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FORWARDS OR BACKWARDS?

When we look at the history of the world, it seems impossible to avoid the inference, that progression is the law of humanity. Taking the most civilized communities of different ages as the standard, on the same principle that we select the most perfect specimens of plants or animals to determine the qualities of the species to which they belong, a series of periods may be indicated, stretching back from the present time to the undefined boundaries of authentic and fabulous history; at each of which the condition of mankind, as existing in those communities, was better than it had ever been before. Hence our faith, that it will be 'better thence again, and better still.' But if we look more closely at this progress it will become obvious that the advance has not been in an unbroken line. After it has continued for awhile, there has been an interruption, a retrograde movement, throwing man back, until out of the very elements of corruption sprung up new principles of improvement, and his natural career recommenced to proceed with more vigour and to a greater extent than ever. Since the invention of printing, these alternations have been less marked than heretofore, and there is reason to hope for an approximation towards an unbroken continuity of improvement. This approximation must be greatly aided by increased facilities of intercourse between different countries and different portions of the same country. Still the causes of fluctuation are, and must be, so numerous, until mankind are much more, and more generally, enlightened than at present, that even in these 'times of reformation' it would not be wise to dismiss the fear of a revulsion which may overcloud our prospects. The commencement of another year is an appropriate season for looking about us, and marking the signs of the times. Foresight of danger may lead to its avoidance; and the path of improvement will be trodden all the more firmly for a previous survey of its direction.

We write with a strong desire to carry the minds of our readers with us, seriously and earnestly, into reflection upon this subject. It is one of heaven's best blessings to have our lot cast in a period of rapid and durable improvement. There is no enjoyment like it. Even in death it is delightful to think that we leave the world better than we found it, and that the next generation will find and leave it better still. A deep interest in the well-being of our country and of mankind brings its cares, and disappointments, and vexations; but it brings also the noblest pleasures,—pleasures which are god-like. Without it, man is but a contemptible being, whatever he may babble of his respectability and morality. Is it pleasant to watch the breaking of the morning? or the coming on of spring? or the growth of a child? or the strengthening and maturing of a noble intellect? or the first setting in of that tide of love that knows no ebb in the ocean of a mighty heart? None of it is like Milton's vision of a 'noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks.' Dream on, great poet—'Methinks I see her as an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.' Would that the bard were 'living at this hour,' that his deep rich voice might roll its solemn music in the ears of the legislators of Great Britain, inspiring them to fulfil their high vocation, and be the heralds of a new era, the founders of a new order of things, most beautiful and glorious. Would that he were living, to aid, as he would aid, the right; and infuse his own dignity of soul into the strife of words; and render the appeals and arguments, which are demanded by our temporary circumstances, vehicles of the poetry and eloquence of everlasting truth. Amid all the abuse and virulence of party, there are thousands who would listen in reverence to the miscalled, (as he would be,) 'Theorist,' 'Destructive,' and 'Anarchist,' the 'wild and blaspheming Heretic,' the 'blind old Jacobin of Bunhill Row.'

The poet, or the patriot, rather, (for 'the Bard of Paradise Lost' ought to be only the second title of the 'Defender of the People of England,') lived and suffered under one of the revulsions to which we have referred. In the fervour of strenuous conflict and of partial success, he had thought that a political and religious millennium had commenced in the land of his nativity and of his love. But soon there came, over all his hopes, the blight of the Stuart Restoration. He lived not till the Revolution; and if he had, the outbreaking of that sunshine was not long unbeclouded. The reign of Prerogative closed, but that of Influence commenced. The tyrannizing of depraved individuals was exchanged for that

of proud or sordid factions. England had to wait, and suffer sore disgrace, until a new and nobler principle of resistance was matured, when the battle for humanity, which had been fought and lost by Enthusiasm and Physical Force, should be again waged by Popular Intelligence.

The most glorious victory ever achieved by this principle was the reinstatement of the Grey Ministry in office, in May, 1832. Never was triumph more pure or perfect. The Court, the Peers, the Tories, all were at the feet of the People,—the peaceful, forbearing, trusting, generous, determined people. At that moment, all reform needful for keeping down sinister interests, and securing the public interest, seemed practicable, certain, and rapidly to be realized. From that moment the tide has ebbed.

To confirm the people's triumph, even for a brief space, a large creation of peers was essential. To carry the Reform Bill in any other way, was to forfeit much of the advantage to be expected from its enactment. The new peers eventually, or at any rate their heirs, would no doubt have fraternized with the old ones. Still some time would have been gained for unchecked popular legislation; and that time, well employed, might have provided against future revulsion. By what infatuation, or what treachery was it, that this golden opportunity was lost? What could induce the Whigs to consent to pass the Bill by an irregular influence, and thus leave themselves and the Reformed Commons crippled by an unreformed peerage? They were sure of a lower House in accordance with their professed principles; it was (at that moment) in their option whether the upper House should be friendly or hostile; and they acquiesced in its remaining hostile. Hence, ever since, they have been pleading that their measures do not go so far as they wish; so far, that is, as in their own opinion the public interest requires; because they are only able to carry them in an imperfect form. They left, intact, an opposing power, with which they have incessantly been compelled to compromise, and which has occasionally beaten them in order to show its strength. At the same time, with marvellous inconsistency, they have resisted all propositions for augmenting the people's influence in the Legislature. They *will not* become yet stronger in the Commons, stronger for all reforming purposes, and so put an end to compromising with the Lords. According to them, the country must remain content with such mutilated measures as will be allowed by an anti-liberal peerage.

That the new House of Commons has hitherto supported Ministers in this temporizing and compromising course, is the worst feature of the present times. On that House rest the hopes of the community for a peaceful and continued amelioration of the condition of its members. If having ceased to exist merely by the nomination of the peerage, it should spontaneously, or by the influence of Ministers, become the mere organ of the will of the

peerage, there would be no longer any refuge but in revolution. The next session must decide; for the last leaves it a moot point. If the present Parliament shall follow the course of former Parliaments, and grow worse and worse from the first session till within a near prospect of dissolution, we shall have subsided far towards the point from which a great popular struggle raised us, and the necessity will be induced of a yet more formidable exertion to prevent a further retrocession into a state which can never again be endurable, or be endured, in this country. In that case, we must continue to slide backwards, until, with strength which has been growing under pressure, and by a mighty bound, the nation springs onward to an eminence where neither force nor fraud can arrest its future course.

But it is premature yet, utterly to despair of the new Parliament; not that it can ever be such an assembly as shall worthily represent Great Britain, but it may nevertheless redeem many of its errors, and make that provision for succeeding Parliaments which should have been its first work. It may yet repeal the Septennial Act, extend the Suffrage, and establish the Ballot. If only the last, it will be enough. The *free* suffrage of the present electors, with the means which must and will be employed to inform their judgment, when the success of the candidate will rest upon their opinions and not their interests, will suffice for ensuring the continuance of reform. The disposal of these questions, in the last Sessions, is any thing but final. The discussion of them has only commenced. Their reception, when next brought forward, will be a better test.

It may be that many new members, placed in very unforeseen circumstances, were plunged in a species of bewilderment from which they are recovering. They were returned in order that they might support the 'Reform Ministry.' Unbounded confidence in the authors of 'the Bill' was the order of the day. The terror of a resignation was continually before their eyes. They were in the ranks; and though often puzzled by the uniform of the allies at their side, and at that of the enemy in their front, they yet fired away at the word of command. In truth, their position did require something more than simple honesty, and what is called practical common sense, and the habit of supporting a party. It demanded great clearness of thought and firmness of principle. Some were found equal to the emergency. But the impartial intellect and moral courage of such men as William Clay, of the Tower Hamlets, and Daniel Gaskell, of Wakefield, are not common qualities. Honour to those who have them; and a little patience with those who have them not, or only in an inferior degree. 'Try again,' as Harriet Martineau says of the Poor House. The country can afford to wait, for if not helped, the ability is ever growing to help ourselves, and that very peacefully and surely.

The great evil of our present condition, as respects the community and its prospects, is the absence of fixed political principles. The science of politics can scarcely be said to exist. It has not only never been systematically and popularly taught, it has scarcely been studied. Most of our public men are evidently ignorant of its very elements. We have had plenty of catchwords, a new one invented as an old one was exploded, to put into mouths which must have something to shout, and to serve their day for the purposes of faction. We have had questions taken up with ardour whenever their discussion could embarrass or unseat a Ministry. We have had plenty of clamour from classes which felt the pressure of taxation, or desired the privilege of protection; that is to say, of taxing others for their own advantage. And our 'great statesmen' have been those who could with most dexterity manage these discordant elements of ignorance and selfishness, so as to obtain the support of the stronger by the sacrifice of the weaker, and keep the balance of influential interests in their favour. The people have usually only looked to an immediate grievance, and its removal when it became intolerable. Our political writers have written for this state of things. 'Sufficient for the day' has been their motto. Where shall we look for the luminous exposition of those general principles of Government which alone can redeem it from the charge of quackery, and guide in the framing or remodelling of institutions, so as to secure their permanent utility? 'Echo answers, where?' and the solidity of John Bull himself cannot give a more sensible or pertinent reply. The best exposition we know of is in the articles (on Government, Jurisprudence, &c.), contributed by Mr. James Mill, to the 'Supplement of the Encyclopædia Britannica,' and which have been often reprinted in a separate form. But the style of these articles is not popular, and they rather serve as a directory for the public writer than as a manual for the general reader. In that way, they have no doubt rendered essential service; but a popular Principia of Politics is the great want of the day. It is the first necessity of our condition; and we believe the people are quite sufficiently matured in intelligence to receive and profit by such instruction. For lack of it, they were much better qualified to struggle unitedly for reform, than unitedly to turn what reform they obtained to the best account as soon as they had triumphed.

While there has been a want of clear and common principles by which to be guided, there has been too great a multiplicity of objects at which to aim. No one grievance had singled itself out, in the public mind, as of such paramount importance that its redress must needs be the first consequence of reform. A hundred different points were driven at together. Every class, every trade and occupation, had its peculiar burden, of which it hoped to be lightened. Every empiric or demagogue had his

specific, which he recommended for adoption. Of several great topics, moreover, the discussion was inevitable. That of the Bank and East India questions could not be postponed; nor was there much more choice as to the Irish Church and Negro Slavery. And as if to make 'confusion worse confounded,' and do all that could be done towards scattering the strength of reform, the King's speech was made the means of wantonly forcing the subject of the Repeal into debate. What national progress could there be in this universal distraction? The Whigs, with perverse ingenuity, have varied the old motto of despotism, '*divide et impera;*' theirs has been, 'divide and succumb;' divide the Reformers and succumb to the Tories. They remind us of a wrong-headed whist player, whose maxim was, puzzle your partner, and then you are sure to puzzle your adversaries.

We do not apprehend that either of the two last-mentioned evils can occasion more than a very brief suspension of the onward progress of the people. When the need of instruction is felt, it will not long be unsupplied. The artificial obstacles which obstruct the diffusion of political information cannot be much longer upheld. Trade unions will not continue to waste their strength upon strikes; nor Mechanics' Institutes consent to be restrained from the knowledge which most concerns their members. There will be a general demand for qualified instructors in the science of society; and the appropriate talent will obey the call. There is a hymn or prayer in use amongst the Methodists, which says, 'We want our wants to know; we want our wants to feel; we want our wants relieved.' The order is accurately specified. It is not only that of time, but also that of cause and effect. The people have been made to know their want of political science; they begin to feel it; and the relief is not far distant.

Meanwhile, the multifarious topics of complaint will subside into their relative importance. The middle classes of the metropolis have made a strong diversion on the assessed taxes, which, whether successful or not, will scarcely be permanent. The two most grinding of our burdens, the Corn Laws and the Hierarchy, will rear their heads, for a mark, amid the troop of smaller deer. The attempt to protect them will only bring on another parliamentary reform struggle, of which it will sufficiently demonstrate the necessity. Whether Government yield to, or resist, the cry which must soon resound through the land on these vital points, matters little. A united people, claiming right, is in the march of improvement.

After all, political reform is only the index, and not the essence of that improvement. Or rather, it is the necessary removal of obstructions accumulated in the path by the power and selfishness of a class, which fancies its own exclusive advantages endangered by the progress of the many. The interest of the people in the

change of institutions is that of facilities, created or extended, for bettering their condition. Institutions afford such facilities in proportion to their freedom. And the bettering of their condition is only a good in proportion (physical support being first secured) to the degree in which it promotes enjoyment, by refining mind and manners, taste and character. Herein is the real elevation. To this end should we ever look, through all the struggles of reform, and the researches of political economy. In the one, we seek the opportunity, in the other the skill, for raising to a better state the great mass of humanity. In our own country especially, the great obstacle to national instruction is that Establishment which, reconstructed, might become its non-expensive and most efficient machinery. And generally, the ruins of Bastiles, temporal and spiritual, are the material for building the temples of art and science, truth and happiness.

In spite, then, of many difficulties, and some appearances, we see the elements of progression at work. The rainbow is bright in the sky, though the storm is pelting hardly on many a hovel in the valley. A more ample recognition of right, and a more righteous distribution of wealth, are before us; and we are surely advancing towards them. So long as public spirit is living, and public intelligence is growing, all is right. Let Tories rage, and Radicals blunder, and Whigs compromise, and Courts deceive,

'Nought shall make us rue
If England to herself do rest but true.'

THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE AMONGST THE PEOPLE;

Two Lectures, read at the Mechanics' Institution, in 1833, *by the Writer of 'Daily Bread,' and 'Deliverance from Evil.'*

'This only is the *magic* I have used.'—*Shakspeare.*

THE fact, that one of my most valued friends is at this time engaged in establishing a Mechanics' Institute in the small country town of Marlborough, in Wiltshire, has led me to think a good deal* on *the best means of communicating knowledge to such audiences, more especially, as may be found in small country towns.*

On mentioning to a person, less sanguine than myself, the attempt my friend is making to establish a Mechanics' Institute at Marlborough, he immediately asked, 'Is he likely to succeed in *so small* a place?' my answer was, 'Certainly not, if he attempt

* I must beg to remind the reader, that this is a *Lecture*, and not an Essay; *i. e.* that a large part of it was written for *speaking*, and not for reading.

too much; certainly not, if he does not adopt the greatest simplicity of plan.' In a country town, more especially, such an attempt is in great danger of failure; not only from a deficiency of funds to hire a building and to purchase books and instruments, but still more, from a want of lecturers on moral and physical knowledge, in a retired place; but, most of all, from *an absence of interest* about literature and science, in the audiences generally found in country towns.

In a large mercantile town there is, if I may so express myself, a circulating medium of interest and sympathy, and, in one word, of energy, which may, without difficulty, be directed with great effect to *any* good public object. But in a small country town there is often an inertness and an apathy, which paralyze attempts at improvement, and deaden even the hope of it. Even if a plan of public improvement can be set in motion at first with all the spirit which it is possible to derive from a noble president and a respectable committee—from the sanction of mayor and aldermen, and some exemplary donations from neighbouring country gentlemen, still there is an apathy and an inertness in the audiences to be addressed, which cannot be permanently affected by the whole or any part of this rural apparatus. The public mind may be said, indeed, to be excited for an instant by the shock; but as it is not moved by any continuous stream of interest, it soon relapses into its former apathy and inertness, and no wide, and deep, and permanent effect is produced.

If this be a correct account of the state of the case, it is obvious that we must, if possible, begin by *exciting an interest* in the public mind. To borrow an illustration from the science of mechanics, if we would construct a machine for disciplining the public mind, we must begin by discovering an adequate power first to set the machine in motion, and then to keep it going. And in order to do this, it will be well to inquire how the *master mechanists* of the human mind have contrived to move men to pursue great and good objects.

It is impossible for an Englishman to make this inquiry without the name of *Wesley* immediately occurring to him; as of one who, when the public mind was sunk into the apathy and inertness of orthodoxy and scepticism, roused it to a sense of the degradation into which rational creatures sink by submitting to their lower nature, and becoming slaves to mere animal propensities, and raised them to a conception of the elevation to which rational creatures, by following the guidance of their higher nature, and getting above the level of the brutes, may at length ascend. Now, whatever was the discipline Wesley applied to the minds of his followers *after* they had once begun to follow him in good earnest, it cannot be doubted that he moved them at first to follow him by *appealing strongly to their imaginations and feelings*. So strong, indeed, were these appeals, as to produce

the most astonishing effects. Indeed, the early history of conversions to Methodism, affords some of the most striking examples on record of the wonderful effects terror and despair and hope, working on excited imaginations and strong feelings, can produce. Let me draw your attention, in the spirit of sober reason, and with no unbecoming ridicule, to the following extracts from Southey's Life of Wesley, vol. i. page 244:—

'The paroxysms which Methodism excited, had not appeared at Bristol under Whitefield's preaching; they became frequent after Wesley's arrival there. One day, after Wesley had expounded the fourth chapter of Acts, the persons present "called upon God to confirm his word." Immediately, he adds, one that stood by, to our no small surprise, cried out aloud, with the utmost vehemence, even as if in the agonies of death; but we continued in prayer till *a new song was put in her mouth, a thanksgiving unto our God.* Soon after, two other persons (well known in this place as labouring to live in all good conscience towards all men) were seized with strong pain, and constrained *to roar for the disquietness of their heart.* But it was not long before they likewise burst forth into praise to God their Saviour. The last who called upon God, as out of the belly of hell, was a stranger in Bristol; and in a short space he also was overwhelmed with joy and love, knowing that God had healed his backslidings. So many living witnesses hath God given, that *his hand is still stretched out to heal, and that signs and wonders are even now wrought by his holy child, Jesus.* At another place, "a young man was suddenly seized with a violent trembling all over, and in a few minutes, *the sorrows of his heart being enlarged,* sunk down to the ground; but we ceased not calling upon God, till he raised him up *full of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.*" Preaching at Newgate, Wesley was led insensibly, he says, and without any previous design, to declare strongly and explicitly that God *willeth all men to be saved,* and to pray that if this were not the truth of God, he would not suffer the blind to go out of the way; but if it were, that he would bear witness to his word. "Immediately one, and another, and another, sunk to the earth; they dropt on every side, as thunderstruck."

'A powerful doctrine,' continues Mr. Southey, 'preached with passionate sincerity, with fervid zeal, and with vehement eloquence, produced a powerful effect upon weak minds, ardent feelings, and discordant fancies. These are passions which are as infectious as the plague, and fear itself is not more so than fanaticism. When once these affections were declared to be the work of grace, the process of regeneration, the throes of the new birth, a free license was proclaimed for every kind of extravagance. And when the preacher, instead of exhorting his auditors *to commune with their own hearts, and in their chambers, and be still,* encouraged them to throw off all restraint, and abandon themselves before the congregation to these mixed sensations of mind and body, the consequences were what might be anticipated. Sometimes he scarcely began to speak, before some of his believers, over-wrought with expectation, fell into the crisis, sometimes his voice could scarcely be heard amid the groans and cries of these suffering and excited enthusiasts.'

Now, the error of Wesley was not in appealing to the imagination and feelings of his followers, but in making *such* appeals as larger information and maturer reflection, or, in one word, *truth*, did not, and does not, warrant. The convert was allowed, or rather was encouraged, to consider as a *divine*, nay, as a *miraculous*, impulse, those strong emotions of the imagination and of the feelings, in which, as must be perfectly obvious to you, there was at least as much passion as reason. Wesley was, indeed, quite right in appealing to the imagination and feelings of those hearers whose minds were not in a state to have been moved by truths addressed directly to their reasons. But Wesley was quite wrong in mixing up anything false (I do not call him actually insincere, though I suspect he was willing to be self-deceived in this matter) in his appeals to the imaginations and feelings of his hearers. I shall say less on this subject, because I have written on it largely in a work entitled 'Essays on the Lives of Cowper, Newton, and Heber,' which, if you will honour me by accepting the work, I shall have the pleasure of placing in your library.

But there is another instance, far more important to us than even that of Wesley, of falsehood and truth having been blended together, namely, in one of the most striking appeals that ever was made to the imaginations and feelings of men. I am speaking of that Wesley of ancient times, *Plato*, that 'Divine Philosopher,' as he was called by his followers. This great man also, as did Wesley, appeared in the world at a time when the human mind was sinking rapidly into the apathy and the inertness of ancient orthodoxies and novel scepticisms; when men did not know what to believe and what to disbelieve; when a false mythology was wrestling in the public mind, with a, if possible, still falser atheism;* when men were inclined to believe and to do much

* The service to which Plato was called was, to devote his *learning* to explain the hidden meaning of the mystic fables of Homer, and to employ his philosophy in purifying and extending the primitive lessons of the great bard. Had Plato done this, the history of religion in Greece would not offer a series of broken and desecrated images, nor would so much of the philosophy of Plato have consisted in attempts to establish a new mystery at a time when Greece was rather requiring an explanation of old mysteries.

The works of Plato possess the deepest interest, not because, as a writer, he fascinates by the animated fancy and idiomatic gracefulness of his style, nor because, as a philosopher, he raises the mind from material to spiritual being; but because he is the brilliant historian of what ought to have been the *transition period* of Grecian intellect and principles. For Plato's Dialogues are the inestimable records of a time, when nothing but plain truth could have power to arrestthe daring impiety, reckless scepticism, degrading brutality, and fearful anarchy, which were rapidly forcing the mind back into barbarism. It was not the irresistible force of the northern hordes which overwhelmed the arts and sciences, the laws and language of classic times; but it was the intellectual weakness, and therefore the moral weakness, and therefore the political weakness, of Greece and Rome, which could not resist that huge ruin. The primal cause of this weakness was, that through the confusion of truth and falsehood, strong thinking, and therefore strong acting, were impossible to the great body of the people. Therefore it was that the physical force of the North triumphed over the moral weakness of the South.

less than truth required, because they had been taught to believe and do much more than truth warranted.

'The people ridicule me as one insane,' says a priest to Socrates, 'when I say anything in a public assembly concerning the gods, although I do not predict to them anything which is not true. But indeed, he proceeds to insist, it is not fit to pay attention to them, but we shall still go on in our own way.'*

Plato then, in those ancient times, like Wesley in our own times, had to rouse minds deep sunk into the apathy and scorn of orthodoxies and scepticisms. And how did he effect this? By appealing to the imagination and feelings of those who, he thought, were not to be moved sufficiently for his purpose by addressing their reasons more directly. And alas! Plato, like Wesley, confounded truth and falsehood in the appeals he made to the imagination and feelings of his hearers.

At the very time Plato is censuring the belief which the vulgar had derived from the mystical fables of Homer, instead of labouring to explain the hidden meaning of that hieroglyphic writing; at the very time when Plato is protesting against the monstrousness of fables, which made the father of the gods put his sons to death; which described a holy war in heaven itself; which asserted an inhabitant of heaven to have been hurled down by the father of the gods; and, lastly, which set forth the Deity appearing amongst men in material forms,—at the very time when Plato is ridiculing instead of explaining these errors of popular belief,† he is preparing to sanction with his authority other instances of that pious fraud which consists in blending truth with falsehood.

'If,' he continues, 'we have reasoned right, and if, indeed, falsehood be unprofitable to the gods, but useful to man in the way of a drug, it is plain that such a thing is to be intrusted only to the physician, but is not to be touched by private persons. It belongs, then, to the governors of the city, if to any other, to make a falsehood for the good of the city; but none of the rest must venture on such a thing.'

The divine philosopher, having thus consecrated again the principle of deception, which he himself had just before desecrated with too bold a hand, instead of resolutely but reverently revealing the truth, proceeds to make it the corner-stone of his moral and political system. Some of the instances in which he proposes *to deceive the people for their good*, are, indeed, so ludicrous, and must have proved so impossible of execution, as to afford a *reductio ad absurdum* of the principle. Unfortunately, these unsound foundations were to be placed, not only under the Platonic abomination, a community of women, but under a belief

* Euthyphron.
† See the second book of the Republic.

which might have had a very different basis than the following 'fabric of a vision:'—

'Eras, the son of Armenias, by descent a Pamphylian, happening on a time to die in battle, when the dead were on the tenth day carried off already corrupted, was taken up sound; and being carried home, as he was about to be buried on the twelfth day, when laid on the funeral pile, revived; and being revived, told what he saw in the other state, and said: That after his soul left the body, he went with many others, and that they came to a certain dæmoniacal place, where there were two chasms in the earth near to each other, and two other openings in the heavens opposite to them, and that the judges sat between these. That when they gave judgment, they commanded the just to go to the right hand and upwards, through the heaven, fixing before them the accounts of the judgment pronounced; but the unjust they commanded to the left, and downwards, and these, likewise, had behind them the accounts of all they had done.'*

I have drawn your attention to a few instances, out of many, of the mode in which Wesley and Plato worked upon the imagination, certainly with no intention of vindicating their practice of confounding what is false with what is true. On the contrary, I will not pass forward from these illustrations without quoting two remarkable passages, in which these great founders of schools and sects have distinctly admitted the evils which, sooner or later, must arise from false appeals to the imagination.

'Truly when I saw,' says Wesley, 'what God had done among his people, between forty and fifty years ago, when I saw them warm in their first love, magnifying the Lord, and rejoicing in God their Saviour, I could expect nothing less than that all these would have lived like angels here below; that they would have walked as continually seeing Him that is invisible, having constant communion with the Father and the Son, living in eternity, and walking in eternity. I looked to see a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people; in the whole tenour of their conversation showing forth His praise who had called them into his marvellous light. But, instead of this, it brought forth error in ten thousand shapes. It brought forth enthusiasm, imaginary inspiration, ascribing to the all-wise God all the wild, absurd, self-inconsistent dreams of a heated imagination. It brought forth pride. It brought forth prejudice, evil surmising, censoriousness,† judging and condemning one another.'—*Southey's Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 526.

The words of Plato are even still more decisive against the employment of pious frauds. The passage in which the philo-

* See Taylor's Translation of Plato's Works, vol. i. p. 466.

† My own experience supplies me from the records of a single family, and that not alien from me, with instances of parent divided from child, wife from husband, and sister from brother, by fanatical feelings and bigoted opinions; and I have also seen sound principles undermined, and fair hopes of usefulness blasted, by falsifications of truth. The *penetralia* of these mysteries require to be reverently but widely thrown open, and not merely to be swept and garnished, lest wickeder spirits should again enter in, and the last state become worst than the first. The next quotation, from Plato, fills up Wesley's picture of bigotry and fanaticism, and exhibits religious errors superseded by scepticism and its worst attendants.

sopher describes the evil consequences of such deceits, is so characteristic of Plato's mode of illustration, and is so beautiful in itself, that I will quote it at length:—

'Do you not perceive the evil which at present attends the exercise of our reasoning powers, how great it is? It is just as if a certain supposititious child were educated in great opulence in a rich and noble family, and amidst many flatterers, and should perceive, when grown up to manhood, that he is not descended of those who are said to be his parents, but yet should not discover his real parents; can you divine how such an one would be affected, both towards his flatterers and towards his supposed parents, both at the time when he knew nothing of the cheat, and at the time again when he came to perceive it? Or are you willing to hear me while I presage it? I am willing, said he. I prophecy then, said I, that he will pay more honour to his father and mother, and his other supposed relations, than to the flatterers, and that he will less neglect them when they are in any want, and be less apt to do or say anything amiss to them, and in matter of consequence be less disobedient to them than to those flatterers, during that period in which he knows not the truth. But when he perceives the real state of the affair, I again prophecy, he will then slacken in his honour* and respect for them, and attend to the flatterers, and be remarkably more persuaded by them now than formerly, and truly live according to their manner, conversing with them openly. But for that father, and those supposed relations, if he be not of an entirely good natural disposition, he will have no regard.'†

In drawing your attention to the consentient testimony of two of the master mechanists of the human mind respecting the evils of blending truth with falsehood in the imagination and feelings, in drawing your attention to the evils of pious frauds as urged by Plato, and admitted by Wesley, I would caution you against the error of declining to use the imagination and feelings in the work of discipline, because they have been, and may be, so much abused. To those who are convinced that there is no capability and power in nature which may not be converted to a good purpose, however it may have been perverted to a bad one, the powerful influence of a perverted imagination suggests the possibility of employing this power for great good.

You will remember that the object of our present inquiry is, how knowledge may be best communicated to such audiences as are commonly found in small country towns, to such audiences as are not likely to commence with much interest in the discussion of dry facts and abstract principles. Now, instead of detaining you by a metaphysical inquiry into the nature and use of the imagination and the feelings, I prefer to ask you *a plain practical question*, trusting to your conviction of the capability of imagination being employed for a great and good object, to give me an answer.

* Quæque ipse miserima vidi,
Et quorum pars fui.

† See Taylor's Plato, vol. i. p. 382.

I will ask you this question. If my friend who is at this time endeavouring to establish a Mechanics' Institute in the small country town of Marlborough, were to begin by looking out *a real good reader,** an intelligent reader, a feeling reader, an animated reader, and having found such a treasure, were to employ him *every evening* to read aloud such works as are certain, when well read, to draw a delighted audience and to send them away an improved audience, would you sanction with your approbation *this first step to knowledge,* if it were made through those pleasant paths which have been traced out for us by the fabulist, or in modern language, the writer of fictions?

We hear much talk of 'our immortal Shakspeare.' I would ask how many persons out of a thousand have read his works through? once? twice? how many are in the habit of reading his best works, his 'Othello,' 'Macbeth,' and 'Hamlet,' say once a year? Might I not dare to ask how many persons out of a thousand (must I qualify my question by adding 'in a country town?') have read 'these immortal works' once in their lives? The same question might, I am convinced, in spite of some appearances to the contrary, be asked respecting the works of Scott, and of Edgeworth, and of Martineau. If we might be allowed to exclude from the number of those who may be said to have *read* these works; first, persons who read them over once in their season, whilst the work is fresh in the market; and, secondly, those who read them even more than once for mere excitement, which excitement they cease to feel when the mind is familiar with the plot, I fear the number of persons who may be said to have *read* the more modern works of Scott, Edgeworth, and Martineau, is smaller than is generally supposed.

It was not thus that the fictions of Homer were treated by an intellectual people. Sanctioned by legislators, published by princes, commented on by philosophers, they were read and recited, and sung and acted by the people, by *the* people, which proved, in yet surviving records of matter, and in imperishable records of mind, what effects may be produced by cultivating the imagination and the feelings. There were, indeed, as I have already pointed out in the words of Plato, great intellectual and moral, and, we may add, political evils, attached to the pious frauds, which the mythology of Homer had inspired in earlier times, but which it could not sustain when the period for

* Let me remind any person who may be inclined to underrate good reading as only a superficial accomplishment, that when not a mere mechanical art, but founded on a thorough understanding and delicate feeling of such works as Shakspeare's, it implies intelligence, taste, and organization, of no common kind. The high claims laid for the perfect orator to physical, intellectual, and moral perfections, might be made for the good reader. Only I would insist that our progress be either *analytical, viz.* from the practice to the art, and from the art to the science, or *synthetical, viz.* from the science to the art, and from the art to the practice, and not in the common *mixed mode,* which commences with rules of art, *i.e.* at the middle.

examining *facts*, and trying *opinions* by the surer tests of reason, had arrived. But these evils; though they attached to the mythology of Homer, and had atheized and demoralized the public mind, betraying it to flatterers, scepticism, and sensuality; and though these evils are even now attaching themselves to the mysticisms of Wesley, and are preparing the public mind to recoil from superstition and fanaticism, into atheism and apathy; yet is it plain that these evils belong, not to power of imagination, but to the confusion of truth and falsehood. The initial discipline we are proposing, would attain the good without the evil. Thus, whilst we trace the workings of unprincipled ambition in Macbeth, and shudder at the terrors of a guilty conscience, we may be allowed to develope the deceits of witchcraft and necromancy, without throwing a single doubt on the moral truth of the fable. In 'Macbeth' we contemplate a *personification* of the principle of evil in barbarous periods; and the moral is not weakened by the fiction. In 'Othello' we behold a developement of the *metaphysics* of the principle of evil without any aid of fiction, but the moral is not for that reason more convincing. In a word, truth is not compromised by being allied with fiction, so long as we are not required to believe in the reality of the fiction.

Let it be granted that a good reader could draw an audience in a country town to his readings of Shakspeare and Scott, of Edgeworth and Martineau. An objection likely to be made may at once be obviated by the fact, that the mind may be led forward from these beautiful fictions to historical illustrations and philosophical discussions about every question on which imagination and feeling might, if unchecked by facts and principles, have led the mind astray. The attention being once roused, the mind being once 'harped aright,' may very easily be led on, nay, will of itself pass on, to investigations of truth, and justice, and expediency; and will find a relish and a digestion for historic facts and for philosophical principles, from which it would before have turned away for want of interest, and with which therefore it could not have been disciplined to any good effect. Those readers who have tried to bring their knowledge of Paley, and Smith, and Stewart, of Hume, and Mackintosh, and Hallam, to explain and illustrate the fictions of Shakspeare and Scott, of Edgeworth and Martineau, must feel how easy it would be to lead an imagination soundly excited, and feelings wholesomely moved, to a conviction of the great leading facts of history, and a comprehension of the great leading principles of philosophy.*

* Having spoken of the qualifications of a *reader*, let me say something about a *commentator* of Shakspeare and Scott. What a field for historical, moral, and political illustration! What exemplifications of the effects, what disquisitions about the causes, of priestly hypocrisy and aristocratic tyranny, might be attached to the monks and the barons of 'Ivanhoe!' How might the beau ideal of these evils be

Nor would they lack opportunities to develope, in plain, striking examples, rather than by subtle, dry precepts, those processes of the mind by which every man, who *has* learnt to discover truth for himself, and to explode deception, becomes to a certain extent a logician and a rhetorician, even though he have scarcely heard of logic and rhetoric, either as sciences or as arts, or as practices.

Shall I then conclude, that if our friend can find a *real good reader,* native as imported, and will engage him *to read every evening,* when the labours of the day are done, those *works of genius* which, when well read, are sure to draw and hold delighted audiences, that he will have taken the *best first step* towards establishing a Mechanics' Institute in a small country town? And may we not add, that even in larger towns, where there is not inertness of intellect and apathy of feeling to be overcome, still the progress we have been considering, namely, from a developement of the imagination and the feelings, to a developement of the judgment and the reason, has great advantages, both *in naturalness and in effectiveness,* to recommend it?* I am quite sure you will not object to the *simplicity* of the plan proposed. For, none know better than yourselves, that a compli-

exemplified and examined in treating the errant barons of the 'Crusaders,' and the anarchized country in the 'Betrothed!' Turning to the dramas of Shakspeare which continue the series through the proud times of the Plantagenets, what facts and reasons might be adduced to illustrate and explain the miseries of factious nobles, a disputed succession, and a civil war, with all the tinsel glory and iron crime of foreign conquests! The immortal Poet's glance at the full-blown vices of the Tudor tyrant, might expose the unholy contest between kingcraft and priestcraft, between the Butcher King and the Butcher Cardinal, and may lead us back to the pages of the immortal novelist, to witness in the 'Monastery' and the 'Abbot,' the downfal of papist bigotry and the rise of puritan fanaticism, and to observe in 'Kenilworth,' how, for a time, kingcraft holds the scales and *equalizes* the weights, arrogating to the civil power the infallibility of Rome and the license of Geneva. Passing onward to the unequalled pages of 'Old Mortality,' we need no further illustrations or explanations of the league between kingcraft and priestcraft, on the one side, and political enthusiasm and spiritual fanaticism on the other. And, lastly, we hail in 'Waverley' and 'Rob Roy,' the progress of that civic spirit, to which Church and King must eventually yield every usurped authority, all power that is not founded on truth and justice. The commentator on Shakspeare and Scott has indeed a wide field before him!

* I might add also that the discipline of one of our universities, at least, is not unfavourable for producing the imaginativeness of mind, and the stores of moral information, which this plan would require the teacher to possess. If a *bonâ fide* enthusiasm for the poetry of Greece, and a *bonâ fide* comprehension of the philosophy of Greece, were taught on the banks of Isis, these might be made more *popularly delightful and instructive,* when connected with our own fabulists and our own moralists, than a superficial thinker would suppose possible. The classicists *do nothing,* except a few classically written sermons and essays, and the romanticists insist, therefore, that nothing *can be done* by a classical discipline. There might be a something done by a *discipline of the imagination,* not less suited to the wants of these times, than what may be done by a *discipline of the judgment,* if there were but an honest resolution in those who are in authority over one at least of our 'normal schools.' But to effect this, the *vis vivida* of the very best men in the university must be *freely displayed* in the public chair, and not be chilled and checked by the *little decencies* of the private class room. It is the union of the two systems, *experto crede,* which unites all points of discipline, which gives enlarged views to the *class,* and takes care these be filled up by the *individual.*

cated machine, however showy, is in constant danger of getting out of order. Now a good reader, reading interesting books, in a comfortable room, is all the machinery our plan requires.

I am sure also that you will not object to the *facility* this plan affords of founding a Mechanics' Institute in every small town in the kingdom. Persons, indeed, who, from aristocratical or ecclesiastical purposes, (I will not call them political or religious reasons, for I should be misapplying those venerable words,) deprecate the progress of knowledge and of a taste for intellectual enjoyments among the people, will doubtless tell you that such a plan is *dangerous,* or that it is *superficial;** and will either propose to reject it altogether, or to wait for a convenient season. For there be many who altogether deprecate the progress of truth, and justice, and expediency among the people. And many say, indeed, that *they* are ready to forward the great work, but must wait till the clergy of the Established Church consent to undertake it. These latter remind us of that worthy person who 'hobbled, for his heart was good; could he go faster than he could?' It is for you resolutely to demand the *easy* performance of a *simple* task, and, if it is not done by officials, civil and ecclesiastical, to *do it for yourselves.*

We hear a good deal, indeed, about 'Ministers of Public Instruction,' about Primary Education, and about Normal Schools, &c. &c. &c.; and then we hear not a little about the impossibility of putting these plans into effect in opposition to, or even without the support of, the Church, as by law established. In answer to these large sayings and small doings, let the Mechanics' Institute only encourage the establishment of such *reading rooms* as I have described, and let such a beginning be made in the *rational enjoyments* of the people, and then, not even an ignorance of that primary instruction, the alphabet, will be able to raise a barrier either of opposition or of delay. I am sorry to be obliged to add, on the other hand, that if we wait for what is called 'A System of National Education,' being undertaken by the *Lords Spiritual,* and for a power and a love of study being communicated by *orthodox methods,* we shall wait a very long time indeed.

* I beg attention to the following observation. The general enthusiasm of meeting-houses and public spectacles on the one hand, and the frequent apathy of lecture-rooms and orthodox churches on the other hand, prove that provision ought to be made for exciting and exercising the imagination. Again, whatever portion of political enthusiasm proceeds from a mere desire of strong excitement, and it is impossible to deny that such a spirit is abroad, proves that provision ought to be made for exciting and exercising the imagination. This provision should be made in two ways, first, by making all established appeals to the imagination more effective, namely, by making them not only more true, but *altogether true;* secondly, by resorting to other wholesome appeals to the imagination which have been too long neglected. The former *is* a difficult, the latter is a *very* easy matter. Let it not be supposed that *we* would make imagination a tub for the leviathan. Say rather we would make imagination a blessed spirit to *lead us towards truth,* in order that we may go on to justice.

I will conclude this lecture with a few words of disappointment as to the past, and of hope for the future, quoted from a work which has been dedicated respectfully to this powerful and beneficial Institution.

'It may be thought a hard word, but it is not spoken in any spirit of offence, but simply because it is true, that just so much reform may be expected from the Church, and not one jot or tittle more, as is demanded by the general voice of the people. If a feeling of deep dissatisfaction, gradually increasing to indignation, should originate in the Mechanics' Institutes, as being the most intelligent and the best informed of the people, should spread through the Political Unions, as being the most energetic of the people, and should at length pervade the whole body of the people,—*a feeling of deep indignation* at the manifest inactivity of the clergy, and at the gross ignorance in which they leave the people, (for the reading of two set forms of prayer, and the preaching of two sermons per week, is indeed small work, often for large pay, and this small work is of a kind quite inadequate to the intellectual and moral wants of the people,) it may be hoped that the clergy, at length shamed into giving a wholesome daily bread of instructive and interesting discipline, will at once redeem their own character from the charge of something very nearly approaching to utter neglect, and at the same time lead the mind of the people out of that house of bondage, ignorance, bigotry, fanaticism, sensuality, and irreligion, and place it in that promised land of knowledge and civilization which Providence intends it to enter. The National School-Room might, each evening of the week, be resorted to by the parents of the children who attend during the day, if they were sure of hearing, not dry heavy prosings, listened to with the decorous gravity of a sad dull duty, but a discipline of useful knowledge, interesting information, and elevating feeling. With an unfeigned respect for what a learned writer has called "Holy Places," I cannot see one sound objection, but many very strong reasons for desiring to find a "*Daily Bread*" in the church itself, on the evening of each day, and for not more than an hour. But let us concede this point to those who consider the starting ill-timed difficulties a zealous watchfulness over the interests of the Church; and in concession to their objections, let our supposed evening meeting for instruction and amusement (how well might these be concluded with prayer and praise) be held not in the church itself, but in the National School-Room. *There*, if attention to the health and comfort of the persons who might be induced to attend these *evening readings* were carefully consulted, perhaps an useful and pleasant discovery might be made, namely, that the great theatre of the universe and the vast drama of life, as the physical laws of the one, and the moral consequences of the other, explained by clear-headed and right-hearted writers, should become commented on by an intelligent and interested reader; perhaps, I repeat, it might be discovered that these subjects so treated have in them sufficient to occupy the reason and interest the feelings of God's rational creatures. And if the people should learn at these *evening readings* to set a still higher value on their teacher, and the teacher should be taught to think more highly of the true-heartedness of the people; and if both teacher and learner should discover additional reasons for reverencing the sanctity of truth, and

observing the obligation to good, perhaps there would arise no just cause for complaining either that the interests* of the Church, or the safety of the State, or the good of the people, had been forgotten at these evening readings. And, which in itself is a great thing, *one happy hour* would daily be added to that sum of human blessings for which gratitude is due to the Great Giver.'†

Something I might add about the happiness an individual might find in being the *evening reader*, and that thus the hopes of many an enthusiastic spirit, instead of being bitterly disappointed, might be reasonably realized. Something also I might add respecting an easy, and yet a sure, escape from the religious, and the moral, and the *political* perils of this present time. Something also I might add about not being a factious canter of the people, but only an earnest desirer of that largely extended and reasonably founded happiness, which is most certainly the object of Providence, however it may be neglected, or insufficiently cared for, by human policy. But the *circumstances of the times* are lecturing sufficiently plainly and loudly on these subjects, and it must be soon decided, whether we will *really*, and not *in form* only, pass forward into a purer truth, and a more equitable justice, and a sounder expediency; or whether, like the unhappy poet, whose opinions and actions embody all the difficulties and dangers of the times, we will turn truth herself into a destroying and avenging angel, and become the first victims.

* Why is not some plan of this kind put in practice? Because the clergy aré waiting for the Bishops, the Bishops are waiting for the Government, the Government are waiting for the People, and the People are waiting for their advisers. And what are the advisers of the people waiting for? Is it for agreement about a plan of Church Reform? Then we would presume to suggest, first, *education* to be diffused by public readings; secondly, *sincerity* to be promoted by removing professions of belief; thirdly, *justice* to be done by getting rid of the sinecurist, and rewarding the labourer. This is a Catholic Reform for which the people are quite prepared, if the Aristocracy only choose to grant it. The drones of the Church would alone be offended. But the Aristocracy has a great sympathy with the drones. And the Government has a great sympathy with the Aristocracy. Therefore it is that the *hum* of the Bishop of London's orthodoxy, and the *buz* of the Bishop of Exeter's piety, will be listened to with an edifying reverence,—not to call it a holy awe. We hope *H. B.* will supply us with a series of the only answers such *humbuz*, alias humbug, deserves.

† Daily Bread, page 7.

TO A WATER-DROP.

Atom of the sustaining element,
  Which of the old earth is the sap and blood,
    That dwell'st apart
    From that vast heart
  Of which thou art one life-drop, to the mood
Of thought, thy narrow sphere lends spacious argument:

This is thy voice—' I am the globed dew
  Which trickles from the locks of twilight grey,
When the earth falls asleep, and when anew
  She wakens, blushing with a dream of day,
And the love-stricken star of the pale morning
  Swoons in Aurora's eyelids ; till the grass,
Foliage, and flowers are pearl'd with my adorning,
  And not a leaf but drinks me as I pass.

' I am the tears that gush from human eyes,
  Even figured as themselves and glassy-sphered—
A sweeter dew let fall from clearer skies,
  And on the flower o' the cheek I hang endear'd :
I am the eyes, with air and fire enwove,
  In triple glory ; and I am the light
Which moistly lies upon the lips of love,
  When love to liquid kisses they invite.

' I am the rain which clouded heaven weepeth ;
  In the rebounding hail I dance congeal'd ;
In the still snow which, mute as shadows, sweepeth
  Over the earth, I am by warmth reveal'd ;
And in the hoar frost is my gem secreted—
  Soft-frozen dew ; and from the icicle
I come at the sun's call—on bare bough greeted,
  Or far amid the rocks in cavern'd cell.

' I form the clouds and mists : the setting sun
  Doth glorify me in the golden west,
The moon in silver cloud and halo dun,
  And planets in their circlets of dim mist.
Without me were not the electric fire,
  Thunder, wind, meteor, nor bright exhalation ;
And thro' me the ethereal beams transpire
  Which weave the rainbow's sevenfold coruscation.

' I form the secret springs that feed the earth—
  The gushing brook, swift rill, and leaping fountain,
River, and lake, and waterfall ; and mirth
  Bounds with my music adown many a mountain ;
And when the Winter with his cold hand chains
  The fluent freedom which in me abided,
Ye may behold me fix'd in crystal plains—
  And o'er me glide, swiftly as I have glided.

' I am the seed whence grew the unfathom'd ocean,
  Boundless, and crested with a foaming glory !
I form the billows whose eternal motion
  Shakes the strong rock and fells the mountain hoary :
Without me the wide earth were desolate,
  Its sweets corruption, and its verdure sere ;
And splendour waits upon my flowing state,
  Or in the curving wave, or orbed tear !'

Atom of the earth-filling element!
I cast thee now into thy kindred sea:
Lo! thou art mingled—
As spirit singled
From Nature's soul, awhile in us to be,
Is given to the Great Vast, and with its depths reblent.

W

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PEL VERJUICE.

CHAPTER VII.

I HAVE stipulated with my conscience not to begin the new year with a grumbling, vinegary chapter, or else,—well, I won't grumble—I will look only at the sunny side, if I can, and accept man's smile for as much as he wishes to pass current. So: I was fairly shipped on board His Majesty's Frigate A——; registered on her chronicles by name Peregrine Verjuice, aged 17 years, by trade a quill driver, by birth a Welshman: then I was tucked under a sort of gallows to ascertain my height, 5 feet 5 inches, white, soapy complexion, bleached oakum hair, high cheek bones, and deep ditches beneath them; eyes indigo, or pepper and salt, just as the sun or light chose they should be; a nose nothing particular, only it seemed to belong to me: no brands, marks, or scars. All these particulars were duly noted in the Book of Chronicles of H. M. S. A——, in order that if I deserted, the 'Hue and Cry' might have a description of me. This course was pursued through the whole crew; then each was stationed according to the estimate of his seamanlike qualities; or, with no such qualities, as landsmen, struck off for after guard and waisters. To myself, no particular duty was immediately assigned: they skipped my name in the muster, but I was soon made useful. I was ordered to paint the numbers on the hammocks. Whence were my tools to come? I had read Robinson Crusoe,—invention is the dutiful and pliant child of that frowning and austere mother, Necessity. My pallet was the head of a flour barrel: for brushes, hah! luckily a goose had been killed that day for the gun-room dinner, and he hung, heels up, in the galley; I plucked two or three feathers from his wing, these were for quills, and sawed off some hairs from the back of a goat, which came bobbing about my legs as if snuffing out a relationship. I am not sure that she was a countrywoman of mine, but she was my shipmate for seven years afterwards, and we became very good friends. For my easel, I selected the back of the smoothest long eighteen-pounder which I could find. Thus was I equipped and furnished for my new trade: but it was a dull business, though I had plenty to do, and got through it much less to my own than to the satisfaction of others. I was all the while dreaming how long we should lie

there: change of place was to me the most desirable thing. Conjecture was roaming from stem to stern of the ship, as to her destiny, when orders were given to clear her of the superfluous live lumber, with which, indeed, she was most plenteously stowed, and to 'unmoor;' then 'bring to the messenger; ship and man the capstern bars.' The process of getting under weigh in a man of war is worth a page of talk; but as I shall have to go through it often enough in my tale's journey, I will take a future opportunity for that talk. In this case there was no mystery in our movements; Spithead was the goal of our travel. 'Up and down' was sung out from the forecastle: then 'stopper the cable,' and 'pall the capstern,' from the quarter-deck; and 'unship the bars,' 'all hands make sail,' followed, and instantly the shrouds, on either side, were filled with men like swarming bees: no voice was heard but his who gave command, and a noble voice it was; but his words were repeated in the out-poured shrillness of the silver calls of the boatswain and his mates; and when every man had set his foot in the rigging, with hands grasping the ratlines, 'Away aloft!'—away the swarm rushed with an upward rapidity, as if the life of each depended on his being first. There was another pause: then 'trice up, lay (lie) out,' and the long-outstretched naked limbs of the ship were everywhere, upmingling in the blue of the sky, and down and out over the sea, alive with creeping things, hurrying out to their extremities, between them and certain destruction, was a curved, swinging, loose rope, on which they struck their feet: this was all that held them from plunging into the sea, or crashing to mummy on the deck. Strange as it is, reader, there is not an atom of danger in this. I never saw an accidental fall from a ship's yards in my life.

I had seen sails set on board the Tender and other ships, but on a small scale; here and there a man dotted the shrouds and the yards; but, on this occasion, hundreds were rushing against each other, each only anxious to be first and to do his own work, at any expense of danger or life to the others. All seemed riot, confusion, desperation; but all was silent; for all was in obedience to a sure design; it was order, precision, exactness, and familiarity with the action. 'Let fall, sheet home, haul o'board, hoist away!' were the next orders, delivered in one breath, and in an instant. Reader, this is one of the spectacles that throws such a charm over the trade of war, that hearts which would shudder while the mind adverted to its horrors, and sicken with contempt at the paltry yet infamous sophistries, which have been too, too often employed in fashioning and encouraging it, throb with delight on beholding such spectacles, and pant for this and a thousand others, which throw around war an attractive splendour. If the blade were permitted to corrode with the blood in which it had been bathed, its owner would hate it and scorn himself: it is the sword's polish and the hilt's gilt which recommend

it as an ornament to the hand; there is the loadstone of ladies' hearts. It is in vain that you will look even in the most skilfully manned merchant vessels for any thing which can glimpse a conception of a ship of war making sail from her anchorage. In a merchantman, the sails are spread and set stragglingly and partially; portions tumble down, flap about, and slowly, creepingly spread at intervals, and from the several points; but with the words I above quoted, the instant flashing effect is magical and magnificent: the minute-ago-naked masts, beams, and yards, the whole of the uptowering scaffolding and beautiful skeleton, is clothed in fifteen thousand feet of graceful drapery, so perfectly fitted, and so admirably put on: then out it swells and curves in the wind: it is beauty itself. Not a word is spoken till 'belay!' then the rumbling of four or five hundred stamping feet: the rattling of blocks and pulleys, the whirring of ropes, and the grinding of the massive beams which are by these adjusted in their required positions, are all at once stopped. Still the immense and splendidly compact machine lies motionless: the anchor has not yet quitted its mighty grip of the solid ground, ten fathoms beneath the surface of that glassy field on which she sits, but ready for her start. 'Ship the capstern bars,' a few more turns and the anchor is away; 'Man the cat and fish,' (odd things there are in a ship, reader, but I cannot stop to explain,) the proud and gorgeous mass of machinery, slowly gathering progress, glides round into her destined track. Track! there is no track. She is the engineer of her own road and digs it up as she advances, and it closes up behind, leaving no line to denote the course of her journey. She is a huge sea dragon, swimming along with her enormous wings thrown upwards to the air, while her copper belly curls up the hissing and boiling foam of the sea, and dashes the clipping waves from her ponderous bulk, as if in derision of their familiar touch. Sulphurous lightning, and thunder, and destruction, are engirdled within her many strong and massive ribs, ready to be spit forth at once from her fifty gaping mouths. Yet is she so beautiful; and she glides along with so much grace, that her every motion might seem the dignity of joy. Who could have thought she was an ocean monster, destined to seek victims and devour them! Circumstances more and more impressed me with ideas of the grandeur of this ship and her genteel manners on the water. 'Faith, the sea was her drawing-room; she was the lordly—lady mistress of the ceremonies there, and carefully exacted the forms of respect from all comers and goers; though she assumed the privilege of occasionally neglecting a little of her politeness, which she could act so prettily when the guest was of rank or station. She was authoritative and dictatorial in her demeanour at times. An humble equipage and unfashionable dress, which spoke the plebeian, transformed her tones and graces of courtesy into hauteur

and contempt: such were intruders on her sight—yet had she a falcon's eye in search of them, and eager was her clutch of what she oftentimes despised.

On our way we passed two ships of war, and there was a silent interchange of polite gratulations; elegant bows made in passing, the exclusives recognised each other immediately: but a lugger hove in sight; little ambitious was she of such genteel company. Unlucky lugger! she was under our lee, and inshore of us, when we first descried her through the haze; and, like a frightened bird, she instantly stretched out every feather of her wings in the hope of escaping; in vain, in vain; she must be caught; a shot brought her to, and in a few minutes the A—— cowered over her as a kite over a fluttering chicken. By this I was made fully sensible of the great size and ponderousness of our ship: she lay, just lifting, at easy intervals on the billows, while that poor, fragile, little creature, was tossed about like a shuttlecock or a blown bladder by every wave, which splashed mercilessly over her, drenching her from stem to stern; yet the men stood as steadily on the deck, as if their feet were pieces of her planks. These are the craft to teach a man to find his sea legs. And no wonder she was anxious to shun our civilities, for a boat was lowered—an officer and men were sent on board, and in a few minutes returned with two hardy, vigorous, young men, whose galled hearts looked out at their pale faces; and the lugger was told she might go. They were *impressed.* Such was all the ceremony used in adding two more victims to our band of captives. Huzza! jolly tars!—again! I cannot help it, reader, I did promise not to grumble in January: but I cannot resist heaving out this short groan and grin: now bowl away again, as if nothing had occurred, and sea, and air, and sky, and wind, were all King George's: so, also, were the stars at night; for they served as lanterns to one of his ships.

Reader, did you ever see an army of bats suspended by the heels to the roof of a cavern? If you have, you may form some idea of the 'tween decks of a frigate at night, when some two or three hundred hammocks are slung up to the ceiling, the deck over head, with half as many sleepers snoring in chorus, though my zoology does not tell me that bats snore. Did you ever switch a torch among the bats, (at the peril of your light it must be,) and set the whole rookery of them, hurry, skurry, upon the wing, with a furious whizz, and a cataract of whirr? If you have, you may conceive the effect which two or three shrill loud twit, twit, twits, followed by a long yell, (for it is nothing else, as it cuts into the ears of the sleepers,) from a quartetto of boatswain's and boatswain's mates' silver calls, has upon those who are occupying the hammocks: then the lengthened shout of 'all ha-a-ands a-hoy!' and down among the suddenly disturbed mass the arousers plunge to quicken the rapidity of bustle which

this occasions—'A-hoy here! out or down! rouse and bitt! show a leg here! out or down! tumble out! here I come, with a sharp knife and a clear conscience!' Each, meantime, thrashing away at the suspended sacks, as he dives under them; and wherever there is a sound of solidity, down it comes, contents and all, head or stern foremost, no matter which: the knife is sharp, and is through the laniards quicker than you can say 'Jack Robinson;' and in five minutes from the first signal, all is as clear, fore and aft, as if a snore had never been snored there, nor a hammock swung from the battens. How I hate, and always did hate, your early rising: nothing can reconcile me to it, but the fact that I cannot sleep, and I am not much troubled that way. Talk of your 'glorious rising sun,' and 'the glistening of the morning dews!' I am gaping for the first hour, and cannot see them; my eyes are sand-scaled: what can compensate for a comfortable snooze, and lying dreaming, neither awake nor asleep, building castles and fairy palaces, or plotting treason? I hold it unmerciful cruelty to have my castles, and palaces, and treason, whiffed away, with a 'come, get up: it is such a beautiful morning.' Hang you and your beautiful morning; it cannot be a thousandth part so glorious as the broad day of blissful dream which you have turned into darkness. But to be roused out to wash and scrub and scour decks, up to your knees in water, and down on your knees with the hard 'hand bible' to polish oaken or deal planks with sand, immediately out of your warm nest: this is perfection of *joy*, isn't it? Some folks have a silly notion that it is good for the body's health. Agues and sulkiness! I say 'tis no such thing: I am sure it is a sourer of the soul, however bright and cheering may be the aspect of heaven's morning. I was in this dismal train of thinking, when 'We are abreast of the wite,' was the remark which struck on my ears, as I was lashing up my hammock, with arms and hands not yet awake. 'Abreast of the wite,' what does that mean? then followed something about 'needles;' so, putting this and that together, I understood we were near the Isle of Wight, of which old dreams and imagination had drawn such delicious pictures.

The vernal and flowery Paradise of England was then within the scope of my vision; and the thought awoke my drowsy hands and arms, and quickened the turns of my hammock lashing, and lightened the load as I shouldered it and ran on deck to deliver it to the gunner's mate, who was buried up to his throat among the heaps which he was stowing in the waistnetting; I tossed mine over the rail and swung my head to the opposite direction; the ship gave a lurch and headlong I went down the hatchway ladder; a shout of laughter echoed the rattling of my bones, and 'ho! call the butcher!' 'here, scavenger, bring your bucket for the dirt!' and 'pick up the pieces!' were my salves and comforters: but the Isle of Wight was in sight, and I did not lose

time in rubbing my bruises, but limped on deck again for another peep. The moment my head was up the hatchway, the gunner's mate assailed me with 'ho! youngster!' from the hammock netting, nettled at my tossing my hammock to him so unceremoniously, 'stand by your salvagee!' and he threw it at me, so that it swung like a collar round my neck, and again capsized me. The fates and he were determined I should not see the Isle of Wight, for I was compelled to stand there till he chose to receive it, which was not till no other was left to be stowed. 'Now I will,' said I. 'Hallo! youngster, manhandle that bucket and pass the water along!' Well, I did 'manhandle the bucket,' &c. till that portion of the washing was completed. Then I could—no—'Down on the maindeck, youngster, and clap on the *holy stone!*' for having no station assigned to me as others had, I was at every body's ordering. Now, reader, was not this provoking? here was a trial of patience. At length, however, the decks were washed and *swabbed,* and I contrived to take a peep—this delay of the enjoyment had only increased my appetite, and I should relish it with a richer zest—and so I tried to see the Isle of Wight, and there it was. I saw nothing but battered, dingy whitewashed walls, or rather dingy sheets hanging from dirty walls, through the grim, grey morning's drizzle; and here and there, upon the wall's edge, a little wretched habitation was squatted, shivering in the cold; and I shivered, too, with disappointment, wet jacket, and cold feet. How barren, cheerless, and dismal, did every thing appear! How entirely did the ugly reality obliterate all my pretty pictures! To indulge in these realities, I had ran away from home and exposed myself to bruises, and bitterness, and peril. I was of so sanguine a temperament, that when my thoughts turned to distant scenes and foreign countries, I forgot all discomfort and distress, and revelled in delight. I had read of and reveried on other lands, till the hope of seeing them was the breath of my nostrils, the lamp of my existence; they made the total for which I wished to live; my being's aim and end was to *see.* The desire to know, when I had seen, is an engrafted stem on that deeply rooted and gnarledly grown tree. I have often questioned whether this thirst for wandering be a fortunate or an unhappy propensity in me; it cannot be outgrown,—it cannot be checked, I fear. Indulgence in it has constantly increased the desire; and even now I am fevered in the wish that I may not die, till I have retraced my hundred thousand leagues again in body, as it is my office now to retrace them with the limbs of my mind, and that I may yet wander over thousands and thousands more, which I have seen only in maps or in imagination. Hence, reader, you may comprehend how dolefully dismal was my first physical sketch of the Isle of Wight; especially as I have told you my fancied one had been so beautiful. Matters mended, however, as we approached St. Helen's and Spithead; for there,

on anchoring, I saw enough to repay me, in some measure, for my former disappointment, and enough to make me feel the dryness of imprisonment; for as to my being permitted to press that verdure, or sit under those trees, or ramble among those hedgerow walks and woods, that was a hope not to be entertained for a moment. But hope with me was ever stretching forth a far reaching and gladdening hand, and grasping at the distant visions of fancy, till the eager spirit transformed them into distinctly moulded realities. 'Tis thus I have ever such an abundant store of duplicate enjoyments; and when reality *does* fail to gratify, ay, when it obliterates the dream, I am still happy that I have so dreamt. Say what you please, reader, of this folly, this self-mocking humour of the blood, I trust and pray it will never dry up in me, till the undertaker comes to measure me for my last covering. Folks that cannot or will not so dream, feel but a modicum of the pleasures which fall, justly, to their share in this world; they live only half a life. I was daily dreaming while we lay at Spithead; for conjecture was busying itself on whither we should be ordered to go. To-day it was the East Indies, to-morrow the West, then came tidings of the Mediterranean, and, occasionally, misgivings that we were condemned to Channel groping, or to live, if we could, through sleet, and snow, and ice, a winter in the North Sea. These fears, happily, were dispelled by a posse of tiptop dandy clerks coming on board to pay wages and bounty, for word was passed, an order smoothed off into a request, a wish, that all the blue jackets should provide themselves with warm climate rigging,—Banians or Guernsey frocks, and white trowsers. Hah! now I was alive again, the further the better; and next day we weighed; rumour ran that we were going first to the Cove of Cork, to wait for a fleet of traders, which we were to convoy. It was on the passage from Spithead to Cork, that, for the first time, I saw a man flogged man-of-war fashion, and oh!—but I have promised not to grumble in January, so, if you please, reader, we will let this affair stand over awhile, till after the holidays; but lest the hint should metamorphose the plums in your pudding to pebbles, or the sugar on your twelfth cake to aloes, take this: that man was a thief, and a treacherous knave, to boot.

On the third day of our swinging along from Spithead, as the early morning fog cleared away, the ship's head was pointing as directly amidships of the two projections which form the entrance to Cork harbour, as if she had been measured to the place with a carpenter's rule. Who does not wonder at this? It is the exactness of science, precision of calculation, and a constant watchfulness, which, carried to the highest perfection in ships of war, causes less surprise at their escaping the hidden perils of the sea, than at their stumbling on them. Remember, you don't tie your ship to a tree at night, there; the road is not macadamized, there are

no mile stones nor finger posts. A little shivering needle in a circular box, and a star over head, are all the index and beacons; yet will she flit across the wide and pathless waste of waters, as truly as an arrow shot from a bow, though the points be a thousand leagues asunder. This very thought alone is sufficient to reconcile one to mouldy biscuits and putrid water for a month occasionally. So with a swish, into the very middle of the gaping jaws of the Cove of Cork did the A— gallantly rush; anchored and moored, and lay there to 'bide her time;' while the hands were exercised, daily, in loosing, reefing, and furling sails, and working the guns. There was the green shore under my eye, and I often wished it were under my foot; but, by degrees, I thought less of the deprivation, and was anxious only to be moving further away; lecturing myself, occasionally, into a resolution to become a tough one, to endure hardships; and constantly failing, it seemed, in body, as I tried my strength at endurance, I could not trace my progress, though it is certain I was not stationary in this matter; and whatever might have been the treatment of others, I can complain, myself, of no real harshness, or particular severity. On the contrary, there was much disposition to kindness exhibited, and endeavour so to employ me, as to relieve from liability to the maltreatment to which, otherwise necessarily, (as the discipline is ordered,) I must have been exposed.

Nearly one-third of our crew were Irish, and the daily visitants from the shore to see sons, brothers, and friends on board, presented many of those singular scenes, which in the warmth, and, to an Englishman, oddity and extravagance of Irish character, were so remarkable a commingling of the ludicrous with the pathetic. Some were well-clad tradesmen, but by far the greater part were stockingless; some shoeless; many, too, who had, thus equipped, (or expended their better equipments on the way, perhaps,) traversed from the North-West extremity of Connaught just to exchange a word or a salute with a friend or relative, and then bid farewell for ever. There was one man, in green old age, about sixty, who came on board to see his son, Justin Moran; he had the appearance of a decent farmer, in his corduroys and heavy top boots, and two coats, each trailing down to his heels; evidently he was of much heavier worldly substance than any of the motley and tattered beings, who daily flitted about the decks, or stood between the guns, alternately silent, sad and whispering, with mouths in contact, and screaming out a wild laugh of joy, and pattering the decks with their brogues or naked feet, in a sudden ecstacy. To see his boy, Justin, the old man came on board. Of all the odd Irishmen we could muster, Justin Moran was the oddest; a compound of idiocy and hard cunning—clumsy cunning; a creature, whose visage, eyes excepted, informed one he was half demented; but in the eye was a sly sinister knavery peeping out at times; it betokened a depraved, a brutalized

intellect, rather than original stupidity. His pale, bloated cheeks, hung flabbily as if pulled down by their own dead weight, and the eyes peered through cracks in the swoln, bladdery sockets, like little twinkling lights buried in balls of dingy tallow. His huge head was covered with matted hair, begrimed with dust and dirt, as though comb, brush, nor fingers, nor water, had ever made acquaintance with it, and its only covering had been a dust basket. Sluggish and drowsy in all his movements, every spark of being which could lift him out of the mere animal, seemed utterly extinct. His whole appearance, manner, and habits, were those of one of those melancholy wretches, who have soddened their brains by months of unrecovered drunkenness; whose senses have evaporated in wild riot and the filthiest debauchery. Such, indeed, was the case with him, and he was but twenty years of age. 'Pass the word for Justin Moran,' was sung out from above to the main deck, where Justin was at that moment employed in his office of sweeper. 'Justin, boy, here's your fader come o'boord to see yez,' said Teddy Disney to him; but Justin paid no attention, he continued the action of his broom. 'Hand him down on a clean plate,' cried Mike Weymouth, the boatswain's mate, who was then superintending the labour of Justin and others. Presently the old man descended: 'Justin, darlin, how are you, thin?' and he ran to him. Justin attended only to his broom, though his father had by this time clasped him round the neck and kissed him, while the tears flowed fast down his cheeks; but no word, no look, was returned by the son: the broom only moved jerkingly. The father took the heavy head and pressed it to his bosom, patting it, and stroking down the coarse and ragged locks, as, probably, he was wont when Justin was a little chubby urchin on his knee. 'Justin, darlin, spake to me.' Justin answered by a struggle to disengage his head. "Och, hone! darlin, Justin, boy, dear boy, do spake to your fader; would you brake my old heart, quite; do look up in my face, thin!' and he continued his caresses while the tears rolled down his cheeks like rain.—'Darlin, Justin, do look up at me,' he continued, 'spake to me; I have left your mother and the chilther, and by the same token come all the way from Kallymard, just to get a sight of yez, and to hear a word, and you won't spake. Och, hone! and is it after killing me yez ud be?' All had no effect; at once the old man burst out with such a transition of emotion, that he appeared nothing like the same man. He stepped back a little, and looked at his son and his broom, and then, as if in ecstacy of admiration, on the top of his voice he cried, 'Och! an its an iligant sweeper you are; never say the Morans have not an idicashon; fait and you handle the broom like a gentleman or a lady. Oh! may be I won't give you oceans of brooms, and you shall pick and choose from the best to show your taste; its an iligant taste, I'll go bail you have. Oh! then you

shall have an assartment of em, Justin; I'll cut up every twig in the ould place; you know it, Justin, darlin; if I should not lave the stump of a shillaley for the love of a friend, if you'll spake to me;' and he melted again. 'Och, botheration,' at last Justin blurted out, 'lave me alone, fader, and don't be hindering me from sweeping, and the boatswain's mate by me; may be I shan't be's after getting a starting, and he with his colt in his pocket.' 'Drop the broom and speak to the old man, you greasy Russhan,' said Mike Weymouth, snatching the broom from his hand, and switching Justin's back with it, and then doing the remainder of the sweeping himself. 'God's blessin on you, Sir, you've a tinder heart, and I thank you,' said the father, snatching the hand of the boatswain's mate, and jerking it as if it had been a thrashing flail. The father and son stepped between two of the guns, and there a scene ensued, Justin throwing a side glance at the boatswain's mate, while he hurried forth an eager whisper to his father—'Did you bring the whiskey?' 'Is it the whiskey?—the whiskey?' and his father's eye spoke deeply as these words were uttered, 'The whiskey is it, Justin?' and he shook his head, 'No, darlin.' Justin was blank again, and not a little black.

After a minute of silence and sulk, he spoke earnestly in Irish, to which his father answered in short guttural words. What was said I could not understand; but from what followed, I learned the substance to be, 'Father, if you love me, give me your coat;' for the outer garment was taken off, and given to Justin. Then in English Justin chuckled: 'This will save me from the cowld; look how its snowing, fader,' and he stooped to look through the port, the snow was falling thickly, 'Och, but it will keep me warrum,' and he wrapped himself in it, 'in the cowld nights when I'm on the look out on the weather gangway.' More gesticulation and Irish followed, and it won for Justin his father's body coat, who now stood, in his shirt sleeves, hugging his son, whose eye, meanwhile, laughed on the two coats, which lay across his arm. 'Och, then, Justin, its your own fader that shall walk two hunther miles, and widout a coat he'll be, all for the love of you, boy, so I will, and think joy of it every step I take. Justin, honey, I won't feel the cowld snow and the wind when my heart shall be cowld, and that's true for me!' To this Justin was no listener: his father clasped and kissed him once more, then in obedience to the order for him to leave the ship, turned silently away, and got into the boat—Justin, unmoved and careless of his departure, remained on the main deck, till he heard the dropping of the oars into the water! then he looked through the port, saw his father was fairly gone; then he cracked his fingers, whirled the coats round and round over his head, and sprung with a whoop of mad laughter, the ecstasy of triumph. 'Oh, then, Justin, but its yourself is an iligant christian child: faith, an

ye're the broth of a boy, to take your *owld* fader's coats, and lave himself to go all the way to Kallymard in his shirt sleeves this blessed night, and the blowing and the snowing that there is,' said Teddy Disney. But Justin still reeled, and laughed, and capered. 'Can't you be *quite*, you Homadhaun,' and Teddy seized him by the arm, suspended the coat-whirl, dragged him to the port, and held him with a grip by the 'scruff o' the neck of him,' and thus compelled him to look. There was the old man sitting with his head bowed down to his knees, his face buried in his palms: the boatman with a dudeen in his mouth lying on his oars. 'Look at your owld father, you Judas of a baste, and see him breakin his heart in his shirt sleeves, and all for the likes o' you.' Justin was perfectly passive under this, and after the other had withdrawn his grip, remained in a fixed gaze, till his head dropped on the gun. He then stood in board, for awhile stupified, then groaned, or rather shrieked, 'Och hone!' and fixing his hands on the break of the forecastle, sprung on deck, over the hammock netting, and into the forechains, and set up a cry so ludicrous, but so wild, so heart-piercing, I will not attempt to describe it. He was on his knees calling to his father to come back and take the coats, while he still hugged them to his breast as a mother presses her child in the fear of its being torn from her. 'Och, fader, fader, come and have your coats again, you'll be perished, so you will:' then followed some ejaculations in Irish, and 'Oh, blessed mother of Jasus! and was I after robbing my poor fader, and laving his ould bones to be freezed in the snow, after all as I have done to break his heart.' By this time the boat had drawn sufficiently near to admit of the coats being thrown in, but the old man waved his hand in refusal, saying, 'Keep them, darlin! I won't want them; I'm all over warrum now!' Justin threw them into the boat, stripped off his jacket, it followed the coats; then his shirt, that went too, and lastly his trousers; then thrust his body through the port, dropped upon the main deck, ran forward, and crouched naked in the manger between the cables. 'Boatswain's mate, start that fellow aft here,' called the officer from the quarter-deck. The boatswain's mate went forward for that purpose, and laid hold of Justin by the shoulder, but he slipped like an eel out of his hands, and crouched against the bows on his hams, so that the rope's end could not reach his back. At length Justin was grappled and dragged forth, but he slipped away again, and in an instant was through the bowport: *splash* he fell into the water, and swam to the boat in which his father was. He scrambled over her gunnel, and there knelt naked to the old man, who clasped him in his arms, till a boat from the ship separated them. This was the last time the father and son saw each other, except in dreams, for Justin was killed three years after.

We had been lying in the cove for about six weeks, while

transports and victuallers assembled there, for what purpose I could not then learn; but on the 4th of December, a line-of-battle ship appeared off the harbour's mouth, and telegraphed to the men-of-war within. 'All hands unmoor' soon followed, and in an hour the harbour was in motion with frigates and transports under way. On arriving outside, we found four ships of the line and another fleet of some thirty sail of transports full of troops, hovering about till our squadron joined; which done, the signal to make sail was thrown out from the flag-ship, and repeated by the frigates, the A—— leading the convoy, and the Success urging on the stragglers and dull sailors. 'Hurra! for a warm climate!' was the talk as every bowsprit looked S.S.W. But whither? which? West Indies? East Indies? Mediterranean? that S. S.W. was the course to either for several hundred leagues. It was an expedition; to attack what place? We could not guess. Hard knocks, at all events, we might calculate on with some certainty. Troops and line-of-battle ships,—there were batteries to be battered before the troops could be landed then: hard knocks to a certainty; and some of us would lose the number of our mess in the job. The secret did not transpire for some weeks. Exercising daily at the guns might have taught us to expect we should soon be called upon to work them in earnest. And perhaps it was well to keep the secret close, we might have gossiped with strange ships on our passage, to the frustration of, or at least increase of difficulties to the scheme. Well, on we sped, day after day, and such speeding with such objects before and around us was to me a newness of life and joy. The sea, within a circumference of some miles, was sprinkled over with buoyant habitations crowded with human dwellers. Here was a little white cottage: there a lofty and noble mansion: a suburban village, each house in which was separated from its neighbour, by a larger or smaller space of liquid verdure in undulations, on the tops of which the crested billows swayed and bowed like garden flowers shaken by the breeze. The whitened walls threw back the rays of the sun, or received on them the sleeping light of the clear moon: and all were journeying along on the sparkling and flashing waters. Now, almost in the distant horizon, one had strayed from the rest as it floated, and seemed clipped in an embrace of sea and sky, with nothing visible of motion stirring her. Now she was a dream; now a crashing confusion of suddenly awakened and bright thoughts; now diminished, reduced, concentrated to one single point of perfect beauty; an idea alone and unconnected; a gem of itself, and all gem within itself. She was the echo of a linnet's 'twit,' single, small, and clear. Now she looked like a spark of fire as the clear sun flashed on her sails. Hark! 'tis music floating over the water, and swimming about our ship's white wings. It is the band on board the Admiral: an enormous ship, double our own in size: we are nearing on her starboard

quarter, and how deliciously soft that music sounds as it winds towards us: its air,—its particular tune, is undefinable at this distance; but there is witchery in it thus, it touches the combustion spark of the soul, and fans the imagination into a blaze of rich creations: it is the realization of a fairy revel, so bland, so mild, so sweet, so gentle. And there the ship rides along; her mountain weight scarcely lifting to the rolling sea: yet onward she swings, while her lofty royal masts sway to and fro, cutting, triply, vast arcs across the dappled sky; while that transport under our starboard bow, though of four hundred tons burthen, is a very plaything for the sportive billows; they toss her green coppery breast out of her path, till it points to heaven; they bound along, and down again it plunges into the hollow they have left behind. Her decks are crowded, booms and all, with idle soldiers; and some other half-a-dozen, apart on the quarter-deck, hold talk and comment on the beauty and order of the frigate so near. Those men on the booms are saying, 'My eyes, Jim,' and 'blow me, Joe, she's a gallows fine craft:' for pass a ship twenty times a day at sea, she will always present a new form and new points of beauty to gaze on, admire, or censure. On board the A—— everything is hushed, everybody is motionless, except that four-feet-high reefer, who, contrary to orders, is scrambling up the after carronade, from which he may get a better view of the Admiral. 'Young gentleman, if a certain eye see you, you will very likely try a journey to the mast-head to fit you for climbing.' Now we are nearly alongside of the great ship: then follows an interchange of hat lifting from either quarter-deck, and a wave of the hand or handkerchiefs from forecastles; and the band strikes up a crashing burst in salutation, not a word spoken till it ceases. The admiral's voice is heard: 'How d'ye do, Captain M. &c.;' and 'there is a straggler or two out on the larboard beam; drive them up, that we may have them all snug by sunset.' And with a few spokes' turn of the wheel, the A—— sweeps round, crowds all sail, as if by magic, and dashes out laterally from the admiral, threading her way through the fleet. Now she seems bent on dashing into the bowels of this ship, yet shoots past under her stern, near enough to grasp her mizen boom: now she slips across the bow of that, so close that her mainsail may be bored by the jib-boom end; but no, all is as clearly passed as if there had been a mile between them. Then on she bowls and swings, ploughing up whole hillocks into spray, and dashing them from her bows in a succession of cataracts. Signal to close with the commodore is made to the lazy or lubberly ones, and they crack under every stitch of sail, at the peril of their masts, in obedience to the order, for sunset is now fast drawing on. And such sunsets as we had there! I had read and heard much talk of the glorious beauty and splendour of these things, but never saw one, till I was out on the bosom of the Atlantic, and watched the sun

as he glided down on his throne of golden clouds, and spread a blaze of many hues, crimson, violet, and green, upon the glassy plain beneath him. Now the rolling and dark masses, fringed with vermilion and laced with silver, hung as a gorgeous veil before his face, or shot up radiations and fine threads of transparent and coruscated vapour, through and above the denser conglomerations; the whole glory of the spectacle acquiring a deeper and a richer magnificence, while the dazzling brightness of the great luminary dims, as he slowly sinks behind, or pauses on the lower edge of a cloud, through which his splendour shoots a clear, pure-mellowed blaze. Ethereal temples, fanes, and gardens, suspended by an invisible hand from the great arch, swing in harmonious duty on his retiring light, the immediate attendants on his silently majestic course; while others, less near, are gathering around him, antheming his praise as he moves beyond the limits of their sky; and the outstretched remotenesses on either hand stand awed, as gazers deeply and devoutly worshipping. He touches the ledge of the watery horizon, pauses with a final, blessing smile upon his countenance, then sinks at once before the enthralled and enraptured sight; diffusing with that last look on the mortal day, such a wonder of delight! an arched ocean showering down joy on the hushed and adoring spirit.

How beautiful! how limitlessly, how indescribably beautiful were all these things! The most dazzling, glorious effulgence, softened, melted into quiet, tranquil, pure gentleness of splendour, which seemed to breathe pity, love, gladness, affection, and bliss—bliss! bliss! on all creatures, and on all things. It was a bath for the soul to refresh in, to sail in, to sleep, to dream in! How *good* I was while I gazed there! My heart was all peace; my thoughts all delight,—love: not a vice was then on earth's broad surface, in its recesses, or on its mountain sides. Ill did not exist: corroding passions had no being, no name; and all the children of the earth were transformed into angels. Even that boatswain's mate on board the Salvador del Mundo was a thing of beauty now. How truly, deeply, do I thank the God of Nature for such balmy and blessed thoughts; such delicious anodynes as scenes like this, and a thousand others, have thrown on my parched spirit!

Look at the setting sun a thousand, ay, a million times, and you will never weary of its grandeur. You will feel no diminution of its power over the senses. It never relaxes its enfolding of the soul, if you once give your soul to the gaze. It was now, for the first time in my life, I was made fully sensible of its wondrous power on the spirit; but there are other places and circumstances wherein the glory far excels anything which I ever saw at sea. I feel that I have failed in my painting in the above attempt: it would be folly to do more than merely to cast a glance in refer-

ence to a clear, frosty sun-set, when the thermometer is below zero, and we, meantime, are dashing along in a cariole on the ice, the whole length of Lake St. Peter's, in Canada. That is a thing which may be gazed upon, but it is not to be talked of, not to be painted,—a scene which the soul may drink in, but which words can never re-deliver forth. He looks an ocean-bed of snow into the blended hues of an iris, then sinks to rest beneath it.

The wind veered round to the Southward, when we had been at sea about ten days, and the fleet braced sharp up to battle with its opposition. It was indeed an inspiriting thing to gaze on so many coursers of the sea, as they galloped freely before the gale; but now the scene took on and increased in attraction. The ships gained new impetus as they approached each other and bowed as they passed on opposite tacks, and then shot past with the speed of an arrow from a bow; and as the distance grew they seemed to faint in their force of flight, as if the power which had drawn them on, and dashed them along, had spent itself. There again two might be seen racing side by side, straining for the mastery, bent down by the wind's pressure on their triple mountain piles of canvass, till the decks to leeward furrowed the water, each lurching and plunging in the swashing heaves of the sea, by fits, so that the stander there, and the looker on here, held their breaths, as if the whole bulks would topple over, and be whelmed beneath the ocean. But each gracefully and gloriously swung upwards again, and laughed in her security, while some more clumsily fashioned, built with a view to gormandizing a huge cargo, rather than to carry one quickly, dragged themselves heavily and slowly along, with creaking masts writhing under every patch of canvass they could muster, in the vain effort to keep pace with their more fortunate and fleety comrades. They faded to less and less, as the space between them and the better sailers widened. Then was the moment for the A—— to revel in her falcon speed. She darted down and along to the uttermost limits of the scattered fleet: now whizzing to the east; throwing up broad and spreading fountains of spray as she split the on-coming billows in her westward dash; then rocking from side to side, till her yard arms pointed at the yesty waves, as she swung in balance before the wind in her northward run: now bounding to this point, now darting to that, and wheeling round all with the rushing sweep of an eagle round a flock of swans, that flap their wings in laboured motion, until resuming her first position, she half enfolded her wings, and floated as she rested on her sea. 'Faith, reader, I began to be proud of my ship!

These baffling winds continued till the nineteenth day of our departure from Cork, then chopped round smilingly. It was in the afternoon of that day, that 'Land ho,' was sung out from the mast-head.—'Whereabouts?' from the quarter-deck.—'Half a point on the larboard bow,' and half a dozen glasses were levelled

in the direction given. Ay, land it was; but an hour beyond this I could see nothing but a thick black cloud rising from the horizon. That could not be land? yes: it grew into distinctness and assumed solidity of appearance: this was Porto Santo; the first bit of foreign land my young and wistful eyes had yet seen; and I felt towards it a love and reverence, though it looked like nothing else than a huge black castle rising directly out of the sea, with its walls dilapidated, and its turrets and towers in demolition. Signal was now made for the headmost ship to shorten sail, and to the fleet to draw close in round the commander-in-chief, which, by sunset, was accomplished: all were packed up in a small circle, with main-topsails aback; and the space between every ship was alive with boats, passing to and from the Admiral and others with final orders; and in a short time the A—— was in a buz, fore and aft, from forecastle to 'tween decks, from quarter-deck to cock-pit. We were to attack Madeira next day. During the night, the fleet filled and made sail, and at earliest dawn, for I did not require rousing from the boatswain's mate on this occasion, I was gazing with more than all my eyes on the mountain which rose up to the sky on our starboard-bow: my heart leaped with ecstasy on seeing it: I knew nothing of the pending battle, and probability of death, my every faculty was in my eyes; my soul had leaped to that mountain's top; and when the morning's sun had lifted himself sufficiently high to throw his broad light there, I felt myself almost in heaven. Nearer and nearer we approached, and flitted along the mountain's base: while I was feasting on the ten thousand objects which rose, changed, and vanished, till I was drunk with delight, yet speechless through all. I have frequently, but fruitlessly endeavoured to trace the origin, the cause, the germ of this, if not singular, at least unusually strong and graspingly deep pleasure, which I ever enjoy in looking on a new scene, or perhaps an old one, if beautiful, wild, romantic, or when decorated by art. Is it one of those faculties which are called innate? I well remember that I used to lie awake for hours, forming, as it were, in dreams, gardens, mountains, rocks, landscapes, seas, rivers, summer-houses, grottos, and temples, and holding them in my eye as palpably as if they were physically present, long before I read, or could read of such things: this I do remember, distinctly, as far back as before my fifth year, I am certain of the time, for I have room and bed in which I lay, under my eyes now: but I have not the slightest recollection that my father, or any one, ever spoke to me of these matters; and I think I could not have forgotten it, had they done so: and, here, as we rolled into Funchal bay, was the very realisation of one of these waking dreams of my childhood. I would cheerfully go back and live years of misery over again, if I could again feel what I felt on the morning of December 24, 1807. Oh! I remember it,—

remember it! but it is a feeling which I *cannot* recreate: it was like that fulness of the joy of innocence, in which, a kirtled child, my little pepper pod of a heart swelled, and my eyes flooded, at the distant ringing of church bells as it leaps over the haze of a sunny morning. I saw Madeira thrice afterwards, but never with the same heart.

The eye paused, fascinated, as it rose upwards from the town and took in the white dwellings, fairy temples, elfin cottages, and sprite cells, that sat upon the mountain side; so small, so elegant, so airy, did they all appear; the builders must have been workmen from a world of spirits; they were the houses of Lilliput. It was the hugeness of the mountain which, to my unaccustomed sense, gave to the buildings those diminutive and fairy like proportions: they were the very things I had fashioned in my dreams, my waking dreams, and seen in prints; the very things themselves, which I had erected of cards and paper; and the trees, too, belonged to Oberon's own forest; and the shrubs were of Titania's garden. There, upon a turning ridge in the hill, one stood out against the light, and yet preserved its Lilliputianism; another, nestled in a hollow, was the little snug retreat of some six inch sage, shut out from the world. And every where the green, gliding off into brown and deeper shades or brighter hues, told spring, summer, and autumn had their home there, together and for ever. Craving still, and feeding still unsated, the gaze was called to a hundred points of beauty and fascination in a moment, and revelled bewilderedly on all; till, taking in the whole of the grandeur, and magnificence, and fairiness, of the uptowering and outlaid bulk of the mountain, the soul said, '*This is sublime!*' One mighty shoulder and arm extending away to the north, green and varied at its junction with the body, became dim, blue, and dark in the distance which it *grasped into.* The huge broad foot, spreading like the roots of a monarch among the oaks of the Titans, was firmly planted down, down, a thousand fathoms down in the rocky bottom of the Atlantic; and those dark black rifts, too, which score the mountain's front from summit to base; they are the ravines which are digged by the rushing torrents when the collected clouds, striking against the mountain's high crown, burst open, and throw down their thundering cataracts, tearing up earth and rocks in their course, and leaving their dry channels to blacken in the sun and wind when the rains subside. This, reader, is the result of inquiry into the cause: but imagination, on first beholding the effect, flies back thousands and thousands of years, and regards them as the result and record of some mighty demon struggle with the operations and architecture of nature, who, strong in his fierce malignity, sought to deface and destroy the wonder and loveliness of her handy work, and having fixed his burning and enormous hands on the fabric in the intent to tear it to fragments, left these

haggard, charred, and black lacerations to mark the wounds he had inflicted. They are the rents which his huge claws had torn in the face and breast of the mountain's beauty, that beauty which had kindled the envious fury of his hate. Nor was the town of Funchal without its novelty: houses all so un-English; all white, steeples and turrets shooting up above the flat roofs, and all silently smiling under the sun's light; the boats with their high pointing sterns, and gaudily coloured bows, a big eye looking out of each, or a bunch of flowers on each side washed by the spray, as they lay wobbling near the surfy beach; the men *standing* to row, with their faces to the boat's stem. And that genial richness of the climate, the temperature, was alone sufficient to satisfy and repay every excited fancy or previous discomfort. Midsummer voluptuousness was in the air; and twenty days ago I had been shivering in snow and sleet. Here all was glow and free elasticity: no buttoning up, no muffling of the body to exclude the cold blast and the snow, but, jacket discarded and neck bared to taste fully the fanning breeze through the sun's heat. 'People ought to be happy here,' I thought: but, reader, we had business to do here in this pretty glorious place, and nature must be forgotten awhile: though, *entre nous,* I had much rather stay with her a little longer.

The fleet of transports and victualling ships stood off and on under easy sail, at a little distance from the anchorage in Funchal bay, while the ships of war advanced under the batteries, and, taking their respective stations, each to its own point of attack, came to anchor with springs on the cable. Understand this manœuvre, reader, will you? Where there is no tide, a ship always swings head to wind at her anchor, so we should have done here, or if we had swung head to tide, the position of the ship's broadside could not have admitted the pointing the guns to the objects of offence. A hawser is, in such cases, passed through a stern port, and being brought forward to the cable at the bow, is hauled upon till she is drawn by the sweep of her stern, with her broadside to the position required. Were I to tell this over again in a seamanlike, and strictly correct nautical fashion, I should puzzle you much more than I have done by this clumsy attempt. The York took one battery all to her own share, I forget the name of it, but I see it and her now, at the N. E. end of the town. The Invincible and the Admiral were in line, with heads a little east of the centre of the town, broadside on to Loo rock and castle, in which line also the A—— has taken up her station, close under the stern of the flag-ship; a capital berth I assure you, reader, for getting well peppered and pelted; and the Shannon laterally from our larboard quarter. Every thing was now in order; fires extinguished, fearnought screens round the hatchways, for passing powder from the magazines. Shot racks drawn from under their peaceable coverings, and arrayed ready for their

work: guns cast loose, crow-bars for pointing the guns lying at hand on the deck, tompions out, all ready for a game at thunder. By jingo! but old Loo will get it roundly presently; how the stones will rattle about his ears. A hundred and twenty-six guns will bang at once three thousand pound weight of iron wedges right into his ribs: why the very wind of it will make him reel and stagger! But don't you imagine, reader, that I was not frightened in all this. 'Faith, there was something in the orderly stillness of lying there for half an hour with all this preparation for destruction and death, that made me think there might be worse places than the counting-house after all. There was no noise, no laugh, no show of hilarity, yet was there some interjectional jesting banded about, which called up grim smiles, but no laugh, no cachination, no chirruping. Men, shirtless, with handkerchiefs bandaged tightly round their loins and heads, stood with naked brawny arms folded on their hairy and heaving chests, looking pale and stern, but still, hushed; or glancing, with a hot eye, through the ports to the battery on which the Portuguese flag flaunted, very innocently, while those black looking monsters, the guns, were creepingly shifting the position of their heads, and looking open mouthed upon us. All these matters were to me ugly, dismal, throat pinching; I felt a difficulty in swallowing. Now if we had gone at it at once, without this chilling prelude, why I dare say I should have known very little about that thing which we call fear. I shall have plenty of these matters to talk of by and bye. 'Stand to your guns!' at last came in a peal, through the perfect stillness, from the captain's speaking trumpet; it swept fore and aft with such clear force, as though it had been spoken within a foot of the ear, and seemed to dash down into the holds and penetrate to the very keel. The instant change this produced was magical. 'Take good aim, ready the first *platoon!*' Ready? aye, every one *was* ready: stern, fixed, rigid in soul, pliant, elastic in body. 'Captains of the guns watch the falling of the first shot, and point accordingly.' Not a word was replied, even the everlasting 'Ay, ay, sir,' was refused now. Now then, no firing yet? No: a boat with a white flag is rowing out from under the Loo rock; and ho! humbug; there is to be no rumpus after all. That boat brought terms of capitulation; indeed, there had been no occasion for the 'expedition,' as its chief objects had already been secured by Sir Sidney Smith, a week or two before. Well, I was at once glad and sorry; glad that I had escaped the danger of a battle; and sorry that I had missed the seeing and knowing what it was like. Hem! I thirsted for knowledge, reader. Well, the transports stood in and anchored, hundreds of boats were in requisition, and cargoes of red-coated, knapsacked, musketed, belted, cartouch-boxed, and bayoneted bodies, floated in towards the beach, and round Loo's base, and disembarked; and 'the British flag waved, proudly' (?) over Loo Castle, and Funchal, &c. &c.

THE TRUE DIAMOND.

There *is* a diamond might burn,
  Alike for each and all,
O woe betide the ones that spurn
  That spark in hut or hall;
For it warms the heart, awakes the eye,
  'Tis radiant ev'ry where,
And cold the home, however high,
  If that lustre be not there!
Then O to make all voices wake,
  In one accordant quire,
To sing the hearth—the *warm* bright hearth,
  The homefelt, household fire!
That diamond spark, that bids the dark
  Of moral evils flee—
That can impart, to ev'ry heart,
  The thrill of sympathy.

Proud man, put by your pageantry,
  Your mitres, sceptres, seals,
And look on wide humanity—
  Each breathing atom *feels.*
Behold the universal beam,
  That daily burns on high:
Behold the thousand stars that stream,
  Along the orb-lit sky:
O spread a glow as bright on earth,
  Which all alike require;
O kindle upon *ev'ry* hearth,
  Sweet home's own household fire!
That diamond spark that bids the dark
  Of vice and woe depart—
That, like the sun, warms ev'ry one,
  Who wears a human heart.

Be broken batons—sceptres cast
  Into one general fire;
Let all the follies of the past,
  In one wide blaze expire.
Give each the culture humankind
  Should ev'rywhere command,—
The throbbing heart, the thinking mind,
  The active foot and hand.
Not gaudy domes, but happy homes,
  Bid men to truth aspire:
Let altars fall, above them all
  I hold the household fire!
That diamond glow, that all might know,
  If men were wise, were free,
To turn from kings and courtly things,
  And raise HUMANITY!

M. L. G.

JANUARY.

A Chime for the New Year.

Allegro.

p

lent.o

He looks but cold - ly upon us now - - - - Yet in he

tempo

kind, He has blessings be - neath his cloak of snow - - -

As we shall find. The tiny spears that yet have power, To

f

guard the glowing crocus flower And the snow - drop fair, (That

living pearl in its mount of green, The spring's own de_li_cate

Poco rit.

a tempo

virgin queen) Are trea_sure there - - - . Hither,

a tempo

pp

hither, come, all and bring, come, all, & bring To the year's first

lento

born a welcoming, bring To the year's first born a welcoming.

p

lento

to

dim.

For the words see p. 418.

SONGS OF THE MONTHS.—No. 1,* JANUARY.

A CHIME FOR THE NEW YEAR.

He looks but coldly upon us now;
Yet is he kind:
He has blessings beneath his cloak of snow,
As we shall find:
The tiny spears that yet have power
To guard the glowing crocus flower,
And the snow-drop fair—
(That living pearl in its mount of green,
The spring's own delicate virgin queen)
Are treasured there.
Hither, hither, come all, and bring
To the year's first-born a welcoming.

He smiles—though faintly the sunshine gleam,
'Tis sunshine still;
Though no more in liquid music stream,
The gurgling rill,
There's a hurried gush that is borne along,
From the robin's throat, sweet fount of song,
So fresh, so clear.
O light and music! we well can bear
The falling snow and the chilly air,
If you are here!
Hither, hither, come all, and bring
To the year's first-born a welcoming.

CORIOLANUS NO ARISTOCRAT.

It was a saying of that being, whose name so many have taken in vain, by calling themselves Christians without letting their actions conform to the meaning of the appellation, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's!' Many sermons might be written upon this text, of very profitable tendency; and it might be taken for a correct motto to the publication of which this writing is to form a part, were it not a fact, that a large portion of those who will yet become our readers, would take alarm at it, as an indication of a sectarian spirit, and thereupon resolve not to look deeper. But a main principle of the *Monthly Repository* is, to deal with every one and all according to their deserts, or as the Saint Simonians phrase it,

* This is the first of a series, which we hope to continue, unbrokenly, at least through one twelvemonth. The music by which they will be accompanied, is presented to our readers from the author of 'Musical Illustrations of the Waverley Novels,' 'Songs of the Seasons,' the 'Hymn of the Polish Exiles,' &c.—Ed.

'according to their capacity, and according to their works.' A portion of that principle is to strip the veil from antiquated errors, and expose them, as far as possible, to the bright and piercing light of truth. In pursuit of this object, I purpose doing what my capacity will enable me, to destroy an ancient Tory fallacy respecting the play of Coriolanus, to which people of all parties, and even philosophical radicals, have given, as it seems to me, too hasty and unqualified a credence.

Coriolanus has been wholly given up to the admirers of arbitrary power, as their especial mouth-piece and oracle to quote from. The modern English Tories have made him all their own, and have been accustomed to liken their leaders to him; but with how much reason is still a matter for analysis. His Grace of Wellington has occasionally figured in the print-shops in a Roman garb, making scorn of sundry plebeian leaders, attired as 'unwashed artisans.' 'There is a river in Macedon and a river in Monmouth,' and upon some such principle of resemblance, it is probable, that the artist deemed that as Roman noses are hook-noses, and the hero of Waterloo had a hook-nose, ergo he was invested with all other Roman qualities. The resemblance may be carried on still further. The Romans maintained parasites, and the English artist was desirous of being parasite to the English hook-nose. We have amongst us sufficient 'free-born Britons,' who would have thriven even under Nero. I have seen —pray believe me, reader, scarce credible though it be—a print, in which the 'gross sirloin,'—I quote from a *patrician* writer—the gross sirloin of the fourth Guelph was girdled round with a Roman tunic, while his arm was extended towards Henry Hunt, and other personages, and his lips mumbled something about 'rotten cry of curs.' Did he mean his own cry? It was an exceeding good jest. At that period there could scarcely have been found in England a man so entirely unlike the 'noble Roman.' There was nothing noble in him. He was a made-up thing, as unreal as a Bartholomew baby. His tailor might have said to him, as truly as Volumnia did to her son,

'I holp to frame thee.'

Yet the tailor did not all; he merely put on the exterior varnish. It was the cook and the distiller who formed the solid, or rather not solid, substratum beneath. He was an Heliogabalus, and the garb of Coriolanus was put on him in mockery. Yet, notwithstanding, in all his disgusting attributes, he was a true type and emblem of the doctrines and practices of modern English Toryism.*

In the analysis of the play before us, it must be taken as a whole. The pride of Coriolanus must not be weighed as applied

* Probably the similitude was an original conception of the hero's own. Was it because the artist did not choose to decline a job from Carlton House, that he, conscientiously, put his own face amongst the radical rabble?

to the modern feelings and practices of Englishmen, but as applied to the Roman people, just as Shakspeare has painted them. Coriolanus himself was essentially a noble being, a noble of nature's fashioning, with an intense abhorrence of every thing base or meanminded, who, had he lived in the present day, would have said to Whigs and Tories alike, 'a plague on both your houses;' he would have been a heart-whole leader in the great cause of human nature, which has been espoused by those who are best described as philosophic radicals. His brain would have wrought in the council, and his hand would have wrought, if needful, in the onslaught provoked by the upholders of oppression. But Coriolanus lived at a period when the science of moral philosophy had made little progress; he could not, therefore, dive into the depths of all things, and regulate his actions by the rules of strict justice. He was the creature of impulse, but his impulses were noble, though misguided. Patriotism, and that of the narrowest kind, was the virtue of his time; and he was a patriot—generous—*i. e.* loving his *kind,* by which word 'kind' he recognised the inhabitants of Rome only, even after the manner of his teaching. To promote the general welfare of Rome, he was ever willing to sacrifice *self,* coveting nothing in return but the good opinion of his fellows, yet which good opinion he would stoop to no meanness to secure. The Romans were a nation of robbers, by whom *power* was universally recognised as *right,* and they held themselves together by their superior skill and courage, against the armed hatred of the surrounding nations, who probably possessed little more morality than themselves, and somewhat less intellect and energy. It is not a very long time in modern Europe, that the principle has been acknowledged, that a moral right may exist independent of brute force, and our notions of international morality are still very far from being based upon the principles of justice. Coriolanus was a moral man, according to the notions existing at his time; and all moral men, all who act according to their consciences, are deserving of respect, whether their morality be sound or unsound. Who is there, Whig or Tory, who will attempt to heap dirt on the memory of the noble-minded Andrew Marvel? Who is there worthy the name of man, or woman, who cannot feel the blood moving quicker, while the oft-told tale of the shoulder of mutton is recounted? Does not Andrew Marvel rank with William Tell, even though the courage of the former was passive, and of the latter active? Yet Andrew Marvel was an upholder of mischievous commercial monopoly, and an enemy of free trade; and his patriotism was purely and exclusively 'British,' as witness his satire on the Dutch, who were then held to be the 'natural enemies' of England:—

> 'Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
> As but the offscouring of the British sand;

Or so much earth, as was contributed
By British pilots, when they heaved the lead!
A land that lies at anchor, and is moored,
Wherein men do not live, but go on board;
A country that draws fifty foot of water,
Wherein men live, as in the hold of nature;
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak.'

All this, though witty, is in excessive bad taste in the mouth of a patriot; but it is no impeachment of his morality, whatever it may be of his philosophical intellect. If, at so late a period, Andrew Marvel was thus, surely it is too much to expect that Coriolanus should have evinced greater wisdom, especially when one of his chief teachers was Menenius Agrippa, whose oft-quoted fable will well bear a different reading from that which he has given to it. The question is, not whether the notions of Coriolanus would be suited to the present state of society in England, but whether he was really an aristocrat in the sense of the modern meaning which has been applied to the term. The answer must be in the negative; for he possessed no one quality in common with the mass of the English nobility, and it is simply ludicrous in them to take him for a patron saint. He was an aristocrat in the noble meaning of the term. He was one of the *best* of the people amongst whom he dwelt, without reference to any question of artificial rank; and had he lived in the present day, his superiority, in all noble qualities, would have been as conspicuous as at the period in which he lived. He must be tried, not by a positive standard of excellence, as at present recognised, but by his comparative excellence to those around him, and amongst whom he got his training. To be noble amongst the base is praiseworthy, as well as to be noblest amongst the noble. In going through the play, I doubt not that I shall show Coriolanus to be noble, while the people and those around him were base, and also that he was, in all respects, the direct opposite of the most prominent members of the English aristocracy. Some few radicals, misunderstanding my drift, may object to me that the Roman people, as set forth by Shakspeare, are no sample of the English people. I agree to this in general—in the great mass—though it would not be difficult to produce portions of them, quite as base as the Romans; but my present business is not with what the Roman people might have been with better training, but with what they were, as Shakspeare has drawn them.

The play opens with an attempt at revolution by a large body of the plebeians, armed with all kinds of awkward-shaped tools, adapted to knock out patrician brains, without studying neatness in the *modus operandi*. To this revolution they are stirred by one of the two causes to which revolutions of a populace are mostly owing, *viz.* hunger; religion being the other, and a comparatively

rare one. The example of the United States stands alone, and has yet to be imitated on more than one portion of the earth's surface. But to the question. Corn is dear in Rome, and the spokesman of the mutineers proposes to kill Caius Marcius, afterwards Coriolanus, who he suspects is the principal preventive to their getting 'corn at their own price.' Now, if Caius Marcius did so prevent them, it is clear that he was their best friend, for it was the only practicable method of making the corn hold out, by diminishing the daily consumption; as Adam Smith would have told them had he lived in those days, and for which telling they would, probably, have made his head serve as an ornament to a javelin. Joseph, the son of Jacob, when he was prime minister in Egypt, pursued in the seven years' famine precisely the same policy as Coriolanus. In proportion as the corn got scarcer he sold it dearer; had he not so done, there would have been an end of it long before the new crop came in, and the people would have been in the situation of the boat's crew, described by Byron—

> 'The consequence was easily foreseen;
> They ate up all they had and drunk their wine,
> In spite of all remonstrances; and then,
> On what, in fact, were they next day to dine?'

One of the plebeians, however, dissents from the opinions of the majority, whose feelings may be gathered from the speech of the leader—

'The gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.'

The advocate for Marcius desires them to 'think on the services he has done his country;' and continues, 'you must in no way say he is covetous.' This the mutineers cannot gainsay, but the hunger within them conjures up bitterness, even out of the virtues of the man who had thwarted them, and whom they acknowledge to be disinterested in his opposition; but their further proceedings are checked by the entrance of 'worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath always loved the people,' and whom the people love in return. This says much for the poor people; in short, bad as they were, they could be kind to those whom they believed their friends. But it seems one of the causes why they loved Menenius was, that he was 'no proud Jack', but 'a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.' He evidently liked his jest, and was 'hail fellow well met' with 'all the trades in Rome.' He liked to crack his jokes, and was most probably as severe on patrician as on plebeian, wherever he espied a defect. That he was a worthy honest man, though none of the wisest, is clear, for he was as much beloved by Marcius as by the people; and Marcius would love nothing base. Menenius inquires the occasion of the uproar, and the sturdy plebeian spokesman indulges in sundry hungry anathemas against the

patricians. To the warning of Menenius that they will 'undo themselves,' he replies unanswerably—

> 'We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.'

There it is, there is the source of all public confusion. Take warning by it, rulers, and maintain such systems as will prevent any large number of the community from being 'undone.' He who has nothing to lose will infallibly try to acquire something; and if it may not be by the sweat of his own brow, it will be at the cost of his neighbours. Menenius, after some parley, gets leave to 'tell a pretty tale,' and recounts the good old fable of the belly and the members. The plebeian leader asks, 'How apply you this?' and Menenius replies,—

> 'The senators of Rome are this good belly,
> And you the mutinous members.
> * * * * * What do you think,
> You, the great toe of this assembly?'

The poor plebs is taken all aback, and can stammer out nothing but an iteration of the words of Menenius. Were he somewhat shrewder he would reply—

> 'The boot, my master, 's on the other leg;
> The people are the belly, the great garner;
> They plough, they sow, the senators are reapers,
> Knowing no other toil. I, being great toe,
> Must surely know best where the tight shoe pinches.'

But plebeian Romans used neither boots nor shoes, and very probably not much of sandal either, save on holidays, if then. So the poor orator can but look foolish, and scratch his head, and perhaps pinch his cap a little tighter in his horny right hand, and thrust his left down the loose front of his greasy tunic, which serves him for a pocket, to grope awhile for the nothing to be found therein, while Menenius pelts him with scurvy names, as a modern politician does his political opponents; and in the nick of time the magnificent form of Caius Marcius appears, with his arms extended beneath the ample folds of the wide and graceful toga, whereat great toes and little toes all retire to a safe distance, in marvellous great haste, and the clattering of the bats and staves huddled one on the other, sounds like a concert of chimney sweepers. Glorious is the form and port of that noble Roman; yet would I give my best gaberdine to see that plebeian boldly beard him, to see the broad chest heave beneath the unwashen tunic, and the firm foot planted, and the hard hand stretched out, and the brow bent in stern meaning, and the lips unclosing to say,—

> 'A plebeian is a man!'

His ignorance is not a thing to be ashamed of, for, alas! he has had no opportunity of being wiser; but he is a coward; he

quails before the patrician frown, and the lip of Marcius curls in scorn. Had he been a *man* he would have honoured him, and his bearing would have been as frank to him as it was to Menenius. Look, reader, look, mark the withering scorn with which he speaks to those who know not how to respect themselves. His voice is not elevated, but it rings through the plebeian ears and startles them from their self-possession. They are many, but he fears them not, and the triumph of mind over matter is perfect:

> 'What is the matter you dissentious rogues,
> That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
> Make yourself scabs?'

Oh! Marcius, Marcius, had you been a philosopher, you had been perfect. You would then have pitied the poor people, and would have known that their vices are the result of their physical misery, instead of believing that their physical misery is the result of their vices. Had they endured less misery, they would have possessed more courage. How poor 'great toe' shrinks and shivers, and hangs down his head, and turns away his eyes! He looks as though he were a fuller and tunic scourer by trade; he has not had time to scour his own, but it is said the shoemaker's wife is always worst shod: his face looks white as though it were plastered with his own earth. Courage, man, courage, and speak boldly for your 'order!' No, he cannot, the eye of Marcius has stricken him down, and he can only whine out,

> 'We have ever your good word.'

Fierce indignation now flashes on the severe and haughty face of Marcius. He feels the injustice which is done him, the unworthy suspicions which are cast on his noble nature. He would not harm a single individual, plebeian or patrician; he has fought for Rome and would fight for her again, and his scorn of the imputation cast on him, blinds him to all further thought, save how to give vent to his measureless indignation. Yet still his voice is not violent, but deep, bitter, and scornful. He does not reflect on the miserable condition of those whom he looks down upon, but in the agony of wounded honour, seeks to writhe them to the quick by the mere power of words, in perfect confidence that nothing more is required to quell them. His own nobleness of nature not having been crushed by circumstances, he can make no allowance for those who have been differently situated. He does not scorn them because they are plebeians, but because they are *base* plebeians; forgetting that their baseness is the result of their ignorance, which, so far from permitting them to know their own minds, leaves them no minds to know. He scorns them, because they are base *men*, and had they been base patricians, he would have scorned them still more, the 'rash humours which his mother gave him,' having led him to regard baseness as a quality more peculiarly belonging to plebeians.

Had he lived in modern France, he would not have been slow to acknowledge the kindred spirits of the plebeian heroes of July. But look how the fuller's earth leader shrinks from his address!

> 'He that will give good words to thee will flatter
> Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
> That like not peace, nor war? The one affrights you,
> The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
> Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
> Where foxes, geese * * * *. He that depends
> Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
> And hews down oaks with rushes * * * *. What's the matter?
> That in the several places of the city
> You cry against the noble Senate, who,
> Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
> Would feed on one another. What's their seeking?'

Menenius replies,

> 'For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
> The city is well stored.'

The good people, notwithstanding their ready assistance, probably know as much about the matter as those in modern England, who deny that the great cause of physical misery is the disproportion of food to the number of the mouths; and point to certain granaries containing wheat, and markets containing mutton, as a triumphant proof that there is no want of food; something upon the principle of the boy's father, who gave his child a shilling, telling him that so long as he kept it, he would never be without money. The corn which fed the Roman people was, it seems, kept in public granaries, rather a bad arrangement, but possibly one for which there was no remedy at the time, and the people were accustomed to go to those granaries to purchase it according to their wants. Now it is likely that the granary keepers were far better judges of the stock in hand than the people were. Sinister interests both the granary keepers and their masters, the senate, most probably had, and the only way to remedy this, was to appoint supervisors on the part of the people, *viz.* the tribunes. But the proposition to sell the corn cheap, upon the simple assertion of a crowd, that 'the city was well stored,' was unreasonable, yet not enough so to warrant the fierce words of Marcius, also unreasonable in his turn, and—supposing his words serious—a cruel tyrant.

> '*They* say, there's grain enough?
> Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
> And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
> With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
> As I could pick my lance.'

Not you, Marcius, you would do no such thing. Your words are

simply a figure of speech, to express your contempt for those, who, as Menenius expresses it,

> 'Though abundantly they lack discretion,
> Yet are they passing cowardly.'

Their indiscretion and cowardice are alike the result of bad training. You, who were nursed in the patrician palace, know not the evils which surround the infant in the plebeian hovel, even before the hour of his birth, and prey upon and weigh him down as he grows up to manhood. Think on the misery that must have been endured, ere such proverbs were invented, as

> 'Hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must eat;
> That meat was made for mouths; that the gods sent not
> Corn for the rich men only.'

Think on this, and pity those who suffer under base notions, from which you are fortunate enough to have escaped. He whose whole life is taken up with the consideration how food is to be procured, can have no leisure for the cultivation of the higher qualities. For scornful and taunting is your phrase,

> 'Go, get you home, you—fragments!'

The new tribunes, Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus, now enter, and the news arrives that the Volsces are in arms. Marcius, by his known skill and valour, may fairly claim the chief command of the army destined to repel them, but, without a thought of ambition, save the longing to earn honour, he at once agrees to become a subordinate, to serve his country in the only way he can, *viz.* in the battle-field. Something too much of animal spirit there is in him, too much of the aspiration after personal excitement in the expressed wish to 'strike once more at Tullus' face,' yet even in this there breaks through all the noble spirit which scorns to crush the weak, which seeks to cope with an equal only. The Volsces are in arms, therefore the war is a defensive one, a just quarrel for every Roman, yet the plebeians, so late in mutiny against their own patricians, steal away by twos and threes, and our friend 'great toe,' the fuller, amongst them; whereat Marcius again gives vent to the scorn wherewith his heart is full. Piercing is his taunt:

> 'The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither
> To gnaw their garners: Worshipful mutineers,
> Your valour puts well forth; pray follow.'

All retire but the two tribunes, and their dialogue lets us into the knowledge of their characters. No high-minded patriots were they, no glorious upholders of the crushed plebeians, from pure love to humanity, no friends of those who had none to help them, but merely ambitious plebeians, hating the patricians because they were not patricians themselves, seeking to ride on the people's shoulders into places of power and profit, under the

pretence of serving the cause of the people, for the pleasure of irritating the patricians, and forcing them to acknowledge them to be 'somebodies.' Individually they are greater tyrants than the patricians, being, like all vulgar-minded people, who can take no credit on account of their ancestors, doubly jealous of any want of personal respect. Qualifications for the offices they have undertaken they are marvellously lacking in; but let old Menenius describe them.

'I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single; your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride! Oh! that you would turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves, you should then discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of threepence to a second day of audience. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. * * * * Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud, who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen.'

Such are the tribunes who proceed to criticise Marcius so soon as his back is turned;

> 'Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
> Being moved he will not spare to gird the gods!'

Not satisfied with accusing him of pride, they turn even his virtues to faults, with the most inveterate malignity, suiting their base natures. His free and unforced assent to take a subordinate rank in the army, is attributed to mean design and political trickery. They evidently have the knack of 'measuring his corn by their own bushel.' Was it possible that the noble and unsuspicious nature of Marcius could do otherwise than chafe when brought in contact with such base opposites? Was it not natural, that a headlong spirit, all unused to philosophize, and actuated mostly by impulses, should think hardly of a people who selected such unworthy and contemptible beings as their especial representatives. The act showed either a want of judgment, or a depraved taste, and in either case it made equally against them, in viewing them as the depositories of power. The philosopher alone could look upon such things with patience, knowing them to belong to the phases which human nature must pass through in its progress towards perfection; and Caius Marcius was not a philosopher.

The third scene of the play gives us a fresh insight into the character of Caius Marcius, through his mother Volumnia and his wife Virgilia, between whom there is a remarkable contrast. Volumnia does not love Caius Marcius as a man, but prides

herself on him as a son, who can reflect honour upon her. She rejoices when any one praises him, in the thought that her training has made him what he is. She cares not for his honour abstractedly, but merely for his notoriety, and the power arising from it, nor does she make any distinction in the quality of the power, or how it may be gained, whether virtuously or by chicanery. All considerations of honour or dishonour vanish into mere expediency. All is fair and proper in her estimation, which can tend to secure power. Her opening speech proves that her love for her son is purely on account of his power. Had he not possessed that power, she would have cared comparatively little for him, and her intellect is of that class which can only recognise power of the most coarse kind, that which is most evident to the external senses. A strong hand and a brawny arm weigh far more with her than a subtle brain. The latter she only holds available as an aid to the former. She much prefers the man who 'can buffet' for a woman's love, 'or bound his horse for her favours, laying on like a butcher and sitting like a jackanapes; never off.' Volumnia is speaking of her son:

'To a cruel war I sent him, from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now, in first seeing he had proved himself a man.'

What deep space there is for reflection in these words. Why should a woman glory in giving birth to a man-child, more than a woman-child? Because Volumnia, like many other women, has the keenness, or rather the instinct, to perceive that the lot of woman is for the most part that of a slave, that she is generally linked to man as a necessary convenience, that she is at best not a sympathizing friend, but an amusing toy, to be thrown away when the owner is tired of it. She has the instinct to perceive that woman has no separate existence, no power, no enjoyment, apart from man, and her proud spirit feels that it is better not to be, than to be thus, therefore would she not, if she can avoid it, give birth to a woman-child. But man she sees is self-dependent, that he has an immense sphere of enjoyment in which woman is not concerned. She knows also that the link between mother and son is far the strongest and most enduring of any that holds between man and woman, and when she has given birth to a 'man-child,' she at once becomes of more importance in the world. It is even thus with the women in the east in the present day, and Victor Hugo, in his admirable Nôtre Dame, makes the beautiful and childish Esmeralda taunt Gringoire with the superiority of Phœbus de Chateaupers, who, by his personal strength and other means, is better able to protect her. That Volumnia cared more for her *son* than for her child, is further proved by the following words:

'Hear me profess sincerely: Had I a dozen sons, each in his love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out action.'

That means, as plainly as words can speak, 'A son who has no power of action is to me as a girl, and a girl is of no value because she has no power.' She tells her daughter-in-law, Virgilia, whom it is clear she despises for her softness,

'If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, &c.

Virgilia replies,

'But had he died in the business, Madam, how then?'

Therein, in that one remark, she proves herself the direct opposite of Volumnia in her character. Both women are selfish in their way. Volumnia would give her son to the public service because only thus could he reflect honour upon her. Virgilia would not give her husband to the public service, inasmuch as it were so much private love lost to her. But Volumnia spoke out, while Virgilia, as became the nature of her love, was a coward. Good training would have made both characters excellent; but while Volumnia would have ever remained the most magnificent woman, Virgilia would have been capable of far the most devoted love and affection. As it is, she is somewhat mawkish. She would keep her husband about her as she would a kid or a kitten, or her child, and pine the moment he were away. She seems to possess no intellect, nothing but blind instinct, and her fears are of the most ignorant kind, like those of a green school girl of the 'bread and butter tribe' of modern days. She is formed to love without knowing why, and to dread with as little reason. She cannot comprehend Coriolanus, save that he is somewhat awful to most people, and very kind to her; and one is tempted to think that his love to her springs partly from her softness when compared with Volumnia, and partly from the very helplessness which stands so much in need of a protector. But of a surety there is no perfect sympathy between them. There are many thoughts which come across his mind in which she cannot share, and she evidently has no thoughts of her own. Volumnia is speaking of her son:

'Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mailed hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's tasked to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.'

On this Virgilia, in a fright, remarks,

'His bloody brow! Oh, Jupiter, no blood!'

Scorn is in the aspect of Volumnia while she replies,

> 'Away you fool! It more becomes a man
> Than gilt his trophy. The breasts of Hecuba,
> When she did suckle Hector, looked not lovelier
> Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
> At Grecian swords contending.'

Verily I could be well content never to be linked to woman rather than she should be such an one. The same spirit inhabited Tullia when she bade the charioteer drive over the corse of her parent. And yet the basis of that spirit was energy, and it might have been trained to work good as readily as evil. A steam-engine, while bursting, is a fearful thing, yet steam power is a most glorious servant when properly guided and applied to human uses. But how thoroughly illogical and absurd is the exclamation of Virgilia about the blood. The idea of her husband killing hundreds of his fellows like harvest work, she can contemplate calmly enough, but the thought of blood flowing from scratches on her husband's brow is perfectly terrific to her. It is a nervous weakness, like that of being frightened at a rat or a mouse, which is the case with many fine ladies, who at the same time can run in debt and starve their creditors, or encourage election bribery, or smile upon red-coated men, whose trade it is to slaughter their fellows, and all this without a thought of the many ramifications of misery which are the result.

In the midst of their discourse Valeria enters, who is the very sample of an inveterate gossip, without either feeling or energy, save when her business is to flatter in order to keep well with her acquaintances. Coriolanus was surely disposed to be ironical when in another place he calls her,

> 'The noble sister of Publicola;
> The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
> That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
> And hangs on Dian's temple.'

I have seen such women, and so doubtless have you, reader, who take credit to themselves for virtue, in this sense, because they have little else for which to take credit. The lady gossip asks Virgilia,

> 'How does your little son?'

Whereat Volumnia takes occasion to remark, that

> 'He had rather see the swords and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.'

Doubtless he would: she had trained him to it, and done what in her lay to confirm him a savage. Valeria will give proof:

> 'I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth and tear it; oh! I warrant him he mammocked it.'

There's a sucking wild beast of the Roman lady's training! Reader! Coriolanus being thus trained, marvel rather at his great qualities than be astonished at his defects. The boy is a picture of our aristocracy,—crying for a plaything one minute, and breaking it the next in sheer caprice. Virgilia, had she lived in our days, would have mended stockings. She resolutely refuses to go out gadding with the others, even to get news of her husband, but withstands their taunts, and sits down like a good housewife. So ends scene the third.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

To be continued.

THE LUXEMBOURG.

THE Luxembourg is a picture gallery in a palace, and a palace in a garden. Spring is its time of prime, for the garden is crowded with lilac trees that array it in an atmosphere of their own beautiful hue, and fill it with that freshest fragrance which can scarce be said to 'come wooingly' to the sense, for the sense would rather come craving for it, after the long privation from all the lovely forms and delicious odours that are shut up in winter. It is glorious thus to meet again: there is no niggard allowance of a few scant blossoms,—there is a whole world of them, except where there are fountains or statues, or better than all and every thing, troops of happy people, who flock from far and wide, to hail the coming spring in one of her fairest bowers of reception; who listen eagerly again to the breezes, birds, and falling waters, mingling with them at intervals a sweeter music—the music of happy, human voices, and brightening the sunshine they enjoy with the brightness of their own enjoyment. Oh! it is much to meet Spring alone in a watching walk, where the eye searches for every new treasure, and the heart bounds in thankfulness at finding it: one feels like a new Adam in a new garden of Eden; but it is more to see her in her fulness of beauty where a thousand hearts are leaping in sympathy with your own, like her own glad streams released from their icy thraldom: to see her as she celebrates her first fête amongst the lilacs of the Luxembourg. But we must not stay in *her* picture-gallery.

In the Luxembourg the whole arrangement is so different from that of the Louvre, that the impression received is uninjured by comparison. It contains two distinct suites of rooms. The first comprises an ante-room, a gallery, and a smaller room beyond. In each there are choice pieces of sculpture. There is a Daphnis and Chloé specially to be observed,—alive in marble; young, loving, sweet, and pure, and tender. How much more of love is there in that, than in the Cupid and Psyche by Gerard; a

painting admired, copied, engraved; yet love and the soul are alike unconscious of any concern therein. Psyche is selfish, and Love seems half asleep; so far it is consistent, for love is never thoroughly awake when selfishness is near him; there is a numbing coldness in her presence that makes him drowsy. The subject is an exquisite one if spiritually dealt with: we should like to see a higher mind employed upon it. All the paintings here are of the modern French school. 'Heaven defend us,' say some,—Heaven preserve *it*, say we, and at the same time teach its artists to improve their noble powers, giving them better direction or a better choice of subjects. Here, as in many other places, there are far too many who have chosen plague, pestilence, battle and murder, madness and misery, instead of others more adapted to the quickly progressing state of the world. They paint backwards instead of forwards: plagues are mitigating; the trade of war is beginning to be held in detestation, and we are tending rapidly towards universal sympathy. Perhaps the French artists would teach the people a hatred to war as the Spartans taught their children to loathe drunkenness, by an exhibition of its disgusting consequences; their teaching (if it be so) will make deeper impression, as the drunkenness with blood is more abhorrent than the drunkenness with wine. But the highest task of a painter is to create a love for moral and intellectual beauty by depicting moral and intellectual beauty; rather than the more indirect way of creating a loathing for vice by painting it in all its deformity. Objectionable as are many of the subjects chosen, the power of realization displayed in their execution cannot be sufficiently admired. There is the battle of Aboukir, by Gros. It is like one of Scott's novels, in more respects than one; in its lively action, and in that the hero is *not* the hero. Who would not rather be the fine old Pacha Mustapha, deserted as he is by his troops, wounded till he can fight no more, yet nearly unhorsed by his last effort, seizing one of the flying cowards by his turban, trying to drag him on to the very bayonets of the enemy; who would not rather be this brave tiger, than the gay fop, Murat, who is in the centre gallantly equipped as a bridegroom for his bride, rather than a murderer for his victims; not a curl of his whiskers ruffled, not a fold of his sash displaced, leading on his thousands remorselessly to drive the retreating host into the flood ready to receive them, should they escape the sword of the pursuer. 'And the enemy would do likewise had they the power.' Woe to the trade of war, that encourages the perversion of man's noble passions: although Sir Robert Peel thinks, or did think last year, (there is no vouching for a statesman's opinions,) when he spoke on the Irish Coercion Bill, that 'there was something animating in the idea of a battle.' There *is* something animating in the idea of a battle; it animates all those who have a holier warfare before them to go on steadily, bravely, in their

efforts, until they work this change in the minds of the many, that they shall regard appeals to physical force as worthy bull-dogs rather than men. But such pictures as these, indeed almost all pictures, may be converted into impressive lessons for the young, provided they have those about them who will read the lesson aright. Come here, little fellow, you who have the longing for a cap and feather, a scarlet jacket, and a love of martial music, your head already filled with admiration of 'the pomp and circumstance of glorious war;' you who watch so eagerly the glancing helmets, glittering arms, and gallant steeds of the Guards as they move in measured pace along the streets, or in the parks on some sunshiny morning,—come hither and see to what your admiration tends:—brother fighting against brother; shouts of vengeance; shrieks of agony; blood drawn by weapons in human hands, flowing like water from human hearts; hands and hearts that once were like your own, young, guileless, springing with a power yet undirected, (what is your own longing but the result of fine energy unemployed,) craving for action, listening eagerly to stories telling of gallant deeds; listening to those with whom fate had linked them, whose 'gallant deeds' were the deeds of the 'million murderers.' Think of them as they were; look at them as they are. It is well; the fire which the thought of 'deeds of arms' had kindled within you is quenched for ever by so much blood. The destruction of the Mamelukes by Mohamed Ali Pacha, viceroy of Egypt, painted by Horace Vernet, is even more repelling, inasmuch as it represents the destruction of human life by the treachery of a despot, rather than in the open battle field. The history is familiar. The moment of time chosen is that when the Mamelukes have assembled in all their state within the castle walls of Cairo, by order of the pacha, to attend a ceremony in honour of one of his sons. The gates are closed, and on the instant, from the ramparts, from the towers, from the windows, a tremendous fire is showered upon them by the soldier slaves of the pacha. You see them in the court-yard below, struggling in an ocean of smoke, as did the drowning Egyptians in the waves of the Red Sea: horses plunging, men reeling in their saddles; hands, and we had almost said, voices, uplifted in imprecation on the head of the destroyer, who is seated on a rampart, where, unseen by them, he may yet listen to the agony and death of his victims. Behind him are two favourite attendants, mute, stern, and motionless. To the right a group of Albanians, firing away like human steam guns, so quick, so vigorous appear the movements directed against the thickly pent struggling mass of human beings below. The action, the colouring, the accompaniments, are all worthy the painter's high fame, all except the pacha himself, an exception nearly as bad as 'the tragedy without Hamlet.' Was the act one for the promotion of his country's good? (tyrants make strange excuses to themselves

sometimes) the face is not one of high devotedness, bearing to inflict an evil for the achievement of a greater good. Is it for the gratification of private vengeance? He does not seem as if 'listening to the rush of blood from his victims, as the Arab listens for the gush of water in the desert.' His face is that of an astrologer, gazing on the stars in a night of eastern beauty, forgetting to write his superstitions on their bright brows, while they are inscribing their poetry upon his soul. There is a fine piece of by-painting in the black at his feet; who, though spurned and derided as the inferior nature, holds up his hand a witness against the deed of blood, and screens his face from the horror of the scene below. Good bye to murders; but not to Horace Vernet. Welcome again and again to his delectable picture of 'Raphael and Michael Angelo in the Vatican.' It is perfect satisfaction: we could gaze and gaze, filling the heart through the eyes with mind-approving enjoyment. The material how simple! What a world of moral, intellectual, and physical beauty created out o. it! It is recorded in Q. de Quincy's life of Raphael, that one day while standing, the centre of a group of worshippers, on the steps of the Vatican, he was accosted thus by Michael Angelo, who was on the way to his great picture: 'Why, you stand encircled by a suite numerous as a general's.' 'And you go to your *Last Judgment* alone like the hangman' was the retort. So much for the text; what is Vernet's comment? Where shall we begin? how one longs to give it at once with one stroke of the pen, that all who read might have that single impression,—emotion,—which it gives when first looked upon. How one fears to injure it. Oh! for faces, forms, and colours, instead of stiff pen, glaring paper, and black ink. Give bountifully of your imagination, good reader, and you will find ample payment in a mere simple detail of objects. On the left is Michael Angelo descending the steps, laden with materials for his work. ('How very unlike a gentleman!' Who says that? Some one who would vouch for Sir Thomas Lawrence never having carried a parcel. Pshaw!) He holds in his arms a ponderous clasped volume, on which is placed a lay figure, sundry weapons, his pallet, colours, &c. His costume is simple, something between artist and workman, of one who was both sculptor and painter. His figure manly, his forehead noble, with the hair slightly grey, hinting his middle age. His fine, clear, intellectual eyes are upturned toward the place where his rival is standing. What rival? His lofty spirit knows nothing of rivalry. The frank, almost playful expression about the mouth, as he utters his good-humoured raillery; his devotion to his art manifest by his independence on external appearance, show plainly that he would hail genius wherever it might be found, and at the same time prevent its being injured by any admixture with vanity. Behind him is a group of peasants, subjects, it would seem, waiting for Raphael's pencil to make them

immortal. A Contadina with a child sleeping in her arms, fair-clad, beautiful as a white lily with its folded bud; near to her a venerable old man, with bended head and folded arms, the whole figure in repose. Behind, and in fine contrast with the Contadina, is the rich brown hardy face of a mountaineer, with his round straw hat bent over his earnest brows, his scarlet vest and loose white collar leaving exposed a sunburnt throat; his face bent in wild, mute admiration at the almost godlike presence of the young Raphael. Opposite to this group, on the right, is the figure of a girl; the face is not seen, but there are long, jetty braids of glossy hair enclosed in scarlet bands, and there are lovely shoulders telling of Italian sunshine, and there are loose draped sleeves of white, and there is a rich, soft, gracefully falling robe of purple, and there is a foot peeping from beneath it, free from slipper or sandal, almost out of the picture, to prove the artist's skill in the management of foreground. And near her is an old, very old woman, with her eyes fixed on the mother and child, till the tears have come into them. Is she thinking of the days that are passed away, and of children she has nourished and loved, and they are gone? Or it may be that the heaven of calm beauty in those two creatures has wrought upon her soul, and she continues to gaze and weep, she knows not why. Elevated above all those we have named, stands Raphael: he would be superhuman were it not for the disdain that curls his lip as he prepares the taunt to avenge his offended pride. He has been stayed in the act of painting. His eyes are turned towards Michael Angelo, his head, scarcely, as if he scorned to be moved from his position. In his right hand he holds a pencil, just lifted from his work, which rests on a living easel, (one of his pupils, with head slightly bent, and shoulders sloping in graceful devotedness, to show that the service is one of love,) his left restrains the swelling fulness of his rich dark drapery, and is decked with rings, and of aristocratic form and whiteness. This is encouraging a superstition. We have seen plebeians who would have had no quarter from those of many quarterings, with hands whose exquisite organization gave proof, that nature chooses her lords and ladies from all ranks and degrees, (of the world's making,) the highest and the lowest: but Raphael, he *is* a noble, and we render willing homage. Albeit, there is 'contempt' and almost 'anger in his lip;' the 'scorn' does indeed 'look beautiful.' There is no approach to envy or hatred. We feel, that when the first flush of youthful pride is over, he will smile at the folly to which it tempted him, remembering the retort of the Vatican, prizing the simplicity he then derided, and alike worshipping the genius and revering the memory of his elder brother in Art. There are other figures introduced, all serving to complete the picture's perfection, but we cannot get beyond the master-piece.

All who see the 'Separation of Orpheus and Eurydice,' must

thank the artist, although his name is not recorded, not for the Orpheus, who certainly has no 'music breathing in his face,' no 'poetry of motion' in his body, whatever he might have in his soul, but for the Mercury and Eurydice, which are divine power and feminine grace personified. Orpheus is standing on the brink of a precipice: the *idea* is good; he has pursued her and is suddenly stopped from further progress; he stretches out his arms in despair, and utters a cry of agony in the consciousness that she is lost to him for ever. The realization is bad: he looks nothing more nor less than an embodied halloo, though it is so far good as to give full effect to the shadowy beauty of the rest of the picture. At the foot of the precipice, which is black and dim, there is a lurid glow, as if sent from a sea of flame beneath, spreading itself upward, intermingled with vapour, and giving a portentous aspect to all around. Unseen by Orpheus, is Mercury with Eurydice in his arms, as if he had just raised her, and was preparing for a downward flight. There is divinity stamped on his form, divine power and divine love. His arms are circled, with tender care, around the fainting form, which he wills to descend, rather than bears, with him: his face is turned towards Orpheus, and filled with an expression of earnest pity. There is the image of God created in man! There is the 'living soul' of love that has been 'breathed' into every human being. How strange that Atheists should deny the existence of that good spirit whose breath stirs within them every good impulse! how strange that others should regard him as something apart, something remote, something dwelling away and afar from us! It is in the divine spirit of love, dwelling in our own hearts, that we must seek and find our God; 'he is a God at hand, and not a God afar off.'

Opposite to the picture last mentioned, is one by Scheffer, of Charlotte Corday, taken at the moment after her return from the assassination of Marat: she has just been rescued by the civil guard from the hands of the uncivil populace. She is in the centre of a group of beings under savage excitement, the brutal eagerness of their faces rendered still more disgusting by their begrimed flesh and dirty garments. They are like wild beasts, eager for their prey. She is pale, very pale; her dark hair escaping from the small white cap, (the fashion of the time,) and floating softly on her shoulders, her hands listless in the grasp of her enemies, as she had gone through severe trial and were exhausted with the effort. There is yet a majestic simplicity in her whole person, and her eyes are upturned with a lofty expression of self-devotedness. The artist has given to her the spirit of a martyr, and however mistaken were the means she used to work out the intended good of her country, she knowingly risked her own life to achieve it, and she *was* a martyr.

There is a 'Lenora,' by Cottran, the subject taken from the

well-known German ballad, with the mysterious goblin who does 'his spiriting' so urgently, that you expect to see her shattered to fragments by his iron grasp and scattered to the winds of heaven. He is in black armour, on a black steed. A supernatural flame glares from the vizor, and the nostrils and hooves of the horse send light into the darkness. They leap into the picture, (where there is a church in the back-ground, with dim lights seen from the Gothic windows, and a mysterious shadowy train gliding from the porch,) as if nearing their home. Every thing around is gloom, except here and there, where, from the crosses on the graves, streams a supernatural light, akin to that seen through the vizor of the rider. In his whole form, there is strong and fearful purpose. At once you see that it is not flight from pursuit, but quick progress to destruction. As the wind seizes the white drapery of his victim, you hear in fancy the skeleton bones rattle within the armour of the destroyer, and feel that in another bound they will reach the deep dark grave prepared for them. Up with the lamps; and let us have a scene less gloomy. And we are come to *you*, land of glowing sunshine, and to 'Le Retour de la Fête de la Madone de l'Arc près de Naples.' 'By our lady,' is an adjuration of ancient usage; and she shall be the lady we swear by, if she will but spirit us over to the lovely land where she keeps festival. What a sunset for the close of a day's rejoicing! Surely another deluge is at hand, but it will be one of liquid amber. How you all look as if you had been taking a warm bath in Pactolus. Sweet queen of the group, soft, sunshine, Italian-eyed creature, you seated on the car of triumph, are you representative of 'la Madone de l'Arc?' You are! You should have a bright rainbow above you; and yet what has that face to do with aught that tells of tears? Is not the mirth of your charioteers too rude? Yet they are innocently happy: they have but taken the 'wine that cheereth the heart of man,' not 'put the enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains.' Go on—no don't go on, because we want to look at you; but be just as you are, ever—ever bathed in glowing sunshine, ever crowned with loveliest flowers, ever wreathing them and smiles in quick and bright succession! No wonder there are two copyists at work. A woman one, who proves by every minute's progress that she does not over-rate her power. We wish many more would make similar attempts. As yet the power of woman is unknown. What! are there not songs about 'soft woman's sigh,' and 'dear woman's tearful eye,' and handing over the man who can 'mark' either 'unmoved' to solitary confinement or a domicile with 'savage monsters,' or if he dare 'resist her smile,' a dwelling in a menagerie, or companionship with the pigs, like the poor prodigal? And what becomes of woman's intellect and woman's soul, and the courage that prompts her to dare do all that may become a woman, feeling that nothing so well becomes

a woman as the endeavour to make happy all who come within her sphere of action, and to enlarge that sphere of action to *its greatest possible extent.* 'What! you would destroy that womanly dependence, that graceful leaning upon man for support, which constitutes the chief charm of the sex.' We would do away with that *mere dependence* which is only gratifying to man as it ministers to his love of power. True affection could never feel happiness in the *weakness* of its object: the dependence upon each other for kind offices, for acts of affection, for deep earnest sympathy, is the minister of strength to both, but this differs entirely in its character from the timid helpless dependence which has so long dishonoured the name of woman. 'And what will become of the ivy clinging to the oak,' and a thousand other pretty similar similes? The ivy checks the growth of the oak it clings to, and man's help-mate is often his *check-mate,* in consequence of this dependence having been praised by him as a virtue. (In some instances it might be rendered help-*meat;* a man once gave as a reason for marrying his wife 'that she headed her table like a lady, and knew so well how to carve!') But the mischief and the misery of all this is, that their fine energies, in being denied full scope, are misdirected. In consequence, they too often become domestic tyrants, or suffer from ill health, the consequence of unemployed power. 'To whom much is given, of them much will be required.' We need no other application of the text, than to those who, with capabilities to achieve the greater things of this life, yet employ them in the lesser, and find a heavy reckoning in the suffering they bring upon themselves and those about them. Worried husband! worried children! worried friends! worried servants! The latter are often the innocent sufferers for the guilty former; for if men set a value on the dependence which prevents the proper application of power, they must not wonder if the evil recoils upon themselves.

All the pictures mentioned above are found in the first suite of rooms. A door on the left leads out upon the roof of some of the lower apartments of the palace. This, like the garden, is a picture gallery of another kind, with its blue high-arching dome; the spacious court below you on the left, and on the right a noble street, with churches and towers beyond, and people below basking in the sunshine. The air comes deliciously, and you enjoy it for awhile, and then proceed to a small light circular room, which has a spirited group in marble in the centre, and niches filled with treasures of a similar kind all round. Then you enter the Holy of Holies! The very sanctuary of art. Besides the picture-crowded walls, these rooms are peopled with creatures who seem like the spirits of the place. There is always something melancholy in the nightly desertion and emptiness of a picture gallery: but here are tenants who dwell therein; and you could almost believe from their exquisite presence, that their

breath had called into being all the beauty that lives and glows upon the walls around them. What would be the effect of soft music richly blent, 'rising like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,' in such a place! Each room has two or three figures so disposed as to give a *coup d'œil* on looking from one extremity to the other. This you stand and enjoy, filling your eyes until, indeed, your eyes are filled; and then you hasten forward to gaze on them, smile with them, speak to them, as they may separately move you. There is a Hyacinthus, the favourite of Apollo, and of every one else, who sees him here; his lovely limbs stretched along in graceful ease, his head erect, watching a game in which it will soon be his turn to mingle. Then further on is the fisher boy playing with the tortoise; not so classical, but what cares he, he is quite as happy. The attitude is taken from an antique; the face is a new creation, and what a world of enjoyment! It is a Murillo in marble: there is the breadth of smile making all who look to smile in sympathy, which he only knew the secret of giving without any approach to a grin. To use a license with an old saying, all his peasant's faces have '*their hearts in their mouths.*'

In the end room are three windows, one looking to the court-yard, another into the garden, and the centre through to the noble staircase, leading to the Chamber of Peers. The sun-blind was down, so we were obliged to content us with the imagination of what must be that beautiful reality of green branches; and the peers' staircase was soon relinquished for another look at the life of the room, the young Neapolitan dancing the Tarantella. What are all the peers in the world, walking in all their state to the coronation of all the kings in the world, to that happy boy with his face gleaming with expressive sunshine, which the ruddy bronze in which it is cast assists to glorify, his figure of graceful freedom, free as the waves that fill that bay on whose shores he is dancing, while the sunset glow and the sunshine smile meet together on his face like joyous friends. What have we to do with kings and peers while gazing on you? Much; for there are many who, like you, would be bounding in the free air, with freer spirits, did not kings and peers pervert the power intrusted to them. But all is working well. It must take much time to correct much evil; and, moreover, kings and peers should not be hardly dealt with: they have troublesome lives of it, and fewer chances of happiness than almost any set of beings in creation. We must not forget we have one nature in common with them: they have access (though they too often suffer them to freeze in 'the cold shade') to all those streams of kind and gentle feeling making glad the human heart, that 'holy pavilion of the tabernacle' of mortality, which, when filled with the love that is an emanation from divinity, is indeed 'the dwelling of the Highest.'

And now, farewell to the gallery here: in memory, never! It

is pleasant to record pleasure, and at the same time gratitude to those who bestowed it. We thank those who will know whom we mean, when we say—we thank them; and we thank the French artists, wishing them no higher reward than thousands of spectators, who will go and feast their eyes, and minds, and hearts, and enjoy, as we have enjoyed, the banquet prepared by them, for all, in the gallery of the Luxembourg. S. Y.

THE CASE OF THE DISSENTERS.*

It is much to be deprecated that Church reform should become, in the Legislature, merely a question between the established sect and the non-established sects. Should that happen, the result will most likely be a stopping short in, and turning aside from, the course which ought to be pursued in order to obtain, from change, the greatest amount of national good. It is very possible that matters may be compromised between the clergy, who, practically, are the Church, on the one hand; and the leading denominations of Dissenters, on the other. 'Holy Orders,' and 'pretended Holy Orders' may be made to stand (with the exception of the money difference and of the preference of fashion) on the same step of the social platform; dissenting lovers may be allowed to join hands in the unconsecrated chapel; and the dissenting dead be allowed, with the benediction on their bones of the voice which in life they loved, to rest in the consecrated burial ground. Nay, tithes may be no longer levied as at present, and church-rates be receipted by a pastor's certificate of membership. All this, and more, may happen, even until insolence and grumbling shall be hushed together, and the 'righteousness' of the church, and the 'peace' of dissent shall have 'embraced each other;' and yet the people remain destitute of advantages to which they have a right, and the prospect of obtaining which, imparts its highest value, its properly national interest, to the subject of Church reform.

All considerations about rival parties, sectarian rights, and ecclesiastical inequalities, shrink into comparative insignificance before the great question—Shall that huge mass of property, which is now unworthily held by the hierarchy, continue to be so perverted, or be applied to its legitimate purpose, the intellectual and moral culture of the entire population? This is the question which, in proportion as the people understand their rights and interests, they will require of the legislature to answer. This is the question which every patriotic legislator should moot. This is the question which the press should unceasingly agitate and discuss. It is the 'case' of the People, and should swallow up the case of the Dissenters.

* The Case of the Dissenters, in a Letter addressed to the Lord Chancellor. London: Wilson; and Westley and Davis.

The writer of the pamphlet before us, who speaks with the assurance of 'concurrence in our various denominations,' only pleads for Church reform incidentally, as connected with the redress of dissenting grievances. Now that the Dissenters should claim such redress is perfectly right. They would deserve, did they not claim it, to remain a subordinate and degraded caste. Their silence would be a slavishness of spirit most dishonourable and contemptible. They ought to use the mighty influence which they possess, to vindicate their civil rights, and place themselves on a fair and full equality with the members and priests of the episcopal church. The juncture is not unfavourable to them. The present Government, suspected and hated by the hierarchy, will scarcely like to have both the tiger and the buffalo to encounter at once. To endeavour to pacify both by a compromise, which shall proceed on no distinct principle, and but for a brief while quiet either, is not unlike their policy. But to resist the Dissenters *in limine,* and tell them their grievances shall continue, is what they cannot and dare not attempt. The Dissenters will certainly get something, probably much. And if giving them a sop be substituted for a radical reform of the Church, there will be the mischief of which we are more than half afraid.

The catalogue of grievances alleged by the writer, and which corresponds with the statements put forth by some important bodies among the Dissenters, consists of the following particulars:

1. *The state of the registration.*

'The Dissenter, on the one hand, has been shut out from the parochial registry, except at the price of conformity; and, on the other hand, his own registry, which was forced upon him, has been discredited and rejected, so as to prevent the confidence of the people.'—p. 10.

Moreover, the parish register does not record births, but merely baptisms. There is no authentic registration of birth, which in a civil point of view is the only important matter of record. The inconvenience, which is the grievance, is almost as great to the Churchman as to the Dissenter. It will no doubt be redressed, at least in some degree. The only difficulty seems to be, that the clergyman is feed for performing and recording the baptism. He would pocket less money if the country were put to less inconvenience. The Parliament is loath to make good and useful laws, if those laws, incidentally, occasion the clergy to pocket fewer fees. So there is a difficulty; and that is the difficulty exhibited in its nakedness. The same obstacle has, for many years, and after repeated acknowledgments of the justice of the principle, prevented the passing of the Unitarian Marriage Bill.

2. *The present state of the marriage law.*

The Dissenters complain, and very justly, not only of being obliged to submit to a ceremony which they characterise as 'superstitious and indelicate,' but of having to go at all to a

church, from which they have separated in order to secure the validity of a civil contract. We regret to observe here a symptom of the too common inconsistency of a sectarian when advocating *religious liberty. The writer seems to have no objection to the* recognition of a dissenting priesthood by the State, and the employment of that priesthood in a religious matrimonial ceremony.

'The State has to see that the contract is made with sufficient *publicity*, before a *civil officer* and *competent witnesses*, and is subject to an *exact registration;* and it has to refer any *religious exercise* proper to such solemn engagements to the *minister* of the *contracting parties.*'—p. 14.

But suppose the contracting parties are not blessed with a pastor and master, what is then to be done? What, for instance, is to become of the Freethinking Christians, by whom this question was first stirred, and who have neither priest nor altar? Who knows not that there are many thousands of unbelievers in the country, that they may be found in all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest? Are they to remain subject to that compulsory conformity, from which the Dissenters crave relief for themselves? Dissent may reply, perhaps, 'Am I my brother's keeper? Let him bestir himself for redress, if he feel aggrieved, as I do.' And so let him, by all means. But it would surely be more honourable to the Dissenters to stick to the broad principles of civil and religious liberty, and not strive merely to draw their own necks out of the collar, leaving others under the yoke. It will evidently be practicable to satisfy the Dissenters on this point, and yet to leave untouched no inconsiderable portion of the common grievance. The whole subject of marriage, as affected by the law, imperatively requires revision. What can be a more extraordinary anomaly than a Divorce Bill? The three estates of the realm, King, Lords, and Commons, in Parliament assembled, all employed in legislating for a single case of alleged breach of contract, instead of laying down a general principle by which all such cases might be at once disposed of, under a known rule. The practice is as absurd, as if a separate Act of Parliament were made necessary for every dissolution of partnership, instead of at once declaring the forms and conditions by the observance of which the parties might relieve themselves from their joint responsibility. The fact is, that the present system consists of two parts; a mistaken religious principle, and, the violation of that principle on behalf of those who find favour in the eyes of the Aristocracy, and can afford to pay. Here is need enough of reform, only it happens not to be peculiarly a dissenting grievance.

3. The 'forced conformity' of Dissenters in *the burial of their dead.*

This grievance seems to us to be the lightest in the list.

'Frequently it happens that the Dissenter has no other place of interment than the parochial ground; when he has the choice of place, it is

often overruled by the passion he has to bury his dead where his fathers and his fathers' fathers slumber; but if he yields himself to the call either of affection or of necessity, he must pay the price of conformity.' —p. 15.

One might have thought that the man who had strength enough to quit the church in which his forefathers prayed, would not have succumbed to the weakness of coveting (at the expense of a conscientious scruple) a place in the grave-yard where they moulder. And as to 'necessity,' arising from there being 'no other place of interment,' why the Saviour of the world could take his death-sleep in a garden, and why should Independent, Baptist, or Presbyterian, be more particular? Pitiful enough is the provision for post-mortem sectarianism, by which the Church neither admits a dissenting pastor to bury his flock in consecrated (*i. e.* episcopally-appropriated) ground, nor allows the clergyman to perform the established service in unconsecrated ground; but it would have been pleasanter for this grievance to have been outgrown by popular enlightenment, than for the superstition which makes it of such factitious importance, to be kept up by legislation, and perhaps prove a diversion from weightier matters. If churchmen, or any other sectarians, will be exclusive in the grave, and corrupt together without heretical contamination, they have a right to do so; provided always, that they honestly purchase the ground, and tax only themselves for what they do with it or in it. It is the absence of this condition that is the real grievance. The internal regulations of the Church, its exclusions from earth or heaven, only concern its members.

4. The exclusion of Dissenters from the Universities.

This exclusion is a notable specimen of the manner in which the Established Church has discharged its trust, and employed the funds which were forfeited by the Catholic hierarchy. Conformity, or no honours, at Cambridge; conformity, or no entrance, at Oxford; such is the very modest and useful account to be rendered of its stewardship. Reader, has Mr. Beverley's pamphlet on the University of Cambridge fallen in your way? If not, pray read it. See what a sink of iniquity has been made of a fountain of knowledge, by the filthy trampling therein of clerical hoofs. And notwithstanding the disgusting abominations there unveiled, probably greater are behind. The best defence of the system is, that it destroys any evil, intellectual, or moral, in the exclusion; and even transforms it into the character of a privilege. The minor offence against Dissenters is made a kindness by the major offence against the public.

5. Dissenters 'are *compelled to contribute towards a Church from which they have withdrawn, and from which they derive no benefit.*'

This injury is plain and strong. The complaint is based on a distinct and comprehensive principle. From the instant that we

get upon the debateable ground of theology, all payments ought to be voluntary.

The 'final grievance' of the Dissenter 'is *that of the State preferring one denomination of religionists before others.*'

Here the writer goes to the root of the evil; and this allegation is followed by about five-and-twenty pages of clear and vigorous argument, showing that 'the predominant evil is that of UNIFORM, EXPRESSED, IMPLIED DEGRADATION.' We hope this masterly summary of the case will obtain the general attention which it deserves. It cannot be presented in an abridged form, being itself a brief condensation, though most clearly and ably put. We must content ourselves with a few extracts, partly as specimens of the writer's manner, and partly for the sake of the facts stated.

The distinction between religious and civil concerns.

'In the complicated science of government, there certainly is no distinction clearer and broader than that existing between what is civil and what is religious; and one should suppose that no proposition could be more palpably just than that what is civil alone, falls within the province of civil government, and that what is religious is, from its very character, necessarily beyond its control. But it is confounding to find, that a truth which might be deemed self-evident, has not yet become a principle of government; and that, with all the disastrous evidence of an opposite course before them, no statesmen have been found wise enough to shun the evil and pursue the good. A state religion under Pagan governments, brought on the early Christians all their severe persecutions; yet the Christians no sooner obtained power, than they allied their religion with the civil establishment. A State religion brought on Europe all the curses of Popery; yet the reformers sought to elevate Protestantism in its stead. A State religion in our own land brought Charles to the scaffold, and spread massacre, martyrdom, and proscription over the empire; yet the "pilgrim fathers" who fled from it for life to foreign shores, were scarcely weaned from this folly, and left much for their noble offspring to effect. A State religion, at this moment, is threatening us with convulsion at home; and abroad—in China, in India, in Spain, wherever it exists—with the greatest obstacle to Missionary labour we know; and still we cling to the luscious error. How hard is it for any man, however enlightened and wise, to deliver himself from the seductions of error, when it seeks to retain its possession of the mind by flattering his pride and enlarging the region of his power!'—pp. 43, 44.

Voluntary contribution said to be inadequate.

'It will not work, it is said, so *efficaciously*. This, as a general assertion, is so strange and so directly in the teeth of evidence, that one is disposed to ask, can we and our opponents be agreed on the import of the term? If by not being so efficacious, is meant, that it will not so readily provide some 12, 20, or 30,000*l.* per annum, for the bishop or archbishop; that it will not provide for some 4000 clergy without cure of souls; that it will not supply some 300,000*l.* for sinecure allowances, then undoubtedly it is not so efficacious; but if it is meant that it will not so well provide the means of instruction and worship to the people,

then we wonder at the boldness which can commit any man to the declaration. The facts, my lord, are all on one side. In London and its adjacent boroughs we have 459 places of worship: of these, though London is the strong-hold of churches, 265 are dissenting and only 194 are established places. Dissent has spread over the country about 8000 chapels, besides school-houses and preaching-rooms; it has provided for the respectable education and sustenance of a ministry, commensurate with this demand; while it has done this, it has been made to contribute its proportion towards the support of an endowed Church; and yet it has, as if refreshed by its exertions, greatly surpassed that Church in its contributions of service and money to those great efforts of christian benevolence which are not of a sectarian but of a general character.

But it is urged, that the voluntary principle will not work *uniformly;* that though it should provide for the large towns, it could not carry the means of religion into our *small villages* and agricultural districts. There is something plausible in this argument, and it rests on many conscientious minds as a real difficulty. A simple question or two is sufficient, however, to rectify the judgment. If by preference, any parts of our country were selected as poor and thinly populated, they would be Cornwall and Wales. Who has carried religion over these unpromising districts,—the endowed or the dissenting teacher? One more question: There are in England and Wales 3000 stations at which the curates who serve them have less than 100*l.* a year; these are certainly the smallest and poorest in the country; could the voluntary principle *do less* for them? is it not certain, if they deserved to hold their stations at all, that it would do *much more* for them?'—pp. 51, 52.

Example of America.

'One of its small and new towns, for instance, as an ordinary sample, contains 6,000 persons; it has five churches; and half the population attends them. New York has 200,000 inhabitants; it has 101 churches; this will give, at an average attendance of 500 each, a fourth of the population as church-going, and that of London by the same estimate would give only one-seventh. It has 15,000 churches raised amongst a population of 12,000,000; and the average attendance cannot be taken at less than one in four, while that of Great Britain cannot be taken higher than one in five. And what is remarkable is, that it has achieved this with a population doubling itself in fourteen years; and instead of appealing to the principle of State endowment, as in an emergency, it has renounced it as inefficient where it did exist. Thus we have a land, under the greatest disadvantage, without any endowment for the purposes of religious worship, provided with more churches, with a more efficient ministry, and with a better average reward for ministration than we have in our own country, where every advantage has been possessed for ages, and where some three millions a-year are given to uphold an establishment.'—pp. 54, 55.

The Dissenters deny, and justly, that a *majority* has any moral right to support its own *religion,* by taxing the minority. Moreover, the assumption so often made that the Church is in a majority, is investigated.

'If figures are demanded on this subject they are at hand; and they shall be supplied by the Churchman rather than the Dissenter. The

bishop of London, who is more enlightened on such matters than many, has stated several times in Parliament, that the Dissenters compose one-fourth of the people; and the expectation has been that the mind would pass to the conclusion, that the remaining three-fourths were Churchmen. But such a conclusion is inadmissible. It appears by other evidence from the same quarter, that in the returns from one diocese, which may be taken as an average specimen, there were 110,000 persons composing the population; and that out of these only 19,069 were attendants at church, and only 4,134 attended the communion. This gives only about one-seventh as going to church, and about one in thirty-eight as using the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. This would give, then, for the nation at large, scarcely 350,000 persons as in communion with the Church; and taking the proportion of attendants not at one-seventh but at one-sixth, it would give, in a population of 12,000,000, only 2,000,000; while, by the bishop of London's low estimate, (which we are far from allowing,) the proportion of Dissenters is 3,000,000. But suppose it is insisted, that the gross numbers of the people must be made to tell on this question; then, my lord, I boldly affirm, if it were submitted to the sense of the whole nation, whether the Episcopal Church should stand on its own merits, or be supported by the present State endowments, that the large majority would determine against a civil establishment of religion. And if this would be the issue when an expenditure of some 5,000,000*l.* annually in the United Kingdom is silently employing its amazing influence in favour of an Establishment, what would be the size of the majority, if the nation were left to a disinterested and conscientious opinion?—pp. 57, 58.

The above assertion is, we have no doubt, not more bold than accurate. But then, what is to become of the 'State endowments,' as they are called, after the present recipients shall have died out? Is this magnificent INSTRUCTION FUND to be set up for a game at 'catch as catch can?' Simply to abolish tithe would be to endow the landed Aristocracy! To apply its proceeds to Government purposes, would chiefly have the effect of increasing Ministerial patronage, lightening only in a comparatively small proportion the burdens of the people. Besides, only the most urgent necessity could palliate such an appropriation. Its legitimate application is obvious. The public duty is plain. Universal and efficient instruction, for children and adults, is the great national want; and here is a great national provision, which is not only fairly applicable to that purpose, but which cannot rightly be applied to any other purpose. The plan marked out in our last number would involve the settlement of all just Dissenting claims in the most satisfactory manner. It would terminate the great sectarian conflict. And its adoption would tend to raise this country to such a pitch of civilization, as no nation upon earth has ever yet attained. Would that we could persuade the Dissenters to look further than to their own relative position as religious denominations. Why will they not merge the separate in the general question, the class right and interest in the national right and interest? Why will they not petition, at once,

for the proper administration of this great public trust? Already the ministerial journals are paving the way for some petty sectarian compromise, by taking advantage of the numerical order of the topics in this pamphlet, and representing *registration* as the first and foremost claim of the Dissenters. Let them not submit to employ their great strength only in such a petty contest. Let them fight the people's battle for knowledge. Let the claim which they put foremost, be the common claim for common good. Then will they indeed occupy a proud position. And let not the rest of the community leave this vital question solely in their hands. Let them not dream that a few regulations about patronage and pluralities can make the ecclesiastical monopoly other than what it is,—the most formidable barrier to freedom and improvement. Let them conceive the immense advantage to the people of the unexpensive establishment of such a system of universal education as that of Prussia. Let the prayer of all petitioners, whether Churchmen or Dissenters, or those who have enlisted under no sectarian banner, be, that from the beneficence of our ancestors the bread of mental life may be freely supplied to the present and all future generations. Justly does the author remind Government that 'the *opportunity* is equalled by the *responsibility*.' Let the Dissenters, and the nation at large, heed the admonition.

THE STORY WITHOUT AN END.*

A REGULAR review of this beautiful book is beyond our power. We are fairly in love with it; and how then can one treat it syllogistically or mechanically? Did ever sculptor try to model with mathematical exactness the features of her he loved, and in the very gush of his affection stick the point of his compasses in her nose to measure the elevation of her forehead? 'A question not to be asked,' as Sir John says; and therefore there is no question as to our reviewing this book *secundum artem*, seeing that we can only speak of it *con amore*.

A child's book, indeed! We will see all the children in Christendom six feet high, and bearded, the male ones, at least, before we will give up our right and title in it. We would sooner throw it into chancery, where if, like other contested property, it remain to eternity, or be absorbed by the lawyers, all the better; the court will never be so well reformed by Lord Brougham and Vaux. Dearly as we love children, such a monopoly would rouse our gall. 'I can't see,' said Rowland Hill, 'why the devil should have all the pretty tunes;' and undevilish as they naturally are,

* Translated from the German, by Sarah Austin. Illustrated by W. Harvey, Esq. Wilson, 1834.

no more can we see why the children should have all the pretty books ;—to themselves, that is ; for we do not set up an exclusive privilege ; we are for free trade, and universal sympathy. But we do protest against putting this volume into the category of children's books. Did not Bonaparte fall through ambition, and set the final seal to the proved impossibility of universal empire? Let children and their champions think upon that, and have some moderation. They have surely enough to content any Christian and charitable child. Is there not Tom Thumb? The mighty Thumb whose prowess astonished even our King Arthur? Have they not Jack the Giant Killer, the 'glorious John' of Lilliputian celebrity, who besides cutting off the heads of the big people, filled not only his belly but his bag with pudding? Have they not Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, whose black head one remembers feeling beneath one's foot? And are not theirs the Arabian Nights? Do they not see the beautiful lady come and touch the fishes with her wand, and make them speak? and is not the good Haroun Alraschid listening under the window while they are reading? Have they not—— but we will not proceed. We have some tenderness for Oxford, notwithstanding its Toryism; we will not shame its libraries, though the doors be locked, and the keys lost, and the manuscripts mouldy; and the Dissenters making a dust. We will not proceed in our catalogue, nor show how in used and appreciated literary riches, the babies beat the Bodleian. We will consent to a compromise. There shall be a treaty of reciprocity. The Queen of Translators, who has planted our English banner on this lovely region, has dedicated it to her daughter; and it is not for us to be obstinate. We will be both just and generous in stating how the case stands.

The book is a good book for children. It is a beautiful and useful book for children. It is worth volumes of grammar, and geography, and history, and botany, and mineralogy, and geology, and chronology, and theology, and omniology. Never before have we seen such a picture of an Infant Soul living and loving in the bosom of nature. And what can be better for a child than that? If there must be an interpreter between childhood and the flowers, birds and insects, let the office be filled by this book. It expounds all their languages like a Bowring or an Adelung. The sweet silver tube that it is, through which infancy may listen to the ringing of the harebells. Come, come along, little ones! Don't think we ever meant to quarrel with you, especially about such a book as this. Come and let us all breakfast with the child, and make a feast, and then we must away to other business.

'There was once a child who lived in a little hut, and in the hut there was nothing but a little bed and a looking-glass, which hung in a dark corner. Now the child cared nothing at all about the looking-glass; but as soon as the first sunbeam glided softly though the casement and

kissed his sweet eyelids, and the finch and the linnet waked him merrily with their morning songs, he arose, and went out into the green meadow. And he begged flour of the primrose, and sugar of the violet, and butter of the buttercup; he shook dew-drops from the cowslip into the cup of a harebell; spread out a large lime leaf, set his little breakfast upon it, and feasted daintily. Sometimes he invited a humming-bee, often a gay butterfly, to partake his feast; but his favourite guest was the blue dragon fly. The bee murmured a great deal, in a solemn tone, about his riches; but the child thought that if *he* were a bee, heaps of treasure would not make him gay and happy; and that it must be much more delightful and glorious to float about in the free and fresh breezes of spring, and to hum joyously in the web of the sunbeams, than with heavy feet and heavy heart, to stow the silver wax and the golden honey into cells.

'To this the butterfly assented; and he told how, once on a time, he too had been greedy and sordid; how he had thought of nothing but eating, and had never once turned his eyes upwards to the blue heavens. At length, however, a complete change had come over him; and instead of crawling spiritless about the dirty earth, half dreaming, he all at once awaked as out of a deep sleep. And now he would rise into the air; and it was his greatest joy sometimes to play with the light, and to reflect the heavens in the bright eyes of his wings; sometimes to listen to the soft language of the flowers and catch their secrets. Such talk delighted the child, and his breakfast was the sweeter to him, and the sunshine on leaf and flower seemed to him more bright and cheering.

'But when the bee had flown off to beg from flower to flower, and the butterfly had fluttered away to his playfellows, the dragon-fly still remained, poised on a blade of grass. Her slender and burnished body, more brightly and deeply blue than the deep blue sky, glistened in the sunbeam; and her net-like wings laughed at the flowers because *they* could not fly, but must stand still and abide the wind and the rain. The dragon-fly sipped a little of the child's clear dew-drops and blue violet honey, and then whispered her winged words. And the child made an end of his repast, closed his dark blue eyes, and listened to the sweet prattle.'—p. 9—14.

If the book be a good book for children, it is a better book for men: we mean grown up men both in body and in mind. When the day's toils are over, in mart or study, court or senate; when wisdom is so wise, and folly is so foolish, that it palls upon or irritates the jaded mind; when strong faculties have been on the stretch for many hours, in the strife of business, politics, or philanthropy;

> 'When the hurly burly's done,
> When the battle's lost and won,'

then let them take this book for the soul's refreshment and revival; and each will have the sweeter rest, and rise, the morrow's morn, a purer, wiser, better, happier man. They will feel as if they had been unconsciously transported a thousand leagues from London, into a lovely, lonely, happy valley, and laid gently down on a bed of the softest moss, a transparent rill murmuring

'a quiet tune' at their feet, while all the birds are at their vespers in the neighbouring wood, and the setting sun looks as if his mighty heart were melting in tenderness within him, while he smiles on the scene his parting benediction.

If the book be really a child's book, it must be for such a child as the spirit of the just made perfect becomes, in order to enter the kingdom of heaven. Only aright can it be understood, appreciated, and felt, in the nursery of the soul's regeneration. The pictorial beauties, and pretty fancies, and objective realities, with all the interest and love they generate in the little first-form people of humanity, and the deeper poetry and philosophy, not unmixed with the ruder stimulus of satiric allegory, and overspread with an all-covering mantle of loveliness, which may recreate the spirits of the bustling boys who are struggling through the world's curriculum; these are only the outer covering; and after this delicately tinted blossom, and within the leafy texture of this gracefully formed calyx, there is the inmost kernel of a psychological parable, enriched and adorned with various subordinate similitudes, allegorical hints or developements, hieroglyphics, mythoi, and heavenly visions which are oracular to the child-spirit that upturns its meek and holy countenance to the descending light.

We have transcribed the first chapter, and now if only following our inclinations, we should transcribe the second also, showing how the child sat by the gurgling brook, talking to the little waves, and asking them whence they came; and how, while they danced away one over another without stopping to reply, a little drop of water rested behind a piece of rock, telling strange histories, far better than the mystic purification which the Grecian 'Epicurean' borrowed of the Egyptian 'Sethos,' for she told him about her former life among the depths of the mountains: and the third chapter, how the child dreamt of gloomy caverns, and of being in the clouds, and catching lambs of mist and vapour, as the moon's soft light lay on his eyelids; while she lingered a long time before his little window, and went slowly away to lighten the dark chamber of some sick person. And the fourth chapter, showing the flowers in their airs, and the child justifying wisdom of her children, 'the tulips speaking their love in bright looks, and the hyacinth uttering hers in fragrant words:' and the fifth chapter, the ramble in the wood, which fills the child's heart with joy even to the brim, where 'the little birds warbled and sang, and fluttered and hopped about, and the delicate wood flowers gave out their beauty and their odours, and every sound took a sweet odour by the hand and thus walked through the open door of the child's heart, and held a joyous nuptial dance therein; and the child set himself down, and almost thought he should like to take root there and live for ever among the sweet plants and flowers, and so become a true sharer in all their

gentle pleasures. Or the sixth chapter, of the mouse and lizard, where the one thinks, that because he is grey the bright flowers should throw away their handsome clothes, and the other, while severely reproving him, cannot, for his part, imagine of what use birds are in the world: and the seventh and eighth chapters, where the child is benighted, and the dragon-fly finds for him a 'local habitation' in a cave, where let him rest, for 'the leaves have already beaten the tattoo in the evening breeze,' and the flowers had welcomed him with their music, the tone of the blue bells deep and rich, and that of the white high and clear; and hanging on the edge of the cave, strawberries which had drunk so deep of the evening red, that they bowed their heavy heads down to his touch:- and the ninth chapter, the legend of the fire-flies—but stop here—we must have this.

'And when he had eaten his fill, he sat down on the soft moss, crossed one little leg over the other, and began to gossip with the fire-flies. And as he so often thought on his unknown parents, he asked them who were their parents. Then the one nearest to him gave him answer: and he told how that they were formerly flowers, but none of those who thrust their rooty hands greedily into the ground, and draw nourishment from the dingy earth only to make themselves fat and large withal; but that the light was dearer to them than any thing, even at night; and while the other flowers slept, they gazed unwearied on the light, and drank it in with eager adoration—sun and moon and starlight. And the light had so thoroughly purified them, that they had not sucked in poisonous juices like the yellow flowers of the earth, but sweet odours for sick and fainting hearts, and oil of potent, ethereal virtue for the weak and wounded; and, at length, when their autumn came, they did not, like the others, wither and sink down, leaf and flower, to be swallowed up by the darksome earth, but shook off their earthly garment, and mounted aloft into the clear air. But there it was so wondrously bright, that sight failed them; and when they came to themselves again, they were fire-flies, each sitting on a withered flower-stalk.'

'And now the child liked the bright-eyed flies better than ever; and he talked a little longer with them, and inquired why they showed themselves so much more in spring. They did it, they said, in the hope that their gold-green radiance might allure their cousins, the flowers, to the pure love of light.'—p. 77—80.

And now we could go on with the 10th chapter, where the spiders weave their curtain before the mouth of the cave, and the moss had grown joyfully for a couch, and the wood became stiller and stiller, while here and there fell a dry leaf which had been driven from its old dwelling-place by a fresh one; and the child in his loneliness looked up at the stars, which were indeed 'far, far away, yet he knew them, and they knew him, for they looked into his eyes.' But, dear daughter of Mrs. Austin, do ask your mother not to allow, in the next edition, the spider to creep tip-toe along his web, and give the gnat that gripe in the wind-pipe which soon spoilt his trumpeting. And even the 11th

chapter, though perhaps we like this the least, we could transcribe, moralizing on those disagreeable Wills o'the wisp, the vain glozing Willy, and the envious Willy: and the 12th chapter, which comes brightening upon us, like the morning it announces, —a chapter, that when we heard it after the other, fell on us like its own dew-drop, that 'trembled, sparkling and twinkling on a blade of grass, and knew not that beneath him stood a little moss that was thirsting after him.' And the 13th chapter, where the lark sings a lyric rich as those of Coleridge, or of Tennyson; but we can only make room for the critical comments of the corn-poppies, when the dingy little bird had fulfilled her mission of carrying the earth's thankfulness up to the sun; and from the pure element dropped suddenly to the ground.

'Then the red corn-poppies laughed at the homely looking bird, and cried to one another, and to the surrounding blades of corn, in a shrill voice, "Now, indeed, you may see what comes of flying so high, and striving and straining after mere air; people only lose their time, and bring back nothing but weary wings and an empty stomach. That vulgar-looking, ill-dressed little creature would fain raise herself above us all, and has kept up a mighty noise. And now there she lies on the ground, and can hardly breathe, while we have stood still where we are sure of a good meal, and have staid like people of sense where there is something substantial to be had; and in the time she has been fluttering and singing, we have grown a good deal taller and fatter."

'The other little red-caps chattered and screamed their assent so loud, that the child's ears tingled, and he wished he could chastise them for their spiteful jeers; when a cyane said in a soft voice, to her younger playmates, "Dear friends, be not led astray by outward show, nor by discourse which regards only outward show. The lark is indeed weary, and the space into which she has soared is void; but the void is not what the lark sought; nor is the seeker returned empty home. She strove after light and freedom, and light and freedom has she proclaimed. She left the earth and its enjoyments, but she has drunk of the pure air of heaven, and has seen that it is not the earth, but the sun that is stedfast. And if earth has called her back, it can keep nothing of her but what is its own. Her sweet voice and her soaring wings belong to the sun, and will enter into light and freedom, long after the foolish praters shall have sunk and been buried in the dark prison of the earth."

'And the lark heard her wise and friendly discourse, and with renewed strength she sprang once more into the clear and beautiful blue.

'Then the child clapped his little hands for joy, that the sweet bird had flown up again, and that the red-caps must hold their tongues for shame.'—pp. 113. 117.

But we must close this little book, which is as much without an end, as the world is without an end; and is no more without an end, than the world is without an end; and we must look away from the illustrations, so full of pencilled poetry and truth, always excepting the little old-man-ish face which envizors the child's features: but let us take its last moral lesson as we go,

and carry it with us and treasure it up, and make it useful, and not quarrel with it, because we may think that a time will come, when the child must cease to care nothing at all about the looking-glass which hung in a dark corner in his little hut; for after that season must come another, when that inner gazing shall have ceased, and the glass have done its duty.

'And the child was become happy and joyful, and breathed freely again, and thought no more of returning to his hut, for he saw that nothing returned inwards, but rather that all strove outwards into the free air; the rosy apple-blossoms from their narrow buds, and the gurgling notes from the narrow breast of the lark. The germs burst open the folding doors of the seeds, and broke through the heavy pressure of the earth in order to get at the light; the grasses tore asunder their bands, and their slender blades sprung upwards. Even the rocks were become gentle, and allowed little mosses to peep out from their sides, as a sign that they would not remain impenetrably closed for ever. And the flowers sent out colour and fragrance into the whole world, for they kept not their best for themselves, but would imitate the sun and the stars, which poured their warmth and radiance over the spring. And many a little gnat and beetle burst the narrow cell in which it was enclosed, and crept out slowly, and, half asleep, unfolded, and shook its tender wings, and soon gained strength, and flew off to untried delights. And as the butterflies came forth from their chrysalids in all their gaiety and splendour, so did every humble and suppressed aspiration and hope free itself, and boldly launch into the open and flowing sea of spring.'—p. 121—123.

VARIORUM NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

Macready's Coriolanus.—If the reader go to see this drama acted, it is very likely that he will carry with him his recollections of the great Kemble in the chief character. I would ask such an auditor to sit patiently, if he go to see Macready, till the third act, for till then the reflections of his memory will flit across his thoughts and incline him to comparisons which may not induce him to yield the palm of superiority, nor, perhaps, the meed of equality, to Macready. I am here supposing the auditor neither to have studied the character deeply, nor read it intently, independent of the opinions which he has imbibed from others. The man who has so read and so studied, *before* the end of the second act, will think as I did on seeing Macready on Monday evening, Dec. 16, though, with myself, till then the visions of Kemble repeatedly intruded; and I had, for many years, thought that with his retirement Coriolanus was banished from the stage and hopeless of return. Such is not my thought now, as I know that he is not only restored, but lives with more truth and vigour than ever in Macready.

There were many glorious and superior touches in the earlier scenes that would shake the faith of any thinking auditor; for instance, when the expostulation of Menenius touches him to unbending from his angry scorn of the citizens, in solicitation of their votes, his reply

'What must I say?
I pray sir—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace—Look, sir, my wounds,' &c.

Here we have what no auditor could remember in the great model, I am sure—the four distinct states of feeling clearly put forth, not only in gesture, eye, and lip, but what is a more certain, safer, and truer exposition of them and the man's character, the voice showed, in its variety, that it had been struck into a natural adaptation of its tones by the several present thoughts and emotions; these tones had all nature's appropriateness.

First was the question put to a *friend* in such a way as tinged it with a meaning that it was a friend's wish yielded to, rather than a knowledge desired; then as if conning the dose of words in his lesson, 'I pray, sir,' and dashing them out of his mouth impatiently, as if too nauseous for endurance in 'Plague upon it,' &c. taking the lesson up again, and relieving his palate of their odiousness by qualifying it with the angry scorn of his true nature, an abhorrence of baseness, fancied or real.

And does any auditor forget his 'Kindly?' There was a visible moral pain in uttering the word—a revolting, and a constrained keeping within, the feelings which his heart prompted him to lay bare. That 'A match, sir,' and what followed, the hand was put forth in the impulse of a thought. 'I have done; enough with you;' not as if it were the adjunct in concluding a bargain, and it was so well fitted to that thought that no eye could have perceived in it a design to induce that contact of the citizen's palm, and its consequences. Equally beautiful was the hurrying, impatient monotone in which he ran over the words of his disagreeable lesson, as if sickening at them while he spoke—'Your voices, for your voices I have fought,' &c.; and many other passages which ask for comment but must be denied it.

From the commencement of the third act, the master-spirit—the close thought with which he had examined and studied—the depth and completeness of the plunge which he had made into the mind, heart, passion, and being of Coriolanus, could no longer be questioned. Whatever thinking auditor doubted till then, hesitated not in accepting this Coriolanus as the true one, although it was so very different from the established model. I should lengthen this note far beyond the limits which can be granted to my observations, were I to show all the points of beauty and masses of difference in the first scene; but one or two passages may be noticed, not for their *difference*, but for their power and beauty. The angry astonishment at the charges enumerated by *Brutus*, tinged with contempt of that Tribune and his motives in making the charges, in

> 'Why this was known before,'

the reply to 'Not to them all,'

> 'Have you informed them since?'

was given in a suppressed but acute tone, and a dart of the eye, which both went directly to the crouching accuser's heart; and that headlong hurrying of the words, in fear that his friends should stop him before he could give them all breath; the quiet intenseness of resolute purpose in the voice, as if the sentiment should not be, could not be questioned, in

> 'Whoever gave that counsel to give forth the corn,' &c.

and the deep, internal boiling of rage in,

> Hence! rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
> Out of thy garments!—

are all instances which may be freely quoted in proof of Macready's glorious intellect and imagination.

'No! I'll die here,'—

with the motion of the sword—the instantly struck picture of attitude, came on the spectator like a lightning flash. Let any one compare and contrast the records of his memory with that.

But it was in the scene with Volumnia in this act, that Coriolanus shone preeminently in all the variety of moral form, mental action, and physical expression, with which genius tasking skill, and skill responding to genius, can hope to illustrate the character. The scene as it was acted by Macready renders the succeeding conduct and passion, and ultimate events of the play, the most perfect dramatic harmony I ever witnessed. He was the living body of Shakspeare's imaginative creation. The least controllable of his violent dispositions, the most irrepressible of his passions; a resolution binding up scorn, indignation, hate, and abhorrence, and held together by as much reason and justice as his excitability will permit him to collect, shake, falter, yield, not on conviction of truth or necessity, but to the filial reverence, it cannot be called affection, with which he regards his mother. She it is who has taught him the lessons of conduct which he is now practising, yet strong as is his bitterness to her, he uses no word of accusation or reproach when she now counsels that which is so opposite to what she has hitherto taught him. Surprise, grief, and regret that his conduct is not approved by her, is so clearly blended and so discriminatingly tempers the commingling turbulence of passion, that to one who has made the anatomy of human feelings any part of his study, this is a living picture which cannot but appear as extraordinary in the talent it combines, as to see and hear it is most delightful and instructive. The look of pain and doubt with which he listens, as if wishing *she* would not give such counsel, yet showing that he hears it, for that it is his duty to hear her, he looks 'I shall not be convinced, though I obey.' Then came,

'Well I must do it.
Away my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit,' &c.

Till

'My knees bend like his that hath received an alms.'

Its delivery was most eloquent, let me say consummately beautiful, compelling his voice into a calm, while each syllable was distinctly pronounced: the thoughts gradually swelling with disgust at the picture which they drew, the face increasing in its flush of shame, at the prospect of so degrading his habit and his nature. Nothing more perfect, more quietly beautiful, of its kind, was ever heard, till the appealing indignation, which it was no longer possible to hold back, burst out,—how? not in a loudness of voice; but in a dense, hard, iron tone, which told the full mastery with which the passion had grappled him in these words,

'I will not do it,' &c.

This was succeeded, again, by that painful reluctance with which he expressed his yielding to his mother's reproachful remonstrances:

'Mother, I'm going to the market-place;
Chide me no more.'

The scene was throughout a combination of clear judgment and discrimination, with tact and genius in execution. An anxious admirer of

this tragedian could not wish it were better in any place or passage. A censuringly-disposed critic, perhaps, would find nothing on which he could vent his reproof, though this is, by far, an easier office than pointing out beauties.

In the last scene of this act he was equally just, but more broadly conspicuous. How fully those words 'I'm content,' told the difficulty he felt in submitting to an utterance of them! And that outbursting of hitherto smouldered, crushed-within fire, on the words, 'How! traitor!' and like a cataract, with all the mighty gush of its bound-up strength, the lava of indignation, scorn, and rage poured forth

'The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people,' &c.

Mother, honours, friends, Rome, all creatures, and all things, were whelmed and forgotten in the destructive sweep of that massive burst!—It was truly sublime!

And that one word, 'you!'—which was darted as if it were an arrow of fire at the unfortunate Tribune who 'prated of service,' will be remembered for years by those who heard it on the evening of Dec. 16, 1833. Then followed that gathering up into one compressed sense, a concentration to a focus, and lodged deep down in the heart's centre, all the parts and varieties of his disgust and indignation, and he in a full, round, resolutely full, grand, and scathing, yet most dignified voice, measured out (as if not an atom of the entire weight of every syllable and letter should be lost) that speech which concluded the act—

'Ye common cry of curs! whose breath I hate,' &c.

Kemble here exhibited stately scorn, indignation and high anger, and delivered the whole passage in a *very elevated voice.* He accompanied the 'I banish you!' with a stately sweep of lifted arm. Macready banished them without the arm's sweep; there was a deeper, grander, a more durable and intense thought in his manner.

In their reception of the fifth act, the audience felt that Macready could not be resisted. They fully acknowledged from him all those magnificent strokes for which his predecessor was so much celebrated. In the whole scene Macready *was immensely the superior.* In the complication of the existing interests, events, feelings, distracting passions, and the catastrophe, is an unusual variety of high, and all-contending emotions. They advance, recede, meet, oppose and cross each other with a rapidity, depth, and force which demand the loftiest powers of intellect, perception, and judgment, and *susceptibility to impression,* which can be associated in man. It is in this changing, fluctuating variety, and the wondrous fitting of his existence to them, that the actor under notice stood so preeminent. Let the spectator close his eyes, and give but his ears in attention, he will feel that it is nature breathing each alteration in the tone of voice; or, art is so finely taught, so closely, so exquisitively instructed by nature, that he will be sure it is nature herself that speaks. I should fill a volume, instead of making a short note, were I to enter into an analysis of these emotions, and showed whence they originated, when and how they commenced, and where they were checked, changed, and obliterated, or to describe the actor's manner and expression in them. However, one instance of the rich, though delicate, the clear, though so nicely discriminated, tinges of the feelings on the voice, I must not omit to mention. It occurred in those several modes

of salutation, of his wife, mother, and child. The mournful tenderness of affection, after kissing the cheek of Virgilia, while he clasped her neck, and murmured, but *so* distinctly,

> 'Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
> I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
> Hath virgin'd it e'er since,'

must have dropped into the heart of every one who heard the words. Then kneeling to his mother, in a deeper tone of reverence, touched by sorrow,

> 'Sink, my knee, i' the earth;
> Of thy deep duty more impression show
> Than that of common sons.'

And the beauty of the grief-ful joy, in speaking to his child, each was so admirably marked by a difference of feeling, yet each bore affection's tinge of affinity. The unbreathing silence of the audience acknowledged the actor's power. '*This is beauty;* beauty which we cannot applaud with our hands: the throbs of the heart, the filling eye, and the quivering lip, are all we can give to its praise.'

Space will not allow me to dwell on the agitating conflict of emotions which shook and writhed the actor's frame, and place him, in such powers, far above any one I have ever looked upon, and I have looked on many. I have been enchained and bowed down in almost an agony of delight by some; but what a rending of the spirit was pictured with those words,

> 'Pity me, generous Volscians! ye are men,' &c.

Silence was the actor's triumph! And with all the recollections of Kemble in

> 'Measureless liar!' &c.

and the sudden and violent transition to

> 'Cut me to pieces,' &c.

and as suddenly in the bursting forth of the volcanic fire,

> 'If you have writ your annals true,' &c.

I do conceive it impossible for any man who permits himself to think, his feelings to sway, or his justice to plead, to hesitate in saying, no Coriolanus that has yet been seen made so sublime an exit.*

There is one point on which I feel as assured as it is possible for reasoning from causes and a knowledge of men's character to enable me to be. This it is: many of those who have now so religious a veneration for Kemble's talents that they will admit no light which may cast a shadow on their worship, no reason that may shake their faith, would not, *if Macready had preceded him*, tolerate Kemble through one act. After the satisfaction of feasting their eyes on his noble figure, and his stateliness of demeanour, and physical splendour of movement, (which I will venture to tell them, and the world too, were oftentimes made paramount to truth, nature, and passion,) they would very speedily discover

* On the following Friday Coriolanus was repeated, to a poorer house than the poor one on Monday. It may astonish you, reader, to be told that if the theatre were deserted entirely when Macready plays in Shakspeare's dramas, it would not prove a tittle of evidence that Macready is not, and by far, the best actor of the nineteenth century. I will tell you why 'he does not draw,' in a future note, and it will be *new* astonishment to you.

something wanting which would induce them to exclaim, 'Ha! Macready for me!' as they now exclaim, 'Ha! Kemble for me!' Kemble was great, but Macready is greater; he has more of truth in him, and it comes out of him. And I beg it may not be supposed that I have made these remarks in a desire to detract one jot from the true merits of a great actor, who no longer exists. My sole aim is to induce people to think, if they can be brought to think a little on these matters; it is very probable they will soon think deeply of them voluntarily. The most useful knowledge is of the mind of man. No where will practical illustrations of man's character, motives, and conduct be obtained so vividly and impressibly as from a fine piece of acting. Such acting as is Macready's, and that of a few others. All are aware of the pleasure, but few have calculated the beneficial results of such exhibitions.

PEL. VERJUICE.

Notes on 'the three classes of readers of Shakspeare's plays,' and on 'King John,' it was intended should precede this; owing to their length, it is found necessary to defer them till next month.

Hissing an Atheist.—The 'Times' of November 29th contains the report of the trial of Henry Berthold for stealing a boa, the property of Messrs. Leaf & Co., the firm which figured some time back as defendants in a dispute with the Custom-house, touching sundry alleged irregularities relative to the revenue. Few public matters have occurred of late, more calculated to excite disgust in a well-regulated and reflecting mind than the conduct of almost all the parties connected with this trial, either as actors or spectators, if the 'Times' report be correct.

Henry Berthold, a native of Saxony, and writer to some of the penny political periodicals, was charged with shoplifting, by concealing a boa in his hat, for which he was put upon his trial, and he hired Charles Phillips, barrister, of alliterative notoriety, to prove him, if possible, not guilty. The prisoner also read a defence, stating, that 'he had published several works of a highly moral tendency, and in testimony to the character of his writings, solicited the attention of the court to the letters he had in his possession, from his present Majesty, when Duke of Clarence, from the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Wellington, Earl Stanhope, and other distinguished personages.' He then by way of proof of his innocence placed the boa in question in his hat, so that it would not go on his head. Upon which a witness for the prosecution, by the direction of the Recorder, twisted the boa into a form which made it easy to conceal in the hat when on the prisoner's head. A witness, named Julian Hibbert, then presented himself under a subpœna, to speak to the prisoner's character, but on being put on his oath, stated, that he did not believe in the contents of the book presented to him, whether it might be the 'Old or New Testament.' Mr. Charles Phillips then elicited from him the statement that he was an Atheist, whereat he professed to be deeply shocked, and refused to examine him. The witness calmly replied 'Very well,' and descended from the box 'amid loud hisses.' Mr. Phillips, however, to make the thing still more explicit, again called him back for an explanation of the word Atheist, and then concluded, 'I will not disgrace myself by asking you another question.' The witness then retired amidst the strongest manifestations of disgust and execration from all present.

A second witness, William M'Pherson, was then called, whose conduct gave sufficient evidence that he was disgustingly coarse-minded, as well as absurd. He also stated that he was an Atheist, and the remainder of the trial was as follows, according to the 'Times.'

'Mr. Phillips, (with great energy,) Begone, Sir; I will not, after the disgusting exhibition made to-night, degrade myself by asking you another question, nor will I disguise the answer you made to me in an under-tone (when I asked you if you had been sworn) that "you had gone through the ceremony." I will not insult this Christian jury and assembly by putting another question to you. Begone, Sir.

'It was some minutes before silence was procured, so general were the expressions of execration at the declaration and demeanour of the witness, who left the court amidst hisses and loud cries of 'Turn him out,' in which several of the jury joined.

'Mr. Alderman Brown then said, addressing Mr. Phillips, "The public, Mr. Phillips, owe you much for the course you have pursued."

'No other witnesses answering when called, the Recorder proceeded to sum up the evidence to the jury. He was satisfied they would not suffer the prisoner to sustain any prejudice in their minds from the exhibition which had just now been made in court. It would have perhaps been well if the court had used its authority to repress the disturbance which that exhibition had occasioned, but he could not help saying, however irregular the conduct which flowed from right princiciples might be, it was most pleasing to witness with what disgust and execration the declarations of a party (whether real or affected) that he was not dependent upon a Supreme Being, were received in a British assembly.

'The jury, after a short consultation, found the prisoner *Guilty*, but recommended him to mercy, believing this to be a first offence.

'The Recorder told the prisoner if he had respectable witnesses who could depose to his character and mode of life, he would hear their evidence before he passed sentence.

'The prisoner said he had such friends, and that he had no notion that the witnesses he had called would have been guilty of such conduct.'

In commenting upon this, I shall render justice, so far as my reason will enable me, to all parties.

Henry Berthold was clearly guilty of the crime of stealing the boa, and the recommendation to mercy was most ill judged. Infinitely greater was his crime than a similar offence committed by a private individual. He had set himself up as a teacher of the people, and an advocate of their political rights, therefore it behoved him to be of irreproachable life and morals, even if his intellect were infirm, and if he erred through want of intellect; still more certain should be his punishment, in order to prevent other half informed men from lightly arrogating to themselves the office of moral and political teachers as a mode of getting their daily bread. The principle of the bloated churchman, 'do ye even as I say, and not as I do,' should not be allowed to gain ground amongst those who profess themselves patriots. Children who play wantonly with fire are punished on account of the risk that mischief may occur, and he who sets up for a public teacher, should, when he errs, be more severely punished than an obscure man, for his sphere of evil is greater. I have not read any of the writings of Henry Ber-

thold, but he is evidently a man of very inferior intellect. He was the author of the 'Political Handkerchief,' a puerile attempt to out-manœuvre the stamp-office, by printing political articles on calico, or rather on crossed cotton threads, saturated with damaged American flour or plaster of Paris. The thing was unreadable after a single 'man-handling,' becoming a dirty mass of printer's ink and white powder. He could not even have looked at the act of parliament, or he would have seen that the stamp duties were protected by the words, 'paper or any other material.' A man thus shallow, could be but a blind guide to others. In stealing the boa—supposing him not to be possessed of the idiosyncrasy peculiar to some persons, of appropriating every thing they lay hands on—he must have been actuated by one of two causes—actual want, or utter profligacy. If the latter, he was a worthless being; if the former, it is an evidence of the absence of intellect, or beggarly pride. A writer, in want, would scarcely be refused employment as a labourer in a printing house, and a man of moral feelings would at once have said, it is better to labour for a bare existence, than to break down the barrier of integrity. Nothing but the pangs of hunger can warrant any man in taking the property of his neighbour without his leave, and even then the violence only becomes excusable on the plea that hunger is like madness, preventing a man from being the master of his own actions. Had there been a fragment of high mind in Henry Berthold when put upon his trial, he would at once have crossed his arms and said, 'I am guilty, and the cause of my guilt was want or profligacy, for which I am content to bear the punishment the law awards.' But not so, he meanly shuffled and prevaricated, and endeavoured to controvert direct and positive testimony by a trick so absurd and glaring, that a child would have been ashamed to attempt it, as an imputation on his intellect. Still more contemptible than this, was his citing such persons as the Dukes of Clarence, and Gloucester, and Wellington, in proof of his good character. A portion of his business, as a public teacher, had been to bring into contempt the factitious respect attaching to such men on account of their rank, and upon the principle of the cringing meanness ever inhabiting the soul of a sycophant; only upon that principle can his conduct be accounted for. A man of high mind, even after the commission of a crime, would at once have disdained such disproof of his own unworthiness. Yet 'the Recorder told the prisoner, that if he had *respectable* witnesses who could depose to his character and mode of life, he would hear their evidence before he passed sentence.' That sentence when translated, means 'If you abjure all your former radical doings, and can by proper sycophancy to sundry dukes and duchesses, persuade them to give you letters of recommendation, I will let you off.' How perfectly this tallies with the statement of the 'Schoolmaster in Newgate,' that great men can influence the punishment of a prisoner, 'from hanging and transportation down to respite and reprieve.' It is another proof of the mischief of suffering a 'pardon power' to lie in irresponsible hands, thus making it a tool for political tampering. Punishments should not be defined by law, save under the direction of unprejudiced philosophers, and when thus defined, they should be imperative, not left to the regulation of the passions of a judge. Thus far, Henry Berthold criminal! Turn we to Charles Phillips, the hireling advocate of criminals.

When Julian Hibbert the witness who presented himself to speak to

the prisoner's character, declared himself to be an Atheist, Charles Phillips affected the extreme of horror, and exclaimed with his usual theatric air, 'Witness, I will not disgrace myself by asking you another question.' But not satisfied with this display, when the witness had retired, he called him back again, and made him go through the definition of an Atheist, which the witness described as 'a man who does not believe in the existence of a God.' Fancy the vapouring absurdity of a man like Charles Phillips, talking about 'disgracing himself,' his hand being polluted daily and hourly by the 'vile coin' of thieves and murderers, and ruffians, and reptiles, of all descriptions, who pour in upon him with their five-shilling briefs. He is grateful to his supporters, and does his best to maintain their 'respectability' and their lives. He lives by the life and not by the death of thieves, and he preserves them as the country 'squires do their game. But Atheists bring no grist to the mill, and therefore he makes war upon Atheists, knowing that the vulgar mob of high and low will join with him. It is a capital thing to 'make a sensation' amongst the religious folks, especially when there is no fear of consequences. It seems, however, that in point of 'respectability, Julian Hibbert is far before Charles Phillips, for while Charles Phillips lives on 'five-shilling briefs,' Julian Hibbert lives on an independent property, and as to his attainments, he is a skilful Greek critic, having written, and printed at a printing-press of his own, a work of considerable erudition in that language. He is, moreover, a highly benevolent, though not a wise man. And now a few words to Julian Hibbert.

When he was asked to kiss the book, he gratuitously declared 'that he had no belief in its contents.' He must be supposed sincere in his declaration, for it was courting public obloquy, but in so doing he deprived a court of law of the benefit of his evidence. It was a kind of seeking after a martyrdom, a sort of testifying for conscience sake, which was quite uncalled for by circumstances, and therefore it became a ridiculous bravado. What if the trial had been a cause of the highest importance to the community, ought Julian Hibbert in such case to have destroyed his utility to the community by flippancy? The whole system of oath-taking is vile and absurd. All that is needed is, that due punishment await the giving false evidence in a public court.

Upon every paltry matter of pounds, shillings, and pence debated in a court of justice, God is invoked to help them, times without number. If this be not blasphemy, what then is? If a tradesman swear to a debt he calls God to witness it, though in many cases the matter is plunder, and in others he has no knowledge of the transaction beyond hearing. What is the value of a sailor's or a merchant's oath at the custom-house, and what is the real distinction, whether the smuggler kisses the book or kisses his thumb, a mode of evasion considered very quieting to the conscience? When Jonathan had to give evidence as to the occupation of land, he was required by his employer to swear that he had seen corn grown on it at a stated period. His conscience was in the way, and to quiet it, he and his employer took a journey to the spot, and planting some heads of growing maize in a running brook, they suspended to a tree on one side the figures 1814, and to a tree on the other the figures 1815. Jonathan then went into court, and swore that 'he had seen some growing in the spring, between 1814-15. The fact is, whenever ceremonies are substituted for substance, the substance is apt to be forgotten.

Now, touching this matter of belief in a God, it is clear that Julian Hibbert spoke without due reflection. He probably had been somewhat annoyed in his youth with the cant of religion, while he saw through the hypocrisy of the professors, and that gave him so much distaste for the whole thing, that the hatred of the one became synonymous with the hatred of the other. I myself remember passing through similar sensations in my boyhood, being driven to churches and chapels innumerable, sometimes thrice in the day, to hear dull and measured routine services, and still duller sermons, wherein dogmas were made to supply the place of logic, till the very name of religion became loathsome to me, as something invariably connected with privation and suffering, and Christianity became synonymous with jesuitry and bigotry. Hatred of this tyranny practised in his name, made me blind to the beautiful spirit of Christ, blind to the fact, that he was a beneficent and *radical* reformer of the numerous evils to which the human mind is subjected. It was a most unfortunate religion for a race of oppressive rulers to live under, and therefore was it that they did what in them lay, to change its beautiful morality to vicious practices. Oppression is utterly incompatible with pure Christianity. When Julian Hibbert professed his disbelief of the existence of a God, he was illogical. He may ask others to prove the existence of a God, but they may also challenge him to prove the non-existence. Those who logicize in favour of belief, state their arguments very briefly. 'Does the general system of the universe give internal evidence of plan, or no plan? If the answer be in the affirmative, then the existence of a plan must premise also the existence of a planner. This, allowed, opens another argument; does there seem in the race of men a general and constant tendency towards perfection, through all his changes? This cannot well be disproved, and the inference must be, that the nature of the planner of the universe must be beneficent.' I apprehend that Julian Hibbert would experience some difficulty in disproving this argument, notwithstanding no two witnesses can be found who can say, 'We have seen God face to face.' Most probably, Julian Hibbert, stung by the illiberality and oppressive nature of those who wield religion as an implement for keeping down the poor, has been driven into the not very mathematical conclusion, that two wrongs make one right. The religious traders say to him 'You shall believe, or we will bait you,' and he replies, 'I am bent therefore upon disbelieving, and will disbelieve in spite of you all.' The fact is, belief or disbelief does not seem in any way to depend on the will of the individual, but on the peculiarity of his mental organization, and it is possible for a believer to be a much worse member of society than an unbeliever. A man may readily profess a belief, without examining the premises, just as men profess themselves Christians, though a true Christian, *i. e.* a being regulating all his thoughts and actions upon the principle of 'do as you would be done by,' is scarcely to be met with. A cold pure logician, even if he professes to believe in the existence of a God, is not therefore necessarily a benevolent man, nor even if he does really believe. Something of an enthusiastic spirit is necessary to produce good fruit in the shape of religion, and enthusiasm is a matter of temperament. But it is quite certain, that a man professing to be an Atheist may nevertheless be a moral man, as far as regards the transaction of his social duties, and if he be a punctilious man in regard to truth, which declaring his disbelief in opposition to public obloquy is

mostly a proof of, it is utterly absurd and mischievous to incapacitate him from giving evidence in a court of law.

It seems by the report, that several of the jury joined in the cry of 'turn him out,' when William M'Pherson declared his unbelief. It is a proof that they were far less fitted for jurymen than Julian Hibbert was for an evidence. Their conduct was most disgraceful to them. This boasted 'trial by jury' seems, in many cases, to be very like 'trial by *party*.' Like Charles Phillips, they would rather justice should be left undone, than that an individual personally obnoxious to them should be instrumental in doing it.

Mr. Alderman Brown addressed Mr. Phillips, 'The public, Mr. Phillips, owe you much for the course you have pursued.' Mr. Alderman Brown doubtless is a 'highly *respectable* person:' like Bel the idol, 'eating much meat.'

But the judge, the recorder, sitting in the seat of judgment, and approving the interference of the spectators with the course of justice, and clapping them on the back! Go it, good people all, as has been done by church and king mobs before now! You are a 'British assembly;' therefore show your zeal for the Supreme Being by your want of charity to one of his creatures! Hunt him out of the pale of society as fast as possible. The recorder had a predecessor who was commonly called by the name of 'Black Jack.' He did many things, but none more extraordinary than this.

Rustic Simplicity.—According to the 'Times' police report, a poor countryman made a complaint before the Lord Mayor that he had been robbed. It seemed that he came up to London with a few pounds in his pocket, and a cheat in a public-house, after persuading him to give half his money for a watch, decamped. Then, first suspecting his companion, the poor fellow went into a watch-maker's to inquire the value of the watch, which was only a few shillings. A cab man at the door condoled with him, saying, he had once been served so himself. He then showed him a public-house, where he said he would find the cheat, but advised him to leave his remaining money in his custody, lest that also should be stolen from him. He complied, and it seems that the cab-man also had disappeared when he again came out of the public-house. The Lord Mayor laughed at this. The simplicity of the poor countryman seemed to be a matter of astonishment to him. A philosopher would have looked deeper. The occurrence is a proof that mankind are not all depraved. It is a proof that there are places in England where confidence still exists between man and man, and where cheating in pecuniary transactions is of rare occurrence. Till such habits shall become a conspicuous characteristic of the mass of the community, there will not be much general happiness. Trickery is an evidence of poverty. People who are well off will not take the trouble to perform it, saying nothing of the instinctive love of truth, which is the characteristic of people undebauched by vice.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

Lady Hewley's Trust.—On Monday, the 23d Dec. the vice chancellor decided that the present administrators of this trust should be removed from their office on account of their holding Unitarian opinions.

There can be little doubt, we think, that this extraordinary decision will be reversed if it be appealed from. From the amount of property to which the same principle applies, it would be strange were the struggle to end here.

The merits of the case lie in a nutshell. Lady Hewley was an English Presbyterian. This class of religionists while yet Trinitarian, differed from the other English sects (not in being subjected to that form of government which the name imports, and which never obtained generally amongst those so called, south of the Tweed,) but in not subjecting communicants to doctrinal examination by the church—in not fencing the Lord's table and other religious privileges by a creed. The natural consequence followed. Diversity of opinion followed the allowance of freedom of opinion. Different shades of heresy obtained in different congregations; all continuing to worship in the chapels which their fathers erected and endowed, and to dispense the charities which their fathers founded. The idea occurred to a Trinitarian lawyer of turning them out, because they no longer held the opinions of their predecessors, it being deemed a very unimportant point that they adhered to the freedom of their predecessors, and had relinquished the one in consequence of retaining the other. The first great attack was made on lady Hewley's trust, and thus far successfully.

Lady Hewley established a Presbyterian, *i. e.* an unfettered charity. Her will required no creed of her trustees; nor of the ministerial beneficiaries, save that they should be 'godly preachers of Christ's holy word.' The plea for excluding Unitarians is, that Lady Hewley was a Trinitarian, and that Trinitarians now deny Unitarians the epithet of 'godly.'

To decide this question, the Court of Chancery has been invoked to perform the office of the Holy Inquisition. Faith and conscience have been put to the question; the abstrusest points of dogmatic theology and biblical criticism have been discussed by the bar, and on the bench, and an exhibition been made, which we believe to be unparalleled, of ignorance mistake, and absurdity. Unused to such matters, and very innocently bewildered by the strange jargon, the reporters have made 'confusion worse confounded.'

We trust that these proceedings will be continued no longer than is requisite to ascertain (if there be such a thing) the legal principle. If that be against them, let the heretical Presbyterians pack up and vacate. Only let them endeavour to fix upon their successors the condition on which they themselves have inherited the disputed chapels and trusts, and which is the legitimate title to their possession, *viz.* freedom from the ecclesiastical imposition of a form of doctrine. If this be done, the change of hands may become a great good, though purchased by much individual inconvenience and suffering.

However uninterested in the theological part of the dispute, the public can scarcely fail to be disgusted with this revival of an inquisitorial and persecuting spirit. And should the combined operations of lawyers and theologians bring (as they may) all similar property into ceaseless change and litigation, the inquiry may arise, how long society can wisely allow a man's money to be employed in influencing opinions and practices, after he is dead.

F.

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To Correspondents.—A. D. must have patience with us. To assign reasons for delaying or rejecting communications would occasion a fearful addition to our labours. We sympathize strongly in much of the article referred to; but on some accounts it does not suit us.