

The press, the invincible bulwark of modern liberty, did not suffer these royal atrocities to escape unnoticed; prosecution on prosecution followed. The courts would invariably have condemned; but fortunately the trial by jury had been established, and the government was almost invariably defeated in its schemes of vengeance. The detestation became universal, and his fate is sealed. His throne totters, and must fall ere long. Despised by every power in Europe, for his cringing meanness, and his known treachery; detested throughout all France for his despotic tyranny, and violation of all those principles which placed him on the throne,—he only owes his being still king to the difficulty of supplying his place by one on whom the nation can rely with confidence. The recent events are to be deeply lamented, as ill-advised and unconcerted; but be it remembered, that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church, and Louis Philippe will ere long be taught, that it is not either the massacre of unarmed citizens, or the placing the capital in a state of siege, that can secure his throne against the execrations of thirty-two millions of people, resolved to be rid of a Royal Tiger.

MISS MARTINEAU'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

THE ladies seem determined to make the science of Political Economy peculiarly their own. Our first instructor in this difficult branch of study was Mrs. Marcet,† and a clearer or more judicious teacher we have not since encountered. Miss Edgeworth too has occasional dissertations, which shew what she could have done in that department had she applied her mind to it. And now Miss Martineau comes forward to embody the most abstract, but at the same time most

* Votre demande a passé sous les yeux du Roi, et a été renvoyé au ministre de - - .
 † Conversations on Political Economy. By a Lady.

important principles of the science, in narratives which have all the value of truth and all the grace of fiction. After all, we believe that there is something in the female mind which peculiarly fits it for elucidating, in a familiar manner, the intricacies of political economy. The economy of empires is only the economy of families and neighbourhoods on a larger scale. Now woman is eminently the best family manager. Let profane ones sneer if they please—we give it as our deliberate conviction that there never yet was a well-regulated house in which the lady was not the master. Woman alone can exert the strictest economy, unblemished by the harsh heartlessness of avarice—she alone can enforce a martinet discipline in household affairs, without communicating a sense of oppression. There is a delicate tact about woman which enables her to see at once on what side a recusant is to be attacked, and an ever ready observation which nothing escapes, and a gentleness which nothing can resist. She lacks the strength to take an active share in the concerns of an empire, but her experience in the business details of her own miniature state enable her to read lessons worthy of serious attention from all who take an interest in public affairs.

This we think is the clue which leads us to the secret source of the excellence of Miss Martineau's works. Her's is, no doubt, even independently of the quality to which we have been alluding, a highly gifted mind. She can put forth, when it suits her purpose, an intense and passionate power, and the next moment whisper an overmastering spell to the gentlest feelings of the heart. She can pourtray the beauty of heart and mind without degenerating into a sickly sweetness, and the workings of the darker passions without overstepping the modesty of nature. She possesses a quick sense of all the more delicate beauties of animate and inanimate nature. And throughout everything she has written, there breathes a calm undertone of sustained philosophical cheerfulness. The sentiments and opinions contained in her books shew how lovely a thing the mind of woman may become, when allowed fairly to develop itself. With all man's power of endurance, it has a gentleness and delicacy he never can acquire. It is most fitly typified by the ancient statues of the ideal class to which the Apollo Belvidere belongs, where the artist, by harmoniously blending the proportions of the male with the softer contour of the female, has succeeded in expressing that gentle power which is the truly godlike.

Miss Martineau says in her preface:—We trust we shall not be supposed to countenance the practice of making use of narrative as a trap to catch idle readers, and make them learn something they are afraid of. We detest the practice, and feel insulted whenever a book of the *trap* kind is put into our hands. It is many years since we grew sick of works which pretend to be stories, and turn out to be catechisms of some kind of knowledge, which we had much rather become acquainted with in its undisguised form. The reason why we choose the form of narrative is, that we really think it the best in which Political Economy can be taught, as we should say of nearly every kind of moral science. Once more we must apply the old proverb, 'Example is better than precept.' We take this proverb as the motto of our design. We declare frankly that our object is to teach political economy, and that we have chosen this method, not only because it is new, not only because it is

entertaining, but because we think it the most faithful and the most complete. In these views we entirely coincide, and would further add, that narratives, like those constructed by Miss Martineau, by showing how completely the abstract doctrines of Political Economy come home to every man's "business and bosom," how necessary a knowledge of the results of the economist's analysis of society is to the comfort and independence of every individual, will prove more effectual than any means that have yet been proposed, to remove the silly prejudices still entertained against this indispensable branch of knowledge.

Six numbers of Miss Martineau's series of narratives are now lying before us. We will not say that each rises in importance above the other, because the fundamental principles illustrated in each are all alike important. Neither will we say that the latest-published tales evince a more intimate acquaintance, than the earlier, with the science of political economy; for with this study Miss Martineau has evidently long been perfectly familiar, and a most skilful dialectician she shows herself to be, in canvassing its knotty points. But in the *athetical* department we trace a marked and progressive improvement. Her characters, and the scenery which surrounds them, are in every new number dashed off with a bolder and more graphic pencil; and the doctrinal discussions are more assimilated to the common conversation of every day life. Some readers may at first think otherwise, seeing that the author has retained all the technical phraseology of the economists; but in doing this we are decidedly of opinion that she has acted judiciously. If it is of importance that all classes of society should become familiarized with such discussions, it is also of importance that they should be accustomed from the first to conduct them in precise and definite, that is, in technical language.

We have not space to analyze all Miss Martineau's tales. A brief *resumé* must satisfy the reader whom we earnestly advise to refer to the volumes themselves.

No. I. is entitled, "Life in the Wilds." It is the narrative of the adventures of a small settlement in the Cape Colony, which has been plundered by an incursion of the natives, and left, except in the respect of mental cultivation, in a state of nature. The author follows step by step the progress of this desolate group, by its own unaided exertions, from utter want to a state of comparative comfort, and renders its simple annals the means of illustrating the most important doctrines relative to the origin and distribution of wealth.

No II. is entitled "The Hill and the Valley," and is intended to illustrate the doctrine of capital. In the course of the story, however, many moral lessons of the deepest importance are incidentally, perhaps unintentionally inculcated. The two most prominent characters are an old man of the name of Armstrong a hale healthy lover of nature, who, from a distrust of men, lives in a hermit's seclusion; and a strange wayward strong-minded person of the name of Paul. In a former number we presented our readers with some extracts from this tale.

No. III. "Brooke, and Brooke farm," is a pleasing picture of the progress of agricultural improvement—a bright and sunny picture of the

rural districts of merry England. It is merely a further elucidation of the doctrine of Capital.

No. IV. "Life in Demerara" grapples with thornier subjects,—with the questions of the comparative productiveness of free and slave labour, the possibility of man's acquiring a right of property in man, and the effects of slavery upon the character both of master and slave. These weighty topics are discussed fearlessly, yet temperately, in no sectarian or unkindly spirit, yet with the most stern adherence to truth. The following scene shews that the author is capable of rising to impassioned sub-

limity. There was a mass of clouds towering in a distant quarter of the heavens, not like a pile of snowy peaks, but now rent apart and now tumbled together, and bathed in a dull, red light. The sun, too, looked large and red, while the objects on the summits of the hills wore a bluish cast, and looked larger and nearer than usual. There was a dead calm. The pigeon had ceased her cooing: no parrots were showing off their gaudy plumage in the sunlight, and not even the hum of the enamelled beetle was heard.

"What is the moon's age?" asked Mr. Bruce of the overseer.

"She is full to-night, sir, and a stormy night it will be I fear." He held up his finger and listened.

"Hark!" said Mary, "there is the thunder already."

"It is not thunder, my dear."

"It is the sea," said Louisa. "I never heard it here but once before; but I am sure it is the same sound."

"The sea at this distance!" cried Mary.

Her father shook his head, muttering, "God help all who are in harbour, and give them a breeze to carry them out far enough! The shore will be strewed with wrecks by the morning. Come, my dears, let us go home before yonder clouds climb higher."

The whites have not yet become as weatherwise, between the tropics, as the negroes; and both fall short of the foresight which might be attained, and which was actually possessed by the original inhabitants of these countries. A negro cannot, like them, predict a storm twelve days beforehand; but he is generally aware of its approach some hours sooner than his master. It depends upon the terms he happens to be on with the whites, whether or not he gives them the advantage of his observations.

Old Mark sent his daughter Becky to Mr. Bruce's house to deliver his opinion on the subject; but all were prepared. No such friendly warning was given to the Mitchelsons, who, overcome with the heat, were, from the eldest to the youngest, lying on couches, too languid to lift up their heads, or think of what might be passing out of doors. Cassius, meanwhile, was leaning over the gate of his provision ground, watching the moon as she rose, crimson as blood, behind his little plantain grove. Every star looked crimson too, and had its halo like the moon. It was as if a bloody steam had gone up from the earth. Not a breath of air could yet be felt; yet here and there a cedar, taller than the rest, stooped and shivered on the summits of the hills: and the clouds, now rushing, now poised motionless, indicated a capricious commotion in the upper air. Cassius was watching with much interest these signs of an approaching tempest, when he felt himself pulled by the jacket.

"May I stay with you?" asked poor Hester.

"My master and mistress dare not keep at home, because our roof is almost off already, and they think the wind will carry it quite away to-night."

"Where are they gone?"

"To find somebody to take them in; but they say there will be no room for me."

"Stay with me then; but nobody will be safe under a roof to-night, I think."

"Where shall we stay then?"

"Here, unless God calls us away. Many may be called before morning."

The little girl stood trembling, afraid of she scarcely knew what, till a tremendous clap of thunder burst near, and then she clung to Cassius, and hid her face. In a few moments the gong was heard, sounding in the hurried irregular manner which betokens an alarm.

"Aha!" cried Cassius. "The white man's house shakes, and he is afraid."

"What does he call us for?" said the terrified child. "We can do him no good."

"No; but his house is stronger than ours; and if his shakes, ours may tumble down, and then he would lose his slaves and their houses too. So let us go into the field where we are called, and then we shall see how pale white men can look."

All the way as they went, Hester held one hand before her eyes, for the lightning flashes came thick and fast. Still there was neither wind nor rain; but the roar of the distant sea rose louder in the intervals of the thunder.

Cassius suddenly stooped short, and pulled the little girl's hand from before her face, crying, "Look, look, there is a sight."

Hester shrieked when she saw a whole field of sugar-canes whirled in the air. Before they had time to fall, the loftiest trees of the forest were carried up in like manner. The mill disappeared; a hundred huts were levelled; there was a stunning roar, a rumbling beneath, a rushing above. The hurricane was upon them with its fury.

Cassius clasped the child round the waist, and carried rather than led her at his utmost speed beyond the verge of the groves, lest they also should be borne down and crush all beneath them. When he had arrived with his charge in the field whither the gong had summoned him, slaves were arriving from all parts of the plantation to seek safety in an open place. Their black forms flitting in the mixed light,—now in the glare of the lightning, and now in the rapid gleams which the full moon cast as the clouds were swept away for a moment,—might have seemed to a stranger like imps of the storm collecting to give tidings of its ravages. Like such imps they spoke and acted.

"The mill is down!" cried one.

"No crop next year, for the canes are blown away!" shouted another.

"The hills are as bare as a rock,—no coffee, no spice, no cotton! Hurra!"

"But our huts are gone: our plantation grounds are buried!" cried the wailing voice of a woman.

"Hurra! for the white man's are gone too!" answered many mingled tones. Just then a burst of moonlight showed to each the exulting countenances of the rest, and there went up a shout, louder than the thunder,—“Hurra! hurra! how ugly is the land!”

The sound was hushed, and the warring lights were quenched for a time by the deluge which poured down from the clouds. The slaves crouched together in the middle of the field, supporting one another as well as they could against the fury of the gusts which still blew, and of the tropical rains. An inquiry now went round, —“Where was Horner? It was his duty to be in the field as soon as the gong had sounded, but no one had seen him. There was a stern hope in every heart that his roof had fallen in and buried him and his whip together. It was not so, however.

After a while, the roaring of water was heard very near, and some of the blacks separated from the rest to see in what direction the irregular torrents which usually attend a hurricane were taking their course. There was a strip of low ground between the sloping field where the negroes were collected and the opposite hill, and through the middle of this ground a river rushed along where a river had never been seen before. A tree was still standing here and there in the midst of the foaming waters, and what had a few minutes ago been a hillock with a few shrubs growing out of it, was now an island. The negroes thought they heard a shout from this island, and then supposed it must be fancy; but when the cloudy rack was swept away, and allowed the moon to look down for a moment, they saw that some one was certainly there, clinging to the shrubs, and in imminent peril of being carried away if the stream should continue to rise. It was Horner, who was making his way to the field when the waters overtook him in the low ground, and drove him to the hillock to seek a safety which was likely to be short enough. The waters rose every moment: and though the distance was not above thirty feet from the hillock to the sloping bank on which the negroes had now ranged themselves to watch his fate, the waves dashed through in so furious a current that he did not dare to commit himself to them. He called, he shouted, he screamed for help, his agony growing more intense, as inch after inch, foot after foot, of his little shore disappeared. The negroes answered his shouts very punctually; but whether the impatience of peril prompted the thought, or an evil conscience, or whether it was really so, the shouts seemed to him to have more of triumph than sympathy in them; and cruel as would have been his situation had all the world been looking on with a desire to help, it was dreadfully aggravated by the belief that the wretches whom he had so utterly despised were watching his struggles, and standing with folded arms to see how he would help himself when there was none to

help him. He turned and looked to the other shore; but it was far too distant to be reached. If he was to be saved, it must be by crossing the narrower gully; and, at last, a means of doing so seemed to offer. Several trees had been carried past by the current; but they were all borne on headlong, and he had no means of arresting their course: but one came at length, a trunk of the largest growth, and therefore making its way more slowly than the rest. It tilted from time to time against the bank, and when it reached the island, fairly stuck at the very point where the stream was narrowest. With intense gratitude, a gratitude which two hours before he would have denied could ever be felt towards slaves, Horner saw the negroes cluster about the root of the tree to hold it firm in its position. Its branchy head seemed to him to be secure, and the only question now was whether he could keep his hold on this bridge, while the torrent rose over it, as it in fury at having its course delayed. He could but try, for it was his only chance. The beginning of his adventure would be the most perilous, on account of the boughs over and through which he must make his way. Slowly, fearfully, but firmly he accomplished this, and the next glimpse of moonlight showed him astride on the bare trunk, clinging with knees and arms, and creeping forward as he battled with the spray. The slaves were no less intent. Not a word was spoken, not one let go, and even the women would have a hold. A black cloud hid the moon just when Horner seemed within reach of the bank; and what happened in that dark moment,—whether it was the force of the stream, or the strength of the temptation,—no lips were ever known to utter; but the event was that the unhappy trunk heaved once over, the unhappy wretch lost his grasp, and was carried down at the instant he thought himself secure. Horrid yells once more arose from the perishing man, and from the blacks now dispersed along the bank to see the last of him.

“He is not gone yet,” was the cry of one; “he climbed yon tree as if he had been a water-rat.”

“There let him sit if the wind will let him,” cried another. “That he should have been carried straight to a tree after all!”

“Stand fast! here comes the gale again!” shouted a third.

The gale came. The tree in which Horner had found refuge bowed, cracked,—but before it fell, the wretch was blown from it like a flake of foam, and swallowed up finally in the surge beneath. This was clearly seen by a passing gleam.

“Hæra! hurra!” was the cry once more. “God sent the wind. It was God that murdered him, not we.”

The scene of Nos. V. and VI. is laid in one of our Hebridean islands. The former, “Ella of Garveloch,” treats of the knotty question of rent; the latter, “Weal and Woe in Garveloch,” is an elucidation of the doctrines of population, of its increase and proportion to food. This last of Miss Martineau's publications that has reached us deserves the widest circulation, and the most serious perusal. It is full of weighty truths, on a question more misapprehended than any which has been canvassed in our day—a question to which an erroneous answer, if it meet with acceptance, is pregnant with instant and awful danger. In this slight critique, it is not our intention to plunge into such an important discussion.

To conclude, we look upon Miss Martineau as entitled to rank high among those gifted females whose writings have of late years so eminently benefited their country—the Edgeworths, Marcets, and others. The country is now free; but the just use of that freedom depends upon the moral and intellectual advance of the people. We do not think that the question of emancipation ought, in any case, to be postponed to that of instruction. The slave never can be educated. The freeman may act wrong, but the slave cannot act right. We struck with our fellow-countrymen for freedom, without stopping to inquire whether they were capable of using it properly, because it was their right, which no man was entitled to withhold from them. Now that the chain has either been removed, or so corroded, that no power on earth can ever again render it effective to rivet us down, a yet nobler task remains—to aid

in freeing men from the self-imposed fetters of ignorance and prejudice. Every fellow-labourer shall be received with a hearty welcome; and one so able as Miss Martineau is richly entitled to the most cordial it is in our power to give.

THE DESPOTS' CHALLENGE TO GERMANY.

WHOEVER commits one criminal act must go on: in the career of guilt, there is neither halt nor retreat. This is the true origin of the atrocious protocol just published by the Diet of Germany. From the first moment that the German Sovereigns broke faith with their subjects, and withheld the free constitutions, by the promise of which they had allured them to take a share in the war of liberation in 1813, they entangled themselves in a series of perplexities, which obliged them to stride from one act of iniquity onward to another, until their measure of crime should be full, and the patience of men fairly exhausted. We have our doubts whether the bold step, to which we have alluded, may lead immediately to this consummation, but it helps them onward; and although provoked at their rascality, we hail it with delight, as a harbinger of the day of retribution.

One thing is certain, that, if there be meaning in language, or faith in man, the German Sovereigns, at the downfall of Napoleon, stood pledged by the most sacred promises, to bestow upon their subjects constitutional forms of government. It is a weak expression to say, that they postponed unduly the performance of these promises; every sentence of the treaty upon which the German confederacy rests shows a determination to do so. The German Confederation, according to that deed, consists of a number of states, each possessing, to a certain extent, the power of internal legislation, but forming one body as regards their intercourse with other nations. It is declared, that every sovereign who is a member of the Confederation shall, at his earliest convenience, give to his subjects such a constitutional form of government as is not inconsistent with the principles of the constituent treaty. The exercise of the legislative and executive powers reserved to the federal body, is vested in a diet composed of the representatives of the several sovereigns, the number of votes assigned to each being proportioned to their extent of territory. Among other powers reserved to this assembly, are the right of enacting a common law for the regulation of the press in all the states, and the determining and proportioning the burdens to be imposed for federal purposes.

Now, be it remarked, that this document assumes that the sovereign alone has the right of determining what share of power he shall allot to the people, and that the people must receive his concession as a favour, not as a right. Next, it leaves him the exclusive judge of the most proper time for making this concession; and affords him a prospect of support from his brother kings, should his subjects turn impatient. Lastly, it reserves for kings alone, without any intervention of even a remonstrance on the part of the people, to determine how far the utterance of thought shall be free, and usurps the right of imposing heavy taxes, independently of the consent of those who pay them. The principle upon which the frame of government rests is false and despotic, and its first enact-

ments are worthy of the polluted source from whence they spring. But there is yet more behind. Austria and Prussia form of themselves a fourth part of the votes in the Diet: Austria and Prussia have territories, money, and soldiers, which, not lying within the boundaries of the Confederation, may, without violating the Articles of Union, be employed in hostilities against it: Austria and Prussia, by blandishments or threats, can compel a majority of the weaker states, with which they have been bound up in unequal league to do whatever they please. In other words, Austria and Prussia, two bigotted members of the Holy Alliance, are absolute and uncontrolled masters of Germany.

This humiliating truth has been keenly felt by the Germans, on many occasions, but never more bitterly than on the emanation of the "Protocol of the 22d sitting of the Diet of the German Confederacy, holden on the 28th of June, 1832." The circumstances under which this document was published, are briefly these. There have existed in Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and several other states, for some time back, legislative chambers; but, as their respective sovereigns held them pretty tight by the hand, Austria and Prussia did not at first think it worth their while to remonstrate. Of late, these two powers have been anxiously watching the course of events in Poland; and, relieved from their keen gaze, and encouraged by the success of the French, the patriots, in different states of Germany, have been asserting their rights with greater boldness. In Wurtemberg, Bavaria, Baden, and Darmstadt, the liberty of the press has, by judicial decisions, and the activity of affiliated associations, been successfully vindicated. Saxony has forced an imbecile and bigoted monarch to delegate his power to more trustworthy hands, and has organized a national guard. The second chamber of Hanover has eloquently asserted its right to control the public burdens, and remonstrated against Count Munster's infringements of the constitution. In Hesse Cassel, important concessions have been wrung from the brutal despot who disgraces the throne. Throughout the whole of Germany, westward of the Elbe, the constitutional spirit has, during the last year and a half, been rapidly gaining in strength and extent.

But the downfall of Poland has now left Austria and Prussia free to return to their nightmare task of stifling the freedom of Germany. Their first measure is to address to the Diet an overture, in which they take the Sovereigns who have indicated an inclination to make concessions to popular opinion, roundly to task. And it is a most important fact, that although many of these Princes are known to be friendly to the rights of the people—although one of them is the limited Monarch of Great Britain, not one of them has dared to refuse acquiescence in the measures proposed by their task-masters. A committee has been in consequence appointed to watch over the proceedings in every German State, and to report to the different courts. The members of the Diet have moreover pledged themselves to uphold the following doctrines. 1st. The Sovereigns of the confederation are responsible only to each other, and it is the duty of each of them to reject all petitions from his people, that the rest disapprove of. 2d. The Sovereign alone, with the advice of his brethren, has the right to determine what taxes ought to be levied; and any resistance (tacit or otherwise) to his impositions, justifies the armed interference of his allies. 3d. Entire Freedom of speech is not the right of any legislative Chamber: the Sovereign is the judge of how far they may be allowed to go. 4. The Diet alone has the privilege of interpreting its own acts. We will venture to say that a more cold-

blooded and systematic despotism, or more complete in all its parts, than is sketched in this outline, never existed.

Will Germany submit to this tyranny, this attempt to give absolute sway over the thoughts and actions of men, to one or two purblind individuals, by spies and bayonets—the mere mention of which makes an Englishman's blood boil? We know not. Our expectation on this head is not unmixed with anxiety. We know that there are among the Germans, many who spurn the exploded fooleries of their half-feudal, half-Turkish system, and long for the union of their country into one mighty state, governed by rational laws. We know many a strozg hold of freedom, in which the sturdy sense of the burgher revolts against the gross licentiousness and caprice of his tyrant. We know no land more fertile in cool heads or dauntless hearts than Germany. But we are, at the same time, aware that its rulers have for centuries acted upon the principle of divide and govern, and that local prejudices, and those of *caste*, are nowhere more inveterate. The imaginative character of the Germans, too, makes them cling to old associations, and gives kings and priests a strong hold even upon the most sceptical minds among them. It would grieve, therefore, but not surprise us to learn that this unholy protocol had been received with tame submission, or with impotent outbreakings of anger in isolated and unsupported districts. But such a state of things cannot long endure. These bloated and presumptuous fools have dug their own graves. It is not in human nature to endure the continuance of that system of espionage and repression of every free utterance of the heart which the Sovereigns of Germany are attempting to enforce. There were bitter hearts enough in the land before—patriots, whose honest hopes had been blasted,—young and ardent spirits, whose best years had been wasted in dungeons,—mothers “weeping for their children,” who had died for the monarch, and only brought chains upon their country. They will now find apt scholars for their lessons of revenge. A storm is gathering which will, ere long, sweep the puny apes of monarchy, and their tinsel state from the land. As sure as there is a God in Heaven, there are those now alive who will live to see, at least the western half of Germany erected into a republic, “one and indivisible.” But we will return to this subject next month.

A JOHANNIC.

THE story goes that a traveller in the back settlements of America, where the roads are sometimes rather deep, observing a hat by his path, attempted to hook it up with his whip, when, to his great surprise, a voice issued from beneath the hat, gruffly saying, “What are you doing with my hat?” “Doing with your hat! why, who, and where are you, in the name of wonder?” “Why, where should I be but under the hat on my head, resting myself a little on my journey. The roads in this new country are not very good; but I have got a capital clever cob under me, who has carried me well through, and we are resting ourselves here, to fetch breath; for it is the first bit of sound bottom, to make a stand on, that I have found for the last hundred miles?”

This case of repose adumbrates the present posture and circumstances of John Bull. He has come to the first bit of sound ground, to make a stand on, that has been gained for the last hundred years; he has a good cob under him in the Reform Law, and is taking breath, and bless-

ing himself on his happy footing and pleasant circumstances, only up to the chin in mud.

Who will say that John is a growler, always extracting matter of discontent? Whatever he may have been, he is the most sanguine, confident, of human beings, provided only he has a Lord to look up to; a Lord, we mean, of Parliament, and in place. As nurses may divert a child, so may this incarnation of reason be played with; if he be cross or fretful, crying for the moon or any such matter, hold up a doll to him in the shape of a Lord enacting patriotism, saying what a fine thing it is, and he falls a crowing with delight. The poor innocent never dreams that it is stuffed with bran, and moved by a wire. The honest truth is that John is a tuft-hunter, a great worshipper of rank, wherever there is any degree of decency of character connected with it. Ill usage, however, rouses up a spirit that lurks in an innermost recess of his bowels: but it must be moved by a degree of kicking and cuffing, which it is amazing any being wanting the organization of an ass can bear; and, after all, it emits a scorching flash, and straight is dull again. He is like the *Medecin malgré lui*, who was thrashed into assuming the doctor, and prescribing for disorders; or he is still more like the bull, in whose name he delights, ordinarily heavy, slow, ruminating much on little grass, sedulous to make beef of himself, with grave aspect, and sober gait, perpetually cropping. But he is overdriven; the goad has sieved his side: his blood is leaking through a hundred wounds: his legs are weary; his stomach empty, ignorant of fodder: he becomes heroic; he darts out his tail, he stretches out his neck, and bellows defiance to his tormentors; he rouses his mettle, lifts his legs, butts his head, and on to the charge; he tosses and tears, and scares the whole world with his rage and power. When, however, the fury has taken its course, we see him again in his gentleness, with the slaver oozing from his mouth; and a child may prick him on his course, provided it be with the mild persuasion of a tenpenny nail, instead of the exciting stab of a pike.

We like our first simile best, and shall return to it as the more exact and respectful withal. John is up to his chin in mire, rejoicing that he is at last in the right way, and with solid ground under his good steed. He has no notion of his begrimed circumstances. Because he has been worse, he thinks himself well; because he has been floundering and splashing on for many a weary mile, escaping from being swallowed up, body and bones, in the bog of boroughmongery, he is for resting satisfied, neck deep, on the comfortable bottom to the slough reform. Up and be doing, man! get out of the mud; lift yourself from the muck in which you have been moving. Granting that you don't sink to perdition in it, yet is it not good to stand up to your head in. Make a better use of your cob; free him from the clogging mess through which he has had to struggle his way; get into sweet air and on firm ground. Because you have been so long journeying through morass, don't suppose that the political element is a mud bath, with a slab at bottom to prevent floundering.

We have had a prodigious triumph. By the showing of our own side, (a sort of evidence we always prefer taking,) the People, the Whig Aristocracy, and the Government, mustering altogether about nineteen millions and a half, have prevailed against the boroughmongery and the parsons, and the red-tape outcasts, whose combined forces are said to have amounted, on the largest calculation, to about fifty thousand persons of the worst principles and characters. Thus we have conquered,

after a desperate struggle of about eighteen months, at the odds of nearly 400 to 1: and this without having our victory stained with bloodshed; for this excellent reason, that there is no finding any body to fight with at the odds of 400 to 1. The scholar of Hierocles, seeing a great crowd attending the funeral of his child, apologized for bringing out so small a body to so large a multitude. Our excellent Ministers (we always call them excellent, because we don't know anything else to say of them) ought in like manner to have apologized for achieving so moderate a reform with so stupendous a victory. We have had sixteen shillings worth of sack to one pennyworth of bread; we have had the spirit of twenty millions of people to an aristocratical Reform Bill. We have been at the devil's employment of shearing hogs, and have had much ery and taken little wool; yet are seats in Parliament to be stuffed with it.

A member of the Collective Wisdom, after a flat, unmeaning speech, such as is commonly made in that Robin Hood Debating Society, sat down, devoutly muttering, in a modest ecstasy, *Non nobis, non nobis Domine, sed nomini tuo gloria*. Thus too, John Bull, after over-ruling the rebellion of his little finger, and having with much travail and ado, obtaining this small advantage, sets himself down to rest, with the conceit that he has snatched the very sun out of the firmament, and set it to chase the spirits of evil and darkness from the House of Commons. We tell John that he has done nothing at all—at least nothing worth talking of; that all remains to be done which is worth a boast, or the celebration of a rush-light; and that those who magnify his achievements, and lift his head to the stars, are fooling him for roguish purposes, to set him asleep on the conceit of his glory. When a child does not cry for lollypop, or when he puts one foot before the other, without tumbling on his nose, the nurse cries, "There's a man!" This is the sort of praise with which Mr. Bull is slobbered over, till he believes that he has exhausted all the exploit of which the world is capable; and that nothing remains to be done, but to sit down and marvel, and brag of it; when, in truth, he has only taken his first step without falling on his nose, and, as the nurse would add, "like a man!" We can tell John that if he do not mind what he is about, the Reformed Parliament will be as like the corrupt one as one pea is like another. He is now suffering the same seed to be put in the ground, and it will bear the same fruit. Is it not exasperating to see how he allows himself to be talked over by worthless men, whose game is to persuade him that he obtained everything by the blotted, bungled pit of paper, called the Reform Act, and nicknamed the *Major Charta*: and that, consequently, he may send persons of any degree of demerit—sticks and stones, so they have fine names, and fine fortunes—to Parliament, without any sort of ill consequence. The men who so extravagantly cry up the victory are the men who desire that no use may be made of the victory; who would create an impression that all is done—that the devil is dead and buried in Schedule A., and there is no need of care and watching, and girding up the loins for battle with the Spirit of Mischief. Whenever we hear a man enlarging on the triumph, we know that he wants to set the eyes of the people in the back of their heads, that he may take advantage of their breeches pockets. He would have them look back, instead of move forwards. What is vulgarly called bamboozling is in high practice just now.

It is provoking to see the delusion successfully practised on the people. A candidate makes profession of all popular objects, and his stupid

hearers roar applause. He further explains himself, after having thus obtained the advantage of a prepossession in his favour, and he so limits, and qualifies, and restricts his resolutions, that they are reduced to a nothingness, which, if offered in the first instance, and without the cheating preface, would have been spurned as insulting. After the ear of John Bull has been sweetened by flattery and general acquiescence, it would seem that any thing may be addressed to it without peril of examination or offence. Mr. Tennyson, candidate for Lambeth, affords a remarkable instance of the success of this practice. When asked his opinion on a number of subjects, he declared himself of the popular mind in the general, and then began prancing about in large exceptions and limitations. He professed himself friendly to the liberty of the press, but said not a word of reforming the libel law; he professed himself an advocate for the abolition of taxes on knowledge, but with this damning reservation, "provided it can be done with safety to the revenue." And this passed! The man, who declared that he considered the safety of the revenue of more importance than the means of giving intelligence and moral improvement to the people, was not scouted from the hustings. Had he, however, commenced with so monstrous a proposition, instead of closing with it, after by general professions he had honied the ears of the audience, the effect and his reception would have been far different. For what is the revenue but for the good of the people? and is it to be raised by means which are baneful to them? The taxes on knowledge which keep the people in darkness contribute half a million to the revenue. For the "safety of the revenue," then, take something from the enormous sum provided to support the "dignity of the crown:" reduce a regiment or two of cavalry, cut down the diplomatic service, utterly useless as it is for the most part; cancel the foul jobs in the pension list: and by this arrangement raise *the dignity of the people*, an object of incomparably more importance than that vile pretence, the "dignity of the crown." But where are the men to be found to do these things in the Legislature! Ah, where? There is the rub. John Bull does not yet feel the nature of his difficulties. He is about to play the new game with the shabby old pack familiar to the sharper's hand and eyes. The knaves and shufflers are dressing themselves up in new pretences, and they are likely to succeed for lack of competition. We want public men. The existing number is too scanty, and, for the most part, too hackneyed in the foolish or vicious old courses, for choice. Men must be brought out; and the people must correct their false notion that the notoriety of wealth, high station, or of the busy-body playing patriot at public meetings, is essential to a candidate. Judicious recommendations from men justly possessing the confidence of the people would do much to bring ability from the obscurity of private circles into public life: but such recommendations we grieve to see already given with a culpable negligence, which will soon bring all recommendations into mistrust.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY is the first day of the week, according to the Christian calendar; but, in human feeling, it is the last day, as the Sabbath used to be. Monday is, to all intents and purposes, the initial day: it is the day on which the *business* of the week commences, while Sunday is the day on which that business terminates, as it ought to do, in compensatory repose. On Monday morning, every man rises with the sense, that he has *all the week before him*. His feelings are agreeable or otherwise, as he may happen, that he rejoices or not, in the secular employment which has fallen to his destiny. If he loves his labour, he braces himself for the struggle with the buoyant satisfaction of a warrior, who puts on his armour in the full expectation of conquest. He looks forward upon the six coming days, as the farmer glances over the extensive field of ripening grain, which he is about to make his own; it is all the better that the time is long, as, in the other case, it is all the better that the field is large. At ten, as he tucks up his sleeves to commence his work, it is with a resolute formality that he does not feel, in such extent, on any other morning. And in he plunges into his sea of toils, either loving them for their own sake, or closing his eyes to their irksomeness. In the case of him who does not love his task, then Monday is, indeed, an unhappy day, though it is still possible to get over a good deal of its infelicity, by exerting a dogged resolution. There is no class of individuals who are more liable to feel the horrors of Monday than the poor schoolboys. In their case, the vacation of Saturday and Sunday has produced a considerable derangement of ideas; it has taught them the sweets of idleness; the habit of going monotonously on with their school duties, has been partially disturbed. Their lessons, also, though sure to have been learnt on the Sunday evening, instead of Saturday, (for to this extent all boys that I ever knew were Sabbath-breakers,) are invariably less perfectly learned than on any other day. Hence, on no morning do the unfortunate wretches crawl so unwillingly to school as on this morning. So far as my recollection serves me, Monday always seemed to bring a colder, rawer, and every way less comfortable morning than any other day. The school looked still more of a Tartarus than usual, and the master always seemed a good deal less gentle of aspect. Our *raws*, which had all been partially cicatrised during the joyous relaxation of Saturday, and the hardly less pleasant vacuity of Sunday, were torn open with a pain proportioned to their progress towards a cure, and, like galled horses in the first few miles of a journey, we felt the whole forenoon more intolerable than perhaps any other two days. I have known school-boys, who were so deeply impressed with the horrors of Monday morning, and the dread of what was to ensue from unconned lessons, and questions which they could neither answer nor understand, that, even in advanced life, they continued to experience a gloomy feeling during the early part of Monday, and, to use their own phrase, never felt altogether safe till pretty late in the afternoon. Monday is perhaps the busiest day of the whole week. There is always an accumulation of business, and possibilities of business, during the previous days, which is wrought off on this day. It is a day of tough, unintermitting, substantial business, from end to end without a "cry-you-mercy" in it all. Like a wheel going so fast that the spokes are unobservable, a man works on and on throughout Mr

day with so little idleness that he hardly knows he is working, till, surprised by the sound of the dinner-hour, he lifts his half-drowned head from his ocean of troubles, and looks round him in amaze at what he has gone through. Even on Monday evening, the hard-working character of the day is not altogether relaxed. A man would scarcely select Monday out of the other days of the week to indulge in a visit to any place of public amusement, or in seeing an assemblage of his friends. He goes back to the counting-house or the shop at the earliest hour possible, and satisfies himself that all the manifold businesses of the day are properly seen to and wound up.

Tuesday is a half-brother of Monday. We hardly have so much to do on this day as on the preceding one, and we are not inclined to do so much. It is a respectable hard-working day too, but not just so thoroughly so as Monday. The excessive activity of Monday tells a little upon Tuesday, and, though hardly conscious of it, perhaps, we use it partly as a kind of foil to our labours of the preceding day. In dignity Tuesday is inferior to Monday. It has that inferiority in consideration which a second brother has in comparison with the eldest. Monday is a full, complete, independent day, of twenty-four hours, not a moment less. It is good for work from the beginning to the end. But Tuesday is an imperfect day. It is overshadowed and reduced in domain by the umbrageous fulness of Monday; and we hardly think we are out of the great first day of the week till we are half-way into the diminutive second. On Tuesday evening, one does not think it just so necessary as on the preceding day, to go away and fuss one's self about business. It is a good night for going to the theatre; or, having a friend into one's house, or going a sauntering through the streets. The day was a kind of broken day at any rate; and so what matters it that we spend the evening rather idly.

Wednesday again is a complete day of business, but in a more moderate way than on Monday. Starting up from the recreancy of Tuesday, we resolve to exert ourselves manfully, and see a great many things put to rights. But it is not by any means such a day of tucking up of cuffs as Monday. We must not be idle to-day; but neither must we put ourselves very much about. No enthusiasm in business on Wednesday; unless, by the way, it be a market-day, as often happens; and then, of course, its natural character of a respectable *festina-lente* business-day is considerably altered for the busier. Still, however, though a rather bustling day in this case, there is no objection to bringing home a country friend to dinner, and enjoying one's self with him for the remainder of the evening; in which event, the relaxation of the latter part makes up for the over-exertion of the early part of the day; and thus the proper equilibrium is restored, and the day rendered exactly what nature has intended it to be, a day of moderate activity. On Wednesday evening, we begin to feel that we have got a good way down the inclined plane; or, as a Scotsman would say, the *brae* of the week; it is beginning to have a middle-aged feeling. We have still a good deal to do—we must be very busy to-morrow and on Friday; but, yet, there is certainly a good deal of the throng of the week past. This feeling increases on Thursday, which is generally a day very much like Wednesday as to its degree of exertion. We now begin to put off considerable and extraordinary pieces of business till “the beginning of the week”—that is to say, till next Monday; for, as already mentioned, that is

the day for all great exertions. Wednesday and Thursday are the least conspicuous, and distinguished days of the week. They are remote from both ends, and are lost in a manner in the *turba dierum*—the crowd of days. A great deal of the business of the week, however, is done on Wednesday and Thursday. Men are then warm in the harness, and school-boys too; and on they go in their respective duties, in a regular, equable manner, with neither a very regretful retrospect to the vacation of last Sunday, nor a very solicitous prospect towards the coming joys of the next. On Thursday night, dry land first begins to appear. On this evening, as the boy cons his lesson for next day, a pleasing idea of Saturday comes into his mind. But one day now intervenes between him and play. He looks over-Friday towards the hour of emancipation, like Moses looking from Mount Pisgah towards the promised land. "Friday," he thinks to himself, "thou art still another day of toil and restraint; but I will endure thee as I best may, for the sake of the happy day which comes after." Thursday evening is a space of time which people spend *any way*: it is an evening of no character. People are now beginning to feel a serene indifference about things. The week is pretty well through. We'll see about any thing of importance on Monday or Tuesday next. "John, you need not post up that ledger for a day or two yet. If anybody calls for me, say I've just gone to take a game at golf."*

Friday, however, is a day of decided character. The week is now wearing towards a close. We must attend, no doubt, to business, but not so very busily as either on Wednesday or Thursday. We'll do very well if we just see that nothing goes wrong. Friday is, in fact, a day consecrated to languor. Its decisiveness of character arises from its being properly of no character whatever. There are more festive assemblages, perhaps, on Friday, than on any other day of the week. People have an unconscious perception that Saturday is the best day of the week in which to awaken from a debauch, because it is a day of no particular exertion,—therefore Friday is the day for the debauch. Not to say that the thing is calculated upon, for no one ever allows himself to think, on sitting down, that he is to exceed in any way. The caution is a matter of unconfessed instinct. People begin no business of considerable magnitude on Friday. They put off all such matters to the beginning of the ensuing week, when they will have a large expanse of unbroken days before them. Things are all getting easy and slipshod, and unceremonious by Friday night. We have all the week before us, you know; the artisan and the school-boy go home from their respective toils on this evening, with a tranquil satisfied feeling, as if the *colour-de-rose* of Saturday had tinged the previous hours with an Aurora of its own dye.

Saturday comes at last—the voluptuous sunset of the week. To awake upon it, and feel, through the skirts of a departing dream, that it is Saturday, is one of the most delightful sensations which men (excepting the altogether idle class) can enjoy. We spring into the waking world with a "whoop and a call," like boys bounding out to play. The sun salutes us through our windows with a merrier gleam; the birds bid us a blyther good-morrow from the trees. Of course, if there is to be a day of better weather than usual in the week, it is sure to fall on Satur-

* The reader is requested to excuse this local allusion.

day, in order that we may the more fully enjoy our relaxation: We long to get breakfast over, that we may dash into the sunniness of out-of-doors, and breathe the free communion of nature. If any part of the day is to be spent in duty, how it is grudged! How painful to see the glowing hours—eleven, twelve, one, two—passing by, and us not enjoying them! There is, however, a material difference between the Saturday of Scotland and the Saturday of England. In the latter country, especially among the busy classes, Sunday is almost exclusively the only day of relaxation in the week. It is made to serve there as both a day of devotion and a day of pleasure. Now in Scotland, where Sunday is generally given up more entirely to devotion, or at least to a decent seclusion, Saturday is necessarily intruded upon for part of its time, which is given up to recreation. Confining our attention to Scotland, we would say that little business of importance is transacted on that day. People are too much agog with the expectation of the afternoon's pleasures to apply their minds anxiously to great concerns. As for the children, they burst forth from the restraint of school, with the effervescence of pent-up small beer, or, we might rather say, the vigorously dispersive qualities of the Congreve rocket. From the focus of the school-door, at eleven o'clock, they radiate, into a thousand various paths of pleasure and fun, thinking that they will almost have time to go round the world, and be back before night. Every moment is worthy and precious in their eyes, and care must of course be taken to spend it well. The delicious draught must be drained to the last drop, and no part of it to pass without having given its relish. But is it to the pupil alone that Saturday is thus delicious? No. I see by his ill-affected staidness, while his eye is ever and anon cast hurriedly through the trellised window, that the master longs for the hour of dismissal fully as much as the boys. What! is not this the Dominie's day, or the true *dominica*? Yea, verily; and what would *that life* be—that monotonous chopping of the mind into bits for babes—that wearing agony—were it not for this delightful exception from its miseries? Then for the poor souls of labour—what a day is Saturday for them! See them pouring out at six in the evening, from their various dens, all rejoicing in the prospect of that blessed relaxation which God himself has granted from his own stern decree, “That, by the sweat of their brow, his creatures shall earn their bread.” That evening the village group congregated around some neighbour's door to tell the news, sends forth a merrier laugh. The maiden, passing here and there on inexplicable errands, crosses their eyes—a brighter and happier vision. The very cows, as they come in from the loaming, utter more gladsome and familiar sounds, as if participating in the human joy. Although just released from six days of incessant toil, so complete is the general rebound, on account of the anticipated relaxation of next day, that there is no period of the week when the poor man feels himself less oppressed with labour. He could dance now with a far lighter heart—*a fortiori*, far lighter heels, than on Monday morning. Saturday night goes down with the cup and the song.

Sunday rises amidst the universal hymn of Nature to Nature's God. Aurora on that morning seems, as if she had borrowed the glorious robes of Religion to deck her more lustrously forth. She walks up the east with a statelier step, and pours down upon our heads a more perfect effulgence. There is not a work-day movement, nor a work-day sound, to mar the general solemnity. But nature's own sounds—the

whistling of the birds, the hum of the bees—or, what is not less beautiful, the far tinkling parish bell, warning of the approaching hour of prayer—these all come with a greater force upon the ear. The time of worship arrives, and the humble denizens of this world enter the temples of their Creator, to consecrate their affections to him, and soothe every rough feeling away under the blessed influence of devotion. Were there nothing but old habit in this practice, it would still be delightful and meritorious. To think that the prayers which are read were composed by the Fathers of the Church, some of whom perished for their faith at the stake, and have, ever since, been used by a large class of individuals endeared by country or by relationship; or to reflect, that the psalms which we sing, (supposing a presbyterian place of worship,) are still the same which were sung by the ardent and steadfast Covenanters, amidst the wildernesses to which they were driven; to think that the Great Book itself contains the communications which God, in long past ages, condescended to make for the benefit of his fallen creatures, together with the glad words which he afterwards vouchsafed for their redemption;—these are ideas which come over the mind on this occasion, to elevate and purify it above its ordinary state. In the evening, the same repose reigns unbroken, and men at last fall asleep in the hush of nature, as if they were never again to rise.

~~TAIT'S COMMONPLACE BOOK.~~

THE FOOLHOOD OF THE REALM.

THE mighty are falling with greater celerity than we could have ventured to predict. For many centuries past the office of Court Jester has been abolished in Great Britain, and we find that it is now no longer admissible among the privileges of a British subject, for every man to be his own fool. In certain countries of Europe, as well as in many Oriental provinces, fools are looked upon in a sacred light. A born natural is called the Child of Providence, endowed with general impunity, fed at the general expense, and watched over as an hostage from the Creator. We have often been tempted to fancy that this superstition was latently prevalent even in England. That Fools were reported in London as secondary only to divinities, and rendered eligible to the highest offices of Church and State. But if so great an abuse ever existed, it is past and over; henceforward let no envious fool cast an eye upon the wig and gown, the stole and mitre. There is no longer safety for them, even in numbers. The mad Doctor is abroad; and it is plain that the destinies of the renowned Monsieur de Pourceaugnac urgently impend over every individual citizen of this distracted empire! No! Let no more geese cackle in the Capitol; they will either be stuffed with sage in their despite, or penned up in a cell to figure hereafter under the crust of a Strasburg Pie.

We have all learned from the fate of Miss Bagster, to how severe an ordeal our whimsies and impertinences may be subjected! We may be called to account by a jury of our own countrymen for ignorance of "Waverley," or admiration of "Eugene Aram;" for an error of literary judgment, or a blunder in our army estimates. We can no longer be

as stupid as we like, or as silly as we please, or as pleases our kinsfolk and acquaintances. Aldermen themselves shall be plummets over us, and Lord Mayors chuckle at our imbecility. Miss Rosa Matilda, (not the of the Morning Post of Della Cruscan Memory,) having been tempted to admit that she preferred the Zoological Gardens to Family Prayers, has written herself down an ass for the remaining forty-nine years of her mortal pilgrimage; and, moreover, is chargeable with a sum of £10,000 for registry of the fact. The law expenses of this in-Delicate Investigation amounted to £500 per diem; and all to prevent a silly little lady (not a whit more witless than the fashionable Foolhood to be found daily thronging the counters of Howell and James between the hours of four and seven) from pleasing her own silly fancy. We have many congratulations to offer to my Lord Brougham and Vaux. If he could prove himself entitled to the guardianship of all the giddy damsels who do not know that two and two make four, in addition to the mighty Foolhood already consigned to his jurisdiction, we fear that the Wards of Farringdon, both within and without, will scantily avail to contain the persons of the Wards in Chancery. Moreover, we beg the ladies of fashion will henceforth take heed to their words, that they offend not with their tongue; that they will gossip less loudly in the Ventilators, and comport themselves more discreetly in the gallery of the Lords. Let them look to the macq and seals, and tremble!

THE DRAMA.

Who does not remember the pungent epigram written by Swift during his days of idiocy, on seeing the new Magazine in the Phoenix Park?

Oh! solid proof of Irish sense!
Here Irish wit is seen;
When nothing's left for our defence,
We build a Magazine!

How ably might this be parodied in illustration of the fact that the wits of Modern London, unable to furnish forth a single play, act, scene, or line, which Congreve or Farquhar would not blush to hear repeated, have clubbed (under sanction of the name of Garrick,) for the purpose of devouring the good things they can no longer indite; of quaffing sparkling champagne, instead of sparkling pleasantries;—and, though they are no longer virtuous, persisting in the digestion of their “cakes and ale!” The unhappy Drama, (almost ashamed to know herself,) a miserable pauper, who has been passed from parish to parish, pressed during the war, and turned adrift in her rags in time of peace; pelted with mud by the editors of the fifteen daily and thirteen weekly journals of London,—now sentenced to the workhouse, and now to the penitentiary,—is at length condemned to the *paine forte et dure* of a Parliamentary Committee! Not a farce-writing dunce, not a ninny, not a candle-snuffer, but has been called to speak to her character, and prate away his own! The majors and the minors being non-secutive and incapable of conclusion, have come to a confusion: while the Garden and Old Drury have been playing Polly Peachum and Lucy Lockit, and certainly not for their own benefits! Certain senators, having first premised that there are no dramatic authors extant, insist upon bringing in a bill for their protection. A patent manager protests (not the bill) to the honourable House, that Editors of newspapers damn the patent Theatres,

only because the patent Theatres have damned their plays; and a patent playwright petitioned for the retention of the Licensor, lest he and his confraternity should grow too licentious. We are growing rather sick of Thespis and his offspring. People write about plays, and talk about plays, and legislate about plays:—do every thing in short except go and see them performed. The truth is at length apparent, that the great interests of mankind are stirring too busily around us to admit of our being pleased with Ranger's "rattle," or "tickled" with Ophelia's "straw." At the present moment, "All the world's a stage;" and all the men and women (ten-pound voters and all) "merely players."

THE MAGAZINES.

Our brethren are waxing pugnacious during these present dog days. We do not like to see the monthly magazines assume the aspect and attitude of powder magazines; and least of all, to observe the Comic becoming "Tragic in its tone and influence." Poole, the author of *Paul Pry*, and Hood the author of all the funniest fun that has been said or sung for the last three years, have been severally addressing the *Athenæum* as the Mr. Speaker of the house of Literature;—and moreover as they choose to do it in character, the comical dogs have made as many wry faces as though they were competing with each other through a horse collar. Like Zany Kibauba, however, they protest that it is "all fun." We must admit that these *par nobile fratrum* have strongly reminded us of another noble couple, two dancers we once saw in a pantomime, who, having to perform what is called a double hornpipe after a desperate squabble behind the scenes, were compelled to set to each other, with the indispensable stage smile, while, as if in spite of their grinning, certain sentiments were audible to the prompter, that assuredly did not suit the word to the action. With their arms entwined in a graceful attitude, they were heard, mutually, to wish each other at a spot unmentionable to ears polite. Poole, as the great Liston can testify, is unrivalled in the art of gibbetting himself, by inditing silly letters to the public.—He is fond, like Acres, of swearing "by his valour;"—but the gentleman doth protest too much; and we therefore own ourselves inclined to back Hood's manhood against the field.

PENNY WISE.

The vast increase of cheap periodicals has attracted the notice of the tax-makers; and an ukase has been issued, purporting that nothing is to be said which has not been said before, under penalty of a tribute of fourpence, lawful money, to Cæsar. "Every thing in the shape of news," say the Commissioners, "must be stamped." We feel strongly inclined to tell these genta that they are —————! and without stamp or penalty! for, although "news" to them, we are provided with evidence to show that the same has been said a thousand times in print, and out of print; and that they might just as well affix a stamp upon every copy of Bacon's Apophthegms.

THE FINE ARTS.

Caledonia has maintained the dignity of the Thistle, this year, throughout the exhibitions of the metropolis. The finest picture in the Suffolk

Street collection was Harvey's "Covenanters." The best landscape in the British Institution Nasmyth's; the best poetical study Fraser's "Antiquary;" and; at the Royal Academy, "Knox." Wilkie and Knox redeemed the ignominy of the poorest exhibition ever witnessed at Somerset House. A servile imitation of Sauter Johnny (by an Academician) offers a new testimony to the merits of Thom's; and "Duncan's Horses," by Lough, new evidence of his own. Dyce, too, has made greater way than we ever remember during a first season.

THE PERIODICALS.

How different are the destinies of the dwellers with the deep, from those of the dwellers in the deep! Of fishes that swim, it is said that the smaller exist only to be made the prey of the greater; whereas, among the periodicals the gudgeon is entitled to devour the great whale, and the sticklebag to fatten upon the porpoise. We of the Monthlies are privileged to dismember and fall to upon the Quarterlies. The Weekly Journals pounce upon our own substance, and lighten their darkness by pretended extracts from, and pretending criticisms upon our pages. The daily papers quote the weekly; the evening array themselves in the rays of the morning; and whereas in these days of steam and machinery, there appears every prospect of an hourly, or even half hourly newspaper, we have it in contemplation to set up "The Minute Instantaneous Advertiser," in order to pluck it of its pen feathers, and plume ourselves with its wings.

SIR WALTER.

Let no one say that the age of chivalry is past. Neither Roncesvalles, nor the Round Table could have furnished a finer display of courtesy than that which greeted our literary veteran, among the rude rabble of Jermy Street. After all, the ferule is as potent a mender of manners as the knightly lance. The same mob which hooted Fielding to the vessel that was to convey him to Lisbon to die, stood silent, and reverential, and uncovered, to watch the departure of the infirm author of *Waverley*, for his own, and, we fear, his last home; and, unless the schoolmaster is to be thanked for this manifest amendment of minor morals, we know not where our gratitude is due.

ADDRESSE

It was profanely but wittily said by Voltaire, that the Almighty alone had patience enough to endure the praises of mankind. It is unquestionably a faculty inherent in royalty, to listen, with gravity, to the ridiculous addresses laid at the foot of its august throne, and striking dumb the eloquence of the never-sufficiently-to-be-panegyrized Morning Post "From the inhabitants of Dunder cum Noodle, to express their abhorrence of the late wicked and treasonable attack upon his Majesty's sacred person!" Surely the Dunder cum Noodleites must apprehend that his Majesty's estimate of their loyalty is at a very low ebb; when they think it necessary to make a public disavowal of sympathy or collusion with a drunken ruffian, with whom not even Cooke of Leicester, or Bishop of Surgeon's Hall, is likely to be accused of fellowship. Such addresses deserve to be Rejected Addresses; or our Gracious Sovereign is much less to be pitted for his lapidation than for the blundering-loyalty of his subjects.

SUMMER.

THE summer—the summer is coming!
 From Heaven, all glorious and bright,
 With joy in the waves of her golden wings,
 With sunshine, with song and delight!

Prepare ye her home, oh, Earth!
 And crown her with rich roses your bowers;
 And make ye her couch where violets have birth,
 Amongst fragrant and night-blooming flowers.

The summer—the summer is coming!
 She smiles in the clear, starry sky;
 The spring, like a herald, hath sped on before,
 To tell that the bright one is nigh!

The summer—the summer is coming
 Forth from her distant climes!
 And the oak gives his blessing with arms outstretched,
 That have blessed her a hundred times.

The Ocean that welcomed her first,
 As she beamed o'er mountain and plain,
 When in Eden her earliest loveliness burst,
 Yet breathes her a welcome again.

But the billows all quietly lie,
 Their voice of contention is mute;
 Their swell is soft as a fond lover's sigh,
 And their fall like the tone of a lute.

The skies are with silver clouds graced,
 Reared upwards in many a pile;
 The Heavens and Earth, in their beauty embraced,
 Are sleeping in each other's smile.

SONNET,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORINATHIAN RHYMES."

Freedom! thou art not like the Summer friend
 Who brings good news before misfortune comes,
 And never afterwards. Slaves, fawning, blend
 Smiles with deep hate; and flowers that grow on stones
 Veil the mute horror and the worm below;
 But, like the poor man's dog, though spurn'd, yet true,
 Thou still return'st, averse in love with wo,
 When all else fly. Welcome as evening's dew
 To thirsty plants, thy ever-pleasing form
 Comes, a best friend to him that wants it;
 The captive's bow of promise in the storm,
 The angel of his dreams. When health is gone,
 And hope interr'd, his last tear flows for thee;
 He starts, and calls thee Death! but, lo! the chaff'd is free

MONTHLY REGISTER.

POLITICAL HISTORY.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE most important discussions in Parliament, during the month which has just elapsed, arose out of the Scottish Reform Bill, the Irish Reform Bill, and the measure proposed by Mr. Stanley, for settling the question of Irish Tithes.

SCOTTISH REFORM BILL.—The proposal to introduce a qualification clause into the Scottish Bill, against which we were just in time to raise our voice last month, was received with a burst of indignant contempt by the whole country. In consequence of their conviction of the unanimity of this sentiment, Ministers at once withdrew the clause. After a short discussion on this subject, and one or two trivial amendments, proposed by different members of the Commons, and rejected, the Bill was read a third time on Wednesday, the 27th of June, amid loud cheers. It was carried to the House of Lords next day, by the Lord Advocate, and read a first time without remark. On Wednesday the 4th of July, the Lord Chancellor moved that the Bill be read a second time—a motion to which no opposition was offered. An attempt was made, however, by the Earl of Haddington, to insinuate a petition for compensation for the loss of their superiorities, from those “gentle beggars,” the late county constituency of Scotland. There can be no doubt, that the extension of the right of suffrage will seriously curtail the “ways and means” of many of these gentry; but, in their clamours for redress, they quite forget that the scrambling way in which they have hitherto recovered the public money, is *contra bonos mores*, is stigmatised by the law, and cannot receive its protection. The modest request encountered the contemptuous neglect which it deserved. An electioneering finesse of the same noble Earl met with a similar reception. He complained, that, in the ap-

portionment of members, too few had been given to Scotland. This is a rich joke, from one who has strained every nerve to deprive that country of the accession she has gained; and was evidently intended to furnish his creatures who may stand for counties or burghs, with a hustings’ clap-trap. For some time after its commitment, the progress of the Bill was most unaccountably slow. On the 9th of July, the 12th clause only was disposed of. On the 10th, however, their Lordships took heart of grace, and bolted the whole measure without more grimace. It was read a third time on the 13th, and, after having been sent to the Commons to obtain their approbation of some verbal amendments, received the Royal Assent by Commission, on Tuesday, the 17th of July. Scotland, therefore, has at last been emancipated, and has taken her proud stand beside England, waiting till Ireland joins them, to enter upon a new career.

IRISH REFORM BILL.—The process of freeing the Green Isle is in a more hopeful state than when we closed our last monthly retrospect. The pathway of this part of the measure has been more stormy than that of the Bill which proposed to amend the Scottish elective system, on this account, that the country for which it was intended, was not satisfied with its provisions. The commencement of its career had likewise been most inauspicious. The proposal to give an additional member to the close ascendancy corporation of Trinity College had been crammed down the reluctant throats of the independent Irish members, along with more than an average dose of Stanley’s petulance. Ministers assumed, on this occasion, the unwonted position of Orange ascendancy men. On Monday, the 18th of June, Mr. O’Connell moved an instruction to the Committee on the Irish Bill, to establish a 5l.

qualification for Ireland. His motion was lost by a majority of 177 to 44. When the Committee resumed, on the 25th of June, Ministers were in a more complying mood. Mr. Stanley announced their intention of extending the franchise to all leaseholders, for 21 years, at rents of 10% and upwards. On a suggestion from Mr. O'Connell, resting upon the customary length of leases in Ireland, twenty years was substituted for twenty-one, and this amendment of the Bill passed without opposition. On the 6th of July, Mr. Stanley suggested a further amendment of the Bill, with a view to the accommodation of electors. By the first draught, a large number were compelled to travel to a great distance, to give twenty-one days notice to the Clerk of the Peace before they could register their qualifications. The Secretary for Ireland proposed, that the notice should be served upon the High Constable of the barony in which the elector resided, and that the Constable should be bound to transmit the notice to the Clerk of the Peace. Mr. O'Connell approved, and the alteration was adopted. Mr. O'Connell subsequently proposed the annual publication of the voters, to prevent fraud, as in England. Lord Althorp wished to try first how the plan, which was a novelty even in the last mentioned country, would succeed. The report of the Committee was brought up on Friday, the 13th of July, and the Bill read a third time on Monday the 16th. It was carried to the Lords and read a first time on Thursday the 19th.

IRISH TITHES.—A question scarcely second in importance and urgency to that of Parliamentary Reform, as far as regards Ireland, is that of Tithes. That country has declared, that it will no longer submit to such a heavy, unearned, contumelious load. Under the old system the poor cottier was ground to the earth. Under the Composition Act the wealthy farmer finds his burden doubled or tripled. The minds of the educated, as well as the uneducated, have roused to inquire into the nature of the impost. Men who, on religious grounds, object to the payment of Tithes, and men who oppose them on economical principles, have now found willing auditors. O'Connell has taught his countrymen how to vindicate their rights in a legal and constitutional manner. The consequence is, that over, at least, one-third of Ireland,—throughout Leinster, in the western district of Ulster, and in different parts of Connaught,—the people have resolved that the Tithe leviers may take it if they can. The orders to pay are not complied with, the distresses executed are not resisted, but no person

will buy the distrained chattels. The clergy of Ireland, who had preached patience to the starving peasantry under every privation and oppression, took alarm the moment that the shadow of the wolf darkened their own doors. Scarcely had tithe been refused in three parishes, than government was pelted with petitions from every quarter of Ireland, begging for insurrection acts, increase of the constabulary force, troops of dragoons, and every protection that men, in the last stage of panic, could bawl for. It was evident that the interference of the Legislature was necessary; but here a difficulty arose. The independent Irish members maintained, that a self-condemned and nearly expiring Parliament was an improper assembly to legislate on so vital a question, and requested that its consideration should be postponed until a Reformed Parliament had been assembled. It was objected to this, that the clergy were starving in the meantime,—a ludicrous exaggeration. Ministers, therefore, persisted in taking immediate measures. They may have been accused, at times, of timidity and vacillation, when there was any hazard of irritating the illiberal party; never when there was danger of disgusting the people. Mr. Stanley submitted an outline of the Government plan to the House of Commons, on Thursday the 5th of July. He declared an intention of introducing three bills,—the first rendering tithe-composition compulsory and permanent; the second establishing, in every Irish diocese, a corporation, composed of the bishop and beneficed clergy, who would collect and distribute the funds of the joint body; and, in that way, remove the parochial clergy from all collision with their parishioners; the third making such provisions as would enable the corporations thus formed to make purchases of land out of such sums as should be paid for the redemption of tithes,—facilities being afforded for such redemption. In further explanation of the first Bill, Mr. Stanley stated, that his object was, to make the income of the clergyman increase in proportion to the rise of price, not to the increase of produce,—the composition being varied according to a valuation made every seven years. The object of the Composition Act was to render the landlords, upon whom the burden of tithes ultimately fell, the actual payer. But, as there were generally in Ireland several persons between the owner of the fee and the occupier, he proposed that the last lessor, having an interest beyond that of a tenant at will, should be responsible for the payment of the composition; and when the lease of the person so held re-

sponsible should have expired, the whole charge should fall on the holder immediately above him. By this arrangement, at the expiration of the existing leases, the actual landlord, that is, the person ultimately receiving the profit-rent, would be the actual payer of the tithe. The Hon. Secretary added, that it was proposed to give the tithe-receiver an action by civil bill in the county courts, in lieu of the old mode of distress. In conclusion, he observed, that although he looked upon these three bills but as parts of one measure, he did not consider them so closely connected that one might not produce beneficial effects without the others. On Mr. Stanley's moving for leave to bring in the two first-mentioned bills, Mr. James Grattan moved as an amendment the following resolutions:—"That it is essential to the peace of Ireland that the present system of tithes in that country should cease and determine; that in coming to this resolution, the House recognizes the right of persons holding vested interests, to compensation; that it also recognizes the liability of landed property in Ireland to contribute a fund for religion and charity, but that fund should be differently collected from what it is at present, and should be lighter in amount; that the mode of levying and distributing the said fund should be left to a reformed Parliament." An adjournment of the debate which ensued, from the Thursday on which it took place till the ensuing Monday, was, with great difficulty, obtained by Mr. O'Connell. When that day arrived, the adjourned debate, instead of being resumed, was postponed till Friday. It would seem as if suspicion had already gone abroad that Ministers had begun to waver in their determination to force their measure through the present Parliament; for the announcement that the resumption of the debate was to be postponed, drew forth the most pitiable whining from the Protestant ascendancy faction. On Thursday Mr. Stanley announced that he had relinquished all intentions of bringing on the second and third bills in the present Parliament. And on Friday his original motion for leave to bring in the first bill was carried in opposition to Mr. Grattan's amendment, by a majority of 92 in a house of 156. It is apparent that a reform of a most searching nature impends over the Irish Church. The opposition to the payment of tithes continues and spreads. One tithe meeting has already been held at which a Deputy Lieutenant of a county presided. The language of the opponents of the establishment grows daily bolder; and the final

settlement of the question is left to a reformed parliament. As soon as that body meets, ministers will be obliged to declare themselves; at present they have the apology of standing between an inimical court, and an uncertain Parliament. Come when it may, the question of Church Reform in Ireland will bring us at once to issue with the Lords, and shew whether they are inclined honestly to co-operate with the people's representatives for the good of the nation. In regard to Ireland, it only remains further to observe, that Mr. Sadler in the Commons, and Lord Roden in the Lords, have both been making a parade of their favourite quack-medicines. They may save themselves the trouble. Ireland has been too long under the hands of St. John Long politicians to be benefited by the application of their cabbage-blades.

FLOGGING SOLDIERS.—Next in importance to these leading constitutional questions, among the matters lately brought before Parliament, is the case of Somerville, a private in the Scots Greys. During the interregnum occasioned by Lord Grey's resignation, a report was spread that some privates belonging to that regiment had joined the Birmingham Union. The story was promptly and anxiously contradicted by one of the officers. Somerville was induced by this to write a letter, which subsequently appeared, in the columns of *The Weekly Dispatch*, from which what follows is an extract:—"As a private in the Scots Greys I have certainly the means of knowing fully the opinions that pervade the rank in which I serve. It was surely true that a few sent their names to the roll of the Political Union; but let no man think that those who refrained from doing so cared less for the interests of their country. I for one made no such public avowal of my opinion, for I knew it to be an infringement of military law; but I was one who watched with trembling anxiety the movements of the people of Birmingham. We knew well the position in which we might be placed, should events require the physical action of the community; for, while we ventured to hope that any collision between the civil and military forces would be prevented by the moral energies of the former, we could not help fearing that the lawless might take the opportunity of tumult to commit outrages on property,—in which case we should have certainly considered ourselves, as soldiers, bound to put down such conduct. But against the liberties of our countrymen we would have never, never, never raised an arm! The Duke of Wellington may assure himself that

military government shall never be again set up in this country." No name was attached to the letter: but a report got abroad, on the arrival of the *Despatch* in Birmingham, that Somerville was the author. A day or two afterwards, Somerville, although a recent recruit, was picked out of the ranks, and ordered to perform upon an unbroken horse, an exercise difficult to accomplish even with the best-trained animals. Having failed, he was ordered to try again, but declined. He was, for this act of disobedience, immediately placed in confinement. He was in a short time sent for by Major Wyndham, and interrogated respecting the letter he was reported to have written. On Somerville's admitting that he was the author, and vindicating his conduct, he was dismissed by the Major, with the emphatic words—"But, my lad, you are now where you will repent of it." Five minutes after this preliminary interrogation, Somerville was arraigned before a court martial for the disobedience of orders before-mentioned, and sentenced to receive two hundred lashes on his bare back. Within two hours one hundred of the number awarded were inflicted, in presence of the assembled regiment; after which, he was remanded to confinement, to await the remainder of his punishment. It is customary when a soldier is punished, for the commanding-officer to address his assembled comrades on the enormity of his offence; on the present occasion Major Wyndham directed his discourse almost exclusively to the *libel* of which Somerville had confessed himself the author. As if still further to corroborate the opinion that Somerville was punished for the letter only, a private who, next day, refused to go to school at all, was sentenced only to twenty-four hours' imprisonment. The illegality of the transaction was heightened by the mean and dastardly spirit which attempted to cloak its malignity under the form of justice. The question was twice brought before the notice of the House of Commons by Mr. Hume,—on Tuesday the 18th of June, when he presented some petitions for inquiry into the transaction; and on Tuesday the 3d of July, when he tabled a formal motion for inquiry. His broad honest statement of the case was met with a profusion of holiday and lady terms, not only from the gallant Major's brethren of the epaulette, but (we are sorry to say it) from some of his Majesty's ministers. The public has since been given to understand that the dismissal of Somerville has been granted, and that an investigation is to be made into the facts of the case. Thanks to Sir John Cam Hob-

house, Lord Hill will be forced to allow a thorough sifting of the matter. The question involves a vital principle. If a standing army be at all necessary, (and one much less numerous than what at present eats us up, must soon content our rulers,) it is of the utmost importance to the country that justice be done to the men who compose it, and that they be encouraged to entertain generous and honourable sentiments. A standing army is merely the leaven to leaven the anomalous mass which, in the event of a war, must be pressed into life service. A finer body of men than our British soldiery is not to be found, but this is in despite, not in consequence, of the treatment they receive. The man over whose back the lash hourly hangs, cannot fail to have some lurking feelings of the slave about him. The man who is made to feel that no length of service, no degree of merit can raise him above a very brief career of promotion, while high command is accessible to raw ignorant boys of noble birth, must either be a dolt, or one who, in his secret soul, revolts at the injustice of such an order of things. Dolt our soldiers are not, as every one must know who has had an opportunity of remarking the admirable manner in which regimental libraries are conducted,—of hearing the shrewd remarks of soldiers canvassing the propriety of purchasing a work, or criticising it after perusal,—or of conversing in general with the non-commissioned officers. The British soldier cannot long be withheld from asserting his rights; a free career must be opened to merit, however humble its origin.

RUSSE DUTCH LOAN.—Respecting this loan we have only to remark, that it has been twice under the discussion of Parliament, and we are threatened with sundry repetitions of the same infiction. The object of this pertinacity on the part of the Opposition was well described by Mr. R. Vernon Smith, as being merely to enable them "to make a splash on the hustings."

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.—This subject leads us by a natural transition from the business in Parliament to the state of the country at large. There is a promise of a most abundant harvest to cheer, and a considerable increase of cholera to depress us.—In Ireland the tithe-question seems to absorb the entire population.—In England and Scotland the candidates for seats in the new Parliament, are already keenly engaged canvassing the prospective voters. In England, the excitement is

great, but wants the zest of novelty which attends it in Scotland. We could relate many amusing anecdotes of electioneering adventures in a county where the practice is almost unknown, and by men new to the trade. To scatter them at present might be interpreted into a desire to influence the elections by placing individual candidates in ridiculous points of view. We may, however, indulge in a laugh hereafter when the present has passed into matter of history. One striking fact regarding the canvass now pervading Scotland, is, that no one candidate has yet dared to come forward, openly avowing an attachment to the Tory party and its principles. Even in Edinburgh, which has always been regarded as the centre of the Tory power, and its chief stronghold, the Conservatives have not dared to push forward a candidate in their own name. A portion of those who signed the last anti-reform petition, calling themselves "a meeting of the inhabitants of Edinburgh," have put forward a candidate under the pretext that those already in the field "are either dependent upon the present administration, or are its known adherents and supporters," (which they know to be only half a truth,) and that "it is necessary that immediate measures be taken to secure the representation of the independent and constitutional principles, as well as of the great monied and commercial interests of the inhabitants of Edinburgh." The number of signatures affixed to the resolutions of this meeting is about 370, of which, more than one half are lawyers. A large proportion of the remainder are medical men and lairds. Upwards of thirty are electors. And is it come to this? Are the faithful remnants of the band which once mustered so strong waxed so few? Are they so well aware of the odium attaching to the very name of their principles, that they dare not avow them? It is in the counties, however, that the strangest aberrations of moral sense have displayed themselves. Some of our squirearchy have declared that they will esteem it a personal insult if any gentleman presume to canvass their tenants. Others confess that they are determined not to grant any reductions of a rack-rent to any tenant whose vote shall displease them. The consequence of these illegal and unconstitutional declarations, has been the formation of an association in Edinburgh for the protection of the tenantry, and meetings of the tenants themselves in some parts of the country. There is, however, only one efficacious remedy for the evil—THE BALLOT.*

This will not be the first time that we have to thank the blundering tactics of our enemies for the attainment of an important right.

CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

The relations of Holland and Belgium continue still undetermined. Italy and Spain are yet asleep. It is to France, Germany, Poland, and Portugal that events of importance are at present confined.

FRANCE.—The disturbances in the West are dying out, although the Duchess of Berri still lingers in the country in the vain hope of being able to resuscitate them. The French government professes ignorance of her "whereabouts;" and ye know that up to a late period (if not still) her friends at Holyrood were kept in a state of intense anxiety by their utter ignorance of her motions and intentions. Paris has continued tranquil since the time to which our last month's narrative brought down the history of events. Every thing, however, tends to confirm the opinion that Louis-Philippe continues to reign by sufferance alone. The great mass of the people are indifferent to him. An attempt was made to elicit a show of devotion from the National Guard on the occurrence of the disturbances of the 5th of June. A report was industriously circulated that the rising of the people was caused by the machinations of the Carlists, and the Guard came flocking in from the most remote districts. It has since been ascertained that the riots originated solely in an attack made by a body of soldiers upon the people, at the moment that their passions were excited by the ceremony in which they had been taking part; that they were unpremeditated—the result of no conspiracy. As soon as this was known, the indifference of the soldier-citizens returned; nor could all the eloquent appeals of the *Moniteur* re-awaken their enthusiasm. Thus circumstanced, Louis-Philippe seems resolved to rest upon Soulé and the army.†

* Similar means of intimidating tradesmen have been resorted to in Edinburgh by at least one Tory. If this conduct persevered in no consideration shall deter us from publishing his name.

† The French army consists at present of 13 Marshals (of whom one, Grouchy, is honorary); 160 Lieutenant-Generals, of whom 130 are in active service, 25 on the reserve, and 5 attached to the King; 370 Major-Generals, of whom 208 are in active service, 64 in the reserve, and 7 attached to the King and Prince-Royal.—The army is composed as follows:—

He has not yet filled up the office of president of the council left vacant by the death of Perier. Dupin was nominated for it, but his scruples respecting the legality of the ordinance, declaring Paris in a state of Siege, and the disinclination of Soult, are understood to have offered insurmountable obstacles. Meanwhile the meeting of the Chambers has been indefinitely postponed, and the adherents to the declaration of the Opposition (the *compte rendu*) increase daily. Without a reform of the elective system, however, the voice of the people will not be heard in the Chamber of Deputies. Thus circumstanced in regard to internal weakness and the growth of opposition, the arbitrary proceedings of the French Cabinet have received a severe shock from another quarter. Paris having been declared in a state of siege, two court martial were appointed to try the rioters. As mentioned in our last, forty of the most eminent members of the bar had given an opinion unfavourable to the legality of these proceedings. They volunteered their services to the accused. The strong sensation thus created in the minds of the Parisians was heightened by the reflection, that if the capital was continued in a state of siege until all the trials were ended, the prolongation of that situation might be indefinite, for upwards of 1600 individuals had been arrested. The sittings of the courts commenced on the 17th of June. The prisoners placed at their bars were in general of the lowest classes, and the evidence against them singularly defective. The members of the tribunals, as if aware of the odious nature of their powers, manifested the greatest reluctance to convict. Some were however found guilty, all of whom appealed to the Court of Cassation. The first case of appeal from the sentence of a court martial—that of Geoffroy, a painter, condemned to death for his share in the transactions of the 5th of June—came on before the Court of Cassation on the 29th of the same month. Odillon Barrot ap-

peared for the appellant; Dupin having declined to take a share in the proceedings, the task of defending the conduct of Ministers devolved upon the Advocate-General. At the close of a lengthened debate, the Court retired, and after three hours deliberation, pronounced as their judgment:—That neither the Charter nor any law passed subsequently having established any rule for the declaration of martial law, or the appointment of courts-martial, the existing laws and decrees can only be executed in so far as they are consistent with the text of the Charter: that the acts under which Paris was declared to be in a state of siege, are contrary to the Charter; that Geoffroy not being a military man is not amenable to a military tribunal; "that nevertheless this tribunal by implicitly declaring itself competent, and undertaking to decide upon the merits of the case, has exceeded its powers and violated the rules of its jurisdiction, and article 53 of the Charter; the Court therefore quashes and annuls the proceedings, and declares that Geoffroy shall be detained and sent before the examining officer of the tribunal of Paris." The delivery of this judgment was received with loud and continued applause, and cries of "Vive la Cour de Cassation." The *Moniteur* of next day contained an ordinance declaring the siege of the city of Paris raised, preceded as usual by a report of the Ministry recommending the measure. On the present occasion the reason assigned was the restoration of tranquillity. The judgment of the Court of Cassation was alluded to, and application to the legislature for power to repress armed insurrections recommended. Ministers at first had it in contemplation to resign; but upon more mature deliberation determined to face the Chambers, postponing their meeting, however, to the month of October. The only step taken since these occurrences is the promulgation of an ordinance authorizing negotiations for a loan of 150,000,000 of 5 per cent. *rentes*. It is provided that a sinking fund shall accrue from the 16th of November next, from a sum equal to the hundredth part of the nominal capital of the *rentes*.

GERMANY.—Since the celebration of the festival of Hambach in May, Austria and Prussia have been busily though silently at work. The associations for the defence of the press had been declared legal by the tribunals of Baden, and continued to gain strength in that Duchy, in Wurtemberg, in Rhine Bavaria, in Frankfurt, and Hesse Darmstadt. A bloodless revolution had taken place in Saxony. The diet had met in Hanover, and displayed an independent spirit. The

67	Regts. of the Line, of 3000 men each	1,01,000
21	— of Light Infantry, 2400 men each	50,400
1	Foreign Legion	5,000
3	Regts. of Engineers, of 2000 men each	6,000
11	— of Artillery, of 1000 each	11,000
2	— of Carbineers, of 800 each	1,600
10	— of Cuirassiers, ditto	8,000
12	— of Dragoons, ditto	9,600
4	— of Lancers, ditto	4,800
14	— of Chasseurs, ditto	11,200
6	— of Hussars, ditto	6,800
2	— of Chasseurs of Africa (incomp.)	800
Total, exclusive of the Trains of Artillery and Engineers, and the Gendarmes, Veterans, &c.		314,800

The troops at present in Paris have been lately exercised in a new system of tactics for storming houses and turning barricades

diet of Hesse Cassel was likewise sitting, and had extorted from the Sovereign the organisation of a national guard, and was about to demand a law regulating the press as liberal as that of Baden. Old Bavaria and Nassau were also in a state of ferment. It was indeed high time for the bear-wardens to be on the alert. The convention of ministers from the different states, which met at Berlin, have hatched a pretty project for quieting the disaffected; and the diet which sat at Frankfort during the month of June have given it to the world. It is the old specific.—Germany is to be kept in awe by Austrian and Prussian bayonets. A short time will show whether it retain all its original efficacy.

POLAND.—What is by courtesy called the government of this wretched country is following up, in a kindred spirit, by the celebrated *Ukase*, which, in defiance of every principle of international law, struck at it's independent existence. It has been ordained that the Journal of Law, and all the ordinances of the administrative council, shall henceforth appear with the Russian text beside the Polish. This method is to be extended to the whole administration of the country; and would have already been put in execution but for the want of a sufficient number of Russian civil officers acquainted with the routine of the Polish administrative system. The principal functionaries, in all the civil departments, are Russians; the inferior offices only are attainable by Poles; and even those, only by such as are according to Russian notions, *purified*. These persons, not being acquainted with the Russian language, are allowed to make their reports in French or German, but never in Polish: that language is proscribed at head-quarters. The prohibition of every thing Polish extends even to dress and decorations. The trials of the patriots excluded from the amnesty, are conducted with the strictest secrecy; a Russian general presides; there are six judges under him, three Russians and three Poles. The latter are:—Szaniawski, late head censor of the press; Alexander Potocki, grand ecuyer, and Wyczechowski, the public accuser of the patriots at the famous state trials under Constantine. The public accuser is Poklinkowski, a spy of the secret police. The same *Ukase* that ordains the trial prescribes the sentence that is to be pronounced on the accused.—The Poles have been obliged to defray the expence of rebuilding the fortifications that were destroyed. Already 10,000,000 of florins have been extorted from them for this purpose; and, under different pretexts, large additional sums have been

raised under the form of loans from the bank. The Polish troops who laid down their arms to the number of 50,000, have been conducted into the interior of Russia, to be dispersed among regiments of other nations. A new levy of 25,000 has been ordered, which will yet further thin the young population of Poland. Up to the beginning of June, only 150 Polish soldiers had entered the Russian service voluntarily.—The Russians are too busy trampling upon the people to attend to the maintenance of a good police; and, moreover, their tyranny drives men to desperate courses. One body of insurgents has taken refuge in the forest of Bialowicz, and is said to be possessed of twelve pieces of cannon. The forest of Swietokrzysz is full of deserters, who attack and plunder all travellers. Even in Warsaw, the principal patrol has always a piece of cannon in its train. Meanwhile, Russian families monopolize the first floors of every house, and the little moveable shops and provision waggons of the barbarian tribes are encamped around the statues of Sigismund and Copernicus. "How long, oh, God!"

PORTUGAL.—After a great deal of portentous preparatory cackling, Don Pedro is at last in Portugal. He sailed from Terceira with a fleet under the command of Admiral Sartorius, of two frigates, three corvettes, three brigs, four schooners, fifteen gun-boats, sixty-five transports, and a steam-boat. The army consisted of 7500 men, of all arms, tolerably well equipped and disciplined. Don Miguel somehow managed to obtain information of his brother's intended motions, which ultimately proved to have been correct. Anticipating a landing at Oporto, and aware of the weakness of his partisans in that quarter, he gave directions to the servants of government there to retreat with the archives and everything else of value upon Amarante, without offering any resistance to Don Pedro. At Lisbon meanwhile he made the most strenuous exertions to prevent the approach of the ex-Emperor from attaining publicity. His efforts were, however, counteracted by the zeal and activity of Don Pedro's partisans, who inundated the capital with anonymous handbills, addressing themselves to the peculiar tastes of all classes, and exposing the falsehoods of Miguel's Gazettes. On the evening of Sunday the 8th of July, Don Pedro arrived off Oporto, and next morning landed his troops at the village of Matosinhos, on the north side of the Douro, in good order and without opposition. He immediately marched upon Oporto, which he entered without opposition. The gover-

nor, Miguel's troops, and the police fled across the Douro to Villa Nova, and succeeded in partially destroying the bridge of boats. From the situation which they occupied, they were enabled to annoy Pedro's forces considerably in the course of the Monday. The small vessels were in consequence employed to land 3000 men, under cover of the guns of the

steamer, for the purpose of driving them from their post. In this they were successful; the Miguelites after a brief contest, flying to the interior. The Oporto volunteers are reported to have been most active in repelling the invaders. Several regiments of the line were understood to be favourable to Don Pedro, and the 9th, 14th, and 19th have already joined him.

STATE OF COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

JULY, 1832.

We have scarcely any alteration to report in the state of trade. The middle of summer is always a dull season with merchants and manufacturers, at least in the home trade; and the present year does not form an exception. The extension of the cholera to the great manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire, and its appearance in several of the midland counties, is decidedly unfavourable to the home trade; and, in all foreign countries, except in the north of Europe, the quarantine restrictions are rather aggravated than relaxed. The probable continuance of this scourge in our manufacturing towns and seaports, casts a gloom over the commercial horizon, which nothing but the hand of Providence can dissipate. The probability of an abundant harvest, however, is an encouraging feature in the prospects of the country. If realized, it will undoubtedly give a considerable stimulus to trade, and an important relief to the whole body of consumers and producers in the nation, especially to the working-classes.

In London there is a general stagnation in trade. The cholera still prevails there; but it is difficult to say whether this has much effect on trade, as clean bills of health are granted to ships. The export trade is excessively languid, and there is no animation in any branch of the import trade. Yet, though complaints are universal, there is no despondency; a revival is still expected in the autumn, if peace is maintained on the Continent. The unsettled state of the Belgian question still vexes our merchants, as well as our politicians.

The COTTON MANUFACTURE is in a dull state, and just now profitless to the manufacturer, though not many workmen are out of employment. The country trade is flat, as the summer fashions are over, and the full fashions have not yet begun to employ the weaver. Power-

loom cloth is now lower in price than was ever hitherto known; but, as this article has never been depressed for any long period, its recovery is expected shortly to take place. The hand-loom manufacturers are doing better than for some time past, and the wages of the weavers, which had been excessively low, have recently advanced, both at Manchester and Blackburn, for common and low qualities of plain cloth. The export trade is bad to every quarter. To the United States, it is particularly unfavourable, partly from previous overtrading, and partly from the uncertainty in which the merchants have been placed by the discussions relative to a new tariff. For the last month or two the returns of produce from that country have been made to loss; and this circumstance has increased the difficulties of those who carry on the trade. All the markets of South America continue in a bad state, from the precariousness of public tranquillity, and the heavy stocks of goods on hand. Buenos Ayres, however, is in an improving condition; the long and desolating civil war in the Argentine provinces having ceased. The trade to the Mediterranean and the East Indies, is dragging, as the exports have exceeded the demand. The cotton spinning branch has long been a losing business, as it is believed that the spinners of yarns for exportation have not, for two or three years, on the average, been able to realize prime cost. The natural remedy for this state of things is about to be adopted; the spinners have, in some places, agreed to work only four days in the week, and thus the supply will adjust itself to the demand.

At Liverpool trade has been by no means so much depressed, as, from the existence of cholera in that town, and the dulness of the manufacturing interest, might have been expected. The sales of cotton have been very considerable during

the month, and an advance of price has been realized; and the consumption appears to be almost equal to that of 1831. The market for colonial produce has been good, and there has been an advance in the price of sugar.

The WOOLLEN MANUFACTURE is in a languid state in Yorkshire; but, in the West of England, owing probably, in a great degree, to the excellence of the manufacture, trade has revived and become brisk. There has been a slight decline in the price of English wool, of middling and low qualities. The worsted stuff and blanket manufactures are less active than at the date of our last. The season will, in a considerable measure, account for the state of the woollen trade.

The CORN TRADE is very flat, and prices are declining, owing to the highly favourable accounts of the crops from all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as well as from France, Germany, and the other countries of Europe. There is every prospect of a splendid harvest.

The general opinions we have expressed in former numbers, that there will be a revival of trade in the fall of the year, unless it should be prevented by the cholera, or by disturbances in foreign countries, remains unchanged.

The American Tariff is still under discussion in the House of Representatives. A Bill has been lately introduced by the Committee of Manufactures, as an amendment on that of the Secretary of the Treasury. It is the result of six months' deliberation, and an examination of the manufacturers; and it is more unfavourable to free trade than the former. The duties on woollens, for example, were fixed at *thirty per cent., ad valorem*, (except on the low qualities,) in the bill of the Secretary of the Treasury; but the new bill proposes to raise them to *fifty per cent.* The report with which this bill is accompanied, is the production of Mr. Adams. It is an elaborate vindication of the protective system; which is defended with the usual declamatory arguments against allowing foreign labour to interfere with domestic labour. Neither as a composition, nor as a piece of reasoning, is this production respectable. It is impossible to judge whether the congress will adopt the greater or the lesser amount of

restriction. In either case it will offend a very large number of the population. Indeed the protective system has already sown the seeds of dissolution in the Union. No system but one of entire freedom would be free from this danger; and from that system the Americans have departed too far to retrace their steps, without inflicting severe loss on numerous classes.

The Portuguese merchants are looking with intense interest to the result of the struggle which has commenced at Oporto. Before this shall have reached the hands of our readers, the contest may be decided. The interests of freedom and trade, of Portugal and England, would alike be promoted by the success of Don Pedro. His failure would place the English merchants in great hazard, and would lead to new, and more insolent and tyrannical aggressions on the trade with England.

WAITHMAN'S COMEDY OF ERRORS.

—Mr. Alderman Waithman has again brought forward his annual resolutions, to prove that our foreign trade is carried on every year to an enormous loss. Those resolutions prove a degree of ignorance and obtuseness in the author more extraordinary than even his industry and pertinacity. There is, indeed, in the public accounts of our trade for the last thirty years, *prima facie* ground for astonishment; but it requires a wonderful ignorance of the principles of commerce to believe that this country can really be carrying on a *losing* trade, of *yearly increasing* extent; and the fact that Mr. Waithman, himself a tradesman, can close his eyes to the circumstances which account for and explain the apparent anomaly in the trade returns, shows into what egregious blunders practical men may fall, from force of prejudice, or wilful contraction of their sphere of vision.

The Alderman in his resolutions states the undoubted facts, that in the year 1798 the *official value* of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures was 18,556,891l. whilst the *real or declared value* of the same was 31,252,836; and that in the year 1831 the *official value* had risen to 60,090,123l. whilst the *real or declared value* was only 36,652,694l. It will be seen thus:—

Years.	Official value.	Real or declared value.	Yearly excess of	Yearly excess of
			real value over official.	official value over real.
	£	£	£	£
1798	18,556,891	31,252,836	12,695,945	
1831	60,090,123	36,652,694		23,437,429

This statement shows that an extraordinary change has taken place in prices. Our readers of course understand that the

official value indicates merely the *quantity* of goods exported, without any reference to their actual worth; the quantities

being reduced to a money amount, according to a scale fixed nearly a hundred and forty years since, and never altered. The *real or declared value* is the money price, according to the declaration of the exporters, and approaches to the actual worth of the exports, though it is by no means accurate. Thus far the Alderman's knowledge extends, and on this he founds the conclusion that Great Britain is now giving nearly *three times as many goods*, and consequently (he maintains) *three times as much labour*, to foreigners, for the *same price*, as was given in 1798; for, whilst the *official value*—measure of quantity—has increased in the proportion of from 18 to 60, the *real value* has only increased from 31 to 36. This lamentable state of things, under which so many millions “of the labour of this country are annually given to foreigners without any equivalent,” is ascribed by the silly Alderman to “a complication of circumstances, such as the *introduction of foreign goods*, the reduction of the circulating medium, the mode of administering the poor-rates, and the *allowing foreign labour to compete with our own in the markets of this country!*” Such stuff is actually talked, such motions made, by a London tradesman, and a member of Parliament, in the British House of Commons! Two out of the four causes assigned for the evil complained of are identical, and their force may be estimated from the fact, that the whole amount of “foreign labour allowed to compete with our own in the markets of this country, in the various articles of cottons, linens, silks, woollens, and linen yarn, amounted in the year 1829 to the paltry sum of 1,410,489*l.*, out of a list of imports of 42,311,648*l.*!

One simple fact is enough to prove what a good-for-nothing accumulation of figures Mr. Waithman has made. The *imports* into Great Britain increased from 25,122,203*l.* in 1798, to 48,161,661*l.* in 1831. Whatever, therefore, may be the nominal price of our exports, if they purchase for us so great an increase of imports, we need not be concerned. If we do not receive money, we receive *money's worth*. The quantity of our *imports having nearly doubled*, we may take comfort even though the *nominal price* of our exports should have increased only in the proportion of from 31 to 36.

But, says the Alderman, whilst our imports have *doubled*, the quantity of labour we export has been more than *trebled*—so that still we are losers. We beg the Alderman's pardon; the quantity of labour exported has *not* been trebled! Therein lies his main blunder. He takes

for granted that the same quantity of labour is requisite to produce a certain quantity of goods in 1832 as in 1798, and also that the raw material of which the goods are made is as dear in 1832 as in 1798. Why, this is to overlook the very highest feature of the commerce and manufactures of this country, namely, the great extension of the cotton manufacture, the mechanical improvements by which labour has been abridged in that manufacture, and the fall in the price of the raw material.

In 1798, the *official value* of the cottons and cotton yarn exported from this country was only 3,602,488*l.* The *real or declared value* of these goods is not known, as the custom-house records containing it were destroyed by fire up to the year 1814; but it is evident that the *real value* must have greatly exceeded the *official value*; for even in 1814, though many improvements had been made in the manufacture since 1798, calculated to cheapen the production of the article, the *real value* of cottons exported, still exceeded the *official value*;—the *real value* in 1814 being 20,185,045*l.*, and the *official value* 17,810,215*l.* But what was the state of things in 1831? The *official value* of cottons exported in 1831 was 38,357,075*l.*; and the *real or declared value* only 17,182,036*l.*; excess of *official* over *real value*, 21,174,139*l.* Now we have seen that the excess of *official* over *real value* in the *whole exports of the country* is only 23,437,429*l.*; therefore the cotton manufacture alone will account for almost the whole of that prodigious discrepancy which alarms and haunts the Aldermanic *gommeral*.

“So much the worse for the cotton manufacturers,” Mr. Waithman will say; “a most abominably used and starving class they must be.” Not so fast, worthy Alderman; for first, though the cotton manufacturers do not get nearly so high a money price for their goods as they did formerly, yet they do not pay *one-fourth* part of the price for the raw material which they paid in 1798. We find from the tables given by Mr. Tooke,* that in 1798 cotton wool from the West Indies, including Surinam and Berbice, was from 2*s.* 1*d.* to 3*s.* 4*d.* per lb.; whereas, in the Liverpool Price Current of July 16, 1832, West India Cotton is quoted at 5½*d.* to 6½*d.* per lb., and Demerara and Berbice at 7½*d.* to 9½*d.* per lb., which shows a reduction of *more than three-fourths* in the price. In 1798, Bowed Georgia Cotton fluctuated between

* Tooke on High and Low Prices.

1812, at 8s. 4d. per lb.; in 1832, it is quoted from 6½d. to 7½d. per lb.; showing again a reduction of more than three-fourths. In 1798, Pernambuco Cotton was from 5s. 2d. to 3s. 5d. per lb.; in 1832 it is from 8½d. to 9½d. per lb.*; being a reduction of more than three-fourths. In 1798, Bengal and Surat Cotton was from 1s. 8d. to 2s. 2d. per lb.; in 1832, it is 4½d. to 5d.; being a reduction of four-fifths. Now surely this great reduction in the price of the raw material was worthy of some slight attention in the Alderman's calculations.

But this is not all. The mechanical improvements since 1798 have been very great. We cannot state their effect so precisely as we have the reduction in the

raw material; but the following authentic and accurate comparison of the cost of spinning cotton in the years 1812 and 1830, furnished by Mr. Kennedy, one of the first cotton-spinners of Manchester, to the East India Committee, may afford some idea how important a saving there has been under this head in the cost of the manufacture. In looking at the figures under the head "labour per lb.," it will be remembered that the saving is calculated, not from a reduction of wages, but purely from the better application of the labour, (the wages being calculated on the same scale,) and that this saving was effected in little more than half the period under Mr. Waithman's review:

Description of Yarn.	Hanks per day per spindle.		Price of Cotton and Waste per lb.		* Labour per lb.*		Cost per lb.	
	1812.	1830.	1812.	1830.	1812.	1830.	1812.	1830.
No.			s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
40	2.	2.75	1 0	0 7	1 0	7½	2 6	1 2½
60	1.5	2. 5	2 0	0 10	1 6	1 0½	3 6	1 10½
80	1.5	2.	2 2	0 11½	2 2	1 7½	4 4	2 6½
100	1.4	1. 8	2 4	1 1½	2 10	2 2½	5 2	3 4½
120	1.25	1.65	2 6	1 4	3 6	2 8	6 0	4 0
150	1.	1.33	2 10	1 8	6 6	4 11	9 4	6 7.
200	.75	.90	3 4	3 0	16 8	11 6	20 0	14 6
250	.05	.06	4 0	3 8	31 0	24 6.	35 0	28 2

From this table it appears, that in little more than one-half the time included in Mr. Waithman's comparisons, owing to the fall in the price of the raw material, and the improvements in the spinning machinery, the cost of cotton yarn is reduced by from one-third to one-half. Add to this the fall in the raw material from 1798 to 1812, the improvement in machinery during the same period, the introduction of power-looms to weave the yarn; and nearly the whole of the vast difference between the official and real values of the cotton exports is accounted for, without supposing any thing in the slightest degree unfavourable to British industry.

The woollen manufacture, which furnishes the next largest item of export, presents a similar fall in the price of the raw material, and a considerable, though by no means equal, improvement in the processes of manufacturing.

We have thus, without pretending to the skill of an Oedipus, solved the riddle, which has so long perplexed the muddled

brains of Mr. Alderman Waithman. We are very far from denying that the manufacturing and commercial interests are oppressed. They suffer from our heavy taxation and poor rates; they feel the competition of foreign rivals in foreign markets, though scarcely at all in the home market; they complain justly of depressed profits; but the wild and preposterous conclusions of Mr. Waithman are as groundless as the sad thoughts which spring up in the mind of an Alderman suffering under the indigestion that follows a city feast.

In the debate on these resolutions, Colonel Torrens made a long and fallacious calculation, to show that a trade with any country, which involved the payment of bullion for what is purchased, is much less profitable than a trade in which commodities are directly bartered for commodities! We little expected to hear from Colonel Torrens an argument so fallacious in itself, and so inconsequential; and the applause it gained him from Mr. Attwood, Sir Richard Vyvyan, and Mr.

* Wages are estimated at the same rate, or at 20d per day for every person employed, men, women, and children, in 1812 and 1830, the saving being entirely in the better application of the labour.

Robinson, who caught at it with the utmost avidity, must have led him to suspect its correctness. If the argument were sound, it would still be inconsequential, because England does not, in the regular course of trade, pay bullion to any country, neither to France, to Russia, nor to Poland! she pays for the balance of her imports over her exports with those countries, by bills on Germany, Holland, and other countries to which her exports exceed her imports. The attempt, therefore, to build up a prejudice against the French trade on such an argument, is most absurd. But the argument itself is delusive, and the reply to it was given in one sentence by Lord Althorp:—"If the expense of getting the bullion falls

not upon the country which buys, but upon that which sells, the trade carried on would be attended with less to the selling country, and, of course, it would not be continued. I see no reason why bullion should differ from all other commodities, and why the cost of procuring it should not fall upon the purchaser."

We have not thought it useless to expose the egregious commercial errors committed by members of the Honourable House, especially as no sufficient answer was given to Mr. Alderman Waithman in the House; and as his blunders are retailed with improvements by the Sadlers, the Attwoods, and their disciples of the public press, and thus scatter delusion over the country.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OWING to the omission in our last number of our monthly dissertation on this topic, an unusual number of books have accumulated on our table. Poetry—verse at least—is most rankly luxuriant. Nourishing, as we do a secret *penchant* for the *science joyeuse*, we first turn our attention thitherward. Our readers may not be aware of the fact, but nature certainly meant to make us poetical, although an unhappy inability to find rhymes and scan verses has frustrated her kind intentions.

First come two translations from *Æschylus**—a precedency which we concede less out of regard to the translator than his author. We thought Captain Medwin had been murdered by the Westminster Review, for his "Conversations of Lord Byron," and are extremely happy to find that we laboured under a mistake.

The times have been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools.

—We welcome the gallant Captain again to the land of the living, for we always looked upon him as more sinned against than sinning. The gist of the argument in the Westminster is this:—"Captain Medwin represents Lord Byron as having said so and so; now so and so was not

the case; ergo Lord Byron never said so and so; and per consequence, Captain Medwin in asserting that his Lordship said so and so—*fibbs*." We deny the necessity of the inference. *His Lordship* might have fibbed; and this we believe really was the case. His Lordship was fond of mistifying, to use a gentle phrase; and on the score of personal valour he certainly did swagger, most abominably and suspiciously. Still we must allow, that Medwin deserved, to a certain extent, the castigation he received. He is evidently one of those men who are determined to attach himself to men of genius, although it should be (as Johnson said of Boswell) in the character of a tin canister tied to the tail of a mad dog. A school friendship gave him something to say with Shelley, and, therefore, he insisted upon boring Byron. He now comes forward, like an honest man, to urge his claims to notoriety on his own bottom. He is evidently an elegant scholar, but not the man to translate *Æschylus*. We scarcely recognize our old friend in his paraphrase. Indeed, Flaxman is the only man who has yet succeeded in expressing the sense of the old roysterer. Let our readers only look at his illustrations.

If our friend P. W. have not a finger in the "Country Curate's" rhymes,[†] may we never eat ducks and green peas again. There is real poetry in this little book; and many home truths are told in a terse and pointed manner. The picture of the village is extremely inviting.

* Prometheus Bound, translated from the Greek of *Æschylus*. By T. Medwin, Esq. London: Pickering.

† Agamemnon, translated from the Greek of *Æschylus*. By T. Medwin, Esq. London: Pickering.

† The Village Poor House. By a Country Curate. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Our village has a pleasant look,
 A happy look as e'er was seen;
 Right through the valley flows a brook,
 Which winds in many a flow'ry nook,
 And freshens all the green.
 On either side, so clean and white,
 A row of cottages you see,
 And jessamine is clustered o'er
 The humble trellice of each door,
 Then left to clamber free,
 And shake its blossoms far and wide
 O'er all the white-wash'd cottage side.
 As dying evening sinks away,
 The old church tower, erect and gray,
 Catches far up the parting light,
 And half grows holy to the sight.
 In truth it has a reverend grace,
 As if it were some sacred place;
 Calm, silent, shaded, and serene,
 Some blessed spot where God has been.

The Village looks equally lovely at
 the "shut of eve."

Sweet Village—I can scarce conceive
 A lovelier scene or balmier eve.
 Softly the fading sun-beams fall
 On each old cottage gable wall,
 And bathe them in so soft a light,
 Mellowed by distance to the sight,
 And veil them in so pure a ray,
 You scarce believe them built of clay.

But this Eden is tenanted by sufferings,
 as witness.

WILL SOMERS'S SONG.

My mother she was frail and old,
 And I her only child;
 Our home was desolate and cold,
 And vainly still I toil'd:
 They taxed my strength—I gave it free;
 And what was all they gave to me?
 A pittance that would scarce find food;
 And even in Winter's snow,
 Was any left to purchase wood
 To warm my mother?—no!
 Cold, weary, weak, and wanting bread,
 I thank'd my God when she was dead.

I cannot fawn as others do,
 I cannot feign a tear;
 I hate the flinty-hearted crew,
 The soulless overseer.—
 They grudge, they grumble, they enjoin,—
 I curse them as I take their coin!

Their coin! Great God of Heaven! 'tis ours!
 They stamp it in our sweat;
 They task us till our falling powers
 Make young men old, and yet,
 When at their niggard boards I've stood,
 They've grudged to me the price of blood.

I've tried, in stubborn pride, to steel
 My heart 'gainst their control,
 And now they've chafed me, and I feel
 The tiger in my soul.
 Back, back a hundred-fold they'll pay
 The years of mine they've made their prey!

The 'Squire has covers many a one,
 I know the pheasant's haunt,
 None who has courage and a gun
 Need fear the pangs of want.—
 Huzza! 'tis hunger claims her right,
 The covers shall be thinned to-night.

Contrasting with this homely but spirited picture of suffering, we have the heartlessness of affluent, we will not say high life, for foppery is rapidly feeling its way downward in this "Land of Castles."

There's a wit at the Parson's board to-day,
 How fast he speaks, and the party how gay!
 The gentlemen roar—at a college joke,
 And the ladies blush—at an equivoque—

And ever as livelier leaps the champagne,
 Still merrier grows the Jester's strain.
 Ha! ha!—how his puns would fall flat and dead,
 If his auditors' souls were faint for bread;
 How shudderingly from his quips they'd start,
 If hunger and thirst were gnawing the heart?
 Music!—a lady's jewell'd finger
 Fondly seems to love to linger
 O'er the harp's enamour'd string,
 Ere she opens her lips to sing
 Roses—poesies—bliss and kina.
 Every hand is raised in praise
 Of the sentimental lays,
 And tears, ay, tears—are seen to pour
 O'er the mock miseries of Moore!

What wonder, then, after gazing upon
 a scene so fair and wretched, "from morn
 to dewy eve," the poet should thus con-
 clude?

How peacefully our village lies,
 In this calm midnight hour,
 Thus sleeping, 'neath the moonlight skies,
 And girt with silent power,—
 The power to waken thoughts of harm,
 Which all its beauty fails to charm,
 Why, in a scene so fair as this,
 Should sadness mingle with our bliss?
 And as the placid moon-beam falls
 On these low dwellings' silvered walls;
 And tenderly the midnight air
 Breathes softly round me like a prayer,
 Why should one wandering thought intrude
 Of misery, or of aught save good?
 I know not,—yet while here I keep
 My watch o'er its unconscious sleep,
 That Village fills my heart with fears,
 And dims my eye with bitter tears.
 How few of all whose childhood stray'd
 In its green copse or winding glade,
 Trace upward Memory's iron chain
 To childhood, sav'd by links of pain!
 How few who do not curse the spot
 That binds them to a servile lot,
 And break hope's pitcher ere the tide
 Of courage or of youth be dried!
 What must the mother's hand have done,
 That steals the boom of her son,
 Bids gloomy rage and hatred swell
 Where filial reverence should dwell?
 She spurns him from his earliest youth,
 She bars him from the light of truth,
 In darkness' cell confines him deep;
 Gives Prejudice the keys to keep,
 Untaught, she asks him woe to be,—
 In chains, she bids him to be free.
 She scorns his prayer, and mocks his moan,
 He asks for bread, and he receives a stone.

These extracts convey but a faint notion of the book, which is well worthy of perusal. Although the transitions from the beautiful and tender to the ludicrous or the fierce, are sometimes harsh and startling, there is much real poetry in this little work.

Barry Cornwall* has given us two good songs in his little volume. The first is a welcome present—some simple and deeply felt verses to the air of Cathleen o' More; for which we thank the author with our whole soul. The other is what follows:—

THE CONVICT'S FAREWELL.

CHORUS.

Row us fast! row us fast!
 Trial's o'er and sentence past:
 Here's a whistle for those who tried to blind us,
 And a curse on all we leave behind us!

* English Songs and other Poems, by Barry Cornwall. London: Moxon.

Farewell, justices, jailors, friends,
 (Traitors to the close!)
 Here the felon's danger ends,
 Farewell, bloody foes!
 Farewell, England! We are quitting
 Now thy dungeon doors:
 Take our blessing, as we're sitting—
 "A curse upon thy shores!"

Farewell, England—honest nurse
 Of all our wants and sins!
 What to thee's the felon's curse?
 What to thee who wins?
 Murder thriveth in thy cities,
 Famine through thine isle:
 One may cause a dozen ditties,
 But t'other scarce a smile.

Farewell, England, tender soil,
 Where babes who leave the breast,
 From morning into midnight toil,
 That pride may be proudly dress!
 Where he who's right and he who swereth
 Meet at the goal the same;
 Where no one hath what he deserveth,
 Not even in empty fame!

So, fare thee well, our country dear!
 Our last wish, ere we go
 Is—May your heart be never clear
 From tax, nor tithe, nor woe!
 May they who sow e'er reap for others,
 The hundred for the one!
 May friends grow false, and twin-born brothers
 Each hate his mother's son!

May pains and forms still fence the place
 Where justice must be bought!
 So he who's poor must hide his face,
 And he who thinks—his thought!
 May might e'er right be crowned the winner,
 The head still o'er the heart;
 And the Saint be still so like the Sinner,
 You'll not know them apart!

May your traders grumble when bread is high,
 And your farmers when bread is low;
 And your pauper brats, scarce two feet high,
 Learn more than your nobles know.
 May your sick have foggy or frosty weather,
 And your convicts all short throats,
 And your blood-covered bankers e'er hang toge-
 ther,
 And tempt ye with one-pound notes!

And so, with hunger in your jaws,
 And peril within your breast,
 And a bar of gold, to guard your laws,
 For those who pay the best;
 Farewell to England's wo and weal!
 . . . For our betters, so bold and blithe,
 May they never want, when they want a meal,
 A Parson to take the Tithe!

Mr. Montgomery is a persevering man, and a bold man.* He began in Hell, and has now "brattled up the brne." He still retains, however, the *smoust* of his infernal origin; for on turning from the sacred name which forms the title, we find perked *vis-a-vis* on the opposite page—"By the same author, Satan." Mr. Montgomery is more a man of poetic sentiment than of imagination. He finds it a luxurious pastime to compose verses swinging backwards and forwards in his elbow chair (we confess a similar predilection, only we substitute a *pipe* for the verse making,

Silvestrum tenui musam meditamus avena),

imagines that the world will take the same pleasure in reading them; and when he is told they are dull, begins to fancy that there is 'a conspiracy against him, and rails at all the first born of Egypt. The "Messiah" is the best of his works; but he must learn to spin shorter yarns—not to beat his leaf-gold over so tremendous an expanse.

The next volume[†] that comes to hand certainly wears the external semblance of poetry—its contents are conscientiously divided into portions of ten syllables, each duly divided by beat of "rosy finger tips." This gem of the ocean is delicately set in a pie-crust of prose—preliminary observations before and "notes" behind. There needed not the ambitious blazonry "Member of the Established Church" on the title-page; the odium theologicum against all rival sects, which spices the notes, would have revealed the fact sufficiently. The verse begins with:—

"Oh Lady of my love! art thou not here?"

and the prose ends with:—

"And the woman was drunk with the blood of the saints."

The contents of the mortal interval of 450 pages are fittest described in the author's own words:—

"Wherein reposed,
 'Twas thought an ass's head or empty air."

There is a modest grace and delicacy about some of Charles Swain's poems.† Passages of such sweet music as the following are not unfrequent:—

"Our Village Queen!
 Methinks I see her now! the graceful girl!
 The shadowy richness of her auburn hair,
 Half-parted o'er a brow white as the bloom
 Of the wild myrtle flower; and eyes whose hue
 Was like the violet's, with more of light.

The structure of this versification reminds us, however, too strongly of those great poets who seem to be his favourites; it is, in this respect, not unlike Bishop's music, in listening to which we are always tempted to say "that harmony is Mozart's, that cadence Weber's."—Mr. Swain is an unconscious plagiarist. His minor poems too are frequently unsatisfactory,—like some kinds of comfits which show fairly enough, but shiver into tasteless fragments, and are lost in the mouth. He appears frequently to

* Rebecca, or the Times of Primitive Christianity. A Poem. In four Cantos. By the Rev. A. G. H. Hollingsworth, Member of the Established Church. London: James Nisbet.

† The Mind and other Poems. By C. Swain. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

* The Messiah. A Poem in six books. By Robert Montgomery. London: Turrill.

have an idea floating before him too indistinct to be expressed in words, and his verse consequently leaves an impression of emptiness on the reader.

A poem dedicated to "The Friends of Liberty"* is worthy of all serious attention. And any man who reads the "Return of the Victors," however he may smile at some passages, will confess that it is no joke, but indeed a most lamentable performance. The author ought to be indicted for a libel upon the "angel choirs."

* "And have ye deign'd to join with me,
Amid the song of Victory,
Ye fairy forms, ye angel choirs;
And brought your harps and sweeping lyres,
And told and sung the tender tale,
With me in this my green Langdale.

The mere idea that seraphic lutes might bear the most distant resemblance to the twanging of this Jew's harp, were enough to arrest the pilgrim in his heavenward career, and tempt him to seek—the downward road.

Fair and softly! a lady next claims our ear; but critics, the brutes! know nothing of politeness. The most poetical part of this volume is the title-page; as witness:—

"Tales of Many Climes. By C. C. V. G.
The translator of 'Les Quatre Ages de la Vie.' †"

The author is very severe, in the introduction, on grocers' and hucksters' daughters who attempt to rhyme. If we mistake not, these young ladies will soon have an ample revenge in their power. To them will it be given to wrap up sweets in her numerous verse. Heaven knows this will not be

"To gild refined gold."

The "Errors of Mydar," ‡ as the author kindly informs us, being interpreted, means "the errors of a blunder." The worst error of all is the publication of the — poem.

Having dispatched the rhyming concoctors of fiction, we turn to their more prosaic brethren. The best of the novels at present on our table (Cooper's last has not yet reached us) is unquestionably the *Usurer's Daughter*.|| This book reminds us sometimes of *Atherton* so strongly that we could almost suspect it to be from the same pen. The *Usurer* is a powerful con-

ception, brought out with much sober power. The plot is complicated, perhaps too much so, but still it tempts one on. The various characters evince a sharp eye to the peculiarities of human nature: but with the exception of the one we have already mentioned, they are drawn in a sketchy manner, and scarcely interest the reader sufficiently in their adventures.

"The Doomed" ** is an addition to our stock of "Undying Ones." The author has rather failed in embodying the tremendous sufferings of his hero, who is no less a personage than Cain; but the work is full of passages of glowing interest and eminently picturesque beauty. We hope to meet the author again, and on human ground. He has the right stuff in him.

"The Jesuit" † is powerful, but its power is sensual not intellectual. We do not mean to cant, and would be understood to have no intention of adopting the sickening slang of the "immoral-tendency" school. "To the pure all things are pure." That innocence which springs from ignorance is lovely in a child, but does not survive to the termination of childhood. It is not virtue, for that implies self-control, and can only exist where there is knowledge. Our first parents might be innocent when in Paradise; but from the moment that the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, was rashly plucked, their doom was fixed. Virtue not innocence was made the aim and object of human life. It was decreed that man should struggle against a thousand influences, drawing him to the left and right, to hold onward on a straight path. He was doomed to purify his mind from vice and weakness by his own struggles, as the rain-swollen brook runs itself pure. It is, therefore, folly and ignorance to dream of preserving the mind free from the knowledge of vice. Man must be left free to encounter the aberrations of mind in books, as he is to meet the aberrations of conduct in society, that he may learn to struggle against them. To apply this seeming digression—We object to no degree of warmth and voluptuousness on the ground of moral danger; but we do object to their excess on the ground of good taste. The object of the poet (and novelists are poets of a lower grade) is to please; and what well-constituted mind could read some passages in this book without feeling shame tingling on the hot cheek? It

* *The Return of the Victors*. By William Daley. London: Effingham Wilson.

† *Tales of Many Climes*. By C. C. V. G. Dublin: W. Curry.

‡ *The Errors of Mydar*. A Poem in two cantos. Edinburgh: John Hamilton.

|| *The Usurer's Daughter*. By a Contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

** *The Doomed*. In three volumes. London: Smith and Elder.

† *The Jesuit*. In three volumes. London: Saunders and Otley.

is the besetting sin of the young authors of the day to substitute the refined expression of strong sensual emotion for imagination. Such an error betrays a low state of mental cultivation both in him who commits it and in him who applauds. We do not accuse "The Jesuit" of being broad and glaringly guilty in this respect; but we maintain that the feeling to which we allude is that upon which the interest almost exclusively hinges. The author might have escaped this lecture had any more hardened sinner been at hand; but that not being the case, and the subject being one of importance, we took him for our text;—perhaps, upon the same principle that made our reverend friend, the Rev. Dr. Drowsy take, t'other day, for his text a verse in which there was nothing but proper names,—the desire of astonishing his audience with his ingenuity.

"La Coquetterie,"*—founded on fact we suppose,—at least the *bon mots* of the witty characters are dull enough to be actual reminiscences.

"Contarini Fleming"† is a specimen of an ingenious device, which some authors have lately hit upon. Unable to give interest to a hero, they compile a fictitious autobiography, in which they dimly shadow forth all the nice books they should like to write.

Next to works of fiction, rank voyages and travels, and have done so by common consent ever since the days of Mandeville. Our stock on hand this month is, like the *chemise* of Cutty sark, "sairly scanty," not only in *longitude*, to which the poet confined his remark, but in *latitude* also. Mr. Downes' letters ‡ are very sensible, and like most sensible things, rather dull. He takes a strange liberty with one of the legends of the rude pictures in William Tell's chapel. The Rev. William Liddeard || has certainly surpassed our expectations; his tour is even more twaddling than his "Legend of Einsidlin." He and Mr. Downes are worthy to keep company with each other—the sentimental with

the plodding dunderpate. So here we bind them in our hempen rope, never to sunder, till Tait's Magazine is forgotten;

Never till substantial night
Hath re-assumed her ancient right.

The Edinburgh Cabinet Library is one of those works which can only be spoken of with entire praise. The solid good sense, the mass of information, and the neatness of finish which characterize every number, speak volumes for the industry and activity of the publisher, who is his own manager, and for the talents of his contributors. British India* is fully equal to any of its predecessors.

A Cantab's Selections from the Speeches and Writings of Lord Brougham† are meagre enough; but may serve to give little boys and girls some idea of what his Lordship is. In regard to the prefatory memoir, if it be, as the Editor says, "more complete and accurate than any hitherto published," Brougham's Biographers must be a precious pack of blundering blockheads.

Messrs. Henderson and Motherwell have furnished us with an excellent *cul de lampe* to this omnium-gatherum sort of a chapter.‡ We could sit and laugh by the hour over these quaint traditionary jokes. "A begun turn's half endit—quo' the guid-wife when she stuck the graip in the midden," is the best instance of a wise saw ridiculing itself we have met with. Scottish Proverbs, more than those of any other nation, are rife with those tails which turn the tables on the head. "Hame's aye hamelie—quo' the Deil whan he found himself in the Court of Session." The addition has doubtless been made by one who knew

"What hell it was in *swing* long to bide."

Motherwell's preface is worthy of himself and the subject. And now let us close this monthly lecture on the current literature of the day with one of those proverbs which seems accurately descriptive of our discourse:—"There's baith meat and music here—quo' the dog when he ate the piper's bag."

* "La Coquetterie," Or Sketches of Society in France and Belgium. London: Boone.

† Contarini Fleming, A Psychological Autobiography, in Four Volumes. London: Murray.

‡ Letters from Continental Countries, by George Downes, A. M. Two Volumes. Dublin: William Curry.

|| A Three Months Tour in Switzerland and France, by the Rev. William Liddeard. London: Smith and Elder.

* Edinburgh Cabinet Library. British India, three volumes. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

† Selections from the Speeches and Writings of the Right Honourable Henry, Lord Brougham and Vaux. With a brief memoir of his Lordship's Life. London: Ridgway.

‡ Scottish Proverbs, collected and arranged by Andrew Henderson. With an introductory Essay. By W. Motherwell. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

MUSIC.

MUSIC IN ITALY.

Finding nothing new or important in musical matters to record at home, we devote a little of our space to exhibit the actual state of music in Italy; a subject which must always be interesting to musical readers, even although the relation be discreditable to the "land of song" itself. The "Lettre d'un Enthusiaste," which we have met with in the *Revue Européenne*, gives some recent accounts which may be relied upon, and of which we shall avail ourselves. The writer sometimes displays more humour and fancy than correct taste and judgment; but we shall glean from him, only to serve our purpose, and be answerable for the rest ourselves. The "Enthusiaste" first finds himself at Florence, within the *Pergola*, a lugubrious looking opera-house, under whose roof we have ourselves spent many a cheerful evening. At that time, (seven years ago,) scarce any composer was listened to but Rossini. Now we are told Bellini is all the rage; and his Opera of *I Montecchi ed i Capelli*, is "une composition remplie de fraîcheur et d'expression." So say the Tuscans: but our enthusiastic Frenchman is not so easily satisfied. He grumbles at the very outset at the overture; which we must say is a part and pertinent of the Opera, very scurvily handled by modern Italian masters. "Nobody listens," say they, "and wherefore should we trouble our heads about it?" But these worthies are egregiously ill-judging; and this clipping the Opera of one of its "fair proportions" is, of itself, symptomatic of the decadence of the true national taste. The Germans are indignant at it. "Before the curtain rises," says Weber, "the orchestra makes a certain noise: this is called an overture in Italy." Not so in Germany, where the overture is usually of a descriptive character, preparing the attention of the audience for what is to come. The fault is undoubtedly with the Italian composers; for let a really good instrumental symphony be produced, and we are confident it would have both listeners and admirers.

The *Romeo and Juliet*, or, as it is called, the *Montecchi ed i Capelli* of BELLINI, does not promise to add to his reputation. Shakspeare's tale has been little attended to. In the *libretto* there is no ball at the Capulets, no Mercutio, no prattling Nurse,

no Friar sedate and calm, no balcony scene, no sublime soliloquy for Juliet after receiving the vial from the Friar, no duet in the cell betwixt "Romeo banished" and the despairing Friar, "point de Shakspear, rien, un ouvrage manqué, mutilé, défiguré, dérangé;" in short, a mere commonplace story has been manufactured, and from this the composer must suck inspiration! The miracle is, how ROSSINI and BELLINI can infuse so much passion into the insipid lyrics of their countrymen. It is deplorable that the operas of METASTASIO are not adaptable for modern representation. But, alas! genius has too frequently to rise by individual merit, superior to opposing difficulties. METASTASIO had no composer to do justice to his poetry; ROSSINI no poet to give language to his melody; and yet both these great men will live "while memory holds her seat," for the sake of their own glorious, though, as regards the happy union of sense and sound, ill-fated productions.

Church music in Florence, nay, all over Italy, is in a truly despicable plight. The rich and massive movements of PERGOLESE no longer resound through the vaulted aisles, inspiring rapture and devotion. Trifling "airy nothings" fill the ear, and disturb the feelings naturally prepared for solemn emotions. Well does our sentimental Frenchman (venting his wrath upon the "ourang-outang" organist, ministering with his twittering and trilling to this ill-tuned distraction) exclaim—"O, BEETHOVEN! where was thy mighty soul! that spirit profound and Homeric, pouring forth the poetry of music, oppressing us with grief, but permitting us to weep!"

At Genoa, PAER's opera of *Agnese* was performing, but in a style that paralyzed its beauties. The orchestra there is better than at Florence. But the Genoese, like most commercial people, are indifferent to the Fine Arts. PAGANINI is their countryman, yet they scarcely can point out his birth-place; nor is this to be wondered at, when not even a memorial to Columbus appears in their splendid city. So much for Genoa—otherwise "tu superba!"

At Rome, sacred music is at an equally low pass with what it is in the other Italian cities. We remember attributing our disappointment to the *Anno Santo* being then kept; for, in that

year of extra fasting and humiliation, operas were not performed; and violins and all other instruments, except brass ones, were excluded from the churches. The magnificence of the religious ceremonies made up in part for this deprivation. But these are in a style of gorgeousness utterly repugnant to good taste; resembling frequently rather a bacchanalian rout, than a procession of spiritual devotees; and then the chanting of the *castrati*, so much lauded, had always, to our ears, a discordant and disagreeable effect. At the present day, the choirs in Rome are generally composed of five or six persons, who sing airs from Operas—the organist introducing, occasionally during service, such overtures as the *Cenerentola* or the *Barbiere*. “Such vagaries,” remarks our enthusiast, “do not indicate in the art, a well-directed devotional spirit, or much elevation in the ideas of the artist.”

The Opera houses at Rome are poorly supplied with performers; and the preference is given to the most insipid imitators of *Bossini*. The Orchestras are shabbily assorted, the players miserably paid; many of them being tradesmen trusting for livelihoods to most unmusical avocations. Thus music is honoured by this most musical people in the world!

At Naples, the lover of music may

always lay his account with hearing the best native talent in Italy. *San Carlo* is a splendid house, and splendidly maintained. *Paccini* here reigns supreme. Some of his music is effective; but his genius is limited, and his best things are to be traced to borrowed sources. At Milan and Venice there are generally tolerable operas; but much fallen off lately—the best artists being all weaned away from their poor country, by the golden offers of Vienna, London, and Paris. To this irresistible influence we may indeed mainly ascribe the declining state of music in Italy. The “Garden of the world,” is a musical nursery for the rest of Europe. *Pasta*, *Pisaroni*, *Tosi*, *Donzelli*, and *Rubini*, are all undutiful children; charming foreign states, gathering filthy lucre, heedless of “sweet home” and its drooping condition, which their presence would unfailingly resuscitate! But *aurum omnes victâ jam pietate colunt*.

To conclude, music languishes in Italy. The native fire still exists; but it burns with faint and flickering light. Taste is corrupted at its sources; nor can we look for its regeneration, till some bright spirit arises to dissipate the vapoury influences; and with overpowering blaze, “*perfundens omnia luce*,” call forth the resources of the art to their well-regulated and genial exercise.

TAIT'S.

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATES.

WE now proceed to the second subject proposed for inquiry, viz. the degree of confidence which the people under their present government ought to award their representatives.

Under a good government, one in which the interests of the governors and governed were identical, it might require nice discrimination to determine to what point the confidence of the people in the good faith and wisdom of their representatives ought to extend. The Examiner newspaper, in two elaborate and profound articles on this delicate question, has endeavoured to settle the boundaries of the people's faith; and although we should feel inclined to use somewhat different expressions, and to base our conclusions on different premises, yet we on the whole agree with our very able contemporary. One misrepresentation, however, for our own, as well as for his sake, we would at the outset strenuously protest against. When reasoning the question of pledges or confidence under a good government, we intend not that our conclusions should be taken as applying to the actual government under which we live. It is desirable that the ultimate condition of the people and their representatives should at all times be kept steadily in view; that we should have constantly before our eyes that perfect state to which we are gradually tending, in order that all our acts should have reference to this great object of our wishes. We are now in a provisional state; the rules and conduct which suit this state are not to be erected into invariable standards, but must, like the condition in which they are employed, be considered themselves as merely provisional. That though, as will be immediately seen, we shall recommend minute questioning and firm pledges in our present situation, let it not be thought that we believe that this same conduct ought to be pursued under a better government, and amongst a people in a much higher state of civilization. When we have arrived at that much-desired condition, our conduct will change; but till we have done so, we must pursue such a course as, under present circumstances, will best conduce to our well-being. It is objected by some, however, that to discuss what ought to be done hereafter, is only to put means of evasion into the hands of our enemies; that since it is

thought that pledges ought not to be required in a perfect government, these our enemies will endeavour, by the arguments which lead to this conclusion, to mystify and delude the people now—and that by propounding these arguments at the present time, we only lend aid to mischief. This opinion argues in those who hold it, a very low estimation of the popular mind, and is based on the principle that the people are to be cajoled into good. This principle we cannot advocate, and shall not act upon. The great truths of Government ought never to be hidden, and we give thanks to our fearless contemporary for having brought forward an important truth at a moment when the people and their leaders seemed but too prone to forget it. Had not this warning been given, we should have had a provisional rule raised into an unchangeable doctrine; and bad government insured by a vile flattering of the sovereign people.

Admitting then, that under a good government, the large and liberal confidence in the faith and wisdom of the representative required by the Examiner ought to be quoted, and bearing in mind that it is to this point we are directly tending, yet under our present form of government it, to us, appears equally important to maintain a minute and ever-constant watch over every part of the representative's conduct.

In consequence of this necessity, much evil necessarily arises; but relax the jealousy, and tenfold mischief will ensue. Under these circumstances, the situation of a really honest and enlightened legislator, becomes painful, difficult, and even dangerous. He must often necessarily differ from the people: he is instructed, and they are ignorant. But they are unable to distinguish between honest and dishonest opposition to their desires. They know not whether superior knowledge, or base self-interest, prompts the deviation from what they deem the correct course. The people, therefore, cannot wisely, the representatives cannot honestly, forego their own views; and consequently, the people must, for a time at least, lose a good servant, and the representative must relinquish the hope of being actively useful as a legislator. He must resign his trust when this difference of opinion occurs on an important subject. Some of the most enlightened inquirers into the science of government, have certainly formed a different opinion from that here expressed, or rather, have used language not reconcilable with that now employed. These persons seem to have viewed the subject under one set of circumstances only, but yet state their conclusions in expressions perfectly universal, and thus lead to the belief, that the rule which is applicable to one case, is proper for all.

It has been said, that the people, though capable of judging of a man's capacity generally, for the great office of a legislator, and of his moral fitness for the task, are yet not possessed of sufficient knowledge to determine accurately on every separate question that arises for his consideration. This is true. And it has been asserted as a necessary consequence from this statement, that the people ought, as in the case of their physician, to put faith in the superior knowledge of their representative; that they ought not to thrust upon him as a rule, their own crude notions on the various difficult questions which legislation necessarily involves. When a physician is called in, say these reasoners, to determine what shall be done in a case of fever, the patient, being unlearned, does not prescribe rules for his guide. From a number of physicians, the patient chooses the one he deems most fit; but having chosen, his vocation ends; he does not pretend to direct that fittest

man. The legislator, they assert, ought to be chosen in the same spirit, and requires to have the same confidence reposed in him. This last conclusion, however, has been obtained through the means of a somewhat defective analogy. In the case of the physician, there is wanted one element of vital importance to the due determination of the question; that is, the opposition of interest between the representative and his constituents. The interest of the physician, excepting in some very rare cases, is to preserve the patient's life and health. His reputation would necessarily suffer, were he to keep his patient unwell for the sake of his own gain; in fact, his interest is almost universally the best consulted by the rapid recovery of the sick man. This similarity of interest does not necessarily exist between the representative and his constituents. It is, indeed, but too melancholy a truth, that in almost every government of the world, (that of America perhaps alone excepted,) the representative has a direct and powerful interest, to turn his public office into a means of private profit; in other words, he has a direct and powerful interest completely opposed to the welfare of his constituents. This circumstance it is that induces the necessity of a conduct different in the case of the legislator, from that which is required in the case of the physician.

Supposing, moreover, that this identity of interests between electors and elected were complete, there would still be reason for the public to keep a vigilant eye upon the proceedings of the government. Waiving the consideration of the tendency in all men to turn power to their own purposes, there is yet another most powerful reason for scrutinizing each separate act of the legislator. No matter how excellently a representative government may be formed, the most instructed men of the community will seldom take an active share in political life. The calm unbroken quiet required for the contemplations of a philosopher, cannot be found amidst the turbulence of politics. The carrying on consecutive speculations in any science, moreover, excites habits at variance with strife, and noise, and passion. Disgust would soon drive a philosopher out of any deliberative assembly, unless some overwhelming necessity compelled him to conquer his repugnance. Such being the case, there would soon be out of doors an opinion more valuable than that of the legislature within,—an opinion which, at the same time, the members of the legislature would be apt, from their habits and their position, to disregard. The power of the legislative body would create in them confidence; there would be a constant tendency in them to frame an excessively high opinion of their own capacity,—to believe themselves super-eminently wise, and consequently to despise the suggestions of others, and to believe all who entertained more extensive views, or pursued more systematic and scientific plans of investigation than their own, mere dreaming visionaries. To check this tendency, and to compel their representatives to pursue these more beneficial plans, which otherwise would probably not be listened to, the people must canvass every measure of their representatives, must hold out motives for the most instructed and philosophic minds in the community to discuss these measures, and to measure the worth of the plans suggested, by the approbation which they obtained from these most efficient guides. Thus, though a very large confidence might and would be awarded by the people to their governors, still there would as constantly be a minute though friendly scrutiny and questioning of all their proceedings.

Under the present circumstances of our government, however, to demand any such confidence as that here supposed, would be in the highest degree mischievous and absurd. While the representative, as now, is surrounded by every species of evil and temptation, to leave him to his own guidance, would be at once to be accessory to making him a dishonest legislator. A man thoroughly honest, and conscious of the failings of his nature, would, for his own sake, avoid such temptation, and do all in his power to fortify his good purposes, by outward safeguards derived from the watchfulness of others. Fenced round by the constant jealousy of his constituents, well knowing that any blacksliding would receive immediate punishment, he would be capable of facing and braving the many difficulties with which his office would be surrounded. Strip him of these defences, and he would feel himself exposed to an unequal combat; he would wish, therefore, for that jealousy, that ever-constant caution and distrust, which have been so earnestly recommended.

If the duration of Parliament was for one year, any very large number of pledges, on the part of the representative, would not be required. If the time were extended to two, or even three years, the number would, perhaps, not need to be very great; but when the enormous period of seven years is the limit for Parliament's existence, a system of the most minute and specific questioning and pledges ought necessarily to be instituted. Within a few months past, great outcry has been raised against a plan, lately introduced, of requiring of the candidate a pledge to take a particular side on certain important questions; and much very idle talk has been employed, to prove the great evil likely to arise from thus throwing shackles on the judgment of the legislator. It must, however, be remembered, that on these points, the people have made up their minds, and want not the assistance of the judgment of the representative, but his vote. They do not merely take a view of his general character, and upon this elect him to exercise a perfect discretion. But, in addition to general investigation, which is employed to determine their opinion as to the wisdom of giving him a certain degree of discretion, they think it wise to proceed one step farther, and, for the purpose of insuring a particular conduct which they deem absolutely necessary to their own well-being, to receive a specific undertaking or pledge; thus making the office of a representative partly discretionary, partly merely ministerial. The same thing has always been done, after a clumsy fashion, by all persons who give their vote according to the party which a candidate espouses. When the elector demands of the candidate "Are you a Whig?" and gives or refuses his vote according to the answer, what does he do but require of the candidate a pledge to adhere to certain measures or principles? He binds him, in a certain degree, to a particular course; and thus far shackles his judgment. The binding a candidate to support the Reform Bill, is but a somewhat more efficient and specific application of the same principle. All this outcry, moreover, has been raised by persons advocating the advantages of a class system of representation. What, however, is the principle of this very system, but the imposing upon every representative the necessity of exactly representing his class, of being, in fact, their ministerial officer?

One evil regulation generally entails the necessity of another to nullify its effect. The system of demanding pledges to any great extent may certainly be deemed an evil;—it does shackle the judgment of the representative. This evil, however, is rendered necessary by the Sep-

tennial Act. In order to nullify the evil consequences of the long impunity which that act creates, the smaller evil of making the representative more completely a ministerial officer has been resorted to. In short, the people would rather run the risk of harm from their own ignorance, than from their representative's dishonesty. They would do well to continue the practice they have adopted, until the legislature shall be a more perfect representation of the people, and the period of its existence so short, as to preclude all hopes of impunity in the minds of evil-disposed representatives.

It is objected, however, that pledges, since they cannot, except in a few cases, be specific, must necessarily be useless. For example, it is stated in the case of economy in our expenditure, that since it is impossible to go through the various items of expenditure, it is impossible to have any safeguard for the representative's good conduct but his own honour; that we must leave him to his own discretion, and trust to it. This difficulty, however, may in a great measure be avoided by pledging the representative to well stated principles. In the case above mentioned of economy, if the electors were to bind their representative to this principle, viz. "that he would at all times endeavour to obtain the greatest intellectual and moral aptitude for every office at the least possible expense," he would find it difficult to be so lax in his interpretation of the rule, as to put at nought the pledge he had given. Supposing the difficulty, however, to be as great as stated, still it is of some importance to have men bound even to specified good intentions.

Our fear however is not, that the people are likely to be imposed on as regards the intentions or probity of the representative. On this point they will for the most part, when they have the power of choosing, decide correctly. It is as regards the fitness, as respects knowledge, that they will chiefly err. Unfortunately, there is a very general opinion now existing, that any good man of what is called common sense is fit for a legislator. This is an egregious error; one on which we somewhat strenuously insisted in the preceding article. The conduct of the electors hitherto, as far as may be learned from the very active canvassing now going on, justifies many of the fears then expressed. There is little care exhibited as respects the intellectual fitness of the various candidates, attention for the most part being absorbed by his mere opinions. It seems never to be remembered, that a fool may hold right opinions, and that a knave may feign them. These declarations by the candidate are but poor evidence on which to determine his efficiency. His previous life, his habits, his education, his former opinions, ought to be carefully, minutely, and openly inquired into. Until the electors do this, they must be content to be dupes.

One other opinion now prevalent respecting the office of representative, although already spoken of, must again be alluded to, in consequence of the conduct that is being pursued by the liberal party throughout the kingdom. The electors, because men of riches and title still seek the office of representative, will deem it one of mere honour. They forget that he has duties to perform; that the performance of those duties is the only object for which the office exists, and that unless they be performed, the trouble of choosing a representative, is trouble thrown away. Now the persons most capable of performing them efficiently, are seldom in a condition to undergo expense, and compete with the rich rivals whom they necessarily meet. The richer, but more inefficient, least honest candidate therefore usually succeeds, or rather none but

those inferior men offer themselves. If the people would no longer be possessed of the idle notion respecting the honour they confer; if they would consider the matter as one of mere business; would deem it *their own* interest about which they were employed; and view the expense as *their own* affair, they would persuade the best men among them to become their representatives. But until this change takes place, the most apt and efficient will never appear on the theatre of public life. Let the public be scrupulously jealous of the honour and the capacity of their representatives, and let them be sufficiently careful of their own interests to pay for their own business, and they will quickly possess an enlightened legislature.

APPEAL TO GERMANY.

On the Edict abolishing the Liberties of its States, and the Advance of the Austrian Troops. July 27, 1832.

'Tis burst! the unfinished spell, that laid
 The powers of earth and night;
 And hurrying to the red crusade,
 The marshalled hosts unite.
 'Tis done! The scaffold and the chain,
 The dungeon and the brand,
 Are forged and fram'd for broad Almain—
 Arise! thou perilled land!

Wake! 'Tis the battle's dawn! The hours
 With gory steps must mark,
 'Midst shivered crowns and crumbling powers,
 The march of Freedom's ark.
 The guardians of a thousand homes
 Must blacken in the sun,
 And nations bleed in hecatombs,
 Ere its high place be won!

Brave Land! Thy harvest-fields are fair
 The vintage-hills beneath;
 Thy halls are bright, and gladness there
 Floats like the Summer's breath:—
 And peace is sweet, and life is dear,
 And home a blessed spot,
 And war most grim, when lands-men are
 The foes—yet pause thou not!

Thou wilt not, high and holy place,
 Where God-like minds abode,
 Behold a crushed and tongueless race
 Shrink from a tyrant's goad!
 Thou *can'st* not bear, that, chained and tame,
 Thy gifted sons should creep,
 And reason's light, and wisdom's flame
 Be quenched—that kings may sleep!

Shall blind and bigot monarchs quell,
 The land where Luther sprung,
 Where Klopstock hymned, and Körner fell,
 And wizard Schiller sung;
 Where myriad-minded Goethe lies,
 His ashes barely cold?
 Heirs of their sacred names, arise!
 And save your country's fold!

Come from the cloister and the field,
 The mart, the mine, the shore,—
 As erst your fathers rose,—and wield
 Their treasured arms once more!
 Think on the tombs beneath your aisles,
 The memories in your vales,
 The crosses on your mountain piles,
 The records in your tales!

They tell how once, in manly pride,
 Your sires to battle rode,
 And smote the Kaisers that denied
 Their claims to worship God:
 Like cause is yours—Heaven's lore and light
 To win from robber kings;
 Like be your triumph! To the fight
 Go forth on eagle-wings!

Up, Hesse! shew thy sister-lands
 A heart as fearless now,
 As when thy church the champions' hands
 Joined in the righteous vow.*
 Up, Cassel! claim thy place of pride,
 Again, as once, awake,
 The† first to stem the threatening tide,
 For Right and Freedom's sake!

Up, Brunswick! in the bold attack
 Recall thine ancient fame,
 When stout Duke Christian's battle-track
 Was like a sudden flame!
 Up Baden! led by Frederick's shade
 That hero's deeds repeat,
 Who cast his sceptre down,‡ and laid
 His life at Freedom's feet.

And thou, the shield§ of older days,
 The lamp of later times,
 Fed with high mind's collected rays,
 To light surrounding climes,—
 Proud guardian of Majestic dust,
 The Bard's, the Prophet's shrine—||
 Up! Weimar! cleanse thy sword from rust,
 Strike in! the cause is thine!

Your Sage's words, your Poet's lyres
 Aloud for freedom call;—
 Rise! lest your children curse the sires
 That *lived*, and let them fall!
 The spirits of your great in fame
 Descend to arm your might,—
 The voices of your dead exclaim
 'To arms! God speed the right!'

* The Smalkaldish league, cemented in the town of that name, in the Hessian Dominions.

† William of Cassel was the first German Prince who ventured to espouse the cause of the Elector Palatine against Ferdinand.

‡ William Frederick of Baden, abdicated in favour of his son, before taking the field as leader of the forces of the Union.

§ After the fall of Gustavus, at Lutzen, the fortunes of the protestant cause were long and bravely upheld by the great Bernhard of Saxe Weimar.

|| It is hardly necessary to state, that Weimar is the Athens of Modern Germany. Schiller and Goethe are interred in the Ducal Chapel there.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE EFFUSION OF
USELESS KNOWLEDGE.

Of the various capitals of Europe, there is perhaps no Metropolis so rich in SOCIETIES and ASSOCIATIONS as that of the British Empire. Modern Rome has its thirty academies, ripe in those initial distinctions which write a man down an A.S.S. without the intervention of any Dogberry of the Vatican—Paris its *Lycées* and *Academies Royales et Nationales*; Vienna its *Polytechnisches Institut*; but London, royal, imperial, pantéchnical London, boasts a thousand and one corporate bodies and institutions, invented for the purpose of making the lame walk, the dumb speak, the blind see, the deaf hear—of preventing the market gardeners from “larrupping their donkeys;” of making green gooseberries grow as large as codlins, and codlins as large as water melons; of naturalizing tigers, (besides those of Margate and Cheltenham,) and tame elephants, (elsewhere than in the Board of Controùl;) of suppressing vice, by means of typhus fever, and other items of prison discipline; of suppressing mendicity, by shewing up the begging letters of the “lower classes;” of suppressing ignorance, by means of cuts of cotton trees and draughts of Westminster Hall; of suppressing reform by means of a grand Tory cook, and a club-house haunted by the spectres of Carlton House and its coteries.

In a city thus amply supplied with institutions tending to exemplify the fable of the bundle of sticks, it would be useless to propose any new congregation in the way of doing something, (or the still harder task of nothing,) by force of numbers. All the recent stock companies, mining, steam-washing, punning, &c. &c. are said to have proved failures; and the funds *steaked* in the Garrick, or *staked* in the Conservativé, are, we fear, already out of the frying pan into the fire. The utmost we can do, therefore, is to point out the existence of those obscure societies, which, either in terror of advertisement duty or of the garish eye of day, are still unknown to fame or infamy. It is not every association that can afford to put forth its *puny* papers by tens of thousands; it is not every institution that can afford an office or place in the Strand; and we have good reason to know that a Society has recently been established for the Effusion of Uggless Knowledge, which still blushes unseen in one of the by-ways of the West End. Public-spirited journalists, like ourselves, are unwilling, however, that even Folly should befool herself in vain. Providence has provided the thistle with a bearded seed, that it may float hither and thither and propagate food for the asses of the earth; and for our own part, we are each willing to lend our aid in fixing the lofty pole whence the gambols and antics of the monkey tribe may be seen from afar off; in making a ring where Folly can brandish her bauble and tinkle her bells, for the amusement of the multitude.

Our attention was recently attracted by a work, the title of which is redolent of Almack's, and the drawing-room,—of fine feelings, and fine ladyism, “The Private Correspondence of a Woman of Fashion! in two volumes!” Seven hundred pages of the private correspondence of a woman of fashion!—*billets doux*, no doubt, originally indited, like Rousseau's *Eloise*, in seventeen reams of sky-blue or rose-coloured note-paper, sanded with gold dust, and tied together with silken cordage! What an ethereal vision of literature! Lady Jersey's works (described by Lord Byron to Lady Blessington as a compilation of paragraphs

from the daily papers, pasted into a common-place book) were as nothing by comparison. What tender superlatives; what super-saccharine sweetness; what ethereal refinement;—"a stream of rich distill'd perfumes;" a vapour as of the bowers of Eden; a vase of crystal, with Cupid therein imprisoned, like Asmodeus in the bottle! With the sweet influence of these anticipations stirring the pulses of our hearts, we cut open the pages; when, instead of "carissimo!" or "*mon chérissime!*" or "idol of my soul!" our astonished eyes were saluted with a labyrinth of mysterious dashes and asterisks,—Lord A——s, and Lady E——B——s! The book was one of the mysterious emanations of the Society for the Effusion of Useless Knowledge!—an echo of obsolete scandals; an idle chronicle of the saloons of the idle during the last thirty years. We have heard it maliciously attributed to the fair hand of one of the accomplished women for whom Horace Walpole wrote down his reminiscences; but it is self-evidently the production of some fashionable waiting-maid, with just knowledge enough to misrepresent, and cleverness enough to be mischievous. Passing over the flippancies relating to that amusing personage, the late Lydia White, (the blue,) to Lord Anglesea, Lady Londonderry, the Duchess of Wellington, Madame de Lonza, Count Flahault, and others, we beg to favour our readers with the "Woman of Fashion's" private opinions of royalty itself.

Hampton Court, August, 1816.

"We had your Duchesse D'Orleans, (the present Queen of the French) and a carriage full of old Frenchwomen at the races. The little Duc de Chartres is reported to have caused his amiable mother some embarrassment during the temporary absence of the Duke of Orleans. The Duchess sent a gentleman of her household to Mr. F——f——d, who has an establishment (?) in the neighbourhood, to beg that he would admit her son, as he was quite ungovernable, strutting about from morning till night, carrying gilded pasteboard sceptres, and styling himself King of France."

"The Duke of Clarence and his children occupied a stand on the race-ground exclusively to themselves; I never saw a finer family; their countenances are so expressive, and there is a little one with Mrs. J——'s sparkling eyes, who is quite bewitching. Alas! poor Mrs. J——! her death has made quite a sensation in the vicinity of Paris. The Duke did not appear concerned; but he has put the children and their domestics into mourning."

"The Duke of Clarence has been dangerously ill, and had as many fashionable Esculapii in attendance as would have sufficed to kill half his household. We were scarcely relieved from that inquietude, ere the Prince Regent arrived at the Stud House, where he made too free with the scientific fare of his host, and his favourite beverage of green tea-punch, to which the *bons mots* of the *enjouée* Mrs. Walpole gave a zest, that, as one of H. R. H's convivial companions told me, (Sir G. W——d) we thought we had lost him. Down came a host of physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries; the Queen, all the Princesses, and all the Dukes, with the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester in the sweetest smiles of newly wedded love. Phlebotomy, with the aid of gruels and penitential potions has restored His Royal Highness to life's genial blessing; and he has quitted us for Warwickshire, to essay the benefit of change of air and tranquil domestic pleasure under the roof of L——d H——t——d. The Princess Charlotte was the only one of the Royal Family who

did not inquire in person, although she resided so near, but she sent every day to inquire: So, I believe, there is no doubt that a coolness exists between her royal father and herself, relative to his determination of seeking a divorce from her imprudent and thoughtless mother. She was looking very pale and interesting as she passed, yesterday, to call on the Duke of Clarence. The little Fitzes are still in deep mourning for 'Mamma J——n. I suspect old B——ll P——t (Miss Pigot, companion to Mrs. Fitzherbert,) is to succeed her; for, in the midst of the late royal indisposition, and the bustle attending it, she was on a visit at Bushy, and I saw her well-rouged phiz peering out of the Duke's carriage, with Lady Haggerstone by her side."

We are surprised that a work, so pregnant of valuable intelligence, was not inscribed after the manner of French publications of the same dash and asterisk class, "Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire," and take leave of the "Woman of Fashion," the Mrs. Trollope of Hampton Court, with as much respect for the strength and power, as for the *delicacy* of her mind and character:

MR. COOPER'S NEW NOVEL.*

"Mr. Cooper's *worst*"—Seriously, it is well for him that his reputation is sufficiently established by previous publications, for otherwise the present effusion must have given it a sad shake. Much nonsense will doubtless be perpetrated on the occasion by critics. These venerable fathers will shake their heads and say, he ought to have stuck to America. Then there will be prosing demonstrations that the simplicity of a transatlantic and republican soul cannot enter into the complex feelings and relations of the old world. The Quarterly and its tail will prate scholarly and wisely about chivalrous and aristocratical sentiment. Fudge, fiddle-de-dee, humbug, cant, blarney, slang,—oh for one word to characterize the ineffable presumption and *charlatanerie* of the coxcombs who will gabble on the occasion! The truth is, that the failure is entirely Mr. Cooper's own fault—fault we say, for he could have avoided it had he gone properly to work; and this we propose to démonstrate in some couple of pages.

The range of Mr. Cooper's imaginative powers may be easily inferred from his previous writings. In attempting to present us with a quiet landscape, he is apt to be diffuse; he darkens council with a multitude of words. He cannot seize one central point round which all the other features shall cluster as accessories, and in one brief sentence stamp the vision on the mind. He draws out a long inventory of all the parts and parcels, after conning which we have as little notion of their combined effect as before. But in portraying nature in her hour of storm, he is unequalled by any author of the day. He is inspired, carried beyond himself; he stammers out what he feels, not what he thinks: the Delphic god is within him, and his words conjure up before us, not a counterfeit but a living storm. He raises the wild waters, and rides buoyantly upon them, as never mortal but himself did. We know not in the whole

* "The Heidenmauer, or the Benedictines." By the Author of "The Pilot," &c. Three volumes. London: Colburn and Bentley.

range of literature so vivid and true a picture of the stormy sea and its power as in the loss of the Bristol ship in the Red Rover, or one so engrossingly exciting as in the preservation of the American frigate off a lee-shore in the Pilot. The sea is indeed his home, and "ocean's sights and sounds familiar things." The mistake of the top-sail of the British man-of-war for a cloud, and the sombre emerging of the hull from the mist, is one of the most overpowering instances of the moral picturesque we have yet met with.

There are two ways of scanning human character :—by acute analysis ; or by a delicate tact, wedded to a ready imagination, which jumps at the conclusion, nine times out of ten, with as much success as the other. The latter is the faculty most eminently required in the historical novelist. His cloud-built castles are not meant to abide the cold searching eye of the philosopher, which would look them into their pristine elements, as the sophist's stare did Lamia.* The other, however important to the moralist or philosopher, is but a limping substitute for its plausible brother in the department of the novelist. Within a limited range, Cooper's tact in catching the distinctive peculiarities of human character is unsurpassed. His long Tom Coffin, and his Master Fid, and his thousand and one "Niggers," are delightful as they are original. Harvey Birch, Hawk's-eye, Mrs. Flannagan, his soldiers and marines, and his Dutch Padroons, are real existences. But, when we ascend in the scale of humanity, we find this intuitive power fail, and that of moral analysis, which few men possess to such a degree of clearness and power, is laid under requisition by our author to supply its place. His Washington is the finest and truest picture of that man of men we have met with ; dear friends of ours, who enjoyed the high privilege of knowing the original, have pronounced it excellent. Still it is but a portrait. It wants the vitality which the genius of Cooper has bestowed upon the characters which bustle around it. It reminds us, painfully, of the theatre, with its half reality, half show—its living men and women, and pasteboard waterfalls. Still more unlucky are his attempts to portray the female character in its loveliness. His sense seems dead. There is not one of his lovely women—always excepting "the Wept of Wish-ton-Wish," who is not positively repulsive ; and even with her we should have feared his success, had he not wisely kept us gazing on her as she moves,

"At airy distance, with majestic motion."

We have only now to advert to Cooper's skill in constructing a plot. He does not possess that rare power—which, indeed, seems to have been lost since the days of Shakspeare—of making the events of his story arise naturally out of the sentiments, opinions, and conduct of his *dramatis personæ*. He chalks out a series of events, and makes his characters work them out as they best may. Still he succeeds in giving a complexity to their adventures, which prevents us seeing, from the very first, what the issue is to be ; and, in some of his works—"the last of the Mohicans" may serve for an example—he brings the events puddering with such hot haste upon us, that we are caught, as in a torrent, and hurried along, without any volition of ours. Frequently, however, it must be confessed, the same hankering after speciality and details, which spoils his landscapes, deadens the interest of his stories. By

* Vide Keats' "Lamia."

merely linking all the limbs and vertebræ together, no man ever dreamed of making a handsome man.

This dispassionate analysis of Mr. Cooper's powers conveys the idea of a man qualified to compose "prose epics" of high merit, and the public voice confirms the opinion. The public voice is, after all, the only irrefragable evidence of merit. The critic may show an author where he has failed, and why he has failed; but it is only the admission of the many that can show he has succeeded. We now address ourselves to the task, as a preparative for which we have thus hurriedly recapitulated Mr. Cooper's qualifications and defects: the inquiry how it happens that he has failed so lamentably in "The Heidenmauer."

A failure it undoubtedly is. The story flags, and is uninteresting. The characters are dim and undefined as those of a magic lantern. The long yarns with which the story is continually interrupted are neither valuable in themselves, nor in their place where they stand. It is not enough to say, in explanation of all this, that Mr. Cooper is an American, and that the scene of his story is European. Human nature is human nature all the world over; and, what is more to the purpose, although America has succeeded, by a lucky accident of situation, in throwing herself earlier loose from some old rusty fetters which still cling to us, in moral and intellectual culture she is not one foot advanced beyond Europe. Her virtues and her vices, her knowledge and her cherished fallacies are the same. We must look elsewhere for the causes of our author's bad success. They are two in number:—in the first place, he has laid hand to work without sufficient preparation; in the second place, he has attempted to make of the novel what it never can become.

He has laid hand to work without sufficient preparation. What is it that places Scott so far above all his followers? What is it that renders his Scottish novels so immeasurably superior to all his other productions? It is this. The value of a work depends less upon its external form than upon the quantity of thought that is worked up in it. Waverley, Guy Mannering, the Antiquary, the earlier Tales of my Landlord, may have been composed as hastily as any other of their author's works; but they were the outpourings of thoughts and images treasured up and revolved in his mind for years. They had become part of his existence. Often had he attempted to give them vent in different forms, but in vain. At last a lucky accident struck the rock in the right quarter, and out gushed the full flood of the living and vivifying waters. The fathomless riches of his deep mind were lavishly squandered upon these works. When the stream began to run low, and the thirst of the public was still unslaked, and habit had moreover rendered such creations an exertion indispensable to his happiness, he attempted to refill his cisterns by pumping into them out of the records of old romance. But although the adventures were wild and striking, and the scenery dazzling, they wanted that incorporation with his own heart and fancy which had given vitality to his earlier productions. "Life was wanting there." This is the secret of Cooper's failure in his "Heidenmauer." He does not know and he does not feel Germany. He has caught a transient glance of the outer man, and vainly attempt to portray the hidden emotions of his soul. He who would image out a nation in a novel must have lived long among its citizens and its literature; catching unknowingly traits and incidents which come uncalled for; and which no premeditated search can detect. It is not that the American imagination cannot

reflect back European modes of feeling; it is only that it has not been long enough in contact with them to catch their impress.

He has attempted to make the novel what it never can become. The interest of the prose epic, all the same as of that which is clothed in numerous verse, arises out of the collision of individual minds. The rise and fall of opinion, and the fate of empires are sublime objects, when employed as a vague and shadowy background, or alluded to in general terms; but they are too cold and abstract to interest in detail. It is not the fortunes of the Presbyterian faith, or the struggle between the monarchical and popular principle that charms us in *Waverley*, *Old Mortality*, or *Rob Roy*. A *souçon* of these ingredients lends a higher flavour to the dish, and nothing more. It is Balfour of Burleigh, Cuddy Headrigg, Fergus Mac Ivor, the red Macgregor, and Bailie Jarvie that we care for. Now in "The Heidenmauer" we are never allowed to forget that Mr. Cooper's aim is to shew us the state of men's minds at the moment when some great revolution in public opinion is in progress. So conscious is he of his bad success that he stops himself, on an average, three times in every chapter to remind us of his object. It is the business of the historical moralist to generalize; but the aim of the novelist lies in a quite contrary direction; he must individualize to the utmost of his power. A painter might as well attempt to paint an emotion abstracted from form, as a novelist to show the spirit of a page otherwise than by selecting strongly marked individual characters. To these two causes—a mistaken plan, and the want of materials, are we to ascribe the otherwise unaccountable fact, that a man of Cooper's undeniably high genius has produced a work through which we wade with reluctance, and which we close without an addition to our stock of ideas.

We have hitherto confined ourselves to the consideration of those blemishes which are peculiar to this work; there are two, however, which, as characteristic of the author, we may not pass over unnoticed. The first is his ultra-Americanism. We can make great allowance for our friends of the United States considering the provocation they have received; but Mr. Cooper's exaggerations really begin to grow as offensive as Mrs. Trollope's. He ought to remember that those who persist in kicking again every time that an ass strikes out at them, must soon incur the suspicion of belonging to the same grade of animated nature. The other fault to which we allude is a degree of coarseness, which more or less marks all Mr. Cooper's works, when he endeavours either to be particularly strong, or particularly fine, but which in "The Heidenmauer" becomes positively revolting. In support of this assertion we need only refer our readers to the drinking bout; which (with a sprinkling of philosophical digression) stretches itself through two chapters of the first volume. What are we to think of such passages as the following? "The abbot loosened his robe, and threw his cowl still farther from his neck, while Emich pledged him in rhenish, cup after cup; and by the time the meats were removed, and the powers of digestion, or, we might rather say, of retention, would endure no more, his heavy cheeks became flushed, his bright, deeply seated, and searching gray eyes flashed with a species of ferocious delight, and his lip frequently quivered; as the clay gave eloquent evidence of its enjoyment." On this? "His subordinates, too, gave similar proofs of the gradual relaxation of their caution; though in degrees far less imposing, we might have said, grand, than that which rendered the sensual excitement of their superior so remarkable." Such trash is either nonsensical or beastly, and Mr. Cooper may choose in which light we are to view it.

THE BANK CHARTER.

The Secret Committee have closed their labours, by merely reporting to the House of Commons the evidence given before them. This is a result which was far from being contemplated by the Government when they proposed the appointment of the committee, and one which was the last thing desired or expected by the Bank Directors and the "monied interest" of London. For they thought they had secured another long lease of monopoly in persuading Ministers, as they certainly had done, to throw aside the old and long-established notions which they entertained when in opposition, in favour of freedom of trade, and to take the lead in trying to renew the most odious, and the most injurious of all monopolies, namely, the monopoly of the Bank of England. That it was the intention of Ministers to renew this monopoly, does not admit of a doubt; and it is equally evident that they intended to have renewed it, even before the close of the session. The speech of Lord Althorp, when he proposed the appointment of the Committee, is alone sufficient evidence of both these intentions. But, supposing that if there even was a doubt about them, what has transpired concerning the early discussions in the Committee, and what every one may see in the selection of the members, who formed it, affords ample testimony that the original scheme of Ministers was to have a report made, after examining but a few witnesses, in favour of renewing the charter, and to bring in a bill and pass it, for granting the renewal of the charter before the close of the session. It is surprising, that the conduct of Government in naming a Committee, so evidently favourable, from their known opinions and interests, to the Bank, has not been more censured; for, out of the thirty-three members who composed it, the immediate friends of Government, and the members who belonged to the "monied interest" of the city of London, formed not a mere majority, but about ten-elevenths of the Committee. It is wholly to the efforts of the one-eleventh part, that the public are indebted for defeating the original scheme of hurrying through a law for renewing the charter, and for having the inquiries of the Committee carried on upon an extended scale. The Committee seem to have been guilty of two capital errors, the first that of not comprehending the great extent to which the subject of their inquiries ought to be carried; and the second, that of imagining that the public opinion was favourable to the renewal of the Bank monopoly. The first error may be accounted for by the little knowledge the Committee possessed of the nature of the banking trade; and the second, by the attention of the public not having been called, during the last six years, to any serious notice of the subject. But now since it has been brought under discussion, it is daily becoming more and more evident, that the injuries the public have sustained from the Bank monopoly, are well understood, and that from one end of the kingdom to the other, an opinion prevails, that the giving to twenty-four commercial men the entire management of the currency of the kingdom, is vesting a power in their hands, which ought not to be entrusted to any set of private individuals.

The public will now very soon have an opportunity of reading the evidence given before the Committee. But every one who reads it, should be on his guard how he suffers it to guide his judgment. The Committee, it is well known, has got through only that part of the evidence which was called for by the friends of the Bank. It is said, that every witness that was called before the Committee, except the

gentleman who was examined on the last day of its meeting, was a decided advocate for the renewal of the exclusive privileges of the Bank ; and as a great majority of the members of the Committee who examined these witnesses, were also favourable to the renewal, the evidence ought to be considered as nearly altogether *ex parte* evidence, and therefore, before full justice can be done to the question, another Committee must be appointed, in the next session of Parliament, to hear the evidence which was prepared to be brought forward against the renewal of the monopoly.

As no more important subject can come before the new House of Commons, to be elected this year, it is most desirable that the electors should inquire from candidates what their opinions are on the Banking question. Those electors who think the monopoly system is wrong, should call upon the candidates to explain to them what course they intend to pursue, if elected to sit in Parliament, and they should endeavour to secure their votes in the House of Commons in favour of placing the banking system on a sound footing. It is quite evident that there will be a junction between the present Whig Ministers and the Ultra-Tory leaders and party, in favour of the Bank ; this, it is said, has decidedly been seen to have taken place already in the Committee ; so that the public will have, on this subject, as they have had, on reductions in the public expenditure, for opponents, the two great political parties ; and it is, therefore, very clear, notwithstanding the new powers the public have gained by the reform of Parliament, that if they do not actively and zealously use these powers, they will be defeated in every attempt to carry those great measures of reform, for which a reform of Parliament was so ardently desired.

Although the well-arranged scheme of the Government, and the Bank, to renew the monopoly with the help of the present House of Commons, has failed, the same motives and influence will be actively set to work to secure this object in the new House ; and they will unquestionably succeed, unless those members of the new House, who are honestly determined to support the interests of the public, are effectually supported by the public themselves.

O'DONOGHUE OF THE GLENNs.

THERE is a large tract of land situated among the mountains to the east of Killarney, called Glenfesk. It is inhabited by a fine race of people, stout, tall, hardy mountaineers ; and about sixty years since, these fellows, under the countenance of their chieftain, O'Donoghue of the Glens, rode rough-shod over the town of Killarney. On every fair and market day they marched through it, shouting, hallooing, and offering five pounds for the head of any man that would dare oppose them.

The chieftain, O'Donoghue, was a man of gigantic size, and truly barbarian spirit, somewhat tinctured with insanity. He generally marched at the head of his sept on those occasions ; and you will readily believe that his enormous strength, along with the respect that clung to his rank, and his large property, contributed a good deal to their ascendancy. He was accompanied by his foster brother, also called Daniel O'Donoghue, and scarcely inferior to him in size, though not so savage in disposition. Many persons who saw Daniel in his old age have described him to us ; and it is plain he would have been, even to one of Homer's heroes, a formidable antagonist. Though of course much fallen

then, he was still a huge skeleton, far above the ordinary size of these degenerate days. "His jaws," said a gentleman to us, "resembled a horse's, and the children of Killarney used to break themselves in buying apples for him to eat. It was the greatest delight to them to see the huge working of his jaws; and Daniel would easily devour a basket full: so that he had always a crowd of urchins after him through the streets. But this never gave him any annoyance: he was as simple as any one of themselves. At a large pattern once, he was attacked by the faction of the Agars, and got a great beating, but no man could knock him down; at last, he became completely roused; he ran to an old cabin, and laid about him with one of the rafters, until he cleared the field. In short, he was a giant. You could put a young child into his shoe; and his voice was so deep and hollow that one would think it came out of the bowels of the earth."

At last the people of Killarney, who were never distinguished for patience, became quite indignant at the tyranny of the Glenflegians, and determined to throw off the yoke. The fair day of Killarney was fixed for that purpose, and both parties prepared themselves accordingly. When it came, the stout wealthy farmers, a class now almost extinct, poured in; and the town itself furnished an excellent force. The Glenflegians in a large body marched as usual through the streets, "dancing out of their skins," shouting and hurraing. O'Donoghue, in a gold laced hat and coat, was at their head. As they passed through Hen Street, the first opposition appeared. A smith, Hearty Cronin, had got his head shaved the day before; he knew that he must get many cuts, and was resolved to save the apothecary the trouble of cutting off his hair. Having placed a table before his door, he mounted it; and the first of the Glenflegians that reached him he struck. In a twinkling, the judiciousness of his precautions was seen. He was dismounted from his "bad eminence," and right well cut, under several blows. But the battle began. The townsmen and their friends fell in, and the row became general. At first men shunned O'Donoghue. His clan were attacked with right good will; but no one forgot the old respect entertained for him, until a miner, Larry *Plukh*, (Larry of the Jaw or Cheek, something of "the solid contour" of the *ci-devant* Irish secretary,) a man of great strength and courage, coming up to O'Donoghue with a fine black-thorn stick, exclaimed, "By G—— I'll never go to the feet, while I've the head;" struck him, and sent his gold-laced hat whistling up into the air. It will give you a notion of O'Donoghue; he struck Larry in return with his open hand, and felled him to the earth; where he remained for a long time spouting blood through his mouth and ears. But after that O'Donoghue and his Glenflegians were attacked without distinction. At length numbers prevailed, and the Glenflegians were wholly defeated. They were chased a mile out of the town; and were saved from destruction only by the gallant devotion of four brothers of the name of Deane, who opposed themselves to the whole force of the enemy. There was a part of the road which they took, covered with heaps of stones; here the Deanes posted themselves, and by showers of stones kept the Killarney men at bay, until their friends had put the Flisk river between them and the foe. They then ran, plunged into the river, and regained their party. But the Glenflegians never since raised their head as a faction in the town. Daniel was not in this battle. When he heard of it, nothing could equal his shame and dismay. He threw off his clothes, and attempted to drown himself in the Flisk; nor was it without much difficulty that he was prevented.

THE ENGLISH IN CHINA.

A TALE BY HARRIET MARTINDAU.

Among all the peasantry contained within the bounds of the four hundred districts of the world, that is, of the Chinese empire, none were happier than the family of Mow-qua. Mow-qua, his wife, Lew-she, How-qua, his son, and Yuh-king, his daughter, lived in harmony on their little tea plantation in the province of Fokien, blessed with a sufficiency of occupation, and of the comforts of life, and secure from the oppression to which they might have been liable in a less retired district. Mow-qua was never seen, as too many of his countrymen are, to be toiling in the sun with an uncovered head, or painfully treading the rugged roads with bare feet. On the contrary, his spreading straw hat encompassed his cheerful face, (as Yuh-king declared in her song,) as the mists surround the full moon in autumn. His beautiful nose, she went on to sing, was full-blown and round; and his eyes parted there, from like the young slips of the olive from the stem. On holydays, the scarlet hue of his painted lips was only to be matched by the vermilion of his pointed shoes, thick-soled with white; and his robe was adorned with embroidery, like the glistening skin of the snake. It was on rare occasions alone that such a display as this was made by the sire of the family; but seldom did the sun arise without beholding the yet more beautiful aspect of the maiden Yuh-king. The strings of silk with which her hair was knotted, the green petticoat sprinkled with butterflies, the girdle made of skins of blue mice, were, it is true, too costly to be her daily attire; but there were other charms around her which she did not put off and resume with the darkness and the light, and which abode with her equally in her seasons of toil and of sport. Yuh-king had a pair of bewitching three-cornered eyes, in each angle of which nestled ten thousand sprites of love. Her tiny feet moved among the verdure of her father's plantation, like lilies on the gliding stream; and her fingers, while stripping the branches of the shrubs, made the blossoms thereof appear to wither away. Nor was she less fair in her parents' eyes, when busying herself within their dwelling. The graceful labours of the dairy were unknown to her, as neither she nor any one belonging to her had ever heard of such a thing as tasting milk in any form; but Yuh-king was not excelled by any of her countrywomen in the neatness and dexterity of her cookery. Not only was the rice coloured and flavoured so as to please equally the eye and the palate; not only was the fish more tempting on the platter than when sporting in the canal; but on festival days, the rarer treat of flesh did equal credit to the hands that had prepared it. No one stewed an owl, or broiled the hind-quarters of a cat better than Yuh-king; and the only time that she had attempted a pottage of bird's-nests, she called forth from each of her family a song in praise of her skill.

Such was the damsel who was employed with her family in their plantation, one balmy April evening, when the first tea-gathering of the year had just begun. When she had brought out from the dwelling the wide shallow baskets in which the produce was to be collected, and placed one at the feet of each parent, she withdrew a short space to discharge her yet more delicate office. While the others were picking the tender leaf-buds which, when dried, compose the finest sort of black

tea, she plucked the blossoms of the fragrant olive, which impart its highest flavour to Pekoe, (or, as the Chinese call it Paek-ho,) and give it its other name of "white-blossom tea." Her thoughts were somewhat sad ; for they dwelt upon one whom she much loved, her brother Yang, who had left her side nearly three years before, out of curiosity to visit foreign climes, and had not returned on the day fixed at his departure. For two moons had the suspense now lasted, and Yang did not yet appear. Lew-she, observing the gravity of her daughter's countenance, called on her for a song. The maiden immediately sang :—

"The wind is whispering in the grass, and there is a clatter among the bamboos :
 I thought I saw the breath of love from Yang, and his laughter from afar off.
 I felt the dew sprinkle of the evening dew, and saw the flowers stoop their heads ;
 I thought it was a brother's tear, and that the lilies welcomed his footstep.
 When yon cloud shall have spread over the sky, and the solitary boat shall hang out its light,
 I shall mistake it for the traveller's lantern, and return tearful to the mat of sleep.
 I shall start up when our watch-dog barks at midnight, and caress him :
 It will be but the young deer rustling in the shrubs ; and the chidden dog will crouch before my displeasure.
 Evil were the tongues in the barbarian hall, which said to Yang, ' There is a paradise over the sea.'
 Can the barbarians have a paradise, when all good things were made for the Celestial Empire ?
 Vast are the walls of the barbarian Factory, and lovely is the terrace thereof, with its bamboo seats :
 But the bricks are made of our Emperor's blue clay ; and as for bamboos, where do they grow out of his dominions ?
 Let but Yang return before the peach-blossoms strew the ground,
 And the thunder-god will overlook the Factory when he rides in the air.
 But if Yang returns not, the Hall shall be crumbled to dust with a blast :
 For the meanest child of the Empire is more to be regarded than a nation of barbarians."

The parents were too much moved by this lament to reply ; but How-qua vowed to his sister that before the peach-blossoms should strew the ground he would be on his way to Canton, to inquire what British ships had arrived, and what were expected. For a moment, Yuh-king brightened at this promise ; but presently feared lest How-qua should also be tempted away. The brother somewhat indignantly inquired why he should be esteemed more foolish than his countrymen, of whom not one left the empire among many millions. What was there abroad which, by the condescension of the Emperor, was not to be had at Canton ? What could he see on the glittering ocean so welcome as Taou-chong's boat resting beside the bridge when the sun went down ? What could he hear from barbarian birds so musical as Taou-chong's voice of love addressed to Yuh-king ?

After such mention of her lover, Yuh-king had no more opposition to make to her brother's journey to Canton : but now the old man took up the word. How did his son mean to accomplish the march of two hundred miles southwards over the mountains, where the roads were stony, and there was sand for verdure ? How would he carry rice for his needs ? And whence would come the string of cash which he must wear about his neck if he entered the Canton markets ?

How-qua explained that he meant to offer himself as a porter, to the tea-merchant to whom they usually sold the produce of their plantation. It was true, he had not been accustomed to the office of carrying a load of tea on his shoulder for two hundred miles, and might consider it

something of a degradation as well as toil; but for Yang's sake he would undertake it. His wages (threepence English, *per day*;) would subsist him abundantly, and perhaps enable him to bring home yellow satin for his mother's girdle, and a silver hair-pin for his sister's bridal decoration.

Lew-sho warned her son that he would find more to do with his money than he imagined. Crowds of half-starved people were to be met with at every step among the mountains; and it was not pleasant to buy yellow satin at a bazaar while mothers were drowning their babes within sight, because they could not procure them nourishment. She had nothing to say, however, against How-qua's design, as the first wish of her heart was to obtain tidings of Yang.

The youth bent himself to the earth on receiving his mother's sanction, and forthwith proceeded to pack the gathered leaves in baskets, to be conveyed the next day to the place where the native tea-merchants met the cultivators to make their purchases. His father would soon follow, with as much more produce as could be spared, for the early picking; and from thence How-qua would set out for Canton, if he should be so fortunate as to obtain an appointment as porter, amidst the vast competition which left to the tea-merchants no other difficulty than that of choice, among crowds of human beasts of burden.

How-qua found himself as flatteringly beset, when he reached Chou-fou, as if he had been a tea-merchant. Multitudes of tea-driers awaited the arrival of the fresh produce from the country, and endeavoured to ingratiate themselves with the growers, in order to obtain the drying of their crops. One civil personage followed the new-comer with a seat, in hopes of persuading him to rest himself; and another met him with an umbrella. Water was offered by many courteous hands, while others pointed out the superiority of their drying-sheds for draught and internal accommodation. How-qua passed on in the midst, making bodily acknowledgements of every kind, as gracefully as the burden on his back would permit, till he met the personage of whom he was in search, Go-wo, the owner of the most airy shed, and of the most neat-handed daughters in all Chou-fou. Their pleasure at meeting was more like rapture than Chinese satisfaction usually is; for which there were various reasons. Go-wo welcomed a certain profit, and a probable son-in-law, in the new arrival; and How-qua was at once relieved from doubt as to what he should do with his basket, and inspired with hope as to the destination of his heart and hand. The basket being safely deposited between the friends, they knelt upon it, touched foreheads, and kissed noses, while the admiring circle of gazers shouted, "The eyes of friends are like night-illuminating gems, and there is spice in the breath of kisses!"

For the next few days how happy was How-qua! How cheerily went on his work amid the fair daughters of Go-wo, the company being diversified by the presence of an aged matron or two, and of a group of children! At first sight, the whole party seemed fac-similes of each other, except in point of height. The children had their knots of hair at the back of the head, their tunics, their hanging sleeves, their round, pinched feet, their faces of immovable gravity, their obeisances to each other, like their elders; the only difference was, that they stood only three and a-half feet high instead of nearly five. They shook, and turned, and spread the leaves as industriously, and picked them as carefully as their sisters, aunts, and grandmothers, while their talk was somewhat

different ; being of mice and butterflies, instead of the moon and the emperor ; of supper instead of love.

“ When the fruit is formed the blossom falls off,” as How-qua observed with a sigh. When the leaves were dried, there was an end of the pleasure of drying them ; when the merchants came with money in their hands, there must be a farewell to the daughters of Go-wo, with star-light in their eyes. How-qua found no difficulty in obtaining the office he wished, through the recommendation of Go-wo ; and upon his appointment, followed the last ceremony which regarded the tea. It was packed in a chest, under the superintendence of the merchant, and stamped with the chop by which it was destined to foreign consumption. Over this chop, or mark, by which the grower, and the district of growth were distinguished, were breathed the parting sighs which might have induced the youth to linger, if his father had not been waiting to speed him on his way.

“ Why delay, my son, like a leaf entangled among the reeds, when the middle of the flowing stream is open to you ? If the old man of the moon has tied the silken cord between you and any one of these damsels, it will stretch over the mountains, and no one can cut it asunder ; so that absence is positively not to be feared. Request of the monarch of fire, How-qua, that he will not breathe on our dwelling while you are absent ; and I, for my part, will ask the cloud-spirits to send showers on your path : so may the dust not make a haunt in your nostrils, and the roses these damsels have plucked remain on your breast unwithered.”

“ Rather, decidedly, my father, are the showers needed in your plantations ; so may your Souchong vary but little from Pekoe, and the most admirable Congou be scarcely better than Bohea.”

These interchanged blessings dwelt fragrantly in the spirit of the father and son, as they afterwards declared, till the old man of the moon drew back How-qua by the silken cord over the mountains which lay between the great city and his home.

Toilsome as the journey was, How-qua thought less of it than the natives of most countries would have done, so much was he accustomed to be surrounded with labourers far more exposed to hardship than himself. If the roads were rugged, he was shod, while many of his companions went barefoot. If his load was heavy while his path was steep, under the glare of the noontday sun, he saw throngs of peasants carrying heavier loads up a steeper ascent,—even boxes and baskets of earth from the valleys, with which to bestrew the rocky mountain-top, in hopes of coaxing thereout a scanty portion of nourishment. If he passed through districts where food was coarse and scarce, he had at least the means of procuring some which nourished his strength, while he saw many who could earn no wages, bruising reeds and nettles wherewith to make potage, devouring reptiles, and striving to stew away the putridity of carcasses picked up from the river.

“ The barbarians,” reflected How-qua, “ carry away much tea from our shores ; would they could carry away yet more, giving us more of their wild commodities at the same time ! Positively, the clemency of the emperor would permit them to do so, if he could see how many of his offspring might be gladly employed in plantations of tea. As fast as hungry children are born to the emperor, may the lovers of tea increase in savage lands ! Then should there be voices of song among the plantations, where now men run to and fro, displaying their tools, while none will listen to their cry for work or food.”

If How-qua's aspirations could have reached the lovers of tea in savage lands, the way might have been prepared for a better understanding and agreement between the two parties; but the growers of tea have ever been told, that the lovers of tea will not buy all that is brought to their doors; and the barbarians have been assured, at the same time, that the Celestial Empire can never yield more than at present.

The heart of the young son of the Empire swelled within him as he approached one of the heavenly cities of his sovereign. For some time he had overlooked the course of the Peking, widening as it flowed, as if to embrace the more extended commerce whose purposes it served. Majestic was its breadth as it approached the walls of Canton, though partly hidden from view by the multitude of vessels with which it was crowded, and which gave it the appearance of a floating city; a clear space being left in the middle only, for vessels to pass to and fro. On either bank extended the hong or foreign factories, where were secluded the commercial agents of each country with which intercourse was permitted by the Chinese government. A broad parade extended along their front, commanding a fine view of the river, and affording a spacious and agreeable place of meeting to European and American strangers. This promenade was railed in, and its neighbourhood occupied with warehouses built for the reception of European goods; the flag of each country was seen flying in the front of its factory; so that to a European the scene might bear the aspect of a civilized department amidst a barbarian state, and to a Chinese, probably, the exact reverse. With a considerable increase of awe, did How-qua turn his gaze upon the mighty city of Canton, surrounded by walls of five miles in extent. Mysterious were the narrow paved streets, and imposing the shops which formed the front of all the houses. On every counter sat a shop-keeper, each like all the others in dress, position, and mode of greeting. The only difference immediately apparent to a stranger, was in their occupations; one being employed in meditating, with upcast eyes, on the state of his sales; another making proclamation of his wares in a monotonous tone, a third stringing his coins like a necklace on the secure cord which he always carried about him, and a fourth writing with a camel's hair brush. After having deposited his load, How-qua speedily returned to the suburbs frequented by European sailors, who are not allowed to enter the city itself. Here How-qua thought himself most in the way of tidings of his brother; and here he spent many hours in making his inquiries, and gravely contemplating every blue jacket he met.

Much as the rural youth found to surprise and amuse him in so novel a scene as the shopping of English sailors, he was not qualified to enter into more than half the humour of the transactions going forward before his eyes. He was at first proud of the integrity of his countrymen, when he saw on almost every sign-board the words, "Poo hau,"—"No cheating." He stood still to receive an edifying lesson on fair dealing, and could not at first comprehend the nature of the transaction he witnessed. Bandanas and nankeens were offered as a matter of special favour, at about three times the price they bore within the city. Rice was offered at a more reasonable rate, the chance of detection in fraud being greater; but a fine profit was made on sugar, sweetmeats, mother-of-pearl shells, perfumes, and toys. When the bargain was struck, the money must be weighed in the dotchin, or scales, which lay at each merchant's right hand. Happy the buyer who knew any thing of Chinese

weights, or of the value of the minced dollars which served for small change! Happy he who was sharp-sighted enough to detect the slight touch or poise which, when unobserved, doubled or trebled the merchant's profit! Happy he who could read in countenances marvellously alike, the distinctive marks of simplicity and knavery, which did not always accord with the absence or presence of the inscription, "Poo han!" But what most perplexed How-qua was the excessive mirth of the foreign seamen, in the midst of their woful bargains. Sometimes gathering in groups around a sign-board in noisy glee, sometimes putting each a painful restraint upon his laughter till his bargain should be concluded, while nothing occurred to disturb the placid gravity of the salesman; it was evident that there was some joke apparent to one party, which was wholly concealed from the other.

It was not only the jargon, meant for English, used by the traders, which was so amusing; it was not only their ludicrous mispronunciation; it was not only the grotesque assortment of English names which the merchants had taken upon themselves; there was something yet more ludicrous in the fragments of English which were hung out as advertisements to attract the eyes of the seamen. Here Billy Longshanks, a squat sleek little figure, about five feet high, pointed complacently to the inscription on his board, which described him as a scoundrel ready to pluck sea-gulls; an advertisement kindly composed for him by some wag of a customer. There reposed Bob Jiffier, a lazy portly man, who would not exert himself to gain more custom than offered itself on the tempting invitation—"So-so coffee, worse tea, may be had here." A. Booby, B. Ware, Look Sharp, I. Swindle, and many of a like kind were the names of so many simple personages, who took every opportunity of announcing their wares to their customers, following them up with the most elaborate oaths, which they had taken pains to learn from foreigners, and which became them about as well as Billingsgate abuse would become an infant of quality. All this was lost upon How-qua:—but when he saw that politeness led his countrymen to follow the strangers' lead, and laugh yet more heartily than they, he joined in their bursts of unmeaning risibility, till he was tired of wishing that tidings of Yang's return would give him something to be merry about in reality.

Yang was at this moment nearer than his brother dared to hope. He was on board a Dutch vessel now coming up the river to take its station opposite to the factories. Crowds poured down to the river side to watch its progress; and the inmates of the factories especially issued forth upon their terraces, to regale their eyes with a sight acceptable enough, as the only one which varied the dulness of their lives.

Two officers of the East India Company had been for an hour or two half sitting, half reclining on a cane seat on their own terrace, sometimes exchanging a few words, and sometimes appearing to study from the books they held in their hands.

"Haw, yaw, yaw!" at length uttered the younger one, throwing down his volume and stretching with the utmost intensity.

"That sounds like good Chinese," observed his companion. "You study to some purpose, Graham."

"Confound the Chinese! the language and the people together!" cried Graham. "I would almost as soon be beheaded or strangled at once, as shut up in this horrible place, Jenkinson."

"If you think so already, what will become of you before you have been here ten years, as I have? Will you hang or drown yourself, or

wait patiently for your reward? Can you hold on, in prospect of returning to England with money enough to bring all the world,—all your world, to your feet?”

“How long might a man bear the pillory, Jenkinson, with the prospect of a principedom when he came out of it?”

“That depends much on what solace he has while in it. With a band of friends about him to cheer him, he might face the mob for a long time. With a wife or sister to whisper in his ear, and ward off the rotten eggs, he might be beguiled of his misery: but leave him alone with the mob, and he will scarcely live to see his principedom. Heigho! Neither wife nor sister may we have in this our pillory, Graham: but we can stand by one another, and forget this vile, tyrannous nation, cannot we?”

“Not I,” said Graham. “Those infamous placards that they stick up about us at every turn, are what I cannot forgive. The shutting up, I might bear; and moreover might wait with as much patience as other men, for the music of woman’s tongue; but to have myself libelled, to hear myself growled at, to see myself detested as a monster if ever I show my face to a Chinese, and to be obliged to take it quietly, is more than I ever promised to submit to. Is there any tea in China, any money in the world, that can make it worth our while to endure such humiliation?”

“You should have asked that question of yourself before you came. Now, you had best take to your books and make the best of it.”

“Books indeed! These hieroglyphic books only put me in mind of the worse usage that awaits me when I come to make use of them. And as for other books, they do not make one forget what is going on out of doors: they are no salve for wounded pride, Jenkinson. To study nankeens and teas, this abominable celestial empire is before my eyes at once; if science, there is always the feeling that I have no use for it here; if literature, I am carried back to the ‘Derby hills so free,’ where there was my mother to spoil me, and my sisters to wait upon me, and I was Master Harry among the villagers. If that same blessed mother of mine had had a little less ambition for me, I might have been working for her with a heart as light as my purse, instead of undergoing sentence of transportation and imprisonment at the same time, on condition of carrying home more money than I shall ever want, when she is in her grave, and every body else has forgotten me.”

“You make but a poor patriot Graham. How will your pride be comforted when you go back to England, and are hailed as a party in ‘sacrificing national honour for tea,’ as some knowing person has it! How will all tea-drinkers honour you! Look forward; take cou-

“A little devil is always whispering ‘Can tea be got no other way?’ This is the worst of the matter, Jenkinson. The Americans have tea; and might have more, if their government would lessen the duty; and where is the American who ever went through what you and I have to bear?”

“They just go and come, and pretend to less than we do, and make less; and it is altogether a different affair with them and the Dutch, from what it is with us.”

“So much the happier they!”

“Nay; it is a poor trade with them; a very declining trade, as you know, Graham. No need to envy America.”

"What do you mean by declining? We now save them the trouble of carrying tea to Canada, to be sure; and they bring fewer furs hither, because their furs are growing scarce; but look what imports of British woollens they make! Look what a commerce they have created since their revolutionary war, just by making less bustle than our Company does! They come and go very simply, like people that have something to sell, and wish to buy; and get off with a tithe of the hard words and blows we have to put up with. We make such a display, and put such a machinery to work, as wakens up this most suspicious Government at once, and causes all the manifold woes of supercargoes, and writers, and other such unhappy beings as we are. The worst of it is, that we injure multitudes besides ourselves. Foreigners frown on us for throwing difficulties in their way; the people at home are for ever grumbling that they pay our charges as often as they make tea; the Company itself is for ever reminding the public of their great factory at Canton, and magnifying the expense we are to them, and printing the amount of our salaries in large letters. Moreover, certain sensible folks among the Chinese begin to see how many more commodities they might get, how much more tea they might sell, if all their customers were free traders, like the Americans. We seem to be in a scrape on every side, Jenkinson."

"Rank disaffection, Graham! Take care I do not report you. Put all these fancies out of your head, lad. They are bred up out of the discontents of this place ——."

"No, I assure you. Many in England ——."

"Well, never mind what people in England say. Leave the august Company to take care of them, and forget all you may have heard about free trade among your Derby hills ——"

"It was not among the Derby hills," again interrupted Graham; "it was here, on these very terraces, with monopoly on this quay, and free trade on the opposite one, that I began to see ——."

"A vessel, a vessel!" shouted Jenkinson, starting up at sight of the Dutchman, and glad of so good a pretence for breaking off the dialogue. "What contemptible craft are these Dutch beside our Indiamen! Like aldermen in the presence of princes of the blood,"

"Well built, though, and steady sailors," observed Graham. "The Chinese calculate their coming almost to a day."

"Like two of the Company's ships," rejoined Jenkinson, "which sailed within two hours, and arrived within four hours of each other, last season, without having had a glimpse of each other all the way. Now do not set about finding fault with our Indiamen, Graham."

"Not I. Nobody is more willing that our country should have the best of every thing, provided it does not pay too dear for the honour. There are few finer sights to a man, be he a servant of the Company, or not, than one of those ships which the ancients would have taken for moving mountains, cutting her majestic way through the subservient seas, now wooed by the winds, smiled on by the skies; now converting the opposing elements to her own use, and winning her way, come cloud, come sunshine."

"We do carry it over foreigners in some respects, you allow, then."

"Our Indiamen are finer than theirs; but this fact bears no relation to the question, Which is the fittest for certain purposes, much less as to whom these larger vessels shall belong to."

"They are the naval thrones of the merchant princes of Britain; and long may they hold their sovereignty!" cried Jenkinson.

"As long as their subjects pay tribute with perfect willingness," replied Graham. "When the burdens they impose are found to be oppressive, they must lessen their state—their barbarian state."

"A phrase worthy of Canton!" cried Jenkinson. "In the same breath you talk of the perfection of our shipping, and of the 'barbarian state' of its owners."

"The barbarism depends on the proprietorship," replied Graham. "The jewelled thrones of Oriental princes, the marbled palaces of Palmyra were splendid works of art; but only in a barbarous age could their tenure be what it was. Let our Company ponder and take warning. Observe, however, that I have no objection to architectural magnificence, either in ships or in palaces: nor do I see why a republic should not possess edifices as splendid as those of Palmyra, in her brightest days; or a free trading community, vessels as superb as the noblest of our India fleet."

"You had better go back and study republicanism and free trade at your mother's apron-string, in a Derbyshire cottage," observed Jenkinson.

"I almost think I would, if I could feel such a transport on touching my native shore as that poor fellow," replied Graham, pointing to a Chinese just landed from the Dutch vessel. It was no other than Yang, whose demeanour exhibited an extraordinary medley of old and new habits of expressing feeling. His words were Chinese; his gestures tempered by English notions of the fitness of things. The feelings which prompted both were such as are common to natives of every clime.

His ecstasies were interrupted by his captain, who appeared to depend partly on Yang for an introduction to a Hong merchant,—the first proceeding necessary on the arrival of a foreign ship at a Chinese port. Graham saw, that if Yang had engaged to bring about such an introduction, he was scarcely collected enough to perform his promise properly; and the young Englishman promptly seized this opportunity of amusing himself while rendering a service to a new comer. He beckoned to the Dutch captain to join him on the terrace, and offered to go with him, with Yang for an interpreter, to Quang-tam, one of the nine Hong merchants of Canton, with whom the gentlemen of the Factory were allowed unreserved communication. Quang-tam had shown himself ready in giving security, a short time before, to a friend of Graham's; and this seemed a favourable opportunity for acknowledging the obligation, by introducing him to one who might prove a good customer.

These Hong or security merchants are established by the Chinese Government in every port, as a supposed safeguard to its commerce. Every merchant-captain arriving from foreign parts must immediately engage one of this body to be security for the payment of all dues, and for the conduct of the crew. No difficulty is found in obtaining such security, as the applicant usually repays the obligation, by giving a large order. This is merely a matter of courtesy and convenience, as there is perfect liberty for traders to deal equally with any other Hong merchant, or with as many outside merchants; and these are, those who are not Hong merchants, as he pleases.

The Dutch captain was somewhat disposed at first to mistrust the zeal of the young Englishman; and observed, that it was the more natural way to have recourse to his Consul; which was indeed true enough. But

the consul happened to be absent at the time, and Graham settled his scruples by inviting a fourth person to accompany them; not Jenkins, who kept aloof, but a Mr. Blake, an Englishman, not belonging to the Company, who retained his place in the teeth of the monopoly laws, by a consular commission, merely nominal, from one or two European petty states. He was an object of considerable jealousy to the Company, who would fain have sent him away if they could; and this made him not only a great favourite of Graham's, but very popular among all the free traders at Canton; who, besides owing much to his exertions, were great admirers of his commercial philosophy. The Dutchman had heard of him, and willingly went in his company, and that of Graham and Yang, to the abode of Quang-tam.

The abode of Quang-tam was considerably rural in its back departments. His fair daughters were accustomed to meditate beneath a weeping-willow on the margin of a pond, through whose turbid waters gleamed occasionally a gold or silver fish. Mandarin ducks dabbled as ducks are wont to do. Little rocks, whose pinnacles were crowned with porcelain jars, containing plants, were piled or sprinkled near the edge, so as to look picturesque. Three little bridges spanned three little ditches; and a zig-zag paling, painted vermilion, bordered every compartment of the garden. There were also three little pavilions, all exactly alike, except in the views they commanded, which were slightly varied from the buildings being placed at several yards' distance from each other.

In one of these pavilions was now seated Quang-tam himself, making calculations with his swanpan,—an instrument by which his arithmetical operations were rendered as expert and accurate as those which a Lead-hall-Street clerk effects by the use of brains merely. In another sat his son, a youth devoted to learned leisure, who was now engaged in copying, with a brush of camel's hair, on sheets of superfine paper, a modern love-poem, which had just come into fashion. His two sisters sat in the third pavilion, stationed exactly opposite to each other, and silently looking in one another's faces, as they smoked their enormous cigars. Such volumes of fragrant smoke issued from this retreat, that Graham's first idea was, that the scented woods, with which the inside was finished up, had caught fire; but, on his uttering a cry of alarm, two serene faces peeped out through the cloud; each fair mouth furnished with a long tube, from which wreaths of smoke issued as from a small chimney. The heads were timidly withdrawn, and it was plain that no danger was apparent within the pavilion. More than once, during the mercantile conference with Quang-tam, was notice given of the vicinity of one or other of the damsels, by the ascent of curling wreaths from under the willow, or among the rocks; and as often was the eye tantalized by glimpses of veiled figures ambling among the palings, after the manner of all such as have pinched their feet into an incapacity for steadily supporting their own weight.

When the request, which the strangers came to make, had been graciously answered, Yang was brought forward, and questioned as to what he had seen in England; the Hong merchant and the English gentleman being about equally eager to hear:—the first, how far the Celestial Empire surpassed all barbarian states; and the latter, how their institutions had appeared in the eyes of so unprepared a foreigner.

“The simple virtues of barbarians,” observed Yang, “have be

celebrated from the oldest times; and we have ever been assured, that their word and deed are linked as the thunder and the lightning."

The Chinese merchant motioned his sanction, and the British gentlemen bowed.

"My astonishment was therefore great, when I found that they keep not always their promises towards one another. Even when written on skins, and made sacred with a red chop, their faith is not secure; and mournful are the abodes where promise-breakers go, and dreadful is the face of him that sendeth them there."

Here was a pause, which the merchant interrupted, by exclaiming,

"Rebellious dogs! why shout you not 'God save the King!'"

"Not the King himself, but a servant of the King is each of them, who frowns upon the promise-breakers," Yang explained. "Terrible are his robes, and mighty his white hairs, of which he has more than any other man. Another sin there is; a sin which declares that the people have been rebellious, and their sovereign no longer merciful. Their towns and villages, from the greatest to the smallest, are traps for those whom the rulers desire should not escape. Perplexed and intricate are their ways, like the paths of the forest; and no town is like any other town. Known are the streets of all to the King's servants; so that to the stranger there is no escape. Here all is alike—street to street, suburb to suburb, in all our cities; and a stranger may hide himself as easily as a Chinese; but, alas! many were the days in England when I knew not whither to turn my steps among a wilderness of buildings!"

"Savages cannot be hospitable, like the sons of the benignant father of our empire," observed Quang-tam.

"Yet with one another they have signs of greeting, and a welcome to their dwellings. If a friend be a man, they put right hands one within another, and command wine to appear; if a woman, the head is bent, a seat is prepared, and immediately there is tea. When many are collected there is a feast, and often have I stood without to watch its celebration. Great is the change from morning to evening, in a hospitable man's house. After the sun rises, the faces of the great are not seen at the windows of their edifices of many stories; but where the scarlet curtains gleam through the clear crystal, is a maiden seen here and there, carefully removing the dust. On the marble steps are the hired men who watch what passes in the streets, that they may carry tidings of all things to their lords, still slumbering from the feast. Beyond the iron fences, which strongly guard every entrance, stand the merchants of milk and bread; and from below appears she who conducts the traffic. At this time the voices of buyers and sellers only are heard; and the chariots are those of barter, and not of splendour. After sunset, how different! Between the long rows of opposite dwellings appear yellow lights kindling quickly, and answering to one another, like the boat-lamps in our heavenly river. This is a signal to begin a mighty festival. Carriages career along the middle of the paths; and men and women gather on the causeways, to pay homage to beauty and to a great name. At the gate of the mansion of hospitality, loveliness gleams on the sight from moment to moment, as the daughters of beauty rush from the chariot to the dance. Voices of mirth issue from within. Anxiety and grief are cast out among the sick and hungry that gather round the entrance, shivering in the snow. Ought there not to be a blessing from the lips on the beneficent man who thus expends his wealth in giving per-

fect happiness? And if the happiness of his guest is perfect, what must be his own?"

"But these daughters of beauty," said the merchant—"have they eyebrows that bend like young willow leaves, and small eyes that gleam like the glow-worm, and full cheeks, where the white paint and the red brighten each other, and feet that go and come beneath the garment like trotting mice?"

Yang suspected, from a glance cast by the merchant towards the window, that there were lady listeners within earshot, and shaped his speech accordingly.

"The flowery crowns of barbarian damsels are fair, and their gems glitter in the hair, like the moon on a canal; but their faces are pale, and faint is the vermilion which they shew on their cheeks. There are some, also, that have not the modesty to tinge their faces with either white or red. Kindly thoughts breathe forth from their eyes, which are to those of our emperor's daughters as the evening star to a glow-worm; but less gay is their attire with flowers and butterflies, and their hideous feet are flat and broad, as the paddles of our boats. Who shall compare them with the daughters of the empire?"

A murmur of applause arose in a whiff of tobacco-smoke from beneath the window, and the merchant intimated that too much time had been spent in discussing barbarian customs. He called for his son to entertain his guests with a poetical recital of the present Emperor's magnanimous virtues; after which the Dutch and Englishmen took their leave, accompanied by Yang.

The Dutch captain proved the cause of much trouble to all who had kindly received, and obligingly assisted him on his arrival. He had undertaken this voyage partly on his own account, and partly on terms of partnership with divers merchants at home. His companions in the venture had honestly supplied him with their stipulated quantity and quality of goods; but he had so far mistaken the character of the Chinese as to imagine that he might pass off for his own share a damaged stock, without fear of detection. His woollens and cotton pieces were bought without examination, his customers being accustomed to fair dealing from the Company, in respect of the quality of goods; but the traffickers were far too acute not to discover, on opening their packages, the imposition which had been passed upon them. A prodigious commotion ensued. Crowds issued from every quarter of the city to gather round the duped purchasers; Quang-tam retired to his pavilion to mourn over his responsibilities, as security for the Dutchman, and consider how he might best preserve his property from confiscation, and his neck from the cord or the axe. A mob surrounded the gates of the British Factory, on pretence of demanding that Graham should be given up to them, but in reality for the purpose of alarming and insulting all the Company's resident servants.

How-qua was among the dupes; and his outcry in the streets was the means of bringing about a meeting with Yang, who had mingled with the gazers and listeners. At the sound of Yang's voice, the stains of the damaged gingham, and its somewhat sieve-like texture were forgotten; and the mob was permitted to carry off the fabric to a magistrate, while the brothers were still multiplying their greetings. When their salutations were finished, Yang was conducted to a tea-merchant's warehouse, and reverentially shown the chest of Pekoe, stamped with

the name of Mow-qua, and of his native district. Reverentially also did the son search for a chink, and apply his nose to every resemblance of a crevice, in order that the scent of that which his father's hands had planted, and his mother's plucked, might regale his heart in the absence of the light of their eyes, and the music of their voices. Before he could get farther than the imagination of the fragrance, however, clamours from without called upon How-qua to hasten to lodge his complaint before the Hong merchants, who had assembled to make inquiry into the affair, in order to petition the governor to obtain redress from the author of the mischief, instead of punishing any of the innocent children of the Empire for an offence which they sufficiently detested.

Graham would fain have been present at this conference, if his personal safety could have been guaranteed; but the utmost grace that any foreigner could obtain, was, that Mr. Blake, the free-trade agent, might be a listener. He promised, that if the slightest opening appeared, he would petition for a hearing for Graham; and if any one could obtain so important a favour, it was certainly Blake.

Frowning was the aspect of eight Hong merchants as they seated themselves in a half circle; and fearful the trepidation of the ninth, Quang-tam, when he slowly came, his head drooping on his breast, to take his place at some distance from his brethren. As the examination went on, his spirits still declined. Tears sprang, when worm-eaten woollens were displayed. Stained shawls instigated groans; and holed calicoes were greeted with convulsive sighs. All eyes were turned upon him when the last complaint had been lodged, some with compassion, and some with anger. He was asked by what means the wrath of their most benignant Emperor might be averted, in order that the heads of nine Hong merchants might not roll in the dust in one day.

Eight of these heads now vibrated significantly from side to side, when Quang-tam asked how he or any of his brethren could have foreseen such a breach of faith as that of the Dutchman. He insisted much on the opaque nature of woollen and cotton bales, amidst which the most piercing eyes could not detect moths and iron moulds previously to the unpacking. He next discoursed on the value of life in its native paradise of China, and the hardship of being turned out of it for the fault of one who came to snatch some of its heavenly produce for such a poor return as rotten camblets. Lastly, as his strong point, he argued respecting the limits of his responsibility, and the injustice of making him answerable for more than the export and import dues, and the conduct of the captain and crew, while at Canton. He contended that he had nothing to do with the Dutch captain's fraudulent design, conceived long before they had looked into one another's eyes; and drew a forcible picture of the punishments which might be heaped upon his unhappy head if the principle were carried out to its extent, and he were made responsible for all sins ever committed by the whole of this Dutch crew. When he was at length exhausted, and sinking under the force of his own eloquence, he movingly besought that Yang might be examined respecting the modes of traffic in barbarian countries, that it might appear whether frauds of this nature were to be looked for only once in many years, like the long-tailed fiery stars, of which few men have seen two, or whether more of his countrymen were liable to be soon reduced to the same unhappy predicament with himself.

Yang would rather have been excused from taking part in a confe-

rence which threatened to involve in danger all connected with it; but he could not resist the impulses of compassion which arose out of Quang-tam's forlorn condition. He came forward boldly to give evidence that barbarian promise-breakers are not quite so rare as comets, but on the contrary, are rather more after the similitude of the starry host in general. Deep, he declared, was the grief of his heart, when first in London streets he purchased a knife which would not cut; and more fiery still his wrath, when he first sought to exchange for coin, a money promise, inscribed on delicate paper. He who had obligingly offered to manage the transaction, carefully took charge of the delicate paper, but no more did he return. Yang went out in search of him, supposing that he might have fallen sick by the way, or perhaps been half-crushed beneath busy chariot-wheels; but no! Many, too many, were ready to assure Yang that the money-changer had probably obtained the coin, and bought therewith something for himself!

"By this we see," observed a merchant, "how great and virtuous our Empire is esteemed, since, of all barbarian promise-breakers, this one only has ventured within the long arms of our Emperor. He must be crushed, lest others follow."

Yang was next asked whether frauds had ever been heard of among any who had once been steeped in the beatitude of the Chinese trade. He paused a moment before replying, as if pondering the consequences of what he might say, and then replied:—

"A little history is easily told; and if there be any thing to be learned from it, let those learn for themselves that wish to become wise. I will tell a little history, and what instruction there is in it is more for you to judge than for me to regard, since I teach nothing, but only relate. While How-quaa, my brother was planting and gathering tea in Fokien; while Go-wo, my friend, was drying the fragrant leaves at Chou-fou; while tea-merchants brought it over the mountains in chests, that you, prince-like traffickers! might exchange it at the barbarian hall; while it was borne over the sea by a thousand breezes, and a million of waves, I was observing how it was received in other barbarian halls, and how scattered among the people. Decidedly the thing is surprising. A large place is England, and tea is made in all its dwellings. Profound must be the gratitude of the people to our compassionate Emperor, who permits a few rich men to provide tea for all these multitudes! But over these few there is also a King; and he commands that they shall always provide tea enough for as many as wish to buy, at a reasonable price. A law commands this; but all laws are not remembered or obeyed."

"How are the merchants punished when they disregard this law?"

"They declare that they never disregard it; so their King leaves them alone, and the poorest of the tea-buyers drink no more tea, but gin instead. Often when I have seen them wallow in the streets as dogs in the mire, I have sung in praise of tea, which is nourishment to the understanding as well as to the spirits. There is also horrid wickedness committed when tea becomes dear. With daring hands men pluck the leaves of trees in their own hedges, and dry them and mix them with those of the heavenly tea-tree!"

A murmur of wrath arose, and the consulting merchants agreed that decidedly the Company ought to buy more tea of them, rather than that any English should drink an infusion of sloe-leaves. They supposed, however, that the Company surrendered their profits in cases of scarcity.

and bought tea from all kingdoms where it could be had, to supply the people.

"They rather gain more money, and their King also," replied Yang. "Not that their King is not merciful to his subjects, striving, at a great distance, to imitate our Emperor. He commands that tea shall be sold four times every year, and also that the inside barbarians shall store up enough to last a whole year, that the people may never be wholly without tea. This is kind. But the people are not very grateful; for the more the merchants gain, the more the King also gains, and the people have much to pay."

"Nay: how is that? We charge these merchants, and they charge the people."

"Much do they charge which we never receive. To the price which they pay to us they add the cost of this barbarian hall, and all that they spend for the great people who live in it: also, all that these lose by fire, and by water, and by changes of coins."

Yang was interrupted by the ridicule of the audience at the idea that any but a few very rich people could buy tea subject to such charges. To increase their astonishment he went on.—

"The King also doubles the price of the tea, that he may take half. Positively, therefore, tea-drinking becomes dear. The people were willing that he should take much, as a duty on their tea; but not so much. If the merchants' price was moderate, the King might double it, and nobody would complain; but when it is already double what outside merchants think they might sell it for, if they carried it over in ships of their own, it is an evil to pay also a double tax. The people therefore complain and live, because some powerful beings pity them, if their King and the merchants do not. However, the merchants themselves ask for pity."

More astonishment, amounting to unbelief.

"Also the King," quietly pursued Yang. "The King's share is less than it once was, and the merchants complain that they cannot grow rich. How should a tax increase, when it is already too heavy for the people to pay? How should the merchants grow rich, when they have as many servants as there are frogs in a ditch, and every frog has the appetite of a leech? It is the people, not the merchants, that pay these servants; and it is the servants, not the merchants, that grow rich with the people's money."

"Why then keep these servants?" asked the Hong gentlemen. "These merchants, though savages, are not fools."

"Yet are they not so wise in union, however more powerful, as if each one traded on his own wisdom. When men join hand in hand, they say, 'We are strong, and nothing can hurt us:' when they are favoured by their King, they say, 'The King is with us, and why should we regard any one else?' So they trade as they have ever traded; they will not hear of anything new, nor of the complaints of those who pay for their costly dealings. When the King favours them no longer, they let go one another's hands, and shake themselves, as from sleep, for a race with other traders. Their idle and costly servants are sent away, and new ways are thought of to save money, and there is more cheapness in the market, and more people buy, and all are better pleased than before. The barbarian merchants are not wise; they do not perceive this; that we might grow more tea, and they might sell more

and their people would buy more, if they had no longer to pay three times for all that they drink."

Mr. Blake thought that Yang had travelled to some purpose, since he had picked up these opinions by the way. They were not, of course, the most acceptable in the world to the monopoly merchants before whom they were uttered; and Yang placed himself in some peril by his daring. He was ordered to hold his tongue on matters too high for him to understand, and to give the information for which alone he was called on. Yang therefore proceeded.—

"Like the rushing of waters in a valley, like the fluttering and screaming of carrion birds over a dead horse, is the confusion when the merchants sell tea four times every year. No stranger lifts up his voice, for he could not be heard; and none such ventures to offer a price, for he knows not, being unpractised, how many are doing the same thing. Certain men who are hardened, as the eagle to the storm, judge and buy. They go round among the chests, and survey them, and mark them with mysterious marks. Then they snatch from one another in the buying; and when all is done, some look satisfied, and others lament that there is damage among their tea."

"Why lament?" asked a merchant. "Let them bring their injured tea to the merchants that they may change it, as we change a bad chest for a good, with shame and many apologies."

Yang explained that it would not suit the dignity of the Company to do in like manner. The brokers must acquaint themselves by examination with the state of every lot as to packing, equality of goodness, freedom from damage, &c. and then take their purchases without power of return. This, which seems fair enough to English dealers, appeared a very astonishing arrangement to Chinese merchants, who are bound by custom to take back faulty goods as long as it is clear that they were delivered faulty into English hands.

The result of the discussion now started was a resolution that the children of the Empire would be wise to condescend for once to imitate savages, and to begin the new practice of examining goods before purchase; at any rate, in the case of free traders who came on individual speculation, like the glib Dutchman. The consultation was interrupted by news that an American vessel was coming up the river, bringing, among other things, woollen and cotton goods. Up sprang Quang-tam, suddenly inspired by hope. Sanctioned and assisted by his Hong brethren, he bought enough of the cargo to exchange with the discontented for their damaged purchases; and in a few hours returned to the place of conference, better pleased in the possession of a cargo of worthless goods than if they had been gold and diamonds, since he hoped that the possession of them might be the means of saving his head, and of appeasing the wrath of Government.

The following address from the Hong merchants was forthwith prepared and forwarded to the Governor:

"All the Canton Hong Merchants present a letter at the feet of the Governor, whose generosity and politeness are constant, who looks upon the Emperor as the moon upon the sun, to gather glory; who looks down upon the prostrated people to help them with light. Our intense wish is that our honourable Governor may find his drink cool, and his food pleasant, and that he may enjoy a thousand forms of felicity."

"When an evil has occurred, is anger a remedy? Wiser, decidedly, it to guard against another evil, or the same returning. An

barbarian has pushed away our tranquillity. That our brother Quang-tam did not desire this, is clear from his wishing to reinstate our repose. Let him have perspicuous orders to make a great fire of whatever has caused strife, whether it be cotton or woollen; and in the light his face will be seen to be honest.

“ Scores of years are gone, and barbarians have held good faith. Scores of years may pass without another cheat, by means of the bastinado, if it be struck on the feet of the outside barbarian as many times as the Governor’s infinite tenderness shall authoritatively decree. Exceedingly will this indicate celestial wisdom; and more, if the presumptuous captain be commanded to avail himself of the north wind and begone.

• “ Let not the inside barbarians look for praise more than for superabundant contempt. Positively they have done nothing in this evil affair.

“ Much good do we wish which we do not narrate; and above all, Quang-tam’s eyes are full of eagerness, looking up for the sacred glance at his affair. Signed, &c.”

The sacred glance had graciousness in it; the Governor was propitious. A splendid bonfire on the quay, lighted by Quang-tam himself, consumed the materials of strife. Quang-tam smiled in public, however much he might groan in his pavilion, over his pecuniary loss. The India Company’s servants entertained their employers at home with flattering tales of the grand work of pacification which had been achieved in consequence of the imposing aspect they had assumed, and the powerful influence possessed by their establishment. The people were appeased; the government never reverted to the subject; and the Dutch captain himself was in the end a gainer. Not only was he effectually cured of swindling, but of the gout. The greeting of the bastinado, though rough, proved friendly; for never, from the day that he made its acquaintance, did his old enemy attack him. He was never particularly ready to communicate the recipe for the cure; but contented himself with declaring that Chinese regimen had proved very wholesome in his case.

How happy was How-qua when drawn over the mountains once more by the lunar silken cord, his brother being nearly as eager as himself to hasten homewards, and travelling by his side! The watch-dog was not chidden when, one bright summer’s evening, he gave notice of the approach of footsteps; for they were the footsteps which had long been listened for. Mow-qua and Lew-she sat among the tea-trees, listening to Yang’s tales of wonder; while Yuh-king fastened her hair with the bridal silver pin; and the fairest of the daughters of Go-wo accepted one exactly like it from the hands of How-qua. The usual season of wedding had passed away before the double nuptials were celebrated; but, as How-qua observed, “ what did it matter that the peach-blossoms were withered on the ground, since the flowers of the heart were full blown?”

ON THE CHARACTER OF LORD ELDON.

It is no easy matter to say how men come by their politics. Few can even answer for themselves. In religion we become initiated early, and are lectured late. "Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught" we never hear the last, and what the nursery begins the church continues. We go to school to be taught the common branches of learning—to college to become mathematicians, classics, and political economists. But whence come our politics? From those with whom we are associated, during that period which begins with the ending of boyhood, and continues to the prime of manhood. Books rarely have much to do with the matter,—hired tutors nothing; and the mass of mankind, it is to be feared, take their political opinions from the companions amongst whom the chances of this world throw them. Such are its ways. As the boy nurtured in a gambling-house is fated to be a sharper;—as the girl bred amidst demireps is predestined to be facile of access, and easy of virtue;—so the youth whose early sentiments are instilled by corruption, is, unless he be of a mind far above the average of intellectual strength, pretty certain to be a corruptionist. He naturally smacks of that on which he has fed, and is "of the earth—earthly." It is this which accounts for the long reign of bad governments; and the impossibility almost of a nation getting rid of the grossest systems of misrule, until its iniquities have become too abominable to be endured even by human patience. It is ever the immediate interest of numbers of persons to support a bad and corrupt government; and it is their interest also to impose it as a good one upon the understandings of those who have no interest in the matter, as well as upon their own who have. Here are fearful odds! That which we wish we readily believe, and that in which we see others firm believers, has a friendly recommendation to our own vein of credulity. What has the other side to oppose to this? Nothing. It is the immediate interest of nobody to oppose the ruling powers, be they good or evil.—So far from an interest it is an injury; held to be so by one side, and found to be so by the other. It is to be a marked man, to have, like poor Burns in his eclipse, to take the shady side of the street, and be "cut" by the *gentry* who are walking in the sunshine; to be kept at arm's length, and looked upon with suspicion by all who have, or hope to have, a finger in the "fleshpots of Egypt." It is in short to be out of fashion; to be a Jacobin, a Radical; to be, not of the world, but in it. What wonder that such ascetic *doctrinaires* meet with slow converts? What wonder, that while the sun lasts, corruption should bask and flyblow in it? When the sun sets, it is another matter.

John Scott, Lord Eldon, was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and is the third son of William Scott of that town. His father was by trade what in the language of the place is called a "Fitter," or agent for the sale and shipment of coals. He had by industry and habits of close saving accumulated rather considerable means from small beginnings. Beyond this he was a man of great shrewdness and knowledge of the world, and quickly perceiving the strong, and what was better, marketable talents of his two younger boys, William and John, he wisely gave them an education in accordance with their mental endowments. It is said that the singular variety in the talent of these two remarkable youths was manifested at a very early age. When asked to "give an ac-

count of the sermon," which was a constant Sabbath custom of their father, William, the eldest (now Lord Stowel), gave at once a condensed and lucid digest of the general argument and points of the discourse, if it had the good fortune to possess any smack of qualities so rarely to be found in sermons. John, on the other hand, would go into all the *minutiæ* of the harangue, whether long or short; but failed in producing the lucid general view embodied in half the number of words by his brother. And thus were their characters through life; so true to nature is the admirable aphorism of Wordsworth:

"The boy's the father of the man."

William was from the beginning destined for the study of the law. John, however, was at first intended for the church, a destination which his early marriage was the fortunate means of changing; and he, together with his brother, set out to fight his way in the world as a young lawyer. The issue of the encounter was not long doubtful, for not only were his education and character, but every previous incident of his life, was admirably calculated to fit him for the scenes in which he was destined to act a part.

The corporation of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, about this period, was a correct epitome or "picture in little" of that system of which Scott was fated to be one of the latest and most unbending supporters. It was, in every sense of the word, a "close corporation," consisting of eleven self-elected aldermen, supported by a carefully-packed common council,—receiving an enormous, but uncertain annual revenue—the exact detail of the expenditure of which was annually continued to be mystified, after a fashion that would have done credit to any Chancellor of the Exchequer, Pitt himself not excepted. All persons connected with the corporation were observed "to thrive;" and that they might the better do so, this despotic body, for many years succeeded in even preventing any person, not free of the borough, from opening a shop within its precincts. The aldermen were the magistracy, the police were their servants; and that justice might be assured in all cases, the examinations in the "Mayor's chamber," their police-office, were invariably conducted with *closed doors*. The only thing they could not absolutely control, was the return of one of the members for the town; for here the independent and honest portion, (for there *was* such a portion,) of the burghesses had a voice.

It was in constant familiarity with the practices and opinions of the men who at that time composed a corporation like this, that the youthful John Scott imbibed such political notions as he held; and in after life they did him "yeoman's service!" His first success at the bar was, however, the undoubted fruit of his own extraordinary abilities, and is said to have originated in the sudden illness of a leading counsel the night before the trial of a complicated civil cause. It could not be put off, and the client of the lost leader was in despair, when Scott courageously took the brief, made himself in one night master of its voluminous intricacies, and triumphed. From this time his forensic reputation was established, and he went on rapidly increasing in briefs and in fame.

Pitt, who never wanted cunning in the choice of his instruments, soon had his eye upon the rising lawyer. He found him unfettered by family connexions, unpledged beforehand to any questions, any lines of conduct,—in short, a man fit, in every way, for his purpose. The bar-

gain was soon struck, and Sir John Scott became Solicitor, and then Attorney-General. It was whilst he held this situation, that he became the organ of one of the most direct attacks upon the liberties of England that has been made since the time of the "Court of Star-Chamber." This was the trial of Hardy, Tooke, and Thelwall, and the attempt to substantiate the doctrine of "Constructive Treason;" a doctrine, which, if once established by precedent, would have put the life of every man, who dared to be active in opposition, into jeopardy, at the will of the Minister.

In this destructive attempt, however, the subtleties even of the Attorney-General failed. Erskine was opposed to him; and the jury saw that a verdict of guilty would, in fact, involve the safety of every man in the kingdom. The very attempt, however, won the gratitude of the Tories; and, in due time, Sir John Scott became Lord Eldon, and Lord Chancellor. He had now reached the summit of his ambition, a summit he was destined long to occupy. The peculiarities of his character now fully unfolded themselves. His external life now ends—his internal history little more than begins; and the "*exoteric*" and "*esoteric*" events and circumstances of this singular man fully account for each other.

If we attempt to map out and discriminate the leading and peculiar points of the mind of Lord Eldon, we shall find them to be these.—First, great subtlety of argument, and love of minute distinctions, involving a power, (by means of the same subtlety,) of raising up distinctions where there were none, and puzzling and confusing a plain question. Next, a devotion and bigotry extreme to every "part and parcel" of the system under which he had arisen to power; and this, in fact, constituted his ruling passion. Thirdly, a love of money beyond that of most men; and lastly, a total absence of *sentiment* of any kind, properly so called. His subtlety of distinction was no doubt constitutional and an original faculty of his mind.* It shewed itself in his childhood; he owed to it his original rise; and it continued throughout the remainder of his life, where external circumstances did not, as was sometimes the case, check it. It was unfortunately the distinguishing feature of his judgments as Chancellor. Utterly unmindful of the old apophthegm "*qui cito dat bis dat*;" unmindful of the consequent waste of the patience, hope, and substance of those dependent on his judgment, he spent years in adjusting a balance, which a different mind would have settled in a-week, and buried, in an ocean of doubts and distinctions, the fortunes of his luckless suitors, the thread of whose lives was not unfrequently at an end, before the "ravell'd skein" of their causés was disentangled; and who sometimes came with grey hairs, to receive that judgment which their youth had solicited. Emoluments, however, flowed in; and, to all the outcries against the delays in the Court of Chancery, the answer of Lord Eldon was, the increase of business, and the pressure of his duties in the House of Lords. It has been affirmed, and with some truth, that few of Lord Eldon's judgments have been reversed. But, is this *praise* for judgments of

* In the early part of Scott's career, a near relative of the writer of this paper took his opinion, (in the absence of another counsel,) on a simple point, as to the right of dower of a sister. Scott, on this occasion, gave way to his "bent," and diverged into such a cloud of disquisition, that he absolutely left out and forgot to answer the simple point in question. On being remonstrated with, he, too proud to acknowledge the error, and at the same time under the feeling of having been acting for another, returned the *fee* which had been paid him for the "Opinion!"

twenty years growth?—Where correctness is only a palliation for delay, the contrary is inadmissible; and had they been incorrect, they would have been totally inexcusable.

Where the interests of the system, of which he made a part, were, however, in jeopardy, or where any of its marked opponents came within his reach, doubt gave way to decision, and the lawyer was lost in the partisan. Lord Eldon's opinion on the trial of the late Queen Caroline, was, perhaps, as *decided* as any that was given against that unfortunate Lady; and yet, it is certain, that so imperfect and unsatisfactory was the evidence brought against her, that many who set out with a full assurance of her guilt, wavered as the trial proceeded, and, at last, began to think her verily and indeed innocent. But then "the system was at stake,"—My Lord Eldon—and that was not to be forgotten in the weighing of evidence! Another signal instance of this trait of his character was his decision as to the children of the late illustrious Shelley, the poet. Surely, if ever there is ground for hesitation, it is where the dearest ties of nature are to be violated, for the sake of a system. All this was, however, nothing to a mind, constituted like that of Lord Eldon; and he severed parent and child with the *sang-froid* of a Jamaica slave-auctioneer, who is accustomed, every market-day, to put flesh and blood asunder, with the tap of his hammer. The most laughable instance of all was, however, his treatment of Dr. Southey, when that worthy applied for an injunction to stop the reprint of that egregious escapade of the days of his Jacobinism, *Wat Tyler*. A renegade, even to the party he served, found no favour with Eldon. He dealt the Laureate a full measure of justice, and refused the injunction. Nor is it possible to believe that he did not enjoy the agonies of the miserable Doctor, standing amidst the shouts of the spectators, in ludicrous horror, at the resurrection of "the Tyler," whom he had hoped to have been long since dead and buried, and whose resuscitation would certainly, under any other circumstances, have been impossible.

Taking the whole tenor of his life, however, into view, it is certain, that the maxim of "stick by the system which has stuck by you," has never been acted up to more completely than by John, Lord Eldon. To this he has been true as the needle to the pole; and, if ever any man deserved the praise of *consistency*, it is he. That he should dislike reform in that by which he profited, is natural and common enough; but his axiom has ever been, not that the world should move, but that it should stand still; and, from this precious determination, he has never swerved for an instant. Devoid of feeling or sentiment, he has never cared one farthing (indeed that would have been much with him) for popularity, and, consequently, has never been seduced, as most of his compeers have been, into deviations in distant matters, from the side of illiberality, for the sake of a little sympathy from the public. Pitt himself opposed the (black) Slave Trade—Wilberforce did the same—Canning and Huskisson advocated Catholic Emancipation—and all for the sake of what few men can be easy without—some little counterpoise of popularity—some little good name with the public. Lord Eldon never committed himself in any such way; near or distant, in small things or in great, he never deviated, for an instant, from the "right line" of his policy; and had the esquimaux whom Parry met with at Melville Island risen against the authority of their chiefs or priest, whose system of obtaining an extra share of seals' flesh or blubber, without working for it, is so amusingly and instructively des-

cribed by the Captain, Lord Eldon would infallibly have voted for an expedition for the preservation of legitimacy at the North Pole!—Lord Eldon is in the right. Between what ought not and what ought to be, there never was, never can be any compromise; and every concession on the side of corruption or tyranny, must inevitably, as long as human nature is human nature, lead to fresh inroads on the part of the enemies of both. Right in his theory, his error has been that he never could see when it was *impossible to stand by it any longer*. He was right in voting against the repeal of the “Corporation and Test Act,” but wrong in voting at last against Catholic Emancipation, not theoretically but practically wrong. Wellington and Peel were men of the world. They saw the real state of affairs, and by concession averted the separation of the two countries,—not so this immoveable old man. He stuck to “*his old mumpsimus*,” through calm and through storm; and had he had his way, we should have been now in a civil war, or have seen Ireland “the Hibernian Republic” one and indivisible.”

It has been already stated, that the constitution of Lord Eldon’s mind is singularly incapable of that feeling which is commonly called sentiment; and, as this is certainly the most amusing, it is perhaps the most marked trait of his character. Destitute of any real feeling of this description, he has through life been compelled to substitute for it a sort of lachrymose cant or twaddle, which, from constant repetition, has at length become irresistibly ludicrous. Some of his late exhibitions in this way in the House of Lords have been absolutely inimitable; and if there be anything like them even on the stage, it is that scene in Foote’s admirable comedy of “The Minor,” where, to the utter astonishment and dislocation of ideas of Loder the Gambler and the rest, Mother Cole becomes pathetic in her cups. “May I lose a deal,” exclaims the Blackleg, “if old Moll hasn’t brought the tears into my eyes.” If on some such occasion in the House of Lords it were possible for “Old George Rose” to rise from the dead, and say “May I lose a pension if old Eldon has not brought the tears into my eyes!” farce would be outdone by reality, and the till then unequalled scene of Foote be thrust into the background. That any man but Lord Eldon should enact these comedies with a grave face is impossible, and his doing so is only to be accounted for upon the principle that what a man has parroted all his life he at last comes himself to believe. The probability is, that the old peer, from frequent repetition, is at last *bona fide* convinced that, while he was filling his own coffers, and supporting a corrupt system, he was “faithfully serving his king and country,” and that he actually thinks he has been seeking the Lord, “when, according to the joke of Cromwell, he has all the while been only *seeking the corkscrew!*” Such is human nature. To the characters of these two remarkable men, Lord Eldon, and his comparatively obscure brother, Lord Stowell, posterity, and posterity only will do justice. The first will be esteemed as one of the most subtle legal casuists and unflinching defenders of corruption that ever existed; whilst history will paint the other as the most comprehensive and enlightened judge of international law that ever adorned an English or any other court of justice.

ON THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF GERMANY.

Zu den Waffen Bruder!
Zaudert nicht!
Zu dem Freiheitsbund des Franken, Britten,
Zahl' die Welt den Deutschen als den Britten!
Eure Pflicht
Ruft euch in die Glieder.
Nieder mit Tyrannen, nieder!

THE object of the present article is to review, more in detail than time allowed of our doing last month, the exact condition of Germany, and the bearing which the struggle now commencing between that country and her rulers is likely to have upon the European system. For this purpose it will be necessary to lay before our readers such a sketch of the German constitution as will enable us to place in a clear point of view the relation in which the German people now stand to their own Sovereigns, and the Potentates of the East of Europe. Having discussed these subjects, we will be under the necessity of inquiring how far France and Britain are bound or entitled to take part in the struggle.

It is not our intention to recapitulate the circumstances under which the German confederation arose, further than is necessary to a right understanding of its proper character. At the commencement of the French Revolution, the monstrous edict of the Duke of Brunswick involved some of the German states in a war with France. The Republic, well aware that the alienation between the governors and the governed, was as bitter and pervading on the East as it was on the West of the Rhine, endeavoured to lame their aggressors by rousing the people of Germany against their Princes. In this attempt they were partially successful, but the French Generals on the Rhine conducted themselves after so desultory a fashion, that no deep impression was made on the enemies' territories. The war on the part of Germany had been stirred up mainly by the intrigues of Austria and the Duke of Brunswick, and the other Princes of that country were glad, upon the establishment of the Directory, to seize the opportunity of declaring that they regarded the reign of anarchy as terminated in France, by the establishment of an efficient government, and to agree to a cessation of arms. Austria however was not pacified, and her machinations again produced a collision between France and Germany. The Princes in the western division of the Empire, however, were too well aware of the selfish motives which influenced that State. Sixteen of their number declared themselves independent of the Empire, and concluded at Paris, on the 12th of July, 1806, a treaty, by which they entered as independent Sovereigns into "the Confederation of the Rhine," under the protection of the Emperor of France. This treaty was delivered to the Diet by the French Ambassador on the 1st of August of the same year, with an intimation that his master no longer recognized the existence of a German Empire. On the 6th, Francis II. formally resigned the imperial crown, declaring that he had two years before erected his hereditary territories into an Austrian Empire, and had ever since regarded them as entirely inde-

pendent of that of Germany. Poor Cæsar * had but a sorry robe indeed to enable him to die decently! Thus however expired the very name of a German Empire, the reality had evaporated long before.

By these acts it had been declared that a nation had ceased to exist ; but no new State had been organized to occupy the space it left empty. The numerous race speaking the German tongue, inhabiting the land which extends from the Oder to the Rhine and from the Alps to the Baltic, were thrown back into a state of nature. A people, brave, enlightened, polished, were broken up into petty tribes, or attached as appendages to kingdoms differing from them in laws, manners, and language. And they were thus severed at the moment that the anger and ambition of the Potentates to the East and West of their country were urging them to join battle on the fertile plains which intervened between them. As was to be expected, in such circumstances, they were courted by all parties, and deceived by all. Prompted by the wish to cover the frontiers of France with a number of small states, which might keep at a greater distance powerful enemies, yet be themselves unable to endanger its tranquillity, Napoléon's aim was to extend the territory, and increase the numbers of the Confederation of the Rhine. In this, had his nepotism and ambition not blinded him, he might easily have succeeded. Adherents of the principles of the Revolution were to be found in every town in Germany, and their eyes had not yet been opened to the immense change which had taken place in the spirit of the French Government. There was every where a yearning after the re-establishment of an efficient Government. Everything in short favoured the organization of Germany west of the Elbe, into a number of small states, warmly attached to, and seeking shelter under the broad wings of the French eagle. But the vanity of the Frenchman insisted upon introducing French laws without asking whether they were applicable to the existing circumstances of society, and upon merging a number of small states into one great kingdom, upon the throne of which he placed his brother. By these measures he alienated all classes. The privileged orders were his enemies from the beginning. The burghers were impoverished by the strict system of blockade enforced against England, and the reprisals of that nation. The literati, and all the young and ardent spirits of every class, were indignant that the very name of German should be sunk. The peasantry, who, by some attempts to ameliorate their situation, undertaken without sufficient knowledge, were placed in more pinching circumstances than before, were maddened by measures, the consequences of which they felt, without being able to comprehend their motives. In addition to all these grievances came the continual drain of the flower of the German youth, occasioned by the wars in which Napoleon was constantly involved. The Emperor, who, it is charity to believe, began his career with the intention of effecting some good for mankind, had, in progress of time, like many other powerful natures, lost sight of the end in the means. The despot had insensibly grown up in his heart. First, he angrily resolved, that the world should be happy in the manner that he decreed for it alone ; and, finally, he spurned with rage every hindrance to his will. He sought to tame the irritated spirit of Germany by a strong police, and numerous spies.

Kaiser, Cæsar, the title of the Emperor of Germany.

Despair, and hatred towards France and towards Napoleon now reigned in every bosom. The hour was come; they waited but for the man.

In due time a standard was raised, around which the disaffected might rally. Prussia, overcome, but not reconciled to her disgrace, had, from the time of the battle of Jena, been diligently concentrating her forces for a new struggle. Under the management of Von Stein the proportionally small army she was entitled to keep on foot, had been maintained at full numbers, with a constant change of individuals. As soon as a recruit was master of his military duties he was dismissed, and a fresh man put in his place. Servile punishments were abolished, and a higher moral character was thus imparted to the soldiery. A secret association, extending its affiliated branches through the whole kingdom, the great object of which was to inculcate upon its members deep devotion to the "Fatherland," and a zealous prosecution of every exercise that strengthens the body, and fits it for war, was patronized by the King and his ministers. By these means the whole male population of Prussia was, at the period of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, disciplined, and eager for war. Scarcely had he crossed the Rhine, when Prussia renounced his alliance. The season was most apt. The spirit of hatred against France pervaded all Germany, stirred up and heightened by the rude eloquence of Arndt, who, from his asylum in England, launched his philippics against Napoleon.* Austria had raised an army, and refused to disband it at the imperious bidding of Napoleon. The southern states of Germany had first been trained by Napoleon to habits of discipline, and then alienated by his assumption of absolute power. The cry went forth through Germany, of "National independence, and the rights of the king and the people." The flower of every state within its limits were allured to the banner of Prussia, by promises of national and popular institutions. Napoleon, with his wonted celerity, had returned to Dresden, with an army numerous as that which he had left behind him among the snows of Russia, by the middle of April, 1813. He was met at Lützen, (the last field of Gustavus Adolphus,) and there the raw volunteers of Prussia, supported by a small detachment of Russians, stood their ground against his veterans, leaving the victory undecided. Austria and Sweden shortly afterwards joined the Allies, and the independence of Germany was conquered on the field of Leipzig. A few months saw the Rhine free, and Napoleon an outcast.

It was in this hour that the foundation of the German Confederation was laid. The people had triumphed, and, as is usual with that body in the hour of victory, was happy, buoyant, unreflecting, and confiding. It had triumphed, moreover, along with its Princes; it had extended to them, and received in return, that warm grasp of fellowship which is only given in moments of extreme danger. It believed their cause to be one with its own. Yet more; the ideas and convictions, which had prompted the decided movement taken by the German people, were of a confused and contradictory character. Hatred of the French as a nation, and of every thing connected with them, even to their avowed principles of legislation, had been sedulously confounded with hatred of foreign domination. The first great principle of international law, that every nation is sovereign within its own territory, had been presented to their apprehension, under the caricatured form, that all the paltry principalities, into which

* In his "*Geist der Zeit*," published originally in London.

their country had been split up, ought to be preserved separate and independent. The melancholy fact, that the change which their state had undergone had not proved productive of the good they had anticipated, was wrested into a proof that all change was detrimental, and that only in a recurrence to the antiquated and obsolete was safety to be found. Bewildered by such false doctrines, presented to them with all the meretricious ornaments imaginative writers could bestow, flattered by their monarchs, and excited by the drunkenness of conquest, the national mind was, for the moment, incapable of exercising that calm and deliberate reflection which is necessary on the part of men laying the foundations of a lasting empire. And not only were they thus incapacitated for the task, but there were men anxiously lurking to turn to account this universal intoxication. Austria and Russia had not lent their aid to overthrow Napoleon, for the purpose of establishing free institutions in the place of his domination. The spirit which had battled with the young liberties of France still animated their councils. The principle so unblushingly avowed a few years afterwards, by the Holy Alliance, that the legislation and administration of a state was the office of the monarch, and that to God alone he was answerable for its discharge, they had already determined to make the foundation of the new settlement of things. The talent, subtlety and patient perseverance of these two cabinets had been felt before, and has been felt since. And to such arbiters was left the determination of what constitution should be bestowed upon a people so confiding as the Germans were known to be. What kind of a constitution they awarded them is now to be shown.

The fundamental act upon which the German Confederation rests is the Act of Confederation agreed to at Vienna, on the 8th of June, 1815, by the German Princes, or their representatives. The sovereign states, who were originally parties to this act, or have since acquiesced in it, are thirty-nine in number. The Emperor of Austria, the Kings of Prussia, Denmark, and the Netherlands,* entered into it as sovereigns of their German dominions: in their management of whatever other territories they might possess, they were free from all control or responsibility to the Confederation, as it was of any responsibility for their acts. The remainder of the German states are not incorporated with, nor dependent upon, any foreign powers. The most extensive territory belonging to any member of the German Confederation extends to 3658 square geographical miles; the smallest does not exceed 3; only thirteen of them exceed 100: their united extent nearly amounts to 12,000. The monarchical form of government prevails in all the states, with the exception of the four free towns, Hamburg, Frankfurt, Lübeck, and Bremen, which have republican institutions, more or less aristocratical.

The Act of Confederation consists of twenty articles, of which eleven are entitled "general," and the remainder "particular resolutions." The general resolutions declare the constitution and object of the union. The first article contains merely a recapitulation of the members, and a declaration of their intention to enter into a treaty of confederation. The second declares that the union shall be permanent, and its object the preservation of the external and internal security of Germany, the independence and inviolability of the German states. The third leaves it

* What effect the late events in the Netherlands may have upon the relation of Luxemburg, (the province in virtue of their right to which the House of Nassau became a member of the Confederation,) is yet uncertain.

free to each of the various states to organize its institutions without the interference of the Confederation, merely stipulating that every subject shall be held equal in the eye of the law ; and refers to the Diet the ascertainment of its reserved rights, and the declaration of the mode in which they are to be enforced. Articles fourth to tenth (inclusive) ordain that the Diet shall consist of the plenipotentiaries of all the different states assembled at Frankfort. A permanent commission of seventeen members holds its sittings in that city, for the purpose of watching over the ordinary affairs of the Confederation ; eleven of the most extensive states sending one representative each, and the smaller ones clubbing together to send the remainder. Declarations of peace or war, the adoption of constitutional laws, the admission of new members into the Confederation, and all questions of a religious nature, must be submitted to the full assembly* of the Diet. In this body, Austria, Russia, Saxony, Bavaria, Hanover, and Wurtemberg, have each four votes ; Baden, Electoral Hesse, Hesse Darmstadt, Holstein and Luxemburg, three ; Brunswick, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and Nassau, two ; and the remaining states one each. The Austrian envoy is president of both assemblies. The various states sending members to this Diet are solemnly pledged to submit all differences amongst themselves to its decision, and not to seek redress from each other by force of arms.

The "particular resolutions" contain a number of modifications and restrictions of the third article of the treaty. The remnants of the privileged classes of the old German empire had some of them equal claims to independence and sovereignty with those whom the tossings and heavings of the European revolution had, "more by chance than good guiding," thrown into the situation of monarchs, and who as such entered into the Confederation. The nobles and the equestrian order of the empire had never acknowledged any sovereign but the Emperor, and now that his office had merged by common consent, none of the numerous little potentates who had snatched up the fragments of his sceptre could justly claim their allegiance. In order to conciliate these individuals, and at the same time secure their submission to the laws of the state within which their property might lie, the fourteenth article of the treaty of Confederation provides :—1st, That these families are capable of contracting a valid marriage with sovereign houses ; 2d, That they are to be regarded as the highest nobility of the state within which they reside, and are exempted from the payment of taxes and all liability to military service ; 3d, That they are free citizens of every state belonging to the Confederation within which they may choose to take up their abode ; 4th, That they are vested with a certain extent both of civil and criminal jurisdiction within the limits of their own estates. The eighteenth article provides that even the unprivileged classes shall enjoy the right of transferring their residence at pleasure from any one of the Federated states to another, and shall, by this simple act transfer their domiciles. The partial unity conferred by this article, and by the third privilege of the nobility of the empire, is slightly increased by the right reserved to the Diet of maturing and recommending to the different states a uniform system of police ; particularly in what regards the liberty of the press, precautions against piratical reprints of books, the regulation of the internal commerce and navigation of Germany. One

* *Die Plenar-Versammlung.*

article—only one—has been devoted to the declaration of what the rights of the people are, and how to be guarded. The thirteenth article provides that representative constitutions shall be preserved in all the states where they already exist, and introduced into those which have hitherto wanted them. Good care has however been taken to give no explicit statement of the nature or extent of the rights and powers to be conferred upon the representative bodies. The discussions respecting this article were at the time ostentatiously published, and all the diplomatists concerned in its redaction expressed themselves so that the people should understand the rights of the representative bodies to be,—the granting of the supplies, a control over their application, a voice in the legislature, and the right of appeal to the Diet when the sovereign infringed their privileges. Not one word however of all this was introduced into the article itself on the promulgation of the treaty. Nay, it was left to each prince to determine for himself when the fitting time had arrived for introducing this change into his government; and the only tribunal before which he could be accused of undue delay was the Diet—an assembly of his fellow sovereigns, of men whose prejudices and interests were identical with his own.

This is the constitution which, after all their lavish promises made during the war of liberation, the German sovereigns have bestowed upon the people of Germany. A more complete falsification of solemn pledges the world has never witnessed. The people have had no hold given them upon their rulers. Except in a few isolated districts, a representative body has been held out to their hopes, but deferred from year to year until the heart has grown sick. The press, except in one state, for a very brief period, has been nowhere free. Popular feeling and opinion have not had one of those organs granted by which, in free states, they form, express, and give effect to themselves. The people have been delivered up, bound hand and feet, into the power of their rulers. But more than this, the wide spread and naturally wealthy territory of Germany has been broken up into a disproportionate number of small states, and by this means, despotism having its range narrowed, has been enabled to pry more minutely into the household doings of its serfs, and thus to rivet their manacles more closely. It has, moreover, been made the interest of every petty sovereign, for the increase of his revenue, to impede and fetter the free commercial intercourse of the different provinces. Almost every six square miles are surrounded by a line of douaniers; the broad course of every river is perpetually interrupted by toll gatherers. Lastly, these Lilliputian princes have been taught that upon local jealousies and heartburnings alone can their tiny thrones be securely built; and their efforts are unremittingly directed to encourage the same paltry prejudices which have dissevered and paralyzed Italy. Such a system would soon resolve itself into anarchy but for an external pressure. The Diet, which is nominally composed of the representatives, is in reality the mere tool of a few sovereigns who can overawe it by their command of foreign forces. Of the seventy votes in the full assembly of that body, Austria, Prussia, Denmark, and the Netherlands, hold fourteen in their own right. Hanover, whose king is an absentee, is governed by an aristocratic *clique*, entirely subservient to Prussia, which gives four more. The five Saxon Dukedoms, who have one vote each, are so *thirded* to Prussia, that they have of late intrusted the collection of their customs to Prussian officers. The remaining seventeen of the smaller monarchical states, and the four free towns, have their narrow

territories so completely surrounded by those of their more powerful neighbours, that they dare not act from the prompting of their own minds. In short, the Diet is neither more or less (as has been demonstrated by the protocol of the 28th of June) than a noterial college, whose business it is to register the edicts of Prussia and Austria.

This, then, is the real question at issue, between Austria and Prussia on the one hand, and the German nation on the other :—Whether such a monstrous abortion of legislative folly—a constitution thus eternally vibrating between anarchy and despotism, shall be permanent or not? Surely, in this country, it can meet with only one answer. But there is a preliminary question, which the guilty fears of the two above-mentioned cabinets have raised; and that is the question which is first to be decided. The Act of Confederation guarantees expressly to every Germanic state a representative constitution, and to a certain degree, the liberty of the press. There can be no doubt, that if these two great privileges be conceded to the Germans, even to an insufficient extent, the structure reared by their bungling sovereigns cannot stand. These vital, vivifying powers would soon, like Daniel's mixture, burst the brazen idol, down whose throat they were crammed. Either the press and the chambers must be put down by the bayonet, or the press and the chambers will extort greater immunities for the people. Their fears of such an issue is not, however, the ground of defence assumed by the Prussian and Austrian cabinets. Like Shylock, they "stand there for law." They take the Act of Confederation in their hands, and to it they appeal in justification of their conduct. So be it! And what does that Act declare? That every German state shall have a representative constitution; and that so soon as the preliminaries can be settled, a general law for the whole Germanic Confederation shall be issued, relieving the press from every unnecessary restraint. Has this been done? Partially, reluctantly, slowly it has. And now, what says the Protocol of the 28th of June? In the first place, *that all the powers of the state must remain united in the head of the state*; next, that the assemblies of any state have not the power of refusing supplies when the Diet shall deem them necessary; again, that when in any state the government finds itself unable to enforce these two doctrines, the Confederation may interfere *vi et armis*; yet again, that unlimited freedom of speech is not the right of the deputies; that a law regulating the press, in the spirit of the foregoing declarations shall speedily be published; and lastly, that the German Confederation alone, as represented in the Diet, is authorized to explain the Act of Confederation. A supplementary edict has been fulminated, of date the 5th of July, by which a number of journals, in different states, are ordered to be suppressed, without any specific charge being brought against them; all associations for political purposes, or suspected to be for political purposes, are prohibited; all public festivals "which have not been a long time in use," are forbidden to be held.

Now, judging these rulers even by the strict letter of their own imperfect and oppressive constitution, have not its provisions been violated by themselves? The German people accepted the federal constitution upon an understanding, that they were to receive representative governments. Up to this hour, in one-half of the states, these institutions have not been introduced; and now the right of regulating the national expenditure, and uttering their grievances freely, is denied to them, where they do exist. They are to be henceforth the mere shadow of a name. The equivocal

promise of a free press, too, has at last been withdrawn. And, to crown all, the people of Germany are explicitly told, that their sovereigns alone are entitled to have a voice in the interpretation of the great national compact. In them the legislative and judicial functions are to be confounded, although the experience of centuries has convinced the world of the danger of such an arrangement. Nay worse;—in the present instance, these legislating judges are at the same time parties in the cause pending before them. The question at issue regards the reciprocal rights of subject and sovereign, and the sovereign arrogates the right of sitting in judgment. It is only a natural and consistent consummation of such rank juggling that such judges should finally delegate to themselves the office of executioner. If the Germans do not tamely acquiesce in the sentence of the Diet, they are threatened, in no doubtful terms, with mercenary and foreign bayonets. We have already compared the conduct of Austria, Prussia, and their royal slaves, to that of Shylock. The parallel is complete: even by adhering to the strict letter of the law they have been proved to be in the wrong. “The poisoned chalice has been returned to their own lips.” They have cancelled the bond of union between themselves and their subjects; they have violated the fundamental compact of the state; and the nation is again at liberty to choose its own form of government.

Hitherto we have discussed this question as it regards Germany alone; we have viewed it solely as a domestic question of the German people—but it has a yet wider import. This is merely an additional step in the development of the great conspiracy of kings against the people. Prussia, Russia, and Austria, composed the Holy Alliance. That monstrous league does not now ostensibly exist; but let us look at the conduct of each of the three conspirators, and we cannot close our eyes to the evidence that its object is still pursued by them inveterately, and with a perfectly good understanding among themselves. Austria, composed of a number of nations, dissimilar in every respect, is the conservative member of the faction. Her business is to keep what she has got; and with this view she co-operates with her worthy allies to keep afar from her borders every rumour of the assertion of the rights of nations. She knows that men trained to keep down the spirit of freedom abroad, and alienated by long absence from all domestic associations, are the best instruments for preserving what she calls internal tranquillity; and, accordingly, she is equally ready to lend the aid of her Croats and hussars in Italy or Germany. Russia is similarly circumstanced. Prussia, the poorest of the three, plays the part of the aggressor, in the hopes of one day becoming as wealthy and extensive as her neighbours. From the time of Frederick II. her policy has been one continued system of filching and stealing. At the establishment of the German confederation she appropriated nearly one-half of Saxony, for the purpose of rounding out her territories. She also carried off those Rhine Provinces which flank the north of Germany to the west, as she herself does to the east. Since that time her efforts have been unremitting to obtain possession of a sufficient quantity of intermediate territory to connect these two detached portions of her dominions. No patch of ground was unworthy her acceptance if it promised to further her views. She possesses a mill, with a few acres, within the territory of Darmstadt, and similar fragments in most of the minor states, round which she is winding her serpent folds. As already noticed, she has induced the Saxon Dukes to intrust to her management the collection of their customs, and she care-

fully keeps alive certain distant claims of succession to their territories. Ever intent upon the great object of widening and filling up her frontiers, she keeps on foot an army disproportionately large, when compared with her extent of territory. It is not merely a conspiracy of her sovereigns that Germany has to fear, it is the greed of Prussia in the north; it is the "*divide et impera*" system of Austria in the south; it is the tremendous power of Russia—tremendous in that it can only hang together so long as it acts on the aggressive—continually propelling her two confederates. The German sovereigns are the mere tools of these three powers; and so watchful are they over the motions of the Germans, that their spies are to be met with in every town of Germany.

The question of the prospects of Germany is a problem more difficult of solution than that which merely seeks to determine the situation in which that country actually stands. It has been made a theme of lamentation by some, that there is not, at the present crisis, one German sovereign qualified to put himself at the head of a national movement. So much the better. The cause at stake is the cause of the people, and by the people it must be won. Nothing has ever been gained for the cause of freedom by a hero. Napoleon seated himself on the throne of the Bourbons; but was he more favourable to liberty? It is only where the mass of the people have been taught, by a long and arduous struggle, their average equality of importance, the necessity of union, and a consequent respect for each other's rights, that permanent free institutions have been gained. Thus have Holland, England, and America, successively achieved their respective degrees of freedom, and thus must Germany look forward to obtain hers. There must be an abrogation of all prejudices pertaining to *caste*; the dismissal of all those childish feelings of enmity or contempt cherished by the Franconian against the Swabian, or by the Saxon against the Prussian;—there must be unbounded tolerance of every creed, from the Jewish to the Lutheran;—there must be a confiding reliance upon the intelligence and honesty of the community; a resolution to idolize no leader, and to be devoted to the death to the cause of reason and liberty—and to that alone. Those who battle for the rights of Germany must be prepared to meet with the most strenuous opposition, secret or avowed, from all the reigning princes. They must watch with no womanish jealousy, but with the most unrelenting strictness every one connected with the privileged orders. If, in this spirit, they enter the field, we have not the slightest fear of the ultimate issue of their struggle. In correspondence with the prophetic adjuration of the motto which we have selected for this paper, they will place the Germans third on the list of enfranchised nations.

The force of the two opposing parties in Germany may be estimated nearly as follows. The territory of the German confederacy amounts to 12,000 square geographical miles; its population in 1820 was about 32,000,000. Of the surface about 7,000 square miles, inhabited by nearly 19,000,000 of inhabitants, are subject to Austria and Prussia. Within the Austrian territories there is comparatively little disaffection; the subjects of Prussia however, as among the most enlightened in Germany, are, for the most part, attached to constitutional principles. This holds true, in particular, with regard to the Prussian provinces of Westphalia, Cleve and Berg, and the Lower Rhine, a territory extending to nearly 1000 square miles, and containing a population of nearly 3,000,000 souls. In what regards the physical, intellectual, and moral

condition of their inhabitants, all the Confederated States are nearly on a par.

It will now be necessary to look a little more closely at the battle-field upon which this anti-constitutional force is to operate. On the west it is bounded by the lake of Constance and the most advanced spur of the Alps, and extends northward to the Baltic. It is traversed from north to south by the Rhine, the Elbe and the Oder. Between the sources of the two last-mentioned rivers and the Alps, the valley of the Danube extends from west to east. The main body of the Prussian army, amounting in all to 120,000 men, is stationed along the lines of the Oder and the Elbe; the remainder, from 40,000 to 15,000 strong, is stationed upon the lower Rhine. A body of Austrians, 20,000 strong, with 123 pieces of artillery, have been drawn together upon the line of the Danube. Mayence on the upper Rhine is garrisoned by Austrians and Prussians; Ehrenbreitstein and Coblenz, on the lower Rhine, by Prussians alone. This is the disposable force with which these two powers are ready to act against the constitutionalists of Germany. In a war popular with the majority of the nation, the Prussian force would be backed by a landwehr of 400,000 men; in the temper of the times, however, it might be dangerous to rely upon them. Austria's standing army is 270,000 strong, with a reserve of 130,000; but she dare not move it *en masse* upon Germany. Were her Italian and German troops to be withdrawn from Bohemia, Galicia, and Hungary, or her Hungarians and Croats from Italy, she could not ensure her mastery of these nations for a week. She has her hands full at home.

Still, after making every allowance for the secret weaknesses of Austria and Prussia, these governments have a fearfully strong force in the field, so disposed as nearly to encircle the devoted country it threatens, and having in possession its most important strongholds. Let us now look at the resources of those who are thus threatened, Hanover, Brunswick, the Rhine Provinces of Prussia, the two Hesses, Nassau, Saxony, Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria are the abode of constitutional principles in Germany. They have a population of 20,000,000, and form the centre of German wealth and intelligence. With the exception of Brunswick they have every reason to regard their princes as hostile to their rights. The King of Hanover was the first to sanction and promulgate the infamous protocol, as the King of Prussia was one of its ostensible parents. The King of Saxony has lately had a muzzle clapped upon him for his infringements of the narrow rights of the people. The Elector of Hesse Cassel is the most bloated and demoralized brute that ever degraded a throne. The sovereign of Nassau not long ago experienced a rehearsal of the barricades. The Great Duke of Darmstadt is a mere opera director. The Great Duke of Baden has already crouched before Austria and Prussia. The Poetaster of Bavaria is busy banishing the liberals, and seizing their publications. Wurtemberg is gently following the lead of his brother sovereigns. The military of these states can no more be looked to by the citizens for protection than the princes. From the manner, however, in which the German armies are now recruited, the man is seldom quite extinguished in the soldier, and there is little doubt that this right hand of arbitrary power will in a great measure be paralyzed. Little more, however, can be looked for than neutrality on the part of the army, and the question still remains—to whom then are the people to look?

We repeat it—to themselves, and themselves alone. Almost every

male among them has been bred to arms, and in such a cause they surely will not shrink from the contest. A cheering prospect is afforded by the firmness of their representative bodies. The second chamber of Hanover has already protested against the protocol, and invited the chamber of nobles to a conference on the subject. The states of Cassel had, before its promulgation, wrung from their tyrant the boon of a civic guard, and their voice has already responded to that of their Hanoverian neighbours. The temper of the states of Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria, and of their electors, has been proved before. Darmstadt has good men and true; and in Saxony the people are at present masters. All that is wanted is union. Disregarding their imbecile monarchs, each of these representative bodies must instantly delegate some of their number for the purpose of organizing a central government. The national feeling will support them, for it has long yearned after a coalition of the Germanic states into one great body. The drivellers who filled their thrones dreamed that this was the work of a conspiracy, and sought for its origin among the mummeries of mason lodges, and the youthful freaks of the Burschenschaft. Fools! It was the spontaneous thought of every man who dared to reflect: no one prompted the other, but each found, when he gave vent to his sentiments, that his fellow had already come to the same conclusion. Up then, DIE SCHE BAUMER! and gird ye for the combat. Arndt, raise again the voice which shook Napoleon, when in his pride of place. Luden, Oken, let us once more hear those accents before which the Autocrat of Russia trembled amid his multitudinous guards. Feuerbach, and Von Oppeln join the patriot band with your experienced statesmanship and tempered firmness. Merchant princes of Hamburg, Frankfort, Leipzig, throw your wealth into the scale of those liberal institutions you know so well to prize! Companions of our early studies! BURSCHENSCHAFTERS! rally again round the banner of black, crimson, and gold; not now as in our youth fantastic and unbridled, but with the matured sagacity and cool determination of years. The same men, who in 1813 trained the peasantry, in the course of a few months, to encounter the legions of Napoleon, will now lead you on to a more glorious contest. Up, up! now is the time to vindicate your country's honour. Your genius is admitted throughout Europe; your industry regarded with astonishment; there wants but one flower in your chaplet—the well won name of practical freemen.

The array against you is indeed imposing; but only in outward show. One-half of those who fill the enemies' ranks are at heart with you, and strike only with half a will. Well organized armies, and those of Austria and Prussia richly deserve the appellation, are tremendous engines; but they need a soul to direct them,—and where is that to be found among the hostile leaders? Besides, money is the sinews of war, and your would-be oppressors are deeply embarrassed. They will not have the lavish subsidies of England to bear them out in the expenses of their unholy crusade. Quit yourselves like men! Since Poland has fallen, you are the bulwark of European freedom. The French and English nations feel this, and will not allow their Governments to countenance and abet your oppressors. Strike but one good blow,—show only that you are in earnest,—and you will not be left to fight the battle of freedom unsupported.

* The colours of the *Burschenschaft*.

We feel that we have here harped upon a string of deep import,—that a question of the most serious character has pressed itself upon our consideration; and laying aside, as much as is consistent with human nature under such circumstances, every bias and every excitement, we invite the earnest and dispassionate attention of the reader to the inquiry,—How far the two great free nations of Europe are entitled and able to aid the Germans in their struggle.

The first question regards the *right* of France and England to interfere in behalf of the minor states of Germany. Its solution demands a reference to the very first postulate of international law. That system,—which as it designates merely a set of practical rules, acquiesced in by all civilized nations, with certain restrictions and qualifications, not promulgated by any supreme legislature, applied by any recognized judge, nor enforced by any acknowledged executive, might more properly be termed international morals,—proceeds upon the assumption that each individual state stands in the same relation to its neighbour as that in which each individual man stands to his. In other words, states are regarded as complex wholes, and must transact with each other as such. The component parts of one can acquire no rights over, or contract no obligations to the totality of the other. An independent state when aggrieved by the denizen of another must apply to the state of which he is a member for redress, leaving it to punish its own subject. It flows as a corollary from this, that within the limits of a state, and over its own inhabitants, that state alone has power. What is a *rightly* constituted state, is not here the question; it is merely asserted, that the internal domestic arrangements of every separate people must be left to themselves alone—that alien states have no right to interfere in them.

This principle would be sufficient to solve the question that has been proposed, had the trial of right and might, now commencing in Germany, occurred in England, France, or Spain. These three states are each in itself one and indivisible, free from foreign admixture. In each of them it would be a question of Frenchman with Frenchman, Spaniard with Spaniard; no foreign power would have a right to interfere. But in Germany it is different. In the first place, the Act of Confederation leaves in a great measure undetermined, to what extent the independent states of Germany sacrificed their independence by entering into the confederacy. The confusion hence arising has been (apparently with design) increased, by the vague manner in which the term “supreme power” * is used in the Protocol. There can be no doubt that the Germanic Confederacy is a union of supreme powers, that be it for right or for wrong, those acceding to the treaty have pledged themselves to support each constitutional “supreme power” against refractory subjects; but the question still remains, in whom is the “supreme power” vested. The Diet, without expressly saying so much, assumes by its actions that it is vested in the monarch of each state. But, by the very Act of Confederation, each monarch is bound to associate with himself a body of representatives in the supreme legislative and administrative authority. The “supreme authority” therefore is not now the monarch alone, but the monarch and the people’s representatives acting in unison. So long therefore as the “supreme authority” is not agreed to call for the interference of the Diet, the state must be left to manage its own con-

cerns without the interference of the Diet. So soon as a monarch yields to the representatives of the people, and agrees not to appeal to the Diet; if that body interfere with the internal arrangements of the state subject to him, the Act of Confederation has been violated; he is freed from its trammels, and at liberty to form alliances with, and receive assistance from, whatever states he pleases.

But, in the second place, there is yet another peculiarity in the present position of Germany, which materially affects the application of the principle of non-intervention to its affairs. Austria and Prussia, it has been already remarked, are subject to the articles of Confederation, only in so far as regards their German territories. Denmark is in the same situation, and William of Nassau would have been, but for the Belgic revolution. The three powers, however, which we have here specified, as yet unparalyzed, besides being sovereigns of one half of the Germanic territory, rule over states equalling in extent the whole Germanic Confederation, and amounting in the matter of population, nearly to two thirds of its inhabitants. These resources, however, are entirely alien to Germany, and in a constitutional question dare not be brought to operate upon it. The moment one soldier from Denmark, Posen, or the Austrian States beyond the German confines, pollutes the German territory, that moment the principle of non-intervention has been violated,—that moment an attempt has been made to bear down the Constitutionals of Germany, by foreign forces,—that moment France and England are entitled to interfere. The Emperor of Austria dare no more employ his Croats and Hungarians on the present occasion, than William IV. would have dared to stifle the Reform Bill, by the introduction of Hanoverian bayonets into England. The Germans are a nation marked out from their neighbours, by laws, habits, and language; their boundaries are strictly defined, and well known, and no oriental barbarian, be he the serf of Austria, Prussia, or Russia, shall dare to contaminate her soil by his tread.

We do not think that any who fairly and candidly weigh what has been said will doubt of the *right* which France and Britain have, even in the present posture of affairs, to interfere in the Germanic question. From what nations are the Austrian troops gathered, who occupy the position on the Lake of Constance? What do the half savage Uhlans in the garrison of Mayence? The only question that remains is that of the *power* of these two kingdoms to interfere. Of the power of France there can be little doubt. Burdened with a mere nominal debt, swarming with a population fond of war even to a fault: the only thing that can paralyze her exertions, is the timid and foolish policy of her king. He boasts to have already conciliated the good will of the eastern sovereigns of Europe! Dastard and ass! has he not the example of Napoleon before his eyes? That chief trampled upon the necks of these sovereigns, and they humbly and cheerfully obeyed him; he sought to conciliate their good will, laboured to be admitted a brother of their "mystic tie;"—they flattered and betrayed him. Louis Philippe, God knows! is no Napoleon; but if he persist in emulating this part of his career, there can be little doubt of his success. We trust, however, that if he be fool enough to make the attempt, France will have the sense to clap him in a strait waistcoat. It is only by entering into a firm alliance, offensive and defensive, with liberated Germany, by helping to establish a free state on her frontier, that she

can effectively drive back that spring-tide of despotism now setting in so strongly from the eastward.

England——this is a painful theme. We have so long fought on the side of oppression that we cannot afford to fight on that of justice, now that an opportunity offers. The debt incurred by defending “the right divine of kings to govern wrong,” fetters us when we would fain assert the cause of constitutional government. We are in the situation of a worn-out debauchee, who having squandered an immense fortune in ruining innocence, and blasting the happiness of his neighbours, finds, when, in the hour of contrition, he would make reparation, that he has not a penny left wherewith to do it. Still there is something in our power. Let our Government calmly but unequivocally express their conviction regarding the justice of the cause; let them assert the rights of the people, and deprecate the employment by Prussia and Austria of any of their foreign resources:—the mere enunciation of such sentiments will arouse and invigorate the constitutionalists of the Continent. Let them demand instant payment of the debt which Austria owes us, with all the arrears of interest. Let them repeal immediately the foreign enlistment bill. Let them afford every legitimate facility to a free trade in arms and ammunition; leaving to the merchants of Great Britain the choice of their customers, and to the press the power of animadverting upon that choice. These things they may do without affording any pretext to the despots for involving us in a war; or if they succeed, it is left in our power to make the war a naval one, by which we shall rather gain than lose. By acting thus, England may not do so much as might be desirable; but she will identify herself with the cause of justice,—and even that is something gained.

For the present, we have said our say. The contest has begun, and that in a manner that gives good augury of success. There does not exist on the face of the earth a nation qualified to exercise free institutions with more dignity and to better purpose than the Germans. Sedate and reflective, slow to rouse, when once excited nothing can stand before them. Bear witness the campaign of 1813, when, notwithstanding the blunders of their leaders, the fierceness of their assault, and the pertinacity of their recurrence baffled even Napoleon. There are yet among them men who fought by the side of Washington: let them hold up to their countrymen the example of the American revolution. Let them be prompt, not rash—deliberate, not hesitating. Let them accept with gratitude the assistance of foreign nations: but let their main reliance ever be upon themselves. Let them receive allies, not teachers or leaders. Above all, let them be united. If they observe these precepts the struggle may be long and bloody, but it must end in triumph. The very colours round which they ought to rally, intimate as much.* If a long and intimate acquaintance with Germany entitle us to speak, there is a spirit already glowing there whose deeds will not disgrace the land of Leibnitz and Vattel, of Frederic and Eugene, of Luther and Melancthon. The great drama of national renovation

* The black, red, and gold badge was selected by the young enthusiasts of Germany as indicating:—black, mourning for the stain upon their country's honour; crimson,—the blood to be shed to efface it; gold,—the pure metal issuing from the fiery furnace of trial. Trifles light as this have, ere now, aided to promote great achievements.

grows in interest with every new act. The French Three Days were exhilarating ; our reform struggle was of a graver and more chastened excitement ; the contest now preluding in Germany is feverish in the intensity of its interest. The German revolution once achieved, and the three great nations identified in their principles of government, and united in a firm alliance, although hindrances and annoyances may supervene in time to come, a happy *denouement* may be looked upon as certain.

THE HOWDIE ; AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART I.—ANENT BIRTHS.

WHEN my gudeman departed this life, he left me with a heavy handful of seven childer, the youngest but a baby at the breast, and the elder a lassie scant of eight years old. With such a small family what could a lanely widow woman do ? Greatly was I grieved, not only for the loss of our bread-winner, but the quenching of that cheerful light which was my solace and comfort in straitened circumstances, and in the many cold and dark hours which the needs of our necessitous condition obliged us to endure.

James Blithe was my first and only Jo ; and but for that armed man, Poverty, who sat ever demanding at our hearth, there never was a brittle minute in the course of our wedded life. It was my pleasure to gladden him at home, when out-of-door vexations ruffled his temper ; which seldom came to pass, for he was an honest young man, and pleasant among those with whom his lot was cast. I have often, since his death, thought, in calling him to mind, that it was by his natural sweet nature that the Lord was pleased, when He took him to Himself, to awaken the sympathy of others for me and the bairns, in our utmost distress.

He was the head gairdner to the Laird of Rigs, as his father had been before him ; and the family had him in great respect. Besides many a present of useful things which they gave to us, when we were married, they came to our wedding ; a compliment that James often said was like the smell of the sweet briar in a lown and dewy evening, a cherishment that seasoned happiness. It was not however till he was taken away that I experienced the extent of their kindness. The ladies of the family were most particular to me ; the Laird himself, on the Sabbath after the burial, paid me a very edifying visit ; and to the old Leddy Dowager, his mother, I owe the meal that has ever since been in the basin, by which I have been enabled to bring up my childer in the fear of the Lord.

The Leddy was really a managing motherly character ; no grass grew beneath her feet when she had a turn to do, as was testified by my case : for when the minister's wife put it into her head that I might do well in the midwifeline, Mrs. Forceps being then in her declining years, she lost no time in getting me made, in the language of the church and gospel, her helper and successor. A blessing it was at the time, and the whole parish has, with a constancy of purpose, continued to treat me far above my deserts ; for I have ever been sure of a shortcoming in my best endeavours to give satisfaction. But it's not to speak of the difficulties

that the hand of a considerate Providence has laid upon me with a sore weight for an earthly nature to bear, that I have sat down to indite this history book. I only intend hereby to show, how many strange things have come to pass in my douce way of life; and sure am I that in every calling, no matter however humble, peradventures will take place that ought to be recorded for the instruction, even of the wisest. Having said this, I will now proceed with my story.

All the har'st before the year of dearth, Mrs. Forceps, my predecessor, had been in an ailing condition; insomuch that, on the Halloween, she was laid up, and never after was taken out of her bed a living woman. Thus it came to pass that, before the turn of the year, the midwifery business of our countryside came into my hands in the natural way.

I cannot tell how it happened that there was little to do in the way of trade all that winter; but it began to grow into a fashion that the genteeler order of ladies went into the towns to have there han'lings among the doctors. It was soon seen, however, that they had nothing to boast of by that manoeuvre, for their gudemen thought the cost overcame the profit; and thus, although that was to a certainty a niggardly year, and great part of the next no better, it pleased the Lord, by the scanty upshot of the har'st before spoken of, that, whatever the ladies thought of the doctors, their husbands kept the warm side of frugality towards me and other poor women that had nothing to depend upon but the skill of their ten fingers.

Mrs. Forceps being out of the way, I was called in; and my first case was with an elderly woman that was long thought by all her friends to be past bearing; but when she herself came to me, and rehearsed the state she was in, with a great sough for fear, instead of a bairn, it might turn out a tympathy, I called to her mind how Sarah the Patriarchess, the wife of Abraham, was more than fourscore before Isaac was born: which was to her great consolation; for she was a pious woman in the main, and could discern in that miracle of Scripture an admonition to her to be of good cheer.

From that night, poor Mrs. Houselycat grew an altered woman; and her gudeman, Thomas Houselycat, was as caidgy a man as could be, at the prospect of having an Isaac in his old age; for neither he nor his wife had the least doubt that they were to be blest with a man-child. At last the fulness of time came; and Thomas having provided a jar of cinnamon brandy for the occasion, I was duly called in.

Well do I remember the night that worthy Thomas himself came for me, with a lantern or a bowit in his hand. It was pitch-dark; the winds rampaged among the trees, the sleet was just vicious, and every drop was as salt as pickle. He had his wife's shawl tied over his hat, by a great knot under the chin, and a pair of huggars drawn over his shoes, and above his knees; he was just a curiosity to see coming for me.

I went with him; and to be sure when I got to the house, there was a gathering; young and old were there, all speaking together; widows and grannies giving advice, and new-married wives sitting in the expectation of getting insight. Really it was a ploy; and no wonder that there was such a collection; for Mrs. Houselycat was a woman well-stricken in years, and it could not be looked upon as any thing less than an inadvertency that she was ordained to be again a mother. I very well remember that her youngest daughter of the first clecking, was there, a married woman, with a wean at her knee, I see warrant a year-and-a-half old; it could both walk alone, and say many

words almost as intelligible as the minister in the poopit, when it was a frosty morning; for the cold made him there shavelin-gabbit, and every word he said was just an oppression to his feckless tongue.

By and by the birth came to pass: but, och hon! the long faces that were about me when it took place; for instead of a lad-bairn it proved a lassie; and to increase the universal dismay at this come-to-pass, it turned out that the bairn's cleading had, in a way out of the common, been prepared for a man child; which was the occasion of the innocent being, all the time of its nursing, in appearance, a very doubtful creature.

The foregoing case is the first that I could properly say was my own; for Mrs. Forceps had a regular finger in the pie in all my heretofores. It was, however, good erls; for no sooner had I got Mrs. Houselycat on her feet again, than I received a call from the head inns in the town, from a Captain's lady, that was overtaken there as the regiment was going through.

In this affair there was something that did not just please me in the conduct of Mrs. Facings, as the gentlewoman was called; and I jaloused, what I saw with the tail of my eye, that she was no better than a light woman. However, in the way of trade, it does not do to stand on trifles of that sort; for ours is a religious trade, as witness what is said in the Bible of the midwives of the Hebrews; and if it pleased Providence to ordain children to be, it is no less an ordained duty of the midwife to help them into the world. But I had not long been satisfied in my own mind that the mother was no better than she should be, when my kinder feelings were sorely tried, for she had a most extraordinary severe time o't; and I had but a weak hope that she would get through. However, with my help and the grace of God, she did get through: and I never saw, before nor since, so brave a baby as was that night born.

Scarcely was the birth over, when Mrs. Facings fell into a weakly dwam that was very terrifying; and if the Captain was not her gudeman, he was as concerned about her, as any true gudeman could be, and much more so than some I could name, who have the best of characters.

It so happened that this Mrs. Facings had been, as I have said, overtaken on the road, and had nothing prepared for a sore foot, although she well knew that she had no time to spare. This was very calamitous, and what was to be done required a consideration. I was for wrapping the baby in a blanket till the morning, when I had no misdoubt of gathering among the ladies of the town a sufficient change of needfu' baby clouts; but among other regimental clanjamphrey that were around this left-to-hersel' damsel, was a Mrs. Gooseskin, the drum-major's wife, a most devising character. When I told her of our straits and jeopardy, she said to give myself no uneasiness, for she had seen a very good substitute for child-linen, and would set about making it without delay.

What she proposed to do was beyond my comprehension; but she soon returned into the room with a box in her hand, filled with soft-teazged wool, which she set down on a chair at the bed-stock, and covering it with an apron, she pressed the wool under the apron into a hollow shape, like a goldfinch's nest, whersin she laid the infant, and covering it up with the apron, she put more wool over it, and made it as snug as a silk-worm in a cocoon, as it has been described to me. The sight of this novelty was, however, an affliction, for if she had intended to smother the bairn, she could not have taken a more effectual manner; and yet the baby lived and thrived, as I shall have occasion to rehearse

Mrs. Facings had a tedious recovery, and was not able to join him that in a sense was her gudeman, and the regiment, which was to me a great cause of affliction; for I thought that it might be said that her case was owing to my being a new hand, and not skilful enough. It thus came to pass that she, when able to stand the shake, was moved to private lodgings, where, for a season, she dwined and dwindled, and at last her life went clean out; but her orphan bairn was spared among us, and was a great means of causing a tenderness of heart to arise among the lasses, chiefly on account of its most thoughtless and ne'er-do-weel father, who never inquired after he left the town, concerning the puir thing; so that if there had not been a seed of charity bred by its orphan condition, nobody can tell what would have become of it. The saving hand of Providence was, however manifested. Old Miss Peggy Needle, who had all her life been out of the body about cats and dogs, grew just extraordinar to make a pet, in the place of them all, of the laddie Willie Facings; but, as I have said, I will by and by have to tell more about him; so on that account I will make an end of the second head of my discourse, and proceed to the next, which was one of a most piteous kind.

In our parish there lived a young lad, a sticket minister, not very alluring in his looks; indeed, to say the truth, he was by many, on account of them, thought to be no far short of a haverel; for he was lank and most uncomely, being in-kneed; but, for all that, the minister said he was a young man of great parts, and had not only a streak of geni, but a yast deal of inordinate erudition. He went commonly by the name of Dominie Quarto; and it came to pass, that he set his affections on a weel-faired lassie, the daughter of Mrs. Stoups, who keepit the Thistle Inn. In this there was nothing wonderful, for she was a sweet maiden, and nobody ever saw her without wishing her well. But she could not abide the Dominie: and, indeed, it was no wonder, for he certainly was not a man to pleasure a woman's eye. Her affections were settled on a young lad called Jock Sym, a horse-couper, a blithe heartsome young man, of a genteel manner, and in great repute, therefore, among the gentlemen.

He won Mally Stoups' heart; they were married, and, in the fulness of time thereafter, her pains came on, and I was sent to ease her. She lay in a back room, that looked into their pleasant garden. Half up the lower casement of the window, there was a white muslin curtain, made out of one of her mother's old-fashioned tambeoured aprons, drawn across from side to side, for the window had no shutters. It would be only to distress the reader to tell what she suffered. Long she struggled, and weak she grew; and a sough of her desperate case went up and down the town like the plague that walketh in darkness. Many came to inquire for her, both gentle and simple; and it was thought that the Dominie would have been in the crowd of callers; but he came not.

In the midst of her suffering, when I was going about my business in the room, with the afflicted lying-in woman, I happened to give a glint to the window, and startled I was, to see, like a ghost, looking over the white curtain, the melancholious visage of Dominie Quarto, with watery eyes glistening like two stars in the candle light.

I told one of the women who happened to be in the way, to go out to the sorrowful young man, and tell him not to look in at the window; whereupon she went out, and remonstrated with him for some time. While she was gone, sweet Mally Stoups and her unborn baby were car-

ried away to Abraham's bosom. This was a most unfortunate thing; and I went out before the straightening-board could be gotten, with a heavy heart, on account of my poor family, that might suffer, if I was found guilty of being to blame.

I had not gone beyond the threshold of the back-door that led into the garden, when I discerned a dark figure between me and the westling scad of the setting moon. On going towards it, I was greatly surprised to find the weeping Dominie, who was keeping watch for the event there, and had just heard what had happened, by one of the women telling another.

This symptom of true love and tenderness made me forget my motherly anxieties, and I did all I could to console the poor lad; but he was not to be comforted, saying, "It was a great trial when it was ordained that she should lie in the arms of Jock Sym, but it's far waur to think that the kirk-yard hole is to be her bed, and her bridegroom the worm."

Poor forlorn creature, I had not a word to say. Indeed, he made my heart swell in my bosom; and I could never forget the way in which he grat over my hand, that he took between both of his, as a dear thing, that he was prone to fondle and mourn over.

But his cutting grief did not end that night; on the Sabbath evening following, as the custom is in our parish, Mrs. Sym was ordained to be interred; and there was a great gathering of freends and neighbours; for both she and her gudeman were well thought of. Everybody expected the Dominie would be there, for his faithfulness was spoken of by all pitiful tongues; but he stayed away for pure grief; he hid himself from the daylight, and the light of every human eye. In the gloaming, however, after, as the betherel went to ring the eight o'clock bell, he saw the Dominie standing with a downcast look, near the new grave, all which made baith a long and a sad story, for many a day among us: I doubt if it's forgotten yet. As for me, I never thought of it without a pang: but all trades have their troubles; and the death of a young wife and her unborn baby, in her nineteenth year, is not one of the least that I have had to endure in mine.

But, although I met, like many others, in my outset, both mortifications and difficulties, and what was worse than all, I could not say that I was triumphant in my endeavours; yet, like the Doctors, either good luck or experience, made me gradually gather a repute for skill and discernment, insomuch that I became just wonderful for the requests I was in. It is therefore needless for me to make a strive for the entertainment of the reader, by rehearsing all the han'lings that I had; but, as some of them were of a notable kind, I will pass over the generality and only make a Nota-bena here and there of those that were particular, as well as the births of the babies that afterwards came to be something in the world.

Between the death of Mally Stoups and the Whitsunday of that year, there was not much business in my line, not above two cases; but on the day after, I had a doing, no less than of twins in a farmer's family, that was already overstocked with weans, to a degree that was just a hardship; but, in that case, there was a testimony, that Providence never sends mouths into the world, without, at the same time, giving the wherewithal to fill them.

James Mashlam was a decent, douce, hard-working, careful man, and his wife was to all wives the very patron of frugality; but, with all their

ettling, they could scarcely make the two ends of the year to meet. Owing to this, when it was heard in the parish that she had brought forth a Jacob and Esau, there was a great condolence; and the birth that ought to have caused both mirth and jocundity was not thought to be a gentle dispensation. But short-sighted is the wisdom of man, and even of woman likewise; for, from that day, James Mashlam began to bud and prosper, and is now the toppingest man far or near; and his prosperity sprang out of what we all thought would be a narrowing of his straitened circumstances.

All the gentry of the country-side, when they heard the tidings, sent Mrs. Mashlam many presents, and stocked her press with cleeiding for her and the family. It happened, also, that, at this time, there was a great concourse of Englishers at the castle with my Lord; and one of them, a rattling young gentleman, proposed that they should raise a subscription for a race-purse; promising, that, if his horse won, he would give the purse for the behoof of the twins. Thus, it came to pass, that a shower of gold one morning fell on James Mashlam, as he was holding the plough; for that English ramplor's horse, lo and behold! won the race, and he came over with all the company, with the purse in his hand, full of golden guineas, galloping upon James; and James and his wife sat cloking on this nest-egg, till they have hatched a fortune; for the harvest following, his eldest son was able to join the shearers, and, from that day, plenty, like a fat carlin, visited him daily. Year after year his childer that were of the male gender grew better and better helps: so that he enlarged his farm, and has since built the slate house by the water side; that many a one, for its decent appearance, cannot but think it is surely the minister's manse.

From that time I too got a lift in the world; for it happened, that a grand lady, in the family way, came on a visit to the castle, and, by some unaccountable accident, she was prematurely brought to bed there. No doctor being at hand, nearer than the burgh town, I was sent for; and, before one could be brought, I had helped into the world the son and heir of an ancient family; for the which, I got ten golden guineas, a new gown, that is still my best honesty, and a mutch, that many a one came to see; for it is made of a French lace. The lady insisted on me to wear it at the christening; which the Doctor was not overly pleased to hear tell of, thinking that I might, in time, clip the skirts of his practice.

For a long time after the deliverance of that lady I had a good deal to do in the cottars' houses; and lucky it was for me that I had got the guineas aforesaid, for the commonalty have not much to spare on an occasion; and I could not help thinking how wonderful are the ways of Providence, for the lady's gift enabled me to do my duty among the cottars with a lighter heart than I could have afforded to do, had the be-nison been more stinted.

All the remainder of that year, the winter, and the next spring, was about a remarkable: but just on the eve of summer, a very comical accident happened.

There was an old woman that came into the parish, nobody could tell how, and was called Lucky Nanse, who made her bread by distilling peppermint. Some said that now and then her house had the smell of whisky; but how it came, whether from her still, or the breath of her nostrils, was never made out to a moral certainty. This carlin had been in her day a by-ordinair woman, and was a soldier's widow forby.

At times she would tell stories of marvels she had seen in America, where she said there was a moose so big that a man could not lift its head. Once, when Mr. Izet, the precentor, to whom she was telling anent this beast, said it was not possible, she waxed very wroth, and knocking her naives together in his face, she told him that he was no gentleman, to misdoubt her honour: Mr. Izet, who had not much of the sweet milk of human kindness in his nature, was so provoked at this freedom, that he snapped his fingers as he turned to go away, and said she was no better than a ne'er-do-weel camp-randy. If she was oil before she was flame now, and dancing with her arms extended, she looted down, and, grasping a gowpin of earth in each hand, she scattered it with an air to the wind, and cried with a desperate voice, that she did not value his opinion at the worth of that dirt.

By this time the uproar had disturbed the Clachan, and, at every door, the women were looking out to see what was the hobble-show; some with bairns in their arms, and others with weans at their feet. Among the rest that happened to look out was Mrs. Izet, who, on seeing the jeopardy that her gudeman was in, from that rabiator woman, ran to take him under her protection. But it was a rash action; for Lucky Nanse stood with her hands on her henches, and daured her to approach, threatening, with some soldier-like words, that, if she came near, she would close her day-lights.

Mrs. Izet was terrified, and stood still.

Home with you, said Nanse, ye mud that ye are, to think yourself on a par with pipeclay, with other hetradox brags, that were just a sport to hear. In the meantime, the precentor was walking homeward, and called to his wife to come away, and leave that tempest and whirlwind with her own wrack and carry.

Lucky Nanse had, by this time, spent her ammunition, and, unable to find another word sufficiently vicious, she ran up to him and spat in his face.

Human nature could stand no more, and the precentor forgetting himself and his dignity in the parish, lifted his foot and gave her a kick, which caused her to fall on her back. There she lay sprawling and speechless, and made herself at last lie as like a corpse, as it was possible. Every body thought that she was surely grievously hurt, though Mr. Izet said his foot never touched her; and a hand-barrow was got to carry her home. All present were in great dismay, for they thought Mr. Izet had committed a murder, and would be hanged in course of law; but I may be spared from describing the dolorosity that was in our town that night.

Lucky Nanse being carried home on the barrow like a carcass, was put to bed; where, when she had lain some time, she opened a comical eye for a short space, and then to all intents and purposes seemed in the dead throes. It was just then that I, drawn into the house by the din of the straemash, looked over a neighbour's shoulder; but no sooner did the artful woman see my face than she gave a skirle of agony, and cried that her time was come, and the pains of a mother were upon her; which to hear, all the other women gave a shout, as if a miracle was before them, for Nanse was, to all appearance, above threescore; but she for a while so enacted her stratagem that we were in a terrification lest it should be true. At last she seemed quite exhausted, and I thought she was in the natural way, when in a jiffy she bounced up with a gaffaw, and drove us all pell-mell out of the house. The like of such

a ploy had never been heard of in our country side. I was, however, very angry to be made such a fool of in my profession before all the people, especially as it turned out that the old woman was only capering in her cups.

Sometime after this exploit another came to pass that had a different effect on the nerves of us all. This fell out by a sailor's wife, a young woman that came to lie in from Sandy-port with her mother, a most creditable widow, that kept a huckstry shop for the sale of parliament cakes, candles, bone-combs, and prins, and earned a bawbee by the ecydency of her spinning wheel.

Mrs. Spritsail, as the young woman was called, had a boding in her breast that she could not overcome, and was a pitiable object of despondency, from no cause; but women in her state are often troubled by similar vapours. Hers, however, troubled everybody that came near her, and made her poor mother almost persuaded that she would not recover.

One night when she expected to be confined, I was called in: but such a night as that was! At the usual hour, the post woman, Martha Dawner, brought a letter to the old woman from Sandy-port, sealed with a black wafer; which, when Mrs. Spritsail saw, she grew as pale as a clout, and gave a deep sigh. Alas! it was a sigh of prophecy; for the letter was to tell that her husband, John Spritsail, had tumbled overboard the night before, and was drowned.

For some time the young widow sat like an image, making no moan: it was very frightful to see her. By and by, her time came on, and although it could not be said that her suffering was by common, she fell back again into that effigy state, which made her more dreadful to see than if she had been a ghost in its winding sheet; and she never moved from the posture she put herself in till all was over, and the living creature was turned into a clod of church-yard clay.

This for a quiet calamity is the most distressing in my chronicle, for it came about with little ceremony. Nobody was present with us but only her sorrowful mother, on whose lap I laid the naked new-born babe. Soon after, the young widow departed to join her gudeman in paradise; but as it is a mournful tale, it would only be to hurt the reader's tender feelings to make a more particular account.

All my peradventures were not, however, of the same doleful kind; and there is one that I should mention, for it was the cause of meikle jocosity at the time, and for no short season after.

There lived in the parish a very old woman, upwards of fourscore: she was as bent in her body as a cow's horn, and she supported herself with a staff in one hand, and for balance held up her gown behind with the other; in short, she was a very antideluvian, something older than seemed the folk at that time of the earth.

This ancient crone was the grandmother to Lizzy Dadily, a light-headed winsome lassie, that went to service in Glasgow; but many months she had not been there when she came back again, all mouth and een; and on the same night her granny, old Maudelin, called on me. It was at the gloaming: I had not trimmed my crusie, but I had just mended the fire, which had not broken out, so that we conversed in an obscurity.

Of the history of old Maudelin I had never before heard any particulars; but her father, as she told me, was out in the rebellion of Mar's year, and if the true king had gotten his rights, she would not have

been a needfu' woman. This I, however jealous, was vanity; for although it could not be said that she was positively an ill-doer, it was well known in the town that old as she was, the conduct of her house in many points was not the best. Her daughter, the mother of Lizzy, was but a canary-headed creature. What became of her we never heard, for she went off with the soldiers one day, leaving Lizzy, a bastard bairn. How the old woman thereafter fenn't, in her warsle with age and poverty, was to many a mystery, especially as it was now and then seen that she had a bank guinea note to change, and whom it cam frae was a marvel.

Lizzy coming home, her granny came to me, as I was saying, and after awhile conversing in the twilight about this and that, she told me that she was afraid her oe had brought home her wark, and that she didna doubt they would need the sleight of my hand in a short time, for that Lizzy had only got a month's leave to try the benefit of her native air; that of Glasgow, as with most young women, not agreeing with her.

I was greatly taken aback to hear her talk in such a calm and methodical manner concerning Lizzy, whom I soon found was in that condition that would, I'm sure, have drawn tears of the heart's blood from every other grandmother in the clachan. Really I was not well pleased to hear the sinful carlin talk in such a good-e'en and good-morn way about a guilt of that nature; and I said to her, both hooly and fairly, that I was not sure if I could engage myself in the business, for it went against my righteous opinion to make myself a mean of filling the world with natural children.

The old woman was not just pleased to hear me say this, and without any honey on her lips, she replied,

"Widow Blithe, this is an unco strain! and what for will ye no do your duty to Lizzy Dadily; for I must have a reason, because the minister or the magistrates of the borough shall ken of this."

I was to be sure a little confounded to hear the frail though bardy old woman thus to speak her peremptors, but in my mild and methodical manner I answered and said,

"That no person in a trade with full hands ought to take a new turn; and although conscience, I would allow, had its weight with me, yet there was a stronger reason in my engagements to others."

"Very well," said Maudelin, and hastily rising, she gave a rap with her staff, and said, "that there soon would be news in the land that I would hear of;" and away she went, stotting out at the door, notwithstanding her age, like a birsled pea.

After she was gone, I began to reflect; and I cannot say that I had just an ease of mind, when I thought of what she had been telling anent her oe: but nothing more came to pass that night.

The following evening, however, about the same hour, who should darken my door but the minister himself, a most discreet man, who had always paid me a very sympathizing attention from the death of my gudeman; so I received him with the greatest respect, wondering what could bring him to see me at that doubtful hour. But no sooner had he taken a seat in the elbow chair than he made my hair stand on end at the wickedness and perfidy of the woman sec.

"Mrs. Blithe," said he, "I have come to have a serious word with you, and to talk with you on a subject that is impossible for me to believe. Last night that old Maudelin, of whom the world speaks no good, came to me with her grand-daughter from Glasgow, both weeping

very bitterly ; the poor young lass had her apron tail at her face, and was in great distress."

"What is the matter with you," said I, quoth the minister ; "and thereupon the piteous grandmother told me that her oe had been beguiled by a false manufacturing gentleman, and was thereby constrained to come back in a state of ignominy that was heartbreaking."

"Good Maudelin, in what can I help you in your calamity?"

"In nothing, nothing," said she ; "but we are come to make a confession in time."

"What confession? quo' I"—that said the minister.

"Oh, sir," said she, "it's dreadful, but your counselling may rescue us from a great guilt. I have just been with Widow Blithe, the midwife, to bespeak her helping hand ; oh, sir, speir no questions."

"But," said the minister, "this is not a business to be trifled with ; what did Mrs. Blithe say to you?"

"That Mrs. Blithe," replied Maudelin, "is a hidden woman ; she made sport of my poor Lizzy's misfortune, and said that the best I could do was to let her nip the craig of the bairn in the hour of its birth."

"Now, Mrs. Blithe," continued the Minister, "is it possible that you could suggest such a crime?"

I was speechless ; blue sterns danced before my sight, my knees trembled, and the steadfast earth grew as it were coggly aneath my chair ; at last I replied,

"That old woman, sir, is of a nature, as she is of age enough, to be a witch—she's no cannie ! to even me to murder ! Sir, I commit myself into your hands and judgment."

"Indeed, I thought," said the minister, "that you would never speak as Maudelin said you had ; but she told me to examine you myself, for that she was sure, if I was put to the straights of a question, I would tell the truth."

"And you have heard the truth, sir," cried I.

"I believe it," said he ; "but, in addition to all she rehearsed, she told me that, unless you, Mrs. Blithe, would do your duty to her injured oe, and free gratis for no fee at all, she would go before a magistrate, and swear you had egged her on to bathe her hands in innocent infant blood."

"Mr. Stipend," cried I ; "the wickedness of the human heart is beyond the computations of man : this dreadful old woman is, I'll not say what ; but oh, sir, what am I to do ; for if she makes a perjury to a magistrate my trade is gone, and my dear bairns driven to iniquity and beggary?"

Then the minister shook his head, and said, "It was, to be sure, a great trial, for a worthy woman like me, to be so squeezed in the vice of malice and malignity ; but a calm sough in all troubles was true wisdom, and that I ought to comply with the deceitful carlin's terms."

Thus it came to pass, that, after the bastard brat was born, the old wife made a brag of how she had spirited the worthy minister to terrify me. Everybody laughed at her souple trick : but to me it was, for many a day, a heartburning ; though, to the laive of the parish, it was a great mean, as I have said, of daffin and merriment.

No doubt, it will be seen, by the foregoing, that, although in a sense I had reason to be thankful that Providence, with the help of the laird's lady-mother, had enabled me to make a bit of bread for my family, yet, it was not always without a trouble and an anxiety. Indeed, when I think on what I have come through in my profession, though it be one

of the learned, and the world not able to do without it, I have often thought that I could not wish waur to my deadliest enemy, than a kittle case of midwifery; for surely it is a very obstetrical business, and far above a woman with common talons to practise. But it would be to make a wearisome tale were I to lengthen my story; and so I mean just to tell of another accident that happened to me last year, and then to make an end, with a word or two of improvement on what shall have been said; afterwards I will give some account of what happened to those that, through my instrumentality, were brought to be a credit to themselves, and an ornament to the world. Some, it is very true, were not just of that stamp; for, as the impartial sun shines alike on the wicked and the worthy, I have had to deal with those whose use I never could see, more than that of an apple that falleth from the tree, and perisheth with rottenness.

The case that I have to conclude with was in some sort mystical; and long it was before I got an interpretation thereof. It happened thus:—

One morning in the fall of the year, and before break of day, when I was lying wakerife in my bed, I heard a knuckling on the pane of the window, and got up to inquire the cause. This was by the porter of the Thistle Inns, seeking my help for a leddy at the crying, that had come to their house since midnight, and could go no further.

I made no more ado, but dressed myself off-hand, and went to the inns; where, to be sure, there was a leddy, for any thing that I then knew to the contrary, in great difficulty. Who she was, and where she had come from, I heard not; nor did I speir; nor did I see her face; for over her whole head she had a muslin apron so thrown and tied, that her face was concealed; and no persuasion could get her to remove that veil. It was therefore plain to me, that she wished herself, even in my hands, not to be known; but she did not seem to jéalouse that the very obstinacy about the veil would be a cause to make me think that she was afraid I would know her. I was not, however, overly-curious; for, among the other good advices that I got when I was about to take up the trade, from the leddy of Rigs, my patron, I was enjoined never to be inquisitive anent family secrets: which I have, with a very scrupulous care, always adhered to; and thus it happened, that, although the leddy made herself so strange, as to make me suspicious that all was not right, I said nothing, but I opened both my eyes and my ears.

She had with her an elderly woman; and, before she came to the worst, I could gather from their discourse, that the lady's husband was expected every day from some foreign lafd. By and by, what with putting one thing together with another, and eiking out with the help of my own imagination, I was fain to guess that she would not be ill pleased to be quit of her burden before the Major came home.

Nothing beyond this patch-work of hints then occurred. She had an easy time of it; and, before the sun was up, she was the mother of a bonny bairn. But what surprised me was, that, in less than an hour after the birth, she was so wonderful hale and hearty, that she spoke of travelling another stage in the course of the day, and of leaving Mrs. Smith, that was with her, behind, to take care of the babby; indeed, this was settled; and, before noon, at twelve o'clock, she was ready to step into the post-chaise that she had ordered to take herself forward;—but mark the upshot.

When she was dressed and ready for the road—really she was a stout woman—another chaise drew up at the inn's door, and, on looking from

the window, to see who was in it, she gave a shriek, and staggered back to a sofa, upon which she fell, like one that had been dumbfounded.

In the chaise I saw only an elderly weather-beaten gentleman, who, as soon as the horses were changed, pursued his journey. The moment he was off, this mysterious mother called the lady-nurse, with the baby, and they spoke for a time in whispers. Then her chaise was brought out, and in she stepped, causing me to go with her for a stage. I did so; and she very liberally gave me a five pound note of the Royal Bank; and made me, without allowing me to alight, return back with the re-tour-chaise; for the which, on my account, she settled with the driver. But there the story did not rest, as I shall have occasion to rehearse by and by.

(*To be continued.*)

FINANCIAL REFORM.

In order to acquire something like a tolerably accurate understanding of what our legislators have been doing with our money, it is necessary to go back to some distant period, that we may be able to contrast what our expenditure was with what it now is. The period we shall select is the year 1790; because a report of a Committee of the House of Commons having given an exact account of the expenditure of that year, we shall be safe from error in making use of that account.

This account shows that the whole expenditure on the army in that year was £1,814,153; on the navy, £2,000,000; on the ordnance, £375,000; on the national debt, £10,317,972; and that the total public expenditure in 1790 was no more than £15,969,178.

The annual account of the public expenditure laid before the House of Commons this year, shows that it amounted for the year 1831 to £47,123,298. But to this must be added about £1,000,000, which is expended in collecting the revenue; making the actual established expenditure of the United Kingdom something more than FIFTY-ONE MILLIONS, in the sixteenth year of profound peace!

It appears from the same annual account, that in 1831, the expenditure exceeded the public income by the sum of £698,857. So that at last every thing of the semblance of a sinking fund is wholly obliterated.

The sum expended by this country in the wars of 1793 and 1803 is shown in a treasury account, dated the 5th of May, 1828. It appears from this, that the total expenditure between 1792 and 1816, amounted to 1,23½ millions.

Since the peace in 1815, the expenditure may be set down at 960 millions.

These few plain incontrovertible facts, taken from official documents, are sufficient to explain the prodigious prodigality with which the money of the public has been managed by their representatives under the old system of constituting the House of Commons.

The individual minister, to whom the country is chiefly indebted for introducing and establishing this profusion of the war expenditure: is Mr. Pitt.

The means which mainly contributed to it are, the trick of maintaining a sinking fund, while loans were annually borrowed; and the coining

of paper money during the twenty-three years of the Bank Restriction. The power which governed the whole was a House of Commons directed by the patronage and influence of the Crown.

The enormity of the expenditure since the peace, is to be attributed to the setting aside of all rules for regulating the expenditure in former periods of peace, and the conducting it on war principles: although at peace, the policy of our statesmen and legislators has been to assume that war was an event against which we had no security, and for which we ought always to be as fully prepared as if it were to happen immediately. So that, in point of fact, all the advantages of peace, as connected with public economy, have been entirely thrown away.

The same kind of appeal to the fears of the people, which was successful in leading them into supporting the war, has been made use of to lead them into a submission, during the peace, to a war-expenditure establishment. And the same patronage and influence which secured majorities in the House of Commons during the war, has been employed successfully to secure majorities during the peace, in support of the old system of profusion and extravagance.

But candour and justice require it to be confessed, that the fault lay not altogether with those ministers who held the reins of government; but chiefly with the system of influence under which they were obliged to carry on the Government. For had any set of ministers, since the peace, attempted to fix a proper peace-establishment, the hostility which such a measure would have brought down upon them from the great body of Peers and members of Parliament, interested in maintaining a great expenditure, and from the Crown, would have deprived them of the support of those majorities in both Houses of Parliament, without the assistance of which they could not continue in office.

The great value, therefore, of the Reform of Parliament, consists in its having overthrown this baneful principle of Government, by which the ministers were rendered incapable of adapting their measures to the interest of the public; and it is now for the first time that the country is placed in a situation to admit of the possibility of having its pecuniary affairs conducted in a proper way.

The securing, however, of the power of enjoying a better management is not enough. More remains to be done. The electors of the United Kingdom must take care that this power is turned to a proper account, by exercising their right of choosing such representatives as will be guided by an honest determination to vote for a substantial financial reform.

The electors must bear in mind that the Crown still possesses great influence, and that the aristocracy also still possesses great influence; they must be aware that both are greatly interested in keeping up the public expenditure to the utmost of their power; and consequently they must entertain no doubt that both will unite their influence in endeavouring to secure this object. All that reform has done is to increase the influence of the public: but unless the public use this influence with as much activity and union as the Crown and the aristocracy use theirs, the power of the latter will be predominant, and financial abuses will still flourish.

It is right further to observe, that it may be set down as certain, that the two great political parties, namely, the Tories and the Whigs, will be found united, on all occasions of voting money, in the new House of Commons, in doing all in their power to preserve a high scale of pub-

lic expenditure. The Tories, because it is their own. The Whigs, because they have the same interest as the Tories in turning a large expenditure to account in securing support, as well as in avoiding hostility, in both Houses of Parliament. One single act of the present cabinet is quite enough to confirm the truth of this observation; namely, the proposing of the same civil list as that of which they took advantage, on the plea of its extravagance, to turn out the late administration.

However grateful, therefore, the electors may feel to the Ministers for Reform in Parliament, they should recollect that the success of it was mainly due to their own efforts; and they should not suffer themselves to be induced to place too much confidence in Ministers being disposed to make a very vigorous resistance to the Crown and aristocracy, in forcing from them such a plan of financial reform, as the true interest of the public obviously demand. On the contrary, the electors ought to act under a conviction that the cabinet will not, nay cannot, voluntarily bring forward any such plan; and that the carrying of such a plan wholly depends on the exertions of the electors, in making a proper use of the rights they have just acquired.

The obvious way by which these exertions may be turned to the best account, is by electing no representatives for the new Parliament, but men who will unequivocally undertake to shut their ears to the old hackneyed pretexs for voting the annual estimates for the public services according to the established scale of extravagance; and to vote no more money, in any instance, than what a clearly made out case of public necessity justifies. By acting in this way, the electors will secure a majority in the new House of Commons in favour of real retrenchment; and thus make it obligatory on the Crown to select its principal ministers, not from this or that established party, but from those members of the House of Commons who compose the majority: so that from henceforth no individual shall have a seat in the cabinet, at the caprice of any party leader; but only because he possesses the proper qualifications for the situation.

In point of fact, if the leading men now in power wish to continue in office, they must immediately make preparations for enabling them to secure the support of the new House of Commons, by following up the reform of Parliament by a reform of the cabinet.

Such great and long-continued pains have been taken, to deceive the people with respect to what sums are really necessary to be expended, by those individuals of various descriptions who have been interested in maintaining an excessive scale of expenditure, that very erroneous opinions prevail, even amongst the best-disposed persons on this head; and, therefore, what we feel to be our first duty, in attempting to rouse the electors to a due sense of the urgency of securing a proper financial reform, is to expose the delusive means which have been practised to circulate false notions as to the amount of money which the exigencies of the state require to be spent.

On looking back to the year 1793, history shows that the Government successfully took advantage of every event to terrify the public; and that by succeeding in rousing a cowardly apprehension of the tendency of the French revolution, it led to the spending of a thousand millions in restoring the Bourbons to the throne of France. The habit of mind which England displays, on all occasions, of being prone to be frightened, is the chief defect of national character; a habit flowing from a want of suitable education in its political concerns. This habit has at

all times served as the instrument in the hands of each crafty administration to delude the public, and bring it over to support the worst measures, particularly those connected with the emptying the pockets of the people for the advantage of the higher orders. With the aid of this proneness to be alarmed at every silly rumour of danger, each new scheme of financial jugglery was greedily swallowed during the war, till every financial expedient for extracting money from the hoodwinked nation was exhausted,—first, by loans, and, lastly, by war-taxes.

When at length peace came, the same trick of exciting alarm was continued to be practised, and unfortunately with the same success, by changing only the arguments for carrying on the war into arguments for being prepared for a new war, and by adding to these arguments, appeals to the passions of the public to be liberal in rewarding those who brought the war to a triumphant close. With the aid of the arguments for preparation, an enormous peace-establishment was settled; and with the aid of these appeals, a charge of from six to seven millions a-year has been created for half-pay, pensions, retired allowances, and superannuations.

To account, in short, in a sentence for the waste of public treasure which has taken place in the last forty years, it may be said that it has been produced by the corrupt influence arising out of the rotten borough system, working upon the fears and liberality of a deluded people.

The success of successive administrations in maintaining so unhallowed a scheme of chicanery is, in a great measure, to be attributed to the difficulty under which the public has been placed of acquiring a correct knowledge of its financial affairs. Finance is necessarily a subject requiring great application, with the aid of extensive information in details, to understand it properly; and of this, every advantage has been taken by our rulers to conceal the true character of their measures. Whenever a member of Parliament brought forward a case of gross waste and profusion, his statements were met by flat denials of their truth; reliance being placed by ministers on their asseverations escaping detection from the incompetency of the public to decide which party was in the wrong.

The opponents of extravagance were unable, from their want of official knowledge and documents, to controvert the statements of those who were in office; while they, on their part, incessantly employed the materials that their offices afforded, in making speeches, and sending forth pamphlets, to justify every abuse, and to make the people believe that the resources of the nation were admirably managed and inexhaustible.

For more effectually blinding the public, Parliamentary committees were, from time to time, solemnly appointed to inquire into the expenditure; but with no other view or practical effect, than to defend and confirm the system of profusion.

Under such circumstances and with such means as those now mentioned, the natural and legitimate good of peace, namely, the husbanding of the national resources, was thrown away; and a systematic annual amount of expense successfully established, which has cost the nation, since 1815, nothing short of a hundred millions more than a real necessity for providing for the public services required.

The great deficiency of the revenue in 1826 produced, for the first time, after an uninterrupted peace of eleven years, any thing like an effort on the part of ministers to arrest the evil course of prodigality. This deficiency led to the appointing of the Committee of Finance in

1828 ; and it is but due to the Duke of Wellington to admit, that in selecting the members of that Committee, he displayed a fair intention of introducing a better plan of management. But this was an evanescent merit ; for it was entirely obliterated by his refusal to re-appoint the Committee in the session of 1829. Fortunately, however, the mass of valuable materials the Committee had collected, in six months of incessant labour in the discharge of their duty, has not been suffered to become, so much waste paper ; in consequence of the publication by the chairman of the Committee in his work on " Financial Reform."

In this volume, all the Committee could have done by making reports, has been accomplished ; and the public, therefore, has derived that advantage as to information on financial subjects, which the Committee, had it been re-appointed, would have given.

The chief use of this publication consists in its having made it impossible for any administration again to deceive the public, in the way former administrations have deceived it, with respect to what is necessary to be expended, and what may safely be retrenched. So that at length the true state of the case may now be accurately known ; and it is only for the electors of the United Kingdom to take the trouble of making a proper use of the information which is within their reach, to secure a proper guardianship of the public purse.

Notwithstanding, however, the progress which has thus been made, in leading to correct opinions on the necessity and practicability of retrenchment, it may be set down as certain that every kind of effort will still continue to be made to maintain that any further retrenchment is not practicable. The Tory party would commit a *felo de se*, in admitting that the expenditure could be reduced ; and the Whigs have already adopted the scale of their predecessors, as the basis of their financial measures. The host of officers of the army will set forth all kinds of appeals to national vanity and false liberality, in favour of spending on the army six millions a-year in the sixteenth year of peace. The navy, though more modest, and certainly not less entitled to consideration, will not be wanting in endeavouring to turn the national feelings and the national prejudice for wooden-walls, into an excuse for spending another six millions a-year. The Ordnance will still contend for the privilege of wasting several hundred thousands a-year in Government manufactures, civil engineering, and military buildings. The civil departments will insist that the double amount of charge which they cost, beyond what they cost some twenty or thirty years ago, is all right.

In addition to all this, a large class of well-meaning persons, who habitually form their opinion, on the authority, the very worst authority, of military and naval officers, will fall into the snares that will be laid for them ; while a mass of timid people will allow their false apprehensions of imaginary dangers to lead them to believe that England must inevitably become a department of France, or a province of Russia, if we do not go on spending as heretofore a sum of fifty millions a-year as our peace-establishment.

The author of " Financial Reform " has made it appear that he was fully sensible of the obstacles in the way of obtaining the consent of the public to a large amount of reductions ; and very prudently prefaced his suggestions respecting them by a general demonstration of the necessity and practicability of making an extensive retrenchment. The manner in which he has executed this task being so well calculated to secure the

object he had in view, and all he has said on the subject being also so thoroughly applicable to the present circumstances of our financial situation, that we feel we cannot do a more useful service to the cause of retrenchment than giving at length what he has written in his preliminary view of the question. He says—

As to the practicability of retrenchment, the zeal with which all existing expenses are defended throws a considerable difficulty in the way of proving it. Each public department stands prepared to give the most confident reasons why it is absolutely necessary to keep up the scale of its expenditure to the exact point at which it now is. Every kind of sophism, insinuation, and assertion is worked up with vast ingenuity into a case, to resist any attempt at effective retrenchment; and not only Government and Parliament, but also the public, suffer themselves, in this way, to have their judgment influenced rather by the personal authority of official men, who are always endeavouring to keep their respective services in the highest possible state of equipment and show, than by those principles of a sound system of finance, which require that that portion of the public expense which is incurred for military preparation and protection, should be regulated by the quantity and measure of the danger to be guarded against.

It is almost impossible for persons, not themselves in office, to have sufficient knowledge of details, to be able to expose the fallacies on which the pleas for expense are enforced; and the absence of such an exposure produces too often a belief that the expense is necessary. The only mode, therefore, that is left for making out a case to establish the practicability of retrenchment, is by reasoning on probabilities, founded on those facts which are within the observation of every one. Although this is necessarily an imperfect kind of proof, the facts of profusion which can be adduced, when combined together and patiently examined, will be quite sufficient to lead to conclusions that will leave no doubt on any unprejudiced and disinterested mind.

1. When we see how great the expense of the army, navy, and ordnance services is, in comparison with what it was in the peace preceding the war of 1793, we have a right to infer, *primâ facie*, that the present expense is much too great; and the *onus probandi* rests, clearly, with those in authority, to point out what the circumstances are which can justify so great an additional charge on the public. It may be seen, by referring to the evidence taken before the Committee of Finance of 1828, that they concurred in this opinion; for they commenced the examination into each of the above-mentioned departments by quoting a similar opinion of the Committee of Finance of 1817; and by calling on the witnesses for an explanation of the causes which had led to so expensive a peace-establishment as the present one.

After beginning their labours on such a principle, there can be little doubt that if they had been re-appointed in the session of 1829, they would have recommended considerable reductions in our military and naval forces to have been made, as soon as the war in Turkey and the affairs of Greece were settled.

It is by no means sufficient to say, in order to meet the charge of profusion in the military expenditure, that the services are in a very high state of efficiency; for this charge can be properly met, only by showing that preparation and equipment have not been carried beyond the point which manifest grounds of public necessity prescribe. Unless this condition of necessity be taken into consideration, the expense to be incurred for the public service would be a mere matter of fancy; and might be made twice what it is without any blame, provided that efficiency and equipment were doubled at the same time. Although this principle of necessity appears to be so evident as almost to make it unnecessary to point it out, every one must be sensible, who has closely watched the reasoning of those military authorities according to which our establishments are regulated, that it can have had but little consideration in their minds.

Referring, therefore, to the fact of the very great present amount of the peace-establishment in comparison with what the establishment was prior to 1793; and no satisfactory reasons having been given, grounded on a proper exposition of the danger to be apprehended, to prove that a public necessity exists for fixing it at treble the former amount, we come to the conclusion, that a case can be made out to show that retrenchment is practicable in our military and naval expenditure. †

† This conclusion is further established, in the same work, under the heads of Army and Navy Expenditure.

The spirit of profusion which is admitted to have prevailed during the last war, coupled with the fact of nothing having since been effectually done to control it, suggests another argument for its being possible to make a considerable reduction in the expenditure. The nature, character, and extent of the war destroyed all previously established systems of control and economy. The facility of getting money by loans, through the help of inconvertible bank paper and of the sinking fund, led to that boundless expenditure in subsidies, expeditions, fortifications, military pensions, civil superannuations, and increased salaries, which consumed so many millions, and of which we are now feeling the effects. Now, though the war is over, the spirit of this profusion survives; for it is not possible to point out any measure, or system of measures, which has produced any general and decided change in it; and therefore there can be no doubt that if a strict spirit of economy were substituted instead of this spirit of profusion, a great deal of the present expenditure might be reduced.*

3. The numerous reports on the public departments for the management of the public expenditure, which have been made by Commissions of Inquiry and Select Committees of the House of Commons, show that there is not one of these departments, of which the constitution and organization is not extremely defective. Every department has more branches, and every branch more officers and clerks, than would be necessary if a proper principle of consolidation were adopted, for the despatch of public business, and for the control of the individuals entrusted with it. In addition to this, the forms of doing business are ancient and cumbersome. Reformation, which has made such universal inroads into ancient institutions, and with such universal advantage, has been successfully excluded from the public offices; returns are required of what is doing, to a useless extent; checks are heaped upon checks, of no real use; correspondence is carried on between office and office, and between the offices and individuals, in a manner quite uncalled for by any public object; salaries have been immensely increased; pensions and superannuations have been lavishly regulated, and very large sums of money have been squandered on official residences.†

With proofs upon proofs of the existence of these facts, the conclusion cannot be shaken, that a great saving of expense would be the consequence of such a revision of all the departments, as would introduce modern improvements, instead of a system of organization and regulation, of which the origin may be traced back to centuries from the present time.

4. The complicated and multifarious methods of keeping accounts in all the public offices; the numerous and dilatory methods of auditing them; and the almost incredible fact, that there is not made up in any office such a document as an account of the actual annual expenditure of the public money; show that there is reason for presuming, that if all this were changed, and a simple, uniform, and accurate system of public accounts introduced in its stead, a great retrenchment might be made in all the official establishments; at the same time that the public money would be under a more secure custody. 'The annual accounts that are laid before Parliament are confined to the Exchequer receipts and issues; they leave millions unexplained and unaccounted for in detail. They state, for instance, the expenditure of the army, navy, and ordnance, no further than the gross amount of the issues for each of these services.'‡

With respect to the principles on which retrenchment should be conducted, it is of the greatest importance that these should be well considered, and, when decided upon, most severely adhered to. No person can have his mind in a perfectly fit state to form a judgment on any question of retrenchment, without having acquired the habit by previous study of referring to what the uses and object of government are, and the grounds on which taxes can justly be required to be paid. The great error which is commonly committed is taking the utility of an expenditure as a sufficient justification of it; whereas, however useful it may be, if it cannot be shown to be absolutely necessary for securing some public object that could not be had by any other means, it is superfluous, and ought to be discontinued. It is not an uncommon opinion among those persons who are in situations to have considerable influence in matters of finance, that we ought first to secure all the reve-

* There was paid, in five years to 1823, 125,000*l.* for expenses incurred in official residences.—*Parl. Com. Fin.* No. 124.

† Report on Public Accounts of Messrs. Brooksbank and Belts, p. 6. A new plan of accounts, of considerable merit, has been on trial for some time in the Navy Office. It has been conducted by Mr. Deas Thompson.

ture we can, and then regulate the expenditure according to it. Others allow themselves to be guided by their feelings and their passions; and not having formed, by proper researches, any fixed principles of the science of legislation, are continually favouring expense, and resisting economy, when cases of apparent individual hardship come before them: not recollecting what those persons suffer, who pay the taxes for providing for the effects of their mistaken compassion and unjustifiable liberality with the public money. If right principles were referred to, they would suggest that taxation is the price we pay for government; and that every particle of expense that is incurred beyond what necessity absolutely requires for the preservation of social order, and for protection against foreign attack, is waste, and an unjust and oppressive imposition upon the public. Every minister, and every member of parliament, who has the power to spend or to save the public money, should do his best to prevent the wants of the state from depriving the people of the means of providing for their wants; and therefore economy and frugality, which are virtues in a private station, from their vast influence upon national happiness in a public station, become the most pressing of duties.

The arguments set forth in these pages of "Financial Reform," leave nothing to be added, to establish beyond all question the necessity and practicability of retrenchment, and the principles on which it ought to be conducted. This extract should be read repeatedly by every elector of the United Kingdom; and the liberal part of the public press could do nothing better calculated to point out what candidates should be required to undertake to perform, than republishing it frequently before the general election.

Before we proceed to point out in detail where savings of expense may be made, we consider it necessary to suggest that the first thing every candidate should be required to promise to do, is to use his utmost exertions in Parliament to secure a proper system of public accounts. The fact which is mentioned in the preceding quotation "that there is not made up in any office or department such a document as an account of the actual annual expenditure of the public money," is alone sufficient to impress on any thinking mind the absolute necessity of making the new-modelling of the public accounts, the first object to be sought after and secured. This single fact speaks volumes, in confirmation of the settled plan of our rulers to carry expense to its utmost limit; because nothing could more effectually lead to this end than concealing from the public eye the true state of the expenditure. By so doing, they knew they were able to spend all they wished to spend, without control and with impunity; and the result proves the advantage they took of this protection of their extravagance.

In the next article, the late Budget will be examined, in order to show the cause of the deficiency of the Revenue to the amount of £1,200,000, on the last 5th of July, and to point out the measures which the public interest requires to be adopted.

CHEAP PERIODICALS.*

DR FOX is the first author of the whole class of periodical literature which rises above a mere gazette or bulletin, and endeavours to reason and joke as well as to disseminate the news or lies of the day. His "Review" was the prototype of the "Tatler," and contains several light,

* Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, No. I. to XXVIII. The Penny Magazine, No. I. to XXI. Saturday Magazine, No. I. to VII. The Schoolmaster Nos. I. to III.

racy sketches of character and manners, not unworthy of Steele himself. "The Tatler" carried the kind of paper started by "The Freeborn Englishman" to perfection. "The Spectator" which succeeded it, obtained a higher name, less, perhaps, for its intrinsic merits than, because of its more ambitious pretensions. Johnson and others mistook entirely the character of these periodicals, and the source of their popularity. The grave essays of Addison might be admired by the few, but they were only tolerated by the many, and that because of the interesting gossip of the day with which they were surrounded. The body of the work was an exact image of the business and spirit of the age, and the moral essays were acceptable because they dove-tailed into this, received and reflected light upon it. "The Tatler," in particular, expatiates over the whole field of political news. The Newspapers of our day are the genuine successors of the Tatlers and Spectators—they are the full growth of that which these works present to us in its infancy. All attempts to get up "Spectators" or "Tatlers" in our day must fail; their interest is too partial. To attempt to cram such a work down the throats of the public, is like the insane efforts of some worthy Celts to squeeze the expanded intelligence and wants of the age into the social forms of bygone times. Even the "Spectator," in seeking to eschew the virulent party spirit of the period by relinquishing the field of politics, failed for that very reason to lay so strong a hold upon the public mind.

It is inconceivable even to those most accustomed to reflect upon the matter, how the progress of society has been accelerated by these Sibylline leaves of the press. They have contributed to this good work, not by striking out new ideas, but simply by facilitating their interchange between man and man. Compare the clods whom we find vegetating in the thinly inhabited outskirts of our land, brooding over a few homespun ideas, all "of the earth earthy," and incapable of clearly communicating even these, with the apprehensive and versatile denizens of a mercantile or manufacturing town, and you will see at once how wits sharpen one another. Something of the same kind, but immensely more extensive and powerful in its workings, is effected by our thousands of Newspapers which cross and jostle each other, hurrying to carry to every nook and corner of the empire a vivid picture of the thoughts, deeds, and feelings of all the rest. The activity and intelligence disseminated through the land by these means, will not of themselves, make a moral nation, but they are the best, and indeed the only preparatives. The workings of these great enlighteners the Newspapers, might have been increased a hundred-fold, but for the short-sighted policy which has loaded them with a tax so heavy as to place them far beyond the purchase-power of the majority.

This tax was imposed at first, we believe, without any sinister motive. It was imposed at a time when the power and tendency of the organ of thought, the full development of which it now impedes, was rather only of dim foreboding. That it has, however, been since increased to an exorbitant amount, for the sole purpose of checking and fettering the press, no man in his senses can doubt. Why then do those ministers who have been brought into power by professions of attachment to liberty in general, and the liberty of the press in particular,—the ministers who, in opposition to court favour and intrigue, a wealthy aristocracy, and a subtle and reckless body of beggarly partisans, have been kept in place mainly by the exertions of this burdened and manacled giant,—why do they not hasten to free from undue restrictions the power to which

they owe every thing? Is it that self-knowledge makes them dread the discovery of their real character by those who have hitherto supported them?

It is false and foolish to say that the Newspaper tax keeps down only the worst portions of the press. The "Age" and the "John Bull" flourish in despite of it, but even in its tender non-age it crushed Addison's "Spectator." In the very number of that work in which the imposition of the tax, and the necessary increase of the price consequent upon it, are announced, considerable doubt is expressed whether it would not be better to drop it at once. From No. 461 it would appear, that in consequence of the rise in the price, several coffee-houses had ceased to take in the "Spectator." In No. 488, notice is taken of the complaints of subscribers on the score of expense; and a few numbers afterwards it becomes evident that a plan has been arranged for letting the work softly down.*

The oppressive nature of the newspaper-tax has of late induced some desperate men to brave the penalties of the law; and the extent of their sales, before the officials of Government pounced upon them, has suggested those cheap publications which have given rise to our present train of reflection, and a list of the most important of which we have given in a note. The very fact, that they are an experiment to try how much may be done without transgressing the law, shews the anxious care which must ever press upon the editors, and fetter their exertions. It is, at the same time, a sufficient guarantee, that, to a large and interesting portion of that field, over which a newspaper must expatiate, in order to fill up the measure of its interest and usefulness, they are debarred access. They can only be regarded as a promise of what may be achieved when the taxes upon knowledge are withdrawn. The success of Chambers' Journal—which has already attained to a circulation of 28,000 copies, and is, moreover, reprinted both in London and America—shews that the people do not wish writings that shall cater only to one taste or craving of their intellectual nature, but that they are ravenous for information. This work, which, as the oldest, we deem it our duty to mention first, is a pleasing mixture of amusing and instructive extracts from all kinds of authors, with frequent essays, by Robert Chambers, than whom no man knows better how to depict, with a graphic power, and in a kindly spirit, that portion of society which has fallen under his immediate observation. The plan of the work was conceived, and has energetically and skilfully been carried into execution by his brother William, who has also contributed a variety of papers full of valuable statistical information. As a repertory of solid instruction and delightful illustration of fire-side morals, it is invaluable. We fervently hope, that its esteemed conductors may long find it as advantageous to their own pockets, as it promises to be to the minds of the reading public.

Partly because of the danger that attends any encroachment upon the province of taxed newspapers, but partly, also, we believe, from a fear of restricting the circulation of the Journal, all political allusions are carefully excluded, by the Messrs. Chambers. Perhaps in a financial point of view they are right; but we regret this limitation of its sphere of utility. The violent wrench by which public and private life have of late years been separated in this country is most dangerous. The late

* See an article on the sale of the "Spectator," in the "Penny Magazine" for June 14th.

dominant party felt, that the principles upon which they acted in public business, must have ruined domestic happiness and morality, if brought home to the fireside. They had nothing left for it but to assert, that political and domestic morality rested upon entirely different principles. The consequences need scarcely be enumerated. The men who told lies, or, from interested motives, acted contrary to their conscience in public, sullied irredeemably the purity of their mind. They could not lay aside their bad practices like a pair of dirty overalls on their return home. Another evil was the habit superinduced of sneering at every expression of public spirit. Never was there a moment of our history when we were more in need than we are at present of a bold and energetic teacher—such a one as Luther was, or Cobbett might have been—a man who, in a plain and perspicuous manner, could unravel to the understandings all the complex relations of our social system, and, with overpowering eloquence, enforce the necessity of bringing to bear upon every public action the same stern high-toned standard of morality which we apply in the transactions of private life. This deficiency "*The Schoolmaster*" promises to supply—with what success we are scarcely entitled to say—for only three numbers of the work have yet appeared. This, however, we can say, that, if delicate moral tact, rich powers of illustration, and a rarely equalled flow of humour be any guarantee, the domestic duties of "*The Schoolmaster*" (*Schoolmistress*?) will be admirably performed; and that, if sterling honesty, great shrewdness, and a heart void of guile, are of any avail, his political tuition will be equally valuable.

The "*Penny Magazine*," although it contains much valuable matter, we look upon as a hopeless case. It is conducted upon the same principle as all the other works of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and that we humbly conceive to be radically wrong. It is this:—Every work must be submitted, in rotation, to all the members of the committee of management; who cut and carve, add, delete, and transpose at their pleasure, till every feature of originality or individuality is expunged, and nothing remains but the most woful commonplace.* The illustrious second and third-rate intellects who compose that body succeed uniformly in reducing everything to their own level. Hence, while every other of our multitudinous "*Libraries*" and "*Miscellanies*" has produced one or more volumes of mark and note, not one of those ushered into the world, under the auspices of the Society, have lived in the minds of men, notwithstanding the pertinacity of the array of hireling puffers, who have sought to trumpet them into notoriety. But, if this hold true of one volume, much more in the case of a Journal, to which the superintending energy of one mind, giving it a character and a definite aim, can alone ensure success. What we here insinuate, with respect to the "*Penny Magazine*," holds eminently good with respect to its ape and would-be rival, the genteelly sanctified "*Saturday Magazine*." Their characters may be expressed in few words, neither of them will do any harm.

* Such members of the Society as are versant in the language may translate the following stanza, and take the translation to themselves for their pains.

Gleich Geist von einem Chemicus
Durch den Retort getrieben—
Zum Teufel ist der Spiritus
Das Phlegma ist geblieben.

IRELAND, TITHES, AND MR. STANLEY.

Every post brings evidence, even from Heaven's four quarters, that we live amidst brave and ardent hearts. Does Poland weep, and have we not tears for her? Does Germany mourn, and has not Britain a sigh? Is France, Belgium, or Greece, yea, or even remote America, engaged in death-struggle with her vengeful tyrants, and have not the mothers of Britain a heaving bosom and an applauding word? Ireland—misgoverned, wretched Ireland!—for her alone is no sympathy to be shown? Shall we denounce Metternich, execrate Miguel, consign Nicholas to the lowest depths of perdition, and at the same instant, and with the same breath, vote a supply of bayonets in redress of Irish wrongs, and supplicate a full breeze to waft our admiral to Cove? The truth is, we neglect the Irish because we do not know them; we shew so little sympathy with their complaints, because we are quite ignorant of what the grievances are which have roused them into passive rebellion. The view we have been generally taught to take of the tithe question, at once conceals our own personal interests in its righteous decision, and shuts our minds to the oppression under which our brethren groan. We not only do not comprehend that they are truly fighting our battles, that the blood of which Sir Pulteney Malcolm has been sent in quest will be shed in defence of our own religious liberties, as truly as that which dyed the heath of Marston Moor; but we are still even half in doubt whether it will be shed in defence of an enlightened idea of the religious liberties of Ireland. Half-opinions are the death of energy. To deliver our countrymen from the dominion of half opinions in this momentous case, is the object of our present writing. We shall add no formal appeal. The facts will speak, if they are once understood; and when they are understood, the Irish Secretary may send his tithe bills to the tomb of the Capulets.

It is quite unnecessary to disguise that we are to advocate in this article no plan of "COMMUTATION." What we want is "EXTINCTION"—utter and immediate abolition; and although Mr. Stanley appears to imagine them convertible terms, or at least that a promise of extinction can be fulfilled by a most lame attempt at commutation, we believe we shall not fail in our undertaking to point out the difference.

In the second number of this Magazine, there appeared a sort of scientific illustration of the fact, that tithes raise the price of produce, and therefore necessarily fall upon the consumer of that produce. Were the conditions of the actual case, such as supposed in that abstract problem, it would be clear as an axiom that no individual within these seas could buy his loaf without paying one-tenth of its value to the church; but, although there do exist certain circumstances which practically modify the result, they have no other effect than that of extending the sphere of the oppression beyond the limits of tithed land, and by this means of appearing to lighten its weight. The whole land of the country, it is well known, is not subject to tithe; Scotland, and a considerable part of England and Wales, having been long relieved from it, by compulsory or voluntary commutations. It may in fact be stated, without serious error, that one-half of Great Britain is free from the tithe-tax; and the consequences are manifest in the vast superiority and completeness of the cultivation of this entitled half. The question is, what effect the impost exercises, under these actual circumstances,

upon our population? and, as we deem it a question on which the lives of our brethren are at present depending, we earnestly trust that the following statement of its result will be comprehended without the exercise of too arduous thought. When we refer to the awful issues that may be involved in what we write, we are almost unfitted for the assumed task, by very anxiety. Let us entreat from our countrymen a willing ear. To represent the case in something of a tangible nature, or at least sensible form, suppose that the two annexed lines exhibit the relative extent of cultivation of our tithed and untithed soils; the cultivation of the latter having advanced from the best soil at A gradually down as far as the comparatively barren soil at B, and that of the former having stopt at D, a soil much better than B, as it is less removed from the best soils at A and C, but not more profitable to the farmer, in consequence of the noxious operation of the tax. Remove the burthen under which the tithed land labours; and, as all cause of inequality will thus be removed, the tendency will clearly be, that the cultivation of the two territories become immediately equalized. To become equalized, however, as neither more nor less corn can be required than before, the cultivation of the one must advance, and that of the other recede to meet it. The process of equalization will therefore be somewhat of this sort:—The culture of the formerly tithed land will advance to a certain point E, and that of the formerly free land will recede from the unfertile soils at B to the point F, where the soils correspond with those at E. Now, as it is well known that the price of corn is determined by the cost of its production on the lowest soils cultivated, the new price will be the money required to raise it on the soil F or E., whereas its former price was the higher sum necessary to raise it on the more unproductive land at B. The difference of the expense, then, of raising corn on the soils at F and B, is just what every consumer in the country pays in consequence of the existence of tithes; and it is from this tax, this increment on the price of bread paid by each consumer, that tithe is drawn. From this source ALONE, tithe is extracted: for the only other source available is rent; and it might easily be made clear that, after the abolition of tithes, the aggregate rental of the country would be almost the same as before. We scarcely know an amount of sacrifice to which we would not submit, if it could but tend to impress upon our countrymen the great truth here established. **TITHE PAID BY THE CONSUMER!** Let the fact be but once known,—let it be understood even in half its significance, and tithe is gone, and Ireland peaceful and free. Such is indeed the undisguised character of that impost, on account of which Government is apparently preparing to pacify our hapless sister island by the argument of the sabre, and to plunge her families into mourning! We must contemplate so serious a matter with yet deeper attention, and follow out its details.



Our hatred of Tithe is utter, unextinguishable, relentless; and we can show reason for our detestation. In the first place, we hold it worthy of all hatred, as a mere provision of finance. It is an impost, be it observed, upon the first necessities of life; and, of course, paid by every man, woman, and child, in proportion to their consumption of

these necessaries. Now, however we differ in wealth, we must all live ; and many a wealthy man consumes, perhaps, less of these coarse products of the soil than the poor man. The tax must, therefore, be regarded as a poll-tax ; a tax levied upon the whole inhabitants of the three kingdoms, by so much *per head*, and without regard to wealth, station, or condition. It is a tax towards which the Aristocrat, who rolls in his inherited purple, or wallows in the spoliation of provinces, and who deposits his spawn upon the benefices of the favoured Church, contributes in no greater amount than the haggard mob-man and his starving children. The beggar upon the streets does not consume his mouldy morsel, without as well serving the Church's revenue as the noble lady at her luxurious luncheon. And is it a question to be put, in these days, when a knowledge of economical science is so general, and the principles of righteous taxation so widely understood—that a provision of this odious kind, drawing, as it does, its indiscriminate and burdensome supply without the least regard to the property or condition of the burdened individual, shall be allowed longer to remain upon our statute-book ? Evil taxation is the modern form of tyranny ; it is thus alone that the rich man can now lay his heavy finger upon the loins of the poor : and well appears the secret to be understood by the Church ! But the tithe impost is not atrocious merely in reference to its financial character, or when the mode of its incidence alone is viewed. To perceive the oppression in its whole length and breadth, we must look at the partiality of its application. Every one knows that tithes go to the upholding of a certain specific form of religious belief, and are, of course, devoted to the sole benefit of such as subscribe to its peculiar creed : and, now, that we have become acquainted with the contributors to the tithe-raised revenues—even the whole inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland, indiscriminately ; let us notice what number draw any boon from the application of them. In England, which is the stronghold of the favoured creed, at least four-sevenths of the whole inhabitants are dissenters ; most of whom hate the Church, and the others view it with indifference :—In Ireland, the dissenters amount to at least six-sevenths ; and, in Scotland, almost to a man, we are heretics. Mark, then, the real state of the present system of things. Out of twenty-six millions of population, eighteen have no earthly connexion with the Established Church, nor interest in her concerns ; and of these eighteen millions, every individual is as severely taxed in her behoof as any individual of the eight who adhere to her ! Require we another word to explain our detestation of tithes ? Shall we permit the eight millions to fleece the eighteen ? Shall we, we SCOTSMEN, whose fathers did some small deeds in old times,—deeds of which fond mothers have often told arousing tales to their children, in behalf of our religious freedom, in behalf of another form of the very question now under discussion,—sit tamely by while the fateful struggle is proceeding, and permit our money to be voted away for the appalling purpose of bayoneting the brave men who have no words in their mouths but those for which our forefathers died, and follow no example but that which shed an unfading lustre over our native land ? Oh, Ireland ! miserably have you been wronged, perseveringly aggrieved, trampled on ; but surely this last injury, this completion of all insults, is not one that can be offered you ! In this the first morning of freedom, the very birth-hour of liberty, when you ask a fish shall we give you a serpent ? When you demand justice, and with your own, claim also our deliverance, shall we answer

you by the trampling of horses and the sabre's clash? Countrymen! Is it a reason for your bayoneting the Irish, that, in consequence of local circumstances, they have been aroused to the feeling of this system of religious intolerance, while you are still the dupes of its contrivers? Can it diminish your interest, in the issue of the struggle, that the Irish have a still greater interest, and have been goaded on to take a lead in it by a near view of the oppression resting upon us all, a familiarity with the object of that oppression, and a more than average share of its load? In truth, Ireland knows thoroughly the meaning of a church without members, and parsons without a charge! They thought her powerless; so long and so safely to be despised, that they withdrew all veil, and blustered before her in undisguised enormity. The Aristocrats' church, or the Aristocrats' spawning bed—for, as we have already hinted, they are one,—could command respect only from distant transmontane Scotsmen; it was in the midst of Irishmen, and they understood it well. Great, too, have been their own special grievances? What is termed small tithe scarcely exists except in Ireland; and, at any rate, has no influence even of an indirect kind upon us. The black-guard proctor,—for desperate men were uniformly selected for a task to which none but a desperate man would address himself,—had a right to obtrude his ill-favoured visage into the cottager's garden—to demand account of the fruits of his private and most sacred industry—to tithe off the produce of the garden-beds cultivated by his wife or children—to attach his tenth calf, his tenth lamb, or his tenth pig,—to take, in short, the tenth of every thing that could be converted into fat, or that half fluid sort of red, ill-odoured, clotted stuff, he terms blood, by the agency of the capacious paunch which had expanded itself into a receptacle for the first fruits of the whole parish! Did Irishmen, sometimes, make the process-server eat his process? We wonder they did no worse. Did they *card* the proctor? We admire the nation whose despair could be tempered by a joke. Have they, now and then, overpassed the bounds of righteous anger; and been entrapped into brutality and crime! We compare the infrequency of the offence with the magnitude and constancy of the provocation. We refer to the nation's scheme of passive resistance, to their well-ordered and temperate resolution to be free, as a proof of how much they are helied by our tourists; for such men cannot be barbarians! In the reports of our Honourable House, we perceive many references to the distress of clergymen, and much horror at the opposition to the "divine authority of law;" but there is no tribute to the peacefulness, the mercy, the signal forbearance of this much oppressed and trodden-down people. Never shall we forget the debt owing by all freemen to our present assembly of Commons,—to their unsurpassed resolution, their unwearied constancy; but its members have truly much to learn, and are still grievously beset by low-browed, vulgar prejudices. The mob-man wears coarse cloth and eats coarser fare, and eke, may be, in rags; but his sufferings have been far deeper than those of the mitre-man, and his feelings no less keen. This and other lessons can be taught our legislators only by the agency of "mob-influence." Countrymen! let us see to it, and gratefully provide a suitable education for our Friends!

But we are to have a "commutation;" and the Irish are to be bayoneted only because they obstinately reject Mr. Stanley's kindness. What a mockery there is in this word commutation, and what an insult in its pretensions as a reform! It must be clear even to a child, that

the only tithe reform of which the nation can accept is a change which would remove or lighten the two odious influences of the impost above described,—which would give it an incidence somehow proportionate to the payer's property, and insure its application in a manner more generally suitable to the welfare or wishes of the entire population. These are the two brands which stamp tithe as most odious; they are the marks which have set it apart as a condemned thing; and the question as to righteous or acceptable commutation is this,—Can these be done away, so long as tithe in any form is preserved? It is our fixed opinion that they cannot: we believe them no mere accidents or concomitants of the impost, but inherent in its very nature; and were there necessity, we could soon show grounds for our belief. Mr. Stanley, however, does not make a call upon our arguments; for he does not pretend, even to enter upon the inquiry. Some vague promise indeed we have, of a Church Reform, *in nubibus*; but of what kind may be augured from our Reformer's celebrated declaration that church property is to be held as sacred as rent. In regard of the financial question, he has the sole object to make tithe if possible less *odious*: to render it less *hateful* appears never to have entered into his thoughts. He would remove, if at all possible, the *feeling* of the burden; he would lighten its *apparent* weight: but the burden itself, or the *real* weight, he will not attempt to remove. A sore exists, an unsightly political ulcer, and he has no wish to cure it, but merely—as if by aid of our able friend Liston—to cover it, if possible, with a new skin. To collect tithes in name of the landlord, and thereby to save the clergy from disagreeable contact with their parishioners, is an object dear to Mr. Stanley as the very apple of his eye; and if he fails in enabling the landlord to collect the full amount of tithe, his whole bill fails. We believe it will fail; we believe that its provisions, even if allowed full and free exercise, will in a short time utterly fail, for they are founded on no true views of economy; but mischievous, ingenious, and, even in their failure, they will provide for tithe's permanency as a POLL-TAX. The slang notion has hitherto been, that tithes fall upon rent. Bishops and Archbishops oracularly pronounced it; and John Lord Eldon gave it his legal imprimatur, when he “reproved” the Marquis of Lansdowne for uttering the word “tax.” How then have the Landlords borne it? Have they contrived no means of throwing the imaginary burden from their shoulders? and should it turn out a consequence of Mr. Stanley's bill that some part of it really fall upon rent, will they demand no relief from the actual burden? What they did when frightened merely, we all know, and may hence augur what they will do when hurt. At the present moment, they are in the enjoyment of a countervail for the fancied incidence of tithes upon their incomes; and although we might shame them out of that countervail on the passing of a measure of extinction, we may depend upon it, they will be little disposed to give it up or permit its diminution, if we really burden them by a measure of commutation. It is notorious that the corn-law is mainly defended by a consideration of the presumed extraordinary burdens lying upon land; and if tithe be made to fall actually upon rent, and the present supposititious burden thus converted into a real burden, there can exist no doubt that a part of this incidental protecting duty will be put down to the account of compensation for it, and consecrated accordingly. The protecting duty, as all the world knows, protects rent by taxing the consumer; and here again therefore we are, after all our Irish secretary's midnight study—his boasting, and vapouring, and

loud speaking—exactly in our former situation, WITH TITHES AS A POLL-TAX: *only* that, instead of having the feeble clergy to contend with, we are pitted against the whole agricultural interest in the House of Commons, backed by their House of Mischief! Patience fails us to characterize this insult to the feelings of the nation, this piece of unvarnished humbug. Extinction of tithes, forsooth! Why, instead of even pretending to extinguish them, this wilful and insolent young man takes the keeping of them out of hands weak and irremediably paralyzed, and confides them to a party which he conceives powerful enough to ward off the arm of justice for half a century to come; and he terms his act, conciliation of Ireland! What we wish at present is, that all this be known. We unveil before our countrymen the real claims of this aristocratical reform; we show them a law, about to be imposed upon us, which can pretend to no higher sanction than might be pled for an edict of Miguel or Nero; and we inform them that it is on account of her brave resistance to such despotism, on the part of a presuming scion of a Saxon house,—her worn out long-suffering of the freaks of a vain youth, who approached her shores but to insult her,—that British daggers are to be soon sheathed in Irish bosoms, and that unhappy country clothed in her shroud!

What provokes us most in our contemplation of this outrageous defiance of justice and true law, is not only its own demerits, but the signal ignorance and contempt thereby manifested of an opportunity to set an important question for ever at rest, and to save the country from prolonged and disastrous agitations. Our view of the opportunity is indeed widely different from that of Mr. Stanley and the Tories, who are cheering him on. His aristocratic mind can take in the idea of no opportunity but one,—an opportunity to bolster up old abuses for a few paltry years—to lengthen out the dominion of the oligarchy over the many—to sacrifice the rights of freemen and the peace of the empire upon the altar of a fusty corporation, and to immolate justice at the shrine of prejudice. That he has done, or at least endeavoured to accomplish all this, he probably esteems his highest glory; for narrow intellects are uniformly tinctured with fanaticism. To say that the opportunity to perform an act which might stand the test of time, an act which might embody some of those grand principles that are ever evolving and assuming a wider dominion, as the destinies of the world unfold,—was now within Mr. Stanley's reach, were to say that a deaf man might hear, or a despot love mankind. He has missed it, and that is enough; his eye is not formed for a stretch to immortality, as the gorgeous vista was right before him, and he gazed—prone to the earth! Let his biographer but state this, and he may save himself the trouble of commentary. The fact is clear and damning,—that he might, but would not,—that Ireland demanded the actualizing of religious charity, the removal of bloated oppression, and he doggedly leagued himself with the oligarch, and, to pacify Ireland, invoked the sabre! Is it asked what we want—what we are angry with him for not doing—what we are as certain must yet be done, as that the sun marches through the heavens? If one man can still put the question in very ignorance, let him meditate upon our answer. It is here:—

Tithe ought to have been abolished, utterly, immediately; and along with it that duty which the landlords imposed, in pretended countervail of a burden that never fell upon them. This had been just, and was practicable: it had stood the buffet of opinion, and no storm would have

shaken the arrangement. The question as to the Established Church remains, and we had been still willing to treat it even upon the doctrines now in vogue. The sum required for its support in the different counties ought to have been raised within the several counties, upon the known principles of fair and defensible finance; by means, perhaps, of a modified property-tax. Mr. Senior objects to this as an increase of the burdens of the people; but he foolishly overlooks that the tax remitted, compared with the tax imposed, presses with at least a tenfold force. That the new impost might have been comparatively light in *amount* as well as *nature*, we are prepared to uphold, from what we find written in books on Church and State polity, by reverend prelates, as well as from what is due to religion. "The immediate and direct motive," says Bishop Marsh, "which operates in the establishment of a religion, is its *Utility to the State*; and that Utility, viz. to the *State*, will be greater or less, in proportion to the number and influence of the party which professes it." Our inference from the foregoing will hardly be denied,—that the money paid for it should be proportionate to its utility. To this maxim should be joined two others upheld by common observation, and common prudence:—A church with few members, in order to have the maximum efficiency, ought to be a poor or even a missionary church; and—A rich church anywhere is in signal danger of becoming an unpopular, if not a despised one. In the former of these maxims we merely compress the secret of that moral power by which all creeds have fought their way against obstacles; and, in the latter, allusion is made to a far deeper principle than the danger of exciting envy in the atrabilious and malignant. Envy, hatred, and contempt, are caused not by mere station, but by the want of those moral qualities and that dignity of mind which command respect. Station is only hazardous as it tends to inflate us with pride, to sunder us from sympathy with the multitude of our fellow-pilgrims, to render us contemptible. These are the effects of riches. Upon the rich man Christ's emphatic sentence still rests; and already in the twin churches of our sister kingdoms has it wrought out its curse.

Our principles of Church Reformation are thus shortly unfolded. They will yet triumph over our opponents. The day has dawned in which the application of moral truth to the process of political regeneration, is no longer to be laughed at as a dream. Not many years will elapse until justice shall rule in Great Britain; and, flowing from her high example, as light from the sun, the principles of justice will one day renovate the withered and wintry old world, and advance religion, and nourish peace in ages and amongst generations, from whom Mr Stanley himself has skat out all knowledge of his name.

THE SUICIDE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ADIEU, too barren waste of earth,
 Ye pangs of life, thou freezing sun!
 A phantom pale at morning's birth
 I pass away, perceiv'd of none;
 Ye palms of an immortal spring,
 Her fluttering feeble quest of you
 My spirit leaves, and folds her wing,

Adieu!

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THEODOR KÖRNER.

Φιστάν — ἦν τῷ τιβήκῳ.
 Νησίς δ' ἐν μακρῶν τε φρονι εἶναι.

ALCÆUS.

DEATH has been fearfully ambitious of late. The mould is yet fresh on the graves of Göthe, Cuvier, Bilderdyk, Niebuhr, Crabbe, Bentham, Mackintosh, Perier, and others of whose names nations were proud. While we write, his hand is stealing towards another brow, from which it has already reft the crown of intelligence; and menaces the world with a funeral which shall strike the hearts of millions with sorrow and astonishment. The period cannot now be far distant, when all the remaining worthies of the age shall have exchanged their inheritance of the Present, for the Past. As their voices successively fall mute, we feel that the earth is growing dumb and barren. We look despondingly around for the new actors who should succeed to the parts which these have left vacant and unoccupied,—and amidst the animation of our present hopes, and the exultation of our present triumphs, we recollect with a chilling sense of admonition, that the era which has been distinguished by so many great achievements, has also (thus evenly does the scale of human felicity seem to be poised) been darkened by the falling asleep of those whose presence was a privilege and a pride to their generation.

In some respects, indeed, we fear that we have fallen upon evil times. In the higher departments of mental exertion we now seek with little success for something that may afford a promise whereupon to fasten our hopes for the future. The great array of strong and bright-souled men who have for so many years advanced and guarded the circuit of our literature, are leaving to other hands a charge which their own great triumphs have rendered still more grave and trying than when they received the inheritance. It is no light task which they will bequeath. It will demand rare endowments; sedulous diligence, and true singleness of purpose; above all, a sincere, nay, almost a religious spirit of dedication, which alone can array the mind to its worthy performance.

“ And Echo answered ‘ Where are they?’ ”

Of talent, we discern an abundance on every side. We see much laudable reverence exhibited towards the relicts of departed genius; and of mental activity, to an extent hitherto unexampled, we have daily and striking evidence. It is the purpose—the direction—the *religion*, as we have above remarked, that we fear may be found wanting. So intimately do we feel this, that we are firmly persuaded that the advancement or degeneracy of the era we are about to commence will be mainly decided by the degree to which this principle shall influence or be absent from the efforts of mind. We consider that there was never a time when the assertion of high motive, as the guiding-star of all adventurers in literature, was more needful than in this our present state of uncertainty and transition. The old supports are falling from our temples; and we must take heed that others, and right steadfast ones, be set up in their places, lest the edifice become a ruin.

From these considerations, no less than because of the suggestion afforded by a late melancholy announcement, we have thought that it will

not be unprofitable to devote some time to the observation of a character, in which the sustaining and ennobling class of motives to which we have adverted, were more than commonly prominent and active. We shall briefly attempt to trace some features of a beautiful Life, which, though short, contained, by a singular happiness, the sum of all that we seek in the most-glorious longevity; to exalt, for the love and instruction of as many as we can influence, the example of a true *Poet*, whose actions were an emanation of the spirit which inspired his song; and to scatter, as far as lies in our power, some affectionate remembrances over the grave of as kindly, as bright, and as heroic a spirit as God ever sent upon earth, or early recalled unto himself. •

• In the obituaries of the last few months, we have been struck by finding a name, beside those we have already enumerated,—that, namely, of *Theodor Körner's Father*. Himself an estimable and educated man, occupying a more than respectable station in society, and honoured by the friendship of most of the distinguished men in Germany, it is in virtue of the first-mentioned title alone, that the notice of his decease will be most widely impressive, and his name for ever held in remembrance. Of this gifted son, whom he was destined so long to survive, of his opening life of promise, rapidly followed by noble performance, and nobler death,—we shall therefore take the present occasion to speak. And if we shall succeed in winning the attention of our readers to the memory of this generous and true-hearted being, or call down a few drops to freshen the oaken garland which hangs over his tomb, we shall, we are firmly persuaded, have rendered good service to the cause of whatever is good, and enduring, and lovely; while paying, in part, our debt of gratitude for the many deep and purifying emotions which we have owed to the frequent contemplation of his life and writings.

Carl Theodor Körner was born in Dresden, on the 31st September, 1791; his father being, at that time, counsellor of appeals in some of the courts of the capital. His commencement of life was not auspicious. Ill health, acting on a feeble constitution, prolonged the season of childhood, and (fortunately, perhaps, for his poetical bias) kept him much, during the first years of his life, in the open air, amidst vineyards and gardens; at an age when more robust children are already labouring at the sour rudiments of learning. He was far from exciting notice by any tokens of precocious talent; but was ever remarked for the gentle, yet firm, temper of his disposition, his quick sensibility to affection, and an excitable imagination. His bodily strength preceded the development of his mind. As his years increased he devoted himself to, and excelled in, bodily exercises, and bestowed successful attention upon music and drawing. In the mean time, his intellectual powers gradually, at first, but afterwards, with great rapidity, began to unfold themselves. His first progress in education was indeed not conspicuous, but rather from impatience than incapacity, as he readily mastered those branches which awakened his interest;—these were History, Physics, and the Mathematics. He was not prompt in the acquisition of languages;* and, it is worthy of remark, as almost prophetic of his subsequent tendencies, that, from his earliest youth, he appeared to entertain an almost insu-

* A want of aptitude, in this respect, has been remarked in many of our greatest intellects. Some, we know, have gone so far as to deny the compatibility of large mental capacity, with the peculiar property of mind which successfully attains languages.

perable aversion to the French. He may almost be said to have been born with poetry in his mouth; for, he began to compose verses when little more than a child: but these did not excite, perhaps did not merit, attention. His father, with a just feeling, which is worthy of praise and imitation, carefully abstained from encouraging him to efforts for which he remained yet to learn whether his son were truly fitted; lest, as he wisely observed, he might find one day that he had been forcing a weed, where he had hoped to rear a choice and beautiful flower.

This judicious caution was advantageous to young Körner; not less so was the choice of the poets, with whose writings he was first made acquainted. The works of Schiller and Goethe taught the boy to contemplate a high standard of art; and no partial applause disturbed the comparison which he thus learned to draw between his immature attempts and productions of true excellence. The effect was to impress upon his mind the necessity of assiduous labour, in order to attain a like success, while it excited, rather than subdued his ambition. The impulse of song within him was too vivid to be repressed; yet we find, that, for a long time, he only attempted compositions of a light and sportive character; regarding himself as yet unqualified for efforts of a more serious nature, and eagerly gathering, on all hands, the materials for future exertion. To this happiness in his early education, aided by a strong natural sympathy and reverence for everything elevated in thought or act, we are disposed to ascribe much of the force and dignity of character which his genius afterwards displayed, while he was yet on the threshold of life.

In the meanwhile, the business of his education was going on, at the Kreuz-Schule, or High School, at Dresden; and afterwards, by private instructors, under his father's roof, until his seventeenth year. By this time, his capacity had widely unfolded itself; his acquisitions, during the last two years, had been considerable; and he began to give abundant promise of what he so soon afterwards fulfilled. In the circle of his family and a few chosen friends, he was beloved for the union of softness and vivacity, which marked his disposition and manners. Throughout life, indeed, he possessed, in a rare degree, the gift of winning affection from all who approached him. Like all true poets, like all unspoiled characters, indeed, he delighted in the society of women; and was blessed with that nameless endowment which wins their favour; while the position and literary connexions of his father procured him the advantage of early familiarity with many intelligent and distinguished men, who visited Dresden.

It was now time to adopt some pursuit or profession in life; for the circumstances of Counsellor Körner were not such as to secure his son an indolent independence. The selection of this, with the kind and judicious attention which seems to have ever presided over his education, was intrusted to his own choice; and a strange one, as it would at first appear, considering the natural bias of his disposition, did young Körner make; the study, namely, of *mining*, which, in Germany, is reduced to a science, and cultivated as a profession. In this choice, however, as in many acts of his later life, we discover a pregnant trait of Körner's resolute strength of mind; which urged him, conscious as he was, of too eager a predilection for ideal pursuits, to embrace one eminently opposed to them, as a moral discipline, which the prevalent bias of his mind required. And having thus chosen his task, he proceeded, gladly and earnestly, to achieve it; and was not long in adorning it with graces borrowed from his rich and fanciful imagination. Some of his earliest

serious lyrics, and one dramatic sketch of considerable beauty, describe, in poetical imagery, the contest of human enterprize with the gnomes, kobolds, and sprites, wherewith tradition has peopled the bowels of the mine.

It was in the summer of 1808 that he entered the mining academy at Freyberg, (then superintended by the celebrated Werner,) and pursued, with great enthusiasm and diligence, the various studies required by his destined profession. During the two years he passed at this institution, his character acquired a maturity and depth which surprised even those who thought to know him best. A seriousness of temper, to which the violent death of a beloved fellow-student is supposed to have contributed, began to mingle with the buoyancy of his spirits, without subduing them; and, amidst the fervour of youth, was seen unfolding the strength and earnestness of the man. His stay at Freyberg was enlivened by frequent visits to his family, and by excursions through the mountainous scenes of Saxony, in which his passionate love of nature was again called out and gratified. Nor was his pen idle; a constant exercise of powers, now beginning to be thoroughly awakened, gave him confidence and facility in composition; and, from this period, he seems to have attained a clear and hopeful insight into his true vocation, which never afterwards abandoned him. We must here pause to remark, as a rare and precious feature in Körner's mind, the full consciousness, which seems thus early to have inspired him, that he was born to be a poet. This conviction, the offspring of a power inwardly felt, and, as far as possibly opposed to self-praise, or vain satisfaction with his productions, was present to him at all times, supporting him with strength and joy in the task which he imposed upon himself, and ever keeping his view single and firmly attached to the worthy and the beautiful. For, if he felt the poet within him, he did not the less intimately acknowledge the necessity of assiduous and resolute culture, to the attainment of that noble designation.

His first publication, under the title of "Flower-buds," appeared in the interval between quitting Freyberg in 1810, and entering the University of Leipzig. Although full of promise, the "Flower-buds" are far from being finished or excellent poems; but the young author's father, who himself now clearly perceived his son's destiny was to be a writer, encouraged rather than dissuaded the publication, although he knew it to be somewhat immature; wisely desiring, that he should, as early as possible, learn the necessity of submitting himself to a tribunal more rigid than the indulgent circle of family critics.

Körner's stay at Leipzig was neither long nor profitable. The students were, at that time, ranged in two parties, in a state of almost open hostility to each other. To remain neutral had been impossible, even to one of a temperament less fiery than that of our young bard. Quarrels, jovial meetings, and the consequent interruption of studious pursuits, which he nevertheless attempted to reconcile with the wild career into which he had plunged, naturally brought him into collision with the academical authorities; and his father decided upon removing him, after a few months' residence, to Berlin.

Here, under the protection of a valued friend of his father's, he resumed his studies with ardour, and the advantages of every kind which his new situation seemed to secure, encouraged the most sanguine anticipations. But a violent fever, which attacked young Körner only a short time after his arrival in Berlin, with the lingering debility which

it produced, entirely disturbed this promising arrangement; and rendered a long interval of repose and change of scene needful to his restoration. When this at length took place, his father, who was alarmed by the spirit at that time prevalent throughout the German Universities, renounced the idea of replacing him at Berlin, or entering him, as he desired, at Heidelberg. Strongly relying upon the excellence of his disposition, and anxious to afford his now developed powers a wider field for ambition and exercise; desirous, perhaps, at the same time, of removing him from scenes and associations of an injurious tendency, he resolved upon sending him to Vienna, where a cordial reception, and the most valuable introductions were offered by his tried friends the Prussian Minister Von Humboldt, and the celebrated Frederick Schlegel. Under such auspices, and in the confidence which his son's character inspired, he did not fear to expose him to the temptations of the most luxurious capital in Germany; nor had he ever reason to repent his decision.

- From this important era in Theodor Körner's life, we cease to regard him as a mere youth; and watch, with strong interest, the progress of his character and powers, from the time when he may be said to have been first placed in a state of independent action. The brilliancy of the scene upon which he now entered, the attractions of every kind which surrounded him, while they produced, on his impressible and eager temperament, all the intoxication of novelty, did but the more excite his ambition to the further culture of those faculties of which he was now fully, though not vainly conscious. Accordingly, we mark, about this period, a rapid expansion in the features of his mind, with a more assiduous, though interrupted, devotion to many important branches of study; and we discover the high objects of his pursuit at last presented to his view, with a clearness which nothing henceforward will be found to overcloud. He had embraced his calling, and now earnestly began to labour at its duties. Amidst the allurements of society, and the pleasures of every description which Vienna affords, and which no one could enjoy with a keener zest than the young poet, he undertook a resolute course of study and composition; and the rapid succession, no less than the progressive improvement of the compositions which he gave to the world during the eighteen months of his sojourn in that capital, attest the fervour, as well as the success, of his labours.

His attention was now directed to the drama. The first of his works in this branch of writing, two small pieces in a comic vein, entitled, "The Bride," and "The Green Domino," were received with applause, and acted in the January of 1812. These were followed by a burlesque sketch, called "The Watchman," which was also successful. Having thus, as it were, felt his ground, he chose a subject of a graver cast, and produced "Toni," a drama founded upon a West-Indian story,—and a one-act piece of a fearfully tragic interest, named "The Expiation," which is omitted in the edition of his works published by his father. And now that he deemed himself sufficiently prepared for a greater effort, he designed, and soon completed his first great tragedy, "Zriny,"—founded upon the noble devotedness of the Hungarian hero of that name, in defending the fortress of Sigeth against an overwhelming force of Turkish besiegers, led by Solymán the Great. This tragedy, although disfigured by tumid passages, and other faults of inexperience, was a noble and remarkable effort for a youth who had barely reached his twentieth year. The subject is eminently dramatic, and the principal

characters stand forth with a power and discrimination, which at once evinced Körner's genius to be eminently suited to this dignified class of composition. It was acted with enthusiasm at Vienna; the author was called for at the close of the performance,—an honour rarely paid,—and his reputation as a poet of the highest promise was from thenceforth permanently established. His next work was "Hedwig," a serious drama; and he soon afterwards completed his second regular tragedy, "Rosamund;" the name of which will suggest to English readers the subject thus happily chosen. In vigour it is, perhaps, inferior to "Zriny;" but displays a finer drawing of character, a more natural style, and situations of deeper pathos. The progress of the author in the more exquisite beauties of his art is distinctly perceptible. There are passages in this fine tragedy which yield to few in the German, or, indeed, in any other language. To conclude, without interruption, the catalogue of his dramatic labours in this brief but active period, we must name his last serious sketch, entitled "Joseph Hederic," commemorative of an act of devotion in an Austrian petty officer towards his commander; a most beautifully written and touching production. In the intervals of these his more serious occupations, he found leisure to publish several small comic pieces—"The Cousin from Bremen,"—"The Corporal,"—"The Governess,"—together with two operas—"The Fisherman's Daughter," and "The Sentinel for four years," and poetical pieces in great number. Of his dramatic writings we shall not here attempt an analysis; as they deserve, and will probably form the subject of a separate paper. For the present, after just pausing to remark the wonderful fertility which the above catalogue evinces, we shall pass rapidly on to the further history of the Author.

The mere time requisite for the production of these works, added to his hours of study, would not have furnished, to one so rapid and abundant as Körner, sufficient occupation to guard him from the dissipations of Vienna. A charm of a stronger and more beautiful nature, however, was now his most effectual safeguard. He had not long arrived in the capital, before he became passionately attached to a lovely and excellent girl, who fully merited and returned his affection. The connexion was sanctioned by his parents, and the sum of Körner's happiness seemed complete. At this juncture, the only obstacle to his immediate union with his beloved was apparently removed, by his obtaining the appointment of Court-dramatist to the Emperor; a post of emolument no less than distinction, and which assured him an establishment for life. Upon this, the sunniest period of Körner's existence, it is difficult to dwell without bitter emotion. On reading the numerous poems addressed by him to his mistress, breathing intense and hopeful affection,—playful, and tender, and full of projects of future happiness; with the instant remembrance before us of the great act of devotedness to which all these lovely possessions and prospects were offered up, we can hardly trust our feelings. But with what immeasurable love and reverence do we regard the man, who, with a full consciousness of the extent of his meditated sacrifice, with a disposition which rendered this sacrifice, above all others, trying and costly, did, nevertheless, at the call of what he deemed his duty, unhesitatingly renounce all this wealth of happiness, to struggle, and suffer, and die!

Körner had long watched, with no indifferent eye, the political degradation of Germany. Bitterly, indeed, did he resent the yoke which Napoleon had laid upon the necks of his countrymen; and some of his

earliest published writings contain repeated allusions, now in a plaintive, now in an indignant tone, to their subservience. A disposition like Körner's, warm and chivalrous, full of love towards his fatherland, and keenly alive to its glory, could not but feel galled and humiliated by the total loss of its national independence. For a long time, the fate of his country seemed hopeless, and the power of Napoleon to increase with every new aggression. The watchers for German emancipation, the while, could but await, in sullen resignation, a better day, and the ultimate deliverance which they felt entitled to expect, from the clearness of their cause and the unrighteousness of their enslaver. Towards the close of 1812, however, the prospect of this deliverance appeared rapidly unfolding. The terrible retreat from Moscow was a signal for hope and for revolt. At first, there were popular uprisings, partial contests, the arming of partisans. At length, Prussia declared for war. These proceedings Körner observed with the most intense interest; and, no sooner did the celebrated appeal of the King of Prussia make its appearance, than he resolved that the time was now come when all lovers of their country were called upon to rise and strike in for the good cause. Without an instant's hesitation, yet not thoughtlessly, for his mind had long weighed the subject; not without pain,—for he well knew he was forsaking, most probably for ever, all that he loved best on earth, did he resolve to betake himself to the Prussian rendezvous. The following sentences from a letter, which he wrote upon this occasion to his father, will display, more powerfully than any language we could employ, the true nobility of this heroic sacrifice.

"The Prussian Eagle is abroad, and awakens in all true bosoms the warmest hopes of a freedom for Germany. My art pines for her lost Fatherland—let me be her worthy champion! Now that I know what bliss life may afford,—now that all the stars of my fortune are thus beautifully shining down upon me; it *must*,—by Heaven, it cannot but be a worthy impulse; it cannot but be the conviction that no sacrifice can be too great, for the best possession of mankind, national liberty, that urges me on! * * * * Shall I, with a coward's enthusiasm, sit trilling songs upon the victories of my countrymen? I know thou wilt have to suffer much anxiety; my mother will weep! God console her! This sorrow I cannot spare her. The risk of life alone is nothing; but to know this life, adorned as it is with all the flower-garlands of love, and friendship, and joy, and yet to venture it; to cast away the sweet emotions which I enjoyed in the consciousness that I was preparing for you, my parents, no distress or suffering; this, indeed, is an offering which nothing less than *such* a price could purchase."

In the spirit of devotedness which breathes through the preceding lines, Körner tore himself from his mistress, renounced his brilliant literary prospects, and gave up a life of elegance, and ease, and distinction, for the rude perils of a camp. He departed in no fit of passing enthusiasm; no illusion as to the nature of the task he had undertaken deceived him. From the first moment, although full of confidence in the ultimate success of the cause, he seems to have entertained a strong presentiment that he must be, to borrow that fine simile of Byron's, uttered upon a similar occasion, "one of the many waves which must fall and be broken upon the beach, ere the tide rises to its destined level." Yet it should not be supposed that such considerations made him gloomy or desponding. The peculiar characteristic of his temper, was the entire zeal and cheerfulness wherewith the whole man was addressed to the achievement of any task which he had once assumed. He took with him, moreover, the sustaining consciousness of right; and there was yet another comforter and friend;—the spirit of poetry,

which, at all moments, was pouring her strength into his soul, and inspiring his lips with song. There was never, surely, a poet with whose entire being this fine essence was so thoroughly blended. At all times, his feelings appear to have found their easiest and most welcome refuge in poetry; and his life may be almost read through his writings. From these we shall now offer some extracts, as serving most effectually to display his history, no less than as remarkable for their beauty. They will be taken exclusively from the "Lyre and Sword," a collection written and published during this period, and from his posthumous lyrics. The following fine stanzas were prefixed to the "Lyre and Sword:"—

To you, who yet, with steadfast, warm good will,
 Recal the headstrong striker of the lyre;
 To you, whose looks, as memory paints them still,
 With calm and blessed thoughts my soul attire,—
 Be poured my song! O pleasant be its skill!
 True, my wild heart hath oft provoked your ire,
 And troubled many an hour with stormy breath,
 Yet tried, but not disturbed, your love and faith.

Be still thus kind! Our country's banners fly
 Proud o'er the gates of German Freedom;—now
 The sacred voices of our fathers cry
 "Forward, ye bards, and shield your nation's vow!"
 And the bold man springs up in prompt reply;
 Wild war-storms sweep him on, nor rest allow—
 The lyre falls mute—the naked sabres ring;
 Come forth, my sword! 'tis now thy time to sing!

Loud raves the strife! Ye faithful hearts, farewell!
 On you this strain a friend's fond greeting lays;
 And oft of him, right often, may it tell,
 And kindly to your thought his image raise:
 And if for me no conqueror's welcome swell,
 Weep not—be rather envious of my praise;
 For what the lyre proclaimed with rapturous tone,
 The sword, in willing deed, will then have sought and won!

The verses he addressed to his mistress and friends, upon his departure from Vienna, are profoundly touching, with the mingled utterance of resolution and tenderness:—

Farewell! farewell! with heavy throbbing heart
 I quit thee, love! and duty's call obey.
 If to mine eye a burning tear will start,
 Why should I hide what none need blush to pay?
 Ah! where I go, be peaceful toils my part,
 Or fields where death tears gory wreaths away,
 The hauntings of thine image fair and mild
 Will wring my heart with love and longings wild!

Misjudge not, ye, the spirits of my life,
 The earnest impulse in my soul upspringing:
 Read the true aim of mine accepted strife,
 Alike in song and 'midst the sword's loud ringing.
 Not vainly rose my dreams with omens rife;
 And that my voice hath oft proclaimed in singing
 Of joyous death, for home and freedom's sake,
 Now let me venture for this glorious stake!

I know that wreaths far easier won requite
 The child of song for lays of careless mood;—
 But the true soul throbs eager for the right;—
 And for the art my youthful zeal pursued.

My sword must buy a Fatherland in fight,
 Yea, though it cost my very heart's life-blood :—
 Yet one fond kiss ! were this its last sweet breath,
 For love like ours, mine own ! there is no Death !

About the same period, was composed the following energetic appeal to his countrymen :—

Awake, my land ! Red omens fire the sky :—
 Lo ! from the North the light of Freedom's track !
 In foemen's hearts the vengeful falchion dya.
 Awake, my land ! The meteor signals fly :
 The harvest's ripe—ye reapers, be not slack !
 Our surest help in our own swords is found.
 Press to thy heart the spear, like him of yore : *
 " Make way for Freedom ! " Wash the sullied ground,
 Thy German soil,—ay ! purify with gore !

This is no strife by king, or statesmen pressed,
 But Freedom's great crusade—a holy war.
 Rights, Morals, Virtues, Conscience, Faith, oppressed,
 The tyrant's clutch has ravished from thy breast :
 Reconquer these with Freedom's conquering star !
 Thy shivering grey-beards mutter still " Await,"
 While hearts in ruin curse the robber-brood,
 While shame of virgins cries revenge and hate,
 While butchery of thy sons exclaims for blood !

Break up the ploughshare, let the chisel lie,
 The lyre be hushed, the loom inactive stand !
 Quit courts and halls to join our battle cry.
 The God before whose face thy banners fly,
 Hath willed his sons should rise an armed band !
 For thou shalt build a stately altar soon,
 In his blest Freedom's endless dawn displayed :
 With thy good falchion must the stones be hewn,
 In heroes' deaths the strong foundation laid.

Why weep, ye, maidens ? Mothers, why complain ?
 Not for your hands the swords are grinded bright.
 Mourn ye, while we, enraptured, death disdain,
 And cast young lives against that robber-train,
 That you must lack the combat's bold delight ?
 Yet go, in joyful trust, God's altars seek,
 Who gave, in healing cares, your gentle skill ;
 And in the gift of heartfelt prayers, and meek,
 Taught you a purer, lovelier charge to fill.

Thus pray ye,—that our ancient might awake,
 So that we rise the conquering race of yore ;
 And those who bled for this great cause's sake,
 As vengeful ghosts, our tyrants to o'ertake,
 As guardian sprites, to aid our arms, implore !
 Thou, blest Louisa, † shield thy royal spouse !
 Shade of our Ferdinand, lead our panoply !
 Ye German shades, with heroes' laured brows,
 Be near us still, where'er our banners fly !

* It is hardly needful to observe that the poet here alludes to the celebrated act of Arnold Winkelried at the battle of Morgarten.

† The deceased Queen of Prussia.

Heaven aids our cause, and hail shall overpower ;
Up ! gallant land—up ! Freedom calls thee—hear !
Thy heart throbs high, thine oaken forests tower ;—
Why start at heaps of slain in such an hour ?
On these aloft thy freedom's standard rear !
And when thou standest, proud, with wreaths arrayed,
Reclad with splendours of thy old renown,
Forget thou not the faithful dead, †—but shade
Our funeral urns, too, with the oaken crown !

He left Vienna on the 15th March 1813. On his way to join the Prussian armies, he fell in at Breslau with the gallant partisan leader, Von Lützow, who was then raising troops for that daring band, immortalized by Körner's muse in the splendid war-song, "Lützow's Wild Chase," which we shall attempt to render below. It is difficult to describe the enthusiasm which, pervading Germany at this period, crowded the *places d'armes* with volunteers of all ranks and ages. The nation was rising as one man. The voice of the king had but given a signal not uttered a command ; for there heeded none. A host of ardent youths, generally of the educated classes, had already enrolled themselves in Lützow's adventurous troop ; its composition attracted the young bard, and he immediately joined it. A right diligent and valiant soldier did he approve himself, throughout the wild warfare in which this little band was continually engaged ; while, in the hours of rest or inaction, he animated his comrades with the martial and patriotic strains which he was ever pouring forth. These, as we have already observed, were, for the most part, published in the "Lyre and Sword." A great object of its publication was to excite and encourage in the young men of Germany, enthusiasm to the national cause ; and this object it met most thoroughly fulfilled. The stirring, and often solemn adjurations, uttered in poetry of the highest order,—the burning language of the war-songs,—the holy trustfulness of the prayers for success to their cause, which this volume contained, touched the hearts of the men of that day, as with a live coal from the altar. All ages and classes partook of the enthusiasm ; men grown grey in civil or commercial employments, artists, husbandmen, and students, rose up, and girded on, each man his sword. The women would not receive a lover who refused to join the muster of his countrymen ; and we could relate a hundred instances, did our space admit of it, to prove the almost universal enthusiasm which stirred the Germans at this period. The songs which are contained in the "Lyre and Sword," are, for the most part, adapted to old and popular tunes ; and, as purely lyrical compositions, we consider them almost unrivalled. No wonder, therefore, that with the hearts of the people already prepared to feel strongly, they thrilled at the accents of a boldness, and earnestness, and power, such as had never moved them before. Most of the war-songs were composed by the watch-fire, or on the march, or in actual presence of the enemy ; and it is to this, perhaps, they owe part of the strong and almost startling character which many of them possess. We almost despair of being able to give the faintest idea of these wild strains to our English readers. The author has taxed to the utmost, and sometimes overburdened, the resources of a language infinitely more lyrical than our own, and his songs abound in passages of rugged and daring phraseology, which a

† This adjuration was not forgotten by his countrymen ; and its words are inscribed upon his cenotaph.

translator would hardly venture to render. The metrical structure of the verse, without which the songs cannot be fairly represented, is also extremely difficult to preserve in an English version. We know the difficulty; we beg to express our dissatisfaction with the manner in which it has been met; and with this preface, which, for our author's fame, was but necessary, we shall present some of his war-songs to our readers. In the following, we have adhered to the structure of the original, which, unless sung, appears singular. It is the lay entitled "Lützow's Wild Chase."

What sun-kindled files through the greenwood haste?

Hark! hark! how the tumult sounds nearer!

And the swart stern horsemen sweep thundering past,
With clanking sabre, and trumpet-blast,

That thrills in the soul of the hearer.

And would ye that black squadron's name demand?

There ride Lützow's wild and invincible band!

Who press so swift through the forest's shade,—

And o'er crag and o'er torrent are speeding?

They have lain through the midnight in ambuscade—

With a wild hurra! out springs the blade,—

And the Gallic spoilers lie bleeding!

And would ye the black watchers' names demand?

There lay Lützow's wild and invincible band!

Behind the loved Rhine cower'd the blood-sated slave,

And dreamed not of vengeance or danger;

But there came like a storm-wind these troopers brave:

With sturdy arms they have stemmed the wave,

And burst on the shores of the stranger!

And would ye those black swimmers' name demand?

These were Lützow's wild and invincible band!

How roars in the valley the hoarse, hot fight!

How fiercely the sabres are clashing!

Bright helms are shivered, and strong arms smite,

And the sparks of Freedom's kindled light

From the war's red fires are flashing!

And would ye those stern warriors' name demand?

There strike Lützow's wild and invincible band!

Who yonder is breathing his last faint gasp,

'Midst the stricken foemen lying?

There lies on his brow Death's heavy grasp—

But the brave heart shakes not beneath its clasp;

He hath freed his country in dying!

And would ye the slain heroes' names demand?

These were Lützow's wild and invincible band!

'Tis the wild brave chase! 'tis the German chase,

For the blood of their home's enslaver!

Then weep not, ye loved, o'er our burial place;

For the morning dawns, and our land's disgrace

Is gone: we have died to save her!

And henceforth to all time let the record stand,—

"Thus did Lützow's wild and invincible band!"

The stern and solemn beauty of the following fine "Song before battle," will not, we trust, have entirely escaped from our translation; although our German readers, on looking at the original, will perceive how difficult every part is to render, and how utterly impossible it is to translate some passages:—

• Und der Funke der Freiheit ist glühend erwacht
Und lodert blutigen Flammen.

Near glooms the fight !
Hail it with spirits glad and proud,
In German wise with welcome loud,
Brethren, to-night !

Wine glows hard by ;
Ere the clarions are screaming for strife,
We'll take a last kind leave of life ;—
Brethren, fill high !

And God shall hear,
Sworn children of your country's fate,
The vow that, standing at Death's red gate,
Brethren, ye swear !

Our blessed land
From burning chains that brand her slave,
Dying or conquering, we will save ;
Flight word and hand !

Hark ! hears the sound ;
In gladness, love, and sorrow tried,
Death may strike us, but not divide ;—
Brethren, pledge round !

Up ! 'twas war's shout !
Hark ! the trumpet's terrible breath
Is crying, " Forward ! for life or death !"
Brethren, quaff out !

We cannot attempt any detail of Körner's military exploits, or of the fortunes of the band in which he served,—sometimes successful, at others disastrous. Occasionally, it would appear, in spite of his bravery and devotedness to the cause he had espoused, a thought of what it had cost him, arose with a bitterness which it required all his fortitude to surmount. We translate an interesting sonnet, indicative of one of these moods, which he wrote when halting near the waters of Hedwigsbrunnen.

How shall I speak what quivers through my heart ?
Joy hath its wings, like sorrow, which away
To love-lit hours the gentle heart convey,
Where tears no poison bear, and grief no part.
Whose hand mine own free Paradise hath barred ?
Whose, forged these fetters ? who hath chased from play
The child of song to boisterous war's array ?
Who hath my tree of joy thus riven and scarred ?
How ? grasped I not the sword with willing hand,
That by the blood poured forth on German land,
A holy Word should flourish and command ?
A spirit cries amidst these waters hoarse,—
" On firm resolve must break unrighteous force,
And life gush out from death, like fountains from their source !"

In the mean time, the corps was perpetually active, and harassed the French troops exceedingly. It is said that Napoleon, at length exasperated by the frequent reports of these annoyances, vowed to take a fearful vengeance on this body if it should fall into his power. An opportunity for the fulfilment of this menace occurred in the June of 1813, during the temporary suspension of arms which was agreed upon at that period. On being informed of the truce, Major Von Lütow, who was then with a detachment at Plauen, proceeded without apprehension to rejoin his infantry, quartered on the Saxon bank of the Elbe ;

and had advanced as far as Kitzen, near Leipzig, when he suddenly found himself, about nightfall, in the presence of an overwhelming force. Körner, who was serving as Lützow's aide-de-camp, was despatched to parley and claim the safe passage guaranteed by the truce ; but, instead of returning any answer to his address, the commander of the enemy's corps hewed at him with his sabre, and inflicted a severe wound, before he had time to put himself on guard, and an attack was at once made, from all sides, upon the feeble squadron. A great number were slain, many wounded and captured ; and Major Von Lützow, with a few followers, was hardly able to escape, and take refuge with his infantry on the right bank of the Elbe.

In the meantime, Körner, who was stunned by the first unexpected blow, received a second, ere he could recover himself ; and barely succeeded, by the aid of his excellent horse, in obtaining shelter, severely wounded, in a neighbouring thicket. Here he lay, in momentary expectation of being captured ; for the wood was searched by the enemy on all sides. At one moment, this had actually occurred, but for Körner's presence of mind, who, as the French troops approached his hiding-place, exclaimed with a loud voice, " Fourth squadron, forward ! " This startled the enemy, and obtained him time to crawl yet deeper into the wood. The few companions who had accompanied him from the field were compelled to disperse, and leave him there, alone, and bleeding to death. In this situation, as life was rapidly ebbing from him, the spirit of song was still his comforter and companion ; and he composed the following sonnet ;—the most wonderful, perhaps, considering its extreme beauty, and the circumstances under which it had birth, that was ever produced by any poet whatsoever.

My wounds, they scorch : my pale lips weakly quiver ;
 And by my heart's faint pulses I discern
 Here have I reached my being's earthly bourne.
 God ! to thy will my spirit I deliver !
 Fair were the visions youthful hope did give her,—
 And the sweet dream-song to a dirge must turn !
 Strength ! strength ! My heart hath treasured in her urn
 What will not fail me on the dark, deep river :
 And that religion which I did proclaim,
 And to its worship lit my spirit's flame,
 Now known by Love's, and now by Freedom's name—
 Bends o'er me, robed in seraph's bright attire,
 And as my senses falter and expire,
 Wafts me, a breath, to heights all red with morning fire !

The period of his death, however, had not yet arrived. He was preserved to render still more complete the triumph of his genius, and the beautiful example of his life. With day-break, his friends, who had succeeded in obtaining the assistance of some peasants, returned, and found him still breathing indeed, but quite exhausted and unconscious. He had tasted all the bitterness of death. They succeeded in reviving him, and he was carried by secret ways to a place of concealment ; from whence, as soon as his strength permitted it, he was conveyed, with great hazard—for the country was occupied by the enemy, who gave no quarter to the soldiers of Lützow's band—first to Leipzig, and afterwards to Carlsbad, and Berlin. Here, the assiduous attentions that were lavished upon him soon completed his recovery, and enabled him to rejoin his comrades before the expiration of the truce.

When hostilities recommenced (on the 17th of August,) Lützow's

troops were acting in conjunction with an allied force on the right bank of the Elbe, opposite Hamburg, which was menaced from the north by the French under Davoust. The black squadron, which formed the advanced guard, was continually in action; and Körner had frequent opportunities of signaling himself. He was idolized by his fellow-soldiers, who regarded him as the good genius of their cause, and listened with a kind of superstition to his prophetic assurances of its approaching triumph. His prophecy was soon fulfilled;—but he, alas! was not to rejoice in beholding its accomplishment!

On the 28th of August, a corps in which Körner served, was dispatched from the main army, under Major Von Lützow, to annoy the rear of the enemy. They arrived by night-fall, at a village, where preparations were found, indicating the expected arrival of a strong French detachment; which they resolved to await and intercept. After remaining in ambush until seven in the morning, they descried the approach of a considerable transport, guarded by two regiments of infantry. The force was stronger than had been anticipated; but the resolution was instantly taken, to attack. Major Von Lützow commanded in person; and Körner rode at his side.

Two hours before the conflict, while bivouacking in the wood, he had composed the last and most remarkable of his war-songs, the celebrated "Lay of the Sword," and read it to a comrade, from the leaf of his pocket-book, on which he had transcribed it in pencil. It was found upon his person after his decease. We must attempt to present to our readers this noble, yet nearly untranslatable lyric, although we feel that no version can approach the power and wild beauty of the original. The startling boldness of the metaphor, the fiery brevity of the language, and a certain tone of stern joy, which distinguish this remarkable strain, absolutely mock the efforts of a translator. At the close of each strophe, the fierce "Hurra!" was to be accompanied by the clang of sabres; it is, indeed, a song such as could not be composed but by one with the very breath of war in his nostrils.

SWORD SONG.

Thou sword beside me ringing!
 What means the wild joy springing
 From those glad looks, and free,
 That fill my soul with glee?

Hurra!

"I am borne by a gallant rider,
 Therefore my glance is brighter;
 I am a free man's choice;
 This makes a sword rejoice."

Hurra!

Yea! free I am; and prize thee,
 Dear sword, with love that eyes thee,
 As though the marriage-vows
 Had pledged thee for my spouse.

Hurra!

"To thee did I surrender
 My life of iron splendour;
 Ah! were the band but tied!
 When wilt thou fetch thy bride?"

Hurra!

Life and Writings of Theodor Körner.

For the bridal-night red glowing,
 The trumpets' call is blowing:
 At the first cannon's peal,
 I'll clasp my bridal steel.

Hurra !

" O ! for thine arms enchanting
 I pine with ardour panting !
 My bridegroom, haste ! for thee
 My virgin-crown shall be."

Hurra !

Why in thy scabbard shivering,
 Thou iron-glydness quivering ?
 So hot with battle-thirst ;
 Say, bright one, why thou stir'st ?

Hurra !

" Yea ! in the sheath I rattle,
 With longings keen for battle :—
 I gasp with war's hot thirst ;
 My bonds I yearn to burst !"

Hurra !

Yet keep thy narrow cover,—
 What would'st thou yet, wild rover ?
 Rest in thy little home,
 My lov'd one ! soon I come !

Hurra !

" Now free me ! break my prison !
 O for Love's fields Elysian,
 With rose-buds gory red,
 And glowing wreaths of dead !"

Hurra !

Then quit the sheath, and pleasure
 Thine eyes, thou soldier's treasure !
 Come forth, bright sabre, come !
 Now wilt I bear thee home !

Hurra ;

" Ah ! the free air's entrancing,
 'Midst the marriage-revellers dancing !
 How gleams in sun-rays bright,
 Thy steel with bridal light !"

Hurra !

Now on ! ye valiant fighters !
 Now on ! ye Almain riders !
 And, feel your hearts not cold,
 Let each his love enfold !

Hurra !

Once, at your left hand poisoned,
 Her stolen glance but glistened ;
 Now at her lord's right side
 God consecrates the bride !

Hurra !

So to the bright steel yearning
 With bridal-transport burning,
 Be your fond lips applied,—
 Accursed ! who quits his bride !

Hurra !

Now raise the marriage-chorus,
 Till the red sparks lighten o'er us !—
 The nuptial dawn spreads wide—
 Hurra ! thou Iron-bride !

Hurra !

On the high road from Gadebusch to Schwerin, in Mecklenburg, hardly two miles from the hamlet of Rosenberg, the affray began. The French, after a short struggle, fell back upon a wood not far distant, hotly pursued by Lützow's cavalry. Among the foremost of these was Theodor Körner; and here it was that a glorious death overtook him. A ball passing through the neck of his charger lodged in his body, and robbed him at once of speech and consciousness. He was instantly surrounded by his comrades, and borne to an adjacent wood; where every expedient that skill or affection could devise was employed to preserve his life: but in vain. The spirit of the singer and warrior had arisen to its native heaven!

• Beside the highway, as you go from Lübelow to Dreyerug, near the village of Wöbbelin, in Mecklenburg, was his body lovingly laid to rest, by his companions in arms, beneath an oak; the favourite tree of his country, which he had ever desired to mark the place of his sepulture. A monument has since been raised on the spot. It is a plain square pillar of stone, one side of which bears the device of a lyre and sword, with the brief inscription, from one of his own* poems, *Vergiss die treuen Todten nicht*:—"Forget not the faithful dead!" a strong, and not a vain appeal!—for surely, so long as the excellence of generous sacrifice, and bright genius, and warm feelings, and whatever else is brave, and pure, and lovely, shall be held in esteem amongst men, this faithful Dead shall not be forgotten; but his tomb will be a place of pilgrimage, and a sanctuary of deep and holy emotions, in all time henceforward. Nor is the sepulture sanctified by his ashes alone. A fair young sister is sleeping there, by the side of the poet-soldier;—his dearest sister, who survived but to complete a last labour of love, his portrait, and then passed away, to rejoin in the grave the object of her undying affection. Their fellowship had been too intimate and entire for death to disturb. A memory of the loving girl will for ever accompany the name of the chief tenant of that tomb, and adorn it with another and more beautiful association.

On the literary merit of Körner's poems, unless some conception of these may have been afforded by our extracts, we have but sparingly dwelt, although they are sufficient to have immortalized any author. We have rather desired to display to the love and admiration of our readers the character of the man; with which, indeed, his poetical being was so intimately interwoven, as scarcely to admit of being separated from it. In times like the present, when selfishness is waging continual warfare with all generous and elevated principle, we have thought it more important to insist upon the example of his heroic life, than to dwell, however pleasant might be such a task, upon critical considerations. And we cannot but believe that many will derive comfort and strength from a contemplation of the beautiful moral poem we have thus unfolded: and if, by our efforts to extend its influence to the hearts of our countrymen, we shall have succeeded in arousing or confirming some truthful and generous impulses, or in winning some affectionate reverence for one of the fairest natures that ever ennobled humanity, our joy will not be small; for we shall thus know that we have rendered worthy service to the cause to which, as we trust, our exertions are unceasingly devoted.

* See our translation in a preceding page.

TORYOSCOPY.

It is marvellous to observe how strangely the passing events of this life are altered in appearance and in complexion when viewed through the spectacles of Toryism. These invaluable optical instruments are constructed in a manner very different indeed from anything of the common kind ever produced in this world; they are not like those which were purchased in the gross, with so great advantage to himself and to his family, by the sagacious Moses Primrose, son of the celebrated Vicar of Wakefield, of that name; nay, even Mr. Solomons, that extraordinary man, who lately sojourned for months among us, doubtless from no desire of filling his own purse at the expense of our credulity, but for the noble and philanthropic purpose of enlightening our darkness, even to his own loss—has never manufactured anything like them. Mr. Solomons—who, as we are credibly informed, so repaired the decaying sight of the lieges, that many of them who never went forth into the street without running their heads against posts and pillars, can now not only steer clear of all such obstacles, but can actually see as far into a stone-wall as they or any other person ever did in their very best days;—we say that nothing this wonderful optic-saving and vision-aiding individual ever invented, can equal the powers of those wonderful barnacles which have so long bestrode the noses of our first-rate Tories, and which have been mounted on those high-borne promontories of theirs, by the superior cunning of those very heads whence they are so eminently projected. Every one knows that there are spectacles with colourless eyes, some for long and some for short sights; and that some are furnished with blue, and some with green glasses: but it is to the enlightened body of *conserv-a-tories* that the whole merit is due of the discovery and application of their own unrivalled spectacles. We say the merit of the application, as well as of the discovery of these matchless media, belongs especially to these gentlemen; for we are quite sure that no one who has not been fully imbued with their principles, could ever be brought to understand the proper manner of employing them. As to their construction, it seems, at first sight, to be simple enough; the whole difference between them and any other spectacles being nothing more, so far as the ordinary observer can perceive, than that one of the eye-glasses is of a dirty green colour, and the other is of a purer material, slightly tinged with a warm golden hue.

Were we to pretend to give anything like a philosophical description of these Tory spectacles—of the casting and kneading of their lenses, or of their focal distances, which are varied at pleasure, so as to become telescopic or microscopic, as best suits the observer; we are disposed to think that we should find few readers with science sufficient to comprehend what we should say. Leaving all this to Sir David Brewster's next treatise, then, we shall content ourselves with shortly noticing a few of the most remarkable phenomena, which are found to result from the use of these instruments, when occupied by properly constructed organs; and perhaps we may be induced, before we have done, to give some farther illustration of the subject, by producing some instances of their effects, which have recently occurred within the sphere of our own observation.

The old story of the two knights who looked, one at the golden, and the other at the silver side of the same shield, must be in every one's

recollection. But the Tory spectacles have such powers, that if either of these knights had worn them with a right spirit within him, he would have immediately found that, by merely shutting the left eye, and looking with the right eye through the golden coloured lens, the silver side of the shield would have appeared of the purest gold; and the golden side of it, when subjected to a similar observation, would have blazed with more diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and all kinds of precious stones, than were to be found in the far-famed valley, of which so tempting an account has been preserved to us by the enterprise, erudition, and accuracy of the renowned Sinbad the Sailor. But, on the other hand, if his worship, our knight, had been pleased to shut his right eye, so as to look with his left eye through the dirty green lens; to this extreme wonderment, the gorgeous spectacle of the precious stones and metals would have disappeared, the gold would have been transmuted into worthless, rust-devoured iron, and the silver would have been changed into leather and prunella.

But it is not upon such objects alone that the magical influence of these glasses is discoverable. Similar effects are produced when the observer experiments with them on the human form divine. The loveliest women, the handsomest youths, the most venerable old men, have all their beauties, and all their graces of person, augmented to a tenfold degree, when the right eye and the soft and celestial medium of the Claude-Lorraine lens, are employed: but the moment the left eye is directed through the green lens, the maiden on whom it is thrown becomes a witch, more deformed than any that ever danced around Shakspeare's cauldron; the young man becomes a deformed satyr, with cloven feet and owl's horns; and the venerable sage, whose locks of snow and whose benign features have uniformly called forth the veneration of all beholders, suddenly assumes all the deformity, and all the horrible external appearances of him who

"sat girnin' in the neuk,
Rivin' sticks to burn the Duke;"

or who blew up that chaunter which set the witches of Alloway kirk a-dancing; or who, to the great dread of all our children, ay, and of some of ourselves too, was so ably produced on our stage here by our indefatigable manager, Mr. Murray, in that terrific scene in *Der Freischutz*; whose saucer eyes were certainly the greatest and most successful effort of histrionic genius and scenic invention that ever appeared on any stage. Nor is it on the outward man alone that the powers of these wonder-working spectacles are proved: their magical effects are the same when the characters, the actions, nay, even when the intentions of men are regarded through them. Talk of looking through a mill-stone! Why, these Tory spectacles will enable the eye to perforate the stony heart of man, and will change his very thoughts from what the man himself believes them to be. Nay, what is most surprising of all, they are actually found to operate on the auditory as well as on the optic nerves, and all manner of sounds and of words are changed by them in the same strange and whimsical manner that visual objects are. The same event becomes fortunate or unlucky,—the same action is virtuous or vicious, benevolent or cruel,—the same thought is well-intentioned or ill-intentioned, exactly as the right or the left eye of the Tory spectacles is employed. "Happy men then!" exclaimed a philanthropic friend of ours, to whom we were lately describing this rare optical

instrument—"Happy men who have only to use *both* their eyes at once, and who, by attentively regarding both extremes of the same case at one and the same moment, may enjoy the amiable privilege of striking the happy average of both, and catching up those truths which are invariably found to lie between them!" "Right!" said we, "right dear friend! true it is that.

"In medio tutissimus ibis ;"

but it so happens that your true Tory is much too great a person so to deal with matters. He always shuts one eye the moment he puts on his spectacles. Nay, some people believe that there is some actual difference in the anatomy of Whig-heads and Tory-heads: and indeed recent anatomists are said to have discovered that in Tory-heads certain muscles called the *levator palpebrarum*, or *eyelid-lifters*, are constructed on the principle which regulates the ascent and descent of the buckets in a well; and that, consequently, the same action which raises one eyelid, simultaneously depresses the other. But, however this may be, one fact is certain: that the change of circumstances, such as it is, remains so far entirely subject to the will of the individual; for, whether it be the right eye or the left eye which he chooses to employ in any observation he is about to make, depends entirely on a previous question, the answer to which may truly resolve him whether the object experimented upon may be classed under the head of Whig or Tory, reformer or anti-reformer. And that he may be quite sure of carrying a right judgment of things to the very innermost recesses of his understanding, he invariably applies his golden eye to all manner of Tory men, women, things, animals, facts, characters, opinions, questions, sounds, sights, scents, and tastes; whilst to every human being, and to everything pertaining to all human beings, who may have the misfortune to be tiuctured with liberal or popular sentiments, he applies the left eye, thereby to saturate his retina with the distorted and disturbing rays which are found to pass through the green and poisonous lens of prejudice."

Wonderful as it may appear to our readers, we must tell them that, upon more occasions than one during our recent struggles for reform, from 40,000 to 60,000 people collected in the King's Park, for the constitutional purpose of petitioning the King and Parliament, were, by the magical influence of these powerful instruments, suddenly diminished in numbers to about 500 persons. And anon, the numbers were not only restored, but multiplied; and certain leading men were loudly accused of putting the peace of the city in danger, by assembling so many people, all ripe, as the Tory spectacles shewed, for cutting the throats of all men *well disposed* to preserve the good things given by Tory governments to their insatiable supporters. Again, these wizard glasses conjured numerous treasonable banners into the field, exactly as their Tory owners chose to *wink*; in short, the pranks played by them have very far exceeded any of those performed by Puck or Oberon.

It was but the other day that we had occasion to remark a very curious instance of this truly admirable *Toryoscopy*; for we must invent new words to designate sciences as they are newly brought into notice. We had the good fortune to be present at a spectacle which in many particulars was very imposing. We mean the presentation of the new colours sent by the King to his faithful and true body guard, the Royal Archers of Scotland. The honour of presenting this splendid gift from his Majesty was conferred upon his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, their President,

and the scene of the ceremony was the large and beautiful bowling-green behind, and belonging to the Archers' Hall. There, ample provision was made for the accommodation of an immense concourse of distinguished personages of both sexes, who were invited by the liberality of the archers.

When the green-garbed bowmen, each with his well strung yew and quiver full of arrows, filed into the smooth plot of closely-shaven turf, a romantic mind might have well enough wandered back to the days of Robin Hood and Little John, or to the stirring times of our own old Border warfare. It was a sight indeed which interested more than those who were admitted. A long row of stables, forming the Meuse lang to the north of the spot, yielded places for some hundreds of the working classes of both sexes; whilst the trees growing to the westward, were actually clustered with living fruit, all anxious to participate in the show. As the time approached when the ceremony was expected to commence, these roofs and trees became more densely occupied, for they completely commanded all that was to be seen in the bowling-green, although they were at much too great a distance for those who occupied them to hear anything that was uttered there.

After the speeches were over, not one word of them having been heard by any one except by those who were standing by the side of the orators, the Rev. Dr. Lee was brought forward to pray to God, we presume, for his voice did not reach us one whit more than those of the speakers who had preceded him. Now, although we cannot pretend to say what the nature of Dr. Lee's prayer was, yet we, in common with many other sober, thinking, and religious men, did very strongly feel that the propriety of a solemn appeal to the Divine Being by a Scottish Clergyman on so frivolous an occasion, was, to say the very least of it, extremely questionable. To call in the God of Battles to bless the standards of a regiment about to proceed to fight for the existence, or even for the just rights of its country, may be a proper enough ceremony; though some strict people might even think a very narrow scrutiny of the motives and causes of the war might be required before any such appeal ought to be made by Christians to their Creator. But the question we have to do with, regards nothing of the same gravity or importance as this; for with every respect for the highly honourable Company of Archers, it must be admitted, that their appointment as the Body Guard of the King when in Scotland, is more for purposes of pageant, than for any actual service; and that if his Majesty were really to be in want of personal protection, it would not be to the bended bows and cloth-yard shafts of these gentlemen, loyal as their hearts undoubtedly are, and however skilfully they might use their woodland arms, that he would apply, but to the long swords and heavy horses of a few of his own Guards, who would make an infinitely more massive, as well as more secure rampart around him. All this we say with no disparagement to these modern sons of Apollo, of whose sports we profess ourselves to be most devoted admirers; but we must confess that, as good sound, sturdy Presbyterians, we did not at all relish the solemn call which appeared to us to be made by a Scotch clergyman, to the Almighty, in connexion with standards which never could be meant as any thing else than as play-things for grown children; and we do say that we should have thought it just as right and as rational, that a gown and bands should have been called on to say a prayer over the bats and wickets of a

cricket club—or the clubs, spoons, putters and all, of a golfing society, and still more over some of those flags which have been recently unfurled in the bloodless battle of Reform, as that they should have been induced to appear as they did on the bowling-green of the Archer's Hall.

But we are only now coming to the marrow of the matter. We could easily perceive that there were many Tories of both sexes among the company assembled; for these good people are readily known by the singular construction of the spectacles they wear. Whilst Dr. Lee was going on with his address to the Deity, every Tory left eye was kept most devoutly shut, and a certain quivering of the whole frame was abundantly apparent in every one of them, very much resembling that nervous quivering which immediately follows the rude blows given by the salmon fisher to each fish as he takes it out of the net. But the quivering of the unfortunate fish is the last painful quivering of departing life, whilst that of the race of which we are now speaking was the quivering of ecstasy. But, it so happened, that, whilst Dr. Lee was proceeding, the trees to the westward of the bowling-green were ever and anon receiving fresh augmentation of human beings; until, at length, their branches, becoming overloaded by the overwhelming weight, began to give way, and every now and then came crashing down, scattering their living fruit in the most ludicrous confusion on the ground below. Now, as we who were close behind the clergyman could not hear one word he uttered, it follows, that those who sat on the roofs of the stables, who were ten times as far off as we were from the scene of action, could not even hear the sound of his voice; nor could they possibly have guessed how he was engaged, except by perceiving that he had his hat off. It was, therefore, by no means wonderful, but, on the contrary, it was extremely natural that their attention should have been carried from the still scene that occupied the bowling-green to the more animated groups in the trees; where the ludicrous exhibitions which were continually occurring among their neighbours, by the breaking of the branches; the absurd attitudes into which they were thrown, by their ineffectual attempts to preserve equilibrium; and the whimsical involuntary descents which they occasionally made by dozens at a time, drew from them peals of laughter, mingled with those good-natured jeers which generally accompany the rude mirth of a crowd. The whole circumstances of the case were evident to every impartial person present. But, to the *spectacled* observers of human affairs, the thing immediately assumed a very different complexion. Each stern Conservative shut his right eye, and opened his left eye, the moment these innocent demonstrations of merriment began to manifest themselves; and the harmless laughter, and jocular shouts, of the good people on the stable tops was converted into an impious and sacrilegious mockery of the solemn prayers of a minister of God's holy word!

Now, who but a son of the Science of Toryscopy could have boldly declared that the working inhabitants of Edinburgh had ceased to be religious since the cry for Reform came in, and that as they gladly availed themselves of every public opportunity to insult those above them in rank or fortune, so they were equally rejoiced to find an opportunity of insulting the ministers and the rites of our holy Religion. "Who could have thought that I should have lived to see such a sight in Scotland!" exclaimed a pair of pretty lips screwed up, as if by verjuice, by the influence of the Tory spectacles, worn by the lady who

owned them. "The worst times of Jacobin France were nothing to this!—and murder and rapine must soon follow!"

If any Tory doubts the universality of religion in Edinburgh, as this fair lady of the race was so determined to do; let him or her only leave the Toryoscopic spectacles at home for once, and take a walk through the streets, with bare eyes, on a Sunday during church-time: for then will the town appear as if utterly bereft of its people; and if a stranger to our customs were to enter it at that moment, he might shudder to think that it had been depopulated by *cholera*, like one of those silent and motionless cities so well described in that powerful work of fancy called "*The Last Man*," where the whole inhabitants have been exterminated by pestilence. And again, what would be his astonishment when, at a particular hour, the doors of the churches should be thrown open, and huge and endless streams of decent and well-dressed persons should pour themselves forth, so as to fill the streets to perfect overflow? Might not such a scene as this be equal to convincing the most sceptical of human beings that the Scotch still maintain their well-earned character of a sound, moral, and religious people? It certainly would do so to all whose noses were not graced by the magical Toryoscopic spectacles; nor would any other but a hood-winked Tory believe that Reform in Parliament is to bring irreligion in its train. For our parts, we are quite sure that the more the principles of Reform are extended into other matters, the brighter, and the warmer, and the purer, will true religion burn; until its fervidity must ultimately clear it from all that vile dross which at present enters so largely into its composition.

A very extraordinary anomaly took place in the phenomena of the Toryoscopic spectacles on the 10th day of this month, the day of the celebration in Edinburgh of the Grand Jubilee in honour of the triumph of the great cause of Reform. Whether it was owing to the atmosphere having been that day charged to a degree of Reform feeling, perhaps above one hundred per cent. greater than it ever was before in a latitude so much to the north of London, may be matter for the speculation and experiment of future philosophers. But certain it is, that, so far as we were able to inquire or discover, the power of these wonderful lenses seemed, for that day at least, to have been completely suspended; and, in spite of their metamorphosing media, truths came home to the sensorium of many a Tory who never saw or felt truth before. On the procession of the Reformers, the uncoiling of the line of which occupied whole hours of time, and which, when extended throughout the long and numerous streets, seemed to fill the whole extent of their turnings and windings at once, on the glittering emblems of newly acquired freedom from Tory yoke, and on the appropriate symbols of the people's industry and independence, the sinister eyes of the Conservatives, and their dirty green specula, were in vain directed. All men and things remained in their true numbers, quantities, shapes, and colours. The deafening shouts of liberty, which from time to time burst from the multitude, were truly heard too; and the good moral feeling displayed by the banners borne in the pageant, and the decent and orderly behaviour of those who appeared in it, were too plainly manifested to admit of misinterpretation. It was truly pitiable to behold those unfortunate maniacs, the Toryoscopists, standing behind their half-closed shutters, and endeavouring in vain to *wink* themselves into their wonted beatific delusions. They absolutely reminded us of those most wretched

of all human beings, the opium eaters, at the moment when the pleasurable effects arising from the poisonous drug have been expended, and when all their consequent horrors are crowding in their enfeebled minds. We confess that their terrible grimaces, their spasmodic contortions, and their agonizing groans, so affected us, that even now we cannot trust ourselves with the contemplation of human misery so great and so appalling: nay, we feel ourselves so overpowered by the very recollection of its symptoms, that we are compelled hastily and abruptly to conclude a paper, which, if we had had more leisure or more nerves to fill up and arrange, we should have certainly presented to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, to be read at one of the earliest meetings of its next session. We hope, however, that some more stout-hearted philosopher, some of those gentlemen, for example who, sacrificing their own personal feelings to their love of science, nobly experimenting on dogs, cats, rabbits, and frogs, by cutting off legs, gouging eyes, taking out hearts, &c. may have turned their attention to this truly important inquiry and investigation; and that the scientific world in general may, at no very distant period of time, yet be gratified by a full and detailed exposition of all the phenomena, both negative and positive, of these wonder-working Toryscopes.

THE ENGLISH HUNTING GROUNDS.

INDIAN tribes lay great stress upon their hunting grounds,—tracts of land not occupied by them, in the European sense of the word, but frequented at the proper seasons for the purposes of the chace. Reflecting a few evenings ago on the strong passion for field sports, which more than any other nation characterises the modern English,* we were struck with the wide extent of our hunting grounds. Whether we turn to the burning climate of Hindostan, or to the snowy mountains of Norway, we find English sportsmen in keen pursuit of the game peculiar to the country. While Mr. Lloyd is *ringing*† bears, bringing down capercaillies by the dozen, and glancing at the rate of twenty miles an hour over the snow on his *skidores*,‡ the servants of “Company Sahib” are broiling on their elephants’ backs, crackling through the tall cane brake which overtops even their mountainous bearers in quest of the fierce tiger, with his lightning bound and thunder blow, or are massacring in their battus as many jungle cock as might proviant an army. Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke has lately recommended the north of Africa as excellent shooting quarters, and it would astonish us little were we

* If we may believe Montaigne, the French were, in his day, what in this respect the English are now. “Torquato Tasso, en la comparaison qu’il fait de la France à l’Italie, dit avoir remarqué cela, que nous avons les jambes plus gresles, que les gentils-hommes Italiens, et en attribuent la cause, à ce que nous sommes continuellement à cheval.”

† In Norway, the huntsman, when he comes upon the track of a bear, walks a wide circle round him in the snow to ascertain the locality of his den, and then proceeds to examine narrowly the space thus marked out.

‡ Enormous wooden skates, upon which the Norwegians travel with incredible rapidity over the snow. There is a rifle regiment in the Swedish service who manoeuvre, mounted on *skidores*.

to find ourselves, in the course of the present year, pitching and heaving in our friend ——'s swift yacht "Walk-the-water," in the Bay of Biscay, or walking up within two points of the wind to the Bay of Tunis, with an ample cargo of Marquéés, Mantons, double and single, rifled and plain, copper-caps, savoury pies, stew-pans, surgical instruments, Madeira, saws, axes, and Glenlivat, to take a week's shooting, where "pius Æneas,"* did as much before us. Waterton made South America the scene of his solitary shooting excursions. Romilly asserted our rights among the ridges of the Chamois, and the whales, walruses, and white bears are beginning to entertain a respect for our prowess at the level of the sea. Nay, even the jealous Frenchman allows us to take the lead of him in his own land; and round the base of the Pyrenees, English fox-hounds challenge with their deep music the skulking wolf beneath the guidance of an English huntsman. Many a time has old D—— of Bourdeaux, *sacré'd* their too seductive company when our tall tenantless tripod met his view as he entered the counting-house of a morning.

The same circumstance has determined the limits of our hunting-grounds, which fixed the narrower boundaries of those of our copper-coloured prototypes. Whatever was accessible, if not pre-occupied, was theirs. Wherever a British vessel touches,—and where is the shore that knows not our flag?—if the inhabitants have no objection, becomes the scene of our field sports. Tired and satiated with the uniformity of shooting over our preserves at home, our snug paddocks or infields, nay, our wider ranges of Welsh and Highland hill, we cast a wistful eye over the whole habitable globe. Two things force us to this *latitudinarian* love of sport. In the first place, we are a nation of Nimrods, mighty huntsmen before the Lord—Mayor. In the second place, we are too much cooped up and cabined within the narrow limits of our isle; we have not space nor game enough to gratify the slaughtering propensities of our whole population. We need elbow room.

We are a nation of Nimrods; and it is our education that makes us such. All of us hear from boyhood one or other of the varieties of the chase spoken of as the most ecstatic pleasure in life, and, what is perhaps yet more seductive in this strange country of ours, as the most aristocratical. The veriest poacher and black-fisher in the country obtains a patent of nobility in virtue of his calling, and swaggers it over the hempen homespuns of delvers and weavers. And perhaps there is more natural foundation for this assumption than for most others of the kind. There is freedom in the open air, and he who has been accustomed to

* His first day's shooting was not amiss:—

—— tris littore cervos

Prospicit errantis; hos tota armenta sequuntur
 A tergo, et longum per vallis pascitur agmen.
 Constitit hic, arcumque manu celerisque sagittas
 Corripuit, fidus quæ tela gerebat Achates;
 Ductoresque ipsos primum, capita alta ferentis
 Cornibus arboreis, sternit; tum volgus; et omnem
 Miscet agens telis nemora inter frondea turbam.
 Nec prius absistit, quam septem ingentia victor
 Corpora fundat humi, et numerum cum navibus aequet.

The description is enough to make any deer-stalker's mouth water. Æneas must certainly have used a double-barrelled bow, unless, indeed, which is not impossible, Virgil used a long one.

wrestle with the mountain storm, who has been swathed in the eddying mist, who has shouldered his way through drift, thick almost as the lying snow, who has sweltered in the hollows of the hills beneath the cloudless, breezeless mid-day glow of the dog-days, has been admitted to an intimacy with, and obtained a mastery over the elements which the pinging, feckless, sedentary labourer, crouching and shivering by the ingle cheek, has not the soul to comprehend. Speak of mind indeed! Give us body! Who can dream that the gay, lively, whipper-snapper of five feet, possesses one-tenth part of the mind of him of six feet two, with calves and shoulders corresponding, whiskers like the ivy on the Brig o' Doon, and a voice like the bursting of a water-spout?

But this is a digression. Our education makes us Nimrods, is our text at present. Now there's ourself for example: our earliest recollection—no tale of yesterday—is of our being lugged out to the sheep-house park, even in our days of blue frocks and pinafores, and taught to take aim (the gun, be it understood, being laid across a low dike—God bless you for two years afterwards, our strength was inadequate to the raising of such a weight) at an egg shell laid upon the midden which upreared its square fabric of dry, dingy, asphaltum-tinged straw, before the byre door, amid an ocean of tobacco-juice-coloured fluid sprinkled on the surface, with as many rich, dark, glossy dies as a witch's oils. The gun

Back recoiled, we know not why,
Even at the sound itself had made;

driving us, poor innocents with hideous ruin and combustion down. Our initiation into the mysteries of horsemanahip, must have taken place much about the same time; for we have a faint remembrance of being clapped straddle-legs, sorely to the annoyance of our unbreeched hurdies, en Donald, the dour Highland sheltie, and next moment discharged as from a catapult over his head by a jerk out of his hind legs, performing sundry gyrations in the air, and landing with a rustle and a thud among certain brambles, tall hemlocks, and bur-docks, that ornamented a corner of the stable-yard. Our subsequent lessons in this noble art were taken regularly every evening at six o'clock; at which time we duly swayed soberly along the grass-grown path, which, beneath alternating canopies of beech, elm, and ash, led to the river's brim, mounted on the thick square saddle, with a wooden groove running over its back, of a heavy cart horse with all his hems, brechams, and chains rattling loosely about him. Only once did one of these decent brutes so far forget himself as to run off with the young equestrian, and then the alternating up and down of rump and shoulder were as if one were clapped astride of the North Bridge, and that cumbrous pile by magic art, transmuted into a hobby-horse. Were we to out-number the years of Methuselah, we could never forget the blissful evenings as we trudged down that avenue, with the light fluttering of the leaves overhead, and the stray, golden, sun-beams that wandered through and danced on the emerald grass like bashful fluttering strangers, and the soft blue sky overhead streaked and mottled with gossamer clouds, and the brownish but pellucid wave in which our form was mirrored as our "swinked" aver drew in long gulps, or with uplifted head gazed round while the frequent drops from the corrugated corners of his jaws dimpled the water.

Our being sent to school caused a temporary intermission of these pursuits; but our amusements there were such as to nurse the predi-

lections which had already been awakened. We had bows and arrows, boortree guns, scouts, to say nothing of occasional bickers with the blackguards at the townhead to form our eye for marksmanship. Nay, even during school hours we have at times been graceless enough to practise upon the dominie's face with a pop-gun made of a quill and potato bullets. Then we had mimic chases in the game of hound and hare, intermingled occasionally with a grand cat hunt. What a prize in these days was a stanch terrier! Never shall we forget the occasion on which our favourite Wasp walked off with an old lady's cat from the second story. The good lady had been conning "the Crook i' the Lot" by the aid of a pair of those antique spectacles, which, by dint of pressure, sit firm on the nose. Baudrons was seated at the opposite side of the ingle, washing her face with her paws, when Wasp seized her by the small of the back. The good dame grasped to the tongs, and the first intimation we received of the brulzie was from seeing Wasp scampering down the outside stair, making pussie's head play pelt against every step, and hearing the jingle of the fireside implement, above-named, as it flew after him. Then, in the haymaking season, when the light breezes dallied across the fields, bearing the odours of the drying grass to blend with the scent of the birken grove which fringed the burn, rippling over pebbles, or hiding beneath grassy banks at its side, we had our tig-tag among the haycocks. We yet remember, when looming between thirteen and fifteen, if any female schoolmates were of the party, what a strange unaccountable pleasure we felt when wrestling and tumbling with them on the fragrant heaps. But this is trespassing upon another kind of field-sport on which it is not now our cue to enter.

Such is the training of ninety-nine boys out of a hundred, throughout Great Britain. If too poor for legitimate initiation into field sports, they smuggle a taste by scraping acquaintance with grooms, ostlers, and game-keepers. But, rich or poor, they look forward, as the end and aim of their existence, to growing old enough, or scraping together enough of money to share in the amusements of the field. Now, so universal and so intense a passion never can find scope in our little island. The land-owners monopolize, and the less fortunate, must seek sport elsewhere. Nay, the proprietors of the soil grow satiated with the sameness of home-sports. Again, our soldiers and jolly tars carry their propensities abroad with them. So, after all, it is no wonder that a passion possessed of a diffusive force ten times greater than steam, should have enabled our sportsmen to say with Byron's Pirates,

Where'er the breeze can bear the billows' foam,
We shooting quarters find, and make ourselves at home.

It is well, for there is not a mood of the mind which cannot find vent and relief in some branch of the chase or another. When we are in a thundering passion, we would take to hunting as the most approved recipe for working it safely off, the best conductor for withdrawing this lightning of the mind from where it can strike mischievously. A pack of beagles will do if nothing better can be had, but we recommend fox hounds in preference. You may fidget and think of your crosses while waiting till Reynard break cover among the tall ferns loaded with moisture, with the long goblin like arms of the oak stretched over you, as if they were yawning in the dull grey morning through which the rising breeze is just beginning to creep with faint moanings, and every thing

above and around is tinged of a sober grey. But your spirits are aroused as first one hound and then another springs above the brushwood like a heavy trout on a fine taking morning, looking uncertainly round them, and at times a single tail, like the standard of some subaltern pacha, is seen waving above the fern, testifying by its elevation and fluttering, how busily the nose to which it is appended is puzzling below. One dubious interrogatory yelp is heard at a distant corner of the copsewood, responded to by similar questionings more near at hand. Then follows a *bowf*, and then a *gollar* from some of the juveniles. At last a staunch old veteran, one of your fellows, who thinks twice before he speaks, gives tongue with his deep-chested thunder. One after another the hounds take up the note, and just as you catch a peep of Reynard's brush disappearing over the hill before you, away they go.

What a Babel of tongues! Every note of the gamut is struck at once, and the whole come puddering with thick unintermitting bursts upon the ear, a mixture of dissonances and harmonies far before music. Echo takes up the tale and multiplies the confusion. Every heart beats quick, and the very day cheers up, the clouds imperceptibly losing themselves in the blue sky. A joyous confusion has thrown us out at the first burst, and the hounds may already be seen like a large sheet of white and liver-colour in the act of being drawn over the summit of the eminence over which we saw Reynard's brush disappear. To dash straight after them is hopeless. Never mind! we turn our horse's shoulder to the wind, well knowing that the fox will head up, and away we fly along the string of the bow which he will describe. A tall hedge is in our way. Soon as we reach the proper distance, we slightly lift our steed's head by the bridle then leave him free, and bending our body forward, give him a gentle hint with the edge of the heel. As he tops the hedge we fling ourselves back, and taking off our hat in the exuberance of our joy, wave it round our head with a hearty huzza. Puff! one half of our ill-humour is already given to the winds. We are now riding cross the ridge and furrow, and their brief ups and downs turn our horses' gallop to something like the jolting plunges of a boat in the short seas when about to miss stays. We are somewhat discomposed, but the sensation is too ludicrous to annoy us, and by clearing the next stone wall, we reach the outfield. Away we skim over heath, through mire, and for miles have no more guess of the whereabouts of the runaways than is afforded by a faint distant babble which the intermitting gale allows to reach our ears. Turning of a hill, we spy them a short way in advance, a trifling additional exertion brings us up, and merrily do we career it along; the whoops and halloos of the experienced huntsman, and the silent keenness of the hounds who are now running hot foot, with their noses breast high, set our blood so tumultuously driving through our veins, that we could almost dance in the saddle. Through moss and over muir still we hold on, the hills in the distance seeming to run back as we advance. Every steed is glossily drenched and specked with foam, ourselves cling more weariedly to the saddle, and our look is grave, and a stupid idealess earnestness benumbs our faculties, as with dogged pertinacity we urge our way on. One after another of the company gives in. We flag ourselves, and for a moment lose sight of the chase as it sweeps over the brow of a low heathery hillock: but making a last effort we reach its summit, and there in the centre of a grassy dell stands the honest huntsman with the object of our pursuit held aloft, as the dogs spring, and bay, and throng around him, holding his hollow

palm to his mouth, and shouting till the mountains ring again— whoo—o—o—op! Two or three red-coats only are near him, and we are too much jaded to descend. We lift our cap, wipe our brows, draw a long breath, and feel in charity with all the world.

Versifiers and romancers make much ado about boar-hunting. On foot—receiving the savage on your spear—there is a momentary excitement occasioned by the danger, but it is over immediately. The effect is no more to be compared to fox-hunting than a shock of electricity to the long-drawn tipling bout of a winter's night. On horseback, and with hounds "hunting the embossed boar," is the merest child's play. There is something very grand in talking of galloping up and down the long-drawn alleys of a forest, now ducking beneath the branches of the broad oak, now passing along the echoing aisles of pines, scrambling now through mire, and now through deep dry sand, while the air rings on every side with the notes of bugles and the babbling of hounds; but what is it after all? The boar and his tardy pursuers never get beyond a good round trot; and the utmost one can do, in the absence of dikes and ditches, is to canter along the alleys, and try to persuade yourself you are galloping, or to make believe that you have leapt across a water ruid, over which your horse could have trotted without lengthening his stride. Marry, if you deviate into the wrong alley, and meet the boar coming down, as there is no possibility of pressing in among the thick under-wood on either hand, he may prove an ugly customer. His eyes blood-shot, every separate bristle standing apart, instinct with rage, bathed in foam; there is poison in his very look, and a gash with his tusks, as he passes, would be no joke. But, even this consideration has ceased to stimulate us, since the last boar-hunt of the late gracious Majesty of Saxony, at which we assisted. After galloping, for a couple of hours, up and down the smooth shaven alleys of a pocket forest not far from Dresden, preserved for such occasions, the boar, as black truculent a looking fellow as you could wish to see on a summer's day, stood at bay in a thicket of alders. The green-coated attendants had been riding hither and thither most perseveringly, blowing upon their horns in tune and out of tune; and, altogether, the *spectacle* had been well got up. No sooner had his boarship come to a stand, than the Majesty of Saxony dismounted, for the purpose of cutting the brute's throat with his own royal hands. The sight was most imposing. The venerable sovereign drew his *couteau de chasse*, advanced towards the sylvan savage, and, dropping upon one knee, prepared for action. The boar made a dash at the intruder, and was dexterously caught upon the point of the sword, which, passing in below the shoulder, went right to the heart. How deeply we regret that we ever learned the brute had had its tusks carefully sawed off the night before! The only risk the monarch ran was the wetting the right knee of his royal breeches by kneeling in a swamp; and this danger he did not escape any more than a smart fit of the rheumatics in consequence of the exposure.

Bear-hunting, that is the only sport that can compare with the pursuit of the fox. You are lying cozily noozled up among a cart load of furs and blankets, in the dingy pannelled inner room of a Norwegian *bauer*, when a sturdy peasant awakens you with the news, that he has *ringed* a bear at the distance of some ten or twelve miles. Up you bang, and, in due vestments, that convert you into the semblance of a lady's muff-walking. Your provisions are strapped on the shoulders of your *compagnon du voyage*; your rifle and ammunition on your own; your

skidores are properly fastened, and away you glide over the deep snow, through among the stems of tall snow-clad pines beneath a sky pressing down upon you like a dull grey blanket. A few nodules of flaky snow rest suspended amid the breezeless atmosphere. Not a sound is to be heard, save the hissing of the snow, as your skidores divide its upper surface, while you are gliding onward. You are in the region of shadow and silence. Nature is slumbering in the gloaming of the year, on down of winter's scattering. You have reached the ring, and now an eager noiseless search commences for the lair of the savage. As you stand beside a few straggling bushes, a crispy crackling is heard behind you, and looking round, away scuttles the shaggy chapeless brute, leering back upon you with his pinky eyes, and, walloping over his ground with a speed utterly unexpected from such a lump. He is already out of shot, so, fetching a run off, you go gliding like the lightning, up hill and down dale. Coming to a steep descent, a twig catches your *skidore*, and drives it devious from the track. You reel with a bump against a pine, crack goes the frame-work, and head over heels you go, thumping against every stump in your way, till you land imbedded two or three feet deep in the valley below.

No time is to be lost; the *skidore* is, by dint of straps and naks, soon set to rights, and off you hurry in the direction pointed out by a series of broad, shovel-like impresses in the snow. The rascal has got the start so far, that the shades of night gather round you before you can throw salt on his tail. Nothing is left for it but to clear away a ring in the snow, cut down a likely pine, set fire to its stump, and by means of the camp kettle, edibles, brandy, &c., which your attendant carries, to make yourself as comfortable as possible. A big snow-ball makes a good pillow, and wrapped up in your fur coat and cap and your blanket, the black night above, the dark branches of the pines waving slowly and ruddily, and the crispy snow sparkling and flashing in the glare of the fire, begin to dance indistinctly before your vision; and the low sobbing of the wind among the trees alternately rises and fades on the sense. The real and the fanciful begin to struggle for the ascendancy amid your confused and drifting thoughts. Now you are in the lonely forest gazing at the sparkling brands; anon you are in Bond Street, and the flash of evening shops is in your eyes, the rattle, and roar, and hum of coaches and passing multitudes in your ear. A friend extends his hand, and as you seek to grasp it, a bear hugs you in his embrace, bursting from which you set off along the Strand, with a dozen *bums* in full cry after you, and next moment, missing a foot, tumble down a snow-clad hill, rattling from tree to tree,

Like a pebble in Carisbrook well.

Gradually a deeper sleep wraps you round, and warm, deep-breathing, dreamless, you recruit your strength for the morrow's fatigues.

Bootless were it to go over the whole ground across which the chase leads you on. The track of the bear leads at last to a thicket at the base of an eminence, which it enters at an opening partially blocked up by some logs lying across it. Cautiously looking in, you see the cumbersome brute coiled up in his den, peering out at the intruder. Hastily levelling the rifle, you discharge one barrel at his head; but the aim has been ill taken, and the ball glances off, tearing with it a part of the scalp. With something between a grunt and a roar, the shaggy savage rears himself on his hinder legs. The second ball lodges in his body,

but he only quickens his pace. Flight is impossible, so drawing your long knife, and hastily wrapping the blanket round your left arm, you await the onset. The huge fore-paws are extended for the hug of death, when, extending the blanketted arm upwards, to shield yourself from his jaws, you plant the pommel of the knife firmly against your breast. He clasps you in his embrace, and, as he drags you resistlessly to his breast, the knife enters his heart. He falls and presses your body by his convulsive movements, till every rib cracks, and then his hold relaxes in death. You extricate yourself, and remain seated on the snow, blind, stupified, and helpless.

We could "talk the summer sun quite down the skies" on such themes, but the yawning of our fair readers warns us to desist. We cannot, however, close this chapter without a word or two upon the sport peculiar to this month—partridge-shooting. Partridge-shooting is an amusement peculiar to highly cultivated countries, and even in them best adapted for the most sober and sedate of their inhabitants. It is a style of shooting essentially philosophical and clerical. It is not always disagreeable to the younger members of the sporting fraternity; for, from its parlour character, it affords opportunities of displaying fine dogs, skill in marksmanship, and natty shooting dresses, in the eyes of the ladies, whose parasols occasionally diversify the scene of action. It is pursued with most success in the most improved part of every domain—in the immediate vicinity of the mansion. The sportsmen sally forth after a snug breakfast of tea, toast, hot rolls, butter, preserves, fresh eggs, and hung beef. Their path lies alternately through fields of glossy brown stubble, and verdant turnips. Carefully tended plantations shelter them from every undue inclemency of the weather. They wander leisurely onward enjoying the brightness of the day, and the clear cool bracing atmosphere. The utmost casualties that await them are the danger of being caught in a passing shower, or of wetting their feet in a ditch somewhat broader than usual. They watch with most placid equanimity the leisurely flight of the game, as it skims over the brow of a knoll, and settles scatteringly at its base. Having each filled his bag, they return home in plenty of time to dress for dinner, with just enough of fatigue to render idleness agreeable, and just enough of appetite to enhance the flavour of the rich viands which await them. The after-dinner hour arrived—the "glimmer and gloom" of a sea-coal fire, with cordial port, (the best wine for the season when the evenings begin to grow chilly) and a drowsy, desultory conversation about nothing at all, would furnish matter for a more luxurious description than any that graces Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*.

Here close we this theme for the present :—

But there is matter for a second rhyme,
And I to this would add another tale.

TAIT'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

PUBLIC FUNERALS.—Among the toys, baubles, and airy nothings,—batons, coronets, orations, triumphal arches, medals, and swords of honour, with which nations from time immemorial have been prone to sugar-plumb their statesmen and heroes,—public funerals have always held a distinguished place; and we are bound to believe that the tinselled palms ornamenting the car in Lord Nelson's triumphal exequies, and the academical procession following the late President of the Royal Academy to his last home in St. Faith's, have had their share in inciting the valour of Lord Exmouth, and burnishing up the palette of Sir Martin Archer Shee. There is something still more grand, however, when spontaneously

Nations swell the funeral cry,
And triumph weeps above the brave.

There are such things as public funerals for which no public money is voted by his Majesty's High Courts of Parliament; there *are* funeral processions, where neither white rods nor black rods, silver sticks nor gold, Earls Marshal nor Provosts Marshal, are required to usher in the ceremony. We all remember the involuntary chorus of groans which arose from the populace when the body of the late Marquis of Londonderry, (the Claverhouse of the Irish Rebellion,) was lowered into the grave. More recently,—nay, but the other day, in the very face of Peel's blue devils,—in the very face of police, cholera, parochial, and other authorities,—Lacons, the housebreaker, was attempted to his solitary cell by some hundreds of notorious thieves, the honourable corporation of which he died a member! Sir Walter has favoured us with a striking and characteristic picture of the Thiefland of Charles's days; and Victor Hugo has lately put forth a curious *pendant* to the sketch of Alsatia, in his description of the *Cour des Miracles*, the resort of the "*truanderie*" of the time of Louis XI: At present, justice has scarcely been done to the robbery of Great Britain; and we are mistaken whether richer pictures than adorn the pages of Le Sage and Rabelais are not to be found in the haunts of that lucrative profession, of which the deceased Mr. Lacons seems to have been a ruling elder. Bulwer's Paul Clifford was written in an unknown tongue; but we still hope that a sketch or two, from the pencil of Haydon or the pen of Jerrald, will unveil the mystery. Now that Dr. Young and Champollion are gone, hieroglyphics must remain hieroglyphics; and now that old Townshend is had up for judgment, Thieves' Latin must lack a dragoman. We have not heard whether Lacons's funeral oration has at present been ordered to be printed; but it was doubtless a highly interesting composition, and well deserving commentatorial notes from the learned editors of The Slang Dictionary.

LITERARY CONVERSATIONS AND MEMOIRS.—Authors are said to be the vainest of mankind; and we wonder it has not occurred to some modern Empedocles, smitten with the love of distinction, and intoxicated with the dew of Castalia, to cut his tongue out with a view of giving the lie to all malicious post-obit charges of "pribbles and prabbles," of having gossipped to my Lady This, concerning my Lady the Other; of having traduced the absent friend who ceased not from traducing him;—of having "discoursed fustian with his shadow."

It occurred to us that the excessive laudations bestowed (in Mr. Carlyle's commentary upon Croker's Commentary on Boswell's Commentary of the Sayings and Doings of Johnson,) upon the pickers up of the colloquial crumbs of genius would set all the jackalls of the literary lions at work,—that new Captain Medwin and Mrs. Piozzis would be busy with their common-place books! Who, when they contemplate the breach of social confidence practised against every man, woman, or child of letters, on whom the public eye is fixed with complacency, can wonder at the occasional surliness of Voltaire at Ferney; or of Beckford at Font-hill! Memoirs are, as it were, the inseparable shadows of public men. The actions of an illustrious individual are public property; but the outpourings of his secret soul,—the playful sallies of his social hours,—the confidings of his tenderest impulses,—are these to be hoarded up like treasures pilfered from his careless opulence, and sold by the ounce, the yard, the sentence, when he is lying helpless in his grave. We wonder that Moore ever ventures to eat his cutlet, save by his own fireside, lest his words, (like the pearls and diamonds gathered from the lips of the fairy Princess,) should be treasured up in the *boh-bouinière* of some gay old dowager; or Campbell to take his case in his club, lest the pick-palate should be at hand, to filch his aphorisms and make off with his sallies. The gentlemen of wit and fashion about town,—my Lord A. of the Keepsake, and B. of the Belle Assemblée,—should assuredly never stir abroad without Papageno's golden padlock on their lips!—We have once or twice had occasion to admire the naïf and ingenuous amusement with which certain Parliamentary orators peruse, in the daily Journals, the luminous speeches made for them by the reporters. But what would be the surprise of the illustrious men of England, from Sir Thomas More, to Lord Byron, could they rise for the perusal of the bon-mots put into their mouths, and the principles attributed to their profession;—the long discourses,—so fluent—so flumming,—twisted and turned for ten long years in the minds of their quondam auditors, to be at length wormed out with the facility and continuity of a thread of cotton. One day last summer, we happened to be present on occasion of a morning visit from an eminent personage to a large and intelligent circle. He talked much, well, and articulately; and on his departure, it was agreed that every person present should commit to paper his or her impression of the conversation. On “the opening of the sardel,” it afforded great amusement to perceive that no two accounts tallied,—that several were in direct contradiction,—and one or two, purely imaginative! But if so unaccountable the extent of involuntary misapprehension and unintentional misrepresentation, what is to be hoped where the object of the memorialist is to exalt himself at the expense of his departed friend; and to put arguments into an unresisting mouth, for the sole purpose of refutation!

THEATRICAL MANAGERS—Every waggoner of an idle tongue or idle pen in London, has been busy for the last six months in reviling Mr. Monck Mason, the lessee of the Italian Opera House; some stating him to be in the Bench,—some in the Fleet,—some on the eve of marriage,—some vilifying him in one way—some another. Puzzi exalted his horn at the manager's expense;—Brugnoli, (his right arm,) broke her own expressly to do him an injury;—and the non-success of Robert le Diable is said to have been a Grievous misfortune. We confess we are more inclined to pity than condemn! Kangaroo hunts and other Australian recreations considered, we are satisfied that a convict is an object far

less deserving compassion than a theatrical manager. Kemble got into Chancery,—Elliston and A. Lee into the Gazette,—Chapman into the King's Bench,—and even Laporte, if the public prints are to be credited, will shortly be written down *La porte d'enfer!* One day we find him enacting chief mourner at an opera-dancer's funeral;—the next, he is said to be choosing a good berth in the steam-packet for Taglioni. Sometimes his patience is put to the proof by the politeness of his brother Consul, Antony, Captain Polhill,—sometimes by the moroseness of his brother Consul, Lepidus, Mr. Morris! The Manager of a Theatre is, in fact, the most miserable dog on earth!—libelled by his authors,—mimicked by his actors,—bullied by the Lord Chamberlain,—snubbed by the Licenser,—insulted by the press! He loses his time—his health—his money—his patience;—and, after being pilloried by a Dramatic Committee of the House of Commons, is blackballed at the Garrick Club, and toasted as “a public-spirited individual” at the dinner of the Theatrical Fund!

ROYAL FORTUNE HUNTERS.—THE passions of mankind, royal, gentle, or simple, are supposed to have been pretty much the same, from the erection of Nimrod's palace (of which Flaxman, the sculptor, used gravely to exhibit a ground plan) to that of Pimlico, whose bald pate rejoiceth the eyes of the gapers in Piccadilly. Their fashions, meanwhile, are somewhat more mutable; and the follies of the world, are, at least, fifty-fold more fertile in the propagation of varieties, than its crimes. We have very little doubt that the events of the last twenty years have already decided such Majesties as are blest with a numerous progeny, to educate a younger son for the matrimonial profession; and keep a spare prince or so, ready to pop upon any vacant throne, just as the cadets of noble houses in England are “Japanned,” for the chance of a future Bishopric. It is an afflicting circumstance that no direct heir of Mademoiselle Scudery should have survived to witness the nuptials of the new King of the Belgians with the new Princess of the French; or the pen which favoured us with the adventures of “Le Grand Cyrus,” might be advantageously employed in portraying those of “Le petit Leopold,” as the prince of Saxe-Coburg was called, at the period of the visit of the Allied Sovereigns to this country. What was the romance of Sir Amadis de Gaul or of Don Belianis of Greece, compared with those of Kings Otho and Leopold? From the Attic story or dilapidated Saxon palace, to the luxurious bowers of Claremont,—the noble saloons of Marlborough House,—the gilded corridors of Lacken,—the royal salutes of Compiègne! what a progression of personal dignity to be achieved by a Captain of Hussars, several of the elder branches of whose family are cultivating *Sauer-Kraut* on a few hundred acres a-year in their Saxon chateaus,—a man of narrow mind, awkward address, ungenial character; merely because he was seen to hang loosely on the world, was unencumbered with personal dignities, a tree that could be transplanted with facility, and pruned and trained without ceremony. It seems fated that some individuals should “achieve greatness” by force of their own littleness. In every vicissitude of his eventful life, Leopold has passed, however, for an honest man; and from the period when Spain sent to borrow a grandson of Louis XIV. to be made a king of, no adopted Sovereign* has promised better to the frogs, officiating in his election, than the Sovereign of the Belgians.

* We perceive that the Court Journal, which crows so loudly over an error committed by our Magazine, with respect to the Earl of Munster, (the same nobleman whose

THE CAMP AT WINDSOR.—Béranger's stanzas on the feasts of "*Les infinitement petits*" of modern times, are most felicitously applicable to various details of our own public business and public pleasure. Last summer, the "Stupid Starers" were amused with a little bit of a coronation; and during the recent dog-days, they have been gratified with a little bit of a camp! The Prussians, eager for a second march through Champagne, are just now rehearsing their manœuvres by thousands and tens of thousands on the Sands of Brandenburg; the English, in anticipation perhaps of a few election riots, have been skirmishing by hundreds and fives of hundreds on the shaven lawns of Windsor Park. His Majesty made a speech and a present of new colours to his Household Troops; and the arduous labours of the field were concluded, after the English fashion, by forcing the passage of certain tureens of turtle-soup,—making a breach in the walls of divers raised pies,—investing numerous haunches of venison, and escalading battlements of pastry and spun sugar. Platoon's of Champagne corks shook St. George's Hall, which was filled with volumes of smoke from hot *entrées* of every description. The energies of the British army were never more strikingly developed than by the heroic feats of the Windsor dinner.

VALUE OF THE LITERATURE OF THE DAY.—A petition of the Booksellers to Parliament, against the amount of indemnity to be granted to the University of Aberdeen for their claims to a copy of every new work published in the realm, states that the retail value of all the publications of the last year entered at Stationers' Hall, scarcely amounts to £350! When we balance against this sum the price of advertisements and puffs, necessary to open the mouths of the public for the operation of cramming, we are inclined to fear that literature, book-making, and book-selling, must form a very failing branch of modern trade.

"THE FEAST OF REASON AND THE FLOW OF SAUCE!"—Haydon the artist has been commissioned, it is said, by Lord Grey, to paint the Reform Dinner at Guildhall; and the hapless artist was accordingly perched upon a pinnacle of the Hall, to contemplate, like the Barmecide of Bagdad, with "bare imagination of a feast," consisting of "all the delicacies of the season." We do not, however, anticipate much from these savoury studies. The Birmingham Meeting might have afforded ample space and verge enough for a fine picture. But a candle-light dinner possesses an intrinsic character of vulgarity. Even Martin in placing his satraps at a banquet, judged it expedient to give the hall no roofing but the canopy of heaven, as a plea for letting in a peep of moonlight. Some Aldermanic visage will probably represent the "refulgent lamp of night" for poor Haydon; and custard cups must, of course, be substituted for the goblets of Sardanapalus. To the pencil of Leonardo da Vinci himself, a Guildhall dinner could afford nothing but ignoble and trivial details. A turtle-eating Reformer is scarcely an historical personage.

MRS. TROLLOPE — *ЕУСНА!* We've caught the old girl at last. There

approaching marriage was announced last year, by that luminous periodical, among its items of exclusive intelligence, to a lady who had been long enough his wife to render him the father of five children) has put forth, with abundance of quackery and puffery, an account of the royal nuptials. Throughout the nine columns devoted to this interesting event, the royal palace of Compiègne is invariably spelt Compeigne! We shall next be favoured with an exclusive description of *Versailles!*

was something wonderfully mysterious in her progress through America. She was not, as Galt sublimely describes Byron, "a mystery clothed in a winding sheet, crowned with a halo;" she was, however, a mystery trapped in gossamer muslin. She glided like the spectre lady of Hogg's *M'Gregor*, up the boiling torrent of the Mississippi, "wimpling the water to weather and lee," amid the silvery moon-haze. She flitted through the groves of Cincinnati like a humming bird, sucking its honeyed sustenance from the bells of flowers. She soared and stooped like a bird of Paradise, which rests as it floats up-borne by buoyant ether, over the undulations of the Alleghanies. She was an Undine, a Sylph, seeking to revel in the sweet essences of moonlight, dews, flowery odours, and pure air, but every where scared away by the vulgar pollutions of humanity, denied a resting place for the sole of her blessed foot, horror-struck by the idea that she might soil

Her pure ambrosial weeds,
With the rank vapours of the sin-worn mould.

It is with a feeling somewhat akin to that which we experienced on our first visit behind the scenes of a theatre, and saw the coarse canvass backs, and coarser daubed facings of the scenes, and felt the oily stench of the front lamps, and the alternating sweaty odour from the pit, and chilly draught through the side scenes, that we have discovered the vulgar material superstructure upon which Mrs. Trollope's aerial phantasmagoria has been reared. Our good friend, Effingham Wilson,* has let the cat out of the bag. One of his authors speaking of a bazaar at Cincinnati, throws into a parenthesis:—"built by Mrs. Trollope, but the speculation failed." What a mortifying termination to our day dream! Mrs. Trollope the *arbiter elegantiarum* between Europe and America!—the aristocratical "English Lady!" †—the mother of an Oxonian!—the first flower of the silver-fork school! Mrs. Trollope an old clothes-woman, who, unable to stand her ground before the 'cuter Yankee rivals in trade, who had emigrated to the West, scuttles home to vent her indignation in a book! Who could have suspected when Mrs. Trollope committed to the press her astonishment at finding a milliner of New Orleans possessed of some education, that she herself was a huckster? Awakening from our delusion, we can only sigh over

The memory of what has been
And ne'er again can be.

But the Quarterly Reviewers,—those ultra-aristocrats, who, were they in every external sense clogged, dulled, hood-winked, could recognise the mere approach of a plebeian by a mysterious shudder of the mind,—how can they account for the gross deception that has been practised upon them? Like a high-bred pointer which has once mistaken a dung-hill fowl for game, the character of their nose is gone for ever. Their rage at this disclosure, compromising their "gentility" so horribly, must be beyond all bounds. At their hands Mother Trollope has nothing to expect but a "certain looking for of fiery indignation."

WHA DAUR MEDDLE WI' ME? is the old slogan of the Buccleuchs. The interpretation put upon it by the Magistrates of Edinburgh in our days is, "If any ne'er-do-weel insult his Grace we'll offer a reward of fifty

* A Ramble of 6000 miles through the United States of America. By S. A. Ferrall, Esq. London: Effingham Wilson, p. 65.

† Quarterly Review.

guineas for his apprehension." Some ignorant persons unacquainted with the history of our Scottish constitution, attributed the hot haste with which these civic worthies placarded the above-mentioned reward, on the event of the Duke's being hustled by a few blackguard boys, to gratuitous sycophancy. They were not aware that, as the military service which the barons of old exacted from their tenants, has, in these degenerate days, been commuted for a portion of the produce of the soil; so the right of burning and harrying every one who offended them has been replaced by a readiness on the part of the authorities to punish all such delinquents with tenfold promptitude and severity to what they would have done had the complainant been one of the lower classes.* The time has been when the privileged orders might have shot a serf for their amusement, and the *outré* of any peasant who had dreamed of making reprisals, would have drawn down upon him heading and hanging at the least. Things are somewhat amended in our days; the nobility dare only belie, ridicule, insult, and outrage our feelings, and clap us in gaol, or transport us, if we reply with hootings or a few handfuls of mud. But even this state of things will be bettered ere long.

THE DRONES.—We speak not of bees, but the less musical drones of bag-pipers. It must be no ordinary motive that induces the tender-eared dames of Edinburgh to immure themselves once every three years, in the forenoon of a broiling day, amid the suffocating heat and nauseous odours of a narrow, thronged, gas-lit theatre, for the purpose of undergoing the simultaneous, yelling, wailing, and bumming of a dozen gigantic bagpipes. It is no ordinary motive:—these fair patriots have in view the preservation of pristine manners and ancient morality among the unbreeched denizens of the north. To the uninitiated their mode may seem strange. How men can be confirmed in simplicity and good faith by being taught to strut and fret their hour on the Edinburgh stage, seems passing strange. The only difficulty, however, lies in the words "pristine manners and ancient morality," which must here be taken in their Celtic acceptation, meaning lounging, or dancing, or guttling at home, during the intervals of predatory inroads into the Lowlands. The exhibitions of the prize-competing Celts are adapted only for the meridian of country fairs; and the connexion between pick-pockets and mountebanks is as well known, as the transition from the tumbler's stage to the more rural occupation of a foot-pad is easy. What a pity that so much pains on the part of the Highland Society can only rear such puny, hot-house specimens of the old cateran. They are to Rob Roy, as Dick Bounce in the Pirate, to Captain Teach.

* The same principle of law seems to obtain in England. At the last midland circuit, Lord Harborough recovered damages because Lord Forrester's servants and hounds had followed a fox along the gravel walks of his park in the month of January. How many farmers' gates and walls might Lord F.'s hunt have toppled down,—how many farmers' fields poached to quagmires with impunity?

MONTHLY REGISTER.

POLITICAL HISTORY.

GREAT BRITAIN.

PARLIAMENT.—The month that has elapsed since we last addressed these annals to our readers has been one of much talk and little business. The Tories have sedulously caught at every opportunity of gaining the reputation of severe moralists, friends of popular rights, and parsimonious statesmen. Hampered, however, by their recollections of past conduct, and still more of the danger they incur, should accident again raise them to power, by too liberal professions in their days of adversity, they have lied with too conscious an air of falsehood to obtain any credit. The Whigs, on the other hand—But allow us to state that, when we blame this body, it is with a feeling of the deepest regret and alarm. That the clouds now lowering over us must clear up we believe as firmly as we believe in an over-ruling providence. And that this desired consummation may be materially impeded or forwarded by the men now in power, is with us equally a matter of religious belief. If they possess boldness and knowledge to act up to the exigency of the time, all will go well: if they once falter in their onward career, we have a stiff breeze to weather yet, ere we reach the harbour. It is on this account that we view with jealous anxiety every tampering with the enemy or his principles, to which Ministers from time to time condescend. We dislike it, even now that they possess the apology of having nothing but an unreformed Parliament to oppose to the unholy league of court parasites, the House of Lords, and the officials throughout the empire, whether retained or displaced, who owed their advancement to Tory influence. If, however, it be persevered in after the assembling of a reformed Parliament,—if Ministers do not then either kick Stanley out of place, or force him to adopt just and liberal measures towards Ireland,—if they do not dismiss Palmerston and his diplomatic band, legitimate and illegitimate, with a view to the adoption of an honest straight-forward foreign policy,—if they do not take immediate measures for introducing an honest and

intelligible system of public accounts, and making every possible retrenchment,—we must look about for other men to do our business. We see the full hazard that awaits upon such a step: the waters will again be out—it will again be

— blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark,
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

But if the Whigs deceive us, there is no road to safety save that which lies through danger. They may—they will curl their lips at this; but it is the warning of a friend: so let them look to it. These premises, we reserve till next month a *critique raisonnée* of the late session of Parliament, narrating at present merely those matters of vital or immediate interest which have engaged the collective wisdom since our last. These are—the completion of the new constitution by the passing of the Irish Reform Bill, and the prorogation of Parliament, with the preparatory steps.

IRISH REFORM BILL.—This measure, the third leaf in the shamrock of national regeneration, was received with a suppressed snarl, and a shewing of teeth, in the House of Lords. Second thoughts, however, are proverbially wiser than sudden impulses; and their Lordships, after receiving the stranger, as Dandy Dimmont's terriers did little Wasp, with a due quantum of snuffing and explanatory growling, allowed it to return to the House of Commons unbiten. The Irish Reform Bill received the Royal Assent (of course by commission) on Tuesday, the 7th August; so now we have got the *deus ex machina*, and God give us grace to make a good use of it! The Lords have done their best to defeat the measure, and have thus, as far as in them lies, set their seal to the truth of Bentham's opinion of the use and real power of a second legislative chamber. (We quote from Dumont, the English edition not being at hand.) "Le résultat final de cette division est d'opérer une distribution de pouvoirs qui donne à l'une des assemblées l'initiative, et réduit l'autre à une simple négative. Source naturelle et féconde d'oppositions indues, de querelles, d'inaction et de perpétuité des abus. Tout tend à amener

une répartition de cette nature. Deux assemblées indépendantes ne peuvent pas exister longtemps sans méseurer leurs forces. D'ailleurs ceux qui ont la conduite principale des affaires ne peuvent agir sans faire un plan, sans s'assurer de leurs moyens. Il faut choisir une des deux assemblées pour y commencer les opérations : si l'une paraît avoir plus d'influence que l'autre c'est là qu'on portera toutes les propositions essentielles. Cela seul suffit pour rompre entièrement la balance. Il s'établira non par le droit, mais par le fait, une distinction des deux puissances, l'une dotée de l'initiative, et l'autre de la simple négative." We wish their Lordships joy of the brilliant prospect which their own industry has opened up for them.

LIBRARY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The old lady in St. Stephen's having arranged the terms upon which her successor was to occupy the premises, began, before vacating them, to bustle about, with a view to setting "her house in order." This attention to the comforts of the new comer is too praiseworthy to be passed over altogether in silence. It may, or it may not, be known to our readers, that the House of Commons is possessed of a library, wherein are preserved its own registers, and such works as are necessary for the reference of the members. It was well known, by the sad experience of these gentlemen, that the collection of books was very imperfect; and that, moreover, the accommodation even for such as the House possessed was insufficient. During the late session, therefore, and also during some sessions which preceded, a Committee, was appointed for the purpose of suggesting a remedy; and the inquiries of that body have thrown some light upon the accommodation which the buildings pertaining to the House of Commons afford for these Committees, to which much of the most important business of the Legislature is referred. It appears, that there are only nineteen rooms, some of them inconvenient enough, which can be applied to the use of committees; that, on an average, sixteen committees sit daily during the time of session, and that so many as twenty-five have been known to sit on one day. The area of the library is reported to be 55 feet by 23 feet, or, 1,265 square feet; and its height is 13½ feet. The space occupied, however, by tables and book-cases, reduces the clear area, for standing or sitting, to 917 square feet. The committee declare it to be their opinion, "that, if it be expedient to increase, by purchase, the books belonging to the House, or even to admit the ordinary volumes of sessional papers printed by order of the House, be-

yond those of the current year, there is not, within the present room, any vacant space available for the purpose." No notice is here taken of a valuable collection of books, which, for want of room elsewhere, have been stowed away in the Speaker's gallery. It ought also to be stated, that the manuscript papers so belonging to the House of Commons are deposited in yet more exceptionable repositories. They are scattered, without any arrangement, through the different offices and committee rooms, the galleries, cellars, and even that space beyond the attics, termed the roof of the house. To this information, derived from the committee, we have only to add the fact, notorious to all who have ever attended the debates in Parliament, of the wretched public accommodation of the House of Commons. The part of the House allotted to the members is nearly as insufficient and uncomfortable as the narrow and awkward gallery to which the public have obtained a prescriptive right of admission. These facts all imperatively call for the provision of more suitable accommodation for that body, upon which, if the late measure of Reform really identifies it with the people, the fate of the nation is, in future, mainly to depend. After so much money squandered away upon gingerbread royal residences, the nation surely is entitled to expect, that, at least, suitable accommodation should be prepared for its representatives. Were it merely a question of convenience, or outward show, this question should never be urged by us. But it is more,—it is a question relating to the speedy and efficacious dispatch of the national business, which is materially retarded by the want of sufficient accommodation for committees, books of reference, and the records of the House; as, in like manner, a proper control over their representatives is impeded by the insufficient publicity that can be afforded by the apartment in which the debates are, at present, carried on. The arrangements recommended by the committee we can only regard as temporary expedients, and, therefore, pass them over unnoticed, with the exception of one. The salary of the librarian is at present 300*l.*, and of the assistant-librarian 150*l.* per ann. These it is proposed to increase, and on the proposition we entirely concur. But we have a remark to make upon one of the reasons advanced to support it. We are told, that the very messenger of the library is better paid than the assistant-librarian; and the doorkeeper of the House received, for the year 1829, 786*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*, and for the two sessions of 1831, 1424*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.* This is extravagant, and ought to be cur-

tailed, as well as the allowances of many other officers of the House. Before we quit this subject, we must mention, with approbation, the measures taken for obtaining copies of all the acts of our colonial legislatures, and the sessional papers of France and the United States.

PUBLIC PETITIONS.—Another subject which has attracted the attention of the Commons, is the immense increase of public petitions of late years. The number presented to the House in the course of the five years ending 1789 was 880; in the course of the five years ending 1805 was 1026; in the course of the five years ending 1815 was 4498; in the course of the five years ending 1831 was 24,492. Of these last 10,685 were, by the order of the House, printed; and the expense of printing them amounted to 10,028*l.* 19*s.* 9*d.* But to this sum must be added 1696*l.* 9*s.* 10*d.* paid to the clerks of the House for copying out the petitions for the press, and revising and correcting the printers' proofs. When to this we add the expense which every man who has taken a part in the late arduous struggle knows to have been incurred in the getting up of every numerous signed petition to Parliament, it must strike every one that a serious addition to the burdens of the country is imposed by this costly mode of conveying our sentiments to our representatives. This tax is the more galling, that it is in itself an additional proof that those who have hitherto borne the title of "our representatives," have been entirely ignorant of our wants and wishes—that in other words, they were not what they pretended to be. The decrease in the number of petitions will form a pretty good test of the adequacy of the Reform which we have obtained. To a certain extent this mode of communication between local populations and the legislature, must always exist; but when it swells to the amount of the last five years, it becomes a portentous ulcer, indicative of a dangerously diseased state of body. We tell Peel and his fellow wiseacres, that there exists no preventative or palliative of these shoals of petitions, but honest and sensible legislation on the part of Parliament.

COMMISSIONS OF INQUIRY.—As most of these have been named by the Crown at the request of the House of Commons, a statement of what they have cost the country during the two years 1831-32, as affording some guess at the price we pay for the information thus collected, may stand here for an introduction to some future remarks on its importance:

Commission for inquiring into the pub-

lic accounts in France, Belgium, and Holland, 708*l.*

(The sum here mentioned, together with the contingent expenses of the Commission, covers its outlay.)

Commission for inquiring into the management and charges of collecting the revenue of the United Kingdom, 226*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.*

Commission for inquiring into the collection and management of the public revenue, arising in Ireland, and into certain departments of the revenue arising in Great Britain, 14,582*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.*

Commission for inquiring into the revenue and expenditure of the several colonies and foreign possessions, 68*l.*

Commission for inquiring into the several modes in which the public money is received and paid, and the accounts thereof kept, 200*l.*

Commission for inquiring into the mode of keeping official accounts in the principal departments connected with the receipt and expenditure for the foreign service, 2882*l.* 7*s.*

Commission for inquiring into the state of the records of the Kingdom, 17,000*l.*

Commission for inquiring into the state of the public records in Ireland, 3099*l.*

Commission for inquiring into the law of real property, 38,445*l.* 17*s.* 7*d.*

Commission for inquiring into the practice and proceedings of the courts of common law, 24,589*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.*

Commission for inquiring into the duties, salaries, and emoluments of the officers, &c. of the Courts of Justice in Ireland, 17,166*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.*

Commission for inquiring into the practice, &c. of the Ecclesiastical Courts, 2180*l.* 5*s.*

Commission for inquiring into the Ecclesiastical Courts in Ireland, 375*l.*

Commission for inquiring into the administration of law in the West Indies, 1758*l.* 14*s.* 5*d.*

Commission for inquiring into the state of the settlements at the Cape Ceylon and Mauritius, 26,241*l.* 18*s.* 5*d.*

Commission for visiting the Universities and Colleges of Scotland, 182*l.* 12*s.* 8*d.*

Commission for inquiring concerning Churches in England for the education of the poor, and other charities in England and Wales, 13,819*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.*

RETIREMENT OF THE SPEAKER.—

While the House of Commons was collecting information on these points, and making every arrangement for leaving the world with its account books well balanced, the Speaker began to entertain some unlucky misgivings respecting the figure he was likely to cut in a reformed

parliament. Accordingly, on the 30th of July, The Right Honourable Charles Manners Sutton announced to the House his intention of quitting the chair at the end of the present Parliament. "As the advanced state of public business," says he, "indicates so plainly a speedy close of the session, and as I know not how near the dissolution of the Parliament may follow, I hope the House will not consider me unreasonable in requesting their permission to present myself to them before my occupation of this chair is brought to a final termination." He then pronounced an eulogium upon himself and the various parliaments over which he had presided. Lords Althorp and John Russell, Sirs Francis Burdett, George Murray, and Charles Wetherell, and Mr. Littleton, strove to over-crow each other in the Speaker's praises. A vote of thanks to the Speaker was then passed; which he paid in kind. An address to his Majesty was then agreed upon, requesting him to confer some signal mark of his favour upon the Speaker, assuring his Majesty that the House, would make good whatever expense he might think proper to be incurred on that account. On the 31st his Majesty replied that he was desirous of conferring some signal mark of favour on the Speaker; but, "as the same cannot be effectually granted and secured without the concurrence of Parliament, his Majesty recommends to the House of Commons the adoption of such measures as may be necessary for the accomplishment of the purpose." A committee appointed to take this message into consideration, reported on Thursday the 2d of August, that an annual sum of £4000 net, ought to be granted to his Majesty out of the consolidated fund, this annuity to take effect the day the Hon. C. M. Sutton shall cease to hold the office of Speaker, to be settled in the most beneficial manner upon, and to continue during the life of that gentleman; an annual sum of £3000 to be granted to his Majesty out of the same consolidated fund, to commence at the expiration of the annuity of £4000, and to continue during the life of Mr. Sutton's next heir-male. This resolution was approved of unanimously. The *signal favour* on the part of the king has not, however, been yet awarded. For pensioning the Speaker there appears to be some reasonable ground; but wherein his son, who, by the way, is an expectant of the reversion of certain sinecures, should be pensioned also, requires explanation.

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.—The bears having thus provided a comfortable bone for the bear-warden to pick, prepared themselves decorously for the termi-

nation of the baiting and the breaking up of the ring. On Thursday the 16th August, the King prorogued the Parliament in person till the 16th of October. The royal speech contained no information beyond the facts, that the Reform Bill had been past, that Ireland was still far from quiet, that war had not yet commenced on the Continent, and that the necessary supplies had been granted. His Majesty strenuously exhorted his Lords and Gentlemen to pay attention, during the recess, to the preservation of the public peace, and, considering the scene he once witnessed in the House of Lords, it is no wonder that he deemed it necessary to refresh their memories on this head. The old Parliament is now scattered like a pack of grouse on the 12th of August. The only reason that causes us to dread the infliction of another session of it, is Lord Althorp's denial that government have any such intention.

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.—The investigation into Somerville's case has been conducted in such a manner as to elude the demands of justice: we abstain from further remark until the whole of the evidence is in our possession. The elections continue to form the main object of the people's attention. In Scotland the Tories are pertinaciously driving us to the ballot. In England and Ireland two marked incidents have occurred.

OUTRAGE AT CLITHEROE.—The Manchester massacre has never yet been properly investigated. We commence our narrative of the melancholy events at Clitheroe, not for the purpose of insinuating any parallel between the two occurrences (for there is none); but for the purpose of reminding the powers that be, that the inhabitants of the manufacturing districts of Lancashire have a peculiar right to demand a full and fearless inquiry into every collision that may happen between any portion of them and an armed force. Good policy dictates a careful scrutiny.—Clitheroe is a burgh in Lancashire, including within its boundaries the town of the same name, and a number of neighbouring townlands and chapelrys, thickly studded with small villages, and swarming with a manufacturing population. The number of inhabitants in 1831 was 8,915; the value of real property as assessed in 1815 was 14,572*l.*; the number of electors under the reform act is 300. Formerly Clitheroe returned two members to Parliament, of whom Lord Howe nominated one, and Lord Brownlow the other. There are resident in Clitheroe and the neighbourhood three gentlemen extensively employed in manufactures: Mr. Fort, calico-printer, residing at Read Hall, five miles

from Clitheroe, employing upwards of 1,500 men, women, and children; Mr. Garnett, spinner and manufacturer, residing at Low Moor, one mile from Clitheroe, employing, along with his partners, 1000 people, of whom two hundred are men; Mr. Thomson, calico-printer, residing at Primrose, in the suburbs of Clitheroe, employing 800 men, women, and children. Mr. Fort is the reform candidate for Clitheroe; he is supported by the two gentlemen we have named, and is extremely popular among the operatives. The partisans of Lords Howe and Brownlow, under the old regime, Colonel Clayton, the Rev. Messrs. Noble and Abbot, Messrs. Starkie, Taylor and Whalley, gentlemen of property in the district, and some others, invited Mr. Irving, a wealthy West India merchant, and at present M.P. for Bramber, (No. 5 of Schedule A.)^{*} to come forward as candidate for the honour of representing Clitheroe in the first reformed Parliament. That gentleman acceded to their request, and they formed themselves into a committee for carrying on this canvass. About the middle of July, Mr. Fort made his public entry into the burgh, attended by a great majority of the industrial inhabitants of the town and its neighbourhood, his own work-people, and the principal part of the working classes from the adjoining districts. He was enthusiastically received, and the meeting passed off without tumult or disorder. To counteract, if possible, the effects of this triumph, Mr. Irving's friends announced that he would make a public entry into Clitheroe on Tuesday, the 31st of July. Considerable disturbances had been stirred up at Clitheroe at the last general election by the huge concourse of people from the neighbouring villages, and the respectable inhabitants of Clitheroe were afraid that a repetition of these scenes might be excited by the ostentatious manner in which Mr. Irving's entrance was announced. Representations to this effect were made to that gentleman's committee, but in vain. Messrs. Thomson and Garnett next attempted to induce their workmen to stay away from the meeting; but in vain. To a man they declared that they would attend, although at the hazard of being immediately dismissed. On the morning of the 31st, both these gentlemen addressed first their managers and foremen apart, and then the collective body of their workmen, exhorting them to be peaceable themselves, and to assist in preserving the peace. It was expected that Mr. Irving was to address the people from the window of the Swan Inn; two carts were drawn together on the opposite side of the street, (there about 50 or 60 feet wide),

and erected into a temporary hustings, to enable Messrs. Garnett and Thomson to put questions to the candidate on the part of the electors. These gentlemen entered Clitheroe about 10 a.m., an hour earlier than Mr. Irving's expected arrival, and again cautioned their workmen to preserve order. No precautions had been taken by the magistrates, no special constables sworn in, but the people of their own accord endeavoured to keep a clear passage for Mr. Irving. Two hours later than the time he had fixed, that gentleman arrived in a close carriage, preceded by about twenty horsemen, principally tenants of Lords Howe and Brownlow, and followed by two carriages occupied by his friends, and another body of from twenty to thirty horsemen. Owing to the delay, the arrangements made for facilitating his entry had been disturbed, and the people had got ill-humoured. Considerable confusion arose from the endeavours of the horsemen to push through the crowd, and both parties got irritated. Mr. Irving, in his place in the House of Commons, asserts that stones were thrown at himself and his friends, the doors of his carriage opened, himself spit upon, and attempted to be dragged out before he reached the inn; that when he reached the door, an attempt was made to overturn the carriage; and that, by the command of some persons unknown to him, the post boys, instead of stopping, drove on amid "showers of stones as thick as hail." The account of other parties is scarcely consistent with the statement of the honourable member. Messrs. Thomson and Garnett, who were in the house opposite the inn, could not see what was going forward, but heard no noise to lead them to believe such an attack had been made, nor were they made aware of it till a quarter of an hour after Mr. Irving's departure. Mr. Starkie, a supporter of Mr. Irving, who followed him in one of the carriages, was so little aware of the attack, that he addressed the people from the windows of the inn, complimenting them upon their orderly conduct and good-humour, and telling them that a messenger had been dispatched to recal Mr. Irving. According to the statement of a nephew of Mr. Garnett, an inclination was shewn by some men to overturn Mr. Irving's carriage, but this was after he had passed the inn. Lastly, it is not asserted by Mr. Irving or his friends that any one of them was hurt. Mr. Starkie walked through the assembled multitude within an hour after the transaction, and although he was well known, and known to be a partisan of Irving, no person offered to insult him. The men of Clitheroe, Primrose, and

Low Moor, took no part in the riot; and some of Mr. Fort's workmen were actively engaged in defending Mr. Irving. Word was by this time brought that Mr. Irving's friends had sent to Burnley for a guard of soldiers; and Mr. Fort's committee exerted themselves to induce the people to disperse; with so much success, that, by six o'clock, five-sixths of the multitude, according to Mr. Thomson, and two-thirds according to Mr. Irving, only remained. A number of these had been drinking; and Clitheroe is represented, on all hands, as having, at that hour, had much the appearance of the evening of a fair. The master manufacturers conceived themselves justified in leaving the town to go to dinner. Mr. Irving was, at this moment, in full march upon the town, preceded by one troop of hussars, and followed by another. The requisition, in compliance with which these troops were granted, was signed by magistrates who, having shared in the obloquy cast upon Mr. Irving, were in a state of angry excitement,—and by no others. The bailiff of Clitheroe objected, at first, to the employment of the military: Mr. Irving's friends say he afterwards acquiesced; but, it does not appear that he was consulted until they had entered the town, and the mischief had already been done. Mr. Irving asserts, that information was brought of a body of men marching out from Clitheroe to attack him; but, for this rumour, there does not appear to have been any foundation. He accounts for his passing through the town instead of pursuing a road equally direct for his destination, which passed by it, by a pretended anxiety for the safety of some of his friends, which it is impossible to believe he really entertained. As the cortege was passing through Chadburn, about half a-mile from Clitheroe, the inhabitants lined the road on either side, leaving sufficient room for the cavalcade to pass, and shouting, "Fort for ever." No attack was made upon the soldiers; yet, provoked by the mere cheers of the populace, they drew their sabres, and cut down some of the people. On entering Clitheroe, they galloped up the main street, headed by William Arkwright, a partisan of Mr. Irving, shouting, "Touch us now if you dare!" Who gave the first provocation, it is impossible to say; but it is established, that sabre cuts were given before the Riot Act was read. After that had been done, repeated charges were made upon the crowd, and many were cut down. After Mr. Irving's departure, one of the troops was sent back to preserve quiet; which object, the cause which excited the

angry feelings of the multitude being removed, they easily effected. Next day, a report was spread, that Mr. Irving intended to re-enter the town; but the rage of the inhabitants was so fierce against him, that the bailiff interfered to prevent the mad attempt. Serious fears were entertained for the safety of the friends and abettors of Mr. Irving in the neighbourhood; and with a view to give vent to the feelings of the people, a public meeting was called on Saturday the 4th August, at which an address to his Majesty's ministers was agreed upon, calling for inquiry, and dispatched by the hands of Messrs. Thomson and Garnett. The moral of this tale is, that the Tories are determined to brave the ill-will of the people, and pay back every affront, however slender, with sabre-cuts. The blood shed at Clitheroe rests upon the head of Mr. Irving; and, if any constituency in the empire return him to Parliament, it will show itself by the act, alike devoid of every sense of justice and decency. If strict inquiry be not made, ministers will place themselves in a situation little better than that of the men who thanked the Manchester yeomanry.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA AND THE DEPUTATION FROM ST. ANNE AND ST. MARY SHANDON.—A meeting was attempted to be held at Blarney, on Sunday the 15th of July, for the purpose of adopting resolutions for the encouragement of Irish, and the exclusion of English, manufactures. The magistrates and military interfered, and dispersed the assemblage. The Lord-Lieutenant having made a progress to Cork, partly with a view to visiting Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who was lying at Cove with his experimental squadron, a deputation from the parishes of St. Anne and St. Mary Shandon waited upon his Excellency at the Imperial Hotel. At the head of the deputation was Dr. Baldwin, candidate for the city of Cork. An address was presented to the Lord Lieutenant, which, after recapitulating the sufferings of the poor Irish during the spring and summer of the present year, and the refusal of any advance for their aid from Government, and reminding his Excellency of the countenance he had given to associations for the encouragement of Irish manufactures,—proceeded to state the object for which the Blarney meeting was held. The remonstrants emphatically denied that any intention was entertained of intimidating the reluctant; the purpose of the meeting was to sanction, by its collective voice, the opinion held by all individuals, that a more

exclusive use of home manufactures would benefit Ireland. They concluded by demanding investigation. The Lord-Lieutenant replied, by complaints of the misrepresentations of his character and intentions, which had gone abroad. He intimated a belief, that the meeting had been got up for the purpose of intimidation. He allowed, that the existing laws were defective, and that he himself was daily suggesting amendments; but, so long as they existed, he would uphold them, even by military force. He intimated, that a day is at hand, when "measures already prepared, and in preparation, for the government of Ireland will be developed, and when justice will be done to the government of the country for its good intentions." In the course of the conversation, he tauntingly alluded to the inability of Ireland to withstand the might of England. Lastly, he declared his resolution to remain at his post, although he felt it to be one of difficulty, if not of danger. It is evident, from this conversation, that ministers have some plan for Ireland *in petto*. We wish rather than hope, that it may be conceived in a spirit of wisdom and conciliation; for the continuance of Stanley in the ministry, and the warlike tone of the Lord-Lieutenant, are circumstances of evil augury. The Marquis of Anglesea is a man of excellent heart and tempered firmness; but he can only act by direction. The proud peat of Derby is enough to drive a more patient race, than the Irish are said to be, into rebellion. Ireland has ever hitherto been the rock upon which the statesmanship of our greatest ministers has shivered; and we confess, the clumsy pawing with which the powers that be are seeking to caress it, fills us with fear and trembling. Meanwhile, even-handed justice calls us to reprobate, in the strongest terms, the folly (to use a mild term) of those who would teach the Irish peasant to look for better days from the exclusion of English manufactures. Such conduct is base pandering to the prejudices of the ignorant; and the more suspicious, that a similar measure was the first in the American war of separation. It is rank nonsense to speak of continuing the Union, if England and Ireland are to have separate legislatures. The day has been, when a diadem could have tied two

kingdoms together: but the bauble has now lost that magic power. The terms of the bargain, by which the two nations wedded, for better for worse, require adjustment: but we strongly deprecate all attempts to put them asunder, until it clearly appear that just and conciliatory treatment by Britain, of her Sister Island, is not to be looked for. Much as we would regret the loss of Ireland, and her brave sons, we deny that we have any right to keep up a forced union between the two countries. The days of governing by force, and treating a whole nation, like a mere faction, are gone by.

CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

There is little of moment since last month. Italy and Spain still slumber. The former is indeed shackled. Between the Po and the Lake of Constance, 200,000 Austrian soldiers have been assembled. Switzerland has taken fright and is arming. Don Miguel and his brother are snuffing at each other at wary distance like two curs, each waiting to see whether the other will not turn tail, in which case it will pursue right valiantly. The Portuguese nation seem inclined to sit still and cry, "pull devil, pull baker." Affairs are ripening in Germany: but no unequivocal demonstrations have yet been made. Louis Philippe has been contracting a loan, and giving his daughter in marriage to the king of the Belgians. The negotiations between Holland and Belgium seem as near a termination as they were at the commencement. The Emperor Nicholas has been *humming* the sailors of the vessel which conveyed Lord Durham, with fair words, which cost nothing. Greece is to have a baby king, who does not profess its religion nor speak its language. The nation has not been consulted on the appointment; so the poor child is like to have a pretty time of it. The attention of Turkey is in some measure withdrawn from Europe by the progress of Asiatic insurgents. And the aspect of this mine, crammed and primed for springing, with a huge *lunt* glowing over it, encourages our heaven-born ministers "to look with confidence to the preservation of the general peace." Innocent lambs!

STATE OF COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

AUGUST, 1832.

AN abundant harvest—one of the most abundant in the memory of man—promises to relieve the gloom which has now for a long time prevailed over the commercial horizon. The six months which have elapsed since our first report was published, has been a period of extreme depression of trade.* We have already explained the causes of that depression. The commercial and political state of many foreign countries, and the restrictions placed on our vessels in consequence of the cholera, have made the foreign trade decidedly bad. Germany is the only country with which our merchants have had an active and beneficial intercourse. At home, intense political excitement and alarm, together with the spread of the cholera to the principal sea-ports and manufacturing towns, have confined the operations of the manufacturer, merchant, and shopkeeper within the narrowest limits.

Another cause still may be assigned for the number of hands thrown out of employment in some of the manufacturing districts, especially that of Yorkshire. The combinations of workmen, called 'Trades' Unions, have succeeded in compelling the masters very generally to advance wages. The first effect of their success has been injurious to the workmen themselves, because it has induced the manufacturer to make the smallest possible quantity of goods; and in most cases, though a higher rate of wages is paid, a much smaller total amount of wages is received by the working classes, many of whom are partially or wholly deprived of employment. A few months will decide whether trade can bear the advanced price of goods consequent on increased wages. If it can, the result will be highly beneficial, as nothing is more desirable for a community than that the working class should be liberally remunerated, and enabled to live in comfort. If it cannot, wages will inevitably fall, in spite of the strongest combinations, and the masters will regain that power over their workmen which is the effect of a surplus supply of labour. In a contest about wages, only time can decide which party is in the

right; and it is always to be desired that the workmen should succeed in establishing a good rate of payment for their labour.

At this moment, trade is just beginning to improve. There is a half-yearly flow and ebb of trade, in the spring and autumn months; and it is now taking the favourable turn. No considerable effect has yet been produced; but the next two months cannot fail to bring customers to the manufactories, as the retail dealers must replenish their very low stocks for the winter.

A teeming harvest is the brightest feature of the times. By cheapening provisions, it will increase the comforts of the industrious classes, and it will give a stimulus to every branch of industry. Accounts from the principal corn-growing counties of England, Scotland, and Ireland, agree in representing the crops as very abundant; and in the south of England a great quantity of grain has been safely housed. The price is consequently falling, and the foreign grain and flour in bond are not likely to be brought to market except at a very heavy sacrifice.

In London no improvement in trade has yet been experienced: all is dulness and depression.

In Liverpool, the arrival of a whole fleet of merchantmen, long kept at sea by easterly winds, has given sudden activity to business. The quantity of cotton brought from the United States has been exceedingly large—not less than 70,000 bales within a single fortnight; yet the price has not fallen; a proof that there is a vast and regular consumption of cotton in the manufacturing districts. At Manchester and the other great towns of Lancashire, there have been heavy complaints of the state of trade; but an improvement is now acknowledged. Very small profit however, is obtained in any department of the cotton trade.

The Woollen Manufacture is feeling the vivifying influence of the demand for the fall of the year. The markets of Leeds and Huddersfield have for some weeks been brisk, and customers are beginning to appear at the warehouses of the merchants.

The English linen trade suffers from the successful competition of the Scottish. In certain qualities, the manufacturers of Aberdeen have a decided superiority over

* Parliamentary Returns show that there has been a falling off both in the Imports and Exports for the six months of 1832, compared with the same period of 1831.

those of Barnsley and Knarborough, which the latter ascribe to the lower rate of wages given to the weavers in Scotland.

In the iron trade much business is doing at wretchedly low prices.

The Shipping interest, about which such doleful lamentations have been made for years, has for some time past been steadily improving, and is now in such a state of prosperity as to give a practical refutation to the enemies of Free Trade, and of Mr. Huskisson's system of reciprocity. Some of these parties repeat, day after day, their cuckoo note; always representing the shipping interest as ruined, and always ascribing the ruin to the measures of the deceased statesman. Such an assertion, repeated for years, disproves itself. If the ship-owners were ruined, they must of course have disappeared: no new ships would be built, and the existing ships would be a worthless property. Yet, so far is this from being the case, that we are confidently assured by an extensive ship-owner at Liverpool, that the shipping interest is at this time in a more prosperous condition than it has been for some years. Many ships continue to be built, and the tonnage of British shipping is steadily on the increase. Yet the ignorant and impudent writer in the *Morning Herald*, who sets himself to cry down free trade, with a pertinacity worthy of Alderman Walthman himself, and a scurrility which savours more of the purlieu* of the custom-house than of the custom-house itself, at this very time abuses "the Huskissonian clique, who, (he says) broke down the navigation-laws with the same ignorant zeal for destruction, which barbarians take in destroying the noblest works of antiquity." The composition of this writer is about as accurate as his knowledge. "This was the Act," he proceeds, which 'at one fell swoop,' the *doctrinaires* of the Huskissonian and MacCulloch school utterly destroyed; and by its abolition, sacrificed the interests of the ship-owners of England to those of foreign nations, as well as broke down 'the elements of our naval superiority!' And thus he went on raving, as his books of knight-errantry had taught him! If this writer had been a fellow student with the Knight of La Mancha, his information would have been about as correct, and his judgment as sound as it is now.

The same writer—whom we only notice because he is most unaccountably allowed to pollute with his economical balderdash, founded on ancient and exploded fallacies, one of the ablest and most inde-

pendent journals in London, and may therefore possibly infuse error and prejudice into the minds of uninformed or half-informed persons—sets himself to work to disprove the axiom, "that it is for the interest of consumers to buy commodities at the best and cheapest rate." He maintains, on the contrary, that the price of corn should be kept up, to protect the English agriculturist,—the price of all kinds of manufactures, to protect the English manufacturer,—that nothing foreign should be admitted which can compete with any thing English; that all interests should enjoy a substantial monopoly; and all sellers be enabled to command high prices! And this is his way of encouraging and protecting the shipping interest! by establishing a system of monopolies against all foreign countries, raising the cost of building, rigging, and victualling English ships, and enhancing the price of every English commodity! That such a system would most materially lessen the foreign demand for our manufactures, by raising their price, is abundantly evident. That it would narrow our commerce, by the same cause, as well as by rendering it impossible to obtain returns, is equally clear. That it would provoke a system of retaliation in other countries, cannot be doubted. And yet this writer pretends to be a friend, *par excellence*, to the shipping interest, and has a great horror of "breaking down the elements of our naval superiority!" Why, carry his system into effect with consistency, and ships would be as useless as balloons; the wall of brass would be drawn round our island, and our wooden walls would quickly fall in pieces. And this policy is recommended in a country which is superior to all the world in manufactures, and which must look for its wealth by supplying all the world with the produce of its workshops! The blindness which prevents the writer from perceiving that England is the very last country which ought to adopt his anti-commercial policy, naturally renders him insensible to the truth, that for every purpose of merely domestic exchange and traffic, it is precisely the same thing whether prices are high or low. Double the price of every thing tomorrow, and neither the agriculturist nor the manufacturer would be a bit the richer or the poorer, as far as domestic transactions go; but in the mean time, that anti-commercial system, which is to bring about the doubled prices, would

* It is true that high prices would somewhat lessen the pressure of the National Debt; an advantage not comparable to the evil they would inflict.

have cut off a great portion of our foreign trade, and rendered our shipping useless.

The philosopher of the *Herald* favours the world with some profound remarks, intended to show the folly of allowing French silks and gloves to be introduced into England. He says—"The subject, in its most comprehensive bearings and relations, involves other considerations than the bare exchange of commodities; it involves considerations of fixed money obligations and mechanical power, in opposition to manual labour, as well as all the various degrees and proportions of material, labour, and skill, which enter into the composition of all the various productions or articles of exchange. A given number of pieces of ribbon or embroidery may be equal to the labour of 5000 persons for a year, while their equivalent or money value in wool, or various other articles of natural production, may not employ half the number of labourers for a day. Again, A, for the sake of buying cheap, may admit frippery at a low or nominal rate of duty, while B may levy 50 or 90 per cent. on the substantial articles received in exchange." Now, in this case A would be a much wiser man than B; for A would get his frippery at as cheap a rate as it could be made, whereas B would pay 50 or 90 per cent. on the articles he received in exchange. But our oracular *Herald* is of opinion that a nation must be crazed to give comfortable wool for vain frippery, or solid English pudding for French kickshaws. And yet, alas! so much of this vanity exists in the world, and such an utter derangement is there of all propriety, that the rule of *avoirdupois* is by no means the only one which regulates either transactions between nations or between individuals. A butcher will be perverse enough to sell ten stone of beef, in order that his wife may, with the produce of it, buy a silk gown, which will not weigh many ounces. A clothier parts with a monstrous bale of coarse woollens, and is content to re-

ceive for it a few little bits of gold, not a thousandth part its weight, or a few gossamer lace veils for his daughters, or a dozen of Johannisberg for his own table. And both the butcher and clothier are fools enough thus to fling away their goods, when it is clear, according to the enlightened *Herald*, that they should have taken nothing of less bulk and weight than what they gave! Ah! how happy should we be, if so sensible and profound a man as this writer were placed at the head of the Board of Trade! He would doubtless draw up a scale of "degrees and proportions of material, labour, and skill," by which all men should be bound to sell and buy! And this is a man who takes upon him to call Mr. Huskisson a cockcomb!

NEW AMERICAN TARIFF.—The bill which we mentioned in our last as introduced by Mr. Adams, at the instance of the Committee of Manufactures, into the American House of Representatives, has passed into a law. By the new Tariff, several classes of articles are to be admitted duty free; but the principal English manufactures are still loaded with high duties. The lowest qualities of woollens are to be admitted at the extremely low duty of five per cent., *ad valorem*; which is a *douceur* to the southern planters, who buy that kind of cloth for negro clothing. All other qualities are to pay a duty of 50 per cent. On the whole, the duties will be lower than under the old tariff; but not materially so. On cotton goods, the duties are a little lower: on worsted stuff goods, they are reduced from 25 down to 10 per cent., *ad valorem*; and on silks they are reduced from 20 down to 5 per cent. The complicated and annoying system of minimums is done away with. The practice of giving eight, ten, and twelve months' credit for the Government duties in America, is also abolished; which will repress the speculations of adventurers, and make the trade more steady and profitable.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

By far the most valuable work that has come into our hands during the course of the expiring month is Mr. James' History of Charlemagne.* The author has spared

* History of Charlemagne; with a Sketch of the State and History of France from the fall of the Roman Empire to the Rise of the Carolingian Dynasty. By G. P. R. James, Esq. London: Longman & Co.

no labour in his research, and evinces an acuteness and solid judgment in the sifting of evidence which we have rarely seen equalled. The public character of Charlemagne is impartially and correctly drawn. It is one of no ordinary interest—that of the legislator who moulded the destinies of modern Italy, France, and Germany. His institutions are the starting post from

which these three nations have advanced to such diverging fortunes. The private character of the Emperor is touched with a more hesitating hand,—properly perhaps, because the sources whence it is to be learned are seldom the most trustworthy. Would not a bold individual picture of *the man*, such as Mr. James has already drawn of Richelieu, be worth that gentleman's attempting? Charlemagne might thus be made to occupy as prominent a station in modern as his Paladins in ancient romance, where he uniformly plays second fiddle. But this is wandering from "The History," which we regard as a real boon to English readers.

In Mr. Frazer's new novel* of "The Highland Smugglers," the description of Highland scenery are so true, and so full of fine feeling, as to confirm the opinion of the correctness of similar pictures in *the Kuzzilbash*, the mere energy of which had impressed us with a conviction of their accuracy. The dialogue of the Celts is true to the life, without being tedious or caricatured. It is the thing itself. Among the characters, the forester of Glenvallich, the old W. S. and his precious nephew, and the Laird of Airdruthmore, are most to our taste. The old lady with the second sight, the boarding-school-bred heroine, and the melo-dramatic Kenneth Dhoruv, are a flight beyond us. The work, in short, is one against which many objections may be urged, but which will please notwithstanding, or even because of them. We trust ere long to have another happy meeting with the author on his new field of action.

Mr Ferrall,† without telling us much that is new, has brushed up our reminiscences after a pleasing fashion. He is an Englishman, but a fair one, and we believe that his account of America is less distorted either by partiality or prejudice than any that has recently appeared. He is equally at home at a "husking frolic," or at a New Orleans ball, and as he is pleased himself, he communicates similar pleasing sentiments to his readers.

We know not by what accident we have allowed Mr. Babbage's work on manufactures‡ to remain so long unnoticed. It is the work of one who, for his discerning spirit and government of temper in judging of others, well deserves

the name of a philosopher. In this little book he brings the habits of acute observation, formed in the prosecution of scientific research, to bear upon that manufacturing interest which is the basis of our national wealth and power. With a scrutinizing gaze he detects the working and tendency of improvements in manufactures, and their bearing upon the condition of society. He is a living proof how much a strict scientific education tends to improve the man of active life. His work, and McCulloch's Dictionary of Commerce, ought never to be sundered. We trust to see both of these eminent men members of the reformed Parliament.

This, by the way, recalls to our recollection a modest little book, in a buff garment, which ought to be somewhere among this lumbering heap of volumes, clean and unclean, like the beasts of Noah's ark—oh! here he is.* This gentleman, simple as he stands here, ought henceforth to be the inmate of the window-bolt of every cottage in Scotland. Let us see! we are in the mood to draw out a catalogue of a peasant's library:—"The Bible;" "Dodridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul;" this edition of the "Scottish Reform Act;" "a plain Cookery book;" "Cobbett's Cottage Economy;" "Scottish Worthies;" "Sir William Wallace;" "Burns' Poems;" "Chambers' Lives of Eminent Scotsmen;"—these, with a reading of a good weekly newspaper, will enable him to fend brawly. He may add as he pleases, or is able, but these ought to be the nucleus, the indispensables, as our aunt Dorothy used to term that part of our dress which some ladies denominate inexpressibles, and others irresistibles. But, to return, the notes and digest, appended to the edition of the "Scottish Reform Act," are at once such as every plain man may understand, and every lawyer must approve of. This is the only genuine edition of our *Magna Charta*. And it promises to meet with good acceptance; for, we have met it everywhere, from the drawing-room table to the butcher's block,† and the baker's trough.

Revenons à nos moutons—for politics are somewhat out of place here. Hum! "Fort Risbane."‡ The work of a sensible, judicious man.

* The Highland Smugglers. By the author of Adventures of Kuzzilbash, &c. London: Colburn and Bentley.

† A Ramble of Six Thousand Miles through the United States of America. By S. A. Ferrall, Esq., London: Effingham Wilson.

‡ On the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures. By Charles Babbage, Esq. A.M. London: Charles Knight.

* An Act to amend the Representation of the People of Scotland; with Notes and Explanations: a complete Digest, Table of probable Constituency of the burghs, and copious Index. By a Member of the Scottish Bar. Fourth Edition. Edinburgh: Thomas Ireland, Jun.

† The cause for which Hampden died in the field and Sydney on the block.

‡ Fort Risbane; or, Three Days' Quarantine. By a Detenu. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

"It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets," says a competent authority. No wonder, then, that we find clergymen, north of the Tweed, more intent upon weeding docks and thistles out of their fields, than sins out of the souls of their flocks; and clergymen south of the Tweed engrossed with politics or fox-hunting—equally intellectual pursuits in their manner of following them. And, of course, an M.D. is quite in the path of his duty publishing treatises on controversial Theology;* although, to tell the truth, were we to detect our family physician in any such practices, we should feel tempted to toss his prescriptions out of the window, and himself after them. All that we can say in favour of Dr. Park's "Treatise" is, that it is neither so obscure nor revolting as the prelections of Mr. Irving; and that, when compared with the fleshly longings of the Rowites, it is tranquillizing. Those fanatics have mistaken the yearnings of sensuality for the aspirations of devotional feeling. Their piety is fierce and sexual, as that of Mahomet. Dr. Park's work has, however, one unfortunate fault; his exposition is "entirely new" only to himself. This is ever the misfortune of self-taught men in every department of human knowledge:—whatever is new to themselves they fancy must be so likewise to the whole world.

A startling transition in good faith! From the moonlight milk and water picticism of Dr. Park to the effusions of the glowing and unbridled soul of Mirabeau.† The story of the manner in which these letters came into the Editor's hands is we confess a little adventurous, and it is vouchered by no name. The letters themselves contain little of the fervour of Mirabeau's composition. Nevertheless, there is a pleasure in perusing what may have come from him; and, in reflecting upon the career of this meteor, "sparkling at once in beauty and destruction," Mirabeau has had less than justice done him. His vices, and they were gigantic, were the children of circumstance. His daring, sensitive, restless character, thrown upon the world without the inculcation of moral restraint, stung to desperation by gross and relentless oppression, outraged every tie of pri-

vate life—we admit it. But, the emanation of the Deity, which inhabited this darkling and boiling gulph of animal passion was yet pure and proud in its essence, and sought, half blind, to struggle out of its—"deep still calling unto deep." One pure and lofty sentiment it cherished, to the last, and that was patriotism. Mirabeau's tampering with the court has been charged against him as a desertion of principle—we do not believe the charge. He thought, by coalescing with it, to rein and temper the anarchical tendency of those spirits who sought to trample upon all form. A pupil of Bentham, in that most important department of democratical government, "the tactics of popular assemblies," he warned in vain those who sought to govern by surprise and force; and finding his voice unheard, sought to marshal the power of the court against them, in hopes to gain time, and by weakening to rule both. We admit that all such intrigues are useless and dangerous. But we believe that Mirabeau erred in judgment only, and that the obloquy heaped upon him, because dying, he left his plan undeveloped and his motives unexplained, is rank injustice. His intellectual powers have been underrated by the precisian Dumont, to whom fine ladies and the Edinburgh Review attribute the merit of making Bentham intelligible and palatable, but whom those who really have studied the writings of the mighty master accuse of diluting his strong drink for men into a sugary liquor for babes—of converting in short, his pure spirit into mawkish six-water grog. Dumont could not appreciate Mirabeau, who was essentially a man of action. There was a gulph between them, across which his short sight could not see. His good heart felt an indistinct presentiment of the greatness of the man, and with devoted honesty, he clung to him through good report and through bad report—that is all. Had Mirabeau survived, many of the horrors of the revolution might have been eschewed. "La citoyenne Roland" felt this—women decypher men's characters best.

Mr. Hoidich's "Essay on Weeds," is calculated to prove useful to all classes of agriculturists. We have noticed it, however, as an apology for breathing a passing sigh to the memory of poor Ben Hoidich. Rest his soul! no one who has not been a frequenter of the farmer's table at Norwich can truly appreciate his merits. There, "as market days were wearing late," did his sagacious lucubrations fur-

* An Amicable Controversy with a Jewish Rabbi, on the Messiah's coming, unfolding new Views of Prophecy, and the Nature of the Millennium; with an entirely new Exposition of Zechariah on the Messiah's Kingdom. By J. R. Park, M.D., &c. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

† Mirabeau's Letters during his Residence in England; with Anecdotes, &c. &c. Two volumes, 8vo. London: Evingham Wilson.

An Essay on the Weeds of Agriculture, with their common and botanical names. The posthumous Work of Benjamin Hoidich. Edited by G. Sinclair. London: James Ridgway.

nish material for many a tough disputation to the sturdy, comfortable frequenters of that ordinary, enhancing the enjoyment of their glass of negus and their cool pipe, ere they betook themselves to their gigs, which ducked and groaned beneath their wide-spreading fundamental features—"There is no life like a farmer's," says the poet, "and no farmer like a Norfolk one."

"Letters for the Press,"—they ought never to have been taken out of it.

In his work on the "Highland Clans,"† the indefatigable Dr. Brownie has presented us with an interesting work on an interesting subject. It is gratifying, at least, to receive a history of the Highlanders by one, who to the intimate acquaintance with the subject which none but Celts have yet evinced, adds that philosophical spirit of which few writers of that race have yet shown an inkling. The style of the book is characterized by that robust power so peculiar to the learned author.

Mr. Cunningham's introduction to the study of arithmetic,‡ is the only guide for the young in this important depart-

* Letters for the Press, on the Feelings, Passions, Manners, and Pursuits of Men. By the late Francis Rosemoun, Esq. London: Ewing-Kiss Wilson.

† A history of the Highlands and of the Highland Clans, by James Brownie, Esq. LL.D., advocate. Illustrated by a series of portraits and other engravings. Glasgow: Fullarton and Co.

‡ The Arithmetical Text-book, in which the Principles of Arithmetic are demonstrated, and its Applications explained. By Robert Cunningham, A.M., Edinburgh: Thomas Ireland, Jun.

ment of knowledge, which we can conscientiously recommend. It is the work of a man of scientific acquirements, sound judgment, and much experience in teaching. Instead of jumbling his lessons in an unskilful arrangement, proceeding upon a confused notion of his respective complication and difficulty of the operations, he carries on his scholars systematically. In the first part of his work he explains, satisfactorily, the rationale of the fundamental and abstract operations of arithmetic, and exerts himself to facilitate their execution. The second part contains their application to mercantile and domestic transactions. In the third he advances to those more difficult problems which hover on the verge of algebra, and their application to the business of the surveyor, the artificer, and the architect. The book is such as any scholar of ordinary capacity may understand, or any teacher, even of limited talents, employ with advantage. It relates to an accomplishment too much neglected in Scottish tuition. We have known many lads whose education had by no means been neglected, enter the mathematical class at one of our Universities, ignorant even of vulgar fractions. What, then, is to be looked for from those who do not enjoy a College education? It gives us pleasure to learn that Mr. Cunningham is about to organize in this city an academy for practical education. His success in conducting the establishment of Watson's Hospital is in his favour. We sincerely wish him all the success that his high talents and estimable character deserve.

MUSIC.

THE work that lies uppermost on our table is one of very great importance to musical students, and which ought to be in the hands of every one anxious of acquiring a practical and scientific knowledge of music. The want of such a work has been long felt. Musical pupils are, at present, usually furnished with instruction books, at once meagre and unsatisfactory. From these imperfect productions a few undigested, ill-explained rules are gleaned, and thus uninformed, "not half made up," the scholar, is "sent before his time" to struggle with intricate and elaborate pieces. And what ensues? Mortification and disgust at difficulties; and a renunciation, if not wholly, at

least very frequently, of all that is worthy and estimable in this delightful pursuit. Hence we find so few real musicians—and hence the art is slighted in its noblest capabilities, and degraded into an insignificant and paltry recreation. It is the design of Mr. Fairbairn's book to lead the pupil step by step, from the simplest elements to the most abstruse principles of music,—to enable him, in short, to understand what he is about—to see his way clearly, and finally to get at that point of elucidation from which he can discern and appreciate the unfolded mysteries and beauties of the science. The author has planned out his method with taste and judgment, and executed the whole in a style that deserves our highest encomiums. The form of question and answer is adopted;—the ex-

Elements of Music. Part I, Melody. By James Fairbairn. Edinburgh: Paterson and Roy.

The Reform Act and the Ministry.

planations are concise, clear, and instructive; and the illustrations practical and useful. We recommend the work as the most valuable, well-digested, and comprehensive piano-forte manual extant; perfectly calculated to initiate the pupil into a full and satisfactory knowledge of music, theoretical and practical. We hope that the name of the author, as yet unknown as a musical writer, may be no bar or hindrance to his work becoming generally known to parents, and instructors of youth. The petty jealousies and prejudices of teachers are proverbial; but Mr. Fairbairn's treatise ought to rise superior to all opposition, by dint of merit. Part I., containing an explanation of the elements of the science, is all yet published. It is so far complete; and should be carefully gone through by the pupil before he engages in the more abstract principles, to be propounded in the sequel.

We take up Mr. Thomson's Songs always with expectation of finding something original and effective. He pursues no beaten track; the flights of his genius are ever varied, novel, and imaginative. The power displayed in his lyrical essays must succeed in more arduous attempts; and we hope ere long to find him engaged in works that will establish his reputation among the best composers of the age. We have at present before us three of his latest songs; the first elegant and expressive, the second simple and pathetic;

• "Where art thou," a song, written by the Rev. Thomas Dale—composed by John Thomson, Esq. Edinburgh: Paterson & Roy.

† "O could to me"—ballad, by Thomas Atkinson, Esq.—composed by John Thomson, Esq. Edinburgh: Paterson & Roy.

and the third light and sparkling. We promise much pleasure to amateurs from these clever productions.

Marielli's compositions are of a superior order, and the present one † is of a very engaging description. The sports and delights of "May-day" are de-noted with rich and exuberant fancy; and though leaped in modulations and progressions, the piece is so flowing and tasteful, that we anticipate for it a host of admirers. Barnett is one of our best English melodists; but his late ballad ‡ wants the charm of originality. It is, however, a very agreeable song. The Unions are determined not to be tuneless, though their strains may ring harsh and discordant to many a refined ear! The concluding stanza of their "Gathering," ¶ which is well set to music, is bold and inspiring.

• God is our guide!—No sword we draw—
We kindle not war's battle fire;
By union, justice, reason, law,
We claim the birthright of our sire;—
We raise the watchword "Liberty,"
We will, we will, we will be free!

There is scope for a musical periodical, such as the *Apollonicon* ¶ might be; and we are sorry to see a work of the kind starting under so feeble a conducting power.

• "Love wakes and weeps," from the *Pirate*—composed by John Thomson, Esq. Edinburgh: Paterson & Roy.

† "May Day," a characteristic fantasia for the piano-forte—composed by M. Marielli. London: Wessel & Co.

‡ "I saw her at the Fancy Fair," a ballad; poetry by Edmund Smith, Esq.—composed by John Barnett. London: Goulding and D'Almaine.

¶ "The Gathering of the Unions," march and song. London: Charles Fox.

¶ The *Apollonicon*, or Musical Album. London: R. Willoughby.

THE REFORM ACT AND THE MINISTRY.

After the whole of this Number was printed, except the title-page, we received an article on The Working of the Reform Act from a contributor, for whose principles and talents we have the highest respect. This article attacks the Bill and its authors in no measured terms. The attack is not directed against any leading principle of the Bill; such as the confining the franchise to certain classes; but against the inferior and mere business clauses; particularly those requiring payment of taxes by a certain day, and registration of the claims of electors by another fixed day, to qualify them to vote, perhaps nearly a year afterwards. These two clauses, we are told, have operated to the disfranchisement of all but a comparatively small number in some places, and especially to the disfranchisement of Reformers; the Tories having been much more on the alert to qualify themselves than their opponents, and having resorted at Abingdon and other places, to most unworthy manoeuvres, to use the gentlest term, for the purpose of preventing the Reformers from qualifying.

In the strong condemnation of the clauses requiring registration and the previous payment of rates, we wholly concur. Registration is attended with trouble, which, if not great, is of that kind that will always prevent large numbers from qualifying themselves as voters, even of those who have paid their rates by the stipulated time. Receipts, leases, title-deeds, or certificates, are to be obtained or looked out; a schedule is to be

procured at a public office price (in Scotland) sixpence; the schedule is to be filled up; it is then, with the lease, or receipt, or other document, to be taken to the public office by a certain day; the documents are to be left with the officer, on his receipt; two shillings (in Scotland) additional have to be paid; and all these successive steps of the progress are accompanied by the irritating reflection that they are all as unnecessary as they are harassing. It is in vain to say, this is no great trouble for that elective franchise which has been so much desired. A series of petty, vexatious, and unnecessary troubles, are enough to prevent the exercise of rights to which a man is by no means indifferent. Establish a certain number of formal written applications to public functionaries, a certain number of checks and counter-checks at different offices, a certain number of fees to insolent or surly officials, to be made, obtained, exhibited, and paid, before a man could get access to his dearest friends, even to the wife of his bosom, and see how often he would visit them. Besides, although the acquisition of the franchise was desirable as a right, and the withholding of it felt as a species of slavery, it does not follow that a man will always feel that anxiety to exercise his acquired right, which the public welfare requires that he should. If he thinks there is not much danger of the Tory Candidate being elected; (a notion by the way, by which several Tories will undoubtedly get into Parliament;) if he has some reluctance to offend Tory customers; if, in fine, he is not a keen politician; although he might feel indignant formerly at the want of the franchise, he may not be so eager to exercise it, as to be willing to undergo the petty annoyances we have enumerated. Yet it is desirable that we should have the vote of every ten-pound householder. It is the only security against the activity and manœuvres of Tory Candidates.

With regard to the payment of taxes and rates up to a certain date, and by a certain day previous to registration, we think it a most objectionable clause, unjust in itself, and the certain means of disqualifying a very large proportion of the voters, especially of the Reformers, who are the poorer class; a poor Tory being an animal of uncommon rarity. To counterbalance this great and evident evil, there can be shown no countervailing good. The clause cannot have been intended to produce payment of taxes, which, without it, would be lost to the State. Rarely indeed is the Treasury a loser by the ruin of individuals; the taxes are always paid, although creditors should get only sixpence in the pound. There cannot have been a wish on the part of the framers of the Bill, that the alarming disqualification of Reformers, which this clause is found to occasion, should take place. Such an accusation has been made; but we scout it as utterly unworthy of belief; as we do another reason, that the enemies of the Whigs have suggested: that, in remembrance of the resolution expressed by thousands not to pay taxes, if denied Parliamentary Reform; and apprehensive that the same strong measure might be resorted to, for the purpose of carrying some Reform upon which the people might set their hearts, but which their rulers might not be willing to grant,—the Whigs had resolved that the refusal to pay taxes, which had been used to retain them in office, should never be used to drive them out of office, and for this purpose had made it a part of the Reform Act, that a man disfranchises himself by the non-payment of taxes, and so loses all power to hurt them by his vote. We believe that the framers of the Bill had no such vile purpose in view. But, while we acquit them of all sinister intention as to the operation of this obnoxious clause, the obvious fact that its operation will be such as we have described, is another strong reason for deprecating the clause, and recommending a short session of Parliament, to get the Act purged of its most glaring imperfections. The refusal to pay taxes until distraint, is a violent means which ought rarely indeed to be resorted to; but it is a speedy and effectual means of overturning a bad government,—however strongly supported by the King, the Lords, and the Army,—when it becomes odious to the great body of the nation; and may prevent measures still more violent from being resorted to. We live in times of unprecedented agitation; party spirit runs high; the aristocracy and democracy are fast repairing, and scowling on each other from opposite ranks. The aristocracy seem determined to continue the old system of pillage and oppression, as long as they possibly can; fighting, inch by inch, for the Pension List; for the old extravagant Civil List; for Negro Slavery; for the Taxes on Knowledge; for the removal of the Bank of England's Charter of Monopoly, and that of the East India Company; for the Corn Laws; for the restrictions on Trade; for Tithes; for long Parliaments; in short, for every one of the crying abuses, for the abolition of which a Reform of Parliament was so ardently desired. While, on the other hand, the people are resolved that reform shall not stop at the Reform Act, the destruction of the Tory party, and the firm occupation of their places by the Whigs. When parties so determined, the one to withhold justice, and the other to obtain it, are thus arrayed

against each other, every true friend to his country will be anxious that there be no use of an appeal to force to decide the combat.

So much for the Reform Act. With regard to our Contributor's attack on the present ministry, there is much about their policy of which we cannot approve. We dislike their foreign policy; their continuance of the system of Financial extravagance introduced by the Tories; their refusal to take off the Taxes on Knowledge; but, above all, their treatment of Ireland. For their foreign policy, Lord Palmerston is chiefly responsible; and, for their usage of Ireland, Mr. Stanley. Of this gentleman's public conduct, and the ministerial policy towards Ireland, we have expressed the strong detestation which we feel, in an article in the present Number; * and in our articles on The Bank Charter and Financial Reform, we have not hesitated to point out how much what they have done has fallen short of what their duty to the public prescribed. But although we disapprove of certain parts of the policy of the present Ministers, we cannot yet forget how much we owe them, for heading the popular movement by which the Reform Act has been gained. With all its defects, it is a great measure. It strikes so strongly at the roots of the old corrupt system, that it cannot have been the production of men who meant anything but good to the people. All that we ask is only that the authors of this Act should follow up the good work which they have so well begun. The Reform movement cannot stop until all the large and palpable abuses be swept away. Let the present Ministers remain at the head of the national movement; let them regulate its course; let them even, to a certain degree, if they will, retard its progress; but let them not for a moment think of attempting to stay its irresistible force, nor abandon the steering of the vessel, because they find the propelling power stronger than they expected or wished. Able men than some of the Ministers, we might obtain; and men more akin to us and to the great bulk of the nation, in respect of principles, than others of them: but under no men can the great measures, speedily required to follow the Reform Act, be so smoothly and so safely accomplished, as under the auspices of the Whig Ministry.

Anxious as we are, for the national good, that the present Ministry should retain their places, and still lead the national movement towards a thorough Reform of every thing that is defective in our institutions; we see, with regret, more than symptoms of a storm already gathering over their heads. Their great and well-merited popularity, has already, owing to mistaken policy on some points, to which we have alluded, experienced a decline. Besides the Tory press, they are now constantly and vehemently attacked by the Radical or Independent press. *The Morning Chronicle*, *the Sun*, *the True Sun*, *the Morning Herald*, *the Examiner*, and other London newspapers of talent and extensive influence, are waging continual war against the Ministry, or against some of their acts. This is a storm which it is not easy to

* The case is one which calls for vehement denunciation. If Mr. Stanley's measures be persisted in we shall certainly have another civil war in Ireland; one that will either render that naturally fine country a barren field, needlessly fertilized by the blood of its brave inhabitants; or, after much unnatural bloodshed of our brothers, after much loss of our own gallant troops, after many defeats; and after, in short, enacting the same game we played in North America, we shall, amidst hotings from every part of the world where Liberty rears her sacred banner, conclude the unrighteous freak by a Declaration of Irish Independence, and a treaty of peace with the Hibernian Republic, and its glorious and immortal Liberator, President Daniel O'Connell.

Neither of these catastrophes can we contemplate with any patience. A voluntary separation of the two countries would be infinitely better than either, and yet we think it would be a great evil for Ireland as well as for Britain. We are anxious to maintain the integrity of the empire, for the sake of both countries. And how is this to be done? Simply, by making the government of Ireland one founded on the people's regard, and not, as it has hitherto been, since Ireland was conquered, one of force. Let us commence by redressing Irish grievances; by removing from Ireland every just cause of complaint. In particular, let us not hesitate to free Ireland from the oppressive exactions of a church which her people abhor. The case is a plain one. That church is detested by six-sevenths of the people of Ireland; and of the remaining seventh, many, though not Catholics, are equally hostile to the tithes. This alien church has been supported by force, and nothing but force, since it was planted in Ireland. It is allowed by every man of the least pretension to candour, to be a flagrantly unjust and oppressive institution. It is maintained chiefly by tithes; a tax, the oppressive nature of which is worthy of the bad cause to which it in this instance belongs. Irish patience has at last failed. The people of Ireland have resolved that they shall pay tithes no more; and Mr. Stanley is determined that they shall, at least for some time longer. Every one who knows anything of Ireland knows that the people there are so united in their determination to resist this oppressive exaction, and so thoroughly organised in a system of passive and peaceful resistance, that it is impossible to collect the tithes, except by an Army. If indeed it be possible to do it by such tyrannical means! How far from the meek spirit of Christianity would such a mode of collection be? How unlike followers of the Divine Founder of our religion, are those dignitaries of the alien church, who can authorize or permit such bloody means of collecting that wealth which the Scriptures declare to be a snare! How unlike Paul, who declared that he would not taste flesh while the world standeth, rather than offend the weakness of his brethren? The clergy of the alien church in Ireland must not be allowed to starve, no doubt. Let a bill be brought into Parliament, making a moderate provision out of the tithes for the present incumbents, and making all provision for the alien church end with their lives, and we believe our brethren of Ireland will readily pay tithes to the extent such a provision may require.

abide. It was the press that put the Whigs into office, and it was the press that kept them there. It is the press that keeps them in office still. For it is well known, that if the King, and the evil counsellors by whom he is surrounded, had reason to think that there was a chance of a Tory Government being tolerated, Lord Grey and his colleagues would be turned out of office with small delay or ceremony. To the credit of the Ministers, they are cordially abhorred at Court. Their whole strength lies in popular support; and popular support they shall have of the most vigorous and enthusiastic description, if they will only follow out the grand principles, which most of them have professed all their lives, to their legitimate conclusions. We know that they cannot do many things at once; but let them at least do no evil: let them always be earnestly engaged in some measure of reform, and show a disposition to accomplish other reforms when it shall be possible to overtake them. Let them show good indications. They are narrowly watched by eyes that cannot be deceived. If they set themselves against the people, they are lost. Those myriads who now adore Ministers, and who, at their triumphal processions, used the names of Grey, Brougham, Russell, and Althorp, for the mottoes on flags and emblems, will range themselves under other banners; and none be left to say, God bless them, but their own personal friends and interested followers. Of the press, all that would adhere to them when the sunshine of popular, as well as of kingly favour, should be withdrawn, are *The Globe* newspaper and *The Edinburgh Review*. They have many friends and well-wishers, but few devoted partisans. In this respect, they are far weaker than the Tories.

That the Ministry may see that not only their retention of office, but their attainment of such glory and honour as Ministers never yet achieved, depends upon their moving along with the people, and not making a stand with the aristocracy, we fervently pray; and we deprecate all attacks on them of a general nature, until it clearly appear that they have made their election as to their course, and have chosen the wiser path. Particular errors it is right not to pass over; but severe and continued general attacks on the part of the liberal press, may throw well-meaning but undecided Members of the Cabinet, into the enemy's ranks; or drive the upright and high-minded, but somewhat impatient and querulous nobleman, at the head of the government, into resignation of his office; a consequence which we and every true friend of reform would deeply regret, as a great loss to the good cause; only to be exceeded by his being so forgetful of what he owes to the people and to himself, as to make a stand against the further progress of that Reform of which he has been hitherto the honoured leader.

One word to Lord Brougham, before concluding. The opinion we entertain of your Lordship, we have sufficiently shown, by placing your head upon the cover of this our periodical. It was with that mixture of shame and regret that one hears of an unworthy thing having been done by an esteemed and highly-prized friend, that we read your Lordship's declaration against such large public meetings as, however peaceable, tend to put the law (a bad law in the instance referred to, and one opposed by almost a whole nation,) in abeyance; and your assertion that it is the province of the executive government in Ireland to determine what is, or is not, sedition. On this remarkable occasion your Lordship's head was certainly asleep, otherwise you would not have made so imprudent a manifesto of opinions calculated to sink the exalted idea entertained of you by your countrymen; and, as it seems certain that your Lordship's head had gone to sleep, we deem it only a proper degree of charitable allowance to conclude that your Lordship's heart had gone to roost at the same time as your head. We thus relieve you from the imputation of both evil doctrines and of evil inclinations. When a man has acted nobly all his life, it would indeed be hard that a single instance of the utterance of a wrong sentiment should be regarded as giving the lie to the story of his previous conduct. Such a solitary instance ought to be looked upon as an accident,—an excrescence, forming no part of the man. Our charity, however, will cover no more than this one offence against yourself; nor will the charity of the public go farther than ours. If such sentiments be uttered by your Lordship again, they will be regarded to be "no mistake." Down will go your Lordship's well-earned reputation as a man who has ever had all good objects at heart; down will go the almost personal regard entertained for Harry Brougham by every good reformer; and down shall go your Lordship's head from the cover of *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*.

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