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PRISON DISCIPLINE *.

While, as a nation, we are setting to work in earnest to prepare for ourselves institutions which will, in all probability, lessen the amount of crime within our borders, the greater number of us are little aware how barbarous are those of our regulations which relate to the custody and punishment of criminals. Our ignorance is not the less because we venerate the names of Howard and of Romilly. If this had been enough, their philanthropic successors would not now have had to deplore that the work begun by them has made little progress in comparison with the time which has elapsed since they set it on foot; and that our treatment of the sinning part of our population, is as largely compounded of folly and cruelty as if our Christianity were no more than a name, and our civilization a false and conceited assumption. As a nation, we have not even arrived at the principle of punishment: we are blind to its objects, and therefore erring in the use of its means. The lowest classes among us look upon punishment as sheer cruelty, inflicted by those who have power, for some unknown purpose of gratification or advantage. Those a little above them regard punishment as vengeance; others, as something connected with crime by an unknown moral necessity; others, more enlightened, see in it a benevolent purpose of preventing more evil by the infliction of less. Few, very few, question whether any right exists to inflict punishment at all, except in as far as punishment is involved in the regulations by which the orderly part of society is secured from aggression. Of all these the lower classes know most of the facts of the treatment of our criminals, and all that they know is so corroborative of their notions of punishment being either gratuitous cruelty or vengeance, that we must not expect them to improve their conceptions till we have amended our management. In order to bring about this amendment, the comparatively enlightened classes must be more fully informed than they

* The Eighth Report of the Committee of the Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline. 1832.

Punishment of Death. A Series of short Articles, &c. 1832.

are of the actual state of our criminal policy; and such of them as are practised in tracing institutions to their principles must be loudly called upon to apply their philosophy where it has never yet been applied by more than a few individuals, who, groaning in spirit, have taken upon themselves as much as individuals might bear of the responsibilities of a nation. It is not enough to carry on Howard's department of the work, or even to perpetuate the labours of Romilly; for, like all other moral labours, this grows upon the hands. It is not enough (though, alas! it is still much wanted) to go into our prisons and see that the inmates have air, and light, and food, and water. It is not enough, though it is much, to see that they are not confined month after month, year after year, before there is so much as an attempt to prove a charge against them. It is not enough, though it is much, to strive to free our penal code from the barbarities and absurdities of former ages. Further than this, it ought to be, it must be, ascertained what constitutes crime in the present age; how society may be best guarded from its aggressions; and whether that kind of punishment which consists in the arbitrary infliction of suffering serves the purpose of security, or any other purpose; and whether, therefore, such infliction is authorized.

It is clearly the duty of a government to protect its subjects from the aggressions of crime, and, in consequence, to seclude or otherwise render powerless its criminal members. This appears to us to be the limit of its authority, in the first instance. This should be the object, not only in the process of arrest and custody previous to trial, but after conviction. We cannot discern whence is given the power to inflict arbitrary suffering in the case of guilt more than in any other case. A just direction of natural consequences answers all the good purposes ever contemplated in the institution of arbitrary punishments, and refers the responsibility whither it ought to rest,—on that Providence which has ordained misery to be the natural consequence of guilt. A man breaks into his neighbour's dwelling to steal his goods: we punish him with death. This certainly secures society from his future trespasses; but it does much more,—much more, that we can perceive no warrant for our doing. It destroys a life which we recognize no commission to take, and which, for aught we know, might be made useful to the community and happy to the individual: it perplexes the notions of moral cause and effect, right and wrong, duty and Providence, in the minds of multitudes; and excites tumults of angry passions: thus demoralizing instead of warning, and tending to the propagation instead of the repression of evil. How different are the effects of punishment by natural consequence!

The man has done his neighbour wrong, and must therefore be secluded that he may not again do an injury. This is the reason of his imprisonment, which is longer or shorter in proportion to the apparent probabilities of his repeating the offence,—

i. e., to the aggravation of the circumstances and to the offender's known character. In prison, he must not be a burden to the community, and must work, not only for his bread, but for the expenses which he has caused to be incurred in secluding him. This is the reason of his hard labour. If, in his seclusion, he attempts further injury to those yet within his reach, a closer confinement is ordered for the same purpose as the first. Hence solitary confinement, and, if ever necessary, fetters. The other regulations of his prison arise, some out of the position in which the culprit has placed himself, and not out of the will of his judges and jailers; and others out of their responsibility for his benefit, that he shall re-enter the world no worse, as far as in them lies, than when he quitted it. Hence arise the circumstances of his abode, his employments, his recreations,—in short, the routine of his prison-life. Is not this what is wanted for the security of society? Is not this still punishment,—most irksome punishment to the offender, while it allows him to feel himself, not the victim of tyranny, but the ward of justice? Is not this the discipline to satisfy instead of revolting the injured, to obviate the oppressions of the agents of the law, to educate the moral sense of the community, while it answers all the proposed objects of an arbitrary penal system? Is it not easy to be understood in its purpose and in its workings?—far more easy than the inexplicable and empirical method,—if method it may be called,—according to which justice is at present administered?

That human governments will in time bring their penal rule into an analogy with the divine, we cannot doubt. The divine government ordained arbitrary punishments in the infancy of the peculiar people, and afterwards withdrew its ordinances when they became capable of recognizing and anticipating natural consequences; and thus ought it to be with human governments. In barbarous ages and countries, crimes are little less arbitrary than punishments; as in Russia, not very long ago, the wearing of shoe-strings was punishable with imprisonment, and in India the killing of a cow, with death. In proportion as states approximate to a right application of the eternal principles of morals, should their penal government approximate to the divine rule of natural consequence; for which precisely the same reasons exist as that a parent should lay aside the rod and the holiday-treat when his child grows up into the youth.

It is a difficult task to arrange the penal government of a nation like ours in its present state, combining as it does the wisdom of manhood and the lowest ignorance and folly of infancy,—much of the refinement of advanced civilization, and some of the brutalization of a savage state. It is difficult to provide punishments which it does not shock the consciences and sensibilities of the injured to inflict, and which may at the same time be prospectively dreadful to the aggressor. This difficulty, great at the

best, we aggravate to the utmost,—first, by not procuring the universal education of the people, and next, by making the worst of such regulations as we have, administering our punishments capriciously, and enhancing their mischiefs by bad modes of infliction. Two great works, then, have to be achieved, in preparation for the enlightened penal system of which our philosophers and philanthropists descry a glimpse in a coming age:—the nation must be educated into a state of moral discernment; and, while this is doing, our present penal institutions must be purified from the executive abuses which render them ten times more cruel and pernicious than the most barbarous of their originators intended, or than there is any occasion for them to be made.

We quote some remarks from the Report before us, on the first of the two objects we have specified:—

'The distressed condition of juvenile offenders on their discharge from prison has continued to occupy the attention of the Committee, and they have afforded such relief to these necessitous objects as the very limited state of the funds would allow. The prevalence of crime among the youth of the lower orders is well known to be alarmingly great. On the causes which contribute to this evil, the Committee have fully enlarged in their former Reports. Whatever operates to the production of indigence among the adult poor, has, of course, a most unfavourable effect on the moral condition of their families, and the juvenile depravity, which now unhappily prevails, derives its origin and strength from circumstances too deeply rooted in the present state of society to be materially diminished by any plans, however wise, for the mere punishment of the offender. The diffusion of education is, in every point of view, the most efficacious remedy for the prevention of crime. By education is meant, not merely instruction in the elementary arts of reading and writing, but a course of moral training which shall impart religious impressions, control the passions, and amend the heart. In their previous Reports, the Committee have enlarged on the benefits which the establishment of Infant Schools is calculated to impart to the most indigent classes, and especially in those crowded parts of the metropolis where a single room often contains several families. Beset on every side by the most profligate associations, breathing a moral atmosphere the most corrupt, no benefits can be conceived more precious than those which are presented by these Institutions; and it is therefore to be regretted that, notwithstanding their obvious importance, they should not have become universally established. In regard to the education of the poor generally, it must be acknowledged that the experience of the last thirty years has proved the inefficiency of the exertions made for this purpose, as well by public associations as by private individuals. In the metropolis and populous towns throughout

the kingdom, the want of education is severely felt, while in the agricultural districts a large proportion of the working classes are in a state of profound ignorance and great moral debasement. But a slight consideration of the subject will show that the moral and religious education of the people is an object too vast in its importance to the well-being of the state, to be left to the voluntary exertions of benevolent individuals and charitable associations. An Education Act, framed on broad and liberal principles, and securing the concurrence of all sects and parties, would be one of the greatest blessings which the legislature could confer; and it is earnestly hoped that the period has at length arrived when a national measure of this high character will provide for every child throughout the kingdom an education comprising the elements of useful knowledge, and based on the solid foundation of Christian principles.'—p. 85-87.

Our business, then, is to favour infant and other schools to the utmost, and to go on thanking government for the Irish School Bill, and reminding it that we want more, till general education becomes the law of our English land. Then there will be, among an incalculable number of other advantages, a wide opening for an improvement in our penal government.

The second great object, that of rendering our penal institutions no worse than they need be, is that which the Prison Discipline Society espouses.

None of the objects, with a view to which imprisonment should be conducted, can possibly be answered by the methods which prevailed before the Society began its exertions, and which have not yet given place sufficiently to the better system of discipline which they have partially introduced and are striving to make general. Those objects are,

1st. The security of the community.

2d. The reformation of the offender.

3d.—(a subordinate, though still important object)—That the resources of the community should not be uselessly consumed by its criminals.

The security of a community is little promoted by a system which lodges a man in prison a debtor and brings him out a ruffian; which imprisons him erring and discharges him depraved; or turns a merely suspected man into a guilty one. Of the 120,000 prisoners yearly contained within the jails of the United Kingdom, a very large number must have gone in in a moral condition less threatening to society than that of many whom they were about to join. Thousands of them were only debtors, thousands were young, many guilty of a first offence only, many innocent. For the short protection afforded to society by the temporary confinement of these 120,000, how dearly must it pay on their return to it! Some of its foes are removed by the gallows, others are sent abroad to spread the contagion of their

vices elsewhere; but in compensation of this riddance, the debtors come out ready to steal as well as defraud; the young educated to crime; the once over-tempted now hardened; the innocent corrupted. Thus is moral evil propagated by the very mode adopted to confine it, and society injured by the means ordained for its protection. The remedy must be found in classification, in restriction of intercourse, in keeping our prisons as clear as possible of offenders whose misdeeds are not of so bad a character as to render their seclusion necessary to the peace of the community, and in shortening, as much as possible, the period of imprisonment previous to trial.

'In respect to classification,' observes the Report, 'the prison-act directs that in every county jail or house of correction, the prisoners shall be divided into ten classes; and where these prisons are united together, twelve classes are required:' it is further enacted that 'such further means of classification shall be adopted as the justices shall deem conducive to good order and discipline.' It appears, however, from the jail returns, that upwards of forty prisons have not even the lowest scale of classification required by law; and that there are only twenty-two united county prisons in which the *minimum* is exceeded. Wherever the numbers are large, a further division of classes in respect to age, character, and degrees of crime, is indispensable in order to promote individual reformation and prevent the mischievous effects of contamination.'—p. 23. There is much to be done then in rectifying the execution of the law while waiting for the amendment of the penal code.

The difficulties in the way of classification are much increased by the crowded state of too many of our jails,—an evil not wholly arising from the increase of crime, but from an increased disposition in the magistracy to avoid the responsibility of bailing offenders who are brought before them, so that stealers of hedge-stakes and boys guilty of street-rows are shut up in a school of corruption for weeks, instead of awaiting, under better influences, the punishment of their offences. It should be remembered that every committal to jail is a misfortune to the community as well as to the culprit, and therefore a deed not to be needlessly done. 'There cannot be a question,' says the Report, 'that the number of untried prisoners—the most unmanageable class—might, by the general acceptance of bail, be reduced to one-half, or even a third, with no injury to the community, with great benefit to the individual, and with material advantage to the discipline of prisons. The large proportion which the number of persons discharged by grand juries, and of those acquitted, bears to the whole number committed, affords strong presumptive evidence of the unsoundness of the present system.' And this though much greater license of bailing is allowed by law than formerly.

An analogous evil is the unfrequency of jail-deliveries. Some-

thing has of late been done, and more is, we trust, in the way to be done towards rectifying the inequality of the law under which a prisoner belonging to a certain county may be kept in prison a year before trial, while the perpetrator of a similar offence in London is tried in six weeks; but, in the meanwhile, incalculable injury has been and continues to be done to the safety of society by the congregation of numbers, of whom such as are not guilty are exasperated, and therefore prepared for guilt, and all of whom are suffering gross injustice. Magna Charta was framed with a view to other results than this: it provided that justice should not be *delayed*, any more than denied or sold.

It is evident that these grievances, which affect the security of society, have an immediate bearing on the moral state of the offender. As long as they exist, the reformation of the criminal cannot be looked for. It is plain that, previous to trial, before he is subjected to any other infliction than the loss of liberty, every precaution should be taken to avoid his sustaining any kind of injury. He should have means to pursue his own employments; instruction should be within his reach; and he should have liberty to decline society which he dislikes. None of these dues are afforded in any fair proportion to the untried inmates of our jails. After sentence, the infliction (as long as the right of infliction is recognized and acted upon) should be arranged with a view to a higher object still,—that the criminal should leave the prison a better man than he entered it. That this object may be, and therefore ought universally to be, attained under the present law, is proved by the degree of success of which the Penitentiary at Millbank has been productive, though more animating examples are before us in other directions. That which, through lapse of time, may be best depended on, is at Auburn, in the state of New York, a brief summary of the plans and results of which is found at page 7 of this Report, conveying as much valuable fact as the more copious details which may be met with elsewhere:—

'At sunrise, the convicts proceed in regular order to the several workshops, where they remain under vigilant superintendence until the hour of breakfast, when they repair to the common hall. When at their meals, the prisoners are seated at table in single rows, with their backs towards the centre, so that there can be no interchange of signs. From one end of the work-rooms to the other, upwards of five hundred convicts may be seen without a single individual being observed to turn his head towards a visitor. Not a whisper is heard throughout the apartments. At the close of day, labour is suspended, and the prisoners return in military order to their solitary cells: there they have the opportunity of reading the Scriptures, and of reflecting in silence on their past lives. The chaplain occasionally visits the cells, instructing the ignorant, and administering the reproofs and consolations of religion. The

influence of these visits is described to be most beneficial, and the effect of the entire discipline is decidedly successful in the prevention of crime, both by the dread which imprisonment inspires, as well as by the reformation of the offender. Inquiries have been instituted relative to the conduct of prisoners released from the Auburn Penitentiary—the prison at which this system has been longest observed—and of two hundred and six discharged, who have been watched over for the space of three years, one hundred and forty-six have been reclaimed, and maintained reputable characters in society.'

A large proportion ;—to which should be added all who, instead of being corrupted on the re-entrance of these offenders into the world, are warned by their past and encouraged by their present example.

It would seem to be the very least that the authorities of a civilized country could do, to provide against the further corruption of the criminals who are made such, in a large degree, by the vices of that country's institutions ; yet, among us, not only have the authorities failed to discharge this essential part of their duty, but they have hindered or omitted to support the exertions of benevolent societies and individuals. The jails in Scotland remain unimproved, and most of the prisons attached to corporate jurisdictions are in a state so disgraceful as necessarily to corrupt all committed to them. In some of these there is no employment, no inspection, no separation of the men from the women, of murderers from truant boys, or even of the sick from the healthy. In some, the jailer does not reside. In others, irons are illegally used because the walls are tumbling down. It is a very old analogy between the diseases of the body and the spirit ; but it is one so complete and well-grounded, that it will bear a perpetual application. What should we think of the justice and humanity of first throwing a man into the very centre of a plague contagion, then, as soon as sick, removing him into an hospital with the ostensible purpose of relieving society and curing himself; then, instead of putting him into a clean separate bed and applying proper means for his recovery, shutting him up with patients worse than himself, in heat and dirt, untended and uncared for; and, finally, turning him out into the world again, when the disease had reached its height, to spread it wherever he goes ? Yet this is precisely our management of those afflicted with that kind of malady which is to the patient as much the result of natural causes as physical disease, while it is at the same time productive of worse evils, and more certainly curable. The root of this grievance lies deep,—even in the mistaken notions generally prevailing of the origin and nature of virtue and vice ; but thousands who cannot reach or discern the principle of the mischief can help to ameliorate the practice. Without arguing how the

criminal became a criminal, they may perceive and apply the means of curing him of his criminality: thus fulfilling the second great object which imprisonment should be made to effect.

If our nation were in the most prosperous state conceivable, it would still be an injustice to charge it with the gratuitous maintenance of even the few offenders who would then be found in its prisons; but, in the condition of difficulty and want in which our population finds itself at present, the support of 120,000 prisoners per annum is a burden which ought to be declared intolerable. If it be considered that advantages of every kind attend the enforcement of productive labour in prisons, while evils of all sorts arise in its absence, it becomes difficult to conceive how so many have been permitted to spend their months and years of captivity in idleness,—why the sentence of hard labour has been so largely evaded,—and how it is that the necessary working apparatus has not been made a part of the furniture of every prison. The objection that the labour of prisons, like work-house labour, deranges, in a certain degree, the operation of demand and supply, and thereby injures the innocent labourer and capitalist, is of small weight in comparison with that of maintaining prisoners in idleness: moreover, it would become of less weight perpetually, were prison labour properly regulated and enforced, since the number of prisoners would decrease. Let us once, like the Auburn authorities, send out 146 reformed out of 206 committed, and the productions of our offenders' industry would shortly occupy a very small space in the market. There would result, from such an arrangement, a sensible relief to the community,—already sufficiently injured by the acts of the offender,—and a new efficiency in our penal institutions, to the great benefit both of the criminal and of society at large.

The one great thing to be borne in mind throughout the contemplation of the subject before us,—throughout the doings of the daily life of the benevolent,—is that the amelioration or renovation of our penal system lies, in some measure, between the hands of every man. Let the government be aroused to the utmost vigilance and activity,—let the Prison Discipline Society continue its virtuous labours,—let individuals visit the prisoner, and towns and cities unite to keep their magistracies up to their duty;—much yet remains to be done by those who may, for reasons or excuses of their own, abstain from joining in any of these efforts to accomplish a great good. As much may be done indirectly as directly for an object which may be reached by so many ramifications as this. Injudicious charity, overgrown luxury, waste, aristocratic idleness, all cause poverty somewhere; and poverty causes crime. Commercial restrictions, unequal taxation, profuse government expenditure, all cause poverty somewhere; and poverty causes crime. Cruel, inconsistent, perplexed laws, imperfect representation, aristocratic privilege, all cause oppression; and oppression

is not only crime in the tyrant but causes crime in the oppressed. Temporal hardship perpetuates ignorance; and ignorance causes crime. Thus it appears that every one who moves in society with more or less of influence, does something for or against the improvement in principle and practice of our penal system. Every one does something towards sending some other one to prison or helping him out,—and towards determining his condition when there. Every one is, consciously or unconsciously, enlisted with the Prison Discipline Society or against it. The alms-giver, the land-proprietor, the merchant, the manufacturer, the elector, the head of a family, school committees, charitable, literary, commercial associations of every kind, are all concerned in aiding or injuring the interests of that most pitiable, the criminal, class of society; and it is for these to look to it that they act not only with a benevolent intention, but with a wise benevolence. Whoever gives to street beggars helps to fill our prisons, and therefore to corrupt their inmates. Whoever votes for the continuance of the Corn Laws, or the East India Charter, helps to fill our prisons, though he may be a member of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. On the other hand, every man, woman, or child, who helps to uphold schools, to ascertain the true nature and workings of our institutions and customs, who encourages industry, discountenances waste, and assists intercourse between different classes of the community, does much, very much for which the advocates of the prisoner will be grateful. They, however, are the best benefactors, who unite direct with indirect efforts: who petition and petition till they obtain a partial abolition of the punishment of death; who, animated instead of satisfied by this success, go on till they shall have obtained its total abolition, and an equalization of the penal system altogether; who, meanwhile, visit the prisons, and advocate the rights of their inmates in and out of doors; who do what in them lies to lighten the temporal burdens of the poorer classes, and above all, give them moral light and strength to discern and pursue their best interests. Many of the best men in France are using their new liberties with a view to these objects. Germany has set about the same work with the wisdom, and is pursuing it with the vigour and perseverance, which might be expected from the usual character of her enterprises. America is still so far before all other countries in this branch of her legislation as well as her executive, that we must long consider it a sufficient praise to be seen to follow in her steps. She is not unwilling, we believe, to have her penal system made the test of her political state. Great Britain must make haste to get rid of the shame which would arise from having a similar test applied in her case. Since we cannot allow it to be a fair one, let us frankly admit our penal system to be an anomaly; and by a diligent and perpetual renovation, bring it at length into an accordance with the best of our social institutions.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE POLISH LITERARY SOCIETY *.

The Literary Society of the Friends of Poland is about to publish a volume of Transactions, which we have reason to believe will contain much interesting information on the past history and present state of that heroic but ill-fated country. Meanwhile it is incumbent on us to direct the attention of our readers to the publications already put forth by the Society; to the soul-stirring address of its President; to the manifesto of the Diet, and the petition of the 1600 gallant exiles; and especially to the monthly reports entitled 'Polonia,' which will appear regularly, and of which the main portion will consist of papers written by enlightened natives of Poland, authenticated documents and correspondence, and hints for the best direction of the feeling which is at length showing itself on this subject. It is desirable that these publications should be largely circulated; that British men and women should know what deeds are perpetrated by barbarian despotism in its triumph; that they should learn what ways are open for the expression of their sympathy and their indignation; and that for the cold and blind indifference of the past some late atonement may be made now that crimes have been committed which might perhaps have been prevented, and perils have arisen which might have been averted.

A question of foreign policy is naturally left more to statesmen by profession, than one which concerns our own condition, grievances, and rights, as affected by our own institutions. They are placed on their high watch-tower, that they may the better note what passes afar, and report and advise accordingly. The people may be expected to wait for them to give the impulse and apply the stimulus. But as to Poland, the people have not waited. Even amid the agonizing struggle for their own political emancipation, there have been sundry outbreaks of sympathy, and testimonies of fellow-feeling with those who fought a fiercer fight for a more desperate stake, on those remote plains. Many hearts throbbed anxiously with alternate hopes and fears, while Might had not yet vanquished Right in the unequal conflict. It was not the people's fault that Poland's envoy came an unrecognized messenger. From time to time petitions were not wanting; nor, in the great gathering of the Unions, amid laurel boughs and the gay wreaths of victory, was the banner absent which bore as its inscription 'A Tear for Poland.' Again and again has the tale of devoted patriotism called forth that magnificent response which is only heard when multitudes are agitated by one common emotion.

* 1. Address of the Literary Polish Association to the People of Great Britain. 2. Manifesto of the Polish Nation to Europe, and Address of the Polish Refugees in France to the British House of Commons, dated 29th May, 1832. 3. Polonia, or Monthly Reports on Polish Affairs; published by the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland. London, 1832.

And that there have not been demonstrations yet more strong and general is solely owing to the want of more complete, and authentic, and generally diffused information. To supply that want, the Polish Society has arisen,—spontaneously arisen; already has it begun to put forth its branches; and let the exile rest in its shade till he or his children, if they have escaped the Herod of the North, shall reap the fruits.

No measure which the government could have taken, short of war, could have failed of popular support. And what has the government done? What may be the exact nature or extent of Lord Durham's mission it is impossible for us to tell; but it is somewhat late; and the conflict is already transferred from Poland to Germany. The deluge has rolled onwards,—onwards towards France,—for thither is its tendency; and there are the people whom its billows long to swallow, or who shall say to the flood of barbarism, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.' Is it a wise policy to let the warfare come so near us before we show any decided interest in it? If the embers of representative government, and a free press be trodden out in the states of the German Confederation, where will the iron hoof be planted next? Are we quietly to see Belgium again brought under the Dutch yoke, and France, humbled and fettered, cursed with a third Restoration? Are we then to await that *British Restoration* which the *Quarterly Review* predicts as the millennium of Tory faith and hope? Our foreign policy has been as short-sighted as it is selfish. It is as injurious to ourselves as it is destructive to others. And there is something very childish in the retort, 'What, then, are we to go to war? Must we become the Don Quixote of nations, and fight for Poland, and Germany, and Italy, and Belgium, and France? For anybody and everybody that is oppressed?' Nobody says, go to war; but every man to whom freedom and humanity are dear, says, 'Do not proclaim to all the tyrants in Europe, that whatever atrocities they may perpetrate, you either cannot or will not offer any efficient resistance.' Why might not the Russian Autocrat have been made distinctly to understand, at the very outset of the Polish contest, that his friendly relations with this country were contingent on the fulfilment of all the violated promises of 1815? Why should he have been allowed the diversion of leading our foreign secretary through the long mazy dance of the Belgian protocols? Our ambassador might have been instructed indignantly to remonstrate; and, if unheeded, to leave a court where his continued presence was only a sanction to perfidy and crime. An individual, and why not a nation, may cut a villain without fighting him; and should the blow come, why then let it be repelled. In this case it would scarcely have been struck. A timely and spirited interposition might have saved Poland. Now, that horribly mangled body seems scarcely capable even of a resurrection,

Never has there been a worse-chosen period than the present for the government of this country, in an unqualified manner, to 'preach peace.' God forbid that we should advocate a war-policy: we do not; but we would have ministers show manfully to the world that our national sympathy, friendliness, alliances, identification, are with those countries which are free—with all countries as they become so; and that we hold ourselves bound by no treaties which are not held sacred in all the provisions which they make in behalf of subjects, as well as in those which are for what is deemed he advantage of sovereigns and governments. Talk of peace as we may, it is not preserved. *Europe is in a state of warfare!* The potentates of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, are at war with all states that are free, or striving to become so. National movements which are only repressed, and edicts which are only enforced, by the dread of military execution, or by its actual application—what are these but war? What is the condition of the Italian states, —what that of the minor states of Germany,—but subjugation? They are practically as if conquered. There are on one side all the advantages of war, and on the other all the restraints of peace. Let the British government forswear war, if it so please, but let it fairly deal with things as they are. If we cannot afford, or hold it inexpedient, to raise our banners for the enforcement of treaties to which we are guaranteeing parties,—for the defence of countries which it is our duty to protect, and for the repulse of aggression by the powerful upon the feeble,—at least let there be no mystification, no complimentary and conventional language, no cajolery or vacillation, but a plain assertion of the principles of justice and the rights of humanity, and a corresponding conduct towards all courts and people with which we have to do.

There can evidently be no security for a decided course on the part of the government so good as a strong expression of public opinion. To that opinion Mr. Campbell thus eloquently appeals:—

'We conceive, that the barbarity and perfidy of the Northern Autocrat towards this brave and blameless people has been a mockery of all laws and principles that ensure the safety of nations, and the civilization of men. We defy the subtlest casuist to give his cruelties the slightest shadow of justification. They are crimes which pollute our sight, and on which it is criminal to look with indifference. They are sins which must be expiated. They are stains on the annals of our species. They are an affront to the civilized world; but, above all, they are an affront to Great Britain, whose government is solemnly bound by treaty to protect the last remains of the Polish nation.

By the treaty of Vienna, Great Britain made some small atonement (and small it was, indeed) to the once glorious kingdom of Poland for the robbery of her national greatness, and for three guilty past partitions of her territories. It was stipulated, by the treaty of Vienna, that all the portions of that Polish population, amounting to nearly twenty millions, which had been seized by Russia, Prussia, and Austria, should retain their nationality in representation and civil institu-

tions; though, unfortunately, their constitutional freedom was then, most probably for some sinister purposes, very imperfectly defined. But the Duchy of Warsaw received by the treaty of Vienna the most definite and solemn guarantees of being suffered to remain an independent and free Polish kingdom. It was expressly stipulated, that the Emperor of Russia was to be King of Poland in the right of its constitution only. By that treaty, a positive national and political independence was guaranteed by Europe to a remnant of the Polish nation in the Duchy of Warsaw—guaranteed by Great Britain herself; but Russia, in mockery of all this, has set aside every engagement on the subject. First of all, the Emperor Alexander repented of his liberalism in having promised a constitutional government to Poland; and he behaved even more inconsistently than Nicholas towards the Poles, for he began by mildness, and ended by sending his brother Constantine to rule over them. Still, as long as Alexander lived, things were not so bad in that country as after his death. Nicholas ascended the Russian throne, and Constantine was made (virtually) King of Poland. He swayed with a rod of iron. His dominion was utter, and wreckless, and lawless despotism. He committed crimes and cruelties which admit of no better apology than that he was half a maniac. At the very moment the Emperor Nicholas, by his coronation oath, had solemnly sworn to the Poles to maintain their rights, as they were guaranteed to them by their constitution, the people beheld their noblest patriots chained and dungeoned, for simply claiming that constitution. Despair drove them, at last, to demand their rights, sword in hand.'—pp. 6, 7.

'The Poles arose and fought with an intrepidity that has scarcely its parallel in authentic history; and but for the criminal interference of the cabinet of Berlin, they would have beat the barbarians. As it was, they have thrown an immortal glory over their melancholy name. And it is even of this melancholy glory, that the Autocrat wishes to defraud them. He would abolish their language, and, not contented with robbing their heroes of life, he would rob the very dead of their memory, and erase them from human recollection! *That is more than he can do!* But let us look to his more practicable determinations. Poland is to be for ever annexed to the dominions of the Muscovite; its institutions and its language are henceforth to be Russian; and though Great Britain guaranteed to them a separate independent existence, the independence of the Poles, as a nation, is to be annihilated. Meanwhile the Muscovite is sending, by thousands and by tens of thousands, the wounded men, the weeping mothers, and the very youth from the schools of Poland, in chains to Siberia. Would to God we could believe that report has exaggerated these atrocities! It would be wicked in us to shock you with them if they were not literally true; and we would scorn to calumniate, if that were possible, even the oppressors of Poland. But, alas! we know those horrors to be too true. Authentic documents of too melancholy conviction lie before us. But we need not refer to such sources. Facts enough are already known to all of you, and as notorious as the sun at noonday, to show the Autocrat's barbarity towards Poland. His own ukases avow it openly.

'Fellow Countrymen! is all this outrage to your humanity, as men,

and is all this insult to your honour, as a nation, to be passed over unheeded? Not to speak of stipulations and treaties—not to speak of the millions of money which you have paid, and which you are still paying, to Russia on the faith of *one* treaty—you are spectators of a hideous enormity; and, as human beings, you owe to humanity your public protest and universal reprobation.'—pp. 9, 10.

The 'Manifesto of the Diet,' and 'Address of the Polish Refugees,' are clear statements of the national justice of the question. The following illustrations of the unparalleled injuries and insults to which the Poles are subjected, and that not in Poland only, not by Russians only, but by the *neutral* powers, we select from the foreign correspondence of the Polish Society, as published in the first number of their Magazine 'Polonia.'

'*Letter, written by one of the Polish Patriots, from* DRESDEN, (*the Capital of Saxony,*) *dated June* 13.

'I hasten to communicate to you that, in consequence of a note addressed to the government by the three courts of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, all the Poles residing here are required to leave Saxony without delay. The government did not fail to protest; but, at last, almost with tears, (the only government that has yet tears for Poles,) it was obliged to submit to the threatening demands. We are all to depart in several divisions.'

'*From the* "Courrier Belge," *June* 10.

'Various accounts from the frontiers of Poland agree in stating that the condition of this ill-fated country is every day becoming more and more deplorable. By a recent order of Prince Paskewitch, all the children of respectable families are to be transported to the interior of Russia, and upwards of 5,000 children have already been carried off. The lady of General Rozycki, not having been successful in her petition to the emperor in favour of her two sons, killed them with her own hand, and herself on their corpses.'

'WILNA, *May* 12.

'We have constantly a strong military force stationed here. Public opinion is entirely suppressed. Nobody dares to pronounce a word on the disastrous events of the late revolution. Only a few nobles visit the town: they have retired to their estates, to avoid suspicion. There is no trade whatever; and, under such circumstances, no foreign merchant ventures to bring his goods to the market of Lithuania. A general prohibition has been issued against travelling abroad; and sick people, who wish to drink the mineral waters abroad, must first apply to St. Petersburgh for permission to go. This state of things is the more insupportable, as many Lithuanian families were in the habit of spending every year some time in the watering-places abroad. The military everywhere give the *ton*, whilst the citizens are dead to all enjoyments. The scientific world does not fare better. In the university, the chair of history is still vacant, and it is likely to continue so. From the law class, the laws of nature and of nations—from philology, the Annals of Tacitus, are proscribed. Only on medicine complete courses of lectures are delivered. The course on Polish literature is

henceforth to be read, not in our own language, in Polish, but in Latin. The reading of Polish books is prohibited; the libraries are no more allowed to lend them out, nor are they allowed to be sold in bookseller's shops. Mr. Zawadzki, bookseller of the university, was consequently obliged to shut up his shop, and is resolved to settle abroad. From the kingdom of Poland, we only hear that nobody is permitted to pass the frontiers, unless he is provided with a passport, signed by Prince Paskewitch himself. The whole country is blocked up; and the inhabitants of one palatinate, or district, cannot go to another without a special passport*.'

'*Extracts from several Letters from the frontiers of Poland and Prussia.*

'Thousands of Polish soldiers remain still in Prussia. The government, wearied with so much perseverance, would have been glad to send them to France, had Louis-Philippe shown the slightest wish to have them; but he remained mute and indifferent.

'The insurgents in Lithuania increase daily in number, owing to the inhuman conduct of Russia, in seizing the inhabitants, and sending them into the deserts. The population is thus diminished, but the exasperation increases.

'In Poland, all those who have served in the army—those even who, on the faith of the amnesty, returned from abroad—are forced to enter into the Russian service. Those, however, who have money may rescue themselves, as venality prevails as much among the civil as the military officers. Horrid scenes occur during these violent levies; many destroy themselves by drowning or otherwise.—The carrying away children continues still. There is a separate Board of Police established in Warsaw, to watch the children, seize them in the streets, tear them from their mother's arms, and send them to Russia! From Warsaw alone 2,000 children have been sent already! Imagine the cries and the lamentations of mothers!—The Court Martial in Warsaw has not yet begun its operations; but an Ukase has been issued, ordering that all those who were tried in 1825 shall be tried again, as fresh proofs of their guilt have been discovered.'

'*June* 29.

'The Prussian Government has ordered all Polish soldiers to return to Poland, promising that they would not in anywise be molested, but, on the contrary, would be allowed to return to their respective homes. Prussian officers harangued them, told them they were betrayed by their leaders, who do not find any support from France—that those who retired to France have been sent to Algiers, and made slaves—that France, for whom so much Polish blood has been spilt †, is entirely devoted to the Russian and Prussian system. The poor Poles yielded to these remonstrances. Divided into small columns, they took their way towards Poland, but on approaching the frontier they heard how their companions had been treated, and refused to march. This

* Since this letter was written, the university of Wilna has altogether been broken up, in pursuance of the tyrant's ukase of the 12th of June. The library, containing upwards of 200,000 volumes, is being transported to Russia. Only a college of medicine is left.

† No less than 92,000 Poles have shed their blood for French interests since 1792.

gave rise to cruel scenes. The disarmed Polish soldiers fell on the ground, when a regiment of cuirassiers was ordered to rush on them, on horseback, and trample over their bodies, and the infantry struck them with the butt-end of their muskets! Several lives were lost; one non-commissioned officer had his nose cut off by a Prussian, and instead of being sent to the hospital, he was tied to a waggon and driven on foot! Such horrid proceedings exasperated the inhabitants, who were Jews; they sent their agents to apprize those soldiers, who were yet behind, of the fate that awaited them, and 700 of them dispersed immediately into the woods and villages. There are 400 Polish soldiers in Graudenz, and 5,000 in different parts of Prussia.

'*Extract of a Letter from a British Gentleman, addressed to the Society immediately after his arrival in London.*

'Having left Warsaw about the 20th of June last, I arrived here on Saturday the 27th instant; and in all probability, the Poles in England, as well as other people, may feel disposed to hear something of Poland, which I have so recently left, though, in passing through Germany and Belgium, I perceived in the perusal of the English papers that accounts have not failed to arrive, describing the unparalleled conduct of the Russians, and I affirm that the whole published can be accredited, and nothing is exaggerated during the time I remained at Warsaw. I was anxious to know if the government of England or France could really approve of the oppressive measures the Russians have continued to follow up since their entry into Warsaw; but could never, like the rest of people, get the sight of either a French or English paper. Every little privilege the Poles possessed previous to the revolution they are now completely deprived of. About three months ago, a body of sixty men (I believe they had been members of the Diet) were arrested in one night, and I could never learn a sufficient cause for it, or if they are yet liberated; this enraged the inhabitants so much, that had there been arms, most decidedly they would have risen. They continue the arrests daily; individuals are missing every week, and it is quite unknown to any one where they are removed to.

About eight miles out of Warsaw, the day I left there, I met a lady with her family: she had been to see her husband in one of the prisons at Warsaw. The feelings of this lady appeared quite unnerved, and she seemed in a most unhappy state of mind; and all that I ascertained he was imprisoned for, was because he had been a member of the Polish Diet. It appears most evident, that Russia now wishes to efface the very race of Poles by these repeated banishments of men, and the late removal of the children into Russia. It is quite true, that orders were issued from Warsaw to the governors of the towns in Poland, to deliver all orphans from the hospitals of these respective places; and at Kalish, a frontier town, a desperate resistance was made by the people in consequence. Between 400 and 500 were sent from Warsaw to Petersburgh; 300 died, and the remainder fell sick on the way, and were obliged to be put into hospitals. The greatest unhappiness pervades the entire of Poland, and every individual, man and woman, impatiently inquires and waits the future events in Europe, as the only possibility of a chance of being again restored. Surely, England and France will do something to remove the Russian yoke

from this brave but unfortunate people, so that the expatriated in Europe may return to their families and homes. The palaces are stripped of all their royal possessions; and the removal of the libraries, &c., at the university, had either taken place, or was about to take place, when I left. By the bye, they had commenced to build the fortresses before I left; and the poor Poles are compelled to raise these structures, the guns mounted on which are, some day or other, to fire upon them. The recruiting system has long since commenced, and all the Polish soldiers who have returned are obliged to enter the Russian ranks. All families, by order of the Emperor, must give, if they have two sons, one to his army. Russia keeps herself in ready preparation for war; and the ambition of her repeated victories induces her to hold the opinion, some day or other, to march and conquer France as her army is now in Poland.—p. 47—51.

Are these things to be, without a universal cry of disgust, horror, and reprobation? Is a withdrawn motion or two in the House of Commons sufficient to satisfy our national conscience? Is all our justice, humanity, and Christianity evaporated by Hindoo suttees and negro slavery? Why that slavery, to the poor wretches born in it, can scarcely be so bad as the change which Polish nobles, and even the Polish peasantry, have been in so many cases made to undergo; and the suttee of the Hindoo widow is an immolation more tolerable than the agony of many a Polish mother. We would not write a syllable in palliation of those enormities; but let them not exhaust our sympathies; let not the Polish question be postponed to them, simply for that reason which ought to ensure its precedence, because its importance is thereby tenfold enhanced,—that it is more directly a political question. It is so; and therefore it involves our interests as well as our feelings. Nor is it a subject on which to talk of confidence in ministers. Their dilatory and timid policy is alike unsatisfactory, whether it be the result of their own views, or forced upon them by uncontrollable circumstances. It may be that they need the alliance of such men in office as are believed on several occasions to have neutralized the liberal designs of the best portion of the Cabinet. It may be that they feel the necessity of compromising on some points with a Tory opposition. It may be that a Court, which ungraciously submitted to the compulsion of receiving them back, while in the very act of defiling the British name by its association with the Hanoverian adhesion to Austrian liberticide, has ample means for the perversion of their foreign policy. Whatever supposition be made, no vindication can be established of a quiescent confidence. It is for the British people to form and express their opinion. Success to the labours of the Polish Literary Society in providing the means for both! The constitution of this Society may be seen in the Magazine from which we have just been quoting. Its numbers are rapidly increasing, and its growth is a heartfelt solace and hope to the patriot exiles, of whom there are now so many in the

metropolis. Two or three local societies are already formed, and others are contemplated. The Birmingham and other Political Unions have appealed to the legislature and the public, in a spirit worthy of the conservators of the liberties of our own country, and the friends of the liberties of all other countries. There is no longer any shadow of excuse for ignorance, or indifference, or silence. The elections are coming. Let Poland be nowhere forgotten when electors and candidates meet upon the hustings. Let every aspirant for legislatorial honours hear the loud echo of that voice of power which has been sent forth by one who has so long consecrated the purest strains of poetry to the noblest purposes of patriotism.

GOETHE'S WORKS.—No. 4.

Torquato Tasso, in the admiration which it excites in the closet, rivals Iphigenia, though it wants all those requisites which have rendered Iphigenia a stock play, the test by which the female tragedian is tried, who aspires to the performance of the highest female characters; for Tasso is a drama without action, that is, without external action. It is a psychological play, written to exhibit a lofty and refined intellect in conflict, in suffering conflict, with practical talent: the poet at war with the man of the world. In a word, it is a philosophical poem in dialogue. It has been performed in private theatres, but we do not suppose it was ever exhibited on a stage where money was demanded at the door.

Though it has been translated*, yet, from its want of all popular attractions, we presume it to be unknown to our readers, and shall insert an analysis of it.

It opens with a scene more idyllic than dramatic. Leonora Princess d'Este, and Leonora Countess of Scandrano, are in a garden adorned with statues of Virgil and Ariosto. The ladies, while braiding garlands, discourse of poetry. The passage, in which the Countess gives praise to the house of Este for its patronage of the great poets, has been often quoted as prophetic of the fame that was soon to accrue to the house of Saxe-Weimar, the patrons of the young author†. The dialogue is unreasonably long, considered as part of a drama in which there was to be action; and this remark applies to the whole play. It is interrupted by the arrival of the Duke of Ferrara, and after him by the

* By Charles Des Voeux, Esq., under the author's eye. Mr. Des Voeux thought it no unfit exercise of his talents, when educating for diplomacy, at Weimar. He is now attached to the embassy at Constantinople. Mr. Des Voeux has added some pleasing versions of some most delightful songs and ballads.—The 'Lay of the Imprisoned Count;' 'The Violet;' 'Mehadoh,' &c. &c.

† The desire to earn that fame must have been generated, if it had not existed before, during those Attic nights when Tasso was played at the Court theatre, by the court. The young Duke and Duchess performing the characters of Alphonso and the Princess Leonora, and the great poet himself representing his own Tasso.

poet, who comes to present him with a grateful return for his protection,—the 'Jerusalem Delivered.' The offering is accepted with grace, as it was presented with dignity; and the Duke desires his sister to take from the head of Virgil, the laurel crown which she had just placed there, and put it on the brow of Tasso. She obeys. But the gift operates instantly like poison on the too susceptible frame of the poet: he exclaims,—

'Oh take it from my worthless brow away!
Remove it far! it does but singe my locks!
And, as a sunbeam which in mid-day heat
Has reach'd my brow, it burns the vital force
Of thought from out my brain.'
* * * * *
Unworthy such a cooling wreath am I,
Which only on the hero's brow should wave:
Oh take it off, ye Gods! And let it shine
Amidst the clouds, till high and higher it
May float unreachable; that thus my life
May ever wander after this bright aim!'

This is the first indication of the disease that is so soon to break out to his destruction, the virus of which is further quickened by the arrival of Antonio, secretary of state. Having wrought services to the sovereign as a warrior and a statesman, Antonio beholds with jealousy and anger the reward, which he deems due to himself, on the forehead of a maker of sonnets, and betrays his hostility by an untimely though eloquent eulogy of the departed Ariosto, whose crowned statue adorned the garden. Thus the elements of evil are all in activity in the first act.

In the second act, after another dialogue of

'Linked sweetness long drawn out,'

between the Princess and Tasso, and a soliloquy in which the poet betrays the passion that is boiling within him, a sterner dialogue follows between the poet and the man of the world. Antonio insults Tasso as the ignoble usurper of the laurel which belongs to himself, and the poet draws his sword on the soldier, and challenges him to single combat. The Duke enters, and Tasso is put under arrest for his offence.

In the third act there is no incident. The ladies consult on the means of restoring harmony, by reconciling a due submission to the laws of decorum, indispensable in a court in the sixteenth century, with the indulgence required by the infirmities of the high-minded and sensitive poet. Antonio joins with them in their endeavours.

In the fourth act an apparent reconciliation takes place between the warrior and the poet. But the only use that Tasso makes of Antonio's offer to serve him, is that he requires him to obtain from the Duke his permission to leave the court. In this act are seen the workings of 'the strong disease that must subdue at

length.' Probably our author borrowed some features of his affecting picture from Rousseau,—the most admirable, fascinating, and pitiable of insane philosophers.

In the fifth act, Tasso obtains from the Duke his permission to repair to Rome. He takes leave of the Princess. Delicate and even ambiguous as is her expression of friendship, the sympathy she expresses for his sufferings, and her earnest warnings against the peril to which he would expose himself (he being a proscribed man) at Naples, raises his passion to delirium. And he, the petty noble, throws himself into her arms, and presses to his bosom the sister of his sovereign! Antonio and Alphonso are witnesses of this act,—the catastrophe of the drama. They endeavour to assuage the paroxysm of his passion; and the curtain drops at the close of a speech, which terminates from exhaustion, apparently in pathetic submission, but leaves the future condition of the sufferer to be foreseen without the aid of history. Thus affording an admirable comment on the fine text of our own great lyrical and philosophical analyst of the human soul.

> 'We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
> But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.'
>
> WORDSWORTH.

Of this play the other characters are perfect. That of the Princess, especially, is admirably managed. The author, with exquisite decorum, leaves it a problem whether she had ever, in defiance of her rank, suffered an ignoble return of affection towards the poet to take place in her bosom. That was a secret too deep to be intrusted to words. Mrs. Siddons alone would have been competent to inform the spectator with adequate dignity and grace.

While we imagine how that magnificent and incomparable person, Mrs. Siddons, would have performed the Princess, yet we acknowledge that it is not, as a play capable of being exhibited to the public, that we have delighted in the perusal of Tasso (to the writer of these sketches individually the most delightful of all Goethe's dramatic works.) It does not lay before us the history of man,—the awful condition of humanity,—as the mythological dramas of the Greeks did. It is not one of those state-actions in which]

> 'Princes should act,
> 'And monarchs should behold the swelling scene.

But while those sublime epitomes of Greek philosophy were exhibiting before the collected people of Athens, a philosophical poem like Tasso might have been recited to the pupils of the Porch or the Academy*.

* Since the above was written, we have received an account of the solemnities which accompanied and followed the interment of Goethe, which was performed with a splendour and taste never before so appropriately united. The theatre was closed from the time of the poet's death till the evening after the funeral rites, which indeed may be said to have been terminated by the performance of Tasso. The unfitness of this play for representation lies in the impossibility of finding a public capable of

We avail ourselves of this occasion to make a few remarks on the kind of persons as well as incidents which poets of first-rate character make the subject of their art. The reader will perhaps have remarked that (to use a trivial epithet) there is not in either Iphigenia or Tasso a *bad* character. Indeed, persons thoroughly odious are as seldom found in Goethe as in Shakspeare. Monsters of cruelty and atrocity—murders, rapes, incest—conflagrations; irresistible appetites, which are to passions what convulsions are to voluntary movements; outrageous and frightful incidents, such as the Newgate Calendar contains; naked men tied on wild horses, and these driven into the desert; women bundled into sacks and thrown into the sea—shipwreck and cannibalism united (but, by the bye, this is a *comic* incident, and therefore hardly belongs here) all these, are the stimulants by which a worn-out taste is to be excited to enjoyment. This has been called, with more truth than politeness, the Satanic School; and it gave great offence to the noble poet to whom it was applied. We do not approve of the appellation.—It might have been called in better taste the Old-Bailey School of Poetry! The French have set about dramatizing the *Causes célébres*, and we are at due distance following in their steps. A Thurtell's murder was performed at the Surrey Theatre, but the government officiously interfered, and stopped the performance. Another of the imitative arts, not happily under the restraints of the police has taken up this class of subjects of *taste*;—and the curious may still see in Fleet-street models in wax-work of the *burkers* of the Italian boy, and Cook, the late murderer, who in a more classical style burned his victim after slaughtering him. A few years since, *real horrors* of this kind were thought to be *German*, and there was a foundation for this in the translations of Schiller's Ghost Seer, as well as of his earliest and worst tragedies, and also in the Englishing of some of the wild romances of Vert Weber. This perversion of taste was certainly not unfrequent in Germany half a century ago. Goethe has done more than any man to bring back the public feeling the pathos that arises out of the conflict between the poetical character and the spirit of the every-day world. But grief, like every strong affection when it does not overpower, quickens the faculties of all men, and on this occasion the dullest of spectators could not have failed to discern and feel, and duly apply all the bearings of the play on the awful event that had taken place. At that passage where Tasso, being arrested, takes his laurel crown from his head and delivers it up with his sword, mournfully exclaiming—

Wer weinte nicht, wenn das unsterbliche
Vor der Zerstörung selbst nicht sicher ist?

Who would not weep when immortality
Itself is subject to destruction's power?—

the performance was suspended for a time by the general burst of feeling. The play terminates with a pathetic speech by Tasso. On the occasion of this being delivered, the actor came forward, and connecting it with the last words of his character, recited an elegiac poem in the octave stanza, the whole dramatic company appearing on the stage in the old Italian mourning costume.

taste to works of imagination,—a faculty which does not refuse all alliance with frightful realities, but which refines and idealises them; and it will not be disputed that it requires far less talent to excite pity and terror with the aid of a *material incident,* which alone can do much, than by exhibiting the calamities to which humanity is subject, by the mere untoward combination of virtues and excellencies; and the entanglement that arises out of the conflict of interests and weaknesses which are common to all, and for which all feel indulgence and compassion—while all are alike exposed to the wretchedness which arises from them.

Die natürliche Tochter, *i. e.* the Natural Daughter.—This tragedy held a very high place in the author's estimation, though but a low one in public opinion. It is one of the least read and most unjustly appreciated of his elaborate compositions. Had he needed it, he would have had the consolation of the Athenian, at the recital of whose poem the audience left the hall empty, except that Plato remained. Herder, who would not concur in the praises lavished on some of Goethe's most popular works, was a warm admirer of this; and in the closet it will be found, by the thinking reader, as admirable as it is unsatisfactory on the stage; and for an obvious cause—it is but the first of a trilogy of tragedies —rather the excessively long first act of a play, than a play itself. It is so remarkable a work, and so entirely unknown, that we shall present a sketch of it. It appears from the Diary (vol, 31, 84) to have been suggested in the year 1799 by the Memoirs of *Stephanie de Bourbon Conti,*—a book that made great noise in its day at Paris, but is now forgotten. The authoress, if we mistake not, played, in the early years of the French revolution, the part of the unfortunate person who, from some one or other of our prisons, sends forth from time to time lamentable appeals to the public which no one will listen to, in the name of Olive, Princess of Cumberland, and who may be, for aught we know, the person she pretends to be. 'In this work,' he informs us, 'I had prepared myself a vessel, in which I hoped to deposit, with due earnestness, all that I for so many years had written and thought about the French revolution and its consequences.' And in the year 1802 he speaks of it as his favourite work, of which he had the whole so completely in his mind that he was able to devote his whole attention to the diffuse development of each part. And in 1803 it was printed and performed at Weimar. But though he was gratified by the approbation of many, and the speculations of others concerning his purpose, 'Yet,' he says, 'I had committed the unpardonable fault of suffering the first part to appear before the whole was completed. I call the fault unpardonable, because it was committed in defiance of my old experienced superstition, which however may be rationally explained. There is a very deep sense in the old illusion that a seeker of the hidden treasure must hold his tongue, whatever frightful, what-

ever delightful object he meet with. Equally significant is the legend that he who is in pursuit of a talisman in a wilderness is not to look to the right or left, &c. But the deed was done; and the favourite scenes were to haunt me in future like spirits in bondage, ever returning and demanding deliverance.' This was never done; and *Falk*, in a very curious posthumous work which has appeared since Goethe's death, on his intercourse with the poet, relates that in 1813 he in vain tried to rouse him to a completion of his work. He threw the blame of the publication and performance of the first part on Schiller, but said he was so dissatisfied with himself, that he purposed destroying all his own written plan, that no *unbefugter*—'no unqualified person—should attempt to execute it.'

The contemplative character and purpose of this play is indicated even by the *dramatis personæ*. As his object was to show the different classes of society in a state of conflict and to represent rather ranks and orders than individuals, the persons of the play have no names. They are entitled:—King, Duke, Count, Secretary, Secular Priest, Counsellor of Justice (a sort of judge), Governor, Monk, Governess, and Abbess. Only the heroine, by an euphemy, is entitled *Eugenia*—the Well-born—as the Furies, by the Greeks, were called the *Eu*menides. The tragedy opens with a scene between the king and his uncle, the duke, who, having been for a time in opposition to the court, unexpectedly comes forward as a friend to accept a favour from his sovereign, and for that purpose he intrusts to him the important secret that Eugenia is his daughter by a deceased princess of the royal family: he begs that she may be received at court with the honours due to her birth. Eugenia is a bold rider, and, in all respects, heroic; and news is, at that moment, brought of an accident by which her life is threatened. She has escaped, and appears at once as an object of excessive love to her father and of admiration to the rest of the court: her lofty destiny is announced to her, which she receives with the spirit of one not unworthy the rank to which she is to be raised. The act closes triumphantly, and the only disturbance to the feeling of joy on the part of father and daughter is, that the duke betrays his secret grief at being cursed with a worthless and profligate son.

The second act commences with opening the conspiracy that is to blast this promised felicity. Eugenia's governess is not a malignant but a weak woman, under the power of her lover, the secretary (the evil spirit of the piece), and from him she learns that Eugenia is to be instantly kidnapped and transported to the colonies, and her consent to be an instrument in the plot is produced by the assurance that this is the only means of preserving Eugenia's life: her immediate death will follow the slightest disclosure. This dismal 'note of preparation' is followed by a scene of a very opposite character: Eugenia enters full of triumphant

joy at the prospect of her speedy elevation to rank. The governess comes, and there is brought on the stage a cupboard which was not to be opened without leave of the duke, but of which Eugenia has the key. However, having that morning learned the secret of her birth, she breaks the command and opens the cupboard. It contains royal garments which, in a delirium of joy, she puts on in spite of the obscure admonitions of the governess. Herder happily compared this scene to the Greek epigram on a child sleeping under a rock which is every instant threatening to fall. We know not whether Goethe in his youth was fond of dress; but this is not the only occasion he has taken to exhibit the *naif* expression of youthful joy in the wearing of fine clothes, which, as symbolic of higher prerogatives, is a happy topic in poetry.

Act third. The plot has been carried into execution; how, we are not told. Eugenia's higher purposes did not permit her exciting sympathy for common-place distress. The first scene introduces to us the secretary and his agent, the secular priest, (Weltgeistlicher) who is not so thoroughly the villain as not to lament the loss of his innocence through his introduction to high life, and the seductions of the secretary and his superiors in the back-ground. The rest of the act is filled with an exhibition of the grief and despair of the duke. Never was the passion of grief at the loss of a child more eloquently displayed. He hears from the priest the false tale of his daughter's violent death. These scenes have all the pathos of the domestic, and the dignity of the heroic tragedy.

Act fourth. The scene is transferred to a sea-port to which Eugenia has been conveyed, and from which she is to be transported. The governess, whose conduct and character are designedly enigmatical, puts into the hands of the *Gerichts-rath,* (a judicial officer whom we must call judge, in approximation to the sense,) a paper, which we must consider as a *lettre de cachet,* and asks his advice; he does not conceal his abhorrence of an act of tyranny, and laments his inability to assist the oppressed.

> 'I do not blame the tool, nor can I strive
> With those who have the power to do such deeds.
> They also are, alas! compelled and bound:
> Seldom they act from voluntary impulse;
> Solicitude, the fear of greater evils,
> Forces from kings acts woeful and unjust.
> Do what you must,—depart at once from hence,
> The narrow sphere within my jurisdiction.'

The governess, however, persists in forcing upon him an unwelcome confidence: he is informed that an escape is possible. Eugenia might remain in the country could she be induced to marry. At her request the judge confers with Eugenia; she implores his protection, but he is unable to afford her aid. Her pathetic

pleading, however, awakens an active benevolence if it be not love. She is informed of the means of escape from certain death in an accursed climate, and he offers her his hand. She at once rejects the offer; and, having also resisted the persuasions of the governess, leaves the stage in the hope of rousing the populace to her aid.

Act fifth. That appeal has been in vain. The paper which the governess holds operates like a charm on every one. The governor comes, is smitten by her beauty, but withdraws the instant he beholds the fatal paper. The abbess also, in like manner, refuses to receive her in the convent. She herself is allowed to look on the instrument. It has the king's hand and seal. A monk comes on the stage. She is resolved to be guided by him.

'A riddle, not complaint, you 'll hear from me;
Not counsel, but an oracle I seek.
Two hated objects are presented to me—
One, there; the other, there;—which shall I take?'
'Why tempt me? Shall I as a lottery serve you?'
'Yes, as a holy lottery'——
'If I then
Do rightly comprehend you—In your need
You turn your eye aloft to higher regions,
And close your heart upon your own desires,
Seeking decision from the power above.
True is it, that the all-inspiring spirit
Incomprehensibly determines us,
As if by chance, towards our highest good.
To feel this, is supreme felicity;
Not to require it is our modest duty,—
To expect it, our best refuge from despair.'

Yet he refuses his concurrence, and will not answer. But when she lays before him the alternative,—a marriage with one she does not love, or banishment to the infected colonies, he eagerly advises the latter. Marriage, from such motive, would be a prostitution of the sacrament, and he expatiates on the heroic services she may render in such a sphere; while her own country is about to be unfit for the abode of women,—a fearful conflict is on the point of bursting out. The elements of destruction are in fearful activity. In a word the revolution is announced as imminent. These prophetic warnings, however, act on the heroic spirit of Eugenia as a mighty stimulant to do that from which they were to deter. Her resolution to stay is formed at once. She is conscious that royal blood flows in her veins, and feels that on her is cast the duty of herself doing what a degraded race cannot otherwise perform. She accepts the hand of the judge, but imposes on him a solemn engagement that he will allow her to repair from the very altar alone to a secluded and deserted mansion in the country, where even he will not intrude on her

solitude, but be content to render her the protection which a brother gives to a beloved sister, abstaining from all nearer intercourse.

That a play of which such is the catastrophe would have no effect on the stage is quite certain. That it could be thought expedient to perform it on a public stage by such a man as Schiller shows that he had overrated the refinement of a public formed for the drama mainly by himself. Deeply do we lament that the solution of the problem set for himself by Goethe is now lost for ever. What we might have had in the two other tragedies we have not divinatorial power sufficient to guess. We may be sure that it would have had no resemblance to the very clever and popular *Avant, pendant,* and *après* of the French stage—in which the same parties appear in interesting situations arising out of the great national events of the Revolution. Goethe would have given us, in a poetical form, his subtle speculations on that great event, he would have embodied the *spirits* of the age which were engaged in mortal conflict—not exhibited the historic character of the age. And yet he had some intention of letting his heroine act at different periods; for he said to Falk, 'What events of the day are there which would serve for a continuation?' In his diary he has betrayed only thus much of his design, that the second act would show Eugenia in her retirement, and the third, at Paris*.

* We willingly avail ourselves of a communication from a friend. He is speaking of Weimar and the winter of 1804-5.—'Madame de Stäel was one of the *de*preciators of the *Natural Daughter*. It was at the time whispered that she had the boldness to advise Goethe not to go on with the work; and that the poet gave her no other reply than—"Madam, I am more than sixty years old."—The answer is not in his style. Whether this be true or not, I cannot tell; but I was present at a scene which bears on this subject. At one of her literary dinner parties, at which Wieland, Benjamin Constant, and Botticher were present, she in very unqualified terms declared Eugenia to be a failure.—Aye! a *failure*, which supposes that she knew what was intended and what was not performed. Now Goethe would, least of all, have made a confidant of Madame de Stäel, he who affected, even towards his friends, so much half-serious, half-jocular mystery about the drift of his writings, and the sense of particular passages. Faust, especially, is full of poetical and metaphysical riddles. Eugenia is an enigma throughout. One of the company, whose admiration for the poet overpowered both his respect for the lady and his good manners at the same time, had the indiscretion to throw out a doubt whether she was able to comprehend Goethe;—her eyes flashed with offended pride, and, projecting before her, to its utmost length, her arm (that arm on the beauty of which she was so fond of expatiating), she said, *Monsieur! Je comprends tout ce qui merite d'etre comprit; ceque je ne comprends n'est rien.*—Her adversary had no other reply but a low bow and suppressed smile. Her good humour, however, soon returned; for the kindness of her disposition was quite as remarkable as her conversational eloquence. Whoever wishes to read a model of acute candid discrimination of character, together with a liberal allowance for all adverse qualities, should consult the correspondence between Goethe and Schiller, and refer to Goethe's remarks upon her in his diary: he speaks of her presence as uncomfortable,—a sort of infliction, and so far countenances the report of the day that both he and Schiller shammed Abraham in order to be excused attending upon her; and yet in his diary he declares that the German literati are under obligations to her for preparing the way for a more favourable appreciation of their national literature in foreign countries. In what manner German ideas were modified under her pen may be illustrated by

MIRABEAU'S LETTERS,—DURING HIS RESIDENCE IN ENGLAND*.

THIS is a very tempting title, but a very disappointing book. We know no distinguished person of late times, whose character was so likely to have been thoroughly displayed in his correspondence, as that of Mirabeau. All that was good, as well as all that was bad in him, was matter of impulse. Without either superstition on the one hand, or reflection on the other, he was wanting in fixed principles of action. But with a strong, though vague, feeling of attachment to the cause of freedom, wrought almost into passion by reiterated attacks upon his own; with acute perceptions, and a woman's talent of observation, we should have expected his really confidential correspondence to have been exceedingly curious and amusing. The translator of these two volumes of letters, tells us, that there exist some hundreds of others of not inferior interest. We cannot but fancy that with respect to those here given any change would have been for the better. The 'Notice of the Life, Character, Conduct, and Writings of the Author,' prefixed to them, forms a sort of a 'scandalosum supplementum' to Dumont's amusing memoir. And surely the conservative spleen of the wickedest of Quarterly reviewers could not have made out a stronger case against a condemned radical author, than does, we suppose unconsciously, this pseudo-'graphical delineator' of poor much-abused and much-bepraised Mirabeau. The best part of the book is that which relates to the politics of the time. Mirabeau was an enthusiast of the measures and character of Chatham, whose opinions and those of his celebrated son were on many subjects the opposite of each other; and on none did they differ more widely than on those of religious toleration and ecclesiastical property. The latter question was then beginning to be actively mooted in

an insignificant occurrence.—I happened one day to quote in her hearing a sentence from Kant's writings:—"There are two objects, which the more I contemplate them, the more they fill my mind with astonishment,—the starry heaven above me, and the moral law within me." "*Ah! que cela est beau,*" she exclaimed, "*il faut que je l'ecris;*"—and she was instantly at her *tablettes*. Some years afterwards I was amused by reading in Corinne—"*Car, comme un philosophe Allemand a tres bien dit, pour les cœurs sensibles il y'a deux choses,*" &c. Thus Kant,—one of the profoundest thinkers, but, at the same time, one of the coolest and most unimpassioned of men, on account of the expression of a thought wise but not recondite, which places in juxta-position the two greatest phenomena, the one of the natural, and the other of the moral world,—becomes a *tender heart!* No wonder that a person so incurably French should have some repulsive qualities in the eyes of such thorough Germans as Goethe and Schiller. On the other hand, old Wieland was quite fascinated by her. But then Wieland was more French in his tastes than any other eminent German in his day. One evening after a display of great eloquence on the part of our hostess, Wieland turned to me, and folding his hands and looking upwards, with a sort of pious sentimentality, exclaimed, "Ach Gott! dass ich bis in meinem vier und siebzigsten Jahr leben sollte, um solch ein Geschöpf guschen.—Oh that I should live into my seventy-fourth year in order to see such a creature!"

* London: Effingham Wilson. 2 vols. 8vo.

France, as it is now in our own country. Mirabeau saw, very clearly, the evils of the commonly received notion of the inviolability of foundations, whatever their object, or however unsuitable they might have become to the use or the intelligence of the time. He saw that a government, meaning always by government the true representation of the national will, must inherently possess the right to alter, to abrogate, to suppress the distribution of its own pecuniary and physical means, as well as to change the spirit of its legislation, or the mode of its executive. And this fact all see plainly enough, while it only is made to bear on a single law, or a slight change. No one thinks of disputing the right of one parliament to alter the acts of a former. It is not supposed that the legacy of opinion left by one set of men is to exercise any other influence over their successors than such as its inherent truth makes necessary; but there still remain an immense number of persons who are filled with a superstitious dread at the thought of making the best use of the property of a community, because that property once belonged to individuals holding certain notions of usefulness: so that with such, improvement is a question not of principles of justice, or of expediency even, but a problem of the least change which can be made to satisfy the demand for reformation. How impossible that any man, or set of men, could judge of the mode of employing their wealth most advantageously for the uses of a community, which should exist some six or eight centuries after their death! Had a conscientious catholic of Mary's time bequeathed the income of a large estate to raise the piles which then periodically blazed in Smithfield, the vile intention would long since have been scouted. The most determined defender of the sacredness of the designs of a founder would smile at such an instance. Yet the instance is a possible one; and if there exist a single indefensible case, the principle is virtually accorded, and the adhesion to the spirit of wills must become, as it should be in every individual instance, a question of general utility. The license allowed in the testamentary distribution of property is continually producing the most mischievous effects. Many years will not pass, we think, before this subject will be one of general consideration. Neither in the material, nor in the moral constitution of things does there exist anything which is not in its nature liable to change.

We have no power to realise by our imagination the idea, changeless. It is a term which can only be justly used in a comparative sense. How unwise then is the attempt to set bounds to the progress of after times, by willing that the application of any portion of property shall be changeless! A nation must always retain the right to dispose of its own possessions for its own benefit; and this benefit is subverted by the existence of any corporation, which, constantly increasing in wealth, and proportionably in influence, has an interest in the state, directly

opposed to that of the rest of the community. Great indeed must be the virtue which, in these circumstances, can resist the temptation to become an instrument of mischief. Mirabeau, desirous to avoid the necessity of making the clergy *ex officio* proprietors, yet anxious that none should be reduced to the miserable condition of being 'passing rich with forty pounds a-year,' brought into the National Assembly a bill to fix the salaries of ministers of the established church, at a minimum of about 500*l.* sterling per annum. It was carried by a large majority:— 1st. 'That all ecclesiastical property belongs to the nation, with the charge of providing in a proper manner for the expenses of worship, the support of its ministers, and the relief of the poor, under the inspection and instruction of the provinces;' and 2d. 'That, in the dispositions to be made to provide for the ministers of religion, no curate shall receive less than 1200 livres per annum, exclusively of house, garden, and dependencies.' The remark which applied forty years since, becomes every day more true, that numbers, nay, we shall not be far wrong if we say the larger proportion of those who are supported by the wealth of the church, neither practise its injunctions, nor believe in its doctrines. Large as is the number of persons holding what are called deistical opinions, we believe, if it could be made matter of proof, it would appear, that a considerable proportion of such belong to the state church. In one of the letters is this passage: 'Socinus has a great many followers, both amongst the clergy of the church of England, and the Puritans. The Freethinkers, or, as the Sorbonne classes them, the Theists and Deists, have given a new extent to the spirit of toleration, to which the political atheist is a declared enemy. This spirit, which was the chief foundation of the grandeur of the Romans, is at present the source of that of England and Holland. From these two countries arose its first apostles. To this spirit the Roman Catholics are indebted for the peace and quietness they enjoy under both these governments. Indeed every one, regarding his countrymen who are out of the pale of the church, as damned, should wish them rather to damn themselves as Freethinkers, without joining any persecuting sect, than as untolerating sectaries. It may with truth be observed, that freethinking is, in a free state, an asylum open to those who, in other countries, are obliged to have recourse to the mask of hypocrisy. And with regard to public morals, the consequences of this freethinking are less dangerous than those of hypocrisy.'—p. 22. Church reform, however, like all other reforms, must come. And the signs of the times seem to point to this as the first. To enter into the wide question of church property would exceed our present design. Suffice it to record the opinion of this, on all political questions, most sagacious observer. To those who would examine the subject for themselves, we would recommend the perusal of

two pamphlets, which together pretty nearly exhaust the moral and legal arguments on the question*. We shall need no apology for citing from one of them the following forcible sentences:—'The existing church has now a weak side which it had not forty years ago. Within that period a co-partnership has been formed with the Irish church, in which it is said the abuses are still more flagrant than here. Some reforms must be made in Ireland; and they will be much stronger precedents for reform in England than if the two churches had remained distinct. I never could understand the advantage accruing to the English church from that union; yet the measure, when proposed in the English parliament, passed without an observation of any kind. Not a word uttered either to approve or disapprove. The laity seemed to think that the measure did not concern them in any way; while, no doubt, the bishops felt pleased at the approaching extension of their corporation to the sister island. For this worldly conduct, however, the English church bids fair to be severely punished; and deservedly, as she has been instrumental in perpetuating the clerical abuses in Ireland. Had the English church never taken that of Ireland into partnership, the latter would have undergone a change long ago. But since the association, the failings of the Irish church have to be accounted for by the English church also; it being the universal law of partnership, that the acts of some of a firm are considered as being done in the name of the whole. Thus will the consequences of the Irish errors be made to fall upon those who have lent a hand to uphold them: thereby confirming the justice of that law of nature, which ordains that vices should carry their own chastisements in their train.'

We have somewhat dilated upon what, to us, was the most interesting topic of these letters. But they contain much lively gossip, and are not without scattered touches of humour and wit. Some of Mirabeau's apophthegms run thus:—'Nobility, say the aristocracy, is the intermedium between the king and the people: true; just as a sporting dog is the intermedium between the sportsman and the hare.'

'The man possessed of superior mental qualifications is often little suited to society. You do not go to market with ingots, but with small change.'

This is true only where the person of superior mind is placed in society unworthy of him; such as artificial or uneducated society. The more the mind, either of man or woman, is enriched by acquirement and reflection, the more does it fit its possessor to give and to receive the highest species of enjoyment, social usefulness, and sympathy.

We fear there are too many who, like the Abbé de Languerne,

* Church Reform: Effingham Wilson.—A Legal Argument on Tythes, &c.: Effingham Wilson.

can enjoy nothing which has not the evidence for its immediate utility stamped upon its front. 'The Abbé de Languerne was an extremely learned man, but had not the slightest taste for poetry; like that geometrician before whom a high eulogium was passed on the tragedy of Iphigenia: such lofty praises excited his curiosity; he requested the person to lend him the tragedy, but, having read some scenes, he returned it, saying, "For my part, I cannot imagine what you find so beautiful in the work; it proves nothing." The Abbé equally despised the grandeur of Corneille and the elegance of Racine; he had, he said, banished all the poets from his library.'

That 'vices are more frequently habits than passions,' is a reflection as just in its observation of nature, as benevolent and useful in application. It would be easy to find many equally good things; and the book is, on the whole, an amusing one, though not of the kind we had been led to expect.

ATONEMENT; OR, AT-ONE-MENT.

To the illustration of this word from its use by Shakspeare, (Monthly Repository for August, p. 555,) may be added another, furnished by Mr. Rd. Taylor, in Boucher's Glossary; and two more under atone, Acts vii. 26; and a variety of examples are there given in proof of its real meaning being to *reconcile*. Thirty years ago, Mr. Chas. Taylor, the learned editor of Calmet's Dictionary, suggested that the original meaning of this word was lost. He observes—'I conceive we have lost the true import of this word in our language, by our present manner of pronouncing it. When it was customary to pronounce the word *one* as *own*, (as in the time of our worthy translators,) then the word *atonement* was resolvable into its parts *at-one-ment*, or, the means of being *at one*, i. e. reconciled, united, combined in fellowship. This seems to be precisely its idea, *Rom.* v. 11, "being (to God) reconciled—or *at-one-ed*, we shall be saved by his (Christ's) life, by whom we have received the *at-one-ment*," or means of reconciliation. Here it appears, the word *atonement* does not mean a ransom, price, or purchase paid to the receiver, but a restoration of *accordance*. Perhaps this is the best idea we can affix to the term *expiation* or *atonement* under the *Mosaic* law.'

R. S.

RAJAH RAMMOHUN ROY ON THE GOVERNMENT AND RELIGION OF INDIA*.

EVERY one who directs his attention towards Indian affairs prepares himself to be astonished at all things, past and present, which relate to them; and with sufficient reason. What is there more astonishing, than the audacity with which a company of merchants took advantage of the dissensions and superstitious terrors of the numerous princes and chiefs of a mighty region, to issue from the factories which they had been graciously permitted to establish, and, in the guise of military authorities, subdue province after province to their absolute dominion? What is there more astonishing than that the British government, most righteously scandalized at the means by which the Company acquired and maintained its power, should express its displeasure by transferring some of this ill-gotten and misused dominion to itself? What is more astonishing, than that the parliament of the nation should sanction this wholesale robbery, by appointing a commission of control over these rapacious merchants, for the purpose of giving the state a share in the booty? What is more astonishing, than that the rulers of India should assume the character of a paternal government, anxious to secure the welfare of the governed, by a due mixture of Indian and British regulations, and by sending out men of high character to assume the office of guardian of the vast population, and that, under such care as this, poverty should pervade the vast region, oppression work its will in open day, and the cries of the injured be uttered from generation to generation, as fruitlessly as universally? It is also by a remarkable sequence of circumstances, that a native of this region, fully informed respecting the capabilities and the woes of its people, has been brought into the presence of the authorities with whom it rests to correct Indian abuses. No less remarkable are his qualifications to give evidence, to make it understood by all the parties concerned, and to offer it in a form which may conciliate prejudice. The method and coolness with which the Rajah arranges and states his facts, in contrast with the rousing nature of those facts, are as remarkable as anything in the whole affair; and the courtesy with which he accounts, where he can, for the rise and growth of abuses, will not impede, but hasten the rectification of those abuses. The Rajah appreciates too well the nature and operation of free institutions, not to have felt many a throb of indignation, many a pang of grief, when witnessing the oppressed condition of the ryots of his country, and the various kinds and de-

* 1. Exposition of the practical Operation of the Judicial and Revenue Systems of India. By Rajah Rammohun Roy. London, Smith, Elder, and Co., 1832.

2. Translation of several principal Books, Passages, and Texts of the Veds, and of some controversial works on Brahmunical Theology. By the same. London, Parbury, Allen, and Co., 1832.

grees of guilt among his countrymen, which have been originated by British misgovernment; but when the cause can best be served by a plain statement of facts, he can adduce them with all the calmness of a mere observer. That which it makes our spirits sink to read, he states unaccompanied by reproach or entreaty. Suggestions on which we would stake our lives, and which we should be apt to thrust in the face of friend and foe, he offers in their due connexion, and with a moderation most likely to ensure them a hearing.

The facts we refer to, relate partly to the impotence, or worse than impotence, of a judicial system which has been much vaunted at home, while it was the scourge of those whom it assumed to protect. Under this system, thousands of innocent lives have been taken away, the tenure of property has been perverted, favour has been obtained by the artful, and justice denied to the oppressed; and much of this, while the officers of the law were wholly unconscious what mischief they were doing; or, at best, only sensible that much was going wrong, which they had no power to set right. They have found perjury and forgery perpetually on the increase, and were aware that these crimes arose from the faulty administration of the laws; but could only go on, as long as they remained in office, to increase the evil.

It seems next to impossible that justice should be done, where judges and other officers of the law use one language, and their clients another. The difficulty is increased when a third language is appointed to be used in law transactions. The Persian language is used in the Indian courts. This being foreign to judge, witnesses, and contending parties, no one, it is true, can have an advantage over the rest; but how they are, with reasonable time and pains, to get at an understanding of the matter in hand, it is difficult to say. The experiment has never been tried. Of time, indeed, there would seem to be no lack, since causes drag on from month to month, and from year to year; but, as to pains-taking, there can be little where the quantity of work to be done is out of all proportion to the machinery prepared to dispatch it. There are but six provincial courts in the presidency of Bengal; and elsewhere amidst these vast territories, places of appeal are so thinly scattered, that the comparatively small number who can apply for justice constitute a crowd, out of which only a select few may hope to obtain it. The most injured are least able to appeal; and therefore they sit down at home to starve, despairing of redress, and bitterly smiling at the name of justice, to them but a mockery. Their less indigent neighbours travel great distances to lodge their complaints, and then are at the mercy of native officers, who are responsible only to the judge, who does not understand half of what is brought before him, and is wholly irresponsible for the discharge of his duty. The inferior officers of the court may sport with their clients as they like; the native pleaders may

mystify the evidence at their own will; forged documents, contradictory oaths can be supplied to suit any demand, and the judge know little of the matter, but what his native advisers choose to tell him. He cannot enter into the modes of living, and thinking, and feeling of the people before him; he must take the version of their law which is offered; where perplexed, he must decide at random; where pretty sure of his case, he may, as likely as not, pronounce an outrageously unjust decision, through a misunderstanding of some figure of speech, or ignorance of some local custom. If dismayed at the accumulation of business, which he can never hope to dispatch, he turns some of it over to his native officers; he hears on all sides of their partialities and oppressions, and finds that, through the process of appeal, all has to be done over again some time hence, while despair is crushing the spirits, and disaffection swelling in the hearts of the subjects of this most paternal species of government. Even English law affords no resting place for the judgment of him who administers it in India. The regulations published from year to year by the local government, form a cumbrous and intricate mass, the portions of which sometimes appear as inconsistent with one another, as with the Hindoo and Mahomedan laws, with which they are expected to coalesce. The resemblance of a jury, which once formed an imperfect safeguard to Indian clients, has degenerated into a mere instrument of arbitration. The Punchayet (whose members were jurors) was formerly resorted to by parties in a suit, or government handed over causes to its jurisdiction; but, for want of due supervision and responsibility, the Punchayet fell off; and now, the most that can be made of it, is for each party to appoint one of its members, and the judge a third, to arbitrate; and sometimes one arbitrator is agreed by the parties to be sufficient. The restoration of the Punchayet to its original functions, under such regulations as would secure the discharge of its duties, is one of the measures most insisted on by the Rajah, as tending to ameliorate the judicial grievances of the people. The thorough knowledge of the native character possessed by its members, their comparative freedom from liability to bias, and the great facilities within their reach, for the detection of perjury and forgery, would at once obviate half the evils of the present system. There would also be much fewer appeals, much less delay, and a much more efficient dispatch of business. If, in addition, a proper communication was established between this jury and the judge, so that they might mutually understand black to be black, and white white, few other difficulties would remain, but those which regard the intricacies of the law, and the character of the judge; little considerations common to other countries besides India.

As for the intricacies of the law, it may be pretty safely predicted that no judge, be his character, intellectual and moral, what it may, will ever be able to compact the provisions of three

national codes into one, which shall be suitable to any one people; we might almost say, which shall decide justly any one case. What shall be done then, in such an affair, by youths who go out before they are of age, for the ostensible purpose of administering justice discreetly and faithfully, where not only all discretion is baffled and set at nought, but where faithfulness is a more difficult virtue still? The most patient, conscientious, mature lawyer might almost be excused for growing careless and credulous, in despair of discharging his duty effectually. What then is to be expected of young men who are sent out with their imaginations possessed with ideas of wealth and power, placed immediately in a rank far above that which they occupied at home, separated from all to whom they have been accustomed to look up for guidance, and surrounded by those whose policy it is to excite their passions, and flatter them into a state of credulity? The little that the people may gain by their young rulers being more ready than older men in the acquisition of the native and Persian languages, is much more than counterbalanced by the evils of youthful conduct in circumstances of peculiar difficulty.

Here are impediments enough, it would appear, to the due administration of justice among the helpless people who are in no condition to remedy their own grievances; but there is another, —a crowning abuse, recurred to after a long period of suspension. In Lord Cornwallis's time, young civilians made their choice between the judicial and revenue lines of service, and adhered to the one or the other. Now they may change and change about, and what is worse, unite the offices of each. A man may now be a Revenue Commissioner and Judge of Circuit; that is, he has power over the worldly effects of those whom he ought to know in no other character than that of claimants of justice; he has dealings out of court with the very parties whom he holds in his power as a judge. Whether this is the way to have either taxation or law properly administered, it needs but a glance to see. So much for the law-system. The Rajah's other subject,—the Revenue system,—involves some curious facts.

The middle-man system of letting land is found to be almost equally bad wherever tried,—whether in Ireland, Italy, or India. If worse in one place than another, it is in India, because the wants of the people are fewer than any where else, and the tenants can be ground down lower. The poorest Irish only occasionally undergo what is very common among the ryots, or cultivators, of the Madras presidency. In some provinces, there is a perpetual struggle between the government, the zamindars, or land-proprietors, and the various gradations of tenants, which shall extort the most from the unhappy person immediately below him. The government assesses the estates of the zamindars, raising the assessment from time to time when there is any appearance of an improvement in the land; the zamindars encou-

rage the middle-men to wrench the largest possible portion of produce from the inferior tenants, while zamindars and middlemen are equally ready to complain of their small gains, and perpetually liable to seizure and a forcible sale of the land, which frequently becomes, through the collusion of agents, the property of any rapacious person who may have set his heart upon it. The ryots, meantime, have not the power of retaining a bare subsistence in return for their labour. The necessary consequence is that the value of property decreases on account of its insecurity; the labour of the cultivators becomes heartless and inefficient, and the revenue declines year by year. The average nominal rent paid by the cultivator is half the produce; of which half, nine-tenths or so go to government, and the remaining tenth to the proprietor: but the proprietor, naturally dissatisfied with his share, exacts as much more than half the produce as his power will enable him to obtain. In some districts, the rate of assessment has been fixed; and the zamindar, now encouraged to improve his estate, has taken in waste land, and begun to accumulate capital; but the poor ryot is as much oppressed as ever. His rent is not fixed, like his superior's assessment; and the sole difference to him is that the fruit of his labour goes to augment the zamindar's wealth instead of alleviating his poverty. While the people are thus oppressed by law and custom, and very far removed from such a state of enlightenment as would enable them to proportion the supply of labour to the demand, their condition remains as nearly hopeless as any mortal condition ought to be considered. No improvement in their lot has taken place within the memory of man. Their best moral condition must be that of untempted ignorance; their best physical state, that of a languid exemption from mortal disease; their best temporal lot, that of a bare supply of rice and spices to eat, and a few yards of cotton to wear, and a reed hut to sleep in, till they obtain justice whence they have yet received only oppression. Vigour of body, energy of mind, external sufficiency and comfort are wholly out of the question, and will be for ages, unless they who must answer for the life of the starving and the groans of the injured, immediately take their condition to heart, and begin to reflect what are the objects of government, and what the responsibilities of rulers. Much—it is truly said—much of this evil is owing to the bad system under which these poor creatures lived before the English had any thing to do with them; and much to the baneful superstitions they still hold; as is shown by the superiority of the Mahomedan over the Hindoo. True; but we ought to obliterate instead of perpetuating the traces of ancient barbarism; we ought to win them from their superstitions, instead of making them hate what we call our religion of love. Where is the use of telling them that our faith obliges us to yield to all their rights,—to provide for the need of all,—when they look about them and see,

within a circuit of a hundred miles, scarcely a single peasant who is in possession of the common comforts of life? They will turn away from us, and go on refusing to eat beef as long as nothing better than rice is offered them; they will lay at our door the ravages of the pestilence, that has swept them away by millions, —(and how far the imputation may be just, it will be well for us to consider;) they will look with an evil eye on our government, and vent their murmurs in secret against our religion, till the one has given them justice, and the other has extended to them her charity. All who are not too ignorant to be moved, or so interested as to be bought, will continue to be disaffected, and our mismanagement will be found to have imposed on us the double task of winning their allegiance and repairing their wrongs.

The best hope for India is that, as a consequence of the breaking up of the monopoly which has so long injured both countries, English settlers will hasten to establish themselves within her bounds, and to affix a new and higher value to her land and labour, by the investment of a large portion of British capital in both. We are sorry to observe, that while the Rajah admits the benefit already derived from the settlement of British capitalists in India, and the desirableness of extending this species of resource, he fears the consequences of introducing English labourers among a people with whom, he thinks, they could never agree. We are as far as himself from wishing that ship-loads of emigrants should set out at random for India, as they too often do for Canada, not knowing what to do or expect when they get there, and unprepared for any difficulties arising from newness of scene, climate, and intercourse; but we do wish that the vast resources of India should be better husbanded than by the uninstructed natives; and fully believe that it would be easy to convince them speedily that they would gain much and lose nothing by British colonization; that, to use the words of the Rajah, 'it would greatly improve the resources of the country, and also the condition of the native inhabitants, by showing them superior methods of cultivation, and the proper mode of treating their labourers and dependents.' The impediments to amicable intercourse between the lower classes of the English and the natives, we hold to have arisen out of the tenure by which our Indian empire has been held, and the abuses to which it has given occasion. Establish this empire on a right footing, rectify these abuses, and intercourse with the natives may become as advantageous as it has hitherto been irksome.

We will not say that other such friends as the author of the work before us may arise throughout India; for the Rajah Rammohun Roy is a man of a thousand years; but many of his countrymen may soon follow his lead in investigating the sources of Indian grievances, and candidly referring them to their real origin; in appreciating whatever is valuable in us as a nation;

in learning from us where we are qualified to teach; and in offering us the noblest lesson of forbearance wherever repentance would beseem us better than triumph. If one Hindoo, under whatever circumstances, has magnanimously honoured us with his respect and friendship, why should not all his nation enter in time into our fellowship? The brotherly intercourse has begun between the most enlightened; let it go on among those who have a mutual interest, whether it be of a mere temporal or of a higher character, and it will in time include all who were not, whatever they may now think, born enemies, and who may therefore live to be friends.

* * * * *

Since the foregoing remarks were written, we have received the other volume, the title of which is given at their commencement. It contains a reprint of thirteen publications, of which the first six are translations from the Veds, tending to prove the unity of the Supreme Being; the next three are controversial, occasioned by the publication of the former; three more relate to the burning of widows; and the last, which has the same humane object, is on the ancient rights of females according to the Hindoo law of inheritance. The fact that Suttees are now abolished will not diminish the interest with which our readers will contemplate these philanthropic efforts. There can be no doubt of their having contributed largely to that result. The Rajah was present at, and must have enjoyed with a pure triumph, the failure of the attempt to induce the Privy Council to rescind the order of the Governor-General. Some of the Theological Tracts are not wholly unknown in this country, though no reprint or complete collection of them has before appeared. A singularly blessed lot is that of this extraordinary man in that, besides being an efficient agent in a great work of philanthropy, and contributing towards a political and commercial reform, he has laboured, and that not unsuccessfully, for the restoration of two religions from a corrupt state to one of simplicity and purity, first showing the Divine unity to have been the primeval doctrine of Hindooism, and since, of the Gospel. In both cases it is interesting to mark the spirituality and benevolence of his mind, its superiority to the common tone of controversy, and its direction to the glory of God in the good of man. We transcribe the Introduction to the translation of the 'Ishopanishad.'

'The physicial powers of man are limited, and when viewed comparatively, sink into insignificance; while in the same ratio, his moral faculties rise in our estimation, as embracing a wide sphere of action, and possessing a capability of almost boundless improvement. If the short duration of human life be contrasted with the great age of the universe, and the limited extent of bodily strength with the many objects to which there is a necessity of applying it, we must necessarily be disposed to entertain but a

very humble opinion of our own nature; and nothing perhaps is so well calculated to restore our self-complacency as the contemplation of our more extensive moral powers, together with the highly beneficial objects which the appropriate exercise of them may produce. On the other hand, sorrow and remorse can scarcely fail, sooner or later, to be the portion of him who is conscious of having neglected opportunities of rendering benefit to his fellow-creatures. From considerations like these it has been that I, (although born a Brahmin, and instructed in my youth in all the principles of that sect,) being thoroughly convinced of the lamentable errors of my countrymen, have been stimulated to employ every means in my power to improve their minds, and lead them to the knowledge of a purer system of morality. Living constantly among Hindoos of different sects and professions, I have had ample opportunity of observing the superstitious puerilities into which they have been thrown by their self-interested guides, who, in defiance of the law as well as of common sense, have succeeded but too well in conducting them to the temple of idolatry; and while they hid from their view the true substance of morality, have infused into their simple hearts a weak attachment for its mere shadow.

'For the chief part of the theory and practice of Hindooism, I am sorry to say, is made to consist in the adoption of a peculiar mode of diet; the least aberration from which (even though the conduct of the offender may in other respects be pure and blameless) is not only visited with the severest censure, but actually punished by exclusion from the society of his family and friends. In a word, he is to undergo what is commonly called the loss of caste.

'On the contrary, the rigid observance of this grand article of Hindoo faith is considered in so high a light, as to compensate for every moral defect. Even the most atrocious crimes weigh little or nothing in the balance against the supposed guilt of its violation.

'Murder, theft, or perjury, though brought home to the party by a judicial sentence, so far from inducing loss of caste, is visited in their society with no peculiar mark of infamy or disgrace.

'A trifling present to the Brahmin, commonly called *prayaschit*, with the performance of a few idle ceremonies, are held as a sufficient atonement for all those crimes; and the delinquent is at once freed from all temporal inconvenience, as well as all dread of future retribution.

'My reflections upon these solemn truths have been most painful for years. I have never ceased to contemplate with the strongest feelings of regret the obstinate adherence of my countrymen to their fatal system of idolatry, inducing, for the sake of propitiating their supposed deities, the violation of every humane and social feeling: and this in various instances; but more espe-

cially in the dreadful acts of self-destruction and the immolation of the nearest relations, under the delusion of conforming to sacred religious rites. I have never ceased, I repeat, to contemplate these practices with the strongest feelings of regret, and to view in them the moral debasement of a race who, I cannot help thinking, are capable of better things; whose susceptibility, patience, and mildness of character, render them worthy of a better destiny. Under these impressions, therefore, I have been impelled to lay before them genuine translations of parts of their scripture, which inculcates not only the enlightened worship of one God, but the purest principles of morality, accompanied with such notices as I deemed requisite to oppose the arguments employed by the Brahmins in defence of their beloved system. Most earnestly do I pray that the whole may, sooner or later, prove efficient in producing on the minds of Hindoos in general, a conviction of the rationality of believing in and adoring the Supreme Being only; together with a complete perception and practice of that grand and comprehensive moral principle—*Do unto others as ye would be done by.*'—pp. 97—100.

TO THE SUMMER WIND.

Whence comest thou, sweet wind?
Didst take thy phantom form
'Mid the depth of the forest trees?
Or spring, new born,
Of the fragrant morn,
'Mong the far off Indian seas?

Where speedest thou, sweet wind?
Thou little heedest, I trow—
Dost thou sigh for some glancing star?
Or cool the brow
Of the dying now,
As they pass to their home afar?

What mission is thine, O wind?
Say for what thou yearnest—
That, like the wayward mind,
Earth thou spurnest,
Heaven-ward turnest,
And rest canst nowhere find!

ON THE CONNEXION BETWEEN POETRY AND RELIGION.—Art. 2.

DIDACTIC AND DEVOTIONAL SPIRIT OF THE MODERN POETS.
JAMES HOGG.

That we are not one of those who furnish the periodical market with 'Articles on the Modern Poets, No. 1, Scott; No. 2, Byron;' &c. &c., will, we think, be apparent from the most cacophonous name which we have placed at the head of this paper. We never designed to arrange the subjects of our remarks in the order of merit, or, in fact, in any order whatever. Even the collective opinion of the age is but a fallacious anticipation of the future awardments of posterity, which will 're-judge its justice,' and, in many cases, reverse its decrees. Much less can an individual —even under the privilege of the regal and critical *we*—presume to settle the order of contemporary merit and fame. We give up the proud attempt, and leave it entirely to chance or inclination to determine the order of succession—without much apprehension of renewing the Wars of the Roses. For obvious reasons, it will indeed be probable that the greatest names will be among the last we shall mention. Excursions to inferior eminences will give us vigour and courage to approach those poetical *jungfraus,* which lift their heads apart and alone, with their shining weight of imperishable fame. To these we shall come—but not until we are better prepared to do them justice. We will take the throstle's nest from the thicket, and the ring-dove's from the larch, before we attempt to scale the eagle's in the cedar.

The literature of Scotland is rich in the works of men who have risen to distinction by the mere force of their talents. Of this number is Mr. Hogg,—more poetically known by the romantic and appropriate *alias* of 'the Ettrick Shepherd.' Many stars have shot higher towards the zenith, but few have risen from so low an horizon. He was a peasant, and, we believe, a peasant of the lowest grade. But a Scottish peasant has advantages which do not always fall to the lot of the peasantry of the sister kingdoms. Every poor man's son is there made early acquainted with the writings of the bible; and, though they be darkened and defaced by the running comments of Calvinism, yet the impression of religious principle upon the mind is deep and solemn, influential and lasting. Upon this, however, we may have more to say on another occasion. The young peasant, of whom we are to speak, shared in this respect the common advantages of his country. Devotion, however, (though he was by no means devoid of it,) does not appear to have been the leading energy of his mind; its influence was divided with two powerful rivals—tradition and superstition. If he listened with reverence to the glowing imagery and sublime descriptions of the Old Testament, his heart beat high at a legend of marauding chivalry, and

his young nerves thrilled at a story of *the Silent People.* His native district abounded in traditions of love and war, in ballads and fairy tales. These formed a curious combination in the mind of the young shepherd. 'The big ha' Bible,' read with reverence on the Sabbath, was succeeded, during the remainder of the week, by snatches of 'legendary lore,' by fragments of ancient minstrelsy, by tales of elfin land, and dreams on the haunted *brae.* With all this was blended that passionate love of Nature, which is an instinct and attribute of the poetical character. His 'manner of life, from his youth up,' favoured the impression of all these influences upon his mind. He was neither fisherman, husbandman, nor mechanic—but a shepherd of the hills. Whatever impression he received in his home, or from his associates, was forced upon him by the self-communion of solitude, and blended with the influences of Nature in all her moods of terror and of glory. All these, indeed, cannot *make* a poet; but they can make a poet of him who was *born* one. Our youthful herdsman was of that number; and in the circumstances which have been noticed, we shall find the causes which gave impulse and colouring to an ardent and imaginative character, and produced those works in which they are so variously developed, and in which what *is* beautiful at all, is stamped with a beauty so characteristic and peculiar.

Those who should be guided only by the title of the work, would be lamentably disappointed on opening what Mr. Hogg has thought proper to call his 'Hebrew Melodies.' The great natural endowments of this poet have been 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,' by the besetting sin of *imitation.* He has shown his powers of *intentional* imitation in a work which we think superior to the Rejected Addresses themselves—the Poetic Mirror. The former are frequently little or nothing more than graceful, refined, and exquisite caricatures; while, in the latter, the poet has often succeeded (whether designedly or not) in producing passages in the very spirit of his masters. What can be more beautiful than the comparison occurring in one of his introductions of Wordsworth, of the moulds of butter in a market-woman's basket, covered with their snow-white napkins, and heaving through it—

'Like graves of infants, covered o'er with snow'?

In such a shape imitation is welcome and delightful; but not so in works which profess to be original. 'Madoc of the Moor' is Mr. Hogg's version of 'the Lady of Lake;' but we must say we prefer the strain itself to the echo. Lord Byron published his 'Hebrew Melodies,' and Mr. Hogg must have his 'Hebrew Melodies' also. But he, who looks among them for any thing peculiarly stimulative of his moral or devotional sensibilities, will search them, we fear, to very little purpose, and find that they as little resemble the pulsations of a prophetic harp, as they do the breathings of the pastoral reed. Perhaps our readers will

find it hard to imagine that the following specimen is not the only one of its kind in these ambitious and, we conclude, elaborate compositions. It is part of a duet entitled 'Maiden of Jeshimon,' and runs exactly as follows:—

1*st voice.*—O, lives one love-spark in your heart,
Maiden of Jeshimon! pray you tell?
2*d voice.*—Go ask at her whom you now love best;
Ask her the way you know full well.
1*st voice.*—Women are fickle, and all untrue!
2*d voice.*—Men are ungrateful; so are you!
1*st voice.*—Vanity!
2*d voice.*—Lenity!
Both voices.—Wormwood and gall!
2*d voice.*—Suavity!
1*st voice.*—Levity!
Both voices.—Worst of all!' &c. &c.—(Works, vol. iv. p. 215.)

There is not, indeed, much of *this* quality; but, on the whole, the poems are not remarkable for their poetry, or for any tendency to strengthen religious principle or to excite devotional feeling. They have only added another failure to the list of those who have attempted in vain to strike the harp of David and Isaiah. The harp remains; but it remains like the bow of Ulysses, to be apparently our glory and our despair.

'The Pilgrims of the Sun' is a very singular composition; and, though unequal as a whole, it contains some fine imaginings. A Scottish maiden is carried by a celestial being through more worlds than we have leisure to enumerate; and the poem relates what she thought, and heard, and saw. We subjoin one or two extracts, the morality of which might, we think, atone for greater poetical demerits than they are chargeable withal. Our first is from Part Second:—

——— 'Passing inward still
Towards the centre of the heavens, they saw
The dwellings of the saints of ancient days
And martyrs for the right—men of all creeds,
Features, and hues! Much did the virgin muse,
And much reflect on this strange mystery,
So ill conform to all she had been taught
From infancy to think, by holy men;
Till looking round upon the spacious globes
Dependent on that heaven of light, and all
Rejoicing in their God's beneficence,
These words spontaneously burst from her lips:
"Child that I was, ah! could my stinted mind
Harbour the thought, that the Almighty's love,
Life, and salvation, could to single sect
Of creatures be confined, all his alike!"
Last of them all, in ample circle spread
Around the palaces of heaven, they pass'd

The habitations of those radiant tribes
That never in the walks of mortal life
Had sojourn'd, or with human passions toil'd.
Pure were they framed; and round the skirts of heaven
At first were placed, till other dwellers came
From other spheres, by human beings nursed.
Then, inward, those withdrew, more meet to dwell
In beatific regions. These again
Followed by more, in order regular,
Near'd to perfection. It was most apparent
Through all created nature, that each being,
Cherish'd by savage, cavern'd in the snow,
Or panting on the brown and sultry desert,
That all were in progression—moving on
Still to perfection. In conformity
The human soul is modell'd—hoping still
In something onward! Something, far beyond,
It fain would grasp! Nor shall that hope be lost!
The soul shall hold it—she shall hope, and yearn,
And grasp, and gain, for times and ages, more
Than thought can fathom, or proud science climb.'

(Vol. ii. pp. 39, 40.)

Amen, and amen!—These are noble thoughts for a Scottish shepherd—though there may be something in them which the General Assembly might not quite approve.

Our other extract shall be from Part Third; and it assigns, we think, a very fitting doom to the military troublers of our many-troubled world. Let not the reader be surprised at the appearance of the heroic couplet; for each of the four Parts is written in a different measure:—

'Seest thou yon gloomy sphere, through vapours dun,
That wades in crimson like the sultry sun?
There let us bend our course, and mark the fates
Of mighty warriors, and of warriors' mates;
For there they toil 'mid troubles and alarms,
The drums and trumpets sounding still to arms;
Till by degrees, when ages are outgone,
And happiness and comfort still unknown,
Like simple babes, the land of peace to win,
The task of knowledge sorrowful begin:
By the enlighten'd philosophic mind,
More than a thousand ages left behind.'—(Ibid. p. 66.)

Napoleon weeping over his horn-book! We have a pleasure in the vision, which will not allow us to cavil at any defects in the lines. Oh! when will the Muses cease to sound the trumpet of false glory? When will ambition learn the extent of its own crimes?

The only poem of our author's that has, we apprehend, the slightest chance of descending tolerably entire to the men of other

years, is 'The Queen's Wake.' The plan of the work is more fortunate in the conception than in the execution; but it is, taken altogether, a more sustained flight, and less disfigured by the writer's customary faults of over and under doing. One striking piece, in this collection, is entitled 'The Abbot M'Kinnon.' We would give from it, at least, the Monk's Hymn to the God of the Sea, (which, when its heathenism is extracted, will be found an impressive specimen of what we may be allowed to call *descriptive devotion,*) were it not that we must hasten to the most beautiful flower of the wreath—the wild and fairy legend of 'Kilmeny'—by far the most exquisite work of this eccentric and unequal poet. It is *very* beautiful—and the spirit of it is as beautiful as the melody and imagery which enshrine it. We know not a more exquisite picture of female purity and piety, or one which more exhibits the ideal of 'the beauty of holiness.' The leading incident is the same as in 'the Pilgrims of the Sun.' A fair Scottish maiden is carried off by an unearthly being, and transported to '*the land of thought.*' Perhaps, however, it will be but just to give the preliminary account of the bard who sings this lay of beauty:—

'Tall was his frame, his forehead high,
Still and mysterious was his eye;
His look was like a winter day,
When storms and winds have sunk away.

Well versed was he in holy lore;
In cloister'd dome the cowl he wore;
But, wearied with the eternal strain
Of formal breviats, cold and vain,
He woo'd, in depth of highland dale,
The silver spring and mountain gale.

In grey Glen-Ample's forest deep,
Hid from the rains' and tempests' sweep,
In bosom of an aged wood
His solitary cottage stood.
Its walls were bastion'd, dark, and dern,
Dark was its roof of filmot fern,
And dark the vista down the linn,
But all was love and peace within.
Religion, man's first friend and best,
Was in that home a constant guest;
There, sweetly, every morn and even,
Warm orisons were pour'd to Heaven:
And every cliff Glen-Ample knew,
And greenwood on her banks that grew,
In answer to his bounding string,
Had learn'd the hymns of Heaven to sing;
With many a song of mystic lore,
Rude as when sung in days of yore.

His were the snowy flocks that stray'd
Adown Glen-Airtney's forest glade;
And his, the goat and chestnut hind,
Where proud Ben-Vorlich cleaves the wind:
There oft, when beams of summer shone,
The bard would sit, and muse alone,
Of innocence, expell'd by man;
Of Nature's fair and wondrous plan;
Of the eternal theme sublime,
Of visions seen in ancient time,
Till his rapt soul would leave her home
In visionary worlds to roam.
Then would the mists that wander'd by
Seem hovering spirits to his eye;
Then would the breeze's whistling sweep,
Soft lulling in the cavern deep,
Seem to the enthusiast's dreaming ear
The words of spirits whisper'd near.'
(Vol. i. pp. 173, 175.)

We have no objection to this *spiritualization* of the visible world; and we half suspect that it is not quite understood to what high uses it is capable of being applied. Can we think too much of the mystic holiness of that temple in which we believe THE DIVINITY to be continually present?

We now proceed to the Legend, apologizing, as far as we *can*, for the length of our extracts. We cannot help it,—our readers must transfer their complaints to the poet,—they glance from our innocent self, like the Norman's arrow, from the stag to the king. The poem opens with that easy consciousness of power, with which we have seen a swan slide herself off upon the receiving river.

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen,
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be:
It was only to hear the Yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nuts that hang frae the hazel tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny came hame!

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedesman had prayed, and the dead bell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,

The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung o'er the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame.'
(pp. 176, 177)

Her mother then questions her, but we *must* deny ourselves, and there is some merit in doing so. How exquisite is what follows!—

'Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew;
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been;
A land of love, and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam:
The land of visions it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.'—p. 178.

The immortal beings among whom she becomes a sojourner, meet her with a welcome, of which the spirit is as elevating as the language is affecting and unpretending. It implies indeed a stricture which it were misery not to believe to be unjust; but we pardon all, for the sake of the lofty and practical moral. If the eye of one young female should rest upon these pages, let her linger over the following lines (as *we* do over the whole, 'for the sake o' auld lang syne,') and ask her own beating heart why *she* should not be another Kilmeny, as holy and yet as human,—uniting the purity of the saint with the tenderness of the woman? Let her attempt it, and she will not *wholly* fail. We believe it is Lant Carpenter who uses (and exemplifies) the maxim, 'There is a great deal in that little word *try*.' But—to the verses.

'O, would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep the holy truths in mind,
That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious ee,
And grieve for the guilt of humanitye!
O, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!

And dear to Heaven the words of truth,
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!
And dear to the viewless forms of air,
The minds that hyth as the body fair!

'O, bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again,
That world of sin, of sorrow and fear,
O, tell of the joys that are waiting here;
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see,
Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be.'

(pp. 181, 182.)

We must go on—the lines will speak for themselves.

'They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day:
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light:
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;
And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered bye.
And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She knew not where; but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn:
"O! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have elyed away;
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"'—pp. 182, 183.

Is not this poetry? And is it not something more? We would fain hope, that our readers, and especially our 'gentle ones,' will feel its holy witching, and lay its lesson home to their young deep hearts.—Many lines follow, inclusive of a sort of spiritual phantasmagoria, which we do not think particularly fortunate or well-placed.—But, even in '*the land of thought*,' Kilmeny is a mortal woman. She remembers the land of her birth, her youth, and her home; but, if she wishes to return, it is for a purpose worthy of Kilmeny. We give the conclusion of the poem:—

'With distant music, soft and deep,
They lull'd Kilmeny sound asleep;

And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the green-wood wene.
When seven lang years had come and fled,
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came hame!
And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her ee!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maiden's een
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye,
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raike the lanely glen,
And keeped afar frae the haunts of men,
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;
The wolf played blythely round the field,
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled;
The dun-deer wooed in manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.
And when at even the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung
In extasy of sweet devotion,
O, then the glen was all in motion!
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame, &c. &c.
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled;
It was like an eve in a sinless world!

'When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;
Then laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But O, the words that fell from her mouth,
Were words of wonder, and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kendna whether she was living or dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again.'

(pp. 190—193.)

Poor Kilmeny! Yet we know not why we should say so—except that we are sorry to part with her. Her name will always be a spell for our heart; and we are sorry for that reader, who will go through these extracts, and not acknowledge that they are like fragments of music heard in the dreams of the soul. We

trust we need not say more, respecting their pure and spiritual tendency. Plato thought that children should suck in Æsop's fables with their mother's milk: *we* would have them suckled upon 'greater things than these,'—and, among the rest, upon such poems as 'Kilmeny.'

ON THE INTELLECTUAL INFLUENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

In our last number we endeavoured to lay before our readers what we deem important, though, in some respects, highly obvious considerations, as to the bearings of the present condition of human affairs *upon the growth of individual minds*. It may be remembered that we were led to the conclusion that, together with many rare advantages, modern intellect is encompassed by difficulties of unprecedented magnitude and force;—but that at the same time, in the truths and principles, the precepts and the promises of the Christian revelation, it is provided with abundant strength to meet and grapple with the one, and to avail itself worthily of the other.

Upon reviewing what we then wrote, we perceive, in reference to this latter point, a want of distinctness of statement and cogency of proof, which may perhaps have disappointed many who concurred in our other positions; and we fear we have laid ourselves open to the charge of broadly asserting what we were incapable of solidly proving. We now hasten to remedy, as far as we can, this capital defect, by devoting a few pages to the statement of our views of the subject, in a somewhat more detailed form than we were then able;—simply premising, that if our readers are unwise enough to expect, in an essay like this, anything approaching to a complete discussion of a matter so vast and deep, they will be greatly disappointed. We aim only at bringing out some of its more prominent features in a distinct and visible shape; and richly rewarded shall we deem ourselves, should our humble pages be the means of rousing but one free and gifted mind to the enlightened examination of that gospel wherein are hid 'all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.'

It may be well to observe at the outset that, supposing the Christian religion to be of divine origin, it is an almost irresistible conclusion,—a conclusion at least strong enough to throw the *onus probandi* on those who maintain the contrary,—that it is fitted to work great things for the intellect, as well as the heart of the being for whom it was instituted. That Christianity calls for the entire yielding to itself of the whole man, moral, mental, and physical, 'a living sacrifice,'—that it urgently forbids the reservation of ever so slender a peculium to the service of powers hostile to itself,—will scarcely be disputed by the avowed, or doubted by the real disciple of our Great Master. Now to imagine that

this subjection can be otherwise than perfect freedom, is little else than to impugn the wisdom or the goodness of Him who enjoins it. To suppose that He who fashioned the intellect of a Newton or a Locke has set over it laws which distort its beauty or fetter and distract its powers,—that in a revelation from the Father of Lights, there is that which dims and darkens the great lamps of this lower world,—that the author of every good and perfect gift thus qualifies and alloys the brightest of his bounties, —that he takes from the spiritual, what he had given to the natural man,—to suppose this, is to entertain views of his dealings with his creatures, as openly at war with the teachings of scripture as with our best moral feelings and aspirations. Should any of our readers then detect, or think he detects, exaggeration in our opinions or looseness in our reasonings,—should he find a gap here and a blunder there,—let him not forget the firm vantage-ground on which we stand. That we are not heaping assertion upon assertion, and proof upon proof, to make good any wild and novel fancy of our own, but that we simply undertake to show in a few particular points *how* that is, which no consistent Christian can doubt *must be*, whether he see it or not.

We would state, as the groundwork of the views developed in this paper, what we think the experience of every reflective mind will confirm as a truth ; and what, if true, is a fundamental, deeplying truth, reaching far down into the mysteries of our inward being, and bringing up to our use, many a rich lesson of practical wisdom. We speak of what may be termed, *the subjection of the intellectual faculties to, and their dependence upon, the moral* nature of man.* This is a subjection not *de jure* merely, but *de facto.* What we understand by it is this; that the strongest and brightest powers will achieve little or nothing, except so far as they are animated, and concentrated, and guided by some great ruling motive. Such motive may be, in a religious sense, mean or reprehensible ; but let it be strong and engrossing, and it will, while it lasts, carry the intellect to heights it could never have climbed by itself. It is an old remark, that thought, turned inward, has a corrosive power. It is no less true that it has a diffusive, or, if we may use the expression, a *dissipative* power, whereby, left to itself, it will wander uselessly and profitlessly over the universe, 'seeking rest and finding none.' But put before the mind any visible and distinct object of exertion, and it bestirs its slumbering energies, rallies and concentrates its scattered forces, marshals them in a firm and ponderous phalanx, out of weakness becomes strong, and does valiant things ; surpassing itself, because forgetting itself. Various are the ways by which men, according to the different stages of their moral culture, bear

* The sense in which we here use this term, is somewhat larger than its ordinary import. We employ it as embracing the entire range of our desires, affections, and *motives.*

homage to this great law of their being; that the intellect cannot live or thrive unsupported by something within, higher and firmer than itself. Some choose for what is aptly termed the *ruling passion*, (as if to imply that, without some such passion, there would be anarchy within, and poverty without,) the love of fame; some of wealth, some again of power. In all these, however, the best as much as the worst, there is a character of triviality, of transitoriness, of uncertainty, and partialness, which betrays the earthliness of their origin. Vanity, ambition, and avarice, take them at the best, can do little for us. True, from the proximity and tangibleness of their objects, they will take a mind with unrivalled rapidity up to a certain pitch; but it soars with clipped wings after all. Never does it get beyond the sphere of gravitation; and it is quickly brought down by the first wind of passion, or by the sleight of men.

Now Christianity strongly recognizes this deeply felt, but little understood want of our nature, and makes a rich and glorious provision for its supply. It gives us aids, motives, and incitements, to the diligent and zealous unfolding of our best capacities, beyond comparison more wide-spreading in their influence, more universal in their applicability, more lofty in their range, and more uniform and sure in their working, than either of the above, or any that are like unto them. Some few of these we go on to specify.

In the first place then, Christianity fills us with the largest and loftiest ideas of the worth of our immortal and spiritual natures, as children of God, made in the likeness of our Infinite Parent. Here have we a motive and encouragement to the zealous, self-forgetting culture of our mental resources, which will never fail him who once knows its power. Nothing mean, nothing low, nothing dull, nothing creeping, morally or intellectually, can well harbour in a bosom glowing with the consciousness of a sonship to the great author of Universal Being. A spirit once baptized into this living truth has within itself the germ of unceasing progress. It has learnt to regard this world with other feelings than that heated, restless feverishness of soul alluded to in our former number, which tortures the earthly minded literateur, when he contrasts the immensity of the wealth around him, with his own limited ability to use it. Such a spirit dreads as a sin, and scorns as a shame, the bare idea of making that surrender of itself and its individuality to the powers that are round about it, which is daily made by thousands, whom the God of this world has blinded. It will ever feel that, though but one among many sons, it is still *one;* and has its own peculiar rights, its own distinct duties, its own special and incommunicable powers and prerogatives. As Christians we learn that 'there is nothing in the world really beneficial, that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding, and a well directed pursuit*;' and thus, if

* Burke.

we are true to ourselves and our faith, we follow up fearlessly and confidingly, whatever we have once deliberately begun. Freed from that imbecile and heart sickening carefulness about our inward progress, that everlasting, torturing self-watching, which is so bitterly hostile to the spirit of power, and of a sound mind, regarding the sluggish and bestial inertness of unexcited indolence, and the wayward fidgetiness of undirected power, as alike unworthy of 'a child of the light and of the day,'—we view without fear and without mistrust, but with a calm, complacent, grateful cheerfulness, the results, be they what they may, of the earnest exercise of our powers. And at the same time that Christianity nourishes within us this wise and dignified self respect, it teaches us 'not to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think.' By keeping ever present to the mind, Him who is above all and in all, by ever reminding us that we have nothing which we have not received, it saves us from that unrighteous, stolid self-satisfaction in our limited achievements, which is perhaps a still fiercer foe of high intellectual power. Rescued at once from the degrading idolatry, and the envious hatred of those whom the same wise parent has placed higher than ourselves, and from the narrow-souled contempt of our less or differently gifted brethren,—deeply impressed with the abiding conviction that, in a few brief years, all among us who shall have exercised a good stewardship, will 'shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father,'—we learn of Jesus to keep on our calm, earnest, elevated, steadfast course, looking neither to the right hand, nor to the left; neither childishly puffed up by our temporary successes, nor weakly depressed and fretted by our occasionally unavoidable discomfitures.

Nor is it only in reference to this nervous carefulness about our mental advancement, that Christianity may emphatically be said to 'lead captivity captive.' Its heaven-born power is alike conspicuous, in disenthralling men from the wearing anxieties of every-day life. By fixedly impressing within us a sense of the probationary and preparatory nature of this world's concerns, by making it a direct and unequivocal point of duty to 'rejoice evermore,' 'walking by faith and not by sight,' it enables and invites those who receive it to maintain that joyous freedom of soul, that native virtuous hilarity, that cheerful confidence in all things working together for good, which, with most of us, adorns and blesses the spring-time of life, but seldom lasts out to the sere and yellow leaf; thus harmonizing the simplicity and fire of youth, with the firm wisdom of more sedate manhood.

Again, Christianity holds out sure and permanent motives to high mental exertion, in the stress it lays upon *benevolence*. If we consider the numberless modes in which the fulfilment of the law of love brings out and ripens the best parts of our own nature,—if we reflect that the desire of doing good is one which may be acted out at all times and in all places, and thus pos-

sesses those characters of universality, permanency, and infinity, which eminently fit it to be entrusted with absolute empire,—that it is altogether independent of the accidents and caprices which are ever deadening the force of our other ruling passions, (for who ever heard of a philanthropist desisting in disgust from his high and holy vocation?)—if we think that no mind is so great or so small as to be above or below the sphere of its benign operation,—we may form some rude estimate of the value, intellectually considered, of that religion which enjoins it under the most solemn sanctions, which encourages to it by the most sweet and tender promises, which holds forth to imitation the brightest pattern of its loveliness and power. Such a religion is that of Jesus. 'Love never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.'

Another grand service which Christian principles effect for the mind of man, is the solemn and affectionate reverence they inspire for *truth*; as the one supreme end of all exercises of the understanding. Vanity, ambition, avarice, will wield the might of an angel just as freely and just as gladly in the varnishing over of falsehood, as in the investigation and inculcation of truth. Never, never will you see them, no, not for an instant, toiling in the godlike task of seeking truth for truth's sake. To us, it is as impossible to conceive such a thing as an earthly mind, that is, a mind habitually acting on principles unconnected with God and duty, making lofty and enduring efforts, or submitting to harsh and painful sacrifices, for the simple love of truth, as it is to imagine a deeply and earnestly christianized intellect spending its strength for nought in the vile and wicked drudgery of 'making the worse appear the better cause.' Now those who know the worth of a truth-loving spirit,—who know too that it does not come to us unsought,—who know, for they have felt, what a hard matter it is to pursue a long and perplexed inquiry, with a perfectly and absolutely single-minded desire, from beginning to end, to know things as they are in themselves,—those who in some small measure know also, from sweet and joyful experience, the indescribable firmness and elevation, the sublime self-possession, the heavenly calm which such a state of feeling diffuses throughout the chambers of the soul,—will not be long at a loss as to the value we are to set upon that religious system which makes the love of truth a *sine qud non*; which teaches that it is the truth which is to 'make us free,' that if we have strength to 'fight the good fight of faith,' it is by having our 'loins girt about with truth;' and which puts it among the brightest portions of the hope which is set before us, that then 'we shall know even as we are known.'

Christianity raises and enlarges the mind by familiarizing with its conceptions, and bringing home to its feelings, the loftiest and

grandest objects which the universe contains. The absolute unity, the unrivalled supremacy, the awful majesty, the exhaustless benignity of the God and Father of universal being,—the spotless purity, the unquenchable love, the high and holy zeal, the faith, the patience, the life and the death, the resurrection and the ascension of Him who is the image of the invisible God,—the bright and glowing vision, and the sure and certain promise of a joy which fadeth not away, laid up in Heaven for the sons of the Most High,—the shining glimpses scattered up and down through the word of God, of the joys and glories of our elder brethren, the angels of His presence,—surely these are matters the often-renewed contemplation of which cannot but impress with something of their own deep and lofty strain the mind that makes them its own. We are deeply convinced that the humblest and weakest of the children of God, who knows any thing of the reality, and feels any thing of the dignity of the title, may, if he will, by the simple, solemn, habitual laying to heart of these things, attain a reach and grasp of mind, a comprehension of view, a height, a length, a depth and a breadth of soul, which a Cicero might have envied, and a Plato admired;—which, before the day-spring from on high beamed on a darkened and weary world, was granted to some few perhaps of the sons of men, but few indeed and far between.

Once more, Christianity aids and forwards our intellectual progress, by teaching us to take a large and liberal view of the vast entirety of our complex and wondrously made nature. It teaches us, if not by the express letter, certainly by the general spirit, to look on our several powers and affections, divers and seemingly inimical though they be, as equally given us by God, and therefore all to be cultivated and matured in their due and fit proportions. It sets us above the narrow notion (seen in its full proportions of absurdity and criminality in the sayings and doings of monkish religionists) that the mind of man is a medley of hostile powers and principles, some one or two of which must be made to war with and extirpate the rest—that, for instance, what is gained by the tender, is lost by the lofty; that the culture of the humorous must be at the expense of the pathetic; that fancy is at daggers drawn with common sense; that logic and poetry, romance and reality, cannot live together; that to be a wit, a man must also be a fool. All these petty, partial views of our inward being are frowned upon by religion, as at once insulting to the Creator and injurious to the creature. It is the glorious liberty of the sons of God to inform all, to quicken all, to cherish all, to enrich all, under the immediate eye of the great and good Giver of all.

Finally; Christianity deeply serves our intellectual interests by simplifying the moral rule of life, and placing it on a broad, high, and irremoveable basis. Being a treasury of principles rather than a digest of rules, it relieves us from the yoke of

bondage to a multiplicity of minute, vexatious and easily-forgotten regulations and restrictions; and thus sets free a vast amount of mental energy which we could ill afford to spare. We will take one instance out of many, to exemplify our statement. We make the selection from what may be termed the minor virtues; partly as affording an illustration, the force of which will be at once appreciated by the most superficial, and partly as being, on account of its seeming triviality, the better fitted to show the divine adaptedness of the gospel to the wants of the whole man. We take *social politeness*. Now we ask, how much of the time and thoughts of the worldly wise is not consumed in the culture of this apparently petty quality? What a tone of littleness and feebleness does not the superstitious observance of an endless series of minute rules, for one's deportment among one's fellow-creatures, stamp, *pro tempore*, upon the noblest mind! How fitted to wear away what is best and greatest in a man's natural character, is that eternal attentiveness to his gestures, that weighing of his words, that mincing of his syllables, that cowering dread of diverging, but ever so slightly, from the beaten track of genteel manners, which must nevertheless be submitted to by him, who, destitute of the knowledge, or ignorant of the use of great principles, sets himself to acquire the usages of polished life, by rote and by rule. How rare, though how glorious, is it to see perfect and finished gentlemanliness in connexion with a fine, bold, free heartiness of native character! But Christianity can do it all for us. It puts out of the way, in the first place, that selfishness which is the perennial spring of the offences against politeness. If politeness be, as a great man * has defined it, 'benevolence in little things,' or, more precisely, 'the art of so conducting the business of life as to confer the greatest possible amount of pleasure, at the least possible expense of pain,'—surely that gospel which teaches us to 'love our neighbour as ourselves,' 'in honour preferring one another,' need only be obeyed, to ensure the truest politeness in our social demeanour. Christian principle further frees us from that vanity on the one hand, and that bashful timidity on the other (each founded on moral ignorance and weakness) which help to fill the catalogue of these small sins and follies; substituting, in the room of either, a just and modest self-respect; and thus gives a freedom, a simplicity, an easy independent cheerfulness to our social intercourses which the student of Chesterfield might toil after in vain. And it accomplishes all this, without, in the smallest particular, impairing the great and strong features of mental power.

We are not unaware that there may be those among our readers who will be inclined to smile at a deliberate attempt to demonstrate that the Christian religion is fitted to make fine gentlemen. To such we have only to say, laugh, but hear us.

* Chatham.

Here is something (little, if you will), but not the less real and palpable; something which each of us may, if he please, judge for himself, whether it be so or not. That, which all who live with their fellow-creatures must know something of; that, which many learn at a shameful sacrifice of the finest characteristics of the man, is now shown to follow, as an almost necessary consequence, from the simple, hearty reception and application of a very few grand principles. And thus is established, in this instance at least, our general position, that to Christianity we may confidently look to rescue our mental faculties from the perilous and weakening influences to which modern society exposes them.

It would be endless to travel over the whole range of the virtues, evincing, in the case of each individually, how Christianity shortens a labour which would otherwise be sufficient to engross the entire mind;—how it at once places us upon the highest pinnacle of moral wisdom, whence we may command every nook and corner of the field of duty;—how it puts into our hands, and trusts us, as beloved children, to use for ourselves, a few wide and all-comprehending principles, divinely fitted to do for us abundantly, above all that we can ask or think. We earnestly invite those, who feel the subject as it deserves to be felt, to make the trial for themselves.

Thus is it that, to recur to the concluding statement of our former paper, the gospel of Christ Jesus is able to impart to the mind that fully and confidingly receives it, 'consistency, vigour, unity, and loftiness:' it is, that it brings the entire man under the constant and uniform operation of a few high, simple, changeless principles: it is, that it fixes in the depths of the soul, a presiding central force;—a force growing with its growth and strengthening with its strength;—a force which quickens it to the reception, the assimilation with itself, the re-formation, and the outward expression, of the true, the pure, the great and the beautiful: it is, that it bestows at once, each in its perfection, the spirit of action and the spirit of contemplation;—that it blends an untiring energy, an unflinching boldness, an unquenchable zeal in the cause of God and of man, with a calm, still, meditative peace, 'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding:' it is, that it puts to silence the importunate jarrings of our often dissonant powers and affections;—that in sweeping over the nerves and fibres of our intellectual and moral being, it takes in their whole range, attempers all in sweetest unison, and brings out, in its own full, clear, rich, heaven-born tones, a music which will never die.

NOTICES OF FRANCE.—No. I.

(Extracted from the Common-place Book of an Invalid.)

SINCE, after the example of the confederated republics of North America, it has at length become unfashionable, both among the people and governments of Europe, for the professors of Christianity to persecute and worry each other on account of differences in their respective creeds, it may not, perhaps, be deemed unpardonable or contumacious in individuals to choose their own amusements for themselves,—provided, in all cases, they do not unjustly or injuriously interfere with the lawful avocations of others. On this principle, (having also certain feelings of independence, which time hath neither effaced, nor calumny rendered less dear,) during a sojourn for a few winter months in a climate warmer than England is supposed to afford, I ventured to amuse myself in my own way, without, however, abjuring, much less condemning, the manner in which others spend what may be called their disposable time.

Thus, without meaning to assert with ancient Pistol, that

'The world is my oyster, which I with sword will open,'

I may be allowed to say that I *speculated*, at least, in certain branches of natural history, for which the central parts of France afforded facilities, with satisfaction and delight, which, if it may add little to the common stock of human knowledge, never failed to excite additional feelings of admiration, love, and reverence for the great Author of all, who if, when he

'Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm,'

manifests himself more impressively to the ordinary observer of Nature, is, nevertheless, to be equally recognized in the organization of the simplest plant, and in the structure and workmanship of the minutest insect. Other objects, besides those of the singular geological structure, and beautiful fossil productions of Touraine, animate and inanimate, could not fail to attract attention in a country teeming with the fallen monuments of the superstition and tyranny of by-gone days, and exhibiting the sublime spectacle of a people achieving their own freedom. Of these objects the present state of religion in a country where the anti-Christian connexion of Church and State has received its death-blow; the improvements in its civil and penal codes; but, above all, the practical operation of those laws which affect the descent of property, prohibiting the unnatural practice of a parent providing splendidly for one child at the expense of the rest of the family, furnished subjects of the highest interest. If, in speaking of the Roman Catholic Church of France, some severity of animadversion be indulged in, let it be remembered that this is meant to be strictly limited to the *abuses* of that religion, and that during the reign of Charles X., but recently closed, 'that worst

of heresies of the Romish Church,' as Dugald Stewart justly calls it, was revived by persons impiously styling themselves 'Les Frères de la doctrine Chrétienne,' and by the great body of the bigoted ecclesiastics, 'which, by opposing revelation to reason, endeavoured to extinguish the light of both;' realizing the absurdity, so happily ridiculed by Locke, of 'attempting to persuade men to put out their eyes, that they might the better receive the remote light of a star through a telescope.'

My own readings of the books either of natural or political economy I must remain personally responsible for; if in these I have made mistakes, they are involuntary ones; it is only what others have done before me, who have not been more solicitous to avoid error, and none of whom have more sincerely felt or had the courage to avow that, truth alone being their object, it is not merely indifferent, but welcome, let it come from what quarter it may. I am not sanguine enough to imagine that notes extracted from the Common-place Book of an Invalid, originally made for the sake of personal amusement and information, can supply much interesting matter to a reading public, but if there be found in them little of novelty to engage attention, still there are many ways in which a man may be useful to his fellow-creatures without having been fortunate enough to make a single discovery in science. Truths already known may be put in shapes more acceptable to certain understandings by some persons than by others even of more original views; an imperfect sketch may stimulate to other and better delineations of the same subject; but if the object and the aim be usefulness, the intention, in all cases, consecrates the attempt though it should prove a failure. 'He who makes use of the light and faculties God has given him, and seeks sincerely to discover truth by those helps and abilities he has, may have this satisfaction in doing his duty as a rational creature; that though he should miss truth, he will not miss the reward of it.' *

M.

NATURE.

Manifold cords, invisible or seen,
Present or past, or only hoped for, bind
All to our mother earth.—No step-dame she,
Coz'ning with forced fondness, but a fount,
Rightly pursued, of never-failing love. —
True, that too oft we lose ourselves 'mong thorns
That tear and wound.—But why impatient haste
From the smooth path our fairest mother drew?
'Tis man, not nature, works the general ill,
By folly piled on folly, till the heap
Hides every natural feeling, save alone
Grey Discontent, upraised to ominous height,
And keeping drowsy watch o'er buried wishes.

* Locke's Works, vol. iii. p. 125.

A POLITICAL AND SOCIAL ANOMALY.

By our glorious constitution, the wonder and envy of the world, the crown of these realms, being hereditary, has repeatedly graced, or been graced by, the brows of a female; and such an event is, as every body knows, likely to occur again. To the wisdom of this arrangement we neither make nor feel any objection. We have no reverence for Salic law. There has been no argument ever presented to our minds which demonstratively proves that the best of all possible kings, as every king is for the time being, is better than the best of all possible queens, as every queen is for the time being, by parity of reasoning. We only advert to the fact for the sake of showing with how much of political authority a woman may be safely trusted; how much she may be invested with, according to, not the wild theories of some modern speculator, but the wisdom of our ancestors and the perfection of our institutions. It is a fearful amount. She selects the persons who are to fill the great offices of State, and there must always be considerable latitude of choice. The tremendous question of peace or war is in her breast. She *is* the empire to foreign powers; for it seems that courts know nothing of nations but their princes. She administers the laws, by her deputies the judges; and in the making of the laws she has a negative upon the results of the collective legislatorial wisdom of the nation, elected and hereditary. Her obstinacy may indefinitely postpone, her treachery may cruelly disappoint, the hopes of millions suffering under accumulated wrongs. She has the disposal of immense revenues, and is the fountain of honour. She is the head of the army, which is sworn to her service; and the head of the Church, selecting the men, who, as they prove good or bad spiritual guides, may lead souls to heaven or mislead them to perdition. All this and more, not only may, but, when the contingency occurs of a woman's being next in succession, must be consigned to her charge, or the constitution is destroyed.

And how is a woman prepared for this mighty trust? Certainly not by the best imaginable education, either in an intellectual or a moral view. It is impossible to conceal from her, for any long time, the peculiarity of her own destiny. From the moment of her being aware of that destiny, the light of truth, on almost any subject, comes into her mind coloured by it. This would be the case even if those about her were themselves persons of the soundest heads and hearts, and the most free from selfishness and sycophancy that ever lived. That they should be so, is a bold supposition. But if they were, how could they correct the constant bias which must be impressed on her mind by her own position? How is it possible for her to read history impartially? to study moral philosophy impartially? to examine religion im-

partially? Even science, at the one extreme, and poetry at the other, are not the same thing to the royal expectant that they are to others. Every topic of thought is referable in some way or other to the great, the all-pervading distinction. She travels over geometry itself by a royal road; skims the sciences as their future patroness; regards all the lighter and brighter emanations of intelligence as the adornments of her future court; and in religion and morality beholds the sanctions of her authority. The prejudices and perversions which it is the tendency of her situation to produce, have already been generated in the race to which she belongs, and so transmitted to her; while they are also cherished by almost all who are admitted to her presence. History shows that, whether male or female, those whose conduct has proved them the best qualified to use royal power beneficially have rarely indeed been educated in the expectation of its possession. The non-expectancy was fortunate, both for themselves and their subjects. A royal education is, comparatively, a disadvantage. A woman brought up as the heiress of queenly dignity is less likely to have her character finely and fully developed than as if she had been simply a respectable gentlewoman.

It is not strange that the egregious anomaly should have been felt of institutions which sometimes invest woman, educated in very unfavourable circumstances, with the state and amplitude of supreme political authority; and which, nevertheless, uniformly deny to woman, though trained in the most favourable circumstances, the exercise of the very lowest and simplest political function, that which is essential to political existence, the elective franchise. In the common opinion of common statesmen, the fitness of woman to vote for an individual's elevation to the temporary dignity of a legislator in the House of Commons, is a mere joke: yet her naming scores of persons legislators for life, and all their heirs legislators too, through all generations, is an essential portion of that perfection of ancestral wisdom under which we live. She is vested with the entire power of the State, or not entrusted with its meanest fraction. She is a divinity or a slave. In truth this mystery is hard to swallow, and warily must a loyal subject steer his course so as neither to be convicted of constructive treason by the Tories, nor ridiculed, even by radicals, for the extravagance of his theories.

Sundry aggravations of the discrepancy are scattered about society, with that beautiful contempt of uniformity which the Reform Bill so happily copies from our older institutions, in order that the constitution may not go to total wreck and ruin. There are sundry little clubs and dignities, about the country, in selecting for which a woman's judgment, if she possess property, may be legitimately exercised. She may have her portion of parochial representation in the vestry. She is perfectly competent to pronounce on the skill of a physician who may save or sacrifice life,

on a large scale, in the county hospital. She helps to elect the sovereigns of India, who hold their august sittings in Leadenhall-street. All this is reasonable and constitutional; but—vote for a Member of Parliament—preposterous!

What makes this matter yet more odd is that a man does not vote because he is a man, still less because he is an honest man, or a wise man, but because he is a ten pounder or upwards. There, and there alone, is his qualification. But though the woman be a fifty-pounder and upwards, and both honest and wise into the bargain, yet it availeth not. Truly it is very mysterious.

So thought one Mary Smith, who thereupon petitioned the Legislature that female householders, possessing the requisite property qualification, might be included within the enfranchising provisions of the Reform Act.

This petition, which we have not been able to see, is said to have contained some very foolish things, and some very disgusting ones. It may be so; but we cannot imagine that it contained anything so foolish, or so disgusting, as the conversation which followed its presentation in the House of Commons. Many newspapers declined to publish what we will not insult the poor by calling pot-house ribaldry.

Who or what Mary Smith is, we neither know nor care; nor have we a word to say on behalf of the judiciousness of her petition, or of her selection of an advocate; nor are we offering any opinion on the expediency of granting, or even attending to its prayer: but we must say that its reception was most disgraceful; and that the distinction against which she petitioned is a very curious anomaly in our social institutions.

Be not alarmed, gentle reader; nor suppose that we are about to pen an eulogy on woman, or an assertion of her political rights. We are not going to descant on domestic virtues, and Cornelia the mother of the Gracchi, and Dorcas, and Mrs. Hutchinson, and the patient Grizzle. We shall not talk of patriotism either, nor celebrate the peasant girls of Uri and Unterwalden, who died in the ranks in the memorable fight against French invasion; or the noble ladies of Warsaw, who gave their golden trinkets to be melted and coined into ducats for the pay of the Polish army in the late righteous rebellion. We will say nothing against the common horror of female politicians. Our only purpose is to mention, and merely to mention, a few particulars in which there is great room for improvement in the condition of women.

In the first place, then, we cannot perceive how the interests of civilized society should require or be promoted by the prevention of women's attaining the fullest measure of strength, health, and activity, of which their bodily frames are capable. Of course it is essential to social order, that women who are kitchen drudges should be robust, and that ladies who are drawing-

room ornaments, should be delicate; but, nevertheless, debility is not delicacy. Health is a blessing, and limbs were made and meant by nature for pleasurable exercise; nor can that be anything but a factitious notion of beauty, form, and delicacy, which requires so much restraint as the girl is often condemned to endure, and is accompanied by so much imperfection of development, and irregularity of function, as the woman is often doomed to experience. There is an original difference of constitution which makes it clear, that men must always have more physical strength than women, but that is surely no reason why a course of training and a set of habits should be kept up (happily, they are diminishing) which seem to be a direct contrivance for aggravating her comparative feebleness, helplessness, and dependence. Some excellent remarks on this subject were extracted from a medical work in our number for August, 1831, p. 549. If we do not allow women to be politicians, we might surely allow them to be women, and to attain, by freedom from undue toil, from most pernicious indolence, and from absurd training, taste, and fashion, the full perfection of their physical nature.

Nor do we see any reason why education should either direct female intellect to comparatively trifling objects, or impart to it only superficial attainments. We see no reason why accomplishment should be the aim, and solid knowledge the accident. Anatomists say, that woman's brain is, on the average, lighter than that of men; it may be so, but a head as heavy as an elephant's may only be a lump of leaden ignorance. We cannot doubt that the lightest ladies' brain might be educated to a degree of mental energy and acquirement far beyond that of the heavy men who often occupy our courts and senates, assuming wisdom on the score of specific gravity. The once fashionable argument against educating the poor is still, perhaps, the great obstacle in the way of a better education of women. 'It will raise them above their station;' and the reply is the same—'All the better.' As the growing intelligence of the population shamed the aristocracy, so might that of the women shame the men, into something like intellectual progress.

There is no more probability that thinking and well-informed women would neglect domestic duties, than there is that an entire population, being well instructed, would leave the ground untilled, the fruits ungathered, and all the raw material of clothing unmanufactured. The real probability is that the political economy in the one case, and the household economy in the other, by being the better understood would be the better practised. Mind sheds its influence on every department, and, if more generally cultivated in woman, would render her aid to man tenfold more efficient, and her companionship tenfold more pleasurable.

The great evil is, that, while men are educated for various professions and occupations, which require some intelligence for

success in them, women are only educated to get married. That is the last chapter of the romance of their lives: there end the cares of the parent, the responsibilities of the governess, the exertions of the heroine, and the interest of the spectator. Their thoughts, acquirements, manners, (we speak of the generality,) have all this aim, or they are utterly aimless. Occupation, which is a man's object in existence, and the preparation for which developes his faculties, so far as they are developed, is only the dernier ressort of woman. Hence an imperfect character, factitious manners, and a false morality. We understand not why one-half of the community should have no other destiny than irremediable dependence upon the other half; as long as women have nothing in the world to look to but marriage, they cannot become qualified, in the best manner, for a married life; so long as the modes in which property is inherited, acquired, and distributed, leave them in utter dependence, they can never, in that institution, treat or be treated as independent parties, making a fair and equal contract for mutual benefit. Under the present order of things, a large proportion of them must remain as they are, fools to be cajoled, toys to be sported with, slaves to be commanded, and in ignorant pride that they are so, boasting that they know nothing, and care nothing, of matters which it behoves every rational being to have some acquaintance with, and about which every rational being should feel deeply interested. Meanwhile purer and loftier spirits will brood over the destiny which they cannot change, and which only the slow revolution of opinions, laws, and habits can improve, till something of bitterness will blend with their benevolence; they will be impatient of having lived before their time; and, in the indignant contemplation of petty despotism and slavery, be sometimes apt to forget that *both* are sacrificing to their common ignorance, errors, and prejudices, a large portion of what might be their common happiness.

Now, as we before remarked, it does seem to us an egregious political anomaly that woman should be capable of inheriting the highest dignity, and filling the most important office known to this mighty empire, and yet be disqualified by her sex alone, notwithstanding her ample possession of every other requisite which the law demands, from discharging the humblest, simplest, and most elementary duty of civil life, the exercise of the elective franchise. But we do not attach any particular importance to the continuance or the cessation of this apparent absurdity. It is only one form of a far deeper and more extensive social anomaly. The condition of woman is full of incongruities. A description of it would be a tissue of antitheses; of which the last and worst would be, that the sex would not fail to sacrifice the individual woman who should devote herself to its amelioration. Subordinate and helpless as they are, what might not women do for themselves and for mankind, could their spirit but be roused for the task?

How easily might they purify taste, and reform manners, and elevate morals, and by their influence bend institutions in the most beneficent direction! How easily might they imbue children's minds with those pure feelings, just principles, and noble purposes, which would ensure a rising generation worthy of the country whose patriots and poets, philosophers and philanthropists, have yet 'the start of the majestic world.' How easily might they help forward those social changes and improvements for which nations are ripening, which are only obstructed by brute force and blind prejudice, and which must issue in arrangements in which their own interest is perhaps the deepest; diffusing more impartially, equally, and universally than heretofore, all the good which can be conferred by political right, and the means of knowledge and enjoyment! To do all this, by means direct and indirect, by the interest they feel, the influence they exert, and the energy they inspire in man's exertions, as well as by their own efforts, is their business in the world. We blame them not for not having hitherto fulfilled it as they ought; man has placed them in degrading circumstances, and through them the degradation has recoiled upon himself. In his disgust at female pretension, (not a jot worse than male pretension; and either, only disgusting because unfounded,) he has crippled female intellect, and thereby enfeebled his own. In training a dependent, he has lost a companion. In the passing admiration of superficial accomplishment, he has foregone the permanent advantage of solid attainment. As aristocracy has legislated for him, so has he for woman,—both the worse for success in what they deemed the pursuit of their peculiar interests. In claiming science, politics, philosophy, and all the higher regions of thought for himself, and warning off intrusion by placarding them with the word *unfeminine*, he has deprived himself of the best sympathy, the most efficient aid, the mightiest stimulus, and the noblest reward of his own most honourable toils. All this is very foolish and inconsistent; but legislation and society are full of anomalies.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

On the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures, by Charles Babbage, Esq. A.M. London, Knight.

THIS is the work of a true philosopher, and belongs to the shelf on which stand Mr. Bailey's Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions, and Dr. Herschell's Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy. It is so rich in sound principles and curious details, that we can scarcely select from it, each portion being in the vicinity of some other portion which there is also good reason for extracting. We transcribe the Introduction as presenting the best general view of the work that we can offer to our readers.

'The object of the present volume is to point out the effects and the advantages which arise from the use of tools and machines; to endeavour to trace both the causes and the consequences of applying machinery to supersede the skill and power of the human arm.

'A view of the mechanical part of the subject, will, in the first instance, occupy our attention, and to this the first section of the work will be devoted. The first chapter of the section will contain some remarks on the general sources from whence the advantages of machinery are derived, and the succeeding nine chapters will contain a detailed examination of principles of a less general character. The eleventh chapter contains numerous sub-divisions, and is important from the extensive classification it affords of the art in which copying is so largely employed. The twelfth chapter, which completes the first section, contains a few suggestions for the assistance of those who propose visiting manufactories.

'The second section, after an introductory chapter on the difference between making and manufacturing, will contain, in the succeeding chapters, a discussion of many of the questions which relate to the political economy of the subject. It was found that the domestic arrangement, or interior economy of factories was so interwoven with the more general questions, that it was deemed unadvisable to separate the two subjects. The concluding chapter of this section, and of the work itself, relates to the future prospects of manufactures, as arising from the application of science.'—p. 1, 2.

The author observes that 'the advantages which are derived from machinery and manufactures seem to arise principally from three sources: *The addition which they make to human power—the economy they produce of human time—the conversion of substances apparently common and worthless into valuable products.*'—p. 6.

The first is shown by the various modes of moving a block of squared stone, in the quarry, of 1080 pounds weight, as ascertained by actual experiment. To drag it along the roughly chiselled floor required a force equal to 758 pounds; over a floor of wooden planks, 652 pounds; on a platform of wood over a floor of planks, 606 pounds; by soaping the two wooden surfaces it only needed a force of 182 pounds; upon rollers of three inches diameter it was moved by a force of 34 pounds, on the floor of the quarry; and by one of 28 pounds over the floor of planks; and when mounted on a platform, with the rollers between that and the plank floor, a force of 22 pounds sufficed. Thus with each contrivance there is a saving of power, and the force required is reduced from two-thirds of the weight of the stone to be moved, down to one-fiftieth.

The following is a specimen of the economizing of time:—

'In dividing the knotted root of a tree for the purposes of fuel, how very different will be the time consumed, according to the nature of the tool made use of! The hatchet or the adze will divide it into small parts, but will consume a large portion of the workman's time. The saw will answer the same purpose more effectually and more quickly. This in its turn is superseded by the wedge, which rends it in a still shorter time. If the circumstances are favourable, and the workman skilful, the time and expense may be still further reduced by the use of

a small quantity of gunpowder exploded in holes judiciously placed in the block.'—p. 18.

Improvements in machinery not only economize the force applied, and the time occupied, but the materials employed, in a surprising manner. This is beautifully exemplified in the effect of the improvements in printing presses—vide chap. 9.

Chap. II. on *Copying*, contains much very curious matter, and one suggestion which we would hope may not be neglected.

'There is one application of lithographic printing which does not appear to have received sufficient attention, and perhaps farther experiments are necessary to bring it to perfection. It is the re-printing of works which have first arrived from other countries. A few years ago one of the Paris newspapers was reprinted at Brussels as soon as it arrived, by means of lithography. Whilst the ink is yet fresh this may be easily accomplished: it is only necessary to place one copy of the newspaper on a lithographic stone, and by means of great pressure applied to it in a rolling press, a sufficient quantity of the printing ink will be transferred to the other stone. By similar means the other side of the newspaper may be copied on another stone, and these stones will then furnish impressions in the usual way. If printing from stone could be reduced to the same price per thousand as that from moveable types, this process might be adopted with great advantage for the supply of works for the use of distant countries possessing the same language. *For a single copy of the work might be printed off with transfer ink*, which is better adapted to this purpose; and thus an English work, for example, might be published in America from stone, whilst the original, printed from moveable types, made its appearance on the same day in England.

'It is much to be wished that such a method were applicable to the reprinting of fac-similes of old and scarce books. This, however, would require the sacrifice of two copies, since a leaf must be destroyed for each page. Such a method of reproducing a small impression of any old work is peculiarly applicable to mathematical tables, the setting up of which in type is always expensive and liable to error: but how long the ink will retain its power of being transferred to stone from paper on which it has been printed, must be determined by experiment. The destruction of the greasy or oily portion of the ink in the character of old books seems to present the greatest impediment; if one constituent only of the ink were removed by time, it might perhaps be hoped that chemical means would ultimately be discovered for restoring it: but, if this be unsuccessful, an attempt might be made to discover some substance having a strong affinity for the carbon of the ink which remains on the paper, and very little for the paper itself.'—pp. 58, 59, 60.

Chapter XII. contains a list of inquiries to be made on visiting manufacturing establishments. It is a good lesson in the art of asking questions, for want of proficiency in which much knowledge is often missed.

The four chapters which relate to the elements of *price* well deserve to be studied. Those which follow, on the Division of Labour, are admirable. To the common views of its utility, Mr. Babbage adds the following important principle:—

'That the master-manufacturer by dividing the work to be executed into different processes, each requiring different degrees of skill and force, can purchase [exactly] that precise quantity of both which is necessary for each process; whereas, if the whole work were executed by one workman, that person must possess sufficient skill to perform the most difficult, and sufficient strength to execute the most laborious of the operations into which the art is divided.'—p. 137.

We should have liked more illustration of the 'Division of Mental Labour;' though the instance given is a very striking one.

In the remainder of the volume we have the application of sound philosophy, original thought, and extensive observation, to such subjects as the causes and consequences of large factories; combinations, both of masters and men; the effect of taxation on manufactures; the exportation of machinery; and the future prospects of manufactures as connected with science. Each topic would require a long article for us to do justice to the author's views.

In Chapter XXIX., there is an *exposé* of the combination which has the last three years been established by the large bookselling houses, and forced by them upon the trade in general. He proposes to break it up by an association of authors. We doubt whether that expedient would succeed.

'On the Manchester rail-road, above half a million of persons travel annually; and supposing each person to save only one hour in the time of transit between Manchester and Liverpool, a saving of 500,000 hours, or of fifty working-days of ten hours each, is effected. Now this is equivalent to an addition to the actual power of the country of one hundred and sixty-seven men, without increasing the quantity of food consumed; and it should also be remarked, that the time of the class of men thus supplied, is far more valuable than that of mere labourers.'—p. 306.

Now, such a rail-road as this for the stirring intellect is Mr. Babbage's book. Only far better, for it branches off in many directions, and swiftly, yet pleasantly, conveys the mind into distant regions of useful thought, discovery, and exertion. It saves us much 'in the time of transit,' and especially does it bring near the often remote and hostile domains of theory and practice. May there be many travellers, and all feel the gratitude they owe to the able and enterprising engineer!

The Mysticism of Plato, or Sincerity rested upon Reality.
Hunter. 1832.

No truly great or fine mind was ever yet utterly lost to the world;—nay more,—no mind containing within itself the capacity for any kind of greatness, has ever been so far the slave of circumstances as to be completely smothered by them; force of any kind, mental or physical, must expend itself, otherwise it is not force, but weakness. And thus it has always happened, that when there has been no place found for its evident and external operation, it has yet, by turning inwards its mental vision, found ample room and verge enough, in exploring the recesses of its own nature, its origin, and its hopes. To trace, through generation after generation, and age after age, the superstructure raised by time upon one such mental substratum, might be the study of a life; and it was in the expectation of finding some steps hewn towards the

attainment of this extended view, that we eagerly took up the 'Mysticism of Plato.' But to those, who, attracted by the volume contained in this title, look to find some, if it were only the small coin, of the riches of imagination, or the treasures of heart-wisdom, it will prove a disappointment. Such is not here. We find ourselves suddenly in the midst of scholastic criticism, couched, it is true, in most nervous and eloquent sentences, on the old subject of the λογος. The body of Plato is there, but, alas! the soul is afar off.

Yet this criticism has its use in these days of dogmatical controversy, and rarely is it touched in so philosophical a spirit. The author shows 'that orthodoxy was borrowed from Platonism; yet, that in transferring the idea, as well as the word, what was abstract in Platonism was made personal in orthodoxy; what was mystical was made real; and, in one word, a Platonic mysticism was converted into an orthodox reality.' (p. 34.) In the comprehensive spirit of his master's doctrine, 'the founder of an universal religion, that is, of a religion which was to supersede all other religions, and into which every other religion was to be absorbed, as rivers flow into the sea,' the evangelist identified him with the Platonic λογος, and it was only in after times that the word was personified, and the mystic doctrine literalized, and vulgarized, misrepresenting alike the apostle and the philosopher, and fabricating from the language of metaphysical truth, common to them both, a preposterous creed, to be enforced by persecution.

The name of Plato made us expect more and other matter. Doubtless at this time but a faint semblance can be had of that unfathomable and majestic mind, and that little only to be grasped by those who have an ardent love and search after that truth and beauty which is immutable, and of which, were there the desire for it, some portion might be seen by all, as it rests not in things, but in the mind of the searcher. Still, for this work, if he did no more, the author must rank high among those who have done good in their generation; with an ardent, yet acute and calm intellect, he has boldly stepped over the little mud entrenchments, and innumerable hillocks which are error's favourite abiding places; and though he has not passed on to the high mountains, yet his is not the mind to be discouraged that still higher and higher the bright peaks arise beyond him, nor because that the distance is to our sight lost in clouds; he will go on his way rejoicing in each inch of ground gained to the good cause; and with heart and soul we say, God speed him. Will the realist smile, and the cold-hearted scoff? Surely,—for is not the power of each being to approach the source of all good, limited by the imperfections of its own character? So it was from the beginning, and ever will be. But if when the fulness of time shall have come, and the mists shall have cleared, and the sun shine out fully, better spirits shall predominate, then will they bow their hearts to the few, who, through doubt and thick darkness, kept alive a hopeful faith in higher things.

A Ramble of Six Thousand Miles through the United States of America. By S. A. Ferrall, Esq. London, 1832.

VERY lively, graphic, clever sketches. They bear obvious marks of correctness, and are alike full of entertainment and of wisdom. There

is a truthful vigour in this work which demolishes at once all the speculations and misrepresentations of the Halls and Trollopes. The author has given the best account of that extraordinary woman, Francis Wright, which we have met with. Vide Chapter 1, 7, 11. There is also some curious statement about New Harmony and Mr. Owen's doings there. The Backwood and native Indian pictures are capital. But the remarks on American society, manners, and institutions, are the most valuable portion of the book, and very valuable they are. The influence of having (by the elective franchise) a share in making the laws on the habit of obedience to the laws, is illustrated by some very striking anecdotes. The effect, and the present necessity of the ballot is also shown by facts which indicate that, 'were it not for the protection afforded by the ballot, the Americans would be fully as corrupt, and would exercise the franchise as little in accordance with the public interest, as the English and Irish who enjoy the freedom of corporate towns.'—(p. 226.) Its abolition would, if so, soon rob them of the happy peculiarity which he afterwards describes,—(p. 229.) viz., that the grades of American society want two which exist in England, 'the highest and the lowest classes.' It would soon cease to be the fact, that 'the only class who live on the labour of others, and without their own personal exertions, are the planters in the south.'

Of the legal provision indicated in the following quotation we were not aware: 'I here (at Marion in Ohio) saw gazetted three divorces, all of which had been granted on the applications of the wives. One, on the ground of the husband's absenting himself for one year: another, on account of a blow having been given: and a third, for general neglect. There are few instances of a woman's being refused a divorce in the western country, as dislike is very generally, and very rationally, supposed to constitute a sufficient reason for granting the ladies their freedom.'—p. 55.

Opposite the title-page we have an engraved fac-simile of the *Leading Article in the Cherokee Phœnix*, of July 31, 1830; and the work contains some indignant animadversions on the conduct of the American government towards that and other Indian tribes which had made some progress towards a state of civilization.

The History of Charlemagne. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 8vo. Longman, 1832.

THIS is intended to be the first of a series of works, 'illustrating the History of France by the Lives of her Great Men.' The biographies will be connected by historical dissertations on the intervening periods. Judging by the present volume, which indicates great industry and competent talent, we augur well of the series. Such a plan of writing history is a very pleasant one, and must attract many readers who would shrink from its study in the form in which it is usually presented.

Letters for the Press; on the Feelings, Passions, Manners, and Pursuits of Men. By the late Francis Roscommon, Esq. 1832.

EVERY book suits somebody; and this book will suit those respectable persons who like something 'good' to read; something which may be

begun or discontinued at almost any page; which is always sensible, and never startling; where truths come like pot-luck acquaintances, with their 'old familiar faces' and in their old familiar clothes too, disturbing nobody by their egress or regress, and contradicting nobody while they stay. It is especially adapted for being read aloud to a circle of ladies round a work-table, and we recommend it for that purpose to all whom it may concern.

The Reformer. By the Author of Massenburg. 3 vols. London, Wilson.

We do not know who the Author of Massenburg is, unless it be Balaam the Soothsayer of Balak, who blessed when he meant to curse. Intending to magnify the aristocracy and malign reformers, the writer, who is evidently clever, has yet let in so much of reality as not to enthral our sympathies to his design. So be it ever with all Balaams.

Advice to Emigrants. By Thomas Dyke, Junior. Simpkin and Marshall.

Hints on Emigration to Upper Canada. By Martin Doyle. Second Edition. Simpkin and Marshall.

There is a great deal of useful information in the first of these little books, relative to the Canadas, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the United States, New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, the Swan River, and the Cape of Good Hope. The emigrant, in intention, will do well to consult it. The obvious bias of the compiler against the United States scarcely needs to be pointed out, in order to prevent the reader from being misled by it, and consequently having recourse to some more 'impartial guide' in reference to that country.

The second is by a very superior hand, and is worthy of the honourable celebrity which the name of Martin Doyle has acquired, especially in Ireland. His style is as good as that of Cobbett, and his information is practical and complete. Several original letters from settlers in Canada are appended.

The Conversational Method of Teaching Languages; or, the Systems of Hamilton and Jacotot Improved. By S. B. P. Q. London: Souter, 1832.

The chief improvement on the plans named in the title is, that the translations employed are not only strictly literal, but *in the order of the foreign text.* By such means the mind of the pupil may undoubtedly be more speedily familiarized with the idioms of the language he is learning. He employs its conventional arrangement of words. The obvious risk to his English style is guarded against by first teaching in the maternal language what the pupil has to acquire in a foreign. The author has published 'Elisabeth, ou les Exilés de Sibérie' arranged for this method.