

POOR LAWS AND PAUPERS.*

THIS is the most painfully interesting of all Miss Martineau's productions. Many of her tales, as 'Ireland' and the 'Manchester Strike' for instance, leave a deep and melancholy impression ; but none are so thoroughly sad as this, in the scenery, the characters, the events, and the whole conduct and tendency of the story. This would be a fault in a work of pure fiction ; in the present case it necessarily arises from the nature of the story, and the purpose of the writer. The dreariness of it seems to have pressed upon her own mind ; and disposed as we are ever to hold fast our faith in human progressiveness, we yet cannot but feel, that as to any immediate counteraction of the tendency of her story, it is rather cold consolation which she administers in the brief preface to this work, when we remember how little disposition or ability has yet been shown by our rulers, to strike at the heart of any of the great evils of the political and social condition of the country. Nevertheless, those evils must be exposed ; the more thoroughly they are exposed, the more shall we abridge the season of palliatives, temporizing, and quackery ; the more shall we hasten the time when the real intellect and energy of the country shall look the mischief full in the face, and apply the remedy with an unflinching though a gentle hand. Meanwhile, let us comfort ourselves as we can with the author's prefatory suggestions.

'The pleasantest office of philanthropy, is, doubtless, to set forth persuasively whatever is pure in human nature, and lofty in social character ; but there is a satisfaction amidst the pain of exhibiting the reverse of the picture, when vice and misery can be indisputably referred to the errors of a system rather than to the depravity of individuals. All social systems being remediable, the task of exposing the unhappy results of any involves a definite hope of the amelioration which must sooner or later follow the exposure. The more clearly evils can be referred to an institution, the more cheering are the expectations of what may be effected by its amendment. Let these rational hopes console the readers, as they have supported the writer of this tale.'

And need of support must the benevolent writer have felt while tracing the wretched and disgusting influences of the poor law system, as at present administered in agricultural districts. The demoralizing scenes of the workhouse and the beer-shop ; the breaking up of the respectable farmer, after his hard, vain struggle against the crushing pressure on his little property of parish pauperism ; the gradual hardening of indigent ignorance into impudence, vice, and the grossest profligacy ; the wild misleadings of the village demagogue, and the fearful excitement of poaching and rick-burning ; the tempting superiority of pauperism,

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idleness, and deception, over integrity and humble independence in their uncheered and desperate struggle; the magisterial humanity, alike busy and blundering, that heaps one aggravation upon another of the evils which it strives to counteract; and above all, the moral bankruptcy and pauperism, the gradual weakening and wearing out of industry and principle from the labourer's mind, until, as by a sort of Manichæan providence, he is transformed into one of the beings whom once he loathed to look upon; these are materials which could not have been combined without many a pang, but which the author has judiciously left to make their own impression on the reader's mind. Whatever the delineation might cost her, she has not shrunk from it. Her humanity has too much nerve to do so, where a great good is to be obtained. The expressions cited from the preface, are the chief indication of how her own mind must have been wrought upon, and of its participation in the reader's melancholy. The bright spot in the story is the little cottage at 'Thorpe Corner,' with poor Ashly its tenant, who holds fast his integrity while his pittance of a hoard is wasting, and he cannot obtain 'leave to toil,' because the idle and drunken pauper must first be accommodated, and starvation stares him and his orphans in the face; and we do feel grateful to the author that he too is not finally broken down, that the desolation and degradation which overflow the place yet leave him standing; nor do we know of any thing much more touching than his parting words to the brother of his counsels and of his heart, who had fallen into the snare, had become polluted by the pestilence, and had pointed towards him the gibes and jeers of his profligate associates.

"If we were alone," was Ashly's reply to his gesture, "I would take your arm and never think of the matter again. But how can I be friends with you in a moment, when you have set me up alone to be scoffed at for holding principles which I know to be right. I would have walked with you to the workhouse gate and set your children within it with my own hands for friendship's sake, but I cannot in the face of these paupers so appear to give up my principles." Goodman would have allured him on, but he stood firm, saying—

"Remember, neighbour, you now belong to the many, and I stand alone. When you were on my side, you might have done any thing with me, but you have chosen to leave me alone, and I shall act for myself. I will not quarrel with you, as I said before, but not a step further will I move on this path. Farewell, Goodman; if ever you wish to come and see me, you will always be welcome, and only let me know when you are in distress; but you will not expect me to visit you in the workhouse, unless you were one of the impotent people for whom the workhouse was provided. Farewell, neighbour."—p. 204.

Such a passage as this necessarily suffers very much by being extracted, yet some of its simple beauty must, we think, be perceived. But there is no summary method of putting the reader's

mind into the state produced by the previous history of these two men; of all that they had thought, felt, and done, together and for each other; of privations conjointly endured, and temptations conjointly resisted; and of all that had cemented that lowly friendship which required for its dissolution no less a power than the evil principle of national degradation. To those who have arrived at the scene through the previous narrative, there will seem nothing absurd, in what else might be accounted ludicrous—a comparison of it with the famous farewell of Burke and Fox in the House of Commons, to which, in our minds, it is certainly not inferior in genuine dignity and pathos.

If any thing could lighten the gloom of this story by a laugh, it would be the utterly incredible manner in which Miss Martineau disposes of her country squire, the justice of the peace. By a miracle, such as of old used to cut the gordian knot of romance in the last chapter of the third volume, she has actually completed her catastrophe by enlightening and converting the squire; by making him confess, in the church, that, with his commission and his charities, he had only been doing mischief in the parish, and announce his wise and magnanimous determination, to abstain in future from any intermeddling with the management of the poor. *Credat Judæus aut Athanasius*. Milton by his Areopagitica converted a licenser of the press, but that was a result much less extraordinary. The squire would have made no such speech; nay, we verily believe that if the worthy rector, even after the excellent sermon which he had that morning delivered, had introduced Miss Martineau's name into his lucid statement of the condition of the parish, the squire would most likely have exclaimed,—‘Miss Martineau! — Miss Martineau! as my cousin, the barrister says, let her go home to her mother and make gooseberry pies.’ The whole species is incorrigible. The instructress of a nation can scarcely do better with them, than put them in a corner with a foolscap on their heads. The chancellor might do something more effective.

The materials of this, and of the other three tales which are to follow it and complete the series, are selected from the immense mass of facts which have been accumulated by the agents of the Commission appointed by his Majesty's Government to inquire into the administration and operation of the Poor Laws. A volume of extracts from their reports has already been published by authority, and we believe that more may speedily be expected. This volume, which consists of between four and five hundred octavo pages, and which is sold for four shillings, ought to be in the hands of every man who cares, or pretends to care, about the welfare of the community. It contains matter with which Miss Martineau might indefinitely prolong her series without exhausting it. Even in its original state much of it possesses all the interest of fiction, while bearing indubitable evidence of fact. The con-

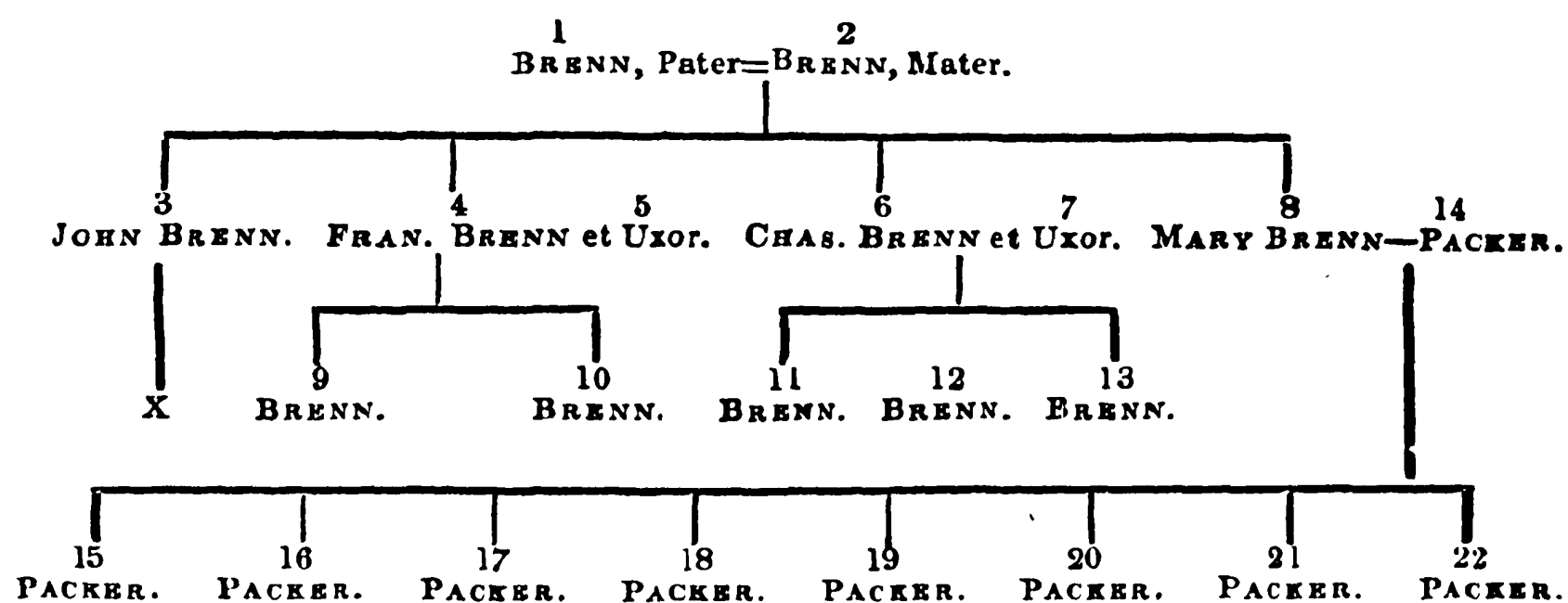
tents of this volume must, to many thousands, be as new and strange as they are grievous. Not the least striking part of them is the similarity which they show between the predatory operations of those who are aloft, and those who are below, in the social fabric. As by means of corrupt institutions and establishments, sinecures, pensions, and taxation for the peculiar advantage of particular classes, we have, on the one hand, a set of idlers preying in splendour on the public; so on the other, by means of work-houses and parish allowances, and public charities, and other pauper privileges, we have another set of idlers preying upon the public in sordidness. The dominion of industry is invaded at both extremities. The honest, independent, and industrious are like an unarmed band between two fires. Our candle is alight at both ends, and it burns away most wastefully. And the tax-eaters of both descriptions pursue a like course towards the tax-payers. These tell us of their vested interests in the public burdens, and those claim their rations as a right. If the lofty idlers fare more sumptuously than do those of the industrious with whom they are more immediately in contact, the same thing may be said of the lowly idlers also. It is demonstrated in this book that there are numbers paying rates who are restricted with their families to a fare which is meagre indeed, compared with theirs, who, in the form of parish allowance and workhouse diet, receive those rates. If the professional man is lured from his straightforward course that he may partake of the wages of corruption, the independent labourer may better his condition by becoming a soldier, yet more by becoming a pauper, and more still by becoming a thief. There is a curious scale (*Extracts, &c.* p. 261,) by which it appears, and the particulars are all given, that the quantity of solid food consumed by different classes rises in the following gradation:—1. The independent agricultural labourer, whose consumption is the smallest of all. 2. The soldier. 3. The able-bodied pauper. 4. The suspected thief. 5. The convicted thief. 6. The transported thief, who is at the top of the scale, and whose condition is to that of the labourer as $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, or a weekly consumption of solid food of 330 oz. to one of 122 oz. To increase the disparity of the higher and lower ranks in this scale, it must also be remembered that prison-work is only ten hours a day; the agricultural labourer works on an average twelve hours a day. But to return to our comparison. The 'Poor Law Reports' and the 'Black Book' have a wonderful resemblance; the names and sums constitute the widest difference. The analogy especially holds in one very amiable feature, viz., that family fondness by which, as soon as an individual finds himself comfortably quartered upon the public, he puts forth a helping hand to draw all his consanguinities after him into the same gracious condition. Everybody must have remarked this in the pension list. There, each greater name, with its thousands, sheds

lustre upon kindred satellites with their hundreds. There, if one may represent many, the

Lady, with her daughters and her nieces,
Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling pieces.

The leaders come down upon us like the fathers of the Jewish tribes into Goshen, followed by uncles, sons, brothers, nephews, cousins, and all the long train of genealogical affinities. And so arise the pauper tribes to take possession of their Goshen. The Scotch say 'Blood is nearer than water,' so it is, and pauper-blood is dearer too; it costs the public, beef and vegetables, soup and pudding, beer and gin, or at least sundry things which into gin can readily be, and ever and anon are, transmuted. Some people are born and bred to poor-houses, as others are to peerages, by hereditary right. There are families which seem to multiply to that end. We give below a specimen from the evidence concerning the Reading Workhouse.* It is from Mr. Chadwick's

* 'I made inquiry into the case of the persons of the same name first presented on opening the book, when I found them to consist of a pauper family of three generations, the whole of whom received upwards of 100*l.* per annum from the parish. The parents of the pauper stock were described as remarkably hale old people in the workhouse, who had lived on the parish upwards of 40 years. The father was the man who had been pointed out to me, as an instance of the care taken of the inmates, he having lived so long and so well on the parish. I took down their names in the order which exhibits the genealogy of the *living* pauper family :



'I asked the governor how this last and most widely-spreading branch arose? "That," said he, "was one of our overseer's doings. I warned him against it, but he would do it. Brenn's daughter became pregnant by a weaver, named Packer, and the overseer made him marry her; and see what the parish has got by it!—eight more mouths to feed already, and eight more backs to find clothes for."

'How many more paupers do you consider the parish may receive from this said stock?'—'Two or three score, perhaps.'

'The progenitors lived in the workhouse at an expense of not less than 10*s.* per week, (the average expense of the inmates, children included, being about 5*s.* per week each,) Charles Brenn, who was an out-parishioner, received 7*s.* 6*d.* per week, besides shoes and stockings; Francis Brenn received 6*s.* 6*d.* a week; John Brenn is a mechanic, I believe a weaver, at present resident in London, and had 3*s.* a week sent to him,—on what ground, except as a patrimonial claim, on what evidence except his own statement that he wanted it, and must return to the parish if it were not sent to him, I was unable to ascertain. Packer, for himself and family, received 13*s.* a-week of the parish, and "various other advantages." I inquired with respect to the out-door paupers in general, as well as with respect to this pauper family in particular, whether they got no

Report, and he has sketched the family tree in a very lawyer-like manner. It is inconceivable, to any not practically concerned in the management of the poor, and to many that are, but who have not all their wits about them, the frauds which this volume shows to be practised for the sake of obtaining parish money. Many claim and get it while in full work, and receiving more, independently of the allowance, than others who, though sore pressed, yet manage to pay their rates. Three or four lodgings are sometimes tenanted by as many persons in common, that each may claim on three or four different parishes. Children are let out, that travelling paupers may obtain the allowance upon them. Parish officers are frequently under the influence of intimidation. Gross jobbery prevails abundantly. In short, the real distress of the poor is made the pretext for a most extensive and nefarious system of plunder and idleness. And the demoralizing effects which inevitably ensue, are powerfully aided by the charitable institutions which everywhere abound. The full growth of mistaken benevolence, and the kind of fruit which it bears, are best exhibited in the Spitalfields charities. The rector of the parish of Christ Church, Spitalfields, states himself to have been accessory to a distribution of above 8000*l.* within one year. The whole of his evidence is important. One part of it, though inconveniently long for our limits, we must give. It is the exemplification, in an individual case, of the operation of the various local charities, and is certified by his '*own personal observation.*'

'A young weaver of twenty-two marries a servant girl of nineteen—and the consequence is the prospect of a family. We should presume, under ordinary circumstances, that they would regard such a prospect with some anxiety; that they would calculate upon the expenses of an accouchement, and prepare for them in the interval by strict economy and unremitting industry. No such thing.—It is the good fortune of *our* couple to live in the district of Spitalfields, and it is impossible to live there without witnessing the exertions of many charitable associations. To these, therefore, they naturally look for assistance on every occasion.

'They are visited periodically by a member of the "District Visiting Society." It is the object of this society to inquire into the condition of the poor, to give them religious advice and occasional temporal relief, and to *put them in the way of obtaining the assistance of other charitable institutions.* To the visitor of this institution the

additional "relief" from charitable foundations and benevolent people?—"Yes," said the governor, "we have a great many benevolent people in this town, and they help. There is always something or other given; a great deal of coal is given away, and the churchwardens give away linen." He admitted, in answer to further inquiries, that the greatest impositions were practised on the most humane people. One of the paupers had declared to him, that he had as many as six shirts at a time given to him by different benevolent people. It was intimated that, as a matter of course, these things went to the pawn-shop for drink. He expressed an opinion that coals were the best commodity to give away—"as coals cannot be pawned!"'

wife makes known her situation, and states her inability to meet the expense of an accoucheur. The consequence is, that *from him*, through *his recommendation* or *under his directions*, she obtains a ticket either for the "Lying-in Hospital," or for "the Royal Maternity Society." By the former of these charities, she is provided with gratuitous board, lodging, medical attendance, churching, registry of her child's baptism, &c. &c. By the latter she is accommodated with the gratuitous services of a midwife to deliver her at her own home.

'Delivered of her child at the cost of the "Royal Maternity Society," she is left by the midwife—but *then* she requires a nurse, and for a nurse, of course, she is unable to pay herself;—a little exertion, however, gets over this difficulty—she sends to the *district visitor*, to the *minister*, or to some other *charitable parishioner*, and by their interest with the *parish officers*, she has, at last, a nurse sent to her from *the workhouse*. But still she has many wants—and these too she is unable to supply at her own expense. She requires blankets, bed and body linen for herself, and baby-linen for her infant. With these is she furnished by *another charitable institution*. Soon after her marriage she had heard one of her neighbours say, that she had been favoured in no less than *five* successive confinements with the loan of the "*box of linen*" from the "Benevolent Society." She had, accordingly, taken care to secure the "*box of linen*" for herself, and during her confinement she receives occasional visits and pecuniary relief from a female visitor of the charity. By her she is kindly attended to, and *through her* or the "*district visitor*," she is provided, in case of fever or other illness, with the gratuitous services of the *parish apothecary*, or of some other *charitable medical practitioner* in the district.

'At the end of the month, she goes, *pro forma*, to be churched; and though, perhaps, the best-dressed female of the party, she claims exemption from any pecuniary offering by virtue of a *printed ticket* to that effect put into her hands by the midwife of the "Royal Maternity Society."

'The child thus introduced into the world is not worse provided for than his parents. Of course he requires *vaccination*, or in case of neglect he takes the *small-pox*. In either case he is sent to the "Hospital for Casual Small-pox and for Vaccination," and by this means costs his parents nothing.

'He has the *measles*, the *whooping-cough*, and other morbid affections peculiar to childhood. In all these instances he has the benefit of the "City Institution for Diseases of Children."

'Indeed, from his birth to his death, he may command *any medical treatment*. If his father is a Welshman, he applies to the "Welsh Dispensary,"—if not, or he prefers another, he has the "Tower Hamlets Universal Dispensary," "The London Dispensary," and the "City of London Dispensary." In case of *fever*, he is sent to the "Fever Hospital." For a *broken limb*, or any *sudden* or *acute disorder*, he is admitted into the "London" or other "Public Hospital." For a *rash*, or any specific disease of the *skin* or *ear*, he is cured at the "London Dispensary." And for all morbid affections of the *eye*, he goes either to the same charity or to the "London Ophthalmic Infirmary." In case of

rupture, he has a ticket for the "Rupture Society" or for the "City of London Truss Society." For a *pulmonary* complaint, he attends the "Infirmary for Asthma, Consumption, and other Diseases of the Lungs." And for *scrophula*, or any other disease which may require *sea-bathing*, he is sent to the "Royal Sea-bathing Infirmary" at Margate. In some of these medical institutions, too, he has the extra advantage of board, lodging, and other accommodations.

' By the time the child is eighteen months or two years old, it becomes convenient to his mother to "*get him out of the way*;" for this purpose he is sent to the "Infant School," and in this seminary, enters upon another wide field of eleemosynary immunities.

" By the age of six he quits the "Infant School," and has before him an ample choice of schools of a higher class. He may attend the Lancasterian School for 2*d.* a week, and the National for 1*d.* or for *nothing*. His parents naturally enough prefer the latter school,—it may be less liberal in principle, but it is lower in price. In some instances, too, it is connected with a *cheap clothing society*; in others it provides clothing itself to a limited number of children. And in others, again, it recommends its scholars to the governors of a more richly endowed *clothing charity school*. To be sure, these are only *collateral* advantages. But it is perhaps excusable in a parent delivered by the "Royal Maternity Society," to value these above any of the more obvious and legitimate benefits to be derived from a system of education.

' A parent of this kind, however, has hardly done justice to herself, or to her child, till she has succeeded in getting him admitted into a school where he will be *immediately* and *permanently* clothed. This advantage is to be found in the "Protestant Dissenters"—in the "Parochial," or in "the Ward Charity School;" and she secures him a presentation to one of these, either by a recommendation from "the National School"—by the spontaneous offer of her husband's employer—or by her own importunate applications at the door of some other *subscriber*. It is true, some few industrious and careful parents in the neighbourhood *object* to putting their children into these charity schools. With more independence than wisdom, they revolt at the idea of seeing their children walk the streets for several years in a *livery* which degrades them, by marking them out like the *parish paupers* of former days, as the objects of *common charity*. But the parent in question has no such scruples—she has tasted the *sweets*, and, therefore, never feels the *degradation* of charity. She is saved the expense of clothing her own child herself; and she observes that almost all her poor neighbours, like the dog in the fable, have come to think what is really *disreputable* to be a *badge of distinction*. She knows, too, that most of the "*gentlefolks*" who support these charities openly proclaim (Oh monstrous absurdity!) that they were more especially designed for "*an aristocracy among the poor*."

' It is possible that she may not *succeed* in getting her child into a *clothing charity school*—it is more than possible, too, that she may find a more *profitable* employment for him than attendance at the "National;" she may keep him at home all the week to help her nurse her fourth and fifth babies, or she may earn a few pence by sending

him out as an errand boy. Yet even under these circumstances she does not necessarily forego the means of getting him an education, or a suit of clothes for nothing: *even then* she can send him to one of the innumerable "Sunday Schools" in the neighbourhood; and for clothing, she can apply to the "Educational Clothing Society." "The object of this society is the lending of clothing to enable distressed children to attend Sunday schools." *Only*, then, let *her* child be "*a distressed one*," and he is provided by the "Educational Clothing Society" with a suit of clothes which he wears *all the Sundays* of one year, and, in case of past regular attendance at school, all the *week-days* of the next. The *Sundays* of the second year, he begins with a new suit of clothes as before.

'The probability, however, is, that, by the time the boy is eight or nine years old, his mother *does* succeed in procuring his admission into the "Clothing Charity School:" and there is the same probability that she will *continue* him in it. She has strong reasons for so doing—for she knows that he will not only be clothed and educated at the expense of the *charity*, but that, when he is fourteen, that is, when he has remained five or six years in the school, he will be apprenticed by it to some tradesman, with a *fee* varying in the different schools from 2*l.* to 5*l.*

'At fourteen, accordingly, the boy is put apprentice by the charity to a weaver, and at the expiration of the usual term he begins work as a journeyman. He has hardly done so, before he proposes to marry a girl about his own age. He is aware, indeed, that there are difficulties in the way of their union; and that, even on the most favourable supposition, their prospects in life cannot be considered flattering.—He has saved no money himself, and his intended is equally unprepared for the expenses of an establishment. He knows that, working early and late, he can earn no more than 10*s.* a week—that, in case of sickness or the failure of employment, he may frequently be deprived even of these—and that his own father, with a wife and seven children, was in this very predicament but the winter before; nevertheless, "*nature intended every one to marry*;" and, in the case of himself and his beloved, "*it is their lot to come together*." On these *unanswerable* grounds he takes a room at 2*s.* a week, and thus utterly unprepared, as he appears, either for the *ordinary* or *contingent* expenses of a family, he marries.

'We may suspect, however, from the result, that he is not so rash and improvident in this conduct, as, *upon an ordinary calculation*, he must appear to be.

'Within a few months she has the prospect of a child—and a child brings with it *many expenses*,—but no matter, *he* need not pay them—for in *his* neighbourhood he may fairly calculate upon having them paid by *charity*. Charity never failed his *mother* in her difficulties—and why, *in precisely the same difficulties*, should it be withheld from *him*? In the case of his wife, therefore, as in that of his mother, the "Lying-in Hospital," or the "Lying-in Dispensary," or the "Royal Maternity Society," provides the *midwifery*, &c. The "work-house," the nurse. The "Benevolent Society," blankets, linen, pecuniary relief, &c. The "parish doctor"—the "dispensary doctor,"

or some other "charitable doctor" extra drugs and medical attendance. By a little management, he may avail himself at the same time of *several* obstetric charities—and be visited successively by Churchmen, Quakers, Independents, Wesleyan Methodists, Calvinistic Methodists, Huntingtonians,—in fact, by the *charitable associations* connected with every church and chapel in the neighbourhood.

' He now finds that his earnings are precarious—and that, even at their utmost amount, they are inadequate to the support of his increasing family. But his father's family was for years in the same circumstances—and was always saved by *charity*. To charity, then, he again has recourse.

' He hears, that twice a year there is a *parish gift of bread*. From some vestryman, or from some other respectable parishioner, he obtains a ticket for a quartern loaf at Midsummer and at Christmas. There is also a *parish gift of coals*. By the same means he every Christmas gets a sack of coals. Indeed, by importuning *several* parishioners, and by giving to each of them a different address, or the same address with different names, he is sometimes so fortunate as to secure *three* sacks instead of one. On these periodical distributions he *can confidently depend*; for most of the parishioners dispose of their annual tickets to the same poor persons from year to year, *as a matter of course*; and others, who are more discriminate, invariably find, upon renewed inquiry, that their petitioners are in the same state of apparent indigence or destitution. Under these circumstances, our applicant soon comes to look upon his share of the *parochial bounty* as a legitimate and certain item in his yearly receipts.

' But this is only a slight periodical relief. He wants *more loaves* and *more coals*, and he has the means of obtaining them. If the weather is severe, the "Spitalfields Association" is at work, and for months together distributes *bread, coals, and potatoes*. The "Soup Society," also, is in operation, and provides him regularly with several quarts of excellent meat soup at a penny, or, sometimes, even at a halfpenny a quart. At *all* times several "Benevolent Societies" and "Pension Societies" are acting in the district; and from these he receives food or pecuniary relief. He may apply, too, during the temporary cessation of any of these charities, to the charitable associations of the different religious denominations—to the "District Visiting Society," to the Independents' "Visiting Society," to the "Friend in Need Society," to the "Stranger's Friend Society," to "Zion's Good Will Society." He may even be lucky enough to get something from all of them.

' If his bedding is bad, he gets the loan of a blanket from the "Benevolent Society," or from the "Blanket Association;" or he gets a blanket, a rug, and a pair of sheets from the "Spitalfields Association." The last of these charities supplies him with a *flannel waistcoat* for himself, and a *flannel petticoat* for his wife. In one instance, it furnishes his wife and children with *shoes and stockings*.

' Thus he proceeds from year to year with a *charity* to meet every exigency of health and sickness. The time at length arrives, when, either from the number of children born to him, under the kind superintendence of the "Lying-in," the "Royal Maternity," or the "Be-

nevolent Society;" or from a desire to add a legal and permanent provision to the more precarious supplies of voluntary charity, he solicits *parish relief*; he *begs* an extract from the parish register, proves his settlement by the *charity-school indenture of apprenticeship*, and quarters his family on the parish, with an allowance of five shillings a week. In this uniform alternation of voluntary and compulsory relief he draws towards the close of his mendicant existence.

'Before leaving the world, he might, perhaps, return thanks to the public. He has been *born for nothing*—he has been *nursed for nothing*—he has been *clothed for nothing*—he has been *educated for nothing*—he has been *put out in the world for nothing*—he has had *medicine and medical attendance for nothing*; he has had his children also *born, nursed, clothed, fed, educated, established, and physicked for nothing*.

'There is but one good office more for which he can stand indebted to society, and *that* is his burial. He dies a parish pauper, and, at the expense of the parish, he is provided with shroud, coffin, pall, and burial-ground; a party of paupers from the workhouse bear his body to the grave, and a party of paupers are his mourners.

'I wish it to be particularly understood, that, in thus describing the operation of charity in my district, I have been giving an *ordinary*, and not an *extraordinary*, instance. I might have included many other details; some of them of a far more aggravated and offensive nature. I have contented myself, however, with describing the state of the district as regards charitable relief, and the extent to which that relief, *may be*, and actually is made to minister to *improvidence and dependence*.'

Now is it not high time for people to think what they are doing, both with their spontaneous and their legal alms? As to the frightful amount of suffering among the poorer classes, there can be no question. As to the imperative duty of meliorating the condition of those classes, there can be no question either. But why persist in plans which only aggravate the evil, and while they extend the physical suffering, generate from it a noxious mass of moral degradation? We are evidently on a wrong track. There can be no charity in blindly promoting vice and misery. What is the remedy? We must endeavour, like a physician when the patient has been wrongly dealt with, first to correct the mischiefs of our own fallacious remedy, and then attack the disease itself by the means best adapted to assuage its virulence. As to individual donations the course is clear. Let them be withdrawn from the institutions which tend to keep the poor dependent, and make them improvident, and transferred to those true charities which have an opposite tendency. Let the patronage which upholds soup and blanket distributions be applied to increase the utility and attractiveness of schools and saving-banks. And in relation to the legal mischief, the first step should be to abolish the encouragement which is now given to idleness, at the expense of industry. None should have gratuitous aid except those who are physically or mentally unable to render any service

in return. Whenever money is bestowed, useful service of some kind or other should be required. If there be no profitable employment in the vicinity, the pauper should be located elsewhere. The law of settlement should be very much simplified, if not swept away altogether; so as to avoid the heavy expenses of removals and litigation. A total stop should be put to the inducements, in some cases amounting to compulsion, by which parochial authorities have so largely and blindly multiplied improvident marriages. And all this done, as far as law can do it, we should be at the threshold of the great work of bettering the condition of the poor. This is only staying the hand from mischief, before stretching it out for good. The great evils of the condition of the poor would still remain, though we should have ceased to aggravate them by our pernicious nostrums. Those evils would require a series of strong measures, promptly adopted, and vigorously executed. We will specify those which, in our apprehension, are the most essential.

1. The abolition of the Corn Laws. A starving population with a bread-tax of eight millions per annum, besides its indirect pressure, is as monstrous and as cruel an anomaly as the world has ever seen. This weight should be heaved off forthwith. Let the labourer have food at the cheapest rate at which it can be purchased.

2. All taxation bearing upon the necessities and common conveniences of life should be remitted. Taxation is chiefly a premium of insurance upon property, and by property should the premium be paid. The remission should extend not only to articles of clothing, shelter, &c., but to whatever presses upon the honest recompense and simple enjoyments of the industrious classes.

3. All restrictions upon the freedom of labour should be removed, and every facility afforded for its transference from one department to another. There is no such art or mystery about most handicraft operations, but that a man may easily master many others besides that to which he was trained in his boyhood. There will always be something to which an industrious man may turn his hand. The fluctuations which occur in a great manufacturing and commercial country would be comparatively innocuous, were it not for the requirement of apprenticeship, the interference of corporations, and the combinations of the workmen. Such fluctuations would do much towards their own rectification. Labour, like water, would find its level. The men thrown out of one occupation would take to others. True, their competition might deteriorate the condition of those previously employed in other departments; but this would only tend to equalize the pressure. The total amount of changes affecting the condition of the labouring classes would be minimized.

4. An efficient plan of national instruction is essential. By

this we intend both the means of education for the young, and facilities of information for adults on whatever affects their interests. The revenues and machinery of the Church might be properly applied to the former purpose, and in some measure to the latter. The Church might become the place, and the Clergyman the agent for the communication of scientific, historical, and other useful knowledge, both to the young and the mature. And if the clergy wanted will or capacity for such a duty, fairly and legally imposed upon them, they could scarcely be regarded as fit for the work for which at present they are paid, or as having any claim for the continuance of that payment. They are efficient spiritual instructors of the population, or they are public plunderers; and if the former, they cannot be indisposed towards the obligation of giving their instruction a wider range than heretofore. No Church Reform will much benefit the nation unless it render what is called Ecclesiastical property (*i. e.* property devoted to the purpose of spiritual improvement) subservient to the relief of the mental and moral wants of the people. Information on political and temporary matters should be facilitated by the repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge. It would then be brought home almost to every man's door, and with an immense quantity of incidental benefit, tending to enlarge the mind, quicken the perceptions, purify the taste and manners, and thus improve generally the character and condition. The result of this combination of measures for at once acting upon the minds and circumstances of the poor would be that the perceptible amelioration of their condition would not be followed by a sudden and rapid increase of their numbers. They would understand their position. They would have a horror of falling back into the gulf from which they had just been extricated. Conveniences would become necessities. Their standard of tolerable existence would be raised. The plan must also include,

5. The extension of political rights. We believe that these ought to be extended forthwith. The basis of the constitutional pyramid is much too narrow. The constituency is scarcely more than two-thirds of what it was calculated the Reform Bill would have made it, and that was only about half a million of voters. Thousands are excluded who are already not less fitted for the right employment of the elective franchise than the majority of those by whom it is possessed. The consequence is a discontent which nothing but a further reform can allay. Nor can any great amelioration of the condition of the lower classes proceed without the corresponding recognition of their political existence. They will be, they ought to be, and they must be, principally, the agents of their own improvement. Neither more food nor more knowledge will be accepted as substitutes for their portion of influence as members of a community. On the contrary, they will only become the more determined on having a voice in appointing

the framers of the laws which they are to obey, and the more able to carry that determination into effect, whatever may be the misguided and vain opposition of the aristocracy.

For the people generally to have a thorough confidence in the direction of the workings of the state machine to their benefit, a revision of the system of local authority and magistracy is indispensable. Popular election might, to a large extent, be advantageously substituted for arbitrary appointment. The choice would assuredly not fall on men who would do more mischief than have the holders of his Majesty's commission. And there would be the prospect of better feelings than the suspicion and hostility, the endeavour to circumvent, on the one side, and on the other to bribe or terrify, which now prevail.

6. An organized plan, a permanent provision for emigration, is the final measure of our enumeration. A portion of the resources of the community should be devoted to this purpose. There is no reason why emigration should be the solitary, irregular, painful, and perilous expatriation which it now is. It should be more like the colonization of the republics of antiquity. It should be considered as the locating of a portion of the nation elsewhere, for the common benefit of those who go and those who stay ; and be provided for accordingly from the common stock. Care should be taken to secure as far as possible to the colony, all the advantages of the mother country. The aversion with which emigration is now regarded might thus be very much mitigated, probably obliterated altogether. There would be no need to seek the means of subsistence, beyond the outposts of civilized life. There would simply be a removal from a part of the country filled to its limits, to another part (the same in almost all that endears country) with limits so ample, as to allow indefinite expansion. Organized colonization is as the natural process in the growth of the tree, shooting afar its spreading boughs ; and if now and then they strike an independent root in the soil, no matter, or rather so much the better ; while isolated emigration is but the blowing about of broken twigs, and leaves, and blossoms, mostly to perish, though sometimes there may be a seed which after all its tossing finds a propitious rest, and germinates.

Were such a process as this adopted, the principle of the Poor Laws might be left untouched ; as we would have it left, for it is as noble a principle, as ever legislation consecrated. It is, in our opinion, good, that the law should recognise that every man who comes into the world has a right to his share of the world, so far at least as the means of subsistence go. The best mode of sustaining and administering that right, is another matter. We are not speaking of churchwardens and overseers, of parish rates and acts of parliament, but of principles. Society has a claim on the services of its members, and its members have a claim for support, so long as the common stock holds out. If one class of mankind

may say to another, 'We do not want your labour,' that other class may retort, 'We do not want your idleness.' An exclusive right of inheritance in the food-producing earth, and a right to the means of sustaining life; that is to say, private property and a poor law, are correlative principles. The one involves the other. It is as unjust as it is heartless, to tell starving men that there is no cover for them at Nature's table. It frees them from the obligation of respecting covers or seats, and legitimates a scramble. It is true that 'property must be protected from plunder;' it is not less true that humanity must be protected from starvation. The last *must* is quite as potent as the first. Happily the same means tend to the accomplishment of both purposes. If the wealthy keep the principle of the poor laws always in view, there will be little occasion for it ever to come into practical operation.

It has been long understood that Ministers were concocting some measure of Poor Law Reform. They will probably lop off the grosser abuses, and nibble at the principle. That they will have wisdom and vigour enough to go to the root of the evil is beyond all hope. In fact they have already manifested their hostility to much of what we deem essential. A revision of the Corn Laws is got rid of, for the present session. They have declared themselves ready to resign sooner than remove the pressure of taxation from trade and industry to property. For free trade they may do something; for the freedom of labour they have yet achieved, and apparently meditated little. In Church Reform, their great points seem to be the commutation of tithes, and the abolition of pluralities. Probably they will allow dissenting ministers to marry their people in their own chapels, and bury them in the parish church-yard, by way of propitiating the denominations. But all this will do little towards rendering the Church a great national good. The taxes on knowledge they have resolved to retain. The Reform Bill is their god Terminus. The magistracy they could amend if they would. And on the only remaining topic, Emigration, we see no reason to expect more than the timid, compromising, inefficient procedure, by which their whole policy is characterised.

What hope, then, is there for the poor, and through them, for Society? None, save that which Miss Martineau has indicated in the passage quoted from her preface, that the amelioration must sooner or later follow the exposure of the evil. There we rest; not on Whig patriotism, but on public opinion. And our gratitude, and that of the public, is due to Miss Martineau, for the ability and benevolence with which she has co-operated in making the exposure. We look forward with interest to her exposition of the remedy.

It is not, however, with perfect satisfaction that we regard this publication. We regret that Miss Martineau should have allowed her own attention, and that of the public, to be distracted from

her great work, before its completion. Whatever a life, which we hope will be prolonged, and a power of attainment and improvement, which we know to be great, may hereafter enable her to accomplish, it is yet obvious that for many years to come her fame and influence must rest upon the ‘Illustrations of Political Economy.’ Ultimately, no doubt, that work will take its proper rank, without reference to the circumstances of its publication. Its immediate utility cannot but be diminished by this undertaking; as this would have had more effect had it not appeared contemporaneously. The world will, in spite of evidence, rather doubt than admire the ability with which both may be sustained. We regret also, that she has been led to what seems to us, an inappropriate and injudicious application of her peculiar talent of illustrating a truth by fictitious narrative. In her other work, this talent is in its proper sphere. Her tales, true to nature and to history, do illustrate the principles of Political Economy. But in the operation of the Poor Laws, we have to deal with, not an abstract or general proposition, but a practical grievance. *We want to know the facts.* It is inconvenient and unsatisfactory, to have them strung upon a thread of fiction. The writer’s object is defeated; the evil is not exposed; it is veiled: no one knows exactly where the certified mischief ends, and the fictitious adornment begins. What was wanted, was an arrangement of the most striking facts in the Reports of the Poor Law Commissioners, with a judicious commentary. If, instead of more tales, her engagement will allow Miss Martineau to complete her work on ‘Poor Laws and Paupers,’ in this manner, a much greater service will, we apprehend, be rendered to the public. Nor can we help still further regretting that Miss Martineau has consented to write, on subjects of this class, ‘Under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.’ That Society has long been losing the public confidence, which, as an independent writer, Miss Martineau was rapidly gaining. Her influence over those whom it is so important to instruct, the great body of the operative and producing classes, is impaired by the coalition. The circulation of the Society’s books is chiefly amongst the trading classes. The suspicion into which it had previously fallen, has been deeply strengthened since the accession of so many members of its Committee to political office. We believe the general opinion of the intelligent operatives throughout the country to be fairly expressed by the following resolutions, passed at a meeting of the Birmingham Mechanics’ Institution in July last. The discussion which terminated in their adoption had been provoked by an agent of the Society.

‘1. That, whilst this meeting is anxious to bear its testimony to the excellence and utility of many of the publications of the “Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,” *abstractedly considered*, yet it cannot withhold its opinion, that viewed in connexion with the times

in which we live, the works are but ill adapted to the *present* and *immediate* wants of the mass of the people—the labouring classes, who have little time or inclination for reading either elaborate treatises on the sciences, or works of a light and entertaining nature, whilst themselves and families are surrounded by poverty and misery, produced by an irrational and vicious system of government.

‘ 2. That it is of the utmost importance, both to individuals and to the community at large, that every man should acquire sound political information, and a knowledge of his rights and duties as a citizen of the state in which he lives ; and that, therefore, the Society would have best consulted the interests of *all* classes, *but particularly of the working class*, by either publishing works calculated to supply this desideratum itself, or encouraging others to do so, by using its great power and influence to break down those barriers to political knowledge, which now exist in the shape of oppressive stamp taxes on newspapers, and unjust, odious, and tyrannical laws, prohibiting the publication of cheap political pamphlets.

It would be difficult to disprove the truth and justice of these resolutions. But that is not the question. We adduce them to show the light in which the Diffusion Society is regarded, and the consequent probability that, by her connexion with it, Miss Martineau may become a less efficient, because a less trusted, national instructor. The evil in part is already come upon her. She may arrest its progress ; she may, even yet, shake it off, and regain the position which she previously occupied ; but it must be by demonstrations which cannot be mistaken of her sympathy with the opinions and feelings, the wants and wishes of the people, as distinguished from, and opposed by, the timid and crooked policy of men who might have been the saviours of their country but for their almost incredible blunders, inconsistencies, and infatuation. Let her seize some early opportunity of doing this, a late one may come too late.

We speak plainly, for there is a great public good at stake. We do not believe that, in political economy or politics, the people will become pupils in the Diffusion School. They dread cajolery in that quarter, and receive lessons from it as they would a moral or religious tract from Bartlett’s Buildings. For Miss Martineau to achieve the redemption of its character she should direct its management, and not merely write under its patronage. There is less hope for it than danger for herself ; danger for that influence, so unaidedly and honourably acquired, which is a public trust, and its diminution a public calamity. We are anxious that her well-earned popularity should be unimpaired, for with her powers and principles, the benefits she might, and, we trust, will, confer upon the people are incalculable.

An additional inducement to the suggestions which we have ventured thus frankly but respectfully to offer, may be found in the Article on Miss Martineau’s ‘ Illustrations,’ with which the

last number of the 'Edinburgh Review' commences—an article calculated to do her more injury than all the attacks to which she has been exposed. The writer has totally mistaken, or misrepresented, her character. He looks at the wrong side of the tapestry, making shadows of the lights, and lights of the shadows. From his description the public are led to infer that she is *une femme de tête exaltée*, possessed with a riotous and runaway imagination, subject to 'intellectual fever,' full of the 'inspiration of genius,' which, according to the vulgar conception of it, he seems to think implies the lack of common-sense, and somewhat deficient in 'accurate observation, and patient thought.' And on this description are founded certain advices and criticisms, the tendency of which is as injurious as the premises are fallacious. The writer dislikes Miss Martineau's independence, fears her energy, stands aghast at her consistency in following out a principle to its consequences, and, regarding her as a female Samson, would, under this pretext of fever, shear the locks in which lies her strength, take her from, and unfit her for, her high vocation, and send her to grind, blindly and uselessly, in the mill of Conservative Whiggism.

Considerable familiarity with Miss Martineau's productions has impressed us with a completely different notion of her mental character, from that sketched by the reviewer. We have often admired what he desiderates, her 'accurate observation and patient thought,' but we have not seen in her any quality to which such terms as genius, inspiration, or imagination can be properly applied. We use those terms in their genuine and loftiest sense; we mean by them the creative faculty which can 'call spirits from the vasty deep;' which in materials of stone or clay, worthless to an energy less plastic and divine, can mould the image of God and breathe into it the breath of life. Miss Martineau may be poetical, but she is not a poet. She does not create, but combine. And very extraordinary and efficient is her power of combination, as may be shown by a brief mention of the characteristics of her intellect.

That accuracy of observation which has been so hastily denied her, we should be disposed to regard, though not the greatest, yet as the primal faculty of her mind. She has a keen eye, and its notices are preserved in a retentive memory. She never adopted Hamlet's resolution:

'From the book and volume of my brain
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there.'

They are all legible, though mixed with higher matter, and her recollection can 'take in all, and verge enough for more.' If any one will take the trouble to trace her, in her narrative publications especially, they will find, not invention, not creation, no armed

and plumed figure, springing from her own brain where it had been engendered, but materials that have come together, like the righteous into the kingdom of heaven, from the east and the west, from the north and the south. She acts on the old household maxim, 'Keep a thing for seven years, and you will find a use for it.' She turns every thing to account; and herein is her skill. By that faculty of conception, which, some months ago, we described and endeavoured to illustrate as the characteristic of Sir Walter Scott, the great source of that power to charm which his writings possess, she harmonizes all her materials, however incongruous or insignificant they might appear in themselves. By no modern writer except Scott, has this faculty been exhibited in a higher degree. She knows, that

'Mountains rise by grain on grain,
Drops on drops compose the main.'

and she rears and spreads the mountains and oceans of her own fictitious scenery, on the principle which she taught the political unions to celebrate in the glorious chant from which those lines are quoted. Many of her sketches of character, her landscapes, her single scenes of human adventure or emotion, might be adduced as exhibitions, seldom surpassed, of the triumphs of this faculty. With her, and indeed the same thing might be said even of Scott himself, it does not seem to extend to the comprehension which is required for the harmonious and perfect construction of an entire story; the whole is often deficient in that proportion and unity, which may be exemplified in many of the parts taken separately. But we see not why she should stop short of this; it is a power which may be acquired; it is only a higher exercise of that which she possesses. Whatever may be acquired, it seems from her past progress, as if she could acquire.

Miss Martineau's mind is essentially logical, capable of close and continued thought, and animated by singleness of heart in its pursuit of truth. This is the secret of most of the opinions which startled the Edinburgh Reviewer, and which he ascribed to a 'confident imagination,' which 'must occasionally run wild in the paradise of its own conceptions.' He talks of 'rashness of assumption, extravagant enough, unless checked, to proceed to any lengths.' Miss Martineau is not prone to rashness of assumption, but she is what such persons deem 'extravagant' enough when guided by a sound principle, and a chain of undeniable deduction, 'to proceed to any lengths.' Destroy the principle, or refute the logic, and she is ever willing to stop. If neither can be done, why should she stop? or any one else, except those who would stop reason and humanity for their own convenience? It was in the strength of a noble fearlessness, produced by the consciousness of her devotion to truth, and of her mental patience and precision in ascertaining it, that she came forward to expound to the population at large, those doctrines of political economy in which they

are so deeply interested. And the same spirit has stamped the highest worth on other of her productions, especially on her three theological essays, in which the highest powers of her mind are better displayed than in any of her more widely circulated works. The clear perception of a principle, the careful and faithful evolution from it, of all its legitimate consequences, and the arrangement of those consequences, so that truth touches the heart, by its consistency, harmony, and beauty, may be seen in those essays so strikingly, as at once to determine the character of the author's mind. To what we have said, there only remains to add, an improveability which from the time of her first appearance as a writer has been rapid and continuous; and which, with all her present talent and attainment, will, we trust, be long before it pauses or relaxes. These are her faculties, directed to purposes so high and beneficent, that the very circumstance of their direction is almost entitled to be classed as a peculiarity in their construction.

Of course we deprecate the advice, as much as we dispute the description, given by the *Edinburgh Reviewer*. He would have Miss Martineau 'recede from her monthly contract,' and by breaking the continuity enfeeble the effect of her periodical lessons. We would have her fulfil that mission in unimpaired singleness of purpose and exertion. We know she is equal to that, whatever may be thought of her attempting more. He wants her to pause, and reconsider portions of the science of which she is the professor; that is to say, some of his politico-economical doctrines differ from those of the system which she has adopted. We know that she had diligently learned before she began to teach, and that the extent and accuracy of her information have only been disputed in a few trifling and incidental particulars, and in them not often successfully. He counsels her to 'submit her writings to some dull friend,' before their publication; we beg of her only to let her dull friends see them afterwards, inasmuch as no friendliness can counteract the mischief of the dulness which, first mistaking her character and powers, will also, in all probability, mistake the spirit of the times in which we live, and wish her to deal with a grown-up world, as if it were still in leading-strings. He tells her, that genius 'cannot move by clock-work,' and therefore she ought to publish irregularly; we tell her that her well-trained intellect does move with the precision and punctuality of clock-work, and that she will only disturb it by applying his patent regulator for the springs of genius. Because she occasionally glances from political economy to the higher topics of social morality, and the condition and prospect of humankind, he treats her as an enthusiast, soaring into what he calls a 'visionary empyrean,' and calls for the cancelling of all such passages. 'We should heartily rejoice' in her further developing her opinions on matters of such deep concernment, little doubting that she would express them in 'words of truth and soberness.' The critic, with

a simplicity worthy of Sir Roger de Coverly, plumes himself on being rather latitudinarian, on account of his doubts whether it be expedient to restrain opinion by law (p. 30.) ; we recommend him to quit the character of her critic, for that of her pupil, and he may find that she is as able to expound the rights of conscience as the rights of property, the principles of morality as those of prosperity, and can lecture not less ably on the causes of happiness than on the sources of wealth.

We have said thus much because the public is interested, and strongly too, in the course pursued by those who minister to its entertainment and instruction. According to our own taste, it is somewhat premature at present to submit Miss Martineau's intellectual and moral character to a public analysis, but we cannot quietly witness an attempt to do so, which tends, as appears to us, to mislead both herself and the public. The time will come for assigning her permanent rank amongst the writers of our age and nation ; when not only her native faculties, but the diligence of her cultivation of them, the consistency of her career, the moral qualities of her literary achievements, and the extent of her benefactions to society, must all be strictly scrutinized and impartially estimated ; on that decision the future as well as the past must have its influence, perhaps a preponderating influence. May it be such as her warmest admirers anticipate in their most sanguine moments.

PROPOSAL FOR A NATIONAL COLLEGE OF LANGUAGE.

It has been said, that one of the severest punishments entailed upon those persons who are addicted to the vice of lying, is not being believed even when they speak the truth. Even thus, the lavish waste of a nation's resources, so recklessly pursued for a long term of years by an interested and improvident faction, who held the reins of government without responsibility, will work still further evil, in the necessary revulsion which must come after it. He who has been a spendthrift in his youth, and has wasted his substance in riotous living, not uncommonly becomes a miser in his age, and denies himself even the necessaries of existence. The English nation, having seen that a bad government and profusion have constantly gone together, have gradually acquired the notion, that economy and good government must be synonymous ; that the M.P. who will promise to vote for all that is cheapest, must thereby make sure of all that is wisest. Unfortunately, the disposition to acquire property at the public expense is so prevailing a vice in public men, and one in which they are so often but too successful, that it will keep up the suspicions of the people for a great length of time, and their urgent clamours for economy will degenerate into parsimony in really useful things, upon which the econo-

mical alterations are generally made to operate first, as we have seen in the case of the pensions which were taken away from the members of the Literary Fund, granted by the fourth George, while large annual sums were continued for far less creditable purposes. It is not that the people at large are disposed to be mean, but that they have a disposition to resist chicanery; that they do not like to be imposed upon; and a considerable interval of good and honest government must elapse, before a healthy confidence will be generated, before they will conceive it possible, that taxes may be collected from them, and then applied only to purposes importantly connected with the welfare of the whole nation. They have seen so many promising public works and plans degenerate into mere jobs for the benefit of individuals, that they cannot yet believe in the possibility of such things being executed in good faith, or for the profit of the community. Only through the perfect responsibility of the rulers, can confidence be made to exist between them and the people they rule over. Every wise and benevolent man most earnestly desires that such a conclusion may be brought to bear as speedily as possible, in order to put an end to the tedious and revolting discussions of party politics, by which human advancement is retarded, both in physical comfort, moral worth, and the embellishments of knowledge, which might be made to add so largely to the stock of human happiness.

If the enjoyment of human life were made to consist only in animal sense—eating, drinking, sleeping, and the propagation of the species—such a Sardanapalian system might be arranged with but little difficulty, and without the necessity of very intellectual managers; but the day for such coarse enjoyments is passing away, and in the boundless sources of pleasure, which the intense energy of the human mind is opening to us, the pleasures of sense are regarded rather as matters of necessity, than of enjoyment. The people at large are becoming capable of intellectual pleasures of a high class, and they need intellectual rulers, in order that all external things on which physical comfort depends, shall be made to conform to the altered condition of their minds. It is grievous to think how much money has been unprofitably wasted in wars, which might have been usefully employed to enlarge the sphere of human knowledge, in innumerable branches, which might have been eternally profitable to the human race. Instead of the great intellects of the world wasting their energies in desultory labours, in many cases unprofitable, for want of assistance, and in others deprived of the results by the necessity of toiling for the supply of coarse food, necessary for maintaining a bare existence,—instead of this, the united endeavours of many might have been concentrated, to produce a gigantic effect in knowledge and learning, just as artists and men of science have combined to produce changes in the physical world, such as in former days would have been pronounced the work of magic. When the extension of knowledge

amongst the mass of the community, shall have rendered the constant and abundant supply of food and necessaries for all, a matter of mathematical certainty, there will no longer exist any nervous winching under the pressure of taxes. All contributions will be cheerfully paid, when the payers shall be satisfied, that they will be usefully appropriated for the public benefit. The mere accumulation of property is not its own reward, and in proportion as people shall become more intelligent, they will be inclined to promote useful and beautiful public works, rather than private ostentation. The Greeks of old did so, and neither physically nor mentally will the modern Anglo-Saxons be found inferior to them, when their hidden talents shall be efficiently drawn forth.

When that day shall arrive, and it may, perchance, be nearer than we deem, we may hope to see glorious learning assume the place and the estimation which is fitted for it; we may hope to see it pursued for its own sake, and not as a mere vehicle of traffic for the sake of what it may produce in the market; we may hope to see men who tread the paths of useful learning and science, provided for at the public expense, instead of the drones and sluggards who at present cumber and render worthless to so great an extent all our public institutions; we may hope that many a noble head and heart fitted for great undertakings, will be relieved from the drudgery of unprofitable toiling for a bare existence, and be left in leisure and comfort, to pursue those studies which tend to promote the welfare of mankind. Each man has his vocation which secures him a living, save only the student. The misery of this has been well depicted of late by a self-taught mechanic, whose mental powers have burst the bonds of poverty.* ‘Oh! how he feels the depth, the keenness of his curse! Who shall portray a want like his? Come, ye poets, with your vivid personifications, depict me the poor student’s want! Want of interest, want of purse, want of friend, want of hope—to want which is to starve.’ The *writer* who seeks only to please the taste of the public for the time being, without regarding their welfare, is sure of an abundant compensation. The *student*, the result of whose labours forms an important item in the welfare of mankind, is left to endure the gnawing pangs of want, because he understands not the process of turning his fellow-creatures to his own account. Many men might be pointed out, who, after contributing largely to the advance of physical science, have been reduced to a state of beggary, not owing to vice, but to that peculiar constitution of mind, which left no room for the exercise of selfishness.

One of the wants of literature, which is as yet unsupplied, is a history of the world from the time that written language was first used; for, beyond that time it would be profitless to travel into the dim chaos of tradition. An universal dictionary of language

* Samuel Downing, Cabinet-maker. *Mechanics’ Magazine*.

would be the history of the world, and a history free from all the fictions and misrepresentations in which history has ever yet been clothed by designing partisan writers. Scarce a history exists, in which internal evidence may not be found of wilful falsehood from interested motives; and it would be unreasonable to expect any thing else, for few writers are calm philosophers, and if they were, it is no easy matter to procure correct information as to the acts of human beings, even on the spot where they occur. If we take up six newspapers published yesterday, we shall probably find six different versions of the same fact, as for example, that a carriage and horses were upset at the turning of a street corner, and a shop-window dashed in, whereby several persons were killed. The names of the persons, and the number of them, and the injuries of which they died, may probably be misstated; but that is of little consequence; we know, and those who come after us will know, that carriages, and horses, and shop-windows, and streets, were things in use at the period of the accident. In reading the account of the battle of Pavia, it is of little importance whether Francis surrendered to Pescara, or Pescara to Francis; but it is of importance to know what kind of armour, and weapons, and tents, and clothing were in use, and what kind of food was eaten, for thereby we can form an accurate estimate how far human art, and to some extent how far human civilization, had advanced. Sir Robert Walpole was accustomed to consider history as romance, and he was perhaps not very far from the truth, as history has hitherto been written; but the history of words must be true history, for names would never have been given to things, unless the things had previously existed; names would as little have been given to the qualities of the human mind, unless those qualities had existed, and had been discovered. The history of language is the history of moral and physical science, it is the history of every source of consciousness of all that we know, of all upon which we can communicate our thoughts to each other. By the analysis of language, we can ascertain the probability of facts, as well as their possibility; we can detect interpolations in history, as the forgery of a document was proved by the posterior date in the wire-mark of the paper. We can get absolutely at the moral and physical condition of any human beings, at any given period, by studying the language they used at that period. By possessing a list of the furniture of an ancient house, and a list of the furniture of a modern house, we can ascertain the exact progress which has been made in personal comforts. In an ancient house, andirons or dogs were the furniture of a fire-place. In a modern one, a register stove with a poker, tongs, and shovel, is in use. This, even if we knew no other fact thereto pertaining, would be sufficient for a careful analyzer to trace the change from wood fuel to coal, and the immense train of new inventions consequent

upon the working of coal-mines.* The words of a language, which indicate things, excite the ideas as to what purposes those things were used, for and go through the whole range of circumstances which influence human character—climate, locality, government, and all their results. If people wear garments of cotton or silk, as national materials, it is an evidence of a mild climate; if they wear garments of wool, it is an evidence of a cold one. From the similarity of many words, in most languages, it seems highly probable, that all languages had one common origin, and by tracing each one upwards, something like a result might probably be attained, with certainty in written language, and with much satisfactory collateral evidence, in oral language. Let us imagine the case of two tribes of wild men placed in separate portions of a fine country, with the same animals, the same natural productions, the same scenery; and, in short, with all surrounding physical objects of a similar class, in each locality. Let us suppose each tribe to commence without a language, and gradually to form one as they advanced in life, each tribe without the knowledge of its neighbour's existence. Is it not probable, that the words they would invent would be nearly alike in both cases, as well as the construction of the language? It is more than probable! Throughout Europe the infantine language for mother is 'Mamma.' At the time of the discovery of Peru, the natives there used the same word for the same thing. In fact, it is the earliest sound an infant uses, and the simplest, the different inflections of it serving to express either pain or pleasure. The names given to natural sounds usually resemble the sounds

* Few persons would suppose that the following words were all cognates; yet they would seem so. *Pen*, a fold or enclosure. *Pound*, for cattle. *Pen*, a quill. *Pen*, a rocky headland. *Paen*, a trennel or *tree-nail*, i. e. a wooden nail. *Penna*, the Latin word for wing. *Pent-house*. *Vane*, a weathercock. *Fan*, a lady's toy. *Pane*, of glass. *Fane*, a temple. *Pin*, for clothes. *Penetrate*. *Penetralia*.

The whole of these words, and many others from the same root have reference to penning up or enclosing. *Pen*, a fold, is an enclosure. *Pound* is an enclosure. *Pen*, a quill, is equivalent to the Latin word *penna*, a wing, which *pens* up or encloses a portion of atmospheric air, during the flight of a bird. *Pen*, a rocky headland, encloses a portion of water like a wall or *fence*. *Pentland*, means land *pent* up by water. *Paen*, a trennel or *tree-nail* for a ship, is used to *pin* or *pen* up the planks, i. e. *enclose*. In the olden time, the word *tree* was used to express *wood*. Thus, in the ballad of 'Auld Maitland,' occurs the line—

'And on his briest-bane brak a *tree* ;'

i. e. shivered a lance. *Pent-house* is a house *pent* or *penned* up, i. e. enclosed :

'Fitz-Eustace heart was closely *pent*.'

Vane encloses or partitions a portion of air. *Fan* does the same. *Wind*, *ventus*, is that which *encloses* or enfolds or turns round the earth. To *wind* thread, is to *enclose* something within it. *Wind* (the atmosphere) is *wound* about us, and is most probably the etymon of the whole family. A *pane* of glass *encloses* an apartment. A *fane* is an enclosed temple. *Pin* seems to fasten, i. e. it *encloses* or *closes*. To *penetrate* is to enter an enclosure. *Penetralia* are enclosed recesses. It may be necessary to mention that *p*, *v*, and *f* are convertible letters. It would be a more practicable matter than is generally suspected, to trace language up to a common origin.

themselves. The sound caused by the combustion of gases in the atmosphere, is called *tonitru*, *donner*, *trueno*, *tonnerre*, *thunder*, by different nations, and each word has a resemblance to the actual sound. *Tone*, and *tongue*, are probably cognates of the same root. The sound emitted by a snake, we call a *hiss*. This is merely an imitative name. In Spanish, the word is *silbo*, but the hissing sound is therein kept up. The Latin *mugire*, and the *moo-cow* of children and nursery-maids, both resemble in sound the lowing of black cattle. The sheep *bleats*, the pigeon *coos*, the dog *barks*, the wolf *howls*, the cat *mews*, the bird *whistles*, the lion *roars*. Are not the words *bleating*, *cooing*, *barking*, *howling*, *mewing*, *whistling*, and *roaring*, all key-notes to the different sounds the various animals give forth? These examples might be multiplied if needful, as the *whir* of a partridge, the *crow* of a cock, &c.

The word *bucanier* is now synonymous with pirate or sea-robber. We know the origin of the term historically; but if we had not known it, the word itself affords the means of getting at the fact. The original *bucaniers* were hunters of swine, the flesh of which they dried by heat, and being cruelly oppressed by the Spaniards, they sallied forth from the island of Tortuga, and took to sea-robbing for a livelihood. But if we had lost the history of the origin of these men, we might have traced it by the analysis of the name, which in the root, *bucan*, is synonymous with the Anglo-Saxon *bacan*, signifying, *to dry by heat*, that is, to smoke, which is the process of preparing *bacon*, so that *bucaniers* are, in reality, *baconeers*, or bacon makers.

In the Spanish language, a hat, or covering for the head, is called a *sombrero*, literally a *shader*. In German, a hat is called a *hut*, which is equivalent to our *hood* or *hut*, signifying a *cover*. Does not this distinctly mark the difference of climate, when in one case only a *shade* is required, and in the other a *roof*?

The word *road* signifies a portion of ground *ridden* over. A *path* signifies a portion of ground *passed* over by foot-passengers. Therefore, in whatever language a word equivalent to *road* may be found, it is a proof that those who used it possessed beasts of burden, and most probably beasts and vehicles of draught. The Spaniards say *Camino de rodaje*, meaning *wheel-road*. In the German language, *rad* signifies a *wheel*, and is evidently equivalent to the Latin *radius*. *Rayed* signifies starting from a centre, as the *rays* of the sun, or the spokes of a wheel. In countries where there are no wheel-carriages, there are no *roads* properly so called, but merely bridle paths or foot-paths.

The word *wedding* is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wad* or *wed*, signifying a pledge, namely, the ring. A Scotch mortgage, i. e. *death pledge*, is called a *wadset*, i. e. a pledge given. Therefore, parliamentary candidates are wrong in supposing *pledges* to be new things. They are somewhat older than the practice of applicants

for office being clothed in white robes to signify their purity; which practice, if used in the present day, would perchance be esteemed hypocritical.

The names of localities, at least old localities, for the most part indicate the nature. Thus, wherever the name of a place ends in *wick*, or *wich*, there will always be found a *stream*, or *spring*, close at hand. *Northwich* has salt springs. *Namptwich*, *Droitwich*, *Middlewich*, *Greenwich*, *Hampton-wick*, *Wike-ham*, and various others, will be found near streams or springs. Whenever the names of localities end in *ham*, it means *village*, or *town*, i. e. a collection of dwellings, probably equivalent to the word *home*. The etymology of *Birmingham* has puzzled many people. I think it may be thus explained. A few miles from it there is a town called *West Bromwich*, i. e. *West Broom Wick*, a *spring*, or *stream*, *westward*, where *broom* grew. *Birmingham*, therefore, is in reality, *Broom Wick Ham*; so that the vulgar pronunciation, *Brammagem*, is, in truth, the most correct. Many names of individuals are of territorial derivation. Thus Bentham is Bent-Ham, i. e. a village near the *bent*, or constructed of *bent*, a word signifying *rushes*, which were possibly so named, from the fact that the stems of that plant usually *bend* downwards. One of the characters in Old Mortality, is a field-preacher, named *Bide-the-bent*, i. e. *bide in the bent*, or dwell in the *rushes*, like

Bessie Bell and Marie Gray,
They were two bonnie lasses;
They built a house in yon bourne brae,
And covered it o'er wi rushes.

Rushes usually grow near *burns* or *bournes*, i. e. *brooks*. In the old ballad of Otterbourne, i. e. the *Otter's brook*, there is a stanza to the purpose—

They lighted down on Otterbourne
Among the *bent sae brown*;

That is to say, they alighted at the *Otter stream*, amongst the *ripe rushes*. The word *Beer*, in Hebrew, signifies *water* or *stream*, as *Beer-sheba*, the *water of Sheba*. It is probably connected with the English words *beer* and *burn* or *bourne*.

The word *hurst*, which is common in many parts of England, means a spot of ground ornamented with trees, as *Lyndhurst*, i. e. the plantation of linden or lime-trees. *Chester* and *cester*, wherever they may be found, indicate a Roman *castrum* or *camp*. *Ton* or *Town* means a *house*, or number of *houses*, enclosed by a wall or fence. The *fords* all speak for themselves, as places or towns situated on rivers or streams. *Stead*, means *place*, as *Hampstead*, i. e. the site of the ham, or village. *Keep steady!* means, keep in one place. *Combe* means *corn-market*. *Well* speaks for itself. *Ley* or *lea*, or *leigh*, i. e. *lye*,

means *plain*. *Field* is a cleared space where the timber has been felled. *Worth* most probably means *property*, or *possession*. *Bury*, *borough*, and *burgh*, are synonymes with *burrow*,* i. e. a place of security. *Burn* and *brook* are synonymes. *Stowe* means *store*, as *Chepstow*,† i. e. *market-store*. *Mond* is *mound*, or *mount*. *Hithe* means *quay*. *Stoke* probably means *stock*, a market-cross or pillar set up as a mark. *Den* indicates a spot which has been the resort of robbers or wild beasts. *Del* and *dale* are synonymes. *Stone bridge*, *mouth*, *wood*, *heath*, *wall*, *castle*, are sufficiently familiar terms. *Font* is either *fountain*, or place of baptism. *Wade* is equivalent to *ford*. *Lowe* signifies a fire, as a smith's forge. *Beach* is the converse of *cliff*, as a boundary for water. *Ness*, i. e. *nose*, means a point projecting into the water. *Try* and *tree* are synonymes. *Ridge*, *moor*, *grove*, *stairs*, *yard*, *wash*, *fold*, *end*, *port*, *stable*, *church*, *cot*, all explain themselves. *Sey* and *mere* are synonymes, indicating a lake, or pool of water. *Creech* seems to be the synonyme of *creek*. *Holl* means a knoll covered with trees. *Lake*, *mill*, *head*, *grave*, *gate*, need no explanation. *Coln*, or *colne*, as *Lincoln*, *Colney-Hatch*, the river *Colne*, are probably equivalent to the German *cologne*, meaning *colony*, i. e. settlement or patch of dwellings. These examples comprise nearly the whole of the terminations of English localities, of Saxon and Roman origin. They have been cited to show how much historic knowledge lies in mere names. Where the meanings are difficult of attainment, the simple process is, to take a number of places whose termination is similar, and then compare the localities; a result will then be got at, just as Napoleon succeeded in striking a required object, by bringing many pieces of cannon to bear on it at once.

In most countries, the ancient local names will be found indicative of the localities. In Spain and Spanish America it is so. In Germany it is so. In England it has been so. In Greece it was so, witness Thermopylæ. But amongst the modern Anglo-Saxons the practice has been disused. We are accustomed to laugh at the Americans, but if we look at the strange names given to country residences, especially in the neighbourhood of London; if we look at the strange names given to rows of houses, fantastically called groves and terraces, we shall find that the Americans may easily retort upon us. In settling new towns over the surface of a level, and for the most part wooded country, where there is little variety of natural objects, the Americans have, to distinguish one from another, been accustomed to give them names formed by adding the French word *ville* to the surname of the founder.

* *Burrow* is, it is true, a place of security underground. The original *burgus*, a tower, was also a place of security. In this case it is the purpose, not the locality which gives the name.

† *Chep* is synonymous with *cheap*, or market. Thus we have East *Cheap*, *Cheap* side. Sir John Falstaff went to East *Cheap* to buy a saddle. To *cheapen* is to market. A *chapman* is a marketer or buyer or seller.

Thus, the Southern and Western territories are overrun with *Villes*. But in the Western part of the State of New York there is a great variety in the nomenclature. Some few of the remarkable and noble-sounding Indian names, indicative of localities, have been preserved, but for the most part they have been exterminated, to make room for others, which in the opinion of gentlemen like Mr. Zerobbabel L. Hoskins, ‘sounded more sweetly in the mouth, like volcano;’ and which might moreover look well on the outside of a letter. On taking up the map of York State, we are somewhat surprised to find the names of classic cities and countries thickly planted. Troy, and Utica, and Rome, and Syracuse, and Skaneateles, and Schenectady, and Canajoharie, and Peru, and Geneva, and Homer, and Ovid, are all to be found in strange contiguity with Rochester and a minor family of *Villes*. I once asked how the swarm of classic names happened to be collected, and was informed that the surveyor who laid out the lots for sale, understood the science of land-measuring remarkably well, but, not being otherwise endowed, found himself at a loss for names for his localities. A classical dictionary happened to be at hand, and he christened them out of it. Had a Bible been at home they would all have been Christian or Hebrew names. A book of geography came in, towards the close, and helped out. The *villes* all indicate individual settlements, whose owners were anxious to immortalize their names, not always studying how ‘sweet they might sound in the mouth.’ Troy is the most appropriately christened, for it is situated on a level spot of land, with a river in front, and a mount Ida at a short distance, on the top of which there is a kind of wind-mill looking building, for tea-drinking. The Spaniards, in Southern America, have rarely fallen into these absurdities. Almost all their names are indicative of localities, and they have mostly preserved the Indian names. There is to be sure a town of Asia, and a London, and a Bethlehem, and a Guadeloupe, and a Portugal, but such things are scarce. Even in the Pampas, where from the sameness of the locality there has been a difficulty of naming, they have given as few personal or accidental names as possible. The most absurd are, ‘Tiger’s Head, Three Crosses, Cane Cross, and Dead Friar.’ Most others indicate localities. Let it be not supposed that in the foregoing etymologies I profess any thing approaching to perfect accuracy. I am quite conscious that the process whereby I have arrived at such conclusions, requires to be verified in many ways, after a fashion, which profound learning only could accomplish. I am doubtless wrong in many derivations; but my object is, to endeavour to make clear to the general reader, that there is high utility in etymology, a study which has been too commonly scoffed at. Professing no learning, I can yet see the value of learning, and would wish, so far as possible, to awake in my readers the same

conviction. I shall be rejoiced, if any one will take the trouble to correct my errors. My life hitherto has been one of more action than study.

Some of those persons who consider ‘meat, clothes, and fire,’ to be the end of human existence, will perhaps ask, what all this has to do with human happiness. I will not endeavour to answer those whom it is hopeless to expect to convince, for, like the caliph Omar, they would be burners of libraries, but I speak to those who recognise in all knowledge a constant tendency to make human beings ‘show likest gods.’ I call on all those who love glorious learning for its own sake, and not for its value in the market, to aid in promoting those arrangements, which may give to learning the same impulse, the same facilities, that have been given to the production of physical enjoyments. On the latter, the joint aid of large capital and extensive cooperation has been brought to bear, but learning has been left to struggle on, frequently in want, and mostly in a state of isolation. The knowledge of what has gone by, is most useful for the purposes of comparison. Experience makes fools wise. We still need to trace back the track by which human beings have gained their present elevation. We have still to learn their actual progress, and it is only by becoming acquainted with the history of all languages, that we can get at facts, stripped of prejudice. It is time that the work were commenced upon a systematic method. It is time to remove the disgrace from “merry England,” that, with all her immense resources, she has yet done less *public* service to the advancement of human knowledge than an obscure German court. Existing means are in abundance misapplied, and devoted to unworthy purposes; but even if they did not exist, they should be produced by the sacrifice of less useful things. The property which is wasted in one year by the corporations of a single city, in feasting only, might serve for the endowment of a college of universal language, in which the professors of all languages might meet together, and work in concert, beginning at the beginning. No single man can acquire a knowledge of all languages, and even if he could, the very fact would possibly be a proof of a deficiency of reasoning powers. Many of the greatest linguists have been little more than a species of interpreters. The fair-haired and blue-eyed natives of Hamburg have this quality in perfection. They are constantly met with, speaking and writing with fluency six or seven languages; and they are the best possible material out of which merchants’ corresponding clerks are formed; but I have never remarked in them the higher qualities of acuteness and judgment. But professors, who study a single language, usually apply themselves to it from liking, and are acquainted with all the minutiae. They work *con amore*. In addition to one or two professors of each language, there should be several men of sound judgment in the quality of supervisors

and comparers, who would not be swayed by the enthusiasm which has carried many etymologists away from the truth in their exclusive admiration for their favourite language. With such an arrangement of labourers and directors, classification and beneficial result would be certain. The process would probably be as follows. For example, the whole of the qualities and properties of the human body would be set down in a list in English, and each professor would set to work to give the corresponding words in other languages, with all their cognates, and as far as could be ascertained from books, or in other methods, the dates at which they first occurred. The names of physical bodies in a natural state might follow after the same method, and then the objects of human invention, with their descriptions; after that the qualities of the human mind. It is clear that such a work would be the history of the world, and an unerring comparison of the progress of all nations. It would be a most glorious thing for a nation to pride itself upon. But it should not be merely a sedentary plan; travellers and men of science ought also to be attached to it; the world has been ransacked for the objects of physical science, why should not mental science have the same chance? Mental Humboldts should go forth, and a British public would be found, when rightly directed, far more efficient patrons of knowledge than a king of Prussia. Dr. Bowring has been sent forth, at the public expense, to ascertain how foreigners keep their accounts. France has penetrated into Egyptian mysteries by means of her learned men; why should England be last in the race? Shall it be said that Englishmen have been wholly occupied with the science of money getting and money saving, and have taken no thought for the mental improvement of mankind? Shall it be said that they jeopardised men's lives in the pursuit of a passage by the North Pole for the purposes of traffic, and grudged opening their purses to achieve the discovery of the origin of the first dawning of mind?

'A job, a job, I smell a job!' some zealous disciple of economy will cry out. Not so fast, good economist! I, as well as yourself, am a hater of jobs, and by way of security, we will adopt a system of perfect responsibility for the new college. In the first place, men of real learning are no worshippers of the 'golden calf.' All they require is, decent subsistence, and when very enthusiastic, only a bare subsistence. Three to four hundred pounds per annum would probably be all that would be required for each person, and they might be attached to such an establishment as the British Museum. It is certain that the greater portion would be industrious, enthusiastic labourers, and if some were appointed by interest, if they were not efficient, they would soon be discovered, by the fact of all being obliged to work in concert. The whole would be stopped, and it would be the interest of the industrious to get them expelled. There could be no dozing over the work, or enjoy-

ment of the salary, without giving an equivalent. The results of their labours would be published annually, and would be open to public criticism, the best guardian against imposition. To those who object to the utility of such an establishment, I beg to remark, that whoever attempts to enter upon the study of moral or physical science, is immediately obliged to resort to the meaning and origin of words. I would remind them also, that many of the sanguinary struggles which have at times impeded the progress of human knowledge, have been founded in names and words, the import of which has not been even understood by the disputants. *Liberty* and *rights*, and the endless variety of *sects* in religion, have given rise to endless quarrels almost entirely for want of being defined. *Dictionary* is a word which implies a knowledge of the use and meaning of language. Let any man take up Johnson's English, or Webster's American Dictionary, and ask himself if either be what it professes to be. The first got its fame by being a book-selling scheme. The last was the work of a man who had not heeded the advice of the eastern dervish, 'Begin nothing, of which thou hast not considered the end!' For a single man to profess to give a history of human language, is about as absurd as the declaration of the German student mentioned by Goethe, who declared at eighteen, that his mind was perfect, and that he should forthwith set about the task of enlightening the whole world.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PEL. VERJUICE.

CHAPTER II.

Grapnel. If you approve him, lock within your thoughts
The knowledge : venture not to speak at what
You hold him ;—that will warrant him to slip
The curb ; and like a frolic colt he'll fling
His heels at random : in his wanton sport
He'll kick his master—naught like whip and bit
To teach a boy his paces.

Schoolmaster. You are wise.

Grapnel. By such a training, he'll be likewise wise,
Such was my schooling—What am I ? ha, ha !

OLD PLAY, (not in Sir. W. Scott's Collection.)

'THE child is father of the man!' Is he so? When the poet set this down, I deem he lacked a little of the true inspiration. He was 'suited his action to the word.' He found the man, but made the child himself; or he found the child, and made the man accordingly; or else his man was a rare creature, and had passed through a very unusual process in childhood and boyhood up to manhood.

'The child the father of the man!' Is the fawn the father of the wolf or fox? Is the snow-drop the father of the thorn? the mimosa father of the holly? Is the muscadel the father of the crab? Neither morally nor physically do I retain a resemblance to my original self. Would any one who looks on my external animality believe that this

rough, jagged, and engrained visage; this kinked, knotted, ridged, and corrugated forehead; these shrivelled, parchment-covered cheeks; this skin, which hangs pendulously loose and indented, like a collapsed pudding-bag; this coarse neck, of pounded brick-dust colour and texture; this mass which starts a million confused points out of my head, an untwisted and entangled hayband, are transformations of a thing so girlishly complexioned, and mawkishly delicate; so effeminately milk-soppy, that it was a subject of scoff for his playmates, of contemptuous jest to his elders, and a source of counselling punishment in the hands of the guides of his boyhood? Yes, yes, it is true, my effeminate appearance I was taught to regard as criminal, or a 'visitation'—bless the word! Oh! but this was to humble me; was I not humble enough, then? Why, I was a beggar, and something occurred each day to fix the knowledge that I was a beggar in my memory. What more did they require? Yes, I endeavoured to give the smooth, glossy ringlets which hung over my brow and down my neck the appearance of a ragged thrum mop, for they were matters of bitter mockery, and of a suspicion, a charge of conceit and young lady attention to their ornamental culture. My whole person was a fountain of keen grief to me, and I shunned a looking-glass, lest it should show a reflection which I hated. Oh, faith, I may doat and gloat on a mirror now. Why, I was transparent; you might look through me, and see all the workings of my thoughts and feelings, as you see a hive of bees under a glass case; my thoughts and feelings were equally busy, and ever at work. I withered under a repulse—I writhe under one still; for what difficulty I have in prevailing on myself to make an advance God knows, and no one else dreams that it is any thing but a very easy matter to me. I shrank even in anticipation of a frown. I know well that I am exposing myself to ridicule by this confession. Be it so. I once should have fled into the covert of darkness or solitude, to conceal the shame with which I burned when a scoff dropped upon my ears. I return it now with fiery scorn. You have seen the passing clouds, reflected in shadows, float along the green fields and undulating corn? So did my young emotions pass across my brow, and left no hollow, rent, or streak, till cloud after cloud was compelled violently back into the heaven of thought, and so changed that heaven to hell. It was nature's healthy breeze that rolled the clouds as they floated over the verdure, and as they sailed along they let fall their freshening rain upon it; but now they were dashed back to accumulate in dense, black, and heavy masses, till, with a pestilential change, they had collected and grown into the hurricane's strength and fury, and down they rushed to devastate. Ah! I know what I felt in my boy days will be despised as excess of morbid sensitiveness, but I think all are naturally so sensitive till corrupted into '*manliness*.' I remember once laughing and sobbing hysterically with joy, on seeing my father after an interval of separation, and I received an open-handed blow on the cheek (not from him) to teach me to be 'more of a man.' I was seven years of age then. This is the process by which boys are taught that intractable, sulky doggedness which distinguishes the 'manly English boy' from all others on the civilized globe's surface; a kindness and gentleness, an affectionateness of disposition in a boy

at school, are invariably the butts of ridicule to his companions, and his days and minutes would be all misery but for his own self-sustaining kindness; however, his companions commonly succeed in teaching him a little of their 'manliness.' These things are results of the system, which, in its profound wisdom, crushes the affections and passions instead of guiding them. Why, I should have become an incarnate fiend by this time if I had not turned myself out of 'the world,' or I should have mounted one of the many, the thousands of gibbets it has erected, by way of finger-posts. But 'I carry up and down a discontented and repining spirit.' Do I, indeed! Hark, sir reader; I have had no dinner to-day, I had none yesterday, I shall fare as sumptuously to-morrow, although I shall walk twenty-two miles for the poor chance of earning one for the next day, and if the weather of this day continue, a sweltering walk I shall have; (this is Tuesday, May 7, 1833, and a blazing day it is;) yet I shall be as cheerful as if I drove to an inn with carriage and four, and landlord, landlady, and a troop of waiters, &c. ran out bobbing and curtsying in their best bibs and tuckers, to show their *servility*. Against my dining there is a persuasive argument—I am positively too poor to pay for a dinner; a good jest this, reader, is it not? And don't you think I am a base and contemptible fellow? I have no money to pay for a dinner! Yet I am as contented, and I think much happier, (as far as that matter affects me,) as is the owner of the great house and park which I see across the valley from the back parlour window of the Griffin at Danbury, in Essex, at this present writing. I have perilled the charges of a crust of bread and cheese; my pipe is in my mouth, my pen is in my hand, and I am much more contented than he is, for at this moment he, probably, is perplexed as he endeavours to trim his conscience into the shape that shall fit the 'ay' or 'no' which he has determined to give at the close of this evening's battle of the tongues in St. Stephen's chapel. Conscience is as 'aisy as an ould glove' to some of the battlers; it will twist into any shape. It is the mansion of Sir John Tyrrel which I see yonder; hitherwards, in the valley, is another hugeous house, the residence or property of one of his kith or kin. Danbury Park lies a point on my larboard bow; ahead of me, at the extremity of the beautiful vale which is robed in green and silver, and looks love and fertility, distant about four miles, is a town famous for piety, petty sessions, prisons, and paupers. What are they at with the common on my starboard bow? I espy symptoms of a disposition to squeeze it into narrower limits. There is on its upper, northern boundary, a young wood or copse, which looks at it with a greedy eye. Keep off, sir; no swallowing up; no demolition of the russet moss, brown heath, and blossomed furze. The blades of grass in the meadow before the window, the daisies and the cowslips, the trunks, branches, and foliage of the trees, are objects of my affection. The chirrupings of the birds which dance on my tympanum, are voices that sympathize with and reciprocate my love of creation. There is no *humbug* in them, and I need not falsify my feelings; my tongue is not twisted into the necessity of belying my thoughts, when I say I love them all, and they delight me. We do not pause on ceremonial forms, nor exchange hollow compliments from the vocabulary of politeness. I can gaze on them in

earnest admiration, and they do not frown back upon me, nor call my gaze rude, intrusive impertinence. Such might be the interchanges between man and man, with the added and immeasurable happiness of thoughts' and speech communion, if man had not, from generation to generation, plotted to thwart the beauteous design, while the moral abortions of each generation contributed to clog the benevolent scheme; and man again bands his fellows into masses armed against the labours of the few who would put forth their strength in the toil of uprooting conventional poisons, and planting social happiness. Ay, ay, such men must be spurned, and scorned, and scoffed into martyrdom. 'Yours, sir, is an Utopian creed, Mr. Pel. Verjuice.' And you have an easy way of settling the affair. It saves a world of thinking. I may be uncivil, good reader, but I think I am not unkind to you. That the labour would be great I admit; the change to this state cannot be instantaneous, but it would not require half as many generations to purify humanity as have been engaged in corrupting it, if the attempt were made with half the diligence and half the earnestness.

One of my original weaknesses remains with me still in full force. It is the instant pain and flush of blood of which I am sensible whenever any person has attracted the supercilious smile, titter, sneer, or a ridiculing whisper, by an accidental awkwardness or embarrassment, or by any mistake in the 'proprieties' of life. I remember this weakness from as early a period as I can remember having eyes; I can neither titter, sneer, nor whisper on such occasions. I have now before my remembrance a young lady coming late into church; as she walks down the aisle, many eyes are turned upon her; she shrinks from the gaze, and so do I. I am sitting at the end of a bench in one of the cross aisles, one of the poor children of a Sunday school. I was at my 'larning' six days in the week by my father's order; on the seventh I was driven, not by him. Hurrying into her pew, a part of her dress is entangled in the doorway. The whole congregation suspends the response of 'Lord have mercy on us, &c.' to look, some to laugh, others to whisper and exchange a mirth-kindled glance; and all remorseless of the deep blush, and fever of exquisite sensitiveness disturbed, which are visible in the victim of their notice. I tremble, and feel the shame which I am sure she feels. I feel as if I were myself the object. Her pew, it is necessary—very necessary, to say, is lined with no velvet, no green baize and brass nailed, or a dozen 'gentlemanly' men would have sprang forward to release the entangled gown. This is before I had completed my eighth year. Yes, this weakness remains with me still. I saw, a few evenings since, a lecturer, in adjusting his apparatus, draw part of it down on his head; a laugh among the auditory showed that this was considered good fun. He might have been hurt severely; no matter; the first impression taken was the fun of the thing. On hearing the laugh, he turned round, and said, 'such things did not abash him.' His saying so was mere bravado, for he was embarrassed, and so was I; but whether his embarrassment were occasioned by the accident, or the mirth which it excited, I know not. Go to a concert, or any other public assembly, you may note the cold look, or supercilious sneer, or the smile of ridicule at any little defect; while the conscious timidity, the feverish sense of abashedness in the object, increases the

sport. The sport is paid for, it is a purchased right. But, by your hope of an invitation to the next ball or dinner, do not let the patron or patroness see you sneer. I visit the theatre: when the machinery is awkwardly moved, or an actor is at fault, there will be a hiss or a laugh of jeering. I am so silly that I can neither laugh nor hiss. I feel the distress of the actor, or the dilemma of the scene shifter; for I know they are distressed, that they are suffering acutely; but this is morbid sensitiveness.

‘But,’ says the conventional reader, ‘this callousness, this indifference to the feelings of others, Mr. Pel. Verjuice, prevails only among the lower orders.’ I will not dispute that, sir; first settle which are the lower orders; in those whose education has cost most money, I have marked the induration fifty times as frequently as I have seen it in others; and it showed itself without any desire on my part to find it. Mark me, sir; I limit my declaration to my observation of congregated masses. I speak another truth as freely; it is among such, individually, that I, individually, have had my feelings most carefully and benignly consulted. There are different teachers of the same rules, as far as regards the words thereof, and they produce opposite results. This, too, I can avouch from experience.

Memory impregnates reflection, and gives birth to a thousand thoughts, as I look back on my boyhood and compare my then state of feeling with the experience of a life of constant struggle and opposing vicissitude. I was poor, I was humbly cast, I was struck with poverty’s stamp; and I was dealt with as if my only possible means of respiring through life, if I would escape the pangs of absolute want, were to be found in a severe attention, a changeless application to the records of a day-book and ledger, invoices and half-yearly accounts, despatching of wares and examinations of parcels; dexterity and industry, method and correctness, in these affairs were to limit my endeavours, and be the sum of all my mind’s and body’s attainments. I was shown that all wisdom was comprised in these. I was taught that nothing was so sure an induction to virtuous and respectable life, so certain of a certificate of talent and good character, as skill in drawing up an account without any erasure, and arriving at a sum total without an error. The genius which invented numbers and letters was nobody; and he that would reap pecuniary profit from their use, was an angel of light. There was coming on me, spite of my elasticity and buoyancy of imagination, a dryness of heart; it was all duty and no love, all obedience and no affection, which was to drag me on through boyhood and youth up to manhood; and a pretty thing I should have been if I could have lived up to manhood through such a dead, uphill tugging of the body, against the repugnant and recoiling mind. I should have been an ass in a mill-wheel, and like him worn into blindness by keeping my eyes on the same flitting spot; yet I had advantages which are seldom mingled in the lot of one so humbly cast. There was a weekly reaction when I conversed with my father; he was a thinking man, though subdued out of himself by dependence; he possessed a mind which soared more widely, and swayed more influentially than is permitted or believed to exist in men of his rank; and his brother, my master, had a reverence for his superior understanding and penetra-

tion ; besides the tie of relationship made my condition less physically harsh, and slackened some of the severe and cutting bonds between the poor apprentice and his comparatively wealthy master. But I had mortifications and endurances which were unknown to him, and I then thought complaint to him would have procured no redress, his manner to me forbade hope of relief ; though I now believe otherwise ; and I was frequently miserable, very, very miserable—so miserable that I feel now a yearning of pity towards any boy who may be so circumstanced ; it would be sufficient punishment for any misconduct, even crime, of which a boy can be guilty, for it was a whipping and lashing of the heart. And little did any one think I was miserable ; for every freedom from the suffering made my spirit leap with joy, and my mirth was exuberant even to a wildness of character. So I dare say they supposed I was silent only because I was fatigued with merriment, they never dreamt that my stillness was most frequently a return to heart-consuming sadness ; no, they could not understand me. Could I have trod in my master's steps, could I have made business, as it was called, my delight, perhaps no boy's life would have been happier than mine with him. But this was against the grain, it was most nauseous, it was like crunching particles of sand between the teeth ; a delicious sensation that ! I could not chain my faculties to it. ' Why ? ' I could not. ' Why ? ' I could not. ' Why, why ? ' I could not, I could not ; I did strive, but I could not ; and the way to lead me into liking it was never tried, and the means which I do believe my uncle thought would most safely direct and fix me, only increased my hatred of it. He seemed to be afraid of trusting me with looks or words of kindness, as if their consequence would be an assumption of privilege or idleness on my part : mistaken wisdom ! spectaclled perception ! It makes duty hateful, and obedience a pang. True, indeed, to his eye I was hopeless, valueless, worthless ; but he began by standing aloof, and I felt myself isolated from the hour my novelty of position, the boy emancipated from school, had worn away its charm. The gratuities of sixpences, shillings, and half crowns, though I am now sure they were given in a kind and indulgent spirit, were never graced by any expressions of goodwill, there was a manner of compulsion in the giving, they were dispensed with the suppressed, dry, matter-of-fact look, with which a farmer gives hay to his team, or his wife barley to the chickens. Would the horses return a pat of the neck with a bite or a kick ? or the chickens peck the hand if the barley were accompanied by tones of endearment ? How differently were my father's less frequent donations of shillings put into my hand ! Yet many considered him a man of austere and harsh character, though all children loved him. There was a playful beauty in the preface ; and a confident rest in the loose which he gave to my self-guidance in the conclusion ; that multiplied the gratuity a hundred times, and bade me regard it, not as money, but as a token of his affection.

I was ever dreaming, basking as it were in the sunshiny visions of worlds which were not, of hazy creations which floated before my eyes and twisted the figures of pounds, shillings, and pence into fantastic shapes : for six dozen of any thing at 12s. 8d. per dozen, I made a product in cocoa-nut trees, sailing ships, and [strange shores,

erected a magnificent temple and sapphire colonnades fit for the residence of the genii, who reposed in, or floated along its halls, or delved an incantatory cell for the phantasmagorical creations of witches or magi. The book of orders was any thing but an orderly book under my hands. I marshalled in it the actions and ceremonies of nations buried three thousand years ago. This was all wrong, all this was criminal; I will not offer a defence, I state the fact. I was placed in a situation which, to be duteously, and, let me say, honestly filled, made the entertainment of such fancies wrongful to my employer. It occasioned errors and mistakes which might have resulted in serious injury and loss, had they not been rectified by a diligence and watchfulness, which, but for my carelessness, had been more profitably engaged. My time was passed in committing blunders, that of others in repairing the ill consequent upon them. Let the reader carry this reflection in his mind, and he will understand what little claim I had on the kindness and indulgence of one who considered correctness in accounts the greatest of virtues, and an aptitude for business in a boy, the best promise of future wisdom in the man. How many pangs did this unconquerable dreaming cost me ! It made me less trustworthy than a convicted cheat or a thief, for it was possible, nay it was easy to frustrate the tricks of either of these ; but there was no defence against my moral absence, and I endured all the ignominy of a thief detected, with the additional torture that I had betrayed a trust, while my heart told me I had not turned from honesty the breadth of a hair. I thought, when I sat down to write these Memoirs, to laugh at all these things ; I intended to run along so far, on a rail-road of light-hearted retrospection, to draw mirth out of my boyish foibles—to be merry with my own follies, to make the reader laugh with me, at myself : but as I plunge my mind into the subject, the subject seems to swell into a combat with destiny. The reader will throw down the book if I do not get out of this rainy weather and muddy road. Well, stay, or rather go on awhile. You shall have sunshine and hurricane, battles and billows, groans and laughter, by and by.

No I could not be trusted. Once I was despatched with a 'one pound note' to purchase stamps, which were to cost six shillings and eight-pence, my change, of course, was thirteen and four-pence. To the stamp shop I went, told my wants—my mind's eye was probably in Japan or in an Asiatic jungle. I counted the money (perhaps) six and eight-pence change, and returned home. Not till I reached the door, did I reflect that the stamp-seller had given me the sum he should have retained, and retained that which he ought to have given to me. The dread of my uncle's cold sneer, for he was never angry—I could always brave anger in any of the stations, climes, conditions, or circumstances in which I have been thrown, from that time to this. Anger always arms me ; but a cutting silence, a cold sneer, or a grumble of reproach, I could never strive with ; they strip me of confidence and strength, and lay me bare in nakedness. The dread of my uncle's cold sneer threw me into a perspiration, and embarrassed my manner, as I said to him, 'Sir, I have made a mistake.' 'I do not doubt that,' he replied ; my faltering explanation was met by, 'Umph, go back immediately and set it right, make haste.' The order

to make haste was uncalled for, every foot of ground was a mile as I panted over it. On stating my case, which I did with a confused, palpitating, and half-strangled utterance, the man of the shop first grinned at me in derision. I looked at him bewilderedly; he told me to 'be off,' but I remained staring at him, rivetted to the spot, while he advanced to the desk and resumed his writing; presently he turned his sneering visage, on me and said, without discontinuing his labour, 'You have discovered a nice way of pocketing six and eight-pence;' this unchained my tongue. I called him 'cheat, villain, rogue!' and he coolly reached down a horsewhip, and cracked it across the counter, with 'Come, sir, be off, or I'll flog you out of my shop.' Flog me! flog me! I would not have stirred from the place if my flesh had been cut in strips from my bones! But my uncle had followed me, and he came in during the flourishes of the whip. 'What's this? what's this?' My uncle was a respectable man, so was the stamp-seller, and the courtesy of dialogue between two respectable men ensued, without reference to the feelings of the poor boy. He had no right to feelings. The respectable stamp-seller asked my uncle, 'if the boy were honest?' On this I uttered a shriek of rage and agony, which suspended the talk for a moment. My uncle laid his hand on my shoulder, and bade me go home. 'I will not go;' and I stamped with fury, 'till that fellow has done me right!' 'Go home, I'll see to this.' 'Does that look like honesty or guilt, sir?' said the respectable stamp-seller. I spat up into his face as he stood behind the counter, and my uncle put me forcibly out of the shop.

I reeled blindly and mechanically through the streets, for there was a thick mist before my eyes, and arrived at the counting-house. My uncle returned soon, and, without casting a look at me, sat down to his books. I stood staring at him for some minutes, gasping with pain and grief; then rushed up to him, and looked within an inch of his face, as I said, in a tone of deep, swelling, and intense energy, 'Do you think I am a cheat, sir?' Without a wink of the eye, or a disturbed muscle on his face, he replied, 'Go to your business;' and my heart became a ball of ashes. The word, 'No,'—for it was 'no' he thought—might have changed my destiny, and saved me from years of misery. Were he now living he, perhaps, would have no recollection of this circumstance, except, possibly, that I showed some audacity at that time. To him it was a trifle, and to all who were then aware of the fact it was a trifle. Perhaps not one of them remembers it. To me it was of moment, it was a life-indexing event, it burst open the channels in which my future rugged, precipitous, alternately impetuous and leaping, or dull and stagnant streams of existence were to flow. That same evening the stamp-seller came to my uncle to say he had discovered his mistake, and he paid the six and eight-pence; he did not think it necessary to speak to me; or to make the smallest comment in reference to such an humble nobody as I was. It was a matter which concerned none but him and my master. I learned it from other sources, my uncle never spoke to me on the subject. He might have chained me to him in affection and love. I should have striven to anticipate every wish of his; duty and obedience would have become indulgences of pleasure and delight, if he had condescended to explanatory consolation; but I was nothing, nobody; and from that hour

I resolved to be nothing, nobody, any longer. No, no, he could not understand me. In his creed of jurisprudence, kindness and explanation, instead of the dear comfort and happiness it would have brought me, would lead me into presumption and greater laxity; or, had he alluded at all to the matter, he would merely have told me to 'be more careful for the future.' Mistaken wisdom! erroneous judgment! but it is the cold error of thousands—it is the hood-winked perception of millions! Yet I repeat it, and let it never be forgotten in the estimate of causes and construction of character, he was a man of kind and affectionate nature, of clear sunlight probity, a most favourable specimen of father, merchant, and master. There is something in this which, at first glance, appears inexplicable; there is a seemingly irreconcilable discrepancy in the motives which direct the actions, that had I not experienced the scorching truth in my own history, I should have questioned its existence; but the watchfulness of perplexed and pained sensibilities which it occasions, will quicken the intellectual vision, and enable us to disentangle some of the mysterious webs in which worldly morality is woven, and raise a smile of contempt, or a sigh of pity at the misapplication of the skill which has been employed on the work. I, in this discernment, have been greatly assisted by contrasts of character, for after this circumstance, which I have above related, while yet a youth—a boy, I was placed in a much more important trust, one of public service, in which the interests of thousands were involved; under a man of 'birth and station' who took me out of the lowest state of degradation, if I may so speak of my condition, uninfluenced by any claims on his notice, and in all his confidence bound me to him by the kindness and graciousness of manner in which he informed me of the trust he reposed in me; so that the very breath of temptation to swerve from my faith to him never fanned me, even in a dream. I loved him, I revered him as a superior being. Of him and these circumstances I have to speak hereafter; my recollections of him are pregnant with gratitude, a solemn affection, which may, in the minds of some whose knowledge of him was more limited, or based on other grounds than mine, colour my sketches with tints too deep and warm. Let those who knew him as well as I did, and if there can be one so deeply and largely indebted to his kindness as I am, let him judge if I overstep the truth. I shall speak of him hereafter. There are thousands of instances in this commercial nation, in which sums to any amount, and documents in which the speculations and hazards of 'the firm' are involved, are freely intrusted into the hands of persons employed by the 'heads;' persons who have no claim on, or union with them, beyond the periodical stipend; who could, by swerving from the path on which they have been so intrusted, bring down ruin on their employers. The employer will take merit on the freedom of his confidence, and laud himself for unlimited trust; yet with all this, he will never admit him to a communion of kindness, to a freedom of thought, or scarcely even to a cold conversation, beyond the doors of his counting-house. Why is this? The employed is thus instructed to be indifferent to every thing but those interests on which his own safety depends. He can have no anxiety for the 'heads;' they may be squeezed into bankruptcy to-morrow for all it

concerns him if he see a good chance elsewhere. In England there is seldom any love between master and servant; there is no affection, no reciprocity. A short time ago I saw a servant of Earl D—, uncovered, bowing submissively as he attended his master, and assisted him to his carriage. He was regarded as a faithful and attached dependent. I heard his lordship so speak of him; and I heard the man, the moment after the carriage drove from the door, say to one of his comrades, ‘There’s a fellow for a lord, he may do for a broom,’ and saying this, he pantomimed the street-scavenger, ‘but he’s not good enough for the scoop.’ There was a liveried thing seen some months ago, riding about and carrying a lap-dog wrapped up in flannel, for an airing; he was directed to go into none of the close and filthy streets among the residences of the *canaille*, lest he (the dog) should inhale the atmosphere of poverty, and the effluvia of gin, onions, and tobacco, and not to go out of a gentle walk. Which of the two was the more foul, contemptible, degraded wretch, —the owner of the dog, or the *man* who submitted to the order? The sick, flannelled lap-dog was a *god* compared to either of them. Yet, no doubt, this was ‘a faithful and attached servant.’ I say there is no affection existing between employer and employed, between truster and trusted, master and servant. But ‘they are very faithful,’ oh, very! ‘They will stand up for their masters and defend them on emergencies,’ ay, if the guinea shine behind the emergency. And such faith is merited and won, no other. ‘Firm is my faith if bought by gold,’ may be stamped on the foreheads of them all. The master is afraid of being seen in any shape that shall not exhibit him as the master; he thinks he shall slacken the chains of ‘respectful subordination,’ if he oil the links by speaking to the wearer as if he were a fellow-being; or, more foolish and more cowardly still, he dreads the opinion of his neighbours, who will say he does not keep his servant in subjection, if he be not in his tones imperative, and in his looks austere.

It is singularly strange, that the gentleman or lady who will unhesitatingly confide the keys of wardrobe, cash, or jewels to a servant, and if occasion require, go into a court of law to vouch, on oath, a belief in said servant’s trustworthiness—to speak, still on oath, instances in proof of the servant’s impeccable integrity; it is singular, I say, that there is one point on which the ready voucher would be struck into blank silence. If the court should put the question ‘Did you trust this servant with the key of your tea-caddy?’ After the dumbfounding consequent on this interrogatory, something would be emitted like ‘What a question! nobody ever does; it is contrary to custom?’ Are you puzzled, reader, for the ‘cause of this effect defective.’

Tell me, ye who cavil at my sourness, does any other principle guide you or yours, your copartners or acquaintances? Do you trust because the trusted is faithful? because the trusted is of spotless integrity? Not you; you know your security is not there. You know your own remedy, and revenge too, in the event of betrayal and turpitude; you know that rascality is merely frightened away. On every village green, companion to the church, you have erected a pair of stocks. All your honesty, your morality, and much of your religion, is as two current coins jingled against

each other. You dare not; your muddled souls, bandaged together by custom's swathe; your mechanical-motioned hearts, swinging in the monotonous uniformity of the clock's pendulum, would be terrified 'out of their propriety' if a breath of genuine and generous philanthropy fanned upon them. Oh! how I scorn, loathe, detest, sicken at that 'trust and confidence,' which are environed by law; limited by the facility of detection, and secured and preserved by the dread of detection's consequences! *Generous* reader! regret, grieve with me, that these things are so! and do not cast anger or reproach on me for declaring the truth.

So it grows and expands into a ceaseless contention of mistrust and deception. One side is engaged in tricking, the other in watchfulness against the trickster: each changing sides alternately, the trickster of this hour takes the station of suspicious watcher in the next; so it has ripened into that conduct in the 'business of the world,' which justifies, and unscrupulously secures itself at any expense or sacrifice of the interests of others. This it is which has made 'humbug' a practical science in all bargainings, in all professions, in all pursuits; it is indispensable to success and prosperity; it is the centre and essence of all social, commercial, political, and literary communion, from the prince to the street-sweeper; from the huckster of a penny-worth of butter, to the holder of bonded millions; from the sale of a lordly domain, to the purchase of a pound of cat's meat; from the building of a palace, to the paving of a pigstye; from a missionary or bible meeting, to a game at skittles; from the hawker of sixty ballads for a penny, to the professional 'critic' on the most glorious illuminations of mind, the gushings from the deepest and most intense pulsations of the heart, or the veriest trash which ever stagnated on paper; from the placarded notice of a breakfast for threepence, to the columns of the 'leading journal,' (inclusive,) from the spouting of an ale-house club, to the speechifying of those who sway the destinies of nations, arbitrate in the disputes of millions, and cater for the salvation of empires: all is '*humbug*;' and it is a necessary part of the humbug to disclaim humbug. This is competition, competition of self-interests displayed in an union of hypocrisy and cunning, and all are honourable men. All this used to be peculiar to England, it is still indigenous, but there is a sprinkling and growing up of it in France. Among the multitudes whom the peace and steam-boats have helped across the Channel, some skilful hands have been engaged in inoculating the French with this most prominent and formidable trait of Englishism. John Bull is ever complaining of imposition on his good-nature and justifying his caution and suspicion of all new comers, all (unpuffed) fresh approaches to him, and he is more cautious and suspicious than any other man on earth. Is it not so? And is it not true, also, that he will tell you, all this is rendered necessary—imperative, by the multiplied acts of swindling and deception, of which he, poor fellow, has been the victim? Is John then so blind, that he cannot perceive that this proves, beyond dispute, that suspicion and gullibility are the offspring and parent of each other? Good, easy man! none are so full of suspicion and caution; none pride themselves so much on their acuteness as the English, and none are so frequently the dupes of imposture. John is too practical a man to understand signs of thought, except the arithmetical, two-and-two-make-

four logic of them ; he thinks otherwise of his perception, and in nine cases out of ten, casts his leer of suspicion on that which is a note of innocence, and trusts to that, yieldingly and implicitly, which if he possessed the penetration of which he boasts, he would know was a manœuvre for deception. His caution dims his sight, his suspicion is a pair of dirty spectacles.

SILVIO PELLICO.*

OF Silvio Pellico we knew nothing, until we opened this book, except what common report had told us, that he was one of the victims on whom the wrath or suspicion of the emperor of Austria had alighted, and who had endured the horrors of a ten years' imprisonment, chiefly in the fortress of Spielberg. Of his political history, we know no more than before. He disavows all intention of making his readers wise upon this point, but gives us the simple biography of his heart, mind, and bodily estate during the term of his suffering, including also some beautiful records of those who were either the sharers of his captivity, or its guardians. They therefore who take up the volume, expecting to find a political work, or even to learn the history of a patriot mind burning with indignation at its own and its country's wrongs, will be disappointed. It is not these, but it is something more singular, and to our minds, more affecting. The truths it sets forth are universal, the manner of treating them noble, simple, quiet, feeling, and manly. One of its main objects the author avows to be that of attesting that, in the midst of suffering and degradation, he found human nature a better and a nobler thing than it is too often believed to be ; another, and a kind one, is to comfort the afflicted by the account of his own supports ; a third, and the noblest, is to invite the high and lofty of heart to the love, and not the hatred, of all their fellow-creatures ; to indulge hatred only, evermore and irreconcilably, against all low ends, all cowardice, perfidy, and every sort of moral degradation. There is not a trace in the book of irritated, selfish feeling. It beams from beginning to end with love to God and goodwill to man, treasures up every good trait of human nature, delights in recording the kindnesses which had softened captivity, and bears a joyful testimony to the blessed consolations of Christianity. It has little to say of suffering, except as a necessary part of human discipline, the gift (a blessed gift) of a father's love. The book may be a little un-English in the tone of its expressions here and there, both with respect to religion, and brotherly and filial affection. Better, perhaps, that it should be so, or, waving that doubt, better, at all events, for us that we should receive it in a universal rather than a national spirit. We may not be desirous of going to school to foreigners in either the exercise or expressions of the sweet

* *Le Mie Prigioni, memorie di Silvio Pellico da Salluzzo. 1833, Londra, Rolandi.*

charities of life ; but there is nothing in our habitual reserve, in our national shame of being thought as good and kind as, at heart, we are, which can warrant our wishing to train *them* to our standard.

The narrative commences with the arrest of the author at Milan, on the 13th of October, 1820, on suspicion of connexion with those engaged in treasonable practices, doubtless, but not being informed of the nature of these, or the character of his different examinations, we can only follow him to the prison of Santa Margherita, which he was destined to inhabit until Feb. 1821.

‘ To awaken,’ says he, ‘ the first night in prison is a fearful thing. Is it possible, (I said, remembering where I was,) is it possible? I here! Is it no dream! Did they arrest me yesterday? Did they subject me yesterday to that long examination which will be renewed to-morrow, and who knows how often again? Last night before I slept, did I weep so much when I thought of my parents? The quiet, the silence, the short sleep that had restored my mental powers, seemed to have multiplied my sorrows an hundred fold. In the total absence of all distraction, the grief of my cherished ones, more than all of my father and mother when they should hear of my arrest, was painted in my fancy with incredible power. “ Now,” said I, “ they are yet sleeping in peace; or, if awake, they are thinking perhaps with pleasure of me, little dreaming of their son’s present abode. Oh happy, if God were to take them hence, before the news reaches Turin. Who will give them strength to sustain such a stroke?”

‘ A voice within seemed to reply, “ *He* whom all the afflicted invoke, *He* whom they love and feel to be with them—*He* who gave strength to a mother to follow her son to Golgotha, and stand beneath his cross, the friend of the unhappy, the friend of men!” This was the first moment that religion triumphed in my heart; and to filial love I owe the blessing.’

A cheerful tone of thought, and readiness to make the most of every little resource is the next amiable trait developed in the narrative :—

‘ And here,’ says he, ‘ I made it my study to complain of nothing, and to give my mind every enjoyment possible; my favourite pleasure was in renewing my enumeration of the blessings which had gladdened my days. A good father and mother, excellent brothers and sisters, different friends, a good education, the love of letters, &c. Was there ever any one more largely blessed than I had been? Why not thank my God, although I might now be tried by misfortune? While enumerating these things I was softened, and wept for a moment; but courage and joy returned. In a few days I had made a friend. It was not the keeper nor any of the assistants, nor any one of my prosecutors, and yet I am speaking of a human being, of a deaf and dumb boy, five or six years old. His father and mother were thieves, and had suffered the punishment of the law. The poor orphan was maintained by the police, together with some other children similarly situated. They occupied a room opposite to my own, and at

stated times the door was opened that they might take the open air in the court. The mute came under my window, smiled upon me, and gesticulated. I threw him a piece of bread. He took it, making a joyful spring, ran to his companions, gave them each a piece, and then came to eat his portion near my window, expressing his gratitude by the smiling looks of his fine eyes. The other boys looked at me from a distance, but dare not come near. The deaf and dumb had great sympathy with me, not merely from an interested motive. Sometimes he knew not what to do with the bread I threw him, and made me signs that he and his companions had eaten enough, and could not take any more. If he saw one of the assistants in my room, he gave him the bread to restore it to me. Although he expected nothing from me, he went on playing before the window with graceful pleasantries, seeming to enjoy my looking at him. Once, one of the guards allowed him to enter my prison. He ran into my arms, uttering a cry of delight. I took him up, and the pleasure with which he overwhelmed me with his caresses I cannot express.'

This was not to last. He was removed to another and less pleasant apartment, from whence he could no more see or hear the poor mute. A new source of interest, however, came; he could discern the window of his first lodging-room, and there he beheld his successor, a man engaged in rapidly walking to and fro. Two or three days afterwards he saw him writing constantly; in a short time a more distinct view was afforded. It was Melchiorre Gioja, one of the most profound writers on political economy of our day. Pellico's name was probably announced to him, and, for a day or two, the companions in misfortune had infinite pleasure in making distant signs of recognition and greeting, but the guards interposed, and the indulgence was forbidden. Meanwhile Pellico was frequently called up and examined. He had made up his mind as to the course he should take. He would not buy impunity by the ruin of others, and, therefore, fully expected that either the gallows or a lengthened imprisonment must be his fate. Just at this juncture a visit from his aged father well nigh unhinged him. The old man came full of hope, telling him that he doubted not in a few days he should see him again at Turin, that his room was made ready, and he was only grieved to be obliged to set out before him. Pellico well knew the vanity of these hopes, but he struggled with himself, repressed his grief, and parted with his father with a tranquil countenance. This effort, however, cost him a violent illness, as did, soon after, an interview with Count Luigi Porro, of Milan, who had confided to him the education of his two sons, youths to whom Pellico elsewhere recurs with all the longings of affection. Count Porro himself shortly fell under similar suspicions with the prisoner, and was twice condemned to death, but escaped from the Austrians.

On the 19th of February (1821) Pellico was called up in the middle of the night by men who desired him to dress with all expe-

dition, and prepare to leave his prison. For what new abode? The question was soon answered. They arrived at Venice next day, proceeded to the palace, and there in the burning and stifling region of the *leads*, already familiar to all readers of Cooper's 'Bravo,' was the poor prisoner deposited. It was still spring, but the air was more than commonly warm for the season, and after a few days of wind, in March, hot weather set in.

'It is not to be described; the burning air of the region I inhabited, exposed to the full glare of noon-day, under a leaden roof, the window looking to the roof of St. Mark, also of lead, the reflection of which was tremendous; I was stifled—I never had an idea of a heat so oppressive. To this punishment was added that of a plague of gnats, in such a multitude that however I might agitate and struggle I was covered with them, as were also the bed, the table, chair, and stool, clothes, face, every part covered.'

Here such was his misery, that for the first time some temptations to suicide overtook him, but they did not last, and religion continued his support.

'The Bible, thanks to Heaven,' says he, 'I knew *how* to read. The time was gone by in which I judged it by the bad criticism of Voltaire, despising expressions which are neither laughable nor false, except when, through ignorance or malice, we do not penetrate their meaning. It appeared to me clearly that it was a law of holiness, therefore of truth; how very unphilosophic it was to be offended by certain imperfections of style, as much so as the pride of him who despises every thing which has not an elegant exterior. How absurd it is to imagine that such a collection of books, so religiously venerated, should have an un-authentic beginning: how undeniable was the superiority of such writings above the theology of the Indies.'

While at Venice he underwent repeated examinations, and describes his sufferings at these times as terrible; the fear of committing others, the wearisomeness of answering minute cross-questionings for hours together, at times sent him back to his oven exhausted and trembling, and fit only to die. However, he was permitted to have paper and pens. He wrote incessantly, sometimes meditations and pious exercises, sometimes for amusement only. In Italy he was well known as the author of 'Francisco da Rimini,' a tragedy suggested by the episode in canto v. of Dante's *Inferno*, and now he composed other tragedies, and also lyric poems. It appears, however, that what with the combined excitements of imagination, solitude, together with an agitating correspondence with an atheistical fellow-prisoner, in which Pellico maintained his ground with great fidelity and courage—with all these circumstances put together, and bad management as to diet, he fell into a state of nervous excitement, the description of which is perhaps the most distressing part of the book. He had previously, however, to undergo another change; the beneficent government of Venice, seeing that the summer heats were passing away, deemed it time to remove him. October came; he

was just congratulating himself on the pleasure of having such a *winter* room as this, when one morning the guard announced the intention of giving him another apartment. 'And where?' asked Pellico. 'At a little distance—a more airy room.' 'And why not think of that when I was perishing from the heat, and the air was filled with gnats?' 'The order did not come then.' The room in which they placed him was under the leads still, but east and west, with two windows opposite, a region of perpetual cold draughts, and of dreadful severity in the winter months; the eastern window was large, the western small and high. Here it was that he seems first to have experienced the nervous sufferings we mentioned. Sleep deserted him, and horrible and tormenting images came thronging round. He fancied that in this new apartment there was some concealed aperture by which his tormentors espied all he did, and amused themselves with mocking him: he thought when standing in his room that some one pulled him by the coat, or blew the light to make it waste the sooner. Then he strove to ascertain whether it was reality or illusion. The rising sun generally brought refreshment, and for a while dispelled his fancies; but with evening they returned, and every night was a renewal or increase of horrors. In the day, being ashamed that these feelings should be discovered by the guards, he assumed the appearance of the greatest cheerfulness. No one would have believed his sufferings; but happily a violent fit of indisposition, attended by vomitings, wrought a change in his nightly miseries, and he once more slept.

The humanity of Pellico's *immediate* guardians, in all his different places of confinement, is a very pleasing subject of reflection. The keepers of all these different state prisoners appear to have regarded them with absolute affection, and though in general inexorable in adhering to every rule laid down, did not make the bread of captivity more bitter by taunts and harshness. On the kindness and sympathy of these men, on every act indeed of friendliness which he and his comrades in adversity received from human beings, Pellico dwells with almost enthusiastic gratitude. It is impossible not to feel that to *their* wants and weaknesses, had they needed him, he would have ministered with all the ardour of an affectionate nature. Of the priests who at various times were sent to administer spiritual consolation to the prisoners, he also speaks in the highest terms. As *Germans*, they were at first regarded with some jealousy by the captives; it was natural to suspect that they might be in league with their persecutors; but in no instance did they find just ground for these suspicions. They never endeavoured to extract their political secrets; they were uniformly pious, sympathizing, well informed, and mostly able men, and gave him a very high opinion of the character of the German Catholic clergy.

In January, 1822, Pellico was removed to the dungeons of St.

Michel di Murano, where more than a hundred Carbonari were already imprisoned. There he obtained information of some few of his compatriots. Maroncelli, his most intimate friend, and afterwards sharer of his apartment at Spielberg, Rezia, Rossi, and others. On the 21st of February he was at length called up to receive sentence, before the president inquisitors and two assistant judges, and was told by the former in a feeling tone, that the sentence was come; that the judgment had been terrible, but the emperor had mitigated its severity. He had been sentenced to die, the penalty was commuted for fifteen years of rigorous imprisonment in the castle of Spielberg. 'The will of God be done!' was Pellico's reply, and he returned in silence, after being informed, that on the next day the sentence must be *publicly* announced, but that meantime he should be placed with Maroncelli. After an agitating night, in which his thoughts seem chiefly to have turned upon his afflicted parents, he and his friend were conveyed to the palace of the Doge, where, from a scaffold erected in the square, the captives were beheld by an immense assembled multitude, while an officer proclaimed their dole of suffering—to Maroncelli, twenty years' imprisonment, to Pellico fifteen. Another month however passed, before the Commissary from Germany was in readiness to attend them on their journey; but when he did arrive, he brought gracious intelligence, the emperor, out of his abundant mercy, intended to reckon the days of their captivity not by twenty-four hours, but by twelve. If this announcement had any meaning, it might naturally be supposed to signify, that one half of the term of punishment was cut off, and such Pellico concluded was the Emperor's intention.

At last, on the 25th of March, the prisoners set out, *four in number*, Rezia and Canova in one vehicle, Maroncelli and Pellico in another, and arrived at Brunn, the Moravian capital, on the 10th of April. Near the walls of the city, to the West, is a hill, surmounted by the rock and castle of Spielberg, once the palace of the lords of Moravia, now the strongest of the Austrian monarch's prisons. About three hundred prisoners condemned for various crimes here suffer the punishment some of *duro*, some of *durissimo* imprisonment. We must explain. *Duro*, in the Austrian dictionary, means compulsory employment with chains on the feet, sleeping upon bare boards, and eating the poorest food. *Durissimo*, a more annoying method of fettering the captives, an iron ring being placed round the body, and the chain fastened to the wall in such a manner, that it barely reaches the boards which serve for a bed, the food is the same, whatever the law may say, *bread and water*. Their names being first entered in the superintendent's book, Maroncelli and Pellico were conducted to their future abodes, two dark rooms, not contiguous, opening into a subterraneous passage. The separation was unexpected, and proved the bitterest part of the lot.

Pellico looked round his dungeon, and discerned by the glimmering light which descended from a high loop-hole, the naked bench given him for a bed, and an enormous chain fixed in the wall; he seated himself, took up the chain, measured its length, thinking it was, perhaps, after all, destined for him, even though *durissimo* was not in the sentence. The keeper returned at noon, bringing him a pitcher of water, and telling him that the next day he would bring him bread. 'Thanks, my good man;' 'I am *not* good,' was the reply. 'The worse for you then,' said Pellico. But under a harsh and dogged exterior, this individual, whose name was Schiller, concealed a heart full of kindness. Fortunately for Pellico, the air and the hardships of his dungeon soon brought on a crisis, which terminated more favourably for the future. He took a fever, and the surgeon of the prison peremptorily ordered that he should be removed to a higher story in the building, have better food, and a straw bed. Could he but have divided these increased comforts with Maroncelli! The lot, however, was not greatly mitigated; he was still in irons, and the food though something better was so scanty in quantity, that Schiller and some of the other guards repeatedly brought the prisoners fragments of bread at their own expense; but Pellico declined, dreading the greater misery of discovery, and of knowing that these kind-hearted souls had been punished for his sake. They were under the strictest orders to preserve silence in the prison, yet sometimes they permitted a low song to issue from the solitary apartments, and one evening, Pellico heard a voice in the room next his own, murmuring an air, and soon after found himself accosted by the singer. They told each other their names, and exchanged a few words. The stranger was Antonio Oroboni, who henceforth becomes one of the most interesting personages mentioned in the narrative. By dint of constant practice and experiments, these adjoining fellow-sufferers learned to hold occasional communications, with little molestation from the guards. They learned so to modulate and direct their voices, and so to vary the tone on the approach of danger, as to escape observation, or, if their communications were perceived by Schiller and one or two others, they were winked at, provided some less indulgent did not overhear. In this manner they found mutual consolation. The past as concerned each was related, they discussed the deepest and highest themes. Oroboni was a Christian in heart and faith, and they spoke much of religious comforts. The esteem Pellico was led to feel for his new friend increased daily. He seemed to be the very soul of charity: he was perpetually turning his attention to the motives which should make men indulgent towards their enemies. Never did he mention an adversary, but Oroboni strove to mitigate his anger; he seemed to have suffered deeply, but to pardon every one. Alas! this noble spirit soon passed away. Successive fits of illness, on both sides, frequently prevented communication between the friends, but at

length they met again, and their conversation turned more than ever on the eternal future.

‘If by any un hoped for occurrence, said Oroboni, we *should* return into society, shall we be cowardly enough to be ashamed of the gospel? To admit the suggestion, should any of our friends fancy that confinement has enfeebled our minds, and that through this weakness our faith increased.

‘Oroboni, I replied, the question suggests to me what would be *your* answer, and that is also mine. There can be no viler thing than to be the slave of others’ judgments, when one believes them to be false, and I will not believe such vileness will ever be yours or mine.’

They on one occasion, and only on one, saw each other. It was permitted to each of the prisoners, in turn, to walk for an hour, twice a week, and on one of these walks, Pellico passed the door of his fellow-prisoner, at the moment when it was opened to admit the jailer. The temptation was irresistible, and he rushed into the room; the jailer threatened, and endeavoured to separate them; his assistants came, but the sight of their mutual delight and emotion drew tears from every one of them; for a few moments they were permitted to see one another, face to face: then they were parted, Oroboni saying, ‘We shall never behold one another again on earth;’ and they never did. A few months afterwards, his chamber was empty, and this fine young man was interred in the cemetery opposite Pellico’s window.

‘Poor Oroboni! what a chill ran through my veins, when I heard he was no more! And we heard the voices and the steps of those who came to carry away the corpse! and we saw from the window the car in which he was carried to the cemetery. Two of the common convicts drew it, four guards followed. We accompanied the sad procession with our eyes to the cemetery. It entered the enclosure, stopped in one corner; *there* was the grave. A little while after, the car, the convicts, and guards returned, one of the last was Kubitzky; he said to me, (it was a kind thought, surprising from a rough man,) “I marked distinctly the spot of interment, in order that if any of his relations or friends should one day obtain leave to carry his remains into his own land, we may know where they lie.” Sometimes Oroboni had said to me, looking out from his window on the cemetery, “I must accustom myself to the thought of lying there: yet I must own that the idea is very revolting to me: it seems to me that we cannot lie so quietly in our graves in this land, as in our own dear peninsula.” Afterwards, he laughed and exclaimed, “Childishness! when a vestment is worn out, and one must change it, what signifies where it is thrown!” At another time, he said, “I do prepare for death, but I should be more easily resigned to my condition, could I once more enter the paternal roof, clasp my father’s knees, hear one word of blessing, and then die!” He sighed, and added, “If this cup may not pass away, O my God, thy will be done!” And the last morning of his life, he still repeated, kissing a crucifix, which Kral had brought him, “Thou that wast Divine, hadst yet some dread of death, and didst say, ‘If it be possible, let this cup pass from me.’ Forgive me, if I too say it. But I also

repeat thy other words, 'Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.' '' '

Oroboni died on the 13th of June, 1823, his last words being, 'From my heart I forgive my enemies.' We have in some degree anticipated the order of events, in order to bring the notices of this amiable young man to a close. We must now inform the reader, that, in consequence of a severe and dangerous accession of illness, Pellico was permitted, previous to his friend's decease, to have his irons removed, to write to his father, and finally to enjoy the society of his beloved Maroncelli, who henceforth occupied the same cell. A similar mitigation of misery seems to have been afforded to some of the other state prisoners, who were placed in pairs in the different apartments. They were in every respect partners in affliction. Not one of them appears to have escaped severe bodily sufferings, the consequence of bad and scanty food and confinement, and several died. As for Maroncelli, who had been in the flower of youth and health, Pellico scarcely recognised him, when brought from the depths of his dungeon into upper air; and his extreme anxiety for the restoration of his friend's health, diminished the satisfaction of their renewed intercourse. The idea of losing him, of another associate preceding him to the tomb, was unutterably appalling. Every time he was ill he trembled; whenever he was better it was a day of rejoicing. To Maroncelli a like anxiety was awarded. He watched over Pellico as a brother.

'He perceived when conversation did not suit me, and then he was always silent: and he saw when his words would be a comfort to me, and then he found subjects fitted to the state of my mind, sometimes seconding its views, sometimes by degrees moulding them anew. A more noble spirit than his I have never met with; few equal to it; great love of justice, candour, confidence in human virtue, and in the help of Providence, a lively perception of the beautiful in art, a rich poetic fancy, all the most pleasant endowments of heart and mind, conspired to make him dear. I did not forget Oroboni; every day I grieved for his loss, but often my heart rejoiced, imagining that that beloved being, free from all evil, and in the bosom of his God, might still number among his enjoyments that of seeing me with a friend not less affectionate than himself.'

In the beginning of 1824, a more rigorous discipline was adopted. Hitherto they had been allowed to have books; but through the whole of the years 1824, 25, 26, and 27, these, with the exception of a few religious works, were forbidden. The place where they walked was enclosed, so as to hide from their eyes the refreshing sight of surrounding hills, and the city beneath. They had been accustomed sometimes to see the children of the superintendent at play, sometimes to speak a few words to them; this, too, was disallowed; Maroncelli, however, and his companion occupied themselves; they composed poems occasionally, and repeated them. Two of their fellow-prisoners were liberated, but still no kind message of hope was brought to them; and

Pellico, remembering the emperor's words, began to count the days when they might be fulfilled. 'If I live till 1828,' thought he, 'seven and a half years of my imprisonment will be over, equivalent, according to what I was told, to the fifteen announced at first. But if I reckon from the publication of my sentence, and not from the commencement of my imprisonment, the seven and a half years will not expire till 1829.' He was not, in reality, released until August, 1830, together with Maroncelli, each having then been under confinement ten years. But we anticipate: this poor Italian friend had a long course of intense bodily suffering to pass through previous to the day of release. A tumour had formed on the knee, which gradually increased in size, and occasioned great agonies. It was now Pellico's turn to nurse him. The patience and cheerfulness of the sufferer were admirable; he sung, made verses, and talked at intervals, in order to hide his pains from his friend; but he could neither eat nor sleep, became delirious at times, and daily lost strength. It was at last granted him to have additional medical advice. The surgeon, who looked at the knee, said little, and went away; but the usual attendant returned, and told Maroncelli that there was but one course which could save him—amputation; but that such was his weakness, that they hesitated whether to venture on the operation. Maroncelli had no hesitation, however; he earnestly desired the experiment might be tried, but was told they must wait for the emperor's permission before they could venture to take off a prisoner's leg; and it was a week before this arrived. He behaved most heroically, never uttering a cry; but when the amputated limb was removed, said to the surgeon, 'You have delivered me from an enemy, and now I have no means of rewarding you.' On the window stood a glass, in which was a rose. 'Be kind enough to bring me that rose,' said he to Pellico. It was brought, and he gave it to the surgeon, saying, 'It is all I can give in testimony of my gratitude.' The surgeon burst into tears, as he took it.

This brave man recovered at length, and is now, we are informed, in Paris, giving lessons; and as cheerful in heart and looks, as if no such place as the castle of Spielberg had ever existed. What is become of the author of the narrative, since his return home, we know not; but we are deeply indebted to him. He has confirmed to us noble thoughts of human nature; and has made us cry out, with tenfold pity for all persecutors,

' Oh! the curse
To be the awakener of divinest thoughts,
Father and founder of exalted deeds;
And to whole nations, bound in servile straits,
The liberal donor of capacities
More than heroic! This to be, nor yet
Have sense of one connatural wish, nor yet
Deserve the least return of human thanks!'—*Excursion*, book 7.

LOCAL LOGIC.

ALL the world has laughed at the mathematician who began to read Thomson's 'Seasons,' but soon shut the book because he could not perceive what was to be proved thereby. But the world should remember that 'it is good to be merry and wise,' and perhaps in this case its own laugh may deserve to be laughed at. The ridicule has not fallen upon the right point. The mathematician is supposed to have been absurd, not for his want of perception of what the poem proved, but for his expecting that it should prove any thing. Now in regarding it as a principle that a poem should prove nothing, the world is as inconsequential as the mathematician was blind in not seeing the consequences and corollaries of Thomson's 'Seasons.' There has never been a true poem that did not prove more, and more to the purpose, than its equal in quantity of Euclid's 'Elements.' All poetry is probative. There is that in it abundantly which might be thrown into the form of propositions, profound and universal ones, and ticketed with an undeniable Q. E. D. In fact, poetry has the privilege of geometry; it demonstrates. It helps us to truths, not by induction, but by intuition. There is no logic so rapid or so satisfactory. Look at that tower, twenty miles off, on the top of Leith Hill, in the light of the setting sun; how distinct its outline, how beautiful its colouring, how picturesque its position, how true its picture on the eye; that sunlight is poetry. It brings the object within the scope of your vision; it shows the object; it demonstrates. Logical induction, orders a post-chaise, bargains with the landlord for eighteen-pence a mile; asks the boy, as twilight is coming on, whether he knows the road, and bids him look to the direction-posts; stops at the regular stages to change horses; and after several hours' riding, and much packing and unpacking, with a host of minor arrangements, troubles, and carefulnesses, works out its proof to your understanding of the existence and form of the tower on Leith Hill, with little of the facility and less of the beauty than attended the equally satisfactory accomplishment of the same thing by the far-beaming sunshine of poetry. It is thus that poetry darts and glances upon the remotest distances of the mental landscape. It stands upon a height; it sees the world in sunshine; its eye 'glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;' and thus did many a bard of the barbarous olden time behold sights of beauty and grandeur in the soul of man, while the metaphysician, though travelling with the best post-horses with which logic could furnish him, goes jogging on, century after century, without arriving at the verification of them, according to that definition of verification which the world in its wisdom has adopted. Laugh no more at the mathematician. If Thomson proves nothing, he was very right not to read Thomson; but there was his blunder. I have read Euclid and Thomson both,

and I take upon me to affirm that the one proves as much as the other. Of course I mean to the right subjects. A horse cannot draw an inference; there are thousands to whom Euclid proves nothing—to whom he never will prove any thing, save and except this single proposition, that to their minds he cannot prove any thing. Their minds either stand stock still, or move with a hop, step, and jump. Now to travel with Euclid one must walk, step by step, all the steps well measured and rightly counted. In not proving something to every body, poetry is therefore only in the same category with geometry. Each requires what Jeremy Bentham used to call the appropriate intellectual aptitude; and each proves most where that is maximized, and least where that is minimized. Geometry demonstrates to the inductive intellect, and poetry demonstrates to the reflective and introspective soul. And the percipient of poetical demonstration imbibes also the demonstrations of all things, in nature and in art, which are poetical. He will take the mathematician in the fulness of his heart, remembering his own enjoyment, and forgetting his friend's one-sidedness, to look at some beautiful painting or statue, and not laugh at him when he asks the question, what does that prove? Why should he, for he himself knows what it proves. And so it is with scenery, as I was well assured by getting into the country one day last month, when I found every object from morning till night as full of wisdom and demonstration as one of Harriet Martineau's illustrations of political economy; indeed, I might say two at least, for it was both 'Life in the Wilds' and the 'Hill and the Valley;' and so I shall tell the whole story of the day, or rather try to paint the scenes which in succession it presented, and conclude with something of a proof that those scenes of themselves prove something.

Don't be inquisitive about the locality, reader. It is true, that very Venetian, Grecian, French, Canadian, Saxon, Kent and Surreyish nondescript and omne-descript house on the hill top, beyond the common, above the wood, which I slept in on the ——— ultimo, may sometimes be hired for a summer, and perhaps occasionally even for a winter, by any respectable tenant who is qualified to summer and winter there; but I have no relish for the profession of a gratuitous house-agent. So, no letters of inquiry to 'the able author, &c. care of the editor,' 'private,' on the right-hand corner at the top, and 'to be forwarded—immediate,' on the left-hand corner at the bottom; no, not even though they come with the signatures of Inquirer, Admirer, and, better than both, Constant Reader; no petitions for an answer in the Notices to Correspondents; I will be party to no frauds upon the stamp-office, or on the editor or publisher, whom the Whigs are likely enough to tax, and surcharge, and exchequer, and all that, for any such accommodations. Let it all be done fair and above board. Advertise like a man. The landlord will be sure to see

it. He is a 'constant reader' of the *Repository*, and a constant purchaser too, and an inquirer and admirer besides. So let all these sympathies come together in the proper way by advertisement. Happy be the match thereupon made. And the editor will be very ungrateful if he does not hand over to me, his constant correspondent, the profits, or at least a moiety of the profits, of the inquiring and replying advertisements, to pay travelling expenses to that delicious retreat, and a dinner for all parties, *sub Jove*, on the lawn; and never was lawn more jovial than that would be.

Well, I awoke there very early in the morning, with no recollection where I was, or how I got there, but with a pleasant sensation all over me of being somewhere where to be was very pleasant. How curious is the correspondence, even in the soundest sleep between the external world and the internal. Somehow or other, notifications of change, and of the character and colour of that change, are conveyed by the organs of sense to the brain, and it takes cognizance of them, our not seeing and not thinking notwithstanding. I mean to say, as we lie asleep. Such communications are as correct in spirit, as in substance they are confused and imperfect. They are like the impressions conveyed by reading a newspaper to a very drowsy man with a pipe in his mouth. He gets a general notion, perhaps, that a glorious victory has been gained. And 'His Majesty's arms,' and 'stands of colours,' and 'sprigs of laurel' float about in his brain; but exactly where, or when, or why, or by whom the aforesaid battle was fought, he has no distinct conception. But he feels very rejoiced, and glorious, and old England-ish, and life and fortune-y, and heaven-born ministerial-ish, nevertheless. Or these communications are like the Peruvian pictures, with hands, and swords, and bows, and serpents, and other ocular conundrums; which the last of the Caciques used to send to the last of the Incas because they had neither Moniteurs, nor Gazettes Extraordinary, to report the proceedings of Cortez and Pizarro. Or they are, most of all, like the impression which one musically organized being may convey to another, by extempore play on an instrument. You cannot tell the precise material object or the external event, of which the player is thinking; it may be of a castle in the air at sunset, or of Shelley's poems, or of the revelation of St. John, in one strain; or it may be, in another, of Dominichino's painting of Latona changing the inhabitants of Bœotia into frogs; or of Southwood Smith's lecture on the natural history of death; or of the third act of Othello; or of the strange and entangled situation of our friend —; or of a philosophical and poetical mind, reflecting on the history of the French Revolution. You cannot tell, I say, exactly what definite being, or condition, the melody is associated with, but you may tell infallibly, you may write down in words, the most precise and distinct, the species of emotion, and the character of the train of emotions which are in the soul

of the player, while the fingers are striking those notes. Such is the sort of intelligence which the nerves convey to the brain in sleep. Godwin, when a young man, used to receive it frequently and strongly; although that mighty brain of his, with its stately logic, and broad generalizations, and calm abstractions, might seem so much of an independent world in itself, as to render him little subject to the quick, unconscious vibrations of a more sensitive organization. What a splendid outpouring of eloquence is the dream of St. Leon, in the deep sleep which followed his draught of the elixir of life. I will not, as a critic, answer for it now, but I shall never forget how I read it when a boy, and seemed to grow a god in reading it. But these things change strangely, or we change. I tried to read the 'Pilgrim's Progress' the other day, and could not. It made me melancholy. I feared my heart or my imagination was growing old; but I took up the 'Arabian Nights,' and all was right again; glory to 'the good Haroun Alraschid.' But to end this dream of the undreaming intelligences of sleep; prepared by their prelibations for the certainty of waking bliss, I opened my eyes, not knowing upon what, only sure that I was not in Paternoster Row, or within ear-shot of the ringing of Bow bells, or the tolling of St. Paul's. And there were the blue heaven, and the green hill gently kissing,* with bright and dark clouds (cumulo-cirrus and cirrho-stratus) curling, clustering, and flowing about, like golden and hyacinthine locks. 'Up with the lark,' says I to myself, always up with the lark in the country; and then, before the impulse went into action, that everlasting and universal scepticism, which is the bane of all exertion, and the torment of all orthodoxy; to which medical men are so prone, that *religio medici* means no religion at all; which makes our literati write so feebly and skittishly, all for want of faith; which, since the French revolution, has been so rife in the world, extending even to the foundations of our time-hallowed institutions, and the principles of our Constitution, once the wonder and envy of the world; that sceptical spirit, I say, whispered in mine ear, 'What means *up* with the lark?' Call you it '*up*' to exchange this easy recumbency, so favourable to meditation, philosophy, and poetry, for the mechanical drudgery of walking, or the stiff and stark conventionalism of sitting on a straight-backed chair? Call you it '*up*' to stop this easy flow of thoughts and images that are gently trickling through the brain like a brook in springtide, rich with winter's legacies, and musical with its own murmurs, for talk and argument, marshalled like soldiers by beat of drum, and parading hither and thither at the word of command. I say, the true '*up* with the lark' is to lie still, and 'feed on thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers.' This is no idleness. I never laid in bed, like H., till full noontide, reading 'Letters on Early Rising,' and balancing

* Stolen,—'A heaven-kissing hill.—*Shakspeare*, Boaden's Ed. P. D.

the arguments ; but I say the proverb is a fallacy ; that it begins with a misnomer, and that on a cool, elastic, hair mattress, or better still, on Dr. Arnott's delicious water-bed, (' O it is pleasant to float o'er the sea,') one is most truly ' up with the lark,' sailing on the bosom of the air, playing with the stars, or gliding afar off in the faint pearly car of the crescent moon. From such a state to rise is to fall ; the getting up is only a prelude to the coming down, and there ought to be a good reason for it. True, they say that,

Early to bed and early to rise

Is the way to be healthy, and wealthy, and wise.

But that I doubt too. Goethe used to sit up late o'nights, and he had more of all three together than any man of modern times. Besides, I don't like the proverb. There is something suspicious in the way in which the three qualities are put together. If in this trinity, ' none is afore or after the other,' I refuse my worship. It looks as if the inventor thought first of his stomach, secondly of his pocket, and, thirdly, of his brains. I turn round and ask with my old friend, the mathematician, ' What does this poem prove ?' I do not see the connexion between the first line and the second. The poor factory children are bundled to bed the minute their work is over, and up early enough, but they are neither healthy, wealthy, nor wise. A comfortable farmer, with just cunning enough to vote for a Corn Law candidate at the County election is, I think, as much as such means can realize. Some of the finest parts of ' Paradise Lost' were written in the night. Whether Milton be one of your healthy, wealthy, and wise people I cannot say ; but, certainly, he was one of the best and purest specimens of humanity, physically, mentally, and morally, that nature has yet produced. *Non Anglus, sed Angelus.* There are hosts of proverbs which are apocryphal. Their inspiration is only that of Mammon. They are often the dirty excuses of the dirty tricks of a dirty majority. Nevertheless, I will get up, for the same reason that a lark sometimes will come down ; I hear sweet sounds which may ' wile a lav'rock frae the lift.'

I shall give the whole long day, and would it were longer, to this locality. Ask me at night what it proves ? but ask me not before. The premises first, the conclusion afterwards. The situation of this house is curious, inasmuch as it is the only one from which a particular effect which I am about to mention could be produced. It is chosen in defiance of the ordinary inducements for the selection of a site ; a little further one way, and it would have been more convenient of access ; a little further another way, and it would have had a more diversified view ; a little further in a third direction, and there would have been ampler space for lawn and garden ; a little down the hill, and it would have been sheltered from the winds, which now rave round it and rattle through it ; but here it is, and here am I, starting from

it for my matin circuit, that I may earn one enjoyment by another, the duty being more delectable than the recompense, which is very virtuous. There is before you from the open glass-door of the house only a small flat space of table-land, (kitchen-garden, *i. e.* in part,) and the rest laid out according to the established form, in square and oblong beds, with roses and tulips, and peonys, and a second crop coming of hollyhocks and tiger lilies; and that at first seems all; but as your eye travels round the verge and outer margin of the opposite side of the parallelogram, there rise before it certain wavy outlines and blue shadings, faint and cloudy, yet having a reality and a distinctness withal, that tell you of a wide though viewless world between. The sensation is a strange mixture of sense and imagination; a consciousness of the conjoined presence of the visible and the invisible; you feel how much there must be more than you see. On the near view the garden is all the world, but the eye is irresistibly drawn to that shadowy distance which is a revelation and a promise of a vast and glorious intermediate prospect. The boundary line is made so distinct by the precipitous descent of the hill. Down it goes, headlong down, thickly covered with wood, graceful as the mantle of imperial Cæsar, that it may, like him, 'fall with decency;' but so abrupt, that no tree-tops, peering above the path of that natural terrace, give you warning of that verdant ambush below. And yet there it spreads out; deep, thick, wide, and tangled, rich and populous with all that is musical and beautiful. And down we go too with a plunge into that abyss of foliage and flowers. Oak, ash, and beech, and birch, and pine are there, and yonder the stately chestnuts by themselves with their dainty blossoms; and harebells, and euphorbia, and the wild geranium, and the orchis tribe; and true to the greenwood still, Robin Hood, scarlet and green, a pleasanter memory than that of being Earl of Huntingdon; and better than all, mine own sweet woodruffe; and they all inweave and inwreath themselves together, above and below; shade, light, fragrance, softness, form, colour; and the hum of insects, and the song of birds; a bath of sense; until you seem to be blending and dissolving with them too, into the elemental principles of pure physical delight. And through the trees there are glimpses of the wide prospect. Up to the higher and clearer ground; there the eye reels over and through the immensity of the valley. There are the softly swelling hills of Kent, undulating in the gentle and graceful wave which is peculiar to the surface of that county, the true line of beauty; and there are the Surrey hills, fit counterpoise for the perfection of the picture; and yonder the bolder downs which one knows have 'towers along the steep,' and overlook the mighty sea beyond; and all between, though so vast, is yet so soft, and fair, and fertile. There is nothing harsh, nothing obtrusive; nature has licensed no one object to rise proudly and claim to be the centre of the scene, reducing

all this diffusive loveliness to its mere appendage and accompaniment ; and man has not marred the plan of nature. There is no city or town even, with its congregated roofs, spires, and towers to transfix the eye in its wandering, and shine with a false glitter in the sun, as it broods over the indistinct expanse of meadows, glades, and groves. The artist would want an object and a foreground ; Canova would have called for crags, as he did at Richmond ; but we do quite as well without, as the citizens of Berne said when their bear was dead. Why should scenery be constructed on the monarchical principle. In the thousand unobtrusive lovelinesses, there is harmony and unity, without the erection of a central pyramid to refer them all to ; it would but throw over them an artificial shade, and give them an unnatural insignificance. We should not then see the valley, but the pyramid that stood in the valley. The loss would be greater than the gain. That unbroken expanse gives one the idea of equality in enjoyment, and infinity of extent. It looks like a fraternal world, blessed, and basking in the smile of Providence. If you want more diversity, there it is in the lights and shadows which can only exhibit themselves in such an ample scene. How strange are the forms of clouds projected on the earth ; but there are yet stranger forms at hand. Come back by this lane, which is such a trenchant wound on the fair earth's bosom. This is the deepest cut of all, and has laid bare and left in air the projecting roots of those fine old trees, which resemble, not the Elgin marbles indeed, but similar fragments of the sculpture of some more antique race of artists. They must have lived too in some præ-Adamite state of the world, when form and organization were subject to other laws, or while nature was yet experimenting. This approaches towards a colossal human figure ; but one side is twisted like a boa constrictor, as if it were the father of that deceitful lady, who wrought such woe to the guileless Christabelle. That has a griffin front, the tail going off into the flourish of a weary painter with his brush, when his hired and toilsome copy of a worthless picture is completed. Here are figures like those with which Blake adorned the 'Night Thoughts.' Did they but break the second commandment, how well would they exhibit at a missionary meeting, in long procession, as the idols of some Antipodean or Hyperborean region, or of beings that inhabit the inner crust of the globe, the next of those concentric surfaces of which some say the world, like a Chinese puzzle ball, consists, and which would, I suppose, have been lawfully seizable, as property or prize, had Captain Parry succeeded in his patriotic enterprise, and nailed the royal standard of Britain to the pole of the earth. Tree-roots are a class of beings but little known. They are like nothing else upon, below, or out of, the earth. One might suppose the Frankenstein family had set up a manufactory of monsters here, and in haste to pack up the raw mate-

rial (from an alarm of fire or some such cause) had stuck together whatever parts were nearest, to be sorted afterwards. One also might suppose—that it is breakfast time.

It is not wholesome ever to pass an entire day in utter idlesse. I do not mean to advance such an absurdity as that the enjoyment of nature can be the loss of time. I leave that for those who in their ceaseless occupation do, in fact, lose all their time, and know not what a treasure they lose. But all enjoyment is the richer for the contiguity of honest mental occupation. The steady employment of, though it be but an hour or two, will spread a satisfaction over the day, and spiritualize its sportive-ness, and prevent its pleasure from becoming *fâde*, and preserve the elasticity of the springs within us. Away, then, to the woodland study; and be it a study in right earnest. One may meditate there; and, thanks to dictation, composition is but thinking aloud, with the double advantage of uninterrupted thought, and a consciousness of the presence of the recording spirit. The mechanical act of writing is a sore nuisance; at least to me. I never can write contemporaneously with my thoughts. They pass; and I only put down my recollections, often a faint shadow. And then a silent, intelligent amanuensis; had J—— possessed such a treasure, that vigorous originality of his would never have run away with him, a madder race than that of the wild horse of Mazeppa. He ruined himself by being his own penman. A presence which he respected would have made him respect his own intellectual reputation; and it might have been a bright and useful one, lasting and growing too. So, to work: on the shady bench, behind the belt of oak trees, that screen both the landscape and the sun. The senses are undistracted there, and the stream of thought flows clear, and pure, and brightly. He must be a bold man who could dare to be a sophist there, in the presence of God and nature; and a base one who could there prepare for the world aught that tends not to humanize the affections and elevate the soul.

What was there prepared may be some day judged of; its introduction here would be rather too long an episode. I have some conscience about digression, though rather lax. Not so about intellectual labour. I mean by that, active mental operation; not mere reading. And yet reading should have its share of the day too, or it will not be a good day of pleasure, unless in travelling through a very extraordinary country, and with very extraordinary companions. All scenes have their appropriate books; and all books have their appropriate scenes, except the Bible, which is universal; and Shakspeare, which is next to it. Milton is much less so; he is for lawns, and stately avenues, and antique mansions; or for the stern simplicity of such a coast as Sandowne. Books should have a harmony of spirit with the locality, not an identity of subject. One does not want to read

beggarly verbal pictures (as the best must be) of beauties which are before the eyes; but one wants something which excites emotions that will not jar with those excited by the scene. Now here is the Political Unionist's Catechism, by Junius Redivivus, just out; I cannot for the soul of me open it again *here*. Set me down in London, or Birmingham, or Liverpool, or Manchester, or Norwich, and I shall have gone, again and again, over its nervous and manly language, shall be all heart and soul in the writer's noble purpose, and would call, as with a trumpet voice, to the working men of Britain to learn from it how to qualify themselves for, and how to struggle for, those political rights without which there is no hope of any efficient improvement of their condition, or of any repose for the community. I would tell them to make it their daily manual, and to have it, not merely by rote, but by *heart*. But *here*—I do not know what Whig and Tory mean here; they are not things of God's making, and none else are free of this paradise. Shelley and Tennyson are the best books for this place. They sort well with the richness, richness to every sense; with the warm mists, and the rustling of the woods, and the ceaseless melody of sound. They are natives of this soil; literally so; and if planted would grow as surely as a crow-bar in Kentucky sprouts tenpenny nails. *Probatum est*. Last autumn L—— dropped a poem of Shelley's down there in the wood, amongst the thick, damp, rotting leaves, and this spring some one found a delicate, exotic-looking plant, growing wild on the very spot, with 'Pauline' hanging from its slender stalk. Unripe fruit it may be, but of pleasant flavour and promise, and a mellow produce, it may be hoped, will follow. It would be a good speculation to plant a volume of Coleridge. The singing of the nightingales would promote its growth.

Dinner! dinner! Not that way; here is the hall-passage, between these verdant clustering pillars, under these natural gothic arches and rich tracery-work; now we enter the ante-room, treading the thick carpet of harebells, and looking out through the beautiful lattice-work of the thinned copse on hill, wood, and valley; and yonder is the *salle à manger*. How gracefully the festoons of our pavilion hang from branch to branch, just fluttering in the sun yet not scaring away the birds; and there she sits beneath, the queen of our simple revels, in all the unassuming state and absolute power of affection, the granddaughter of Pestalozzi, (not by father's side, nor by mother's,) and calls her pupils to come, like the hen gathering her chickens, and they *will*. See how they muster, like the pretty stage witches in Macbeth, but at a sweeter spell, and to a better kettle of fish and soup. One todlin wee thing raises her blue-bonnetted head amid the rank grass, like a springing harebell. Another drops gently from tree to ground, like a mellow apple. Among the roots of the old tree, where they overhang the declivity, a broad straw hat surmounting

a white jacket ascends like a fast-growing mushroom, with a face as roguish beneath as that of Puck, the fairy. And here they come, Sweet-William, and Pease-blossom, and Mustard-seed, and Cobweb, and all. The pretty pageant! sing to them, as they come, ye who sing; and sketch them, ye who sketch; and then, for 'neat-handed Phillis' has done her best, 'mingle, mingle, mingle' at the table, and blessed be the memory of Pestalozzi, Amen.

O the weary years through which I used to ask of every body that pretended to know, what Pestalozzianism was; and none of them had the sense to tell me that it is no *ism* at all, at all! I have my answer now; 'I feel it here,' as the stout gentleman on the right of the chair says, when the company have drank his health with all the honours, and one cheer more. Here is one cheer more; and very cheering it is, for those who grow faint and heart-sick in battling for the world's good against the world's perversity. Look at those children; they are spurred by no rivalry, they struggle for no prizes, they are not drilled in classes—and discipline—what is their discipline?

'The sound of the child-striking rod
These valleys and woods never heard,
Ne'er sighed at the threat of a task;
Nor smiled when vacation appeared.'

And yet they learn; ay, learn abundantly. They know more of objects than others, of their ages, do of words. Their vocabulary has meanings to it; their counters represent something. And who will get on better with books, provided the books are worth getting on with? They have the love of learning in them, and the love of their teacher, and these are two powers that draw them along, and pull away, faster than a pair of flying dragons. Moreover, and that is the best of all, with all their getting they get *understanding*, and with all their learning they learn wisdom.

It were a good place, this, for an adult school on the same principle. Every body here seems rational and happy. The secret of which is, that every body does what every body likes, without endeavouring to compel any body else to do the same, and say they like it too, whether or no. The consequence is, that there is more coincidence from spontaneous sympathy than ever can be produced, even in outward appearance, by arbitrary control.

Very sweet is the truce from that everlasting strife of *will* which is kept up in society. People feel here that 'there is room enough in the world for thee and me,' as Uncle Toby said when he opened the window for the blue-bottle fly to go out at. Here we open the window for one another; instead of saying, 'You wish to walk, but I prefer sitting, and also prefer that you should sit with me, so bide still, and be proper, and say, as you ought, that you are not uncomfortable. You want to sing, do

you? let down the portcullis of your throat that the melody may not escape till my request has furnished it with a passport; meanwhile, declare you are grateful to me for reading to you some book which you don't wish to hear.' This is all quite contrary to the principles on which the New Adult Pestalozzian Kent and Surrey Union Education Company is to be established. Read, if you like, sir; but, in spite of your 'due emphasis and discretion,' I am off to court the cuckoo, or run a race with the dog. I shall read myself, presently; under the tree yonder; it does my lungs good, and my heart too; and then you may run if you like. 'Allow me to hand you to the instrument.' Not she, indeed; you never heard such singing after that sort of prologuing and pantomiming. How it bubbles up from amongst the trees, here and there, by fits and snatches, clear as the blackbird's song, and varied as the nightingale's. 'Now, that's what I call melody; I do, indeed.' You are right, sir; more right than you know of; for you did not see Purcell bending from above to listen, nor hear him ask Shakspeare what he had sent Ariel down for.

Away! whither? not now to the churchyard, though that is a place for sunset, a beautiful and touching place at sunset. What a light and gay, an airy and joyous looking fringe of trees and shrubs it has; the delicate lilac, and the glaring laburnum, and the pale guelder rose; and how the rays of the sun, as he gives them his last blithe blink and smile from the summit of the hill, get entangled among the leaves and boughs and pendent blossoms, and linger and sparkle there; and how the birds all carol above, and the grasshoppers chirp below; and in the 'centre of the glittering ring' stands that huge and ancient yew, overshadowing the graves with its broad, dark, massy foliage, the branches spread out as the wings of Azrael, and its vast, hollow, mouldering trunk standing as if in the strength of some mysterious, anti-vital principle, a solemn image of death in the midst of life. That is a shade to sleep under, soundly and peacefully. But not thither now; this way; here, along the common,

'grassy, wild, and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air.'

Turn not this way towards the bridge that swings aloft over the deep lane, like the back scene of a melo-drama when the catastrophe is coming; nor that way towards where the hill makes a bold, steep, semicircular promontory, where you stand, as on the quarter-deck of a gigantic ship, and look down on the wide ocean-valley sending up a mimic ripple from its wavy woods: but hold on, on, till the surface begins to break, toss, and tumble about, and the path narrows and winds round 'the side of the hill, and you are—in Scotland, are you not?—for this is fairly a pass; not Killiecrankie or Glenco, indeed; any more than we are

Dundee or Ossian ; but it is a beautiful little ravine, and looks the portal to scenery which the warrior should never tread, but which the poet were no poet not to seek. Yon fir grove hymns our entrance. Fragrant firs ; the beech and the fir in masses are ever fragrant. But how varied is the music of trees. They are all Æolian harps, but differently strung and tuned. These sound a solemn anthem. They are the organ of the woods, and their cadence is deep, mellow, sustained, sometimes pealing forth with grand choral swell, and then subsiding into low but rich modulations. Was not such the worship of the lofty cedars, when of old on Lebanon they praised the Lord ? The path goes winding on into the ravine, a new pair of contrasted pictures at every step, the wooded and the grassy bank, striving, in beauteous, harmonious rivalry. Here rest, on this rich, soft, elastic couch of cup-moss, and look down the declivity. What fairy magic has etherealized the dancing leaves of those large beech trees ? What exquisitely delicate creatures of the element they seem, their tender green fluttering in the purest and most attenuated halo of light that ever mortal eye beheld. There is water below, though hidden from us here ; broad, placid, limpid water ; and the light of the setting sun is on it ; and the branches overhang it, and the water reflects up the mildradiance on those young, trembling, restless leaves. A trick of nature ; she delights to treat her loving children with all kinds of experiments on loveliness. Those who will see beauty she surrounds with superfluity of beauty. The sun is sinking lower, and our path is at the bottom of the ravine, by the water's edge. How fast the trees gloom ; their thick trunks are dark ; they are black. But look up to the trees above—their trunks are burnished and radiant gold. Their foliage is glittering and blazing, like that of the magic garden of an oriental enchantress. And look across to the opposite side of the ravine. On the lofty brow of that smooth, grassy, gently shelving bank, the sun-light has laid itself down, and sleeps and dreams, like Tennyson's lotos eater, and seems as it would rest and sleep eternally. Another change ; and no wonder, for this strange old building on the river has a cabalistic look ; the broad full stream, (the infant Medway, is it not ? don't be sure ; I am not precise in my topographies and potamology ; the child may be a changeling ;) the broad full stream is sunk down, down to the very bottom of two steep deep banks, and there it murmurs along, unseen ; as all things else are now unseen, for we are in a close alley of the darkest hollies, and large as they are dark, rustling their unchanging and spiky leaves in concord with the low but more living sound of the flowing brooklet. It is unearthly music. This portion of the walk may be reckoned the region of northern superstition, as the last was of Arabian magic and fairyland, bordering, by its oriental character, on the locality of the Syrian and sacred chant that consecrated our entrance on these successive scenes of enchantment. And

now we emerge from the holly shade, to receive from the genius of classical mythology a brief and bright farewell. The sight is dazzling. There is the day-god's blazing car, and his fiery-footed steeds on the gallop. In their mad speed they are dashing huge masses of light and flame all over the horizon. The river here is wide and still as a lake. What strange splendours are in that mirror. How distinct, yet how idealized is every reflection on its surface. There, from the trees in shade are, cold, graceful, fantastic, the pillars of the quiet grotto of the water-god. And there, from the intervals of the opposite trees, behind which the sun is descending, are the flaming columns of Apollo's own palace.

‘Regia Solis erat sublimibus alta columnæ,
Clara micante auro flammasque imitante pyropo.’

The gorgeous show is over; it fades away; and twilight in her ‘gown of sober grey,’ bids us also depart in peace. Sweet twilight, sweet alike on this gentle park-land, and on the wild common which now we enter, through an avenue of gorse which may be called majestical. The bushes are six feet high, and covered over with blossoms which this dim light touches with a peculiar softness. It is a welcome sight to eyes that ache with splendour and variety. One knows how the Vizier in the story must have felt, when he stole away from the court, in the dusk of evening, to look on the shepherd garb and crook which belonged to his boyhood. It were foolish to despise the gorse. Linnæus never saw it till he came to England; and the first furze field he came to so touched his feelings, that he kneeled down and blessed heaven for so beautiful a sight. The emotion was worthy of the great interpreter of nature. What would he have said to this? If like some fanatics that I know, he had estimated worship in proportion to its length, and fitted his devotions to the occasion by the rule of three direct, he would have recited the hundred and nineteenth Psalm at least, or the Book of Common Prayer entire. But Linnæus was a philosopher, and all the better Christian; his worship was gratitude, brevity of expression best suiting the intensity of feeling.

Tea may be taken any where, or when, that any body pleases who can get it; I prefer it, after such a walk, within reach, without a walk, of that moonlit wood and valley. Just get within its shelter, a few steps down the declivity, and the air is balmy even for an invalid. Pleasant alternative, of looking at the moonlight through the foliage, or at the valley through the moonlight. And there is a single nightingale piping at intervals, that one note of call, which, after a few repetitions, goes off in a brief and rapid trill, as one said, so distinctly like ‘Come—come—come—here he is!’ And true is the interpretation, for there he is, and a joyous burst of song; and the melody spreads; ‘another, and another, and another;’ and it gushes up, like a hundred fountains of music,

here and there and every where, playing in the air with their fantastic jets, till the sweet sound pervades the atmosphere, dewes the trees, and seems to fall on us like summer rain-drops.

And next morning, broad white waves of mist were over all that vast valley ; the distant hills were based on its curling clouds. Yet we could not part so, the scene and I ; and here and there the veil was gently raised ; and then it closed again, and the vapours were thickening, and rolling, and in commotion ; and I heard the voice of stern Necessity, who rose up with a black cap on his head, and said, 'The law is that you return to the place from whence you came ;' and I felt very much disposed to make the reply of the prisoner at the bar, 'My lord, if I do I'll be hanged.'

Summary of Principles illustrated by this Locality.

First, that if the reader cannot see that it proves any thing, he has something yet to learn. 'There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in his philosophy ;' Argal, he would be a greater philosopher if he had more dreams.

Second, that truth, the jewel of the soul, is many-sided at the surface, though single-centred. Paradoxes and contradictions may yet be all truths, and the simplest truths may be falsehoods. Minds are prisms. We should be thankful for every contribution towards a spiritual theory of light and colours.

Third, that the primary are more satisfactory than the secondary. A sense of beauty, in a high degree, may be produced by the simplest elements and combinations. The scenery above described has not a single historical association. It has not even a single prominent picturesque natural object.

Fourth, that, notwithstanding the conquest of England by the Normans ; the extinction of the Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart Dynasties ; the discovery and independence of the Americas ; the French Revolution, and the passing of the Reform Bill, Oberon and Titania yet reign in Fairy land, as they did in the days of Charlemagne, although many respectable and generally well-informed persons are not aware of the fact.

ON THE CONDUCT OF THE POLICE AT THE LATE MEETING.

BLOOD has once more been shed in civil strife, and many human beings have been brutalized, by the stirring up of evil passions ; and for all this the people of England are indebted to the imbecility or the dishonest practices of the Whigs, who have evinced no power, save that of turning good to evil, and of bringing into disrepute all who are connected with them. It is scarcely possible to restrain the feelings of indignation, and to reason calmly on their conduct, while we think of the mass of evil to which they have given birth,

and which nothing they can do, in the course of their short-lived future political existence, can alleviate. The occurrences which have taken place at the 'National Convention' of Spa Fields, almost induce the suspicion, that the matter had been connived at by the Government, with a view to get up a 'reaction' against the assessed-tax resisters, after the fashion of Louis Philippe. The transaction is almost a second edition of the Manchester massacre, with the difference that the agents were the police force, and the instruments, bludgeons, instead of master tradesmen setting upon their poor workmen with drawn swords. But in both cases, the circumstances have been alike. The avenues to the place of meeting were carefully blocked up to prevent escape, and a brutal and wanton attack was made upon defenceless people. Many attempts have been made to set the middle classes at variance with their poorer brethren, by the proposition of a National Guard for the protection of 'property,' but hitherto without success, and the *Times* has seized the present opportunity, once more to revive it, but it has cried 'Wolf!' too often, and it is suffering the fate of most violators of truth, in earning only contempt, which is daily more widely extending. Whenever it now puts forth an opinion, people are in the habit of looking round to ascertain what sinister interest it wishes to serve, or at best which party it considers strongest. As for giving it any credit for honesty or magnanimity, that is wholly out of the question. At the period of the Manchester massacre, it turned round equally ready to take part with either side, the oppressors or the oppressed, and it was decided to the latter as soon as it found the tide of public opinion setting strongly in their favour. Those who have watched it on the present occasion, have remarked the indecision of its tone, the careful putting forth of two separate reports in the first instance, the malignant endeavours to misrepresent the injured, under the specious semblance of perfect fairness, and the constant indications of a disposition to side with the ruling power if possible, unless the current should be too strong against it. And such is the instrument, which the 'Taxes on Knowledge' help to maintain, as a specious organ of public opinion.

As a political matter, this 'National Convention,' on which the *Times* lays so much stress, was more contemptible than the famous plan of the Watsons to take the Tower, by dint of making speeches to the sentinel on duty. Scarcely any one had heard of it, previous to the coming forth of the Proclamation, with the usual quantity of bad grammar furnished by the government offices on such occasions, and many of the proclamation bills were only posted on the evening previous to the meeting; nay, one of the jurors on the coroner's inquest gave evidence, that many were posted after the meeting was over. Was not this an evidence of sinister design on the part of those in power? Seventeen hundred policemen were placed in ambush near the spot, the crowd was allowed to assem-

ble, and then, the avenues being blocked up, a most brutal assault was made upon the people, not merely upon those who attended the meeting for the purpose of taking part in the proceedings, but upon strangers and passengers, who had casually approached the spot. There was not merely a wish to disperse the crowd, but a ferocious determination to maltreat them. In former days, when a furious riot was raging in London, Chief Justice Holt dispersed the crowd by a simple harangue, only promising to see justice done upon the objects of public hatred. In the present case, Colonel Rowan and Mr. Mayne, the directors of the police, skulked in the neighbouring buildings with military officers in their company, while their subordinates were sent forth with staves to work their unrestrained will, as though it were intended to get up a riot, for the purpose of an excuse in bringing forth the soldiery to make a slaughter of the populace. There was nothing in the meeting of a disorderly character. Illegal it might be, but if so it might fairly be presumed that most of those present were not aware of the fact. Had Colonel Rowan gone upon the ground at the head of a few of his men, and harangued the meeting, it is probable that the crowd would quietly have dispersed. That there was nothing very desperate in their intentions, might have readily been gleaned from one of the orators talking about his wife and children, and their means of maintenance, should he get into trouble. Men do not think of wives and children when seriously bent on mischief. But the policemen were most blamably left to themselves, some of them probably in liquor, and they forthwith enacted a scene of the most disgusting brutality. The people are not stocks and stones, and such of them as could, resisted. The attack was wanton, retreat was cut off, and innocent passengers were threatened, with not merely broken limbs, but with what is still more painful to the generous mind, the degradation of blows from hireling staves. Such an injury might have made a dumb man speak, might have changed a benevolent man into a homicide; such an injury would have stirred the blood of a slave, how much more then that of a freeman! Whoever could submit to it unresistingly, would be unworthy the name and attributes of a free citizen of the community. Not so much the pain inflicted on the body as the quick consciousness of the degradation inflicted on the mind, would be the result, with every man whose reasoning or thinking powers were above those of a brute. It would be better far to perish; it would be better far to live in a state of utter anarchy than to live in a country where such things were done and submitted to, under the name and sanction of law. Quiet submission to such things, would argue a state of moral degradation, from which there could spring up no hope; but from this degradation we are at present rescued, by the verdict of a jury, of as noble a character as is to be found in the pages of English history. I am in no way upholding the propriety of breaking down the bar-

riers of law on the part of the people, but as little can I agree, that the agents of the law should take into their own hands the gratification of private malice, under the pretext of putting the law in force. The latter is an evil of much greater extent than the former, for it tends to weaken the confidence of all men in the equality of the law, which can be the only true support of its influence, and leads them to regard it merely as an engine of oppression, for the use of those in power. The meeting might be illegal, but the suppression of it was performed in a mode quite as illegal, by the paid agents of the law. On scarcely any occasion of dispute between the people and the Government, has there been brought forward such a mass of evidence, all tending to set forth the disgraceful conduct of the latter. Whenever the friends of democracy shall in future be taunted with the Bristol riots, with which they had nothing to do,—they may reply to it by referring to the ‘National Convention.’ A body of thieves and *uneducated* men performed the Bristol atrocities; a body of trained police, commanded by those who assume to be of the refined classes of the community, performed the atrocities of Spa Fields.

The conduct of the Coroner on the inquest upon the slain policeman, was anything but that of an upright judge. Throughout the whole business, he appeared to consider himself as a Government agent, pressing for a conviction for a political object, rather than an unbiassed seeker after truth. It would seem that he is an old, an ignorant, and a prejudiced man, thoroughly imbued with the antique Tory principle of taking the cue on all occasions from the people in power, and acting upon it, without further consideration. All the evidence which was brought forward, was directly against the police; yet he obstinately shut his ears, with a one-sidedness most remarkable; took every opportunity to impress the jury with his feelings, in contradiction to the evidence, and repeatedly grossly insulted them by his remarks. Have the Whigs lost all outward decency of conduct? Are they driven so to despair, are they bent upon madly heaping obloquy upon their own heads, that they can countenance such things? A Coroner’s inquest may, to many, seem a trifling matter; but in this case, it has been pregnant with consequences, whose ultimate result no man can foresee; but either great good or great evil must come of it. It may be, that the verdict will induce thieves and vagabonds to murder policemen; but it will, at all events, teach the police, and their employers, that Englishmen must not be wantonly degraded by blows, under the pretext of law. Be it as it may, the jury have done their duty nobly; and have, by their excellent verdict, alike marked their disapprobation of all brutality, whether performed by the opponents of the law, or the agents of the law. They have done more: they have read a lesson to the Government, which, although it may have little weight with the imbecile or dishonest men composing it, will go forth amongst the community,

and draw their attention more closely to the paramount necessity there exists, that those who hold the supreme power, should also hold the supreme wisdom of the nation. How wretched must be the state of public affairs, when the rulers, on the most momentous occasions, betray the most deplorable ignorance, and those over whom they rule are obliged publicly to reprimand them. I proceed to remark upon the evidence, which, on the popular side, was most conclusive, notwithstanding the evident attempts at subornation of perjury, got up on the side of Government. The jury were, by the conduct of the Coroner, placed in a most painful situation. There was, on his part, and on the part of those about him, a disposition to keep back such evidence as made against the Government and their agents. For the sake of compassing the ends of justice, and for the purpose of eliciting truth, the jury were therefore obliged to throw themselves into the opposite scale, and appear as the champions of the popular cause. It was an unseemly condition for honest men to be placed in; but their stern and noble resolution to weigh all that was brought before them, and to adhere only to truth, has rescued them from the obloquy which designing knaves were ready to heap upon them. It is a glorious cause of triumph for the nation to think, that, though the rulers for the time being may be weak or wicked, men of sound judgment and virtuous integrity are still to be found amongst the humbler citizens, even when taken at random, as was the case with this Coroner's jury.

One of the principal witnesses was a Mr. Courtney, a reporter to the *Courier* newspaper. As the *Courier* has never been accused of a tendency to 'low radicalism,' there can be no reason for supposing that one of its agents would feel inclined to overcolour his evidence in favour of what is called the 'mob.' Had the witness been a reporter for one of the more radical journals, there would perhaps have been some attempt made to throw discredit upon his evidence; but there can be no doubt of its accuracy, and it is damnable. 'The police blocked up every passage. The crowd had given way in all directions, and the remainder of the division commenced striking men, women, and children, without distinction, and without mercy.' One would suppose this evidence to be sufficient; but that of Major W. L. L. F. De Roos, who came forward with the design of making out as good a case as he could for the police, corroborated it in a remarkable manner on his cross-examination. This man was a willing witness for the assaulters, and an unwilling one for the assaulted, therefore his evidence is of high importance. All that he admitted in favour of the people was forced from him. It seems that he skulked in plain clothes by the side of Colonel Rowan, and looked out at the windows of a building upon the scene, watching for an opportunity to send for the troops and let them loose upon the people. To the Coroner's inquest he went provided with one of Colonel

Macerone's books upon foot lances, a kind of weapon which seems to have thrown many of the gentlemen soldiers into sad alarm, and he was anxious to prove that the banner staves of the 'National Convention' were synonymous with the aforesaid lances. But his eagerness defeated itself, and he proved too much for the satisfaction of the jury. The cross-examination by the hard-headed tradesmen forced the insolent soldier to break down in his evidence, and to acknowledge that he only saw 'a part of a lance.' The remark of the juror when the Major wished to make out that 'a staff without a head was nevertheless a lance,' bore rather hard upon him. 'You might as well say that a man without a head was still a man.' Anxious as he was to make out a case against the people, he was obliged to acknowledge that 'he did not see a single hand raised, and only some twenty stones thrown.' It is not possible to avoid expressions of disgust at the conduct of this man, whose evidence would seem to have been given with a desire to gain promotion by it. There seems to have been a total absence of all feelings of justice or humanity in him; he spoke like a coarse and callous soldier, reckless of every thing except the gaining his ends by accomplishing a triumph over the people. The jury saw through his design, and put him upon the rack by their questions. The insolent aristocrat of the Hardinge school writhed under the punishment inflicted by men incomparably beyond himself in the attributes of mind, and upon whom he had been accustomed to vent his patrician scorn, on account of their humble though useful occupations. He will scarcely again attempt a like task.

After him, came one of the officers of the 1st regiment of Life Guards, serving under his command especially, and present with him in the building from whence he surveyed the scene,—Thomas Middleton Biddulph. That officer positively swore, 'I did not see the crowd do any thing that was illegal, unless their assembling there was unlawful. I did not see the people make any resistance to the police.' Doubtless Major De Roos calls himself, and is considered by his clique as a 'person of honour;' but, perhaps it is held no dishonour to misrepresent plebeians, though I scarce see how he can avoid calling out Captain Biddulph for thus giving him the lie direct by his evidence.

William Henry Goore, a solicitor of Worcestershire, may be supposed to be a respectable and unprejudiced man, the latter more especially, as he was a stranger, and he testified as follows:—'I do, upon my oath, say that if the police had not interfered, there would have been no disturbance. I never saw a more brutal or more ferocious attack than was made by the police upon the people. Had I possessed a weapon, I should have felt myself justified in using it, and when I saw how those fellows behaved, I would, if I could, have cut their heads off.' Lawyers are not generally men much disposed to meddle with other weapons than

legal instruments, and, therefore, we may fairly suppose that the conduct of the police must have been brutal in the extreme, to draw forth such energetic expressions. But let the Whig agents have the full benefit of their evidence. John Jeffery, a cabinet-maker, testified that the orator who was so careful about his wife and children, 'harangued the people in language calculated to excite the worst passions of such an indiscriminate assembly.' This language, upon cross-examination, turned out to be, 'I thank the Government for having published the meeting, and exhort you to be peaceable. The orator said be peaceable, for the spies of Government are about you; be peaceable, but firm.' But the principal coadjutor of Major de Roos, the person who swore hardest, though as it would seem without gaining credit, was Mary Hamilton, servant at the Magpie and Stump, Fetter Lane. So barefaced was it, that one of the jurors immediately declared in answer to some improper remark of the Coroner, 'If I must speak my mind, I don't believe one iota of what she has stated.' The only other positive evidence was that of a little girl, some thirteen years of age, and the remarks of the Foreman on her are quite conclusive. 'We are all of opinion that if the police had acted with moderation, the deceased would not have been stabbed. The woman who swears otherwise we do not believe. It is plain she was tutored, and the little girl who was brought up to tell us that she saw the stab given, young and ignorant as she was, was still artful enough to keep back the important fact, that the man who stabbed the policeman was violently assaulted first, as she acknowledged when I pressed her on cross-examination.'

The officers of the army should certainly congratulate Major de Roos, quære *Ruse*, on the worthy colleagues he has fallen in with, in his capacity of a Government witness. 'Ye shall know him by the company he keeps' is an ancient and true proverb. I should here mention, that these extracts from the evidence are taken from the report of the *Times*, which will not be supposed too favourable to the side of the people. The following is the verdict of the jury:—

'We find a verdict of *Justifiable Homicide* on these grounds:—that no Riot Act was read, nor any proclamation advising the people to disperse; that the Government did not take the proper precautions to prevent the meeting from assembling, and that the conduct of the police was ferocious, brutal, and unprovoked by the people; and we moreover express our anxious hope that the Government will in future take better precautions to prevent the recurrence of such disgraceful transactions in this metropolis.'

Let it not be forgotten, that this dignified, just, and manly verdict was given, by seventeen of the ordinary tradesmen of the metropolis, whom it is the fashion to look down upon, and to regard as unfitted to hold any situation of responsible power. There is much hope for England, even though the Whigs should

retire in dudgeon, as long as there is reason to believe that a large portion of the population of our great towns is composed of men like these. They truckled not to the ruling power, neither have they in any way sanctioned brutality on the part of the populace. The conduct of the Foreman* was noble, sensible, and manly throughout, and he will not be lightly forgotten by a grateful nation. The calm and dignified mode in which he put down the insolent, intrusive, and false-shuffling Mr. Gude, the friend of the Coroner, must have been most impressive. We owe him more than thanks, we owe him deep gratitude for the example he has set. The drivelling anxiety of the Coroner to secure a verdict that might be agreeable to the Government, was somewhat remarkable, as well as the pertinacity with which he clung to his point; but as remarkable was the plain and simple eloquence of the Foreman in his reply, when the Coroner proposed to strike out a portion of the verdict.

‘ Before God and our country, on our solemn oaths, we have given the subject all the consideration in our power; and that paper, which I have handed to you, contains the judgment in which we are unanimously agreed. If you strike out any part of that, it is not our verdict. -If you will not take our verdict, the sooner you dismiss us the better. We are fatigued to exhaustion; we have done our duty laboriously and faithfully; and our country can expect no more from us. If proper measures had been taken, either by reading the Riot Act, or a proclamation, or any other means, we would not bring in a verdict to justify the homicide. Therefore, to let this verdict go abroad alone, would be very dangerous; and it might be thought that we justified the stabbing a policeman who was legally employed. We have as strong an impression of the importance of our duty as any men can have, and we have agreed to that verdict, and we will agree to none other. We are all of us men who have families, and some stake in the country. Indeed, I think there is none of us but has some little property. We all of us are of one opinion about the impropriety of that meeting, and we are far from liking mob meetings. If the police had acted with propriety, we would all of us have turned out to assist and protect them at any risk. The Government certainly prepared means of dispersing the meeting, but how were those means employed? We blame the Government and the police, because they made no attempt to prevent the meeting. One hundred men upon the ground in the morning, or the expostulation of a magistrate, would, in our opinion, have prevented any meeting. In the name of my brother jurors, I have to repeat, that we have considered our verdict, and that it is the only one in which, upon the evidence, we should feel ourselves justified. It has been proved in evidence that the conduct of the police was brutal and ferocious, and that of the people was peaceable. We will say no more, Sir; record our verdict, or dismiss us. We have told you, Sir, we will not alter a letter. In regard to our oaths, and our duty to our God, our country, and our king, we can give no other verdict. Let us not pass any more time

(* Samuel Stockton, Cromer Street, baker. .

in this trifling contention, as we have nearly passed two hours. We have fasted since ten o'clock this morning, and we protest against this treatment. If you will not have our verdict, please yourself, as you have the power. Dismiss us, and procure an abler jury; and let God and our country decide between us.'

To this the Coroner replied,

'Gentlemen, I consider your verdict disgraceful to you, but I thank you for your great attention to the case.'

It is to be hoped that the time will arrive, when public opinion will act as a restraint to prevent judges from thus insulting honest men, who have conscientiously done their duty. I have been thus minute in recounting the proceedings on the inquest, because an impression has gone forth that the jury were actuated by the feelings of political partisans, in giving such a verdict. Those who read this statement, copied from the *Times*' report, will doubtless do them justice, and unite in a feeling of pride that such men are to be found amongst the humbler classes of Englishmen. Those who may think that I have reviewed the conduct of the Coroner too harshly, will do well to turn to that part of the report which describes Mr. Alexander, one of the jurymen, as asking 'whether the Secretary of State was justified in sending 1700 policemen amongst a peaceable crowd?' To this the Coroner made answer, 'There were not so many.' Mr. Alexander then reminded him that the fact had been proved by witnesses; on which he rejoined, in a tone of the most intemperate vulgarity, 'So much the better; they were an unlawful assembly.' This surely requires no comment.

The great argument which the partisans of the Whigs use in their defence is, 'the meeting was illegal.' But this is shirking the true question at issue. Illegal meetings of one kind or another take place every day, and many other things are doubtless illegal under the operation of the Castlereagh 'Six Acts.' The question at issue is, whether the meeting was of sufficient importance to render it necessary to put it down by force, such as was resorted to, and whether it was put down in a mode as little as possible calculated to irritate ignorant people? Now it has been proved in evidence, that the meeting was utterly contemptible, both in its composition and objects; that it was rather a matter for laughter than serious notice; that it is most probable, that had Colonel Rowan or Mr. Mayne gone forward, calmly to expostulate with the leaders, the whole crowd would quietly have dispersed. This they failed to do; but in lieu thereof despatched their brutal attendants, with delegated authority; and the long-standing ill-feeling which has existed between the police and the populace has now been heightened, possibly to a state of mortal antipathy on both sides. This is a grievous evil. The police have, from their first establishment, been regarded by the people as a species of Government spies, and, therefore, though incomparably the most efficient, and least mischievous, body of men

ever yet employed in the capacity in which they serve, they have been far more odious to the people than even the old police force, whose character, as a body, was utterly disgraceful. Under these circumstances, it would have been the part of a wise Government to soothe, by every means in their power, the angry feelings of the more ignorant amongst the populace, and even to pass unheeded a few puppet-show exhibition meetings, got up by the pompous ignorance of vain men, who were anxious to make speeches, rather than to excite a collision between the people and the police. But the Whigs, with their usual blundering imbecility and cowardice, scared out of their small wits at the pompous sound of 'National Convention,' have caused their agents to set law, justice, and humanity alike at defiance. They have converted the servants of the law into licensed ruffians, and they have thus infused into the bosoms of the injured, a ferocious spirit which will seek the opportunity of future revenge. The Whigs have themselves alone to thank, that ever a 'National Convention' was thought of, or talked of. They have paltered with the people, they have shown themselves forth as promise-breakers; they have mocked at the wants of the people, and done all in their power to irritate them. It is no marvel, that under such circumstances, designing or inflated men should take advantage of their more ignorant neighbours, to incite them to a breach of the law. Had the Whigs been men of even moderate intelligence, they would have seen, that under the circumstances, even their temporary interest was concerned in preserving quietude by conciliation. But they have only understood the argument of the bully—brute force; and as it is another evidence of their incapacity for thinking, so will it be another argument for removing them as quickly as possible from situations for which they are unfitted. The time is passed for them to hope for the love and affection of the people; they have no power wherewith to operate upon the fears of the people; and all they can expect to reap, is contempt. They exist as a Government, only till men's minds shall be made up as to what will be the best change to propose. In the mean time, the best thing they could do to regain any credit even for good intentions, would be to dismiss Colonel Rowan from the situation he unworthily holds, and replace him by some popular man, who, possessing a character for benevolence and justice, might impress upon the people the necessity of submission to the laws, as much by friendly remonstrance as by the display of power. Such a man would make it his business to watch the characters of all the individuals belonging to the police force, and to weed it of the ruffians whose ferocious habits tend to bring it into disrepute. It is not to be supposed, that men of exactly philosophical habits, are to be procured for twenty shillings per week, but out of our abundant population sufficient men may be found, uniting humanity with courage, and none other ought to be employed. What

Holt could do in a far more benighted age, might be done again were similar men sought for. I know nothing of Colonel Rowan personally, but it is just possible that he may have belonged to the Irish police force. If so, he is not likely to be the best kind of man to deal with an English crowd. That his proceedings are far too summary, and that he is not inclined to take any personal risk for the sake of a more humane execution of the law, has been shown in the disgraceful instance which has just occurred. While such men are employed, the English law and its administrators will continue to be regarded with fear and abhorrence by the mass of the population. When wise and efficient men shall be employed, the well-disposed will only find in the law an instrument of protection, and they will respect it accordingly.

The *Times*, with its usual insidiousness, says, 'The jury *could not*, either on the evidence or on their own declared admissions, justify the slaughter of the unhappy policeman; and even had the meeting been lawful, it would not have authorized the carrying about the person of concealed weapons.' This is an assumption for the purpose of giving an assassin-like character to those who attended the meeting. It is of a piece with the attempt of Major De Roos to swear that a wooden staff was a lance, because it might be made into a lance. In the first place, there is as yet no proof what weapon the policeman was killed with. Some said it was a dagger, and some a butcher's steel. The greatest probability, in the absence of evidence, is, that it was a sword-cane. This the *Times* would call a 'concealed weapon.' Did the editor himself never use such a 'concealed weapon?' Do not large numbers of 'respectable' people walk along the streets at noon-day with such 'concealed weapons?' Are they not publicly exposed in numerous shops, and sold by Jews in the streets? But perhaps the editor thinks the crime to consist in the fact of a mechanic, one of the 'mob,' going to a meeting with one. What is good for the parson is not good for the parish. The squire may carry his gun, but the peasant must be debarred from it. The 'gentleman' may carry his sword-stick, but the base mechanic cannot be intrusted with it, for fear he should make use of it when the bludgeon of the policeman is about to beat his brains out. This logic may suit the Whigs, but verily it will not pass current with the mechanics, whose heads begin to be as hard as their hands. The fact cannot be disguised, that a meeting of unarmed and peaceable men has been dispersed with brutal and unnecessary ferocity, that a scene of Irish police ruffianism has been enacted, and the probability is, that when ignorant men attend future meetings, it will be with weapons in their hands. For the sake of the community, let the Whigs beware how they countenance further irritation. The fire that consumed Rome was originally but a spark. The Whigs have earned contempt, let them not fan it into hatred. The hearts of good men shudder

when they think of the vast train of mischievous consequences which may result from the undisguised display of the want of all sympathy on the part of the rulers towards those over whom they rule. The British people are not blood-thirsty, they are a generous race, in many cases more generous than intelligent; they will lead easily, and sometimes drive, when they have an indistinct idea that the driving is for their own benefit; but rouse them once to the lion mood, and they will effect in a short space of time a more lasting change in the method of rule, than English history can yet boast of. Whigs! Whigs! ye have by your imbecile councils caused the death of one man, and the brutalizing of many. Be satisfied, and take counsel of fear. Do not force the nation into overt resistance of tyranny! Remember that the same power which swept away the Tories, can sweep ye away in turn, and that if it is not done, it is from the indisposition which every good man feels to risk the chance, the possibility of confusion. A few more such acts as the last, and the penalty of forbearance will be greater than the penalty of confusion.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

May 23, 1833.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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History of the French Revolution, from 1789 to 1795. By A. Alison. 1*l.* 10*s.*

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

The Tyrol, with a Glance at Bavaria. By H. D. Inglis. Whittaker.

The Puritan's Grave, by the Author of 'The Usurer's Daughter.' 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

The Adventurer, or London University Magazine. No. 1, for May. 1*s.* 6*d.*

The Grounds of Dissent from the Church of England not materially diminished by the present prospects of Church Reform. A Sermon. By James Yates, M.A. Hunter.

A History of the Romish and English Hierarchies; with an examination of the assumptions, abuses, and intolerance of Episcopacy. By James Abbott, A. B. (late Fellow Commoner) of Queen's College, Cambridge. Second edition. 6*s.* (2.)

The Evidences of Christianity. By W. E. Channing, D. D. Reprinted, Glasgow. (3.)

History of Moral Science. By Robert Blakey. 2 vols. 21*s.* (4.)

The Christian Minister approving himself by his views, his labours, and his trials. A Sermon on the centenary of the birth of Dr. Priestley. By J. Kentish.

A Brief Narrative, proving the right of the late William Symington, Civil Engineer, to be considered the Inventor of Steam Land Carriage Locomotion, and also the Inventor and Introducer of Steam Navigation. By Robert Bowie. (5.)

(2.) Mr. Abbott makes much more free with former writers than his acknowledgments would lead the reader to suppose, nor has he always accommodated the abstracted matter to present circumstances.

(3.) See *Repository* for February, p. 132, where we earnestly recommended this republication.

(4.) An useful book. We purpose a review of it.

(5.) We have neither time nor space to go into the merits of this claim, but it deserves attention, and should be discussed in our scientific journals.

A Father's Present to his Son. By the Editor of the Sacred Harp, &c. Dublin, Wakeman.

On the Formation of the Christian Character. By Henry Ware, Jun. Reprinted, Bristol, Browne and Reid.

The Life of the Saviour. Vol. I. of the (American) Sunday Library. by H. Ware, Jun. Reprinted, London, Mardon. (6.)

True Stories from the History of Ireland. By J. J. Mc Gregor. Third Series. Curry, Dublin.

Twenty-four Tales of the English Church. 5s. (7.)

The School and Family Manual; Vol. I. Conversations on Geometry. Vol. II. Conversations on Arithmetic, Part I. 3s. each. (8.)

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The Wife. A Tale of Mantua. By Sheridan Knowles.

Considerations on the Law of Libel, as relating to Publications on the subject of Religion. By John Search. (11.)

Sketch of the System of Education, Moral and Intellectual, in practice at the Schools of Bruce Castle, Tottenham, and Hazelwood, near Birmingham. London, Baldwin.

(6.) Mr. Ware's name is a sufficient recommendation, and the work is written with his usual ability, and in his benignant spirit. If Mr. Mardon proposes to reprint the whole of the series, he ought to have the support of Book and Tract Societies.

(7.) Prettily done; but the writer venerates a Priest as Hume did a King.

(8.) Good assistance for either school or family instruction.

(9.) In the first part every word is accompanied by a literal interlinear translation, continual references to the rules of grammar, and frequent notes, explanatory of idiom or etymology. In the second part, a literal translation is still given, but separate from the original; in the third, the student is supposed not to need such assistance, the only aid, therefore, consists of notes which are continued through the whole book. There is no room now for complaint as to the difficulty of acquiring the German language.

(10.) Judging by our own feelings, we should say that all who have read the Rushbearing will read this; and all who read this will read the Rushbearing.

(11.) An acute exposé of lawyer-made law, and of the flexibility and double-facedness of its interpretation.

Religious Opinions and Example of Milton, Locke, and Newton. A Lecture, with Notes. By Rev. H. Acton. (12.)

Authentic Letters from Upper Canada. Edited by the Rev. T. Radcliff. With Etchings by S. Lover. 6s. (13.)

The Political Unionist's Catechism : a Manual of Political Instruction for the People. Addressed to the Working Classes of Great Britain. By Junius Redivivus. 6d. (14.)

An Address delivered to the Members of the Worcester Literary and Scientific Institution. By Dr. Corbet, Vice-President of the Institution. (15.)

Characteristics of Goethe. From the German of Falk, Von Müller, &c., with Notes, original and translated, illustrative of German Literature. By Sarah Austin. 3 vols. Wilson. (16.)

The Necessity and Importance of Free Inquiry, and the Right of Private Judgment in matters of Religion. A Sermon. Wakefield.

A Vindication of a Loan of £15,000,000 to the West India Planters. By James Cropper.

(12.) The subject is becoming rather trite ; the mode of treating it has novelty and interest.

(13.) Very amusing, and a good deal of information. Is Bridget Lacy genuine and authentic ?

(14.) See page 421.

(15.) There is some sensible and spirited stuff in this address. Does Dr. Corbet speak *ex officio* in the last page ? We cannot reconcile his talk there of the 'National Whig Party' with the general tone of the address, nor, especially, with the exposure of the conduct of Ministers as to the taxes on knowledge. His remarks on that subject, on the universities, on the absurdity of restricting Mechanics' Institutes to physical science, on the importance of a systematic study of morality and political economy, and on the connexion of the prosperity of such institutions as that which he was addressing with the popular form of their management and the comprehensiveness of their plan, are excellent. A note reminds us of the opinion of *Mr. Henry Brougham*, on the probability of the London University obtaining a charter, as expressed in a speech at one of the early meetings of the proprietors. 'Public opinion (said the orator) will wrench such an instrument from the hands of the most corrupt government in the world.' Will it ?

(16.) We have received from the publisher the first and second volumes of this work, now passing through the press, and hope soon to present our readers with a review of the whole not altogether unworthy of the subject. Besides displaying her accustomed and unrivalled felicity in translating, Mrs. Austin has collected from various quarters notices of the most celebrated modern writers of Germany, and thus presented us with a most interesting and comprehensive view of the literature of that country.

CORRESPONDENCE.

M. H. is intended for insertion.

E. H. must excuse our promising to insert any thing before we see it. We would rather hear from him on some topic more generally interesting, and uncontroversially. Whenever a material error, in fact or argument, is pointed out to us, we are ready to correct it. But replies and rejoinders are usually unprofitable reading.