

## ON THE FACTORY SYSTEM.

AMONGST the important questions which must force themselves upon the early attention of the reformed parliament, will be the state of our manufacturing population, and particularly the subject which now engrosses so much of the public feeling, viz. the Factory System, or the substitution of the labour of children for that of adults; and the cruel treatment and loss of life to which, according to evidence given before a committee of the House of Commons, the children thus employed are exposed. No one can read that investigation without feelings of horror; there are some acts at which the heart recoils, and the question involuntarily arises, can these take place in civilized society? are any approaching to them in cruelty known amongst the untaught savages?

That the representations which have been made both by children and their parents are generally true, there can be no doubt; there may be exaggeration, and indeed this would be unavoidable, for the subject is one interesting to those not directly concerned in it, and must cause great excitement in the districts which are immediately under its influence; particular acts of cruelty may have been strongly stated in order to force the consideration of the system upon the public mind. But as yet we have only heard one side of the question; the master manufacturers may, and probably will show that, as crimes exist in society, it is an exception not the rule, and society is not in consequence to be characterised as criminal. Great cruelty has, no doubt, been practised in a few factories, the excessive labour itself is cruelty, but beyond that, it cannot be the character of the factory system; it is neither the interest of the master, nor according with the feelings of humanity to practise or allow acts of cruelty.

But though the system should be divested of that stain, and only few delinquents found amongst many masters and superintendents, it is attended with great hardship and labour where even great attention is paid to the comforts of the children; and though the evidence given by the children themselves and their parents may be overcoloured, we have that of respectable medical men who are employed by masters to look after the health of the children, and who state the anxious exertions of some to encourage in their mills cleanliness, good conduct, health, and education; but still even then, the system retains its distressing consequences—hardship, and excessive labour at very early age, without sufficient time being allowed for rest and recreation. That is one point for consideration; another is equally important, evinced by the evidence of medical men, that where factories have been introduced, and in proportion to their extent, the number of human beings who attain the age of manhood is greatly reduced; and in order to prove this fact some interesting tables have been

annexed to the report of the House of Commons. Those tables do not, however, in their present form and without explanation, give an impartial view of the question, but in order to make it more clear we have copied one of the tables, No. 1, and concentrated the other tables, which with some explanation will make the subject more evident.

TABLE 1.—*Showing the proportion of deaths in every 10,000 persons buried.*

	Deaths under 20 years old.	Deaths under 40 years old.	Lived to 40 years and upwards.
In Rutland, a healthy county ...	3756	5031	4969
Essex, a marshy county ....	4279	5805	4105
The Metropolis .....	4580	6111	3889
Chester, old and closely built, but not manufacturing .... }	4538	6066	3934
Norwich, old and closely built, manufacturing, but few or no factories .....	4962	6049	3951
Carlisle, 1779—1787 .....	5319	6325	3674
Carlisle, 1818—1830; partly manufacturing and partly spinning .....	5668	6927	3071
Bradford, (York,) worsted spin- ning .....	5896	7061	2939
Macclesfield, silk spinning and weaving .....	5889	7300	2700
Wigan, cotton spinning and manufacturing .....	5911	7117	2883
Preston, do. do. ....	6083	7462	2538
Bury, do. do. ....	6017	7319	2681
Stockport, do. do. ....	6005	7367	2633
Bolton, do. do. ....	6113	7459	2541
Leeds, manufacturing, and woollen, flax, and silk spinning }	6213	7441	2559
Holbeck, flax spinning .....	6133	7337	2663

So that a greater proportion of persons have died at Leeds, where the factory system prevails, under the age of twenty, than have died at Norwich, where the domestic manufacture prevails, under the age of forty. That table makes it appear that the factory system destroys a vast proportion of human beings under the age of twenty years, it will, however, be found from table No. 2. that such is not altogether the fact; taking the same number 10,000, and showing the number of deaths at various periods of age, it appears that the bulk of deaths are under the age of five years, and before they can be employed in factories. It is probably owing to the effect which factories have on the surrounding atmosphere, and to the little care which may be given to infants where the mother and the elder branches of families are at work in factories. Whatever the cause may be, the fact is proved, that before children can work in factories the proportion of deaths in towns where factories are established is greater than where they are not; it will be seen that in

Norwich, a domestic manufacturing town, the deaths under five years old are 4219  
 Leeds, a factory town ..... 5286

**BURIALS, AND COMPARATIVE TABLE OF THE DURATION OF LIFE,  
IN EVERY 10,000 PERSONS.**

	Population. 1801.	Population. 1831.	Under 5 years.	5—9	10—14	15—19	20—29	30—39	40—49	50—59	60—69	70—79	80—89	90—99	100 & upwds.
Rutland, healthy County .....	16,356	19,385	2865	321	260	310	712	563	537	762	1189	1428	938	112	3
Essex, marshy .....	226,437	317,233	3159	434	293	383	851	675	670	743	963	1019	630	77	3
Metropolis .....	864,845	1,474,069	3805	399	162	214	703	828	926	904	955	766	302	34	2
Chester, old and closely built, but not Manufacturing .....	15,052	21,363	3574	392	227	344	771	757	760	725	862	962	585	33	8
Norwich, old, closely built, Manufac- ture domestic .....	36,832	61,116	4219	344	170	229	552	535	572	610	876	1100	696	93	4
Carlisle, 1779—1787, before Manufac- tories .....	10,221	20,006	4408	488	184	239	522	484	641	560	940	826	533	153	22
Carlisle, now Facturing, partly Manu- factory and Spinning .....	.....	.....	4738	450	228	252	661	600	586	548	677	727	452	80	1
Bradford, (York,) Factories, Worsted and Spinning .....	29,794	76,996	4687	467	360	382	635	530	521	562	756	702	334	61	3
Macclesfield, Silk Factories .....	.....	23,129	4462	489	457	481	752	659	618	582	652	538	305	5	0
Wigan, Cotton Factories and Spinning ..	12,290	17,961	4790	469	279	373	644	562	608	496	658	669	399	52	1
Preston, Factories, Cotton Spinning .....	14,300	36,336	4947	524	288	324	731	648	553	561	553	532	298	38	3
Bury, (Lancashire,) Woollen Factories, Cotton Spinning .....	22,422	47,829	4864	448	318	387	732	570	519	539	642	672	285	23	1
Stockport, Factories, Cotton Spinning ..	27,075	66,610	4879	452	300	374	728	634	626	600	619	546	213	25	4
Bolton-le-Moor, Factories, Cotton Spin- ning .....	29,826	63,034	4939	495	301	378	722	624	543	536	622	553	255	31	1
Leeds, Factories, Woollen, Flax, Silk ..	Included 53,162	in Leeds 123,393	5286	416	229	282	638	590	599	599	593	512	225	29	2
Holbeach, Factories, Flax .....	.....	.....	5090	405	372	316	598	556	580	556	575	603	325	19	5

This table clearly establishes the fact that where the factory system prevails, life is of much shorter duration than where the domestic manufacture is carried on; the medical men who were examined by the committee, whether the most eminent physicians and surgeons of London, or those of extensive practice in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire, all agree in opinion that the system is destructive to health and life. Mr. William Sharp of Bradford, who professionally attended one of the best regulated spinning factories, has given an interesting report of his patients in that establishment; there were 550 children employed, and in the six months from January to June 1832 he had 168 patients, of whom 5 died, 146 recovered, 3 much relieved, 14 remained under treatment.

Mr. Thackrah, who had made the subject his peculiar study, and has published a very able book upon the effect of arts, professions, and trades on health and longevity, says, 'that the factory system reduces the nervous powers, that it renders persons more feeble, more subject to suffer from attacks of disease, and that persons so employed are shorter lived than others;' and he recommends that instead of working from six o'clock A. M. to seven o'clock P. M. allowing half an hour for breakfast and forty minutes for dinner, the master should be restricted to working the children not exceeding ten hours per day, and that number of hours he thinks is too long.

So far, therefore, as the investigation has proceeded, two points have been established—excessive labour to children of tender age, and a great proportion of death amongst young people. The evils of the system have been proved, the difficulty is to find a cure without producing a greater evil; and in order clearly to understand that subject, it is desirable to give a brief sketch of the rise and progress of our different branches of manufacture, to show how they have been extended, and how distressing a check would be in them to a dense population.

The manufactures of this as well as of other countries were, about half a century ago, strictly speaking domestic; the raw materials were spun and woven into cloth in cottages, by the individuals of the family, each taking such department according to age and strength as they were able to perform; and a man with a small capital gave employment to his poorer neighbours, bringing around him a population dependent upon him for their maintenance; the chief manufacture at that time was woollen, and the only machine worked by power was the fulling mill; every other process, scribbling, stubbing, spinning, weaving, and finishing was performed by hand labour; the woollen manufacture was considered the most important and valuable branch of industry, and attained the title of the staple trade of the country.

The spinning department was first improved by the application of power and machinery; first, indeed, by machinery without



what is technically called power. The best description extant of the early state of the woollen trade, is given by Dyer in his beautiful poem 'The Fleece.' It was in his day that the first accelerating machine was applied to spinning. In the year 1757 he published his work, from which the following is extracted:

' What simple nature yields,  
And nature does her part, are only rude  
Materials, cumbrous on the thorny ground ;  
'Tis toil that makes them wealth ; that makes the fleece  
(Yet useless, rising in unshapen heaps)  
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,  
A vesture usefully succinct and warm,  
Or trailing in the length of graceful folds,  
A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs ;  
The scatter'd mists reveal the dusky hills ;  
Grey dawn appears ; the golden morn ascends,  
And paints the glitt'ring rocks, and purple woods,  
And flaming spires ; arise, begin your toils ;  
Behold the fleece beneath the spiky comb  
Drop its long locks, or from the mingling card,  
Spread in soft flakes, and swell the whiten'd floor.

Come, village nymphs, ye matrons and ye maids,  
Receive the soft material, with light step  
Whether ye turn around the spacious wheel,  
Or patient sitting, that revolve which forms  
A narrower circle. On the brittle work  
Point your quick eye, and let the hand assist  
To guide and stretch the gently less'ning thread  
Even ; unknotted twine will praise your skill.

A diff'rent spinning every diff'rent web  
Asks from your glowing fingers ; some require  
The more compact, and some the looser wreath ;  
The last for softness, to delight the touch  
Of chamber'd delicacy ; scarce a cirque  
Need turn around, or twine the length'ning flake.

There are, to speed their labour, who prefer  
Wheels double-spol'd, which yield to either hand  
A sev'ral line ; and many yet adhere  
To th' ancient distaff, at the bosom fix'd,  
Casting the whirling spindle as they walk :  
At home, or in the sheep-fold, or the mart,  
Alike the work proceeds. This method still  
Norvicum favours, and the Icenian towns :\*  
It yields the airy stuffs an apter thread.  
This was of old, in no inglorious days,

\* The Icenii were the inhabitants of Suffolk.

The mode of spinning, when the Egyptian prince  
 A golden distaff gave that beauteous nymph,  
 Too beauteous Helen: no uncourtly gift  
 Then, when each gay diversion of the fair  
 Led to ingenious use. But patient art,  
 That on experience works, from hour to hour,  
 Sagacious, has a spiral engine form'd,  
 Which on an hundred spoles, an hundred threads,  
 With one huge wheel, by lapse of water, twines;  
 Few hands requiring; easy-tended work,  
 That copiously supplies the greedy loom.'

The spinning-jenny, thus described by Dyer, produced, by the labour of one man and a child, but much more expeditiously, the same number of threads which could be spun with the most improved wheel by fifty women; the machine now used for the same purpose, and which is called the mule, contains 300 spindles, and saves the labour of 300 women who formerly turned the wheel.

Machines upon the same principle are introduced into the cotton, linen, and silk manufactures, but upon a more extended scale: they spin about double the number of threads. A table was submitted to the Committee of the House of Commons, stating the number used at Stockport alone.

One mule has 548 spindles; the number of machines in that town are 1661, and they carry 416,053 spindles, making in Stockport alone a saving of labour, which was chiefly done by women, of 414,392 hands! and from this some idea may be formed of the immense saving by the multitude of machines now in use throughout the United Kingdom.

A question here naturally arises; what becomes of the population which was formerly employed in spinning? and to what purpose can the produce of such a multiplicity of looms be applied? The next process of manufacture is weaving; and though machinery has done much to improve the cloth, to make a more compact and a more even article, it has not done much to save labour. It is stated in evidence, that a man with a boy looks after four power-looms; consequently, whilst one spinning-mule will save the labour of 500 spinners, the same machine gives labour (taking into account the accelerated motion) to as many weavers as 500 women would have supplied; and as the exportation of yarn and thread is carried on to a very large extent, it is evident that either the labour of weaving is cheaper in other countries, or that the increase of looms, whether worked by hand or power, has not kept pace with the increase of spindles; so true it is,

'The more is wrought, the more is still required.'

The ingenuity of Arkwright, and the mechanism of Watt, have

made a most wonderful change in the manufactures of their country. About fifty years ago the cotton manufactures were imported from the East Indies; now we import the raw material from thence, and return it to them in the shape of yarn or cloth, giving labour to the country. About the same distance of time ago, linens were imported from Germany, and our weavers were supplied with linen-thread from thence; now we export both the thread and the cloth.

It must be evident, that in the process of weaving, where little or no labour is saved, or rather very little expense saved, for the cost of machinery, and the wear and tear, is generally estimated at about equal to the saving of two labourers in three, the price of food must have great influence, and such is always found to be the case. When the price of corn and meat is high, the power-looms have an advantage; when, by good harvests, the price of wheat is low, so that wages can be reduced, hand-weaving has the advantage; and this, in a great measure, accounts for the large exportation of yarn. It can be woven cheaper abroad than in this country.

The only remaining work which it is necessary to give to the various fabrics, is the finishing; and here again the scope for the use of machinery and power is very confined. There can be no saving in either weaving or finishing compared to that in spinning. It has been shown, that one spinning mule, worked by a man and two children, will do the same quantity of work that 500 persons would have done; but in weaving and finishing no power has yet been invented that will do more work with one man than could be done by three persons without increased power. Such is a brief, and, in order to avoid trespassing too much upon the pages of your '*Repository*,' an imperfect sketch, of the present state of our manufactures for clothing; but sufficient has been shown to evince their vast importance. The subject must soon occupy the attention of Parliament; and it is most desirable that it should be considered with great coolness, and every circumstance weighed with impartiality and deliberation. Above all, party feeling should on no account be allowed to have any influence. The cruelties which have been exercised must be effectually checked, for no crime deserves greater punishment than cruelty to helpless and defenceless infancy; it must also be ascertained what labour children can endure without injury; and masters must not have the power of injuring health and shortening life by excessive labour; but upon this subject care must be taken lest by an anxiety to give present relief, a check may be given to trade, a large population deprived of work, and more suffering produced than is removed. The exportation of yarn and the manufactured goods, bears a very small proportion to the quantity manufactured. Taking all the manufactures together, the foreign trade does not amount to one-tenth of the home trade; but it is

this tenth that gives general employment, comfort, and support to the whole. If anything should deprive the country of one-tenth of employment, the misery would be great, and extend over the surface. It would not be confined to the tenth thrown out of employment, but the wages of the other nine would be reduced.

Another very important consideration is the effect which might be produced on the home trade. Any reduction of hours in the work of children must be followed by a higher rate of wages, and an increased price to the manufactured article. Let any one compare the present times with those before machinery was used in our manufactures; compare the price of a gown or a coat now with what it was thirty or forty years ago, and see the facility with which poor persons can now get clothing. Let them compare the comforts, the cleanliness, and the information which the lower classes enjoy, and then say if great advances have not been made in society. These are not altogether owing to cheap manufactures; but it must nevertheless be obvious that in proportion to the cheapness, they have been enabled to purchase greater comforts. If any great advance take place in the price of clothing, the consumption of it must be greatly reduced, and consequently the weaver and finisher of these goods will be deprived of their employment, without any other being opened to them, as is invariably the case when a new machine facilitates the manufacture of any particular branch. A reduction in the home trade would be much more injurious than in the foreign trade.

Care must therefore be taken that the burden upon spinning is not so increased that it deprives the weaver of this demand for the fruits of his industry. In considering this subject it will be necessary not only to deliberate upon the number of hours children may be permitted to work, but the age at which they may be employed, for the younger the children the more severe will be the labour. All the evidence which has been given proves the fact, that by the present law children are exposed to excessive labour; and this must be evident to the most superficial observer. They are now restricted to thirteen hours, allowing about one hour for recreation and meals. There is scarcely an adult individual in the kingdom who endures more labour. Whether the hours be reduced to twelve, eleven, or ten, it will be for Parliament to decide. There is, however, another point deeply connected with this subject, which ought to have the serious consideration of Parliament; viz. the price of food. The corn laws advance the price here, and reduce the price abroad, thereby causing the manufactured goods to be dearer in England than they are abroad. If the corn laws be altered, so that British capital may be employed in the purchase of foreign corn when it is cheap, it will effectually advance the price of food to the foreign manufacturer, and give an advantage to the British weaver. The

English corn laws are, in fact, the greatest bonus that could be given to the foreign manufacturer.

This question will be found to be one of great importance. The Factory System is capable of being so regulated that great good may arise from it. Some of the mills are so admirably managed, that the children are not overworked, are cleanly, happy, and receive a good education. When the case of the mill owner is brought before Parliament, that fact will be proved ; as yet we have only seen the, in general, exaggerated statements of the management of the worst ; let us see the system in its best state. Let that be the model, and let checks be interposed to prevent vice in mills as well as out of them. The evidence must not be confined to the masters ; some of the children must also be examined. The mills of good and humane masters have already their advantages ; they have the choice of children and work-people ; for it must be obvious that good treatment will always have its reward. In their neighbourhood there is an anxiety in parents to get their children placed in good mills. Let the subject be fully investigated and fairly discussed ; remove and prevent the bad, and preserve and improve the good ; and though Mr. Sadler's bill may have been both erroneous in principle and imperfect in detail, the gratitude of the factory children, of the masters, and the public, will be due to him for bringing the subject into discussion.

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#### AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

THIS Institution, which has been for some years in active operation on an extensive scale, begins to attract a large share of attention from the enlightened philanthropists on both sides of the Atlantic ; and very deservedly so, whether we consider the novelty and peculiarity of its plan, or the magnitude of the interests, both as the old continent and the new are concerned, which are likely to be affected by its proceedings. As the subject has been frequently brought forward of late in this country, with a view of asserting its claims on the attention of the British friends of Negro Emancipation, it becomes important to examine its real character, and the mode in which the complete developement of the plans apparently contemplated by the Colonization Society are fitted to promote or retard the accomplishment of that most desirable object.

It is impossible, I think, to deny that what has hitherto been effected in the settlement of Liberia calls for high praise, and deserves the earnest wishes of every friend to the welfare of his species for its continued and complete success. It is not, therefore, from any indifference to the prosperity of that establishment, that I would call on the friends of the cause in this country to weigh the matter well before they give their unqualified support

to the American Society. On the contrary, I consider Liberia as being at the present moment, with scarcely an exception, the most interesting spot on the habitable globe. It is the spot on which a problem is now in a course of experimental solution, which deeply affects the most vital interests of the human race. But it is precisely for that reason that I should look with jealousy upon any measures which threaten to interfere with the success of this great and important experiment; and such appears to me to be the case with the Colonization Society in the probable results of some of their proceedings on both sides of the Atlantic. There is a *complication* of schemes evidently contemplated by it, (and, I am sorry to observe, sometimes brought forward, and at others kept in the back ground, according to circumstances,) which can scarcely fail to be pernicious; and if they continue to be kept in view, and acted upon extensively, they will require the enlightened promoter of negro regeneration not merely to withhold his concurrence and approbation from the Society, but to exert himself in opposition to their measures.

From their published reports they appear to have *two* objects in view; the first is to establish a colony of free blacks, who shall be the means of exemplifying and diffusing the blessings of civilization and the Gospel on the continent of Africa. For this purpose they have selected a competent number of American negroes, out of the large mass of emancipated slaves, who, in spite of the unfavourable circumstances in which they are placed, have acquired such a moral and intellectual character as to fit them for it. This object, *when taken by itself*, is excellent; and herein we most heartily wish them God speed. It has the further advantage of being perfectly practicable; and their measures, as far as they have hitherto gone, seem to be not ill adapted for its accomplishment. We see a community of blacks actually established on the coast of Africa, possessing the various institutions of civilized society, large enough to exemplify their operations on a scale which may attract attention, conciliate the friendship, and excite the emulation of the surrounding tribes, but not so large as to rouse their jealousy or hostility. This will be productive of great and unmixed good, both in its immediate effect upon the natives of Africa, and by its tendency to raise the negro character in the estimation of civilized nations. Such a specimen of the various gradations and professions of social life occupied *exclusively* by blacks, if it succeeds, as we trust it will, must furnish an unanswerable reply to all that has been said of the inherent inferiority of the negro race.

But there is *another* object in view, which is decidedly bad, and inconsistent with the first. Happily it has the additional disadvantage of being wholly impracticable; but it is much to be feared that the attempts to carry it into effect will greatly impede the beneficial results to be expected from the more rational part of



the plan. This is no less than the actual transportation across the Atlantic of the whole of the free coloured population, and ultimately of the whole negro population of the United States. And why? Because (I quote their own words) ‘American whites *cannot help* recoiling with horror at the idea of an intimate union with American blacks. Be their industry ever so great, their conduct ever so correct, whatever property they may acquire, and whatever respect we may feel for their character, we could never consent, and they could never hope, to see the two races placed on a footing of perfect equality with each other.’ Such, for page after page, are the feelings towards their black countrymen which these patriots and philanthropists acknowledge in themselves, and both by their language and proceedings, encourage in the whites universally. They acknowledge that they are prejudices; but they say, it is idle to trace their causes, and *worse than idle* to tell them, what they know full well, that they are unreasonable, unjust, and inhuman. Nevertheless, ‘no dream,’ we are assured, ‘can be more wild, than that of emancipating slaves, who are to remain among them free.’ The plan, therefore, is, ‘draw off the free blacks to Liberia, then give freedom to the slaves, and let them follow.’ But, supposing this were practicable, what, I would ask, becomes of the other part of the plan—the benefit of Africa? You profess a desire to diffuse among the natives of that continent the blessings of Christian institutions and civilized society; and for that purpose you propose to send thither an overwhelming multitude, who, by your own account of them, are ‘a living pestilence’ among yourselves, ‘a greater nuisance than even the slaves,’ the very scum and offscouring of your population, kept down by your own absurd prejudices at the very bottom of the social scale, and, as it were, compelled to contract the idleness and the vices with which you reproach them. Are *these* the missionaries you would select in preference, to preach and exemplify the blessings of civilization? Are *these* the hands to which you propose to intrust the sacred message of the Gospel? What can be reasonably expected but that a community formed out of such elements will be found deeply imbued with all the corruption which an education in ignorance and vice, excluded by common consent from all that is called or miscalled *respectable* in social intercourse, is calculated to create?

Besides, what would be the effect of such a proceeding upon the natives? They view with pleasure (at least, for the most part, they have hitherto viewed with pleasure) the arrival among them of a few thousands of their own race, peaceable and inoffensive, displaying the blessings of commerce, of knowledge, of religion;—and we are even informed that a numerous body of them have already flocked in, to partake of these benefits under the immediate patronage of the Society. But the case would be widely different, if you were to pour in upon them successive hosts of the very

lowest and most degraded of your people, with all the vices and none of the virtues of a civilized society, and incapable of being even 'located' without displacing, probably by violence, the original occupiers of the soil. For it must be remembered, that Africa is not occupied like America two centuries ago, by wandering tribes of hunters, but by stationary communities, and is, comparatively speaking, thickly inhabited; presenting no trackless wastes on which two millions and a half of people could be suddenly planted, without creating the most tremendous disturbances. What consequence, then, must follow from such an attempt? Surely this, that the present harmony and good feeling must give way to hostile jealousy;—when they see these intruders threatening to come among them, not by thousands, but by millions, the native powers will take the alarm, and will do their best to drive them into the sea. The probability is, that in the destructive contest which will then ensue, civilization will display its usual advantage over a rude and uncultivated people;—you will make a desert and call it peace;—but is this the way, I would ask, in which you propose to civilize Africa? You may, indeed, make room in this way for your swarms of degraded negroes; and whether the community you will there establish under such circumstances will be very superior to that which you will have destroyed, time must show. But at any rate, it will be accomplished at an expense at which humanity shudders, and the economist stands aghast; and the object is one which, however interesting it may be to you, it can hardly be expected that we should exert ourselves to promote. In fact, the political considerations which might arise out of the success of such an undertaking, and which would probably lead European statesmen to look with no favourable eye on a powerful dependency of the United States, established on this side of the Atlantic, are not unworthy of attention.

It is true, indeed, that no such object as this is ever likely to be accomplished; the expense is far too great, and the sacrifice such as the slave-holders are not at all likely to submit to. That they may be induced to part with such slaves as the Colonization Society can purchase, with a view to emancipation on condition of their removal to Liberia, I can easily believe; but that they will ever consent to dismiss gratuitously the labourers on whom depends the cultivation of their valuable rice and cotton plantations, in a climate unhealthy in itself, and where whites have never yet been found capable of undergoing the labours of the field, appears quite incredible. In short, I hold it to be an impossibility to remove even the *free* blacks; and as for expatriating the whole *slave* population of America, and establishing them on the coast of Africa, it is the wildest chimera that ever entered into the brain of any man pretending to be rational. The Colonization Society think they have done great things in sending in the course of ten years, three thousand persons to form a

flourishing and very promising colony at Liberia. And they are very right; they have made great exertions, and the result is admirable; let them not *mar* it by attempting to combine things incompatible. As far as their *African* objects are concerned, in which alone we in this country can be expected to interest ourselves, three thousand men are a fair beginning; and it may even be doubted, how far it is desirable to go much further. But if they really contemplate the getting rid of all the negroes in America, exertions upon a very different scale await them, as will be evident when we consider that the above number is little more than a tithe of the annual increase (to say nothing of emancipation) of the free blacks alone. There is no reason to believe that any number that are ever likely to emigrate *voluntarily*, will sensibly affect the number that remain behind; it will only stimulate the principle of increase, so that the evil, if *evil* it must be, of a black population will continue as formidable as ever.

I have said that in the proceedings of the Society *as far as they have hitherto gone*, we see nothing but what calls for high praise; but to represent even this as unmixed good, would, perhaps, be saying too much. The good to *Africa* is, and I hope will be, very great; to America (I mean to the American *blacks*) the immediate effect is a serious evil, against which it is not to be wondered at that they exclaim and protest by every means in their power. Granting, what I think is so clear as hardly to admit of an argument, that the actual transportation of all the blacks is out of the question, what ought to be the policy of America? Certainly, to adopt every measure that can be devised to raise the blacks in the estimation of their white neighbours, and to counteract the absurd and inhuman prejudices which now prevail. And let it not be objected that this is a hopeless and Quixotic attempt; let it not be said that it is idle to investigate the causes of the present state of public feeling; let the investigation be made with care, that it may become the basis of decisive steps to grapple with the mischievous delusion. The American patriot need not look far for an instance to encourage him in such an undertaking; he has before his eyes a specimen of the wonders that may be accomplished by association, by energetic appeal and remonstrance, by example, by enlightened and well-directed zeal, availing itself of all the powerful means which the pulpit and the press afford for acting upon the public mind. Let these be resorted to with equal vigour, and we do not despair of witnessing, in the next ten years, as marked a change on the subject of negro degradation, as the last have exhibited on that of intemperance. That deeply-rooted national prejudices should be *entirely* done away, is more, perhaps, than can be expected; this, at any rate, must be the work of time; but still, every step towards this desirable consummation is so much gained; and to this point, even though in all its extent it should be unattainable,

sound policy, justice, humanity, and religion alike require that their most earnest attention should be directed.

- But what seems to be the immediate bearing upon this object of the colonization scheme? Is the elevation of the negro character in America likely to be promoted by selecting all the more respectable, industrious, and wealthy of the free blacks, sending them off to Liberia, and leaving the refuse behind? May it not, on the contrary, be objected, that these poor degraded Americans are *entitled* to all the advantage they might derive from the presence among themselves of whatever is respectable, of whatever is fitted to raise their rank in the social scale; of whatever specimens in their own race, of any kind of moral or intellectual improvement, might serve to elevate in the public estimation the general average of the negro character, of whatever is likely to dis sever in the minds of the community at large, the unhappy association which now exists between the idea of a negro and hopeless inferiority and debasement? There are already among them a few who have struggled into what the world calls respectability, there are already various institutions for the purpose of education, and other public-spirited and benevolent objects. These, as far as they go, must tend to diminish the absurd feeling which at present exists; these let it be the labour of the truly patriotic American to improve, to multiply, and extend to the utmost of his power. Let him associate *himself* with negroes in the conduct of such institutions, and embrace every suitable opportunity of admitting them to his own society upon equal terms; and of bringing forward into public notice whatever is calculated to render the American negro an object of respect in the eyes of his countrymen. But it cannot be denied that the measures pursued by the Colonization Society have, in the first instance at least, a directly contrary tendency; more especially, when taken in connexion with the principle on which they avowedly proceed; namely, that a union of the two races upon equal terms is an idea that cannot be endured, much less reduced to practice.

The question, then, is presented for our consideration, shall *we*, in England, promote the objects of this Society? To this question I should be disposed to answer in the negative, unless those objects were strictly and exclusively confined to the benefit of Africa; and even then, it would remain to be inquired, whether every thing that peculiarly calls for exertions of this nature is not already done. We *have* the nucleus of a prosperous colony, which, from the latest reports, appears to be in a condition to maintain itself; and any fresh settlers, who were competent to promote the professed objects of the establishment, would be in a condition to defray their own expenses. For reasons which have already been stated, it is not even desirable that the number of these should be very greatly increased, from the risk of provoking

hostile collisions with the native powers, and, also, because it is important to avoid all unnecessary sacrifice of the elements from which a more healthy state of feeling may in time be generated in the United States themselves.

But it must not be concealed, that it more especially concerns us to view this question as it affects the condition of the negroes in the West Indies. Now, it is difficult to see with what consistency those who are, at length, contending earnestly for the *immediate* emancipation of the slaves in our own colonies, can unite with a Society proceeding on the avowed assumption that a slave must be expatriated before it is politic or even safe to make him free. To do so would be to furnish their opponents with a practical argument, of which they are too acute not to perceive the application.

The relative proportion, however, of the three classes in the West Indies is so different from what prevails in America, as materially to affect the results fairly deducible from the same general principles. In the former, even the *free* blacks are nearly double in number to the whites, and far from being a 'living pestilence,' the 'off-scouring of the population,' 'a greater nuisance than the slaves themselves,' they form in many of the islands an important and valuable portion of the community. They own a considerable amount of property, and, in some instances, mulattoes, at least, are even members of the legislature, a thing unheard of in the United States. That they are to the full as respectable when taken collectively as the corresponding ranks of the whites, we may infer from the fact that in proportion to their respective numbers, the white paupers are more than double the free blacks, notwithstanding that all the gentry, all the professional men, and a very large proportion of all the substantial classes, are necessarily of the European complexion. But in the West Indies the idea of expatriating all the negroes is clearly inadmissible. To leave these settlements to the exclusive occupation of the whites, would be to annihilate them at once. If the idea should gain a footing there of the utter incompatibility of the two races, the separation must take place the other way; and I should not be much surprised before long to hear of meetings of the free blacks, copying the proceedings and (*mutatis mutandis*) the language of the American whites, in some such style as this:—'Whereas long experience has clearly demonstrated the utter incompatibility of the Negro and the European, and whereas the existence in the same state of two distinct races which refuse to combine so as to form one people, is highly inexpedient, *Resolved*, That immediate measures be adopted for transporting all the whites, with as little delay as possible, back to England.'—The argument is just as applicable to the whites in the West Indies as to the blacks in the United States, and it is nothing but

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a deficiency of power in the former case which gives the proposition the air of burlesque. It is an appearance, however, which a change of circumstances may in time remove; for, in *this case*, the numbers are not such as to render the scheme of an actual transportation, morally speaking, impracticable.

The argument maintained in the preceding pages is ably supported by a writer in the 'Christian Examiner.' To a certain extent he renders tardy justice to the free blacks; at least, he sufficiently proves that there has been great exaggeration in the accounts which are generally circulated of the intellectual and moral degradation prevalent among them. That they are inferior, as a body, to the whites in these respects, (I mean to the whites *taken as a body*,) may be readily admitted; it would be extraordinary indeed if it were otherwise. But this, in fact, amounts to little more than that the higher classes of society are superior to the lower. It must be remembered that the one class are confined, in a great measure, to the exercise of menial occupations, and others to which, for whatever reason, an idea of degradation is attached; while the other includes almost the whole of the wealthier and more highly educated classes, and all those who enjoy the influence of the additional motive to good conduct, which is derived from the possession of a distinguished station in life, or from the prospect of attaining it. If we confine the comparison between the two races, to the blacks on the one hand, and that portion of the whites on the other, who are condemned to the same, or nearly the same occupations, perhaps the difference may not be very remarkable. It is, however, certain, and this is an important point gained; that, in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles, there does exist a class of opulent, well-educated, *respectable* people of colour. Now it appears evident that the true policy of America should be to increase, by all possible means, the number, importance, and influence, both moral and political, of this class *at home*, in order that an example should be presented to their white countrymen, not on the coast of Africa, but at their own doors, of persons belonging to this hitherto despised race, whom they felt obliged to respect, not merely for intrinsic good qualities, but for the influence they were enabled to exercise on *their own* circumstances and condition.

W. T.

*Halifax.*

#### THE PATRIOT WARRIOR TO HIS DEAD BARB.

AFTER the battle was over, and victory had declared for the patriots, one of their leaders was seen bending over the body of his steed, which had been slain by a carbine shot purposely aimed



at him by one of the enemy. He had been remarked to pursue the man and cut him down, after which he struck no further stroke in the battle. When the strife was ended, with tears in his eyes he commanded his followers to dig a deep grave, in which the faithful companion of his master's many wild adventures was buried, with the honours due to a warrior. M. S.

My horse! my horse! my noble horse!  
My gallant mountain-bred!  
Unmatched in courage, speed, or force,  
Woe's me, thou art dead!

I loved thee, as a lover loves  
His maiden's glancing eye,  
The tramp of thy unshodden hooves\*  
Was music's revelry.

Up the verdant mountain springing,  
Thou hast borne me on thy back;  
And, while rocks around were ringing,  
Dashed down the stony track.

The grassy plain like an ostrich-bird,  
With swift foot thou hast skimmed;  
By whip untouch'd, by spur unscarr'd,  
And thy flashing eye undimmed.

In the race when I bare-backed rode thee,†  
The costly prize was won;  
Never rider save me bestrode thee;  
Thy last race is run!

The lofty hedge in the leafy dell,  
Which our onward course impeded,  
Beneath thy trampling fore-feet fell,  
And a pathway ceded.‡

\* In Southern America horses are rarely shodden, save for use in the paved streets of cities. Those who have once ridden a horse unshodden, will never wish to spoil the foothold of a horse with iron, unless in a case of necessity. With the iron on his hooves a horse loses full one half of his activity.

† The horse-racing of Chile and Cuyo, is not a cruel sport like that of England. The distance performed is only a few hundred yards, without a saddle, and the excellence consists in the quickness of starting and reining up. Speed alone is not the perfection of a horse trained to war. A well-trained Chileno war-horse it is scarcely possible to throw down, run him round as you will, at full speed, and on any ground.

‡ The land in Chile, where fit for pasture, is enclosed by lofty hedges, formed of the dried boughs and branches of trees piled together. These hedges sometimes are leagues in length, and when a traveller loses his way in the woods, or on the hill sides, he must break a way through them, as he is frequently enclosed between deep quebradas or gullies which lock him in. In such a case, a horse trained to paw down the hedges with his fore-feet, as some are, is a most useful companion.

*The Patriot Warrior to his dead Barb.*

When the lazo was fast to the saddle-girth,  
 And a furious bull on the strain,  
 Like forest-trees, fast and deep rooted in earth,  
 Did thy limbs remain.\*

When the bolas were whirling around my head,  
 In the chase of the flying deer,  
 Thou didst rival the truest bred Arab steed,  
 In thy swift career.†

When the lofty crags the guanacos scaled,  
 At the head of the ravine,  
 Their perilous daring naught availed,  
 There wast thou seen.‡

The deep deep sound of the long sea-beach,  
 Where rolled the giant surf,  
 And the huge whale's bones were seen to bleach,  
 To thee was as green turf.

Thine arching neck, like a warrior's crest  
 In the air was proudly reared ;  
 And thy chiselled head, on thy broad bold breast,  
 A sculptured form appeared.

To stride thee, was like some bright dream  
 Of a shadowy glory playing  
 Round a sea-god borne on the ocean-stream,  
 With his sea-horse neighing.

Woman's love has changed in her fondest mood,  
 But there was no change in thee ;  
 Whether lucerne rich, or shrubs thy food ;  
 Thou wert true to me.§

In the wilds, to my voice thou would'st docile listen,  
 When I called thee to my side ;  
 And thine eyes in their beauty would brightly glisten,  
 And thus thou wouldst abide.

\* A horse trained to the *lazo*, will hold the largest bull without difficulty, with the lazo on the full strain. Though the rider dismount, he will not move from his position, unless at the call which he is accustomed to obey.

† The *bolas* are a missile weapon, consisting of three stone balls of a pound weight each, fastened together by slips of raw hide. They strike the limbs of a running animal and wind round his legs.

‡ The *guanaco* is a mountain-dweller, and will climb the most difficult heights. The best horses are required to hunt the animal.

§ Lucerne grass, called by the Arab name *alfalfa*, is the favourite food of horses in Chile and Cuyo, where it is grown in irrigated meadows. But well-trained horses will eat bitter shrubs upon a pinch, and yet do work. The best Chileno horses are bred on the mountains, where they learn to lift their limbs gracefully, and become hardy. At a subsequent period, the peasantry will breed them up about their houses like their children, and are as fond of them as an Arab can be. Horses thus fed last many years. I have ridden a horse thirty years old, which was as active as a colt.

When I lay low in sickness and searching pain,  
Thou didst whinny at my door,  
And call me forth to the boundless plain  
We were wont to scour.

Thou would'st amble, and canter, and gallop, and trot,  
And many a pace beside ;  
Thou wast swift as a *londa* wind when hot,  
By the desert dried.\*

When we rested by night in the mountain range,  
Thou didst share with me my bread ;  
Like a faithful friend who knows no change,  
I pillowed on thee my head.

I guided thee by my voice alone,  
Thou wert not struck or chidden ;  
But now, alas ! thy life has flown,  
In vain thou art bidden.

In thy panoply thou didst bravely show,  
While champing thy ringing bit ;  
With thy silver chains, and housing of blue,  
And all else meet.

I loved thee so, I spared no cost  
On the trappings for thy wear ;  
The foeman who slew thee I sought through the host,  
With my blade all bare.

How unlike to thee was the wilful brute  
I mounted in hot haste,  
To slay the coward who shot the shot,  
Thy life to waste.

I urged him on through all the din,  
Alike with spur and blade ;  
Forward I dashed, his life to win,  
Who thee low laid.

Far, far were heard the sabres clashing,  
Steel rang loud on steel ;  
Far was seen the death-shots flashing,  
Far heard the peal.

Twenty-five years is by no means uncommon. Hot stables, changing temperament, and artificial food, in England, do as much mischief upon horses as a similar treatment does upon human beings. In England there is no poetry of horsemanship; scarce an inducement to ride. But thinking on Chileno steeds, might make even a sailor forswear his ship.

\* The *londa*, which means the 'searcher,' because it drives the hot dust into the most hidden recesses of dwellings, however closely shut, is the 'simoem' of the Eastern Andes driving from north to south, generally for two or three days together, in the province of Cuyo. All doors and windows are closed during its visitation, and the inhabitants are half suffocated with heat.

Horse on horse, in deadly fury,  
 Riders urged amain ;  
 And, though wounded, mad with hurry,  
 Heeded no pain.

I clove the coward's scull in twain ;  
 My weapon bears the mark ;  
 Oh ! would it were to do again,  
 For thou liest stark !

I cared not then how the battle went,  
 But returned unto thy side ;  
 Mine only friend from life was rent,  
 For me had died.

I will bury thee as in a human tomb,  
 Thine eyes shall no condors pick ;\*  
 Long, long shall my spirit be saddened with gloom ;  
 My heart is sick.

On thy flesh shall no ravening puma† prey,  
 Thy bones shall not whiten in air ;  
 Deep, deep shalt thou lie, ere I wend on my way,  
 In sorrow and care.

My horse ! my horse ! my noble horse !  
 My gallant mountain-bred !  
 Unmatched in courage, speed, and force,  
 Woe's me, thou art dead !

*Jan. 8, 1833.*

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

#### A VICTIM.

IN our list of publications last month was inserted the title of Mr. Dove's biographical account of the Wesley family, with an intimation that we might probably advert to it again. We do so now, for the sake of MEHETABEL WESLEY, a younger sister of the celebrated founder of Methodism, of whose history the author says, in his twaddling way, that it is 'a tale at which every feeling heart must sigh.' In truth it is so ; and a tale which should knock hard at some unfeeling hearts ; and one moreover which, if hearts have any connexion with heads, should stir up thought in people's brains. For however anatomy may reverse the relative position, the heart is as a heaven to the head, and emotion is the angel that comes and troubles the thick stagnation of the

\* The greatest treat to an epicure condor is the eyes of a dead animal.

† The puma or silver lion prefers horse to all other flesh.

thinking pool, and gives it the power of healing. In morality and philanthropy, original thought is often the result of strong feeling. Necessity is the mother of that Invention which has Selfish for its prænomen. There is an Invention which affiliates itself on Sympathy. When the evils which press upon the feebler portions of humanity can make themselves understood and felt by the stronger, the discovery of the remedy, and its application, is drawing nigh. This is better than the sentimentality of a sighing heart. It is turning emotion to good account. Tears, like other water, should not run to waste. The moralist should be like the practical engineer, who if he finds a full flowing stream, gives a blessing on its beauty, and then puts up a corn or a cotton-mill. We have found, very unexpectedly, in this family gallery of stiff and starched portraits, one which is most lovely and affecting. The unpromising name of Mehetabel Wesley is the title to a deep romance of real life, of which the pathos is most genuine; and the few pages which contain it are full of moral instruction. She was a victim, and no common one, to those false systems of duty which have sacrificed so many hecatombs. Her life was a long-drawn tissue of suffering; religion and virtue (so called) stretching out the web till the quivering threads could hold no longer. How many more of earth's finest beings must yet be agonized and immolated, before the world will learn that religion is a law of love, and virtue the means of happiness!

From various indications in the brief narrative before us, it is evident that Mehetabel Wesley, Hetty, as her brothers called her, was a beautifully-organized creature, and endowed with that peculiarity of the nervous system which is the physical temperament of poetry; which quickens alike the organs of sense and the apparatus of thought; which makes perception clear, imagination vivid, and emotion intense; and to which earth is either heaven or hell, as external circumstance harmonizes or jars with the internal constitution. Such are the beings whom our clumsy frame-work of society, and our heavy millstones of theology, seem put up purposely to mangle; and who, formed as they are to love and be loved, to bless and be blessed, are continually crushed between this world and the world to come. For rarely indeed are they rightly posited. The chances must go hard against them till the world grows wiser. Their story should be conned and commented upon, that the world may grow wiser. Most frequently is Woman the victim. The curse has been on her from the sacrifice of the daughter of Jephtha, the Gileadite, down to that of the sister of Wesley, the Methodist; and her day of deliverance is not yet. But we are forgetting that our readers have not gone through the story with us, and may reasonably wonder what we are moralizing upon.

Poor Hetty's primeval calamity was that of being born into what is called a well-regulated family. Her father, the Rev.

Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, was a renegade Whig and Dissenter, who in early life took suddenly, and on paltry pretences, to abusing his former principles and companions, and then settled down into a regular high church and Tory priest for the rest of his days. He was an austere man; cold, stately, precise, dogmatical; his expectations disappointed, his temper soured, and his pride mortified, by the narrowness of his pecuniary means, and the continually impending embarrassment of his circumstances; he wrote long commentaries on the book of Job; he believed that his house was haunted by a supernatural visitant; and 'he considered his parishioners as a flock over which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer, and for which he must render an account; he visited them from house to house; he sifted their creed, and suffered none to be corrupt in opinion, or practice, without instruction or reproof.' He was, in short, as Dr. Adam Clarke says, and Mr. Dove says after him, 'strictly correct.' He was a most highly respectable man; he ought to have been more, he should have been a dean at least; and really conscientious and pious, according to the standard which then obtained in his party, and indeed in the country generally.

Mrs. Wesley, the mother of Hetty, was the feminine of her husband; or rather, perhaps, would have been the exact female counterpart of a being who stood individually higher in the same species. She was better in proportion, but with no essential superiority. 'Before she was thirteen years of age she examined the whole controversy between the Established Church and the Dissenters.' Only think of that! 'She bore nineteen children to Mr. Wesley,' and educated fifteen, besides attending to 'the tithes and glebe,' &c. all 'by herself; and as she was a woman that lived by *rule*, she arranged every thing so exactly that for each operation she had sufficient time.' Well might Mr. Dove adopt the dictum of Dr. Adam Clarke for his motto, 'Such a family I have never read of, heard of, or known; nor since the days of ABRAHAM and SARAH, and JOSEPH and MARY of Nazareth, has there ever been a family to which the human race has been more indebted.'

Under such auspices was the gentle, fragile, playful, lovely, loving, and sensitive Mehetabel Wesley ushered into the world. She sprang up like the chance seedling of a delicate acacia between the cold hard pebbles of a well-rolled gravel walk, in a square bedded garden, with its formal box and thorny fence, there to be trained, nailed up, and crucified to an iron frame, or a varnished brick-wall, and be tortured, chilled, and wither; beautiful even in her drooping and her death. Her first calamity was what there are too many who would still regard as the best of all possible educations. The industrious Mrs. Wesley, the paragon of moral and religious mothers, was soon hard at work upon her. The plans pursued are minutely detailed in a letter from the good



lady herself, which is preserved as an almost infallible directory. It describes the law, order, and duty system, the fear, honour, reverence, and obey plan, in its most complete developement. Every thing is summed up in submission; submission of heart, mind, and limb, in thought, word, will, and deed. ‘Mrs. Wesley taught her children from their infancy duty to parents. She had little difficulty in *breaking their wills*,’ (Oh, Mr. Dove, these are your approving italics,) ‘or reducing them to absolute submission. They were early brought by rational means under a mild yoke;’ (don’t mystify, Mr. Dove;) ‘they were perfectly obedient to their parents, and were taught to wait their decision in every thing they were to have, or to perform.’ But let us hear Mrs. Wesley herself. ‘*When turned a year old (and some before) they were taught to fear the rod, and to cry softly*; they were never suffered to choose their meat; there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine, for they durst not refuse it; they were taught to ask a blessing immediately after meals, which they used to do by signs, *before they could kneel or speak*.’ So much for practice; the principle we shall state in a continued quotation from Mrs. Wesley’s letter:

‘In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to *conquer their will*. To inform the understanding is a work of time; and must with children proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting the will is a thing that must be done at once, and the sooner the better; for by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which are hardly ever after conquered, and never without using such severity as would be as painful to me as to the child. In the esteem of the world, they pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call *cruel* parents; who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterwards broken. When the will of a child is subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of its parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertences may be passed by. Some should be overlooked, and others mildly reproved; but no *wilful* transgression ought ever to be forgiven children, without chastisement, less or more, as the nature and circumstances of the offence may require. I insist upon conquering the *will* of children betimes, because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind.

‘I cannot yet dismiss this subject. As *self-will* is the root of all sin and misery, so whatever cherishes this in children ensures their wretchedness and irreligion; whatever checks and mortifies it, promotes their future happiness and piety. This is still more evident, if we farther consider that religion is nothing else than doing the *will* of *God*, and not our own; that the one grand impediment to our temporal and eternal happiness being this *self-will*, no indulgence of it can be trivial, no denial unprofitable. Heaven or hell depends on

this alone. So that the parent who studies to subdue it in his child, works together with God in the renewing and saving a soul. The parent who indulges it does the devil's work, makes religion impracticable, salvation unattainable, and does all that in him lies to damn his child, soul and body, for ever.'—pp. 158, 9.

This is the essence and perfection of a tyranny under which children are yet often doomed to groan, to the great deterioration and suffering of humanity. We believe, and we know it to be quite practicable to "train up a child in the way in which he should go," solely by the agency and power of Love. We say more than that it is quite practicable; we contend that it is immeasurably preferable; that in the long run it is far less troublesome, and that with its efficiency there can be no comparison. We have known those who from infancy to the verge of maturity had never felt a blow; and children more remuneratory to a parent's heart, for years of anxiousness and toil, never trod the earth. We have known children placed (in that division of training which results from the separation of the school and the family) under both the systems at different intervals; and, as might be expected, far more docile to those who only aimed at influencing them by affection than they ever could be made to the salutary-reverence people. It is very possible that some effects may be produced on the child by fear, which love may fail to realize; but in proportion to the difficulty it is expedient to investigate the question, whether those effects be so desirable as to justify the means; or whether, *quoad* the child's happiness, they be desirable at all? The established code of morals for children has been framed by adults, just as the powerful have ever taken especial care to define and enforce the morality of the feeble. Napoleon had his catechism; and so have all Napoleons, great and little. The rich inculcate the duties of the poor, the clergy those of the laity, and men those of the women. No small portion of the vice in the world, both nominal and real, arises from our being so ready to manufacture definitions of virtue for one another. It may fairly be suspected of such definitions that the good of the proposer and imposer is not less consulted in them than the good of those on whom they are imposed. Real virtue, we know, tends alike to the good of all, but this has not been generally evident to either the duty mongers or the duty victims. The good child, in common parlance, is the child that gives least trouble to its elders; and not the child whose physical and mental qualities are most finely attuned and proportioned, and best developing themselves. It may be a great nuisance that children are dirty, and noisy, and boisterous; but the little animals enjoy it; and it is as great a nuisance to them that Mamma will not have the carpet dirtied, nor Papa endure a noise while he is sifting the creed of a parishioner, or talking politics with a

neighbour. The true morality of the case is much more likely to be found in such arrangements as would accommodate all parties, (which would be very practicable even for the poor, were it not for our national determination that every cottage should be a Castle Sulky with its independent apparatus of coercion and punishment,) instead of making it a cardinal point of infantile morality that the will of the child should be broken for crossing the will of the parent. 'I am the oldest and the strongest; you like noise, I like quietness, and so I shall whip you till you *cry softly*, and then you will be good:' the morality of this we take to be sheer humbug, and we like it yet worse when it goes on into religious cant, and defames the Deity by ascribing a similar process to his providence. The object of religion is to make the human will *coincide* with the divine will, by enlightening the mind till it perceives that the latter only consults the happiness of man. Such should be the object of infantile education. The mere subordination of will to will by forcible means tends to the utter destruction of worth of character. The will of the child is, like that of the adult, infallibly determined to the greatest apparent good. If mistaken in the estimate of good, and the error cannot be corrected by enlightening the understanding, it may still yield to confidence in a superior mind. This is not bending, or breaking the will, it is a spontaneous change in the direction of the desire, wrought by affection. And thus should the rational being who knows, ever guide by love the rational being who does not know. But to overbalance the greatest apparent good, though it be but to the mind of a child, by an arbitrary association therewith of evil, by privation, stripes, or threatenings, is a gross and brutal tyranny. The moral of its appeal to religion amounts to this, that vice would be very pleasant, if God had not arbitrarily tacked hell to its indulgence. A Deity, so described, is only loved by the base selfishness which presumes on a peculiar favouritism. The parent who introduces such a religion into the analogous process of the education of his own children, is but in the position of the flogged negro slave, flogging his jackass. 'He my nigger.' The antithesis of this system, is not the giving children sweetmeats till they are sick, and allowing them to be always idle, which is not disusing the rod, but only keeping it in pickle; but it is the disposing them towards their real good by the two simple powers of light and love, the one waxing strong where the other fades away. Shame is it to an adult, and especially to a mother, to her clearness of head and fondness of heart, to her judgment and her patience, if she cannot make the child her spontaneous companion, in any path in which it is really for that child's good that she should lead it. If she cannot do this, she should abdicate her maternity, and finding a woman who can, she should delegate the task, ask no questions, commit no interferences, and pay the bills without

grumbling, for holidays inclusive. What a heaven would such a school have been to poor Mehetabel! How must her little heart have quivered in the cold breeze that blew upon it as constantly as a trade wind; for every night Mrs. Wesley lectured every one of them separately upon their duties, not knowing that the trembling child's duties were her interests, and that her interests were her affections. The spirit of love could not be quenched, it was in her very frame; but it must have been sadly chilled and sorely pained. It is a wretched alternative to drive the young soul into, either servility or rebellion, or what is worse than either separately, the combination of the one in the outward manner with the other in the heart. Hetty was of a truthful and gentle nature; she always was so; but though unspoiled by the discipline, grievously must she often have writhed under its infliction. Corrupt her opinions it did; that could not be avoided, and probably it blunted her suffering. Pervert her heart it could not. Nature there was too strong, even for Mrs. Wesley and her well-regulated family.

This was the first act of the tragedy; the second was of a darker character. It was unavoidable that such a being as Mehetabel should love, but after an education which implanted so much of false principle, and left so much of ignorance, and in circumstances unfavourable to accurate observation, it was almost equally unavoidable that she should love unhappily.

If tried by the lives of her daughters, nothing can be more complete than the condemnation of Mrs. Wesley and her plans. But let it not fall on her alone. In fact, she and they were alike the victims of those mistakes about religious principle and social morality which have done so much mischief in the world. The lot fell the heavier on them, on some of them at least, because they were the finer natures. She was as hard as the system, and so it has rewarded her with canonization. But the one saint made many martyrs. Of her seven daughters, one passed a single life in uneasiness and privation. Of another, we are only told that of her and her husband nothing is known; and this is the only biography in the chapter of the daughters which can be read without pain. A third made her escape, by an early death, from a profligate who would have been the torment of her life. A fourth had also an early escape by the early death of her 'ill suited mate;' and the remaining three, passed long and wretched years of marriage hopelessness and helplessness. Here was a costly wreck of thoughts, feelings, hopes, and capacities of enjoyment, which surely nothing in nature rendered necessary or unavoidable. None of them appear to have been marked by qualities which tend actively to induce misery. The substance of their wretchedness was simply this: they made a religious contract to pass the remainder of their lives with persons who turned out to be so uncongenial that the only alternative was the irregular suspension of the

performance of the contract, or a state of endurance which cannot be read of or imagined without acute sympathy or irrepressible indignation. Where was the fault? Was it in their original training, which unfitted them for the correct discernment and appreciation of character? Was it in the notions and customs which precluded opportunities for their knowledge of character to be sufficiently complete, which cover with a veil of deceptiveness all ante-nuptial intercourse between the sexes? Was it in weariness of that life of pupilage and dependence which a woman leads in her father's house? or in influences parental or social, bearing them along, as soon as a yet undetermined preference was felt or fancied, to the goal of marriage? Was it in the nominal irrevocability of the rite itself which practically the course of events compelled them to revoke or perish, perish by lingering tortures of the mind and heart? Whether it were any or all of these, certain it is that dreary were the destinies of the sisters of the Wesleyan Patriarch, and the dreariest of them all was that of Mehetabel.

Of Mehetabel's love affair little is told. It only appears that it was terminated by the interposition of her father, and that her lover was not worthy of her, for he tamely gave her up when she saw that the obstacle was not insurmountable. The dastard deserved to lose a woman whom few men deserved to gain, although she committed the error of reckoning one amongst that few who only belonged to the many. Had events been allowed to take their natural course, such a mistake as this would not have been irretrievable. With the intelligence which she now possessed, and with all the strength, yet the purity and the depth, as well as quickness of her feelings, no being capable of that desertion could long have imposed on her imagination. Her heart would have required something more and better, and if not fettered by factitious tenets, whose immorality is shown in their miserable consequences, she would have hoarded her love, until the Bassanio came whom the instinct of a kindred nature would have guided unerringly to the casket which contained the treasure. But it is sad to reflect that had she escaped the lot which awaited her, she would yet not have been allowed thus to fulfil her destiny. She would still have been precipitated into marriage, and one species of misery would only have been exchanged for another. But to return to the history. In the bitterness of disappointment she made a vow to marry the first man who offered himself to her. A Vow! Will not the time come when people will ask, What is that? And will they not be astonished to find that one branch of religion at one time consisted in the solemn renunciation of the free agency of the individual, at a certain future period, or under certain defined circumstances, whatever might be the intermediate accession of



knowledge or change of opinion? The egregious folly! It is often hard enough to know and do the right, that is to say, that which is for the greatest happiness of all concerned, at the present moment; but to fix our conduct for a futurity when changes within and without may have occurred, baffling all our calculations, is trampling all morality beneath our feet. 'But a vow is made to God, and, therefore, must be fulfilled.' We say, no such thing; if it be made to him, let him judge; which he does, by the general results of such proceedings, and they plainly declare that he has no pleasure in them; that in his view the vow is a solemn folly, and the fulfilment (when not consisting in conduct dictated by other considerations) is only an immorality on the back of a superstition. Not so, unhappily, stood the case in the casuistry of the rector of Epworth. He was a great stickler for vows; he had signalized himself in that line; we must digress for a moment to tell how. Mrs. Wesley was a Jacobite, and did not say *Amen* to her husband's prayers for King William. This grievously offended his (not King William's, but Samuel Wesley's) majesty. Now the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance was carried to great lengths by this lady. On one occasion, during the rector's absence, she admitted the villagers to her sermon-reading and prayers in the house, and was doing great good. He wrote down *desiring* her to desist; but her conscience would not let her yield to simple *desire*, when souls were at stake; so she wrote that she could only abstain if he *commanded*. The King's title seems to have weighed more with her conscience than the villagers' souls. 'Sukey,' said the Rector, 'why did you not say *Amen* this morning to the prayer for the King?' Susanna rebelliously replied, 'Because I do not believe the Prince of Orange to be King.' Whereupon the Rector waxed wroth, and vowed a solemn vow, (the tale is told rather coarsely,) that if they were to have two kings they must part. So he said his prayers, packed up his portmanteau, and left his wife and parish for a twelvemonth, at the end of which time King William died, the Rector returned, and Sukey said *Amen* to the prayer for Queen Anne.

And on this solemn and obstinate ass was soon to depend the wretchedness or escape of that noble being, as she was, both body and soul, who had the calamity to call him father. A creature as low in mind as in condition, ignorant and grovelling, a Caliban civilized into vulgarity by the pot-house, had the audacity to offer the violence of marriage to this Miranda, and her father compelled her to submit to the brutality. His enforcement of his daughter's vow, in misery, was far worse than Jephtha's consummation of his own vow in blood. Four years afterwards the poor victim sent him the following letter; it does not appear that he was moved by it to any degree of penitence:



' July 3, 1729.

' HONoured SIR,

' Though I was glad on any terms, of the favour of a line from you, yet I was concerned at your displeasure on account of the unfortunate paragraph, which you are pleased to say was meant for *the flower* of my letter, but which was, in reality, the only thing I disliked in it before it went. I wish it had not gone, since I perceive it gave you some uneasiness.

' But since what I said occasioned some queries, which I should be glad to speak freely about, were I sure that the least I could say would not grieve or offend you, or were I so happy as to think like you in every thing ; I earnestly beg that the little I shall say may not be offensive to you, since I promise to be as little witty as possible, though I cannot help saying, you only accuse me of being too much so ; especially these late years past, I have been pretty free from that scandal.

' You ask me, " What hurt matrimony has done me ? and whether I had always so frightful an idea of it as I have now ? " Home questions indeed ! And I once more beg of you not to be offended at the *least* I can say to them, if I say any thing.

' I had not always such notions of wedlock as now ; but thought where there was a mutual affection and desire of pleasing, something near an equality of mind and person, either earthly or heavenly wisdom, and anything to keep love warm between a young couple, there was a *possibility* of happiness in a married state ; but *where all, or most of these, are wanting*, I ever thought people could not marry without *sinning against God and themselves*. I could say much more ; but would rather eternally stifle my sentiments than have the torment of thinking they agree not with yours. You are so good to my spouse and me, as to say, " you shall always think yourself obliged to him for his civilities to me." I hope he will always continue to use me better than I merit from him in one respect.

' I think exactly the same of my marriage as I did before it happened ; but *though I would have given at least one of my eyes for the liberty of throwing myself at your feet before I was married at all* ; yet, since it is past, and matrimonial grievances are usually irreparable, I hope you will condescend to be so far of my opinion, as to own, that since, upon some accounts, I am happier than I deserve, *it is best to say little of things quite past remedy* ; I endeavour, as I really do, to make myself more and more contented, though things may not be to my wish.

' You say you will answer this if you like it ! Now, though I am sorry to occasion your writing in the pain I am sensible you do, yet I must desire you to answer it, whether you like it or not, since, if you are displeased, I would willingly know it ; and the only thing that could make me patient to endure your displeasure is, *your thinking I deserve it*.

' Though I cannot justify my late indiscreet letter, which makes me say so much in this, yet I need not remind you that I am not more than human ; and if the calamities of life (*of which, perhaps, I have my share*) sometimes *wring a complaint* from me, I need tell no one that, though

I *bear*, I must *feel* them. And if you cannot forgive what I have said, I sincerely promise never to offend you by saying too much, which (with begging your blessing) is all from,

‘Honoured Sir,

‘Your most obedient daughter,

‘MEHETABEL WRIGHT.’

There are other symptoms that the pure mind of Mehetabel had a glimpse of the truth as to this marriage. It struggled hard in those iron fetters of superstition which had been riveted on her by education. Had not her will been effectually broken down by the process which has been described, she must have seen the fallacy of its being a duty to make a profession of everlasting love from which her nature recoiled. But, according to the teaching she had received, even from birth, resistance would have been a sin of double damnation, rebellion against her parents and her God. And the whole family were upon her, backed by their cohorts of religious and godly friends. They would all have the vow, the whole vow, and nothing but the vow. No, there was one exception; not a brother; not John, the founder of Methodism, nor Charles, his apostle, nor Samuel, the pink of high church piety; the priests and levites passed her by, or worse than that; the true religion of the case only beamed upon a woman's heart, and revealed itself in a sister's sympathy. Of Mary Wesley, the sister of whom we spoke as having escaped by death in the first year of marriage from their common sisterhood of suffering, Mehetabel thus writes in an affectionate elegy:—

‘When deep immers'd in griefs beyond redress,  
And friends and kindred heighten'd my distress;  
And by relentless efforts made me prove  
Pain, grief, despair, and *wedlock without love*;  
My soft Maria could alone dissent,

O'erlook'd the fatal vow, and mourn'd the punishment.’—p. 236.

The victim is bound to the altar. A brand never to be erased marks her for the property of a brute. The truthful burst of agony from the lips of disappointed love was false in its form of expression, and superstition has made it a spell whereby to conjure up more vows, which are false in essence, and defy volition, which pledge her for ever to love the unlovely, and honour the dishonoured, and obey what there were immorality in not resisting. It is done; and the long train of hopeless years commence their lagging march through a world whose beauty should only echo the voice of joy and singing; a wretched procession, in tears and anguish, slow winding to the grave.

And this endured, or rather she endured, through the quarter of a century. It was only in the six and twentieth year of her suffering, that she was dismissed to tell Milton in heaven that his doctrine was still immoral upon earth. Some notion of her mode of existence may be formed from the following extract:—

‘ The following beautiful lines by Mrs. Wright, seem to have been a mere *extempore* effusion, poured out from the fulness of her heart on the occasion, and sharpened with the keen anguish of distress.

‘ *A Mother’s Address to her Dying Infant.*

Tender softness ! infant mild !  
Perfect, purest, brightest child !  
Transient lustre ! beauteous clay !  
Smiling wonder of a day !  
Ere the last convulsive start  
Rends thy unresisting heart ;  
Ere the long enduring swoon  
Weigh thy precious eyelids down ;  
Ah ! regard a mother’s moan,  
Anguish deeper than thine own.

Fairest eyes, whose dawning light  
Late with rapture blest my sight,  
Ere your orbs extinguish’d be,  
Bend their trembling beams on me.  
Drooping sweetness ! verdant flow’r !  
Blooming, with’ring, in an hour.  
Ere thy gentle breast sustains  
Latest, fiercest, mortal pains,  
Hear a suppliant ! let *me* be  
Partner in thy destiny !  
That whene’er the fatal cloud  
Must thy radiant temples shroud ;  
When deadly damps, impending now,  
Shall hover round thy beauteous brow,  
Diffusive may their influence be,  
And with the *blossom* blast the *tree* !

‘ This was composed during her confinement, and written from her mouth by her husband, who sent it to Mr. John Wesley. The original letter sent with these verses was in Dr. Clarke’s possession, who says, “ It is a curiosity of its kind, and one proof of the total unfitness of such a slender and uncultivated mind, to match with one of the highest ornaments of her sex. I shall give it entire in its own orthography, in order to vindicate the complaints of this forlorn woman, who was forced to accept in marriage the rude hand which wrote it. It is like the ancient Hebrew, all without points.” ’

‘ *To the Revd. Mr John Wesley Fellow in Christ  
Church College Oxon.*

DEAR BRO :

This comes to Let you know that my wife is brought to bed and is in a hopefull way of Doing well but the Dear child Died—the Third day after it was born—which has been of great concerne

to me and my wife She Joyns With me In Love to your Selfe and  
Bro: Charles

‘ From Your Loveing Bro: to Comnd—

‘ WM. WRIGHT.

‘ PS. Ive sen you Sum Verses that my wife maid of Dear Lamb Let  
me hear from one or both of you as Soon as you Think Convenient.’

p. 244—246.

It seems that Mehetabel made a vain effort to inspire something like feeling into the animal to which she was bound. The experiment only added to the disappointments which she was doomed to endure. His nature was capable of little above mere animal appetite. Children might have become something to her. But they all died very young. His occupation was that of a plumber, and, as she believed, ‘ the white-lead killed them all.’ The touching lines just quoted breathe a sentiment which became habitual to her. She lived in the hope of death. After the loss of her sister Mary, there seems not to have been a human being in sympathy with her, or by whom she was properly appreciated. Devout she was, but it was the devotion of a martyr, whose sufferings were too great for her strength; her spirits sunk, and her beauty withered; at least, so her biographers say; but the eye was unquenched, and the face would have beamed in happiness. There was a prudent man, one Mr. Duncombe, who saw her towards the close of her life, and who writes to the celebrated Elizabeth Carter, ‘ It affected me to view the ruin of so fine a frame; so I made her only three or four visits.’ This same sage remarks, of her calling her brother, John Wesley, *the King of the Methodists*, that it ‘ looked like a piece of lunacy;’ not much we think. He probably thought the same of another expression which he reports, and which combines a delicate irony with deep grief. ‘ She told me that she had long ardently wished for death, and the rather,’ said she, ‘ because we, the Methodists, always die in *transports of joy*.’ She died as she had lived, more gracefully than beseems a Methodist. Her brother Charles preached a funeral sermon from a text which appropriately declares, ‘ the days of thy mourning shall be ended.’

Mehetabel Wesley was the victim, as woman is yet continually the victim, of bad education, perverted religion, and unequal institution. The finer the individual nature, the more costly is the sacrifice. The feeling, taste, mental power, and moral purity, which some of her poems, and many passages of her life indicate, are such as to prove her capability, in favourable circumstances, of ministering most largely to social improvement and enjoyment, and, at the same time, to individual happiness, and of having both blessings amply measured back into her own bosom. And all this was wasted upon one for whom a comely scullion, with not a thought above her avocation, would have been as satisfactory a companion, probably much more so, and would

have received from him much better treatment. How is this? Her brothers would have said that it pleased Heaven sorely to try her; and that is true as far as it goes; but we rather think it also pleases Heaven to show by this, and similar examples, that the true morality, that which conducts to happiness, is not always correctly interpreted by society, not even by that portion of society which claims to be eminently religious. The restraint which crippled her faculties, the awful rod which made her an infant slave, was an immorality. This was the source of her own errors. The twig was twisted, and so grew the tree, though graceful even in its distortion. Her marriage was an immorality. So was her continuing through life in a sexual companionship where mutual affection was impossible; not that she was conscious of viciousness, but the contrary; she no doubt thought her misery was her duty. Ill fare the machinery that wrought the perversion and the suffering. For woman so situated there ought to be redress, open and honourable redress, in every country that calls itself civilized. Her situation was even worse than if she had committed that act which, by the law of Moses, would have subjected her to death by stoning; for then she might have been liberated from an enforced and intolerable bond, and even have entered on a new state, perchance of the affection and enjoyment for which she was framed. But her mind was enslaved; it had been scourged into the faith that she was a property, and not a being; her father had divorced himself for a twelvemonth; her husband probably did worse; but she never suspected reciprocity of right or equality of will. And they never suspected that there was degradation in the species of mastery which they arrogated. Savage man kicks and beats woman, and makes her toil in the fields; semi-civilized man locks her up in a harem; and man three-quarters civilized, which is as far as we are got, educates her for pleasure and dependency, keeps her in a state of pupilage, closes against her most of the avenues of self-support, and cheats her by the false forms of an irrevocable contract into a life of subservience to his will. The reason for all which is 'that he is the stronger.' And the result of which is that he often lacks an intelligent and sympathizing companion when most he needs one; a high-minded helpmate to cheer him in noble toils and bitter sacrifices; and a mother for his children who will take care that the next generation shall advance on the mental and moral attainments of the present. Truly he makes as bad a bargain as he deserves. Do not you think so, Mr. Dove? Was not Mehetabel Wesley's mother as much in the wrong as Andrew Marvell's father? And when you print your commendatory list of Critical Notices, especially for the Advertisement in the 'Methodist Magazine,' will you not again add, 'See also the Monthly Repository?'



## THE POETICAL WORKS OF LEIGH HUNT.\*

KEATS once wished he had never read a book. He lived to see his error. He lived to see that true originality is not to be destroyed by the knowledge of what has been produced before. Genius is inextinguishable; it is the Greek fire which burns under water. If he had read more, Keats would never have written *Endymion*; and, perhaps he would have finished *Hyperion*. The difference between the travels of the wise and the foolish, is not that they take different roads, but that they see with different eyes. Humboldt is no less the Homer of travellers on the European highway than in the South American forest. Books might have taught Keats to *guide* his power; they could not possibly have taken it from him.

He read few books; he had a friend who read all books; and yet whose poetry gave him a keen sense of enjoyment. Leigh Hunt entered upon the world with the ambition to be a poet; not that we think there was in his composition any of that irresistible gravitation towards poetry, which impelled the blind Ionian harper and the more glorious blind man of England, to 'break up the fountains of the deep' within them. It was not thus with the poet whose writings are before us; it is the case with but one or two in a line of ages. Leigh Hunt was a poet not by necessity, but by choice. He had a lively imagination, stored with sparkling images, which he had seen in nature through the spectacles (or Lorraine glasses) of books. He had fine animal spirits, and a deep thirst for fame, or rather, perhaps, for praise. He determined to be a poet; and a poet he became. We well remember the time of the publication of his '*Rimini*,' and some of its beautiful fragments yet 'stick at our heart.' Nothing can 'pluck them thence.' He appeared one of the most original of the poets of his day; but it was only because he had borrowed from a more recondite fountain. He was the idolater of the past. He belonged neither to the Satanic school, nor to the Lake school, nor to the Chivalrous school, nor to any other school of modern bardism. He was the emulator of old English poetry at large. Something compounded of Chaucer, of Spencer, and of Dryden, would have been, if he could have hit it, his beau ideal of poetic excellence; infusing into it a strong tincture of the old Greek mythology, and another equally strong of Italian romance. Forming himself upon such models, he produced a style of his own, very unlike any thing in the writings of his day and generation. Nevertheless we repeat, that his apparent originality was in great part the effect of more distant imitation. The burning instinct of song was not the master-passion of his being. If Chaucer, Spencer, and Dryden had not written, we

\* 8vo. London, Moxon, 1832.



should not have had the 'Story of Rimini.' Yet in this seeming censure there is rare praise. He dared to go back to the fine antique models, and verily he has had his reward. He has produced things of uncommon beauty and tenderness. The praise be his of scorning to form himself upon recent or fashionable examples. If he is not a giant himself, he has breathed the air of the giant world. He has not stooped to the spirit, in which the author of 'Childe Harold' condescended to write the 'Corsair.' He has not consulted the sale of his productions, the attainment of ephemeral reputation and hot-pressed morocco-gilt glory, at the expense of that which every true poet would seek for, though he knew he was to be a loser in immediate profit and praise. Leigh Hunt has not done this; and this is much to say in this age of versifiers and poetasters. He has not 'cried aloud in worship of an echo.'

It has been his misfortune, and his glory, that he has been as little given to worship the powers that be, in matters political, as in matters poetical. Hence has arisen a system of literary persecution, the like of which has not often disgraced the educated world. The poet has suffered martyrdom for the heresies of the politician. Yet these heresies, like some others which it is sufficient to allude to, have been such, in many respects, as to do credit to the heretic's heart and understanding. The world is gradually discovering that they were truths in disguise. But had they even been otherwise, most earnestly should we deprecate, most unsparingly should we stigmatize, the spirit in which such disgraceful persecutions originate. We can conceive of nothing more utterly disingenuous and unmanly. Why should a free-man's political errors, great or small, real or imaginary, be suffered to affect his reputation as a poet? But such things are; and of this the author of 'Rimini' is a too notorious example. The Billingsgate of vulgar literature has discharged its whole lexicon at his head. Every phrase of contempt and vituperation has been poured upon him without remission or remorse; and all this, because he was the early and open advocate of those opinions, which are now becoming the political creed of the world, and will eventually be its political redemption. We can scarcely believe, when we read of such transactions, that we are Englishmen living in the nineteenth century of christianity.

Our readers need scarcely be informed that Leigh Hunt has long been regarded by these critics and their admirers, as the chief and patriarch of what they have termed, in bitter but silly facetiousness, the cockney school of poetry. For the disciples of this school, they will inquire in vain. It existed only in the pages of Blackwood's Magazine. The school was created for the castigation of the master. People have at length begun to discover that 'the sceptre of Cockaigne' is 'a thing of naught.' The publication of this handsome volume sufficiently announces the

fact, if other proof were wanting. It is published by subscription ; and the list of subscribers is filled with names, many of which evince the progress of the sentiments which the writer has suffered so cruelly for avowing. We mean not to aver that the list contains the names of many actual converts to liberalism ; but simply that there are not a few among them, which would certainly not have appeared in such a place some years ago, when mention was rarely made of Hunt, or Hazlitt, except as amongst the caco-demons and evil genii of humanity. We believe that his life has been, in one respect, but too poetical ; he has often had to make one shilling do the work of two. We wish him two to do the work of one. He has a large family, who depend entirely upon his exertions. He has suffered much for society, and we hope that society will make a generous atonement. The *amende honorable* is commonly made over the grave, too late for 'the poor inhabitant below ;' we would fain hope that our own age will reject this unworthy practice ; and that when the injured ask us for bread, we shall no longer give them a posthumous stone.

The bias of this writer towards our early literature has produced a twofold good effect upon his poems. It has, in the first place, given to his versification a harmony and a variety, which, perhaps, no recent composer in the fine old heroic couplet has equalled. It cannot be a reproach to him, that he is one of those rhymers who have Pope's 'tune by heart.' Monotony is a stranger to his free and changeful verse. Its variations of structure and of pause continually keep the ear awake, and fill it with unwearying melody. In the second place, the same bias has had the still superior good effect of keeping him aloof and apart from that bane of all good poetry, the conventional poetic dialect, its gaudy and glittering Euphuism. True poetry derives its power not from the words, but from the thought with which they are charged. The thunder does not make the lightning, but the lightning the thunder. Accustomed as we are to see this principle inverted, we delight to regard a writer whose genius speaks to us in no conventional language, but in that of a purer taste and a better age.

The chief composition in the volume is the 'Story of Rimini.' Why should we not say that it is worthy of Dryden ? Lord Byron said of it, 'after his sour fashion,' that there never were more good things spoilt than in Hunt's 'Rimini.' The world, we believe, has long made up its mind respecting the deference due to the noble poet's conversational criticisms. They were not always remarkable for their consistency with themselves, with each other, or with his written ones ; and had usually too much about them which betokened their effervescence from the *splendida bilis* of his nature. In this respect, however, even he might think differently of the writings of his unpopular contemporary, if he saw them in their present form. We do not mean that the handsomeness of the book would make any impression upon him ; yet even

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that would be agreeable to his aristocratical prejudices. But we refer to the complete and elaborate revision which the poems have undergone, we believe from one end to the other, to fit them for reappearance at the public bar. We even think that in some instances the poet has used both the pruning and the grafting knife too largely; *e. g.* in the 'Feast of the Poets,' which we have compared with the original copy as published in the 'Reflector,' and find guilty of some defalcations which we cannot help regretting. The satire was so playful, that we cannot think it required any palinode. We hope that the poet has attached too much consequence to this elegant and brilliant *jeu d'esprit*, in imputing to it, as he does, not a few of the animosities which have obscured his fame as a poet, and embittered his lot as a man. We attribute these to a very different origin. But both these causes, we trust, will soon be of the things that were.

We return to the 'Story of Rimini.' It is founded upon the well-known passage in the 'Inferno' (which stands there, says our author, characteristically, 'like a lily in the mouth of Tartarus,') where Dante tells, in half a dozen lines, the tale of two broken Italian hearts: 'That day we read no more!' Our countryman has wrought a powerful story of passion and misery out of the simple but pregnant materials of the poetic Michael Angelo. It is something to have told a story after Dante; it is something more to have made it so beautifully his own. We will repeat it after neither; yet cannot abstain from giving a few citations from the English poem, which may justify us for the opinion we have expressed of its high poetic deservings.

Here is a fountain:—

And in the midst, fresh whistling through the scene,  
A lightsome fountain starts from out the green,  
Clear and compact, till, at its height o'er-run,  
*It shakes its loosening silver in the sun.*

p. 5.

Here is an Italian garden; seen, however, with an English eye:—

So now you walked beside an odorous bed  
Of gorgeous hues, white, azure, golden, red;  
And now turned off into a leafy walk,  
Close and continuous, fit for lover's talk;  
And now pursued the stream, and as you trod  
Onward and onward o'er the velvet sod,  
Felt on your face an air, watery and sweet,  
And *a new sense in your soft-lighting feet*;  
And then perhaps you entered upon shades,  
Pillowed with dells and uplands 'twixt the glades,  
*Through which the distant palace, now and then,*  
*Looked lordly forth with many-windowed ken*;  
A land of trees, which reaching round about,  
In shady blessing stretched their old arms out,  
With spots of sunny opening, and *with nooks,*  
*To lie and read in, sloping into brooks*

Where at her drink you started the slim deer,  
 Retreating lightly with a lovely fear.  
 And all about, the birds kept leafy house,  
 And sung and sparkled in and out the boughs ;  
 And all about, a lovely sky of blue  
 Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laughed through ;  
 And here and there, in every part, were seats,  
 Some in the open walks, some in retreats ;  
 With bowering leaves o'erhead, *to which the eye*  
*Looked up half sweetly and half awfully,—*  
*Places of nestling green, for poets made,*  
*Where, when the sunshine struck a yellow shade,*  
*The rugged trunks, to inward peeping sight,*  
*Thronged in dark pillars up the gold green light.*—pp. 58, 59.

These extracts will show that he has the gift of describing nature. The following will evince that, in the developement of a character, he can seize the great and fix the fine. It is the portrait of the elder of the two princely brothers :—

The worst of Prince Giovanni, as his bride  
 Too quickly found, was an ill-temper'd pride.  
 Bold, handsome, able (if he chose) to please,  
 Punctual and right in common offices,  
 He lost the sight of conduct's only worth,  
*The scatt'ring smiles on this uneasy earth,*  
 And on the strength of virtues of small weight,  
 Claimed tow'ards himself the exercise of great.  
 He kept no reck'ning with his sweets and sour ;—  
 He'd hold a sullen countenance for hours,  
 And then, if pleased to cheer himself a space,  
 Look for the immediate rapture in your face,  
 And wonder that a cloud could still be there,  
 How small soever, when his own was fair.  
*Yet such is conscience, so design'd to keep,*  
*Stern, central watch, though all things else go sleep,*  
*And so much knowledge of one's self there lies*  
*Cored, after all, in our complacencies,*  
 That no suspicion would have touch'd him more,  
 Than that of wanting on the gen'rous score :  
 He would have whelmed you with a weight of scorn,  
 Been proud at eve, inflexible at morn,  
 In short, ill-temper'd for a week to come,  
 And all to strike that desp'rate error dumb.  
 Taste had he, in a word, for high-turn'd merit,  
 But not the patience, nor the genial spirit ;  
*And so he made, 'twixt virtue and defect,*  
*A sort of fierce demand on your respect,*  
*Which, if assisted by his high degree,*  
*It gave him, in some eyes, a dignity,*  
*And struck a meaner deference in the many,*  
*Left him at last unloveable with any.*—p. 40—42.

Our limits will not permit us to give the exquisite pendant to this, in the portrait of the younger brother, or the withering effects of the contrast upon the feelings of the young and sensitive bride, passages which might sufficiently establish the reputation of any writer. But we do not think that there are many poets, the merit of whose great productions is so general and pervading. These passages are not oases in the wilderness; if they lead any one to the poem, they will not lead him to disappointment.

The next pieces are, 'The Gentle Armour' (we defy our readers to unriddle the title,) and 'Hero and Leander!' Both have their beauties; but we do not particularly admire them. We have then the 'Feast of the Poets,' one of the most pleasant, poetical, and good-humoured of satires. The miscellaneous poems are unequal, like most others. There are some affecting lines on a sick child sleeping. There are also some fine sonnets: in one, entitled, 'A Thought of the Nile,' we have the following great image:—

'It flows through old hush'd Egypt and its sands,  
*Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream.*'—p. 211.

On 'A Lock of Milton's Hair,' terminates by this beautiful version of a very common and natural sentiment:—

'There seems a love in hair, though it be dead.  
It is the gentlest, yet the strongest thread  
Of our frail plant,—a blossom from the tree,  
Surviving the proud trunk;—as though it said  
Patience and Gentleness is Power. *In me  
Behold affectionate eternity.*'—p. 213.

Our poet and his friend Keats once sat down to compose each a sonnet on the same subject, 'the Grasshopper and the Cricket.' Keats began,—

'The poetry of earth is never dead,'—

Hunt—

'Green little vaulter in the sunny grass.

Was ever the constitutional difference between two poets more strikingly marked than in these different exordia? We mean not to disparage the sonnet of Hunt, which is full of spirit and feeling, and which he has justly thought deserving of a place in the collection.

Some of the translations are vigorous and happy. Some of them, too, would have been no loss to the volume. All are occasionally disfigured by *super-original* graces. We will, not, however, conclude with censure. There are more fine things in this book, than in most of its size in the recent literature of England.

We had here laid down our patent metallic, when it occurred



to us, on glancing back over the paper and the subject, that we had as yet taken no distinct notice of a circumstance, which ought to endear the poet for the sake of the man. We have before adverted to the fact that the realities of Leigh Hunt's life have not always been what the world calls happy ones. He has had much to endure, and he has endured it well. He has carried a light heart through all his misfortunes ; and is, we believe, to this day in many respects *a boy*. We mean him, in saying this, one of the highest praises in our power. We believe that the more of our boyish *inner sunshine* we carry with us into the scenes of the often cloudy world ; the more we can keep circumstances from embittering our feelings, or, at least, our own unhappiness from making others unhappy ; we avail ourselves the more of the ' sweet uses of adversity,' and acquire a title to the respect of our fellow-beings. Our poet, we apprehend, has chosen this better part, and we cordially trust he will have his reward. We understand that, in his own happy language, he has made it his business, as far as he could, to ' scatter smiles on this uneasy earth.' During his imprisonment, he was a bird that sang in his cage, instead of committing suicide against the bars. If the latter conduct be thought more imposing and sentimental, the former we take to be more beautiful and endearing. We part from him, therefore, with the earnest and friendly hope, that the success of the present publication may be such, as to give some brighter days to the poet of ' Rimini.'

GOETHE'S WORKS.—No. 8.

WE are now arrived at the great work which holds the same pre-eminent place among Goethe's prose writings which ' Faust' does among his poems, the ' Wilhelm Meister,' but which is even more than Faust, Caviare to the million ; and with this the million took great offence. An esoteric metaphysical drama was tolerated, but the imposition upon the public of a psychological or rather pedagogical novel, from the enjoyment of which the reading people were excluded, was considered as an aristocratical usurpation upon popular rights, something like the abortive attempts of the managers of our London theatres to shut up the one shilling gallery. Hence, while this work has been, and is, more loudly eulogized than any other by a few, it is far indeed from being popular. We shall endeavour, as briefly as possible, to characterise it. It being, in our judgment, the single work which Germany has to exhibit in emulation of the acknowledged masterpieces of Spain, France, and our own country.\* It consists of two parts,

\* Mr. Taylor would protest against this opinion, and claim this distinction for the ' Agathon' and other philosophical romances of Wieland.



which require a distinct consideration. The first, and by far the most valuable part, and to which alone laudatory or reproachful criticism has been applied, entitled the *Lehrjahre*, or Wilhelm Meister's apprenticeship, occupies the volumes 18, 19, and 20, and was published so early as 1794.\* The very problem or purpose of this work is such, that when it is compared with that of the great novels we have alluded to, its want of like popularity is sufficiently accounted for. The apprenticeship of Wilhelm Meister is to that art and mystery of which the professors form no guild, and which, therefore, no man puts himself out to learn—self-knowledge; an acquaintance with his own talents and qualifications, that he may do that which Dr. Johnson declared to be beyond the powers of man; that is, select deliberately one mode of life before another, on an adequate consideration of the respective reasons for preference. This strictly *didactic* purpose removes it at once from the possibility of obtaining that success by which other romances have been rendered illustrious,† and the work would hardly be known by the mere readers of circulating library novels. It would, however, have therefore greater claims on the notice of those who read a book merely to talk about or to criticise it. This class have, in fact, very freely exercised their right upon it, and we purpose to add our contribution to the mass. Of the story we shall content ourselves with saying very little.

The first of its eight books exhibits Wilhelm suffering from the infliction of one of the most painful lessons men are taught at the entrance into life—he is the dupe of a pretty woman. The son of an affluent tradesman in a large town, he has attached himself with all the fierceness of youthful passion to an actress, and is on the point of offering to her his hand in order to leave his father's house and become an actor, that he may live in the constant admiration of her charms, and in the enjoyment of her pure and disinterested love. A sudden discovery destroys the illusion,

\* And was noticed in our monthly review, vol. xxvii. p. 543. by Mr. William Taylor, who extracted the very curious and original criticism on Hamlet, with which we have nothing to compare in our own literature except Morgan's admirable essay on the character of Falstaff.

† We take leave to illustrate this remark by two well-known instances. When Fielding imposed on himself this problem,—to exhibit a warm-hearted and generous young man with no worse vice than the ready indulgence of natural and not unamiable passions, without guile and without suspicion, incapable of fraud, and its easy victim, and showed him at last prosperous; and in contrast with him, a cold and cunning knave ultimately thwarted in his plans; he was sure of favourable readers. The apologist of popular weaknesses and vices is sure to have the people on his side. So when Fielding's great contemporary and rival, Richardson, proposed to himself to unfold in detail all the expedients of a high-spirited and talented voluptuary, directed to the perpetration of a nefarious crime of daily occurrence indeed, but with less waste of intellect and with fewer circumstances of horror; and also to display a female of transcendent qualities, and of immaculate virtue, suffering for a mere imprudence more than vice could merit; he, too, was sure to excite the sympathies of the great mass of mankind. And the consummate talent of these great masters have consequently rendered Tom Jones and Clarissa classics in our language, and familiarly known throughout cultivated Europe.

and with his happiness his health. On his recovery from a dangerous illness, his mistress is fled, and he is left with his spirits broken, and unfit for the duties of his station; he is sent from home on the pretence of commercial business, but he feels himself at liberty to pursue his vagrant taste. His amour had connected him with actors, and he had already formed the notion that he had talents both for dramatic poetry and the stage. He falls in with a company of strollers, with whom he associates, half patron, half companion. His passion for the lost Marianne had not rendered him unsusceptible of kindred attractions, and he is easily drawn on to accompany his new friends to the château of a Count; here he becomes connected with a noble family, among the females of which he has the felicity of contemplating every variety of female excellence of the nobler class, as among the actresses no attraction of a lower kind was wanting. The individuals of this noble family, and a *corps dramatique*, (with whom he for a time condescends even to associate as a member,) are his instructors, by means of whom he is taught his own unfitness for the stage, and, at the same time, is allowed to enter the career of domestic life as a man of formed character and varied endowments. Romantic incidents are supplied, by means of which he is, at the end of his apprenticeship, dismissed with the prospect of felicity, though whether he even at last attain it, is somewhat doubtful; our author being singularly indifferent to what constitutes the charm of a novel to its sympathizing readers,—the *dénouement*.

So much for the story. Among the episodes, the excellence of which has been acknowledged by those who find the most to censure in the work, deserve especial mention, 'The Confessions' (*einer schönen seele*) 'of a beautiful Soul,' of which we have already spoken, vol. vi. p. 294. Our orthodox friends will understand us at once when we inform them that it is an *experience*, but let them by no means, therefore, run to the next library for a copy. It will not gratify the admirers of either Mrs. Hannah More, Mr. Cunningham, or Mr. Ward. Though she has been led by the hand of Providence to reject her earthly lover, and had been brought to 'feel the sweetest enjoyment of all her vital powers in intercourse with the invisible friend,' yet there is one feature in her character which distinguishes her from all the heroines of our pious romancers. With every desire and even effort to be alarmed for her future condition, it was out of her power; it was impossible for her to imagine either a place of torment or a tormentor; nor could she contemplate God any otherwise than as an object of affection. The want of the love of God appeared to her its own sufficient punishment.—'I scarcely remember a command. Nothing appears to me under the form of a law. It is an impulse which conducts me, and always aright. I follow my sentiments freely, and know as little of restraint as of repentance. God be praised that I know to

whom I owe this felicity, and that I can contemplate these privileges only with humility. For I am in no danger of becoming proud of my own powers and faculties, since I have so clearly seen what monster may be generated in every human bosom which is not guarded by a higher power.'

There are besides two highly romantic and deeply pathetic individuals—Mignon, the mysterious child rescued by Wilhelm from a company of strolling rope-dancers, who, having bound herself by an oath to the Virgin not to reveal the country of her birth, betrays her history in wondrous songs. The 'Kennst du das Land' has been imitated by Lord Byron, in his well known

'Know'st thou the land where the citrons bloom.'

Sir Walter Scott has acknowledged that he took from Mignon the first idea of the Finella, in his 'Peveril of the Peak.' Creatures of imagination were at no time among the happiest of Sir Walter's productions. This is a most unsuccessful, indeed very unpleasant, imitation. The other romantic being, a crazed harper, sings songs of equal pathos, but his personal appearance and history are painful almost beyond the limits set by taste to pathos. The lover of the pathetic and the wildly romantic would have all his requisites fulfilled were these ingredients more closely connected with the main incident of the novel. But that which, after all, constitutes the undisputed charm of the work is the profusion of moral and psychologic disquisition, in which no romance that we know can at all compare with it; as in its directly philosophical purpose, there is but one that at all rivals it, the earliest as well as the greatest of all works of prose fiction, the very popular but ill understood Don Quixote.

These being its merits, it will be asked what are the demerits which have excluded it from that generally favourable reception which the talents of the author might have certainly secured it? These we must in candour advert to: first, the female characters, which are, nevertheless, at the same time the object of the most enthusiastic applause. Goethe's peculiar turn of mind led him to omit no variety of female charm and attraction. In this gallery of beauties, Marianne and Philine stand towards Natalie and Therese in the relation which the *Pandemos*, in the tolerant mythology of the Greeks, bore to the *Urania*—and each of these was *Venus*. They were the earthly and the heavenly. If Goethe, like the philologists of the 16th century, had adopted a Greek motto, it would probably have been  $\pi\alpha\varsigma \theta\epsilon\omicron\varsigma \alpha\rho\alpha\theta\omicron\varsigma$ —*Every god is good*. And as the greatest of his poetical predecessors has said, 'There is a soul of goodness in things evil,' Goethe has, in the course of his long life, and in this work especially, delighted in the exhibition of that beautiful soul in those evil things. Now there is a class of excellent, but anxious and timid persons, to whom this appears a perilous achievement. They believe that in so doing, good and evil are in danger of being confounded. We leave others to ap-

preciate the validity of the objection. The same class of persons, even in Germany, and to a greater degree in England, object altogether to Goethe's mode of considering the intercourse of the sexes. Not that there is an indecorous expression in the book; not that licentiousness is justified in argument, or represented as innocuous in fact; but that though the union of the sexes, and especially the paternal relation, is represented as that above all others by which the character is fixed, and the good and evil of life determined, yet marriage as a social institution is never adverted to as a necessary incident in the connexion. Not only is the passionate Lydia shown in the agonies of despair, but the deeply affecting Aurelia dies the victim of Lothario's desertion, who is, nevertheless, exhibited, unreprieved, as the model of every excellence.

The incidents also have been as vehemently objected to as the characters; and a want of probability is alleged as destructive of all interest in the individuals. In the château of the Count, as well as of Lothario, are introduced a set of mysterious persons, who get up a sort of show in a secret apartment. Personages from a stage make speeches to and at Wilhelm. They read to him from a roll of parchment his *lehr-brief*—a set of admonitions for his conduct in life. They recommend themselves to his favour by the solemn assurance that the child Felix is *his* son; otherwise they would have appeared as troublesome and impertinent to him as they doubtless do to the English reader, to whom, however, we have to offer this apology, that the actual existence of secret societies in Germany is a fact of no small importance in the history of that country during the last age.\*

The objection made to the *Lehrjahre* on the ground of its too metaphysic character is still more applicable to the second part,

\* It is notorious that the late King of Prussia was, to a great degree, governed by some religious fanatics and impostors, who had obtained the mastery of his weak and obstinate head. Schiller made this set of people the subject of his popular novel, 'The Ghost Seer,' which, when translated, ought to have been accompanied by an historical commentary. The want of secret societies in a country which had no free press, or other legal organ for free and public instruction, was so universally felt, that they were resorted to both by Catholics and Protestants, the religious and the anti-religious. Our readers are acquainted probably with the Scotch Professor Robison's 'History of the Conspiracy against Church and State on the Continent,' and of the Abbé Baruel's 'History of Jacobinism,' written with like design. Now, in both of these works there is a great deal of 'malignant truth,' which, because the malice was apparent, was deemed unjustly a lie. Both of the authors erred in giving unity of design and combination to unconnected elements—and, indeed, hostile purposes are strangely brought together as pursued in concert. There is, however, no doubt that the order of *illuminati* founded by *Weishaupt* in Germany just before the French Revolution broke out, contributed greatly to prepare the Bavarians for the degree of liberty and political power that was given them by the late king. That king, and his able minister *Mongelas*, (the man of whom, and of *Talleyrand*, Buonaparte declared that they were the only perfect ministers and diplomatists he had ever known,) were both among the early pupils of *Weishaupt*, who ended his days but a few years since at Gotha, having lived to witness the establishment of a representative constitution by his own royal pupil, in the country where his first labours were performed, and where Jesuitism was most effectually opposed by a Jesuitical contrivance.

entitled the *Wanderjahre*; the first portion of which was compiled so lately as 1807, and which fills vols. 21, 22, 23. of the new edition.\*

In that year, Goethe informs us, (vol. 32. p. 11.) he planned the binding together with a romantic thread, and so forming an attractive whole of a varied mass of compositions including *novelle*, &c. His expedient is certainly inartificial, and does not appear to us felicitous—he supposes his hero to be bound to travel for a year, (a sort of novitiate,) not resting more than three days in a place; and he gives an account of his adventures to his Natalie. Why, we are not told. But there is a break in the second volume, and we are informed that years have intervened. Why, therefore, the journey is continued we do not know. Some of the old characters appear again, new ones are introduced; and the end of the printed book is no end of the work, in a critical sense. Mysteries are left unexplained. And we can as little anticipate whether Wilhelm is to be ultimately united to his Natalie, as we know why he left her. Perhaps among the fifteen volumes of posthumous works which are announced, there may be a third part; till then it would be idle to speak of it as a whole. Nor have we space to enumerate all the parts—we can notice only a few of the more significant. †

Vol. 21 opens with an exquisite piece of moral painting, the idea of which Mr. Taylor tells us is taken from Clemens of Alexandria. Wilhelm falls in with a pious carpenter, whom he calls St. Joseph, and who, in fact, strives to follow in life the civil condition as well as the holiness of his namesake. Like him he has a wife Mary. They are met by our traveller in the mountains, driving an ass, on which sits a beauteous child.

The traveller never quits the mountains. Here he meets with a noble family, in which wealth is dispensed with benevolence and munificence. Here, too, he finds a singular community, in the account of which Goethe has poured forth all his reflections and speculations on the present state of civilization in the world, and on the institutions by means of which education may be carried on upon a great scale. We know not how otherwise to designate this community than by saying, that it is a something between Utopia and Lanark. Instead of such ponderous and unromantic means as civil government, with its armies, and corps of law-

\* The *Lehrjahre* was translated into English by Mr. Carlyle,—an honest, as well as able work. Mr. Carlyle might have rendered his book more acceptable to the great body of readers by sacrificing some portion of the peculiarities of his author, which he might easily have done, and so doing might have given to his work more of the grace of an original composition. In his subsequent work, entitled 'German Romance,' he has inserted a version of the first part of the *Wanderjahre*, entitling it 'Wilhelm Meister's Travels,'—a word which does not by any means express the sense of the original term, which is borrowed from the universal custom in Germany, according to which a workman is obliged to travel for a number of years before he is admitted to the freedom of his guild or company. The German *Bursche* and *Handwerker* (students and journeymen) constitute most of the numerous pedestrian travellers met with.



yers, police officers, and executioners; we have instructors and professors of every description, who direct the free workings of intellect. Nor does this institution seem, like that of Mr. Owen, to be merely a preservative against the evils of our artificial society, for the production mainly of the first necessities of life. It seems rather formed for the generation of faculties than for directing their application. We were reminded more than once of the remark of a German transcendental physician, (Kilian the Brunonian,) who in one of his prefaces gravely asserts, 'The science of medicine was not discovered to cure diseases, but diseases exist in order that the science of medicine might arise.' A great variety of curious dissertation is interspersed on the mechanic arts; even the processes of spinning and weaving are minutely described; anatomy, and the substitution of waxen models are discussed. And here we find a remarkable anticipation of that atrocious crime (*Burking*) which subsequently disgraced our country, and to which a great name has been unhappily appropriated.

With the pedagogical institution is connected an emigration society, but this seems, in part at least, to be an expedient for colonizing less the barren earth with men than barren society with instructed and intellectual beings. From the purely pedagogic part we will mention one single incident as a specimen of the fanciful expedients resorted to by our author. Wilhelm remarks, that all the pupils, when their preceptors pass them, leave their employments, and assume different positions and gestures, according to their age. The youngest cross each his arms on his breast, and look with a smile towards the sky; the next class, with hands folded behind, contemplate the earth; while the seniors stand in a row and look forward. These different gesticulations are imposed as a duty, in order to impress on their susceptible minds the three-fold reverence (*ehrfurcht*) which, when combined together, attune the mind to virtue. These are successively explained to mean the reverence man ought to feel towards his superiors, his inferiors, and his equals. The fitness of each position and gesture to express and inspire the sentiment, we leave to the discernment of our readers. Goethe, however, has not confessed that after all this thought is exemplified in every infant's prayer. Indeed, what else were the sacrificial ceremonies of all antiquity, sacred and pagan?

Among these mountains, Wilhelm finds one of his old companions, Jarno; he is the chief instructor in geology and the sciences. In this same retreat we have also, where we should little expect it, a discussion of the evil and good of machinery, which, in fact, forces into emigration the till then thriving community, and which emigration is the last incident of the romance.

Of the new characters, there is one which is kept in the background, like a superior being, and as becomes her sacred name,



which is all that appears of her in the *Lehrjahre*,—*Makaria*. In the first part of the work is a collection of enigmatical sayings, entitled, 'from Makaria's archives.' Who she is we learn only in the second part. She is a rich and ~~noble~~ lady, devoting her life to acts of beneficence, but, like the 'beautiful soul,' living under deep religious impressions. She, too, is a visionary, and lives under the notion that her life is bound up with the movements of the stars, and she finds an astronomer who nourishes and seconds her gentle, sublime, and harmless illusion. That no variety of the religious female character might be wanting, Goethe has also supplied a saint of a more practical turn of mind, whom he has entitled, the 'new nut-brown maid.' Her history is one of the delightful novelle, which, after all, form the great charm of the work to the general reader; her piety is warm, but her virtue is active and even laborious. She is the wife and widow of a manufacturer, and from her proceed the discussions of political economy.

There are several other tales of equal attraction. 'The Man of Fifty Years,' is full of lessons of wisdom for the bachelors and widowers of that perilous age, of which the dangers are the most to be feared, because in fact they are not apprehended. The crown of the romantic novelle is 'The New Melusina.' That antique and oriental tale, (for such we presume it is, though we want scholarship to trace it to *India* or *Persia*,) of which the tale of Cupid and Psyche is a variety, is modernized so far, that a barber makes himself the husband of the fairy wife, whom he unconsciously carries about with him in an enchanted box. The humorous blending of the marvellous and familiar is successful, and very different indeed from the French degradation of the fairy tale to the developements of the brothel. A considerable space in this, as in the former part, is given to a collection of axioms and single thoughts, as if to balance, by these emanations of pure reason, the sentimental and playful elements in which the rest of the work abounds.

We are now arrived at the autobiographical class of our author's works. These fill nine volumes, from the 24th to the 33rd. We are compelled to pass them over in a few lines, referring to what we have said vol. vi. p. 292—301, &c.

Vols. 24, 25, 26 consist of the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*. We here protest against Mr. Taylor's inference, that there is conscious invention or falsehood in this book, in spite of Goethe's own explanation, which we have given. We have also to warn our readers against the pretended translation of this work, published by Colburn. An exposure of the fraud appeared in an early number of the *Westminster Review*. The book is there proved to be from the French, by a person who was ignorant even of the German alphabet. Not a single sentence involving thought is faithfully given.

Vols. 27 and 28 consist of the Italian journey in 1786-7. And vol. 29 of the 'Second Residence in Rome,' from June 1787 to April 1788. These volumes were published but a few years ago. They combine, therefore, the impassioned feelings with which the author contemplated the most remarkable and interesting country on the face of the earth, when his faculties were in their zenith, with the ripest reflections of his mature age. Goethe's love of Rome has more of passion in it seemingly than any other taste in which he indulged. It was there his most celebrated works (*Iphigenia* and *Tasso* for instance) received his final corrections. His love of poetry and the fine arts, his delight in the study of the human mind, as it appears in its more momentous productions, laws, religion, manners, and the varieties of natural character, all received here nutriment and employment. To the reflecting traveller in the '*bel paese*,' these volumes may be especially recommended.

Vol. 30 contains the narrative of his unfortunate campaign in France in 1792, when the Duke of Brunswick made his memorable retreat from Champagne, which determined the fate of Europe for ages.

Vols. 31 and 32 are nearly filled by the diary supplemental to the more elaborate autobiography of the author's youth, which extends to his seventy-third year. These sheets (*hefte*) are rather notes and hints, than a work; and, therefore, though interesting to all who are already familiar with the writings of the poet, they do not form one of the works to be recommended to the student. There are, however, scattered throughout, curious facts connected with the literary and political history of the times.

Then follows an *Eloge funèbre* on Amelia, Duchess Dowager of Weimar, written on her death in 1807, and which was translated at the time in Dr. Aikin's '*Athenæum*.' We have before adverted to the influence which this accomplished princess had in the bringing together the great men who rendered the otherwise mean little town of Weimar illustrious. We add merely thus much, that, in the latter period of her life, Wieland became her daily associate, while she was cordially attached to Herder, whose religious turn of mind had engaged her sympathies more strongly than the bolder and more philosophic character of either Goethe or Schiller; yet she said with great feeling to our friend R—— a few days after Schiller's interment, 'It has been the pride of my life to be the friend of our great men, but it is hard to be the survivor of them.' She was spared a further trial of this kind; Wieland survived her, and the greatest of them all has embalmed her memory in this precious casket of golden words.

Another and more valuable memorial of friendship follows in an oration delivered at a meeting of Free Masons, on the death of *Wieland* in 1813: *Zu brüderlichem Andenken Wielands; i. e.* 'To the fraternal memory of Wieland.' It is not easy to imagine

literary talents and tastes more directly opposed to each other, than those of Wieland and Goethe; and these did, in fact, occasion a sparring between them before they became personally acquainted, of which we have already spoken. Wieland was rather an accomplished writer, than an original genius; a thinker, than a poet. He was a successful imitator, and an excellent translator, at least of Horace and Lucian. His translation of Shakspeare was at least useful, but Goethe has truly remarked, that his mind was so directly opposed to that of Shakspeare in all points, that his own study of Shakspeare had no influence on himself, as is proved by the passages he omitted, and by his notes written in the spirit of a Frenchman. Nothing raises Goethe higher in our estimation, than the facility with which he penetrated, as it were, into the spirit, and the liberality with which he appreciated the worth of minds so different from his own, as those of Schiller, Wieland, Voss, &c. If there be an exception to this praise, it is with reference to Herder only. The masonic oration which has produced these remarks, is an *unique* specimen of literary eulogy. We recommend it earnestly for translation.

We have now gone successively through Goethe's lyric, dramatic, romantic, and autobiographic works, constituting (with the exception of his epic poems, which, as the crown of all, he has compressed within his last and 40th volume) his most important original writings. The remaining nine volumes show him in the character of critic, translator, and biographer.

Vol. 33 enables the curious reader to compare Goethe's earliest and latest critical writings. It contains thirty-five reviews, or rather literary notices, which appeared in the 'Frankfort Literary Gazette,' in 1772 and 1773; and sixteen more elaborate reviews, which were published in 1804-6. The early reviews are chiefly of books forgotten now. The subjects are worth notice as showing what at that period occupied the attention of the young and inquisitive. One especially is very remarkable, and it was by us entirely unexpected; it is on that momentous topic, the *freedom of the will*, and suggests a curious subject for comparison between Goethe's own speculations and those which were excited in this country by the writings of Dr. Priestley only a few years afterwards.\*

These reviews are of interest to those only to whom the literary history of Germany, or that of Goethe's own mind, is an object of minute attention. One single remark we extract, as both characteristic, and suggesting a useful hint to all rational interpreters of the Old Testament. Dr. Bahrdt had edited a book called 'Eden,' in which the popular notion of the Devil was disputed, and the history of the fall of man explained allegorically. On this Goethe remarks: 'Had our author approached with due

\* We have translated the article, which we withhold for the present. It would break into our series, which we are anxious to bring to a close.

reverence the writings of Moses, merely as the most ancient monuments of the human mind, as the fragments of an Egyptian pyramid, he would not have deluged the images of oriental poetry in a Homiletic flood; nor broken to pieces every limb of this Torso, in order to pick out from it all the popular notions of our German universities in the eighteenth century.'

Among the later reviews that of Voss's poems is particularly admirable as a specimen of indulgent criticism. Here also we find 'Prometheus,' (1773,) the commencement of a mythologic drama, ending with a fine ode which we have printed, vol. vi. p. 460; and the 'Gods, Heroes, and Wieland.' See also *ibid.* p. 299.

Vols. 34 and 35 contain a translation of that most delightful of autobiographical works, the 'Life of Benvenuto Cellini;' the publication of which by the too-eccentric Bishop of Derry was one of the most creditable acts of his life, though an inadequate atonement to society for the violation of so many of its social duties. Under his auspices it was also translated into English by Dr. Nugent; and Mr. Roscoe has recently republished the work: whether with any curtailments or modifications we do not know. Goethe, in a short encomiastic preface, declares the Florentine goldsmith to have been a complete man, endued with all the talents required to form the consummate artist. That he was at the same time a lying and impudent braggart, while it adds infinitely to the pungency of his book, only renders it necessary, in order to derive both instruction as well as pleasure from it, that we should read it with closer attention, and apply to it those rules of cautious interpretation which are requisite for rendering harmless the deviations from truth, to which such a mind is peculiarly liable.

Vol. 36 consists of a literary curiosity, *Rameau's Neffè*, i. e. 'Rameau's Nephew,' which Goethe translated from a manuscript by Diderot, so far back as 1805: the original text was published only a few years since. It is a dialogue, of which the younger Rameau is the hero. He was a nephew of the famous composer, and himself a teacher of music; one of those clever rascals who in Paris, before the revolution, were so generally tolerated. The possession of *esprit* being considered as a sufficient substitute for all morality, and even decorum. He is idealized in this little book by a congenial spirit of higher powers. It is denied by none even of the partisans of the modern French philosophy, that Diderot was one of the worst men of the age, thoroughly profligate in life, and utterly unprincipled, unless a passionate, and consistent, and uniform hatred of certain institutions in society, and certain opinions, can be dignified with the name of principle. His associate in the 'Encyclopedia,' D'Alembert, on the contrary, who had all his anti-religious feelings, was equally distinguished for his worth and moral excellence. The whole dialogue is a highly amusing and spirited defence, by himself, of his own worth-

less and profligate habits. Yet with all that, it seems to us a very moral book. For the author has so contrived that though the reader enjoys the wit and gaiety of Rameau, he is never seduced to love or respect him. The author was distinguished for his colloquial talents at a time when, and in a country where, society had reached its acme in all the refinement of intellectual intercourse. No wonder, therefore, as Goethe remarks, that this should be a master-piece. Prefixed to the dialogue is a series of critical judgments on all the great French writers, by Goethe himself, in alphabetical arrangement. It is very curious indeed; and would have opened the most secret recesses of the author's mind, if that had not been manifested by so many original productions. It is one of the most remarkable features in Goethe's character, that his admiration has been almost uniformly bestowed on characters of great energy, with little or no reference to the application of their power. He seems to have contemplated mankind as the naturalist does animals in a museum. We all, indeed, admire a tiger more than a cat, and a rattle-snake more than an eel, though we acknowledge the domestic use and culinary value of the latter, and take care to avoid the claws and poison of the former. So was it through life with Goethe. And we understand very well why he seems to have contemplated with peculiar complacency such characters as Benvenuto Cellini, Diderot, and Lord Byron.

## DOVEDALE.

*(From an unpublished Poem, so called.)*

Here let vain priesthood, clad in gorgeous stole,  
 Learn what Religion loses by control;  
 The gothic arch and richly fretted aisle,  
 By such a temple but provoke a smile;  
 There, let the organ's solemn music rise,  
 And incense burn in costly sacrifice,  
 The stream which murmurs through the rocky vale,  
 The clouds which circling round those mountains sail,  
 Shall wake devotion when such arts shall fail.  
 Yes! let man rear the gorgeous pile of stone,  
 Not thus men worshipp'd in the ages gone,  
 Not thus the brave and apostolic band,  
 Taught that devotion's flame was to be fanned.  
 'Twas not in palace, temple, the pure lore  
 Was preached, which wildly flew from shore to shore,  
 First of man's blessings, until monarchs bowed,  
 And meek disciples became prelates proud  
 In evil hour!—and oh, who could have deem'd  
 That the pure perfect doctrines, mild, which seem'd



Sent down to earth, from brighter worlds above,  
 To fit mankind for scenes of peace and love—  
 That the glad tidings fraught with hope and light  
 Should, by perversion, make the wrong seem right;  
 Should clothe with terrors new the tyrant's might;  
 And, touch'd by subtle priestcraft's fiendish wand,  
 Steel against martyrs persecution's hand.  
 Who could believe that precepts, whose each line  
 Breathes forth a mercy general, divine,  
 Spreading a glorious hope from pole to pole  
 Without distinction, as without control,  
 Should be by man's perverted mind abused,  
 Till sect to sect that mercy has refus'd;  
 And priests and zealots, mad with impious pride  
 Kept grace for those alone their test has tried,  
 And closed the gates of bliss on all beside.

No! true religion is a gift which Heaven  
 To man, and not to any sect has given;  
 As minds expand and change, so alter creeds,  
 And virtue not in forms consists, but deeds.  
 The Indian hunters, as their woods they roam,  
 To furnish forth their board or rear their home,  
 Trust in the Spirit which their paths protects,  
 To shield the roof their simple toil erects;  
 Trust that their chiefs, for virtuous acts renown'd,  
 'Thro' death shall meet in some bless'd hunting-ground,  
 Shall there still halloo on each fav'rite hound,  
 And, with renewed activity, pursue  
 Paths happier than their earthly footsteps knew.  
 And are not these the same ideas which lead  
 The Christian forth to virtuous thought and deed  
 With mind exalted and expanded creed?  
 Yes! for the same great Father of mankind  
 To diff'rent states has diff'rent thoughts assign'd.  
 Not more could hunter's joys the sage inspire  
 With Heaven's high hopes and virtue's holy fire,  
 Than could the wand'ring savage understand  
 The sage's prospects, beautiful and grand:  
 Yet both were fashion'd by one mighty hand,  
 Which both shall guide to happier homes afar,  
 'Thro' paths of virtue led by Faith's bright.

Yes! Faith—which never has the good forsaken—  
 Tho' doomed to be by man belied, mistaken:  
 Not that wild faith which zealots deem alone  
 Can in an hour for a whole life atone;  
 Can wipe from darkest brow the deepest stain,  
 And give to man his innocence again;  
 Nay more, can give to him who still has wroug  
 The deeds of darkness, and affliction brought artth  
 Even to their doors to whom he owed his life;  
 Can give to him who grasp'd the murd'rer's knife,



The bright reward which Heaven reserves for those  
 Whose days in virtue dawn, in virtue close ;  
 For those, the patriot or the martyr band, '   
 Who all resign'd at conscience' mute command.

Let zealots still the torch of discord fan,  
 One only difference lies 'twixt man and man.  
 It is not whether, Nature's simplest child,  
 He bends before the morning's radiance mild,  
 And pours his homage to the orb of day,  
 The only sign he knows of Heav'n's kind sway ;  
 Or whether, where the tapers thro' the aisle  
 Light faintly each Madonna's pictur'd smile,  
 His prayers ascending to the vaulted skies,  
 With music's tones and circling incense rise :  
 But he who in life's ev'ning sinks to rest,  
 Others still blessing and by others blest ;  
 He who has sooth'd the sufferer's couch of woe,  
 Or sav'd the victim from the oppressor's blow ;  
 He who has lit with joy his own fireside,  
 And been alike his friend's support and pride ;  
 He claims the sole distinction of his kind,  
 By reigning monarch of a virtuous mind ;  
 He need not fear, whate'er his creed may be,  
 To leave to priests their selfish bigotry.

T. T. P.

#### DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH ON THE FUNCTIONS OF THE ANIMAL ECONOMY.

[Conclusion of the Analysis of the Course of Lectures delivered at the London Institution.]

WE have followed Dr. Southwood Smith through his late course of lectures so far as to have given an account of the structure and action of the heart, and of the power that works it. The amount of this power, the structure and action of the arteries and veins, the use or ultimate end of all this machinery, with the view which he took of its intimate connexion with the healthy and vigorous, or the diseased and feeble state both of mind and body, it remains for us to lay before our readers.

The left ventricle of the heart, by the successive contractions of which the circulation throughout the system is effected, contracts with great force. Experiments have proved that in large animals, as in the horse, it propels the blood with a power sufficient to maintain, in an upright tube, a column of ten feet. It is calculated that in man it exerts upon the blood it contains, a force equal to about six pounds on the square inch, or sixty pounds on the whole mass, as its inner surface contains ten square inches. There are four thousand contractions in an hour, each of which expels two ounces of blood. The

whole mass of the blood in an adult man is about twenty-five pounds; different currents of it complete the circulation at different times, in proportion to the length of the course they have to make, and the degree of resistance they have to encounter; as, for instance, a part of the stream has only to circulate through the muscles of the heart itself, while other parts have to supply organs widely removed from it; but it is thought that the entire circulation is completed, on an average, in two minutes and a half. A quantity of blood, therefore, equal to the whole mass must pass through the heart twenty-eight times in an hour. 'Consider,' said Dr. Smith, 'what an affair this must be in very large animals. The aorta of the whale is larger in the bore than the main pipe of the water-works that supply London with water. Ten or fifteen gallons of blood are thrown out of its huge heart at half-stroke with an immense velocity into a tube of a foot diameter.'

All the arteries of the system take their rise from two great trunks. One, the pulmonary artery, springing from the right ventricle to ramify through the lungs; the other, the aorta, springing from the left ventricle to supply the whole body. These two main-trunks, each following its own course, divide and subdivide, every branch becoming smaller and smaller, till they reach a degree of minuteness which is ill-described by the term *capillary arteries*, for they are much smaller than the finest hair. A more accurate idea of their real size will be conceived by the recollection that some of them are too small to admit a single red particle of the blood, estimated at about  $\frac{1}{4000}$  of an inch in diameter. These capillary arteries pervade every organ and every tissue in such numbers, that, as before stated, the point of the finest needle can penetrate nowhere without wounding some of them. They terminate in the capillary veins. The veins go on in the inverse order of the arteries, uniting together, forming larger and larger branches, till gradually they become veins of considerable magnitude, and, at length, form two great trunks, the superior and inferior venæ cavæ, pouring the blood into the right auricle of the heart. We have here described the systemic veins. The pulmonic form four trunks, and return the blood renovated and ready for the systemic arteries to the left auricle.

The artery has three distinct coats. The external one is composed of cellular tissue, the substance of which all the membranes of the body are formed. The middle one is formed of fibres, arranged in rings round the vessel; it is the strongest and thickest of the three, and is highly elastic, especially longitudinally, possessing also the power of enlarging and diminishing the caliber of the tube, a power truly vital, and extremely analogous to muscular contractility. The inner covering of the artery is called the serous coat; it is strong, but thin, smooth, and polished, in order to offer as little resistance as possible to the flow of the blood. In the capillaries the structure is considerably modified. The coats become gradually thinner till, at length, they disappear entirely, and the blood flows through membraneless canals in the substance of the tissues. The disappearance of the membranous coats of the capillaries has been only recently discovered by observations with the microscope. With its assistance the currents of blood have been seen flowing through the tissues.

Particles of the blood have also been observed to leave the stream, and to mingle with the tissues, and particles of the tissues to move into the stream, and to be carried away by it. Nerves follow the course of the arteries through all their ramifications, but it is for the capillaries that the great bulk of them are reserved; innumerable nervous filaments are spread out upon them, and exert an important influence over their action.

The structure of the veins is different from that of the arteries. They have only two coats, being destitute of the fibrous coat; they are also more numerous, and of greater capacity.

The main power that moves the current of the blood through all these vessels is evidently the contraction of the left ventricle of the heart. It is assisted in the arteries by their elasticity and by their contractile power. The trunk of an artery is always full to distension, and every fresh wave of blood that is thrown into it brings both its actions into play, which actions, alternately renewing and ceasing, cause the motion that is felt when the finger is pressed upon an artery, and constitute the *pulse*.

‘The state of the pulse indicates, as you know, the state of the circulation. The state of the circulation is closely connected, not only with the vital state, but with the vital action of almost every organ of the body. The circulation is the great centre of the organic life. A certain state of the organic life is always coincident with a certain state of the circulation. The pulse is the index of this state. Physicians endowed with the power of observation, and gifted with tactile discernment, who have been placed in situations affording them large experience, have sometimes acquired an astonishing skill in judging of the morbid condition of the system from the state of the pulse. It is universally admitted to be an invaluable guide in inflammation. It is equally so in fever. It will often tell with great certainty, to those who have studied it, when the abstraction of blood will be beneficial; when, on the contrary, wine should be given, or when nothing should be done: and this is the more important because the great skill in managing a case of fever consists eminently in knowing these three points.’

It used to be thought that the capillaries had a propelling power of their own, but recent experiments have proved that they have it not, but that the blood circulates through them in consequence of the impulse of the heart's contractions; and as after death the action of a syringe can propel a fluid into the extreme capillaries with ease, it is not difficult to believe that a force equal to sixty pounds can do it. The case is the same with the veins; the action of the heart urges on the current through them also. The same tension does not exist in them as in the arteries, because there is a ready escape for the blood through the right auricle, but it rushes through them with equal force, and it is assisted by two auxiliary powers—by valves with which in many parts of the body the veins are furnished, and by the action of a vacuum formed in the right auricle every time it dilates, which makes the blood hurry forward to fill up the void as soon as it comes within its influence; while the effect of the valves is to divide a long and heavy column of blood into several shorter ones, offering less resistance.

The uses or purpose of the circulation we must give in the lecturer's own words.

'To afford to the capillary arteries a due supply of arterial blood is the ultimate object of all the apparatus of the circulation, and of all its action. By the capillary arteries it is that nutrition is effected, that secretion is performed, that structure is built up. When the blood has been delivered into these vessels what happens to it? What changes are wrought upon it, and by what agencies? We have seen that the great bulk of the arteries terminate in the tissues, in membraneless canals; that where the arteries thus terminate the blood flows in canals formed in the substance of the tissues, not in proper vessels. We have seen that in proportion as the membranous tunics of the arteries diminish in thickness and strength, the nervous filaments increase in number and magnitude. We have seen that when the processes which now go on are carefully observed with the microscope, particles of blood can be seen to pass from the current of the circulation, and to mix and mingle with the particles that constitute the substance of the organs; while particles that form the substance of the organs repass in their turn into the circulation.

'Thus far the successive steps of these curious processes are objects of sense; but here we are only on the very confines of the domain of life, and beyond this we have hitherto not been able to penetrate. What the peculiar agents are which are now called into action, and to what laws they are obedient we do not know. The agents are distinguished by the name *vital*; the actions we refer to certain general principles, of which we know nothing, but which we term *Vital affinities*.

'We see that changes are now wrought upon the blood; we see that its chemical composition is subverted; we see that its constituents enter into new combinations; we see that these changes go on in a certain order and according to fixed laws, and these we designate *Vital affinities*. Arterial blood is conveyed by the larger arteries to the capillaries; but the capillaries no where give out, no where deposit arterial blood. Arterial blood is conveyed by the branches of the carotid arteries to the capillaries of the brain; but the capillaries of the brain do not deposit blood in the brain, they deposit brain. Arterial blood is conveyed by the nutrient arteries of bone to the capillaries of bone, but the capillaries of bone do not deposit blood, they lay down osseous particles. Arterial blood is conveyed by muscular branches to the capillaries of muscle, but the capillaries of muscle do not deposit blood in the muscle, they lay down muscular fibre. The blood conveyed to the capillaries of brain, to the capillaries of bone, to the capillaries of muscle is precisely the same; all comes alike from the left heart; all is conveyed alike to the different organs by similar tubes. Yet the capillaries of the brain convert their blood into brain; the capillaries of bone into bone; the capillaries of muscle into muscle. For this reason these capillaries have been termed the *chemists* of the system, and subtle and elaborate chemists they are; and the various organs have been regarded as so many different laboratories, specifically adapted to the purpose, where the various processes that are carried on in the economy are conducted. Out of one and the same fluid, the blood, these vessels manufacture cuticle,

and membrane, and muscle, and brain, and bone; the tears, the sweat, the fat, the saliva, the gastric juice, the milk, the bile; in a word all the solids and all the fluids of the body.

‘But the capillaries accomplish still more, for they are architects as well as chemists. After they have manufactured whatever substance may be required, they arrange it; they build it up into structure. The arteries of the brain not only form cerebral matter, but they so dispose it after they have formed it, as to build up the organ we call the brain. The capillaries of the eye not only form the different membranes and the various humours of which it is composed, but when they have formed them they so arrange them as to constitute the optical instrument. In this manner all the capillaries of the body build up all the structures of the body, and in a word, make the whole frame what it is; wherefore, says Mr. Hunter, the capillary vessels are the masons and architects of the system.’

The laws which regulate these wonderful actions are, as has been said, not yet clearly ascertained, but it is certain that there is one great agent at work throughout nature, and it seems probable that here it has great influence, although its operation in relation to the vital economy is yet but imperfectly known; this agent is *electricity*; and the lecturer went on to explain its influence, as far as that has been ascertained, on the different portions of the apparatus of the circulation.

The moment that the use of the circulation is understood, its intimate connexion with the health or disease of the whole system becomes apparent, and the justice of the following remarks may be perceived. ‘Between the tissue and the blood the relation is close and mutual. If the blood be healthy the tissue will be sound; if the tissue be diseased the blood must become proportionally morbid. Now to an extent far greater than is commonly conceived we have it in our own power to affect the qualities of the blood; to endow it with properties adapted to render the organization of the body sound, and the state of the mind healthful and vigorous; or, on the contrary, to produce physical and mental debility or violence. The practical relations of this subject are therefore extended, and possess a deep interest.

‘A considerable variety in the composition of the blood is compatible with sound health. Within certain limits all its constituent principles may vary in their relative proportions, without producing any morbid effects in the system, but beyond these limits any change is productive of evil. For the maintenance of the state of health, the blood must be in a certain quantity, and of a certain quality; it must go through a regular process of purification; it must have a certain distribution, and it must flow with a certain rapidity and force.’

Deficiency of quantity in the blood, causing every function to be languidly and inefficiently performed, brings on physical and mental feebleness and debility. Excess of quantity, oppressing all the organs, causes a listless body and torpid mind, and a whole train of suffering and disease. For the adjustment both of the quality and quantity of the vital fluid, nature has provided, in the various organs of the body. There is the constant change going on by means of the capillary arteries and veins; the arteries laying down new particles, the veins carrying away the old, and taking them to be renovated in the lungs.



There are throughout the alimentary canal the lacteal vessels, taking up the aliment, and also carrying it to the great vein, to be sent to the lungs and converted into fresh blood. There are all over the body, the absorbents in countless numbers, taking away whatever is useless or noxious, some of it to be sent to the great organ of purification the lungs, some to be expelled from the system. Then there are organs whose main function is to abstract from the blood whatever would overload or deteriorate it—but an example of their action may be useful.

‘Do you need an illustration of the occasion that calls for their interference, and of the promptitude with which they obey the call? See that red-faced, full-veined, robust looking man, somewhere between forty and sixty years of age. He sits down to a good dinner with a good appetite. He eats three times as much as he needs, and he excites the stomach to digest the load, by drinking stimulating fluids to six times the quantity that is requisite. What follows? The capillary arteries are stimulated to the utmost action of which they are capable. The capillary veins are turgid to the utmost degree of expansibility which they can reach. The system is full to repletion. The external surface is plump and rounded. The extremities are even swollen. The mass of circulating fluids is actually increased, perhaps, if the dinner has been *good*, one-sixth—if *very good*, one-third or more. The system is in danger. The vessels are fuller than they can bear, and the stimulus of distension excites them to an increased action, the violence of which is proportioned to their fulness. Exquisitely delicate as you have seen some of these vessels to be, the wonder is, that they do not burst, and burst they do *sometimes*. But why do they not always burst? Because instantly exhalation from the lungs is increased, secretion from the whole internal surface of the alimentary canal is increased; secretion from the kidney is increased; rapidly thereby the superfluous quantity, or at least, the urgently dangerous superfluity is carried out of the system, and wonderful is the peace and comfort of the sufferer, after his panting respiration has expelled fluid from his lungs, and his perspiring skin from the whole external surface of the body. And now you see that these organs are the safety valves of the circulation, and thereby of the system, and you see also how they work.’

After contrasting the pleasurable sensations experienced in sound health, when every organ performs its own functions, and the due balance is kept up between the work each has to do, and the work it performs, with the suffering and disease when the balance is overturned, and when one or more of them fail; the lecturer went on—

‘Now, over all the sensations of which I have spoken, we have ourselves a great control. To a very considerable extent, we can make them, at our pleasure, such as are conducive to a high degree of physical and mental health and vigour, or to physical and mental disease and feebleness. And the main instruments by which every one is capable of exercising this control over the states of his own system are food, air, temperature, and exercise.

‘Without a due supply of nutritious food, the blood that is formed must be deficient in quantity, and bad in quality. It will be without the essential attributes of the blood; it will be alike incapable of nou-

rishing the organs and of stimulating them to the due performance of their functions. A weak, stunted, and deformed frame, a still weaker and more deformed mind, a short and wretched existence, a life happy only in its brevity, must be the inevitable consequence. Deficiency of food, at all times acting most perniciously on the system, enfeebling and corrupting the body, and equally enfeebling and corrupting the mind, is most injurious in infancy and childhood. Then it is that the system is to be built up; then it is that all the organic actions go on with the greatest rapidity and vigour; then it is that the expenditure is the largest, and that the supply requires to be proportionately ample. If this supply be not at this tender age regularly afforded, a check is given to the physical and the mental health, which is never recovered. Life may not be immediately destroyed, but it is fearfully abridged, and still more fearfully perverted. To suppose that an individual, or that a race of people can acquire moral excellence without intellectual vigour, or intellectual vigour without physical strength, or physical strength without a due supply of nutritious food from the first day of infancy up to manhood, is vainer than the wildest dream at this moment passing through the mind of a maniac. The true philanthropist, then, is he who labours to give the people, not *food*, but the knowledge which will enable them to secure it in abundance for themselves, and for their children; and no one saves, prolongs, or blesses human life, like him who instructs the people in their own interests. How excess in food operates in obstructing the functions of the body, in obscuring the faculties of the mind, in producing disease physical and mental, sometimes extinguishing life in an instant, and at all times rapidly exhausting the flame, you will be able clearly to understand from what has been already stated. And excess, like deficiency, is far more injurious in the young than in the adult, and the younger the more pernicious. See how the fluids abound in the infant, how easily it is excited, with what rapidity its heart beats, what slight causes will make it double or treble the number of its contractions in a moment; with what activity and energy its capillary vessels work; how tender, how irritable the whole extent of its alimentary canal; how still more delicate and excitable the soft and tender substance of its brain; listen to its cries, watch its contortions when it has taken food unsuited to it, or when it has been gorged with the most wholesome food, and there is no mother, whose understanding is equal to her affection, who will not be most anxious to ascertain the kind of diet best adapted for her children, and who having once ascertained it will not rigidly adhere to it. Never forget that the foundation of the moral, the intellectual, and the physical health and vigour of your child is laid in its infancy, and do not imagine that it is so spiritual and refined a being, that these qualities are not influenced by its diet.'

The advantage of an abundant supply of fresh air, and the pernicious effects of all such contrivances as closely-drawn bed-curtains must be evident, when it is remembered, that air, besides acting powerfully upon the nerves, is the agent that converts the food into nutriment.

Some of the facts connected with the effects of heat and cold upon the system are interesting. 'Heat is a stimulus. It acts powerfully on the nervous system, and through it on all the organs, and more especially on the entire apparatus of the circulation. The effect of a,

long continued elevated temperature on the circulation of the blood in man is highly curious and instructive. It stimulates the whole external surface of the body, and determines a large quantity of blood to the capillary vessels of the skin. Long continued cold, on the contrary, constricts these vessels; checks the circulation through them, propels the current to the interior of the body, and causes it to flow principally in the organs placed in the internal cavities. In this climate, therefore, we all have a different circulation in summer and in winter. In summer the mass of the blood is flowing on the external surface of the capillaries of the skin. In winter the mass of the blood is flowing in the internal viscera, in the capillaries of the thoracic and abdominal organs. The circulation in the summer is essentially external; in the winter essentially internal. And by this arrangement, the generation of animal heat is husbanded, and the great mass of the blood is placed where the external cold can least affect it. And this also explains why alterations of temperature are so injurious; why just when spring is succeeding to winter, autumn to summer, and winter to autumn, colds, inflammations, fevers are so prevalent; because a few mild days of spring fill the capillary vessels of the skin as though it were summer, and then comes back suddenly a winter's cold with a summer circulation.'

To these evils, only to be avoided by proper clothing, the young are particularly liable.

'The young of all animals are peculiarly susceptible to cold. The extent to which it obstructs their temperature and proves fatal to them is greater than could have been conceived without positive evidence of it. But it is proved by direct experiment, both in birds and on different species of mammalia, that a degree of cold which will cause the temperature of an adult to fall about  $1^{\circ}$  or at most  $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , will cause that of the young of the same species to fall  $20^{\circ}$ ; and consequently that a degree of cold which will only stimulate and invigorate the healthy adult, will prove rapidly fatal to the young. And this is perhaps even more true of the young of the human being than of that of any other animal.'

From the last lecture, in which the different stages of life were enumerated, we make the following extracts, forming a part of what was said on infancy, childhood, and adult, or mature age.

'The second epoch of infancy extends from the seventh month to the end of the second year; at the commencement of this period, the first dentition is completely begun, and it is completed at its termination. The changes proceeding in the different organs and functions during the first epoch advance rapidly in this. The brain becomes more and more developed, and its functions more and more active and extended. Sensation becomes more exact, and embraces a wider range; perception becomes more perfect, and phenomena of mind appear; speech and voluntary motion commence; passions, emotions, affections are formed and manifested—new powers, the introduction of which into the economy exercises over it a prodigious influence for good or for evil, for health or for sickness, for pleasure or for pain.

'And now is the period for the formation and direction of moral habits. Moral habits indeed will be formed or rather confirmed, for their formation has commenced long before this—but now they will

grow rapidly into strength, whether we notice the process or not ; whether we interfere with it or not ; whether our interposition be beneficent or maleficent. Good or bad habits will be formed. The habit of temperance or of intemperance ; the habit of yielding to every impulse, or the habit of self-control ; the habit of thinking only of gratifications that relate to self, or the habit of taking into account the pleasures of others ; the habit of indulging an irritable, fretful, and passionate temper, or the formation of a gentle, calm, and sweet disposition—all this, with or without us, will go on ; just as much without us as with us, but not the same without as with. Now is the time to lay the foundation of moral excellence, to make good moral feeling and good moral conduct just as much a part of the sentient and intelligent being, as any organic action, or any animal perception. And this it would be possible to do for every human being without a single exception, to an extent which would render every individual of the human race more uniformly and consistently good than the very best is at present, were the physical and mental constitution of each individual, as well understood as study might make it, and were the circumstances under which each is placed, adapted to it with a wisdom which it is within the range of human ability to attain.'

\* \* \* 'The period of childhood extends from the second to about the seventh or eighth year. \* \* \* Every effort should be directed from the beginning to the end of this period, to the development and invigoration of the physical powers, and the formation and direction of the moral. The intellectual are comparatively of little consequence. The mind should be employed more as a matter of amusement than of exertion. You must never forget that the brain is still exceedingly soft and delicate, and that its action is almost incessant. We do not in general sufficiently consider how incessant are the intellectual operations of the child without any artificial stimulus to exertion. Unceasingly external objects are transmitting impressions to the brain through the medium of the senses which it has to distinguish, to compare, to combine, and to name. There is scarcely a moment during its waking hours in which some operation of this kind is not carried on by the child ; and it entirely depends on the kind of stimulus applied to the mind, whether it produce healthy excitement or exhausting stimulation. It would perhaps be scarcely possible to spend too much time in seeing, in hearing, in handling, in observing, in imitating, in constructing in the pure air, under the sunny sky, in the verdant fields, and amid the various objects which there meet the senses. And without doubt a vast portion of physical science may be communicated at this period without imposing on the pupil any great mental effort—affording merely an agreeable and beneficial excitement. The observation of phenomena, the storing in the memory interesting and useful facts, are the main things to be aimed at. Every indication of precocious intellectual attainment or ability should be checked with as much anxious care as the earliest indication of curvature in the spine, or of the formation of tubercles in the lungs. Early mental acuteness is almost invariably associated with a state of the system which produces physical debility ; and it is exceedingly apt ultimately to terminate in intellectual feebleness. Throughout the entire organized world, whatever is destined to live

long is slow in growth. All animals which reach an advanced age, are slow in coming to maturity. The oak, vigorous at the end of a century, was scarcely more than mature after it had been nourished by the showers of fifty springs, and stimulated by the sun of fifty summers. And you may be assured that, the brain which is to be good for any thing at forty, and which is to continue active with any valuable result from that period up to eighty, will appear no prodigy at four, or even at ten. In general there cannot be a surer preparation either for a short life, or for a common-place and feeble intellect through a life of ordinary duration, than an early genius.'

Adult age is reached by the female at twenty, and by the male at twenty four, and ripens into maturity in woman at thirty, and in man at thirty-eight. \* \* \* Then the human being attains the age when his physical organization acquires its utmost perfection, and his mental faculties are in the highest vigour. And it is remarkable that, while this is the period in which he is capable of the noblest conceptions, the finest actions, the most intense enjoyment; in which he is the most capable of receiving and of communicating happiness; so this is the only term of human existence which is not fixed; this is the only term to which no limit can be set; which is extensible, and that indefinitely. Every day, or month, or year, that is added to the duration of human existence, is, in reality, added to this period, and to this only; that is, to the best period of life. All the preceding æras are fixed by a law, which it is not in our power to break, or to change, or even so much as to modify, except only in an exceedingly slight degree. At a given time, though not precisely at the *same* time, in all places, and under all circumstances, infancy passes into childhood, childhood into boyhood, boyhood into adolescence, and adolescence into manhood. But the termination of the period of manhood and the succession of old age varies in every individual, and may vary by a number of years far greater than that which constitutes the longest of any of the preceding periods.'

If we have succeeded in giving such an account of these lectures as may convey to our readers an exact conception of their subject, we shall have contributed to extend some portion of the pleasure and advantage they conferred upon those who heard them. The large attendance which continued to the last, and the increasing proportion of ladies, evinced the interest excited, and we are not singular in expressing the hope that the circulation is not the only function which will form the subject of illustration.

Dr. Southwood Smith has long been engaged in preparing for the press such an exposition of all the functions of the animal economy as will enable him to expose the popular errors that prevail relative to the management of health and sickness, and to unfold and enforce the truths which should occupy their place; and those who have attended to the *practical* bearing of the lectures of which we have now closed our account, will, we think, partake of the impatience with which we look for the appearance of this work. No class of subjects more forcibly presents to the mind the contrast between things as they are, and things as they might be, and *will* be—between the happiness for which the organization of man fits him, and the suffering to which he is so continually a prey. Let but the minds of



men, and what is, at least, of equal importance, the minds of women, awake to the importance of such inquiries, and the design of the Creator will soon be more completely accomplished in the felicity of his creatures.

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#### CHURCH REFORM.

A CRISIS seems, at last, to have arrived in the affairs of our national religious establishment. Reform is called for from within, by not a few of the most intelligent and serious members of the church itself, as essential to its usefulness, and as the only chance for its stability. Change is loudly demanded from without, by a great, powerful, and energetic body of dissenters of various denominations, as being equally required by justice and by sound policy; as absolutely necessary to allay existing and increasing dissatisfaction, and to preserve a tolerable degree of harmony among the members of a community so divided in opinion as ours is on questions of religious faith.

His Majesty's Ministers are found among those who acknowledge the necessity of improvement, and they have announced their intention of promoting it. Judging, indeed, from the language they have held on the subject, and from what they propose to do in Ireland, we cannot expect from them any very decisive or satisfactory measure; but as it seems certain that something will be attempted, it is proper that the people should apply themselves to the discussion of the subject, and should consider well how much they will think themselves authorized immediately to demand, and what part of the good which they expect to be ultimately attained they will deem it expedient to defer any pressing application for, to some future period. It is very desirable that the first step should not only be itself attended with important advantages, but should be a natural and suitable preparation for the farther progress which must be anticipated.

Although its several creeds, when properly understood, are found to express different and inconsistent doctrines, and one of them is, in its damnation of all who do not receive it, disgraceful to any church which adopts it; although its articles may, perhaps, be regarded as neither a very honourable nor successful attempt to compromise between the opinions of the principal parties existing among Protestants at the time of their composition, and there are many things in its ceremonies and forms which seem at variance with the spirit of the present times, and might be omitted or altered to its own credit, yet it will be generally felt that as the public at large are interested in church reform only in consequence of its connexion with the state, so it is in what belongs to that connexion that all improvements which can be said to be of national importance are to be effected.

The episcopalian church is one amongst the numerous sects to which the principles of the Reformation have given birth. The ground of its selection to be established in this country is no other than the will of a sovereign in a past age, and it possesses all its wealth and dignities, which once belonged to the Roman Catholic church, solely by the authority of an Act of Parliament. The justice or reasonableness of any government making a religion for its subjects cannot now be maintained. There is injustice in making any man pay for another man's religion, and in setting the religion of any set of men above that of their neighbours. The founder of Christianity expressly disclaims all connexion of his religion with civil polity. It made its first successful progress in the world without any such aid, and the cases of the Dissenters of this country, and of the Americans, afford incontrovertible proofs that it can not only maintain its ground, but extend its influences, with no other resources than the voluntary patronage of its friends.

The established church does not, it is supposed, now include a majority of the population even of England only, and that counting among its members all those who are not known to have any other religion. What then is the pretence for upholding this establishment. The current of public opinion now sets strongly against it, and we confidently look forward to the time, when the Episcopalian will enjoy no civil or social advantage over the members of any other religious sect, or over those who reject all religion. We cannot, however, desire that this great and important change should be made suddenly and by one effort; we cannot expect that it will be made as rapidly as we might consider safe and useful; but we do expect, that by judicious exertion, something important may be immediately gained. Dissenters are no longer subject to civil disabilities, *they must no longer be taxed for the support of the church*. Tithes and church lands are a portion of national property, which were originally given for religious purposes, and have hitherto been always appropriated to those purposes. Let the tithes be converted, by sale or composition, into an unexceptionable form of property, and so altered, we do not expect that the church should be immediately deprived of them, though the time may not be very far distant when they will be rendered available for the exigencies of the state; but church rates and Easter offerings are a tax on the community at large, for purposes in which the members of the establishment alone are interested, and of these the Dissenters have a right to demand, and expect the immediate abolition. Let them not lose sight of this point. Let them hold meetings, and pass resolutions, and send petitions, so as not to leave a doubt as to their feeling on the subject. If they will not make this exertion, they deserve to bear the burden, and, what is worse, the insult of these exactions; if they will put forth their strength, they need not much

fear for the result. The other reforms *immediately* to be looked for, are within the church itself, and consist in the better distribution of the funds allotted to it, and in the correction of the abuses of sinecures and pluralities.

The public, including all sects and denominations, has a right to expect that these reforms should take place, but if they are *honestly* undertaken by the members of the establishment, those who do not belong to it, will only look on with pleasure, willingly abstaining from all interference with matters in which they profess to have no personal concern.

There must, however, be no deception practised, or public indignation will be speedily roused, and the friends of the church must not suffer themselves to be deluded into the notion that by the most searching and judicious internal reforms they can disarm all opposition. They will still be attacked with arguments against the right of any sect to enjoy the peculiar patronage of the state, and they may, perhaps, find that nothing they can do will very long delay the final measure of placing all sects on the same footing of unrestrained but unpatronized freedom, and appropriating to the public service property which can no longer be rightfully or beneficially applied to the service of religion.

Such is the prospect before them, and they will do well to reconcile their minds to it by dwelling on the probability that their bishops, relieved from the engrossing occupations arising from temporal dignity, political power, and superabundant wealth, will be more devoted to the duties of their sacred office, and, in consequence, more esteemed and more influential in society; that the respectable body of their clergy will no longer be disgraced by that portion, whose choice of a profession has been influenced by the preferment their family could command; that theological knowledge and pulpit eloquence will be more generally cultivated when they afford the natural means of securing professional success; and that congregations will be to a great degree purified from the debasing mixture of those whose formal attendance is influenced only by fashion, and the hope of worldly advantage.

Benefits such as these cannot be too dearly purchased, and will, perhaps, after a little experience, be gratefully acknowledged by many who would never voluntarily have adopted the only means of securing them. However this may be, as it is essential to the welfare of society at large, that the church should have the opportunity of attaining these benefits, it is highly probable that no partial reforms, however respectable and acceptable, will long turn the wishes and thoughts of men from the conclusive and really satisfactory measure.

We know it is the opinion of many enlightened men, warm friends of religious liberty, that by improving its forms, making its spirit more comprehensive, and better distributing its funds, the establishment may be completely adapted to the wants of our

times, and would be found too valuable an institution to be abandoned. We cannot think this opinion sound in reference to the interests either of religion or of good government. Its farther discussion may be desirable, but we must not enter upon it now. We believe no sincere friend of religious liberty will doubt the gross injustice of imposing on Dissenters rates for building or repairing the churches of the established sect, or of exacting from them dues for spiritual services, which they have neither asked for nor accepted. Let these grievances be got rid of in the first place, and if with these we obtain the commutation of tithes, which is a measure rather of economical than religious reform, and see some attempt made so to modify the application of the funds possessed by the church as to produce a better performance of official duties, and a better reward to those who really labour, we may be well satisfied with the first attempts at church reform, and may very cheerfully anticipate the results of farther inquiry and increasing knowledge.

## NOTE.

We take the liberty of appending to our Correspondent's remarks, a word on the proceedings, on this matter, now pending in Parliament. The work of ecclesiastical reformation has commenced. It has begun, as was fitting, with the Irish department of the establishment. The axe is not laid to the root, but a good blow is made at the largest and most pestiferous branch of the tree of corruption. Yet it has been struck with great tenderness. Lord Althorp's estimate of the revenue of the Irish church we believe to be egregiously below the truth. The estimated value of the church lands, from which the incomes of the bishops are chiefly, but not wholly derived, is 600,000*l.* per annum. Those lands, together with the demesne lands attached to the episcopal residences, constitute one-nineteenth of the entire surface of Ireland. Wretchedly cultivated they doubtless are; worse than any portion of the soil of the same average fertility; that is one of the effects of the present system. But still their present value is not over estimated at the above amount. They are held on leases from the bishops for twenty-one years; the lease being annually renewed, on payment of a fine, so as always to leave twenty-one years unexpired. At least such is the customary arrangement. Either bishop or tenant may decline the renewal, and let the lease run out. The revenue is derived from the rent and the fines conjointly. That, in one form or the other, or by patronage in the leasing, the bishops only reap one-sixth of the value is not to be credited. There can be no reasonable doubt of their realizing a much larger proportion. In some dioceses, they also receive a fourth part of the tithes. Then again, the Deaneries and Chapters are reduced to 2,200*l.* by the deduction of 21,400*l.* for 'necessary expenses.' It does not appear what these expenses are, nor how much of the outlay goes into clerical pockets. The value of the benefices is reckoned from the tithes exclusively. This, though a very onerous and hateful portion, yet is far from being the total of clerical exaction. There is

what is called *Minister's money*, a rate levied upon the houses in towns and cities, and which has been calculated at 25,000*l.* per annum. The fees ought to tell for something. Marriages, baptisms, and burials are expensive things all over Christendom. Small a minority as is the established sect, probably its priests reap not less than 200,000*l.* per annum from this source. All these remain, and are untouched. There will be very pretty pickings yet. Ten bishops and two archbishops, with 70,000*l.* per annum amongst them; and 1401 beneficed clergymen, whose livings are by their own report worth about 600,000*l.* per annum, with even such increase of the dividers of the spoil as the abolition of pluralities may occasion, make no bad show for a Reformed Church, which has only a half million of souls under its care. The Reformers are evidently no 'Destructives.' However, let us be thankful for what we can get. The abolition of the *Vestry Cess* is a boon that will be felt far beyond the proportion of its actual amount. Allowing bishops' tenants to purchase the permanency of their leases, will also do good immeasurably superior to the realization of a disposable sum of two or three millions. It will improve the condition of the country. It is like a miraculous addition of fertility to the soil. It is worth all the Curfews and Courts Martial in the world. But of these we will say nothing now, except to deplore the fatuity which, after such ample experience, could dream of appeasing the great famine-scramble by means so hateful in their nature, so horrible in their results, and so utterly ineffective for their professed object.

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## TO JUANA.

So perfect is thy form,  
 Thou art the wide world's wonder;  
 All hearts towards thee warm,  
 All minds upon thee ponder!

Who looks upon thy face  
 Is plunged in bondage deep;  
 All memory's thoughts to chase,  
 And know no dreamless sleep.

To look on thy soft cheek,  
 And nostril's chiselled line,  
 Recalls the forms antique,  
 When sculpture was divine.

And those large bright black eyes  
 That mock descriptions skill,  
 Bid lofty thoughts arise,  
 Bid patriot passion thrill!



And that most godlike brow,  
With its straight pencilled arch,  
Shadowing long lids below,  
Deep set within its porch,

Minerva's statue gave  
That noble frontal cast,  
Might make a coward brave,  
Who, gazing, gazed his last.

Like tendrils, thy long tresses  
Are twined around thy head ;  
How I envy those caresses,  
Though every hope be dead !

The curving of thy lip  
Is like love's fatal bow,  
With the arrow on the slip,  
Like the death-shaft of a foe.

Though motionless, thine speaks  
While others' lips are mute ;  
Each ear the wished sound seeks,  
As the music of a lute.

Hark ! now the words are flowing  
In wisdom's graceful speech,  
Lip, cheek, and eye, are glowing,  
Oh ! thus, thus, ever teach,

And proselytes in numbers  
Will round about thee herd,  
E'en the dull will leave their slumbers,  
And worship at thy word.

Oh ! where, where wast thou hidden,  
That I knew thee not before ?  
Why, why was I not bidden,  
Unto thy maiden bower ?

In the desert had we met,  
My heart on thine had stricken ;  
I know thee, all too late,  
Yet still wild love must quicken !

I cannot choose but love thee,  
My bosom to thee yearns,  
Yet seek I not to move thee,  
My brain in anguish burns !

I deemed not, that on earth  
Aught so beautiful as thou,  
From a merely human birth,  
Unto womanhood might grow.

Even now my glance shoots through  
That bright and pearl-like skin,  
Oh! for strife of spear and bow,  
And thyself the prize to win.

Thou art like the glorious dream  
Of a wisdom-poet's sleep,  
Or his waking fancy's gleam;  
Oh! I look on thee and weep!

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

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MISERERE DOMINE.

ALMIGHTY! hear the prayer I pour  
For yon opprest and suffering land  
On which the storms so darkly lower,  
Where now those injured millions stand.  
They are not slaves! Oh God, tho' death  
And famine rage, they are not slaves;  
Still, still they draw unfetter'd breath,  
And walk as freemen to their graves!

The sword is there—but not for right;  
I see it gleam a ghastly hue—  
I see the dark unhallow'd fight  
Which blends the guilty with the true:  
I see the patriot meet his fate,  
Involv'd amidst the ruffian's doom;  
The spirit of despair and hate,  
Which tracks its victims to the tomb.

A martyr'd land! Oh God! look down  
And mark the deeds thy children do.  
In blood and tears that seed is sown  
Which future age shall bring to view.  
Man hath no mercy, and in fear  
Now do they cower beneath our rod,  
But retribution will be near,  
Thou art their refuge—Thou, oh God!

Thou hear'st the cry of the opprest;  
 The nations to thy bar shall go—  
 No cause—no wrong be unredress'd;  
 No patriot tears unheeded flow!  
 Man there shall veil his guilty pride;  
 The sceptre from his hand shall fall;  
 The haughtiest brow its paleness hide,  
 And Thou, oh God, be all in all!

And THOU art merciful—I know  
 Thine eyes that suffering people see;  
 In all their wrongs and all their woe,  
 That land is still belov'd by Thee—  
 O Father! shield it in this hour,  
 When o'er it hangs th' impending sword;  
 Yes! save it from our guilty power,  
 And heal its bleeding wounds, oh Lord!

Liverpool.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**Liberia, philanthropically and economically considered.** By E. Higginson. Hull. (1.)

**The Producing Man's Companion; an Essay on the present State of Society, moral, political, and physical, in England.** By Junius Redivivus. Second edition, with additions, 1833. (2.)

**The Christian Child's Faithful Friend, No. 1 and 2, for January and February, 1833. One Penny each.** (3.)

(1.) This pamphlet contains a brief but interesting account of Liberia. It also describes and defends the proceedings of the American Colonization Society. We refer those to it who, after having read the article in our present Number, desire to hear the other side.

(2.) The first edition was briefly noticed in the Repository for February, 1832. To the present, a supplement is added of seventy pages, on the Whig Ministers and their doings, population and subsistence, cooperation in expenditure, &c. The author and our readers have recently become acquainted in our pages; and if they do not wish to see more of him, we can only say—they are not of our mind. We may, perhaps, have more to say about him next month.

(3.) A new and improved series of this cheap juvenile periodical, which we have repeatedly recommended.

A Moral and Political Sketch of the United States of North America. By Achille Murat, *ci-devant* Prince Royal of the Two Sicilies and Citizen of the United States. With a note on Negro Slavery, by Junius Redivivus. Wilson, 1833. (4.)

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Selections from the Edinburgh Review, 4 vols.

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Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion; with Notes by the Editor of Captain Rock's Memoirs, 2 vols. Longman.

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History of the Reformation. By J. A. Roebuck, Esq. M. P.

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The Wondrous Tale of Alroy. By the Author of Vivian Grey.

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The Last Essays of Elia. (5.)

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Deloraine. By W. Godwin. 3 vols.

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Corporation and Church Property resumable by the State. (From the Jurist of February, 1833.) (6.)

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The Divinity and Atonement of Jesus Christ explained. By an Unitarian Believer.

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(4.) The *ci-devant* prince has thoroughly naturalized himself in America. His nine years' residence has not passed idly. He has taken to the law as his profession, though still ready to handle a sword should the cause of freedom demand it, either in the new world or the old. His book is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the state of the law in America, and the working of whatever comes under the head of institution. If we do not always deem him an unprejudiced observer or a sound reasoner, we yet feel that his principles are generally honourable to him, and that he imparts much important information. The appended note is a smashing demolition of the impertinences with which the contending parties have encumbered the question of negro slavery.

(5.) Beautiful and touching, playful and profound; a book to make one enjoy, feel, and think; but not to be disposed of in a summary criticism.

(6.) 'Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest' this little pamphlet, which is full of the marrow of a sound philosophy and morality.

The Emigrant's Tale, a Poem. By James Bird. (7.)

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Petit Tableau Littéraire de la France. P. F. Merlet. A Londres. Wilson, 1833. (8.)

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A Treatise on Heat. By Dr. Lardner. (Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. 39.) (9.)

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(7.) To the 'tale' which is told in Mr. Bird's flowing verse, are appended, amongst other small poems, some poetical 'metropolitan sketches.' And truly the author is right in his notion that, not only the Thames and the Tower, but many other things in London, have poetry in them. He may, pleasantly for his readers, elicit more of it.

(8.) A supplementary compilation to the 'traducteur,' which, together with the admirable French Grammar of M. Merlet, was recommended in our Number for December, 1830. The selection and arrangement are excellent. This little book is not only an essential help to the youthful student, but any one wishing to take, without trouble or expense, a general view of French literature, will find it both useful and amusing.

(9.) The most interesting scientific volume which has yet appeared in this very cheap and convenient publication.

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#### CORRESPONDENCE.

The Articles on the Law of Succession in France; on Dr. Priestley, No. 3; the Liturgy; and several others, are unavoidably postponed.

We forgot to thank E. Goodall for his letter, which did us good. His lines are sent to the subject of them.

'Not at home' to U. C.

An 'Unknown Learner to think' should have given his address. Something of the kind existed a few years ago, and might, perhaps, be revived and improved. But a spontaneous movement towards it by the parties themselves is essential.

From Mr. Curtis, the author of the pamphlet noticed last month on the errors of the University Bibles, we have received the following rectification of the statement in that notice: '1. The intentional alterations I enumerate do not, as you suppose, "include the headings of chapters." They are *counted errors in the text* or margin of our bibles, (chiefly *words*,) excluding alterations of orthography and minute punctuation. 2. I have no where spoken of the "deterioration" of our modern bibles, which, you say, I much exaggerate. This is the quoted "report" of Drs. Henderson, Bennett, and Cox, (assisted by Dr. Pye Smith,) in which I certainly concur; but I have been anxious not to obtrude on so great a matter an unsupported individual opinion.'

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#### ERRATA.

Page 148, line 6 from the bottom, for *stubbing*, read *slubbing*.  
 Page 160, line 16 from the bottom, for *looms*, read *spindles*.  
 Page 198, line 14, for *half* read *a*.