

NOTES ON SOME OF THE MORE POPULAR DIALOGUES OF  
PLATO.

## No. I.—THE PROTAGORAS.

CONSIDERING the almost boundless reputation of the writings of Plato, not only among scholars, but (upon their authority) among nearly all who have any tincture of letters, it is a remarkable fact, that of the great writers of antiquity, there is scarcely one who, in this country at least, is not merely so little understood, but so little read. Our two great 'seats of learning,' of which no real lover of learning can ever speak but in terms of indignant disgust, bestow attention upon the various branches of classical acquirement in exactly the reverse order to that which would be observed by persons who valued the ancient authors for what is valuable in them : namely, upon the mere niceties of the language *first* ; next, upon a few of the poets ; next, (but at a great distance,) some of the historians ; next, (but at a still greater interval,) the orators ; last of all, and just above nothing, the philosophers. An English bookseller, by the aid of a German scholar, recently produced an excellent edition of Plato ; the want of sale for which, by the way, is said to have been one of the causes of his insolvency. But, with the exception of the two dialogues edited by Dr. Routh, we are aware of nothing to facilitate the study of the most gifted of Greek writers, which has ever emanated from either of the impostor-universities of England ; and of the young men who have obtained university honours during the last ten years, we are much misinformed if there be six who had even looked into his writings. If such be the neglect of the best parts of classical learning among those whose special vocation and whose positive duty it is to cultivate them, what can be expected from others ? Among those who are engaged in the incessant struggle which, in this country, constitutes more and more the business of active life—every man's time and thoughts being wholly absorbed in the endeavour to rise, or in the endeavour not to fall, in running after riches, or in running away from bankruptcy—the tranquil pursuit not only of classical, but of any literature deserving the name, is almost at an end. The consequence is, that there are, probably, in this kingdom, not so many as a hundred persons who ever *have* read Plato, and not so many as twenty who ever *do*.

Among those, again, who, in the present or in former ages, have been more or less acquainted with the productions of the master-mind of antiquity, extremely conflicting and extremely vague notions have been entertained concerning the nature of his opinions, and the scope or purpose of his works. It is, in truth, extremely difficult to ascertain what were, and were not, Plato's own opinions. We have all heard of Platonists, and the Platonic philosophy ; but though, out of detached passages of his writings, philosophic systems have been subsequently manufactured, it is to this day a problem whether Plato *had* a philosophy : if he had, it certainly was *not* the philosophy of those who have called themselves Platonists. This uncertainty arises from a variety of causes. In the first place, the author never speaks in his own person, but affects to be the mere narrator of conversations stated to have taken place between other and known individuals. When, too, the dialogue is of a controversial kind, as is almost always the case, the interlocutor to whom the victory is invariably

assigned, not only is not the author himself, but is not even a man of straw, who might be supposed to be the author's representative ; but a philosopher of the highest merit and reputation, who had decided and known opinions of his own—the author's master, Socrates. It can only be conjectured, with more or less probability, whether any part of these conversations actually took place as alleged ; and if not, how far they were invented as mere specimens of argumentation and inquiry—how far to illustrate the opinions of Socrates—and how far to inculcate those of Plato himself. The difficulties of arriving at any certain solution, are further complicated by the preference which is shown in most of the dialogues for overthrowing the various doctrines already in vogue, rather than for setting up any others in their room ; and the frequent use of that 'irony' for which Socrates was celebrated, and which superadds to the doubt whether the entire discourse has any serious purpose, a still further question how much of the particular passage is intended to be taken seriously.

If we might be permitted to mention the hypothesis respecting Plato's own opinions and purposes, which appears to ourselves the most probable, it is one which has been suggested to us by a little essay of the celebrated Schleiermacher, on the Character of Socrates as a Philosopher ; a translation of which, with the addition of some valuable remarks, has recently been put forth by one of the few genuine scholars of whom our country can still boast, the Rev. Connop Thirlwall, in his periodical work, the 'Philological Museum,' published at Cambridge. Dr. Schleiermacher's view of the nature of the service rendered to philosophy by Socrates, is that it consisted not in the truths which he actually *arrived* at, but in the improved views which he originated respecting the mode in which truth should be *sought* : and this appears to us to be, with some modifications, applicable likewise to Plato. No doubt, the disciple pushed his mere *inquiries* and *speculations* over a more extended surface, and to a much greater depth below the surface, than there is any reason to believe that his master did. But though he continually starts most original and valuable ideas, it is seldom that these, when they relate to the *results* of philosophic inquiry, are stated with an air of conviction, or as if they amounted to fixed opinions. But when the topic under consideration is the proper *mode* of philosophizing—either the moral spirit in which truth should be sought, or the intellectual processes and methods by which it is to be attained ; or when the subject matter is not any particular scientific principle, but knowledge in the abstract, the differences between knowledge and ignorance, and between knowledge and mere opinion ; *then* the views inculcated are definite and consistent, are always the same, and are put forward with the appearance of earnest and matured belief. Even in treating of other subjects, and even when the opinions advanced have least the semblance of being seriously entertained, the discourse itself has generally a very strong tendency to illustrate the conception which *does* seem to be really entertained of the nature of some part or other of the process of philosophizing. The inference we would draw is, that, on the science of the Investigation of Science, the theory of the pursuit of truth, Plato had not only satisfied himself that his predecessors were in error, and *how*, but had also adopted definite views of his own ; while on all or most other subjects, he contented himself with confuting the

absurdities of others, pointing out the proper course for inquiry, and the spirit in which it should be conducted, and throwing out a variety of ideas of his own, of the value of which he was not quite certain, and which he left to the appreciation of any subsequent inquirer competent to sit in judgment upon them. With respect to many of his most interesting speculations, that inquirer is yet to come; so far have the penetration and sagacity of the man of genius outstripped the slow and halting march of positive science.

Of a writer of this character it is, of course, impossible to convey any notion by an enumeration of his tenets or a compendium of his philosophy, since he has nothing which can be called, with any assurance, tenets or a philosophy. Unhappily, the only complete translation which exists in our own language is full of faults, and often with difficulty understood even by those who can read the original.\* In the absence of the only tolerable substitute for a knowledge of the author himself, some conception, however distant and imperfect, of what he is, may, perhaps, be derived from a very full abstract of some of the more interesting of his dialogues. It is in this hope that the following notes, made originally for the writer's personal satisfaction in the course of his private studies, shown, after the lapse of years, to one or two friends who were unacquainted with the writings of Plato, and unexpectedly found to be interesting to them, are now laid before a wider circle of readers. In the execution they have no pretension to any other merit than that of fidelity. Of the dramatic excellencies of the dialogues (which the finest specimens of the higher comedy have hardly equalled, and certainly not surpassed) little could be preserved in these sketches compatibly with any degree of abridgement. But the more important and interesting of the argumentative portions of each dialogue are very little curtailed, and in other respects approach as near to literal translations as the writer, consistently with producing such English as could be expected to be understood, knew how to make them.

The dialogue with which it is proposed to commence is the *Protagoras*; supposed to be one of the earlier productions of the author. There is no work of Plato which more obviously appears to have been intended rather as an exercise in the art of investigating truth, than to inculcate any particular set of philosophical opinions. Many ingenious and some profound thoughts are, indeed, thrown out in the course of the discussion. But even if we had to form our judgment of this dialogue without the light thrown upon it by the other works of Plato, we should be compelled to draw one of two conclusions; either that the author had not yet made up his opinions on the topics treated in the dialogue, or that he did not think this a proper place for unfolding them.

Protagoras, who along with Socrates is the chief interlocutor in the dialogue, was one of the people called Sophists; and seems to have been the first who avowedly took the title. Many of Plato's writings are directly aimed against the Sophists; and those writings have been the chief cause why, in modern times, a designation, which originally meant 'a teacher of wisdom,' has become significative of quibbling and

\* The admirable translation by M. Cousin will, when completed, answer the purpose for all to whom the French language is sufficiently familiar. The reader, however, must be mindful to judge of Plato by M. Cousin's translations of the dialogues, and not by M. Cousin's prefaces to them.

deceit. Certain Church of England writers, in the 'Quarterly Review' and other publications, have, for the base purpose of discrediting free institutions and freedom of inquiry, on the one hand exaggerated grossly the mischievous tendency of what the Sophists taught; and on the other, represented them as enjoying great favour and importance in the free States of Greece, and particularly at Athens; just as the same writers have represented the persons called Sycophants (that is, people who stirred up vexatious prosecutions in the Athenian courts of justice) as especial favourites with the 'sovereign multitude,' in the face of the overwhelming evidence which the whole mass of Athenian literature affords, that these persons were as odious to the people as the lowest class of pettifogging attorneys, or even common informers, in our own country. With regard to the Sophists, this very dialogue of Plato affords (as will be seen) strong evidence that when he began to write, they were already in very ill repute; while all that is really known of them tends to throw great doubt upon their having, as a class, really deserved that degree of obloquy. All inquirers into abstract truth, except mathematicians—all who were afterwards called Philosophers, (a term of which Socrates is believed to have been the inventor,) had, before his time, been confounded together under that older name: and such are seldom popular with the mass of mankind; witness the House of Commons, and most public assemblies in this country. Among the Sophists were comprised all the earlier inquirers into physical nature, along with all the earliest moralists and metaphysicians; and though there were among the latter, as was inevitable in the infancy of science, as there are in Plato himself, much fallacy and verbal quibbling, there by no means appears to have been a greater proportion of doctrines having a pernicious tendency, than has existed in all ages.

It does not seem to be the object of the present dialogue to expose the errors or false pretensions of the Sophists in general, or of Protagoras in particular; for although Protagoras is confuted, and made to contradict himself again and again, after the usual manner of Plato, and is occasionally made somewhat ridiculous, for being only able to harangue, and not to discuss; (the complaint which Plato never ceases to urge against the Sophists;) yet, when he is suffered to state his sentiments at length, what he utters is by no means either absurd or immoral, but, on the contrary, sound and useful good sense, forcibly expressed, or, at the lowest, an able pleading in favour of the side he espouses, on whatever question the discussion happens for the moment to turn upon; and this, too, although the opinions of Protagoras on the nature, sources, and limits of human knowledge, are, in other places, the subject of Plato's warm, but not disrespectful, attacks\*. If it be possible, therefore, to assign any specific and decided

\* The metaphysical doctrines of Protagoras seem to have been, in their fundamental points, not very remote from those of David Hume. Diogenes Laertius enumerates his principal tenets thus: 'That man is the measure of all truth; (or, in other words, that all things are only what they appear to the percipient mind;) and that the mind itself is nothing but a series of sensations.' (ἵλεγί τε μηδὲν εἶναι ψυχῇαν παρὰ τὰς αἰσθήσεις.) One of his works commenced thus:—'Concerning the gods, I am unable to know whether they exist or do not exist; for there are many hinderances to such knowledge—the obscurity of the subject, and the shortness of human life.' περί μιν θεῶν οὐκ ἔχω εἰδέναι, εἴθ' ὡς εἰσὶν, εἴθ' ὡς οὐκ εἰσὶν. πολλὰ γὰρ τὰ καλύοντα εἰδέναι, ἢ τι ἀδηλότης, καὶ βραχύς ὢν ὁ βίος τοῦ ἀνθρώπου. For these sceptical doctrines the biographer adds that Protagoras was, at an advanced age, banished from Athens, and his writings collected from all who possessed them, and burnt in the public market-place; an



purpose to this dialogue, it would appear to be intended not to hold up the Sophists either to ridicule or obloquy, but to show that it was possible to go much beyond the point which they had attained in moral and political philosophy ; that, on the whole, they left the science of mind and of virtue in an extremely unsatisfactory state ; that they could not stand the test of the rigorous dialectics which Socrates carried into these inquiries ; and that the truth could only be ascertained by that more accurate mode of sifting opinions, which the dialectic method (or that of close discussion between two persons, one of whom interrogates, and the other answers) furnishes, but which speech-making, and the mere delivery of doctrines from master to student (the practice of the Sophists) absolutely preclude.

A brief abstract of the dialogue will, I think, confirm this notion of its scope and object, by showing that Socrates merely plays with opinions throughout.

A young man, named Hippocrates, having heard, late in the evening, that Protagoras has come to Athens, hurries to Socrates in the morning, before it is light, and presses him to go with him to Protagoras, expressing the most earnest desire to become the scholar of so wise a man, and obtain a participation in his wisdom. Socrates consents ; but as it is too early to visit Protagoras at that hour in the morning, they pass the intermediate time in conversation. Socrates then, in order, as he says, to try the strength of Hippocrates, begins to question him as follows :—‘ If you were desirous of receiving the instructions of your namesake Hippocrates of Cos, and were asked in what capacity, and in order to become what, you would answer, In the capacity of a physician, and in order that you might become a physician. If you offered money to Polycleitus or Pheidias, that they might take you under their tuition, and were asked the same question, you would answer, In the capacity of statuaries, and in order that you might become a statuary. Now if any one should ask you in what capacity you are seeking the instructions of Protagoras, what would be your answer ?—‘ In the capacity of a Sophist.’ ‘ And what do you expect to become through his instructions ?’ Hippocrates blushed, and answered, ‘ If this be like the two preceding cases, I must expect to become a Sophist.’ ‘ Should you not, then, be ashamed,’ said Socrates, ‘ to hold yourself forth as a Sophist to the Greeks ?’ He confessed that he should. (This is one of the passages from which it may be clearly inferred, that the profession of a Sophist was a disreputable one in Greece before Plato wrote.)

Socrates, however, supplied Hippocrates with a defence, by telling him that he supposed he did not intend going to Protagoras as he would go to a physician or an artist, to learn his profession, but as he would go to a writing-master, a gymnast, or a music-master, not in order to become himself a music-master, &c. &c., but to learn so much of these arts as belonged to a liberal education. Hippocrates assenting, Socrates continued :—Do you know what you are about to do ? You

instance, among many others, that prosecutions for blasphemy are not of modern invention.

The same biographer mentions, that Protagoras, until his abilities excited the notice of his countryman Democritus, (both were citizens of Abdera,) had followed the humble calling of a porter ; in which station he signalized himself by being the first inventor of a *knos*,—if we may be permitted thus to translate the word *τύλα*.

are about to give your soul to be trained into the hands of this man, whom you call a Sophist ; but what a Sophist is, I should be much surprised if you knew ; and yet, if you do not, you must be ignorant whether you are doing a wise act or a foolish one. What do you suppose a Sophist is ?—As the word implies, a man who knows wisdom.—You might say as much of a painter or an architect—he knows wisdom ; but if we were asked what wisdom, we should answer, the wisdom which relates to the taking of likenesses, and so forth. What is the wisdom which the Sophist knows ? What can he teach you to do ?—He can teach me to speak well.—This may be a true answer, but not a sufficient one. On what subject can he teach you to speak well ? for a musician can teach you to speak well on the subject which he knows, viz. music. What can a Sophist teach you to speak well upon ? Upon that which he knows ?—Certainly.—And what is it which he knows ?—Hippocrates confessed that he could not tell. ‘ See, then, to what a danger you expose yourself. If you meditated putting your body into the hands of any one, at the risk of its well-being, you would consider for a long time before you made your resolution, and would take counsel with your friends and relations ; but what you value much more than your body—your spiritual nature\*—on the good or bad condition of which your well or ill-doing entirely depends, you are going to put under the care of a man whom you only know to be a Sophist, not knowing, as it appears, what a Sophist is, and this without taking even an hour’s time for consideration, or asking the advice of anybody. Is not a Sophist a dealer in those wares which the mind subsists upon ?—And what does the mind subsist upon ?—Upon instruction. Let us not, then, suffer the Sophist to impose upon us by praising the quality of his wares. Other dealers praise their wares, although they are no judges what is good for the sustenance of the body, nor their customers either, unless such as happen to be physicians or gymnasts. So these men, who hawk their instructions from city to city, praise all they sell, and yet some of these may very likely be quite ignorant whether what they offer is good or bad for the mind, and the purchasers equally so, unless some of them happen to understand the medicine of the mind. If, therefore, you are a judge of good and bad instruction, you may safely buy instruction of Protagoras or any other person ; but if not, take care that you do not endanger what is dearest to you. You risk much more in buying instruction than food. Food you may take home in another vessel, and have it examined by qualified persons before you take it into your stomach ; but instruction is taken at once into the mind, and the benefit is reaped, or the injury incurred, on the spot.

After this conversation, they proceed together to the house where Protagoras is living, and find him there with two other Sophists—Prodicus of Ceos, and Hippias of Elis—who are several times introduced as personages in the drama, though not called to participate in the discussion. It may be gathered from what is said of these persons, and by them, in the course of the work, that Hippias taught physics more particularly than morals or politics, and that the science of Prodicus consisted chiefly in drawing frivolous and hair-breadth distinctions between the significations of terms which were commonly considered synonymous.

\* ψυχή, *mind*, not in the sense of intellect, but in the largest sense—all which is not *body*.

This propensity of Prodicus is displayed in different parts of the dialogue in a very amusing manner, and several touches in his part might be quoted as admirable specimens of the higher comedy.

Socrates opens to Protagoras the object of their visit, by telling him that Hippocrates, a young man of high rank and excellent capacity, desired to become conspicuous in his country, and thought that this would be more easily attainable through the instructions of Protagoras. The Sophist having asked whether Hippocrates would wish to speak with him alone, or before the numerous company there assembled, and Socrates having left it to his option, Protagoras commended Socrates for his discretion, saying, that a stranger, who travels about and draws round him the most promising young men of every state, making them leave their other pursuits and associates, and attach themselves to him for the sake of their own improvement, has need of caution, since such a proceeding must necessarily excite jealousy and ill-will; and, for this reason, all the ancient Sophists—for the profession, he contended, *was* ancient—had disguised their real pursuit for fear of consequences, and had professed poetry, the science of divine worship, and even music or gymnastics, as a cover. But he himself did not follow their example, thinking that they never effected their purpose: the disguise did not conceal their real object from the leading men in the various cities, for whose eyes alone this veil was intended, since the common people merely repeat what *they* say; and an unsuccessful attempt at concealment only made the matter worse, by causing hypocrisy to be added to their other imputed offences. Protagoras, therefore, openly avowed himself a Sophist, and thought this a much safer plan than to deny it; and by this and various precautions he had so managed, that, although he had practised the profession for many years, no harm had ever come to him in consequence of it\*. He, therefore, preferred that his conversation with Socrates and Hippocrates should take place before the whole company.

‘Suspecting,’ says Socrates (who is the supposed narrator of the whole) ‘that he wished to make himself glorious in the eyes of Prodicus and Hippias, from our seeking his society, I proposed inviting them, and those who were conversing with them, to join in our conversation.’ Accordingly they all assembled, and Protagoras told Socrates that he might now state his business.

Socrates accordingly repeated what he had already said, that Hippocrates wished to receive the instructions of Protagoras, and was anxious to know of what nature was the benefit which he would derive from them. Protagoras answered, that he would every day improve, and return home better than he was the previous day. ‘So,’ said Socrates, ‘he would, if he were to attend on the painter Zeuxippus—he would return home improved in painting, and a better painter; or if he were to attend Orthagoras, the flute-player, he would every day return home a better flute-player than the day before. In what respect, if he attends on you, will he every day return home improved?’ Protagoras commended the question, and answered, He will not be treated by me in the same manner as by other Sophists, who spoil young men by putting them back into geometry and

\* Another of the passages which overthrow article upon article of the ‘Quarterly Review.’

astronomy, and the other arts, the very things which they had previously fled from. I teach them what they come to learn, viz., how they may best manage their own families, and how best to speak and act in the affairs of the state.—You teach politics then, and profess to make men good citizens—I do so.—You possess an admirable art, if you do indeed possess it, which I know not how to disbelieve. But hitherto I had imagined that what you profess to teach is not capable of being taught, or delivered from men to men. For the Athenians, who are a wise people, if in their assembly they are deliberating on ship-building, send for the ship-builders to advise them, and will hear nobody else ; if about building a house, they will listen to nobody but architects ; and if any one else, however noble or rich, attempt to speak, they scoff and drive him away. But when the discussion is upon anything which concerns the general management of the state, they listen to persons of all ranks and professions without distinction, and never think of reproaching any man for presuming to advise on the subject when he has never studied it, or learned it of a master. It is evident, therefore, that they do not think it capable of being taught ; and the best and wisest citizen, as Pericles for example, though he teaches his sons excellently whatever a master can teach, cannot succeed in teaching them the wisdom and virtue in which he himself excels ; in this they are no better than ordinary individuals. For these reasons, says Socrates, I have hitherto doubted that virtue can be taught ; but if Protagoras can prove the possibility, I beseech him to do so.

Protagoras consents, and asks whether he shall teach by a *μῦθος*, (which I am inclined to translate a *legend*,) like an old man instructing the young\*, or by a discourse (*λόγος*.) They give him his choice, and he prefers to tell them a story. If, as this circumstance would indicate, it was a frequent mode with the Sophists to deliver their doctrines in this way, it would account for the *μῦθοι* which are scattered through the writings of Plato, and which, appearing to be related half in jest, half in earnest, it is not very easy otherwise to explain.

The story is, that when the gods made men and animals, they gave it in charge to Prometheus and Epimetheus to endow them ; that Epimetheus solicited the task from his brother, and having obtained it, proceeded to distribute the endowments of strength, swiftness, &c., among the various animals, on the principle of compensation ; but when he had exhausted all the endowments which he had to give, he found that man was left unprovided for. Prometheus, to remedy this blunder, stole *τὴν ἐντεχνοὺν σοφίαν* (scientific wisdom) from heaven, and with it fire, without which it was of no use, and bestowed these upon man. On this account was it that man, being akin to the gods, alone of all animals acknowledged their existence ; and, by means of art, acquired the faculty of speech, made to himself clothes and houses, and procured food. But as there were no towns, and no human society, for want of the art of Polity, the human race were in danger of being extirpated by wild beasts ; when Jupiter, in compassion, sent Mercury from heaven to make a present to mankind of Shame and Justice, in order that there might be mutual bonds among men, and that society might be possible. Mercury asked whether he should confer these gifts upon all mankind, or whether, like Medicine and the other arts, they should be given to a few only, for the

\* ὡς πρεσβύτερος νεώτερος.

benefit of all. Jupiter ordered him to give them to all; for if a few only possessed them, political society would be impossible; and bade him establish a law, as from Jupiter, that he who was incapable of shame and justice should, as a disease in the state, be extirpated.

‘For this reason,’ continued Protagoras, ‘the Athenians and others, who on architecture or any other manual art will hear only the few who possess it, are ready, when the subject is social virtue, which depends wholly upon justice and prudence, to listen to all advisers; because of this virtue all should be partakers, or states cannot exist.

‘And to prove that in reality all men do believe that justice and the other social virtues ought to belong to all, observe this: If a man pretends to be a good musician, and is not so, all men ridicule him, and his friends admonish him as a man out of his senses. But when justice and the social virtues are the matter in question, although they well know that a man is unjust, yet if he tells the truth and publicly avows it, what in the other case they considered to be good sense, is here thought madness; they maintain that all men should profess to be just, whether they are so or not, and that he who does not profess it is a madman, because the man who does not, in some degree, partake of the quality of justice, is unfit to live amongst mankind.

‘It seems, then, that mankind in general think all persons qualified to advise concerning these virtues, since all are required to possess them. But further, they think that these virtues are not natural and spontaneous, but the result of study and of teaching. For those evils which are supposed to come upon men by nature or ill fortune, no man ever thinks of reproaching another for: who ever reprimanded, much less punished, another, for being of low stature, weak, or deformed? such evils are regarded as an object only of pity. Men admonish, and censure, and punish one another, for the absence of those good qualities only, which they deem to be acquired by study and art; and for this reason only it is that they so deal with the unjust. Let us but consider what punishment does, and we shall see that, in the opinion of mankind, virtue may be acquired. No man punishes another because he *has* done wrong; this would be the blind vengeance of the irrational animals. Rational punishment is not on account of the past act, which, having been done, cannot be undone; it is for the sake of the future; it is in order that this offender, and those who witness his punishment, may be warned against offending hereafter. The Athenians, therefore, and others, since they do punish the unjust man, do so with this intent; they do so because they think that virtue may be acquired, and that punishment is a means whereby men are induced to acquire it.

‘To the other argument of Socrates, that good men, although they teach to their children other things, fail of teaching them to be good, the following is the answer:—If it be true that there is something which, unless every member of the state possesses, the state cannot exist; and if this something be not architecture or pottery, or any mechanical art, but justice, prudence, holiness, in short, manly virtue; if all men, and women too, and children, whatever else they have, must have this, or be punished until they acquire it, or, if incapable of acquiring it, must be sent out of the country or put to death; and if, nevertheless, good men, teaching their children other things, do not teach them this, they are unworthy the name of good men. For that it *can* be taught we have



clearly shown. Is it credible, then, that men should teach their sons those things, to be ignorant of which carries with it no evil consequences, and *not* attempt to teach them that, which, if they do not learn, death, banishment, confiscation, destruction of their fortunes and prospects, will fall upon them? Not so. From infancy upwards they instruct their children in these things; they tell them what is just and unjust, honourable and dishonourable, holy and unholy; they bid them practise the one and avoid the other; and if they disregard the admonition, correct them by threats and blows. And in placing them with teachers, they enjoin care of the child's morals still more earnestly than of his learning; and the teachers make them read and commit to memory those passages of poets and other authors, by preference, which commend virtue and reprove vice. Music also is taught them, chiefly to soften the mind and accustom it to harmony, and order, and proportion; and they are delivered to the gymnast, in order that their bodies, being in good order, may be fitter to obey the commands of a well-ordered mind. When they leave school, the State requires them to learn its laws, and regulate their lives by them, as those who learn to write follow the copy which is set to them by the writing-master; and if they deviate from this rule they are punished; and the very name given to punishment indicates its object—it is termed *correction*.\*

'Nor is it wonderful, notwithstanding this, that good fathers should have sons of no particular merit. If there were any other branch of knowledge, the cultivation of which by every citizen were necessary to the being of the state; if society could not exist unless all could play on the flute, and if all were taught to play, and reproached if they played ill, instead of being envied for playing well—(as at present men are not envied for being just and virtuous, since it is every man's interest that others should be just and virtuous, for which reason we are all eager to teach justice and virtue to all men)—do you suppose that the sons of good flute-players would be better players than other men? Not so. Whoever had the best natural disposition for music would be the best player: a good player's son would often play ill—the son of a bad player, well; but all would be competent players, compared with those who knew nothing of music whatever. In like manner all civilized men, even the most unjust, if compared with men among whom there is no training, no tribunals, no laws, with the wild men of whom poets tell us, would appear a perfect master in virtue: and after mixing with such men, you would be delighted to meet with the greatest villains of our own country. But now you are fastidious, and because all are teachers of virtue, you will not allow that any are so: just as if you were to inquire in this city who teaches Greek, you would find nobody; or if you sought somebody competent to teach the son of a mechanic his father's art, which he had learned in his father's shop as well as his father could teach it, you might find nobody; but of men who could teach those who were totally ignorant of the art, you would find abundance. It is thus with virtue: all men teach it; and we may think ourselves fortunate if we find one who is a little more capable than others of advancing men towards it. Such a man I profess to be; and I am willing that my scholars should judge of my pretensions. Accordingly, the terms of my contract with them are, that when they have received my instruc-

\* ὡς ἐκδορυόμενος τῆς δίκης, ἐκδορυαί.

# FEBRUARY.

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

**Voice.**

**Piano Forte.**

**Hark**

**lento.**

**hark! it is there on the hedge now late, 'Tis there on the boughs Of the**

**p tempo.**

**leafless tree. Two winged lovers res -**

**- ponding vows; It comes with a chirp and a twitter to me. —**

*dolce*

Sweet be thou mine, Sweet Valentine, Sweet I am thine,

*dolce*

Sweet Valentine.

From each

*tento.*

down-mottled throat It comes dancing to me, From each

*tempo.*

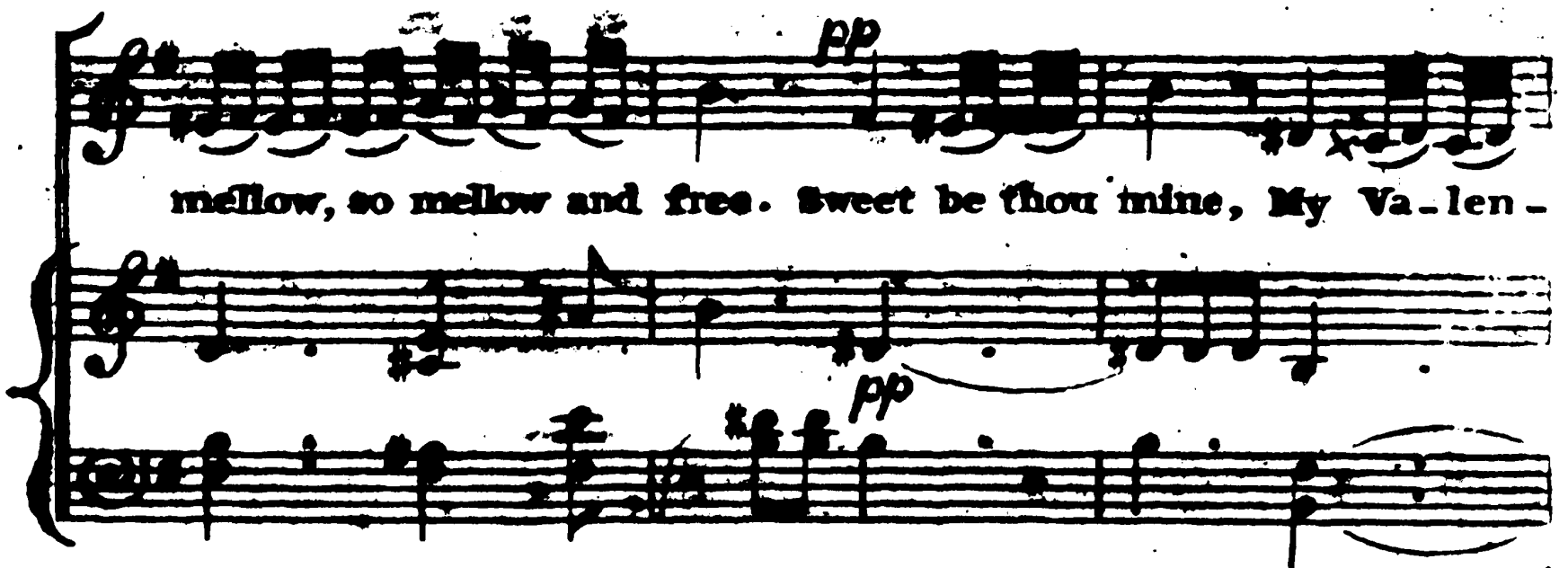
down-mottled throat It comes dancing to me, Comes



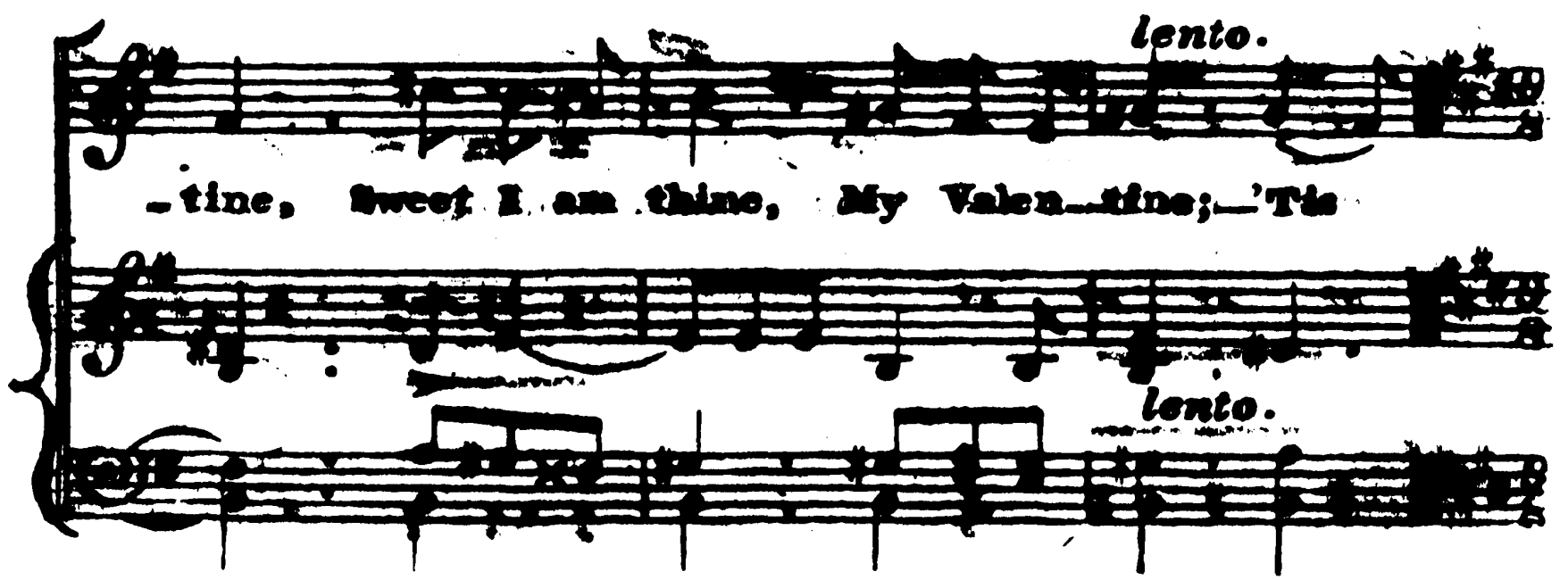
danc-ing, comes dancing to me.....



'Tis love's joy-ous note..... So



mellow, so mellow and free. Sweet be thou mine, My Va-len-



-tine, Sweet I am thine, My Valen-tine; 'Tis

*tempo.*

love's joyous note — So mellow and free, From each

*tempo.*

down-mottled throat, It comes dancing to me, comes dancing to

me 'Tis love's joyous note, 'Tis love's joyous note, so

mellow, so mellow and free ..... So

*lento.*

mellow and free, so mellow and free.

*lento.**pp*



tions, they shall either pay me the amount of my demand, or, if they think this too much, shall pay me according to their own estimate, made in a temple and upon oath, of the value of the instructions.'

*(To be concluded in our next Number.)*

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SONGS OF THE MONTHS.—No. 2, FEBRUARY.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

HARK! hark! it is there  
On the hedge-row bare;  
It is there on the boughs  
Of the leafless tree;  
Two winged lovers responding vows;  
It comes with a chirp and a twitter to me:  
Sweet! be thou mine,  
Sweet Valentine!  
Sweet! I am thine,  
Sweet Valentine!  
From each down-mottled throat it comes dancing to me,  
'Tis love's mellow note, so joyous and free.

Bright, bright, each gleam  
Of the joyous dream;  
When love-cherishing spring  
Embowers the grove,  
They'll revel in bliss on expanded wing,  
And waft through the sky the rich carol of love.  
Sweet! thou art mine,  
Sweet Valentine!  
Sweet! I am thine,  
Sweet Valentine!  
It will float o'er the vale, and come leaping to me,  
With the flower-scented gale, float mellow and free.

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SPACE.

O, for a song of unimagined glory,  
To tell the visible wonders of great Space!  
And stand as on a spiritual promontory,  
Looking Creation in her holy face;  
And with the adoring eye of Poesy  
Read the love-secrets there! Holy, all holy,  
Is every aspect of the earth and sky;  
And all the mighty cloud of melancholy  
That from the soul without on that within  
Descendeth, to the brain-work of vast dreams  
Lends splendid shadowings. O, for deep words,  
That, like the music of leaf-hidden birds,  
Might even from the listening flowers win  
Assent to the great love which in me teems!

## THE RAJAH'S TOMB.

THIS is the spot ! there needs no sculptur'd line !  
 No column marks the Rajah's lonely tomb ;  
 But shadowing elms their drooping boughs incline,  
 And shroud his cold remains in sacred gloom.

Yes ! far from Ganges' consecrated wave,  
 Beneath our pallid groves and northern skies,  
 A stranger's hand hath laid thee in thy grave,  
 And stranger-tears have wept thine obsequies !

A stranger ? No ! thy ' caste ' was human-kind ;  
 Thy home—wherever freedom's beacon shone,  
 And England's noblest hearts exulting shrined  
 The turban'd offspring of a burning zone.

Pure, generous mind ! all that was just and true ;  
 All that was lovely, holiest, brightest, best—  
 Kindled thy soul of eloquence anew,  
 And waked responsive chords in every breast.

Sons of the western main around thee hung,  
 While Indian lips unfolded freedom's laws,  
 And grateful Woman heard the Brahmin's tongue  
 Proclaim her worth, and plead her widowed cause.

Ah ! why did fortune dash, with bitter doom,  
 That cup of high communion from thine hand,  
 And scatter, darkly withering o'er the tomb,  
 The blessings gathered for thy native land ?

Be hushed our murmurs ! He, whose voice had won  
 Thee, heaven-bound trav'ller, forth from Pagan night,  
 In mercy called the trusting spirit on,  
 And bade it dwell with Uncreated Light.

Perchance, when o'er thy loved paternal bower  
 The Sun of Righteousness shall healing rise,  
 When India's children feel his noon-day power,  
 And mingle all in Christian sympathies,—

Hither their pilgrim footsteps duly bound,  
 With fervent zeal these hallow'd haunts shall trace,  
 And sweetly solemn tears bedew the ground  
 Where sleeps the friend and prophet of their race !

M. A.

## THE INDICATOR AND THE COMPANION.\*

PEOPLE do not read Goldsmith now, so much as they did in our boyish days ; yet he is not forgotten, nor ever will be ; and amongst his many pictures, which have not less heart than imagination in them, the old soldier, ‘kindly bade to stay’ by the fireside, and, shouldering his crutch, ‘to show how fields were won,’ is, no doubt, a familiar and favourite one with thousands. It is pleasant to realize the pleasure with which the villagers listened to his ‘strange, eventful history.’ The enjoyment might have been, if not of so stimulating a character, yet a more pure and useful feeling, if the veteran had talked of other matters besides martial exploits ; if he had told of the scenery of the regions through which he marched, produced the beautiful flowers or shells which he had found time to pick up in his campaigns, and recounted the antique legends or domestic histories of the inhabitants of places where he had been quartered long enough to make acquaintance. Those whose interests are in the battles of politics, and whose amusements are in the fields of literature, may find an analogous gratification in these volumes. Leigh Hunt is a veteran in politics : he served long, with little pay and many hard knocks, in the people’s cause ; and here he comes, not to tell of his deeds or his wounds, but to discuss with us a basket-full of relics gathered in many of the regions of thought, near and remote, recent and antique ; and who of us will not bid him ‘kindly welcome ?’—will not be glad to see him for auld lang syne, and give the afternoon fire another poke, to make it blaze, by way of preparation for a social chuckle over the good things ferreted out by our ‘Indicator,’ and the pleasantries which seem to be as heartily participated as they are frankly imparted, by our ‘Companion ?’ The volumes are rightly titled ; they *are* a ‘Miscellany for the Fields and the Fireside ;’ they shall be inducted forthwith into the chiffoinier, ‘for the good of the house ;’ and when June comes they shall have an airing ; their bookcase should be the pocket of the ‘sociable,’ if we had one, but as it is, the coat-pocket or bag must suffice, we being our own sociable ; and they shall enliven our stroll, alternating pleasantly with the frolicsome motions and twittering sounds that will then be around us ; or be read aloud by a voice like a bird’s, as our boat glides gently down the Lea, while the fish shall perform an extra somerset when we come to the paper upon Angling. For the study, we have other companionship ; you come not there, Leigh Hunt, and you know it. Your place is not between Bacon and Hartley, nor your time the clear morning or the dead of night. We have other companionship for travelling too, when

\* A Miscellany for the Fields and the Fireside ; by Leigh Hunt. 2 vols. Colburn. 1834.

it is real and right-out travelling. Good bye to you, Leigh Hunt, when it is 'On with the horses, off for Canterbury;' (for Canterbury *from* London that is, and *so forth*;) you are no miscellany for the Rhine and the Rhone, Mont Blanc and the Coliseum. But as to fireside and fields, they are at your service, Leigh Hunt; come, and welcome. There you are 'at home,' and so are we with you.

These volumes *talk*; and very well they talk too; and on a vast variety of subjects. They contain tales, both sad and sprightly, literal and imaginative, criticisms, descriptions, reflections, characters, aphorisms, puns, speculations; in short, they are a sort of literary and poetical *what-not*. Old books and new, print and manuscript, plates and playbills, are scattered on its shelves; you have only to fish, and bring up something good. Moreover, you are sure it will be short; a comfortable security in a book for the fields and the fireside, where nobody wants long stories.

Amongst many others, perhaps as good, or it may be, some of them better, there is a beautiful redemption of the story of Godiva from commonplace vulgarity; a pleasant collection of 'Memories connected with various parts of the Metropolis;' a touching anecdote of the mother of Thomas à Becket; an ingenious social genealogy, showing how, by lineal descent of cordialities, a living man may have shaken hands with Shakspeare; a glorious sketch of 'the Graces and Anxieties of Pig-driving;' a good 'Earth upon Heaven;' and a beautiful tale, called 'the Mountain of the Two Lovers;' any one of which is enough to put the reader in good humour with the author, and establish their sociability, like that of agreeable companions in a stage-coach, for the rest of the journey, or the book. We mention them by way of introducing the parties. We are not travelling ourselves just now, having business in town which must be done; but we are sure you will like one another, and get on well to the end of your ride. There; shut the coach-door; good journey to you.

Every body knows the faults of Leigh Hunt's writings; his occasional affectations, and his obvious consciousness. We therefore do not feel our critical character at all compromised by not writing a dissertation in proof or reproof of them; especially as we do not put forth another dissertation in proof and praise of the many sterling qualities which those writings always exhibit. We would rather that when the author feels like a boy, he did not stop to think and say, 'How like a boy I do feel!' which, moreover, is not like, the boy never being deadly lively in that self-analyzing manner; but we do not care much about this; there are plenty of captious critics to make a fuss about it, and it is but a trifle after all.

Every observant reader of these volumes must feel that, light as they are, they let him into the real character and dispositions

of the writer; and the intelligence, attainment, and benevolence of the man whose acquaintanceship is thus made, are such as to ensure esteem and regard. Oh, it makes one's blood boil to think of the political and literary persecution to which this man, in common with many others, was for so long a period exposed. He carried his honesty, his intelligence, his benevolence, into politics; that was his offence, and that alone. He served his country in the most efficient way, as a public writer, as a journalist who never compromised his principles, and who endeavoured, amid the strife of party, to diffuse in the country the knowledge and the love of political principle. Hence he became a mark for the most unscrupulous and unrelenting malignity. He has outlived those days; but shall we forget them? The claws of 'The Quarterly' are pared; the lacerations which they inflicted may be healed; but those and other scars remain, and they should entitle the veteran to his laurel-wreath, which is all that the people have yet to give to those of their friends who, not being relations of Earl Grey, tools of Lord Brougham, nor hangers-on of the Whig and Tory aristocracy, stand little chance of being the objects of public munificence.

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#### THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

WHEN we would test the principles of public men, and learn what claim they have to the character of friends to the people, we first require to know their opinions of the taxes on knowledge.

Let it never be forgotten, that he who has no desire to raise the mental as well as the physical condition of human beings, has no sympathy with man, as man. Grant the honesty of his zeal against the oppression which would deprive industry of bread, yet if he stop there, you do but number him with the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals; for to consider man (whatever his present state) as a being having no other wants than are supplied when he is clothed and fed, is to regard him in the light of a mere animal, and is not to be the friend of man, in the higher and nobler sense of the word. And he who would not only stop there, but would resist every attempt to improve the moral and intellectual capacities of the many, is not the friend but the enemy of the people.

It is in no spirit of philanthropy that such a one will tell us that there is a possibility of the labourer knowing too much; that more knowledge would make him discontented with his present station, and thus give rise to great unhappiness. Too much knowledge! Can there be too much light? Yes,—to those who love darkness better, 'because their deeds are evil.' And if there be one deed of evil which more than any other should shun the light, it is that of putting out the eyes of the labourer lest he



should look abroad in the world, and, from among the innumerable channels of profitable industry, choose some other occupation than that of grinding corn for the Philistines.

Away with the notion that knowledge is the parent of discontent: where discontent exists, it is because of our ignorance of the means to remove the evils of which we complain. Knowledge animates with hope and inspires with confidence; or where evils are irremediable, it teaches patience. Discontent is found where want and privation exist by the side of wealth and luxury. The starving tenant of the mud cabin, surrounded by the mansions of the rich, repines, where there is none to teach him to repine. He is discontented, from the circumstances of his position; and the bitterness of his spirit, and the danger it may threaten to the peace and order of society, is in exact proportion to his ignorance of the true causes of his sufferings, and the degree in which his views are circumscribed of the means for bettering his condition.

Too much knowledge cannot yet, at least, be charged to the account of the peasantry of England and Ireland, yet they are discontented; and not only so, but, in a practical sense, greater enemies to the rights of property than any other portion of the working classes. Is not this a striking fact? The most discontented class, the class of which almost exclusively machine breakers and incendiaries are now composed, is at the same time the most ignorant class! It has, however, been gravely asserted, that we should have heard nothing of incendiarism but for the influence of newspapers and popular education. Education! Why, scarcely an individual concerned in such outrages has been found able to read or write; and who ever sees a newspaper in the hands of an agricultural labourer? It has been proved before the Poor-law Commissioners, that there are even now whole parishes in England, and that within twenty miles of London, in which no person employed in field-work is possessed of the elementary arts of reading and writing; and as to newspapers, how little do they penetrate beyond the immediate vicinity of the great towns! There are innumerable villages in which a newspaper is never seen from January to December; and in the few exceptions to this rule, it is only in a public-house used by the better sort of farmers, where a stale copy of a county chronicle, filled with advertisements of farms to let, and sheep to be sold, may sometimes be discovered.

It is not so in towns however, and to the fact that it is not so, may be traced the almost entire absence of those scenes of mob violence which up to the present moment disgrace our agricultural districts. Whoever will take the trouble to examine the habits of the working classes where they have the readiest access to newspapers, will find that a gradual change has for many years been working upon their minds, and that they are daily becoming

less disposed to resort to brute force to decide the difference between themselves and their employers, or to redress their political grievances. Every day we hear less of the destruction of power-looms, as of the street riots which at one time were almost of nightly occurrence. Bristol, almost a solitary instance, is not a proof to the contrary. In the midst of their violence the mob shed no blood, and even this was an improvement upon the last Spa-fields' riot. Twenty years ago, and in a time of similar political excitement, the example of Bristol would have been carried to greater lengths in every principal town in the kingdom.

This marked progress is what might have been predicated from the nature of the case. The leader of a mob is a man reckless of consequences. Teach him to reason and reflect, and although he may reason wrongly at first, he will soon reason himself out of being the leader of a mob. It is impossible to read much without being led to think, and as the habit of thinking will increase with the habit of reading, it may be laid down as an axiom, the more newspapers the fewer rioters.

Hence it matters very little how intemperate may be the character of a popular journal. The more furious the war of words the more peaceable will generally be the deeds of the combatants. The very individuals best pleased by seeing the conduct of their governors denounced in strong language, will be the least disposed to commit any overt act of treason against the Government. They are satisfied with having a voice given to their wrongs, and are then more easily persuaded to rely upon the force of public opinion, than to resort to dangerous and uncertain expedients. The press may be considered as a safety-valve for popular indignation. Put down the press, and in a moment of universal irritation you produce an explosion which will shake the whole machine of government to pieces. Had Charles the Tenth understood this maxim, he might yet have been upon the throne of France. Civil war would not have raged in the streets of Paris had he not made war upon the journals. Their thunders would have been heard instead of the sound of his own cannon, turned against him by the people. The ordinances must have been repealed, but the revolution of the three days would have been averted.

In disposing of this objection we get rid of almost the only argument deserving refutation which has been urged against the repeal of the taxes on knowledge. Some good people imagine that were newspapers cheap, so violent would be the tone of those addressed to the working classes, that the whole country would be in a flame. Take, however, the most extreme case, and it will be found no evil could arise from a free circulation of newspapers so great as that which is now produced by the restraints to which they are subject. No doubt the most popular journal among agricultural labourers would be that which expressed in

the strongest terms a sense of their grievances. Say that the language of such a journal should be intemperate in the highest degree, and it would still be better that the public should be roused, by such means, to consider the actual physical and moral condition of so large a portion of the population, than that the subject should be forced upon the attention by the fearful spectacle of the midnight conflagration which is now so often witnessed.

Even were we to advance a step further, and admit that cheap journals would exist, in which incendiarism would be openly advocated, yet as the same cheapness would be given to innumerable other journals in which the madness and folly of such a doctrine would be plainly exposed, much less mischief would be done than by the present policy, which forbids an antidote to the poison already in existence.

There is no greater fallacy than the notion that it is better to prevent the diffusion of information than to risk the propagation of error. It is only the ignorance and credulity of mankind which render error dangerous, and there is no other way to remove that ignorance and credulity, than to allow the most unlimited discussion of all known facts and opinions. Since the press was first introduced, of how many follies and fables has it been made the organ; yet is the world less enlightened than before the art of printing was discovered? No permanent evil can arise from publishing error, where every one is at liberty to publish the truth through the same channel, and it is surely better that error should be openly taught than secretly disseminated: while we are ignorant of its existence, we know not the extent of the delusion, nor the danger to be apprehended from it; but when it is openly avowed, we may array our forces against it, and drive it from its strong holds. If we would really get rid of the mischievous doctrines which are cherished among sections of the working classes, let us encourage every man to speak out; a free discussion of the policy of incendiarism, could the minds of its abettors be opened to discussion, would do more to put down the practice than a thousand special commissions.

A friend to the taxes on knowledge has lately appeared in the person of Captain Hamilton, by whom we are told that the only effect of their repeal would be to extend the circulation of journals of the worst description, and to create a host of others of the same class. This opinion is echoed by the Editor of 'The Globe,' who tells us, that instead of cheap knowledge we should raise the cry for cheap gin, for such would be the character of the trash most eagerly coveted by the public.

The argument upon which these assertions are founded, is that the sale of a work depends not so much upon its intrinsic excellence as upon the intelligence of its readers, and the extent of the circle by whom its intelligence can be appreciated. The premises are true, but the inference is obviously incorrect. Because

the mass of readers are not philosophers, it does not follow that they have a greater appetite for falsehood than truth. To interest the ignorant it may be necessary to strip science of its technicalities, but not to hold it up to ridicule. It has been found that even children may be amused and instructed by works of a higher order than the nursery tales of the last generation, and the immense sale of the 'Penny Magazine' is a triumphant proof, not indeed that every body can understand the *Principia* of Newton, but that a journal may attain the greatest possible circulation, without pandering to either vice or folly. With this fact before our eyes, what is the sale of 'The Poor Man's Guardian,' and all the other cheap but intemperate periodicals published in defiance of the stamp duties? To whom is it not evident that they only maintain a feeble existence by means of their illegality, and that the moment they shall lose their notoriety as victims to government prosecutions, and be exposed to the competition of journals equally cheap, but more able and intelligent, they will die a natural death.

A word or two to those who profess to doubt whether newspapers are, after all, a means for the dissemination of knowledge. Compared with innumerable works of higher pretensions in every department of literature and science, a newspaper seems a very humble instrument of mental cultivation, and many honest and well meaning men would make it appear that they regard it with contempt, and believe that we are guilty of a misnomer, when we call the stamp duty upon newspapers a tax on knowledge.

Those, however, who speak the most disparagingly of newspapers, are often among those who do not profit the least by them, and would not, perhaps, ungratefully deny the fact, if the same information were communicated, not in the form of a loose sheet, but in that of an octavo volume, hot-pressed, and published in Burlington-street. The most important class in society, the class which gives the tone to public opinion, the middle class, is not composed of literary students, or classical scholars, but, to a great extent, of mere newspaper readers. Go into the house of a merchant or tradesman of wealth and influence, you will find a library of books, but evidently intended more for show than use; a few of the lighter works of literature, belonging to a book club, on a side table, one or two of the Monthly Magazines lying about, but even these rarely perused by the head of the family, who will not be slow to confess that nine-tenths of the time which he spends in reading are devoted to the newspaper. Yet you will not find that he is deficient in general information; no man can read habitually the vast mass of miscellaneous intelligence embodied in a daily paper, 'The Times' for instance, without imperceptibly becoming acquainted with many branches of literature and science, of which he would otherwise have known nothing. No daily paper is exclusively filled with news of a

political character: we find there critiques upon new works, notices of the fine arts, accounts of new inventions, and of voyages for scientific discovery, facts in astronomy, chemistry, medicine, geology, and history, agricultural reports, and articles upon every subject of human interest. It is quite true that a newspaper paragraph does not embody so much knowledge as a profound philosophical treatise; but the latter is not read by those whose attention is already too much engrossed by numerous cares and avocations, and the newspaper affords them, on the whole, as much information upon general subjects as they have leisure to acquire.

But let no one depreciate the value of that intelligence which is the especial province of a daily journal, and which is political; that is to say, which treats of passing events, of the conduct of legislators, and of the principles of legislation, of the measures which are to promote the prosperity of millions, or involve them in hopeless misery. What is the history of the past, compared with a knowledge of the world as it is? What the most scientific researches to the stirring incidents in which life and property are at stake? We have to do with the struggles and difficulties of society, in its bustling active scenes we have to take a part, and we require to know the circumstances in which we are placed, the relation in which we stand to others, to be put upon our guard against the sharks who prey upon ignorance and simplicity, to have our liberty defined, that we may learn what we may do, and what we must refrain from doing; and is a knowledge of these things to be forbidden in the nineteenth century? Were it only that there is no other effective instrument for the promulgation of the laws, no other means of learning the manner in which judges, magistrates, and juries, administer the laws, than a newspaper, it must be of inestimable importance to the people.

In reference to the all-important subject of national education, there is no engine that might be made so powerful in forwarding this great work as cheap newspapers. To teach the art of reading is a very small part of the business of public instruction, we must teach the habit of reading before we can create a well-informed mind, and before that habit can exist, the attention must be aroused, and an interest excited, which is always best done by those publications which treat of passing events. In country places we may often meet with adults who have been taught, when young, to spell through a chapter of the New Testament, but have never advanced any further, and have even forgotten what they knew of the art, for want of all access to works of sufficient novelty to make reading a source of pleasure, and remove from their minds the impression of a disagreeable task. Penny Magazines will do much to remedy this defect, but little or nothing compared with what might be effected by penny newspapers. What is it likely an unlettered villager will care



about the history of a foreign bird, an ancient cathedral, or alluvial deposits, compared with a narrative of proceedings before a justice of the peace in the neighbourhood, or an account of the trials at the County Assizes? Let not the fastidious censure the taste of the working classes for police intelligence. It has been well observed by Mr. Elliot, that ‘ police reports are far better digests of the laws which relate to the affairs of the poor, than are the term reports to the lawyers; what the Lord Mayor or a Sir Richard Birnie says, is deemed by them to be of more consequence than what my Lord Lyndhurst or Lord Tenterden says. Every regulation that affects the poor man, every protection his few affairs require, are there explained, not by mere rules, ill-composed, but by individual and ever recurring facts.’ But this is not all, for he who reads these with interest and attention, will not be long before he extends his course of reading. The habit once created, will become a necessary of life; he will begin to take an interest, not only in domestic intelligence, but in what is doing in France, America, or Van Diemen’s Land. Minds will not then exist without ideas; those who now seek gratification in drink, will find higher and more intellectual enjoyments, and thus be raised from that state of semi-barbarism, in which many thousands bearing the name of Englishmen yet remain.

In alluding to the habit of drinking, so prevalent among the working classes, let it not be forgotten that the taxes upon knowledge are a positive temptation to intemperance. The poor man cannot now see a newspaper without first calling for liquor. If in search of employment he is anxious to look over the list of advertisements, or if desirous of reading the last accounts from the Swan River, or other of the new settlements in which he would find a better market for his labour than in his own parish, he must repair to a public-house, for no where else can he procure the loan of a seven-penny journal, and thus the very means which might improve his mind, and raise him from the degradation of pauperism, are made instrumental to his moral debasement and ruin.

How long will this crying evil be permitted to endure? We have now arrived at the second session of a reformed parliament; will our Ministers, dare they, suffer it to pass over without the abolition of these iniquitous imposts? God forbid that the clamour which has been raised against the assessed taxes, should be made the plea for postponing the repeal of the taxes on knowledge.

THETA.

CLASSIFICATION OF READERS OF SHAKSPEARE, WITH REMARKS  
ON MACREADY'S KING JOHN.

THE readers of Shakspeare are of four classes, and these may be subdivided. The first reads, enamoured of the beauty and profusion of poetical imagery, the richness of expression, and appropriateness of language; he gleans from his author a plenteous store of maxims, apophthegms on men's conduct and actions, and points of distinction in human character and human intelligence; or, seeing beyond these, Shakspeare's plays contain for him a system of moral philosophy, irradiated by the glories of poetry. Thence he garners up in his mind a theoretical knowledge of his fellow-man, and applies to this inexhaustible storehouse for his parallels and comparisons; the more frequent are his references and examinations, the more closely he, even thus, studies the great master of the mind and heart of man, so the more does he feel assured of the wondrous perception, the almost omniscient piercing of Shakspeare's soul-enkindled eye. To such an one the exhibition of a drama of Shakspeare's is single in its attraction. To hear a living voice shape forth those words, and in its tones and undulations mould those sentences, giving form and sound to those exquisite and airy images, and those truths of philosophy, to those maxims of human conduct, and to those admirable moral lessons of life, is enough of dramatic realization to him; enough though the delivery be not the embodied conceptions of the speaker: such an auditor has not himself, perhaps, the faculty to embody them, or the discrimination to see which speaker does or which does not. With a closed eye he may sit, listen, and be delighted; and that delight alone will amply compensate the cost of cash and time with which he purchased it.

Of the second class is he whose reading may be called reflective. He has not the power of creating, of embodying, of living in thoughts and emotions which he sees as he reads. He holds, marshalled under his eye, the shapes, and figures, and movements of the beings and events which are delineated in the words. His attraction to the theatre will be the spectacular realization of his reflected images. This is the most fastidious of all auditors, if he happen to have historical or local knowledge of facts and custom to help his criticism. His disappointment or gratification will be in proportion to the degree of pictorial realization; an anachronism of dress, decoration, or embellishment, will swallow up aught and all else of beauty and truth; and he promptly condemns the players in a lump. Strictness of costume, the illusive adjuncts, and the precision of physical action, make the sum of his enjoyment. The pantomime of Shakspeare is the all in all with him. If this be good, his shil-

lings are well disposed of, and his time usefully and improvingly employed.

There are, indeed, two species of this class ; the one just described, all of picture and pantomime discretion ; the other, who, with similar tastes, combines a susceptibility to poetical beauty, philosophical maxim, and Shakspeare's verbal aptness : he is of the first class, united to the first division of the second class. He, with the pantomime and spectacular action, receives the added pleasure of hearing his favourite language *declaimed* whether with truth of perception and feeling matters not ; the actor must be sure to make him hear it. This auditor may congratulate himself on a trifling extraction from his purse, and three hours so charmingly occupied. The language may be now more deeply cut on the tablets of his memory.

From any of the forementioned will be elicited some sympathy with the story or the events of the play. The varying condition of the persons whose fortunes, dilemmas, passions, and feelings form the groundwork of the fable, will, more or less, as spectators may be morally and intellectually constituted, kindle an interest with the passing action, superadded to the pleasure of listening to the poetry and the precepts, which, to him of the first class, is the principal attraction, or to the spectacular enjoyment of the second class ; though much more exalted will be his pleasure, more ready and expansive his sympathies, who, of the second class, combines the moral qualities of the first, viz. the disposition to poetic beauty and expressive language. No auditor is altogether destitute of these sympathies. But there is a third class of readers to whom the tale, the links of events, and the catastrophe or the *dénouement*, the 'What is it about ? what will come of this ?' are the only objects of reading, or going to see after such reading ; for them the seeing will still possess the freshness of novelty. Perhaps this playgoer has less of the philosophically dramatic spirit in him when he enters the theatre than any of the former classes ; but he is likely to quit it with more of the germs of true thought than they are. An unanticipated mingling of his senses in the excitements of sorrow and circumstances of suffering which pass under his gaze, will enfold him in the enduring bonds of sympathy, and lay to his heart a lesson on which he will ponder long and fruitfully. Often, without perceiving how the spirit to do so has grown in him, he will be led to trace effect up to cause, and from cause to go on to consequence ; thus imbibing a store of knowledge, which, while it induces a habit of thinking, and quickens his perceptions, will be lastingly beneficial in soothing many corrosions of thought towards his fellows. Probably he will not like the Merchant of Venice, because Shylock is so remorselessly cruel ; or Othello, for that Iago is so deceitful a villain ; and Richard the Third may be no favourite with him, because there is in that play such

an exhibition of reckless and ferocious tyranny. The error, however, to which such an one is most liable, is in taking his first impressions of the acting of a character as the standard by which he ought to estimate all future representations of the same; especially when playhouse applause or public report, not less frequently ill-adjudged than fairly awarded, has stamped the actor with a 'tower mark' of current excellence. He will condemn another who shall give a picture unlike the first he saw, or finding in it a resemblance to his favourite, the aforesaid first, will wisely detect a mere imitation; and either of the conclusions may be erroneous. Nevertheless, he has *seen* the play; and among the barren-thoughted, the merely curious of this class, are many to whom such seeing is a qualification for criticism: as those who take a trip to Brighton will return to London and talk of the 'vast ocean' with as much profundity of wisdom as if they had fathomed its lowest bed, or traversed its furthest remotenesses. Still each and all will enjoy an instructive delight for the price they pay for admission to a theatre when one of Shakspeare's dramas is performed.

There is a fourth class distinct from all the former, although, like the second, one of this class marshals under his mind's eye the scenes, actions, movements of the beings whose thoughts, purposes, and sensations his body's eye peruses on the figured page; equally with the first he is susceptible of poetic beauties and expressive forms of speech, and the philosophic or literary spirit which awakes his desire, and kindles his admiration as he hears them from living lips. Yet must *he* hear them with truth's and passion's soul-convincing tones: to him a barren declamation is barren—it is unendurable; and to him no orderly-marshalled emphases, no liquidity of undulation, no accurately-balanced cadence, and crescendo floatings, and measured mellowness of modulation, will compensate for the absence of nature's true eloquence: which absence his ear and heart detect immediately; and 'sweetness of tone,' when the feeling does not give such a tone, is to him as harsh as saw-grinding, or the wheezing of a dry pump-valve. With the readiest and the warmest of the third class, also, his sympathies arise with the tale, and flow with the exhibited feelings before him; but he will hear with indifference many things which receive their and the whole theatre's loudest acclamations, and be enraptured with others which pass unnoticed by the multitude. Each passion and emotion touches a responding chord in his own frame, and his reason pays approving homage to the judgment of his senses. But, beyond all these, *he* holds *at will* a metempsychosis, which being, perhaps, unappreciable by, inconceivable to, the other classes, will be doubted, unrecognised by them; or with some will be stoutly denied, if it attract their attention further than a laugh of ridicule. Yet I incline to the belief, that though it is unexercised by, and un-

known to many, no one is entirely destitute of this faculty. All are at liberty to express liking or disliking for an actor; but let no one who has not repeatedly and freely exercised this faculty, suppose he is a judge of an actor's powers. In him, of this fourth class, the currents of thought course through the veins; the impressions which his mind receives will, if he choose they should, cast over his exterior the variations, the colourings, the lights and shadows of a possessed and embodied sense, a reality. Exciting, at volition, the impulses of his imagination, the aspirations, feelings, passions, and characteristics of another, take life and action in his own frame, spread through the intricate mazes, the stems, branches, and fibres of his physical organization, and he holds a second existence within his own—his first; and he can throw it off, or take it on, *at will*. He is endowed, let me say in parenthesis, with the moral, intellectual, and physical organization, that make the fountain source from which alone an actor's efficiencies of beauty, power, and excellence can emanate; the centre from which all his art radiates, and round which his glory revolves. Yet there have been hundreds of the profession who were ignorant of this truth, who knew not of its existence, nor dreamed that it was indispensable in their art; and some who have stood aloft in the public gaze, and been worshipped as wonders, who never displayed an atom of such organization; never exercised it themselves, and could not comprehend how it existed in others: but they passed with the world as great actors; professors they were, if you please, reader. I have said this distinguishing faculty is by the fourth class called into operation *at will*. So in the actor's moments of highest excitement, in the reeling and convulsions of suffering, when mind and frame both seem wrenched and torn by conflicting and distracting throes of agony; it is then that the intellectual senses are more rapid and acute in their action; it is then that he has the most perfect control over his powers; I mean this of the true actor; for every function of mind is gathered in and concentrated to the office for which he would employ them; and, in opposition to the general belief, I venture to assert that this true actor is at such moments more vigorously sensible, more minutely perceptible of the points of skill which his imagination and impulses have tasked to the execution of the scene, than at other times and moments in which there is little appearance of excitement; that is to say, when his 'madness' rages highest he is most rational, (for such things are 'madness' to dull-brained fools.) This may seem paradoxical; but it may be explained in a knowledge of that volition of double existence of which I have spoken. To proceed—of this fourth class of readers of Shakspeare's dramas; to one of these the completest results of the labours of otherways combined skill, the display of all that ever was waved forth from the hand of a Stanfield, a Grieve, or a Roberts, or from their united mastery of



art; with all the gorgeousness of procession, the richness and right of costume, ay, though the wand of an enchanter should throw over the whole theatre a blaze of beauty and splendour which would shame the creations of fancy and imagination, all would be as nothing, all from him will vanish before that more attractive vision, one single truth of developement of human character and human passion, one just portraiture of intellect working at the heart and through the frame of man; to that one thing alone will every faculty of eye, ear, and thought be fascinated and enchained. He can value not less than the former classes all that draws their best attention; but his greater aptitude to man's illustration of man supersedes all other claims on him; and green baize for scenery, with no other wardrobe than such as leaves the frame to free action and expression, would have more charms for him, while the devices of mind and heart were visibly at work together in the actor, than all which decoration or embellishment can substitute in a baldness of verbosity, for a negation of passion, an obscuration of the poetry of thought, an unphilosophical mentality, or indiscriminated tinges and depths of character. Let him have character, embodied conceptions and emotions expressed with nature's truth, or passion harmoniously rising and beating with events, and (all his nicety of appreciation of other adjuncts notwithstanding) he will submerge and forgive the pettier offences of inappropriate costume or anachronisms, and time and place oppositions and blunderings, even though they should so far violate proprieties as to make Nilus and the Pyramids march over to the walls of Corioli, or permit St. Peter's church to elevate its head above ruined triumphal arches sixteen centuries before a stone of it was dug from the quarries, or the herald of king George the Fourth to blow his trumpet for king John under the walls of Angiers. To diminish the number of this class *throughout England*, is the great aim of Mr. Bunn's theatrical economy; to sicken the few germs of taste and feeling for the true dramatic art in the other classes, is his glorious policy. But Mr. Bunn is not the first worker; he did not originate this crime against genius, and elevated thought, and improving delight, though his ardour and industry, now he has taken up the trade, are much greater than any of his predecessors evinced. Messieurs the public, it was in your power to check it when it commenced; the fault is yours that it speeds so rapidly. I will tell you why by and by. Still there remains enough to meet the strongest desires of this class. No actor whom I have yet seen is so endowed to meet them as is Macready. Whosoever of them saw him in King John on Monday evening, December 9, will believe my assertion.

On a future occasion I shall cast my eye over Hamlet, as he lived in, and came from Macready. If people would anatomize character and feelings, and so learn to trace their links and



affinities, before they decided on the quality of the whole, and with such schooling go forth to watch an actor's process, especially in this character, there would be hundreds, thousands, (nay, *very few dissentients in the million*,) who, in spite of predilections, old likings, or ecstasies of admiration, would soon confess their acquiescence in what I here declare as a well-considered conviction, that there have been men of 'renown' in Hamlet who did not exhibit so much understanding of the true man, so much of his mind, or conception of his intellectual and physical organization, and power of thinking, so much of the true poetic spirit of dramatic life through the whole five acts, gathered in one mass, as Macready evinces in rocking his head, with such a volume of meaning, thought, feeling, and expectation in his look, as he paces to and fro when the king, queen, and courtiers are assembling to witness the play; or in a single passage in the short scene with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern after the play. Their old favourites were good somethings; agreeable, interesting, delightful, may be, after a fashion—Hamlets they were not. But my present office is with King John.

From first to last—and I have surveyed the whole again and again, before I would permit the impressions which I took to be set down; or suffered the impulses which then threw me onwards, to guide me in this, ere I had examined them and balanced each in the scales of calmer reason, to ascertain their origin and their value;—from first to last there was not one glimmering of a conventional acquiescence, no vague adoption of a prescribed form; no tame yielding to the conceptions of predecessors in the part, however honoured they may have been by public applause, or the judgment of critics—there was not a twinkle of a reflection from memory: all was entirely conception—his conception—the flame of intellectual light which his own eye had thrown upon—into, the character; and the exhibition of that strong grasp, which imagination, creating a secondary existence, had taken upon his frame. When the curtain drew up and showed him sitting in state to receive the French embassy, to say 'he looked the character' is poorly prating in conventional parlance. It was himself—John—in breathing corporeality. Of this completeness of personal transmutation, the spectators must have been sensible; and before he had spoken six lines, it was felt that the mind also of King John was working in that frame: moving under that selfish irritability which the poet has made a prominent feature in the character. I was so near that I could trace the quiver of the lip, and turn of the eye-lids, and I saw that thought had created the emotion which stirred them. The face flushed and paled in the coming, present, and passing sense; and when the actor sprang from his attitude of assumed dignity, at the stronger dictates of his passion, to retort the defiance of Chatillon, it was at once perceived that he did not intend to curb himself by established

usages—that he would play the character as he felt it should be played. Sir reader, that *was* dignity, if you please: and many, even of the percipient and impressible, who have not heard Macready speak that language of threat and defiance, are yet to learn how much of beautiful energy it possesses.

Reader, you have seen a marble figure in armour, lying extended on a tomb, the *effigies* of one who has lain beneath that stone some six hundred years? Or, you have seen a pictured representation of this John, as he stood in mailed preparation, cased *cap-a-pie* in steel meshes—jet from crown to heel, save the little bands of silver which edged his cope and belted his corslet, and the coronet that circled the coif of black iron net? and perhaps your fancy has helped you to a spark which vivified this picture, and kindled through it motion, life, and sense. Even with the perfection of form, mould, and habit, which your moral vision would cast into that picture, and look upon it in its fullness and exactness of life—even so might your bodily sense have looked on King John at eight o'clock on Monday evening, Dec. 9, 1833. Ay, and you would have *seen him think*, and heard him speak his thoughts: and not on scientific principles of elocution were his thoughts spoken, but on principles which warn the science, and *may* teach it to know its deficiencies.

Were I to select a scene in which the superior mental powers were put forth unaccompanied by any of those physical projections, broad masses and flaring lights of execution, which can be seen and felt by the least minded auditor—appreciated—in a way—by the most uncognisant of the philosophy of thought; I should choose the regal interview with the sophistical knave-priest, Pandulf. How the actor himself may estimate his quality in that scene, I cannot inquire; he ought to be satisfied I may tell him, and that ‘satisfy’ to him, is, I suspect, the most difficult attainment of his studies. How the audience received it, I do know, and I think they did not understand it, and while it was in course of action, were, probably, contrasting it with their recollection of somebody else in the part; and so very different was it, that if they felt its power, they feared to compromise their reputation for taste and judgment by applauding it. Or, was it that they took in a deep satisfaction while watching so correct an illustration of characteristic thoughts and sentiments, and silently admired and acquiesced in the nice discrimination which presented the language in a truth and force which it had never before received? Whenever I have been witness to this acted drama, and the John was in other heads (or hands) than Macready’s, those two speeches, one of reply to Pandulf, ‘What earthly name to interrogatories, &c.’ and that addressed to Philip, whose ‘Brother of England, you blaspheme in this,’ is a breeze that fan’s John’s coal into flame, two regular peals of plaudit have followed their delivery. Now, reader, why was

this? because, think you, the passages were given powerfully and passionately—in so characteristic and so masterly a style? Do not deceive yourself. These two speeches have hitherto been used as appeals to a favourite Bullism—a swagger of independence and patriotism. And all the family have clapped their hands in laudation of John's boldness and energy, and their own: if they had looked beneath the surface they *might* have seen that of this patriotism, &c. there is not a breath in King John's composition, but that would have spoiled the ear-tickling, which would be a pity.

Mr. Macready threw into his manner and expression, the irritation of an aggrieved selfishness—his ire was birthed in a sense of encroachment on *his* privilege to tithe and toll—Shakspeare understood kings as well as he did Pandulfs, and knaves in humbler garb. There is no patriotism in this affair, and King John, at that time, felt himself strong enough to swagger and defy; he spoke in the confidence of strength, not of honesty: there was no great risk just then, and he spoke his feelings; those feelings were the engendering of his own individual interests. Macready had the honesty and courage to relinquish a clap-trap in favour of truth; and, as times go, reader, that, let me tell you, is a bold thing to do.

‘The king is moved, and answers not to this.’

These words are nothing as they stand alone on the page, and that alone is the prescribed fashion of speaking them in the play-houses. The ‘point’ would be of such refined texture that the audience would not take it; the effort, the labour to make it a point would be lost—unrewarded by a ‘round;’ let the passage, therefore, go for nothing, or as a mere stepping-stone in the dialogue, a rung in the ladder which would be overlooked by the spectators, however firmly the foot fixed upon it, or paused in trial of its strength, while the ascendant looked around, ere he advanced higher. Mr. Macready did so fix his foot and pause upon it; you saw that he was feeling its strength, while the eye glanced at the direction of the ladder and at surrounding objects. Without metaphor to speak, he threw into that line a complication of intelligence, each particle of which was palpable. The *crushed* tone of the voice was responsive of the apprehension that Philip would bend under Pandulf's priestly thunder, and so break the recently formed alliance: the consequence to himself, and the rage, mingling with the already anticipated threats of revenge, were working at the same moment in his thoughts, and in the same moment were expressed; the inquisitive and reproachful glance of the eye, affirmed the colour of the voice to be nature's true tint, and though the spectator had been ignorant of the coming events, and of the author's text, he, from that moment saw, that if Philip did break with him at that interview, John

would burst out with something similar in effect to 'France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour!'—the *keeping* was admirable.

In proposing to Hubert the murder of Prince Arthur, the power of the actor was acknowledged by the audience. Among the masterly touches which he threw into the scene, was one which stood out prominently splendid; to my thinking never before approached; certainly never surpassed. The word 'death' escaped from him, and he started back appalled by the sense of having overleaped all safety, burst beyond the limit from which he could retreat, and plunged himself into escapeless peril and ruin by breathing that word; while his eye, gazing in terror on the witness to the sound, still endeavoured to pierce its light into Hubert's soul, in agony of suspense to know how he received it; then urging his voice by a desperate resolve, in a deep, guttural, half-strangled hiss, he forced forth the words, 'A grave!' and on Hubert's acquiescence, the rebound from this o'erstrained and torturing tension of the nerves, was as perfect a touch of intellectual acting as Macready himself ever saw, or himself ever made others feel. Yet I must be permitted to qualify my admiration of the scene till this point,—I do so warily, because I am not sure that I saw it aright,—the face during much of the scene's progress was, to my direction, *en profile*, and, as I caught it, the featural expression was that of fearful apprehension and terror occasioned by a *physical* object, as he looked towards Hubert:—the pupils were in protrusion and distension. Till the word 'death!' this is not John's sense, and *there* it is mingled with a shrinking from himself. His gaze is more internal and watchful. The object of his dread are thoughts, wishes, which he desires to speak, but dare not. His glance to Hubert is inquisitorial of the operation of his words, mingled with apprehension and doubt of the result, and significant both of apprehension and design as it glides round towards young Arthur. Let not these remarks be condemned as unimportant, as trifles in critical distinction. If the disposition to notice such distinctions, and the perception to ascertain and value them, were more widely diffused and generally prevalent among visitors to the theatre, I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Macready would be the most popular actor which the nineteenth century has brought before the public scrutiny.

Events develope John's character more fully, and Mr. Macready keeps the accordance most beautifully; the spectator, the more closely he watches him, will the more readily yield, 'this is likely, this is just, this is natural.' Would that space allowed me to attempt a vindication of my own impressions as I marked the paltering feebleness of spirit, vacillation, consciousness, and writhing perturbation of King John in the fourth act. He, in the fitfulness of self-accusation and wrenching remorse, fruitlessly

attempting to relieve himself by throwing the charges and he vast load of guilty terror on Hubert; and that reeling joy, that very suffering of delight which shook through brain, heart, and every fibre of his frame, when, as he eagerly gasped, 'Doth Arthur live?' &c. I cannot trace him on this paper, though every look and tone is as fresh in my memory as all were when the drop fell at the end of the act. 'There are of the play-goers who see nothing particularly great in Mr. Macready but his intense-ness, his deep-boiling and clamorous outbursting in the terrible, the masses of passion. Oh! that scene would have satisfied the utmost craving of such, and they might quote it daily as a triumph of their judgment.

And let those who estimate Macready in Shakspeare's characters by contrasting his illustrations with those of others whom they revere as the great masters, and only because they were told so, who bow to a custom, and laud as custom bids; who honour a prescribed form because it is the fashion to honour it, and never dive with their own intellectual daring into the depths of Shakspeare's wells and fountains of character and passion, but may sometimes skim along the logical surface, and deem that a mere logical inference is a safe and full conclusion for all that lies within, and rolls, and boils, and streams through the channels of emotion, and the transfigurings of imagination. Let such an one bring all his prejudices, all his stubbornness of these baseless conclusions to aid him in resisting the death scene of John, as it is given by Mr. Macready, and they shall be swept away into nothingness. Let him compare it and contrast it if he will,—if he can;—his eye, his heart, his senses will confess the triumph of that scene over all others which he has looked upon, whatever he may compel his tongue to say. There was no studied gradation, no lashing up to the required state of excitement; every tortured tone and fibre was at the pitch, each was perfect in its time and place. The atmosphere grew sultry with the passionate fire: the conflict of pain, the commingling throes of suffering, all blending, but distinctly traceable, were so wondrously true to nature, that astonishment at, and admiration of skill and genius were lost in sympathy and commiseration with the sufferer. The very touch of the disordered garments was added misery to the fire which consumed the entrails. That scene baffles description. The voice is yet piercing and ringing in my ears; the face, now blazing, now ashy pale, the eyes glittering with the internal heat, then set, fixed, as carbuncles, then as lead, deep in their sockets, the hard tension of the arms, as the hands gripped in life's last agony to the cushions of the couch, the stony death of the position in which the *body* sat for some seconds ere it fell back across the couch; life or thought had no direction in that body's so falling; it was a corpse's momentum,—a weight let go. All are distinctly before me now.



But if a critic demand an instance to justify all or any part of this, and require a quoted passage in which excellence and sublimity were combined, I will refer to one only: it may be cut as a trophy on Macready's monumental tomb. It is the reply to Prince Henry's

‘Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears!’

in the words, ‘*The salt in them is hot!*’ That hot salt seemed to drop on his fevered and parched vitals as he uttered the words; he shrieked them out in the agony which the touch occasioned. The faculty of imagination, now infinitely more vivid, and more rapid in its course, and bodily torture, rendering every sense a thousand times more exquisitely acute than in a state of corporeal ease, had, with the speed of light, darted and received the salt-hot tears, and the excruciating torture of their touch, threw forth that shriek of great agony. Then followed,

‘Within me is a hell!’

Terrific was this; it was given in that deep groan which, as it up-heaved from the bosom, mingled in the fainter scream from the throat; the extreme of physical pain neutralizing the power of speaking the situation and character of the suffering. Here I may notice a distinction which nature would have exhibited had this ‘internal hell’ been referred to a mental instead of a physical one. This occurs in the drama frequently; not so frequently, perhaps, in the drama's representatives. No scream, no shriek, no elevation, no acuteness of voice, would appear in the utterance; all would be deep, dense, dark, hoarse, muttering; a horror of blackness in the sound. Mr. Macready knows this, I am sure, and correctly and grandly showed his discrimination; or, to speak more closely home, he had made the true feeling his own; *that* compelled him to be right; it possessed every faculty of life and every organ of expression. I will not notice the offences of the play, as it was acted, though, ‘by St. Patrick, there was much offence.’ On a future day I shall have pleasure in discharging a duty in speaking of some whys and wherefores connected with the theatres and theatrical government. Now I must, in mercy to the reader, conclude; but first beg leave to hint, that Bennet, as Hubert, would have pleased me vastly but for a few touches of conventionalism, against which I entertain a cordial hate when it is resorted to merely because it is conventionalism; and clever little Miss Poole, too, she would have looked much more beautiful if she had rubbed the rouge from her face before she came at Hubert's call: those red cheeks ruined her portion of the scene—almost, not quite. Was that Faulconbridge? And, Brindal, go on; when your discretion has told your impulse it is correct, let the impulse have play: that touch in the fifth act was of the right breed.



It is useful to see this play, in many respects besides the pleasure of observing the course of its events, the skill of the performers, and hearing the noble language of poetry and passion. Valuable information is given; we obtain an insight into characters and motives, and learn to be upon our guard against the intrigues of government, and the blinding contrivances and subterfuges of knaves in power, who, for the gratification of their own individual selfishness, their lust of domination, and their greedy appetite for accumulation to themselves alone, would cast devastation over the bosom of fertility, and sacrifice thousands and tens of thousands of better men in a fit of spleen, perhaps occasioned by some defect in the tricks of courtesy; such, at least, has been the pretence; and they will talk of '*wounded honour*!' the kingdom's wound! the nation's wound! Here we have two legal ruffians, who, in attainment of an object for which the nation of neither cared a straw, band hosts of men together, and set them to cut each other's throats, for *their* pleasure, with less remorse than if they were so many stock-fish or salt-herrings. Both Philip and John give ample proof that their squabble, the one in *generous* vindication of Arthur's rights, and the other in 'honourable' defence of 'his own,' had little interference with the question of justice or honesty. *Honour* is quite another thing; there was plenty of *honour*. Arthur and his cause are cast to the dogs when the generous and chivalric Philip finds he can make up the matter with greater advantage to himself. And John blusters for 'his own,' while each breath of his being tells him that claim to 'his own' is a lie. Of this cajolery we have had plenty in our time; and it is a source of lamentation in some places, that we shall not easily take much more of it, that the 'merrie England' of Toryism is gone. And, look ye, reader, the principal instigator of most of these murders, robberies, and rogueries, is that essence-bottle of sophistical villainy, Pandulf, in whose immediate closeness of trick, and remoteness and comprehensiveness of cunning, breathes and lives one, only one, wish,—it makes his heart,—PRIESTLY DOMINATION; to obtain and secure which he would make the cradles of sleeping babes dens of hissing adders, and change all the crystal waters of the universe into stagnant ponds and seas of putrid blood; and the monster talks of faith and religion too!\* Oh, Shakspeare! thou hast given us a record which heaven keep to us in warning, and give us sense to read, or we shall have 'merrie England' again.

PEL. VERJUICE.

\* 'The reverence deep and holy, which on lawn and ermine saw  
God's own stamp; and in their wearers loved religion, feared the law.'  
Vide *Blackwood*, of December.

## LORD BROUGHAM'S CHANCERY REFORMS.

WELL do we remember that we were one night, some seven years ago, or more perhaps, seated in the gallery of St. Stephen's. The house was nearly empty, the gallery half full, and some of our legislators, who, unconsciously no doubt, had talked prose all their lives, were dealing abundantly from the riches of their store. On the benches behind the Speaker, others were stretched at full length ; the reporters in the gallery were nodding on their seats, and the house seemed about to add another animal function to those of rising and sitting, and to be sinking into sleep profound, when by chance, a question was asked respecting the Chancery Commission, and the Charity Commission. Up hereupon jumped Henry Brougham, now Lord High Chancellor of England, keeper of the conscience of his most gracious Majesty, and the author of the Act of Parliament, 3 and 4 Gulielmi IV. cap. 94. and of the Orders in pursuance thereof, on which we intend now to comment. The whole scene was changed at once. The house filled, the procumbents rose, and the reporters were on their fullest stretch. After Mr. Brougham had answered the question as far as the Charity Commission was concerned, (a question which, by the way, we should much wish repeated,) he proceeded to ridicule the idea of good coming out of any Chancery Commission, of which a Chancellor (Lord Eldon was then Chancellor) was at the head, and so at once both judge and criminal ; and in his happy way, he told a story of the only self-condemned judge whom he knew of, some Romish cardinal, who sat in judgment upon himself, and pronounced the sentence *Judico me cremari*, whereupon, said the record, *Adjudicatus fuit et fuit crematus*. Mr. Brougham too well knew—human nature was it? No, heaven forbid, for it is not of human nature to glut itself in the pillage of the people, and in the sale of justice for fees and for power, (we do not say for *bribes*, because injustice is the commodity bought with them.) But he knew the nature of those who had been brought up in the school of emulation ; who, from their earliest days, have been taught before every thing to elbow and fight their way above all around them ; and he argued that from such but little of true, searching, benevolent reform could come. And he argued right. It is from the people, at the will and order of the many alone, that we can hope for good weeding, and clearing, and pruning, and replanting in the thorny jungle of the law. Does not his own history prove this? Henry Brougham is now Chancellor, and the mover of Chancery reform. What has he done, and what is he doing? May we trust the all-important office of law reform to such, or must we look into this part of our affairs for ourselves? Let us see.

In examining this question, important as would be the inquiry, we will not now apply ourselves to the jurisprudential arrange-

ment on which the system of courts of equity is based. We will not argue on the utility of two dominant systems of law, which, with three or four petty ones, like the barons of feudal days, hold their sway in this law-ridden land. How far equity should be amalgamated with law, or how far our plan of legislating in details, which is one of the great pretences for equity, should be altogether abandoned, is not now before us. Our question merely is, how far are the powers that be, proceeding openly, fairly, honestly, and wisely, to improve the working of the present system; 'to regulate,' as the Act entitles itself, 'the proceedings and practice of the high Court of Chancery?' Admitting then for the present purpose, that the opposing principles of law and equity are to remain, and that a repair only of the *officina justitiæ* is what is desired, what are the palpable alterations which any unbiassed man, not to say any professed reformer, would at once declare for? A few monstrous absurdities may be easily mentioned. All of them, of course, must be either absurdities of principle or of practice. Those of principle, untouched as yet by Lord Brougham, are enormous in their influence of evil. The contrivance for evidence-taking may be instanced as one. Every possible precaution is used, that your opponent shall have no opportunity of even guessing at your evidence, much less of examining into it and sifting its truth, for fear, as some old case says, you should cause the witness to contradict himself, and so make him perjured, and thus 'hit the bull in the eye.' Perjury, reader, you will observe, like some other crimes (which are now considered low-lived enough) formerly encouraged among the Lacedæmonians of old, and like cheating in these days among gamblers, lying among politicians, and alternate adulation and backbiting of one's acquaintance in the fashionable world, is a crime only in its detection. The absurdity of all this Mr. Bentham has exposed with his own masterly satire.

We will, however, now leave the perjury alone. As to the system of evidence, one little story, the truth of which we can vouch for, names we could give, (we were in court, and know the parties,)—will show what it can do. John A. and Thomas A. were brothers and farmers. John well to do in the world; Thomas rather otherwise. Both die. Thomas's children find a promissory note, which, as they say, by accident, was torn into three parts, and the middle lost. The body of the note was in Thomas's hand-writing. The signature of the part remaining had the surname A. upon it only; the part lost had the whole christian name on it; and by some misfortune or misfeasance, the tear of the middle part was not straight, so that the end of the christian name, which would otherwise have been there, was gone. Thomas's family alleged *this* note to be John's. But they refused to show them the note, and they filed a bill in Chancery to recover it from his estate. Three or four witnesses were examined

according to the privacy principles of the equity court. They swore they thought this name "A." was John's hand-writing. John's children were advised by their counsel not to attempt the feeble cross-examination of these witnesses which equity allows, as it could serve them nothing. They gave notice, therefore, to the plaintiffs, to produce the note to witnesses of theirs who knew John's writing well; but this production was refused, and, according to *equity*, it could not be compelled. By chance, John's widow, who knew his affairs well, had seen the note. She swore that it was not his signature, and that he had never borrowed money of his brother. In this state the cause came before that excellent Greek scholar, the Vice-Chancellor. The defendants' counsel stated the refusal to show the note to them or to their witnesses, and asked that it might be sent either to a jury or to the Master, to ascertain if the signature was John's, they paying the expenses if it turned out to be his. That excellent Greek scholar, however, said, that although it was certainly *perverse* in the plaintiffs not to produce the note to the defendant's witnesses, yet he was satisfied it was John's signature, and therefore should order John's estate to pay the money, without allowing any further inquiry. Now whether, according to the principles of an *equity* court, this may be an *equitable* decision, is not the question. We ask only whether such modes of taking evidence, in a country which pretends to care for freedom and justice, are to be tolerated? Would not an equity judge, to whom these things are matter of notoriety, seize on the first forlorn hope of cleansing from such filth, the fountain of equity, which his daily duty is to administer? Lord Brougham has been Chancellor between two and three years, and has brought in a much vaunted measure to purify his court, and, nevertheless, has left untouched every one of its principles. Besides the legal and *money* tendency of these rules, what evil, as a matter of education and influence, must they not induce on any people taught to dignify them with the name of Equity? The chicanery of the practitioner, and the dishonesty of the client, are largely attributable to this source. In availing himself of them, how much of the skill of the former consists; and how little is his conduct esteemed immoral, or, rather, how much are not his talent and tact applauded, and, as a consequence, his services required, as he makes use of these impure advantages! And when the skilful use of the iniquities of the law, is so a matter of credit in the world, as to distort its moral principles and harden its feelings, is it not high time for all interested in the production of good, to detect and point out fertile sources of mischief, very little, we fear, attended to?

It is not by any means on its principles alone, that we found our broad condemnation of the tendency of equity as at present established. In its practice, it has numerous rules repugnant to the simplest reason. Some no doubt have been improved; others

will be soon. It cannot be otherwise. But there appears to us no attempt to bring the machine into a state which is not pregnant with immoral influence, much less into a state in any degree commensurate with the requirements of the people. A man can hardly come out of a hostile chancery suit, if he have entered into all the working of the warfare, as honest a man as he was when he went into it; it is well if he be not greatly demoralized by it. The power of intimidation, which equity confers by its great dilatoriness and expense, is a vast source of evil. There is no more effectual way of bullying an injured man into submission, than by threatening him with a chancery suit. He is asking, perhaps, from a fraudulent executor for his share of the testator's estate, and an account of that estate; and objects to some improper charges made against it. He is told that if he says more, a bill shall be filed (by some other party probably, any one having the remotest interest will do) to pass the accounts. A long bill is filed, in which the counsel's ingenuity, after the fashion of a hydro-oxygen microscope, magnifies simple story to an almost illimitable extent. A tale of a few words among plain-spoken people, is stuffed with common form lies in the stating part of the bill; the same lies are echoed back in the charging part of the bill; and then re-echoed in the interrogatories, where every word of the bill is reiterated in the form of a question. Then follows the prayer of the bill, that the accounts may be taken; the granting of which prayer is, in this case, a *thing of course*, and therefore all the matter before the prayer, and all the long skins of answers which follow, might as well be entirely omitted.

These answers now follow. If the poor legatee is frightened, and does not like to incur the expense of putting in a useless answer, he is committed to the Fleet for contempt. The bill and all the answers must be respectively signed by counsel, whose fees for settling and signing them are proportioned to the length they run them to, for they draw both bills and answers, though the solicitors always charge for doing it. Next comes the evidence, if any be required. In the case above supposed there would probably be none. Then the hearing, with its preparatory subpoenas to rejoin, subpoenas to hear judgment, and many other entirely useless and therefore mischievous formulæ. The briefs to counsel and their fees, all again paid for according to length,\* are accompaniments to the hearing. Then follows the decree, which now in every case under the new Orders costs 4*l.* 10*s.* and

\* We believe that in an ordinary executor's suit the additional cost arising from every unnecessary folio, or ninety words, in the stating part is nearly 1*l.* and in the interrogating part we suppose 7*s.* or 8*s.* and yet interrogatories, admitted to be unnecessary, and extending often to thirty folios, or even much more, continue in almost all cases to be inserted. The interrogatories are so much a matter of course, that they are always drawn by the barrister's clerks, and a clerk is more valuable who knows how to *'interrogate.'*



which might have been pronounced at first without a bill being filed, or a counsel employed. The expenses are by this time, perhaps, from 200*l.* to 300*l.* or 400*l.* more or less, according to the interlocutory matter into which an unprincipled opponent may drive you, almost at his pleasure. The decree is for the Master to take the accounts. This is done by charge and discharge, as it is called, in a most clumsy, dilatory, and unintelligible manner. The poor legatee now obtains the disallowance of the charges to which he objected, and would be glad to stop the suit, and let the expenses be paid out of the estate; but no, there are infants in the case, and it cannot be done. A report must be made; and then a new hearing by the Court; then a new reference and new orders, until, perhaps, the whole property which has not been spent (for the solicitors are the only people who, from time to time, get money, under orders for their costs, all others wait till the conclusion) goes to swell the suitors' fund in the Court of Chancery, an unclaimed fund of at present we believe about thirty to forty millions sterling; or if the money be at last obtained, it has been at a delay of at least three or four years, probably much longer. These are some of the monstrous grievances at which Lord Brougham so long thundered his philippics. What has his Lordship done to remedy them since he has been placed at the head of the Court? He has merely dabbled in little details, and made here and there a paltry alteration, (often somewhat for good, but not always,) while he has left the great evils altogether untouched. His alterations are solely of practice; the principles of the Court's proceedings are not impeached. The substitution of salaries, for the remuneration which the officers of the Court derived from fees proportioned to the business done, is one of the principal changes. As there is no expeditionary control over these officers, the effect of the alteration will be obviously to render the officers less attentive and slower than they were before, and to cause a great deal of their business (particularly such as is pressing) to be done by the solicitors. It remains to be seen whether these gentlemen will do the work without being paid, or whether (as in the case of entries on the roll in the common law courts) the officer and solicitor are both to be allowed to be paid for doing the self-same work. We will trust the solicitors for looking after their own interest. They are not a body of men (and it is no disparagement to say so) who like to do work without pay. Of this alteration we will say no more; but we doubt whether the saving it will effect, will not be more than compensated by additional delay. There will now be two classes only who will get business done—gentlemanly men and thorough blackguards; the former will be attended to out of civility, the latter that they may be got rid of. Besides the introduction of salaries, there are many alterations made by the new Chancery Orders, which we will briefly run through. First,



the forms of subpoenas are changed, and are somewhat less absurd than before. But what the need of a subpoena at all? Why would not the solicitor's notice of a suit instituted serve every purpose, except that of the officer who has the issuing of the subpoenas, and of his patron? We have next regulations that three defendants only shall be put in one writ. This must be to keep up costs we suppose, for we can devise no other possible reason. Subpoenas are to expire if not served within a limited time. Also we suppose to keep up the costs.\*

Regulations as to bills of revivor, and orders of course respecting the same, follow. Bills of revivor are a disgrace to the land. There is money enough taken out of the pockets of the people for original bills, without compelling them to the absurdity of filing a bill of revivor every time one of the numerous parties to a suit, and every person possibly and nominally interested must be a party, happens to die, or, if a woman, to marry. Commissions to swear answers which are matters of favour, are now allowed to any one who lives as far off as four miles from town instead of requiring that he should be living as far as twenty. The answer, however, must still be sworn to; and we suppose the profanity of oath-giving must go on yet. But why may not every justice of the peace, or every Master in Chancery, administer the oath instead of putting the parties in every case to the expense of a particular and separate commission. Next (we are going through the Orders) comes the humbug of a common injunction, granted not on any merits, but because the defendant has not put in an answer in a now admitted impossible time. Common injunctions ought not to be required. Considerable alterations are next made in transferring business to the Masters. The arrangements for this are most clumsy; but it would lead us too much into detail to examine them. The whole machinery of a Serjeant-at-Arms,† in a bag wig and sword, is still continued; but the Masters have obtained some control over his infliction. The orders relating to the Accountant-General seem to contain little new. Order XXIX. A charming regulation! It commences thus: 'That with a view to the convenience of the suitors and their solicitors, and for the purpose of diminishing the expense of orders on *petitions of course*, which, according to the practice of the Court, may be presented,' &c. and then follows a rule that orders of course may be drawn up in a more simple way. 'Orders of course,' gentle reader. What are they do you think? Relics of the wisdom of our ancestors, which our reforming Chancellor

\* Subpoenas to rejoin, to hear judgment, and one or two others, for which new formulæ are now provided, are not only useless, but really inconvenient; yet they are re-enacted, and charged, as is almost every thing else which is altered, at a considerably advanced price.

† This is the officer who, we think we remember, travelled into Yorkshire a year or two ago, to bring up an infant at the breast to be committed for contempt! He is an inevitable process in all cases where an answer is not put in without him.

has seen fit to preserve and to regulate anew—*of course* for some good purpose, but for what you must ask Lord Brougham. They are Orders for particular incidental purposes,\* to which a party is entitled as a matter of course, without notice to the other parties to the suit. Now is it not a crying shame that such a bare-faced farce should survive the first Chancery Amendment Bill; that there should still be orders drawn up, where there is neither right of opposition in the opponent, or of option in the judge, and where all is '*of course*;' and that a new pattern for these Orders is to be hung out for our admiration and gratitude, under the guise of a wise and right renovation of things decayed, of convenience consulted, and economy effected? My Lord Brougham! my Lord Brougham! is this your '*Judico me cremari*.' Fie on such false professions! Out upon such patchings! But let us proceed. Order XXXI. The six clerks are to make office copies of bills, one folio in a page; and office copies of answers, two folios in a page. Surely this second Daniel can give a noble reason why ninety words in a bill should take up as much room as 180 words in an answer.† XXXII. The common interrogatory is to be altered. *This* is his Lordship's only amendment of the detestable practice of Chancery evidence. XXXIII. allowing Masters Extraordinary to officiate within ten miles instead of twenty of London, is an improvement which has long been called for; but it leaves great room for further improvement. We say the less about it, believing that the good sense, good feeling, and good principle which is growing up in the land, will ere long upset the demoralizing and superstitious practice to which we have before alluded, of crediting no evidence except that deposed to upon oath. When that is disposed of, a large and expensive machinery for administering oaths will drop with it.

Here we conclude our remarks. If ever there was an explosion ending in smoke only, we have it in this eruption of the Lord Chancellor's. Noise enough has been made about it, and will be made, to astonish the ears, and smoke enough to blind the eyes of the people. They are little able and less inclined at any time to seek into the obscurities of the dark den over whose entrance may be placed the well-known inscription,

'Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che entrate.'

We trust, however, that these 'words of obscure colour' will not long retain their prescriptive station, and that this great machine of mystery, with our other judiciary institutions, will be reformed and remodelled, till they all yield the desired result of the maximum of justice, with the minimum of expense and delay. Let

\* They are to allow one of the parties concerned to do something which, *without question*, he is entitled to do, and which, therefore, he should be always allowed to do without any Order at all.

† If it is answered, the difference is made to leave room for amending bills, this answer is pregnant with a moral.

all do their share towards this consummation. It will not be effected by royal commission, nor by Lord Chancellors. We have done our part, if we have taught our readers this truth : we learned it from Henry Brougham seven years ago. All that he has done yet, is to reduce the expense of a suit (at the price of some additional delay) from, perhaps, 650*l.* to, perhaps, 620*l.* if indeed it reduces it at all, which we doubt, instead of to 60*l.* 16*l.* or 6*l.* For, for passing and settling a small executor's account 6*l.* should be ample pay. There might be a worse way of going to work than to fix it at this. Enact that Lord Brougham (or the Chancellor for the time being) should have such an account taken for 6*l.* and give him a month to do it in, and we will answer for it he finds some simpler way than the amended perfection of legal reason has yet invented. It would be applying his new system of a fixed duty to be done for a fixed salary, instead of for fees, to better purpose than the paltry handling to which he has put it. And now, good reader, if you can digest this dose of law, you may perhaps have another some day. Till then, health to you, and no Chancery suit.

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## CORIOLANUS NO ARISTOCRAT.

*(Continued from p. 54.)*

READER, are you a Radical? Not one who believes that the remission of taxes would cure all the evils incident to humanity ; not one who believes that a republican form of government would work miracles without the aid of sound legislators ; not one who believes that the power of popular oratory is equivalent to sound judgment : not one who believes that the greatest welfare and happiness of England is perfectly compatible with the misery of other countries ; not one who believes that the abolition of corn-laws alone would bring about a millenium ; not one who believes that the mere act of fighting down oppression by the strong hand would reconcile all jarring interests ; not one who believes that the mere achievement of an overloaded stomach is the great end of political agitation ; not one who believes that public patriotism can atone for private oppression ; not one who believes that the decrease of human labour tends infallibly to the increase of human misery ; not one who believes that the mischief of LORDS arises from their titles ; not one who believes that the spunging of the national debt would increase the national revenue ; not one who believes that a man with a thousand a-year eats ten times as much as one with a hundred a-year ; not one who believes that dividing the land into acre-lots, one for each family, would increase the general happiness of the community ; not one who believes that wisdom must necessarily be written in prose ; not one who believes that labour-exchanges to do that by barter which has before been done by money, would increase the total amount of food ; not one who believes that 'God never sends

mouths without food to put into them ;' not one of these, reader, nor of many others to whom crotchets supply the place of reasoning and thinking ; but are you a philosophic Radical, diving into the depths of all things to search into their hidden causes, with a view of promoting human happiness after the fashion of the philosophy called Utilitarian ? Are you a Radical reformer of evil in all things, loving beauty as much as you hate oppression ? If your answer be in the affirmative, then will you desire that I should be successful in the task I have undertaken of rescuing the noble Coriolanus from the Tory thralldom under which he has so long laboured.

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The fourth scene opens and discovers the Roman army before Corioli. The dialogue vividly paints the eager feelings of the warriors. The incident of the wager of the horse is admirable. When Marcius has lost him he wishes to buy him back, but Titus Lartius replies,

‘No, I’ll nor sell nor give him : lend you him, I will,  
For half a hundred years.’

Which was saying, in other words, ‘It glads my very soul that I have it in my power to link so glorious a being as you are to me, by a constant tie of kindness. “Lend him you I will for half a hundred years,” and then I shall feel that Marcius loves me by constantly bestriding a horse of mine.’ Our hearts are with the Roman warriors, for justice is on their side. The feelings of just men must be against the aggressors, and the Volscies were the first to take up arms. The act of invasion is, it is true, mostly a proof of injustice on the part of the invaders ; but the case of Rome was peculiar. The Romans were within a day’s march of Corioli, and were therefore liable to the constant and unexpected irruptions of the Volscians ; therefore it was not sufficient to defeat one of their armies ; it was also necessary to take the best security possible to prevent their repeating the offence, by depriving them of their appliances and means, and this could only be done by invasion. Precisely such is the case in the disputes between the government of the United States and the Red Men at the present day. The Red Men commit outrages, a war arises, and they are vanquished as a matter of course. They are then dealt with as a vanquished enemy, viz. they are deprived of the means of mischief.

Some senators appear on the ramparts of the town, and Marcius asks if the principal object of his emulous daring, Aufidius, is amongst them. Sounds of combat are then heard, and one of the senators, pointing to a distance, replies,

‘There is Aufidius ; list, what work he makes  
Amongst your cloven army.’

How expressive are the words 'cloven army !' They bring before us, not only the broken ranks, but the plated warriors, and the short axe-like swords, which were alone fitted to hew through the steel helmet and cuirass, and where they could not pierce could still bruise and break bones. Every wound was a *cloven* 'trenched gash.'

The Volscian troops now march in, and Marcius, at the head of the Romans, attacks them, driving them out. The Romans are then once more beaten back to their trenches, and Marcius is the last to retire. His great heart is ready to burst with indignation, and ere he has time to breathe freely, he withers the flying soldiers with his half-scornful, half-threatening words, till the access of shame warms once more their abated courage. His voice is half choked with conflicting emotions as he proceeds,

'All the contagion of the south light on you,  
You shames of Rome ! you herd of—boils and plagues  
Plaster you o'er ; that you may be abhorred  
Further than seen, and one infect the other  
Against the wind a mile ! You souls of geese,  
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run  
From slaves that apes would beat ! Pluto and hell !  
All hurt behind ; backs red, and faces pale  
With flight and agued fear ! Mend, and charge home  
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,  
And make my wars on you : look to't : Come on ;  
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,  
As they us to our trenches followed.'

Had the Duke of Wellington made this speech to his soldiers in Spain, they might very fairly have replied through the mouth of one of those who broke biscuit for his grace's hounds :

'You don't spare scurvy names on us, general, yet you do but waste your breath, for we are not going to be humbugged. It is true, that, in consequence of being nearly starved in England, we did agree to serve as soldiers, in consideration of some bounty-money, which the recruiting serjeant stole from us, after making us drunk, and one shilling per day, deducting from the amount of it our food and clothing. But we expected to have enough to eat, at any rate ; yet we find ourselves worse off than your dogs, glad to eat the crumbs which fall from their jaws. Now you should know, if you know any thing, that whenever a man is hired at so much a day instead of being paid by the piece, he always tries to do as little as he can in the day, because that makes his wages so much higher, as he must be paid double for working harder. It is very easy for you to say you'll shoot us if we don't mount that yawning breach of Badajos yonder, which if we do mount we shall be sure to be killed or made cripples for life, while you look at us snugly ensconced beneath the shelter of the trenches ; but we should like to see you try the experiment yourself. The last time we made the attempt, the shot from our own batteries, intended to clear the breach over our heads, killed more of us than of the enemy. No, no ; though we were

to work miracles in fight, we can only get a shilling a day, less clothes and food, and we mean to earn it as easily as we can. If we win the town you will get all the honour, with scarcely any of the risk, and perhaps a pecuniary reward also, by a vote of the Honourable House. If we live through the assault we shall be only "as we were," and if we perish we shall be reported in the Gazette as so many "rank and file" *expended*. They'll only reckon us by the score, like sheep or oxen.'

Some might say *tigers* ; but hear the duke in reply :

'There is some truth in what you say, you scoundrels. Being hungry you cannot fight so well. I am better off, having had a dinner of three courses,—one of them red-legged partridges,—and my accustomed dessert and wine ; I therefore feel in a very good temper, and by way of encouragement to you, you dogs, if you take the city by assault you shall have twenty-four hours' plunder of it, and use the inhabitants, men and women, according to your pleasure.'

'Hurra !' replies the dog-feeder ; '*beauty and booty* ! plunder and lust, and a short life and a merry one ! Up to the breach, comrades !'

The troops of Marcius were not in this position ; they were fighting, not for hire, not to please the mere ambition of others, but for the security of their own hearths, to save their wives and daughters from pollution, and their city from the flames ; they were fighting for all that has been held dear and precious by men in all conditions of life. Struggling in this cause, they yet turned their backs and fled, like cowards. Well might their leader scorn and threaten them, for they were only asked to fight, like him, for their country ; they were only asked to risk the same danger as he dared in person, at their head, and with greater peril than themselves. A modern general *orders* his troops to the assault ; an ancient general *led* them. The same spirit prevailed amongst the French revolutionary generals, and to that, in some measure, might their success be attributed. A man obeys the orders of another much more readily when he sees him volunteer the risk of his own person, practising his own precept.

The scorn of Marcius shames his troops, and they beat back the Volsces, who take refuge in their city. Marcius, in the eagerness of the combat, enters with them, and his soldiers abandon him to a supposed certain fate. He again appears, covered with blood ; the Romans all crowd to the assault, and the city is taken.

The fifth scene discovers the interior of the taken city, where the Roman soldiers are busy plundering all they can lay their hands on, making, of course, many blunders in their hurried operations. Marcius enters, and with indignant scorn exclaims,

' See here these movers, that do prize their hours  
At a crack'd drachm ! Cushions, leaden spoons,  
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would



Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,  
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up :—Down with them !

Your feelings are noble, Marcius, but yet you do not sufficiently discriminate. The business is neither more nor less, as regards the quality of the plunder, and your great heart would spurn the most precious and costly treasures equally with the vilest trash ; but your soldiers would have been equally base though they had packed up jewels in the place of such valueless commodity as they are overhauling. Poverty and ignorance have accustomed them to set a value on such things. You have not known poverty, and therefore cannot judge with the same judgment as the poor. That which you despise, the poor man regards as a treasure. When poverty and ignorance shall cease, men will wonder at their past blindness and filthy avarice.

In the sixth scene Marcius enters from a battle with the Volscian troops, in which he has been victorious. His helmet and shield are hacked and battered, and his armour is drenched in gore. Cominius, as he sees him in the distance, exclaims,

‘ Who’s yonder,  
That does appear as he were flayed ? O gods !  
He has the stamp of Marcius ; and I have  
Before time seen him thus.’

Cominius then asks,

‘ Where is that slave .  
Who told me they had beat you to your trenches ?  
Where is he ? Call him hither.’

The indignation of Marcius again breaks out against the purposeless and unfirm plebeians, while he replies,

‘ Let him alone ;  
He did inform the truth : But for our gentlemen,  
The common file (a plague !—Tribunes for them !)  
The mouse ne’er shunn’d the cat, as they did budge  
From rascals worse than they.’

The gentlemen fought best, Marcius, because they best knew the value of that for which they fought. The plebeians, being poor, had little to lose, and no proper estimation of freedom and independence. They were not certain that they would be worse off under the yoke of the Volsces than of their own patricians. They might think, like the ass in the fable, whichever side might win they would still have to bear the burden. Had their condition been that of great comfort, they would have fought as hard to maintain it as the American citizens did at the revolution, and as the French citizens did in July.

But Marcius has scarcely vented his indignation ere his lofty feelings again break forth, mingled with the secret conviction

that the citizens,—the plebeians,—also are capable of being stirred to noble deeds. He is all along conscious that there is much good and many high qualities in the plebeians, and he is impatient that they should so frequently obscure them by apparent cowardice and imbecility. His conviction is shown in the following words :

‘ If any such be here,  
(*As it were sin to doubt,*) that love this painting  
Wherein you see me smeared ; if any fear  
Lesser his person than an ill report ;  
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,  
And that his country’s dearer than himself ;  
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,  
Wave thus, to express his disposition,  
And follow Marcius.’

*[They all shout and wave their swords.]*

Are not these the words of a noble man, a noble-minded man, who loves the welfare of his fellows, or what seems to him their welfare, better than he loves himself? There is neither plebeian nor patrician in the tone of his words. He is but a *man*, speaking to his fellow-men, to urge them onwards to honour.

In scene the eighth the last fight takes place, and Marcius meets with Aufidius. His greeting is short but expressive :

‘ I’ll fight with none but thee ; for I do hate thee  
Worse than a promise-breaker.’

Here is an indication of genuine nobility. A promise-breaker is a bargain-breaker, and the breach of a bargain is one of the highest crimes which can be committed in social life, for it undermines all confidence, and tends to root out every element of order, and make men barbarians. A bargain is a compact, and the chief element of social life is compact. When a compact is broken, even in a trifling matter, it begets a feeling of insecurity in all compacts, and then men cease to make them, and regard each other with constant suspicion ; all ties of kindred, all feelings of affection, are broken up, and human beings become beasts of prey ; worse than beasts of prey, for *they* only prey upon other species, but human beings prey on each other, like a species of cannibals. Marcius knew all this, and therefore did he select a ‘ promise-breaker’ as a standard of abhorrence.

The brave warrior, having driven off the boaster Aufidius, and the Volsces who came to his aid, follows hotly after them.

The ninth scene again presents the Roman camp, with the victorious Romans, and Marcius wounded amongst them. Titus Lartius speaks some few words in his praise, but the noble Marcius, modest as he is brave, like all truly good men, stops him thus,

‘ Pray now no more ; my mother,  
Who has a charter to extol her blood,

When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done  
As you have done ; that's what I can : induced  
As you have been ; that's for my country :  
He that hath but effected his good will,  
Hath overta'en mine act.'

Cominius still continues to praise him, and Marcius replies with sharp impatience,

' I have some wounds upon me, and they smart  
To hear themselves remembered.'

Cominius answers,

' Should they not,  
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,  
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,  
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all  
The treasure, in the field achieved, and city,  
We render you the tenth ; to be ta'en forth,  
Before the common distribution, at  
Your only choice.'

Now reader, mark the reply of the disinterested patriot, rejecting, with contempt, the offer of a reward for that which is ever above all price, the honourable deed of a high-minded man.

' I thank you, general ;  
But cannot make my heart consent to take  
A bribe to *pay* my sword : I do refuse it ;  
And stand upon my common part with those  
That have beheld the doing.'

Cominius now bestows on him the surname *Coriolanus*, and gives him his own battle steed as an offering of approbation, whereat the martial instruments peal, and arms clash, and armour clangs, while the acclamations of the warriors, patricians and plebeians alike, make the welkin ring. It is with good reason, for Rome is saved by his deeds, and the Roman citizens may now sit around their hearths in peace. Plainly and honestly spoken is the reply of Coriolanus.

' I will go wash ;  
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive  
Whether I blush or no. Howbeit I thank you :—  
I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,  
To undercrest your good addition,  
To the fairness of my power.'

Afterwards follows a sentence from the lips of the general Cominius, which speaks well for the spirit in which the war was undertaken by the Romans. Though the victors, they are willing to make peace on terms advantageous to the vanquished as well as to themselves.

‘ You, Titus Lartius,  
Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome  
The best, with whom we may articulate,  
For their own good, and ours.’

This is truly a noble spirit, which scorns to take advantage of the helpless, but Coriolanus goes beyond it, and completely disproves by his words the charge brought against him of being an insolent unfeeling aristocrat. Covered with wounds and gore, he thinks not of himself, but of some undefined purpose for the benefit of another, for which he has tasked his memory in vain during the time that his praises were sounded by Cominius; suddenly it lightens on him.

‘ The gods begin to mock me. I that now  
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg  
Of my lord general.’

Cominius with the most undoubting faith, knowing that Coriolanus can ask nothing unbefitting, replies,

‘ Take it ; ’tis yours.—What is’t ?’

‘ I sometime lay, here in Corioli,  
At a poor man’s house ; he used me kindly :  
He cried to me ; I saw him prisoner ;  
But then Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o’erwhelmed my pity : I request you  
To give my poor host freedom.’

An aristocrat, such as Wellington or Londonderry, would have said,

‘ A poor plebeian devil,  
Here in Corioli, whose house I honoured  
By making it my quarters, has been captured  
Amongst the other prisoners. He was civil,  
And waited on me most respectfully,  
According to my rank, as was befitting ;  
I galloped o’er him i’ the battle charge,  
Not liking much to baulk my gallant horse,  
And luckily he was not hurt ; I pray you  
To give the fellow freedom.’

This, however, will only apply to Lord Londonderry. His Grace of Wellington does not ride *charges*, notwithstanding the tales of his being ‘ nineteen hours on his charger’s back !’

But Coriolanus speaks of his host with the strong feelings of humane sympathy. ‘ He used me kindly ;’ that word marks the link of humanity, and not of sycophancy or patronage. ‘ Civility’ and ‘ kindness’ are as opposite as Toryism and humanity. Civility may exist independently of sympathy ; kindness cannot. ‘ Give my poor host freedom.’ In that expression there is respect mingled with kindness. We cannot help feeling that he ought to

have left the chase after Aufidius, to rescue his 'poor host,' but the temptation was strong, and

' The blood more stirs  
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.'

When Quentin Durward had hunted the 'Boar of Ardennes' to bay, and all but vanquished him, he left him and all the advantages attendant on his capture, amongst which successful love was numbered, in order to rescue the shrieking Trudchen from the hands of her ravishers; and our hearts honour him for it. But how beautiful is the reply of Coriolanus, when Titus Lartius asks him the name of his 'poor host.'

By Jupiter, forgot :—  
I am weary; yea my *memory* is tired.—  
Have we no wine here?

Reader, did you ever mingle in the din of battle, where human slaughter was rife, and do the work of ten men, while under the influence of excitement, utterly ignorant that edges had cut, and shot torn your flesh, while your hands were skinless from hauling in the ropes used to train the guns to batter down the strong hold of a despot, or the accursed floating castle of a salt-water tyrant? Did you ever awake from your busy trance, with the loud shout of victory ringing in your ears, and then find yourself half choked with a raging thirst, from the gunpowder swallowed in biting off the ends of cartridges, your face and hands blackened with smoke, your wounds smarting, and your body sore and stiff with contusions and straining? Did you ever then strike off the neck of a wine-bottle against a musket barrel, and drain it at a draught, and then sink to sleep in the elysium of a coil of rope? If you have, you may imagine the feelings of Coriolanus in calling for wine, and also the peculiar sensation of a 'tired memory.'

He cared nothing for the name of his 'poor host;' he cared not whether he were patrician or plebeian. He only knew him as a *man* who had 'used him *kindly*.' Of all else his *memory* was tired, not his sympathies; they were strong as at the period of receiving the kindness. And equally kind would he have been to the Roman plebeians, had they rightly understood his nature; but they did not, and therefore could but irritate him, and then mistake his irritability for pride, and the love of oppression.

Now let those who would fain liken his Grace of Wellington, and such men, to the noble Coriolanus, show wherein consists the parallel betwixt them. Coriolanus fought in person, in a just war, and ran the same risks with his soldiers. Wellington fought by proxy with officers and soldiers, keeping himself as much as possible out of the 'stroke and flash,' and he fought in an unjust war, to put down an oppressor, it is true, yet not for the benefit of mankind, but only to set up other and more mis-



chievous oppressors in his place. Coriolanus refused 'a bribe to pay his sword.' Wellington scrupled not to take as much pelf as he could get, whether in the shape of pay, prize-money, or gratuities. Does he not now receive, in round numbers, 50,000*l.* per annum from the nation, or rather from the misrulers of the nation, as a retiring pension? Let the Editor of the 'Black Book' speak to those who doubt. And can there be a question, that if the intellect of the nation were polled, a large majority would be found opposed to such a grant? Wellington was not the patriot defender of his country, but only the tool of a greedy and selfish faction, ready to make war upon all mankind, for the furtherance of their own ends. He was not a warrior but a hireling—a soldier—i.e. a stipendiary slaughterer of his fellows; not fighting even for what has been misnamed *glory*, like the Herberts and Bayards of former days, but simply from the love of *pelf* and its concomitant, *power*. He took the Tory 'bribe to *pay* his sword,' or rather his brain, for his sword had little to do with it; there are no notches in the blade. Wellington has, it is true, filled a conspicuous station in the march of human events, but the words of Byron on him were no satire.

'He did great things, but not being great in mind,  
He left *undone* the greatest—and mankind.'

'Great men have ever scorned great recompenses,  
Epaminondas saved his Thebes and died,  
Not leaving e'en his funeral expenses.

George Washington had thanks, and nought beside  
Save the all-cloudless glory which few men's is  
To free his country. Pitt too had his pride,  
And, as a high-souled minister of state, is  
Renowned for ruining Great Britain gratis.'

We can pardon much in Byron, for the sake of his evident appreciation of what is the most truly beautiful in human nature—self-abnegation for the welfare of others.

Coriolanus was no hireling; he was the voluntary and unpaid warrior of his country, fighting to promote his country's welfare, and he possessed sympathy, 'kindly' sympathy with his fellows. It is not upon record that he kept hounds upon the bread which his soldiers were lacking. Wellington fought not for his country, but for himself, and he has never shown any tokens of sympathy for the community. Coriolanus loved his wife, and his mother, and his boy, and old Menenius Agrippa. Where is the being whom Wellington loves? The pension list gives no token of his love, it merely proclaims the 'taking up of a commodity' and saddling the expenses on the community. Talleyrand, while his grace was in France, provided this 'commodity' gratis, and the commodity served him well as a sponge to suck up the contents of his grace's brain. In England, his grace's brain not

being the depository of aught important, nobody thought it worth while to provide him with 'commodity,' therefore the charge was laid on the back of poor John Bull as the last resort.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

(*To be continued.*)

#### ADAM THE GARDENER.\*

HERE is a new and natural year-book; a daily gardener's guide, and a monthly mirror of the meadows; instructions for rearing tender thoughts and spring lettuces; a journal of education and horticulture; directions for digging, decorated with didactics; physics and metaphysics, for man and boy, from January to December.

'Adam Stock was the eldest son of a gentleman, who, having retired from London to the southern coast of our island, for the improvement of his health, had there purchased an estate, consisting of a house, a large garden, a field, and a poultry-yard. He knew the value of industry, and that, to an independent and contented mind, few things are *really* necessary to our comfort; he therefore determined to cultivate his own ground; and, as nearly as he could, to do every thing for himself.'

One new-year's day he resolved to associate little Adam in his labours; and the book shows us, in a chapter for each month, how the cultivation of the father's garden and of the son's mind went on at the same time, and how in due season each bore fruit according to its kind.

The *groundwork* then, of this book, is a horticultural directory. And here we must honestly allow our critical incompetence. We confess entire ignorance and inaptitude. 'A time there was, when every rood of ground maintained its man.' It must have been a clever and generous rood that would have maintained us. We hope for a little leisure some day, but our *otium* would be an *odium, cum digging-a taty*. Like the people who have 'nothing to do with the laws but to obey them,' we have nothing to do with the radishes but to eat them. Mr. Clarke may be either a Conservative or a Destructive in the vegetable kingdom, with impunity for us. All we can say is, that the instructions are very intelligible; that we observe none of the mysteries and cruelties which have so often perplexed us in horticultural operations, and made us almost weep over the poor trees and things that were cut and twisted about, 'all for their good,' as the gardener said, speaking in a tone that we thought very like a Tory;—and that, if it does all come round at last, as Mr. Clarke says, and the roses, and ranunculi, and spinach, and poached eggs, be realized in the necessary sequence of cause and effect, why then,

\* *Adam the Gardener.* By Charles Cowden Clarke. Wilson, 1834.

*finis coronat opus* : and we are travelling back towards Paradise Regained.

But there is plenty in the book more in our way. It is a natural history of the year. It abounds in descriptions ; lively, graphic, and racy. It is in fact a work of education. It touches on various points of moral philosophy. It tells us much, and suggests more. Here we find ourselves at home, this is our field—our garden ; and we shall straightway go to work in it. These are such sunny spots as we love to cultivate. ‘ The first thing we will do, shall be to dig up this bed under the south wall ; to sow in it our peas, beans, radishes, onions, and mustard and cress.’ Let little Adam come to us, and we will soon show him, ‘ how thick it is proper to sow the seed.’ Moreover we must teach him to sort the articles in Mr. Clarke’s intellectual green-grocery ; for while some are very good, others are very bad ; like Jeremiah’s figs.

To give our readers a general notion of this book, we will take a month by way of specimen. And the better to ensure the application of the maxim *Ex uno disce omnes*, the month shall be selected simply because it is that of our present number, February.

The chapter is headed by a motto from Thomson, with whom several other bards, of very different degrees of celebrity, are employed, as priests of Nature, to say grace before the twelve successive feasts which the author serves up from her rich store of provisions for the senses, and, through them, for the soul. This is ‘ meet and right.’ And pleasant it is to see them, like the priests of old in the temple of Jerusalem, ‘ ministering in their courses,’ and enhancing the enjoyment of the guests by their gracious presence. They are there in their orders, from Milton, the high-priest of the poetical profession, to Cornelius Webbe, who, if he be only a simple deacon in nature’s temple, yet wants not his authentic diploma. Indeed Mr. Clarke is too acute a trier of the spirits to let in any one altogether unworthy of that goodly fellowship ; and when, in plain terms, we praise his selection of mottoes for his chapters, we ascribe to him a faculty for giving pleasure which is often not appreciated so highly as it ought to be. Walter Scott set a bad example in his alterations and fabrications of passages for this purpose. The detection of his falsifications was a positive annoyance. The fetching from far, even from the ends of the earth, a quotation which is not only germane to the matter, but which aptly, and poetically, and as it were prophetically, prefigures or shadows forth the beings, action, and scenery, of the coming chapter, is rightly called a *felicitous* adaptation. The unexpected association ; the recollections, not distinct perhaps, but unconsciously-revived sensations, called up, by the words or the mere name of a favourite author ; the dim expectancy, as to the external material, and yet the definiteness

as to the character of feeling to be elicited, which belong to this poetical tabling and foretelling of contents, are all pleasurable, and worth some care to a benevolent author. Even when the motto lacks the adornment and suggestiveness of poetical quotation, and only consists of some quaint and pithy saying, it may yet come under the description, (which was once tendered as a literal version of the *Maxima Felicitas* on the Westminster Review medallion of Jeremy Bentham,) and be truly a *Maxim-y Felicity*.

February (the February of our book) set in rainy.

‘The frost appeared to be quite gone, although there were patches of snow still remaining under those hedges which sheltered it from the noon-day sun; the roads were deep in mud, and the garden ground was soft; the wind was blustering, and the weather altogether very unpleasant; for the rain which came from time to time was cold, and now and then being mingled with small snow, rendered it extremely disagreeable to be out.’

Extremely disagreeable; we feel it now to our very skin; and though we have a great respect for Mr. Stock, who, ‘when there was any work to be performed, would not allow the weather to prevent him, and brought up Adam to care for it as little as he did himself,’ yet we cannot but feel some sympathy with the young gardener, who ‘at last became a little peevish, and said he hated rain.’ To be sure he did; there spake the spirit of old Adam in Adam the younger. But all hatreds are to be got over, by creating and multiplying pleasant associations with the object of hatred; and Mr. Stock, being a philosopher, did not take the boy and ‘*whip* the offending Adam out of him,’ but tells him pretty tales of ‘fruit and flowers, and good eating of all sorts,’ to spring from the fertilizing influences of this hated rain, and sends his imagination far off into eastern countries, with their terrible drouth and refreshing dews; and this was all very good for the boy, for ‘so they digged up a bed, and prepared it for some of their spring crops; and the following day being fine, they sowed a fresh crop of beans in it;’ all perfectly right; but for ourselves we overcome our hatred by a different process, albeit it is somewhat analogous. In February we prepare our spring crop too; an editor always lives at least a month, and sometimes more, in advance of other people; when his body is in February, his soul is in March, or getting forwards to April, and so on, all the year round. And what can stimulate the imagination, or supersede the occasion for its being stimulated, like that glorious fire which is the necessary adjunct, complement, and antidote of the chilly, drizzling, soaking rains of February? That is the true fire of genius. If that be stirred, no matter that we stir not. As the foul weather is without, the fair fire must be within; and only look at it,—the mere sight makes the nights of February Arabian nights. There should be a good solid

mass of coal, duly perforated, for a substratum; and a half-charred log sticking out, the unconsumed end gnarled and fantastic looking, with patches of moss yet unshrivelled; and the blaze above sweeping up like a living pyramid, and parting and breaking into fiery tongues; and below, caves, and tunnels, and deep mazy recesses, with their walls and pillars of solid fire, the crypts of Pandemonium, figured with forms and faces grotesque and beautiful manifold, a compound of romance, utility, and loveliness. There; wave the poker like a wand, and touch with its tip the magic grottoes gently, and see how they dissolve and break into fairy palaces and gardens, and anon harden and glow into massiveness again, the temple and court of the Fire King, blazing defiance against Jupiter Pluvius and all his hosts. Patter away without there, on the windows; wax wroth, and rage, and rattle; 'blow winds, and crack your cheeks; rage cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout;' you only justify and glorify our fire. Draw the sofa closer to it; that is our 'bed,' which we will 'dig up,' say rather plough, with heels and elbows, and in our semi-recumbency dictate an article that shall make our March Number a banner for the march of intellect, and rush over men's souls like the mighty winds of the month, whose trumpet-sounds herald a coming spring-time.

Adam asks his father the meaning of the name of the month, which is explained to him with all due and true etymology; and the same question is sometimes asked in the other months; and whether asked or not, it is answered all the same. The paternal respondent is as accommodating as a certain statesman supposed Mr. Babbage's calculating-machine to be. The statesman had learned, in the intervals of politics, that the machine was a sort of mill to grind calculations; the question being put into the hopper, and the answer coming out of the spout. And pray, said Wisdom, if the question were not put into the machine, would the solution come out all the same?

They then sowed beets, parsnips, carrots, cabbages, including some red ones for pickling; also celery, leeks, parsley, and onions; and peas for a second crop; and transplanted cabbages, which had been sown in the preceding autumn, and the cauliflower plants which were under the glasses: for all which operations we must refer our readers to the book itself. Then comes a walk, with the looking out for flowers which were preparing to blossom, and the listening for birds which were going to sing, and a little disserting upon leaf-buds: 'the colour is generally delicate; a light brown, tipped at the end with a soft green. And the bud of the horse-chestnut is richly coloured, at the same time it is protected from the rain and damp, by being covered over with a natural varnish, something like turpentine, which no wet can penetrate.' And then they 'heard the loud and rich song of a throstle, or thrush, which was in a hazel-tree in flower,



at the back of a little mud cottage;’ and talked of birds, and migrations through Holland into Italy, and Romulus and Remus, and the rookery, and ‘Evenings at home,’ until they got back to tea.

Next they attended to the flower-garden. ‘As the weather was still mild and open, they sowed sweet-peas, lupins, candy-tuft, lark-spurs, (bless their sweet names, and sweeter selves,) Virginia stock, mignonette, major convolvulus, minor convolvulus, and other annuals.’ These are the annuals for our eyes. Not Colburn, Longman, nor Ackerman, will ever match them for either poetry or picture. It must be a delicious feeling to be accessory to their production. But gardening, as well as book-selling, is commonly only an art, and too often sinks down into merely a trade. Adam Stock is trained to better things; and all his digging and pruning, and taking the suckers from the shrubs, and earthing up the auriculas, are delightful, because they are done in love, and for the sake of the beauty which is thus generated and cherished.

While dressing the strawberry bed, Adam ‘observed a bee bustling about in the cup of a crocus; *apropos* to which are four sweet pages about bees and their sayings and doings, for they seem, at least, to talk by signs. Afterwards we have a walk to the mill, through the fields where men are ploughing, sowing, and harrowing; whereupon Mr. Stock moralizes upon the less harrowing appearance of the fields than it would be were the labourers transformed into soldiers, and the occupation of preparing food into that of destroying life. There is a tail to this moral which we do not exactly like; a coat-tail, for it relates to dress.

‘Adam said “he should like to have such fine dresses as the soldier, and be able to buy them like the ploughman.” “Well,” said his father, “it is very natural that you, who are but a little boy, should like those fine gay clothes, for the soldiers themselves like them very much. You have only to be diligent and honest, and you will be able to purchase for yourself much handsomer clothes than a soldier’s; and you will be a great deal more respected and beloved by good men.”’—p. 32.

The love of ‘fine gay clothes’ has not much that is ‘natural’ in it. Nor is the desire of them an expedient means for stimulating exertion. Nor do the diligence and honesty, which are put forth for the purpose of becoming able to purchase them, deserve the respect and love of good men. The appetite for finery is engendered of ignorance and vanity, and no community deserves to be called thoroughly civilized until it is entirely exploded. The desire for a showy and costly appearance, whether it be simply a craving for attention to the individual, or a manifesto of his wealth and station, is one of the remains of barbarism amongst us. Gentleman or lady wearing expensive or fashionable clothes for such purposes, is but a variation of the advertisement vehicle, which one sometimes sees a poor donkey dragging about the

streets of the metropolis. Form, colour, convenience, gracefulness of adjustment, and picturesque effect, are recommendations of a very different kind. These are the last things thought of by the savage or the dandy, the man of ostentatious opulence, or the woman of fashionable pretension. These are the only things, in relation to dress, which deserve thought by rational beings. If not entirely, they are yet to a considerable degree independent of expensiveness. The vulgar—and vulgarity abounds in all ranks—the vulgar love of finery will never raise the art of dress to a place amongst the fine arts. An Irishman with a blanket and a skewer approaches nearer to such drapery as a sculptor prefers for a statue than do any of the habiliments of the aristocracy. Perhaps there is no great disparity in the inconveniences, though they doubtless are of different kinds. At what a cost of pains, time, and money, do women often array themselves in vestments the frightfulness of which no loveliness of form or face can redeem. The most graceful bonnet we have lately seen was of coarse straw, bought for four shillings, and which, therefore, not one lady in four thousand would have courage enough to wear. We say *courage*; for there is greater lack of that than of taste. They fear lest they should not be thought able to afford the price of the fashionable, shapeless disfigurement. Nor can hats throw stones at bonnets. The beavers, we suppose, have vested interests, and caps would interfere with chartered rights, the wisdom of our ancestors, and the safety of the Constitution. Yet O'Connell and the wild Irish are allowed to wear them in the streets; and most others adopt them to enhance the enjoyment of travelling. They like all the good things together, and save them for that purpose, as boys do their plums. Or perhaps the hat is borne on the same principle as a friend of ours, of the true John Bull breed, used to put on a thick flannel waistcoat next the skin in the dog days, in order that he might enjoy the exceeding comfort of taking it off at night. Now, without going further into this matter, we must say, that although it is quite hopeless to reverse the proscription which would banish from society either man or woman who should only consult the convenient, the graceful, and the becoming, in their costume, we are nevertheless bound to protest against the doctrine that diligence in earning money for the purchase of 'much handsomer clothes than a soldier's,' can entitle any one to be 'respected and beloved by good men.'

' " We are now come to the end of the month, and if you look round our garden, you will find many cheerful and lovely flowers in blossom. There is the aconite, the Alpine alysson, the beautiful anemone, the crocus, and the snow-drop still; the primrose too, the richly coloured wall-flower, which was known to the Romans, and bore the same name; the polyanthus, with its various bright colours; the periwinkle, with its delicate heavenly blue; the perennial Adonis; the graceful Persian iris;

hepatica ; hellebore ; the heart's-ease, as beautiful in its name as it is in its velvet blossom of gold and royal blue ; the cheerful and long-lasting daisy ; the daffodil that seems to laugh at the cold, and dance with every wind that blows ; and cyclaymen, I believe the last. Then, among the shrubs, we have that elegant tree, the almond, which was a favourite of one of the sweetest poets that ever lived, SPENSER ; our cheerful and steady friend, the laurustinus, that begins to flower when the gay colours of summer leave us, and never ceases till they return to us again ; the Glastonbury thorn, about whose blowing the artful and deceiving monks of old time told a foolish story, of its having formerly been the walking-stick of a disciple of Jesus Christ, who, planting it in the earth near the abbey of Glastonbury, it flowered at Christmas, in honour of his master, Jesus, who was born at that time. Then follow the cornelian cherry, and cherry plum, together with the mezereon, which is a beautiful little plant ; and the phillyrea, spurge laurel, and pyracantha, with its clusters of bright red berries. Here is a famous catalogue of beauties for this season of the year ! Who would think there was such a variety, when but a few weeks since the snow covered the ground, and the tender shoots of the flowers were bound in by the frost ? When we get home, you may, if you wish, gather a few of all, and take them to mamma, to adorn the parlour. If this month has been very stormy and wet, remember what I told you about rain. The inconveniences we meet in life are not to be compared with the delights ; and when we think of the great good that rainy days will hereafter bring us, we must not be discontented with the month of February." They now arrived at home, and Adam went immediately to gather the flowers for his mamma.'—pp. 32, 33.

In this pleasant way the book goes on, month after month, till one wishes there were six-and-thirty months in the year, all of them bringing fresh work for Adam Stock as gardener, and for Charles Cowden Clarke as chronicler. But it is not needful for us now to track the sun through all the signs of the zodiac, or those terrestrial signs, the beautiful constellations of earth, which also mark his progress. So chase him yourself, reader, through Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, and the rest in their order ; and through Primrose, Daffodil, Violet, Harebell, and the rest in *their* order. We will only further request your company in a rapid turning over of the leaves of the other chapters.

The author evidently appreciates, feels, and therefore often writes, poetry. In his *Tales from Chaucer*, which we recently noticed, it was natural to suppose that his style had derived its character from the great master, between whom and our youth he stood as interpreter. But his style here is Chaucerian too. Its flavour is that of waters from 'the well of English undefiled.' He has that picturesque precision which distinguishes the observer of things from the mere combiner of words. We have already praised his descriptions. We will give some specimens as they arise. This is from *March* :

' And, indeed, it is pleasant to have the gleams of sunshine after the

dark storms, and to see the great clouds moving before the wind like mountains of snow, and to watch the shadows of them passing over the ploughed lands ; and when they are far off, to see the showers descend in long streaks. See, now, how beautiful those pigeons look, hurrying home, after their meal, with the black cloud behind them.'—p. 37.

The next shall be a thunder-storm from *July* :

' As Mr. Stock finished speaking, they heard a very low rumbling, like the noise of a heavy cart on an iron road. Presently they observed, from a dark lead-coloured cloud, a bright flash, like a fiery snake, dart down upon a distant hill ; after waiting for some time, the thunder followed, as if it had been the same heavy cart that had fallen, and was afterwards dragged rattling along ; then had stopped, then fallen again, and ended by rumbling till it was out of hearing. The dark cloud all this time was changing its appearance and shape ; sometimes it was very ragged at the edges, like wool pulled or snatched off. Every thing around was quite silent, not even a little bird was heard to whistle. The sheep in the fields huddled their heads together, and bent them down towards the ground. Presently the wind rose all at once with a great roaring, and whirled up the dust of the road in a cloudy pillar ; then ceased again, and all was silent. In a few seconds some large drops fell, and immediately after a broad flash burst out of the cloud, followed almost instantaneously by a crashing and tearing, as if houses were being overturned and dashed to pieces ; and every now and then there were great bangs heard like cannon firing off. At the sudden bursting of this thunder-clap, some horses in a neighbouring field snorted, started, and galloped away. For a moment or two after the thunder had ceased there was a dreadful stillness, and then the rain came down in a torrent, driving up the dust of the road, and making a soft noise as if it fell upon wool, till it was soaked through and beaten down ; when it made a quick splashing, and seemed to be lashing the ground.

' They now had to run for it, and did not reach home till they were nearly soaked through. The lightning and thunder still continued, and the rain seemed to smoke along the ground, and upon the thatched roof of a shed opposite to their house. Sometimes the thunder sounded very high in the air, as if above the clouds ; at others, as if it were down in the road. That which but a few minutes before had been a lovely day, with a blue sky, and stately clouds like snowy rocks that scarcely moved at all, was now one dull, lead-coloured covering. In about an hour it became lighter, and in another hour they had the pleasure to see that stormy cloud sailing away from them, still looking black, with its edges touched by the light of the golden sun. From time to time they heard that the storm had not ceased, though it was not so loud ; at length it was so far off, that the thunder made only a low, surly rumbling ; and the cloud which had before looked so angry, when over and near them, now shone like a snow-covered mountain, with crags and precipices, and deep hollows and caverns. The family all remarked how pleasantly cool the air had become, and how calm ; and admired the fresh and glittering appearance of the grass, and the leaves of the trees, and flowers in the sunshine ; and they snuffed up with delight the smell of the earth after the rain.'—p. 102—104.

*A September sunset :*

‘The sun had now drawn nearly to the close of his journey, and was shooting his lovely beams between the trunks of the trees. The party, therefore, began to bend their steps homeward, and upon reaching the outskirts of the wood, they all at once expressed their admiration and delight at the grandeur and beauty of the heavens. It was one of those gorgeous sunsets, for which our climate is so remarkable during the first autumnal months. They saw above and around them nothing but the richest and most vivid colours. In the centre was the golden glory of the luminary ; next to this, and mixed in streaks with the gold, were dashes of pale green ; at a greater distance, and circling the sun so as to form, as it were, the mouth of a vast cavern, were purple clouds deeply crimsoned towards their edges ; and at the extreme edge, nearest to the sun, they were of a bright copper-gold. Still further removed, the clouds were mottled like tortoise-shell ; their sides next the sun being rose-pink, and the opposite ones of a grave indigo tint. Above was one superb expanse of gold, green, purple, and crimson ; and below, the rays of the orb were giving the surrounding trees gold for gold ; for there were, in succession, the plane, the hazel, the maple, the ash, and the hornbeam, all of a fine bright yellow, and made brighter. The dull brown of the sycamore was enlivened ; the orange leaf of the elm, the tawny yellow of the hawthorn, and fine red of the wild cherry, all showed to advantage. Besides these pleasant delights to the eye, they were regaled by the agreeable smell of the wood, and of the dried leaves which they crushed under foot in their passage. They also, from time to time, slightly caught the odour of burning weeds, brought in a long unbroken train by the evening breeze from some neighbouring corn-fields ; for the harvest was all gathered in, even to the beans, which are the last to ripen.’—pp. 155, 156.

While such descriptions as these spring up every here and there, like flowers in all their natural beauty, ‘when unadorned, adorned the most,’ there are more solid productions, the fruits, borne in their season, and inviting us to ‘learn and inwardly digest.’ In glancing at some of the more prominent of these moralizings, we have unfortunately to quarrel with the first we come to ; the more so as the mistake (in our view) is one which pervades the work, as indeed it pervades society.

Little Adam Stock serves his moral apprenticeship, his education that is, under a system of artificial rewards and punishments ; not the least artificial means consisting in his being told that he is the object of anger and of love in proportion to his obedience or disobedience. This last is the worst part of the story. When his father, ‘for a reward, allowed him to sit up to supper, and have poached eggs and salad, and a good draught of home-brewed bottled ale,’ his father taught a very foolish lesson ; but the following passage inculcates one which deserves a stronger censure :

‘“Do you not feel a great deal more happy now you know that you have been industrious and useful, than when you used to crawl about, and endeavour to escape doing any thing ?” “Yes, papa,” said Adam,



“and I like to talk to you now, because you look more kind than you did.” “To be sure,” said his father, “because I love you better.”—p. 8.

We would ask of the common sense of every parent, which is the strongest reformatory power, the menaces of roused indignation, or the tears of grieved affection? Look unkindly on a poor, inexperienced child, that, hunting after good, has sought it in the wrong direction.—O, it is a wretched plan to adopt! Older children than Adam Stock are often driven by this species of discipline into a dreary and dangerous condition. A little timidity, and consequent suppression of the external indications of affection; a little originality, and consequently some eccentricity; a little pertinacity, the result of having intellectual and moral perceptions of its own; and you have the materials of a youthful character, which this government, by loving and not loving, is almost sure to put under proscription, and make the victim of family persecution. The brand is soon fixed. Who smiles upon, or fondles the perverse one? Let her, (for this calamity falls most heavily, if not most frequently, upon a girl,) let her speak; the reply is in a hard, cold tone: let her smile; there is no responsive smile. She is intractable, and papa and mamma don't love her; and brothers and sisters follow in their wake. But she *may* hear the kind tones that greet others. She *may* see the fond looks that meet their looks. Can any thing be more unwholesome for her heart than the ceaseless contrast? The frost incrusts her countenance, driving all feeling inwards, to concentrate in her heart's core; and it is no merit of the system should it not become concentrated venom. The family opinion naturally spreads amongst connexions and associates. The victim breathes like a consumptive patient in a freezing atmosphere. The internal sensitiveness and the external air become keener together. Now suppose her transplanted before the corrosion has eaten too deeply into her moral vitality. Suppose her domesticated with those who ‘live in love,’ and who are allowed to receive her without prejudice. In no long time there will be such a change as, were it on face and form, (indeed it is there too, and marvellously does it beautify them,) would render recognition impossible. Frankness displaces the suppressive manner which had been deemed so sinister or haughty. She fears not now to send forth her kindly emotions, knowing that they will no longer be driven back upon herself, like the routed outposts of a hostile army. Mind and heart have expanded in the sunshine. Can this be the dull and selfish member of that kind and clever family? Indeed it is; she who used to be so often punished by ‘nobody's loving her.’ One of the noblest women we ever knew was trained in this way; and by a father, too, who was both wise and good, as the world goes. She escaped utter desolation by early self-dependence. But the hard external incrustation was never thawed or broken. Few ever knew what

she was. People called her cold, satirical, pragmatical; but the rough glove, which she wore defensively, covered a skin that any weed or insect could sting and blister. *They* talked of her want of feeling, whose nerves were cart-ropes to her thrilling organization. And when once her emotion had way, what a burst, a gush, a torrent it was! Her father never saw that. A quarter of a century after education had ceased, his presence would have instantly made all as still as the Neva in December. He believed she was tolerably good, very unaffectionate, and rather obstinate.

The affections are involuntary; and were they not, are yet too delicate to be made an agency of bribery and coercion. The father who says, 'I won't love you,' if he does not tell a falsehood, at least affirms an uncertainty. There was a father who had a Prodigal Son. The parable does not record a declaration of not loving him as the means of restoration. Nature is the best rewarder and punisher. The natural consequences of actions, external and internal, are the most safe and wholesome discipline. The parent or pedagogue has only to act as their expositor. If he content himself with explaining, and pretend not to legislate, he will do well. Imitation, sympathy, and affection, will establish all the power which any adult ought to exercise over the young, provided he begin with the beginning, as all moral education should. And more in this mode than in any other way may be effected, even when the process does not commence till a late period. There is too little love in this child. Make him feel, by the tone of unkindness, that he is not the object of love, but of anger, and so diminish what there is. Why what an egregious blunder is this!

A mistake of the same family is produced by Mrs. Stock, when, in her commentary on cruelty to animals, she says to Adam, (p. 46,) 'Learn to love, and be gentle to every creature, and you will have many happy hours when you think of your conduct.' How much better to have said, 'What delight it will be to see them all happy!' Love is objective, and impels with simplicity of aim to the production of good. A loving nature *cannot* be ever laying schemes for self-gratulation. A man may wrap himself up in the warm cloak of his good works; say to his soul, 'Thou art like virtue itself, which is "the most virtuous of all things;"' and make himself very comfortable, thinking of his conduct; yet all the while nature may be half destroyed in him, and love not generated. It is not one's own conduct, but the enjoyment of others that, being vividly realized in the imagination, is the food of benevolence. Mrs. Stock's lesson would only teach Adam to regard love and gentleness as part of a stock in trade, which might yield a balance when he cast up his accounts.

Still worse is the 'true story' to which her remark is appended; the tendency of the story, that is, as here told. It is a disgusting anecdote of a man who roasted a game cock alive

because it had lost a battle, and being interrupted in the atrocity, was so violently enraged that 'HE FELL DOWN DEAD UPON THE SPOT,' in capital letters. The implication is, that Providence put him to death as a punishment for his cruelty. The story has often been told to produce that impression. The assumption is unprovable. The man burst a blood-vessel in consequence of strong vicious emotion. The blood-vessel would have burst as soon from virtuous emotion equally strong. This mode of frightening people out of vice leads to a dilemma from which there is no escape, and either alternative of which is bad. Either the imposition is found out, and the discovery of the trick enfeebles all moral restraint; or it is not detected, and then a false standard of morals is set up, or a false estimate of character, calamity being taken as evidence of guilt, as in the days of Job's friends. A man takes a boat on Sunday, his foot slips, and he is drowned. The shout is instantly raised, 'Behold a judgment on Sabbath breaking!' The other day, as a devout man was boarding one of the floating chapels in the river, to preach to the sailors, his foot slipped, and he was drowned. Is this a judgment on preaching to watermen? This sword cuts both ways. It is a dangerous tool to be used in education. Such events have their moral, but this is not it.

Mr. Clark generally philosophizes much more soundly than in these instances. In *March* there is a good paragraph on independence; in *April*, a somewhat questionable one on the happiness of boyhood as compared with maturity; *May* is full of beauty and wisdom, with the exception of old Stock's being unkind to young Stock, because young Stock had been unkind to his brother. *June* opens with a mistake about the effect of early rising upon the memory. It is the repetition over night that does the work. There is also another judgment story, though not so bad as the former. All this vanishes, however, before the beautiful morality of the may-fly.

'As they were walking home, well-pleased with what they had seen, they ran about collecting all the curiosities they could find, both animal and vegetable. They gathered wild roses and woodbine in abundance, and every now and then the sweetly delicate smell of a spacious bean-field, came to them upon the soft summer wind, and added to their happiness. They also found several sorts of the green beetle, and examined them; and they caught one of that very large and rare kind which is called the stag-beetle, to the great horror of all the young party; for one or two nips which he gave those whose fingers came within reach of his great pincers, astonished them. They also caught one of those poor little creatures, called the May-fly, which they were informed by their father is born at sunrise, and dies at its setting. Adam said it was not worth being born, to have such a short life as that. "Do not suppose, Adam," said his father, "that real enjoyment of life consists in living a long while. That man and that animal lives the longest, that passes through the greatest variety of scenes, and who is capable

of feeling in a lively manner both joy and sorrow; and no one can feel what true joy is who is not quick in perceiving sorrow. You will perhaps understand me when you grow older. The toad has been found enclosed and alive in the trunk of a tree, where it must have remained more than fifty years; and there is a wonderful instance related of one that was discovered in a block of marble, which it would be useless to guess how long it had been there. Now, do you think that those two animals could have been as happy as the butterfly, which flutters so giddily over the meadows, and drinks the morning dew from the butter-cup and honeysuckle; and which now and then, when he is weary, will sleep upon some sweet blossom, and lay his wings at rest upon it? That tender little creature, however, has many more enemies than the long-living toad; and, if it should escape them all, lives but a few days. Yet who would not rather be a butterfly than a toad? A cold and stormy day is but a dreary blank in its little life; but then observe it in the bright sunshine, and the soft summer wind, and no creature seems more happy. The toad, on the other hand, appears to be indifferent to every thing around him. He remains in his hole all day, and in the evening comes shuffling along the dusty roads in search of insects. He is frequently trodden upon by the passengers, and blunders away at the same pace as he did before the accident happened to him. I do not say that the toad is in itself an unhappy animal, for I believe that God has given more happiness than misery to all his creatures; I only wished to show you that the May-fly, or butterfly, in its short but very varied career, experienced fully as much delight as the toad with its long-drawn and monotonous existence." '—p. 91—93.

In *July*, the warning against hasty credit in ill reports, is badly motivated; 'it shows that you possess a spirit, and an understanding superior to the common race of mankind.' In *August*—we really must escape out of moralities into merriment. Is not this story good? The scene is a harvest supper.

'As they were clearing the board of the provision, a lubberly young lad, at the further end, who had sat for some time quite silent, and with his mouth wide open, suddenly burst into tears. "Hul-lo! what's the matter with you, Giles?" "My *naame* ain't Giles—it's Jowley—mother calls me Jowley for shortness." "Well, Jowley, what are you howling arter?" "Why—why," said he, sobbing, "ain't it enough to make any one roar to see all that 'ere nice pudding going away, and I can't eat no more?" '—p. 139.

August concludes with a moral on authority, and it would be difficult to find man or maxim more excellent.

"Bear in mind to your life's end the saying of your friend Mr. Vincent, that 'there is nothing in the whole world worth the cost and trouble of a lie.' The uniform simplicity and honesty of his character, throughout his valuable life, have gained him more admiration and love from those who have known him, than his shining musical talents: yet these of themselves alone would command the respect of mankind." '—p. 144.

There is a beautiful propriety in this last expression, which

can scarcely be appreciated but by those who identify Mr. Vincent with the eminent musician and composer, who is elsewhere alluded to in this book. Much of what passes for shining musical talent, neither commands nor deserves respect for itself or its possessor. His does ; because his musical character is his own character ; the same genuine simplicity, and total absence of every species of affectation, trick, pretension, or conventionalism ; the same inwrought and all pervading truthfulness ; the same fancy, feeling, and sensibility, working in harmony with an acute and discursive intellect ; the same appreciation, which must ever imply a kindred spirit, of poetic beauty, scientific combination, and the nobler kinds of artistical power, and the same utter negation of competitive littleness in the absorbing sense of the pure, refined, and good, whether contemplated in itself or in its influences on human enjoyment and improvement. Truly he holds, in head, heart, and hand, God's patent of nobility ; and let his character be the stamp on his maxim, to give it currency through the world. *Probatum est.*

*September* opens with a *Concio ad Venatores*, to which we say amen most heartily. In *October* there are some excellent observations on keeping a diary, which is strongly recommended to the young. 'All young persons should devote a few minutes in putting down upon paper the principal occurrences of the day, and as often as possible their thoughts upon those events ; and while doing this they should write in as clear and intelligible language as possible.' Few teachers have any notion of the good account to which this practice may be turned in schools, always provided that the child is left entirely to himself, that his diary is as free as his thoughts, except by an occasional, unobtrusive, and uncommenting inspection. The diary may become the depository (who can tell of what importance hereafter) of a thousand stray scraps of information, observation, and reflection, which else might be blown out of the mind as lightly as they were wafted into it. There, too, will be found the surest indications of the pupil's character, and of the intellectual or moral effect which instruction is producing upon him. Habits of accurate thought and expression will be formed which are of inestimable worth. This plan has been tried, with delightful success, in the Academic Institution at Hanwell, conducted by Mr. Emerton, a prospectus of which appeared in our number for September last. Nor does the practice belong more to school education than to that self-education which then commences, but which should continue through life. If honestly done, this would be real biography, and a very different sort of thing from the poor shreds and patches of external event which are continually put forth under that designation. A few entire and faithful records would soon pour light into the dark regions of morals and metaphysics. The writers might be martyrs, but never the memory of



martyrs more blessed than theirs in the day of the world's regeneration. An incidental effect, of a subordinate description, is mentioned by Mr. Clarke, which is not unworthy of notice. 'The labour of writing for the public will cause you no greater effort than that of inditing a letter to a friend.' The author's allusion is to the store of material and the habit of composition; but it is not improbable that he was unconsciously influenced by observation of the great change which is taking place in the function of the art of printing. We are beginning at length to understand the use of the press. From being little more than the means of preserving and multiplying copies of a few standard works, it is becoming the medium of universal mental communication. By the increasing extent and rapidity of its operations, it assimilates public writing to private talk, and tends to make the entire community one great conversation club, with the advantage of listening to whom we will, though his speech may be neither the loudest nor the longest. No doubt many errors, crudities, and paradoxes are poured forth which formerly would never have been printed; but still the public advantages of this familiarity of intercourse between minds of all classes are immensely preponderant. It is like a free admission to the free talk of all the intelligent (including the *soi-disant* intelligent) of the country. Such a ticket is worth something. If not, why do the Whigs continue the tax which Pitt laid upon it, because, as he said, it was a luxury? Hereafter each generation will produce its own literature, bearing the impress of its own peculiar spirit. The ablest expositions of sciences which are at or near completion; first-rate works of imagination, taste, and genius; and authentic records of facts; these will continue to float down from age to age, the title-deeds of an intellectual inheritance to those who will manufacture their own small change and current coin, according to their own skill, taste, and wants.

*November* includes a politico-philanthropical digression, of which the spirit is admirable. (p. 215—218.) How deeply, often, does what appears to be only light talk and common-place common sense go into the principles upon which institutions and society must be renovated, when such talk grows out of the axioms of human right and Christian truth. A few plain and undenied sentences about man's brotherhood, the duty of labour, and the correction of thievery, point towards reforms in the laws of inheritance, the distribution of property, and the theory and practice of criminal legislation, at which bishops would 'stand aghast,' and senators be more than 'half confounded.' Do not be alarmed, good reader; Charles Cowden Clarke neither teaches anti-property doctrines, nor fraternizes with Destructives.

The few remarks, in *December*, on the education, duties, capabilities, and influence of *woman*, (p. 234—236,) deserve much better than to be written in gold. There is a more fitting tablet

for the inscription, and there we would have them graven. They are full of sound sense, right feeling, and useful admonition.

In the concluding three months as many stories are introduced, characterised, severally, by adventure, pathos, and fancy. Each has much merit in its way. We have only to add, that we feel a little apprehension, in concluding this critique, lest the exceptions which have been taken should, notwithstanding our encomiums, convey an erroneous notion of our estimate of the book itself. We have been led to take these exceptions by our strong perception of its general interest and utility. Most books of this class have very much more that is exceptionable, while they lack those qualities which have, in the present case, induced us to write at all upon the subject, and the possession of which constitutes a strong and universal recommendation.

And now, go thy ways, young Adam, and if heedful of thy father's lessons, thou mayest become a 'first man' in thy time. Doubtless he may have taught thee sundry errors, but he has also taught thee to think for thyself, and done his best to cherish in thee a self-corrective and improving intelligence. Be thou, like him, an independent working man. Remember his prophecy,

'Avoid all intimacy with fools and coxcombs. You will probably see strange times in your native land; and then those silly empty creatures will be huffed and buffeted about like the drones in a hive, when the bees have stored up all their honey, that they have been labouring to collect through the winter.'

Be on the side of the bees, Adam, whenever the drones want to cheat or rob them of their honey; even though the drones should positively declare that brimstone will be burned under the hive, unless the enjoyment of the honey and the command of the labourers be given up to them. Live on 'the southern coast of our island,' Adam, if you like; but get a London newspaper down there to read; and write up a petition for its being untaxed. Come up yourself, when wanted; we hope your neighbours will be wise enough to send you up, instead of some prating or proptied fellow, who has (or means to sell himself to buy) large estates in the neighbourhood, and whose manual of representative duty consists in sticking to a party, and staving off taxation from his own class. They must engage to work your garden, Adam, while you are seeing after their interests in the legislature; and if they find you in board and lodging beside, they will have a much better bargain of you, than the poor bribe-takers have of their deceivers, corrupters, and plunderers. You may have time, Adam, during the session, sometimes to hear a little of Mozart and Handel from your 'young friend Clara N——,' and high as her voice, taste, and science may then have raised her, you may perhaps still 'be delighted with some of her French ballads,' for it is a vulgar blunder, that the sublimest artist does not appre-

ciate beauty, even the most light and simple. You are not such an ass as Dr. Johnson was, when he thought that because Milton wrote *Paradise Lost*, L'Allegro must needs be a failure. You may even be in time, Adam, to give the last blow to the selfish monopolies that have confined and polluted art, as they would have confined and polluted nature, if they could. We assume your love of art; for it is the same feeling with that love of nature which enabled your father to describe so graphically. They go together. And some day you will fall in love, Adam. Do not then neglect your diary. Neither poets, dramatists, philosophers, nor moralists, have yet expounded Love to the world, rightly, truly, and fully. Adam, they have always made it animal, sentimental, or conventional; and you must teach them better. You must faithfully trace its purifying, softening, and expansive influence on your character, raising you towards the perfection of your being, as could no other species of influence. You must have no Eve that will play upon your weakness, but one that will stimulate your intellectual and moral strength, and whose gushing tenderness will heal all your wounds in that conflict with the foes of human rights, improvement, and happiness, for which she will buckle on your armour. Write it all down, Adam; and when you and she are dead and gone, and all your children after you, perchance some Mrs. LEMAN GRIMSTONE of those days, reading your father's request, that she who now bears that name would make 'a useful book for the example of young girls—which should give some account of the characters and minds of the MOTHERS of the greatest men that ever lived,' (p. 235,) may take the hint, and incorporate your diary therein, which your boy will have made appropriate material. She will have, we hope, her predecessor's work for guidance, which, (like her other writings,) welcomed at once by the wise, good, and free spirits of the time, may then have grown into the full popularity which they deserve. We had more to say, but our parting benediction is growing somewhat lengthy, and thou art impatient to look after 'your dear little favourite, the primrose,' and to 'scrape off the moss from the espalier,' and to put 'pea-haulm round the cauliflower glasses,' which must be done, for there will surely be a frost as soon as the wind changes; so go thy ways, Adam, go thy ways.

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#### NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

*Church Reform and the Dissenters.*—The evil anticipated in an article in our last Number seems likely to be realized. A portion of the Dissenting body has shown itself ready and willing to cooperate with Ministers in patching up the Hierarchy by a sham reform. The Dissenters have been instructed from head quarters *not to pray for the dissolution of the union between Church and State*, but to confine their supplications to 'practical grievances,' i. e. registration, marriage, and

such fiddle faddle. The 'Bristol Journal' states, that Mr. Wilks, Member for Boston, has published a letter to the Dissenters of that city, in which he assures them, 'That the opinion of the Government is, that any immediate and urgent attempt at the severance of the Church and State would utterly fail—would injure the Administration—would delight and strengthen the Tories—would delay the ecclesiastical reforms intended and desired—would retard an abolition or commutation of tithes—and would prevent the Dissenters from progressively procuring that redress of practical evils by which they are afflicted.' Here is the usual Whig game. And according to the same system of tactics, which is now becoming as stale and threadbare as it is contemptible, the King is thrust forward, by head and shoulders, to screen his faithful servants. The papers announce that his Majesty will not consent to any extensive plan of Church reform. His Majesty, forsooth! as if his Majesty did not know his duty better than to interfere with the free and full discussion in the Legislature of whatever measures may be required by the common good, but must thrust his veto out of its place, and use it at first instead of at last. If it were so, Ministers should teach him better, instead of succumbing. But Whig policy is to be in difficulties; to get strength by the reputation of weakness; to obtain credit, at the same moment, from one party for doing so much, and from the other for not doing more. They would say to the people, 'See how we are hampered by the Tories and the Court; we cannot go an inch further on your behalf; another step, and we shall be turned out, and you will get nothing;' and then they would turn round and say to the Tories, 'See how we are driven on by the people; something must be done for them, even by yourselves, were you in our places; and have we not managed cleverly to quiet them by doing the least good possible.' And this farce many of the leading Dissenters seem disposed to help them to enact. Their United Committee has published an official document in the 'Patriot' newspaper of January 8th, which, we were alike surprised and grieved to find, concludes with an admonition that the prayer of petitions should be confined to 'the redress of practical grievances.' The expression itself is ambiguous, for it has been justly argued that the ecclesiastical monopoly is the one great practical grievance; but the context shows too plainly what is meant. It is not clear, however, that the Committee will do more than create a diversion, we trust a feeble one, in favour of Whiggish policy. Many petitions and memorials have already been voted in different parts of the country, which not only affirm, but urge the consistent application of the broad principle of religious liberty. Nor has the course taken by the Committee yet received the sanction of its constituents. There must be thousands amongst the Dissenters who will not only profess their belief in the right of all religionists to occupy the ground of entire equality in the State, but who will firmly demand of Government the legislative and practical recognition of this right. We have a noble specimen of the spirit which is abroad, and which the friends and partizans of the Whig Administration amongst the Dissenters will find it difficult for all their influence to suppress or misdirect, in the memorial resolved upon at Nottingham by a crowded meeting of all classes of nonconformists. We regret that we have not room to reprint this eloquent document, which is the composition of the Quaker poet and patriot, William Howitt. It appeared

in the 'Nottingham Review' for January 10th, and in the 'Sheffield Iris' of January 14th.

Let every friend of his country keep in view the fact that the question of real Church Reform is not one between dissent and episcopacy, nor between tithe payer and tithe receiver, nor between underpaid curates and overpaid dignitaries, but between the nation and the perverters and appropriators of the National Instruction Fund. It is not to be accomplished by a different distribution of that fund amongst its present recipients, nor by a less exceptionable mode of realizing its amount, nor by altering the relative position of the tolerated sects. Is the present iniquitous misappropriation to continue? or shall it cease with the lives of those whose expectancy ought, in humanity, to be considered, and the community at length enter upon the possession of its right and the blessing of that universal instruction which has been so amply provided for, and so long withheld? This, it cannot be too often repeated, is the question, and the only question, on which the public has a deep interest.

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*The War Cry.*—'The Times' and other papers which play the ministerial game with the public, have taken some pains to raise a cry for war with Russia, on account of the apprehended conduct of that power towards Turkey. There has been no response; the appeal has fallen flat and dead; but the attempt should be marked. It can have originated in no good intention. On the best construction, it is a disingenuous endeavour to turn the public mind away from the pursuit of the public good; and if Ministers are really capable of bringing on the country the calamity of such a war, we know of no terms too strong to express our reprobation of them. To propose the expenditure of treasure and blood for the nominal independence of Turkey after the extinction of the nationality of Poland, its absorption in Russia, the relentless persecution of its inhabitants, the violation thereby of our own honourable pledges, and the consolidation of the force of the despotic European powers, would be, indeed, a specimen of matchless inconsistency, effrontery, and wickedness. The bare allusion to war for Poland was received on the ministerial side of the House of Commons with sarcasm, taunt, and scorn, long to be remembered. Yet if ever war was honourable in its cause, and likely to be good in its results, it would have been such a war as that. A war for Turkey, now, can only gratify those who are desirous of arresting entirely the progress of reform, and of bringing back a section of the Tories to power. Both results must follow; but if the Whigs must have the Duke, let them purchase him at a less costly price.

F.

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#### COLONEL MACERONE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In answer to a criticism of mine in the December Number, on the subject of wooden roads for wheel carriages, and which criticism was printed in 'The Times' review of the work 'Hints to Paviments,' I have received a note from Colonel Macerone, in which he disclaims the invention as being of his origination. Having since perused the work, I find



his statement to be correct, inasmuch as the invention, such as it is, belongs to a Mr. John Finlayson. But though the colonel be not the parent of the invention, he has certainly made himself its godfather or stepfather, by adopting it ; as his note at the bottom of page 24, in the second edition of his pamphlet shows :

‘ In such streets’ (principally used by ‘ gentlemen’s carriages’) ‘ the very *ne plus ultra* would be the wooden pavement spoken of in page 9. Were the blocks of wood well saturated with coal tar, and driven down according to my plan, such a pavement would remain as level as a billiard table for twenty years.’

After thus contributing to the maintenance of the brat with coal tar, he has certainly rendered himself liable to the further consequences equally with Mr. John Finlayson.

Altogether the pamphlet in question is one which, if carefully studied by those interested in the improvement and economy of roads, could not fail to do great service. The introductory review, by Mr. Robertson of ‘ The Mechanics’ Magazine,’ is a clear and instructive statement with regard to the respective merits of the different systems of road-making. It is written with great judgment, and rightly gives the preference to Colonel Macerone’s *principles* of paving, whether the material be stone or wood, or any other substance. These principles have hitherto been most strangely neglected by those who have had to pay for roads ; but it is not a thing to be surprised at, that those who were gainers by road-making should be anxious to get as much employment as possible, by not making the roads too durable. The *first* principle is that the ‘ substratum should be made solid,’ which has rarely been done hitherto. The second principle is to drive down the stones, when first laid, with a machine similar to a pile-driver, so that they may be compressed with a force or weight greater than is ever likely to be applied to them in the ordinary traffic of wheel carriages. Thirdly, to level the pavement from time to time, by the same process, as often as hollows or protuberances appear, from wet or other causes. The whole system, in fact, is based upon one general principle, which the sagacity of Colonel Macerone, acquired by long experience in various portions of the world, convinced him was the true ; viz. as it is self-evident that a stratum compressed by a given weight, is mostly capable of further compression by an increased weight, the only way to insure against casualties is to compress with the greatest weight in the first instance. An Irishman with a rammer, some forty pounds in weight, designated by the term ‘ Lady Griffin,’ is set to drive down a stone over which has to pass afterwards, with considerable impetus, a coal waggon, weighing several tons, one-fourth of which this individual forty pound rammed stone has to sustain. The rammer ought to have been a machine, and the weight some six hundred pounds, with a corresponding momentum, and a stone thus fixed would not be removed by any lesser pressure.

The treatise of Colonel Macerone touches also on the subject of the ancient Roman roads, and their method of construction, especially in Italy, detailed apparently from actual observation and examination. There are some useful ‘ hints’ on other subjects appended to the work ; one on the artificial means of increasing the light in London, by whitening the buildings, which is well worth attention, even though ‘ lime whiting’ be not a very durable wash in a rainy climate, where soot



and water mingle in the atmosphere. The proposition to improve the quality of the cement which covers our modern buildings, is founded on correct principles, as well as that for preserving from rust the iron which is used in bridges and other erections, and on the soundness of which the stability of the buildings themselves depend.

No one can rise from the perusal of this little pamphlet without being convinced that Colonel Macerone is a man of considerable intellect and shrewdness, accompanied with great practical skill in all that relates to the general principles of engineering and architecture, so far as they form part of the business of a government. He is evidently also a man accustomed to the habits of self-reliance and prompt resource in cases of emergency. But the fact of his having been in confidential employment under the system of Napoleon, is an evidence of his being a highly useful man for public service, in things of more importance than mere soldiering. When Napoleon fell, he fell also, or shortly afterwards, and a black mark was put against his name by the Holy Alliance, sentencing him to be driven off the face of the earth if persecution could accomplish it. The English Tories keep up the proscription, and the Whigs appear to back them, or they would have found employment for so enterprising a spirit. Had the English 'three days' come to pass when Lord Grey resigned, Macerone would probably have been found in his element. He would have started into utility and notoriety as a leader of the people for the time, and the same skill which can construct roads would have known how to show others the readiest methods of pulling them in pieces, and forming barricades. England would now have been a republic, and employment suited to their capacity and to their works would have been found for skilful and active men like Macerone. But as Colonel Napier, in his admirable work on the Ionian Islands, says of Sir Frederic Adam—the Whigs do not know how to choose men—even if they be sincere in desiring to choose the best. The quality which, above all others, gave Napoleon his ascendancy, was the capacity for choosing men; in short, the faculty of judgment. It has ever been the same with great men. It is the case with almost all successful men in every career, where an object is to be achieved by the multiplicity of hands. No man can do every thing for himself, and if he cannot choose fitting instruments he goes to ruin, if his undertakings be on a large scale. With manufacturers and merchants it is precisely the same, and in every branch of civil engineering also. The highest powers of invention, if unaccompanied by this faculty, are profitless to the owner, unless he can combine them with the faculty in some other person. I cannot conclude without stating, that every one professing to be a practical politician ought to make a point of reading carefully Colonel Napier's truly excellent work, in order that he may understand how the poor Greeks are used by their 'protectors,' the British government; and also what they are capable of under a wise system. It is disgraceful to the community that such an admirable man and governor as Colonel Napier should have been displaced, to please such a wretched fribble as Sir Frederic Adam. It is a greater disgrace to the Whig government, that he should be still kept out of the employment for which he is suited, and his country as well as the Greeks be deprived of his services, while the poor reptile Adam is promoted to Madras, to afflict the poor Indian subjects on a larger scale.

Jan. 25, 1834.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—G. E. F. will find a letter at our office. We are obliged to postpone Mr. Potter's second Lecture; the Review of Mrs. Austin's Translation of Falk's Goethe, and other communications, till next month.