LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHMAN TO A FRENCHMAN, ON A RECENT APOLOGY IN 'THE JOURNAL DES DEBATS,' FOR THE FAULTS OF THE ENGLISH NATIONAL CHARACTER.

At your suggestion I have thrown upon paper, though in a hasty and imperfect manner, some of the thoughts which occurred to me after perusing in the *Journal des Débats*, under the signature C—s, a criticism on Mr. Bulwer's recent work, 'England and the English.'

The well-known author of these articles is a person to whose writings on England some attention is due. He is one of the few Frenchmen who have a considerable acquaintance with English literature; and he knows, for a foreigner, much of England. His knowledge, however, is of a kind which reminds me of a saying of one of my own countrymen. Somebody having, in his presence, praised a third person very highly for the extensiveness of his knowledge, 'Yes,' he replied, 'he knows exactly enough of every subject to have the wrong opinion.' Precisely of this kind is the knowledge which M. Chales possesses of England. He knows just enough to encourage him to entertain the most erroneous opinions. He knows just enough to believe that whatever he does not know, does not exist. He knows just enough to be able to read a work, by a writer of acknowledged merit, abounding with descriptions and exemplifications of many of the most striking features in the social state of Great Britain, and to close the book without having received a single impression; never dreaming that he can have any thing to learn on the subject of England from an instructed and clever Englishman; setting down, in the quietest manner, as groundless and worthless, every thing in the book which goes beyond what he previously knew.

It would be ungracious in an Englishman to be severe on a foreigner for not being severe upon us. I am glad when a Frenchman praises the English; I am glad when, in a certain stage of his intellectual developement, he even overpraises us, as I am also when an Englishman, in the same stage of his progress, overpraises the French. It is a natural reaction against the national prejudice and antipathy from which both countries have but recently emerged. It is also a very natural middle stage in the expansion of an individual intellect. A vulgar person sees only the virtues of his own nation, only the faults of other nations: but when, ourselves beginning to rise above the herd, we first perceive the faults which are prevalent among our own countrymen, we are apt to pass into the contrary extreme, and to exaggerate the degree of positive excellence which is implied by the absence of those particular faults in other nations. While we continue bigoted, all we see in foreigners is, that they have not our vir-

tues: when we become half-enlightened, we sometimes see only that they have not our faults, forgetting, or not sufficiently recollecting, that they have other faults which may be equally or more pernicious.

This last one-sidedness Mr. Bulwer may have partly fallen into; and even if, as I am more inclined to think, he is not justly chargeable with it, yet the tone of severe animadversion in which he speaks to his own countrymen of their national vices, might require to be modified if he were speaking of those same vices to foreigners; just as we should remonstrate with a brother or a friend in far stronger terms than we should use in speaking of the faults of that brother or friend to a stranger, who is not already familiar with their good qualities. A writer, therefore, who had to introduce Mr. Bulwer's book to the French public, would have had much to say in mitigation of the unfavourable impression which might be produced by such strictures on the English if taken without qualification. He might have said to the French reader, 'Here is a powerfully drawn picture of the faults of the English character; but a character is not to be judged solely by its faults. The characteristic faults, both of an individual and of a people, always point to their characteristic virtues; and if you display the one without the other, you may produce either a panegyric or a satire, which you will, but not a fair judgment. By insisting, in the same manner, upon the faults of the French character, without placing by their side those excellences which are often the bright side of the very same qualities, a picture might be made of France as repulsive as Mr. Bulwer's picture of England, though with a different kind of repulsiveness.'

Had M. Chales reviewed Mr. Bulwer's book in this spirit, he would have merited the thanks of both countries. But the course he has adopted is the very reverse. Instead of bringing forward the other half of the truth, he denies that half which Mr. Bulwer has so cleverly delineated. Instead of teaching France to know us, he teaches us not to know ourselves. Instead of using our example to improve his own countrymen, he will not allow us to be improved by theirs. Instead of pointing out to the French how much good, and good of the highest and rarest kind, and good which they are far from having yet equalled, coexists in England with all the evil which Mr. Bulwer describes, he boldly avers that the evil is *not* evil.

Such commendation of England is worse than the ancient antipathy. It is unnecessary for me, writing to you, to heap up common places on the importance of friendship and sympathy between two such nations; but we want you to sympathize in our virtues, not in our faults. The wiser and better of the English will not thank a Frenchman for stepping in with a denial or a vindication of all that they most disapprove in their own countrymen,

all that they are daily and hourly struggling against, all that they are striving to make their countrymen ashamed of. The disposition to hold fast by a favourite vice does not stand in need of any foreign support. The moral teachers of England, those who are labouring for the regeneration of England's national character, might have hoped for aid and encouragement from the nobler spirits abroad; they are at least justified in presuming that they know their own country as well as M. Chales knows it, that they wish every jot as well to it, and are quite as unlikely to judge it harshly, where harshness is not deserved.

Mr. Bulwer has employed a large part of his work in contending against what every Englishman of the slightest elevation of soul has long cried out against, as emphatically and disgustingly our national vice: the universal and all-absorbing struggle to be or to appear rich, and the readiness to make any sacrifice of ease, comfort, or personal dignity, for the appearance of mixing with, or of being honoured with the notice of, the wealthy. For his spirited denunciation of this vice he is called to account by M. Chales in the following terms:—

'Supposez qu'un Anglais, qui sait que le commerce c'est toute la Grande Bretagne, et que le commerce sans la garantie de la propriété n'existe pas, écrive deux volumes pour se moquer de la propriété, pour la bafouer, comme fille aînée de l'égoisme et comme mère de tous les abus; que penseriez-vous de lui?—Qu'il faut l'envoyer à la maison de force s'il est dans son bon sens, et à Bedlam s'il est en délire.—Envoyez-y donc M. Bulwer, l'auteur de *Paul Clifford*, de *Pelham*, et de *Devereux*, M. Bulwer devenu saint-simonien, M. Bulwer qui se moque de la propriété et qui n'épargne pas le commerce. Imaginez ce que ce serait qu'une Angleterre sans commerce, une Angleterre spartiate, qui croupirait dans son ignorance et dans son abrutissement. Le bel esprit M. Bulwer a des railleries très mordantes contre le patriotisme égoiste de l'homme qui aime son pays comme sa propriété personnelle. Tout ce que nous aimons, ne l'aimons-nous pas comme nous appartenant, ou comme devant nous appartenir? M. Bulwer fait des caricatures vives, grotesques, coloriées, et s'attaque surtout au gros commerçant de la Cité, appuyé sur la colonne de chiffres et plein de son importance. Où serait, sans de tels appuis, la prospérité de la Grande Bretagne? Où seraient ses immenses fabriques, ses gigantesques usines, et ses admirables ports? Ces choses ne se font pas avec du dandysme et du bel esprit. M. Bulwer ressemble trop à ces sophistes Athéniens qui amusaient le peuple aux dépens de ce qu'il avait de meilleur et de plus utile, pour lui apprendre les jolies phrases, les images agréables, et les frivoles combats de la parole.'

We have heard of sophists, both at Athens and in other places, who have amused the people at the expense of what are usually considered to be 'ce qu'ils avaient de meilleur et de plus utile,' their love of virtue, their love of freedom, their love of their country, their love of the pursuits of intellect, their love of God. But this is the first time we have seen any one reproached with attempting to laugh his countrymen out of the love of money;

the first time a people were ever warned not to let themselves be cajoled into laying down the desire to grow rich, or, as Mr. M'Culloch would phrase it, 'the desire inherent in all mankind of bettering their condition,' by the allurements of 'jolies phrases' and 'images agréables.' Would to God that there were in the world, that there had ever been in the world since it emerged from chaos, any people, any the smallest, paltriest tribe in the wildest, most inhospitable desert, among whom the danger lay on that side! Alas! it is not against such small weapons as a few declamatory phrases and *bons mots*, that the aid of moralists and politicians needs be invoked to strengthen a passion, against the excesses of which the highest degree of human culture yet attained is barely able to contribute some small counterpoise, and to neutralize some of its more detestable, of its more pitiable influences!

Did M. Chales ever know what it was to live in a country where the whole of life is but one incessant turmoil and struggle about obtaining the means of livelihood? where the grand object of the existence of him who has five hundred pounds a year, is to make them a thousand? of him who has one thousand, to make them two? of him who has two thousand, to make them ten? where next to *getting* more, the ruling passion is to *appear* to the world as if you had already got more, by spending or seeming to spend more than you have? where hardly any branch of education is valued, hardly any kind of knowledge cultivated, which does not lead in the directest way to some money-getting end? where whatever of any higher culture still forms part of the received systems of education, is strikingly in contrast with the spirit of the age, and is kept alive only by some remains of respect for old customs and traditional feelings? where (except a few of the richest of all, who in every country lead idle and useless lives) scarce a man can be found who has leisure to think, leisure to read, leisure to feel? where such a phenomenon is scarcely known, as a man who prefers his liberty to a little more money, who, like so many thousands in France, can sit down contented with a small patrimony, affording him the necessaries and comforts of life, but nothing for ostentation, and devote himself to literature, politics, science, art, or even to the mere enjoyment of quiet leisure? where by most it would scarcely be deemed credible if it were told that such men existed? where one who professed to act upon such principles would be supposed either to have some purpose to serve by assuming a false character, or to have renounced wealth because wealth had renounced him, because he had not talents or industry to acquire it; or, in fine, to be an odd, eccentric, unaccountable person, bordering upon a fool or a madman? For, the mass of what, by a truly English expression, are called 'the better classes,' are quite unconscious of any thing peculiar in their eagerness for wealth; they suppose that it is

natural, and that all other persons feel as they do; they do not philosophize on it, and make a theory to justify it; they leave that to their French apologist. And the truth is, it is not properly the love of money which is actuating them; in nine cases out of ten it is not properly a *passion* at all,—it is a mere *habit;* the acquisition of money is of such immense value in their eyes, not because they really care much for *it,* but because they care for nothing *else.* Where they are conscious of a motive, what they are aiming at is *consequence:* to keep up their importance in the eyes of others, by keeping up what almost alone gives importance in England, the appearance of a large income. But they are often unconscious even of this; they are following a blind mechanical impulse, which renders money, and the reputation of having money, the immediate end of their actions, without their knowing that it is so, far less why it is so, and they are merely astonished and incredulous when they meet with any one who acts as if with *him* the case were otherwise. But if their eyes could be opened to the real state of their own souls, if their imaginations could be cultured up to the bare perception of the existence of riches which are above money, and which money will not purchase, believe me they would be the last persons to make the kind of defence for themselves which M. Chales makes for them. If they knew what they lose by caring for nothing in the world but to 'get on' in it, they would laugh at the bare idea of sacrificing the tranquillity of their lives for the sake of 'la prospérité de la Grande Bretagne.' Yes, it is too true that in England a man is but one wheel in a machine; and that the human race, judging from English experience, would seem to have been created in order that there might be 'immenses fabriques,' 'gigantesques usines,' and 'admirables ports.' But though this is the *result,* it is not the *intention.* A foreigner lands in London or Liverpool, and seeing such docks, such warehouses, such manufactories as he never saw before, thinks it vastly fine to belong to a country which has such things; but the merchant, or the manufacturer, does *he* ever think of taking credit to himself for toiling and scraping in order that his country may possess docks and manufactories? The man has no such thought, nor would it afford him any solace if he had: he is only thinking, poor man, of how to escape from bankruptcy, or how to be able to move into a finer house, in a more fashionable quarter of the town.

If the writer to whom I am replying has never known such a country as that which I have endeavoured to place before his imagination, let him bless heaven that he has not; that he lives in a country where money, though it adds to a person's consequence, is not necessary to it; where a great thinker or a great writer is a more important individual than the richest landowner or banker; where any one who has a whole coat on his back,

though he live in a single room on a fifth floor, is thought and thinks himself as fit for any society or any *salon* in the capital, and is treated on as perfect a footing of equality when there, as the richest man in the nation. Let M. Chales well meditate on these advantages, and if he would learn by contrast how to appreciate them, let him read Mr. Bulwer's book; for as yet, it is evident, he has but looked into it.

Does not he accuse Mr. Bulwer of having written his book expressly to decry the institution of property? of wishing to put an end to commerce? of demanding 'une Angleterre sans commerce, une Angleterre spartiate, qui croupirait dans son ignorance et dans son abrutissement?' Now, every person either in England or France who has read the book, knows that there is not in it, from beginning to end, so much as one word either against the institution of property or against commerce. It is only M. Chales who in his simplicity imagines, that whoever hints that the trading spirit and the love of money-getting can possibly exist in excess, must be an enemy to property and to commerce. All the moral writers who have ever lived, Greek, Roman, German, English, French, were all, according to this writer's curious definition, 'Saint-Simonians.'

Mr. Bulwer is occasionally superficial, and like all epigrammatic writers, frequently attains smartness at the expense of accuracy; he also occasionally temporizes with some classes of the enemies of improvement; but, with all its faults, his book is the truest ever written on the social condition of England; and the French may be assured, that although he misunderstands many of the smaller features of the English character, he has not in greater things at all overcharged the unfavourable side. Because he writes with perhaps somewhat too visible an aiming at effect, M. Chales accuses him of attempting to make fallacies pass by means of lively writing; unconscious that the very liveliness of the writing is acting upon himself in quite the contrary way: *he* thinks the observations must be shallow *because* they are brilliantly expressed. Mr. Bulwer's English readers have, I make no doubt, been very generally impressed in the same manner. It would be a great mistake to suppose that frivolity of manner in this country prepossesses readers in favour of an author's opinions; on the contrary, it excites a prejudice against them. But Mr. Bulwer probably thought it better to be read, even at a disadvantage, than not to be read. Such is the choice a writer usually has to make, in addressing himself to English readers, at least of the higher and middle classes. If his mode of writing be lively and amusing, they distrust all he says; if he be *not* amusing, they do not read him at all.

I could easily prove to you by examples that the necessity of being amusing is the cause of almost every blunder in Mr.

Bulwer's book, even in matters of fact. For the sake of being amusing, he could not be content to discuss, he thought it necessary to paint. But, for a picture, details are necessary as well as outlines: and the details which were requisite for correctly filling up the picture, Mr. Bulwer often did not know. This is particularly conspicuous in all that he writes about France. Thus, to take one instance among many, Mr. Bulwer dwells much, and with reason, on the characteristic fact (a fact connected with many other differences between the two countries) of the great personal consideration possessed in France by the leading journalists, while in England men are ashamed rather than proud of a connection with even the most successful newspaper. Almost all Mr. Bulwer's general remarks on this subject are just and pertinent; but he must needs illustrate his assertions by an imaginary conversation between a supposed editor of 'The Times' and M. Bertin de Vaux. In this conversation there are some clever traits of satire, but the part which is borne in it by the representative of French journalism must, by every Parisian who reads it, be felt as laughably incongruous and absurd; the *smallest* blunder being that M. Bertin de Vaux, peer of France, late deputy for the department of Seine et Oise, is confounded with M. Bertin *l'aîné*, principal editor and responsible manager of the *Journal des Débats*.

This reminds me of a most portentous piece of ignorance of the state of society in England which M. Chales displays, in conjunction with a curiously perverse misapplication of a true principle. We are all familiar with that kind of philosophic pedantry, which, when it has got hold of a few truths which it conceives to be a test of superiority over the vulgar, applies them *à tort et à travers*, and sees proof of ignorance of them in the bare fact of maintaining an opinion different from its own on any subject. Thus M. Chales declares Mr. Bulwer to be entirely mistaken in deeming the position of a man of letters to be a more desirable one in France than in England; and then favours his readers with a column and a half of observations on the intrinsic worthlessness of the character of a mere man of letters, a writer by profession, a hack, who does not write because he has something to say, but who must find something to say in order that he may write, and by writing may obtain food or praise. Undoubtedly, this is a character of no great worth or dignity, and the observations of M. Chales on the subject are perfectly just, and the more just the more out of place; for, as M. Chales ought to have well known, Mr. Bulwer was not complaining of any neglect shown to such literary hacks, who, on the contrary, are almost the only prosperous persons among our public writers; but of the almost insuperable obstacles with which those writers have to struggle who are *not* mere '*hommes de lettres*,' but *students*, giving forth to the world the fruits of their studies; and the very

inferior estimation in which intellectual pursuits and intellectual eminence are held, in whatever manner exemplified.

It is a fact, that of all the men of scientific eminence now living in Great Britain, whether eminent in moral and political or in mathematical and physical knowledge, there is scarcely one who, if he wanted a subsistence, could gain it by his scientific pursuits. The consequence is, that the finest scientific talents are, in the present state of society, almost lost to the world. Except the one or two in a hundred who possess an independent fortune, all the men of high philosophical intellect in Great Britain depend for food and clothing upon the vulgar pursuits of some mechanical business, which could be quite adequately performed by persons with none, or with a far smaller share of their exalted qualities; and are able to devote to their higher calling only the few leisure hours left them by the intense competition of the multitudes who, for a little bread, are willing to labour incessantly without any leisure at all.

Among 'men of letters' it is upon such persons as these that the defects in the present state of society in Great Britain fall the most heavily. As for the hack writers, whom M. Chales with so much justice condemns, *they*, in a world which, whether it confesses it or not, is really governed by the press, can always, by skilfully playing upon the meaner passions of the public or of particular classes, reap a tolerable pecuniary harvest. Of consideration indeed they have little, and deserve, if possible, less; and this brings me to the statement of M. Chales which I characterized as a portentous piece of ignorance. He says:—

'M. Bulwer, toujours un peu frivole, a signalé entre la France et l'Angleterre des différences imaginaires. Le rang qu'il attribue à l'éditeur d'un journal français, est tout à fait illusoire. En Angleterre comme ici, lorsqu'un journal est bon, qu'il représente une masse d'opinions accréditées, et qu'il en est l'organe non seulement fidèle mais actif, mais spirituel, mais éloquent, il devient centre, il conquiert de l'autorité, il influe même sur l'Etat. Le chef et l'âme d'une telle entreprise s'arme d'un pouvoir qui correspond non seulement à la force de l'opinion qu'il représente, mais au degré de talent qu'il déploie et dont il s'entoure.'

Mr. Bulwer, not being a fool, did not call in question any thing so obvious as that in every country where newspapers exist, a powerfully written and widely circulated newspaper must have great influence. Some of our newspapers are, as M. Chales truly says, powers in the state. But this influence of the press does not show itself in the shape of respect and consideration for those who wield that great empire; their power resembles that which, in a despotic country, is sometimes exercised by a low-born and disreputable favourite, who is at the same time dreaded and despised. I am not afraid of being contradicted by any Frenchman when I say, that in France the profession of a political journalist is one of the most honourable and most honoured which a man of powerful intellect and popular eloquence can exercise; it

is a road to public dignities; a career by which a man who is suitably endowed by nature and education, rises to a position from which he might at his pleasure be a deputy or a minister, if he were not conscious of being already much more than a deputy, or even than a minister: and as men, previously unknown, may and continually do rise to eminence by this profession, so do men already eminent avowedly engage in it, without any other feeling than that they are raising, not lowering, their personal importance and rank. Now, I request it of you, show this which I have just written to any English friend, and hear what he will say. If I were to publish it to all England, I doubt if there would be found a hundred persons in the whole country who would not utterly disbelieve the statement. Englishmen cannot conceive that journalism can be anything but a rather low and disreputable *trade*. No man of any rank or station in society likes it to be known or suspected that he has anything to do with a newspaper. In France there are editors of daily journals, any one of whom may be considered as individually the head, or at lowest the right hand, of a political party: in England no journalist, however popular, is esteemed anything higher than the powerful and formidable but rather dangerous and disagreeable *sting in its tail.*

Like all despised classes, they, for the most part, merit their fate. A man of talents condemned to disrespect, generally becomes deserving of it; and makes his talents profitable to himself in such ways as are left open to him, not restrained by the fear of forfeiting the consideration he cannot look to have. In France a journalist of eminent talents, like a deputy of eminent talents, may at the worst have it presumed that the seductions to which he yields are those of a lofty ambition: but if an English journalist is unprincipled, the interest which actuates him is of the most grovelling sort; mere gain. A journalist in England is considered as an adventurer: and in most instances the estimation is just. There are honourable exceptions: men more high-minded, disinterested, and patriotic, than some editors of English newspapers, are not to be met with. But they are not sufficiently numerous to redeem the character of their class. Its reputation they could not redeem if they were five times as numerous. For in England every one who takes part in politics, and who is poor, is presumed to be an adventurer: and in England every one is considered poor who is not rich. In England there is some faith in that kind of public virtue which consists in not being corrupted, but none whatever in that kind which makes the public concerns its own, and devotes its life to them: consequently, if a man appears to make politics his occupation, unless he is already extremely rich, it is always taken for granted that his object is merely to get money.

However great the power exercised in England by the press—and it is a constantly increasing power—there must be a thorough

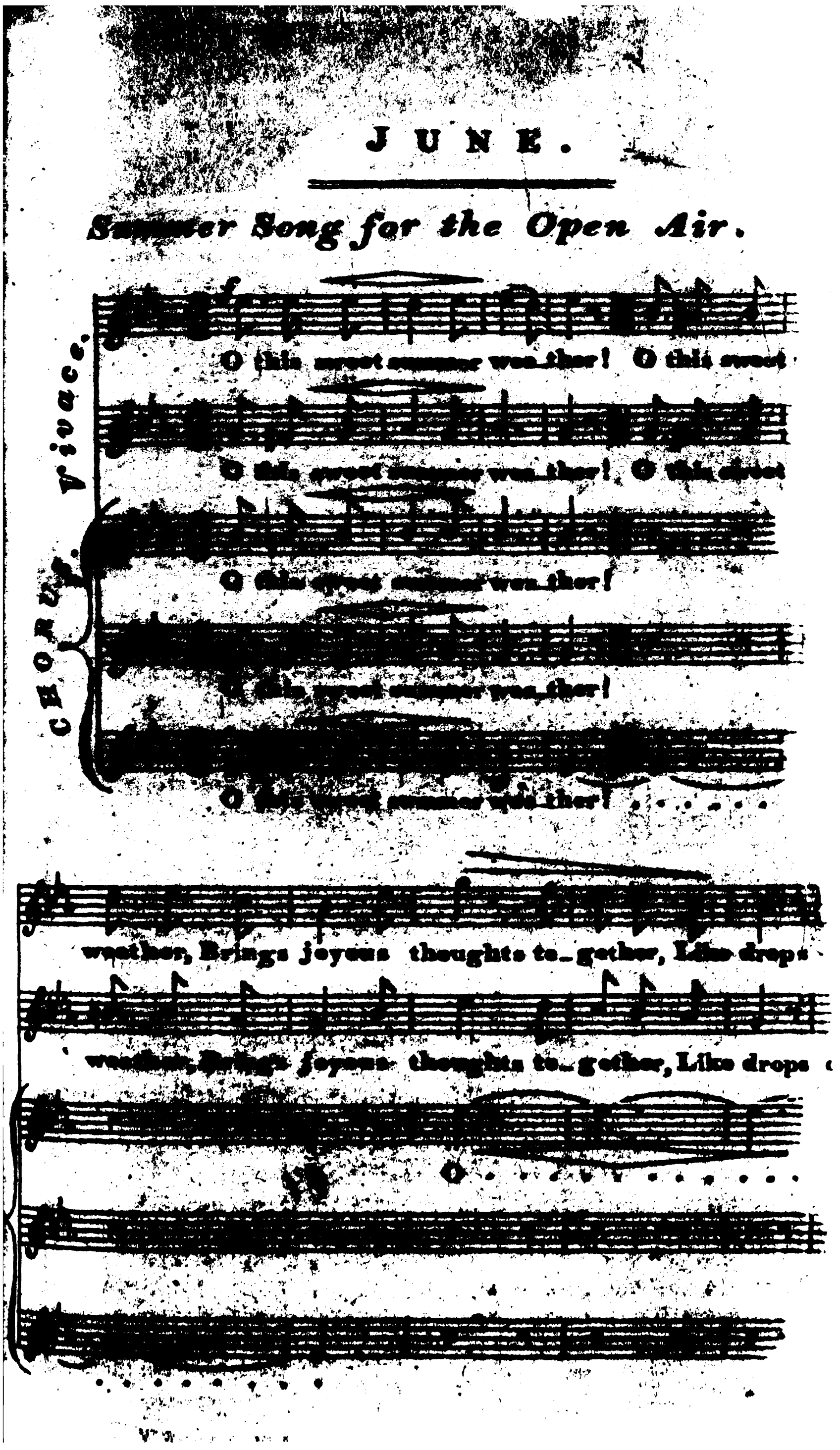
change in the circumstances of society in Great Britain, before the profession of a writer will possess that sort of consideration and respectability which is now possessed, for instance, by the highly *gentlemanly* profession of the bar. The moral revolution, of which one of the many effects would be to exalt public writers to a station and consequence proportioned to their real power, might be mightily accelerated by their own efforts; but our men of letters have in general no consciousness of being below their proper station; they are too morally abject to be worthy of, or even aspire to, a higher.

But I must pause. Were I to comment upon every unfounded assertion of M. Chales at as much length as I have in this one instance, my criticism would be nearly three times as long as his three articles combined. I will let him off with a remark or two upon one more topic.

One of Mr. Bulwer's complaints is that moral philosophy, the philosophy of man's spiritual nature, his intellect, his feelings, and his duties, meets with little cultivation in England. To this M. Chales makes answer: 'Tant mieux, mille fois; la morale scientifique, divisée par chapitres, la morale de parade, m'ennuie; elle est stérile autant que pompeuse: la morale pratique est la seule bonne,' &c. &c.; and wisely tells us that discussions and subtilties on morals are not morality, and that Greece, Rome, Italy, &c., were least moral, in the ages in which morality was most talked about. True; and if M. Chales can establish that the neglect of moral science in England arises from our being in a state of primeval simplicity, in which a few great and fixed principles of morals are universally acknowledged and firmly rooted in our hearts, and that it is from the unswerving firmness of our habitual regard for our duty that we consider all discussion of it superfluous, I shall agree with him that his fine talk is strictly to the point and altogether conclusive. But it argues no small share of primitive simplicity in M. Chales, that he should ascribe to us that sort of virtue which consists in the ignorance of evil. The fact is, M. Chales is completely *out* in his philosophy; he has confounded the *effect*, or rather *symptom*, and eventual *remedy*, of a decline in public morals, with the *cause*. The Greeks and Romans did not become immoral by theorizing on morals, though they did not (perhaps) begin to theorize on morals until they were becoming immoral. When ethical speculations come into vogue, it is generally symptomatic of a decay, or at least (in the medical sense) a *critical period* in a nation's morals. And why so? Because it is a proof that the people are no longer united by a common faith; that the popular creed has begun to give way before the progress of knowledge. But there never was, and never will be, a virtuous people, where there is not unanimity, or an agreement nearly approaching to it, in their notions of virtue. The most immoral periods in a nation's history are

JUNE.

Summer Song for the Open Air.



Glitt'ring at morn's sweet prime, O a

Glitt'ring at morn's sweet prime, O a

O this sweet summer wea-ther! . . . . . .

) this sweet summer wea-ther!

this sweet summer wea-ther! . . . . .

sunny bank of thyme, With its blossoms blue

sunny bank of thyme, With its blossoms blue . . . . . .

O this sweet summer

O this sweet summer

O this sweet summer

lento

1st verse D.C.

This sweet sweet summer wea - ther!

. . . . . This sweet sweet summer wea - ther!

1st verse D.C.

Non ff

weather! This sweet sweet summer wea - ther!

weather! This sweet sweet summer wea - ther!

! This sweet . . . . wea - ther!

always the sceptical periods, when the old convictions are dying away, and no new ones having yet taken their place, each person 'does what is right in his own eyes;' and as in those periods alone the doctrines of morals appear to *require* discussion, those are the only times when (except among casuists by profession) the discussion and the study of them comes into vogue. Such is now the case in Germany and France; but in England we are unfortunately in the predicament of having the will without the remedy. We *have* thrown off, or are rapidly getting rid of, our old convictions, and are not forming new. We *have* the diversities of opinion, the noisy conflicts; we do dispute on morality, but we do *not* philosophize on it, simply because we do not philosophize upon any thing—it is not our way; we set no value on systematic thought. This Mr. Bulwer blames us for, and surely with no little reason. I wish M. Chales would point out to us how, except by the inquiries and studies which he condemns, we can ever recover from the state which he laments; how, except through moral philosophy, we can ever hope to arrive again at unity in our moral convictions, the necessary preliminary to any elevation of the standard of our moral practice. Unless, indeed, we may permit ourselves to hope for a fresh revelation from heaven, which M. Chales, I presume, will hardly be bold enough to prophecy.

And now I must bring to a close these desultory observations, which yet I hope may not fail to answer, in some degree, the purpose for which they were written. A.

SONGS OF THE MONTHS.—No. 6, JUNE.*

A SUMMER SONG FOR THE OPEN AIR.

O! this sweet summer weather
Brings joyous thoughts together,
Like drops of dew,
Glittering at morn's sweet prime
On a sunny bank of thyme,
With its blossoms blue.

How can the heart be sad?
When the very air is glad
With pleasant sounds,
Of a thousand happy things,
Dancing in dizzy rings
Their airy rounds.

And the bright and blooming flow'rs
Give to the laughing hours
Their fragrant breath;
And, whispering, seem to say,
'Let every brow be gay
'With a rosy wreath.'

* In the music of this song (prefixed to the present number) the chorus is intended for children's voices.

Sweet offspring of the earth!
I'll teach my heart thy mirth,
Even tho' it be
But a summer dream of joy,
Which winter will destroy,
As it will thee.

Yet will I strive to keep,
In my bosom buried deep,
Your fragrant bloom;
And memory shall raise
Thoughts of these sunny days
Mid hours of gloom.

KATHLEEN.

THE SEVEN TEMPTATIONS.*

'It is necessary for the acquisition of that charity, which is the soul of christianity, for us to descend into the depths of our own nature; to put ourselves into many imaginary and untried situations, that we may enable ourselves to form some tolerable notion how we might be affected by them; how far we might be tempted—how far deceived—how far we might have occasion to lament the evil power of circumstances, to weep over our own weakness, and pray for the pardon of our crimes; that, having raised up this vivid perception of what we might do, suffer, and become, we may apply the rule to our fellows, and cease to be astonished in some degree at the shapes of atrocity into which some of them are transformed; and learn to bear with others as brethren, who have been tried tenfold beyond our own experience, or perhaps our strength.'—Preface.

Such is the truly moral and religious purpose which the writer of this volume contemplates, and which she has pursued by such means as may probably at first sight startle many of her admirers, but which the perusal has convinced us are judiciously adopted. It is but a few years since a quaker poet was spoken of as a phenomenon; we have here the more extraordinary spectacle, and that too realized by a woman, of a quaker dramatist. There is no courage like that of the 'wisdom' which is 'pure and gentle.' It is liable to no failure which can be disgraceful; and the success of its experiment is as beneficent as it is honourable.

'Achzib the liar,' a demon envious of the honours awarded in the satanic empire to some of his fellows for their success in seducing mankind to sin, ascends to earth with the determination of obtaining similar distinction for himself; for which purpose he selects seven human beings, to tempt according to their several natures, and stakes his claim on the result showing the superior power of evil over good. Each of these temptations is the subject of a drama, the continuation and conclusion of the allegory linking them together, and giving the plan its unity.

* By Mary Howitt. London: Bentley, 1834.

The first drama is entitléd 'The Poor Scholar,' and shows the demon baffled in his attempt upon a youthful pedagogue, at the point of death, in circumstances of penury and privation. The meditations of the scholar at evening, when his failing frame indicates that he has dismissed his class for the last time, and is about to learn, himself, the solemn lesson of mortality, are very beautiful and touching; as are some portions of his dialogue with the evil spirit, who comes to visit him in the guise of a philosopher. We cannot entirely acquiesce in the moral of this drama. We are not quite sure that we distinctly apprehend the nature of the temptation. In part it is an appeal to the desire of literary honour and of personal comfort. But it seems mainly to relate to the student's faith, which is assailed in certain books and parchments put into his hands by the tempter. Now, if the writer intends that the salvation of the soul would be endangered by the reception of false opinions, and that too while the mind is debilitated by mortal sickness, we protest against her doctrine. Nor do we imagine it to be at all needful or desirable to cherish that horror of the very name of philosophy, which is probably felt by many of the well-meaning, but not very intelligent religious persons, to whom the authorship of this volume may be a sufficient passport even for a drama. To feed their fears is quite superfluous, and worse than carrying coals to Newcastle. We cannot imagine Mary Howitt to wish the religious world more unphilosophical or anti-philosophical than a large portion of it is at the present moment. There is no danger of the fiend's imposing upon them. Their temptations are all the other way; and if it consorted not with her plan to unstop their ears to sounds 'musical as is Apollo's lute,' she should nevertheless have avoided the semblance of ministering to the purblind horror that tends to alienate religion from the intelligence of the age.

In the second drama, 'Thomas of Torres,' the demon secures his prey by exciting the avarice of a spendthrift who had wasted all his substance. The scenes of this drama are separated by long intervals of time, amounting altogether to twenty-one years, so that opportunity is afforded, and improved, for striking pictures of the descent from one depth to another of crime, down which the most sordid species of the most sordid passion drags the soul.

'The Pirate' also shows the principle of evil triumphant, and by the agency of avarice also, though differently modified. It acts upon a nobler nature, and kindles up instead of smothering the other passions. Albert Luberg, a young merchant, whose vessel has been wrecked, is induced by the demon to become his partner in what afterwards turns out to be a pirate ship. The voyage is full of beauties and horrors, both of which are powerfully sketched. The Indian isle and the simple Edah are loveliness itself. The plague-ship, and the destruction of its crew, are

portrayed with inspiration derived, we can imagine, from the 'Ancient Mariner.' The miser of the preceding tale grows more and more callous with every crime, till his heart is hard as the nether millstone; but the pirate has feelings which struggle the more, the deeper he plunges, until he is led forth to execution in all the agonies of remorse without hope.

The fourth drama, 'The Old Man,' is of a more gentle and touching character. The trial is to make a paralytic old man, who is ever repining at the loss of his youth and strength, forfeit his hope of heaven by using unhallowed means for their renewal. The proposition recovers his mind to a sense of the duty of resignation to the appointments of heaven.

'Raymond' depicts the fatal effects of pleasure and unrestrained self-indulgence on a youthful mind full of high aspirations and susceptibility to beauty, but destitute of the energy which moral discipline should have imparted. We extract the opening soliloquy:—

> 'How full of joy is life! All things are made
> For one great scheme of bliss—all things are good,
> As at the first when God pronounced them so:
> The broad sun pouring down upon the earth
> His bright effulgence; every lighted dew-drop
> Which glitters with the diamond's many rays;
> These flowers which gem the coronal of earth;
> Those larks, the soaring minstrels of the sky;
> Clear waters leaping like a glad existence;
> Forests and distant hills, and low green valleys,
> And feeding flocks, and little hamlet homes,
> All, all are good—all, all are beautiful!
> Existence is a joy! I walk, I leap
> In that exuberant consciousness of life
> Which nerves my limbs and makes all action pleasure.
> The vigour of strong life is in my frame
> As pinions to the eagle: and my soul
> Is as a winged angel, soaring up
> In its full joy unto the heaven of heavens;
> Thank God for life, and for the spirit which gives
> The fullness of enjoyment unto life!
>
> All that the soul desires of good and fair
> Will I possess; knowledge that elevates
> And that refines; and high philosophy,
> Which wakes the godlike principle in man;
> And in the founts of sacred poesy
> I will baptize my spirit, and drink deep
> Of its pure living waters; and sweet music
> Shall minister to me, like heavenly spirits
> Calling me upwards to sublimer worlds!
> All that is beautiful in art and nature—
> Fair forms in sculptured marble, and the works

Of the immortal masters will I study;
And so imbue my spirit with a sense
Of grace and majesty, till it shall grow
Like that which it perceives! To me far lands,
Immortal for their ancient histories,
Shall be familiar places: I will seek
The Spirit of greatness where the great have dwelt,
And left behind eternal memories.

Am I not young, and filled with high resolves?
And like the sea my will shall be supreme;
Man shall not set it barriers, nor shall say,
"Thus far, but yet no farther!" I will on!
Glory and pleasure at the goal I see,
And I will win them both: pleasure, which crowns
Glory with its most radiant diadem—
Pleasure, that springs from the proud consciousness
Of high achievement, purchased at a price
None but the great would dare to pay for it!

Ere long, dear mother, thou shalt see thy son
Among the honourable of the earth.
I know not how renown shall be achieved;
But that it *shall* is my most solemn purpose,
And this is my first earnest of success,
That without power, heaven gives not the desire!'

p. 155—158.

This youth becomes a licentious prodigal; breaks the hearts of his mother and of his betrothed by his desertion and excesses; loses the last remains of his property to a rival, whom he stabs in a paroxysm of revenge and jealousy; and dies by suicide, while a chorus of celestial spirits chant their wail over a soul 'for ever, ever lost!'

We question the *moral truth* of this drama. A spirit which had attained to, and which retained, so much of the sense of good as is ascribed to Raymond could not become the entire and final thrall of evil. There was in it the principle of redemption. Nor is he so much the victim of the tempter's seductions, or his own presumption, as of that erroneous education which had generated an infirmity of purpose not akin to such a nature. The author is partly right and partly wrong on this topic. She says, in the introduction, 'the most perilous of all conditions is to be the son of a widow.'—'the timid, enervating system of female government gives the heart a bias towards pleasure, without strengthening it for resistance, or even enabling it to discriminate between good and evil.' But it is rather the stern and rigorous system of exclusion which produces this moral feebleness. And this is intimated in the drama itself to have been the plan of Raymond's mother:—

'She is a woman who has tried the world
And found it a deceit; therefore she keeps
Her gentle Raymond like a Corydon,
Watching his silly sheep among the fields.'

Of course 'her gentle Raymond' is prepared to be imposed upon by the deceit. She had kept the wax soft for the reception of the fiend's seal. This capital mistake should have been more strongly marked.

'Philip of Maine' is on ambition; a long and bustling drama, but to our taste the least pleasing of the whole. A disappointed young aristocrat becomes a demagogue, and then a despot, and so goes to the devil. The tale is somewhat trite.

The series concludes, very beautifully and impressively, with 'The Sorrow of Theresa,' in which the demon endeavours to make maternal fondness a rack on which to torture a woman into the language of impiety. He is not only foiled of his intended victim, but loses one who was previously in his grasp, the stern and reprobate husband, whose heart is touched and purified by her unconquerable goodness. In conclusion, the spirit of evil, though successful in dragging down to perdition four out of the seven on whom he had tried his temptations, is pronounced, by an angel of truth, to have failed, because the miserable example of those whom he seduced had warned many more of danger, and become the means of their salvation.

While we award strong and heartfelt praise to this poem, both in its conception and execution, there are some objections which, regarding it rather as a moral than as a literary production, it is incumbent on us to express. We think it is constructed on too narrow a basis, too limited a view of the struggles, perils, and glories of man's moral nature; that the temptations are too remote from the actual trials of life in the present state of society; and that sometimes the temptation, in order to give it sufficient power, is so framed as to render doubtful the reality of the virtue to which it is opposed.

No less than three of the dramas relate entirely to religious faith or trust, the trial of which is also specifically included in a fourth. This is out of proportion for a temptation which must chiefly address itself to weak and ignorant minds. The prevalent modes of teaching religion unhappily keep many minds in that condition, but the knowledge even of history and science throw so much light on the benignity of the providential plan, as to drive the peril very much into that circle within which priestcraft domineers in darkness over feebleness. There might also have been much more touching delineations of the corrupting influences of cupidity, drawn from the existing state of society, than those which are afforded by the crimes of the Miser and the Pirate. The peculiar manifestation is so alien from common life, that it keeps out of sight how thoroughly the vice itself is

naturalized. We should like to have seen, traced by such a hand, some display of the ostentation, the servility, the want of sincerity, which are so rife in the world. A young clergyman, entangled into a profession for which he has no vocation, by the prospect of a benefice; reciting prayers which he does not feel, and subscribing articles which he does not believe: or a young lawyer gradually disencumbering himself of political and personal veracity as he mounts the ladder of his profession; would have been good subjects for the demon. Or, Achzib might have had interest enough to procure an official appointment for a patriot, only tolerably honest. There is nothing like bringing a moral lesson home to men's business and bosoms. This is what the pulpit rarely does; there seems an implied agreement between preachers and people that the peace is to be kept upon most of the real practical interests of morality; but the press is less restricted, and our author shows no lack of courage.

We must also object to the manner in which an alleged inconstancy of affection is set forth as a vice in the dramas of 'The Pirate,' and 'Raymond.' Both heroes are introduced to us as betrothed, and both fall in love afterwards. Very wrong, no doubt, if they could help it; but as in both cases, according to Mary Howitt's own showing, it was scarcely possible to be avoided, she acts rather cruelly in predestinating them first to the offence and then to the punishment. It really seems to us that she has made Edah more loveable than Constance, and Clara than Adeline. This counteracts her own purpose. The indictment and the evidence do not correspond. We doubt much whether the nominally second love, in each case, be not really the first. But here was the author's difficulty. Unless the second were made attractive, the conduct of the hero would not have been adequately motived. But in bestowing so much attractiveness and congeniality on the second, the first is reduced to a mere fancy. Had not previous long familiarity been supposed in the story, we should say that the real viciousness was in the betrothment; or rather in the state of manners and customs which will not allow either man or woman, boy or girl, any real opportunity of knowing a character until after they have pledged themselves always to prize it above all other characters, and not to see or feel that any diversity of it would have been more conducive to happiness. The results of this system probably influenced the writer's mind, although she transferred them to parties supposed to be differently situated.

There is a richness in the occasional lyrics of this little volume which we must not forget to remark, and to illustrate by quotation. We do not meet with such songs every day. The sweetness of the first, the simplicity of the second, and the stern majesty of the third, of the three specimens which follow, show that

the writer may compete for the highest rank in this species of composition.

The first is the song of Edah, the Indian girl, in the 'Pirate;' sung in a grotto in the island, as she fans Albert with a plume of feathers while he sleeps.

'Little waves upon the deep
Murmur soft when thou dost sleep;
Gentle birds upon the tree
Sing their sweetest songs for thee;
Cooling gales, with voices low,
In the tree-tops gently blow!
Dearest, who dost sleeping lie,
All things love thee, so do I!
When thou wak'st the sea will pour
Treasures for thee to the shore;
And the earth in plant and tree,
Bring forth fruits and flowers for thee;
And the glorious heaven above
Smile on thee, like trusting love!
Dearest, who dost sleeping lie,
All things love thee, so do I!' p. 82.

The next is sung by one of the sailors, in the Pirate ship, when their apprehensions begin to be awakened, and his comrade asks for 'a good hymn, or a song set to a hymn tune.'

'Who was the first sailor?—tell me who can;
Old father Neptune?—No, you're wrong;
There was another ere Neptune began;
Who was he? tell me. Tightly and strong
Over the waters he went—he went,
Over the waters he went!

Who was the first sailor?—tell me who can;
Old father Noah?—No, you're wrong;
There was another ere Noah began;
Who was he? tell me. Tightly and strong
Over the waters he went—he went,
Over the waters he went.

Who was the first sailor?—tell me who can;
Old father Jason?—No, you're wrong;
There was another ere Jason began;
Don't be a blockhead, boy! Tightly and strong
Over the waters he went—he went,
Over the waters he went.

Ha! 'tis nought but the poor little Nautilus—
Sailing away in his ancient shell;
He has no need of a compass like us,
Foul or fair weather, he manages well!
Over the water he goes—he goes,
Over the water he goes.' p. 76.

The solemn strain which follows, is introduced at a scene of revelry, after a bacchanalian lay, with a dramatic effect for which we must refer the reader to the work.

'She stood before our Lady's shrine,
And offered gems and gold;
A stately woman, pale and sad,
Before her time grown old.

And softly, softly murmured she
A prayer so sad and low,
And hid her face with both her hands,
That none her grief might know.

That woman's prayer, unheard by man,
Went up to God on high,
Like an archangel's trumpet voice,
That shakes the earth and sky.

"Give back my wanderer unto me,
Mine erring child restore!"
But the hills of heaven they answered her,
"He's lost for evermore!"

"Give back," she cried, "mine only one,
Have I not sorrowed sore!"
But the depths of hell made answer low
"He's ours for evermore."' p. 70.

The purity of sentiment, the truth of description, the melody of versification, the amiable, holy, and beneficent spirit, by which these dramas are pervaded, will have been anticipated by those who had read and loved the former productions of the writer. But many will be taken by surprise in the high and bold qualities which they also exhibit. There is, however, across the Atlantic, a critic of a kindred spirit, whose philosophical and far-seeing mind had already taught the harmony of such attributes, and shown the natural compatibility of the gentleness of religion with the power of dramatically developing the darkest deeds and passions. We cannot better embody our own view, and conclude this notice, than by appending what we may almost term an anticipatory criticism by Dr. Channing on the Tragedies of Mary Howitt. The quotation is from his 'Remarks on the Character and Writings of Fenelon,' published in the Christian Examiner for March, 1829.

'We believe that the union of religion with genius, will favour that species of composition to which it may seem at first to be least propitious. We refer to that department of literature which has for its object, the delineation of the stronger and more terrible and guilty passions. Strange as it may appear, these gloomy and appalling features of our nature may be best comprehended and portrayed by the purest and noblest minds. The common idea is, that overwhelming emotions, the more they are experienced, can the more effectually be described. We have one strong presumption against this doctrine. Tradition leads

us to believe, that Shakspeare, though he painted so faithfully and fearfully the storms of passion, was a calm and cheerful man. The passions are too engrossed by their objects to meditate on themselves; and none are more ignorant of their growth and subtile workings than their own victims. Nothing reveals to us the secrets of our own souls like religion; and in disclosing to us, in ourselves, the tendency of passion to absorb every energy, and to spread its hues over every thought, it gives us a key to all souls; for in all, human nature is essentially one, having the same spiritual elements, and the same grand features. No man, it is believed, understands the wild and irregular motions of the mind, like him in whom a principle of divine order has begun to establish peace: No man knows the horror of thick darkness which gathers over the slaves of vehement passion, like him who is rising into the light and dignity of virtue. There is indeed a selfish shrewdness, which is thought to give a peculiar and deep insight into human nature. But the knowledge of which it boasts is partial, distorted, and vulgar, and wholly unfit for the purposes of literature. We value it little. We believe that *no qualification avails so much to a knowledge of human nature in all* its forms, in its good and evil manifestations, as that enlightened, celestial charity which religion alone inspires; for this establishes sympathies between us and all men, and thus makes them intelligible to us. A man imbued with this spirit alone contemplates vice, as it really exists, and as it ought always to be described. In the most depraved fellow-beings, he sees partakers of his own nature. Amidst the terrible ravages of the passions, he sees conscience, though prostrate, not destroyed nor wholly powerless. He sees the proofs of an unextinguished moral life, in inward struggles, in occasional relentings, in sighings for lost innocence, in reviving throbs of early affections, in the sophistry by which the guilty mind would become reconciled to itself, in remorse, in anxious forebodings, in despair, perhaps in studied recklessness and cherished self-forgetfulness. These conflicts between the passions and the moral nature, are the most interesting subjects in the branch of literature to which we refer, and we believe that to portray them with truth and power, the man of genius can find in nothing such effectual aid, as in the developement of the moral and religious principles in his own breast.'

NOTES ON SOME OF THE MORE POPULAR DIALOGUES OF PLATO.
No. II.

THE PHÆDRUS.

This is the most miscellaneous of all the longer dialogues of Plato. The subjects on which it touches are very numerous, and are held together by a very slight thread of connexion. It is not a controversial dialogue, part of it being in long discourses, while even in the part which consists of conversations, Socrates does not combat the opinion of Phædrus, but states his own. None of the works of Plato tends more strongly to confirm the opinion, that the design of his speculations was rather to recommend a particular mode of inquiry, than to inculcate particular conclusions. Whatever in this dialogue has reference to *methods of philosophizing*, (which is the case with a great and the

most instructive portion of it,) appears perfectly serious and in earnest, while in the remainder there is an appearance of sportiveness, and sometimes almost of mockery.

The dramatic merits of the Phædrus are very great. It may be pronounced a model of lively and familiar conversation between two intimate acquaintances, Athenian gentlemen in the best sense of the term, accomplished up to the highest standard of their age.

The dialogue derives an additional interest, from its containing, in the form of an allegory, those doctrines, or rather ideas, on the subject of love, which, by giving rise to the vulgar expression 'Platonic love,' have made the name of Plato familiar to the ear of thousands, who otherwise might probably never have heard of his existence.

Socrates meets his friend Phædrus, coming from a visit to Lysias, the celebrated orator, and going out to walk. He asks Phædrus, what was the subject of discourse between him and Lysias; and Phædrus promises to give him an account of it if he will accompany him in his walk.

Socrates having complied, Phædrus tells him that Lysias had read to the company a written discourse on the subject of love, *πειρῶμένου τινα τῶν καλῶν, οὐχ ὑπὸ ἐραστοῦ δέ*, i. e. a letter, or speech, (whichever we choose to call it,) containing a proposal, of a nature which would commonly be called an amatory one, but without professing to be in love. This last circumstance, continues Phædrus, is the cream of the matter; for he maintains, that one who is not in love ought to be preferred, as to the matter in question, to one who is. He is a fine fellow, said Socrates: I wish he would maintain that a poor man should be preferred to a rich man, an old man to a young, and so on, going through all the qualities which I and most others possess: his discourse would then be of great public utility. He then presses Phædrus very earnestly to relate the discourse: Phædrus pretends want of memory, and coquets a little, whereupon Socrates rallies him, and says, that he knows he is dying to relate it, and sooner than lose the opportunity would end by compelling him to listen. Phædrus was preparing accordingly to give an account of the discourse, when Socrates asks him to let him see what he has got under his cloak; which turns out to be the very discourse itself. When the mirth and pleasantry excited by this discovery have subsided, they agree to read the manuscript together, as soon as they can find a convenient place for sitting down.

As they are walking along the banks of the Ilissus in quest of such a spot, Phædrus asks Socrates whether this is the place from which Boreas is said to have carried off Oreithya. No, replied Socrates, it is a little lower down. Do you believe this story, asked Phædrus, to be true? It would be nothing extraordinary, said Socrates, if, like the wise men, I disbelieved it. I might then say, that the north wind blew this girl over the adjoining rocks while she was diverting herself in the meadows, and that for this reason she was said to have been carried off by Boreas. According to my notion, however, all these things are very entertaining, but they would make life exceedingly laborious and troublesome: for one would next have to explain the Centaurs, and then the Chimæra, and a whole crowd of Gorgons and Pegasuses; which if one were to disbelieve, and attempt to bring back to probability, it would be the business of a life. I have not leisure for these

things, and I will tell you the reason: I am not yet able, according to the Delphic injunction, to *know myself;* and it appears to me very ridiculous, while ignorant of myself, to inquire into what I am not concerned in. I therefore leave these things alone, and believe with the vulgar; not searching into such matters, but into *myself*, and inquiring whether I am a beast, of a more complicated structure and more savage than Typhon, or a tamer and simpler animal, whose nature partakes of divinity.

Saying these things, they arrive at the spot which Phædrus had selected for sitting down to read the manuscript. Socrates begins to look about him with wonder, and praises the beauty of the place. Phædrus laughs at him, and tells him that he is more like a stranger than a native, and never goes out of the town at all. Socrates begs to be pardoned for the omission; for, says he, I like to learn: the fields and trees cannot teach me any thing, the men in the town can. But you have found a cure for this fault of mine: for, as they lead hungry cattle by carrying a branch of a tree before them, so, by holding a book in your hand, you might make me follow you all over Attica.

After these preliminaries Phædrus reads the discourse; which is in in the form of a love-letter, if that can be called a love-letter which disclaims love. The following is the substance, and almost an exact translation:—

'You know how it is with me, and that I think this affair would be advantageous to us: but I claim, not to be rejected because I do not love you. A lover, when his desire ceases, repents of all that he has done for you: the other has no cause for repentance, for the good he does you was not done from irresistible impulse, but from choice, and deliberation. A lover, too, reckons up the benefits he has conferred upon you, the trouble and anxiety he has undergone for your sake, the damage which he has suffered in his private affairs by reason of his love, and thinks that by all this he has long ago made a sufficient return to you for your favours; but he who does not love, can neither pretend to have neglected his own concerns on account of his love, nor to have undergone labour or anxiety, nor to have quarrelled with his relations, so that nothing is left but to be eager and assiduous in doing whatever will give you pleasure. Again, if it is a reason for valuing a lover, that he is more attached to the person whom he loves than to any person else, and is ready both by word and deed to incur the enmity of others, in order to gratify the object of his love, it clearly follows that if he should afterwards love another, he will do as much for that other, and will be willing, for the gratification of the other, to quarrel with his first love. And how can it be reasonable to grant such a favour to one who is under a calamity, which they who know what it is will not even attempt to cure? for the men themselves confess that they are in an unsound state of mind, and know their own folly, but cannot conquer it. How then can they, when they come to their senses, judge that to be well done which they determined upon when in such a state? Further, if you select from among your lovers even the very best, your choice must be made from a small number; but if you choose from among all persons whatever, *except* lovers, the one who is most suitable to yourself, there is a much greater chance of your finding a person deserving of your attachment.

'If, moreover, you stand in awe of common opinion, and fear lest if it be known it should be a reproach to you; a lover, expecting to be thought as happy by others as he thinks himself, cannot restrain himself from boasting, and making a display to the world that he has not laboured in vain: but he who is not in love has command of himself, and can choose what is really best, in preference to the mere opinion of men. Many persons must unavoidably see and hear of the lovers who run after you, and if you are even seen talking with them, it is supposed that there either is, or shortly will be, an intrigue between you: but from your associating with a person who is not in love, no such inference will be drawn, because people are aware that you must associate with somebody, either from friendship or for some other pleasure. Further, if you are alarmed by a consideration of the instability of all attachments, and by the reflection that under any other circumstances a quarrel would be an equal misfortune to both, but after you have given away what you most value, it is a most severe calamity to you; then you have reason to be more especially fearful of lovers: for they are most easily offended, and consider the slightest thing an injury to them. For which reason they wish to divert the object of their attachment from all other society; fearing those who have wealth, lest they should outbid them in money; those who have instruction, lest they should outshine them in intellect; and, in short, fearing all who have any desirable possession or quality whatever. Wishing, therefore, to alienate you from all such persons, they leave you without friends; and if you endeavour to make friends, and so provide better for your own interest, you will provoke them. But those who are not in love, but have obtained their wishes on account of their good qualities, are not jealous of those who seek your society, but, on the contrary, dislike those who care not for it, thinking that you are scorned by the latter, but benefited by the former; so that you are more likely to make friends than enemies through their means.

'Lovers, moreover, frequently desire your person before they are acquainted with your manners and character, so that it is uncertain whether they will continue attached to you when their desires are at an end: but those who are not in love, but have obtained your favours in consequence of previous friendship, are not likely to be less your friends in consequence of the favours they have received, but rather to consider those favours as a pledge of future friendship. And, moreover, it is more for your mental improvement to comply with my wishes, than with those of a lover; for lovers praise all you say or do, however unreasonable, partly from fear of your displeasure, and partly because their own judgment is warped by their desire. For such is the effect of love: if unfortunate, it makes that a source of pain which gives no pain to other persons; if fortunate, it makes the lover applaud, in the person he loves, what is really no cause for satisfaction: so that lovers deserve our pity far more than our envy. But if you yield yourself to me, I shall not serve you for present pleasure, but for future good; not over-mastered by love, but retaining command over myself; not vehemently provoked by slight causes, but tardily excited to moderate resentment even by great provocations; pardoning all involuntary offence, and endeavouring to dissuade you from that which is voluntary: these are the signs of what will be a lasting friendship. But if you

suppose that there cannot be a strong attachment, save from love, consider that if that were true, we should not love our children, nor our parents, nor possess faithful friends, who have become so from other causes than sexual desire. It may be said that you should confer favours upon those most who need them most. But, if this were true, it would follow that you should select for the objects of your benefits, not the best, but the most destitute; and that in your entertainments you should invite, not your friends, but beggars and the hungry: for they will come the most eagerly, and will be most delighted and most grateful, and will invoke innumerable blessings upon your head.

'But the persons fittest to receive favours are not they who most need them, but they who can make the best return: not lovers only, but all who are worthy; not they who will merely enjoy you during the season of your beauty, but they who when you grow old will continue their benefits; not they who will ostentatiously display their successes to others, but they who will preserve a modest silence; not they who will pay court to you for a short time, but they who will remain your friends during your whole life; not they who when their desires have ceased, will look out for an excuse to quarrel with you, but they whose excellence will then be most perceived, when their pleasures are over. Remember, then, all these things; and consider that lovers are continually remonstrated with by their friends, as giving in to an evil practice, but he who loves not, was never for that reason censured by any friend, as consulting ill for his own affairs. You may perhaps ask me, whether I advise you to gratify all who do not love you? But neither do I think that a lover would bid you comply with the desires of all your lovers, for it would diminish the value of the favour to him who receives it, and would increase the difficulty of concealment. Now, harm ought not to arise to either party from the connexion, but advantage to both.'

Having read this discourse, Phædrus asks Socrates whether he does not admire it exceedingly, both in other respects, and for the excellence of the language? Socrates replies, Wonderfully so: for I was looking at you all the while, and you seemed so delighted, that I, thinking you know more about these things than I do, was delighted along with you. Phædrus begged that there might be a truce with jesting, and that Socrates would tell him seriously, whether he thought there was any other man in Greece who could say so much, and all of it so excellent, on the same subject? What! said Socrates: must we praise the discourse for the value of the thoughts, as well as for the language? For my part, I only attended to it as a specimen of composition, for I did not suppose that Lysias himself would imagine that he was equal to the proper treatment of the *subject*. And, moreover, he seemed to me to repeat the same thing two or three times over, as if he had not a very great deal to say: perhaps he did not mind this, but only desired to show that he could say the very same thing in several ways, and always excellently.

Phædrus did not like this mode of treating the discourse, and persisted that nothing which was fit to be said had been left out, and that nobody could say any thing more or better on the same subject, after what Lysias had said. This Socrates declared he could not concede; or many old writers, both men and women, would rise up and bear

witness against him. Who? asked Phædrus. I cannot say, rejoined Socrates, but I must have read something in Sappho, or Anacreon, or some other writer, for I find myself quite full of matter which I could repeat to you on the subject, nowise inferior to what you have just now read. Knowing my own ignorance, I am certain that I could not have thought of all this by myself, I must therefore have learnt it from somebody else, but from my silliness I have even forgotten from whom. Phædrus insisted that he should prove his assertion, by speaking as much on the same subject as was in the manuscript, and better in quality. Do not suppose, said Socrates, that I affirm Lysias to have missed the mark altogether, or pretend that it is possible to treat the subject omitting every thing which he has said. How, do you suppose, would it be possible to argue that one who is not in love should be favoured in preference to a lover, abstaining altogether from praising reasonableness and sanity of mind, and from blaming the want of it. This, any one who treats the subject cannot avoid saying, and nothing could be said to the purpose without it. But this kind of things must be taken for granted, and of such we must not praise the invention, but the arrangement; while of those things which, instead of being impossible to miss, are difficult to find, we may praise the invention and the arrangement too.—Phædrus assents, and says he will allow him to make use of that one principle of Lysias, that a lover is in a less sane state of mind than one who is not in love: but insists that he shall compose a discourse, all the rest of which shall be longer and better than the rest of the discourse of Lysias. Socrates now pretends to have been in jest, and after playfully refusing for some time, which gives rise to some very amusing conversation, he in a mock heroic manner invokes the Muses, and begins to relate the following as a discourse actually held on an occasion of the kind supposed:—

'There is but one mode of beginning for those who would deliberate well; viz. to know what the thing, about which they are to deliberate, really is. The vulgar are not aware that they are ignorant of the essence of every thing: conceiving themselves, therefore, to know the inmost nature of the thing which they are about to discuss, they do not come to a mutual explanation respecting it at the commencement of their inquiry, but pass it over, and proceed to employ merely *probable* arguments. That we may not fall into the error which we condemn in others, let us—who have to inquire whether a lover, or one who is not a lover, should be preferably indulged—begin by ascertaining what love is, and what is its operation; that we may keep this in view, when we subsequently examine whether it produces good or hurt.

'That love is a kind of desire, is clear to all; on the other hand, that persons who are not in love may have physical desire, we know. How then do we distinguish the lover from him who is not in love? We must consider that in each of us there are two principles* which lead and govern us; the one, a natural desire for pleasure; the other, an acquired judgment, which seeks that which is best. These two principles sometimes are in harmony with each other, sometimes in opposition; and in the latter case sometimes one is the stronger, sometimes the other. Now, Judgment, which guides us, by means of reason, to the

* δύο τινὰ ἐφόντα ἰδέα.

best, when it is the superior in strength, receives the name of Prudence:* Desire, which drags us irrationally to pleasure, when it governs us, is called Incontinence.† Incontinence, again, has many names, for there are many species of it; and whichsoever of these predominates, gives its own name, and that an opprobrious one, to the person whom it rules. If the desire of the pleasures of the palate predominates over reason, and over the other desires, it is called gluttony, and the person who is affected by it is termed a glutton: if the desire of intoxication similarly preponderates, we know what name it receives. We now see what that desire is, respecting which we are inquiring. The desire which (being independent of reason, and being victorious over right judgment) tends towards the pleasure of beauty, is called love.'

Here Socrates interrupts himself, and jocularly pretends to be inspired by the deities of the spot; 'what I am now speaking,' says he, 'is not far removed from dithyrambics.'

'We have now,' continues he, 'settled what the thing is, about which we are speaking; and keeping this in view, we can inquire what benefit or hurt arises respectively from a lover, and from one who is not a lover, to the person who complies with their desires. Now, he who is governed by desire, and the slave of pleasure, must of necessity attempt to make the object of his love a source of as much pleasure to him as possible. But, to a person who is in an unsound state, that is pleasant which opposes to him no resistance; that which is his equal or his superior, is disagreeable to him. A lover, therefore, cannot endure that the object of his passion should be either superior or equal to him: he will strive all he can to make it inferior and feebler. Now, the ignorant are feebler than the wise; the cowardly, than the brave; he who is unable to speak, than an orator; a slow person, than a ready one. A lover, therefore, must of necessity rejoice that the object of his love should labour under these disadvantages, and must do all he can to superinduce them if they do not already exist, or else he will be deprived of what gives him immediate pleasure. He must of necessity be jealous; and the object of his love will suffer great evil from him, by being withheld from much useful intercourse; and above all, from that which produces the greatest wisdom—philosophy. From this, a lover must above all things withhold the person whom he loves, lest, in consequence of it, he himself should be despised; and must endeavour all he can to make that person be ignorant of every thing, and by depending for every thing upon the lover, be a source of the greatest amount of pleasure to him, and of evil to the beloved object itself.

'If a man who is in love, is so ill a superintendent and associate in the affairs of the mind, he is not less so in what concerns the body. He who prefers the pleasant to the good, will prefer a habit of body soft and relaxed, bred up, not in the clear sunshine, but in the shade, unused to labour and hardy exercise, accustomed only to delicate and effeminate living; such a state of body, in short, as in all great exigencies

* This seems to be here the most appropriate translation of the word σωφροσύνη. See the observations on this word, in the Notes on the 'Protagoras.' (*Monthly Repository* for March.)

† This word, if used in its widest sense, appears to correspond with what is here meant by ὕβρις (*protervitas.*)

would give confidence to an enemy, fear and anxiety to a friend, and to the lover himself.

'Every one, but a lover especially, must see, that he would wish the person he loves to be destitute of all which is most dear, most affectionate, and most divine: to be deprived of father, mother, relations, and friends, lest they should censure and obstruct the intercourse with him; to be destitute of property, those who possess it being neither so easily obtained, nor, when obtained, so easily managed: to be unmarried, childless, and to remain for as long a period as possible undomesticated and without a home, in order to remain as long as possible subservient to his pleasures. Again; there are many other things which are in themselves bad; but in most of them there is an admixture of immediate pleasure: A flatterer is a most dangerous and mischievous animal, but nature has mixed up in him, a pleasure not entirely illiberal; a courtezan, and many other of the most pernicious things, are in daily intercourse the most pleasant; but a lover is not only pernicious, but the most unpleasant of all things in daily intercourse. For it is an old saying, that persons of the same age like one another: equality of age, producing similarity of tastes, causes friendship, by reason of resemblance: but even of *their* intimacy, there is such a thing as satiety; and moreover, in every thing, and to all persons, what they cannot get rid of, becomes a burthen. Now, both these are inconveniences which are suffered above all from a lover; who is likely to be much superior in age to the object of his love, and, hurried by an irresistible impulse, is so assiduous in running after and engrossing the person whom he loves, that he can in no way be got rid of.

'And not only is he thus disagreeable and detrimental while he loves, but unfaithful when he has ceased to love. He was only endured in the first instance, on account of his many promises and vows of future benefits. When, however, these are to be fulfilled, he is changed, and has recovered his reason. The person whom he loves, not knowing this, reminds him of his past words and deeds: he is ashamed to say that he has changed, and knows not how, when in his senses, to perform the promises which he made and swore to when in a state of temporary madness, lest, acting as he did before, he should again be what he then was. He therefore flies off from his promises, and from the society of the person whom he formerly loved; who has then the ungrateful task of pursuing, and resenting; having been unfortunately ignorant that the attachment of a lover is not a feeling of good will, but an appetite which seeks merely its own gratification, and that the love of a lover is like that of the wolf to the lamb.'

Here Socrates breaks off his discourse: and Phædrus tells him, that as yet he has only done half what he had undertaken; he has only censured the lover, and not pointed out the good which arises from an intimacy with one who is not a lover; why therefore does he stop? Socrates jocularly answers, 'Did you not perceive that I had already got beyond dithyrambics, and into heroics, and that too, when vituperating,' (for which purpose the poets generally employed the dithyrambic measure,) 'What do you suppose would happen if I were to commence a panegyric? I should be in a state of absolute enthusiasm; completely inspired by the nymphs of the place, to whose influence you have premeditatedly exposed me. I will be satisfied with saying in one word,

that by reversing all that we have said against the lover, you will find all the good qualities which distinguish the other.'

Having discoursed to the above effect, Socrates pretended to be going away, lest Phædrus, whom he rallies upon his extreme fondness for an argument, should compel him to make another discourse; but presently he affects to perceive what he calls the divine and customary sign, which, he says, is continually stopping him when he is about to undertake any thing; and to hear a voice, which will not allow him to depart, until he has expiated an offence which he has committed against the divinity. 'I am a prophet,' he continues; 'not a very good one, but (like a man who writes a bad hand-writing) good enough for my own use. The soul is in some sort a prophet; and mine pricked me while I was speaking, and made me even then afraid that I was offending the gods for the sake of honour among men; and I now perceive what my offence is. You have yourself brought, and have made me utter, two most horrible and impious discourses. Is not Love the son of Venus, and one of the gods?' 'So it is said,' replied Phædrus. 'Not by Lysias, however,' rejoins Socrates, 'nor by your speech, which you by your incantations contrived to utter through my lips. If Love is, as he is, a god, or something divine, he cannot be anything evil. Both our speeches, however, represented him as such. I therefore must purify myself; and, as Stesichorus, who had been struck blind like Homer for calumniating Helen, recovered his sight by making a recantation, I will make my Palinodia, more wisely, before I have yet suffered anything from the anger of the god whom I have maligned. Do you not think, indeed, that any person of a generous and a civilized disposition, who either loves or has loved, if he were to hear us saying that lovers contract strong enmities from slight causes, and behave jealously and injuriously towards the object of their love, would suppose that we had been bred up at sea, and had never seen any liberal and generous attachment; and would be far indeed from admitting the justice of the censures which we have cast upon Love?' 'Perhaps,' said Phædrus, 'he would.' 'For this reason,' said Socrates, 'and for fear of the god himself, I will endeavour to efface my reproaches by a panegyric; and I would advise Lysias to make haste and do the same.

'It is a fallacy to maintain that one who loves not, should be favoured in preference to a lover, because the one is in his senses, and the other not. If madness were always and of necessity an evil, this would be very just; but it happens that the very greatest of blessings come to us through madness; madness given, it is true, by the divinity. The prophetesses at Delphi and Dodona, and elsewhere, have rendered to Greece, both individually and publicly, when frantic, the greatest services, but none that I know of when in their sober senses. There would be no end to the enumeration of those who have foretold future events correctly, prophesying by a frenzy inspired from heaven. Those ancients who invented our language, certainly thought madness no disgrace, or they would not have given to the noblest of arts, that of predicting the future, the name of *μανικη* (madness,) which we have ignorantly corrupted into *μαντικη*, (prophesy.) In like manner, the inquiry into the future, when conducted by those who are in their senses, by observation of the flight of birds, and other signs, received from the ancients (to indicate that it operated by means of thought and intellect)

the name *οἰονοϊστικη*,* which the moderns have corrupted into *οἰωνιστικη*, (the science of omens.) In so much then as the prophetic art excels that of augury and omens, in so much do the ancients testify that the madness which comes from God, excels the wisdom which comes from men. Many again, on whom, by the anger of the gods, great calamities and diseases have fallen, have been cured by the supervention of madness, which operating upon them in a manner similar to divination, indicated to them the proper prayers and adorations of the gods, by which they were purified, and became free from their previous evils. A third kind of madness is that, which, coming from the Muses, awakens the mind, and stirs it up to pour itself forth in odes and other kinds of poetry; and by adorning the deeds of the ancients, instructs their posterity. For he who, without madness inspired by the Muses, knocks at the door of poetry, thinking that he can become an adequate poet by mere art, fails of his purpose, and his poetry is thrown into the shade by that of the inspired madmen.

'Such, and yet more, are the good works which proceed from madness inspired by the gods. Let us not, therefore, be disturbed by any argument which inculcates the preference of a sane above an insane mind. Let us first require proof, that love is not sent by the gods, for the benefit both of the lover and of the person loved. We ourselves will show that, on the contrary, this kind of madness is given by the gods for the greatest possible felicity of mankind. The proof will be very unsatisfactory to merely clever people, but convincing to the really wise.† We must, with this view, first institute an inquiry concerning the soul, both of men and of gods; what are its affections, and what its acts.

'All souls are immortal; for that which is always in motion must be immortal. (That which is set in motion by something else, may cease to be moved, and may therefore cease to live. But that which is self-moving, as it never quits *itself*, never ceases moving, but is the source and beginning of motion to all other things which are moved. But that which is a beginning, is not itself generated: a thing which is generated may be traced up to a beginning, but that beginning would not be the beginning if it could be traced to anything prior. Not being generated, it is not susceptible of destruction; for, if the beginning were destroyed, every thing which is generated from it would be destroyed with it; if that which is self-moving were destroyed, since it is the cause of all other motion, there would be no motion whatever.) Since, therefore, that which is self-moving is immortal, immortality is the essence of life; for, all bodies which require to be moved from without, are termed lifeless; those which are moved from within are said to have life. Life, therefore, is the principle of self-motion, and is consequently ungenerated, and immortal. Life is immortal; or in other words, the soul is immortal.‡

'Respecting the immortality of the soul, this is sufficient. About its

* From *οἰομαι* (to think,) and *νοῦς* (intellect).

† Ἡ δὲ δὴ μανικὴ ἴσως ἀνθρώποις μὲν ἄπιστος, σοφοῖς δὲ πιστή.

‡ The same word, ψυχὴ, signifies *life* and the *soul*. This is no ambiguity. What is the soul but the principle of life? not organic life, which trees have as well as human beings, but sentient life, consciousness.

form, we shall speak as follows. What it is, would be the matter of a long inquiry, and would require divine aid; but to show what it resembles, is in human power, and requires not so long an exposition. We may compare it to a chariot, with a pair of winged horses and a driver. In the souls of the gods, the horses and the driver are entirely good: in other souls, only partially so, one of the horses excellent, the other vicious. The business, therefore, of the driver, is extremely difficult and troublesome.

'Let us now attempt to show how some living beings came to be spoken of as mortal, and others as immortal. All souls are employed in taking care of the things which are inanimate; and travel about the whole of heaven, in various forms. Now, when the soul is perfect, and has wings, it is carried aloft, and helps to administer the entire universe; but the soul which loses its wings, drops down until it catches hold of something solid, in which it takes up its residence; and having a dwelling of clay, which seems to be self-moving on account of the soul which is in it, the two together are called an animal, and mortal. The phrase, immortal animal, arises not from any correct understanding, but from a fiction: never having seen, nor being able to comprehend a deity, men conceived an immortal being, having a body as well as a soul, united together for all eternity. Let these things, then, be as it pleases God; but let us next state from what cause a soul becomes unfledged.

'It is the nature of wings to lift up heavy bodies towards the habitation of the gods; and of all things which belong to the body, wings are that which most partakes of the divine. The divine includes the beautiful, the wise, the good, and every thing of that nature. By these, the wings of the soul are nourished and increased; by the contraries of these, they are destroyed.

'Jupiter, and the other gods, divided into certain bands, travel about in their winged chariots, ordering and attending to all things, each according to his appointed function; and all who will, and who can, follow them. When they go to take their repasts, they journey up hill, towards the summit of the vault of heaven. The chariots of the gods, being in exact equilibrium, and therefore easily guided, perform this journey easily, but all others with difficulty; for one of the two horses, being of inferior nature, when he has not been exceedingly well trained by the driver, weighs down the vehicle, and impels it towards the earth.

'The souls which are *called* immortal, (viz. the gods,) when they reach the summit, go through, and standing upon the convex outside of heaven, are carried round and round by its revolution, and see the things which lie beyond the heavens. No poet has ever celebrated these super-celestial things, nor ever will celebrate them as they deserve. This region is the seat of *Existence* itself: Real Existence, colourless, figureless, and intangible Existence, which is visible only to Mind, the charioteer of the soul, and which forms the subject of Real Knowledge. The minds of the gods, which are fed by pure knowledge, and all other thoroughly well-ordered minds, contemplate for a time this universe of "Being" *per se*, and are delighted and nourished by the contemplation, until the revolution of the heavens bring them back to the same point. In this circumvolution, they contemplate Justice itself, Temperance itself, and Knowledge, not that knowledge which has a generation or a beginning, not that which exists in a subject which is any of what

we term beings, but that Knowledge which exists in Being in general; in that which really Is. After thus contemplating all real existences, and being nourished thereby, these souls again sink into the interior of the heavens, and repose.

'Such is the life of the gods. Of other souls, those which best follow the gods, and most resemble them, barely succeed in lifting the head of the charioteer into the parts beyond the heavens, and being carried round by the circumvolution, are enabled with difficulty to contemplate this universe of Self-Existences. Others, being encumbered by the horses, sometimes rising and sometimes sinking, are enabled to see some Existences only. The remainder only struggle to elevate themselves, and by the unskilfulness of their drivers, coming continually into collision, are lamed, or break their wings, and after much labour go away without accomplishing their purpose, and return to feed upon mere Opinion.

'The motive of this great anxiety to view the super-celestial plain of Truth, is, that the proper food of the soul is derived from thence, and in particular, the wings, by which the soul is made light and carried aloft, are nourished upon it. Now it is an inviolable law that any soul, which, placing itself in the train of the gods, and journeying along with them, obtains a sight of any of these self-existent Realities, remains exempt from all harm until the next circumvolution; and if it can contrive to effect this every time, it is for ever safe and uninjured. But if, being unable to elevate itself to the necessary height, it altogether fails of seeing these Realities, and, being weighed down by vice and oblivion, loses its wings and falls to the earth, it enters into and animates some Body. It never enters, at the first generation, into the body of a brute animal; but that which has seen most, enters into the body of a person who will become a lover of wisdom, or a lover of beauty, or a person addicted to music, or to love: the next in rank, into that of a monarch who reigns according to law, or a warrior, or a man of talents for command: the third, into a person qualified to administer the state, and manage his family affairs, or carry on a gainful occupation: the fourth, into a person fond of hard labour and bodily exercises, or skilled in the prevention and curing of bodily diseases: the fifth, into a prophet, or a teacher of religious ceremonies: the sixth, into a poet, or a person addicted to any other of the imitative arts: the seventh, into a husbandman or an artificer: the eighth, into a sophist, or a courtier of the people: the ninth, into a despot and usurper. And in all these different fortunes they who conduct themselves justly will obtain next time a more eligible lot; they who conduct themselves unjustly, a worse.

'The soul never returns to its pristine state in less than 10,000 years, for its wings do not grow in a shorter time; except only the soul of one who philosophizes with sincerity, or who loves with philosophy. Such souls, after three periods of 1000 years, if they choose thrice in succession this kind of life, recover their wings in the three thousandth year, and depart. The other souls, at the termination of their first life, are judged, and having received their sentence, are either sent for punishment into the places of execution under the earth, or are elevated to a place in heaven, in which they are rewarded according to the life which they led while here. In either case they are called back on the thousandth year, to choose or draw lots for a new life. Then a human

soul often passes into the body of a beast, and that of a beast, if it has ever been human, passes again into the body of a man. For a soul which has never seen the Truth at all, cannot enter into the human form, it being necessary that man should be able to apprehend things according to *kinds*,* which kinds are composed of many perceptions combined by reason into *one*. Now this mode of apprehending is neither more nor less than the *recollecting* of those things which the soul formerly saw when it journeyed along with the gods, and, disregarding what we now call beings, applied itself to the apprehension of Real Being. It is for this reason that the soul of the philosopher is re-fledged in a shorter period than others: for it constantly, to the best of its power, occupies itself in trying to recollect those things which the gods contemplated, and by the contemplation of which they are gods; by which means, being lifted out of, and above, human cares and interests, he is, by the vulgar, considered as mad, while in reality he is inspired.

'It will now appear, on consideration, that that fourth kind of madness of which we were before speaking, the madness of one who is a lover of beauty, is the best and most beneficial of all the enthusiasms which are inspired from heaven. For, as we have already said, every human soul has actually seen the Real Existences, or it would not have come into a human shape. But it is not easy for all of them to call to mind what they then saw: those especially, which saw that region for a short time only, and those which, having fallen to the earth, were so unfortunate as to be turned to injustice, and consequent oblivion of the sacred things which were seen by them in their prior state. Few, therefore, remain who are adequate to the recollection of those things. These few, when they see here any image or resemblance of the things which are there, receive a shock like a thunderbolt, and are in a manner taken *out of themselves;* but from deficiency of comprehension, they know not what it is which so affects them. Now, the likenesses which exist here of Justice and Temperance, and the other things which the soul honours, do not possess any splendour; and a few persons only, with great difficulty, by the aid of dull, blunt, material organs, perceive the terrestrial likenesses of those qualities, and recognise them. But Beauty was not only most splendid when it was seen by us forming part of the heavenly procession or quire, but here also the likeness of it comes to us through the most acute and clear of our senses, that of sight, and with a splendour which no other of the terrestrial images of super-celestial existences possess. They, then, who are not fresh from heaven, or who have been corrupted, are not vehemently impelled towards that Beauty which is aloft, when they see that upon earth which is called by its name; they do not, therefore, venerate and worship it, but give themselves up to physical pleasure, after the manner of a quadruped. But they who are fresh from those divine objects of contemplation, and who have formerly contemplated them much, when they see a godlike countenance or form, in which celestial beauty is imaged and well imitated, are first struck with a holy awe, and then, approaching, venerate this beautiful object as a god, and, if they were not afraid of the

* This may be rendered in the dialect of modern philosophy, to *abstract* and to *generalize;* which is here represented as the faculty which distinguishes man, the rational being, from the mere beasts.

reputation of too raving a madness, would erect altars, and perform sacrifices to it. And the warmth and genial influence derived from the atmosphere which beauty generates around itself, entering through the eyes, softens and liquefies the inveterate induration, which coats and covers up the parts in the vicinity of the wings, and prevents them from growing: this being melted, the wings begin to germinate and increase, and this, like the growing of the teeth, produces an itching and irritation which disturbs the whole frame of the soul. When, therefore, by the contemplation of the beautiful object, the induration is softened, and the wings begin to shoot, the soul is relieved from its pain and rejoices; but when that object is absent, the liquefied substance hardens again, and closes up the young shoots of the wings, which consequently boil up and throb, and throw the soul into a state of turbulence and rage, and will neither allow it to sleep nor remain at rest, until it can again see the beautiful object, and be relieved. For this reason it never willingly leaves that object, but for its sake deserts parents and brothers and friends, and neglects its patrimony, and despises all established usages and decorums on which it valued itself before. And this affection is Love.

'Now, those who in their former state followed in the train of Jupiter, can, when seized by love, more patiently bear the burthens occasioned by it; but those who served and followed Mars, when they fall in love, and think themselves wronged by the person whom they love, are ready to resort to violence, and immolate both the loved person and themselves. And every other soul, both in its loves and in all its other pursuits, follows to the best of its power the example and model of the god on whom it formerly attended. But those who attended on Jupiter seek to have for the object of their love one who resembles Jupiter in soul—one who is a philosopher, and fitted by nature to lead; and strive all they can that the object of their love, if not so already, shall become so. And if they themselves have not before applied to study, they do so, and endeavouring to image to their recollection the god to whom they were attached, model their habits and dispositions, as far as is in human power, from him. And ascribing this change in themselves to the object of their love, they become still fonder of that object, and communicate to it a share of what they themselves draw from Jupiter, and make the beloved person resemble as much as possible the god whom they imitate. In like manner, those who had been attendants upon Juno look out for a person of a regal disposition; those of Apollo, and all the other gods, similarly look out for an object of love who is as like their god as possible, and if not so already they endeavour that it shall become so.

'We formerly distinguished the soul into three parts, two of them resembling horses, the third a charioteer. One of these horses we said was good, the other vicious. The better of the two is an upright noble animal, a lover of honour, sensible to shame, and obeying the word of the driver without the lash. The other is crooked, headlong, fiery, insolent, deaf, and with difficulty yielding even to whip and spur.* Now, when the driver is inflamed by love and desire for some beautiful

* The charioteer and the two horses in this allegory, are manifestly types of the three principles which, in the 'Republic,' our author represents as the constituent elements of the mind—Reason, Honour, and Appetite.

human being, the tractable horse holds himself back, and restrains himself all he can from attempting any sensual enjoyment of the beloved object ; but the other, setting whip and rein at defiance, struggles on, and compels his companion and the driver to rush towards the desired object, and consent to unchaste intercourse. When they come into its presence, and the charioteer, beholding it, is reminded of the ideal beauty which he has formerly seen, and sees it with his mind's eye joined with Continence and Purity in the super-celestial region, he is struck dumb, and falling backward in adoration, draws back the reins so violently, that both horses are forced back upon their haunches, the one willingly and unresisting, the other with a great struggle. After many vain attempts, in which the vicious beast suffers great torture, he is at length subdued and humbled, and when he comes into the presence of the beloved object, is so overcome with fear as to be easily governed.

'The mind of the lover being brought into this state, his constant attendance upon, and as it were worship of, the beloved object, in time inspires the latter with a corresponding affection : and the same stream of beauty and desire which has entered into the soul of the lover through his eyes, rebounds as from a wall when he is full, and enters into the person from whom it at first proceeded, in whom it in like manner melts the induration about the roots of the wings, and enables them to sprout. Thus both partake of love; and if, by orderly habits of life, and by philosophy, the better part of their nature retains the ascendency, they lead a happy and united life, retaining command over themselves, being in strict subjection so far as regards the vicious part of their souls, and in full freedom in respect of the virtuous part. And after their death, being light and winged, and having achieved one of the three great victories, they have accomplished the greatest good which either human wisdom or divine madness can confer upon a human creature. But if their mode of life is more rude, and they are attached to the pursuit of honour rather than of wisdom, perhaps in a moment of forgetfulness the incontinent horse of each of them, finding their souls unguarded, may bring them together, and cause them to accomplish what common persons celebrate as the summit of happiness. And this having been done, they subsequently persevere in the same intercourse, but sparingly, as doing what is not approved by the whole of their minds. These persons, too, are dear to one another, although less so than those of whom we formerly spoke : and both while their love continues and when it has ceased, they consider themselves as having given and received the greatest of pledges, which it would be impious to violate by becoming alienated. When these persons die, they quit the body, without wings indeed, but having them in an incipient state, and they have therefore no trifling reward for their love ; for those who have once commenced the journey towards heaven cannot again descend into the subterranean darkness, but live happily together in the clear light, and when they recover their wings, recover them together.

'Such is the attachment of a lover. But that of a person who is not a lover, being a mere compound of mortal prudence, is sparing and no more than mortal in what it dispenses : it produces in the soul of the person who is the object of attachment, nothing but illiberality,*

* ἀνελευθερία.

which the vulgar praise as virtue. A soul so affected will be tossed about for 9000 years, on the earth and under it.'

Here Socrates terminates his long discourse, winding it up by a prayer to Love, to whom he offers the discourse as a Palinodia; and whose pardon he implores for having blasphemed against him, and lays the whole blame upon Lysias, whose mind he beseeches the god to turn to philosophy.

Phædrus warmly applauded this discourse, which he allowed to be greatly superior to that of Lysias. I am afraid, said he, that Lysias would appear but poor, even if he attempted to write another speech against it. And, by the way, one of our politicians the other day inveighing against him, reproached him through the whole of his invective with being a λογογράφος, or speech-writer. Perhaps, therefore, he may, from care of his own estimation, give up the practice. Socrates laughed, and told Phædrus that he mistook his friend if he thought him so fearful of censure. So you think, he added, that the man who thus reproached him meant what he said? It seemed so, answered Phædrus, and you are yourself aware that the men of importance and gravity in a state are ashamed to write speeches, and leave written memorials of themselves behind them, being afraid lest they should hereafter be reputed sophists.* Socrates replied jocularly, that on the contrary none were fonder of leaving written memorials behind them, and of being thought good writers, than politicians: for when they write any thing, they are so fond of those who applaud it, as always to name them at the very beginning of the writing. Do not their writings always begin, Resolved by the senate, or by the people, or by both, on the proposition of such a one, meaning very gravely the writer himself; and does he not then go on showing off his own wisdom to his applauders, to the end of sometimes a very long paper? And if this be blotted out from the tablet on which it is inscribed, do not the composer and all his friends go away dissatisfied; and if it be thought worthy of being written and permanently recorded, is he not pleased? and if any of these men, either by his ascendency as an orator, or by authority as a king, obtains the power of Lycurgus, or Solon, or Darius, which enables him to become a writer for immortality, does he not appear both to himself, and to posterity who read his writings, almost a god? It is evident, therefore, that such a man, if he reproaches Lysias, does not reproach him for being a writer. To write, therefore, is not disgraceful. To write ill, is so. What then is the manner of writing well or ill? Shall we ask this of Lysias, or any other writer who ever wrote either in poetry or prose? 'Shall we?' says Phædrus—'what else do we live for, but for such pleasures as these? Not certainly for those pleasures, to the enjoyment of which a previous state of pain is necessary; which is the case with almost all the bodily pleasures; for which reason they are justly called servile.' 'We have leisure,' answered Socrates, 'and the *cicadæ* who are chirping and conversing with one another, in the trees over our heads, would despise us if we, like the vulgar, instead of conversing,

* We think it not useless to note as it occurs, for the confusion of the Tory perverters of Grecian history, the evidence which perpetually presents itself of the disrepute in which the sophists were held by the Greeks, especially by the very class whom they are alleged to have corrupted; those, namely, who considered themselves as what in modern phrase would be styled 'men of the world.'

were to sleep out the hot part of the day, being lulled by their note through vacancy of mind. They would suppose that we were like cattle, who come down at mid-day to drink at the stream, and fall asleep. But if they see us conversing, and passing them by, like the Syrens, unfascinated, they will be pleased with us, and will, perhaps, confer on us the gift which they have from the gods to bestow upon men.' 'Have they such a gift?' asked Phædrus, 'for I never heard of it.' 'A lover of the Muses,' replied Socrates, 'ought not to be ignorant of this. It is said that the cicadæ were men, before the Muses existed; but when the Muses were born, and song commenced, some of the men of that time were so engrossed by delight, that they passed their time in singing, and neglected to take food until they died. From them the race of the cicadæ are sprung; and possess the gift from the Muses, not to need food or drink, but to sing continually until they die, and afterwards going to the abodes of the Muses, report to them who among mortals gives them honour.'

Socrates and Phædrus agreed accordingly to continue their conversation, and that the subject should be, what constituted good speaking and writing.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

NATIONAL IMMORALITY CURED IN FOURTEEN YEARS.

We have the most important intelligence to announce to our readers. In fourteen years from the present time, ignorance, vice, and misery will in all probability have ceased throughout the land. Possibly the great millennium may not arrive so soon; but we shall be favoured with a smaller millennium, destined exclusively for this country. A genius has appeared among us—the glad tidings are revealed; and the marvellous power of the mighty scheme can only be compared with its wondrous simplicity.

The eager anxiety of the reader shall not be detained another moment. The new light is cast upon our favoured island by a slender pamphlet, entitled 'A New and Practical System of Instruction, capable by means of a powerful and extraordinary stimulus of effecting the reformation of all mankind.' It is no wonder that the author should have to apologize for 'the great haste' with which the pamphlet has been drawn up. In such a case, delay were a crime; and we must entreat so lofty a mind, no longer to 'feel grieved' (as in the preface) 'at being obliged to carry the following pages so soon to the press; but the exigencies of the country,' as he very properly remarks, 'demand their immediate publication.'

Calmly then, or as calmly as such exciting tidings will permit, do we now attempt to unfold the precious tissue. Three portions; three simple yet mystic parts, shine out as components of this wondrous whole. In three parts, we say, does it appear to our purblind eyes; for our author is far above all sublunary system. Faithfully shall we quote the illuminator's words; for we would

not, except in great emergency, enfeeble the dictum by any ordinary forms of speech.

PORTION I.—'It is the duty of every person to be in possession, if lawfully possible, of this small book, which contains a description of those things wherein this system differs from all others.' Most satisfactory! How can the intelligence be communicated unless the book be bought? The desire to possess it being irresistible, the author (in keeping with the rest of his character) condescends to warn us, in his first paragraph, against resorting to illegal means. Still further to diminish the obvious danger to the public morality, the price of one shilling, which we paid for our copy, has just been reduced to sixpence. In this respect our conscience is clear. We have performed our duty. We stole not—we purchased the book.

PORTION II.—1. Let Sunday schools exist in every township; which children, 'and all adult persons not able to read, are desired to attend, and submit to be placed in a class adapted to their capacities.'

2. 'The nobility, gentry, and the higher orders of the clergy' must regularly attend as visitors. 'It will be the duty of every nobleman to visit the school nearest his residence on every sabbath day.' This being obviously the main pillar of his edifice,

'The author begs to make apology to the nobility for so peremptorily requiring their presence on these occasions; but, speaking from actual experience, he is compelled to say, they cannot be effectually conducted otherwise. The attendance of the nobility and the higher orders of society will secure the attendance of all other classes of the community. It is therefore to be hoped no offence will be taken by the nobility, where such paramount importance is attached to the request.'

3. INSTRUCTION.—'The Bible to be divided into classes *ad infinitum*, but not into sections or portions.'

Our author, genius-like, attributes undue intelligence to the rest of mankind. May we humbly entreat more light? otherwise we fear we shall fail in attempting to divide the Bible into classes *ad infinitum*, but not into sections, &c. Our author proceeds.—

'When a child is capable of reading the scriptures, no other book, but either a mere outline, or an abridgement of the Bible, is used by him in the school; that is, first the outline, which is succeeded by the abridgement; and when he has passed his final examination in this, he will be acquainted with the principal parts of the Old and New Testament. The Bible is then read again and again, *ad infinitum*, and his knowledge ascertained by the interrogatory system. In this manner he proceeds so long as he may continue in a class in the school. No commentary or illustration of the Bible is allowed.'

PORTION III.—Cards, diplomas, and Degrees.

'Common cards to be given on every Sunday evening for regular attendance; good behaviour; moral conduct.

'Admittance cards to be given at the expiration of six weeks to the holders of six common cards.

'Cards of admittance to be given every six weeks, numbered progressively, till the highest Bible class in the school have passed their final examination. The first degree must then be conferred.

'The first degree to be conferred by diploma on every one holding the same number of admittance tickets.

'The second degree to be conferred when the second Bible class have passed their final examination.

'Every attendant in these schools on whom the first degree has been conferred, will have a stake in society; he will have a moral and religious character in the world.

'By means of this system, and these schools, a new species of property will be established in the country.

'By means of this system, a value may be put on every person's character.'

Looking to the extraordinary effects that must be produced by the system and its diplomas, he predicts that in fourteen years,

'The present rising generation will have arrived at the period of manhood, and many perhaps will have been honoured with a dozen or more diplomas of inestimable value.'

Again and again does our great illuminator revert to the Corinthian capitals of his temple.

'Lastly, a few words with regard to the encouragement this system may justly expect from the higher classes; they are noblemen and gentlemen of the highest intellectual attainments—they patronize every society which has for its object, sound morality and true religion. Can it then, for a moment be supposed they will let fall to the ground, a method of instruction, the only one which promises to be of extensive and even general utility? let us conclude they will not, &c.'

Had we space, we should quote the whole of this paragraph, which is particularly rich. Thus energetically concludes this matchless work:—

'And lastly. By means of this system, and by this alone, in fourteen years, according to all human probability, the immoral habits of the people will have gradually changed, and comparative holiness have sprung up in their place.'

N. B. A public placard announces that the nation will save twenty millions per annum by this scheme, which must at once decide this money-loving nation. Mr. Hume must feel bound to bring it forward in Parliament, and thenceforward it must form a standing item in the budget.

A foreign fiddler, when endoctrinating an English nobleman, encouraged him with the assurance that there were three stages in fiddle-playing—fiddle not at all—fiddle very bad—fiddle very well, and that his Lordship had made great proficiency, having attained the stage of fiddle very bad. And we are like the fiddler

pupil. Long, very long, did we 'educate not at all:' we have now got the length of 'educate very bad;' and of us, alas! as of the fiddler's pupil, it is not to be conjectured when we shall reach the final stage.

An uneasy fermentation has long pervaded the mass; thick vapid scum has bubbled up and coated the whole surface; and the dark, fat, and noxious dregs have unwillingly and but partially subsided. When, oh! when shall we drink freely of the pure and generous stream, unstifled by mephitic vapours, unchoked and unsickened by the filthy dreg.

National education is beginning to attract the attention of the community. The ancient dame schools, with a slight sprinkling of free and boarding schools, have long ceased to satisfy us. The Bell, Lancaster, and Sunday schools followed, with loud acclamation, but still we are dissatisfied: we are beginning to suspect that in most instances they are mere mockeries; clumsy machines for giving the worst education to the greatest number—an education cleverly divested of intellectual or moral culture, and often proving worse than useless. The infant schools, too, have turned aside from the rational plans with which they started; and here again we are dissatisfied.

Dissatisfied with the empty aristocratic arrogance of the public school, and the inflated ignorance of the trading pedagogue, we try joint stock schools and subscription schools, and wonder that masters, selected because they are thoroughly imbued with old errors, will not discover new truths: we quarrel about religion being (professedly) taught or not taught, and about respectability and vulgarity. In time we may discover that it is worth while to inquire, not whether the master is an M. A. but whether he knows his business; and call upon him to prove that he has penetrated the husk of learning. We may even get the length of discovering that the management of a school is not a faculty inhering in every A. M., or indeed in every unsuccessful speculator who can persuade parents that he can read and write. Then, and not till then, shall we insist upon our instructors giving instruction; and then we shall take measures for discovering if they have acquired those statesman-like qualities that are indispensable towards enabling them to rule their little world with proper effect.

In the mean time schemes of all kinds crowd upon us—like bubbles they arise, and like bubbles they burst—as in the sample we have given above,—leaving much ink impressed on much paper, and nothing besides.

A PEEP INTO SHERWOOD FOREST.

At the little, out of the way, undisturbed village of Edwinstow you can see no indication, nor, without previously acquired knowledge, would you guess that you are within five minutes walk of the most perfect specimen of antique forest, the most sequestered and distinctly charactered elf and fairy realm on earth. It is the last vestige of Sherwood's right to renown. It stands alone, as it has stood for the last thousand years; as it stood centuries before graceless King John and his graceless nobles and courtiers hunted the deer under its umbrageous boughs; before Norman William grasped at the Saxon homesteads, and desolated the hearths of a hundred yeomen to gorge one of his bull-headed fellow-ruffians. By itself it stands, and is like no other spot on which my eyes have ever looked, or my feet have ever trod. It is Birkland, a beautiful land of beautiful birches, with, near it, adjoining it, a noble neighbour, *Billhagh*, or *Belle-hagh*, all of oaks which have seen ten generations come and pass away. Among the birches, too, stand many of these tall, huge, bulky, and venerable giants. But come, reader, let us walk to this Birkland, up the short street through the village, throwing, as we go, a passing glance at the church's old tower and queer spire, and wondering inquisitively at the odd fancy which placed the eight niches at the tower's top and the spire's foot; wherein formerly stood as many grey-coated, grey-nosed, and grey-skinned goodly stone saints; which an opposing sect of image worshippers, deeming the elevation of these impious or idolatrous, dismounted and demolished. A few paces more, and Edwinstow is behind you: here the road branches off in a Y fashion; that to the left inclining more to a right angle with the street: the right hand road leads to Thoresby Park—the left is the road to nowhere, or anywhere; for as your eye runs along it you perceive it grows turfy and green, being little trodden, except by sheep and harvest wains. Take neither of these roads, but proceed directly onwards. Just at the junction of the forks, the apex of the angle, is a company of tall graceful trees, firs and other gentlefolks, towering aloft, and very beautiful: look well at them, take impressions of them strongly—they are the portal spirits to something more grand, august, sublime: perhaps they are octogenarians—or a century old—yet they will appear like striplings, infants, by the contrast to which you are approaching. Walk down upon that smooth sinking sweep of undulation: how gracefully it bends! like the mighty magnificent curve in a vast and green Atlantic billow, which by some omnipotence, some invisible hand, has been suspended in its rolling, and fixed thus as we see it.

'Here let the billows stiffen and have rest!'

said the great voice, and it was so. A stone-covered well is all that

breaks the verdant, rootless, tuftless, weedless surface: an upholsterer would not have nailed his green baize or drugget more evenly on your parlour carpet, nor glued his billiard-table cloth more *wrinklelessly :* so lies this verdant carpet, this fixed curve of the sea, till the uprising, crowning crest of the billow, ruffled with gorse, with its millions of yellow blossoms,—the ocean spray changed into bright and burning gold, which mingles its glory with the bending blue of heaven. That is the barrier ridge which completely conceals the universe beyond : and is it not a gorgeous barrier ? It is so resplendent in its beauty that your heart throbs in loving worship of it. Here pause at its foot, and drink in the joy which it pours forth abundantly ; and having done so, look upward to the ridge, and without pausing in your step as you wind to the summit, do but mark how those hoary-headed giants march up, forward upon, into your vision—and from the ridge bound down that gently inclining slope. In twenty steps the world is quite shut out: you are in a strange and solemn and old universe. You have passed from time to eternity—No—you have leaped out of the present, back a thousand years. Your dull lump of earth—your hundred and forty pounds avoirdupois, more or less, of clay, is at once exhaled, or has dropped off, away from your existence: you are become unweighable essence, ethereality. You are all air—a bird—a spirit—you feel that you could leap like a cricket, with less than a cricket's ponderosity : ankle-deep you are enclosed in elastic moss, from which you rebound with the lightness of cork, or a ball of caoutchouc. Do not yet look around you, nor above you : close your eyes, and you breathe bliss—you float—sail—fly : you are in heaven. Not yet—the chirping of the jackdaws tells you this still is earth—for it is not yet said whether jackdaws go to heaven. Still this is heaven ; and you love it all the better on finding that it teems with the creatures of earth—living, breathing, voiced creatures—and their speech-chirping here is delicious harmony—glorious concord. Bound a few steps more—you must bound, leap—you are full charged with electric fluid, and cannot *walk*. Stop : lift up your head, and gaze and gasp in the overpowering inspiration—which penetrates limbs—heart—and soul ! and holds you mute awhile.

A magnificent temple—the ruined Palmyra of the forest, roofed by the wide arch of heaven ! beautifully grand—awful, solemn, and deeply, intensely affecting : while it bows you down in adoration, it fills your spirit with love. There is nothing dark, nothing fearful, nothing sad in your soul while you gaze—you *do* love it—it wraps you in a sublimity of affection—you feel it is all your friend—your parent, your guardian—it blesses you, while you worship it ; and you bless it for the blessing it bestows. You feel that it was not the pride of man—nor the mockery of a false religion which reared this wondrous temple—that neither fraud nor oppression mingled in the design—nor has human vanity ever desecrated the holy place with monuments to

its honour. Grey and hoary with antiquity, the massive columns, though scathed and rent and bruised by a thousand storms, yet uplift themselves in stately dignity; or, like reverend sages, more reverend from the scathe of elements, stretching out their arms in counsel, or upwards in appeal to the Father of Creation: and they look so nobly calm, so gently majestic. Enchained for a time is every faculty, corporeal and intelligent, till wondering love grows bold, familiar; but in that boldness is no rudeness: it is reverential still: like the confiding assurance of candid and unsophisticated youth in the supervision of an ancient man, whose face age has not crimped with frowns—whose voice peevishness has not cracked into treble pipes by scolding—whose moral beauty and benignity have grown under Time's touch—whose authority is benevolence. In the familiarity is no insolence, no presumption, nor servilely courting of old Wisdom's condescension. It is the open spirit of a child to a parent, whose philosophy in training that child, has been, and is, so unlike so many of the world's wise ones; the philosophy which has deemed the task, the rod, the scourge, the unswerving imperative mood, and all lessons of fear, and duty, and obedience, and all coercive discipline, do but alienate the child's love, and turn the fountains of affection to lasting streams of bitterness, which transform beauty into deformity—change light to darkness—substitute hypocrisy of form for mind's earnestness, and dry, heart-gnawing convention and compulsion for the gushings and bubblings of devoted tenderness. It is in the assurance of reciprocated affection that youth grows bold in ancient wisdom's presence, and that such child is familiar with such parent. So, on the subsiding of the floods of emotion, mingling awe, and love, and reverence, you stand amidst this age-worn magnificence, and look upon those antique oaks with a deep serene of joy. Your eye courses the whole; then approach and examine in detail parts and particulars: and how many images arise from the survey! Fancy suggests an alternation and succession of comparisons, and each comparison gives instant birth to its appropriate feeling. You ring the changes on your sensations: yet all are pleasant ones.

Listen—you cannot avoid thinking that these venerable sages are going to speak: would they would! What lessons they might teach—what important secrets divulge: they who have looked on the world for ten centuries, what think they of the 'social system?' Of what politics are they? Tory? Whig? Radical? What? Radical to a certainty; genuine, staunch, honest radicals, for they would have all mankind happy at no declension, no party's suffering. What tales might they tell of fear and strife, of hypocrisy and war, of song and sport, of mirth and laughter. Mirth and laughter?—ay, there have been jovial doings in this hall of ages. Were not Robin Hood and his merry men all occasional denizens here? To be sure they were; this was the favourite retreat, and here it was they took their

metempsychoses from jovial men to jolly oak trees. There is little John; yonder tall fellow, with his one bare arm thrown out as if he had just swung his good quarter-staff in sport only, and pitched it to his neighbour Will Scarlet, whose hand is held forth to catch it. No metempsychosis of the staff is to be seen—it is gone the way of all staffs; unless it has transmigrated to one of those brown ferns which are lying asleep on couches of moss. Friar Tuck is centupled. His spirit became prolific as it passed from its clay tenement into oaken frame-work, and multiplied itself. Look at his girths enormous, and the huge wens starting from every side of his bulky carcases. They are relics of the hogsheads of Nottingham ale that he poured down his tundish into his gulfy reservoir—laughing in the thorough base between every draught; and every carbuncle, bursting into a mouth to let the laugh abroad, retains its thick lips in expansion of merry grin. He has literally split his sides. Harkye, jovial and venerated foresters, news for you—news at which you may start into flesh and blood again: there is as good ale in Nottingham now as ever was brewed when you drew long bow at the king's deer, or eased fat bishop of his ungodly gold. So come back: no, not you. There are now no deer to shoot, and the bishops are all *too poor.* Flesh and blood could not bear it. And of what race are those grotesque, fantastic, semi-monstrous forms which stand commingled among so much of the dignified, venerable, and jovial? Some are huge serpents, which have twisted their vertebræ into dislocation. Some are hard-mailed, long-tailed, fierce dragons, that have writhed in fury and agony, till their necks, legs, and tails have become fixed and lignified from torture. And if yonder be not a griffin's head, griffin never was. Heraldic painter or carver, after a night's riding by a nightmare, could not cut or paint a truer one. Look at his acute nose, open jaws, and pointed tongue, and the pricked-up, fox-like ears, with an eye as distinct and full as ever was eye; though, if you examine closer, it is but a hole right through the topmost fragment of a tree, which has been so carved and cut by tempests working in aid of Time. How fiery would that eye be if the moon peeped through it! Were it night now, my old nurse's gossip of hob-goblins and fiery fiends would be busy with me; and nothing but a griffin's head would my superstitious imagination allow it to be. The region is full of fantasy.

But turn your eye to the left, westward; what see you there? Is it a sun burst upon a line, a sheet, a field of silver? or the snowy haze of a dewy exhalation floating beneath a denser and darker canopy of clouds? Neither. What thus fixes your gaze in admiration are the thousands of white and glistening stems of graceful birch-trees—silent spirits of beauty—sylphs in meditation—dryad damsels assembled there to dream. Look at them, and wonder at their glory. Are you not impelled, attracted by a

hidden and indefinable sympathy towards them? How you wish and long to mingle your being and every sense with that quiet, harmonious, and delicious solitude, which waft to you a wooing invitation. Then away! spring over the elastic carpets of richly tinted mosses—dash through the yielding heather barriers—pause and stoop to look on the bright red stems that bend to your pressure, entwine round your limbs, and flash their beauty up into your eyes. You are stepping on, through and over the annually renovated growths of twenty centuries or more; and the prostrate brown ferns which crackle beneath your feet, will, in a few weeks, send up from their earth hidden roots, thousands of tall, curling, green younglings, to mingle with the purple blossoms of the heather—then may you riot and roll in a sea of perfume—leap, spring, bound along now in a delight which feels not the clog of animality. You inhale the exhilarating gas in such copiousness, that veins and arteries are no longer the channels of blood—they are all air-cells and electric conductors: the bird above your head floats not more buoyantly than you bound and sail on this precious bosomed earth. Wind your way down to that broad line of clearing, that avenue of enchantment; it seems to have been intended for a carriage road, but, luckily, the projector, rather amending his taste, or growing sick of the novelty, no longer charmed with his first vague, unfastening impressions of beauty, has abandoned it again to the old possessors, turf, and fern, and heather. Here walk awhile, slowly it must be, for you are fascinated into hesitation, and pause at every step. There they are, grouped in magical beauty, silent loveliness! amid each group, in serious pride of contemplation of the gracious forms and spirits around him, stands a reverend oak, smiling serenely, serenely and benignantly smiling, while he contemplates--the sultan of the harem!—but they are not his slaves—they are free as himself. Yes, there they are, fair young nymphs; their slender forms enveloped in white silk and silver; their smooth limbs just perceivably waving; and their abundant, glorious, pendulous tresses swinging in the light wind; swaying gently to and fro, their rich heads and drooping locks are moving to the sweet music, that immortal harmony, which cannot be heard in our 'muddy vestiture of decay.' The sky above bends down upon the scene to look and listen, and clips the whole in an embrace of joy. Your soul is heaving and swelling in the fulness of happiness, of enchantment, as you gaze here. Your heart floods with a rushing tide of eloquence; but speech is too poor to bear it along, and voiceless and tongueless it rolls within, bathing and imbuing every faculty of thought and feeling with the omnipotence of love. If you can cast your reflections back upon the world you have left, far, far behind you, search the stores of memory, and examine each fibre of sense which memory agitates. Is there any bad passion there? is there any corrosion,

any harshness, stirs there one breath of ill-will to any human being? Is not all your soul steeped in benevolence? is there one tinge of reflection which is not of love to all God's creatures? No, no, all are good, all are beautiful; you are what you would have all things, a totality of peace; you are a christian, then; you are adoring Heaven! Keep the instructions which these contemplations give you in your heart; store them there, and let them guide your practice when you mingle with the world.

Twenty times have you been drawn towards the many embowered paths which intersect the body of the forest; each arched over and diminishing to a point of light, or completely closed in by the meeting branches; and you feel in anticipation the serene hush of the retreats to which they invite you; the repose from the tremour, the overcharged and overbubbling fountains of joyous and rapturous excitement. You long to enter, and throw yourself at length on the couchy moss or fern, and quell the passionate sense into a tranquillity of satisfaction and retrospective thought. You have witnessed a beautiful drama, well got up and well performed, perhaps? one that has called up a succession of intense interests and enchaining sympathies? and you have gone home quietly, and through half the night coursed over each thought, emotion, and incident with calmer relish, thus fixing each more accurately and firmly on your mind's tablet? Just such a gratifying change and succession of pleasures are yours in gazing on these birches from the avenue, and then enwrapping yourself and thoughts in one of these bowery mantles. So dash in at once, and *think* the pictures over. Come, let us see what sort of a pic-nic we can make out here. This is a delectable spot for enjoying it; or take your selection from the hundreds of pretty canopied recesses and verdant alcoves for a *salle-à-manger*. Or look there—there is a spot enclosed within a barrier of impenetrable gorse, if you like enclosures and barriers, which I do not; here you may sit or lie extended, screened in by a glorious curtain of green and gold. Look, here is the entrance, somewhat intricate and winding, with just room for one at a time to pass in; and space when you are there for a dozen or more, with swinging elbow room, as you assemble round the board? no, round the smooth turf, which is covered with a snow-white sheet of damask. Stay, who are, or are *to be*, of the party, and what the viands? These, sir, or madam, are matters to be well looked to; a little bungling will do great mischief, and utter freedom from arrangement will be the nicest order in the world, if you have set out wisely. I have seen so many of these things spoiled by nicety and decorum, and so many unsuccessful from an absence of nicety and decorum, that my philanthropy prompts a little advice to sylvan revellers.

First, for the number of the party: if more than two, do not stint at eight, ten, or a dozen, at least. A dozen will do, if you

are sure they are of the right sort; and this right sort does not include all who will answer readily 'yes' to your question of 'who will go?' Be cautious that the desire to increase your number does not coax you into an admission of doubtful ones, or the pleasure of all must be sacrificed to that one's inanity, dumbness, and deadness of soul. For my own single part, or whim, I should select children freely, as fellows in the affair, because if they felt an inclination to go mad with enjoyment, why mad they would show themselves, and shout out of all 'proper behaving,' and kick up their heels most unconventionally; all our pleasures are doubled by the sympathy with others; so let us have no 'propriety and decorum' (those decoctions of stupidity and cunning) here. We will have those who can feel the beauties of the place, and who, so feeling, will look, speak, and do, all they can of all they feel—though it be to burst into tears of rapturous hysteria—to scream with delight, or to remain mute. A majority of the gentler sex is desirable. If equally paired you may be compelled to tug and haul in couples like greyhounds. For the choice:—this is the nice point—the *experimentum crucis.* The right sort may be found from all ages, from six to sixty: (the fearful of rheumatics will not do:) but we have an instinctive aptness to the impression that personal prettiness, or, if you insist on it, beauty, is the store-house of all the lovelier qualities of mind and heart; and they are so when rightly schooled: but in the schooling lives and grows the mischief. Generally, too generally—and this as much from the contemptible foolery of the men, as from the narrowing, conventional absurdity of their female instructors, young ladies are taught into a mechanism of manner—'springes to catch woodcocks'—to conceal, suppress, crush all the natural and beautiful gushings of the purest and most beautiful emotions, and to affect those externals which are as much like the graces and beauties of truth and delicacy as a toad-stool is like a violet or a primrose—a smile from one of which toad-stools would curdle a whole sea of syllabub: one of such, in this our projected party, would look Birkland into a huge birch rod. Eschew all who were ever seen out of a dressing-room with hair *en papillotte:* and all who would set forward on this jaunt with hair and head tortured into the graces of a chizzled wig: there is no more poetry in such heads than in a dish of tripe: come, all who do come, with tresses that will freely unloose themselves from their braids; so that locks and ringlets may swing in companionship and sympathy with the tens of thousands of tassels on the heads and brows of these Lady Birches. How glorious looks a young creature as she springs, light as an antelope, over the moss and through the heather, and darts in and out among the intertwining sprays, in all the joyaunce of a heart that makes buoyant and elastic every limb and sinew; with tresses sportively floating, waving, and fluttering in

the wind: now shadowing the light of her eyes, now parting aside to let forth the full and brilliant flash of the happy spirit within: making nature proud at beholding her child. Let every one be in woodland trim—that is, fit for a scramble through the branches and the gorse: all sylvan delight is alloyed, destroyed, if there be any demand on your attention or care lest your dress should be disarranged or damaged. Against long tails, flounces and frills, netting, gimping and furbelows, the forest has declared ceaseless and persevering warfare: so let your outward man or woman, boy or girl, be such as it will not affect your delicacy to see rendered somewhat more picturesque at the close than it was at the commencement of the revel; though, indeed, there is little likelihood of fractures if you have been wise in your equipment—dress so that you can be altogether in a thorough *don't carishness* for scratches. A beaver hat is a villain in the woods: a shawl or veil no less so. Sandals, too, are an abomination; their strings make so many unloving alliances with underwood and roots: so neat-fitting, stringless shoes, or ancle boots, with lace-ends carefully, snugly tucked in, if you please, ladies.

Well, the selection is made, the party is assembled, all of eyes that can see beauty, and hearts that can rejoice in it, of spirits so uncorrupted that they will yield full scope to the expression of enjoyment, and each, in his or her own feeling, give and receive enjoyment, and, what is an indispensable characteristic, will not pretend to enjoy where enjoyment is not. So march ye now in the best of order,—no order at all,—into this calm realm of forest grandeur and glory. I'll tell you what such a party will do: first, assemble in a compact knot, (without designing, planning such assemblage, and it would be a tedious wordy process to show you the why of this,) as if to catch and communicate inspiration from all to all; it is to that you so assemble, but you do not know what attracts you:—to hear the short ejaculations of surprise, and subdued exclamations, murmurings, breathings of pure rapture,—deep and holy is that rapture, and in what delicious variety of expression it shows itself! What next? Then you draw off by twos and threes for a while, till a more vivacious, exhilarating, dancing delight courses rapidly through the nerves; and then, in as many directions as there are animated beings to take them, bound forward over moss, through glade and heather, in very exuberance of bliss. Nay, I should not be surprised if some ran up to the trees, and kissed them; nor should I regard such an *extravagance* as aught but the gushing that throbbed with the love of nature, which superior intelligence and perception of beauty, moral or physical, animate or inanimate, *does* awake, and does fan its pure sparks into an unsullied, forth-issuing flame. Your eye looks yonder on a fawnlike creature, for agility, bounding along, now hidden, now glimpsingly seen through the dangling branches, or peering over some fern-brake or gorse-

bush; there sits another on a grassy seat, lost in abstraction of meditation; as full of sweet poesy is her soul, as is the air with balmy freshness: there is one stooping to examine with curious admiration the miniature forest which her fancy has found in a moss tuft, and wondering if those little scarlet-headed fungus-sprouts are not torches by which the beetles light up their supper halls: there is another, pencilling on her brain the elegant and picturesque trunks, slender arms, whiplike branches, and delicate foliage of a group of trees, and catching impressions of the moving lights and shadows which play about them, telling herself that she can make a good sketch from memory when she reaches home, or that she will come again, and have it from the life;—another day's enjoyment laid up in the storehouse of her anticipation. Away, in distance, mellowed into the sweetness of a sweet sound's echo, now heard, now lost, a warbling voice is streaming out the spirit's cascade of joy; all is so happy, that the very trees have a living sympathy with it, and participate in breathing being. But now call in the stragglers, call in the frolicksome, unchain the enchanted, halloo to the warbler, break the fixed muteness of the contemplative, and all gather in, with one look, one set of thoughts; here is our hall, our tent, our refectory; and here the viands. What? First for seats and table. The smooth green turf within the enclosure of gorse, of which I aforetime spoke, for the latter; and for seats, in ten minutes as many hands have collected moss sufficient to furnish the hall with more inviting sofas and easy chairs than ever were conjured up by the luxurious ingenuity of a Hope or a Beckford. Come, suspend your hats and bonnets to the swinging branches; the strings will flutter as so many festival streamers; throw shawls and kerchiefs on and among the gorses, yellow flowers, and heather: there's an eye-gladdening commingling of colours! Sit or recline at your pleasure,—room for either or all. Ours is the genuine cooperative system,—each assists the other; we have neither masters nor servants, but all are each, a regular levelling of ranks and ages; we do not exclude the little ones till the big ones are accommodated, nor bid the juniors wait 'till their elders are served;' no, nothing of that have we among us. We have utterly abjured the fag system, now and for ever; we deny the right of the strong to press or oppress the weak, and *we ever will deny it:* we will walk and sit, eat, drink, talk, and breathe in perfect equality of kindness. Our table is covered with damask, pure, clean, snow white; remember, it must, it shall be so. Knives and forks spotless and speckless; remember this too: we will have no make-shifts of what we do bring in the way of viand furniture: if a plate or dish be cracked or chipped in the carriage, away with it! over the barrier it goes: our drinking glasses are crystal, clearer than any mirror, or green, like the overhanging foliage, and sharply conical, tapering to their stems in the finest

point. I have sound argument in advocacy of such shape; viz. it conveys the liquid in a smooth, unbubbling, unbroken streamlet, down upon the delicately-fashioned groove which your tongue makes to receive, and so wafts it home; whereas your globular or flat-based chaps send it into your mouth with a splash and a gullup, gullup. And for wines, we will have nothing but your gentle creatures; hock, moselle, sauterne, and that family; no blustering port, nor bitter or burning sherry; and eschew malt as you would one of the toad-stools; champagne is a mischief,* it unscrews the pegs of the soul's fiddle, or cracks the strings, produces first a crash or a rant, and leaves nothing but discord and drowsiness: our selection keeps all in tune. Port, sherry, malt, spirits, aroint ye! we must not have such here; they will engender Englishism as you look on the trees,—a cutting or tearing them up, or a wish that they were our 'property,' or a calculation of how much money they would make. For viands, *do* be nice in these; avoid sandwiches, all fat, butter, grease; no mustard; bread as white as a hound's tooth, and short and crisp as skill can make it. We will have a salad,—aye, an English one,—a rustic,—no oil, no mixture of yellow batter with it; the right countrified vinegar and sugar rectifier. Now eat, drink, laugh, and be merry; and having cleared the wreck, give thanks by listening to the twang and tink of that guitar, and the song which it accompanies; or if there be one in the ring who can read as if what he (or she) read were an emanation of his own thoughts, who can read as he would speak, tinging what he reads with the colours, the varieties of modulation and tone to which the sentiments, scene, and incidents, and character of the subject, would freely give birth, hear him or her. Such an one is too good a judge to select a pastoral or woodland description: he knows that all such things must be tame and insipid here, with the senses you take from the surrounding realities. Read those matters when away from their realities, to rekindle the enjoyment, to recreate the scene, and give a deeper impression to your memory. A tale or drama of incidents, developing character and emotions, is better now; and mark how much more acutely and accurately you will estimate motives, appreciate actions, and sympathize with feelings; how your indignation will rise at fraud and oppression, how you will scorn or smile in contempt at cunning paltriness, how you will sympathize with beauty of heart, how readily acknowledge a simple deed of affection, and how you will glow with a new, and perhaps hitherto unknown delight, at the triumph of good feeling and honesty struggling through difficulty; you will weigh the deeds of warriors in the scale with intellectual courage and moral daring, and the mind's independence, and hence find the warrior's renown as a feather against them; you will see *heroes* as a whirlwind,

* Negatur.—Editor.

which raged out the desolation of millions for the gratification of their own avarice or their own exaltation; your soul's voice shall be tuned in rich harmony, and join the quire whose song is, 'the world and all its human creatures shall be happy; life is not a vale of tears, it shall stream a river of joy.' Oh, it is good to walk where nature unfolds her beauty amid her silentness, and you carry good back into the bustling world from these occasional visits to her flowery and woodland domains. And now you are called homeward, but ere you leave Birkland collect again to gaze, to drink in the closing draught of pleasure which the hospitable friend gives freely; and ere your foot is turned to leave it, you have each and all uttered a wish to revisit the scene, and have formed a scheme for accomplishing the wish; then, 'bless you, Birkland; good bye for the present, and remain for ever in your beauty!'

What says your genuine practical man, as he calls himself, to all this? He professes to advocate utility, yet affects, and, indeed, does despise the utilitarian; the far reach of whose views this practical man can no more compass in his thoughts, than he can grasp, between his fingers, the winds of heaven. This practical man feeds and fattens on the produce of larger minds, yet pities, or scorns the fructifying spirit which supplies him with his health—his food—which opens to him the sources and the mines from which he gathers his harvests, and accumulates his worldly substance.—What will he say? Why, that all this is fantastic enthusiasm, visions—untenable Utopia.—He wants 'something useful.' Is not this useful? 'No; what will it sell for? what can be made of it? what will it fetch in the market?' Possession—buying and selling enclip all his heart of utility; and he despises the utilitarian whose calculations are as to the sum of happiness which may be so diffused that *all* may share.—I had a rencontre with one of these practicals travelling from N. to W. He was too 'polite' to laugh in my face, but no doubt I have been a good stock butt of merriment to him. He was all 'for utility: could not find anything but barrenness on Sherwood forest, and would be glad to see the plough producing something, by being passed over the gorse-heather and moss: he should like to see it all inclosed—somebody's property.' Hah! 'Yielding a crop of wheat, grass or oats.' Crop! inclosures for him and exclusion too. The hundreds of poor cottagers whose cattle and sheep browse on the heather, and beatify the swelling elevations, slopes and hollows, are no consideration in comparison with the gratification of some avaricious landholder's desire to grasp at more: whose extent of domain begets no other feeling than a fury for a greater extent, and authorizes him in the covetous greediness of his grasp.—No matter though the sandy, thin, and bony surface of soil will never repay the expense of tillage—it is to secure *possession* of it which is desired—some

more thousands of acres to swell the sound of 'my property,'—'my estates,' and stare upon the map which hangs in the hall to be gazed at, and envied by all comers.

I am 'a cold and heartless' utilitarian—and have a faith in the progression of human improvement—in the perfectibility of man. There is genuine poetry in those woods—and on those moss and heather swells and dells. The richest mass of utilitarian treasures, those leaders to perfectibility, lies in the springs of poetry: springs of purest sources—and they stream along aiding, nurturing, and encouraging all that is pure—peace with your own breast and love to others. Poetry is feeling's truth—its language is truth feelingly uttered—feelings are our soul's strength—the stays of our intellects.

Utility? Is not happiness utility? 'Yes.' Then you store up utility, at no one's damage, by roaming Sherwood forest, and going mad, if you choose, in the place in which I have been revelling. 'But it is not lasting—it is not tangible—you lose the feeling with the presence of the scene or excitement.' Oh, not so; it has sunk into the deeps of your heart, and you can, whenever you will, as a miser can revisit and gloat over his hoards of gold, unlock the deeps with the key of your memory, and feed again and again upon the feeling—unlike the miser, you dispense your treasures freely—nor will repetition of the giving and the repast diminish the stores, or render insipid the true relish which you tasted in their first freshness.

Oh, the miraculous influence of beautiful woodland, and heather, and moss! They enable one to think of whigs, tories, priests, and practical men, with all their jugglery, and the folly on which they play, without a feeling of acidity!

PEL. VERJUICE.

NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

1*st May. The Press and the Trades' Unions.*—Whatever may be the case in other matters, in politics we believe that mankind are oftener led into danger by being afraid of it, than by being careless about it: to escape the tiger, they fly into the tiger's mouth. Most empires have been lost through over-anxiety to keep them: most revolutions have been provoked, by conduct dictated by the fear of revolution. But bodies of men seldom learn wisdom from the errors of their predecessors: the same blunders are repeated, whenever the same circumstances recur. The middle classes of this country, whose opinions and sentiments are represented by the daily press, are repeating the very same series of errors by which almost all governing bodies have been ruined.

By the present institutions of England, the powers of government reside in the people of property, to the exclusion of those who are said to have no property; being dependent for the whole or the chief part of their subsistence on bodily labour. Of this power, which is shared among the people of property, the people of large property had formerly

engrossed nearly the whole, and have still much more than their just portion; whereby they are enabled to keep up for their own benefit, many bad institutions and bad practices, injurious both to the people of small property and to the excluded class, the people of no property, viz. those whose principal property consists in their bodily faculties. The liberals among the people of small property, are those who think, not that property, but that large property, should not confer so much power as it does at present. Now, as the most numerous and poorest class has also an interest in reducing the exorbitant power which is conferred by large property, since by doing so they would get rid of the abuses, such as Corn Laws and the like, with which they are oppressed, not for the benefit of the owners of property generally, but of a small minority of that number; this constitutes a common object, for which all classes, not directly interested in these abuses, might advantageously co-operate, adjourning the settlement of their own separate differences until after the victory.

It is very natural, however, that the working classes, even at this early stage in the developement of their collective intellect, should feel that their real position in society depends upon something far deeper than the redress of any of the grievances which the majority of their superiors have in common with them. It depends upon the relation which may be established between them and the people of property generally. It depends, not upon the manner in which their superiors share the powers of government, they being excluded; but upon whether they themselves have power enough, by political institutions or otherwise, to secure due consideration for their interests on the part of those, be they great proprietors or small proprietors, who make the laws and appoint officers for their administration.

A person must be a poor judge of human affairs, who can fancy that this point has been attained now; that the labouring multitude have now more than sufficient weight in the commonwealth to secure a just attention to their grievances; and sufficient to warrant a fear that their supposed interests or their opinions, will be allowed unjustly to prevail over those of any other part of the nation. On the contrary, they have notoriously but just emerged from a state in which they had no power of claiming attention from any one; in which laws were made, avowedly to prevent them from taking the commonest means of improving their condition; in which their education was reputed dangerous to church and state; in which they were actually kept at home, like cattle belonging to a master, for their very emigration was illegal; in which no legislative measure ever passed merely for the good of the working classes, when no powerful section of their superiors had an interest in it; in which their opinions were never appealed to but when some party of the aristocracy wanted a popular cry. We are not so far from this state yet. The shadow of it is still upon us. When we see indications that the working classes are beginning to be counted for too much in the calculations of politicians, we shall think it time to take precautions against that danger. At present we should as soon think of looking out for a substitute against the time when the coal fields shall be exhausted. The people of property are the stronger now, and will be for many years. All the danger of injustice lies from them, and not towards them. Nothing but the progressive increase of the power of the working classes, and

a progressive conviction of that increase on the part of their superiors, can be a sufficient inducement to the proprietary class to cultivate a good understanding with the working people; to take them more and more into their councils; to treat them more and more as people who deserve to be listened to, whose condition and feelings must be considered, and are best learned from their own mouths; finally, to fit them for a share in their own government, by accustoming them to be governed, not like brute animals, but beings capable of rationality, and accessible to social feelings.

But this is a mode of treatment which ruling classes never yet could reconcile themselves to adopting voluntarily, with those who are subject to them. When they see a power growing up, which is not wholly under their control, their first impulse always is, fear; their second, anger. The middle classes of London, through their organs the London newspapers, are now manifesting both these feelings, on the subject of the Trades' Unions.

The Trades' Unions attempt to raise wages; and must fail in the attempt. What then? Surely it is highly desirable to raise wages. If it cannot be done by the means they adopt, teach them better means. But when were persons who had committed no crime, ever remonstrated with by any one who meant them well, in the manner which the 'Times' has adopted, for instance, on the Tailors' Strike? Is that a tone in which to point out to people who are pursuing a desirable end, that the means by which they are pursuing it, cannot succeed? It is obvious that the writer of the article in this morning's paper, is not roused to such excess of indignation because the means which the people are trying cannot succeed; he would be ten times more angry if they *could* succeed. He actually compares the Unions to the landlords' monopoly, and complains that the rise of wages, if they could obtain it, would be a tax on the consumer! Why, so much the better. Let there be no force or fraud, but, within the limits of an honest bargain, we are altogether for the bees against the drones. If a person who has a commodity to sell, can, without shutting out competitors, by mere voluntary agreement with those competitors, fix his own price, why should he not? certainly it is no reason, that the sellers in this case are nine-tenths of the community in number, are (to say no more) the least favoured part of it in the present distribution of the produce, and are those who, by their labour, produce all commodities whatever. But the misfortune is, that they cannot, by any such contrivances, raise the price of their commodity. No combination can keep up the value of an article, when the supply exceeds the demand. But instead of teaching them on what their condition depends, those who ought to be their instructors rail at them for attempting to better it. They say, indeed, that it is only for using wrong means; but so, from slave-traders upwards, those who wish to keep their fellow-creatures in a degraded condition, *always* say.

The tone which we condemn, may be in a great measure the result of thoughtlessness, but it is not the less the index to a habitual feeling. This feeling must be got rid of, or the next generation, perhaps the present, will severely suffer for it.

2d May. Sir Robert Heron's Motion, and Mr. Bulwer's Amendment.—The proposition of Sir Robert Heron, for giving to the King

the nomination of a certain number of members of the Legislature, by annexing seats to various offices, outrages the first principle of a Representative Government; it is *pro tanto* a return to the system of nomination boroughs, though without its fraudulent pretences; and is both really and ostensibly a mere contrivance to save Ministers from one of the immediate inconveniences of unpopularity. The disfavour naturally attaching to such a proposition, has undeservedly extended itself to Mr. Bulwer's Amendment, which is no infringement of the representative principle, but an important auxiliary to it, and only errs by not going far enough. That any but the representatives of the people should have votes in the legislature, should help to make up a majority for enacting a law, or voting away the public money, is totally inadmissible: but the *presence* of all the great officers of state in both Houses, to answer for their measures, to be called to account for their conduct, and to give promptly the information which Parliament may require, and which can be given on the spot by no persons but those practically conversant with the public business, would be not an encroachment upon the privileges of Parliament, but an extension of them; and would add to the securities for good government, by ensuring a more thorough probing of the measures and acts of the government, and by making the struggle which may decide the fate of a ministry a conflict of principals, not subordinates.

In France, where the framers of the constitution, having an altogether new system to construct, were not restricted to the choice of means already sanctioned by usage, all cabinet ministers, whether peers or commoners, are entitled to be present and to speak in both Houses, though not to vote in either unless they are regularly members It is not found that this regulation diminishes the desire of members of the ministry to obtain the suffrages of electors; every minister who is not a peer, always presents himself to some constituency, and succeeds sooner or later in becoming a member of the representative Chamber. But the manner in which the rule works is this: The real head of each department is enabled to be present in whichever House his conduct is under discussion; to answer questions, and defend his own measures. Lord Grey himself would be obliged to undergo the 'badgering' of a popular assembly in person, and not merely by deputy. In every branch of the public service the principal would have to make his own defence, instead of having it made for him (worse, or perhaps better, than he could make it) by a comparatively irresponsible subordinate.

There is another peculiarity in the practice of the French Parliament, which has a beneficial effect. Whenever any measure is brought forward by the Government collectively, the Government may, for the purposes of that one measure, be represented by whomsoever it pleases. Any number of persons may be named King's Commissioners for the debate on that particular bill, and if so named, may be present during its discussion, along with the Ministers, and with the same privilege of speaking but not voting. What is gained by this is, that the real framers of the measure, those officers of Government who are most conversant with the details of the subject, and to whose suggestion every part of the bill except its leading principles was probably due, are present to give their own reasons for their own propositions; not as with us where those reasons come before Parliament and the public at second hand,

through a minister, probably altogether ignorant of the *minutiæ* of the question, until *crammed* by that very subordinate, who is not present to state the considerations which influenced him with the freshness and the clear convincing decisiveness belonging to one who knows the subject by his own knowledge. It is pitiable to see how, for want of some such regulation, the discussion of great public questions is often mismanaged in our Parliament, from the imperfect manner in which heads of departments understand or are able to state the grounds of their own measures. This is perhaps inevitable, overburdened as they are with variety of business. If so, there is the greater reason to allow them every attainable help for stating their case fully and with effect.

The subject however is of no pressing exigency. It is sufficient that the suggestion has been put forth. The degree of attention it has met with, will help to familiarize the popular mind with the novelty; on a second discussion it will be no longer strange to the public; and when the reasonableness of a proposition, without any pressing demand from without, shall be a sufficient motive to a legislative assembly for adopting it, this principle will be introduced into our parliamentary law. A subject of so little importance compared with a hundred others, can afford to wait.

8th May. Loss of the Registration Bills.—The defeat of these important improvements in the law, now for the second time repeated, is one of the most lamentable proofs yet afforded of the spirit of our legisture, when left to itself, and not taken out of itself by the force of a strong popular feeling. If there ever was a proposition recommended by the most obvious expediency, and to which it was difficult for imagination to conjure up even the shadow of objection, it is a measure which goes simply and exclusively to giving publicity to all future contracts affecting land; so that when, in the course of a generation or two, the change shall have come into full effect, every one may know before buying land, whether the land really belongs to the person who sells it, and every one may ascertain before lending money on the security of land, that the land is not already mortgaged beyond its value. The publicity which would be given by registration, is of the same kind and degree, which is already given to wills by the registry in Doctors' Commons; and any one but those who are personally interested, and therefore entitled to correct information, would be as little likely to gratify idle curiosity by prying into the records of the one registry office, as of the other. From the greater certainty which would be given to all conveyances, the saving to the landowners, in annual law expenses, would be greater than any one can conceive, who is unaware how great a percentage every landlord now pays out of his annual rental for the vices of the law. And hence, as well as from the increased security to purchasers, the market price of all land would be most materially increased. Yet the landlords, the very class who are principally, who alone are directly interested in supplying this strange *hiatus* in our legislation, are the persons who (with the aid of that large class of members who depend for the management of their elections upon provincial attornies) have twice rejected by a large majority, not the details of any particular bill, but the very principle of Registration.

On the part of the landowners there are but two motives possible

for this dereliction of one of the first duties and strongest interests of honest men. The worst of these motives is, a desire for the power of making fraudulent sales, and fraudulent mortgages: the best is, the pitiable weakness of not liking that other people should know the extent of their incumbrances. Most fortunate would it have been for hundreds of families now inextricably involved, if they had not been able to conceal the early stages of their embarrassments. It was the puerile desire to go on deceiving their neighbours, and keeping up the appearance of an income they no longer possessed, which prevented them from retrenching when retrenchment would have come in time to save them; and which has brought the whole class into a state, in which their champion, Sir James Graham, avers that the subtraction of twenty per cent. from their incomes, would be their absolute ruin.

On the part of the provincial attornies, who thrive by the litigation caused by defective titles to land, and who derive all their consequence from the management, which they now hold in their hands, of the pecuniary affairs of the whole landed aristocracy, the motives to oppose the publicity as well as the simplification of titles, are more obvious, and we have no doubt, far more consciously dishonest. The attorney, who under good laws and a good system of judicature would be nobody, is now the most influential personage in every small place: and the landowner, whose secrets he knows, and whose affairs (of which the landowner himself is tremblingly ignorant) he alone is competent to manage, is held by him in a state of the most slavish dependence. As the soul of the licentiate Pedrillo was interred with his money bags, that of an English landowner, intellect, conscience, and all, is folded up in his title deeds, and kept in a box at his attorney's office. *He dares not call his soul his own*, for he dares not call his estate his own, without the leave of his attorney.

It is by the influence of this pernicious class, the only one, perhaps, whose interest as a class is radically irreconcilable with the public good, (being indissolubly linked, not with the perfection but with the imperfection of all the institutions for the protection of property)—it is by this class that all the well-intended measures of the present ministry, for straightening the crookednesses of the law, and bringing justice home to the people's doors, are, and will continue to be, thwarted. In the particular instance before us, their baneful spell has enslaved the mind of the minister to whom we owe the Reform Bill. It is well understood that Sir John Campbell, when he became connected with the ministry, yielded to a higher authority in giving up the Registration Bill, while he retained and carried through all the other law reforms which he had originated as the organ of the Real Property Commission. Earl Grey is understood to be a fanatical opponent of Registration; as well as a fanatical adherent of the Corn Laws and of the Usury Laws.

We cannot leave the subject of Registration, without giving due honour to the 'Times' for the service which it has rendered to that important principle by its powerful advocacy. That advocacy, it would be injustice not to admit, is, on almost all questions of *immediate* interest, usually given to the cause of rational improvement; and when given, never without rendering a service to that cause, such as no other of the periodical commentators on public affairs have it in their power to render. The hostility of the 'Times' to the Poor Law Bill, is an exception to its usual soundness of practical judgment, and will be found, we doubt not, as in-

jurious to its own as to the public interest. Whatever may be the merits and demerits of the 'Times,' there can be no question of its being by far the most potent organ of the Movement; which, at the same time, it does not blindly hurry on, but is incessantly pointing out to Ministers, and to the influential classes, the means by which, while yielding to the tide of change, they may rationally hope to temper its violence. The 'Times' is without doubt one of the great powers in the State. It would not be so, if either Ministers or Opposition had the energy, the strength of will, or the knowledge of the world, by which that journal has acquired the ascendancy naturally given by those qualities in an age which, without much of the exaggeration of a satirist, may be termed the age of cowards and fribbles.

13*th May.* *Lord Brougham's Defence of the Church Establishment.*—The Lord Chancellor is curiously destitute of consistency. We do not mean by consistency, the Tory virtue of being always wrong because you have been once wrong; we mean that quality of the intellect and of the moral perceptions, which prevents a person from holding two conflicting opinions at once. It was but the other day that Lord Brougham declared himself against a National Education, because it would put an end to voluntary contributions. And now, without owning any change of opinion, he maintains that voluntary contributions are good for nothing, and that the State must do all. 'There were some wants which the animal instincts of nature left safely to encumber us, since they were sure of being provided for; because hunger and thirst and other purely animal necessities, would of themselves compel us to take means to relieve ourselves of their pressure, and the more we felt them the more sure we were to endeavour to provide for them; but it was not so with wants of a more refined, and he might say nobler kind,—it was not so with respect to education; he did not mean religious, but common secular education. On the contrary, the more ignorant we were, the less we knew of the use of learning, and the less we should bestir ourselves and take means to ensure the advantages to be derived from its acquirement.' This was to prove that the State ought to provide an endowed ecclesiastical establishment: and of course, we presume, ought to furnish common secular education also.

We subscribe to Lord Brougham's premises, and strongly recommend them to his own consideration. He shall hear of them again if he ever repeat his declaration against a national provision for elementary instruction. But adopting his principles, we differ altogether from the conclusion he draws from them, in favour of a Church Establishment, taking that term in its received meaning. What he said last year in favour of the voluntary principle, and what he says this year against the voluntary principle, are at complete variance, and we hold him to be most felicitously wrong in both.

We hold, with Lord Brougham and all other rational persons, that the only objects fit to be undertaken by the State, which derives the principal part of its pecuniary resources from compulsory taxation, are those which either cannot be accomplished at all, or not so well, by the voluntary principle. Instruction, meaning by that term the systematic culture of the intellectual faculties, we hold to be one of these; and to be a most proper subject for a State provision. We do not except reli-

gious instruction; though we consider it as, of all branches of a general course of instruction, that which least requires such a provision, and in which the influence of Government is least likely to be of a salutary kind. The extension of secular education thousands are anxious to impede, and few comparatively are willing to give themselves any trouble to promote it; but all are abundantly eager to inculcate religion, and we may count by millions those who either by purse or person are actively engaged in propagating their religious opinions through all channels. On other subjects almost any teaching which could emanate from the State, would be an improvement on what exists: on that one subject the voluntary principle already provides, in ample measure, instruction quite equal to any which our present statesmen seem to have the capacity to conceive.

As to Church Establishments, such as exist in Europe, and even such as are conceived in the abstract, by all mankind except a few closet philosophers; we deny their claim to the title of institutions for religious instruction. Their objects we conceive to be of a quite distinct character, and such as not only may safely be left to the voluntary principle, but cannot justly be provided for in any other manner.

The Clergy, indeed, are, in a certain measure, teachers of religion, and it is easy to conceive a clergy of whom that might be the sole office. But the leading feature in the conception of a clergyman, in the minds of the majority of believers in Christianity, is that of a person appointed, not to teach them, but to go through certain ceremonies with them; in the Catholic church to perform for them, in Protestant churches to asisst them in the performance of, the religious observances which they consider as means of obtaining the favour of the Supreme Being. Now this is, if anything ever was, an individual and personal concern. If any one deems a particular kind of observances to be conducive to salvation, and the assistance of any other person to be necessary for the performance of them, it is for him, or those who share his persuasion, to defray the expense. If aid be afforded by the State, it ought to be afforded impartially; each should be assisted to support the worship he voluntarily prefers. But in principle, this is not one of those wants of individuals which the State is called upon either to awaken or to relieve. It is not a matter in which society is concerned, either by its interests or by any call of duty; though doubtless, in the choice of a mode of worship, individuals are determined by the general state of their intellectual and moral nature, and in that, society has the deepest interest. Let society then go to the fountain-head, and address itself to the cause, not to the symptom. Let it provide adequate means, and adequate encouragement, for the mental culture of all classes of the people, leaving it to them to provide themselves with all helps necessary for their individual devotions. Let it *instruct* the people: we do not say *educate*; that task must necessarily devolve upon the family; a State never educates, except by the general spirit of its institutions. But it can instruct; and by instruction it can not only form the intellect, but develope the moral perceptions.

We know of no branch of the general culture of the mental faculties, which is not a fit subject for a State provision. People may be trusted to themselves to learn whatever is necessary for gaining their daily bread. The instruction which is intended to form, not human beings, but tradesmen and housewives, need not, except to the very poor, be afforded by a State establishment. Professional instruction may be left to the compe-

tition of the market; if we except a few professions, such as physicians, and schoolmasters, in which the purchaser is not a competent judge of the quality of the article. But all instruction which is given, not that we may live, but that we may live well; all which aims at making us wise and good, calls for the care of Government: for the very reason given by the Lord Chancellor; that the majority have neither the desire, nor any sufficient notion of the means, of becoming much wiser or better than they are.

* When we say that instruction of all kinds, connected with the great interests of man and society, ought to be provided by the State, we by no means (as we have already observed) except religious instruction. We see, indeed, in the present state of the public mind, formidable obstacles to including in any course of public teaching, such religious instruction as shall not be worse than none. But difficulties arising not from the nature of the case, but from the literal and dogmatic character and sectarian spirit of English religion, must not hinder us from asserting in speculation, if we cannot realize in practice, a great principle. An important, if not the most important part of every course of public instruction, is that which is intended to awaken and to enlighten the conscience, or principle of duty. This essential part of national instruction must either be omitted entirely, or it must be such as does not clash with the moral convictions of the majority of the educated classes. A country must be in a wretched state, in which the best moral instruction which can be afforded consistently with this condition, is not better than none at all. But in all Christian countries, the prevalent moral convictions, the best conceptions popularly entertained of the rule of life, are thoroughly interwoven with, and in great part founded upon, religion. To exclude religious instruction, is therefore to exclude moral instruction, or to garble it, and deprive it of all systematic consistency, or to make it of a kind decidedly objectionable to the majority of the educated classes.

It is true mankind differ widely on religion; so widely that it is impossible for them to agree in recommending any set of opinions. But they also differ on moral philosophy, metaphysics, politics, political economy, and even medicine; all of which are admitted to be as proper subjects as any others for a national course of instruction. The falsest ideas have been, and still are, prevalent on these subjects, as well as on religion. But it is the portion of us all, to imbibe the received opinions first, and start from these to acquire better ones. All that is necessary to render religion as unexceptionable a subject of national teaching as any of the other subjects which we have enumerated, is, that it should be taught in the manner in which all rational persons are agreed that every other subject should be taught—in an inquiring, not a dogmatic spirit—so as to call forth, not so as to supersede, the freedom of the individual mind. We should most strongly object to giving instruction on any disputed subject, in schools or universities, if it were done by inculcating any particular set of opinions. But we do not conceive it to be the object of instruction to inculcate opinions. It is the grossest

* Very rarely does the editor differ from the correspondent to whom our readers are indebted for these notes, and for other contributions to our pages. It is, however, necessary to say, that he must not be held responsible for any speculation, or expression, in the present note, which may be construed into an allowance of the right of political authorities to legislate in matters of religion.

abuse of the powers of an instructor, to employ them in *principling* a pupil, (as Locke calls it in his 'Essay on the Conduct of the Understanding,') a process which tends to nothing but enslaving and (by necessary consequence) paralyzing the human mind. An enlightened instructor limits his operations in this respect to apprizing the learners what are the opinions actually entertained; and by strengthening their intellects, storing their minds with ideas, and directing their attention to the sources of evidence not only on every doubtful, but on every undisputed point, at once qualifies and stimulates them to find the truth for themselves. Let the teaching be in this spirit, and it scarcely matters what are the opinions of the teacher: and it is for their capacity to teach thus, and not for the opinions they hold, that teachers ought to be chosen. The most enlightened pupils have often been formed by the most mistaken teachers. We repeat, it is a total misunderstanding of all the objects of teaching to suppose that it has anything to do with impressing the teacher's opinions. These may be all true, and yet not only may be, but if the inculcation of them be what the teacher considers his duty, probably *will* be, so taught as to have no effect upon the understanding but to contract and fetter it; while, on the contrary, we are so far from apprehending any bad effect from teaching even the falsest religion, in an open, free spirit, that we should hardly object, under a good method of teaching, to a professorship of astrology.

All this, we grieve to say, is not (we trust) useless, but, with respect to any hope of immediate application, wholly unpractical. We hold it utterly unavailing, in the present state of the national mind, to hope for any national religious instruction, not calculated, in a most eminent degree, to narrow and pervert the intellect and feelings. In Prussia, such things may be; for not only does the spirit of free inquiry pervade both the institutions of that people, and the popular mind, but there is no exclusiveness, because there is no literalness in their religion; no German values dogmas for their own sake, nor cares for any thing in a religious system but its spirit. In Prussia,—will an Englishman believe it?—the two great divisions of the Reformed Church, the Lutheran and the Calvinistic, in the year 1817, by a voluntary agreement, actually united themselves into one church.* This most astonishing fact speaks of a state of religion, to which that which is almost universal in our own country, presents, unhappily, a diametrical contrast.

To speak no longer of Prussia, or Utopia, or any other purely ideal model, but of England; looking at the English Ecclesiastical Establishment as an existing fact, as part of the present machinery of society, which must either be made available for the purposes of society, or swept away; and considering, not whether we would establish such an institution if we had to begin *de novo*, but in what manner we would deal with it now when it exists; we should not press for its abolition, if either in its own councils or in those of the State we saw the faintest glimpse of a capacity to perceive and understand the real religious wants of the country. That moral influence of the State over the clergy, which has been used solely to purchase the sanction of religion for existing political institutions, and even for existing Ministries might, by

* See one of the notes (p. xxxii.) to Mrs. Austin's admirable translation of one of the most important public documents ever printed—M. Cousin's Report on the State of Primary Instruction in Prussia.

an enlightened Government, be made largely available to improve the spirit of the popular religion. By bringing forward into stations of dignity and influence those among the clergy in whom religion assumed the most generous and the most intellectual form, a Government in whom the people had confidence, might do much to unsectarianize the British nation. But this is supposing a Government far wiser than the people, and it is much if we can hope that ours will not be inferior to hem. The Establishment, in its present state, is no corrective, but the great promoter of sectarianism; being itself, both in the exclusiveness of its tenets, and in the spirit of the immense majority of its clergy, a thoroughly sectarian institution. Its very essence is subscription to articles, and the bond of union by which it holds its members together is a dead creed, not a living spirit. We would rather *not* have any changes which left this unchanged; and any change in this we shall not see. Generations would be required to reform the principles of the Church; to destroy it will only be the work of years.

We have wandered far from our original topic, the Lord Chancellor's speech. That speech is itself the strongest of confirmations of the hopelessness of any improvement in the Church through the influence of the State. Here is a man, confessedly of mental endowments far superior to any other of the ministry, perhaps to any one who is likely to be in the ministry; and he, in a discussion involving the very existence of the Church Establishment, a discussion so naturally suggesting every topic connected with the religious condition of the country, the tendencies of the age in respect to religion, and what is to be desired, or may be done, in respect to any of those tendencies—what does he find to say? Nothing but the veriest common places, familiar to every schoolboy, on the advantages of *some* Establishment or other. Not a word either of general and comprehensive theory, applicable to all times, or of statesman-like estimation of the exigencies of the present time. Neither the philosophy of the question, nor its immediate practical policy.

The Primate followed, with a speech of which *naïveté* was the most prominent characteristic. He wondered how it was that 'while Churchmen entertained the most friendly feeling towards Dissenters, and addressed them in a friendly spirit, the Dissenters should manifest such personal hostility to Churchmen.' It was true that Churchmen thwarted the Dissenters in all their wishes, but then it was entirely for their good. He, for instance, and most of the other bishops, had resisted the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts: 'not,' however, 'from any feeling of hostility towards Dissenters, but because they conceived the measure would be productive of injury as regarded the general policy of the country.' The Dissenters, however, dislike being trampled upon, even when it is from such laudable and disinterested motives. As to the question, which side feels most resentment, we see no proof that the most hostile feeling is on the side of the Dissenters, but we should feel neither surprised nor indignant if it were so. The Archbishop is probably the first who ever thought it wonderful that the party in possession should be in the better temper. When one brother has given to the other the outside of their father's house, and taken to himself the inside, it is amusing to see him look out of his warm place upon the other who is shivering with cold, and profess to be astonished at so much unbrotherly feeling.

14th May. Mr. William Brougham's Bills for a Registry of Births, Deaths, and Marriages.—There are people who would have all aggrieved persons and classes measure their demands, not by what they are entitled to, but by what it suits the convenience of Ministers to give. The course of events is now affording a series of most signal discomfitures to such counsellors. The Dissenters had scarcely a chance for the removal of their minor grievances, until they commenced agitating against the greatest grievance of all. *Now*, most of the little boons to which they were advised to limit their pretensions, are flung to them *en masse* in a sort of panic, and they are most rapidly hastening on their final object, the equalization of all sects by the abolition of a Sectarian Establishment. Yet there are people, and Dissenters too, who still call upon them, for their own sake, to be 'moderate,' and to ask for no more than is 'attainable;' forgetting that what is attainable, altogether depends upon what is demanded; that the Tories and high Churchmen will not be 'moderate' if the Dissenters are so; that Ministers are between two contrary impulses, and are sure to yield to the stronger pressure. The Dissenters are wise enough to know, that to a compromise there must be two parties, and that he must be a poor dupe who asks for an inch while his adversary takes an ell.

The Registry which will be provided by Mr. Brougham's Bill, will supply a grievous defect in our institutions, and one which concerns the whole community as well as the Dissenters, though, as in most cases, if no powerful class had been especially aggrieved by the evil, we might have waited long enough for a remedy.

The Registers, it seems, are to be kept by the collectors of taxes. We do not foresee any inconvenience from this arrangement, except a slight tendency to render the Registry unpopular. But the fact is strikingly illustrative of the total absence of machinery for the conduct of administrative business. In France the *régistres de l'état civil*, as they are called, are kept by the mayor of every commune, an unpaid officer, usually one of the principal inhabitants, who is selected by the Crown from a Municipal Council chosen by the people. These officers, and the *préfets*, who are the more direct delegates of Government, are an agency ready prepared for collecting any information, for executing any law, or for transacting any local business which the Legislature may impose upon them. They are also a fit agency to look after the performance of all duties, which the Legislature may delegate to any other class of functionaries. But in England, when local inquiries are to be conducted, or local business done, which the Legislature are in earnest about, they are forced to create special officers and grant separate salaries. Even a Factory Bill cannot be executed without appointing Inspectors: and the registration of voters under the Reform Bill, was turned over to illiterate overseers; revising barristers being afterwards appointed at considerable expense, to rectify their blunders. For want again of local authorities to whom the immediate control of all these temporary or special officers could be confided, they make their reports directly to the Home Office; which is thus overburdened with business of the most multifarious and distracting kind, is unable both from the quantity and variety to give reasonable attention to any part of it, and a

'centralization' is created of a different, but scarcely a better kind, than that which Napoleon established in France.

Mr. Brougham's Marriage Bill will, we presume, supersede the unfortunate abortion produced by Lord John Russell. It is an improvement upon its predecessor, but it goes a very little way towards placing that important contract on its true foundation. The validity of the civil engagement is still to depend upon the performance of a religious ceremony, by a recognised Minister of some, though it may now be a Dissenting, sect. The Bill merely provides for registering the performance of the religious ceremony.

This imperfect measure may satisfy the consciences and stay the clamour of a large portion of the Dissenters; but it is impossible that such a settlement can be final. The following intelligence, which we extract from a Nottingham paper, and which is not the first of its kind, is an example of the opinions and feelings which are growing up in the country on this subject:

'At Laurence-street chapel, Birmingham, on Sunday last, after the service was over, the congregation was desired to stay, when four Dissenters took the marriage affair into their own hands, in a very short manner. Charles Bradley rose up and read the following document:

"'Before this congregation, I, Charles Bradley, jun. give you, Emma Harris, this ring to wear as a memorial of our marriage, and this written pledge stamped with the impressions of the United Rights of Man and Woman, declaring I will be your faithful husband from this time forward.

"'(Signed) CHARLES BRADLEY, jun."

'Emma Harris then in turn read as follows:—

"'Before this congregation I, Emma Harris, receive this ring to wear as a memorial of our marriage, and give you, Charles Bradley, jun, this written pledge, stamped with the impressions of the United Rights of Man and Woman, declaring I will be your faithful wife from this time henceforward.

"'(Signed) EMMA HARRIS."

'The same ceremony was gone through by Roger Hollinsworth and Mary Louisa Bradley, after which the papers were signed by several witnesses, and thus the marriage contract was made without the intervention of either priest or clerk. It should never be forgotten that two sisters, who married without a priest at Calverton, were incarcerated in the county jail of Nottingham, by the unrelenting severity of the ecclesiastical court, for more than twelve years. They were released in 1798. We opine, that the ecclesiastical court will not serve Mrs. Bradley and Mrs. Hollinsworth in the same way.'

17*th May. Sir Edward Knatchbull's Beer Bill.*—It is scarcely credible that in the second year after Parliamentary Reform, the reformed Parliament should, by an immense majority, be actually setting itself to undo what a Tory Parliament had done towards the enfranchisement of the working classes; reimposing that censorship over the social enjoyments of the rural population, which public indignation at the purposes to which it was perverted, had wrung out of the hands of the county magistracy, to whom it is now again proposed to be confided under another name and with a different machinery.

Sir Edward Knatchbull's proposal is to make the opening of a beer-house depend upon the production of certificates from six ten-pound

householders, in favour of the petitioner; which certificates must be renewed annually. These certificates are not attestations to character, which may be demanded in the manner of subpœnaing a witness; but may be given or withheld at pleasure; and though in populous towns any person of creditable character would probably have little difficulty in obtaining them, in a rural district the small number of ten-pound householders, together with the known sentiments of the landed gentry, render the exaction of such a condition tantamount to the entire suppression of beer-houses. We regret to see Lord Howick chiming in with the prevailing false sentiment; though the amendment he proposes would be far less mischievous than the original proposition. His plan is, not to interfere with the opening of beer-houses, but to empower the vestry to close them, by a majority of two-thirds, on a representation from a certain number of householders that any particular beer-house is a nuisance. This is perhaps the least exceptionable form in which the discretionary power of interference, proposed to be created, could exist; and if by a clause in the Bill, the keeper of the criminated place of entertainment were secured a public hearing in his defence, and the right of cross-examining his accusers, with the benefit of an appeal to the judge of assize, or to the local court when such shall be established, Lord Howick's proposition might not be seriously objectionable.

But there is in the Bill, even if it were thus amended, one fatal provision, with which Lord Howick does not propose to interfere, and which brands the whole measure with the double stamp of tyranny and hypocrisy. We allude to the clauses which prohibit the houses from selling beer to be drank on the premises. The debate on this subject was replete with cant; for the expression even of just feelings deserves the name of cant, when the party expressing them would be confounded by being merely taken at his word. Mr. Buckingham said, that if beer is a necessary of life, the labourer might surely fetch it home and drink it there, for he ought not to wish to have his enjoyments separately from his wife and from his children. Very fine certainly; but we detest fine sentiments which are never meant to be acted upon. Do we find Mr. Buckingham, or any other supporter of the Bill, proposing to prevent *all* houses from taking in labourers to drink with one another, apart from their families? No; the object is to permit one set of houses and to forbid others; to let the houses licensed by the magistrates retain this obnoxious privilege, and to take it away from the remainder; to create a monopoly of the evil they complain of, in favour of the landlords' houses. The obvious effect, doubtless by many of the promoters of the bill clearly foreseen and calculated upon, is to confine the sale of beer to the landlords' houses. The labourer, as every person of common sense must foresee, will generally prefer the place where he can obtain rest as well as refreshment, and where alone he can have the excitements and the pleasures of society. Scarcely a member opened his lips in favour of the measures who did not think it decent to disavow any wish of restoring the former monopoly: is it possible that any one of all who made the disavowal, should not see, that whether this be the purpose or not, it will certainly be the effect?

We, too, detest, probably as much as these careful guardians of other people's morality, the selfishness with which the demoralized and brutal part of the working population squander their earnings on their own

separate debaucheries, leaving their families in want. But if to provide against this evil were the real object, it could be effected, not by restraining the just liberty of the one party, but by giving a remedy to the other. Upon proof that too much of a labourer's earnings was spent from home, his wife ought to have the power of demanding that a suitable proportion of his wages should be paid, not to him, but to her, for the support of herself and of her children. Supposing this done, we know not why the legislature should enact, either directly or indirectly, that a husband should have no society except that of his wife: the misfortune is, that the privilege is not reciprocal; and it is another misfortune that mere defects of physical arrangements prevent the married poor from having their social as well as their domestic life in common. A time will come, when the more general application of the co-operative principle in household economy, will enable the poor to command, without the equivocal instrumentality of public houses, many of those facilities for social enjoyment, even in a refined form, which have hitherto been the exclusive portion of the opulent classes. The attention of all real wellwishers of the poorer classes should be turned to this most important topic. But in the mean time, we protest utterly against making the labourer's cottage a place of confinement, by refusing him shelter or harbour elsewhere.

19*th May.* *My Grandmother's Journal*—We seldom see the Morning Herald; but the number for this day accidentally fell into our hands; and of six articles printed in large type, the following was the purport of five. One was a twaddling defence of the pretensions of the Church to superiority of numbers over the Dissenters; this was the least ridiculous of the five; another was a defence of Lord Wynford's Sabbath-day Bill; another of Sir Edward Knatchbull's Beer Bill. A fourth was a philippic against the Poor Law Bill, and its 'bashaws;' the fifth, a philippic against omnibuses, with a demand that they be prohibited east of Temple Bar. All this in a single number. Any one of these opinions, except, perhaps, the last, might singly be held by a person not absolutely destitute of reason; each is among the extravagancies of some particular creed, when pushed to its utmost; but no one except 'My Grandmother,' could have united them. That personage has made up her budget of opinions out of the separate anilities of the sillier part of every existing party or persuasion.

22*nd May.* *Death of Lafayette.*—There would, in any circumstances, have been something solemn and affecting in the separation of the last link which connected us with the dawn of American Independence and the youthful enthusiasm of French liberty; in the extinction of the sole survivor among the great names of the last age. But this feeling must assume a deeper character when he who has departed from us, was the one man who stood before our eyes, and might, it so seemed, have stood for many years longer, the living representative of whatever was best and purest in the spirit, and truest in the traditions of his age. Lafayette not only had lived for mankind, but every year of his existence was precious to them, and grievously will he be missed. His was not the influence of genius, nor even of talents; it was the influence of a heroic character: it was the influence of one who, in every situation, and throughout a long life, had done and suffered every thing which op-

portunity had presented itself of doing and suffering for the right, and who was ready to repeat the same course of doing and suffering, or a severer one, whenever called upon by duty. Such an example, in so conspicuous a station, is ever most valuable, seldom more needful than now.

If a life made up of the most extraordinary vicissitudes, and a soul on which prosperity and adversity vainly exerted all their most corrupting influences, be the materials of an inspiring biography, the life of Lafayette would be one of the noblest subjects for a writer of genius. Even in the simplest narrative, it is in itself a heroic poem. The different epochs of his existence would afford the finest scope to a biographer. There would be, first, the opening period, when, at twenty years of age, he left the attractive and brilliant life of the French Court, to serve as a volunteer in the apparently desperate cause of the revolted colonies of America; and when, having seen the efforts of the noble constellation of patriots, with whom he had associated himself, successful, almost against all hope, and not without having materially contributed to that success, he returned, and we see him first the idol of the people, heading the enfranchisement of his own countrymen, but strenuously, and at all personal hazard, opposing himself to every excess; and three years later deliberately staking life, liberty, fortune, and the love of his countrymen, and losing all except the first, to arrest the precipitate course of the revolution. We next follow him to the dungeon of Olmutz, where for five years the vengeance of an infuriated despot retained him in secret captivity, without communication by word or writing with any who loved him, or tidings from that external world where so tremendous a drama was then enacting. Here he remained, and remained with spirit unbroken, until, by the treaty of Leoben, his release was made by his country part of the price of her mercy to his unrelenting oppressor. But his country then fell upon evil days: he could in nothing serve her, and he retired into the obscurest private life. He reappeared at the restoration, stood once more at the head of the friends of liberty, and was revered as their patriarch. He saw America once more, on the fiftieth Anniversary of her liberation, and his presence was, from one end of the Union to the other, a national jubilee. He saw the infant people which he had nursed in the cradle, grown into one of the mightiest empires of the earth: he lived to taste all the enjoyment which the heartfelt gratitude and love of ten millions of human beings could bestow. He returned to preside at another revolution; gave a king to his own country; withdrew from that king when he abandoned the principles which had raised him to the throne; bore up, even against the bitterness of disappointment; and died with his hopes deferred, but not extinguished.

Honour be to his name, while the records of human worth shall be preserved among us! It will be long ere we see his equal, long ere there shall arise such a union of character and circumstances as shall enable any other human being to live such a life.

23rd May. Lord Althorp and the Taxes on Knowledge.—Lord Althorp's defence for voting against his recorded opinion on the subject of the Newspaper stamps, is truly characteristic, both of the man and of the ministry. Mr. Bulwer and Mr. Roebuck, the proposer and seconder of the motion, introduced it to the House as a question of the highest public policy, or rather above all policy, since it concerns the ends to which go-

vernmen titself is but a means. They referred the question to the interests of civilization. Lord Althorp refers it to the interests of the revenue. The tax yielded £500,000 (or some such sum) a year. That was his first averment. His second was, that the House did not force him to abolish the tax, and therefore he would not. This is a favourite argument with the leader of the House of Commons. That the House does not force him to do his duty, is always with him a sufficient plea against the propriety of doing it. The other day, on the subject of the Danish claims, a question of simple pecuniary honesty, a judicial question whether the claimants were or were not entitled to certain monies, did not Lord Althorp tell the House, that since, contrary to his expectation, he saw they were desirous to be honest, he was willing to be so too? He will most uprightly do justice between man and man, provided he is compelled.

This predicament of finding their honesty lagging behind that of the House, is one in which Ministers are now well accustomed to find themselves. An example of it was their ignominious defeat on Mr. Lyall's motion respecting the sixpences taken from the wages of merchant seamen to support Greenwich Hospital. It is scarcely credible that so despicable a motive as dislike of the trouble of finding so small a sum as £22,000 elsewhere, should induce men of creditable character to volunteer, in defence of so gross an iniquity, excuses of even a grosser iniquity than the abuse itself. The merchant seaman may enjoy the benefit of Greenwich Hospital! Yes, if you rob him; yes, if you kidnap him; make him a slave, and keep him in your service by force, for wages below the honest price of his labour, until he is lamed and made useless, and an object of charity: and, in anticipation of this injury which you intend to inflict upon him, you make him pay beforehand (whether or no he be the unfortunate person on whom the misfortune will fall) a tax out of his earnings, to pay for his maintenance when you shall have disabled him, and rendered him unfit to gain a livelihood. The House was not base enough to let itself be influenced by such arguments: they left Ministers in a miserable minority; and Ministers, no longer finding themselves in the position in which Lord Althorp was on the Danish claims, before he was forced to be honest, have found it necessary to give way.

24*th May. Progress of the Poor Law Bill.*—The Ministry have held out, with a firmness little usual with them, against the prejudiced hostility to Poor Law Reform. They have compromised none of the essential principles of their measure, and their concessions as to the details have till now been either entirely unimportant, or positive improvements. Among the latter we must rank the discretion given to the Commissioners of suspending the operation of the clause by which the payment of wages out of rates is prohibited after the 1st of June 1834. The success of the whole measure might in many places be greatly endangered, if the alternative were offered to the pauperized population of coming entirely upon the parish, before the introduction or improvement of the workhouse system shall have given them adequate motives to prefer to the life of a pauper the condition of an independent labourer.

We however observe, in the debate of last night, a tendency to a concession of a decidedly mischievous character: we allude to the willingness expressed by Lord Althorp, to limit the duration of the Central Board

to five years. The effect of this limitation would be to encourage all who are either prejudiced or interested in favour of the old system, to thwart the operation of the measure; since it affords them a hope, that if they can contrive, during the five years, to make out a plausible case of failure against the Bill, they will be permitted to revert to the old system, and mismanage the poor as before. There is nothing whatever gained by the limitation; it will not buy off a single opponent; and in principle it is absurd for Parliament to enact that something shall terminate in five years, which Parliament may put an end to in one month if it see cause. The proviso will only operate in one way; as a declaration to the country, that Ministers and Parliament are not sure they are doing right; that they are preparing for a possible change of opinion, which is tantamount to a warning to the friends of Ministers, not to confide in them, not to suppose that they have duly considered the subject; and an invitation to the enemies of the measure, by no means to relax their opposition.

The idea of limiting the duration of the Central Board is, we conceive, erroneous in principle. The expression, 'a temporary dictatorship,' unguardedly used by some of the advocates of the Bill, was singularly infelicitous in its application. In the first place, (as the 'Chronicle,' we think, observed,) who ever heard of a dictatorship under the control of Parliament? But the Central Board may be and ought to be defended, not as an expedient for a temporary purpose, but as in itself the best and only proper principle of administration for a system of Poor Laws. Assume that the Board will continue until the existing evils are remedied, and the management of the poor thoroughly reformed: what, except the prolongation of the same superintendence, is to prevent affairs from relapsing by degrees into as bad a state as before? Acts of Parliament? Declarations of the Legislature that the abuses shall hereafter be illegal? But they have always been illegal. They have crept in gradually in spite of the law, because the local functionaries had strong immediate motives to introduce them, none of which motives an Act of Parliament will or can take away; and because there was no authority to which they were forced to submit their proceedings, and whose duty it was to keep them within the law. And this very state of things will be restored from the first moment that the Central Board shall be discontinued; and will be attended of course with the same consequences. The diffusion of sound principles, which will be the natural effect of the present temporary reform, will retard, no doubt, this inevitable progression, but the inroads of abuse, if more slow, will not be less sure.

The opposition to the Bill has been feeble beyond example. We never remember a public measure in the discussion of which every rational argument was so completely confined to one side. We may add, that we remember none in which the party in the wrong has been more strangely reckless of its own reputation, both in its arguments or in its facts. Who, for instance, would have expected to be told (as in the 'Times' of the 14th of May) that this Bill renders fruitless the 'protracted struggle from which the British people never ceased, until they had succeeded in making it part and parcel of their constitution, that the meanest subject in the realm should neither be subjected to any taxes, nor amenable to any rules of conduct, except such as should be imposed by the joint consent of King, Lords, and Commons in Parliament

assembled.' Does the 'Times' mean that the Poor Rates are now voted by King, Lords, and Commons in Parliament assembled? or that the rules which regulate relief are made by Parliament, and not by the Magistrates and Vestries? Is it credible that any person, not drunk with anger or intoxicating liquors, could have penned such an assertion? It is valuable however, in one respect, as bringing into a strong light the truth and value of constitutional clap-traps. It is not, it never was, nor ought it to be, part and parcel of the Constitution of any people out of Bedlam, nor was it ever dreamt of in England, that no one should be empowered to raise money from the people, or make rules to bind them, except Parliament. What is part of the Constitution, is that no one can do these things except in the manner and to the extent which Parliament may authorize; which is only saying what we all know, that Parliament is the Sovereign.

The 'Times' finds it very absurd to argue that the Commissioners will be responsible, and asks, where is their responsibility if a civil action lie not against them for injury to individuals? We ask, where is the responsibility of Ministers, or any other constituted authorities? In the certainty of their losing their offices at the discretion of Parliament; and the probability, if public opinion, through the customary channels, calls for their removal. What must be the good faith, or the discernment of a writer, who deems this no responsibility, and who at the same time considers the magistrates responsible, because about once a year or less, for some very gross abuse of authority, some magistrate is called to account in the King's Bench, and let off (for the most part) entirely unharmed?

The 'Times' has discovered that republicans are the principal supporters of the Poor Law Bill, and that they support it as a means of disorganizing society, and getting rid of King, Lords, and Commons. The present Poor Law Bill is undoubtedly approved by most of those who judge of public measures from a consideration of means and ends, and not from blind traditions: and if such are generally republicans, that is no compliment to King, Lords, and Commons. But as far as we know anything of English republicans, and there are few who have had more extensive opportunities of knowing their sentiments, it is far truer of them that they are republicans for the sake of such measures as this, than that they wish for such measures because they are republicans. We have hardly ever conversed with any English republican, who was not almost indifferent to *forms* of Government, provided the interests of the mass of the people were substantially cared for, in the degree which he considered adequate; and if among the educated and philosophical reformers, to whom the 'Times' seems more particularly to allude, there be any who desire extensive alterations in the Constitution, we believe we may say with some confidence, that there is not one in whom that wish does not originate in despair of seeing an effectual reform in the inward structure of society, except by a previous bursting asunder of its external framework. Any Ministry which should deal with all our social evils, as the present Ministers are dealing with one of the principal of them, by probing the evil to the very bottom, and cutting away, cautiously but unsparingly, all that is pernicious, would convert all the philosophical republicans: by practically demonstrating the possibility of carrying the same practical measures in the same efficiency, under a monarchy as in

a republic, the basis of their republicanism would be taken from under them; for the 'Times,' and most of those who have written against these people, utterly mistake their character and spirit. Instead of wishing that the present system should work ill, in order that they may obtain one, founded, as they think, on better speculative principles, their habit is to disregard even to excess, the nominal principle and spirit of a nation's institutions, provided the immediate and definite practical interests of society are provided for by such laws, and such organs of administration, as are conformable to their views.

25*th May*. *Honours to Science!*—The 'Examiner,' in its number of this day, (the best which has appeared for several weeks,) denounces with a proper feeling the slavish spirit of a correspondent of the 'Times,' who, after a long preamble on the importance of showing honour to science, sets forth as a distinguished instance of it, that the King spoke to Dr. Dalton at the levee. There is something, to our minds, unspeakably degrading to the literary and scientific men of this country, in the eager avidity with which they are laying themselves out for the paltriest marks of court notice: those, even, which have become ridiculous to all men of the world, and for which they are competitors, not with the aristocracy, but with those whom the aristocracy laugh at and despise. Think of the pitiable vanity with which so many of these people have allowed themselves to be dubbed Guelphic Knights. With this abject spirit in our intellectual men, who can wonder if honour is not shown to intellect? They have put their own value upon themselves, and have rated it at the smallest coin current in the market.

It is a vain and frivolous notion, that of *showing* honour: the honour which is worth showing is that which is felt; and *that* shows itself, not by some one premeditated demonstration, but as a pervading spirit, through the whole conduct of those who feel it. Who says it is not important that those who are at the head of the State should have reverence for intellect? But will they ever have that reverence until intellect shall be the source of their own elevation? The consideration, which is gained by nobleness of character, men of science and letters have the same opportunities of acquiring as other people,—the only other source of consideration is power. Do what we will, where in any state of society the power is, there also will the honour be. Society, with regard to the source of power, may exist in two different states: in the one, what confers power is intellect; in the other, wealth and station; the former state has never yet been realized, though some societies have approached nearer to it than others, and all are tending towards it, in proportion as they improve; the latter, exists in England, and in most countries in Europe. Now, is it a rational expectation that while power shall still accompany wealth and station exclusively, the honour which always goes with power, can be diverted from it, and become an appendage of intellect? And is it not a mean ambition in persons of intellect to desire a merely reflected honour, derived from the passing notice of people of wealth and station? Precisely the same kind of honour which poets enjoyed when they were domestics in the household of great men.

There are but two stations in the affairs of the world, which can, without dishonour, be taken up by those who follow the pursuits of

intellect. Either intellect is the first of all human possessions, that which in its own nature is fitted to rule, and which for the good, not of its possessors, but of the world, ought to be exalted over the heads of all, and to have the sole guidance of human affairs, all persons being ranked and estimated according to the share they possess of it; either this, or it is a mere instrument of the convenience and pleasure of those to whom, by some totally different title, the direction of the world's affairs happens to belong, and is to be rated at the value which they put upon it, in proportion to the use it is of to them, and to its relative importance among the other things which conduce to their gratification. Whoever deems more highly of wisdom than he deems of rope-dancing, or at most of cotton-spinning, cannot think less of it than that it ought to rule the world; and, knowing that to be its proper station, he will, on the one hand, by the conscientious use of such power as it gives him, do the utmost which an individual can do to place it there; and, on the other, he will never, by any act of his, acknowledge the title of any competitor; far less put up a petition that a nod or a civil word from the usurper may be occasionally vouchsafed to the rightful prince. The State ought to yield obedience to intellect, not to sit in judgment upon it, and affect to determine on its pretensions.

So long as no conventional distinctions are conferred upon intellect, the State abstains from putting any value upon it, and leaves it to assume its proper place, without deciding what that place is: but when it affects to confer a distinction, and confers the very lowest in the conventional scale, it does set a value on intellect, and rates the highest honour which is due to intellectual attainments exactly on a par with the lowest which can be claimed from any adventitious circumstance. Is this the 'honour to science' which scientific men should be desirous of?

There is but one thing which Government, as at present constituted, can do for scientific men, and that is the one thing which is not thought of. It is absurd in the State to confer upon them what it calls honours; but it may afford them the means of subsistence, not as a reward, but to enable them to devote themselves to their scientific pursuits, without hinderance from those petty occupations which they are mostly obliged to follow for their daily bread. Every person of scientific eminence, whose genius and acquirements, destined at the best to perish so soon out of the world, are in a great measure lost to it while he is living, for want of some small provision which would keep him independent of mechanical drudgery: every person of distinguished intellectual powers, whom society has not sense enough to place in the situation in which he can be of the greatest use to it, is a reproach to society, and to the age in which he lives. It is here, if any where, that improvement may be hoped for; and we hope it is here that we shall, in time, see it contended for.

28th May. The change in the Ministry.—We have had little faith hitherto in the impression which generally prevailed, of divisions in the Ministry, amounting to a decided difference of principle between two sections of it. We had been so much accustomed to find members of the Cabinet who were reputed the most liberal, making themselves the organs of whatever was most illiberal in its practical policy, that the present schism in the Cabinet has taken us almost by surprise. We confess

ourselves mistaken. When a body breaks to pieces, and the parts fly off in contrary directions, there must have been a previous tendency of each part to move in the direction in which it is impelled the moment it is set at liberty. It is evident that one portion of the Ministry must have been worse, and another portion must have been better, than their collective conduct.

The Ministry will now have a new base of popularity. If they so please, all past errors will be considered as cancelled, and in two months from this time they may have acquired a new character. If their future conduct show vigour of purpose and a strong spirit of improvement, all that they have done ill, will be imputed to Mr. Stanley and Sir James Graham; all that they have done well, to themselves. From us, and we believe from all the enlightened reformers, they may expect, until they shall have had a fair trial, not only no hostility, but the most friendly encouragement and support. They must now throw themselves upon the people. All their strength is there; and it will not fail them.

The names which are talked of to replace the retiring Members of the Cabinet, are of good augury. In Lord Durham and Sir Henry Parnell, the ministry will have two men more devoted to popular objects, than almost any other public men not decidedly numbered among radicals; and in Mr. Abercromby, one of the most upright, strong-minded, and unprejudiced of the members of the old opposition, and one who is thoroughly alive to the spirit of the times.

The change is a decided progress of the Movement, and will carry all the great public questions several steps in advance. But what is more important perhaps than even the change itself, is the immediate cause of it; the general expectation that Mr. Ward's resolution for reducing the Temporalities of the Irish Church, would have passed the House of Commons, even in opposition to the Ministry. It is well understood that this was what determined the retirement of the more Conservative section of the Ministry.

A.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Duties of Men. By Silvio Pellico.

THE sufferings of Silvio Pellico, and the spirit in which he endured them, have created an interest in his literary productions which will be in part gratified by this translation. We are indebted for it to the elegant pen of Mr. Thomas Roscoe. But our largest debt is for the memoir prefixed, and which will be read with feelings similar to those excited by the 'Ten Years' Imprisonment.' Of the work itself, we cannot speak with unqualified approbation. It is an epitome of the morality of sentiment, always requiring to be tested by principle, and not always abiding the test. Section 15, for instance, 'On the choice of a Profession,' seems to us to be a sad misguidance. There are other portions to which also objections might be taken; but the most rigorous criticism would leave much that is alike true, beautiful, and useful.

The Sea-Wolf. A Romance of 'The Free Traders.'

THIS volume of the 'Library of Romance' is, we understand, the work of a youthful author; and it is one of good promise. The characters, scenery, and incidents are sketched with a free and bold hand. Much of the description is very graphic and beautiful, and the story is spirit-stirring, though somewhat faulty in its construction, and much beyond the bounds of probability. The death-scene of Falconer, and that of Woodville, are both told powerfully. The writer should study correctness in his nautical phraseology. A capital song (p. 87) is spoiled to all seamen by describing an impossibility in its first line; and yet it is a capital song nevertheless.

Illustrations of Social Depravity. No. 2. The Voluntary Churchman. By John Reid.

THIS is one of a series of sixpenny tracts which, to judge by the specimen before us, are well worth circulating, and calculated to do good to the cause of religious liberty and national morality. It is sound in principle, clever and spirited in execution. It narrates the progress of opinion, in a Scotch village, on the subject of ecclesiastical establishments, from the origin of dissent, in consequence of a minister being put into the Kirk by patronage, in opposition to the general desire of the congregation, to the holding of a public meeting of the inhabitants to petition for the total separation of Church and State. The narrative is an epitome of a change which is now rapidly going on throughout Scotland and England, and may serve to give many persons a more distinct notion of that change.

Horæ Phrenologicæ. By John Epps, M. D.

DR. EPPS applies the doctrines of Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe to the concerns of religion and morality, with the zeal of one who has at heart the promotion both of the physical and moral sciences, and, through them, of the well-being of mankind. To us, the Phrenology appears

rather an incumbrance than an advantage to his moral speculations. It merely complicates the subject. The arrangement of moral and animal faculties would have been more intelligible without the constant reference to their supposed physical organs, and we question whether the author's inquiries would not have led him to a better arrangement. Independently of his system, there is much worth and interest in many of the remarks, facts, and illustrations, with which the author has presented us, and especially in those which relate to the *outward* and *inward* morality.

The Natural History of Animalcules. By Andrew Pritchard.

MANY must have felt the want, which this volume supplies, on a curious and interesting topic. Who would not know something of beings, organized living beings, of some of which (even taking the largest individuals of the species) 'a cubic inch would contain 884,736 millions?' Here they are, described, classified, many particulars of their habits noted, their forms shown in engravings beautifully executed, and of course prodigiously magnified; together with directions for obtaining them, and observing them by means of the improved achromatic microscope of the author. The strange forms of these creatures could never have been imagined without observation; nor their methods of propagation; one of which is by the spontaneous division of the parent by symmetrical, transverse, longitudinal, or diagonal section; and another, by 'a distribution of the internal substance of the parent into a proportionate number of young ones, all of which at their birth issue forth, and leave behind them nothing but the envelope, soon to be dissolved.' This work is like a peep into a new world.

Notes on Lord John Russell's Marriage Bill. By a Dissenting Minister.

THE acute writer of this pamphlet does not 'slay the slain,' for the Dissenters' Marriage Bill had so little vitality that it could not stay to be killed, but went out of itself like the snuff of a candle. However, he dissects the dead with the hand of a skilful operator. One point we do not remember to have seen elsewhere noticed; the *expensiveness* of the Bill. He reckons up particular items which show that, taking the number of marriages as in the year 1830, the Dissenters would have to pay 11,000*l.* per annum to the Church, besides the fees to their own ministers. Truly the Whigs have cleverly managed this 'practical grievance' compact with the magnates of dissent.

The Scheme of Creation. By E. W. Cox.

THIS publication consists of four Lectures, delivered to the Mechanics' Institute, at Taunton, on the quaintly expressed subjects, 'Where am I? 'What am I?' and 'Why am I?' The answers to these questions comprise 'An Outline of Human Knowledge, and the Harmony of Nature with Christianity.' Should the evening readings, recommended by our correspondent, 'On the Diffusion of Knowledge amongst the People,' be established, these Lectures would be an excellent supply for the readers. We have not room to analyze their contents, but we recommend them as well adapted for that purpose.

Letters and Essays; in Prose and Verse. **Moxon.**

Both the prose and verse are easy, sensible, and graceful. The writer must be a very accomplished and pleasant old gentleman. We cite part of a critique written fresh from witnessing the *début* of John Kemble in Hamlet (1785), which it might make Time younger to read. It is in a letter to *Henderson.*

'I went, as I promised, to see the new "Hamlet," whose provincial fame had excited your curiosity as well as mine.

'There has not been such a first appearance since yours: yet Nature, though she has been bountiful to him in figure and feature, has denied him a voice; of course he could not exemplify his own direction for the players, to "*speak the speech trippingly on the tongue,*" and now and then he was as deliberate in his delivery as if he had been reading prayers, and had waited for the response.

'He is a very handsome man, almost tall and almost large, with features of a sensible, but fixed and tragic cast; his action is graceful, though somewhat formal, which you will find it hard to believe, yet it is true. Very careful study appears in all he says and does; but there is more singularity and ingenuity than simplicity and fire. Upon the whole, he strikes me rather as a finished French performer, than as a varied and vigorous English actor; and it is plain he will succeed better in heroic, than in natural and passionate tragedy.'—p. 17.

Equally sound are many occasional criticisms on higher matters. The remarks, for instance, on the 'Definition of Morality,' p. 147; and many of those addressed to a 'Young Friend,' and a 'Law Student.' The dates of the compositions range through the years from 1784 to 1831; and besides those to anonymous correspondents, letters are addressed to Rev. John Fell, Sir James Mackintosh, Horne Tooke, Francis Horner, Samuel Rogers, and Lord Holland.

PAMPHLETS ON LADY HEWLEY'S CHARITY.

1. *A Plain Statement of the Trusts and recent Administration, &c.* By T. W. Tottie.
2. *An Appeal to the Public against the Imputations of Mr. Knight, &c.* By William Hincks.
3. *The Improved Version truly designated a Creed.* By R. Halley.

Our opinion on the proceedings in the Hewley case has been repeatedly expressed. If confirmation were needed, it would be found abundantly in the first two of these pamphlets. They both contain, besides what relates more immediately to the writers, much historical information concerning English Presbyterianism. That of Mr. Tottie has also some 'remarks on efforts now making to effect a total disconnection between church and state,' in which it is needless to say that we cannot coincide, but which we are glad to see in print. Those Dissenters who would rather leave the principle of an establishment untouched than annoy the Whig ministry, have been somewhat backward in the public defence of their position, and may find here some useful aid. Mr. Hincks need not, we think, have troubled himself about the aspersions of a hired pleader, and might as well have left his character to vindicate itself. As it is, he has laid bare a notable illustration of professional morality. His exposition of the mode of taking evidence, is a striking

exhibition of forms adapted to accomplish anything rather than their professed object. It well deserves public attention. How long will it be, before the gradual law reforms of the Lord Chancellor will reach his own court so as to make it indeed a Court of Equity?

Mr. Halley's pamphlet is a very smart and clever composition, in reply to Mr. Yates's Letter to the Vice Chancellor. It shows that the 'Improved Version' contains indications of the theological opinions of the translators, as we believe most versions do. The observations on Presbyterian Trusts, require the addition of the statements in the other publications mentioned in this notice, to render them of much worth in the discussion.

The Architectural Director. By J. Billington. Parts 1, 2, and 3. Second Edition.

So far as we can judge by this portion of Mr. Billington's work, it is one which well deserves extensive circulation, combining as it does, tables and practical directions for the builder, with the history and philosophy of architecture; and both illustrated by plans, elevations, and other engravings. The remarks on the origin of the art, display much ingenuity.

The Philosophy of Sleep. By Robert Macnish. Second Edition.

So many additions and alterations are made in this edition, that it may, as the author observes, almost be regarded as a new treatise. The light which it throws upon the philosophy of sleep, is chiefly by that best of all preparations for a sound theory, the diligent accumulation, simple statement, and judicious arrangement of the phenomena. The Phenomena of Sleep would indeed have been a more appropriate title. These are collected from a large variety of sources, and they form a most curious and amusing book. Many useful medical hints, preventive and sanatory, are interpersed. The volume is an excellent companion for the 'Anatomy of Drunkenness,' by the same author; and both works belong to the conjoined class of useful and entertaining knowledge.

An Explanation of the different Characters that are used in Music. By Highmore Skeats.

This is really the *explanation* that it professes to be, clear, simple, brief, complete, useful; and, to the learner, we might say, essential for reading music, and, consequently, for its accurate performance at sight. Our recommendation is not less called for by the good sense of the directions which are appended.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our good friend's 'Advertisement Extraordinary,' shall appear speedily.

The request of W. H. was not neglected, though his letter was not answered. The application, though promptly made, was too late.

Thanks to J. H.; but he must not suppose that the imputation was anything very serious.

The article No. 2 would, we think, enfeeble the first, by the introduction of very doubtful matter.

J. shall hear from us. His communication was not delivered in time to be answered in the manner requested.