

ON THE SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE.

THE phrase '*Separation of Church and State*' is coming into such frequent use, as expressing the prayer of petitions to Parliament, the object of public meetings, and even that of permanent associations, that a few remarks on the precise nature of the change which it describes may be of use to all parties. We would not have the great struggle for religious liberty degenerate, in any case, into a mere war of words. We would not have those who petition or associate, allow their purpose to be vague and undefined; nor those who are attached to the Episcopal Church to become unduly excited to resistance from not understanding the position in which it is desired by many, both on religious and political grounds, to place that institution. We shall therefore enumerate the chief points in which the Church is in contact with the State; the links of the chain which holds them together, and by which, in our apprehension, each is fettered to its own injury.

Obvious as the distinction is, there are yet many who confound the separation of the Church from the State with the abolition of the Church. They imagine the question to relate to the very existence of the Church. They talk portentously of its danger, and vigorously of its defence and support. There is neither occasion for their alarms, nor need of their courage. Nobody menaces the Church. Nobody seeks the proscription of the episcopal order; or objects to its support in any splendour which its votaries are willing to support, or in any authority to which its votaries are willing to submit. No one desires to prohibit its worship, interrupt its ceremonies, or despoil it of any civil rights or pecuniary possessions which fairly and rightfully belong to it. There is no effort to put down any form of religion, or commit any injustice on its professors. All that is desired is to substitute religious equality for sectarian ascendancy. The Church may not only survive the separation, but there is no reason, external to itself, why it should not become a far more flourishing and useful Church in all that constitutes spiritual prosperity and influence. Its really religious votaries have no reason to deprecate a separation. Those who have most reason to dread it, are the irreligious portion of its priesthood; those who have no more godliness than makes for gain; worshippers of Mammon with the name of Christ upon their lips; but what good man desires the permanence of this tribe in the Church? Who would not rather get rid of the money and the hypocrisy together, than retain possession of the one, in defiance of a nation's cry for restitution, in order to preserve a succession of the other?

The first link, and most binding one, between the Church and the State is that the State pays the Church, or rather allows

the Church to pay itself, by the appropriation of certain funds which, to all intents and purposes, are public property.

The claim of tithe, as Church property, not under the control and held by the sufferance of the civil authority, is one of the most monstrous pretensions ever set up. The Cambridge Professor of Hebrew rests this claim on the donation of Offa, king of Mercia, in the year 794; and the extension of that grant to the whole of England by Ethelwulph, sixty years after. These are hopeful title deeds to such an estate. What were they worth in the reign of Henry the eighth? All independent right in the Church was then conclusively settled. The Professor must come down to the tenure of Parliamentary allowance, or else lay claim to the lay impropriations, and invade what has been private property for centuries, under the banners of the Saxon Heptarchy. Moreover these grants were made to a priesthood which was recognised by the entire community; who taught the only religion professed by the nation; not to the clergy of one sect amongst many, and whose hearers are a minority of the population. They were endowments of a Church which yet exists in the land—the Church of Rome. Her title is bad; but it is better than that of the Church of England, for the founders never thought of enriching a Church which should dissent from the papacy. These grants were for specific purposes; the former to expiate a treacherous and bloody murder, and the latter to free the land from the depredations of the Danes. Ethelwulph effected a sort of insurance, partly temporal and partly spiritual. He made the tenth of the kingdom ‘an offering to God and the blessed virgin and all the saints’ in order to secure to himself and his nobles the immunity of the remainder of their property from the ravages of invasion during their lives, and the deliverance of their souls, by the chanting of masses, after their deaths. The Church of England pretends to represent the insurance brokers, and pockets the premium. But the office failed of its part of the bargain. The Danes were not prayed off from the coast. The ‘fifty psalms’ by ‘the brethren and sisters at every Church’ and the ‘two masses’ by ‘every priest’ have not been duly sung: and who can tell where the souls of king Ethelwulph and his nobles now are? Certainly not the Church of England, which abominates masses, and does not believe in purgatory. Why what trash is this, Moses and Melchizedek failing, to put forward in proof of property. If tithe be a tax, it may be reduced, repealed, or differently applied by the Legislature, like any other tax. If tithe be a fund set apart for certain purposes, the Legislature, which has already altered its destination for the supposed better accomplishment of those purposes, may alter it again; may form a new ecclesiastical alliance; or declare that there shall be no ecclesiastical alliance, but that there shall be universal education and national instruction instead. This last is what we ourselves deserve. We would

begin the dissolution of the union of Church and State by breaking the golden link of the chain.

Now what would be the effect upon the Church of England of the application, by the Legislature, of these funds to other purposes? We mean the *Church* properly so called; the members, the laity; and not merely the clergy. They would not lose all that the nation gains; for they would gain their portion of the public benefit. According to the Bishop of London's estimate, the Dissenters are only one-fourth of the population. This, he intends us to understand, leaves nine millions of souls for the Church. We will not hold him to this calculation. Suppose the Church to have only five millions of members. The Bishop estimates the tithe at a little more than two millions of pounds sterling. We will not hold him to this calculation either. We will double it, and say five millions. The condition of the members of the Church, in the event of its disunion from the State, would be this: to support all the splendours of their hierarchy, as they now exist, would require contributions equivalent to a poll tax of twenty shillings per head. A man with a wife and four children would have six pounds per annum to pay for his religion. That would be his loss. But there is a credit side to the account. His four children cost him five pounds a year each, for a common day-school education. The tithe education fund brings better instruction, gratuitously, to his door. He keeps the twenty pounds in his pocket, and saves fourteen pounds by the separation of Church and State. Or if the tithe went to the reduction of taxation, still his bargain would be a very good one. It would be difficult even for Lord Althorp to take off five millions of taxation, so that our churchman with his family would not, directly and indirectly, reap a larger benefit than six pounds per annum, and find a balance in hand at the year's end. By the supposition, the direct return to the members of the Church would be upwards of two millions sterling. Their Hierarchy, as at present paid and constituted, would only cost them a poll tax of twelve shillings. But if they reduced that Hierarchy, even retaining the same scale of expenditure, in proportion to their numbers, this twelve shillings might be saved. They could support the whole from the direct saving in taxation; and all the indirect saving would go into their pockets. We reckon for nothing the retrenchments which they might and ought to make. We reckon for nothing the control over clerical doings and character which they would obtain, the chance of getting a good clergyman gratis, instead of suffering under a bad one. We reckon for nothing the gratification of looking their dissenting neighbours pleasantly in the face. We take only the pounds, shillings, and pence account. The Church of England; the real Church, that is, the members; would get money or money's worth, by the separation. Let them not be deluded when the clergy clamour about spoliation, robbery, and plunder.

There would be no robbery anywhere; there would only be the prevention of future robbery, by priests yet unborn, or unbeneficed; with much gain to all parties.

The second point in which the Church comes into contact with the State, is, that its articles of faith, and forms of worship, are fixed by the interference of legislative authority. The Prayer Book has been justly described as only 'a long Act of Parliament.'

We will not discuss whether they have been well and wisely fixed; we will only say that they have been fixed to little purpose; for, although after sundry changes, their verbal form has remained the same from the time of Elizabeth, their prevalent interpretation has varied exceedingly. The spirit of the established religion has been as different as possible at different times. There has ever been discontent within, and dissent without. However, the effect of the proposed separation would simply be to leave the clergy and laity of the Church of England to their own choice in this matter. They could retain all their forms unaltered, if they so pleased. They could use all lawful means to preserve them from future alteration; or they could make any such provision for their amendment as they deemed expedient. They would be free, which now they are not. Was ever a Church more degraded than the Church of England was, when two thousand of its ministers were dismissed from their livings, amid the tears of their parishioners, for conscientiously declining to subscribe to a book which it was physically impossible for many of them to have seen? Does not the imposition of an invariable directory of worship often occasion incongruities which move to risibility, or shock every pious feeling? Would it be worth nothing to have some discretion (to be exercised in whatever way or by whatever persons might be deemed best) occasionally to vary in worship from the ordinances of Parliament? By all that this Christian liberty is worth, would the condition of the Church be, in this particular, improved by the dissolution of its alliance with the State.

A third bond of connexion is, that the king is *ex officio* head of the Church, and through his Ministers appoints all its highest dignitaries, as well as to about one-tenth of all the livings.

Is it fitting that the king of England should, as king, be at the head of a party? that he should be exclusively identified with one of the many sects into which the religionists in his dominions are divided? And is it fitting that the Church should be bound to take him for its head, whatever his character may be, licentious, profligate, tyrannical, or profane? Would any body be injured by leaving both King and Church an option in this matter? The separation would not preclude the king from being at the head of episcopacy any more than from being at the head of freemasonry. Only he would be placed there for the sake of his purity and

piety; not succeed to the station officially. Or if there be any virtue in the hereditariness of the office, that might be still continued. To us it would seem more reasonable to make the lower offices hereditary rather than the highest. There might be hereditary bishops; some men might be born priests, and some only in deacons' orders; the offices of chorister, organist, and vergers, might descend from generation to generation. If the head be hereditary, why not the body and the tail? Left to itself, the Church would probably as soon submit to the one arrangement as to the other. When we consider how few kings have any pretension to religious character, and how irregular and profligate some are, the curtailment of this headship would seem to be quite as desirable for the Church as for the State, for the Episcopalian as for the Dissenter.

It would be an immense good, both for Church and State, to get rid of that corrupt influence which arises from the patronage of livings and disposal of dignities. The only persons interested in this, are the aristocracy and their dependents. This is their great fund from which drafts are issued at the expense of religion and patriotism. It constitutes them a Joint Stock Company for the diffusion of hypocrisy, the degradation of religion, and the promotion of taxation.

The separation of Church and State would involve the release of the Bishops from their attendance in the House of Lords.

This would not, that we know of, be much regretted by any body. If the total exclusion of clergymen from the Legislature were thought an unjust stigma, they might be made eligible like other members of the community. The objection is, to making the peerage an appendage to a spiritual function.

A fifth link is the power to levy Church rates on the entire body of parishioners. Dissenters help to pay, not only for keeping the church in repair, but for the organ that plays within its walls, and the sacramental bread and wine that are eaten and drank by its communicants. This paltry imposition should be removed; not by shifting any portion of it to the general amount of national taxation, but by fairly allowing the principle that no man shall be taxed for the support of a religion of which he disapproves.

We believe our enumeration is complete, by adding those nuisances, the Ecclesiastical Courts. We suppose any discreet advocate for the Church would let judgment go by default against them. Whatever is useful in their functions might be easily transferred to the civil tribunals.

And now let any reasonable man say what there is in this separation, when looked at in detail, to make an outcry about? Who would be injured by it? Who would not be benefited? As soon as the matter is clearly understood, the only objectors will be those who want to make money out of the name of religion by quartering themselves, or other incompetent persons, upon the

Church as its ministers; and those who want to manufacture political influence out of the name of religion, by rendering its emoluments and honours subservient to the purposes of a faction. The disappointment of these church-mongers is all the inconvenience, to any class, that would be produced; and this is a very good inconvenience. The struggle for supremacy and monopoly on the one hand, and for the redress of grievances on the other, would die into peace. The Dissenters would lay down their arms and disperse to their separate theological quarters. The Church would rise in spiritual character and moral influence. The clerical corporation would be broken up, and a foul incubus heaved off the nation's heart, which now presses down every breathing after political, intellectual, or social improvement. And this matter *shall* be clearly understood. However loudly the craft may cry 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians,' and however gently certain of the Dissenters may whisper that the Whigs will be endangered, neither can stop the discussion. If the Whigs be endangered on the one side, let them be endangered on the other side also. A gentle tap in one direction might strike them down; but two hard blows in opposite directions may keep them upright. At any rate there would be comfortable consolation for their fall in that of the political hierarchy. So let Earl Grey modify his 'hostility,' for it were pity that this should be selected for the only point on which his Administration is to be 'uncompromising.' And now that it begins to be taken up in its true character as a question, not between Dissenters and Churchmen, but between the nation and the clergy, he will find that others can be uncompromising too. That such is its true character must appear even from this brief explanation of what is comprised in the words 'Separation of Church and State.'

ON MISS MARTINEAU'S SUMMARY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

BESIDES subjoining to each of her Political Economy Tales a brief summary of the doctrines which it was intended to illustrate, Miss Martineau has concluded the Series by a similar compendium of the whole science. We should rather say, not of the Science, but of its leading doctrines and most important applications, as taught by the highest contemporary authorities. For a science is a connected *body* of truth; the *entire* philosophy of some distinctly definable portion of the field of nature: and when it is taught as Science, that is, with a view to the perfection of speculative knowledge rather than to the readiness of practical application, the teacher aims at making such a selection of its truths, and at presenting them in such an order, as will

* *Illustrations of Political Economy*, No. XXV. "The Moral of many Fables," by Harriet Martineau.

best exhibit the connectedness of the whole, and the completeness with which it solves all the questions which a contemplation of the subject-matter suggests to the speculative inquirer. But this was not the task which Miss Martineau set before herself, nor had it been left for her to perform. Her object was, not to exhibit the science as a whole, but to illustrate such parts of it as lead directly to important practical results. Having accomplished this, she has now brought together in one series, the principles which she had separately exemplified, and by hanging them each in its place, upon a logical framework originally constructed for the entire science, has given to the 'Moral' of her 'many Fables,' some semblance of an elementary treatise. It would be unjust to weigh this little work in a balance in which most of the elaborate treatises on the subject would be found wanting. ¶ To all of them, perhaps, it may be objected, that they attempt to construct a permanent fabric out of transitory materials; that they take for granted the immutability of arrangements of society, many of which are in their nature fluctuating or progressive; and enunciate with as little qualification as if they were universal and absolute truths, propositions which are perhaps applicable to no state of society except the particular one in which the writer happened to live. Thus, for instance, English political economists presuppose, in every one of their speculations, that the produce of industry is shared among three classes, altogether distinct from one another—namely, labourers, capitalists, and landlords; and that all these are free agents, permitted in law and fact to set upon their labour, their capital, and their land, whatever price they are able to get for it. ¶ The conclusions of the science being all adapted to a society thus constituted, require to be revised whenever they are applied to any other. ¶ They are inapplicable where the only capitalists are the landlords, and the labourers are their property; as in the West Indies. They are inapplicable where the universal landlord is the State; as in India. They are inapplicable where the agricultural labourer is generally the owner both of the land itself and of the capital; as in France; or of the capital only, as in Ireland. We might greatly prolong this enumeration. It must not, however, be supposed that the science is so incomplete and unsatisfactory as this might seem to prove. ¶ Though many of its conclusions are only locally true, its method of investigation is applicable universally; and as he who has solved a certain number of algebraic equations, can without difficulty solve all others, so he who knows the political economy of England, or even of Yorkshire, knows that of all nations actual or possible: provided he have sense enough not to expect the same conclusion to issue from varying premises. ¶

But it is, when not duly guarded against, an almost irresistible tendency of the human mind to become the slave of its own hypotheses; and when it has once habituated itself to reason, feel,

and conceive, under certain arbitrary conditions, at length to mistake these conditions for laws of nature. Let us but be accustomed whenever we think to certain things, to figure them to ourselves as existing in one particular way, never in any other way, and we at last learn to think, or to feel as if we thought, that way the natural and the only possible way : and we feel the same sort of incapability of adapting our associations to any change in the hypothesis, which a rustic feels in conceiving that it is the earth which moves and the sun which stands still. (And this, we may observe, *en passant*, is one of the reasons why a *literal* understanding cannot be a good understanding, and why the greatest powers of reasoning, when connected with a sluggish imagination, are no safeguard against the poorest intellectual slavery—that of subjection to mere accidental habits of thought.) It is in this manner that in all countries the lawyer, from the habit of making the existing system his standard of comparison, and asking himself in each case as it occurs no question but this, how the case is provided for by the law as it is, becomes usually a sworn foe to all reform, merely because he cannot, for the life of him, realize the conception of any other system, or fancy what it could be like. And we think there is some danger of a similar result in the case of the English political economists. They revolve in their eternal circle of landlords, capitalists, and labourers, until they seem to think of the distinction of society into those three classes, as if it were one of God's ordinances, not man's, and as little under human control as the division of day and night. Scarcely any one of them seems to have proposed to himself as a subject of inquiry, what changes the relations of those classes to one another are likely to undergo in the progress of society ; to what extent the distinction itself admits of being beneficially modified, and if it does not even, in a certain sense, tend gradually to disappear.▷

We are unable at present to enter into the extensive field of speculation which these topics open to us. There is much acknowledged evil to be got rid of, before these ulterior inquiries come into immediate contact with practice : society has many incumbrances to throw off, before it can start fair on that new journey. We have to abolish all monopolies, and restrictions on trade or production for the benefit of particular classes ; to pay off our debt by an impost on all kinds of property ; to new-model our whole fiscal system, with a view to raise no more revenue than is necessary, to raise it in the least costly manner, and to avoid favouring any class of contributors at the expense of another ; and finally, we have to lessen the pressure on the labour-market, by systematic colonization adapted specially to that end, by ceasing to give, through the maladministration of the poor laws, artificial inducements to the increase of population, and on the contrary, giving all the force we can to the natural checks. The political economists of the last and present age have taught us all this,

and through their exertions it has all been put into a train of more or less speedy accomplishment. We only ask of those to whom we are indebted for so much, that they will not require of us to believe that this is all, nor, by fixing bounds to the possible reach of improvement in human affairs, set limits also to that ardour in its pursuit, which may be excited for an object at an indefinite distance, but only if it be also of indefinite magnitude.

Miss Martineau's little work is not more subject to the above criticism than works of far greater pretension; but on the contrary, less. And as an exposition of the leading principles of what now constitutes the science, it possesses considerable merit.

There is but one point of importance on which we are obliged to differ from her. We cannot concur in her unqualified condemnation of the principle of the poor-laws. In this she is decidedly behind the present state of the science; political economists having mostly abandoned this among other exaggerated conclusions to which naturally enough they had pushed the principle of population, when they first became acquainted with it. The recent investigations of the poor-law commission, with which Miss Martineau is familiar, seem to us as conclusive in support of the *principle* of a poor-rate, as they are in condemnation of the existing practice.

We had marked for criticism, several instances of obscurity, or insufficient explanation, and some of inaccuracy, either of thought or of expression. But they are mostly of too little importance to require notice. We shall merely note one or two; which, it will be at once seen, arise from mere inadvertency. Thus, in page 120, she says, that when from an increase in the cost of procuring food, wages rise, without benefit to the labourers, 'capitalists must either sell their productions dearer than is necessary where food is cheaper, or submit to a diminution of their profits. Under the first alternative, the capitalist is incapacitated for competition with the capitalists of countries where food is cheaper: *under the second, the capital of the country tends, through perpetual diminution, to extinction.*' Now, a moment's reconsideration will easily show, that in the case supposed there would be no tendency to a diminution of capital, but only to the stoppage of any further increase. As well might it be said, that if you fill a vessel till it overflows, the water will continue to flow out until the vessel is empty.

Again, in page 3, are these words: 'Productive labour being a beneficial power, whatever stimulates and directs this power is beneficial also. Many kinds of unproductive labour do this; many kinds of unproductive labour are therefore beneficial. All labour for which there is a fair demand is equally respectable.' We are sure Miss Martineau does not mean the last assertion to be taken literally; there may be a fair demand for labour which is positively infamous. What does she think of the

labour of a quack doctor? or a conjurer? or the professional assassins who once drove so thriving a trade in Italy? But she probably means, that unproductive labour may be as deserving of respect as productive labour. It is quite out of keeping too, with Miss Martineau's tone of thought and feeling, to assert that unproductive labour, for the purpose of immediate enjoyment, or of mental culture, is only beneficial because it may collaterally 'stimulate and direct' productive labour. This cannot possibly be her meaning; but as such sentiments are often imputed to political economists, we regret that she did not more carefully avoid giving any colour to the imputation.

But even these small blemishes are rare, and do not materially impair the value of the work: for which we may safely venture to bespeak numerous readers and a favourable reception.

A.

SONGS OF THE MONTHS.—No. 5, MAY.

A MAY DAY MEMORY.

My Bessie, O but look upon these bonnie budding flowers,
O do na' they remember thee o' childhood's happy hours?
When we upon this very hill, sae aft did row and play,
An' thou wert like the morning sun, an' life a nightless day,
On that May-day!

The gowans they were bonnie—when I'd pu' them frae their stem,
An' rin' in noisy blythesomeness to thee, my Bess, wi' them,
An' place them in thy white white breast, for which thou'dst smile on me,
I saw nae mair the gowans there—then saw I only thee,
On that May-day!

Like twa fair roses on a tree, we flourished, an' we grew,
An' as we grew, our loves grew too, for feeling was their dew;
An' thou wadst thraw thy wee bit arms, sae aft about my neck,
An' breathe young vows, that after years o' sorrow hasna brak.
O that May-day!

O is nae this a joyous day—sweet May is breathing forth
In gladness, an' in loveliness, o'er a' the wide wide earth;
The linnets they are liting love, on ilka bush an' tree,
O may sic joys be ever felt, my Bess, by thee and me,
On this May-day!
DAFT WATTIE.

ON THE APPLICATION OF THE TERMS POETRY, SCIENCE, AND PHILOSOPHY.

As language is the vehicle of thought,—it must undergo two important changes with the progress of civilisation; 1st, an increase of its actual volume by the addition of new words proportionate to the increased number of ideas which it is required to express; and 2ndly, a more exact discrimination in the meaning of terms already in use, in order to adjust them to the more precise conceptions, which are entertained of the nature of their respective objects. As men's ideas expand and define themselves, the inadequacy of the corresponding terms begins to be felt; and the want must be obviated either by the substitution of new terms, or by the assignment of a more enlarged and exact signification to those previously introduced.

In the case of a new science, such as chemistry or mineralogy, the objects and relations of which lie altogether beyond the ordinary circle of thought and observation, the former of these expedients is resorted to; and the adoption of a nomenclature, fitted to express with exactness a completely novel class of ideas, becomes, after a certain stage of advancement, indispensable to the further progress of the science. But when the subject, in which the deficiency of the existing vocabulary is experienced, relates to ideas with which men have long been conversant, and when its increased demands upon language arise from the general developement of the popular mind—the same end is accomplished by rendering more precise or more general the meaning of the terms, that have been already appropriated to it. For, in this case, the introduction of a new word would occasion too violent a disruption between the conceptions of the present and former generations; would render one portion of society, in which the new word had obtained currency, unintelligible to the other, into which it had not yet penetrated; and, by severing the unperceived thread of association, which runs through and connects from beginning to end the successive changes of meaning, which a word in general circulation continually undergoes, would deform the structure of a language with a great number of sudden breaks and interruptions; and deprive it of one of its most important uses to the philosophical student, as a faithful exponent of the progress of manners and opinion. Of such terms the significance grows silently with the growth of thought; their change at any particular period, from what they were a short time before, being hardly discernible; although, at wider intervals, the disparity becomes conspicuous.

It is of service, therefore, to the proper classification of our ideas, to attempt from time to time to define the limits and fix the application of terms which are in daily use, but of which the exact import does not appear to be generally apprehended. In

such an attempt, we can employ etymology so far only as it serves to detect the original conception, in which a particular term had its rise, and so assist us in tracing the historical process, through which it has passed into its actual meaning: and to this extent alone I shall refer to the etymology of the terms, Poetry, Science, and Philosophy—in endeavouring to ascertain and discriminate their legitimate application.

1. The radical idea, involved in the term Poetry, is the vivid re-production of feelings and impressions previously experienced. It is not identical with pure description; for description selects only those properties in an external object, which enable the mind to recognise the original, and to refer it to a known class of beings; and it may, in this respect, be merely subservient to classification—the mere handmaid of science. The object of Poetry is not simply to exhibit an image of outward objects, or past occurrences, or a situation in real life, but to revive the feelings associated with them, and to put the mind into a similar mood to what would have been produced by the presence of the scenes and circumstances themselves. Though its materials are drawn from individual nature, yet it selects and combines, not so much what is an object of sense, as what acts upon the feelings and awakens the sympathies. Creation is implied in the original application of the word. The Greek and Latin *poesis* from ποίειν—the German *dichtung*, and the old English *make* and *making*, which are used by Chaucer and Spenser to signify the composition of Poetry, agree in the primary conception, which they are designed to express, and represent it as the essence of Poetry, to make or invent an ideal world, which excites emotions akin to what would have resulted from the corresponding reality. The process seems to be this: a poet has observed by what combination of circumstances a particular effect is produced on the feelings in actual life; he conceives a similar combination; he embodies it in language; and through that ideal representation succeeds in producing a state of mind and feeling accordant with it.

In the wildest fictions of imagination there must still be a correspondence, in the several parts, to reality; the elements of the most fantastic whole must still be taken from individual nature; since it is only through this similarity, though upon a larger scale and under more impressive circumstances, to what we have ourselves witnessed or experienced, that those familiar trains of association can be called into exercise, which affect the imagination and touch the heart. Now this adherence, in the elements of its most diversified combinations, to individual reality, to what has at some former period acted through the senses upon the feelings; this avoidance of the abstract and the general, is an essential attribute of all true Poetry; for the sole object of Poetry, as such—is to produce emotion; and the more our language re-

cedes from the particular, and approaches the character of a general symbol, the less does it enable us to realize to our imaginations the circumstances, moral or physical, which it is designed to express, and the less consequently is it fitted for reviving the feelings, that would be associated with the reality.

We are hence furnished, as it seems to me, with a general definition of Poetry. Wherever a strong emotion is excited by revived impressions of reality, provided the emotion be so far tempered and idealized by art, as to become predominantly pleasurable, and to exclude all such associations as would defeat the general effect contemplated—there is Poetry. And if this definition be just, it will help us, by fixing the attention on the end of Poetry, to a decision of the long agitated question concerning the proper distinction between Poetry and Prose, and point out the meaning of the term, when it is applied, as it is occasionally, to subjects that are usually considered as lying beyond its range.

With Poetry, therefore, in this enlarged sense, the form in which its conceptions are clothed, and the medium through which its appropriate emotions are excited, have no essential connexion. Poetry may exist in prose or in verse, in history or in eloquence; it may speak alike to the eye and to the ear; it may breathe in animated words and flowing numbers; it may be embodied in marble, or glow on canvass, or be distilled into the depth of the soul in the thrilling strains of sublime and pathetic music. Whatever the medium of expression, if the effect be, through the awakening of familiar associations, to call up an ideal world around us, and to make us feel, within the limits of pleasurable excitement, as we should have done, had a corresponding reality been present, there, in its essence, is Poetry.

Many years ago, Mr. Wordsworth, in the preface to his *Lyrical Ballads*,* pointed out the impropriety of opposing Poetry and Prose. ‘Much confusion,’ says he, ‘has been introduced into criticism by this contra-distinction of Poetry and Prose, instead of the more philosophical one of Poetry and matter-of-fact or Science. The only strict antithesis to Prose is Metre: nor is this, in truth, a strict antithesis, because lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in writing prose, that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable.’

The end of Poetry, that of producing emotion, remains always the same; the means, by which it accomplishes this end, must vary in some degree with the progress of manners and art. The first vivid draughts from external nature lose their freshness and charm, by incessant repetition; and in this respect the elder poets have an advantage over their successors, of which they can never be deprived.

* *Works*.—Paris Edit. p. 253.

But the same effect may still be produced by other means, and with even ampler materials. If that minute and detailed representation of what acts immediately on the senses and feelings, which delights us in the free and vigorous sketches of the most ancient poets, be no longer practicable, yet the modern poet may win a nobler praise by calling at once into the intensest action, with a few slight hints and graphic touches, the rich train of feelings and associations which attach to the varied scenes and situations of reality. The most ancient Poetry of all nations is a simple reflection of the impressions of outward things on vivid senses and strong feelings: but in the poetry of more refined and cultivated periods, the mind no longer appears as the passive recipient of external influences; it throws itself out upon the visible universe, and clothes it with the hues of its own associations. In these later developements of Poetry, the moral and intellectual prevails over the purely sensitive; and the thousand shapes and colours of the world without, are made to furnish the materials of bodying forth into distinctness, and arresting in a permanent attitude, the dim and fugitive operations of the world within. Still the process, in both cases, is substantially the same: the feelings are wrought upon by a reference to individual nature; a strong emotion is developed by the exhibition of images and sentiments, in which we recognise a past reality or familiar associations.

The Fine Arts—Painting, Statuary and Music, which, with Poetry, have sometimes been called imitative—accomplish their end in the same manner; they merely express, through a different medium, and embody in a different form, conceptions, which, conveyed in language, we should have called simply Poetry. Even those Arts, which, like Architecture, seem to belong at once to the fine and the useful arts; so far as they excite emotions allied to the poetical—pursue the very same course; they still tread in the steps of nature. Those properties of lightness, variety, and grace, of depth, vastness, massive strength, sharp contrast, and grotesque irregularity, which are found from observation to act powerfully on the human sympathies; these arts combine in such a manner, as to awaken through unfailing associations the train of emotions designed. Goëthe once expressed a wish, in his wild and fanciful way, that he could metamorphose himself at pleasure into the nature of external objects, and give utterance through a medium less imperfect than language to the strong conceptions which he formed of their individual peculiarities. The wish was essentially poetical; for Poetry, however embodied, is the vivid expression of the forms and influences of things really existing, as they are conceived and felt by the re-producing mind.

It may be objected to this statement, that it excludes the Poetry of simple passion and sentiment. But the objection, if

examined, is more seeming than real. Passion cannot exist without an object; and the expression of passion must involve vivid and touching allusions to the objects on which it rests.

We have defined the end of Poetry to be the excitement, within pleasurable limits, of emotion; and its instrumentality, the revival of past impressions. The only peculiarity in the case of the Poetry of passion and sentiment is this; that the poet depicts himself, his own mind, character and fate, with the colour they throw on outward objects, and the reflex action of outward objects on them. It is still an individual reality, which is embodied, and which is made the instrument, through sympathy and association, of awakening kindred feelings in the minds, to which it is presented.

II. Science considers all objects under a totally different point of view from Poetry: it is the classification of individuals, the comprehension of general facts. Its object is not, by the exhibition of objects, in their individual proprieties, as they act upon the senses and feelings, to excite emotion; but, through the medium of general propositions, to furnish knowledge, and to grasp as many particulars at once as possible. Neither can Poetry furnish the individual facts, which Science classifies; since Poetry does not exhibit them as they appear after continued examination and comparison, but according to their first impression on the mind, as they are felt and conceived by it in highly excited moods. This service is rendered to Science by simple history, which collects and describes the facts, subsequently classified, compared, and reasoned upon by Science.

The proper and original force of the term Science, may be more easily understood, by attending to the distinction between the two Latin verbs *nosco* and *scio*. *Nosco* expresses the knowledge which we acquire of an individual through the medium of the senses; whereas the object of *scio* may in every case, if I am not mistaken, be rendered by a proposition. The knowledge expressed by *nosco* is more minute, but it is individual; that expressed by *scio* is what results from discerning the relation between the subject and the predicate of a proposition; it is conversant, therefore, with classes of ideas and the use of general terms. It is from the last of these verbs, or rather from its abstract state *scientia*, that our word *science* is derived; and etymology in this instance, points out to us the true use and application of the term. Science is any collection of general propositions, expressing important facts concerning extensive classes of phenomena; and the more abstract the form of expression, the more purely it represents the general fact, to the total exclusion of such individual peculiarities as are not comprised in it—the more perfect the scientific language becomes.

Here then we see the precise point of distinction between Poetry and Science. Poetry exhibits nature in detail, as it strikes

the sense or acts upon the feelings : Science, as it is grasped and mastered by the reflective faculties of the mind : Poetry presents us with partial sketches, and transient glimpses of nature as it really exists ; Science is the effort of reason to overcome the multiplicity of impressions, with which nature overwhelms it, by distributing them into classes, and by devising forms of expression, which comprehend in one view an infinite variety of objects and events. The mechanical arts stand in the same relation to Science, as the fine arts to Poetry. As the latter express an individual feeling, or embody the conception of an individual reality ; so the former are the application to practice, as in the case, for example, of the steam-engine, of the general conception of a power or agency, abstracted from a great number of individual instances, in which it has been seen to operate.

The basis of all knowledge is such an extensive induction of particulars, as leads to general definitions and fundamental axioms, and furnishes the premises, from which inferences may be deduced. The most perfect sciences are those which treat of motion, figure, and quantity, because these qualities form the simplest elements of matter : they present themselves to us in every combination ; and we cannot think of matter apart from them. The mind being perpetually conversant with them, soon becomes perfectly familiar with their ever-recurring phenomena ; and, learning to abstract the essential from the accidental, rapidly accumulates a body of definitions and axioms, out of which it elaborates by a chain of intuitive evidence a series of general propositions, whose truth is indisputable and universal. The reasoning, however, in mathematics is not in its essence different from that in physics and morals : in both cases, it is founded ultimately on an examination of facts, a comparison of ideas ; and in both cases, the result is embodied in a general proposition expressing a certain relation between its subject and its predicate. The difference therefore lies not in the reasoning, but in the facts, of the two cases. In mathematics, the facts investigated are strictly universal, which in physics and morals they never can be entirely. In mathematics, the ideas compared in any particular case are precisely identical with those, that would be compared in any parallel case, and hence the certainty and universality of the general inference. When we penetrate deeper into nature, and come into contact with the mysteries of chemistry and physiology, though great ultimate principles may be reduced to mechanical laws, and expressed with mathematical precision, yet in a great majority of cases truth can only be approximated. There cannot be the certainty, that the induction is complete, and that every element has been comprehended in the general fact, that would justify our adopting a certain conclusion respecting it. In morals the uncertainty increases, because the elements that may possibly enter into, and

interfere with the nature and effects of the infinity of particular cases, that we seek to comprehend in a general proposition, can never be ascertained to a certainty; and, if overlooked, may completely defeat our expectations by yielding a result very different from what we had expected. Nevertheless, there is no reason, why the term Science should be confined to mathematics or physics. Every collection of general propositions, on any subject, comprehending all that is known concerning it, arranged with a view to communicate information in a synthetic form, and designed not to record impressions or describe appearances, but to state principles and exhibit results, may surely be called a Science. Why, for example, should there not be the Science of metaphysics, of morals, of jurisprudence, or of political economy, as well as of astronomy, mechanics, and chemistry; assuming fresh principles, deduced from observation—drawing consequences from those principles—and applying them to the elucidation of particular cases. Of all these inquiries the object alike is general truth; the difference between them arises solely from the greater or less degree of certainty accompanying the propositions in which their respective conclusions are expressed.

III. Philosophy is a term, expressing a distinct exercise of the human mind from what is implied either in Poetry or Science. It may be defined an inquiry into the reason of things. It is something more than the mere embracing of knowledge, the mere perception of those connexions in the order of events, which can be expressed in general propositions. The conclusions of Philosophy are, it is true, also stated in propositions; but they are propositions expressing more than a simple sequence; they rather refer general facts and extensive classes of phenomena to final tendencies and perceived ends, and thus link them with the universal order and economy of Providence. Were we to say, that Philosophy is the doctrine of final causes, we should lay ourselves open to misconception, since no doctrine has been more abused, or led to greater presumption and absurdity, than that of final causes; yet, if we allow our minds to run over the whole range of instances, in which the term Philosophy is applied as distinct from Science, I think we shall find, that there is always an implied reference to purpose and tendency, an inquiry into the *why* and the *wherefore* of the phenomenon under consideration.

In the universe, there are certain ultimate facts and marked tendencies, of which we can give no further account than that so the Creator has willed it. Such, for example, is the tendency of all the great movements in nature to the order, harmony and stability of the entire system, and of particular irregularities and local disturbances, when they have proceeded to a certain point, to correct themselves, and restore the equilibrium, which they threatened to destroy: amongst organized beings,—the provision every where manifested for the developement and perpetuation of

existence, according to the laws assigned to each tribe of beings: and in man,—that love of action, that craving after excitement, that endeavour after something higher and better than he has yet attained, which adheres to him under the most varied circumstances, and, by furnishing continual stimulus to his faculties, promotes the accomplishment of nature's great end, the growth of intellect, and the consequent increase of the general amount of happiness. Now, I apprehend, it is the proper function of Science, in all its departments—by examining facts, comparing and classifying them, and by developing one principle out of another—to connect, by an unbroken chain of generalization, the individual phenomena of the universe, with the general plan and tendency, which pervades it. When it has done this; when it has shown, that a certain order is established in the sequence of events, that a certain phenomenon takes place in a particular manner, or that a certain structure is given to a particular tribe of organized beings, because otherwise the harmony of nature would have been deranged, life have been impossible, or general misery have ensued; it has furnished the reason of every one of these appointments, and exhibited the philosophy of that particular inquiry. So long as our ideas are limited to one particular collection of general propositions, arranged among themselves, and stating the connexions and dependencies among events of a certain class, without looking beyond the limits of that particular class—the object, which occupies us, is simply science; but when we proceed further to compare that class of ideas with other classes, to trace their mutual influence and sympathy as parts of a common plan, and to point out their connexion with the great general aim and tendency of creation, we then superadd Philosophy to Science. For example, when astronomy exhibits to us such general facts, as the diminution of the force of attraction in the inverse ratio to the square of the distance from the centre of attraction, or that a radius drawn from the sun to a planet describes equal areas in equal times—this is Science; but when the sum total of these and similar facts is considered, and we perceive their combined conduciveness to the order and stability of the entire system—we recognise a final Cause, and are let into the philosophy of Astronomy. And so on moral subjects. When political economy demonstrates, from a copious induction of facts, the tendency of population to exceed the means of comfortable subsistence; when it ascertains the circumstances, that determine the proportion which rent must bear to the whole amount of the gross produce of the soil; or proves that the rate of wages must depend on the proportion of capital to labour, and of both to the field for profitable employment; it has made a valuable contribution to Science: but when a writer investigates the relations of this Science with the higher questions of ethics and theology, and shows how these facts harmonize with the general purpose of creation, for the developemen

of mind, the exercise of moral qualities, and the extension of civilization,—he has blended Philosophy with Science, and connected the particular results of political economy with that general system of truth, which the connected study of the universe unfolds.

It has been remarked by foreign writers,* that the term Philosophy has been used in England with too exclusive a reference to the physical and mathematical Sciences. We do indeed acknowledge a distinct branch of it in moral philosophy; but even this distribution into moral and natural philosophy is not sufficiently comprehensive.

There is a Philosophy of every branch of thought and inquiry, that exhibits phenomena, capable of being referred to the general order of Providence, or of being accounted for by their dependence on the ultimate facts of the human mind. In this sense, there is a Philosophy of poetry, of art, of history, and of human sentiment and character. Vague as may have been the use, and uncertain the origin of the term Philosophy, some idea of this kind, from the time of Socrates downwards, seems usually to have been associated with it. The different schools of philosophers had each their peculiar theory of the system of the world and of the nature of man, to the support and illustration of which their knowledge of history and all the science which they then possessed, was made to contribute.

Philosophy, therefore, may be considered as the general conclusion which men draw from the whole range of their inquiries, relative to the order and tendency, moral and physical, of the state of things in which they live: in its most extended sense, a higher kind of metaphysics, tracing the relations which subsist between the several results of the most diversified operations of the human mind, and the most various investigations of human science, and aiming to combine them harmoniously together, as a portion of that vast system of truth, of which the universe is the exhaustless receptacle.

Φιλόμουσος.

* See Bouterwek's observations on the foundation of the Royal Society in his *Geschichte der Poesie und Beredsamkeit*, 8th vol. p. 26.

ON THE PROPRIETY OF TOTALLY ABOLISHING
'DEATH-PUNISHMENT.'

'Justice came from God's wisdom, but mercy from his love: therefore as thou hast not his wisdom, be pitiful to merit his affection.*'

THE most important ends of human punishments are, first, the prevention of crime, and 2dly, the reformation of the criminal; and *each* of these 'ends' would seem to be contemplated in the penal inflictions usually allotted to the perpetrators of the lighter grades of crime. Now it is evident that if the attainment of the *latter object* be desirable in trivial cases, it must be infinitely more so in those of a serious description,—in fact, that the necessity for the reformation of the criminal must increase in an *equal ratio* to the enormity of the offence of which he may have been guilty. But self-evident and momentous as this proposition may seem to my readers, it is notorious that our legislators have hitherto either overlooked or disregarded it; and that our criminal code has been framed in direct opposition to it. Thus we see speedy death inflicted upon *murderers*, whilst solitude and the various other resources of prison discipline are invoked to lend their aid to promote the *conversions of pickpockets!* Criminals of the latter class are allowed both time and opportunities for repentance, whilst those of the former description are effectually debarred from both.

Absurd and cruel, however, as this anomaly is, it is not without its defenders, both in the religious and in the political world. There are yet to be found politicians who believe, or affect to believe, the infliction of death upon criminals of a certain class to be perfectly consistent with the dictates of sound policy; whilst there are also religionists to be met with, who, looking rather at the 'letter' than at the 'spirit' of the Divine law, attempt to justify the continuance of the horrid practice by appealing to Scripture in its defence! And although the arguments of neither party are founded upon truth, yet from the pertinacity with which they have been urged, and the frequency with which they have been repeated, aided, no doubt, by that *moral vis inertiae* which seems to enter so largely into the composition of our national character, the wished-for effect has been produced, and the *frequent commission of legal murder* still continues the striking and disgraceful characteristic of the domestic policy of *humane and enlightened England!*

With the sincere desire of assisting in the removal of this national stigma, I shall endeavour to show that 'Death-punishment' is no less opposed to the dictates of policy and religion, than it is to those of humanity:—

* One of the 'Famous Sayings of Gemsheed,' narrated in James' 'String of Pearls.'

1st. The punishment of death is impolitic, not merely because it *only aims at the accomplishment of one* of the great ends of punishment, but also from its utter incapacity to *effect even that*.

The proverbially frequent occurrence of public executions in England, whilst it would almost seem to justify the assertion of an eminent foreigner (made in allusion to the subject upon which I am writing) that 'the English were the most cruel people in Europe,' affords also *primâ facie* evidence of the extreme inefficiency of 'Death-punishment,' as a preventive of crime. But, as it is not necessary to rely merely upon evidence of this description, I shall cursorily notice certain well-authenticated facts, which in my opinion place the matter beyond the reach of disputation. In Tuscany the punishment in question was totally abolished by the Grand Duke Leopold, during the space of twenty years. At the expiration of that period it was, however, re-established by Napoleon. 'Upon comparing three successive periods of twenty years each—in the first, the punishment of death existing—in the second, abolished—and in the third, restored,—it was found that *fewer crimes and even fewer murders** were committed during the middle period, in which no executions took place, than in either the preceding or succeeding one, in which the scaffold was in use!' England has also furnished evidence of similar character. The *severity* of the punishment till lately annexed by our laws, to forgery, sheep-stealing, &c. had, it is well known, a direct tendency to increase the commission of those very crimes which it was instituted to prevent. And this it effected by *diminishing the chances of its application*. It was highly probable, in such cases, that the injured party would be unwilling to prosecute,† or the jury to convict.‡ A milder punishment has since been adopted, and if the result have not proved so satisfactory as could have been wished,§ the failure merely proves the inadequacy of the substitute, and not, as some persons argue, the propriety of returning to the old system.

In addition to the chances of escape which criminals of the classes just alluded to, formerly enjoyed, a third has been added for the benefit of burglars and highway-robbers,—viz. the extreme probability that, even in case of conviction, the royal prerogative of mercy will be extended towards them. I say the '*extreme*

* 'Only six : while in the Roman States, not much larger than Tuscany, the number in a quarter of a year was no less than sixty.'—J. BENTHAM.

† When the propriety of altering the laws relating to forgery, was last agitated before Parliament, a banker told the Legislature that he knew of *forty instances* of the crime, in which though the *offenders were detected, no prosecution followed*. Another banker said he knew of *innumerable instances of the same sort*. Indeed, it would appear that the quakers generally refused to prosecute in such cases, whilst death was the consequence of conviction.—Vide 'Morning Herald,' Oct. 1833.

‡ Cases in which the prisoner has enjoyed the benefit of a jury's '*doubt*,' (not as to the commission of the crime, but as to the propriety of the punishment awarded to it by law) must occur to all who have paid any attention to the subject.

§ Vide 'Edinburgh Review,' for Jan. 1834. Art. 'Secondary Punishments.'

probability,' and I am surely justified in the assertion, since it appears from the Parliamentary returns for the past year, that, out of 341 individuals, convicted of burglary or highway-robbery, and sentenced to death accordingly, *only five were executed!* Far be it from me to regret this fact,—on the contrary, I could wish that *none* had suffered; but I do most sincerely regret the state of the law, which rendered so wholesale a distribution of mercy expedient, feeling convinced that the increasing prevalence of those very crimes is, in a *great measure*, attributable to it.

Whilst, however, the punishment in question has tended to increase the spread of crime from its *actual severity*, in the manner just described, it has also produced the same untoward result from its *apparent leniency*. Paradoxical as this assertion may appear at first sight, it will, I think, upon investigation, be found to be correct. The same punishment is differently estimated by different individuals,—and none perhaps more so, than the one under consideration. And this diversity may arise as well from peculiarities of temperament, as from accidental circumstances. In some men the fear of death is engendered solely by a natural timidity of disposition—in others, it proceeds from the consciousness of a mispent life, and of the certainty of a future day of retribution: but neither of these causes can be supposed to render death an object of dread to those whose crimes render them liable to incur it at the hangman's hands. That they are not subject to the one,—the boldness of their deeds clearly shows,—and that they regard not the other, the enormity of their offences too plainly proves. Death, we have too much reason to fear, is, by them, considered eternal sleep—futura an idle dream—and life only valued so long as it affords the means of sensual gratification. Is it, then, surprising that the possible forfeiture of life should fail to prevent them from seeking to obtain by any means, however culpable, that which they esteem the *summum bonum*? or unreasonable to assert, that a violent death, which seems to us, and really is, the most awful punishment that man has it in his power to inflict upon his fellow-man, is very differently estimated by persons entertaining the particular opinions just alluded to? No; death is by many of them *less feared than a year's imprisonment coupled with hard labour!* The case of the man Hallan, who was executed in December last at Cambridge,* for arson, will serve to elucidate this fact. This individual, it appears from his own confession, bore no ill-will towards those whose property he destroyed, *his sole motive being the paltry sum which he received, as director*

* The 'Globe,' in its defence of 'Death-punishment,' having particularly instanced incendiarism as a crime, for the prevention of which, it was necessary, I determined to notice what effect the sentence passed upon Hallan would produce. Judge my surprise upon reading, a few days after it had been carried into execution, in that very paper, a paragraph announcing fourteen incendiary fires which had occurred in Cambridgeshire, and the adjoining counties, in the course of the 'preceding fortnight.'

of the engines, for each fire which occurred in the village in which he resided. Yet, for six shillings and sixpence, this man risked repeatedly, and eventually forfeited his life; but not until he had destroyed property *nearly to the amount of sixty thousand pounds!*

Further comment upon this division of the subject is scarcely needed; before, however, I proceed to notice the *scriptural* arguments of my opponents, I shall briefly glance at the strange notion which some persons entertain, that public executions exert a beneficial influence upon the hearts of the spectators, by the terrible example they afford. I believe the very reverse of this to be the fact*—that it is at occasions of this kind that virtue becomes vitiated—vice confirmed; that it is, too, at such sad spectacles that tyr~~o~~ns in iniquity acquire that remorseless cruelty which enables them to witness the death-struggles of their fellow-creatures without emotion; and, in a word, which qualifies them to *practise illegally in after life, the same bloody trade upon their own account!* This may be deemed strong language; it is, however, warranted by facts. ‘Out of 167 convicts, under sentence of death, with whom I conversed,’ says the Rev. Mr. Roberts, ‘164 confessed that they had been witnesses in the crowd upon those melancholy occasions which the *Legislature had designed as warnings to the profligate.*’

2dly. ‘Death-punishment’ is indefensible upon scriptural grounds; being diametrically opposed to the spirit and doctrines of the gospel.

This position will, I am aware, be attacked *in limine*, by an appeal to the Jewish code, and the words ‘whoso spilleth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed,’ will be triumphantly quoted as decisive of the general question as to the legality of the punishment, theologically considered. But such persons would do well to recollect that the same God said also, ‘He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, shall surely be put to death; and, he that curseth father or mother, shall surely be put to death;†’ neither of which crimes have been so punished by us, although we have precisely the same scriptural authority for hanging slave-owners, and blasphemers of the class alluded to, that we have for inflicting that punishment

* The Editor of the ‘Kent Herald,’ in noticing the late execution at Maidstone, observes: ‘The most strange anxiety was manifested on the part of the public to be present at this melancholy spectacle; and none appeared more anxious than the females. Whole van-loads of persons entered the town, from almost every road, and many countrywomen might be seen with their gowns tucked up, and their infants under their arms, almost running for fear of being too late. Boys of from ten to sixteen years old were very numerous, and so little impression did the horrid exhibition appear to make on them, that they indulged in the coarsest and most unnatural jests. One little fellow was heard to ask his companion, “Did you see how the beggar kicked?” And the same kind of comment was generally prevalent in the crowd.’

† Exodus xxi. 16, 17.

upon murderers. Hence then, it is evident that our criminal code is inconsistent even with that of Moses!

But the Mosaic dispensation has been abolished, and one better adapted to the altered character of the times has been substituted for it—a dispensation which teaches, not to 'exact an eye for an eye, or a tooth for a tooth,' nor 'to recompense any man evil for evil,' but 'to overcome evil with good.' Let us then endeavour to follow its precepts by granting freely to others that mercy which has been so freely bestowed upon us: recollecting that whilst we neglect so to do, and continue to visit with vindictive cruelty the offences of those whom we deem greater sinners than ourselves, however much we may profess with our lips the gratitude we feel for the superior privileges we enjoy, we shall fail to manifest its influence upon the heart; and should death overtake us in our career of folly, may each of us fearfully anticipate, at the day of judgment, the application of the question, 'Oh! thou cruel servant, I forgave thee thy debt because thou desiredst me: shouldst thou not also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?'

In the foregoing remarks I have attempted to illustrate the fallacy of the arguments which have been urged in defence of 'Death-punishment.' I have endeavoured to show that such punishment is both characterized by comparative inefficiency, and 'positive maleficence'—that whilst it attempts not the reformation of the criminal, it fails even to check the spread of crime; and finally, that whilst it is revolting to the better feelings of man, it is also directly opposed to the revealed will of God—allegations which, if I have succeeded in supporting, by the evidence which I have adduced, imperiously demand its instant erasure from that statute-book which it has been too long permitted to disgrace.

G. E. EACHUS.

THE WRITINGS AND GENIUS OF CAROLINE BOWLES.

AMID the restless elements of modern society; amid the workings of that great strife between popular and aristocratic influences, between old despotisms and institutions, and the inquisitive, indignant, craving spirit of man excited by the stimulus of newly-acquired knowledge; amid the shocks and heavings of that moral earthquake, which many perceive with the deepest terror, not knowing whether to deem more horrible the fall of ancient fabrics, which it shakes down, or the phantoms that seem to arise out of the vapoury rifts of the heaving earth, and to the end of whose convulsions no eye can reach; where can we look for something to repose upon, for some spot and atmosphere of quietness, where the timid may forget their real or imagined evils, and the bold may refresh themselves for new efforts in the great human cause?

We must seek this refuge and rest, next to the steadfastness of religious faith, in the literature of our country. To us there is nothing more refreshing and delightful than to call to mind the immense mass of enjoyment derived from this source, in this country. We do not mean amongst those who live and move conspicuously in the light and business of literature,—amongst the professedly literary themselves,—but in a thousand refined and happy families, in town and country, to whom it is a familiar aliment, a part of their daily recreation; families, perhaps, engaged in business, or enabled, by a sufficiency of pecuniary means and a wise contentedness, to make their existence like a clear stream, that goes wandering on through pleasant scenes, but scenes always retired, full of a profound quiet, equally distant from the stern necessities and the seductive dissipations of life. To these,—and they make an important portion of the population of England,—the enjoyment of books is, perhaps, even more than they are themselves aware, one of their most regular and requisite enjoyments.

When the business of the day is over, how many men does the evening hour find comfortably seated in their easy chairs, reading to themselves, or to some fair friend, or happy group! In how many pleasant homes, while the ladies are seated at their morning employments, or amusements, or whatever they may please to call them, does some glad creature read aloud, in a voice full of music, and marked by the sweetest emotions of a young pure heart, a lay of our mighty bards, or a story of one of our most cunning interweavers of the truth of nature with the splendour of fiction, or follow the wonderful recitals of our travellers, naturalists, and philosophical spirits, into every region of earth or mind! Publishers may tell us, ‘poetry don’t sell;’ critics may cry ‘poetry is a drug,’ thereby making it so with the frivolous and unreflecting, who are the multitude,—but we will venture to say, that at no period were there ever more books read by that part of our population, most qualified to draw delight and good from reading; and when we enter mechanics’ libraries, and see them filled with simple, quiet, earnest men, and find such men now sitting on stiles in the country, deeply sunk into the very marrow and spirit of a well-handled volume, where we used to meet them in riotous and reckless mischief, we are proud and happy to look forward to that wide and formerly waste field, over which literature is extending its triumphs, and to see the beneficent consequences that will follow to the whole community.

We are told again, that the quest after an honourable name in literature is now a hopeless one; that the way is beset with thousands of pretenders, who push aside, or tread down, modest merit; that education is now so far extended, and so many minds made capable of putting themselves on paper, that what once would have gained an immortality, will now scarcely constitute a

nine-days' wonder; and that, such is the conspiracy and collusion of publishers and literary coteries, that the breath and strength of mutual puffing are expended in hoisting up to public notice creatures of the emptiest pretence, to the detriment of real talent. It is true that there is, and perhaps always will be, much of this; there will always be a number of men ready to rush forwards to the first seats of distinction, and sure to occupy them too, by the possession of those very qualities which the real children of genius generally want, impudence and hardihood;—but let no friend of genius despair. The drums and cymbals of mercenary criticism may attract all ears and eyes, for a moment, to some worthless object,—but there is a wise public after all, and it is sure to detect the cheat, and turn away in quest of unobtrusive merit. We must, and we need, never abandon our faith, for an instant, in the strength and immortality of mind. It is not, in its highest kind, so lavishly sown as to become valueless; it cannot be long mixed up and confounded with its counterfeits, however they may swell and sparkle, and array themselves in raiment cut after its fashion. In the gardens of literature, the true plants may be hidden, and perhaps for a considerable period, by a wild overgrowth of rampant weeds,—but be assured the old gardener Time will come, with his sturdy hoe, and down will go the weeds, however tall!—down they will go, mass after mass, however luxuriant, however they may have drawn one another up to a wondrous growth, however flaunting and showy they may be, and the lilies and roses will be 'left alone in their glory.'

Amongst the lilies of the present day, that have been less seen and admired than they deserve, there is one quietly flourishing in its pale and pearly beauty, beneath the boughs of the New Forest. Where it sprung up, there it has been suffered to grow, and spread its sweetness and mild splendour through the wood. Passing travellers have caught glimpses of it, and wondered at it for a moment, and then gone forward, leaving it to be the delight of a few who love beauty for itself, and care not whether they find it in field or garden, in cottage or in hall.

Without further figure, I mean Caroline Bowles. There is no writer of the present day, of the same high talent, who has been so much overlooked, and remains so little known to general readers, nay, we may say, to those whose business it is to detect, and make everywhere familiar, the possessors of true genius. We have often asked professed critics if they admired the poetry of Miss Bowles. 'Miss Bowles?'—has been the inquiring reply—'is she a relative of William Lisle Bowles?' It is only when you mention her as a contributor to 'Blackwood's Magazine,' that they recognise her as a writer. Perhaps one reason is the retiringness of her own nature, which makes her contented to enjoy the pleasures of intellect, and careless of a name; and another, not less probable, may be found in her weak place happening to be a want

of tact in choosing good, taking titles. A good title to a book is as hard to get as a good title to an estate, a fact so well known to publishers, that one of our principal ones has given as much as 30% for a happy title, and had a book written to it. With the exception of 'Chapters on Churchyards,' we do not know a volume of Caroline Bowles's, whose title is not bad—vague—untaking. 'Ellen Fitzarthur'—'A Widow's Tale'—'Solitary Hours'—who would feel any excitement of curiosity by these titles to buy the books? Who would expect in 'Solitary Hours' to find what there is, some of the most exquisite poetry of its kind in the language; or, in short, anything but the lucubrations of one of the thousand-and-one amiable youths and delicate damsels that take, similarly labelled, their passports to oblivion. Who would not be surprised to discover a poetess, the character of whose productions are the deepest pathos, the most holy purity of feeling, a keen perception and keen relish for all that is beautiful in nature, and (for what may seem anomalous, yet really arises from the same delicate and acute organization) for what is grotesque in costume, and ludicrous in character and action, and withal that mental power which, adapting itself to the need and the occasion, is now developed in the graphic vivacity of its touches, and now, in the unfolding and following out with sublime, because calm, unwavering, almost superhuman firmness, the workings of passion and woe on the hardest and the highest natures. Yet such are the characteristics of the writings of Caroline Bowles. The pathos and the beautiful purity of spirit are most conspicuous in her poems—the other qualities, though they occasionally glance out in her verse, are most prevalent in her prose. We shall first speak of her poetry.

The two first volumes we will pass by. They appear to have been written in early youth, and exhibit rather a liking for poetry than the possession of it. With the exception of the two dramatic sketches in the 'Widow's Tale,' which are full of vigour and feeling, they do not warm you like the genuine inspiration of the awakened heart of genius. They are fair and beautiful, but cold. Miss Bowles had wandered into the fairy-land of fancy, and approached within hearing of those springs of thought and emotion which gush forth in many of its dells, but cannot be come at, except through the spiny thickets of painful experience. Between the publication of these volumes and 'Solitary Hours,' she had passed these lacerating barriers; she had gone down into the depths of those rich but bitter springs, and the cries sent forth from her torn and bleeding heart had that thrilling tone which startles all hearers into an everlasting sympathy. All other qualities of her being, seemed absorbed in the one uprising, all-imbuing, all-clothing spirit of love;—love in its purest and divinest character; love to all that is beautiful in nature, and in the heart and mind of man; to the Spirit that spread out

the heavens in their glory, and the earth beneath them rejoicing in their beams, and all the shapes of life that walked thereon, doing and suffering—triumphing in good or evil, or sitting by the way-sides of existence wrapped in the blackness and the bitterness of despair. To all things, love, in the forms of congratulatory joy, or pity, or lament, gushed forth; and her spirit, as it were, kindled and converted wholly into this celestial element, looked back upon the delightful imagery and living objects of early life, and clung to them with a tearful regret; or clasped its arms, at once weeping and exulting, round the beloved things of the present; or stretched itself forward into the heaven of futurity as the place where all that the soul of gentle yet boundless affection yearned after shall reassemble, and for ever!

In her own words—

‘ There was a time—sweet time of youthful folly !
 Fantastic woes I courted, feigned distress,
 Wooing the veiled phantom Melancholy
 With passion, born, like love, “ in idlenesse.”

Watching the flitting clouds, the fading flowers,
 The flying rack athwart the waving grass—
 And murmuring oft “ Alack ! this world of ours !
 Such are its joys—so swiftly doth it pass !”

And then mine idle tear (ah ! silly maiden !)
 Bedropt the liquid grass like summer rain,
 And sighs, as from a bosom sorrow-laden,
 Heaved the light heart, that knew no real pain !

And then I loved to haunt lone burial places,
 To pace the church-yard earth with noiseless tread,
 To pore in new-made graves for ghastly traces—
 Brown crumbling bones of the forgotten dead.

To think of passing-bells, of death and dying—
 ’Twere good, methought, in early youth to die,
 So loved ! lamented ! in such sweet sleep lying ;
 The white shroud all with flowers and rosemary
 Stuck o’er by loving hands.

* * * *

And I have lived to look on “ death and dying,”
 To count the sinking pulse, the shortening breath—
 To watch the last faint life-streak flying—flying—
 To stoop—to start ! to be alone with death !

And now—and now—pale pining Melancholy !
 No longer veiled for me your haggard brow,
 In pensive sweetness, such as youthful folly
 Fondly conceited, I abjure ye now !

Mine be that holy, humble tribulation—
No longer “ feigned distress, fantastic woe ; ”
I know my griefs—but then, my consolation,
My trust, and my immortal hopes I know.

‘ Solitary Hours,’ pp. 79, 80.

She was now become acquainted with actual sorrow ; the stern realities of our mortal nature were unveiled before her ; and a truer knowledge of death—not the death of the poet’s dream and the young enthusiast’s fancy, a gentle sleep-like slipping away, amid the tears of friends and lovers, from present being to a charmed repose, and a visioned immortality in the flowery valleys, and by the crystal streams, of perpetual felicity ; but the death of a darkened, tortured, yet struggling physical frame—death preceded by strange sinkings of heart, by a wearing and wasting from day to day, and week to week, as it were in the consuming furnace of protracted agony—death inconceivably grim and ghastly in its aspect, surrounded not by a halo of poetic charms and pensive attractions, but by a stern, immitigable rending of bonds and hopes then found to be dearer than life itself, and with a prospect before it ineffably awful,—a new and untried being to be entered upon, and its conditions dependent on the responsibilities of the past. The effect of these momentous discoveries may be readily imagined upon a heart so sensitively alive in its affections as that must be whose real language is spoken in the following stanzas, which have appeared in various places, and with various names appended.

‘ I never cast a flower away
The gift of one who cared for me—
A little flower—a faded flower—
But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu
To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling, almost pain,
Even from its lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word “ Farewell,”
But with an utterance faint and broken ;
An earth-sick longing for the time
When it shall never more be spoken.’

p. 132.

There is, perhaps, no language in which so many poems founded on the domestic affections exist as in ours ; there are few poets of any eminence from whose works you might not draw such poems of the most beautiful kind ; but for deep pathos, it

would be difficult to select any which would equal Leigh Hunt's most exquisite verses to his son during sickness, beginning—

‘ Sleep breathes at last from out thee
My little patient boy’—

Mr. Watt's ‘Death of the First-born,’ and Alfred Tennyson's address of a dying girl to her mother, entitled ‘New-Year's Eve.’ Along with these, and second to none, ought to be placed Miss Bowles' ‘Address to a Dying Infant,’ and that of the ‘Dying Mother to her Child,’ which last appeared in the ‘Literary Souvenir’ for 1830. No living writer could descend deeper into the maternal heart than she has done in this beautiful poem. Alfred Tennyson's ‘Dying Girl’ bears a great resemblance to it both in style and spirit, so much so, that hearing it read without the author's name being mentioned, we exclaimed—Caroline Bowles! Miss Bowles, however, makes no pretension to the high and peculiar imagination of Alfred Tennyson. She is often equally graphic in her descriptions, and happy in her epithets; but her *forte* in poetry lies in the expression of that soul of tenderness, purity, and piety, which dwells so richly in her. Her tenderness is the simple tenderness of unaffected nature—her piety, notwithstanding the natural regretfulness of so affectionate a temperament, hardly and often tried by death and separation, though it has an undertone of subdued melancholy, has, on most occasions, a strong confidence, a grateful delight in the living objects of its attachment, and is always free from cant. She has the true heart of an English lady—a true woman's heart. There is a frankness about her that is peculiarly captivating, and accompanied as it always is by the evidences of so pure, so holy, so highly beneficent, and naturally joyous a spirit, you are made to think that nothing could be more delightful than to take your place by her pony ‘Minikin’ when she mounts him for a ride into the forest; or to sit by her side in some open glade of those old woods on a warm summer's day, and enjoy with so thorough a lover of nature its finest aspects; and then returning to that sweet rose-embowered cottage of hers, to hold ‘Colloquies’ with her, perhaps not as learned, but as delightful as those which Southey has held there.

There is nothing which we should covet so much, were it within the range of distance and possibility, for our own children, as to grow up under the influences of a spirit and heart like hers. To imbibe, what is now so much needed, amid the artificial refinements of modern life, her simple, healthful tastes, her love of nature, her frank, ardent attachment to, and undisguised advocacy of, what is true and beautiful; and, above all things, to breathe in, daily and hourly, that pure, holy, yet unbigoted mind that sanctifies everything about it, without deadening or constraining the freedom of a buoyant and blameless nature. But as this cannot

be, it is at least a privilege to be able to put into the hands of the young a book, where they may read such compositions as—‘The Broken Bridge’—‘Sunday Evening’—‘The Mariner’s Hymn’—‘Autumn Flowers’—‘Sufficient to the Day is the Evil thereof’—‘To a Dying Infant’—‘I never cast a Flower away’—‘My Evening’—and ‘The Primrose.’ Let us give at length the address to a ‘Dying Infant;’ and if there be any one that does not see in it the most sad yet perfect beauty, and who does not feel it to his heart’s core, we will not wish him that excruciating experience which would teach him all its truth.

‘TO A DYING INFANT.

Sleep, little baby, sleep!
Not in thy cradle-bed,
Not on thy mother’s breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.

Yes, with the quiet dead,
Baby! thy rest shall be—
Oh! many a weary wight,
Weary of life and light,
Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee, little tender nursling!
Flee to thy grassy nest—
There the first flowers shall blow,
The first pure flake of snow
Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace! peace! the little bosom
Labours with shortening breath.
Peace! peace! that tremulous sigh
Speaks his departure nigh—
Those are the damps of death.

I’ve seen thee in thy beauty,
A thing all health and glee:
But never then wert thou
So beautiful, as now,
Baby! thou seemest to me.

Thine upturned eyes glazed over
Like harebells wet with dew—
Already veiled and hid
By the convulsed lid,
Their pupils darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open,
The lip soft quivering,
As if, like summer air,
Ruffling the rose leaves, there
Thy soul were fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence !
Young spirit ! hence—depart !
And is *this* death ?—dread thing !
If such thy visiting
How beautiful thou art !

Oh ! I could gaze for ever
Upon that waxen face,
So passionless ! so pure !
The little shrine was sure
An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weepest, childless mother !
Ay, weep—'twill ease thine heart—
He was thy first-born son—
Thy first, thine only one—
'Tis hard from him to part.

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp cold earth,
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Late ringing with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber
His small mouth's rosy kiss,
Then—wakened with a start,
By thine own throbbing heart—
His twining arms to miss.

And then to lie and weep,
And think the live-long night,
(Feeding thine own distress
With accurate greediness)
Of every past delight.

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty, playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,
And all his little wiles.

Oh ! those are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling !
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond mother,
In after years look back—
(Time brings such wondrous easing,)
With sadness not unpleasing,
Even on this gloomy track.

Thou'lt say, " My first-born blessing !
It almost broke my heart
When thou wert forced to go ;
And yet for thee I know
'Twas better to depart.

God took thee in his mercy,
A lamb untasked, untried—
He fought the fight for thee—
He won the victory—
And thou art sanctified.

I look around and see
The evil ways of men,
And oh ! beloved child !
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

The little arms that clasped me,
The little lips that pressed,
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore
I lulled thee on my breast ?

Now like a dew-drop shrined
Within a crystal stone,
Thou'rt safe in Heaven, my dove
Safe with the source of love,
The everlasting One !

And when the hour arrives,
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await,
The first at Heaven's gate,
To meet and welcome me.

pp. 122—127.

We have dwelt thus largely on the poetry of Miss Bowles, because it is little known in proportion to its merit ; so much less than her prose. Her ' Chapters on Churchyards ' are familiar to the readers of Blackwood, and indeed to general readers, since their publication in a separate form. Our space being exhausted, we must postpone our observations on those very powerful and very English sketches, to some future opportunity ; contenting ourselves, lest such opportunity should not arrive, with merely saying that we scarcely know a female writer, who has exhibited the same chaste, bold, *manliness* of style, equally free from the attempt to sparkle, or to astound by its grandiloquism, combined with the same *masculine* power and feminine feeling, the same poetical taste, and delight in all that belongs to the country and the English character. Her subject enables her to revel amongst the most picturesque, old-fashioned, and

delicious scenery ; the lovely and lonely old hamlet church and churchyard ; the rustic paradise of a parsonage ; the old hall and all its attributes and dependencies. She brings before you, in all their varieties, and with all their touching or amusing histories, the country people. Her account of the parsonage of Broad Summerford, the family and habits of the family,—(meaning, we believe, those of that very excellent and venerable man, the Rev. Wm. Gilpin, the author of ‘Forest Scenery,’ and the descendant and biographer of the truly great Bernard Gilpin, ‘the Apostle of the North,’)—are more perfect and delightful of the kind than anything that we know of, not excepting the sketches of Washington Irving. So is the account of ‘Halliburn Hall,’ the dilapidated seat of the ancient family of the De la Veres ; no lovers of truly English scenery and character can read them without remembering them for ever. But beyond these, there are three stories of the intensest interest and the highest moral inculcation. We wish every fashionable family, who have not polished out of their hearts all human nature, would read that of the ‘Swiss Governess.’ Could they be made sensible of the miseries inflicted on this country by aristocratic pride, what a change, full of happiness, might be wrought to others and—to themselves. We wish any young person would read the ‘Grave of the Broken Heart,’—what agonies might be prevented by sternly adhering to principle, in spite of present solicitations ! But every man, woman, and child should read the tale of ‘Andrew Cleaves.’ It is an awful story !—and the working of it out displays an intellectual vigour truly wonderful. The operation of parental affections—the breaking down of the stern, hard nature of the man by calamity—the wringing out, as it were, the tears of grief, and the groans of contrition, from the oaken heart of avarice, worldly pride, and rigid self-righteousness, are terrible, yet admirable, to contemplate.

We must now, for the present, say to Caroline Bowles farewell ; and we do it, sadly querying, at the same time, whether failing health and domestic sorrows will allow us ever to receive fresh proofs of so powerful a spirit, and such quick sensibilities enshrined in so delicate a frame ?

WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE UNWRITTEN WORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CORN LAW RHYMES.

HAST thou not spoken, God,
 When wrongs unchain the slave,
 And slaves make every sod
 A slave's, or tyrant's grave ?

Dost thou not speak to all,
When names, made bright by thee,
Blaze comet like, and fall
From heav'n to obloquy?

How like a trumpet's blast,
By thee in whirlwind blown,
Thy stern Napoleon pass'd
Through shrieks of states o'erthrown!

What crush'd him, disarray'd
When perish'd man and steed?
Thy outrag'd laws of trade!
They crush'd him, like a weed!

A voice of many sighs,
Woe's still small voice of doom,
Whisper'd!—and sea and skies
Sang, 'Lo, the Island Tomb!'

For hosts, of many tongues,
That voice array'd in might;
A universe of wrongs
Arm'd wrongers for the Right.

But curs'd by battles won,
What learn'd they, triumph-taught?
That victory self-undone
Hath lost the fight unfought.

*Napoleon could not shake
What pigmies have o'erthrown!*
Oh, outrag'd England, wake!
Oh, Nature, claim thy own!

When shall we hear again
Thy still small whisper, God?
Oh, break the bondman's chain!
Uncurse the tax-plough'd sod!

If still thy name is Love,
Be labour's sons thy care!
And from thy earth remove
The vermin all can spare!

Deaf reptiles! they devour
The honey, and the tree,
Root, branches, fruit, and flower;
But not our trust in thee!

THE EVILS OF PRIMOGENITIVE INHERITANCE.

THE system of entail, and the descent of property, *en masse*, to the first-born of each generation, constitute the basis of the aristocracy of England. In every country, but especially in one so essentially 'moneyed' as this is, civil power exists, in pretty nearly equal ratio, with the wealth of the individual. Of course we allow for the growing influence of intellect, but it may be truly asserted that even in the present day, and in this country, the power of intellect forms but an exception, a mere discount, to the power of wealth.

This being admitted, it becomes the first object of the governed, that wealth (being synonymous with government) should be vested in the hands of those who are the most competent to use the power it confers with advantage to the general interest of the nation. Let us examine how far this object is fulfilled by the present system of inheritance. Let us see whether, by corrupting those to whom it assigns power, it does not stand an effectual barrier in the way of all legislative improvement, by perpetuating and fortifying the abuses of mis-government? Whether, in a word, so far from securing to the governed the best and cheapest government,—it does not directly tend to entail on them the worst and dearest.

It is the natural order of things that the enjoyment of possessions is the especial right of those who have amassed them. Nor is this a principle merely of abstract right. It is one pregnant with the highest utility; for the personal accumulation of property is, in itself, a security for its proper employment, and a guarantee for the due and honest exercise of that power, which we have shown to be closely identified with its possession. Though the acquirement of possessions by the individual may arise from accident, or good fortune, or even from dishonesty and violence, still we maintain that such instances form but exceptions to the general mass of those, wherein industry and talent have alone acquired possessions and influence, above the common standard of society. It is by no means contended that the accumulation of gain, is an unfailing proof of moral merit; but, it may be safely asserted, that, *where no artificial barriers impede the fair competition and exertion of industry and talent*,—the condition of mankind admits of no stronger general practical evidence of a man's fitness to have and to employ the power which property gives, than is comprised in his personal acquirement of it. We are quite sure that, at least, such a man has some of the chief qualifications, which tend to render him fit to employ his self-acquired influence to the benefit of others. Bentham, in his *Reform Catechism*, thus illustrates the grand principle that *industry* is a qualification for the exercise of civil power:—

'If of two candidates, knowing nothing of either, but that one was an *apothecary*, and the other a *gentleman* of 10,000*l.* a year, (inherited,)

the question were to be asked me, to which will you give your vote? My answer would be, at once, the apothecary for me. Why? Because I should be sure of finding in the mind of the apothecary, knowledge and talents, of the kind and quality suiting to the exigencies of that useful and respectable profession, including the branches of art and science that belong to it. And I should expect that the already acquired stock of general knowledge and talents, necessarily gained in the acquirement of the particular knowledge and talents required by his profession, would be capable of being transferred and applied to the newly-adopted branch of industry, namely *legislation*.'

Since then it appears, first, that wealth will always predominate in government; and, secondly, that industry affords the best qualification for governing—consequently, the interest of good government requires, that the two should be, as much as possible, united.

The system of primogenitive inheritance utterly destroys this salutary principle; and for the following reasons:—

1. It confines the great majority of the property of the country in the hands of a few inheritors by birth, and deprives the nation at large of that, which would otherwise constitute the grand object and incentive to industry and emulation, and would likewise promote moral amelioration, by educating and stimulating the worthiest energies of the people.

2. It confers property and power on men, whom, by the virtue or rather evil of its nature, it especially divests of the qualification of industry, and of every other tuition necessary to the attainment of a competency, to use such power beneficially. Bentham having concluded his view of the claim of the apothecary to legislative capacity, through the principle of industry, thus illustrates the foregoing assertion, in his negative portrait of the gentleman of 10,000*l.* per annum:—

'Now, as to the gentleman. This gentleman, with his 10,000*l.* a-year,—HAVING BEEN BRED UP IN THE EXPECTATION OF IT—on what assignable ground could I build any equal expectations that he would possess the requisite knowledge and talents, in any tolerable degree, in any shape, at any rate, in which it would possess a tolerable *chance* of being transferred to this purpose? *Knowledge and talents, to whatever subject applied, are the fruit of LABOUR, and are not to be had without labour.* How then should he have come by it? By the force of what *motives* shall the pain attached to the labour have been overcome?'

But the system of primogenitive inheritance goes further still in evil effect. It actively fosters those qualities, peculiarly productive of the abuse of power.

First and foremost, it engenders the withering and palsying curse of mental and moral indolence—that prolific germ of every human vice!

Opulence, indolence, selfishness, intellectual weakness, cowardice

injustice, tyranny—these are all the children of the same parent, and naturally exist in the same person. By the operation of this system a class is perpetuated in the country, nurtured in the necessary indolence, and moral emasculation, of luxury. Encouraged by the circumstances of their position, in self-importance, a love of ease and indulgence, and in a recklessness in the gratification of every appetite; fortunate the few who can withstand the evil influence of such a nursery;—who, deprived of every powerful stimulus, and incentive to exertion, can be morally good, or politically honest. Yet to this very class, thus beset with evil influences, from the moment of their birth, are the higher shares of power confined. We know that power corrupts man, and that it is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. How necessary then—by the culture and training of education—above all, by the wholesome tuition of a youth of industry and exertion, and by every law and provision, which can possibly secure, or promote, the accomplishment of these essential preparatives—how needful, we say, to facilitate the power to resist these evil tendencies, and give birth and strength to the virtues which may counteract them. We ask, is this the influence of the system and practice of hereditary wealth and power, as it exists among the Aristocracy of England? What is there in the accident of birth, which shall supply a corrective, nay a preventive to the evils and corruptions, which must naturally beset the mind and heart of the man born to power and wealth? Where the talisman to destroy the poison daily presented to the opening mind in this one fact;—that the right of birth prevails over the right of merit?—Of this conviction,—that power and influence is theirs, wherewith they may secure the gratification of every selfish wish, and maintain their own pre-eminence, not by desert, but by keeping down the rest of mankind? These are facts which this system presents, be it remembered, to the yet uncultured mind of one, who, in addition to the baneful corruption of youthful luxury, is further assailed by a host of dependent panderers, whose interest it is to foment each evil propensity, to foster pride, and contribute to every means of self-indulgence.

We have carefully abstained from speaking of the actual evils of this system, as realized in the existing character of the Aristocracy of the country, and we have done so from a hearty hatred of personality. We are far from saying that the tendency of the Primogenitive System is always thus practically developed. We are ourselves aware of many high and honourable exceptions—but we defy the most subtle effort of Tory casuistry, to disprove the *active tendency to evil and corruption*, inherent in undivided inheritance.

In addition to the production of incompetent legislation, we have yet to allude to one very vicious effect, which this practice produces. The whole wealth of a family centring on the eldest

son, it follows that the rest are unjustly doomed to poverty, or (the more frequent alternative) are thrown upon the public purse for sustenance, or rather for plunder, extorted from the real industry of the country ;—(thus, in its turn, further cramped to preserve the opulence of the first-born uninjured,) under the pitiful pretext of sinecure offices and unnecessary establishments. Surely the fitting source of support to the children, whom Primogeniture beggars, would be in the means and natural assistance of the eldest brother :—no such thing ; ‘ Aristocracy ’—as Tom Paine quaintly and justly says,—‘ has never more than one child ; ’—the heir fully impressed with the sacred obligation of this dogma, exerts only his hereditary power of forcing the people to father his disowned brethren. This is a subject which is capable of infinitely more detailed developement—wheel plays into wheel—and it would not be difficult to prove every serious evil, under which this country labours, to have its root in this one gigantic curse ; spreading demoralization through the land, enriching a foreign market to the impoverishment of our own—creating an excess of indigence unparalleled among the lower orders of any other country, and perpetuating, together with the abuses of corrupt government, an aristocracy which honest men politically hate, and personally despise.

C. C. P.

THE POOR WOMAN'S APPEAL TO HER HUSBAND.

You took me, Colin, when a girl, unto your home and heart,
To bear in all your after fate a fond and faithful part ;
And tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forego—
Or pin'd there was not joy for me, when you were sunk in woe ?
No—I would rather share *your* grief than any other's glee,
For though you're nothing to the world, 'you're all the world to me ;
You make a palace of my shed—this rough-hewn bench a throne—
There's sunlight for me in your smile, and music in your tone.
I look upon you when you sleep, my eyes with tears grow dim,
I cry ‘ O Parent of the poor, look down from Heaven on him :
Behold him toil from day to day exhausting strength and soul—
Look down with mercy on him, Lord, for thou canst make him whole ! ’
And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smil'd,
How oft are they forbade to close in slumber, by my child ;
I take the little murmurer, that spoils my span of rest,
And feel it is a part of *thee* I lull upon my breast.
There's only one return I crave,—I may not need it long,
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no wrong !
I ask not for a kinder tone—for thou wert ever kind ;
I ask not for less frugal fare—my fare I do not mind ;
I ask not for more gay attire—if such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to *thee*, for more I murmur not :
But I would ask *some share of hours* that you at clubs bestow—
Of knowledge that *you* prize so much, may *I* not something know ?

Subtract from meetings among men, each eve, an hour for me—
 Make me companion of your *soul*, as I may surely be!
 If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think when you're away—
 Less tedious I shall find the time, dear Colin, of your stay.
 A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your *studious* hours,—
 And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage flowers;
 And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind;
 And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your mind.
M. L. G.

THE PHAETONS OF KNOWLEDGE.

STILL, still they prate! and common-place opinion
 Utter on themes abstruse, whose comprehension
 Hath long defied the mightiest dominion
 Of the great minds of earth, to whose dimension
 Theirs are as bats to eagles—Get ye home!
 Search all the lore o' the past; and then walk forth,
 And air your damp wits by the ocean-foam:
 Study from east to west, from south to north,
 And tell us to what end your labours come.
 Phaetons of knowledge! ye the reins essay,
 As if ye were indeed fit charioteers
 To guide her wheels of glory thro' the spheres:
 Refrain!—eat, love, and die; or sport, or pray!—
 But with your shadows pave not Thought's bright way!
W.

WEATHER.

WEATHER! *any* weather!
 Bright or boisterous, foul or fair,
 Showers and sun together!
 Only let there be a sound
 Heard (no matter whence) around,
 And a witnessing of life
 Though it comes in fearful strife;
 Only not in leaden sleep
 Bid the stagnant waters keep:
Weather, any weather!

Weather, any weather—
 There be breezes, still and small,
 Scarce can stir the feather:
 There be thunders, long and loud,
 Growling from the heavy cloud;
 Rain and sleet and hollow moans,
 And those most terrific tones
 Of the ocean, storm—assail'd—
 Yet their music shall be hail'd.
Weather! give me weather

Weather—any weather !
What would boastful mortals be
But for changing weather ?
But for powers they cannot bind,
But for something, more than mind ?
Lights and shades, that never stay
For their bidding, night or day,
But in silent influence fall
On the varied heart of all.
Weather! *any* weather.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

O THAT I could see thee ! in thy proud and solemn state
Sailing on, through fields of air, the mountain potentate !
Oh ! to hear the rushing sound, as a whirlwind, of thy wing,
To see thee, o'er the hollow vale, thy broad, dark shadow fling !

They took me to a garden gay, where laughing flowers upsprang,
The bounding antelope was there, and there the small birds sang ;
I walked between the motley tribes, each fair in its degree,
But could not bear, majestic bird, to cast a look on thee.

For there, with gilded bars beset, thou sat'st an humbled thing—
Thou, that could'st dash thy keepers down, with a stroke of thy bold
wing ;—

I saw the everlasting hills their mighty forms uprear,
And thou, their lonely habitant, oh ! why should'st thou be *here* ?

I thought of thee ! thou faithful one, these hundred years a mate,
Untiring in thy single love, the early and the late :
Now shame upon the hands that broke that simple bond of thine,
Does not the very spirit burn to thwart their mean design ?

And could I set thee free, bold bird ! methinks my heart would glow,
And I could breathe this heavy air more joyously than now ;
This struggling sun would seem to throw a brighter light from high,
More like those glorious rays that fall on thine unshaded eye.

Thine image once again would come, a proud, inspiring dream ;
And round about thy noble form would God-like fancies gleam ;
Thou would'st not then be here, as now, our vulgar boasts to swell,
Nor stand, a captive and a slave, in freedom's citadel.

E. T

NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

16th April. *The Tithe Bill*.—This project appears to us no improvement upon the tithe commutation of last year. Both schemes have many of the requisites of a good measure, but the present one is open to objections far more weighty than those which have induced Ministers to abandon their original proposition.

We fully concur in the principle laid down by Lord Althorp, that no portion of the tithe must be given away to the landlords. The amount must remain undiminished, not indeed for the reason he assigns, that it is all required for the maintenance of the Church Establishment; but to preserve what the 'Examiner' very properly calls the reversionary interest of the State.

Both measures, that of last year and the present, leave the aggregate tithe of the whole country unaltered in amount. But the former left also to every individual tithe owner, the very sum which he had been accustomed to receive; while, by the present bill, there will hardly be a receiver of tithe in all England who will not either gain or lose by the commutation. It is obvious that the poorer the land is, the less rent it will yield in proportion to the produce. On poor lands the gross produce may be ten times, or any number of times the rent: on some rich lands it cannot be more than double. The tithe being proportioned to the gross produce, must bear an infinitely varying proportion to the rent. Yet the commutation is to be a per-centage uniform for a whole county. If the average tithe of the county is one-fourth, or one-third of the rent, though it may not be exactly so in any particular instance, it is to be fixed at that proportion everywhere.

In one half the parishes of England, therefore, the tithe owner will obtain an increase of his income, and a spoliation of property will take place to the prejudice of the landlord. In the other half, the life interests of the clergy will be impaired, the lay impropiators robbed of a portion of their property, and the landowners gratuitously presented with an addition to their rent. So extensive an invasion of vested rights is scarcely consistent with the unbounded respect for them professed by all English ministers.

In attempting to avoid one evil, Ministers have fallen into a worse. Against the scheme of last year, which fixed the tithe everywhere at its present amount, it was urged that an incumbent who had rigidly exacted his utmost dues, would be confirmed in the possession of them, while one who had been lenient would forfeit the right which he had forborne to enforce. We do not think there was much in this argument, since no injury would have been done to the more liberal incumbent by giving him no more than he had himself adjudged to be sufficient; while the

condition of those who were under the more rigid taskmaster, would be left no worse than it was before. However, these last would certainly lose the chance of being more indulgently treated by a future incumbent. There was therefore some, though but little, force in the objection. To meet it, what have the Ministry done? That they may not, by leaving matters just as they are, give the rapacious man an advantage over the more moderate, they strike a medium between the two, giving to the one more than he asks for, to the other less: forgetting, in this clumsy attempt to make legislation the agent of distributive justice, that if there are inequalities in the rigour with which the tithe is exacted, there are also inequalities, and greater ones, in the tithe itself; all which are to be stretched and clipped to the Procrustes-bed of a uniform proportion.

In most other respects the bill is deserving of praise. It removes all complication and annoyance in the collection of tithes, by making the demand no longer from the tenant, but from the proprietor; and allowing him the option of redeeming it, on terms sufficiently easy to induce all who have the means, to avail themselves of the permission. It also takes the tithe off the consumer, and lays it upon the landlord. Tithe will no longer operate as any discouragement to cultivation. It will no longer be one of the expenses of production, which the price must be sufficient to repay; but a fixed proportion of the rent, that is, of the surplus after the expenses are paid. It will be liable indeed to increase, but only as the rent increases, and can never, under any circumstances, be any thing but a deduction from the rent.

This, however, opens a view of the subject in some other of its bearings, which have not yet attracted the attention of those most interested. We see the landowners apparently taking a burthen off the shoulders of their customers the bread-eaters, and placing it on their own. What is the meaning of so unlandlordly a proceeding? It is, that they reckon upon being able to maintain the Corn Laws. While those laws subsist, the landlords will escape the consequences of the measure to which they are about to give their consent. This will appear from a very brief explanation.

If all the food consumed in England were grown on our own soil, the effect of abolishing tithe would be a fall of price. The consumer and not the landlord would reap the benefit; and if a charge in commutation of tithe were laid upon the rent, the landlord would be out of pocket by the entire amount. But this fall of price cannot take place while the Corn Laws last. As long as we are an importing country, the price must depend upon the cost of production abroad, not upon the cost of production here; and nothing which can be done here will lower it, while we continue to derive any portion of our food from abroad. Unless, therefore, the stimulus given to cultivation at home by taking off

the tithe, be sufficient to render us entirely independent of foreign supply, the sole effect of relieving the agriculturist from the burthen is, that we shall grow more corn, and import less. The landlord, therefore, will pocket the whole amount of the tithe; and by laying an equivalent burthen upon him in the form of a rent-charge, he will be left, while the Corn Laws continue, in the exact position in which he is now.

This suggests one most serious objection to the present measure, and to any commutation of tithes not accompanied by a corresponding reduction of the duties on foreign corn. It adds to the injustice of the Corn Laws. It increases the artificial premium upon raising food from the soil instead of importing it. We are perpetually told, and it is true, that if we tax our own corn, we must lay an equal duty on that which comes from abroad. Equally true is it, and for precisely the same reason, that if we tax foreign corn we must levy an equal duty on that which is grown at home. If tithes are a reason for retaining corn laws, corn laws are a reason for retaining tithes. If we relieve English corn from tithes without relieving foreign corn from corn laws, we create a new factitious inequality; we hold out a fresh motive to a disadvantageous employment of labour and capital; and besides, we encourage the breaking up of lands which will be thrown out of culture, and the expenditure of capital which will become useless, as soon as the Corn Laws shall be repealed. Happily that period is near at hand; and happily, too, this is so obvious, that although the landlords, as a body, will, by fair means or foul, do all they can to avert it, neither landlord nor farmer will like to risk much of their own money upon the chance. We do not believe, therefore, that much extension of cultivation will take place. The uncertainty of the Corn Law has long paralysed all such speculations, and will continue to paralyse them as long as any bread-tax exists.

17th April. National Education.—The declarations of Mr. Spring Rice on Monday, and of the Lord Chancellor yesterday, amount to a promise of the very greatest benefit which could be bestowed upon any country at so small an expense—the establishment of Normal Schools. Ministers will atone for a thousand faults by this admirable measure, if the care and pains devoted to superintending its execution, correspond to the good intentions which dictate its adoption.

Doubtless it is important, that additional schools should be established, a greater number of children taught. The diffusion even of merely nominal education has been greatly exaggerated; few persons are aware how large a portion of our people are still destitute of any means of instruction whatever. But the mere *quantity* of teaching is a secondary consideration to the *quality*; and that we believe to be, for the most part, more thoroughly bad, than any one without facts before him

would dare to conjecture. We believe this to be true of all ranks, and all branches of education alike. The youths who attend the London University, must be at least a fair selection from the grammar schools, public and private, in the country ; [and we have heard from teachers in that institution, things which have perfectly amazed us of the ignorance in which the great majority come to them, of all things which are professed to be taught in the schools at which they have been brought up. The elementary schools for the children of the working classes, are still worse. They scarcely even profess to aim at anything more than teaching words ; and words out of a book. No attempt is made to communicate ideas, or call forth the mental faculties. The mind of the teacher is never once brought into contact with the mind of the child. An automaton could do all that is done by such teachers, and all that they are qualified to do. Among the enthusiastic promoters of education who direct the two great School Societies, there are doubtless many who are more or less sensible of the deficiencies of their system, and would gladly amend them ; but the material is wanting : teachers, who even know what it is to teach, are not to be had. School-houses may be had, or money to build them ; all the ‘ properties,’ the mere instruments of teaching, may be complete ; even books, though of them there is a sad deficiency, may be provided : if one good book is written, copies may be multiplied without limit. But it is not brick walls, nor instruments, nor books, nor dead matter that is wanting ; mind must be taught by mind. Most true is the maxim of the Prussian system, ‘ what the teacher is, that will the school be.’ Even if we were to think with the vulgar, that any one who knows a thing can teach it—even so the bulk of the existing schoolmasters could teach nothing, for they know nothing ; no *thing*, no *words* even, except the very words set down in their books. They cannot make their scholars, what they themselves are not. Ask *them* any question, in geography or history for instance, out of the narrow round of questions they are accustomed to put, and you will find them as ignorant as the most untaught of their scholars. Is this doubted ? Put it to the proof.

Is it not extraordinary that Lord Brougham, in his speech of yesterday, and in that other speech which he delivered last session *against* a National Education, should have built up what seemed to him a conclusive argument, out of a mere numerical statement of the increase of schools, and proved to us the sufficiency of individual and undirected exertions, by mere arithmetic ? Are all schools alike, then ? Is it enough that there are places *called* schools, that there is something *called* teaching ? Is it of no consequence what is taught, and how ? We know not why education should be so highly lauded if this be education. What, in itself, is it, to be merely able to read ? But the children do not at present even learn to read. What proportion of those who have been taught

reading can read *fluently*? or have had the meaning of half the words they laboriously spell out, explained to them? Put a book into their hands, and see how many of them will answer that they can only read in the book they are accustomed to. And is this the teaching, the multiplication of which has rendered a national education unnecessary?

Mr. Roebuck, whose advocacy of education, as of every thing else, is that of a person really in earnest about it, has announced for next week, a motion similar to that by which he did so much good last year. But a more important motion still, and one which we trust we shall see him introduce—for of any other of the professing friends of education we have small hope—would be one for an address to the crown, to appoint a commission for ascertaining and reporting upon the quality of the instruction at the various existing schools. Anything less than a public investigation, embracing the whole country, would not suffice. Cases resting on private authority will not do; they will be denied, or represented as exceptions selected to make out a case. The abuses of the Poor Laws would have been so represented, if there had been no Poor Law Commission. But when an inquiry was set on foot, with a real desire to make it an effectual one, the evils which we had heard of as occasional, perhaps even frequent, were found to pervade the whole country; and what proved to be the rare and scattered exceptions, were the cases of good, not those of bad administration. An inquiry is wanted into the state of education, as searching and as comprehensive as that into the administration of the Poor Laws. Until there has been such an inquiry nothing will be done, nor will the public feel the necessity of doing anything, to bring the education of the people generally, under a more active and intelligent superintendence.

Meanwhile the Ministers will deserve high praise, if they are serious in their purpose of establishing Normal Schools. This is at once the most important step towards a national system, and a good in itself of inestimable value. If a scheme for the education of the whole people had already received the sanction of the Legislature, its execution must have waited until an improved race of schoolmasters could be raised up; but if even without founding any schools of our own, we educate teachers for the existing schools to a standard greatly exceeding the present average, we shall, by this single measure, change the whole character of the education of the country. The great school societies would, it is to be hoped, supply themselves with schoolmasters from the Normal Schools; and private teachers not trained at these institutions, could only stand their ground by showing qualifications equal to that high standard which the public would earn to exact.

Normal Schools, sufficient for all the wants of the country might be founded and carried on at a very moderate expense;

and the Chancellor's objection to a national provision for education, that it would put a stop to private subscriptions, would not apply. If the contribution of 20,000*l.* towards building school-houses, has called forth individual subscriptions to more than double the amount, a still greater stimulus would be given to private beneficence if the State were to supply, what is so much greater a desideratum than a place to teach in, masters fit to teach.

Lord Malmesbury, good man, objects to Normal Schools, because 'the founders of charity schools always take care to supply them with proper masters.' We admire the noble Lord's unsuspecting innocence, and are curious to know where he has lived. A suspicion never crossed his ingenuous mind that an inadequate teacher is to be found in the whole country. Any one probably is fit for a schoolmaster according to his ideas, who is able to read. We imagine most of them could stand that test. Meanwhile Lord Malmesbury's *dictum* should stand upon record, that posterity may know what the House of Lords was like. We hope historians will not forget to inform them that he was by no means its most ignorant member. There cannot be fewer than two hundred of their Lordships who are decidedly more ignorant still.

18th April. *Mr. Roebuck and the Times.*—The 'Times,'—which of all newspapers is the most swayed by personal enmity, and which looks upon every one as an enemy to whom it has ever behaved ill, especially every public man who has the impertinence to be successful after it has attempted to ruin him,—has a snarling article this morning upon Mr. Roebuck's motion, which, like all the rest of its conduct towards him, will be remembered as an example of its malice, but not of its power. No one who compares the present position of Mr. Roebuck in the House of Commons, with that which he occupied a year ago—or who can appreciate the complete victory which, by a good use of the advantages of a better cause and a superior knowledge of his subject, he has just obtained over the most redoubted debater in the House—will imagine for a moment that his upward career can now be retarded by a hostility, obviously arising from personal ill-will. A young, and till then obscure individual, coming into Parliament with neither money, rank, connexion, nor previous reputation, allying himself with no party, neither compromising a single opinion, nor courting the favour of one human being, but often injuring himself by giving needless offence—he already occupies a station of honour and importance, both in the House and in the country; he has defied alike Whigs, Tories, and demagogues, yet has extorted respect from them all, and he alone of the young members is rapidly rising in estimation. Having conquered so many obstacles, and achieved the first and most difficult part of a successful career, without aid from any newspaper (most of

his speeches are scarcely reported,) and against the undisguised enmity of so powerful a journal as the 'Times,' he can well afford to disregard that enmity, until it ceases of its own accord; that is, until the 'Times' thinks him of sufficient consequence to be worth courting. It is of excellent example, that he should continue to afford a demonstration of the sufficiency of energy and courage to command success in that House, against the opposition of the press, as well as against every other possible disadvantage.

18th April. The proposed Reform of the Poor Laws.—It is creditable to Ministers that the measure which Lord Althorp yesterday introduced into the House of Commons, departs so little from the recommendations of the Poor Law Commissioners. Wherever it does deviate from them the change is for the worse; nor do we believe that any change would be for the better. The proceedings of that Commission are an example, unique in our history, of sagacity and skill in investigating the innumerable details of a most extensive and complicated subject, and wisdom in devising, for evils which seemed insuperable, remedies which promise the most unhopèd-for success.

Lord Althorp's statement, as we are informed by persons who were present, was unusually clear and cogent. Little or no opposition was made in any quarter; and from the reception which the House gave to the proposition, there is little doubt that it will pass without material alteration. A considerable part of the press has, however, declared hostility to its leading provisions, and in particular the 'Times;' which has more than once touched upon the subject, in a tone calculated to do much mischief, and which has probably had a large share in deterring the Ministry from adopting the recommendations of the Commissioners in their full extent.

The foundation of the Poor Law Report, is the principle upon which all good government, and all justly-constituted society rest; that no person who is able to work, is entitled to be maintained in idleness; or to be put into a better condition, at the expense of the public, than those who contrive to support themselves by their unaided exertions. Any infringement of this principle, whether by rich or poor, is not only immoral, but nine-tenths of the immorality in the world are founded on it. The desire to live upon the labour of others, is at the root of almost all misgovernment, and of most private dishonesty. The inquiries of the Poor Law Commission have afforded melancholy evidence of the extent to which this desire, and the facilities afforded for gratifying it by the administration of the Poor Laws, are demoralizing our rural, and a large portion of our town population; accustoming them to rely for support, not on their own efforts, but on assistance, to be afforded them by the administrators

of a common stock, from which they endeavour by all sorts of fraudulent contrivances to draw as much, and to contribute to it by their labour as little, as their ingenuity and good luck enable them.

To arrest this demoralization, before the labouring population shall be entirely corrupted, and the whole produce of the country swallowed up by the poor rates, is the object of the Commissioners; and they have been able to imagine no means but one; nor (as must be evident) are any others possible. The condition of a pauper must cease to be, as it has been made, an object of desire and envy to the independent labourer. Relief must be given; no one must be allowed to starve; the necessaries of life and health must be tendered to all who apply for them; but to all who are capable of work they must be tendered on such terms, as shall make the necessity of accepting them be regarded as a misfortune; and shall induce the labourer to apply for them only when he cannot help it, and to take the first opportunity of again shifting for himself. To this end, relief must be given only in exchange for labour, and labour at least as irksome and severe as that of the least fortunate among the independent labourers: relief, moreover, must be confined to necessaries. Indulgences, even those which happily the very poorest class of labourers, when in full employment, are able occasionally to allow themselves, must be rigidly withheld.

These objects the Commissioners seek to accomplish, by granting relief to the able-bodied (as a general rule) only within the workhouse; relief at their own houses being an exception, never to be made but upon special grounds. The reason assigned for this, and borne out by the evidence, is, that anywhere but in a workhouse it is quite impossible to make pauper labour efficient. Parish work, as at present conducted, is notoriously, universally, and by the necessity of the case, very much the same thing as total idleness. Even when set to work on the roads, a kind of labour susceptible of more easy and efficient superintendence than most others, it is found impracticable to exact from the paupers much more than nominal work. In the workhouse alone can the life of a pauper, consistently with an ample supply of necessaries, be rendered other than enviable, as compared with the hard labour and poor fare of those who find their own subsistence. Yet against this fundamental principle of all Poor Law Reform have the 'Times' and other papers raised the cry of inhumanity. They call it treating poverty as a crime. It is but making pauperism no longer a piece of good fortune.

The spirit manifested by the newspapers is exactly similar to that which the Commissioners say they have met with in almost all the parties to whom they addressed their printed queries. They found every where the bitterest complaints of the present system, the most alarming predictions of universal ruin if

it be persevered in, and the most vehement objections to the adoption of any remedy. People seemed to expect that evils, which were threatening the subversion of society, should be extirpated without causing the most trifling, the most momentary inconvenience to anybody. The newspapers expect the same thing. They look for ends, and will consent to no means. Thus, the 'Times' assents to the principle that the independent labourer must be better off than the pauper; and yet accuses the Commissioners of making poverty a crime, for proposing simply this very thing. How, we beg to know, is the independent labourer to be better off than the pauper, and yet the pauper no worse off than the independent labourer? If pauperism is to be made undesirable, that may always be called treating it as a crime. Not one hint does the writer in the 'Times' give, of any other means of making pauperism undesirable, but those which the Commissioners suggest. He must have known that they did not make the suggestion lightly. When men of rare acquirements and talents, with unlimited access to information, have employed more than two years in the most diligent examination and study of the subject in all its bearings—one who does not pretend to know more of the subject than we all know, is at least bound, if he disputes their conclusion, to be prepared to answer their case.

The Ministry, however, have been so far influenced by these unreasonable objections, as to depart in some degree from the propositions of the Poor Law Report. The Commissioners proposed, that, after a certain time, say two years, relief to the able-bodied, anywhere but in the workhouse, should, as a general rule, be unlawful; and, in the mean time, the Central Board were invested with the power of erecting workhouses, to receive such persons as from choice or necessity should remain paupers after that period. Lord Althorp's Bill fixes no time after which out-door relief is to be prohibited: it gives indeed to the Central Board, the power of prohibiting, or regulating the conditions of, such relief, but not the power to erect workhouses, except with the consent of the parish. On the other hand, the Bill provides (which the plan of the Commissioners did not) that the allowance system, *i. e.* relief in aid of wages, shall cease on the 1st of June, 1835. On that day, therefore, a very large proportion of the labouring population will have to make choice, either to go off the parish entirely, or to become, not inmates of a workhouse, for there will perhaps be neither workhouses to receive them nor power to send them thither, but paupers receiving out-door relief. Very few would have made their voluntary election for the former kind of pauperism; very many, it is to be feared, will have no objection to the latter. The reform which it is hoped to accomplish in the habits of the rural population, will thus be indefinitely retarded; the difficulty of subsequently abolishing out-door relief, probably much augmented; and the measure exposed to much local un-

popularity, by producing, as it will at first, an increase, perhaps, instead of a diminution of the poor-rates.

Against these evils, our sole reliance is on the extent of discretionary power still confided to the Central Board; even pared down as that power has been, in deference to a short-sighted clamour against what is really the hinge upon which the whole measure turns. Would not one imagine that it had been proposed to invest some body of functionaries with new and unheard-of powers? instead of merely placing under the controul of a few conspicuous, responsible, and carefully selected officers, free from local interests, and inaccessible to local intimidation, the very powers which are now exercised without controul by several thousands of petty jobbing local bodies, under every temptation to abuse which the case admits of, without any acquaintance with the principles of the subject, and virtually irresponsible even to an effective public opinion? Without a Central Board, the framing and administering of a new system would be left, to whom? To the very authorities whose mismanagement has rendered a new system necessary. The very people who did the mischief would be the chosen instruments for administering, and in part devising, the remedy! But this is the spirit of that liberty, which, being different from that of any other people, is called 'English liberty.' An English patriot of the old school reserves all his jealousy of power, for power in hands of the general government: he is terrified at the thought of confiding to them, or to persons appointed by them, functions, of which he sees every day, without indignation, the most wanton and flagrant abuse by some paltry knot of incapable or interested persons in his own neighbourhood. A jobbing corporation, or a jobbing vestry, may systematically plunder the public to give lucrative contracts to their own members; and when it is proposed to place any check upon these malversations, we are gravely told, that English liberty requires the people to manage their own affairs; management by the people meaning management by a little section of the people; and management of their own affairs being management of the affairs of some thousands of other persons. Happily, these prejudices, which but lately were nearly universal, are rapidly wearing away: and we may soon hope to see acknowledged, what it is wonderful should ever be denied; that if France errs by too much centralization, we err as grossly by having too little; and that no country can be well governed, unless every branch of its local administration, by whomsoever carried on, is closely and vigilantly looked after by the central government, itself duly responsible to the nation at large. Because in England it is no part of the business of the central government to keep any functionaries to their duty, except those appointed by itself; and because it does not appoint those by whom the far greatest part of the real government of the coun-

try is performed; therefore are we, in proportion to our degree of civilisation, the very worst administered country in Europe. Where there is a free press, and a well-constituted representative body, the danger is not in giving too much, but too little controul, to the functionaries who are under the eye of the general public, over those who are not. If there is a principle in politics which all experience confirms, it is this—that popular controul never acts purely, intelligently; or vigorously, except on a large scale.

19th April. Government by brute force.—This country is threatened at present with almost the only danger by which its safety and tranquillity can, in the existing aspect of the times, be seriously compromised—an absurd interference with Trades' Unions. The newspapers, with their usual recklessness, have laboured to create an excitement on the subject; and though the Government have not announced any definite intentions, a hundred little symptoms have shown the *animus* by which they are possessed, and which needs only last a little longer to prepare them for any folly. There are a kind of persons who, when once they begin inflaming one another, will go any length, and talk themselves up to any pitch of irrationality.

The uncalled-for interference of the Admiralty, on the occasion of the coopers' strike, was of little importance in itself, but of much from the spirit which dictated it. If, in a country where the poor and the rich never know each other but either in the relation of charity or in that of hostility, any government could possess the confidence of the working people, that confidence would have been justly forfeited by this single act. When different sections of the community have clashing interests, and are ranged under hostile banners, the proper place of a government is not in the ranks of either body, but between them. A government which abdicates its legitimate office of a mediator and peace-maker, and assumes that of an auxiliary on either side, no matter in how innocent a manner or in how limited a degree, not only steps out of its province, but unfits itself for its proper duty; precludes itself from being listened to as an impartial and unprejudiced friend; and can no longer interfere with effect at all, unless by throwing its sword into the scale of one or other party.

Immediately after this unthinking proceeding, and Sir James Graham's defence of it, came the sentence of seven years' transportation upon six Dorsetshire labourers, under a sleeping statute, which nobody dreamed of, and which was not known to be applicable to the case. The attempt to prevent any demonstration of public opinion in behalf of these poor men, by hurrying them out of the country, has signally failed. Petition succeeds petition, and meeting succeeds meeting, in their behalf. Their case has become the popular question, the inflammatory topic of the day.

And now, in defence of the conduct of Ministers in not remitting the sentence, comes a speech from Lord Howick, in a more reprehensible and a more dangerous spirit than all that went before.

Report characterizes Lord Howick as an intelligent and a well-meaning man: we should not have inferred him to be either from this specimen of his statesmanship. His speech amounts to a declaration of open hostilities. A member having alluded to the melancholy conflict at Lyons, as an example of the consequences of attempting to coerce Trades' Unions, Lord Howick said that he derived from those occurrences a directly opposite lesson; that he saw in them the fatal consequences, not of interference, but of being too tardy and backward in interference.

Lord Howick may have any private theory he pleases about the events of Lyons. No person's individual absurdities are any concern to the public. But if a government, which, like that of France, absolutely prohibits *all* combinations among workmen; which but the other day made a law to put down all societies whatever, not licensed by its own police; which had just before condemned some Paris operatives to three years' imprisonment for belonging to a Trades' Union; and which has now brought upon the second city in the empire the horrors of a five days struggle of life and death, by attempting to punish the leaders of a strike, after the strike was terminated;—if the government which did this, did not, in the opinion of our Ministers, interfere enough; if they erred by not taking their measures earlier, or more vigorously; if our Ministers have taken warning from them, and are resolved not to be guilty of a like error;—why then it is time for every Englishman, who has the means, to provide himself with a musket: for there is no knowing how soon the consequences of such a policy may leave him destitute of any other protection.

Whoever is to blame for the Lyons' catastrophe, it most deeply concerns the Ministry that no similar one should take place here. Government by the sword will not succeed in this country. England, like France, may, by the imperiousness of power, or the desperation of cowardice, be plunged into civil war, but not, as in France, with impunity.

Our Ministers never, surely, had their equals in the art of converting a small difficulty into a great one. They had only to let the Trades' Unions alone. It was well worth the partial stoppage of two or three branches of trade, to let the experiment be tried fairly, what Unions can do. They have at present no ulterior designs; and if they had, would be utterly powerless for carrying those designs into effect. But, give them a grievance; let them have cause to believe themselves injured; let them be bound together by a sense of wrongs, and taught to regard the overthrow of existing institutions as the means of obtaining a

fair field for pursuing a just end by just means—and they will be formidable indeed.

We do not pretend that they ought to be tolerated in using compulsion, either against employers or fellow-workmen. If, as we believe often happens when outrages are committed, the reluctance of the operatives to inform against each other renders it impossible to bring the perpetrators to justice, this is a valid ground for enforcing such restraints, of the nature of police regulations, as may render the commission of such offences more difficult, or detection more easy.

Anything more would be wholly unjustifiable. There has been much cant about tyrannizing over masters, because the workmen chose to annex conditions to the contract by which they agreed to labour for the profit of others. The conditions might be foolish, or they might be wise; but, whatever they were, the men had a perfect right to insist upon them, as long as they neither had nor sought any means of enforcing the requisition but by exercising their undoubted right of refusing to work. If they had said they would not work for less than five hundred a year each, it would have been silly enough, but surely no tyranny. The language in which the demands of the Unions were made, is said to have been, at times, overbearing. This is neither more nor less foolish or reprehensible, than an equally offensive style when used by employers. From vulgar minds in either rank, we must expect vulgar pretensions. But until, in the progress of cultivation, insolence shall become an unfrequent accompaniment of power, we ought to rejoice that one side has no longer the monopoly of it. Any relation is preferable to that in which one party may inflict, and the other must bear. When both can presume, both are near to feeling the good of forbearance.

To suggest the proper precautions against the offences liable to arise from 'Trades' Unions, local experience is requisite. One regulation which could not fail to be useful, would be the enforcement of publicity. We see no reason why all associations should not be declared illegal, whose statutes are not registered in some public office. The enactment under which the Dorsetshire labourers were convicted, was, we think, a salutary one. The hardship was in not remitting their sentence, when the trial had given the requisite publicity to the law. Promissory oaths are bad enough when imposed for state purposes, and by the authority of the Legislature. It is out of the question that individuals should be permitted to impose upon others, even with their consent, a religious obligation to persevere in conduct of which their consciences may cease to approve. But the Unions are not wedded to these mischievous ceremonies. It was enough to promulgate the fact that they were illegal. The trial at

Dorchester has acted as a promulgation, and the word has gone forth throughout the country to discontinue the oaths. The only rational object of the sentence has been attained; yet the cry of the people for a remission of the sentence is unheeded.

Lord Howick argues that though the labourers may not have known of the particular statute, or of the penalty, they knew that they were doing wrong; else why did they take an oath of secrecy? If it is upon such logic as this that unoffending peasants have been torn from their homes, and doomed to the punishment and to the fellowship of the refuse of gaols, those who sent them richly deserve to take their place. Is Lord Howick so ignorant of the rudiments of the subject on which he presumes to talk, as not to know that, although the Trades' Unions were never before brought under one general organization, the Unions themselves existed, and their regulations were adopted, at a time when the very fact of belonging to a Union, or being concerned in a strike, was an offence by statute? Need we ask a member of the British Legislature if laws are always abrogated the moment the reason for them has ceased? Yet, a man who could not make this obvious reflection, sets up a shallow conceit of his own against the general belief of the whole country that the members of Trades' Unions did not know, did not believe the oaths to be illegal. Illegal or not, that they believed them to be wrong, a person's mind must be in a curious state who can surmise: and even if they did, are you to pounce upon men unawares with legal penalties, on the assumption that they know they are doing wrong? Then all *ex post facto* penal laws are justified; for no one dared ever propose such a law, unless he thought, or affected to think, that the nature of the offence itself was a sufficient warning of its criminality.

We cannot quit the subject without adverting to a flagrant misrepresentation in the 'Times,' respecting the strike now taking place at Derby; on which there has been some controversy between that paper and Mr. Robert Owen. It is generally known to those who have attended to the subject, though not perhaps to the public, that, in the present instance, the suspension of work was not the act of the workmen, but of the manufacturers; a numerous body of whom, on learning that a Trades' Union had been established, agreed to refuse employment to all who were members of it. The 'Times,' however, in direct contradiction to the fact, represents the strike as having originated with the men. 'A considerable body,' says that journal, (14th April,) 'of the workmen of Derby *struck for wages* which their masters could not grant. They were accordingly discharged, as belonging to the hostile Union, and other persons were found willing to occupy their places at the wages which they *refused to take*.' This being denied by Mr. Owen, the 'Times' reiterated the assertion, and affirmed that, on inquiry, he would find that before the

masters resolved upon discharging all men belonging to the Union, an attempt had been made by that body to impose conditions on the masters. We found it difficult to believe that such an assertion would have been made without some foundation in fact, and we therefore applied for information to a Derby manufacturer, who is not a party to the combination of the masters, and whose workmen, though they belong to the Union, have not ceased to work. He states positively that no advance of wages has been demanded; that the turn-out was solely by the masters; and that the 'printed tariff of wages, and list of other conditions,' which the 'Times' speaks of, never existed as an act of the Union, nor, to his knowledge, at all. He also (though this is of less importance) contradicts another assertion of the Times, that the masters 'gave their workmen a considerable time to consider the steps which they were taking, before they invited other hands from the country to supply their place.' The new hands were invited immediately, though, of course, some time elapsed before they could arrive.

We do not attempt to account for this perversion of the truth. It is difficult to imagine any sufficient motive in the case, for being guilty of it wilfully. The assertion was probably made at first rashly and in ignorance, and the writer afterwards had not candour to own that he had been in the wrong.

22d April. The Church-rate abortion.—During the first week after the reassembling of parliament, Ministers were beginning to regain some of their lost reputation; but they have not known how to keep it long: yesterday has swept it away. In spite of many good deeds, their character is always bankrupt. The moment they see a balance accumulating in their favour, they make such large draughts upon it, that they have soon overdrawn their account. Lord Althorp's astonishment at the ill reception of this emanation of his legislative wisdom by the organs of the Dissenters in the House, was curious enough. Could a person live in England, and look round him, and expect any thing else? But when Lord Althorp looks round him, he sees only a few Whig families, and his officials in Downing-street. In every other street in London it would be considered self-evident, that when a government waits and does nothing until the whole country is preparing to refuse a tax, taking off only half the tax will no longer do.

This is no fiscal question: it is not pecuniary relief that is demanded. The Dissenters object to being taxed at all, for the support of a favoured sect: they do not complain of paying too much, but of paying any thing. Was it likely, then, that because a part of the tax, which was expended, it seems, on mere superfluities, is to be remitted, they would submit, not only to paying the remainder, but to having it fixed upon them for ever, and losing the power of controuling it by their votes in the vestry, or

even by a vote of the House of Commons? Mr. Stanley says, if there is to be a Church Establishment, the churches must be kept in repair by the State; for (he actually said it) keeping the churches in repair, is the meaning of having a Church Establishment. If that be true, it will be no injury to the Church Establishment not to pay the clergy; who we hope will give up their revenues, and in return we will engage to vote as much for repairing the churches as will give Mr. Stanley full satisfaction. But while the Church retains those national endowments, the possession of which is every day more and more strongly contested against her, the least which the people will be content with, even as a temporary compromise, is that she shall not ask from them any thing out of their own pockets besides. She must pay her expenses out of her own funds, which are amply sufficient to afford it; or, if that be contested, it is a poor compliment to the Church, if, while the Dissenting sects willingly maintain without any compulsion each of them its own Church Establishment, the sect to which almost all the richest families in the country belong cannot raise by voluntary offerings even a small supplementary contribution towards the support of theirs. If such be the fact, the established sect must be the feeblest and least numerous of the sects; and is convicted of only making up its account of numbers, by crediting itself with the great multitude of those who care for no religion at all.

The minority against the Ministerial project was 141; and the debate was one of the most spirited of the session. Mr. Whittle Harvey's denunciation of the trimming policy of Ministers was highly effective. Mr. Gisborne, one of the most consistent and earnest reformers in the House, and one who is not, like many of the liberal members, afraid to utter a word which may be unpalatable to the enemies of his opinions, made a simple, straightforward, and unpretending declaration of hostility to the principle of a Church Establishment. We wonder when any of the little knot of philosophic radicals, those of them we mean who really are of Mr. Gisborne's opinion, will have the courage to say as much. We believe they will be nearly the last men in parliament to avow publicly the opinion which they were perhaps the first to adopt.

24th April. The Beer-houses.—We have not been sparing of animadversions upon a speech of Lord Howick, in a former page of these notes: it is the more imperative on us to acknowledge that he yesterday spoke the first few words of common sense which have been uttered this year, upon a subject on which, during the whole session, Whigs, Tories, and professed Reformers, have vied with one another in loathsome cant, and truckling to interested clamour. Most truly did Lord Howick say that if there is a real wish to raise the morality of the labouring classes, the way to do it is to retrace that course of bad legislation and bad administra-

tion, by which, for the last thirty years, we have systematically demoralized them; and of which the prime authors and agents have been the unpaid magistracy, who now, because the beer-houses are not under their arbitrary power, have raised a hue and cry against their pretended immorality. When we have surrounded a whole people with circumstances which, unless they were angels, *must* render them immoral; when, by the administration of the Poor Laws, we have placed them in a position in which none of the ordinary motives to good conduct can act upon them; when we have deprived them of almost every innocent amusement; when, by stopping up foot-paths and inclosing commons, we are every year excluding them more and more even from the beauties of nature; when, by our savage punishments for killing the game we tempt them with for our amusement, we have made our gaols little better than what the bitter patrician sarcasm of Appius Claudius termed the Roman prisons, the *domicilium plebis*; when, by whatever we have attempted, for them or against them, well meant or ill meant, we have been constantly labouring to alienate them from us, it is with a good grace, is it not, that, after letting loose the torrent, we attempt to dam it up with a straw? Make the people dishonest, make them disaffected, and then fancy that dishonesty and disaffection will be at fault for want of a place to meet in! With one hand turn virtue out of doors, and with the other try to refuse an entrance to vice!

We admit no title in a government like ours, or in higher classes such as ours, to legislate for the morals of the people. They do not know enough of the people. They do not feel enough with the people. Nobody is qualified to be a censor over the — morals of persons whose ways of thinking, whose feelings, whose position, whose very means of living and daily occupations, he does not understand. All the judgments of our higher classes respecting the working people, are made in ignorance of the essential circumstances. Nine out of ten of those judgments, though clothed, even to the parties themselves, with the disguise of morality and conscience, originate in some interest or some fear relating not to those whom they persuade themselves that they are concerned for, not to the higher classes themselves. Their attempts to exercise a guardianship over public morals by acts of parliament, always end in some curtailment of the people's liberty, never in any improvement of their morality. Does not even the Chancellor propose, and think himself extremely moderate for proposing no more, that the poor shall be excluded from the pleasures of social enjoyment, by being prevented from drinking their beer in the only place where they can ever meet for social purposes, the place where they buy it? We can conceive few regulations more exasperating, to any population not accustomed to be trampled on and treated like dirt, than that which Lord Brougham recommends, and claims credit for having always advocated.

We object altogether to these attempts to be religious and moral at the expense of the working people. Let us first mend our own ways. Let us enable ourselves to stand erect without shame in the presence of the immorality which we complain of, by washing our hands of all participation in producing it. Let us cease to make vice by wholesale, and we may leave off this silly skirmishing with it in detail. Make it the labourer's interest to be frugal and temperate, and you will not need to make his cottage his prison, in order to keep him from wasting his wages and getting drunk. Accustom him to look to himself and not to you for his means of subsistence, and he will not go out at night, either from his cottage or from the beer-house, to fire your stacks because you do not give him enough. But continue to sow tares and you need not expect to reap wheat. Go on teaching the labourer that his wages are to be regulated by his wants, not by the market value of his labour, and he will consider you a robber and an oppressor if your wants are better cared for than his. Let him know that if he spends all you will give him more, if he saves anything you will give him nothing, and he must be a fool, on any worldly calculation, if he denies himself any indulgence within his reach. We do not say, reform all your dealings with the poor; we are not such visionaries as to expect it: we say, reform the Poor Laws alone; try the effect of that for two or three years, and, in heaven's name, a truce with the beer-house purism for that period.

25th April. Repeal of the Union.—The first person who drove a coach with six horses, was thought a wonderful man; and so was the first person who spoke for six hours. But after him of the coach-and-six, came he of the coach-and-eight; and coaches and six became very ordinary phenomena. So true is it, that man has never yet done that which man may not hope to surpass! No one has yet tried the daring experiment of an eight hours' speech, and it is still a problem whether mortal ears can stay and listen for so long. But Lord Brougham's achievement has been now proved to be nothing extraordinary. He has met with his equals in Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Spring Rice, and no unworthy rival even in Mr. Emerson Tennent. The two former gentlemen spoke each an entire night, the latter two-thirds of one. We know not if all the rest of the debate is to be upon this scale, or if the remaining 103 Irish members intend to bestow an equally large share of their wisdom and eloquence upon the House. If so, we shall not have to trouble our readers with any more Notes for several months to come. In the mean time, we will venture on a few words, which we are certain will not be said by any one who will vote either for Mr. O'Connell's motion, or for Mr. Spring Rice's amendment; and which, although they can be said in less than six hours, are, we think, more to the point than any part of what it took each of the above gentlemen all night to say.

The object of those who call for a repeal of the Legislative Union is, to have all the advantages of being united with England and Scotland without paying any part of the price. They wish to be defended by British money and British troops; to have their produce admitted duty free into the British market, while that of all other nations is excluded; to have all the rights of citizenship throughout the British dominions; to have all offices and honours open to them in the more powerful country; to have their indigent population subsisted, and found in money to pay their rents, with the bread which they take out of the mouths of British labourers; all this they want to have, and along with it the power to vote no more taxes than they please, and govern themselves as they please, without our having any right to be consulted. Now, these are not terms which will suit us: we must decline bearing all the burthens of the connexion, and leaving to Mr. O'Connell and his associates all the benefits. We are ready for either extreme, only ~~this~~ unhappy medium will not do for us. Great Britain and Ireland shall either be one country or they shall be two countries; only they shall not be the one or the other according as it suits Mr. O'Connell. They must be one people, united under one legislature and one executive, or all connexion must cease, and England and Ireland become as foreign to one another as England and France. If we were wise, we should prefer the latter side of the alternative for our own sake; if we were honest, we should choose the former side of it for the sake of Ireland.

We have never been able to understand the vast benefits which Great Britain is supposed to derive from her connexion with Ireland. Her commerce we should have, if the two countries were separated; the interests of the Irish landlords would not allow them to deprive themselves of the principal vent for their produce. Financially we not only gain nothing by the connexion, but it is the heaviest of the burthens we have to bear; half our army is kept up solely on account of Ireland; a full third of it is constantly stationed in the country. If it be as a military post that the possession of Ireland is deemed important, it would cost us less to conquer the island at the beginning of every war, than it costs us in a very few years to govern it in time of peace.

But we have no right to keep a nation in leading-strings till she has a giant's strength, teach her by our perverse treatment all quarrelsome and rebellious and ungovernable propensities, and then let her loose to do herself a mischief. We have been far too guilty in our treatment of Ireland, to be entitled to shake her off, and let her alone abide the consequences of our misconduct. We are bound not to renounce the government of Ireland, but to govern her well; if indeed we are too weak or too base for that, rather than continue to govern her as we have done, we ought to leave her to herself. And perhaps we have let the time slip away.

By governing Ireland ill for so many centuries, we have made it so difficult to govern her well, that we *may* be compelled to renounce the attempt.

When one country, and, as the case implies, a less civilized one, falls under the power of another, there are but two courses which can rationally be taken with her. She is either fit to be incorporated with the more powerful country, to be placed in a state of perfect equality with her, and treated as part of herself, or it is best for her to be governed despotically, as a mere province. Either Ireland was sufficiently advanced in civilisation to be fit for the same kind of government for which we were fit, and if so she ought to have been treated exactly like Scotland or Yorkshire; or she was in that stage of advancement at which absolute subjection to a more civilized and a more energetic people, is a state more favourable to improvement than any government which can be framed out of domestic materials; and if so, she ought to have been governed like India, by English functionaries, under responsibility to the English Parliament. She would then have been habituated to government on fixed principles, not by arbitrary will; would at an early period have obtained security to person and property; would have rapidly advanced in all the arts of life; would have known the protection of law, and learned to value it. She would have become civilized, would have acquired all those qualifications for self-government she now has not, and would long ere this have either achieved her independence by a successful contest like the United States, or been admitted to real, not nominal, equality, as an integral part of the kingdom of Great Britain.

But we, as usual, took that middle course which so often unites the evils of both extremes with the advantages of neither. We did *not* govern Ireland as a province of England, but we *did* put the military force of England at the disposal of an indigenous oligarchy, and delivered to their tender mercies, bound hand and foot, the rest of the people. We did not give the people, in lieu of their savage independence, the despotism of a more cultivated people; we left them their own barbarous rulers, but lent to those barbarians the strength of our civilisation to keep the many in subjection. In this one pervading error, not to call it crime, lies the philosophy of Irish history. A country may be improved by freedom; or it may be improved by being brought under the power of a superior people: the greater part of the Roman empire was raised from a comparatively savage state by being brought under Roman dominion. But there is not an instance in history of a native government supported by foreign force, which did not become a curse to its subjects. The best government which the mind of the nation can produce, may be a very bad one; but if it be relieved from the only check upon a bad government, the dread of its subjects; if it be propped up by the military strength of

a more powerful people, who allow it to govern as it pleases, and only step in to shield it from the consequences, there is generated a prodigy of odious tyranny, such as in no other combination of circumstances could possibly exist. It is so found in the native states of India, a country in many respects bearing no slight resemblance to Ireland; and that it has been so found in Ireland, the whole of Irish history, and the habits of the whole Irish people, high and low together, bear witness.

By persisting in this wretched system from century to century, we have lost the opportunity of preparing the Irish nation for self-government. They have not acquired that experience of lawful rule, and that reverence for law, without which no people can be any thing but, according to their physical temperament, savages or slaves. In England, notwithstanding the defects of our laws and of their administration, the law, if thought of at all, is always thought of as the shield of the oppressed. In Ireland it has never been known but as an additional engine in the hands of the oppressor. This is not declamation or exaggeration, but a matter-of-fact statement of the feeling which is in the people's minds. What they want is, what they have never yet had, protection for the weak against the strong. When they have had this for a sufficient time, they will be ripe for every other political benefit; but that is the condition which must precede all others. That benefit they would even now most readily obtain, if they were treated as an English province; if all the powers of government in the island were in the hands of functionaries responsible to England alone, and not one of whom should be an Irishman.

But this cannot be. Though the habits of civilisation, and its powers, are far from always propagating themselves by proximity, its aspirations do. We have managed to prevent Ireland from being ripe for self-government; we have not been able to prevent her from demanding it. Communication with England has stimulated the democratic spirit to a premature growth, before the country had reached the point of advancement at which that spirit grows up spontaneously. And we, instead of employing our opportunities to hasten forward the civilisation of Ireland, have, by our deplorable misgovernment, left her far more destitute of the feelings, ideas, and modes of conduct of a civilized people, than she probably would have been if we had managed her avowedly as an estate for our own benefit. We now find her in that unhappy state, *quâ nec mala nec remedia ferre potest*; unfit for freedom, yet resolved to be no longer enslaved. And in that state we seem likely to leave her; for as there appears no prospect, for a long time to come, of our finding statesmen who can apply intellects above those of babies to the government of a country which, like ours, could go on almost without any government at all—it is vain to hope for such as shall redeem a people for whom every thing is

still to be done, for whom every thing has first to be undone ; among whom opinion and conscience and habit, instead of doing, as with us, much more for the ends of government than government itself, are more obstacles than helps ; a people whose national character has run wild, and in many of its most important elements has yet to be created ; and, to crown all, who have (and no wonder if they have) the strongest prejudices against the only rulers from whom any kind of good government, of which in their present state they are susceptible, can easily come.

It will be far rather the good fortune of Ireland than our merit, if a connexion, hitherto so unprofitable to both countries, shall be able to subsist until a new wisdom shall arise in the councils of England, and the means of rendering our influence in Ireland a blessing to the Irish people shall be sought with sincerity, and with a determined purpose that when found they shall be employed.

A.

THE REVOLUTIONARY EPIC.*

If "Disraeli the Younger" be a child of genius, he is a spoiled child, and must, we suppose, be allowed, or at any rate he seems disposed to take, the privileges with which that character has, from time immemorial, been invested. It is only a year ago since he proclaimed that the reign of rhyme was over, argued that metre was less meet than it used to be, declared himself averse from all verse, and founded a new style of prose harmonics for the use of this, our new literary era. And now he comes forth with the commencement of a regular epic, to consist of we know not how many books of blanks, with all the customary paraphernalia, the established scenery and machinery, dresses, and decorations. He will go forward before us all, and he will go backward behind us all. But let us hear his own account of the matter.

'It was on the plains of Troy that I first conceived the idea of this work. Wandering over that illustrious scene, surrounded by the tombs of heroes, and by the confluence of poetic streams, my musing thoughts clustered round the memory of that immortal song to which all creeds and countries alike respond, which has vanquished chance, and defies time. Deeming myself, (perchance too rashly,) in that excited hour, a poet, I cursed the destiny that had placed me in an age that boasted of being anti-poetical. And while my fancy thus struggled with my reason, it flashed across my mind, like the lightning which was then playing over Ida, that, in those great poems which rise, the pyramids of poetic art, amid the falling and the fading splendour of less creations, the poet hath ever embodied the spirit of his time. Thus, the most heroic inci-

* The Revolutionary Epick: the work of Disraeli the younger,—Moxon.

dent of an heroic age, produced in the Iliad an heroic epick ; thus, the consolidation of the most superb of empires, produced in the Æneid a political epick ; the revival of learning, and the birth of vernacular genius, presented us, in the Divine Comedy, with a national epick ; and the reformation and its consequences called from the rapt lyre of Milton a religious epick.

‘ And the spirit of my time, shall it alone be uncelebrated ?

‘ Standing upon Asia, and gazing upon Europe, with the broad Hellespont alone between us, and the shadow of night descending on the mountains, these mighty continents appeared to me, as it were, the rival principles of government, that at present contend for the mastery of the world. “ What ! ” I exclaimed, “ is the revolution of France a less important event than the siege of Troy ? Is Napoleon a less interesting character than Achilles ? For me remains the revolutionary epick. ” ’—*Preface.*

This is splendid writing, such as the author can pour forth whenever he pleases ; a jet of glittering silver ; and yet the fallacy is evident on the very surface. Epic poems, like pyramids, are built up in peaceful times ; though they, the poems at least, may imply previous storms. It makes no difference, that, with the last two poets, the peace was that of defeat and hopelessness ; while Homer, probably, rejoiced in the passing of the heroic state into more organized government, as Virgil certainly did in the consolidation of the imperial rule : not one of them wrote during the period of transition : nor can it ever be that so high and intense a soul as is required for the achievement of an epic poem, should construct such poem while the great conflict is raging by which society is regenerated in new forms. Minds of this order are ever *in* the conflict. Ask for them then, and

The Minstrel Boy to the wars is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him ;
His father's sword he has girded on,
His wild harp slung behind him.

And there it hangs till the fight is over ; or, if sounded at all, it is in some brief war-song that shall stimulate the combatants, or some low wail that mourns the fallen, or some snatch of tenderness and beauty that shows duty not to have extinguished nature. To say and sing the whole long story of the war, with due symphony and accompaniments, episodes and descriptions, is quite an after work : for the time, the best bard has other business ; and so has Disraeli, if his be the true vocation to a revolutionary epic. He should not have thought of it *yet*. Chaos can only be sung after creation. Neither the world nor the bard is ripened for an epic of the times, while the times are only those of transition. Epics are not revolutionary.

It is, perhaps, a question, whether there will ever be any more epics. It is not impossible that prose fiction has so far succeeded to their functions and domain, as to preclude, finally, the restoration of any heir of that ancient legitimate dynasty.

However that may be, this is not, we apprehend, the epic that is to come, if there be one to come. Disraeli was probably born a poet. There are indications, in most of his writings, of a noble nature; but, as before said, he has been spoiled,—spoiled by that cleaving curse of our country, the spirit of aristocracy. He fears sneers and smiles, and affects heartlessness. Vivian Grey was alike a premature production, in its abundance of talent, and its want of earnestness. Contarini Fleming is much nearer the spirit in which such a being as Disraeli *should* have commenced his career. It seemed as if nature were struggling within him against the blighting influences of society. *Alroy*, which is a gorgeous fit of orientalism, (not *Jewish* at all, despite genealogy,) was rather a relapse: there was a return towards artificiality: and here he is blundering, both in design and execution. In design, because, from the strong necessity of his nature, he who is capable of singing a revolution, must be employed in making the revolution; and in execution, on the same principle, because he is resting on forms outworn, obsolete, and not objects of even poetical faith, either to the writer or the reader. The epics are all pervaded by the simple earnestness of their authors. If it were needful for Disraeli to put a preface to his fable, he should, in his own person, have declared his own strong convictions of the present condition, the past vicissitudes, and the future prospects of society: his lofty strains would then have had responsive echoes; but Magros or Tag-ros, Lyridon or Derrydown,—who cares about any of their tribe? Who wants to hear angels, with wings and helmets, make long speeches before the throne of Demogorgon? The Revolutionary Epic must be a revolution in epicry: it must be written in a new faith, which *is* believed; not in an old faith, which is *not* believed. There can never be intensity again, in the stale machinery which is here adopted.

The poem opens with the pleadings before Demogorgon, of Magros, the genius of feudalism, (which are presented in this first book,) and those of his ascending rival, Lyridon, the genius of federalism, which are to follow in the second book, when Demogorgon will pronounce judgment, and the earthly harlequinade commence. Many isolated passages have so much beauty, that we should be tempted to transcribe them, but for the brief space to which this notice is necessarily confined. They cannot redeem the erroneousness of the plan; but they make it a ‘glorious blunder,’ as Byron said of the universe. The author declares that, supposing the public to decide against this specimen of his poem, ‘he shall, without a pang, hurl his lyre to limbo.’ We would not have him do that, nor suppress any portion which he has actually written. But, as to completing it,—it can but be a failure; and failures always make us melancholy. Disraeli, himself, seems to us in danger of being a failure,—a failure of Nature, in a work as boldly conceived as his own; yet we cannot and will

not despair of him. Let him go into parliament; let him fall in love; let him be converted, and go out into heathen lands as a missionary; let him head an insurrection in some country where oppression is too grievous to be borne; let him do, be, or suffer anything that will give singleness of aim, concentration, intensity, to his great and varied faculties, and he will then be redeemed to the high destiny to which he was born.

OPINIONS OF THE NON-PETITIONING PUBLIC ON CHURCH REFORM.

By the Writer of Daily Bread and Deliverance from Evil.

AFTER the determination of the Aristocracy to abide by the Corn Laws, what are our hopes of Church Reform from the present Ministry? They are summed up in a proverb, which we have either heard or invented—‘Blessed is the man who expecteth little, verily *he* shall not disappointed.’ We have as little doubt about the timidity of the Whigs, as about the obstinacy of the Church. The Lord Chancellor will not have the courage to bring forward any Church Reform, of which he cannot say to Archbishops and Bishops, Deans and Chapters, in the set form of Convocation, *Placetne vobis, Domini Doctores?** *Placetne vobis Magistri?* and the High Church will have the obstinacy to prefer swimming on with the evils temporal and spiritual which are destroying it, to getting rid of the danger by an effectual Reform. It is only an insufficient and ineffective Church Reform about which Convocation will answer the Lord Chancellor, *Placet nobis, Dominis Doctoribus. Placet nobis, Magistris.*

With hardly a single exception we have no confidence in Episcopal sincerity. We would abide by the secret opinions, temporal and spiritual, of many on the Bench. But in their public professions, *coûte qui coûte*, we place little faith. What can be said of an Evangelical Bishop, deprecating the name of Watts, the Dissenter, whom even the High Church Doctor delighted to honour, appearing on the minutes of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge? What can be said of a political Bishop deprecating the children of Irish Protestants and Catholics being taught together some of the thousand things about which they may learn to agree. What shall be said of a latitudinarian Bishop enforcing on the clergy of his diocese, the reading of that Athanasian creed, which pronounces of all, save only the extreme orthodox, ‘without doubt they shall perish everlastingly.’ Of the Government which sacrifices Church and State to the opinions and interests of such men we will venture a prophecy. A little while, and the Whigs were teaching the people to sneer at the Church. A

* Does it please, you, Lords Doctors? Does it please you, Regent Masters?

little while, and the Whigs will be again neglecting a great opportunity of removing all ground of sneering from the Church. Yet a little while, and the Whigs will be the victims, after having been the champions, of the Church. The fangs and claws they dare not pare will turn and rend them. They will be taught *the* lesson of the coming time—that truth is of as much importance as justice. They advanced their own interests by the efforts they made for justice. Their neglect of truth will ruin these interests.

It must be obvious to every one who reflects on the history of the last half century, that the defence of a system, of which the temporalities of Episcopacy may be said to be the apex, has been the real cause of our wars and debt, of our disturbances and rates. Who does not know that we went to war with France to avoid the necessity of reform in Church and State, and that we extended our poor-rates *ad infinitum* in order to keep the lowest orders quiet whilst we fought that battle? The sinecure pensions of bishops, and deans, and prebendaries (we are not speaking of the *working clergy*, who are not paid as they deserve) were the very apex of the system, pointing indeed to heaven, but rooted in earth, under sanction of which civil placemen and pensioners defied reform. Now that we are a little more habituated to measure the salaries of officials by the profitable exertions their offices require from them, when we cast one eye on the laboriousness, the usefulness, and the salaries of the bench of judges, and the other eye on the otioseness, the unprofitableness, and the emoluments of the bench of bishops, we feel inclined to ask, Has common sense or common justice any voice in these matters?

Let the Whigs beware, lest the union between Church and State, should it come to be considered an union between the aristocracy and the prelacy to keep up high rents and high places, should become an excuse for every union which may imagine it can promote the interest of a party by neglecting that of the community.

We believe the Government is allowing itself to be deceived, on the one hand, by the petitions which have been got up by partisans of the Church, and, on the other hand, by the comparative absence of petitions for Church Reform, into a great and fatal error respecting the opinions and feelings of the people. However vague these may be at present respecting *what* it is that constitutes Church Reform, they are sure to become every day more and more decided against a Ministry which does not think and act *honestly* and *boldly*, but attempts to shuffle off its responsibilities on the shoulders of its constituents. Except under very peculiar circumstances, we have little faith in the evidence derived from the *absence* of petitions; being convinced, that the English people, at the very time they are sluggish in forming or expressing distinct opinions, are in the habit of hug-

ging up and cherishing very decided feelings. If a Whig Ministry will not take the trouble to watch dissatisfied looks, and listen to angry tones, but expect Englishmen to express their feelings with all the vivacity of Frenchmen, and to enunciate their opinions with the precision of Scotchmen, we warn them they will be roused from their error, both as it relates to Corn Laws and to Church Reform, on the day of election, if not sooner.

Instead of measuring its conduct exclusively by the *petitioning public*, the Government would be wise, whether in relation to the Irish Church, the Corn Laws, or the English Church, (keeping in view the amount of taxation necessary to defray the interest of the debt, and to meet the current expenses of the year,) to ask itself whether, from the known circumstances of the case, there must not be a *non-petitioning public*, which has pretty decided feelings, though it may not make public very distinct opinions on all these questions. The Whigs allowed the *very best* opportunity of converting the Church from a bad master into a good servant to pass by, and omitted to place its policy towards the Church, once and for aye, in a commanding and honourable position. Another opportunity is about to occur of employing the Church to render a service to the State as important as it is honourable,—the service of national education. If a commission to inquire into the state of education were to send their ‘assistants’ through half the number of parishes which the assistant Poor Law Commissioners have visited, evidences of such a mass of ignorance, and of such an extent of brutality, would be collected as would convince us of the necessity of at least *offering opportunities* of education to the people, and would prove that the danger of a good education being *rejected as compulsory*, exists only in the pretended fears of persons whose real fears are lest their supporters in the Church should answer, *Non placet nobis, dominis doctoribus ; non placet nobis, magistris*. And, of course, the same timid spirit which causes Ministers not to do their duty on the question of national education, at least till they have the impulse and sanction of a petitioning public, will cause them not to meddle with the temporalities and spiritualities of the Church beyond the point to which the sanction of Convocation will extend,—*Placet nobis, dominis doctoribus ; placet nobis, magistris*.

There is, we repeat, a *non-petitioning public* whom the Whigs ought to fear, a public which devolves on its representatives the power and responsibility of doing what is right about *the education, the temporalities, and the spiritualities* of the Church ; and *has* its own opinions, and feelings, and expectations on the subject, and will *express* them on the day of election, if not earlier. ‘This unpetitioning public will not allow itself to be answered, ‘Gentlemen ! electors ! on such a day we *sneered* at the Church, and on such a day we *complimented* the Dissenters ;’ but will retort, ‘We did not put you in your places either to sneer at the ortho-

dox, or to compliment the heterodox, but to bring into the treasury whatever sums are wasted on the fat stalls of men who do not work nor do any service; *secondly*, to turn the attention of those who do work and do good service, to national education, the want of which is equally destroying the people and the Church; and, *lastly*, on all matters of orthodoxy and heterodoxy, neither to sneer nor to compliment, neither to be silent nor to profess, but just to speak the truth in all seriousness.'

We have spoken a few words, (and a few words only need to be spoken, for the whole matter is clear as light to the people,) about *ecclesiastical sinecures*, places, and pensions. We have said a few more words, in our last Number, about the absolute necessity, and exceeding practicability of *national education*. The want of education is vaguely, but strongly felt by the people themselves; and, like hunger, it suggests a ravenous craving, but no definite opinion. But to all who watch the signs of the time, its unbelief, its sneering, and its unprincipledness, which are breaking up the bonds of society, it must be quite plain that an *intellectual advance*, namely, in strength of evidence and firmness of conviction; a *moral advance*, namely, in simplicity of sincerity, and in purity of truth; and a *political advance*, namely, in professing before God and man only what we believe, and in submitting ourselves, before God and man, to all that we profess, is the crying want of the times.

We are needing a ministry, but, above all, we are wanting a statesman, who will dare to abide by the truth, whether it be for loss or gain. Such a man would be listened to when he told the people,—This sacrifice must be made by the landholder; this sacrifice must be made by the fundholder; this sacrifice must be made by the Church; this sacrifice must be made by the Dissenter; this sacrifice must be made by the aristocracy; and this sacrifice must be made by the people. The rigid noble is not such a man: he stands by his order. The pliant lawyer is not such a man: he stands not to his promises. It is said there is an honester and bolder statesman rising into power. We are not worshippers of the rising sun: but if, indeed, the sun is rising to pour light and heat equally on all, we will bless God for that useful light.

It is quite impossible to look round without being convinced that we want moral power to guide and controul mere physical force. There is a flaming gulf in the forum, which will not close till many sacrifices have been offered. If these sacrifices are made freely, it may be hoped they will be accepted. But there is a retributive justice abroad which will demand them if they are not freely given. The people say, you have heaped upon us eight hundred millions of debt, what will you contribute to its payment? You have betrayed us into anarchy, what will you do to bring back peace?

The re-edification of a nation is not the *coup de théâtre* of a French constitution, sworn to vehemently by all, to be trodden under foot by each. It implies truth, and conviction, and obedience. It cannot be denied that there is such a thing as moral truth, as well as physical truth. The questions, 'What is truth?' 'who will show us any good?' imply that we know not truth, not that there is not truth. The question, 'Who will show us any good?' would be more difficult to answer, if it were not coupled with the question, 'What is truth?' In establishing what is truth, we may hope to establish, who will show us good? This is what the world needs. The word of truth and power must go forth into the moral chaos: 'Let there be light.' Let us not be so foolish as to mistake what is only darkness visible, for too much light. We have it not in our power to return, either for good or for evil, to complete darkness. It may then be wise to increase the light, which at present is gloomy, and portentous, and threatening, till it is sufficient to light every man on his way.

We had hoped the Chancellor, at least, with his power of place and patronage, would have said to the chaos, Let there be light. He need not have sneered, he need not have complimented, he need not have professed: he should have expressed a deep and solemn conviction that there is darkness, thick, fearful darkness over all the people, the moral darkness of discord and anarchy, which there is just sufficient intellectual light to render visible, but not to show the remedy. Opportunities of education, are what is wanted. It is wanted to soften men's hearts, even more than to enlighten their intellects.

Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

CRITICAL NOTICES

The Book of Penalties.

'THE penalties imposed for the protection of the public revenue, for the purposes of police, and for the security of individual transactions, are extremely numerous, and not unfrequently ruinous in operation. Hardly a pursuit of civil life, whether of pleasure or profit, can be entered upon without being liable to penal visitation. We cannot travel on the highway, swing a gate, read a newspaper, buy a pair of stockings, receive or pay money, take medicine, nor even engage in religious worship, without being obnoxious to some overt or latent enactment, scattered through the wide waste of the *Statutes at large*.'—*Preface*.

And so the Author has made a dictionary of them, where we may find, in alphabetical order, the pocket-traps which beset us. We cannot recommend his book to nervous persons of limited incomes. It is better to die than to live in the hourly dread of death. And liability to penalty is as inevitable as mortality itself. Nor ought the book to be sold to

informers. We fear it may tempt many into that profession. It might be titled 'the Informer's Way to Wealth;' or the 'Rascal's Ready Reckoner,' or 'Receipts for Robbery prepared by Parliament.' If any, like Ajax, prefer to perish in the light, here may they see the countless perils of the most cautious path. 'I'll gaze no more, lest my brain turn.' Even the little which a poor reviewer has is dear to him, and only think of one's only shilling going 'half to the king and half to the informer.'

Report on the State of Public Instruction in Prussia, by M. Victor Cousin. Translated by Sarah Austin.

WE English are great haters of compulsion—except in those affairs in which we have been used to it. *There* it seems the most proper and natural thing in the world. To compel a man to toil and fight on board ship, is a camel which we can swallow: to compel a parent to have his child instructed, is a gnat at which we strain. Habit reconciles us to the one, and our sense of property makes us hate the other. 'My children shall be taught or not as *I* please.' In a very judicious preface, Mrs. Austin treats this prejudice most gently and winningly. The admirable document which she has translated contains material for the removal of almost every doubt and difficulty on the subject of national education. Moreover, it has the important recommendation of not being at all *theoretical*. It is fact, detail, actual experiment. We heartily thank the translator for the essential service which she has rendered to the cause of popular instruction in this country.

An Essay on the Moral Constitution and History of Man. Edinburgh, Tait; London, Fox.

CONSIDERABLE portions of this Essay have appeared in the *Christian Pioneer*; we are glad to see it entire; and hope that the author will not long withhold the speculations referred to at its conclusion. He has traced the intellectual and moral progressiveness of mankind in the spirit of Christian philosophy, and laid a good foundation for the communication of his views as to the ultimate form which society is destined to take, and the means by which that state will be realised. His work is an illustration of the providential education of the human race, and points towards the objects and results of that education. We cannot better complete our brief description, than by an extract from the plain and unpretending preface by which the Essay is introduced. 'The author is not a theologian in the common acceptance of the term, that is, he is not exclusively attached to any sect or system. He would wish rather to be considered a philosopher, if that term likewise had not undergone a change from its original meaning. In antiquity, philosophy and religion were united, and should never have been divorced; but the priests of the dark ages assumed an exclusive and baneful dominion over religion, so that when learning was revived, philosophers soon came to be disgusted at the uncouth and distorted form of popular piety. In some respects, this Essay attempts to reunite those old friends and natural allies—religion and philosophy; and the author has sanguine expectations that the fruit of such reunion will be the accomplishment of those hopes—which poets and philosophers—which wise and good men of all ages, have entertained of the ultimate destiny of MAN.'

India. A Poem. By a young Civilian of Bengal.

WE like this book for having a purpose, a strong purpose ; which is more than most books and poems have ; but we cannot think the author judicious in attempting an exposure of the misgovernment of Hindostan, through the medium of three cantos of heroic verse, however polished and nervous much of that verse may be. This sort of business is now always transacted in prose.

Remarks on Transportation. A Second Letter to Earl Grey. By R. Whately, D. D. Archbishop of Dublin.

SOME pamphlets published in Van Diemen's Land have occasioned this supplement to the Archbishop's work on Secondary Punishments. It acutely and conclusively exposes the inconsistency of the writers, who are shown to have employed the most opposite statements, so that those statements did but tend to keep up the supply of convicts to the colony. The doubts expressed in our note on the Van Diemen's Land almanac, in last September's *Repository*, are completely laid to rest by this publication, which may be considered as settling the question of transportation as a punishment.

National Lyrics and Songs for Music. By Felicia Hemans.

MRS. HEMANS always handles her harp like a lady ; and, we may add, like an English lady. In her compositions we are always sure of propriety, refinement, grace, sweetness, and kind and pious feeling. We find also an admixture of verbiage, conventionalism, and narrow nationality. She worships chivalry and glory with the adoration of a sentimental school-girl. It would seem passing strange that one so characteristically gentle should sing so much of war and warriors, did we not know what woman's training is, how it sacrifices the strength of intellect to the pride of dependence. Young heroes, with sisters and loves at home, who fall in foreign fields, are the favourites of her muse. Remembering what sort of wars we have waged, and how our armies have been officered, we rather doubt the pre-eminent claims of this class of persons to poetical apotheosis. 'The old high wars of England' were mostly expeditions for plunder and slaughter on a large scale, and her recent 'high wars' have had little to recommend them to those whose delights are in the charities of home, the fondnesses of affection, the loveliness of nature, and the sympathies of religion. We regret that Mrs. Hemans should not perceive the incongruity ; but we rejoice that in her it is an incongruity, an error of the intellect, and not of the heart, whose inspiration has dictated so many compositions full of truth, beauty, and pathos. The volume before us 'contains, besides a few poems on subjects of national tradition, all those of the author's pieces which have, at different periods, been composed either in the form of the ballad, the song, or the *scena*, with a view to musical adaptation.' After all deductions, such a collection must be generally welcome. In mentioning the exquisite beauty of the lines entitled 'the Haunted House,' we only indicate a favourite amongst many which might substantiate a claim to similar praise.

· NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A communication for C. C. P. at our office.
