

## THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION.

At the termination of the first session of the Reformed Parliament, a radical reformer, hearing some one make the complaint, so often made at that period, that the session had accomplished nothing, made answer, 'Do you call it nothing to have completely discredited the Reform Ministry? Could this, in the course of nature, have been accomplished in a shorter time than one session?'

Subsequent events have proved that this reformer did not err in his estimate of the great step which was achieved in the session of 1833. Another session has now concluded; and the cry is even stronger than before, that in this session also, nothing has been accomplished. We hold that in every session something is accomplished; and in this one in particular, more than in any other since the Revolution, save only that which witnessed the birth of the Reform Bill.

In measures of actual legislation the present year has not been fruitful. If reforms were not to be weighed but counted, the first session of the Reformed Parliament was a prodigy of activity compared with the second; for during it the Parliament did a greater number of things ill, than have been done well by all the Parliaments of the present century. The present session has realized no more than one measure of any note, the Poor Law Bill: that, however, is of far greater practical importance than all the Slave Bills and East India Bills of the preceding session, and was, moreover, distinguished from them all in this, that what was intended to be done, was done; there was no bungling, no botching; the subject was not trifled with: the whole of what was needful to be done, and not a part only, was aimed at, and the means chosen were really adapted to the end. Even if the value of a session consisted solely in its positive enactments, the session which has produced only this great measure has not been ill spent. We had no such expectation from the Reform Bill, even in our most sanguine moments, as that in two years from its passing into a law, one of the greatest social reforms which this country needed, or for which any country could be indebted to its government,—one, too, which was not clamorously demanded by public opinion—would be, so far as depends on legislative enactments, completed.\*

But in these days of Movement, the place which any session, or any single event, will occupy in history, depends not upon the intrinsic importance of the event, or value of the Acts of Parliament which have passed during the session; but upon the far

\* We say this not without considerable misgivings as to the Bastardy Clauses. The more we reflect on this part of the subject, the more we regret that the experiment was not first tried of merely postponing the inquiry into paternity until *after* birth, and limiting the demand upon the putative father, to the *actual maintenance* of the child.

greater consideration, how much it has helped forward the Movement, or contributed to hold it back. The question is not what village, castle, or city is our halting-place for the night, but how much lower down the stream, our day's journey has landed us. Look back, then; measure the interval between the point we started from and that which we have reached, and see if we have not made as much way in a given time, as might satisfy any rational person's most impatient desires.

By the passing of the Reform Bill, the instrument seemed to be obtained, by which all the evils of our political condition could be remedied, and all who had grievances could, or thought they could, get them redressed. But an instrument is nothing without somebody to work it. The new instrument of government could be worked either by Ministers or by the people. Those who made the machine, seemed the likeliest persons to be able to work it; at least, it seemed fair that they should have a trial. They had their trial; and after handling their tools as never workmen did before, and turning out such pieces of work as would disgrace a boy in the second year of his apprenticeship, they threw up the task, and said to the nation, You must work the machinery yourselves, we are only fit to oil the wheels. The nation have taken them at their word. During the first year of the Reformed Parliament the people were passive; they stood by, that Ministers might act: this year the people have acted. Last year was spent in showing what Ministers could do; and the result seems to have satisfied both themselves and the public that they could do little or nothing. This year has shown what the people could do.

- In the 'Notes on the Newspapers,' for last March, we said,

'The session now commencing, will probably decide, in the minds of the many, who wield the physical force, the question whether anything is to be hoped from the higher classes, and whether the people shall, or shall not, take their affairs into their own hands.—The public had expected much, but did not know exactly what. They felt sure that the Reform Bill must somehow be a great good to them, and they trusted that those who had been sufficiently their friends to give them the Bill, would find the means of making it have its natural effects. The first session taught them that they were not to expect this: the Reform Ministry and the Reformed Parliament would do no good spontaneously. The second will show whether they are capable of doing any when they are forced. If this trial should also fail, we live in times when mankind hurry on rapidly to ultimate consequences; the next question will be, what is the easiest and most expeditious way of getting rid of them.'

As we expected, so has it proved. The people have taken their affairs into their own hands. Ministers and Parliament, who, in being expected to think for themselves, had been put upon a task they were nowise equal to, have had a new trial upon an easier tenure, and have got through it much better. The second session

has, as we anticipated, decided the question whether they are capable of doing good when compelled by the public voice. They *can* do good when they are forced. They have even proved, that when not opposed by the interests or prejudices of any powerful class, they can, as in the case of the Poor Law Bill, do good spontaneously. For this we give them due honour: we thank them for it as for a great service past and done. But there are no services of like importance remaining to be rendered, at no cost to the peers, or the clergy, or the landlords, or the lawyers, or the manufacturers, or the shipowners, or any other kind of persons who are accustomed to be kept at the public expense, and who are able to fight hard for the privilege. We have, therefore, little expectation of further unforced service from Ministers and their adherents. But we now know that they will yield to gentle violence. What wishes they have, are now on the people's side. When the Movement left off waiting for them to lead the van, its onward pressure bore down all those among them who would not move, or who would only move at their own pace. None remain but those who always go with the stream, and those whose preference is for the cause of improvement, although they were wanting in courage to head the contest for it. Not only are these the men now in place, but until a better and nobler race of public men shall arise, none but such as these, it is now evident, *can* be in place.

With these the people will carry by peaceable means, whatever they are bent upon carrying. The pike and the bayonet will not be wanted in this country. What the ten days of May, 1832, rendered probable, the session of 1834 has made certain; that the English revolution will be a revolution of law, and not of violence. The resistance will give way before the moral force of opinion. The experiment was fairly tried on Lord Grey's resignation. That two years ago the Tories were not allowed to step in between the people and the great constitutional change which they so ardently desired, cannot so much be wondered at: but after the Reform was safe, and no measure which the people cared about was in any immediate jeopardy, the Ministry broke down by its own imbecility; the Conservatives had such a chance as they can never again have; yet even then, Tories and Conservative Whigs were alike rejected; and even out of the ruins of the same shattered Cabinet, a still feebler one was patched up, because the only Ministry which *could* exist, was a Movement Ministry, and because, just at that time, no better Movement Ministry could be formed. And until the phrase shall cease to have a meaning, and Reformer and Conservative shall be a distinction in history alone, a Movement Ministry and no other will govern England; or rather, will be governed by her.

If we be asked, then, what has been gained? our answer is, *Circumspect*. Is not the general aspect of politics quite altered

since the opening of the session? Is not the very air we breathe of another quality? The contest, whether the Reform Bill was to have its consequences, or another and a more drastic Reform Bill was necessary to our deriving any benefits from the first—this contest had not commenced when the session opened: the battle has now been fought, and the good cause has triumphed. Then, there was a dead calm; now, the wind has risen. We breathe an atmosphere of movement; and it is speeding us forward on our course.

It is no abatement from what has been gained, that the seal has not yet been put upon any part of it by an Act of Parliament. When the ministerial manifesto, last year, boasted of the great things which the Ministry had *done*, the *Examiner* said—What care we for what you have done? It is the *spirit* of what you have done, that we care for. All you can *do*, until the public mind is more matured, would amount, if you were the wisest statesmen in the world, to a very trifle. What we want to know is, what a Minister *says*.—And the Ministers had *said* nothing. They had put forth nothing which either committed themselves, or prepared the public mind: they had not announced a single *principle*. This year the case is reversed. They have *done* for the popular cause, on their own showing, nothing: but their *sayings* have been most valuable *doings*. They have made themselves the heralds of the victory which the national voice has now finally achieved over the combined strength of the supporters of bad institutions. They have proclaimed, and with impressive solemnity, that the power, be it what it may, which sets itself against the spirit of the age, must fall. And they have identified themselves with that spirit, on the great question which, first of the many which are impending, will be brought to a practical issue. They have declared the indefeasible right of the State, if the Church property exceeds what can usefully be applied to ecclesiastical purposes, to apply the residue to other purposes; and on this principle they have announced that it is their resolution to act.

This satisfies us. They who will do thus much, will do more when the time comes. One question at a time is as much as the public mind can be occupied with; and the enemy's country can be equally conquered whether we invade it on one point or on several. We now know that he cannot keep the field against us, and it matters little which of his fortresses we first besiege. But there is none which more invites an assailant than the Church Establishment; for it is the most vulnerable point in the whole line of defence, and yet, as the whole force of the enemy will be collected in it, and as it will hold out to the death, its fall will throw the whole country into our hands.

The curtailment of the Irish Church will be the Reform Bill of the next session: to be fought for by a union of the Ministry, the House of Commons, and the people, against the House of Lords. More slowly, but as certainly, the Church Establishment of England will share the fate which awaits all bodies who



pretend to be what they are not, and to accomplish what they do not even attempt. And the fall of the Church will be the downfall of the English aristocracy, as depositaries of political power. When all the privileged orders insist upon embarking in the same vessel, all must naturally expect to perish in the same wreck.

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A FRAGMENT ON MODERN PURITANISM.

THE old puritan character must, notwithstanding all its repulsive qualities, ever command respect for its consistency. It was at unity in itself and with its position. Indeed its very sternness and sourness are not to be quarrelled with; for they belong to the principles on which it was formed and the work which it had to accomplish. Its mission was one of antagonism. Puritanism with its austerity was the countercheck to despotism with its licentiousness. Great were the errors on both sides, but, generally speaking, the Puritan was of a nobler nature than the Cavalier; he lived for loftier purposes; and his exertions led to more useful consequences. He denied himself; he resisted oppression; he believed in God and futurity. He might have been a tyrant, but he was a patriot. He might have been a persecutor, but he was a martyr. We have had little else but 'double-minded' men in England since the days of the Puritans. They were the last great class that lived for a single and public object. To make the English nation the pillar of the true Protestant faith, was the hope in which they lived, moved, and had their being. That they contended for political freedom was an accident. Of religious liberty they had no conception. Toleration they held in abomination. Whether Episcopalian or Presbyterian, they deemed that God's curse would be on the magistrate for using his authority against their own true religion, and that his blessing would be on the sword drawn in its cause. To the putting down of heresies and heretics they had no objection; they affirmed it to be the duty of the civil power; but they were infallibly convinced that theirs was the orthodoxy which that power was bound to enforce. That this country was not reduced to the condition of a *proper monarchy* is mainly to be ascribed to the resistance of a class of men whose thoughts, feelings, and actions were all pervaded by the determination to make England substantially what the Scotch called a 'covenanted people.' They did not accomplish their purpose; but they foiled that of the Stuarts. The end of their being was answered, and they withered away. The race is extinct. Not only have they no legitimate representatives, but none have arisen like unto them for single-mindedness. All our great parties, political and religious, have flaws in their composition. In the devotion of Tories, pocket shares the homage with prero-

gative. The age of loyalty has followed that of chivalry into the great gulf. Whiggism is avowedly the creature not of principle but of compromise. The Radicals are, most of them, simply strenuous objectors. Dissent is a rope of sand, and the Church only exists in the clergy. When next there shall be a body of men banded together like the Puritans by a vital principle, we may safely predict that some great change in the state of society is at hand. Some think they see the embryo of such a body in the Trades' Unions. But the principle is not yet found. There is only a groping desire for the attainment of good, or rather for the removal of intolerable evil. Samson is feeling for the pillars; but as yet he neither rests nor destroys. In all our reforms, changes, aspirations, there is a lack of defined and ultimate purpose. We take down confusedly; and build, when we build at all, irregularly. The age awaits some master-spirit to guide the work of renovation. The ghost of St. Simon is laid, and the body of Bentham is devoid of animation. On whom will the divine afflatus descend?

Not on those who claim to be successors of the Puritans. They are only one amongst the many incongruities of these incongruous times. They inherit the quirks and conundrums of the elder Puritans; their narrowness, their bigotry, their pugnacity, their asceticism; but not their singleness and moral power. Theirs is but a bastard Puritanism, and no future Hume will ascribe to it the preservation of the liberties of their country. It is a thing of pretension, teasing, and botheration. It cares less about the fall of a nation than the establishment of a mission. It is content that despots should fill dungeons with patriots, so that constables turn the poor out of beer shops. It denounces penny unions to raise wages, but consecrates penny unions to pay parsons. It will only read a religious newspaper, and thinks even *that* but ungodly work compared with distributing twaddling tracts. It threatened to oust Joseph Hume from Middlesex, and would have Fowell Buxton made Premier, with Percival for Secretary at War, and Jabez Bunting in the home department. It favours 'schools for all,' provided they only teach all the catechism; and above every thing desires to imprison the poor on Sundays within the narrow and unwholesome boundaries by which they are, during all the rest of the week, pent up from every sight and sound of enjoyment. This spirit has infected great numbers, both within and without the Established Church; though it is very far indeed from identifying itself either with episcopacy or with nonconformity; and requires to be kept in check, or it will check, and that grievously, the course of political and social improvement.

The influence of this spirit is very discernible on our politics, our literature, our amusements, and our morals. It is generally anti-popular, for political excitement is scarcely compatible with

the authority it would hold over men's minds. It has clogged, without being able to repress, almost every great and generous movement of national feeling. The religious *par excellence* leaned towards the Reform Bill, because people used to get drunk at elections ; and were fervent against negro slavery, because the planters prevented proselytism. It is well that borough-mongering was not carried on with sobriety, and that Mungo was whipped for going to chapel, and not for profaning the sabbath. Had it not been for this class, negro emancipation might have been a much cheaper purchase, and catholic emancipation would have been a much speedier conquest. It has no interest in any question of freedom or humanity at home or abroad, that bears not its own fanatical stamp. Poland may be mangled and Belgium badgered, so that Bibles be but distributed over the continent. It submits to the taxes upon knowledge ; they fall lightly on its tracts. It would allow Parliaments to sit for ever, but that scripture says, all things must pass away. When men are indignant at being robbed of their civil rights, it only tells them to mind their religious duties. It supported the Pitt crusade, with its deluge of blood, because the French were called infidels and atheists. It has little sympathy with the liberals of Europe, for it suspects their orthodoxy. For its own narrow purposes it would move heaven and earth ; but from all exertion for benefiting mankind by the amelioration of institutions, it turns away cold or frowning, and declares that religion has nothing to do with politics.

Modern Puritanism keeps down the literary taste of a section of the middle class, considerably below the standard which it might reach under better religious guidance. The intellect of the country is not found in its ranks, and does not write its dialect. Hence sermons 'on the danger of reading improper books.' A proper book, except in some rare cases, is characterised by cant and mediocrity. Its dearest poetical favourite is Cowper ; a poet indeed, true, and right worthy ; but alas ! for those to whom he is the pattern of the sublime and beautiful ; and who put Robert Montgomery in the same line with Milton.

With public amusements it wages a deadly warfare ; and the theatre is especially proscribed as being within the boundaries of the infernal regions. It would have no social excitement but missionary meetings. The forbidden tree is supposed to grow in every tea-garden.

To develop the species of morality thus fostered, would require a volume. It has little of utility, when most sincere ; and it opens a wide door for insincerity. It dwells in pettinesses and formalities. The negation of external and gross viciousness, and the presence of the externals of religion, will amply suffice for character, though coupled with the most crabbed temper, the vilest sycophancy or avarice, the most utter uselessness and most

detestable coldheartedness. Of course such an ascetic and restrictive system produces a large crop of hypocrisy.

But the great Deity of modern Puritanism is the Sabbath. To the strict observance of the Sunday all its energies are devoted. For this it preaches, prays, petitions, pesters, and persecutes. \* \*

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#### BENTHAM'S DEONTOLOGY.\*

NOTWITHSTANDING Mr. Babbage's complaints of the discouragement and decline of physical science in England, it has received a far more honourable treatment than the kindred philosophy of the human mind. The thrifty habits of a commercial people create a thousand practical arts which depend on mechanical and chemical knowledge, and will ensure their cultivation to a certain extent; but they are adverse to metaphysical and moral speculation, and turn with ignorant scorn from all those nobler and more refined pursuits which make themselves felt, not in weight of pocket, but in enlargement of mind. With this great national cause have concurred a malignant theological prejudice, and a corrupt political interest; the former dreading, from the study of human capabilities, duties, and interests, any tendency to free thinking,—the latter an approach to self-government. Hence the public taste has treated intellectual and ethical philosophy with positive rudeness, and bid it begone to the high places of learning; and the universities, not daring to lay violent hands on it, have gravely bowed it into an easy chair, and let it sleep. Those who know the value of these investigations in the reconstruction of the political, moral, and religious opinions, which are scattered and broken up in critical periods of society like the present, will observe with satisfaction some significant symptoms of increasing favour towards them. The arts which correspond to these sciences—those of government and education—are becoming subjects of deeper national consideration every day, and inquiry into these topics cannot be pushed far without finding itself entangled amid the most intricate researches of metaphysical and ethical theory. Political economy, too, has its root in the natural laws of human desire and volition, and cannot fail to stimulate some penetrating minds to the study of them. Some temporary evils may be anticipated from this particular mode of approaching the interior secrets of human nature; men considered as producers of wealth and as subjects of law, exhibit neither the whole nor the best parts of their nature; in the one case they appear in the pursuit of their physical welfare; in the other as influenced by force

\* Deontology, or the Science of Morality; in which the harmony and coincidence of duty and self-interest, virtue and felicity, prudence and benevolence, are explained and exemplified. From the MSS. of Jeremy Bentham. Arranged and edited by John Bowring. Longman; Tait.

and fear; and there is danger that those who have been accustomed to contemplate man exclusively in these relations, may seize on the few coarse principles by which they have seen him to be actuated, and, tempted by the simplicity of the procedure, may apply them to the explanation of all his processes of thought, emotion, and action, many of which involve far different causes, and demand a finer analysis. We cannot disguise our opinion that Mr. Bentham has, in the work before us, illustrated this error; that with feet accustomed to tread the outer and much worn passages of human life, he has dragged their dust into its purer recesses. This opinion must rest for its justification on the criticisms which we shall have occasion shortly to offer.

Human existence is made up of acts and states involuntary and voluntary. The involuntary belong to the researches of physiology in the case of the body, of psychology in the case of the mind. The voluntary form the materials of ethics, or (as Mr. Bentham's whimsical vocabulary will have it) deontology; whose object it is to enable men to select from all the results of volition those which are eligible, and to discard those which are ineligible. The first thing to be settled is, what must be the principle of selection,—what is the mark set upon all the eligible class, by which they may be distinguished from the rest? It seems surprising that any one should hesitate to answer, their happiness! Without happiness, existence would not be desirable; without happiness, the several integrant parts of existence would not be desirable; without happiness, that is, the acts and states of a human being would be ineligible; for it is of a succession of these that life is compounded. If it would not be worth while to be born, perform one painful act, and die; and if it would be worth while to be born, perform one pleasurable act, and die; the inference is inevitable, that it is happiness which discriminates between that which is worth having or doing, and that which is not.

The eligible class of voluntary acts and states is comprised under one word, *virtue*; and the ineligible under another, *vice*. All those effects of the will which are attended by a balance of happiness to the agent, are therefore virtuous; those which bring him a balance of misery are vicious. This balance of enjoyment from an action, unwisely denominated its *utility* and *expediency*, may present itself immediately on its performance; or may slowly but surely arise from its remoter and more indirect consequences. In estimating the moral worth of actions and states, then, consists the whole business of moral philosophy; the only measure of value is, the tendency to the individual's happiness; and in computing this, the utmost care must be taken to include all the attendant and consequent feelings, however remote in time, and excluded from a superficial view.

But we shall be told that this criterion, though well enough if



man were a solitary individual on the earth, will not suffice for him, surrounded as he is by members of the same species, whose happiness is worth as much as his own, and must not be sacrificed by him in the pursuit of his own. May he not be under an obligation to relinquish attainable pleasures for the sake of others? The answer to this question dives at once into the profoundest phenomena of human nature, without a careful attention to which it is scarcely possible not to feel the language in which it must be conveyed to be repulsive. That man, when placed amid his fellows, must abandon many enjoyments which in a solitary condition he would retain, is unquestionable; but that he thus suffers a deduction from his felicity, is not true; for his loss is far more than replaced by the exercise of those generous affections which his social position creates. It is not benevolence to be miserable in his efforts for others, to feel it a sacrifice and pain to act in their behalf, and think that it would have been pleasanter to have taken no concern in their interests; but to accept their pleasures as his own best good, and loathe the misnamed ease which might be purchased by their sufferings. Disinterestedness does not consist in the annihilation of happiness, but in the acceptance of sympathetic in the place of individual enjoyment; and if moralists were to call on a man to relinquish personal pleasures, for which no compensation presented itself in any possible satisfactions of internal benevolence or outward recompense, the call would infallibly be made in vain; no case of obligation can be made out, no instrument exists for acting on the will. The social relations of a human being do not then introduce any alteration in our criterion; they create many new virtues, but not any which is attended with preponderant pain; they still leave all actions and qualities, which are accompanied by such a result, out of the pale of obligation, and in the list of vices.

But suppose that an agent's happiness is incompatible with the will of God, does his duty lie on the side of his own enjoyment, or of the Divine command? The question supposes the Creator to be in hostility to the happiness of his creatures, and we might leave the answer to those who are afflicted by a belief in his malevolence. It should, however, be observed, that with such notions of Deity, morality and religion become absolutely irreconcilable. If God commands a man to take to himself a quantity of misery, he will ask, 'Why should I obey?' nor can any one find a reason for his obedience, except the fear of greater misery if he refuses. Remove this fear, attach a balance of enjoyment to the violation of a Divine direction, and every ground of submission vanishes: morality becomes blasphemous, and says 'Pay no attention to God; why should you put yourself into hands that will only make you wretched, when a happier part is in your power?' The devil, in apprehension of whom some Christians live, is neither more nor less than a god of this malign-

nant character; to obey him is represented as the height of wickedness and folly; equally silly and wicked would it be to obey the will of the Supreme Deity, were he, like Satan, to prescribe conduct whose issue was suffering. If God be not benevolent, devotion is a crime. When man is regarded as the subject of Providence, our criterion, therefore, still remains the same. Now these three positions of a human being,—the solitary, the social, the religious,—exhaust all his possible conditions. The virtues to which each gives rise are characterised by the same quality,—the tendency to happiness. This, then, being essential and peculiar to virtue, may be taken as its defining property, and applied to all voluntary actions and states as the measure of their moral character.

There is, however, no reason *à priori*, why virtue should have only one peculiar and discriminating quality. As a triangle or a circle has exclusive possession of many properties, any one of which will serve to define it; as an herbivorous quadruped may be known either by its feet or by its teeth; as a member of parliament may be described, either as a person who votes in the legislature, or as one who franks letters, or as a man that may get into debt without going to prison; so may virtue comprise a group of co-ordinate qualities, all equally fitted to supply its definition. It is not impossible, therefore, that there may be other accounts of virtue, quite as correct as the foregoing; because the Utilitarian is right, it does not follow that they are wrong; nor has he, antecedently to examination of their systems, any greater title to despise them, than has a geometer, who defines a triangle by its three sides, to deride another who defines it by its three angles. The intolerant scorn with which Mr. Bentham thinks it incumbent upon him to treat all schemes of morality different from his own,—a scorn greatly exceeding in offensiveness of expression anything which we recollect in modern scientific controversy,—is unworthy of his character as an acute and original philosopher, and, what is worse, every pungent phrase of unjust derision will entail a further delay in the diffusion of his great principle. He appears actually to have persuaded himself, that from the time of the Greek sophists to the present day, there has existed among the moralists a sort of hereditary conspiracy to delude and enthrall mankind. He seems to have entertained an idea more lively than the occasion required, of the alarm and shame into which all philosophers would be thrown by his exposure of them. In a relenting moment, indeed, he appears to have conceived it possible that some of the professors of the craft might not be hypocrites; but then they were dupes. In the limits of one disjunctive proposition he imprisons them all, impostors or fools. The Greek philosophers, having the misfortune to belong to Mr. Bentham's doting old enemy, antiquity, come in for the hardest blows; it is impossible to keep terms with the *summum bonum*, and it is

encountered with all the fury of a personal affray. Before noticing the light in which, as it seems to us, the several systems of ancient or modern ethics should be regarded, it may be allowed us to regret, that Mr. Bentham should have quitted his argument for the purpose of blackening the personal characters of Socrates and Plato. Not lightly should his sanction have been given to the worthless scandal with which the ignorance or malignity of a later age assailed these great names. In a case of defamation of this kind, it becomes no one to attempt to influence the decision, who cannot produce new evidence, or elucidate the old. If Mr. Bentham had offered anything tending to uphold the credit of that literary scavenger of antiquity, Athenæus, on whose statements the whole case against Socrates rests, all would have been fair: but he does nothing of the kind; he laughs at a profligacy which he could not prove, and passes on to his next enemy. Is it possible that he was affected with scepticism of history when it recorded the pure and noble, and credulity when it reported of selfishness and fraud?

All ethical systems which differ from the Utilitarian, may perhaps be reduced to three: those which represent virtue to consist in conformity of actions with certain internal moral perceptions and feelings; those which make its essence to be the promotion of the general happiness; and those which define it an accordance of conduct with the will of God. The first of these, supported as it is by the suffrages of the great majority of philosophers from the time of Plato downwards, is the especial object of Mr. Bentham's antipathy. He represents it as a form of personal dogmatism, a specimen of '*ipse-dixitism*:' and every moralist who presumes to appeal in behalf of any supposed virtue to a 'moral sense,' or a consciousness of moral fitness, or a perception of moral beauty, is charged with 'despotism,'—with uttering the oracles of his own will for the delusion of mankind. He wishes, says Mr. Bentham, to make the world do or refrain from doing whatever practice he happens to like or dislike. Now, any one who has studied the writings of this ethical school, will see here an unworthy misrepresentation. They have proceeded on the assumption, that the human mind is so constituted as to regard voluntary actions and dispositions with two opposite classes of emotions,—those of approbation and love, and those of disapprobation and aversion. Although these feelings did not attach themselves to the same acts in all ages and nations, and were, therefore, obviously susceptible of external influence, these variations appeared to take place only within certain limits, so that nowhere could the sentiments of praise and blame be found to have totally changed places. It was imagined, therefore, that from such emotions a standard might be extracted, somewhat in the same way in which a general law is discovered in the material world. By eliminating all the casual phenomena, and making

an induction of all those which seem to arise from the invariable principles of the human frame and condition, a system of natural morality might, it was supposed, be constructed; and from this system, which would represent the general conscience of mankind, new inferences might be drawn, extending over domains of conduct hitherto unreclaimed. Such a moral code would resemble a body of law organized by the consolidation of innumerable separate decisions; and afterwards expanded by reasoning, so as to include many analogical cases, which experience had never brought to a tribunal. Let it be admitted, that this process was not the wisest; still there is no more dogmatism in it than in the utilitarian system. Both appeal to mankind at large,—the one to their moral sense, the other to their estimates of consequences; and Mr. Bentham is just as liable to the charge of making an oracle of his personal calculations of pleasure and pain, as his opponents of legislating from their own emotions of approbation and dislike. The faults of the moral sense system are, in fact, much more those of modesty than of dogmatism. From a desire to proceed on a secure basis of experience, from a reverence for the universal feelings of mankind, in obedience to the maxim, '*ut contra universam naturam nihil contendamus*,' its advocates too much forget that if the moral sentiments of men were to be improved, their existing condition must not be made the measure of right and wrong; that philosophy has a higher task than that of merely investigating what *is* felt, and must aspire to the discovery of some rule which may determine what ought to be felt. The moral sympathies of mankind, on the best supposition, only *may* be co-extensive with virtue; the tendency to the agent's happiness *must* be, for it is that which makes virtue,—it touches the point of ultimate obligation.

The same criterion applies to the systems which represent virtue as consisting in the promotion of the general welfare. It does so; but only because general coalesces with individual good. Were there a conflict between them, individual duty must take the side of individual happiness; it would be impossible to establish an obligation in any other direction. Before, therefore, this definition can be received, the coincidence of self-interest and benevolence must be demonstrated. The original property of virtue is clearly preferable, for a definition, to the derivative.

In like manner, take the will of God as the measure of right. The question recurs, what is the will of God? Where is it to be found? Revelation can, at best, supply it only to the limited portion of mankind, who admit the authority of the Scriptures. And of these many deny, and none can prove, that Christianity contains an ethical code; and the rest, while they inveigh against so heretical a doctrine, contribute to establish its truth by their entire disagreement respecting the nature of this code. Are we then to seek for the will of God in nature? By what conceivable

mark can we know it, but by that of happiness? This is the Divine signature by which alone Providence has made intelligible his oracles of human duty. In the mind of every theist, then, who admits the benevolence of God, the religious definition is co-extensive with the utilitarian; but the former, being derivative from the latter, cannot be permitted to supplant it.

The principle of utility (we use the word in the absence of a better) being established, as the criterion of right, the next step would be to apply it; to take it round the circle of voluntary acts, and ascertain by it their character. But the pleasures and pains of conduct are so numerous, that, in order to facilitate this moral computation, it is necessary to break them up into certain classes, and each set may be regarded as a separate *sanction*, or retribution, on the acts which entail them. Mr. Bentham reduces them to five heads, which he thus enumerates:

‘ 1. The pathological, which include the physical and psychological, or the pleasures and pains of a corporeal character.

‘ 2. The social, or sympathetic, which grow immediately out of a man's domestic and social relations.

‘ 3. The moral or popular, which are the expression of public opinion.

‘ 4. The political, which comprise the legal and administrative; the whole of which belong to jurisprudential rather than moral ethics.

‘ 5. The religious sanctions, which belong to the ecclesiastical teacher.

‘ With the last two of these, the deontologist has little concern. They are the instruments of the legislator and the divine.’

Mr. Bentham, therefore, bases his whole system on the first three sanctions; and to these we may confine our attention. To us there appears to be in the enumeration an enormous oversight; an oversight so serious as to vitiate and degrade the whole scheme of practical morality which follows;—to remove benevolence entirely from it, though the name is retained in a new and counterfeit signification; and to expose it to the full force of those objections which have unjustly branded the utilitarian philosophy as the *selfish* system. There is one peculiarity common to all the three sanctions above-mentioned. The pleasures and pains of which they consist are all (except a few under the first head) *subsequent* to the act to which they are attached. The act is literally their cause, that is, their *antecedent*; they are effects, *extrinsic* and *sequent*. By drunkenness, *e. g.* a man impairs his health, (physical,) loses influence in his family, (domestic,) and suffers in his reputation in the world, (popular,)—all results after the act. It is of great moment, undoubtedly, that these external retributions should be pointed out, and appended to the volitions to whose train they belong. But to represent them as exhausting the pleasures and pains of human conduct and disposition is a mutilation of all experience. Are there then no *intrinsic* pleasures



and pains belonging to the exercise of certain dispositions, and constituting not a consequence, but an indissoluble element, of these dispositions? Are there not pleasurable emotions, often amounting to intensity, in the exertion of all the sympathetic affections, emotions enveloped, as it were, in the affections themselves, and altogether irrespective of any anticipation of consequences? And are there not uneasy emotions inseparable from the existence of vindictive and malignant passions, actual ingredients of their composition, and not only independent of all idea of retribution, but, by their own vividness, blinding the mind to its certainty? The contemplation, and still more, the exercise of compassion, integrity, benevolence, awaken feelings which have so little concern with the outward advantages of these virtues, that, at the moment of excitement, they repudiate the idea of them as an unworthy intrusion. Without reference to this class of feelings, it is impossible to explain the most remarkable and interesting forms of human conduct. When a spectator before a burning house penetrates the flames to rescue a stranger's child, from whose life he has nothing to expect,—what is it that distinguishes his act from a similar one by the mercenary fireman, anxious to signalize himself by an exhibition of daring? Every one feels that the operating pleasures and pains which produce volition in these two cases are essentially different: and in common language—language of which philosophy has established no title to deprive us,—the former act would be called disinterested; the latter, interested. Perhaps the most precise mode of distinguishing them is to say, that the sense of danger is overmastered, in the one instance, by the emotions of sympathy, in the other, by the prospect of money and of reputation. The pleasures of sympathy (or, what is the same thing, deliverance from its pains) belong to the act itself; they do not come in at the end of it, but take place during its performance. So inseparable are they from it, that it cannot even be said to be undertaken *for the sake of them*; this would imply a distinct idea of the act, as cause, and another of pleasures, as effect; it would imply an idea of *self as the recipient of certain feelings* from the outward danger of another; whereas, in fact, the cause and the effect are as contiguous as the particles in the same ball of iron, and make but one event, as these make but one mass: the ideas of them are so indissolubly fused together, that merely to speak of them separately, is to convey a false impression: and the idea of self is so entirely absorbed in that of a fellow-creature's danger, and of the means of rescue, as to be indistinguishable, and, in fact, not to exist,—or exist as a drop in the wave of emotion which rushes through the mind. It is impossible to find language which will unexceptionably describe the moral process involved in such cases as this. In popular phraseology, the agent would be said to sacrifice his own comfort for the sake of another person's; but as he is really

happier in performing the act, than in abstaining from it, this is an inaccurate account of the fact. Mr. Bentham (if consistent) would say, that he looked to increase his stock of good reputation, which might turn to good account some time or other; and let those accept this explanation, who think it true to human nature. Others would say, that he acted with a view to get rid of his own uneasy emotions; but this statement is liable to the objection, that it makes no mention of that conception of another's pain, which is the prominent element in his state of consciousness, and singles out as the cause of volition, an idea which has no appreciable existence in the cluster of feelings, that of self as suffering unhappiness. Perhaps the most exact of the popular accounts of such an act are, that which speaks of it as done *for its own sake*; and that which terms it *disinterested*; for as the word *interest* is used to describe the external advantages of conduct, *disinterested* is an epithet fitted to denote deeds which are willed solely from their internal qualities.

The only reason which we can imagine for Mr. Bentham's omission of this class of intrinsic pleasures and pains of conduct, is, that they are not original, but factitious, constructed by association out of those very external sanctions which he has enumerated. From this cause it might be imagined, that to put them down, as an independent class, would be to reckon the same sanctions twice over, first by themselves, then as parts of a highly complex state of feeling. The objection, however, though not without plausibility, is unsound in itself, and inconsistent with Mr. Bentham's own system. Were it just, he must accuse himself of reckoning pleasures twice over. For he admits into his list the pleasures of reputation, and esteem and power; yet these are entirely factitious, formed from the experience of more elementary pleasures which appear in another part of the list. Indeed, it is obvious that the objection is of no worth, unless it strips away all the sanctions, except the pathological; for the only primary pleasures and pains are those of the bodily organization. All difficulty vanishes when the true origin of human desires and affections is sought in the principle of association. Little more can be done here than to refer to the process, with the details of which every disciple of Hartley is familiar. Life furnishes every human being at first with a stock of primary pleasures; objects which are the procuring cause of these, though in themselves indifferent, become pleasures; and objects which again cause these sources of enjoyment, also become pleasures. In examining this gradation, two singularly important facts present themselves. First, that the secondary pleasures are greatly more intense than the primary, and intense in proportion to their remoteness from them. Secondly, that the secondary pleasures become altogether independent of the primary, and are loved not as means, but as ends; and though they were to lose the power of purchasing

that which created their original value, would still continue to confer happiness; they are dissevered from the parent branch, and obtain a growth and vitality of their own. Various good things are conferred by the approbation of others; and benevolent acts procure their approbation. In conformity with the foregoing principles, a man who has completed his experience of this connexion, will love approbation more than all which it can bring, and benevolent acts far more than approbation; and so far from measuring the value of these objects by their results of reward, the idea of their results may never occur to him, and they will be as truly separate principles of enjoyment, as if they were original instincts of his nature. They are objects of disinterested affection, full of intrinsic happiness: and to resist the practical exercise of such an affection in any case which invites it, is a positive suffering.

The fallacies which may find their way into any moral system which takes no notice of a considerable class of these secondary desires are, beyond calculation, serious. It is from this cause, that Mr. Bentham refuses to take any cognizance of the relation of a volition to the disposition which gave it birth, and contemplates it exclusively in connexion with its extrinsic history. He insulates every human action, in order to take its valuation, and treats it as if it proceeded from a kind of prospective intellectual machine, from a being exclusively drawn by views into the future, and incapable of impulse which has been accumulated from the past. States of mind considered as causes of action, have no place in his morality. If bad dispositions produce good actions, so much the better for society; and if bad actions flow from good dispositions, they are none the better for that. This principle of the equal value of all possible motives from which the same volition may arise, though important in its applications to penal jurisprudence, is in ethics a mischievous paradox. In consistency with his fondness for it, Mr. Bentham seems to recognise no general rules of conduct, but to try each occasion of action on its own merits; at least, he would multiply exceptions without the least compunction, when the specific results of such deviations appeared to promise well. Never mind the disposition; only point the action right, is the spirit of his advice. It is inconceivable how he could so completely have failed to perceive the two points of view, in which mental states or habits of feeling are important to the moralist; first, they are themselves, and, independently of their practical efficiency, sources of an incalculable amount of happiness or misery; and, secondly, they are, and by a necessity of nature always must be, the most powerful cause of action, often sweeping away, with resistless force, the arithmetic of outward consequences to which the Utilitarian patriarch would intrust all the moralities of life. Hence no sound ethical philosophy can exist, till the *inherent* pleasures and pains of disposi-

tions are estimated; and, in computing the effects of single actions, it must be felt, that there is at least the strongest *à priori* case against all violations of affections generally virtuous: for the deviation cannot be allowed, without a poignant resistance to habitual sympathies, and an enfeebling of their power for future use.

It was convenient to Mr. Bentham to get rid of all trial by motives, and to substitute the trial by consequences. Mankind in general treat benevolence in the former way; and they refuse the name to every act performed for the sake of reputation, or other outward recompense, be the consequences what they may. As Mr. Bentham knew of no other than these very rewards, popularly repudiated from the higher departments of virtue, he would have been obliged, unless he had set aside this mode of trial, to eject benevolence entirely from his system. By making the term to mean 'the desire to contribute to the happiness of others, even though it be with a mere view to our own credit,' he saves the word, but sacrifices the thing, and brings all virtue whatever under the category of prudence. There is indeed a passage here and there in which prudence and benevolence are well distinguished; as the following: in order to understand which, it is necessary to premise that Mr. Bentham makes a twofold division of prudence; into self-regarding, by which a man economises his own pleasures wisely, and extra-regarding, by which he consults those of others as instrumental to his own: and a twofold division of benevolence; into negative, which abstains from inflicting pain, and positive, which confers pleasure on others.

'Negative beneficence is a virtue, in so far as any mischief, which, without consideration, might have been produced, is by consideration forborne to be produced. In so far as it is by the consideration of the effect which the mischievous action might have upon a man's own comfort, the virtue is prudence—self-regarding prudence; in so far as it is by the consideration of the effect which the mischievous action might have upon the comfort of any other person, the virtue is benevolence.'—Vol. ii. p. 261.

Nothing can be more just than this assertion; that benevolence consists in conduct prompted by consideration for others' feelings, and that, in proportion as the idea of our own good intrudes, it is metamorphosed into prudence. Unhappily, however, Mr. Bentham repeatedly affirms that the regard to the welfare of our fellow-beings is in itself utterly powerless, and that the idea of good to self is the sole source of human action; for instance:

'Dream not that men will move their little finger to serve you, unless their advantage in so doing be obvious to them. Men never did so, and never will, while human nature is made of its present materials.'—Vol. ii. p. 138.

It is difficult to see how any other inference is to be drawn from the comparison of these two passages, than that benevolence is a mere fiction, a poetical licence for the adornment of the prelections of moralists.

The same reduction of all the sympathetic virtues to prudence is apparent in the following ingenious theory, on which their whole obligation is made to rest:

‘By every act of virtuous beneficence which a man exercises, he contributes to a sort of fund, a savings-bank, a depository of general good-will, out of which services of all sorts may be looked for, as about to flow from other hands into his; if not positive services, at any rate, negative services; services consisting in the forbearance to vex him by annoyances with which he might otherwise have been vexed.’—Vol. ii. p. 260.

Again,

‘Described in general terms, the inducement to positive beneficence, in all its shapes, is the contribution it makes to the man’s general good-will fund; to the general good-will fund, from which draughts in his favour may come to be paid: the inducement to negative beneficence is the contribution it keeps back from his general ill-will fund—the general ill-will fund hanging over his head; and besides its own particular use, any exertion made to keep the ill-will fund empty, may be productive of advantage in the same shape as that produced by contribution made to a man’s general good-will fund.’—Vol. ii. p. 264.

Now, with all respect for the Utilitarian philosopher, we appeal in this matter from him to the universal sentiments and language of mankind. Their feelings are in accordance with the maxim, ‘if ye do good to them that do good to you, what thank have ye?’ Show them that, in his acts of kindness, a man is looking to his own ends, that he is meditating a draught on the good-will fund, and the spell of admiration is broken; it may be all very well; he may be a shrewd fellow enough, and wonderfully long-sighted; but as for generosity or benevolence, this banking system will never win such praise. And the people are not wrong. There is no delusion in the belief that thousands of kind actions are performed every day, which are not offered to society as deposits, to be posted in its books, but tendered in the pure spirit of a free-gift; acts silent, unseen, let fall where they can never bear a harvest of praise; acts to the child, to the outcast, to the insane, to the dying. The impulse which produces all that the human heart most loves in virtue, which bears on such men as Howard and Washington, is an impulse from within, inspiring them with a love, not of praise, but of praiseworthiness; and, instead of leading them to look abroad for their reward, enabling them, if needs be, to stand alone, and yet erect in the mere strength of a high purpose. Scepticism of such forms of virtue would degrade all the nobility of human language, as well as mar the purest sympathies of human life.



Having pointed out what we deem to be the great and fundamental fallacy of this book, we shall add, that its general execution cannot be very highly praised. Terse and brilliant sentences are to be found scattered here and there, marked by the deep and sharp stamp of the philosopher's genius; but there are many passages, neither so precise in definition, or so frugal of expression, as the nature of a philosophical treatise demands. Nor can we repress some astonishment at the editor's having given us a biography of Utilitarianism, without so much as an allusion to Epicurus, Hobbes, or Gassendi, and with so highly figurative a sketch of Locke's, Hume's, Helvetius', and Hartley's systems. Perhaps, too, the lofty claim of originality for Bentham, had better have been reserved for his juridical works. Standing as it does, on the face of an ethical work, which, on the most favourable estimate, cannot be conceived to be a very remarkable contribution to our metaphysical literature, it will rather injure than augment the well-earned fame of one of the most acute of English philosophers.

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SONGS OF THE MONTHS.—No. 9, SEPTEMBER.

A SONG FOR AUTUMN, BY MARY HOWITT.

SUMMER waneth night and morning,  
 Night and morning, waneth !  
 Flowers are fading on the lea,  
 Leaves are changing on the tree,  
 Gossamer is silv'ry bright,  
 Thistle-down is floating white,  
 Every blossom's leaf is shed,  
 Fruits are hanging ripe and red,  
 Singing birds have flown away,—  
 After this can summer stay ?  
 No, no, the year must go,  
 Summer has departed now.

Autumn cometh night and morning,  
 Night and morning, cometh !  
 By the nightly-rising moon,  
 By the splendours of the noon,  
 By the flowers that have no fellow,  
 Purple, crimson, gold, and yellow ;  
 By the pattering drily down  
 Of the nuts and acorns brown,  
 By the silent forest bough,  
 All may know 'tis autumn now.  
 Fast or slow, the year must go,  
 And 'tis gorgeous autumn now.

## IMPROVEMENT OF THE WORKING PEOPLE.\*

THE little threepenny tract, the title of which is given below, 'is a small portion of a collection respecting the morals and manners of the working classes, their employers, and the middle classes generally, especially of the metropolis, from the restoration of Charles the Second to the present time. It is now published separately, in consequence of the House of Commons having appointed a select committee to inquire respecting the drunkenness of the people.'

The existence of the 'collection,' here referred to, is a fact which must give pleasure to all who know the peculiar opportunities and qualifications of the collector for rendering it useful to society. Christopher North laughs at Francis Place for being, or having been, *a tailor*; and when Christopher North does so, he is only labouring in his vocation. Christopher North thrives by ministering to the purposes of those who can neither make their own coats nor honestly earn wherewith to pay others for making them. To all such persons and their retainers and advocates, Francis Place is an obnoxious man. But if there be a legislator, who would acquire, in a summary way, information on the real condition of the people, for whom he has to make laws; if there be a philosopher, who would avail himself of a large storehouse of facts by which his speculations may be sustained, demolished, or modified; if there be a philanthropist, who would have the best guidance for the nurture of good intentions into beneficent deeds; if there be a poor man, or a class of men, feeling that they suffer, but little knowing either the cause or the remedy; to such there is no abler or better friend than Francis Place. His lowly origin, his years of toil, his well-earned external independence, his constitutional internal independence; the connexion he has retained with working people, uncorrupted into patronage; the respect he has won from higher classes, untainted by servility; his keen sagacity, his large information, his sturdy character, and his principled philanthropy; all constitute him one with whom Blackwood can do nothing better than jeer at as a tailor, whilst others reverence him as a man; one whose censures on the morals and manners of the middle and lower classes of society, will be an important contribution to real history; and one who forms a valuable portion of the few links that yet hold together the different orders of this classified country in their unhappily progressive alienation.

In this chapter, from a work which we hope some day to see entire, it is shown (as the title imports) that the progress of education has improved the manners of the workmen by the diminu-

\* Improvement of the Working People. Drunkenness—Education. By F. Place, sen.

tion of drunkenness. The writer testifies to this change as within the compass of his own observation :

‘ Formerly, and even within my own recollection, the education and manners of all sorts of workmen in London were so nearly alike, that they may be said to have differed in no material particular. The most skilled and most ordinary workmen were equally ignorant and dissolute; few could write, none read books of any use to them, and very few ever looked at a book of any sort. Those among them who had even the meanest accomplishment were remarkable exceptions. The whole body was much more dissolute and profligate than they are now, and drunkenness was their conspicuous and prevailing vice. Without information on any subject, and without any desire for information, their leisure could alone be occupied with the grossest enjoyments; and the most skilled and best paid workmen were, as they had the most means of being so, much more dissolute than the less skilled and worse paid workmen, whose means were less.

‘ Now, the difference between skilled workmen and common labourers is as strongly marked as was the difference between the workman and his employer; and in many cases the difference is nearly as great and as well defined between the skilful and unskilful workman in the same business.

‘ Drunkenness is no longer the prevailing and conspicuous vice among workmen. The very meanest and least informed being much more sober as a class, much more orderly and decent, and much more cleanly in their persons, than were those who in former times were far above them in respect to the amount of wages they received; whilst the most skilled and best paid are, as classes, more sober, more moral, and better informed, than were the generality of their employers at the time alluded to.’

This is contrary to the common notion, and to the loud complaints which we incessantly hear of the increase of intoxication. Yet, notwithstanding all the statements made before Mr. Buckingham’s committee, we take it to be the truth. The ample opportunities possessed by the writer through a long life,—opportunities created and extended in every direction by his interest in the concerns of operatives of every class,—render his evidence, if not of itself conclusive, yet such as to require very distinct and complete disproof to shake our faith in it. The supposed increase of drunkenness is probably owing to the real increase of religious zeal. The sensitiveness of the devout portion of the community has increased, together with its numbers and influence. The vice is more offensive than it was; and the growth of the feeling is very naturally mistaken for the growth of the crime. That drunkenness has decreased in the upper classes no one can doubt; and though its cotemporaneous increase among the lower classes be not impossible, it would be somewhat anomalous; the more so as the latter have, meanwhile, been making far more rapid strides in the acquisition of knowledge. The cost of drunkenness is a collateral argument that its prevalence amongst the poor has been exaggerated. Our author says—

‘ It must not, however, be concluded that workmen were, at any time, drunkards to the extent it has been common for writers and talkers to represent them as being. It will be apparent, on the least consideration, that the wages of working men were at no time sufficient to enable them to neglect their work, in consequence of drunkenness, for two or three days *every* week, as it has been pretended was the common custom. Drinking to excess is expensive, and more and more expensive as the habit becomes confirmed, from the increased quantity of liquor requisite to produce drunkenness: add to which, that a drunkard is seldom able to follow his employment until some time after he has become sober again; that drunkenness necessarily produces illness, dismissal from employment, and poverty; and, consequently, that these were causes sufficient to prevent workmen, generally, from being drunkards to any thing like the extent imputed to them. Not so many as half of the immense number of working men in London have constant employment all the year round.’

The principal documents for showing the positive amount of such drunkenness as obtrudes itself on public notice, are the police reports. On these Mr. Place comments as follows:—

‘ By the annual statements of the Commissioners of Police, it appears that the number of drunken cases which came under their cognizance were—

	Males.		Females.		Total.
‘ In 1831 . . . .	19,748 . . . .		11,593 . . . .		31,341
‘ In 1832 . . . .	20,304 . . . .		12,332 . . . .		32,636
‘ In 1833 . . . .	18,268 . . . .		11,612 . . . .		29,880

‘ I believe that in 1831 the district over which the Police had jurisdiction was much less than it was in 1832 and 1833.

‘ The accounts of the Police Commissioners, so far as they are correct evidence, seem to show that drunkenness is not increasing in the metropolis.

‘ It should be remembered that the above numbers relate, or at the least that those of the two last years do, to a district containing more than a million and a half of people.

‘ The numbers also relate to *cases* and not to persons, and thus the same person may furnish a great many cases in the course of the year; some have furnished two, and even three cases within twenty-four hours.

‘ The whole miscreant population of this great metropolis and its environs are included. Beggars, vagabonds of every description, dissolute people of all sorts. The Irish of St. Giles, St. Luke, and Whitechapel. Sailors and loose people alongshore.

‘ Among the females are common, wretched, helpless, hopeless, reckless prostitutes, the most pitiable class of persons in England, if not in Europe; nearly all the cases of females must be miscreant outcasts, as must likewise be a very considerable portion of the male cases.

‘ Among the males many are what are called respectable men, who have drank too much at parties, at public dinners, and at many other jollifications.

‘ If the cases could be resolved into persons, and otherwise accurately analyzed, two results would be made apparent:—

‘ 1. That the number is not, when compared with the population, a large one.

‘ 2. That the number of really working men is a small one.’

The worst of the moral sensibility of the English public is that it is so irregularly and partially excited, that it penetrates so little below the surface, and that it so very often diverts attention and exertion from the root and trunk of national immorality to some petty branch or quivering twig. No doubt the sight of a tipsy mechanic or two, reeling through the streets, must be a nuisance to respectable tradesmen, with their wives and children, on their way to church or chapel. No doubt it is very desirable that the nuisance should be abated. But this will never be done by crusading against beer-shops and gin-shops, and attempting to imprison the poor in their own wretched abodes, with no leave of absence but a day-rule for divine worship. Such attempts only deal with the symptoms of the disease, and if successful in repressing them, merely drive that inward, and render it more virulent. The working classes cannot, any more than other classes, exist without occasional excitement. They have, in fact, more need of it than any other class. If they be deprived of it in one direction, it ought to be provided for them in another. If their drudgery be hard, it is the business of society to ensure its mitigation. If their pleasures be few, it is the business of society to multiply them. If their pleasures be gross, it is the business of society to refine their tastes. If their relaxation be mischievous, it is the business of society to cater for wholesome enjoyments. Any thing rather than condemn them to ‘ all work and no play,’ which can only wear out soul and body, and deprave heart and mind. Hear our author again—

‘ Very few, indeed, are they among even the most ignorant of the working people who do not understand their own situation. The most unthinking, the least intelligent, with very few exceptions, feel acutely at times: they never reflect on their condition without a perfect consciousness, amounting to absolute certainty, that their mortal career will terminate in the most abject poverty and misery, and this has a marked effect upon them: few, indeed, are they who can at all times escape from depressing thoughts, and still fewer who can at all times bear up against them; few, indeed, have the courage even to contemplate, for ever so short a period, their adverse circumstances.

‘ What can such men do, so limited in their means of enjoyment, so utterly incapable of filling up the leisure they have, in any rational pursuit?—so impossible is it for them to find either employment or enjoyment for their intervals of idleness, like better instructed men; and the only matter for surprise is, that they do not all become habitual drunkards, and wholly callous to consequences. No one then need be surprised



that they should occasionally get drunk ; the only matter for surprise is, that it should be only occasional. Drinking is the sole means such men have of getting away from themselves, and the pleasure of drinking to excess is beyond all comparison greater to such men than to any other class of persons ; it has also effects almost peculiar to them as a class, from its being their only resource against the most depressing thoughts. It has, to be sure, the same effect on many individuals in other classes of society ; but to these it is not the only resource, and does not therefore admit of the same excuse. Is a man whose understanding has been somewhat cultivated, whose means are such as ought to induce him to conclude he shall not be reduced to positive want—is such a man unfortunate—does he appear to be overwhelmed with difficulties—still he has many resources, and as it is only in particular cases that his misfortunes might reasonably be expected to be such as he could not bear for any considerable time, he is still far removed from the state of ignorant helplessness of the working man. Does he, however, permit his misfortunes to produce a state of mind which leads him to irregularities ; does he seek consolation and oblivion in liquor,—all sorts of allowances are made for him, he is pitied, consoled, advised and assisted. But the working man, whose situation is so much more deplorable, is despised and condemned : and why ? because he has not ten times as much fortitude as the man whose education, associations, and other circumstances, are ten times more favourable. The working man is judged by his superiors, his superiors are judged by themselves.

‘ A labouring man should have no fits of idleness ; so says pride, wilfulness, and ignorance. He, who of all men, the negro slave excepted, has the fewest inducements to constant and unremitted toil, should be free from idle feelings. This is impossible ; every man has his fits of idleness, no man in any class has always the same desire for exertion or investigation ; no, nor even for the pursuit of pleasure, when even pleasure alone is the object of his useless life : no man at all times follows even the most gratifying pursuit or inquiry with the same zeal ; relaxation becomes absolutely necessary ; and this is sought in change in his pursuits and in change of place, by every one whose means enable him to indulge, in what is, in relation to the working man, called idleness—the word being used, in respect to him, in its worst and most opprobrious sense. The working man must have no relaxation ; he who drudges constantly against his will must have no such propensities as are allowed and cherished in his superior ; the unintellectual man must exert greater powers of mind than the intellectual man ; must show by his conduct that his is the superior understanding, or he is condemned as unworthy ; and this is called judging him fairly. The most pains-taking, saving, industrious man is not free from the desire of leisure ; there are times when he is unable to bring himself to the conclusion that he must continue working. I know not how to describe the sickening aversion which at times steals over the working man, and utterly disables him for a longer or a shorter period, from following his usual occupation, and compels him to indulge in *idleness*. I have felt it, resisted it to the utmost of my power ; but have been so completely subdued by it, that spite of very pressing circumstances, I have been

obliged to submit, and run away from my work\*. This is the case with every workman I have ever known; and in proportion as a man's case is hopeless will such fits more frequently occur and be of longer duration. The best informed amongst the workmen will, occasionally, solace themselves at such times with liquor; the uninformed will almost always recur to the same means, to procure the excitement which *must* be procured.

'Strong liquor taken into the stomach has an immediate effect on what the working people call their spirits; they are elevated by the stimulus, and as this increases, lively ideas are excited, painful ideas are banished, the recollection of past troubles is obliterated, present uneasy feelings as well as fears for the future are excluded, pleasurable sensations take their places, gloom and despondency are cast away; the man is lifted above himself, and becomes altogether a different creature; he is as happy as his condition permits, as long as the delusion lasts, and he is therefore desirous to prolong it, to his utmost capability. He shows his satisfaction in noisy mirth; and the rude untuned voice of him who bawls out the words of the well-known ballad, and the noise of his associates who join in the chorus, are as highly gratifying to the uncultivated man, as are the finest sounds of the most scientific vocal and instrumental performers to the auditors at a fashionable concert. It is even probable that the excess of pleasurable sensation is on the side of the uncultivated man, who is both auditor and performer.'

While we entirely agree with Mr. Place in ascribing the progressive improvement of the manners of the working people to education, and look to that, in its national extension, as the great means for accelerating their improvement, we think also that something should be done, and that very much might easily be done, for the existing generation, to render their burdens less grievous and supply them with the means, not only of direct instruction, but of appropriate and wholesome joyousness. Why should there not be reading rooms, as comfortable as the public house, and as splendid as the gin-temple? Let the abhorrrers of drunkenness try how such opposition shops would answer. The outlay would bear a good moral interest. But they must not be spoiled, like so many Mechanics' Institutes, by the exclusion of political publications, nor by aristocratical management. In fact, the operatives know best how to conduct such establishments so as to please themselves. They merely want a little help in starting. Then, again, how many working people there are who would rather spend a summer's evening in Westminster Abbey, or the British Museum, or in the National Gallery that is to be, than in a public house, if they had but the option. Let them in free; their wives, families and all; a few policemen would suffice to prevent mischief. The spirit of mischief is generated by, and

\* For nearly six years, whilst working, when I had work to do, from twelve to eighteen hours a day. When no longer able, from the cause mentioned, to continue working, I used to run from it, and go as rapidly as I could to Highgate, Hampstead, Muswell-hill or Norwood, and then 'return to my vomit.'

could not long survive, the spirit of monopoly. Throw open the Zoological Gardens on a Sunday, the only day on which they are now accessible to the subscribers exclusively. If horseshoes are no breach of the Sabbath, neither are hobnails. Reduce some of the non-resident parsons, and apply the money to the support of lectures on science, history, and other topics of interest. Let the poor have theatrical amusements. How powerful an instrument might the theatre become of exciting the intelligence and elevating the taste of the people. Then, public walks and tea-gardens should be formed and allowed, in every direction. There is even yet plenty of ground near London, and in the immediate vicinity of large towns, which might be saved for this improvement. But where is all the money to come from? The money! There is a question to ask, when the last Westminster Review has shown (Article on Aristocratic Taxation) that the corn monopoly costs the nation thirty millions per annum; the monopoly of other articles of food and necessity, fifteen millions; the Colonial monopoly, six millions; and the Church monopoly, nine millions. A trumpery little fraction of any one of these hoards would amply suffice. Let those who shudder at mechanical drunkenness and sensuality bestir themselves, and the thing is done. Twice blessed would the deed be; compelling the plunderer to honesty, and providing the labourer with recreation. Religionists may depend upon it that this is the shortest cut, even for their peculiar purposes. You cannot make a railroad from the tavern to the church. You cannot send a pressgang to clear out the taproom and man the conventicle. The distance will never be got over without resting by the way. The best chance for the mechanic's accomplishing the journey from animal pleasures to spiritual exercises, is by opening for him the half-way house of rational enjoyments. If that will not draw him, you cannot force him further, nor ought you to be allowed to torment him by trying.

This subject reminds us of some verses from a correspondent, to whom we owe an apology for our seeming neglect. The reader will see them in the article which follows.

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#### A DREAM.

MYSTERIOUS faculty! whate'er thou art,  
That in sleep's silent hour perform'st thy part,  
Nor check'd, nor cumber'd, by the unconscious clay;  
Oft hast thou given me, in thy free, wild play,  
Intense delight.—

One instance of thy power:—  
A beauteous scene—even o'er this wakeful hour—  
Exerts a charm.—A city's crowded ways,—  
Where human life each various garb displays,—

Methought I trod ;—where stately fabrics fair,  
 With spacious areas for refreshing air,  
 By wealth are rear'd ;—where in dark, close-built cells,  
 Abodes unjoyous,—patient labour dwells,  
 And want and sorrow pour th' unheeded sigh.—  
 There wandering long, till mind, and heart, and eye  
 Were sad and weary,—anxiously I sought  
 Some quiet resting-place for tranquil thought ;  
 And turning round, upon my view there came  
 A Gothic gateway large, of antique frame.  
 Beyond—I saw with deep and glad surprise,  
 An edifice of curious structure rise ;  
 Huge pillar'd blocks of granite, massy, strong,  
 A firm-built base, were ranged in aisles along.  
 Above, tall columns, elegant and light,  
 Tier raised on tier, charmed the astonish'd sight ;  
 Holly and dusky yew their graceful screen  
 Lent to the pile,—its spacious vaults within  
 Were stored, all treasures gathered from the waves ;  
 And glittering wonders of earth's sparry caves.  
 The pencil's magic touch had well array'd  
 Its halls ;—there rose Helvetia's views portray'd ;  
 What time the sun, from dim-seen valley deep,  
 Cerulean lake, and sombre pine-clad steep  
 Retiring, calls away his golden beams,  
 And the pale Aiguilles gilds with roseate gleams,  
 While watchful shepherds on each jutting height,  
 Repeat the greeting of a kind good-night  
 With blasts from Uri's horn ; and the loud play  
 Of pealing sounds the grazing herds obey.  
 There stood revealed, 'mid darkness, Etna's cone,  
 A world of wonders, girt with many a zone,  
 In verdant beauty risen from ocean's breast,  
 To lift amongst the stars its blazing crest.  
 There, too, in rich luxuriance seem'd to smile  
 The spicy groves of many a summer isle.  
 Still more to glad the eye, fresh breezes strayed  
 Thro' arbours green, along each light arcade,  
 Adorned with Alpine blooms of every clime,  
 From Quito's central region piled sublime,—  
 A realm serene, above the storms and clouds,—  
 To where a murky fog perpetual broods  
 O'er drear lagoons, and seas that cease to roll  
 Around th' untrodden confines of the pole.

Gay was the scene, and with admiring eye  
 The pale mechanic there his cares laid by ;  
 Those cool piazzas ranged with grateful heart,  
 Pleased with each work of nature and of art,  
 Rejoicing in that beauteous pile,—his own,—  
 Bestow'd on labour's sons, a noble boon.

Oh most delightful scene!—and must it fade?  
Sink as it rose, an unsubstantial shade?  
For ever gone!—— It will not thus depart,—  
The vivid impress will not leave my heart.  
Ye visions of my sleeping, waking hours,  
That haunt my thoughts in lovely woodland bowers,  
And fill my heart with sadness as you rise,—  
Wake strong desires, and unavailing sighs;—  
Oh! that some future happy year might see  
Your shadowy picture's bright reality:  
Oh! that the man were born, whose soul refined,—  
A blessing to the coming age designed,—  
Will deem his wealth a privilege from Heav'n  
For deeds of love—for noblest objects given:  
Will grant the city's busy sons the power  
In pure delights to spend one harmless hour;  
And aid its youth in nature's ample fields  
To find a higher bliss than folly yields.

J. L.

NOTES ON SOME OF THE MORE POPULAR DIALOGUES OF PLATO.

No. II.

THE PHÆDRUS.

(Continued from p. 420.)

We left Socrates and Phædrus on the point of commencing a new inquiry, viz., 'What constitutes Good Speaking and Writing.'

'Is it not necessary,' asked Socrates, 'in order to speak well, that the speaker should in his own mind know the truth, in respect to the subject concerning which he is to speak?'

'I have heard it said,' answered Phædrus, 'that an orator need not know what is really just, but only what will appear so to the multitude who are to decide; and that he need not know what is really good, or beautiful, but what will appear so: for persuasion is produced by means of the *apparent*, not the *true*.'

'We must not,' said Socrates, 'reject without examination what wise men affirm; we must inquire whether there is anything in it.'

'Suppose that I wanted to persuade you to buy a horse in order to go forth and meet the enemy; and that we were both of us entirely ignorant of a horse, but I happened to know of you, that you believed a horse to be the most long-eared of all domestic animals.' 'It would be ridiculous,' answered Phædrus. 'Not yet,' replied Socrates; 'but what if I were seriously to set about persuading you, by composing a speech on the ass, calling it a horse, and celebrating it as the *finest* of animals for domestic use, for military service, for carrying goods, and a hundred other things?' 'It would be highly ridiculous.' 'Is it not better to be ridiculous, than a dangerous and pernicious friend?' 'Certainly.' 'But



when an orator, being himself ignorant of good and evil, and finding a people equally so, sets about persuading them, not by a panegyric upon the ass under the name of the horse, but upon Evil under the name of Good ; and having studied the opinions of the multitude, succeeds in persuading them to do what is bad instead of what is good, what sort of a harvest do you think that an oratory of this sort will reap ? ' But an indifferent one.'

' Perhaps, however,' resumed Socrates, ' we are too severe upon oratory. She may, perhaps, turn upon us, and say, You are trifling, my good friends—I do not compel any one to learn to speak, who is ignorant of the truth—I bid him learn the truth first, and resort to me afterwards—The ground of my pretensions is, that without me, though a man were to know all possible truths, he would be no nearer to possessing the art of persuading. And in saying this, does she not speak truth ?' ' Yes, if the arguments which are coming should testify that she is an Art ; but I in a manner hear the rustle of several arguments approaching, which assert that she is an impostor, and no Art, but an unartificial Routine.' ' Call these arguments forth, then, and let us interrogate them.' ' Come forth, I beg you, and persuade Phædrus that unless he philosophize sufficiently, he will never be capable of speaking on any subject. Question Phædrus, and he will answer. Is not the art of oratory, taken in a general sense, the *influencing of the mind by discourse*, not merely in courts of justice and public assemblies, but also in private life, whether on great subjects or on small ?' ' Not entirely so. It is generally on the occasion of trials in courts of justice that men speak and write by art ; and in deliberative assemblies they speak by art : but otherwise not.' ' Have you then heard tell only of the arts of oratory which were composed by Nestor and Ulysses at Troy, but not those of Palamedes ?' ' No, nor of Nestor either, unless you call Gorgias Nestor, and Thrasy-machus or Theodorus Ulysses.' ' Tell me, then, what do adversaries in a court of justice do ? Do they not debate ?' ' Yes.' ' About the just and unjust ?' ' Yes.' ' He who does this by art, can make the same thing appear to the same persons, either just or unjust ?' ' Yes.' ' And in deliberative assemblies, he can make the same thing appear as he pleases, either good for the state, or the contrary ?' ' He can.' ' And do we not know that Palamedes of Elea could speak by art, in such a manner that his hearers should think the same things either like or unlike, one or many, stationary or moved ?' ' Yes.' ' The art of debate therefore, is not confined to courts of justice and public assemblies ; but if it be an art, there is but one single art which, whatever be the subject of discourse, can make all things appear similar, which are capable of so appearing, and which, if another person does the same thing deceptively, can expose the deception.

' Is deception more likely to happen in those things which differ much, or in those which differ little ?' ' In those which differ little.' ' You will more easily get round from a thing to its contrary, by insensible steps than all at once ?' ' No doubt.' ' He, then, whose business it is to deceive another, and not to be deceived himself, must know accurately the resemblances and differences of things ?' ' He must.' ' Can he, not knowing the real nature of a thing itself, distinguish the degree of resemblance which other things bear to that thing ?' ' It is impossible.' ' Since then, those who are deceived, and take

on a false opinion, must have been led to it by some sort of resemblance, verisimilitude or likeness to the truth,) it is clear, that a man cannot bring round another by little and little, through a chain of resemblances, from the truth to its contrary, or avoid being himself dealt with in the same manner, unless he knows the real natures of things ; and the man who does not know the truth, but hunts after mere opinion, has got a ridiculous and very unart-like art of speaking.' Phædrus could not deny this ; and Socrates proposed that they should look again at the discourse of Lysias, and see whether it contained evidence of art or no. Phædrus assented, saying, that as yet they were somewhat bare, not having a sufficiency of examples. It is perhaps lucky, rejoined Socrates, that these discourses have been spoken, since they afford an example, how he who knows the truth may, in mere sport, mislead his audience by a speech.

Phædrus now, according to agreement, begins to read the discourse of Lysias from the commencement. Before he has completed the second sentence, Socrates stops him, in order to point out already a proof of want of art.

'Is it not clear that about some things we are all of one mind, about others we differ?' 'I think I understand you, but nevertheless explain yourself more clearly.' 'When we use the words silver, or iron, we all of us mean the same thing by them. But when we speak of what is just, or of what is good, we all go off in different directions, and are at variance both with each other and in ourselves.' Phædrus assented. In which of these two kinds of things are we most easily deceived, and in which is the power of oratory the greatest?' 'In those in which we wander without fixed principles.' 'He, then, who seeks to acquire an art of oratory, should first be able properly to distinguish and characterize these two kinds of things, those in which the multitude must of necessity wander, and those in which they need not.' 'This would be an admirable discovery.' 'And next, he must be able to distinguish and clearly perceive, without mistake, whether that of which he is about to speak, belongs to the one class or to the other.' 'Granted.'

'Now, should love be considered to be one of these disputable things?' Undoubtedly: how else could you have made, as you did, two long speeches, one to show that love is injurious both to the lover and the loved, the other, that it is the greatest of blessings?' 'You say truth ; but now tell me (for I, on account of the state of inspiration in which I was, do not recollect,) whether I began by *defining* love?' 'You did, most accurately.' 'How much more skilled, then, in the oratorical art, must be the Nymphs and Pan, by whom I was inspired, than your friend Lysias ! for he obliged us to begin by supposing, and not inquiring, what love is, and then grounded his entire discourse on a mere supposition.

'Does not, too, the discourse appear to you to be thrown together quite at random ? Can it be said that what is placed second, for example, or in any other position, is placed there from any peculiar necessity ? To me, who know nothing, he seemed to say, most unaccountably, whatever came into his head : but can *you* point out any oratorical necessity which compelled him to arrange his thoughts into that particular order ?' 'You are very good, to suppose that I am capable of so accurately judging what such a man as Lysias composes.'—'But

this I think you will allow, that a discourse should be like an organized creature, having a body of its own, neither headless nor footless, but having a middle, and extremities, fitted to one another, and to the whole.' 'Without doubt.' 'But does anything of this kind appear in your friend's discourse?—look, and you will find it very like the inscription which they ascribe to Midas the Phrygian, which might be read either backwards or forwards without altering the sense.' 'You are now only laughing at the discourse.' 'Let us then, in order not to offend you, let alone this oration, although it seems to me to contain a variety of examples, by the consideration of which one might be improved. Let us pass to the other discourses: for in them too there were some things worth observing to those who are considering Discourse. There were two discourses; the one in disparagement, the other in eulogy of love.' 'There were.' 'We affirmed that love was a sort of madness; did we not?' 'We did—and said that there are two sorts of madness; one coming from human disease, the other from a divine influence. This last we divided into four kinds: viz., prophetic inspiration' [here, for the first time, the very word inspiration, or *afflatus* (ἐπιπνοία) is used,]—'the origin of which we ascribed to Apollo; mystico-religious, (τελεστική,) to Bacchus; poetic, to the Muses; and finally, that of which we are speaking, the inspiration or enthusiasm of Love.' 'We did.'—'Let us now try whether we can catch the manner in which our discourse *changed* from blame to praise.' 'What do you mean?' 'To me it appears, that all the rest of what was said, was in reality no more than sport; but that if one could obtain by art, the power or capacity of these two kinds of operations, which in this instance we have performed by mere chance, it would be not unpleasant.' 'What things?' 'To collect together a multitude of scattered particulars, and viewing them collectively, bring them all under one single *idea*,\* and thereby be enabled to *define*, and so make it clear what the thing is which is the subject of our inquiry. As, for instance (in our own case,) what we said (whether it was well said or ill) with a view of defining love: for this was what enabled the subsequent discourse to be clear, and consistent with itself.' 'You have described one of the two operations which you spoke of; what is the other?' 'To be able again to subdivide this idea into species, according to nature, and so as not to break any part of it in the cutting, like a bad cook. Thus, for example, our two discourses agreed in taking for their subject, insanity of mind: but in the same manner as the body has two parts, which are called by the same name in all other respects, but one called the left side and the other the right, so our two discourses, taking insanity as one single *idea* † existing in us, one of them cut down on the left side, and continued subdividing

\* ἰδέα. This word signified originally, Form. The use of the word idea in modern metaphysics, is derived from this application of it by Plato. He means by it, the notion of what is common to an entire class, or what Locke called an abstract idea. But Plato fell into the all-but-universal mistake, of supposing that these abstract ideas had an independent existence; that they were real objective entities, and even that the Ideas of things were the exemplars after which the Divine Being made the things themselves. This notion, of the independent existence of abstract ideas, is frequently combated by Aristotle, but was revived by his followers under the altered name of *substantial forms*, and the same error under a variety of denominations has been continued down to the present day.

† The word here is ἰδέα, form or species: substantially the same word as ἰδέα.

until it came to something sinister which bore the name of Love, and inveighed against it very deservedly; the other taking us to the right side, found another Love, a namesake of the first, but of a divine origin and nature, which it held forth and praised as the cause of our greatest blessings.

'I, then,' continued Socrates, 'being a lover of these compositions and decompositions, in order that I may be able to speak and to think; if I find any one whom I think capable of apprehending things as *one* and *many*, I run after him and follow his footsteps as I would those of a god. Those who can do this, whether I call them rightly or not God knows, but at present I call them dialecticians: but what are we to call those who learn from you and Lysias? Is this, of which we have been talking, the same with that Art of Speaking by the aid of which Thrasymachus and the rest have become wise in speaking, and have made others so, who pay tribute to them as to kings?' 'They are kingly people,' said Phædrus, 'but they are not acquainted with that of which you spoke. I think that you are right in calling this method *dialectics*; but it does not seem to me that we have yet found out what oratory is.' 'Indeed!' replied Socrates: 'it must be something curious, if, being different from what we have been speaking of, it is nevertheless an art. Let us then see what else oratory consists of.' 'Of a great many things, which we find in the books of rhetoric.' 'I thank you for putting me in mind. You mean such things as these; that the exordium should come first, then the narration and the testimony, then the positive circumstantial proofs, then the probable ones: and next, I believe the Byzantine Theodorus talks of confirmation and super-confirmation, refutation and super-refutation, and how all these things should be managed, both in accusation and in defence. And why should we leave out that excellent person, Eucænus of Paros, who first invented *ὑποδήλωσις* and *παρεπαίνοι*.' (The first untranslatable, the second we suppose means *incidental praise*.) 'Some say he also has *παραψόγοι*,' (incidental vituperation,) 'which he has put into verse for the aid of memory; for he is a wise man. Can we omit, moreover, Tisias and Gorgias, who saw that the *plausible* was to be honoured above the *true*, and who, by force of speaking, can make great things appear small, and small things great, new things old, and old things new, and who have found out the way to speak either briefly or to an interminable length on all subjects? Prodicus once, when I related this to him, laughed, and said *he* was the first person who had found out how to speak according to art: for the speech should be neither short nor long, but *moderate*.' 'Very wise indeed.' 'Neither must we leave out Hippias of Elis, who I should think would be of the same opinion: and Polus, too, who invented *διπλασιολογία*, and *γνωμολογία*, and *εἰκονολογία*, and so forth.' 'And did not Protagoras do something of the same kind?' 'He was skilled in *ὀρθοέπεια*, and many other fine things. He excelled every body in speeches of the lugubrious kind, about old age and poverty: he was a terrible man for enraging people, and then cooling them, and the first of all men in inveighing and in replying to invective. About the concluding part of a speech they all seem to agree; some of them call it recapitulation, and others give it some other name.' 'You mean, summarily reminding the audience of what you have said.' 'That is what I mean.' 'Have you anything else to relate which forms part of the art of oratory?' 'There is very

little else.' 'Let us then leave that very little alone, and examine these things a little more closely, that we may see what power the art has.' 'Very great power indeed in a popular assembly.' 'Let us see.'

'If any one were to come to your friend Eryximachus, or to his father, Acumenus, and say, I know how to produce any effect I please upon the body, I can cool it or heat it, give it an emetic or a purge, and I therefore think myself a physician, and capable of making others so, what would they say?' 'They would ask him whether he likewise knows upon whom to produce these different effects, and when, and to what degree.' 'And what if he were to answer—By no means; I insist that he who has learned from me what I before mentioned, will have that other sort of knowledge as a matter of course.'—'They would reply, The man is mad, and because he has accidentally discovered or read of some drug or other, fancies himself a physician, knowing nothing at all of the art.' 'And what if a man should go to Sophocles or Euripides, and say, I know how to make a long speech on a small matter, and a short one about a great matter, and I can make a pathetic speech, or a menacing one, or a fearful one, and being able to teach all this I can enable any man to write a tragedy?' 'They too would laugh at the absurdity of supposing that tragedy consists in any thing but the *putting together* of these things so as to be suitable to one another and to the whole.' 'And if a musician met with a man who thought himself a harmonist because he could draw from the strings the most acute and the gravest sounds possible, he would not say to him fiercely, You stupid fellow! you are out of your wits; but, as being a musician, and therefore of a softer and less inflammable temperament, he would answer, My good friend, it is necessary for a harmonist to know these things, but a man may know all that you know and be not the least of a harmonist notwithstanding. You possess those acquirements which are preliminary to harmony, but not harmony itself.' 'Very right.' 'Sophocles would say, in like manner, You know the preliminaries to tragedy, but not tragedy itself: and Acumenus would say, You know the preliminaries to medicine, but medicine itself you know not.' 'Most true.'

'What then do you think that the sweet-voiced Adrastus or Pericles would say, if they heard recited these splendid inventions which we were just now talking of, *βραχυλογιαι* and *εἰκονολογιαι* and the like? Would they, like us, say something sharp and coarse to those who write and teach these things under the name of oratory? or would they, as being wiser than we, reprove us for our violence, and say, O Phædrus and Socrates, we ought not to be angry, but should excuse, if there be persons who, being unversed in *dialectics*, are unable to define what oratory is, and therefore, being possessed only of those acquirements which it is necessary should *precede* the art, fancy that they have found an art of oratory, and, teaching these things to others, think that they have taught them oratory itself; but think nothing of the power of doing each of these things *persuasively*, and of putting them together into a *whole*, and hold it unnecessary for their scholars to learn *this* from their tuition.'

'I am afraid,' observed Phædrus, 'that this art of oratory, as they call it, is indeed no better than you represent it. But from whence might one derive the art of the real orator—the power of *persuasion*?'



‘The *power*,’ replied Socrates, ‘if possessed to the degree which constitutes a perfect orator, is probably, or perhaps necessarily, governed by the same laws as any other power. If you have natural capabilities you may become an eminent orator, by the aid of knowledge and study; if you are wanting in any of these respects, you will be so far imperfect. But so much of it as is *Art*, appears to me to be acquired by a method not similar to that which Lysias and Thrasymachus use.’ ‘How then?’ ‘Pericles is perhaps the most complete orator ever known.’ ‘What then?’ ‘All the greater arts require the study of the abstruser parts of nature: from which alone loftiness and potency of intellect are derived: the qualities which, together with great natural aptness, Pericles possessed. He acquired them, as I imagine, by his intercourse with Anaxagoras, by whom he was introduced into the higher parts of knowledge, and penetrated to the nature of the thinking and the unthinking faculties of man, the subject which Anaxagoras chiefly treated of; and from this Pericles drew, for the art of speaking, as much as was applicable to it.’ ‘How so?’ ‘The art of oratory resembles that of medicine. In both, it is necessary to distinguish and subdivide the nature of body on the one hand, of mind on the other; if you intend to follow art, and not a mere empirical routine, in giving health and strength to the former by medicine and sustenance, and producing in the latter, by speech and precept, virtue and any persuasion which you desire.’ ‘This seems reasonable; but is it possible to comprehend well the nature of Mind, except by comprehending the nature of the universe?’ ‘If Hippocrates is to be believed, even the body can be understood only by that method.’ ‘He speaks well: but besides Hippocrates, it is proper to interrogate likewise the argument, and discover whether it also will assent. Let us see then. Is not this the proper mode of examining into the nature of any thing—first to consider whether it is *simple* or *manifold*: then, if it is simple, to examine into its powers, that is, what affections it is capable of causing in other things, and other things in it: if, on the contrary, it consists of a variety of *sorts*, to enumerate them, and make the same inquiry with respect to each of the sorts; viz. in what manner it acts upon, and is acted upon by, other things?’ ‘Undoubtedly; any other method would be like a blind man’s walk.’ ‘But it is clear, that he who would teach another the art of speaking, must teach him accurately the nature of that which his speaking is intended to act upon; and this is, the mind.’ ‘Agreed.’ ‘It is obvious, therefore, that Thrasymachus, and any other who seriously attempts to teach oratory, must first examine and explain very carefully, whether the mind is *one* thing, perfectly resembling itself, or like the body, of many different kinds: since this is what we found to be the meaning of what we call unfolding its nature. Next, he must teach in what manner the mind, by its nature, affects, and is affected by, other things: and, thirdly, classing the different kinds of mind, the different modes of speaking, and the various properties of both, he must adapt the one to the other, and show, what sort of mind, is or is not persuaded, by what sort of speech, and why.’ ‘Most true; and in no other way is it possible either to speak or write according to art.’ ‘Since, in short, the end of speech is to influence the mind, he who understands oratory as an art, must know what are the different kinds of mind; what are the different modes of speaking; and, that a mind of such

and such a sort, is likely to be persuaded by such and such a mode of speaking, but not likely to be persuaded by such and such another mode, and this for such and such a reason. And when he has mastered all this, unless he be also a ready observer of what actually goes on in the world, he will still know nothing but precisely what he has learned. But if he knows what sort of man is persuaded by what sort of speaking, and is able besides to distinguish in real life whether the man whom he is to persuade is that sort of man or not, then he will know what is the proper *time* for using your figures of rhetoric, your *βραχυλογία* and *έλειπνολογία*, and *δεινώσεις*, and the rest; and then and not till then will he be a master of the *art*. Can you think of any other mode?' 'No.' 'Let us strive all we can to find whether there be any shorter and smoother road to the oratorical art, that we may not take a roundabout way when there is a shorter cut. Can you recollect any thing of that sort which you have heard from Lysias?' 'I do not.' 'Shall I tell you then what I have sometimes heard people say? for it is said that even the wolf ought to have a fair hearing?' 'By all means.'

'They say, then, that there is no need to make oratory so various a matter, or go so far back in order to arrive at it. The orator has nothing to do with what is just or good, either in things or men: it is not the *true* which any one cares for in a court of justice, but the *plausible*: and probability is all which he who speaks according to art, needs attend to. It is not proper even to assert what actually happened, if the story be not a probable one: and in short the probable, and not the true, should be our aim in accusation or defence, and the art of attaining it is the only art of oratory required.'

'This,' replied Phædrus, 'is what those say who profess to understand the art of speaking.' 'You have read Tisias: does not Tisias understand by the *probable*, that which accords with the opinion of the multitude?' 'He does.' 'This, then, is his wise invention; that if a feeble but brave man is brought to trial for knocking down and robbing a robust coward, neither of them should speak the truth, but the coward should say, that more than one man attacked him; the other denying this and proving that they were alone, should ask, How could so weak a person as I, think of attacking so strong a man? whereupon the first should not plead his own cowardice, but should invent some other falsehood to confute that of his adversary.' 'A clever and recondite art truly.' 'But did we not before agree that this Probable, which Tisias aims at, is probable (that is, is believed by the multitude) only on account of its similitude to the truth? and that he who knows the truth, is the best judge of degrees of resemblance to it? We shall therefore continue to believe, as we before said, that without understanding the nature of the different sorts of hearers, and being able to distinguish things into their kinds, and again to aggregate a number of particulars into one *whole*, it is impossible to attain the highest excellence which man is capable of, in the art of speaking. All this, however, cannot be learned without great study; which study a wise man ought to perform, not for the mere sake of speaking and transacting among men, but in order to be able to speak and act agreeably to the gods. Men wiser than we, have said that we ought not to make it our object to please our fellow-servants, except as a work of supererogation: but to please good masters. It is no wonder, therefore, if the course is long and roundabout: for there is a

great purpose to be served by making this circuit—a far greater purpose than that which Tisias aims at ; though even that is to be attained most effectually by the same means.

‘ So much then on the subject of the art of speaking. It remains to consider in what consists propriety or impropriety of writing.

‘ Do you know what mode of dealing with discourse is most agreeable to a divinity ?’ ‘ No : do you ?’ ‘ I can relate what has been heard from the sages of old. Whether it is true, the gods themselves alone know. But if we could find this, should we, after that, care for the opinions of men ?’ ‘ It would be ridiculous : but pray tell us what you say you have heard.’ ‘ I have heard that at Naucratis in Egypt, there resided one of the ancient gods of that country, named Theuth, who first invented numbers, and calculation, and geometry, and astronomy, and dice-playing, and, among other things, writing. Now, Thamos being king in Egypt, who is likewise a god, and whom the Greeks call Ammon, Theuth went to him and expounded to him these arts, and spoke of the great advantage of communicating them to the other Egyptians. The other asked him the use of each art, and praised or blamed it according to the answer he received. Now when the art of writing came under consideration, Theuth said, This art will make the Egyptians wiser, and will aid their memory : for it is a help to memory and to wisdom. The other answered, Most sage Theuth, it is one thing to be able to invent an art, and another to judge of its beneficial or hurtful effects : and now you, who are the inventor of writing, have ascribed to it, from partiality, an effect the exact opposite of its real one : this art will produce forgetfulness in those who learn it, by causing them to trust to written memoranda, and neglect their memory. What you have discovered, therefore, is an aid not to memory, but to recollection ; and you will give to your scholars the *opinion* of wisdom, not the reality : for hearing much from you, without really learning it, they will appear men of great acquirements, though really for the most part ignorant and incapable.’

Phædrus here observed, ‘ You very easily invent Egyptian tales, or tales of any country you please.’ ‘ They say,’ replied Socrates, ‘ that the first prophecies, those at Dodona, were delivered by an oak. The men of those days, not being so wise as we moderns, were so silly as to be content to listen to an oak or a stone, provided it did but speak the truth : but to you perhaps it is of importance who the speaker is, and from whence he comes : for you do not consider merely whether the fact is or is not so.’ ‘ Your reproof is just.’ ‘ He then who thinks that he can leave behind him an art in a book, and he who learns it out of a book, and thinks he has got something clear and solid, are extremely simple, and do not know the saying of Ammon, or they would not suppose that a written book could do any thing more than remind one who knows already.

‘ Writing is something like painting : the creatures of the latter art look very like living beings ; but, if you ask them a question, they preserve a solemn silence. Written discourses do the same : you would fancy, by what they say, that they had some sense in them ; but, if you wish to learn, and therefore interrogate them, they have only their first answer to return to all questions. And when the discourse is once written, it passes from hand to hand, among all sorts of persons,—those

who can understand it, and those who cannot. It is not able to tell its story to those only to whom it is suitable; and when it is unjustly criticised, it always needs its author to assist it, for it cannot defend itself.

'There is another sort of discourse, which is far better and more potent than this.' 'What is it?' 'That which is written scientifically in the learner's mind. This is capable of defending itself; and it can speak itself, or be silent, as it sees fit.' 'You mean the real and living discourse of the person who understands the subject; of which discourse the written one may be called the picture?' 'Precisely.' 'Now, think you that a sensible husbandman would take seed which he valued, and wished to produce a harvest, and would seriously, after the summer had begun, scatter it in the gardens of Adonis,\* for the pleasure of seeing it spring up and look green in a week? or, do you not rather think that he might indeed do this for sport and amusement, but, when his purpose was serious, would employ the art of agriculture, and, sowing the seed at the proper time, be content to gather in his harvest in the eighth month?' 'The last, undoubtedly.' 'And do you think that he who possesses the knowledge of what is just, and noble, and good, will deal less prudently with *his* seeds than the husbandman with his?' 'Certainly not.' 'He will not, then, seriously set about sowing them with a pen and a black liquid; or, (to drop the metaphor,) scattering these truths by means of discourses which cannot defend themselves against attack, and which are incapable of adequately expounding the truth. No doubt, he will, for the sake of sport, occasionally scatter some of the seeds in this manner, and will thus treasure up memoranda for himself, in case he should fall into the forgetfulness of old age, and for all others who follow in the same track; and he will be pleased when he sees the blade growing up green. When others play and amuse themselves in other ways, soaking themselves with wine, and so forth, *he* will choose this as his amusement.' 'And a far better one than the other.' 'Assuredly; but it is a far better employment still, when any one, employing the dialectical art, and finding a mind which affords a suitable soil, sows and plants therein, with knowledge, discourses which can defend themselves and him who sows them, and which are not barren, but in their turn bear seed, from whence other discourses being reared up in other minds, can make their truths immortal, and can give to those who possess them, as much happiness as man is capable of.

'We have now, then, found what we were seeking for; viz., to be enabled to judge whether it is justly a reproach to Lysias to be a writer of discourses; and what was the difference between discourses according to art, and those which are without art.

'On the subject of art, we have come to the conclusion, that unless a man knows the truth on the subject on which he speaks or writes, and can define the subject itself, and divide it into kinds until he reaches the indivisible; and, unless he understands the nature of Mind, and having found out what kind of discourse is suitable to each kind of mind, adapts his discourse accordingly (giving to minds of complex and diversified structure, discourses of the same kind, and to simple minds, simple discourses)—unless he does all this, he does not possess, in the

\* To what this alludes we are ignorant, and have not at present the means of investigating. The gardens of Adonis were possibly some forcing ground.

greatest perfection, the art of discourse, whether his end in discoursing be to instruct, or only to persuade.

‘ And we can now answer the other question, whether to be a writer of discourses is a reproach. If either Lysias, or any other man, composes a written discourse on political affairs, and fancies that there is much of clearness and solidity in it, *this* is a reproach to the writer, no doubt; for, not to know what is valuable and what is otherwise, in respect to justice and injustice, good and evil, is a reproach, even though the crowd should be unanimous in their applause of it. But a person who thinks that what is said upon any subject in a written treatise can be no better than sport, and that nothing worthy of very serious attention was ever written or delivered in a speech, and that the best of them are nothing more than memoranda to remind those who already know, and that there is nothing satisfactory or complete, or worthy to be seriously considered, but in the discourses which are really taught and learnt and written in the mind; and that such discourses are the legitimate offspring of ourselves, first the one which is in our own minds, (if we have found one, and planted it there,) and next those brothers or children of it, which have sprung up at the same time in other minds of other persons; this is such a person as you, Phædrus, and I, should wish to be.’ Phædrus assented.

‘ Do you, then, tell Lysias, that we two came down here, to the fountain of the nymphs, and that the nymphs bid us tell him and all other speech writers, Homer and all other poets, Solon and all others who write what they call laws, that if they composed these writings knowing what the truth is, and being able to maintain a discussion on the matters of which they wrote, and to make, by what they speak, what they have written appear insignificant, they ought not to be named from this lighter pursuit, but from their more serious occupation.’ ‘ What name would you give them?’ ‘ *Wise* appears to me too assuming a name, and fit only for a God; but *Seeker of Wisdom*’ (*φιλοσοφος*, whence the modern word “philosopher”) ‘ would be a more suitable and decorous appellation.’ ‘ Agreed.’ ‘ He, on the other hand, who has not in himself anything of a higher and more perfect kind than what he puts down in writing, *he* may be justly called a poet, or a speech-writer, or a law-writer.’ ‘ Allowed.’ ‘ Then tell this to your friend.’

They here end their discourse; but before they quit the spot, Socrates suggests the propriety of addressing a prayer to the deities of the place. His prayer is as follows:—‘ O Pan, and whatever other gods preside over this spot, grant to me to be beautiful inwardly; and let my outside, whatever it is, be suitable to what I have within. The rich man, in my estimation, is the man who is wise; but of gold, let me have so much as can be sufficient to no one save the prudent and temperate.

‘ Is there anything else which we are in want of, Phædrus? My wants have been tolerably well cared for in this prayer.’ ‘ Offer up the same prayer for me: friends have all their affairs in common.’ ‘ Let us depart.’

It will have been remarked that Socrates himself treats the whole of this conversation as of no serious moment, (*sport*, as he terms it,) except the concluding discussion; the object of which is one that is incessantly aimed at in the writings of Plato. This is, in the first place,



to enforce the absolute necessity, as the foundation for all safe practice, of a just and unambiguous *definition* of the subject-matter ; and, secondly, to show that this definition can only be arrived at by an operation which we should call a philosophical *analysis*, and which he describes as a process of composition and decomposition, or rather decomposition and recomposition ; first distinguishing a whole into its kinds or parts, and then looking at those kinds or parts attentively, in such a manner as to extract from them the idea of the whole. This two-fold process of analysis and synthesis is the grand instrument of Plato's method of philosophising. In the comprehension of the *general ideas* thus obtained, (or, as he expresses it in this dialogue, the apprehension of the same thing as One and as Many,) philosophy, according to him, consisted. And this principle is the corner-stone, not only of his logic, but of his metaphysics.

• All who possess the faculty of recognising identity of thought notwithstanding diversity of language, (which, with the converse power of detecting difference of meaning under identity of expression, is the first characteristic of an intellect fit for philosophy,) will perceive that this principle of Plato's is one on which all systems of logic are substantially in accordance. Bacon, Locke, Condillac, Stewart, and Kant, (we need not prolong the enumeration,) have concurred, both in using and in recommending the method of philosophising which Plato inculcates ; though they are distinguished from one another by the different degree of clearness which the Platonic principle had assumed in their own minds, and the diversity of the substructure of metaphysical doctrines (for systems of metaphysics, like some birds' nests, are built downwards, not upwards) which they have constructed underneath it.

When, for instance, Bacon, in defining the scope of all inquiries into the phenomena of nature, directs the inquirer to collect and compare all the accessible *instances* in which any phenomenon (say heat or cold, hardness or softness) manifests itself, and thence to deduce the nature, or as he calls it, the *form*, of Heat in general, Cold in general, Hardness and Softness in general, (*forma calidi aut frigidi, &c.*) wherein does this view of philosophic method differ from Plato's ? Where, again, a disciple of Locke or Condillac describes philosophy as consisting in abstraction and generalization, in the distribution of the objects of nature into convenient *classes*, and (by comparison of the different objects composing each class) framing *general propositions* expressive of the distinguishing properties of the class ; this too is identical with Plato's process of arriving at the knowledge of a thing by apprehending it as Many and as One. To apprehend it as Many, is to survey the various objects comprised in the class, and note their resemblances and differences. To apprehend it as One, is to evolve from this comparison a general definition of the class, omitting none of the properties by which as a class it is characterized.

When, however, these various philosophers, not content with cultivating the field of Logic, (or the science of the investigation of truth,) have dug down into that region of metaphysics which lies under logic, as it does under all the other sciences, and which must be examined before we can be sure that any of them are securely placed ; the different explorers have brought up very different reports of what they have found there. While all agree in representing it as at least one of the

principal aims of philosophy, to determine with precision the *ideas* as they are termed by Plato, the *essences* as others have called them, of those great genera and species under which we necessarily or habitually arrange all the objects of our knowledge ; philosophers have differed, even to contrariety, in their notions of the real nature of those genera and species. Some have ascribed to them an *objective* reality, as things existing in themselves ; others, more philosophically, have considered them as merely *subjective*, the creatures of our own minds. To state the same thing more clearly—some, including the greater number of the philosophers of the last two centuries, consider classification to be conventional, subject to no laws but those which convenience prescribes ; while others, including most of the ancients, and the prevailing sect among the Aristotelian schoolmen of the middle ages, thought that genera and species exist by nature ; that every individual thing naturally belongs to a certain species, and cannot be subjected to any other classification ; and that as there are individual substances, so there are also universal substances, corresponding to our general or class names, and with which the individual substances which we rank under those classes are in a sort of mysterious communion. Thus, there are not only individual men, and individual stars, but there is also Man in general, and Star in general ; which do not consist of individual men or stars considered in the aggregate, but are entities existing *per se*. John, Peter, or Paul are only constituted *men* by participating, in some strange way, in this universal essence of humanity.

We have stated this doctrine in its most systematic form and in its extreme extent, as it was conceived by that portion of the schoolmen called the Realists, who, however, had little warrant for it from the oracle in which they implicitly confided, their master Aristotle. To the same school, though in a somewhat qualified sense, the speculations of Plato decidedly assimilate him. His tendencies (for opinions, let us once more repeat, are not on such subjects to be ascribed to him) led him to attribute self-existence to genera and species. In the present dialogue he adverts only to those genera which form the basis of our great moral and emotional (or as the Germans say, æsthetic) classifications. The Just, the Brave, the Holy, the Beautiful (in English we more readily personify these abstractions by the words Justice, Courage, Holiness, Beauty) existed according to him as essences or Ideas, of which all sublunary things which we decorate by these names were but resemblances or copies : a doctrine shadowed forth in the mythos which occupies so conspicuous a place in the present dialogue. But the Ideas or essences of all other things had equally, in his view, an independent existence ; and to these pre-existent ideas as his types or exemplars, the Creator fashioned all that he called into existence by his will. This is the doctrine more or less vaguely alluded to by those who speak of the Platonic or as it is sometimes called the Divine Idea.

Views not indeed the same but analogous to these, are professed at this day by most German philosophers, and by their followers in France and England. It is natural that persons holding such opinions, should deem these Ideas (for they have endeavoured to bring back the Platonic word to its Platonic sense) to be the objects of the highest knowledge ; the knowledge to which the term Philosophy ought to be confined ; and that to apprehend an idea ‘as One and as Many,’ to detect and distin-

guish it when 'immersed in matter' and clothed in innumerable circumstances, should be in their estimation, the triumph and the test of philosophic inquiry.

The more rational metaphysics which prevail among most English and French philosophers, lead to logical results not so different from these as the difference of the premises might lead one to suppose. Though classification be conventional, all science consists in generalization, and our attainments in science may be measured by the number of general truths which we are acquainted with, that is, by the amount of what we are able to predicate of classes. And, as we are at liberty to take any of the properties of an object for principles of classification, we can only know the essences of all possible classes by knowing all that is to be known concerning objects. In this sense, all science may be said, even by a follower of Locke or Condillac, to consist in knowing the essences of classes.

To apprehend with accuracy and distinctness all that is included in the conception of the classes which we have formed for ourselves, or which have been formed for us by our predecessors, does not according to this theory as according to Plato's, *constitute* philosophy; but whoever takes this as his object, will scarcely fail of attaining all the other results which philosophy proposes to itself; at least in the field of morals and psychology; where the desideratum is not so much new facts, as a more comprehensive survey of known facts in their various bearings, all which are sure to be successively forced upon the attention by a well-conducted and unbiassed inquiry into the meaning of established terms, or, what is the same thing, into the essences of established classes. And this is the substance of Plato's analytic method.

A.

AKIBA:—A HEBREW STORY. BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'EXPOSITION OF THE FALSE MEDIUM,' &c.

ZAHORAN was a rich man living in Jerusalem; and besides having large store of gold and precious stones, he owned more flocks than any other inhabitant of the city. Though of a proud and ambitious disposition, there was much generosity and nobleness in his nature. He had a daughter, named Leah, who was very beautiful and of a tender heart, and her father loved her with a sincere love. It so chanced, when she had reached her seventeenth summer, that a pestilential fever broke out in the city, and as its ravages increased, sparing neither young nor old, the poor man in his shed, or the rich in their palaces, Zahoran took his daughter with him to reside in a distant vale, until the change of season should carry off the distemper.

It was one evening, not long after they had left Jerusalem, that Leah, wandering with her maids through a green and shady valley, first heard the sweet sound of Akiba's voice, calling to his herds in the fresh meads beyond, and mingling his tones with fragments of a plaintive song. Now this Akiba was only a poor herdsman of the vale.

In the course of a few moons, Leah had often met Akiba, as he was driving her father's herds out to pasture, or homeward to the fold. She had spoken to him kindly, and made many inquiries as to his life in the valley ; and he had told her without reserve all his little history. He had told her also of the seasons and their produce ; of the plants and flowers, their putting forth, and their decay ; of the rise of the stars, and their declination ; and of what all these things betokened to those whose bed was the green field, and whose roof the heavens. And Leah listened to him with more pleasure than she had yet found in the voice of any other man.

Whether the great sun, bending his effulgent countenance over Egypt, looked creative power upon her breast ; whether the evening twilight in sweet sadness, walked with her meditative passion through the dim pathetic glades ; or the clear morning star grew pale in the altitude of his silent fields ; Akiba's watchful soul held but one thought, and his heart grew sick in his bosom with deep relapse from too great expansion. Akiba loved Leah, yet he dared not breathe the words into her ear ; not for that she was the daughter of the rich man Zahoran, but by reason of his intense feelings and the pure respect of sacred love.

At length they both knew the love that was in each other's hearts, and there was no disguise of that feeling. And Akiba said, ' I will arise in the strength of my devotion, and it shall give me words to say unto thy father more than I can say to thee. And I will ask thee of him in marriage, and Zahoran shall not answer my prayer with punishment, nor drive me from his presence with scorn.' And Leah wept.

Akiba went forthwith before Zahoran, and if his knees trembled under the weight of his heart, it was not through fear, but the feelings that filled him. And he spoke thus to his master, with a manly modesty and a reverential air.

' I come before Zahoran, not to speak to him of the welfare and the increase, the sickness or the health, of his flocks and herds ; but of that which in the comparison maketh them poor in price and of little worth. Is not thy daughter Leah fairer than pure silver ; is not her happiness more precious than fine gold and jewels, which adorn the outer form only, and shed no lasting rays within ; and doth not her innocent beauty strike deeper into the soul than that of all thy flocks, shining like the driven snow that passeth over the hills and valleys ? Behold now, O father of Leah ; the herdsman Akiba, thy servant, hath come to tell thee that he hath dared to love thy daughter, even unto seeking her for his wife ? And be not thou wrath with her when Akiba telleth thee, that thy daughter hath not despised his heart, nor looked upon him as a beast of the field whose countenance is turned earthward because of his lowly station. Let, then, the noble feelings of thy child Leah plead somewhat with thee for

my poor deserts, and suffer these my words, O Zahoran, to find some favour in thy mind, even for the strong emotion and pure passion which hath thus made me stand unabashed before thee, setting all thy riches at nought, and placing thee, with thy herdsman, upon level earth !'

When Zahoran heard this, his pride was aroused, so that he shook like a tree when the winds sweep across from the mountains. But his mind was astonished and disturbed, and he knew not well how he should answer. 'Go out from my presence,' said he, 'for I do not understand what has caused thee to come to me with such words; yet pause—hearken to thy master, Zahoran, who hath ever dealt with a kind hand towards thee, and all his servants. I have ever found thee a faithful and a good man; leave therefore now my flocks and herds to other keepers, and I will give thee sufficient for thy well-being in some distant place; but pursue not thy dreams any further, lest thou stumble into a pit to rise no more, nor see the light of Zahoran's countenance. Go !'

But Akiba answered, 'I hope but for the light of one countenance, and that is Leah's; and when my soul can no longer bask therein with blissful dreams, I care not into what pit my body fall.' So saying he knelt and kissed the hem of Zahoran's garment, and went out from his presence with a deeply troubled heart.

And Zahoran sought his daughter Leah, walking alone in a distant garden, and said to her, 'How comes it that thou hast shown thy face illumined with smiles unto my herdsman Akiba, and wherefore hast thou suffered him to gaze unawed upon thy beauty, and to hear the sound of thy voice, sweet and familiar to his ear, so that his heart loveth thee and hath given him sufficient courage to ask thee in marriage of thy father? Why hast thou thus forgotten the dignity of Zahoran, and why hast thou cast off thy virgin modesty, as the rose, too early blown, sheddeth its fair leaves upon the rank grass, and streweth profusely the earth that is common to all feet; even to the feet of the penniless stranger, or the robber that hath nowhere to lay his head? Why hast thou done this thing, to bring shame upon us both?'

And Leah answered, 'O my father! let not thy gathering wrath be as a whirlwind that sweepeth down both good and evil; nor thy pride as a high tower of brass, reflecting the clear glory of the heavens, and the green fields of the earth, yet insensible of their Maker, even as of its builder's hand. Well knowest thou the strong feelings of the soul in youth, and thou hast taught me the sweetness and the power of thought that passeth not away. It is true, that which thy herdsman Akiba hath told thee; for he hath the love of thy daughter Leah. He sought it not, neither did I give it unto him. It went from me, and he received it into his bosom. If then its fluttering cannot free itself from that fond



prison, neither can the anger of Zahoran, though it should rise as the whirlwind. Sweep not, therefore, Akiba into his grave, O my father ; for Leah's love must assuredly go down there with him, and her life also.'

If Zahoran was confounded at the speech of Akiba, he was yet more so at what he now heard. He frowned upon his daughter and withdrew himself from her, musing deeply on these things.

When a few days had passed, Zahoran called Leah before him and said, 'Would'st thou, indeed, become the wife of Akiba, my herdsman, and live with him in his hut in the valley, feeding thy father's flocks and cattle?' And Leah answered, 'I would.' Again Zahoran spoke, 'But would'st thou not rather become the wife of a man who should be famous in his day, and worthy of future renown—for such thou may'st have—that so thy love might take greater pride in its object?' And Leah answered, 'I would, if Akiba were that man.' So Zahoran left his daughter with a perplexed thought and a serious brow.

And again, after a few more days, he summoned her to his presence, and said, 'What can Akiba do besides tending cattle, and how can he become great in his generation?' At these words Leah wept and answered, 'I know not, O my father ; but if the pressure of the world's ever-shifting sands kill him not, nor the winds and the tides oppose and cast him to and fro, so that Leah die while he becomes old in endeavour and grey with time, I believe that he could rise to honour and be famous among men.' 'Then,' said Zahoran, 'let him go forth. Bear to Akiba these ten shekels of gold ; bid him become worthy of Zahoran's daughter, and he shall have her for his wife, nor want Zahoran's blessing on his house.'

So Leah went to Akiba, sitting beneath a tree in the distant pastures, and told him all that Zahoran her father had said. And Akiba arose with a swelling bosom and a resolved soul ; and he blessed the name of Zahoran, and bent his steps towards the city of Jerusalem.

Until the sun went down to his lonely bed, and the silent moon rose up into the dim and infinite solitude, Leah remained watching the spot where she had last seen the retiring form of him she loved.

While the slow years moved onward to their pit, and no tidings of Akiba reached her ear, the shadows of evening renewed his form, and the echoes of the valleys wafted his voice to her soul. In visions of the noontide she roved far into the future, till time was lost in eternity. In visions of the night she beheld the past as present, and walked hand in hand with Akiba through the sweet-scented fields and woods, until the dew falling fast upon them, caused her to awake amidst the moisture of many tears. In visions of the morning, when the fresh-born earth is silent and unpeopled, she beheld his return and became his wife, joying in

the depth of his unceasing love, and in the sweet smiles of her children playing on the grass. For the morning dreamer hath what dreams he listeth.

Meantime the city of Jerusalem had fallen before the sword of Titus, and many wars and changes came to pass; but Leah's mind was filled with one thought and one hope. And the name of Akiba at length reached Leah, and Zahoran her father, coming upon them like a sudden beam of light through the window of a house that hath been dark for many years. Zahoran was no longer a rich man, for his lands had been laid waste and his herds destroyed by the fire and the sword and the hunger of war; but Akiba had become a great Rabbi, and was accounted one of the most learned doctors in the city of Jerusalem. The young men and those even who had passed the meridian of manhood, flocked to receive his instructions; nor was it long before the number of his scholars amounted to some thousands.\*

So Leah became the wife of the great Rabbi Akiba, and the poor man Zahoran received wealth at his hands; and the happiness of all of them was very great. For even thus did the passion of love, which so often leads to vain fancies and foolish acts, that cause misery when the fever is over, lead Akiba to great knowledge and to wisdom, which is the right application thereof, and also to riches and joyfulness of heart.

And Akiba said to Leah, 'Thou seest that I have done all that it behoved me to do, so that I might obtain thee for my wife. Not of myself have I accomplished this, but by the strong love which God had planted in my soul, making it equal to all high deeds. Now, therefore, that my task is accomplished, let us return to the green valley where I first beheld thee; thou and thy father and our little child; that Akiba may devote the rest of his life to thy happiness, and in giving thanks to God, who hath turned the voice of the herdsman into the chief teacher of a mighty city, by reason of the high nature wherewith he was endowed, and the pure passion that called forth its unknown powers!'

When every thing was prepared for their departure, Baroquebas, the leader of a strong faction which had just sprung up in the city, came to Akiba by night, and conversed with him a long time on those matters. Now this Baroquebas had been one of the chief pupils of Akiba, and was a man of subtle wit and an ambitious disposition. He showed to Akiba his claim to be King of the Jews, and spoke with a wily tongue until Akiba believed in the rightfulness of his cause, and came over to the faction he had created in the city. And Baroquebas persuaded him to remain yet a little while in Jerusalem to support him in his struggle.

\* The number has been estimated at 24,000! This is probably a great Hebraism, more consistent with the grand style of Eastern hyperbole, than matter of fact. But learned men were, no doubt, in much greater request and estimation at that period, than in 'the ignorant present.'

Loud tumult now reigned in the city, and dissension and strife pervaded it, even from the centre to the outer walls. The sword leapt forth from his dark sheath, as a meteor cuts the night: the cry of the slayer and of the dying rose in the air. And while Baroquebas smote on the right hand and on the left, Akiba uplifted his voice in the public places with impassioned eloquence, calling upon all men to cease their violence and the unholy shedding of blood, and to receive Baroquebas as their king.

But the faction was not strong enough of itself to contend with the soldiers, and the people would not rise and acknowledge Baroquebas. So Baroquebas was slain, with most of his supporters. And the soldiers seized Akiba while he was yet speaking, and they dragged him down by the hair of his head, and drew him in this manner through the public streets, and cast him into prison.

The faction being thus quelled, and the city reduced to its former order, Akiba was led from his prison before the chief rulers, to receive their sentence. But as he was a great doctor, and held in high estimation by the people, he was permitted to plead his cause, so that he might incline the hearts of the judges to show mercy towards him. And Akiba, lifting himself up from amidst his chains, spake thus :

‘I stand here, O judges and rulers! accused of conspiracy and treason, purposing to set up a king of the Jews. It is most true that I have striven to that end, and Baroquebas, who is slain, was the man for whose sake my life is now cast beneath your uplifted hands. Baroquebas was my scholar long since, and I sought to instil into his mind the principles of true knowledge and uprightness, and all virtue. I seduced him not to this act of rebellion, as my accusers have said. I believed in the justness of his claim that he made known to me but a short time ago; and if he be an impostor, as ye all declare, then it was Baroquebas who seduced me. But since he is now dead, and his cause with him, suffer me to depart in peace. The shadows that fall from Mount Horeb, are they not lost when the fiery sun goeth down; and how can my presence darken the thrones of present power, seeing I have no such light of mine own, nor have I aught more to seek in this place? My labours in the great city have been the labours of knowledge and virtue, and I have given the fruits to thousands among you. In return for this, ye have but given a little labour, a little time, and a little gold. Weigh therefore the unequal exchange against this my offence; and weigh also a large debt of gratitude against the small revenge upon one man’s life, so that in the fair estimate I may go my way, and find a quiet grave when God shall see fit to recall me.’

And a voice cried from the midst of the crowd; a loud voice as of one who had drank of new wine; ‘Hast thou not cast unhallowed spells among the people? Hast thou not practised

magic arts, and art thou not a blasphemer among men, speaking treasonable things against the chief rulers?"

Now this man had also been one of the scholars of Akiba, and he had been hired to swear these things against him. But Akiba, in no wise shaken, answered with a solemn voice:

Behold the malice of the common world, its envy and crookedness of heart! Is gratitude a hateful thing, and doth it make the gall rise to feel it as a debt that is due? Is sympathy the flower of a day; the insect whose life is but a single moment; or is it a cloak to hide the secret knife of the hypocrite and the backbiter? Lo! I have taught the ignorant to know God and nature; I have put strong thoughts into the brain of the idle and the weak, and they have walked uprightly, even as they were sincere of faith. I have changed the reveller into a godly man; and his children have blessed me for their father's sake. Doth sorcery or magic do these things? What if the art of the magi, which boasts of turning the sun into a bloody stream, and the moon into a dark blot; what if it could change the waters of Jordan into fixed crystal, or the ocean into a solid pearl in his rocky shell; what if it could harden the gardens of Damascus into coloured metals and hanging jewels; what were it all, but turning the vitality of nature into a petrific beauty, far less wondrous and glorified than the living forms of infinite workmanship and subtle operation? I value not the retrograding powers of the magi; I practise them not, neither seek I to know them. I have spoken nought against the rulers, as men, but only for the claim of Baroquebas, who caused me to believe that he was entitled to be king of the Jews. Therefore should the chief rulers, being of rightful authority, honour me for my doings, knowing by the same token that I should in like manner have stood forth on their side, had their station been usurped by other men. If Baroquebas was an impostor, then have I been his dupe to the same degree; which should gain me sorrow and commiseration, rather than hatred and punishment. My early years were all passed amidst the innocent fields; then came I straightway to this city, and led a secluded life, giving up my soul to the acquirement of learning. What wonder is it, O judges and rulers, that I should be little versed in the crafty snares of men, the hypocrite or the ambitious? But hearken unto me now with a serious ear. Have ye ever stood alone in a wide space beneath the dome of night? Have ye marked the fixed silence of the stars—the infiniteness—the harmony? Think of this! Now turn to the atom before ye, and what boots it that revenge should cast this body back into the dust, a few hours before it is needed? Suffer me to leave this city, with Leah the wife of my bosom, and Zahoran her father, and all those who dwell in my house; and Akiba will trouble ye no more. And I will return to the valley where I tended my master's herds, and lay my bones there in peace and thankfulness.

For the place is sweet to the memories of my soul; yea, sweet as the breath of the fragrant-flowered Dothan, where Jacob our forefather sleeps with his children.'

Then the people all set up a great shout, and clapped their hands, as for a fine show; and the soldiers took Akiba, and led him out to suffer death, according to his sentence, which had been passed upon him before he was brought into the court. And the magi and the soothsayers made a great fire, and rejoiced exceedingly. And they danced around the fire, beating upon drums of brass, and the priests cursed Akiba while he suffered his tortures.\*

And Zahoran gave Leah in marriage to a great captain of the hosts of Egypt; but while her wedding garments were being made, she sank downward towards the earth, even as the gold threads were woven into the texture, and the precious stones sewed thereon. And on the first day of the twelfth month, the month Adar, when her handmaids brought them into her chamber, she turned aside her head and passed away, sighing forth the name of Akiba.

So these two lovers slept beneath the walls of Jerusalem. For the ashes of Akiba were brought many years afterwards by a poor herdsman who had known Akiba in the vale; and he placed them beside the ashes of Leah his wife. And though their dust hath long since been dispersed on the four great winds, and the quarters of the teeming world wot not of it, the memory of this true passion remains, and the moral beauty thereof.

LETTERS OF THE LATE S. T. COLERIDGE.

[The following characteristic letters were addressed to Mr. B. Flower, then Editor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer*. As fragments, however slight, of the mind and history of a philosophical poet, they have their value, and will doubtless interest our readers. The second of them is without date, but was written towards the close of the year 1796.]

I.

DEAR SIR,

*April 1, 1796.*

I TRANSMITTED you by Mr. B——, a copy of my 'Conciones ad Populum,' and an address against the Bills. I have taken the liberty of enclosing ten of each, carriage paid, which you may perhaps have an opportunity of disposing of for me—if not, give them away. The one is an eighteen-penny affair—the other 9d. I have likewise enclosed the numbers that have been hitherto published of the 'Watchman,'—some of the *Poetry* may perhaps be serviceable to you in your paper. That sonnet on the rejection of Mr. Wilberforce's Bill in your Chronicle the week before last, was written by Southey, author of 'Joan of Arc,' a year and a half ago, and sent to me per letter—how it appeared with the late signature, let the Plagiarist answer \* \* \*. I have sent a copy of my poems; [there is a preface to be added, and a sheet of additional

\* It is said that Akiba was torn to pieces with iron rasps or combs. These inhuman tortures were by no means uncommon at this period.



notes.\*] Will you send them to Lunn and Deighton, and ask of them whether they would choose to have their names on the title-page as publishers? and would you permit me to have yours? Robinson, and I believe, Cadell, will be the London publishers. Be so kind as to send an *immediate* answer.

Please to present one of each of my pamphlets to Mr. Hall. I wish that I could reach the perfection of *his* style. I think his style the best in the English language—if he have a rival, it is Mrs. Barbauld.

You have, of course, seen Bishop Watson's 'Apology for the Bible;' it is a complete confutation of Paine—but that was no difficult matter. The most formidable infidel is Lessing, the author of 'Emilia Galotti.' I ought to have written, *was*, for he is dead. His book is not yet translated, and is entitled, in German, 'Fragments of an Anonymous Author.' It unites the wit of Voltaire with the subtlety of Hume, and the profound erudition of *our* Lardner. I had some thoughts of translating it with an answer, but gave it up, lest men, whose tempers and hearts incline them to disbelief, should get hold of it; and, though the answers are satisfactory to my own mind, they may not be equally so to the minds of others.

I suppose you have heard that I am married. I was married on the 4th of October.

I rest for all my poetical credit on the *Religious Musings*.

Farewell; with high esteem, yours sincerely,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

## II.

MY MUCH-ESTEEMED FRIEND,

I TRULY sympathize with you in your severe loss, and pray to God that he may give you a sanctified use of your affliction. The death of a young person of high hopes and opening faculties, impresses me less gloomily than the departure of the old. To my mere natural reason, the former *appears* like a transition; there seems an *incompleteness* in the life of such a person, contrary to the general order of nature; and it makes the heart say, 'this is not all.' But when an old man sinks into the grave, we have seen the bud, blossom, and the fruit, and the unassisted mind droops in melancholy, as if *the whole* had come and gone. But God hath been merciful to us, and strengthened our eyes through faith, and Hope may cast her anchor in a certain bottom, and the young and old may rejoice before God and the Lamb, weeping as though they wept not, and crying in the spirit of faith, 'Art thou not from everlasting. O Lord God, my Holy One? We shall not die!' I have known affliction. Yea, my friend, I have been sorely afflicted; I have rolled my dreary eye from earth to heaven; I found no comfort, till it pleased the unimaginable high and lofty One, to make my heart more tender in regard of religious feelings. My philosophical refinements, and metaphysical theories, lay by me in the hour of anguish as toys by the bedside of a child deadly sick. May God continue his visitations to my soul, bowing it down, till the pride, and Laodicean self-confidence of human reason be utterly done away, and I cry with deeper and yet deeper feelings,

\* These words struck through.

O my sou thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked!

\* \* \* \* \* whose soul is almost wrapped up in \* \* \* hath had his heart purified by the horrors of desolation, and prostrates his spirit at the throne of God in believing silence. The terrors of the Almighty are the whirlwind, the earthquake, and the fire that precede the still, small voice of his love. The pestilence of our lusts must be scattered; the strong-laid foundations of our pride blown up, and the stubble and chaff of our vanities burnt, ere we can give ear to the inspeaking voice of mercy. 'Why will ye die?'

My answer to Godwin will be a six-shilling octavo; and is designed to show, not only the absurdities and wickedness of his system, but to depict what appear to me the defects of all the systems of morality before and since Christ; and to show, that wherein they have been right, they have exactly coincided with the gospel, and that each has erred exactly where, and in proportion as he has deviated from that perfect canon. My last chapter will attack the credulity, superstition, calumnies, and hypocrisy of the present race of infidels. Many things have fallen out to retard the work; but I hope that it will appear shortly after Christmas, at the farthest. I have endeavoured to make it a cheap book; and it will contain as much matter as is usually sold for eight shillings. I perceive that in the New Monthly Magazine, the infidels have it all hollow. How our ancestors would have lifted up their hands at that modest proposal for making experiments in favour of idolatry!

Before the 24th of this month I will send you my *poetic endeavours*. It shall be as good as I can make it. The following lines are at your service, if you approve of them.—

[The lines are those addressed 'To a Young Man of Fortune,' &c.]

\* \* \* \* \*

I seldom see any paper. Indeed I am out of heart with the French. In one of the numbers of my 'Watchman,' I wrote a remonstrance to the French legislators; it contained *my* politics; and the splendid victories of the French since that time have produced no alteration in them. I am tired of reading butcheries; and, although I should be unworthy the name of man, if I did not feel my head and heart awfully interested in the final event, yet, I confess, my curiosity is worn out with regard to the particulars of the process. The paper which contained an account of the departure of your friend, had in it a sonnet, written during a thunder-storm. In thought and diction it was sublime and fearfully impressive. I do not remember to have ever read so fine a sonnet. Surely, I thought, this burst from no common feelings, agitated by no common sorrow! Was it yours?

A young man of fortune (his name —) wrote and published a book of horrible blasphemies, asserting that our blessed Lord deserved his fate more than any malefactor ever did Tyburn. (I pray heaven I may incur no guilt by transcribing it.) And after a fulsome panegyric, adds, that the name of \* \* \* will soon supersede that of Christ. \* \* \* wrote a letter to this man, thanking him for his admirable work, and soliciting the honour of his personal friendship!!!

With affectionate esteem, yours sincerely,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

3 A 2

At the close of this week I go with my wife and baby to Stowey, near Bridgewater, Somersetshire, where you will, for the future, direct to me. Whenever there is anything particular, I shall be thankful for your paper.

S. T. C.

The reader may, perhaps, be curious to see the Sonnet so strongly praised. It is subjoined. There is much in it of the spirit of Coleridge's own juvenile compositions.

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SONNET.

*To the Wind: written in a Stormy Night.*

Roar, boisterous element! and howling send  
 Thy imps of havoc through the low'ring skies,  
 Upon thy breath as desolation flies,  
 Led to her mischief by the lightning's glare;  
 The gen'ral wreck accords with my despair:  
 In whirling eddy, as the leaves descend,  
 And from its twig the ring-dove's nest is torn;  
 The bending oak, of all its foliage shorn,  
 Resembles *me*—'tis thus th' Almighty's blast  
 Strips me of every comfort, and my soul,  
 By clouds of melancholy overcast,  
 Loves the dark pauses when the thunders roll;  
 For then, each peal seems awfully to toll  
 The knell of all my happy moments past!

October 22, 1796.

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NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

*2d August. Lord Melbourne's Reason for his Religion.*—In the debate of last night on the admission of Dissenters to the Universities, Lord Melbourne took the trouble of stating to the assembly of which he is an hereditary member, that he is an adherent of the Church of England. We could have guessed as much of any Prime Minister, without his assurances: who expects him to profess any thing else while it is yet only the eleventh hour, and one entire revolution of the minute-hand is yet wanting to the final doom? However, it has for some years past been customary for Prime Ministers to take occasional opportunities of protesting that their devotion, their reverence, their respect, their fidelity, &c., (we are not masters of the whole vocabulary,) continue unimpaired towards that venerable establishment, &c., to which, under God, &c., pure form of Christianity, &c., bulwark of the Constitu-

tion, &c., barrier against sectarianism, &c., and infidelity, &c.; in all which they are probably as sincere as in any other of their speculative opinions; and as much so as they are capable of being, in any creed, or world-theory, or abstract principle. In spite of which, what, philosophically considered, do all these assurances, so perpetually repeated, mean, except that by the reckoning of him who keeps the ship's log, it still wants some minutes to the dreaded hour?

Lord Melbourne, however, did not merely say that he was an adherent of the Church of England: he even said why. In the first place, he did not pretend to understand all the doctrines of the Church of England, but so far as he did understand them he thought them true. This, however, was not all: 'He would say further, though he was well aware that he should expose himself to the censure of some persons by making the declaration—he would say further, that he was attached to the Church of England, and would support it to the best of his power, because it was the religion of his forefathers, and because it was the religion of his country.'—(Loud cheers from the Opposition benches.)

We consider this declaration as quite invaluable. It is a *naïve* statement of what an average English gentleman really feels. They believe in their religion, not as any thing involving truth or falsehood, or in which their own eternal welfare, or that of mankind, are concerned; but as part of the duty they owe to their country, as English gentlemen, to uphold what they find in existence. That the sentiment found a ready echo in aristocratic breasts, was testified, not only by the 'loud cheers' already alluded to, but by the speech of the succeeding orator, Lord Carnarvon, (better known as Lord Porchester the poet,) who expressed his warm approbation of the reason which the noble lord had given for being of the Church of England, and his regret that a sentiment in every respect so worthy of that (the Tory) side of the house, should not have been delivered from it.

What a reason for being of a religion! It was the religion of his forefathers, meaning his father and grandmother, (omitting the forty generations of Catholics, and the forty times forty of pagans;) and it was the religion of his country, meaning about half, or less than half of the people of his country. Are these such reasons as any one would assign for believing any thing which he cared about the truth of? Would he believe in geometry because it was the geometry of his forefathers, or in history because it was the history of his country? If a religion were to be believed because of its truth, who would ground his belief of it upon a consideration which militates so much more strongly in favour of Brahma or of Fo? But when belief is made a matter of family affection, or social obligation, the case is altered. Then, as the Englishman or the Chinese are required by patriotism to serve different countries, so they may be bound by religion to wor-

ship different gods. Lord Melbourne's religion is an affair between him and his family, or between him and his country, nowise between him and his God; the Deity alone not being a party concerned in the religious belief or observances of his creatures. But this is a genuine representation of the feeling really entertained. In an ordinary conservative gentleman's scheme of religion, the part assigned to the Deity is by no means a dignified one. He is to be believed in, for his existence is implied in several of the thirty-nine articles; and such honours are to be paid him as the Church has been accustomed to render: but as for believing their religion because it comes from Him, that is out of the question in their case: as the 'religion by law established,' it comes to them, with the rest of their social obligations, from Parliament; though doubtless they would admit that it comes from God too. But the truth is, that to them God comes from it.

*Lord Althorp and the Beer Bill.*—To their indelible disgrace, the Ministry have adopted Sir Edward Knatchbull's Beer Bill as a Government measure; and this act of real insult and injury to the industrious poor will pass into the statute-book under their auspices,\* as a companion to the Poor Law Bill, and an index, as too many will be apt to think, to the real *animus* of this last.

We have so often, in these Notes, exposed the pretences of the beer-house suppressors, that we return to the subject only to notice, in a speech of Lord Althorp, an observation of almost miraculous shallowness. The bill, it seems, gives an appeal to the Quarter-Sessions against the decisions of individual magistrates: and this not being deemed by some persons a sufficient remedy, Lord Althorp declared that he 'looked upon an appeal in open Court to be as sure a protection to justice as trial by jury; at all events, in cases such as occurred under the present bill. The magistrates who tried appeal cases came from distant and various parts of the country, unfettered by previous pledges, and devoid of any local prejudices.' Very true; but sheepstealers also 'come from different parts of the country,' yet if we merely set one gang of them to watch another, it will fare but ill with the flock. As a chairman of Quarter-Sessions, Lord Althorp ought to have known better what his brother justices are made of. What if they be 'devoid of local prejudices?' Are they not all magistrates, and country gentlemen? and among what class, not excepting even the clergy, exists there so intense an *esprit de corps* as among these? 'Ask my brother if I am a thief,' says the proverb; but Lord Althorp would think the brother an unexceptionable referee if he were only a *half*-brother. Of what avail has been the power of appeal to the Quarter-Sessions against the stopping up of paths? Even between man and man there is noto-

\* It has since passed, and stands with the Poor Law Bill, as the only notable legislative enactment of the session.



riously not a tribunal in the country, exposed to the public eye, where grosser injustice is constantly committed than at the Quarter-Sessions. There are exceptions, where a man of weight in the country, who happens to be laborious, and a lover of impartial justice, fills the chair. But these are exceptions. The contrary is the general rule.

*9th August. Major Pitman's Dismissal.*—In our comments on this discreditable case in last month's Notes, we expressed our persuasion that the Ministry would not remove Major Pitman from the Commission of the Peace. It is, therefore, doubly incumbent upon us to make our acknowledgments on behalf of the public, to the Lord Chancellor, for an act of justice which, obvious as it is, no former Chancellor would have thought it incumbent upon him to perform.

We cannot, however, bestow the merited commendation on this proceeding of Lord Brougham's, without at the same time remarking, that if justice has been done, it is no thanks (to use a familiar expression) to the 'Morning Chronicle.' Our worthy cotemporary, who, though his paper has become a regular Ministerial organ, will always have our best wishes and our most perfect respect, inserted an article on the 5th of this month, which fully prepared us for a whitewashing of Major Pitman. Though he might be a brute in his family, that did not, the 'Chronicle' argued, prove him unfit for the bench; since he might be able to command his temper there, though not elsewhere. Yes, doubtless; and to read moral lectures from the bench on command of temper and pass sentence, most imperturbably upon poor and ragged people, for offences not grosser than his own, and infinitely more excusable. We are sure that the excellent editor of the 'Chronicle' had no hand in this miserable sophistry. It was not in this spirit that he conceived those memorable articles, which made the country ring with the offences and follies of the country magistracy, and did more than has perhaps been done by any single individual to bring down the oligarchy of England.

*10th August. The Government of Departments.*—There are facts occurring, we might say constantly occurring, which necessitate one to believe, not only that the Whig Ministry is altogether a government of departments,—that the collective will, or the collective understanding of the Cabinet, is hardly ever brought to bear upon anything,—that any single Minister commits the Ministry to the most important acts, without consulting with his colleagues,—but even more than this: we must believe that their ignorance of each other's proceedings is systematic and designed, and has for its object, that when one of them does an exceptional thing, and the question is put to another, he may wash

his hands of it. What a disclosure has just taken place in the affair of the 'Brighton Guardian!'

The participation of Government, in that most censurable prosecution, by a previous engagement to pay its expenses, (a fact studiously withheld from the public when the affair was undergoing discussion in Parliament,) was blurted out by Mr. Sergeant Doyley, at a meeting of the Sussex magistrates, on some day in the week ending July 19th; for, on Sunday, the 20th, the 'Examiner' founded upon the sergeant's statement, the following just and forcible remarks:—

'In the course of the discussion, a fact transpired, most disgraceful to the Government. . . . Who can be safe, if the public purse may be secretly applied to attempts to crush him? The prosecutors in this case (their expenses being guaranteed) have nothing to lose; while the prosecuted party, supposing him to escape a verdict under the unjust libel law, may be ruined by the costs. We look upon this transaction as a conspiracy between certain gentlemen and the Home Office, for the ruin of Mr. Cohen. "If you will stand forward and prosecute, we will pay," was the disgraceful bargain of the Government. But the Minister for the Home Department did not choose, in his gentle mercies, to overwhelm the defendant by employing the Attorney-general. The employment of the Attorney-general is apt to recoil, and not always to overwhelm the party whose destruction is aimed at. Governments have suffered as much by Attornies-general as defendants; and, doubtless, Lord Melbourne remembered that the Grey Ministry, at its onset, had not overwhelmed Mr. Cobbett. There are more reasons than reasons of mercy for the forbearance of Government from prosecutions for libel; but it is for the interest of the public, that whatever Government does in prosecutions, it should do openly, and by responsible functionaries. There should be no underhand maintenance of prosecutions,—no secret subsidy for a war against the Press,—no encouragement of the vindictive feelings of individuals, by the promise to pay privately the price of their gratification. Such practices are most malignant and most dangerous; and it is the duty of the public to take care that the powers of its purse shall not have so vicious an application. Willing as we have been to think well of Lord Melbourne, it is with no common regret that we find so foul a blot in his administration of the Home Office.'

The public money was thus prostituted to support a proceeding, by which, as some newspaper has forcibly remarked, Mr. Cohen was tried for a libel on the magistrates, before a bench of magistrates, and a jury of magistrates. And it has since transpired, from a letter published by Sir Charles Blount, (who has retired from the magistracy, disgusted with this transaction,) that 'the magistrates were all of opinion that no opportunity should be lost to suppress the "Guardian" newspaper.\*

Now, here is an act of Government, of so much importance at

\* Sir Charles Blount adds, with honest indignation,—'I will not trust myself to make any comment upon this hitherto hidden object. It at once dispels the cloud that has rendered the course pursued by the committee so indistinct and so unusual; it accounts for the rejection of Mr. Cohen's offered atonement, and well accords with that part of the sentence which imprisoned the defendant in a jail of a distant county, and far removed from the office of his paper.'

least, not to say of so questionable a character, published to the world in the middle of July, by one of the parties concerned, and made the subject of severe strictures by the Press immediately afterwards; and of this act, Lord Althorp, (by whose department it must have been sanctioned,) on August the 4th, the question being put to him by Mr. Hume, denied that he had any knowledge. Mr. Francis Baring, the Secretary to the Treasury, added that, neither had *he* any knowledge of it; and Mr. Spring Rice volunteered his testimony, that he had been Secretary to the Treasury at the time of the prosecution, and that, to the best of his knowledge, no such fact had taken place. The very day after, Lord Althorp returned to the subject, admitted the fact, and justified it!

Now, mark the singularity of these facts. An act of so much importance as a prosecution for libel, is authorized, and the public money drawn upon for the purpose, by the Home Minister, and of course through the Treasury. All the Sussex magistrates knew this; but two Cabinet Ministers, whose peculiar department is the expenditure of the public money, and one of them the organ of Government in the House of Commons, have never heard of it. A motion, in condemnation of the prosecution, is made and discussed in the House of Commons, and still these Ministers have never heard that the Government are concerned in it. But at length, when they must have heard of it,—when the other parties concerned have published the fact,—when it has been carried through all England by the newspapers, and made the subject of severe censures upon the Ministry by their political opponents for three whole weeks—not even curiosity prompts these singular specimens of rulers of the nation to step across Downing-street and ask their colleague whether the assertion is true. Is it possible not to believe that they voluntarily refrained from asking the question, in order that, when it was put to them, they might be unable to answer it? They *did*, however, answer it,—answered it with a virtual denial; which they were forced to change the next day into an admission and vindication.

As to the vindication, we shall leave the ‘*Examiner*’ to deal with it:—

‘In admitting the fact, Lord Althorp coolly observed, that the circumstance was not new, and that several instances were on record. No doubt; it would be difficult to strike out anything new in misgovernment or abuse of powers, after the long course of Tory sway; but we were promised, under the Reform Ministry, a renouncement of these old ways. If the present Ministers are to justify acts of oppression, simply by saying that the Tories did the same before them, we should like to know in what respect they are better than the Tories, in whose steps they follow; and why their government should be preferred? Mr. Warburton expressed his conviction that the noble lord would not, on principle, defend such a case. What matters it, if he pleads practice as a sufficient justification? The plain fact is, that the Home Office conspired with the Sussex magistrates to ruin Mr. Cohen.’

**12th August. Defeat of the Irish Tithe Bill.**—The Lords have been most felicitous this year, in the occasions which they have chosen for opposing themselves to the opinion and will of the popular House. They have played into the hands of their enemies most dexterously, though not exactly in the manner which the Ministerial prints ascribe to them.

It would be very absurd to aim at the abolition of the House of Lords, merely because (as the phrase goes) it is bad in the abstract—because it is not such an institution as a wise man would establish if he were framing a constitution for a new country. We have it, and such are the inconveniences of constitutional changes, that if we could get on passably well with it we ought to keep it. But it is impossible, in an age of Movement, to get on with a legislative body which will never move except upon compulsion; and as we knew that this would be the case with the House of Lords, we, from the first, felt that they would render it necessary to thrust them aside. With this conviction, then, we know not what other or better political boon we could have prayed for, than that they should so steer their course as to make the most offensive display before the nation of the *animus* which actuates them, with the least possible retardation of important measures. We know not by what other means they could have contrived to accumulate so great a heap of obloquy on their own heads with so little harm to the country, as by throwing out the Jew Bill, the Universities' Admission Bill, and the Irish Tithe Bill. The first two measures would not, if passed, have effected one atom of practical good, while, being rejected, they involve the House which rejected them in the whole odium of setting itself against civil equality and religious liberty; and the loss of the Universities' Bill, by so immense a majority, throws the whole of the vast and powerful Dissenting body into the arms of the popular party. The rejection of the Irish Tithe Bill is a positive good; but it has been rejected on grounds which place the Lords in direct hostility to the great principle to which the Ministers have newly been forced to commit themselves; the alienability of ecclesiastical property.

We feel for the Irish clergy, whom this act of their pretended friends consigns to something like starvation. Most of them, however, are relations or hangers-on of the Aristocracy, and these must be supported by their families or their patrons. For the remainder, we trust that those who have doomed them to indigence are prepared to subscribe liberally. In every other point of view we rejoice that the Bill, which gave away for ever to a class of the most useless, selfish, and unfeeling drones in human shape who live and kill game on the surface of the earth, two-fifths of the collective estate of the Irish nation called Tithe, has met the fate it deserved.

This act of prodigality and folly will not, we trust, be repeated. The question will have altered its shape before the next

session. Nobody, we should think, indulges the fond hope that a single shilling of tithe will ever again be collected in Ireland. Thus, on the one hand, the great problem of rooting out the Irish Church will be brought to a speedier solution, while, on the other, the tithe, being no longer paid to the Church, will fall into the hands of the landlords by the mere force of circumstances, without any interference of the legislature. The whole tithe being thus added to the rent, and the hands of Parliament not being tied, as they would have been if the Bill had passed, by a bargain with the landlord, Parliament may step in when it pleases, and impose upon the landlords at its pleasure, without their having any right to complain, a land-tax equal to the whole tithe.

*15th August.—The Chancellor's Doctrine of Appeals.*—It is a practice of Lord Brougham to bring in some Bill on an important subject at the very end of a session, whereby he goes off the stage with *éclat*, and retains the power of silently dropping the measure if it should not suit his convenience to proceed with it in the year following. There are some advantages, even of a public kind, in this mode of proceeding, and we by no means hold it up as in all cases to be condemned. The Bill which he laid on the table of the House, on the last day but one of the session, is laudable in its object, which is to supersede that mockery of the administration of justice, the appellate judicature of the House of Lords. The Chancellor took great pains to impress upon their Lordships that the Bill does not interfere with their privileges; nor does it, any more than a King's privileges are interfered with, by the appointment, with his consent, of a Regent: but the measure is simply to appoint another court of appeal, to whom the House shall hand over the causes as they arise, to be by them decided; and this is a pretty effectual supersession, though not an infringement of their judicial authority.

Lord Brougham's notions of appeal, however, which have always appeared to us to be very imperfect, have manifested themselves with all their imperfections in this Bill, and in the speech by which it was prefaced. He laid down two principles: one, that an appeal should never lie to one judge, but always to several; the other, that a judge of appeal should always be, at the very same time, acting as a judge in an inferior court. What should *he* be worth, he asked, as an appeal judge, were it not for the forensic *strepitus* in which he is constantly involved.

Now, both these principles we hold to be fundamentally and absolutely erroneous. We consider it to be of the first importance in all judicature, whether supreme or subordinate, that the judge should be *one*. It is a rule which holds true in all affairs, public or private, that what is one person's business is better done



than what is the joint business of several. One judge relies only upon himself, several rely upon each other. One judge feels that the whole merit and the whole responsibility will lie with him; one of several knows that he has only his aliquot part, and 'responsibility which is divided is destroyed.' When four judges are set to try one cause, (as in the Common Law Courts, and in Lord Brougham's proposed Court of Appeal,) the best that happens is, that one judge really decides, using the others as screens, and occasionally as drudges: while it too often happens that not even one of the four gives his whole mind to the subject; and, perhaps, from the carelessness in making appointments, which is likely to prevail in nominating not a judge but a fourth part of a judge, not one of the four has a mind which he *can* apply, with any prospect of advantage, to a difficult cause.

A good judicial establishment would consist only of local courts, and one great Court of Appeal, in the metropolis, composed of a sufficient number of the most experienced and skilful judges. Each judge should sit separately to hear causes, but when a point of law has to be settled, then, to secure uniformity of decision, all the judges of the Court of Appeal should sit together.

And then, touching the forensic *strepitus* which Lord Brougham thinks of so much importance; is there any meaning in this loosest of all terms, and what is it? Surely not, that noise and bustle conduce to excellence, in the operation which, of all others performed by human beings, most demands that the mind be in a cool and collected state. If it be meant that, in the present state of English law, the judge cannot pick out the law applicable to the case without learned lawyers on both sides of the cause to suggest it to him, we grant it; but of such *strepitus* there will be as much, indeed more, in the highest court, the court of last resort, than in the inferior ones. What is wanted in a judge, besides knowledge of the law, is skill in judging of evidence. As this skill can only be the result of experience, it is most important that a judge in the supreme tribunal should *have been* a judge in one of the courts below, but nowise that he should *be* so. If he be fit for the higher duty, it is a mere waste of capacity to set him to work in a narrower field, and under correction from a superior. The judges who can be trusted without a superior over them, are not so numerous that the nation can spare any part of their time for acting under other people.

We abstain from comment on the very unexpected eulogium, (as we think it must have been to those who were the objects of it) which Lord Brougham pronounced upon the House of Lords, as the amenders of the absurd legislation of the House of Commons. We have not been observers of Henry Brougham for fifteen years, to learn *now*, that when once his lips are unsealed he never knows where to stop. When his cue was to assail the Lords, he could not restrain within the bounds of dignity his

fatal facility of sarcastic language ; this time, that they might not be alarmed at his meditated encroachment on their judicial functions, his cue was to cajole them, and neither in this, when he once began, could he stop short at the bounds of truth or of discretion. He is a slave to his own flux of words. His tongue governs him, not he his tongue.

*16th August. The Prorogation.*—At length the session has closed, and closed with a most characteristic speech from the throne. Not a word was said in it of Ireland, or Church Reform, or the claims of the Dissenters, subjects on which even any allusion to the past, much more any suggestion concerning the future, might have been inconvenient. In lieu of such, the whole glories of the session were passed in review : and these did not require a long enumeration. Silence was observed on the subject of the Beer Bill. They had passed the Poor Law Bill ; and—they had enlarged the jurisdiction of the Old Bailey ! *Macte virtute, genere rose puer ; sic itur ad astra.*

With a lurking consciousness, possibly, that the expiring session, with the exception of the Poor Law Bill, makes but a sorry figure in the way of legislative amendments, Ministers have drawn upon the session to come for anticipated renown, and have exhorted Parliament to apply itself to the consideration of ‘ our jurisprudence,’ and ‘ our municipal corporations.’ If we may augur from this that Ministers will themselves do what they bid others do, and will meet Parliament next February with their minds made up, and their measures already matured, though it be only on those two subjects, we shall hail such a change in their practice as one of the most laudable symptoms they can evince of minds at length alive to the exigencies of the times, and to the serious nature of their duties. We trust that the proposed amendments in ‘ our jurisprudence,’ will be not merely some trumpery consolidation of statutes, or mitigation of penalties, but that at least a bill for local courts, and local registration in all departments, will accompany the bill for a well organised local administration, which would be the fulfilment of the pledge for a reform of the municipal corporations.

A

## DALLADA.

*(From the Autobiography of Pel. Verjuice.)*

My mind was occupied too completely by other thoughts,—thoughts and anxieties painfully earnest—to admit the melancholy of reflecting on the faded glory of Spain, and her diminution of importance among nations, as they are evinced by the almost deserted state of the harbour, the void and silent storehouses, and unused and weed-grown quays in the harbour of San Juan, in Puerto Rico, where almost the only signs of its once ‘flourishing commerce’ were exhibited in a few small coasting craft, and several vessels bearing the every-where-seen starred and striped banner of the United States of America. All else that was visible, bore marks of old grandeur in decay,—of effort supplanted by feebleness,—and massive strength, which seemed to have little but its own strength to guard. Nature was as glorious and as beautiful as ever my imagination had figured her, while I was reading of the early visits of Columbus, and of his followers, his bad successors, on this island: but the romance of its life had fled; chivalric spirit had departed, though the remains of its villany were not all a dream; and adventure was paralysed. Instead of the olden spirit of enterprise, the city seemed to be the home of inertness—one grey and great temple of lassitude. Except the few money-getting American merchants who sojourned there, the only lifeful creatures to be met with are the myriads of insects that swarm in every house, as I found, to my great discomfort, on my second visit; not remaining sufficiently long on my first, to acquire a knowledge of their numbers and strength. Immediately on my arrival, I learnt that Monsieur B. (of whom I was in search) was at Mayaguez, on the western side of the island: thither, then, I instantly resolved to go;—go I must. But how? The road by land was described to me as beset with dangers and difficulties; the communications by sea were incidental, and rarely occurred once in a fortnight,—then only by a chance coasting vessel. Such a chance, however, did occur; and, by a voyage not without adventure, I pursued my course, and arrived in the bay of Mayaguez; but my object in seeking Monsieur B. was utterly defeated. I had thrown all my worldly affairs into inextricable disorder,—I had plunged myself into ‘worldly ruin,’ as it is called, in seeking that interview. At the period when the anxious toil of several years, through obstacles which it was deemed almost madness to encounter, had lifted me to that point of security and clearness of prospect which made attainment a matter of course, I was dashed back farther from the goal than ever I was during my life; but this was a trifle: I cared not a thought for all the defeat—all the damage, loss, and ‘ruin:’ my agony was from other

causes; and then, on that day, the wretchedness I felt from the disappointment was indeed cruel. Reader,—that disappointment I now consider as one of the most blessed pieces of good fortune that ever enriched me.

My next anxiety was the means of returning to San Juan; and thence my eyes turned toward the United States, along a coast thirteen hundred miles in extent; at any point, I cared not where. In my feverish restlessness, I was indifferent to the dangers and difficulties, which, Monsieur B. assured me, must be encountered, if I travelled by land. To go alone was positive insanity, he said; for in addition to the small probability there existed of escaping the brigands or Maroons, and other furious bipeds in the passes, the ravines and woods of the mountains were thickly peopled with wolves—such they are called, though they are the wild dogs, descendants of the bloodhounds with which the early Spaniards hunted the native Indians, for the purpose of converting them to Christianity. ‘If I would remain with him for a fortnight, I should much gratify him by doing so; he would make my stay as agreeable as possible, under the circumstances; it would be much better for me; and by that time a company would be ready to travel with me.’ His proffered hospitality and remonstrances failed to influence me. But while we were engaged on the subject, a visitor came in, and some allusion being made to ‘Captain Jose,’ the visitor said he intended to sail to-morrow. Without informing me of his purpose, Monsieur B. apologised for leaving me a few minutes, and walked out with the stranger. He very soon returned, and announced to me, ‘that Captain Jose would be glad of my society on board the *Scintilla*, to San Juan.’ Of course, I eagerly accepted the conveyance, whatever it might be, before parleying as to ‘who is Captain Jose?’ ‘Oh, a very famous fellow, Monsieur Pel;’ Mayaguez was singing his praises, and showering sugar plumbs and smiles on him, on account of his having recently arrived there with a cargo of 180 negroes, without losing one on the voyage from Africa—his having been repeatedly chased by, and always eluding the English cruisers—and once giving them a drubbing. This was his third equally successful trip. ‘How! take a passage in a slaver,’ exclaimed I. ‘Why not?’ said B. ‘It is disgusting to think of,’ I replied. ‘What! Pel, has not your four years residence in the West Indies cleared your eyes of their English film?’ ‘Not quite, thank heaven, if film it be: my abhorrence of the traffic, and the principle of slavery, is as deep as ever, though I look with other eyes now on the actual physical condition of the slave, and turn with scorn from the reports of those poor and contemptible knaves who, to obtain a reputation for superior sanctity and humanity, circulate such gross falsehoods, and contort all things to the purpose of feeding the gullibility of the pitiable dupes at home. I know that a man who would boldly speak the truth among them,

though his desire to see *all* his fellow-creatures as free as himself may be more ardent and firmly seated than that of the most laborious and enthusiastic among them ; I know that such a man would be shuddered at as a savage creature, and shunned and stigmatized as a scoffing infidel. Still I abhor the traffic, and the principle from my very soul.' 'I do not say you are wrong,' said B. 'But they'll hang me if I am caught.' 'He'll never be caught ;\* and if you should fall in with an English cruiser on your passage, you are safe ; she has discharged her cargo, and goes to San Juan for stores, and to refit for another voyage.' 'But,' said I, 'what sort of a being is this Captain Jose ?' 'Do you expect to see a thing with horns and a cloven foot,' replied B., laughing. 'You may think his trade cruel and infamous ; so, to your mode of looking at the question, it is ; but he is not all devil : perhaps it is his misfortune to have been so trained and habituated, that he thinks it neither dishonourable, nor unchristian, to be employed in the traffic of human flesh : his success too has made him bold ; but he has much in him which you will like.' 'Then I must forget the slave captain, Monsieur B., which will require a dip in Lethe.' 'Many do forget that, when in his society, though there are also many here to whom it is his fairest recommendation. I tell you, you will like him ; and it is the safest and best means of effecting your return to San Juan, though I am selfish enough to wish to detain you here for a time.' I thanked B. for his kindness and solicitude ; and though I felt considerable repugnance to such a conveyance, accepted Captain Jose's offer. 'But come, if you are disposed to see what display of beauty Mayaguez can make, let us go to the Toro ; where, indeed, you will not witness a bull-fight, for a troop of equestrians occupy it at present, and elicit the wonder and applause of these secluded people.' To the circus we repaired ; where, with no other roof than the clear and cloudless sky, all whom age or sickness did not detain at home, were assembled to witness the feats of horsemanship, and tricks of the clown. Spanish gravity ! there was none of it here : they were tumultuous in their plaudits, and their shouts and screams of laughter at Mr. Merryman's tricks and jokes made the welkin ring. Yet there was no symptom of rudeness or coarseness in their mirth—it was the outpouring of overcharged excitement in beings unaccustomed to such amusements, and therefore more susceptible of excitement from them. And indeed there was beauty : bare-headed, except in the covering of the veritable Spanish veil, which, wherever Spanish ladies are to be found, is the transplantation of the graceful and beautifying head-geer of the old mother country. To me horsemen and clown were no objects of attrac-

\* Caught, however, he was, in 1822 ; but not until after a most desperate resistance, in which more than half his crew were killed, and he stretched, without sign of life, on the deck.



tion. My senses were otherwise employed; and in looking on the spectators, during one of the intervals, or acts, between the 'amusements of the ring,' I was drawn into earnest observance of a young man, habited much like one of the best sort of English seamen, in a blue jacket and white jean trowsers, well cut; that sat on his justly-proportioned figure with a freedom, yet exactness of *fit*, which is so rare in English seamen, and unusual among Spanish mariners. The snow-white, richly worked lace collar of his shirt, lay open from his throat, round which was a scarlet ribbon—yet there was no look of foppishness about him. He wore a black velvet cap, with a full and slightly-drooping crown, and it sat somewhat rakishly on the side of his head. Round the band was a triple row of chain-work of silver cord, which was carried in a single one to the crown, from which a massive silver tassel swung. He stood, or rather leaned, for one foot was on a seat before him, and his right wrist reposed on his knee: the position exhibited, altogether, that perfect freedom, ease, and dash, which, when attempted by an English sailor, looks so much like vulgar swagger. The man who has since most reminded me of him, is Wallack, in 'the Brigand.' There was a kind of dare-devil in it, without the least coarseness of such a character. He was in conversation with a group of one matronly lady and two exquisitely-lovely girls—theirs and many other dark eyes flashed on him. I had not perceived Monsieur B. quitting his seat by my side, till I saw him standing on the ground of the area, and touching the shoulder of this personage lightly with his cane. A few words were interchanged, and presently the whole group turned their regards on me, and he whom I have described, raised his hand to his cap, lifted it, and, as he bowed, down fell a cascade of jet locks about his neck and shoulders. He then came to me, and in a singularly bland tone and manner, as frank as they were bland, said 'he understood from his friend B. that I was desirous of returning to San Juan. He should be but too happy if I would accept his services: the Scintilla would sail to-morrow, and was entirely at my disposal.' This, then, was Captain Jose. Unhesitatingly I accepted his offer; his appearance and manner had so gained upon me. The propitiating side-view which I had taken was more than completed by the remarkable manly beauty of his features; clear and fresh as a skilfully-preserved olive was his complexion; his eyes indeed were rather too deeply set, though they were full, dark brown, and glistening; and there were about them, and on his brows, those significations of habitual melancholy, accustomed sadness of thinking, which seem at once to ask, receive, and return sympathy. How strange that such a countenance should be worn by a dealer in human flesh! After a few more words, in which 'he would endeavour to lessen the inconveniences of his cabin as much as possible,' and proposed to send two of his men to Monsieur B.'s, at noon to-morrow, for my

baggage, and call himself to embark with me, he stept lightly away, and rejoined his friends. To-morrow came, and so said so done. I bade adieu to the friendly Monsieur B., and accompanied Captain Jose to the bay, with three or four men, who carried fowls, vegetables, &c., and a guitar-case; about which Jose was especially solicitous. I was surmising who was the musician on board; or was it for some bright-eyed damsel of his many admirers, for whom he was giving it a passage to San Juan? We stood on the clumsy dilapidated wharf, waiting for the boat from the Scintilla, when one of the sailors spoke to Jose, who looked up the road towards the town, and said something which sounded like pity, in allusion to 'Dallada,' and presently a feminine and most plaintive voice was heard repeating the word 'Dallada, Dallada.' The speaker was a young negro-girl, about sixteen, of the most perfect and delicate symmetry and beautiful face I ever saw among the thousands and tens of thousands of the daughters of Africa in the West Indies. Glossy she was as a bright coal; and her eyes, which like two beads of fire flickered under her brow, were free from that unpleasing yellow which is almost universal in negro eyes. Except the handkerchief, Frenchly fashioned, on her head, she wore nothing but a spotted cotton skirt, which descended to a little below her knees, and was fastened round her waist by twisting its upper end into a kind of bandage. 'Dallada,' said Captain Jose, and the beautiful creature threw out a scream, and fell on her knees; not in entreaty of pity, not in supplication, but with a look of delight, while she clapped her hands and laughed hysterically, as her eyes pierced into his, in a delirium of joy; some bubbling moans trickled from her throat, and died away as she bowed her head on her bosom, while her hands, clasped in each other, fell upon her knees. Rude, perhaps half savage as we may be apt to consider some who formed the group of gazers on this scene, not a word was spoken; all seemed to be touched with sympathy and pity; and while she was thus bowed down in attitude so graceful, yet so replete with pathos, Captain Jose stooped towards her, and with one hand took her by the wrist, gently disengaging her hands, and said 'Dallada, Dallada,' signaling at the same time to one of the men to hand him the guitar-case: it was opened for him; he touched a string, and again said, as if awakening her attention, 'Dallada, tink, tink,' and the poor creature sprang to her feet, repeating the words 'Dallada, tink, tink,' and then stood fixed as a statue, with her palms crossed upon her bosom, her eyes twinkling, her lips quivering, and her throat vibrating as it sent forth the inarticulate bubblings of a spirit that seemed drowning in a flood of delicious joy; fascinated she was, as he with exquisite skill played an air, so sad, so soft, so very soft, that the whispering of a bird was loudness to it; the instrument just breathed the notes, and no more. At its close,

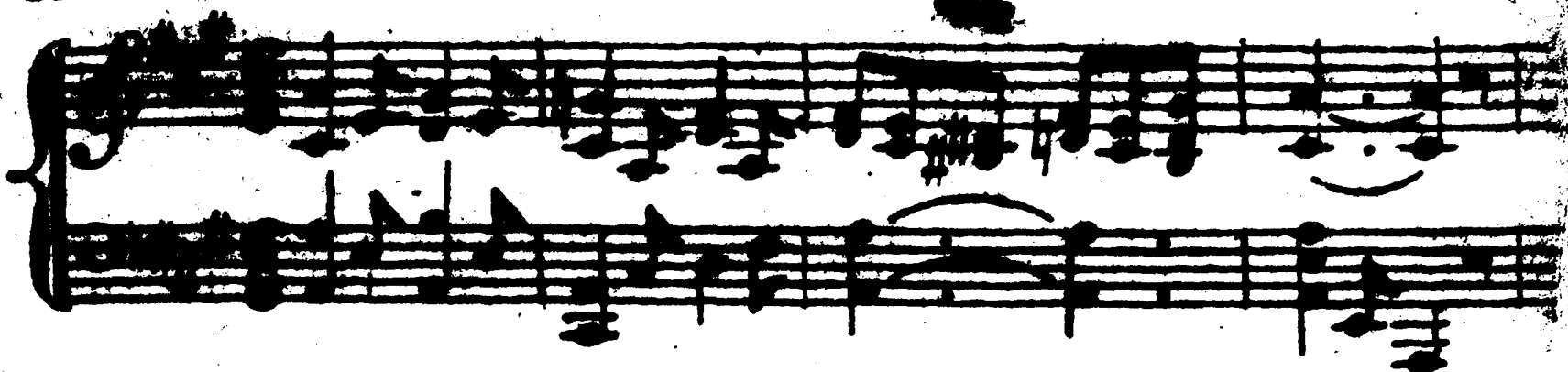
she burst into tears and sobs. By this time, two of her female friends, who had come in pursuit of her, joined the group, and without a murmur on her part, or the feeblest resistance, they led her away; not coercively, nor by authority, but in gentle kindness of manner; she seemed entranced into a forgetfulness of herself, and of all things; and a little laugh again bubbled forth.

Questioning Captain Jose respecting her, I learned she was one of the negroes whom he brought away from Africa on his first voyage: his attention was originally drawn to her, he said, by seeing her sitting, or more properly, kneeling, with her hands clasped across her bosom, whenever he was amusing himself with his guitar. The effect on her was probably too powerful for her senses; and she had been in that state of monomania ever since: on all other matters she was as free from mental aberration as any of those around her. She was treated less like a slave, than as an unfortunate being who commanded sympathy and was entitled to pity and kindness; which was, no doubt, as much induced by her gentleness and beauty, as by her misfortune. I saw Jose tip away a tear from his eyes as he spoke of her.—The captain of a slaver!—what an anomalous being was he! The boat was now ready to receive us. We were soon under weigh, and hauling up round the north point of the bay, stood on our course to Point Brequin, with what is called a soldier's wind. 'Adios, Mayaguez:—adios, todos Amigos!' said Jose, in a melancholy tone, which mocked the effort at jocularly, as he looked towards the shore: then gave direction to spread an awning over the quarter-deck, and we, ere long, sat down to an excellent dinner, and a savoury one: except that I was not entirely reconciled to the everlasting garlic. Several kinds of good wine, too, were freely dispensed, for he was well stored with, even, luxuries: and the meal finished, he took up his guitar, and for a good three hours continued to play and sing a variety of ballads—Spanish and Moorish romances, love ditties, madrigals, lays, pastorals, &c., interlarding them with pathetic or humorous scraps, as I gathered from their effects—for he alternately elicited death-like stillness, sighs, and laughter—uproarious laughter—at his will. I was half enchanted. His stock seemed to be inexhaustible; for during the whole four days, and much of the nights, of our passage to San Juan, his voice and guitar were never at rest for half an hour together. Then he would fondle the instrument as if it were a thing of life, and speak to it as if he were exchanging prattle with a darling child, and hold it out at arm's length as if gloating on its beautiful form; while he turned it round to every point of sight. While he was playing and singing, his glorious countenance beamed and wanned with every emotion or sentiment of the subject of his song, his eyes glistened and filled; 'twas as if his whole life and breath were composed of sweet thoughts, sweet affections, and sweet sounds. It may

have been the effect of association; but never, before nor since, have I been so much delighted and enwrapt by music, as by Captain Jose's. We sat on deck, as we glided along the land. I, while listening to him, conjuring beautiful dreams of poetry's upper world, as I watched the declining light, and the sun-set tints gilding hill, and rock, and foliage, and ripple; and the growing depth and denseness of the shadows: till all darkened into night. Still we sat; he completely absorbed in his musical heaven. There was blowing a good-natured, moderate breeze, and all seemed in perfect security: with not a sign in the dark blue vault that could warn us into caution. But we were now nearing a point in the line of coast which I remembered to have been passed with great circumspection by the *Catalina*, two days previously; the men were kept at their stations ready to let fly and clew down: a careful look out was had along the water. All this the Captain justified on account of the frequency of sudden gusts which blew down the gorge between two hills just there. Whoever is familiar with coasting along the lee-side of the West India islands, is aware of this fact: when all around is nothing more than a gentle breeze, sufficient to keep the sails asleep, all at once, without a note of warning, on opening one of such gorges, sometimes a gust, as furious as if all the winds of heaven were gathered and pent up there, and now burst forth, will come on, howling and roaring, with almost certain destruction, if great caution be not taken to receive it; and many dismal instances did the captain of the *Catalina* quote, of dismastings, capsizings and foundering, just at that spot. Now, on board the *Scintilla*, danger was unthought of; and we were gliding bonnily along, when I fancied I saw, in shore of us, a white line on the water, much like a line of chalk on a dark board: it grew, most suddenly, longer and stronger, and I thought I heard a low, deep growl. I rose from my seat, went to windward, and threw my glance, as I stooped, in that direction, and a drizzling shower brushed against me; yet there was not the least show of rain-cloud in the sky. Over head, and every where, till the land broke upon the canopy, all was quite clear; not a rack of cloud, or speck was stirring; yet the shower came on, increasing in rapidity and mass; and that white line was broader and rougher. Ha! I saw its meaning,—called to Jose to look; he did so,—leaped up,—thrust his guitar down the companion,—called 'luff!'—sprang over to the fore-sheet, all simultaneously. It was too late; the groan sharpened at once into a hissing howl: in an instant all was black, as if a huge carpet had been dropped over us; and the deluge flew, whizzing, and screaming, and cutting across the deck, as if it were an army of scythes mowing the air. The squall struck her, and laid her on her beam-ends: I heard a short and fluttering shriek: some one, or more, I knew not, was thrown overboard. All this occurred in one-tenth part of the time I have

# SEPTEMBER.

Andante.



Summer waneth night and morning, Night and morning wan-eth!

Summer waneth night and morning, Night and morning wan-eth!

1<sup>st</sup> Voice.  
acell.

Flowers are fading on the lea, Leaves are changing on the tree, Gos-sa-

acell. >

mer is silv'ry, bright, This-tle down is float-ing white....

For the words see p. 624.



2<sup>nd</sup> Voice.

Every blessing that is yours

For which we have loved to flow

For which we have loved to flow

For which we have loved to flow

taken to describe it. Luckily, I had laid hold of a main-shroud on going to look out to windward; and, as I swung in my grasp, parallel with the deck, which was now a perpendicular, I turned to look to leeward: all was foam. At that moment she righted: the head-sails had blown away; yet she shook and trembled as if at her peril, like a high-mettled steed in a fright; and I saw a black mass hanging to the leech of the foresail, (which was stretched out like a board,) over the furiously-boiling sea: a loud crack followed,—the sail was split into ribands, and the mass fell heavily into the boat on deck, and immediately leaped out. It was Jose; all unhurt! except a bruise as he fell into the boat. The squall had spent its fury: all was gentle and clear again; immediately; and a voice was heard calling for help. Looking in its direction, a white splashing in the water was discerned; the helm was put up, and in a few minutes the poor fellow, who had been jerked overboard by the sudden lurch, was safely on deck. For a time, the men,—ay, all of us, except Jose,—stood aghast, heedless of his call to unbend the split sails, and rouse out others from below, to replace them. Soon, however, they forgot their fears, and set to work with as much activity as English or American seamen would evince under similar circumstances. This crew, living in daily danger of capture, had completely conquered their Spanish indolence. In an hour all was snug, and Captain Jose was at his guitar again; though he called himself a lubber for not having been on the watch just there, and allowing the squall to play such pranks with him. *Lubber* was the first and only word of English he spoke on the passage.

On awaking next morning, without going on deck to prove the fact, the lazy rolling, on an even keel, and the idle *splattling* of the water under the counter and stern, gave intimation of a plaguy calm: and I lay in a vexed state of impatience till Jose's guitar invited me up from the cabin; and, looking around, I saw nothing but one lifting, bright, hot, and spotless mirror; except on the haze-covered rocks and hills, which were too distant to refresh the eye. Oh, reader, if you have never experienced the delight of a settled, mute calm at sea, in a small craft, in the torrid zone, when you have also a great anxiety to reach your journey's end, you do not know what blisses there are in life. In vain do you shift your position of sitting, standing, lying, or reclining at full length, in the fevered hope of lolling or dreaming away your wretchedness: all is in vain; every attempt and every change does but bring its own infliction, a new sense of misery. You breathe steam, and move in fire. The water, at other times, in the hottest climates, and under a meridian blaze of sun, yields a refreshing effect, as you look on the busy waves and galloping ripples: they seem to fan your spirit with a cooling comfort; you regard the water itself as a friend, which gladdens you with its gambols. But now, its very face scalds

you,—the fierce glistening of the sun's rays throws fire up to your face, dazzles your aching eyes, and scorches your soul. Did you ever take a peep into a furnace in full blast, or look at the slow-flowing liquid fire that rolls from its mouth?—there it is. The sharks, that bask in the motionless stillness, are lying on watch, as if they had instinctive knowledge of your misery, and waited there for the moment when, at the pitch of desperation, you shall put an end to your sufferings, and say, 'Take me, sharks, for your dinner.' And they look up at you with their projecting, villainously-sly optics, as if they were spitefully laughing in their sleeves at you. If you poke a boat-hook, or blade of an oar at them, they will but slowly turn their round noses to smell at it, quite satisfied that your inertness will not allow you to salute them with a thwack. We were thus pestered, and festered, and blistered for two whole days,—I was, at least; though Captain Jose was as musical as ever. Luckily, next night the breeze came to our relief—the song and guitar recovered their influence, but we had to beat against the wind, and to battle with the current, which, during the calm, had drifted us considerably to leeward of Point Brequin; and it was not till the fourth day of our departure from Mayaguez that we anchored in San Juan. I must be moving still, and my first anxiety was for a passage to the United States—to me all its States and harbours were alike, and my inquiries were immediately successful. The 'Colombia' was to sail for Wilmington, in North Carolina, 'to-morrow.' My bargain with Captain Singer was soon made. The vessel did not sail punctually on the morrow, and I lived through two whole nights in the city of San Juan—and two such horrible nights, from physical causes, I never lived. At length, however, 'the schooner will be off in an hour,' came to my relief; and I hastened to Captain Jose to bid him farewell; though I wished no success to his trade. While we were in conversation, a buzzing under his window, in the street, reached up to us. This being somewhat unusual in his quarter, and in the heat of the day, drew us to the window. There was a group of about a dozen persons gathered in front of the house, among whom were several of the Scintilla's crew; they had collected round something, which at first was hidden from our view, though a handkerchief'd head was visible; but, on hearing his voice, the party fell aside, and to our astonishment and grief, also, there stood Dallada! How she had conveyed herself hither was indeed a matter of wonder: but she had walked all the distance from Mayaguez, over the mountains, through the defiles and woods; heedless, or, probably, unconscious of the perils of such a journey, besides the toil. There, indeed, she was, under his window in San Juan. The instant she saw Jose she screamed, and stopped short in her scream, as if she felt she had done wrong by screaming; then, as before, clapped her hands, and laughed, and murmured 'Dal-

*Dallada*—*Dallada*, tink, tink, tink !' mimicking the holding and finger touch of a guitar. Jose beckoned and spoke to the bystanders to bring her in ; but she shook her head—so sadly—and when one of them laid hold of her wrist, she quietly drew it away, and looked up, again repeating ' *Dallada* ; tink, tink.' She seemed worn into exhaustion ; scarcely capable of supporting her slender and tottering frame : yet was there in her eyes that same light of insane brightness, and glistening, which I before noticed, though it was now more feverish and intense. The guitar lay upon the table—I reached it, and put it into his hands. The first touch of the strings thrilled through her every limb : she shook with a convulsive motion, and drew her arms and elbows close, compressingly, against her sides, and clapped her little hands in ecstasy, and uttered a thin, faint laugh, which closed in a moaning plaint. The sound of that laugh and moan were as sense-touching, as heart-penetrating, as any thing I remember ever to have heard. Across the narrow street, opposite Jose's window, was a door which was reached by half-a-dozen steps. A low wall, about three feet high, projected at right angles from the door ; each, at its street end, supported a thin column, on which the porch-roof rested. The moment Jose commenced playing one of those softly-swelling and slowly-measured airs, in which he had such power, she ran up the steps, as if to obtain a better view of him—rested against the wall, with her left arm twined round the pillar, on which she reclined her head. The air continued for several minutes. She was perfectly still, and seemed scarcely to breathe, but two or three labourings in the throat and chest were perceptible—her knees began to bend, the pillared arm slipped slowly and gradually from its clasp, her head stooped forward, while her disengaged right arm hung as lifeless by her side. . Presently the left arm dropped from the column, and her whole body sank gently down, to her right side ; she did not drop—she fell, like a cloud, without sound : and the head hung forward on the uppermost of the steps. Jose threw down the guitar—we understood it—but not till this moment—and both hastened into the street : where, by this time, one of the men had raised her, and carried her down the steps.—She was quite dead.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

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### *English Scenes and Civilization.* 3 vols.

WE cannot give a more correct account of this publication than the Author's own, in an introductory 'Note.' He says, 'This desultory work consists chiefly of scenes and conversations, or mere sketches of people and things, as they commonly are. Its figures have no extraordinary *relievo*; and for the most part its details, whatever their truth and interest, are not meant to go far into the depths of human nature, or to dwell on any of those profounder passions which originate overwhelming events. Its characters and occurrences belong not to 'wondrous story; but are moved, and linked together only as are usually those of varied real life,—whether influenced by chance or choice; still following the natural order and coincidences of human things.' The volumes answer perfectly to these modest pretensions. The reader knows what to expect, and it is his own fault if he be disappointed. We confess, for ourselves, that the truth was sometimes rather closer than we relished, and the Author seemed to us not sufficiently aware how apt a picture of the tiresome is to become a tiresome picture.

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### *The Art of being Happy.* By B. H. Draper.

THIS work is avowed to be chiefly 'from a French work by M. Droz, bearing the same title.' Much good may be gained from it; but in the pursuit of happiness, he is far from being most likely to hit the mark who is always aiming at it. Happiness is a grand and ultimate result, of which *character* is the most, or rather, only efficient means. He feels happiness who makes it. With this leading truth the Author, or Authors, of this book seem not to be sufficiently impressed. Nevertheless it contains many admirable truths, of great practical worth; mixed with much that is superficial, indefinite, and useless:

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### *Observations on the Civil Disabilities of British Jews.* By John Coles

THIS pamphlet relates not so much to the claims of the Jews as to the spirit in which those claims have been discussed. It is a plea for just and kind feeling between Jew and Christian, as well as for political equality. The compiler (for so much of it is quotation that we can scarcely say author) has collected testimonies to charity from many quarters, and cast them, like oil, on the waters of contention. We wish his good intentions success; but the spirit of political monopoly will not be laid without a fierce and bitter struggle.

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Thanks to C. P.

The Editor requests that all letters for him may be directed to 67, Paternoster-row.

We must think our friend J. Y. rather unreasonable. With all our love for freedom of discussion, we cannot undertake to become the printers and distributors of opinions opposed to our own, or make our journal the mere vehicle of controversial correspondence. He has protested, rather than argued, against our view of the Poor Law Bill, and the fact of his protest is hereby recorded.