

NATIONAL ANNIVERSARIES.

‘ PLEASE to remember *poor old Guy!*’ Yes, it is come to this. Even those ragged urchins, who will be in at the death of the gunpowder plot commemoration; who will live to see the last of the first festival in our national calendar; who, though they know

‘ No reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot,’

are themselves in such a state of oblivious confusion, that in the figure they fabricate, the attributes are blended of the Pope and the conspirator; and they appeal to our compassion, in the tone of affectionate supplication, something like ‘pity the sorrows of a poor old man,’ for this compounded horror of the tiara and the tinder-box. The gunpowder thanksgiving is damped beyond all possibility of future igniting. It has missed fire for so many years that it will never blaze again; and the paupers in the streets, like the priests in the churches, poorly preserve, for the sake of the pence, the ragged remnants of the ceremony. As a public anniversary, as a national commemoration, the 5th of November has now, for a long time, been dead and gone, rotten and forgotten. Even the Percival ‘No Popery’ cry could not blow up the blown-out embers of that grand blow-up that was to have been; and in later attempts, how many anti-catholic crackers have proved to be very harmless serpents. The feeling has passed away, and the fireworks follow. The tar-barrel is out, and so is the beer-barrel. There is scarcely left the dim, cold memory of a memory. The festival has given up the ghost, and the nation has given up the festival, with nothing but the Irish moral for its epitaph:—

‘ To-night’s the day, I speak it with great sorrow,
That we were all to have been blown up to-morrow,
Therefore beware of fires and candle-light,
’Tis a cold frosty morning, so good night!’

Nor are any other of our festivals in better condition. Some Irishmen continue to drink ‘Glorious and immortal memory;’ (which is not another festival indeed, but the same; this being gifted with duplicity of deliverance;) but they probably do not know whose memory they drink, and very likely suppose it to be their own memory, viz. of the good things that are gone, in the precious days of Croppie-catching, Protestant speculation, long leases of public property, and jovial jobbery all the land over. On the 30th of January, when extremes meet; that Janus of a day, which looks proud to some and penitential to others; one does sometimes see a cold church with its doors open, and nothing going therein; and a hot calf’s head with its mouth open and a

lemon sticking therein ; but these are rare sights ; most folks take a *juste milieu* course, and seek nothing extra, either in church-service, or in dinner-service. Then there is the 29th of May, when all that happens, is that one sometimes sees an oak-apple in a bumpkin's hat, wondering how or why it got there, and quite as well able as the wearer to tell the reason. Besides these, there are only the movable festivals of each happy and glorious reign in succession ; days chiefly marked by being holidays at the public offices ; or by disappointed parsons, desperate of preferment, sometimes repeating the pulpit joke, about preaching from ' sufficient for the day, is the evil thereof.'

Truly, for National Anniversaries, these are but a paltry bundle of dry sticks. There is no vitality in them. They have neither the fun and frolic of voluntary and gladsome recollection, nor the dignified demeanour of high and stately ceremonial. They are the first of April without a fool ; and May-day without a queen. Pretty things, indeed, to show, as adornments of the pleasure-grounds of a people's memory ! They would disgrace a cockney's garden in the suburbs. They are like the poor, dusty, shrivelled, withered sticks in pots, (blasphemous mockery of plants !) that stand, rank and file, in the lower window of some close lane in London, without even a telescope to look upwards for a glimpse of the third reflection of the sunshine, three stories above their heads. We know nothing, in England, of real national festivals. The words mean nothing in our ears. They are worth less than even the unmeaning terms of faith without charity ; for *they are* ' sounding brass, and the tinkling cymbal.' For us the brass sounds not, nor tinkle the cymbals. Our nothing is noiseless. We have no anniversaries. We once knew a little club that bravely resolved to hold four anniversaries every year ; and they all proved right joyous ones ; but the great club of the nation has not one. What can be the reason ? We suppose the nation does not want them. For where there is a demand, there is a supply, say the political economists : though some hungry mechanics deny the universality of the proposition. Certain it is, however, as the wise Polonius affirmeth, ' that this effect defective comes by cause.' We should like to trace its genealogy, and ascertain whether it be essential or accidental, removable or incurable.

Is it that social enjoyment, and pageantry, and public demonstration, are not the Englishman's mode of showing his feelings ? or is it, that his history and experience lack the requisite stimulus, in achievements of great public good, to call up the feeling itself from year to year ? Does he despise red-letter days, or are there no red-letter days in his calendar ? Something of both reasons may hold, perhaps. But not enough of either to show that he may not mend his manners, if it be an amendment. With all our boasted nationality, there is not much that is really national in our pleasures, our sympathies, our interests, and our

recollections. Our eternal classifications have cut up the common feeling, and kept down or perverted the common taste, by which a national anniversary should be prompted and celebrated. We cannot endure the needful commingling of ranks, and obliteration of station, even for the day and the hour. At our public feasts, the peer must be at the head of the table, and Hobson below the salt. As to the Marchioness and Mrs. Hobson sitting at the same table, even if it were a mile long, that never entered the wildest conceptions of an English imagination. Then, who ever saw a public banquet well got up in this country? A stiff portrait of the hero of the day, with two boughs of withered laurel stuck on each side, at the upper end of the room; at the other end, a transparency of the uncouth and unmeaning figures called his 'arms;' wind instruments blowing away over the door; a fellow with a stentorian voice behind the chair, bawling away all meaning or feeling from what are called toasts or sentiments: that's what we reckon getting up a public dinner. As for all the rest, the rejoicings of our men, are like the education of our boys, cram, cram for ever. In France, open theatres mark public holidays: but do you think Mr. Middle-class Wiggins would go to an open theatre, to say nothing of his wife and family, (he has daughters,) with all the riff-raff, on a no-pay night? And then a procession; only think of the English nation as now constituted, walking in a procession! Why, it would require as many marshals and heralds at arms, to arrange them for the purpose, as there now are parsons and lawyers. It would be a great loss of time besides. We will do nothing that can level distinctions. But whatever is national, must level distinctions; therefore, any national festivity is as intolerable as eating fish at Dover on a Saturday. All fish caught near Dover, comes to London on every day in the week, except Saturday, when, as Sunday in London holds no fish-market, you may have it at Dover, fine, fresh, and cheap; and consequently, no respectable person eats it, as it would be no distinction from the commonalty; and distinctions must be kept up. We see no prospect of great national anniversaries and festivals, till two changes shall have taken place, one of which is going on, and the other is coming on. We shall specify: first, there must be a wider diffusion amongst us, of enjoyment in the arts; of taste; of poetical appreciation of the grand and the pictorial. Public celebrations, to be worth any thing, are the poetry which expresses a nation's feeling, and which reacts upon that feeling. They have hitherto obtained most in a state of society which precedes the one in which we are at present. The civilization which results from commerce, and the greater division of labour, is not poetical in its character. It puts poetry and nationality in abeyance together. Were the modern Jews possessed of Palestine, there would be no such doings, as in the days of their ancestors. The temple processions; the chorusses of the Levites; the grand

gatherings, at Jerusalem, from all the country, at Pascal and Pentecost, would be dead forms, and want the vitality of the antique enthusiasm. And so is the Catholic religion outworn in Europe. Its spell is broken; much more by commerce, than by Protestantism. But we are hastening towards another stage. It is only for a time that the artisan is less poetical than the savage. With the progress of intelligence, he must become much more so. He already begins to feel the beauty of a statue or a painting which his great-great-grandfather would have worshipped, and which his grandfather would have kicked into a bonfire, in honour, as the squire told him, of the house of Hanover; shouting, 'Down with the Pope and the Pretender; liberty and property for ever.'

As soon as we get beyond the time—and we are getting beyond it—when the rich man gives enormous sums for a work of art, simply because thereby it becomes his property; and the poor man takes up a paving-stone to have a *shy* at it, because it is *not* his property; we shall have advanced a step towards a capacity for national sociality. We have not forgotten the 'picture-fuddles' of the mechanics. Moreover, they have no bad notions of processions. They have the taste, which also thrives in America, for this species of exhibition. It is true that, in the best we have witnessed, indeed the only good ones, there was a deeper and ulterior purpose. They were meant to produce the perception, not of poetry, but of power. And that made the poetry. Who that witnessed will ever forget the procession of the trades' unions to petition for the remission of the sentence on the Dorchester convicts? There was the true feeling in that procession. There were no mere ornaments; no flaring and flaunting banners; the simplest insignia just served to mark and marshal the divisions. There were no petty arrangements to enhance the show and the effect. As H. M. Williams said of the Champ de Mars, 'The people, sure, the people were the sight.' Their banner was the huge roll of their petition. Their only music was the ceaseless tramp, tramp, with which their close ranks came on, 'regular as rolling water,' one line of living wave after another, like the billows when a strong steady breeze is blowing shoreward; and in every face that one fixed purpose which showed that the stern pleasure of duty was the animating spirit of this multitudinous, but undivided body. The loungers of the club-houses, who turned out to laugh, looked on with a sobered demeanour, which showed there was a power in the passing scene to reach even the atom of soul which they possessed. The portion of the people that could so marshal themselves for petitioning, when community of interest and feeling shall have identified them with the rest of the nation, will be well prepared to aid in real national celebrations. 'Now universal England getteth drunk' will not be the record of those festivals.

The second desideratum to which we referred is that of the

subject-matter of celebration; the events which do really make the hearts' blood of the people flow rapidly in their veins. Who cares now about such events as those the memory of which is consecrated by civil and ecclesiastical authority? What pulse beats at, or what mind attaches any meaning to, the litanies and homilies thereanent, which by his Majesty's command are still appointed to be said or sung in all churches and chapels. Not long ago it was denied that there were more than two members of the court of aldermen who knew which came first, the Reformation, the Restoration, or the Revolution. Now, though there is no occasion for such ignorance of history, even amongst the youngest children of our lowest artisans, a much less degree of it than actually exists would suffice to show that neither the 29th of May nor the 5th of November have any character of national commemoration. 'What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?' The king's birthday is more germane to the matter, because then, if we be in a proper office for an address, 'we goes to court and gets be-knighted.' The Americans *have* an anniversary, a glorious national birthday; and the 4th of July is a sunshiny time. They keep it well too. Their processions cost money, and they can afford it. That was no class or clan victory. It was no exploit of military folly. And so the entire people shine away in sense and sublimity, like the stars of heaven, as the poet describes them, glorifying God.

' In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice.'

It is the day of independence, and every man, woman, and child is independent for the day. Jack is as good as his master; that is, supposing Jack is in English service, or else Jack has no master. A high bribe was the English lady obliged to give the solitary boy—the only boy she could find to bribe on that day—to help her to kill the pig, shave off his bristles, and, 'albeit unused to the melting mood,' cook it for the party whom her husband had invited for the 4th of July, forgetful of the general and joyful turn-out of all domesticity into publicity. It will be long ere English servants will come to this. And yet the Roman Saturnalia was a joyous time even for those very aristocratic republicans. But we have no 4th of July. The Reform Act should have created an anniversary; but that dish was too much spoiled in the cooking, and has got too cold since, to be served up for a universal feast. It is too full of imperfections, limitations, and vexations. It smacks of the taxing-man. The grumble at not having a vote had more comfort in it than the uncertainties and disappointments that beset the franchise. A dog pricking his nose in trying to get at a hedgehog, scarcely becomes more irritated than the tormented ten-pounder before the revising barristers. He is in no humour for feast or frolic,

pageantry or procession. The Reform Act was not comprehensive enough for nationality. It shuts out too many of the very people but for whom it would never have been brought in or carried through. How many of the trades' union men are voters? And why should they not be? Why not? even if it were only for the prevention of trades' unions, which would scarcely exist with a representation that fairly included the operative classes. Brave and intelligent operatives! how admirably they behaved in those political unions without which all the Whigs in the world never could, nor would, have carried the Reform Bill! How firmly they resisted all propositions tending to break up those bodies prematurely, and peril the measure, by demanding a more extended suffrage, even though the want of extension was the exclusion of themselves and the perpetuation of their own disfranchisement! They will have their reward yet; that is, provided they so determine; but waiting is not commemorating. Our tree of liberty has not yet borne sufficient fruit, nor spread its foliage wide enough for a national dance under its shelter. It is as bare as a may-pole, and without the garlands. But it will grow. And if the progress be rapid, there may be the centre of popular festivity.

If not in this event, in what else that is political can we find the fitting stimulus and occasion for any such fête as it is the fate of America to enjoy? Public good and freedom have ever come to us piecemeal—here a little and there a little; each class has got something in turn; now the Church has been saved, and now the Catholic has been emancipated; philanthropists have obtained the abolition of the slave-trade, and Dissenters the repeal of the Test Act, and mechanics that of the combination laws: one child has had a penny-bun and another a slice of plum-pudding, but there has been no family feast. And if legislation, revolution, or reform have not yet marked out for us an anniversary festival, military glory has failed up to this time, and therefore it has failed for ever. The lights of Camperdown and Trafalgar have burnt out. Waterloo is nothing but a field-officer's dinner; or if it descend lower, it only survives in the service. The Pitt and Fox birthdays were always mere faction, and few will keep Wellington's birthday after he is dead. Suppose the corn-laws were repealed,—might not that do? It might make weight if completed on the anniversary of the Reform Bill, like William the Third and glorious revolution lumped in with gunpowder-plot.

Our religion is too sectarian and unimaginative to be called in for help in this matter. The Church holds those fine old buildings which *it* never built, as the rich hold paintings and statues. It has in them the possession of a corporation property, but does not make them the means of public gratification. The Dissenters, in the pride of their poverty, made plainness a principle. In their growing wealth, they have not yet raised their chapels above that barn style of architecture which reminds them of the

meetings of their forefathers during the Five-mile Act. We have no national religious festival, for this plain reason, that whatever may be canted about the Church, we have no national religion. We never had ; or, at least, we never have had since the Reformation. Episcopacy has never been more than a party. As it advanced upon Popery, Puritanism advanced upon it, in public opinion and feeling. We keep Christmas indeed, but simply as a holiday, and with little of either memory or meaning. And the same may be said of Easter and Whitsuntide. There is an extra sermon in the meeting-house on ' the day called Christmas-day,' with a protest perhaps against ecclesiastical authority ; and all that makes it a holy-tide at church is the holly that is tied to the pillars. Our Sundays are divided between the dreariness of fanatical sabbatarianism and the disorders of unthinking debauchery. In old times the sun used to dance on the morning of Easter Sunday ; he will never dance again on a Sunday morning till he looks down upon doings which have in them more of cheerfulness, rationality, and conduciveness to common instruction and enjoyment.

We give it up then for the present. But when a broad and comprehensive right of suffrage, without a property qualification for the candidate, shall have given that political existence to the working classes which was conferred by the Reform Bill upon the middle classes, who are not one jot better qualified : when, by ballot-voting for a time, the suffrage shall have become an unmolested and unquestioned individual right in its exercise : when the great social duty shall be discharged of providing and requiring that every child shall be trained for his functions as a member of society : when, instead of a brutalizing exclusion from artistical enjoyment, (architectural, pictorial, theatrical, and all other forms in which the sense of beauty, grandeur, harmony, can be presented to the soul,) it shall be one of the primary objects of political institution to diffuse as widely as possible this refining species of delight : when philosophy, natural and moral, instead of being obstructed by taxation, by college monopoly, and by the thousand prejudices which must give way as the antique and feudal framework of society breaks down and is remodelled, shall have fair play, in theory and practice, with the mind, manners, and condition of the great mass of the people : then will there be the taste, as there probably will have been the stimulus, for such celebrations as cannot now be realized. Let us wait patiently. *Nil desperandum.* Nature keeps up her holidays for all sentient beings ; her May-days and her harvest-tides. And eventually nations must follow nature.

BUY IMAGES!

‘Buy images!’ Who ever hears the cry now-a-days without turning to the moving miniature sculpture gallery, and looking upward to discover what new treasure of old art has been rendered accessible to eye and pocket? And again, when the collection has been thoroughly scanned, who does not turn to the itinerant Italian boy to read in his eyes that lesson so necessary to be studied in an age when an archbishop refuses sanctuary to the remains of a musical composer, and a magistrate a licence to a theatre,—that a thorough appreciation of art of every kind is one of the surest safeguards of the spirituality of a people. Look at the faces of the Italian boys; watch their glances of expressive admiration—nay, affection—for the objects of their occupation; hear their eloquent description of the different works of art with which they are familiar; and then compare them with the ragged urchins who infest your gates, with thievish eye and harsh voices, crying ‘h-a-arth-stone!’ till your ‘hearth-stare’ is no longer a place of quiet refuge,—and in that contrast you will have the whole difference between the marble of the sculptor and the rough stone of the quarry,—a nation with or without the influence of the master-spirit which lives and breathes throughout the creations of glorious art. How many of these sun-tinted dark-eyed wanderers from the south have we not encountered, all with some individual charm, some touch of spirit to animate their clay, as the soul of the sculptor had animated the forms with which their pursuit had made them acquainted. One would sing Venetian barcarolles, another recite portions of the ‘Gierusalemme Liberata,’ in no very precise Italian, be it confessed; but when a copy was handed to him, he has gone over stanza after stanza, rapidly turning the leaves, until his eye caught and kindled at some old known favourite, and he has wrapped himself up with the book in a state of unconscious enthusiasm, till the close of the admired passage has brought him back to himself. There was one whom we remember from amongst many others, who stands out more vividly than the rest. He came one early autumn morning; there had been a heavy rain that had afterwards cleared off to make the remaining day brighter from the contrast. The sun came out, and birds began to sing, and the blue of the sky was deep and clear, and soon there came a voice to match it, sounding down the grove, ‘buy images!’—a cry never disregarded—and the travelling artist was stopped, and he bent his head, with its weight of white beauties, beneath the laburnum tree that overarched the gateway, and came smiling up the gravel path, and rested them upon the iron palisades of the stone steps. He was freshly complexioned, a thing unusual to boys of his class and country. It seemed as if the rain had

served him like one of the garden roses. He had large, dark-grey eyes, with a clear white expansive forehead, a flexible expressive mouth, and a child-like voice, and yet so tender as to make itself almost pathetic in its commonest tones. At first he was somewhat shy and timid, but the first sign of sympathy made his eyes glisten, and when he clearly understood that his zeal in his vocation was appreciated, there was no limit to his enthusiasm. He gave us an account of his birth, parentage, and education, the different monuments of art he had beheld, the different impressions they had made upon himself. He was a confirmed devotee to the Catholic religion; he seemed to love art the better that it was the medium through which sacred subjects might be illustrated. He entered into an animated defence of his faith—went over its different doctrines, one after the other—transubstantiation, confession, purgatory, absolution,—and with so much ingenuity, and at times so much feeling, as the circumstances might require, that he made you a convert to himself and a belief in his sincerity, though not to his creed. He described the different kinds of feeling excited by the different persons in the Trinity—fear at the Father, honour for the Son, and a wide wave of his hands for the Holy Ghost, meaning that he was all about, but that he himself was not particularly interested in him. The Virgin Mary was his favourite; he clasped his hands tightly together, pressed them against his chest, and, with his eyes filled, said, ‘I love her, oh! I love her like my mother!’ He entered into an elaborate description of the bas-reliefs which decorate a part of the interior of St. Peter’s at Rome. These seemed to have attracted him as much from the continuity of interest in their subject (the history of Christ) as from the beauty of their execution. He went through each circumstance, and detailed with so much intelligence and quickness the different attitudes and expressions of the figures, that he not only realized the work of the artist, but carried you to the scene itself. There was a singular simplicity with all this, at times approaching to the ludicrous. In his description of the temptation in the wilderness, he gave Satan with a look of coaxing cajolery, saying, ‘Come, now, you must be hungry!’ and the taunt of the Jews at the crucifixion with a grinning laugh and a deriding finger—‘Ah, hah! you up there, you no save yourself!’ which, although somewhat too familiar for our preconceived notions, had too much of graphic truth in them to be resisted. The tears were frequently in his eyes, and when describing a group—the disciples weeping round the body of their master—he said, ‘Oh, how it make me cry! I no cry if I lose all them’ (pointing to his tray of treasures), ‘but I cry at that, I cry at that.’ His genuine earnestness suppressed every inclination to risibility. Once, when his manner in description had raised a smile in one who could not thoroughly appreciate him,

he said, 'You are not a good Christian if you laugh at that:' and when money was offered him by way of conciliation, he looked proudly at it and refused until it was pressed upon him, and then said, 'I take it for the box,' meaning the poor-box at his chapel. He came again and again—at last he disappeared, and we have since heard from another of the fraternity that poor Piorotti is dead.

He who told us was a complete contrast to our old favourite. Calm, controlled, dignified, almost proud, he did not carry the 'gallery,' like his predecessor, but a box of medallions, which he bore under his arm, apparently with a full consciousness of their worth and his own. He did not kindle at the praise bestowed upon them, but simply bowed his head as if to approve the judgment. Oh! the inexhaustible treasure of beauty which that small square box contained! In that limited space what a concentration of genius! what exquisite current coin of the realm of mind! and with what a charm gifted—the best of all—that they are accessible both to rich and poor! What a world of association lies in the compass of four inches! Take for examples the 'Morning' and 'Night.' What a host of thoughts, feelings, and impressions are written upon those two small circular tablets! 'Morning,' bounding forth from her gorgeous eastern chamber, scattering roses bright as the crimson with which it is draped, and sweet as the lips which, half opened, are hymning praise to the Spirit of Good who has bidden her go forth to gladden the hearts of the children of men. You fancy the air filled with sweet sounds. There is the upspringing song of the lark; there is the distant low of awakening cattle: there are insects innumerable, each and all lifting up the different voices with which Nature has gifted them, to herald the Morning on her way. The flowers lift up their heads to greet her, and, as she moves onward, it seems but to create fresh music—to call forth sweeter perfume. The very excess of exhilaration brings soberness. There is the coming day so bright and joyous; what will be its close? What sights may it behold in its journey? What clouds may cross its path? what heavy tears may descend to dim its brightness? And melancholy would come, but for *that* gentle 'Night,' who, with quiet drooping head, silent wings, folded drapery, bids the weary children of men come rest upon her bosom, and, clasped in her protecting arms, there forget the 'cark and care' which followed in the track of her more radiantly uprising sister. There is 'Leander'—so wondrous in its power of differing expression, by a momentary change of position. Hold it thus—it is Leander urging his way through the mighty waters, his head erect above them, his shoulder strongly and bravely heaving them aside, to make for himself an ocean-path: his hair is streaming on the breeze,—but what are winds or waves to him? he heeds them not—his steadfast eye is fixed on the

beacon-lamp burning from the turret, and it bids him onward to bask in brighter beams from the eyes of her who is waiting to light him into the world of love, which alone to him is life. One little horizontal movement—it is Leander still—he has struggled in vain, for there is no longing springing hope to light him onward, and each unwilling effort has borne him *away* from the beacon in the watch-tower. The shoulder is powerless, the head thrown back, the eyes upturned in one longing lingering farewell to the light of his life; the hair floats loosely on the waters, as if already incorporate with them. Some ocean-deity is taking him to her arms. Fly, Hero, to your turret-window! leap into the depths below, with him who was your own on earth, and there mingle in a new existence in the caves that lie beneath the deep blue waters! And what is this? Is it ‘Love lamenting’ over the loss of one of his renowned heroes? No, not so deep a grief. He is flying from his first rebuke,—one hand shading his weeping eyes, the other listlessly bearing his unfed torch; but there is health and vigour in the graceful limbs. Go, comfort thee! there is yet hope—come back in strength and gladness!—That he will—and you are not quite sure whether he may not be already smiling under that little hand, and about to turn round upon the instant, with a face like April’s, that child of the year, half smiles, half tears.

The word ‘child,’ recalls an effect once produced by the sight of a copy, in medallion, of Raphael’s ‘Paul preaching at Athens.’ We met accidentally with two children, who had been shut out from all access to works of art. They had been born in a country, and with circumstances around them, to keep a taste for them entirely unfostered. Their education had been good; their minds had been cultivated to the full extent those circumstances allowed. They had, with the early habit of self-dependence, acquired a certain coldness of manner, that confined all their expression of admiration to a simple verbal approval. There was no kindling eye, no glowing cheek, no animated movement. A calmness unaccustomed to youth, and almost provoking to a more enthusiastic, though older temperament, possessed all they said or did. Curiosities, knick-knacks and numerous etcetera were shown to them one after the other, but the eternal ‘yes’ or ‘no,’ or a cold common-sense remark, was all that could be extracted. At last the medallions were produced, and the copy of the cartoon was the first. There was a rush, and a shout—yes, a shout; and the two little heads bent over the white tablet, and the eyes flashed, and the cheeks crimsoned, and their words came thick and fast, as each fresh object was discovered. We were friends for ever. At last they seemed exhausted with excess of admiration, and remained silent, but still gazing intently into the depths of that wonderful world of the human mind, as if they would not leave it till all its recesses were explored. It was a tribute, of which

Raphael might have been proud—and their mother also; for where is the highest triumph of art, unless there be the corresponding spirit in others to recognise and be improved by it. These children felt the influence of the true and the beautiful, though as yet unable to explain why they felt it. The simple dignity of Paul's figure, the rich, yet light drapery that envelopes it, the strong vitality of lofty purpose in the attitude, its contrast with the cold, hard, silent statue of Mars, seen on its pedestal in the back-ground—marking the holier triumph of the gospel of peace over the unhallowed might of war—the differing expressions in the faces of the listening group—positive disapprobation—gloomy murmuring—dogged attention—inward thought—half awakened conviction—earnest admiration—all worked up with the most consummate power and grace in the choice of expression, the adjustment of attitude, the arrangement of drapery; no one single error in detail to mar the magnificence, the one grand design; all this was felt, and to this was accorded the willing and enthusiastic homage which ingenuity had failed to call forth. From this they passed to others, to excite fresh admiration, and call forth new expressions of delight. It seemed to open a new world to them. The poets, sculptors, painters, and the other great, though less glorious, rulers of the world, with whom history had made them familiar, were hailed with delight. It was the poetry of education infused into the prose. Here was art fulfilling its true destination. Art, loved for itself alone, becomes a selfish dereliction of the care and tendance which all excelling minds owe to others who may be less highly gifted. It is the lavish expenditure of time and thought on the lifeless image, while the living breathing creature is languishing for the help which is denied it. We deny not to those who are labourers in the holy vocation of working out the redemption of man from a debasing unspiritualizing thralldom, moments, nay, hours of enjoyment, in gazing on the forms and faces that have remained, from time to time, as promises of future glory. There may the unrequited love, the baffled hope in wearied and worn hearts, turn for refuge from the thought of what man has been to them, to the hope of what he may become for others; or there find an anodyne of forgetfulness in gazing at beauty that cannot betray, or strength that cannot tyrannize; and there let the master-spirits of art be stimulated to nobler creations; suited to the rapidly progressing spirit of our times; taking fire from the altar of genius, to create, in turn, a purer, brighter flame, than has ever yet been kindled.

Who speaks of the high and palmy state of the arts having departed for ever? There is yet ample scope for mightier achievements than they have yet attained. They are in a state of repose, but they will reawaken to a more glorious and beautiful existence than they have heretofore known. The antique sculpture appealed to the human intellect, while it left the human heart

untouched, and there is yet a new and wider field of influence in the developement of soul and expression, of which the ancients caught only remote glimpses. Beautiful agency of the mind of man! that can transform even the marble of the rock into an instrument to soften and refine the heart of man. Who speaks of the high and palmy state of the arts having departed for ever? They are now nearer to that state than in the most glorious days of olden Greece, or in the times when Lorenzo the Magnificent fostered the genius of art in whatever form she might approach him. Their palmy state is when, added to the splendour of their creations, the universality of their influence is most widely felt. Thanks to the ever-multiplying mould, there is no longer exclusive possession to those who exchange the yellow demon in their purses for the angel of light from the artist's chisel, and think they have rendered mighty service by their munificent patronage. There are thousands of eyes and hearts burning and beating to do honour to the poet-artist's creations. Let him not waste the sacred fire on the unhallowed altar of Mammon, let him not stoop to execute the inferior order of an inferior mind, or break the mould that might have gone forth over the wide world, presenting a rich dower of pleasure to each beholder; break it, away from the sight of the many, at the command of a self-loving one. Let him look back at what the arts have been, and take courage to look forward at what they may become. Let him remember the time when the first attempt at sculpture was the rude wooden carving of the savage, when the mere external form of man was all they ambitioned; or if they departed from this, and intermingled their own imagination with more servile imitation, it was but to create deformity of the most monstrous kind. Let him pass on to the days, when exactness of physical imitation was its highest attainment; when to copy muscle, bone, and vein, was reckoned a great achievement, when there was a certain degree of power of an inferior kind, but where all the nobler attributes of man remained unwakened. When a people could so degrade themselves as to exalt fighting men into gods, is the inferiority of their arts to be wondered at? Then came the time, when to this physical exactness was added intellectual greatness,—the mind breathing through the marble. The stately forms of the Greek and Roman sculptor; the square brow, the firm precisely-chiselled lips, the calm imperturbable grandeur of their attitudes, the rich draperies with majesty in their every fold, making it scarcely a marvel that their creators of old deified the work of their own hands. But it is not a God of majesty who is the object of our devotion. It is a God all love; and we turn from the cold stateliness of antique sculpture, waiting for the advent of that day when the ever living soul shall be seen breathing from out the marble, in a thousand differing developements of that Divine love which awakened it into life, and bade it go forth to create a

twin-born feeling in the hearts of all who gazed upon it. And there is yet another day beyond—when art shall have fulfilled its mission; when the whole world shall be one vast spectacle of moral, intellectual, and physical beauty; when the forms that as yet live but in the far-sighted glimpse of the poet, shall be seen breathing in triumphant life; when universal love shall have wrought out universal beauty—beauty glowing in a reality of existence, that shall make the noblest statue of the noblest sculptor seem cold and corpse-like, when compared with the power of warm life, when linked in glorious union with the divinity that dwells within us!

S. Y.

SONGS OF THE MONTHS,—No. 11, NOVEMBER.

COME to thy home, beloved!
 The time for thy toil is ending:
 I've made thee a rest, come see,
 Where our last few flowers are bending
 A sweet farewell to thee!
 Come to thy home, beloved.

Come to thy home, beloved!
 The mists they are thick, remember;
 We've no autumn's mellow sun,
 It is dull and drear November,
 And thy way a darksome one.
 Come to thy home, beloved!

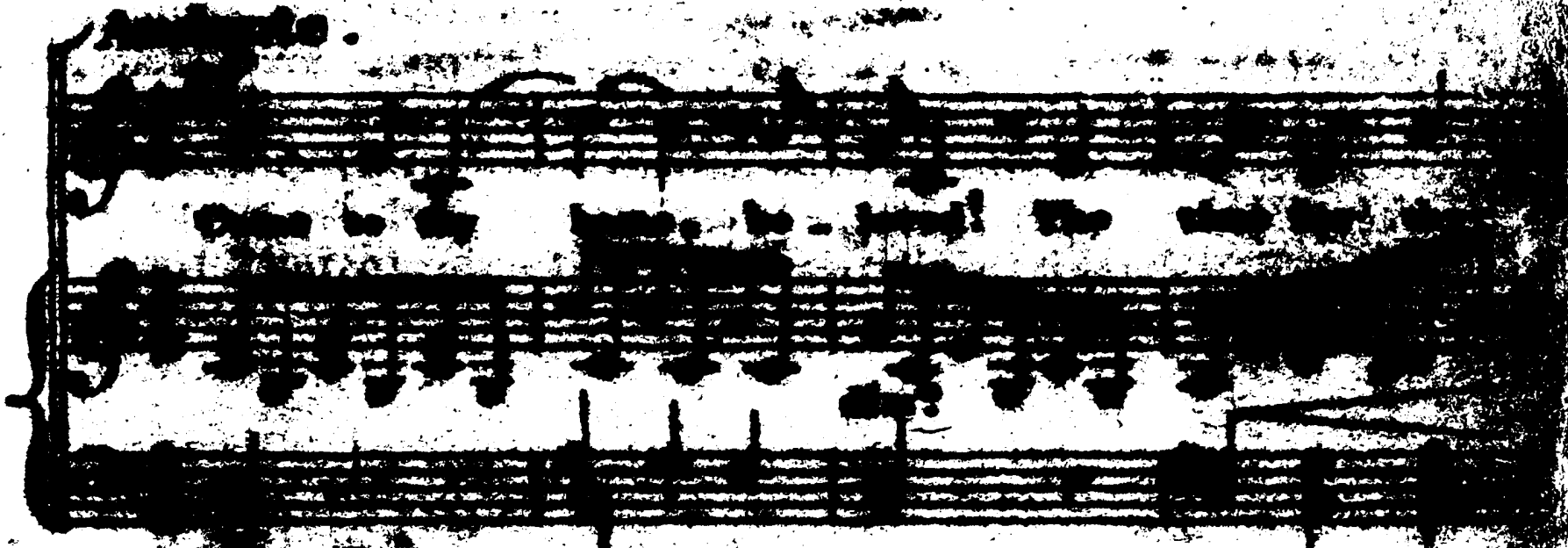
Come to thy home, beloved!
 There's an eye that longs to meet thee;
 And the fire is blazing clear,
 And O! such a heart to greet thee.
 Will that not tempt thee here?
 Come to thy home, beloved!

Come to thy home, beloved!
 Come! how the vapour thickens.
 Will this watching ne'er be past?
 There's a footstep.—Hark! it quickens.
 Ah! thou art here at last—
 Here, at thy home, beloved!

S. Y.

"COME TO TRY HOME!"

A November Song.



Sf *accol?*

3. Verse.

Come to thy home, be - - loved The misty they are

Sf *accol?*

think love, re - - member We've no Au - - tumn's mel - - - low

sun. It is dull and drear No - - vember And thy way a wea - - ry

pp *tempo*
one! Come to thy home be - - loved!

HINTS ON THE ERRORS OF PARTY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF DOUGLAS D'ARCY.

CAREFUL observation of public events, and a tolerably varied knowledge of public men, have convinced me that there is much more of error than of wickedness in all parties. Is this a truism? I shall be very happy when men shall act as if it were; which, however, I have never yet known them to do. We have no objection to reading that 'charity hideth a multitude of sins;' but we have small charity for those who differ from us, more especially in matters political. Invective, objurgation, charges of idiotism in practice, and of rascality in principle, are far more commonly to be met with among politicians than a frank tolerance, a candour of discussion, or a zealous and genuine philanthropy.

Having no connexion with any political party or partisans, I may be, perhaps, forgiven for pointing out to my contemporaries some facts to draw their attention to the silent but sure operation of party errors in producing national sufferings. In performing this task, I shall as far as possible guard against alluding to individuals in such manner as to give them pain. My object is not satire, but the developement of truth.

On looking through the 'Memorials of Hampden, his Time, and Party,' by Lord Nugent, it is impossible not to be very agreeably impressed with the candour which pervades the work. In saying that there *is one case of departure* from this equally valuable and honourable candour, I should say that which I do not mean. The *spirit* of the noble writer is uniformly candid: but in one portion of his work he has, I think, omitted to profit by an opportunity his materials afforded him of reading mankind a valuable, and, indeed, an almost inestimable lesson upon the errors of party.

It is to be observed that our noble author is so far from being unaware of or insensible to the evils of civil war, that in point of fact he himself, after reciting those of its evils which are commonly thought and spoken of, adds a sentence or two most touchingly eloquent both in fact and in manner:—

'Even things inanimate,' says his lordship, 'which appeal to remembrance only, crowd in with their numberless associations to tell us how unnatural a state of man is civil war. The village street barricaded; the house deserted by all its social charities, perhaps occupied as the stronghold of a foe; the church, where lie our parents' bones, become a battery of cannon, a hospital for the wounded, a stable for horses, or a keep for captives; the accustomed paths of our early youth beset with open menace or hidden danger; its fields made foul with carnage; and imprecations of furious hate, or the supplications of mortal agony, coming to us in our own language, haply in the very dialect of our peculiar province; these are among the familiar and frequent griefs of civil war.'*

* Memorials of Hampden, &c. vol. ii. pp. 163, 164.

Either appended to this passage, or in allusion to it in his masterly preface—masterly, that is, as far as it goes—the noble author ought to have reprobated the headlong folly which would provoke such horrors while a possibility of avoiding them remained; *or*, WITHOUT THE CERTAINTY THAT THE ENDURANCE OF THEM WOULD BE IN THE END PRODUCTIVE OF PUBLIC BENEFIT.

What horrors attended the great civil war between Charles I. and a portion of his people, no reader of history needs to be told. And to what horrors did these pave the way? To the iron, though splendid tyranny of Cromwell; to the blasphemous ravings of the fifth-monarchy-men; to the more than bestial ignorance and servility of the Praise-god-barebone crew; to the mere *chance* whether Monk should aid the restoration of the prince, or favour his country with a second edition of the protectorate of Cromwell; and finally to the bestowing upon Charles II. more power over both purse and person than that which his father had been beheaded for *endeavouring to obtain*, and the sudden transition from the extreme of Puritanism to such profligacy, public and private, as almost warranted the description of England as a country of ‘men without honour and women without shame.’

I think that the noble author, of whom I have already spoken, would have done good service to the cause of truth, if to his description of the horrors of civil war he had added a denunciation of the monstrous folly of those who plunged their country into such horrors, to lead their fellow-countrymen to the despotism of the creatures whom Cromwell used to mask his power; and, subsequently, to that of the no less hateful creatures who pandered to the voluptuous selfishness of Charles II., and to the gloomy—though I think conscientious—bigotry of his brother James.

It may be asked whether I would have the noble author in question impute blame to the political party with whose leading principles his own party of the present day is supposed to sympathize? I reply—YES!—if that party acted either unwisely or unjustly, I would have its honest and able historians to censure it; albeit I could sympathize with them did they pen their censure ‘more in sorrow than in anger.’

But in point of fact I do not charge the Puritan party alone of an unwise willingness to resort to physical force. That willingness I fear was the prevailing folly, the besetting sin, of but too large a majority of both parties. Had it not been so, the Parliamentary party would have *asked* more moderately, and the Royalists would have *conceded* at once more wisely and more liberally.

The noble author to whom I have so often referred is at once zealous and just in vindicating the *motives* of Hampden; but he should remember that in political movements wisdom of action is no less important than purity of motives; and when we ponder the bloodshed, the brutal ignorance, the fierce fanaticism, the savage exultation over the fallen monarch, and the base, the un-

speakingly base servility to the successful Protector; when we ponder these, and remember that these terminated in the restoration, amid the most frantic joy, of a prince who had all the bad qualities of his father and brother, without the domestic virtues of the former, or the redeeming sincerity of the latter, it is surely not too much to ask that the impartial historian shall not hold up the virtues of the heroes of his history to our admiration without warning us, by comments upon their errors, that good judgment must be added to good wishes, or our very virtues will become 'holy' traitors to us, and to our country into the bargain.

Had not both sides been too bigoted in their politics, had not both sides been too well inclined towards bloodshed, the Parliamentary party might have gained permanent advantages far beyond the merely temporary ones it did gain. I admit that the vacillations of the King doubly injured him; for while he insulted and irritated his opponents by his perfidy on some occasions, he most unwisely—nay, in the case of Strafford, most basely and shamefully—yielded to them upon others. But the Parliamentary party, let it not be concealed—was as insincere as the King himself. Had it not been so, the extremity of war would have been avoided; for many of the grievances complained of were rather technical—*si à dire*—than real, and some of the terms demanded were rather insulting and distasteful to the King than important to the hearts of the Parliamentarians, or vital to their *avowed* cause—that of civil and religious liberty.

It will be seen from the foregoing remarks, that I am of opinion that both parties to the disputes between Charles and his Parliament were infinitely less sincere than they ought to have been in desiring an amicable termination of those disputes; and that the popular party was, in fact, more intent upon exerting its power to the utmost than upon exerting it wisely, humanely, and to the permanent and solid advantage of the people at large.

The mere expression of this opinion I should not consider of importance enough to warrant my present intrusion upon the time and attention of the reader, if I were not of opinion that there is a greater resemblance between the party errors of Charles's time and those of the present time than is generally perceived or even guessed at. 'History,' we are told, 'is philosophy teaching by example.' But to what purpose the teaching if we will not learn? Of what avail the example if we mistake good for bad, or reject the former and cleave to the latter?

Let us examine a few of the occurrences of our own time; let us look steadfastly and impartially upon the contrast between *opinions* and *measures*.

I know perfectly well, that popularity is not to be acquired by differing, however slightly, from the popular delusions of the time.

To me, however, truth is of far greater consequence than popularity. My whole life is spent in study; of the gaieties and the ambitions of other—and probably both wiser and happier—men, I have no share; and I am infinitely more anxious to conduce to the well-being of my fellow-men than to obtain their applause.

Thus thinking and thus feeling—knowing also that the work for which I write this Paper is known to be impartial, and all the more highly esteemed on that very account—I do not hesitate to avow my belief that the *party* proceedings of my time and country have been, for the most part, unreasonable, unwise, and, as to the most important end, unprofitable.

Setting aside the question of Catholic Emancipation, and the guilt or innocence of Queen Caroline; questions upon which my opinions would probably offend many without any good effect upon popular opinion; I will proceed at once to *the* event of our time—Reform of Parliament.

It is fresh in the remembrance of all, that Reform of Parliament was demanded with the utmost earnestness, and that it was to be the commencement of a moral and political millennium. To say a word against it was to provoke the envenomed abuse of itinerant orators, and—if he who said that word held any high rank—even the personal attacks of precisely that portion of the people whose reform would have been most usefully begun at home. Those, on the other hand, who advocated the desired change were flattered with a grossness which must have been even more disgusting to them than to the mere impartial auditor or reader of it. One nobleman, in the forty-third year of his age, was spoken of as ‘the *youthful* (!) scion of the house of ———;’ alas! at thirty-one *I* do not feel so very youthful! To be sure I am not a noble! Even known ‘placemen and pensioners,’ if they did but *talk* sonorously and long in favour of reform were exalted to the very pinnacle of popularity, their places duly forgotten, and their pensions entirely unmentioned.

All the abuse lavished upon the opponents of the Reform Bill, and all the gross flatteries heaped upon the advocates of that measure, were justified at the time by the alleged certainty that great and immediate benefit to the ‘operative classes’ would result from the enactment of the Bill in question. What *have* been the results? Calthorpe-street, *Nepotism* such as was never witnessed in the very heyday of Toryism, trades unions, strikes, the transportation of unionists, the Irish Coercion Bill, general disappointment, general disgust, general discontent!

Do I infer from all this that all Reforms are useless, or that all Reformers are wicked? Not so; I only infer that the Reform has not been well managed, and the Reformers have lacked wisdom.

We are too prone to bawl for general measures, to espouse the

cause of PARTIES, to neglect details, and to allow in one set of men worse conduct than that for which we brand and loathe other men.

Declaim before a given number of operatives against useless placemen and Parliamentary charlatans: you shall have much applause. Good: but those very men who applaud your vague declamation will at the very same time maintain, with the subscriptions they can so ill spare, placemen and charlatans of their own! Any one who has taken the trouble to inquire about the characters and pursuits of the loudest among the charlatans who have excited the 'operatives' to bawl for the restoration of the Whigs, and then to get up trades unions to oppose those Whigs, will agree with me, that the great majority of those bawlers are *not operatives*. One buys coffee in the berry and sells it in the beverage; another buys the labour of *operative* printers and sells it in the form of unstamped newspapers, redolent of ignorance, violence, and cupidity; another keeps a dirty gin-shop; one hawks smutty publications from door to door; another throws aside the needle which he is too lazy to use, for the secretary's pen he is not fit for, or for the treasurer's cash-box he is very fit—to abscond with! And these are the people who say to the operatives '*our cause, our interests, our rights, our labour!*' Laugh!

Many of the most popular demands—now, as in Charles's time—*are calculated to provoke opposition*, but not to do any material good *if granted*;—many things are denied by the Ministers which they could grant USEFULLY TO THE PEOPLE, *usefully to their own popularity*, and usefully to THE PRESERVATION OF PUBLIC ORDER AND COURT SAFETY.

Do I impute wickedness to either people or Ministers? Not so: but I impute—*now, as in Charles's time*—ERROR TO BOTH PARTIES.

One instance of the *error* of Ministers will suffice, for the present, to illustrate what I have hitherto said.

Before the Whigs got into power the 'taxes on knowledge' seemed to stink in their very nostrils. How is it that they have not taken off those monstrous taxes? Those of their adherents to whom these taxes—for though less obvious than the stamp duty the paper tax and post tax are no trifles—give a monopoly, furnish them with an argument—*i. e.* 'that if the stamp-duty were remitted or greatly reduced, tag, rag, and bob-tail would become our best public instructors;' and thus the people would be laid open to the ill advice of crude theorists, sham philanthropists, and pennyless desperadoes. The Ministers have not taken up this sapient argument: they are quite right! They know perfectly well that all that is ignorant, hypocritical, and desperate, has been nursed into feculent mischievousness *by* the stamp duty. They know that cheapness does not necessarily imply ignorance or sedition; and they know, or ought to be told, that politics as

well as literature would have their able expounders in Penny Magazines, Guides to Knowledge, London Journals, and Caskets. *But the tax can be evaded, and is evaded, by the ignorant and the ferocious; THE MAN OF TALENT AND THE LOVER OF PEACE IS BY LAW PRECLUDED FROM COMBATING THE FIGMENTS OF THE FOOL, AND FROM REPROVING THE VIOLENCE OF THE DESPERADO.* ‘Aye, but,’ say the Ministers, with the *candid and honest* * Chancellor of the Exchequer at their head, ‘though we clearly enough see the motive of the argument set up by the monopolists, and though we repudiate that argument as far as regards the public benefit, or the rights of authors, we *must* retain the tax, *for we cannot afford to repeal it.*’

Here it is that I shall join issue with Ministers; here it is that I shall show that (while they grant, or promise to grant *general* demands to the people, which do *not* benefit the people, and which do irritate the Aristocracy, and cause public jealousies) they deny what they might safely grant, grant profitably to the people, and gain the love of the people by granting.

Having paid some attention to the workings of our fiscal system, and having considerable interest in the removal of the *prohibition of my publishing political speculations*, I addressed the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the subject of his professed inability *to afford* to give up the taxes on newspapers. I did not merely and vaguely complain of the evil: I went farther, and suggested a means by which that evil might be abated, without the loss of a single shilling to the Treasury.

I am in justice and in manliness bound to observe, that though my letter was written at a very busy period of the Parliamentary session, and though Lord Althorp must of necessity have had many matters to engage his attention, my *letter was replied to by return of post.* Such promptitude is a very great merit in a Minister.

But though I admire the Minister’s promptitude, I do not feel bound to leave a fallacy unexamined or an evil unremedied, because the one has been promptly forwarded, or the other promptly justified.

The letter ran thus:—

‘Downing Street, Nov. 21.

‘Sir,—I am directed by Lord Althorp to acknowledge your letter of the 19th, and to thank you for the suggestions contained in it. The proposal of raising money by licences has been very frequently recommended, but there are many objections to it, and it has never been considered advisable as a *general* measure. The *partial* adoption of it

* It is no part of my nature to take advantage of my own obscurity to offer insult to those whom birth, wealth, or office, places so far above me as to render it impossible for them to reply to me. I deny neither honesty nor candour to Lord Althorp. But I confess that the emphatic and perpetual ascription of those qualities to him has often made me ask what *compliment* is it to a man to say, *having nothing to conceal, you do not lie; and having nothing to desire, you do not steal?*

would be still more inconvenient, and you must not therefore be surprised if it is not carried into effect.

‘ I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

‘ Mr. ———
‘ Brompton.’

‘ H. L. WICKHAM,

The words ‘ *general* ’ and ‘ *partial* ’ are not underlined in the original, but I cause them to be printed in italics, because they, in fact, comprehend the whole gist of the question. Lord Althorp had stated that he could not *afford* to repeal certain taxes. In my letter to him I pointed out that he *could* afford to repeal taxes which impede *production* by laying a tax, in the shape of a licence, upon certain mere *distributors* of productions, and by increasing the amount of the tax, in the same shape, already levied upon certain other mere distributors. Be it remarked that I only proposed to tax, or to increase the tax upon, such distributors as depend for their trade upon the VICES or the FOLLIES of the public. The answer to this is:—

1st. ‘ The raising money by compelling the taking out of licences has never been considered advisable as a *general measure*. ’

Rejoinder. As a general measure I never proposed it.

2dly. ‘ As a partial measure it would be still more inconvenient. ’

Ah! the pot-house, the chandler’s shop, the attorney, the goldsmith, the omnibus and cab nuisances, and a score or two of other small matters *are* licensed; ‘ but the partial adoption of the system would be inconvenient!!! ’

The system must of necessity be partial; it is *PARTIALLY* adopted, but the error is, firstly, that the system does not sufficiently tax the licences of a trade which makes the immense fortunes of a few by dealing out poisonous spirits to the many; and, secondly, that such mere distributors as lacemen, linendrapers, and other effeminates *whose chief source of revenue* is the mania for dress, are not licensed at all. No one will deny that the best possible tax is that which does not impede *productive* labour; as little, I imagine, will any one deny that the two trades, or kinds of distributors, I have named,—living, as they do, upon the vicious and the foolish, (for the most part, that is,)—are precisely the persons who ought to be made to contribute largely to the expenses of the State from the revenue they derive from ministering to the vice or the folly of individuals.

The plea of ‘ inconvenience of the partial adoption of the plan ’ I have already shown to be unfounded, for it already has been partially adopted; but while the itinerant vender of huckaback and printed cottons must pay £4 sterling per annum for his licence to earn a scanty living by a most wearisome calling, the venders of lace and ribbons, and the rest of the trumpery which seems to turn the heads of so many women of all ranks—and to obtain which more women in the lower ranks sacrifice chastity

and honesty than from any other cause—derive princely fortunes without paying a shilling in the way of licence. Are their establishments expensive? Not a doubt of it; but their rent, their carpeted shops, their plate glass, their chandeliers, their newspaper puffs and the support of the misemployed effeminate whom they retain to impose on our womankind, are paid *by their customers*. They make immense incomes *beyond* all their expenses; and out of their incomes every man of them having more than four shopmen or women, or other persons, male or female, employed in serving the customers should pay,

Firstly, a licence duty of £40 per annum: 2dly, for each shopman or woman above four, a tax of £2 per annum.

Of the gin-shops the same thing may be said as to principle: the details must necessarily differ. Few, I believe, of the people who fit up with meretricious gaudiness huge establishments for the manufacture of thieves and paupers, keep more than four persons to dole out their filthy compounds. With them, therefore, we must go differently to work.

With mere public houses it would not be necessary to interfere. But every house fitted up as a gin-shop—that is, not having a parlour for the accommodation of the more select company, and a tap-room, with accommodation for the labouring man to cook or to eat his meal; every such house should pay, in addition to all licence-duties at present levied, the sum of £200 per annum.

I know that these sums will seem large to the unreflecting reader. But let him just ask himself whether it would seriously *oppress* these trades? Oppress, indeed! they would scarcely feel it. It would be impossible—so enormous is their trade—for the one trade to add the fiftieth part of a farthing to the price of ribbon per yard, or for the other to add the thousandth part of a farthing to the price of gin per glass; and, consequently, these taxes would not injure the manufacturer of ribbon or of gin, but would simply *take a small portion of an enormous gain*, ILL MADE, in order to remove an *unjust pressure from* USEFUL PRODUCTIVENESS.

Though I have dwelt only upon two* of the callings upon which a licence-duty might be levied, there are many others equally obvious. But from even these two, Lord Althorp may, if he sincerely wish it, raise double the annual sum he will give up by repealing the stamp-duty on newspapers. And as his Lordship must be well aware that that duty enables fools and knaves to play the charlatan, and prohibits men of talent and integrity from publishing in a cheap form, it is to be hoped that he will adopt the advice I now most respectfully give him, viz., to bear constantly in mind that no *permanent* power or popularity

* One of these—spirit dealers—Lord Althorp recently proposed to charge more than heretofore per licence; but all who already pay £10 to be exempted from the increase, i. e. the very persons who ought to be most highly taxed—gin-palace keepers!!

is to be obtained by encouraging or joining in mere declamation in favour of 'liberal principles,' unless those principles be acted upon in such wise as to facilitate to the poor the means of obtaining a wholesome sufficiency of nutriment for both the body and the mind.

We have *heard* enough about 'liberal principles;' nay, some of those principles have been pushed more than far enough. It is now high time to *act* liberally to *all* parties, and to provide against the fatal errors of the Reformers in the time of the first Charles; that, namely, of clamouring for the unimportant and the specious, to the neglect of the substantial and the beneficial.

W. T. H.

ACEPHALA.

AN essay on female education is ever a sort of writ of *ad quod damnum* to ascertain how much a woman may be allowed to know, without trespassing on the mental preserves of man, and how little, consistently with securing for him every possible advantage. Her education is never considered otherwise than with reference to him; though his education is never considered with reference to her.

The aim of female education has been to make woman a kind of *acephala*, that is, an animal without a distinct head. It is now about being felt, that this system does not work so well as it was hoped it would: that *indistinct heads* descend, by hereditary right, on to the shoulders of sons as well as daughters, and that by aid of a few sympathetic unions, we run a chance of having some with *no heads at all*. This is going a step beyond Lord Monboddoo, who bore testimony to the opposite excess. In this wonderful age such an event were nothing to wonder at, hardly to lament; some method for supplying heads by means of a patent machine would, doubtless, be forthwith forthcoming; and heads of any degree of intellect, 'warranted to wear well in all climates,' would speedily divide public patronage with the highest polish for boots and newest cut for periwigs.

I once heard it suggested by a humorist, that if an abstract of the *male* sex could appear, like some of the fabled deities of old, and address a similar abstract of the *female* sex on the subject in question, he would say, 'Whatever you do, see that you make *us* comfortable: on that condition we will give you lodging, food, and clothing, and as much of our fascinating company as we think proper. There is some talk about the better developement of your head, we are quite unprepared upon the subject; had it been any plan for the enlargement of your heart, even though it might threaten aneurism, it should have our instant patronage, for it is clear that you cannot love us too much.' I cannot trust my memory regarding the reply to this

characteristic harangue, but as far as the idea goes, it suggested to me that the general character of man, as modified by present education and manners, is not very unlike that of

‘ Little Jack Horner
Who sat in the corner
Eating a christmas pie,
He put in his thumbs
And pull’d out the plums
And cried ‘ What a good boy am I!!!’

From what source he derives this most amazing fund of self-complacency for pulling out the plums *for himself*, it would be very difficult, upon any modern principle of sociality or philanthropy, to define. However, if I may be allowed to compare knowledge to anything so homely as a plum-pie, Jack Horner’s plan is precisely that on which man has acted with regard to knowledge. The practice is about as wise and as worthy as would be the domestic arrangements of a man who should let the physical sustenance of his family depend upon *seeing him eat*. Much greater advance must we make to an acquaintance with the doctrine of sympathy, ere even a Falstaff of a father would have, by such means, any other than a most lean lachrymal family.

‘ It is,’ says the “Journal of Education,” (No. 15, p. 26,) ‘ a principle which cannot be too often repeated, that the foundation for a well-ordered society is the moral and intellectual culture given to *all* the members who compose it.’

I must all my life have been under a mistake as to the meaning of the word ‘ *all*.’ It is impossible that it can designate ‘ the whole number ; every body,’ as the dictionary gives it ; and while I have fondly imagined that it meant the total, it must in fact only mean a moiety ; for in what plan of education, public, private, or national, is *female* education even glanced at as a national or universal interest ? Oh, no ; feed the boys, and the girls will grow fat, is the principle upon which *mental* nourishment is purveyed ; when it is brought to bear, as it is to be hoped it will, on *physical* nourishment, what a delightful thing it will be in this politico-economic age ; for

‘ Very good meat is cent. per cent.
Dearer than very good argument.’

A writer* in the last number of the journal already quoted, says, ‘ The great end of education is to fit woman to be the companion of a man of sense and information.’ In the same article, the judicious acquirement of the accomplishments is recommended as being ‘ another link in the chain which binds men to their hearths.’

* I will take this opportunity of entering a protest against the adoption of the word ‘ *female*’ for woman. It is a very common offence ; and decidedly as ungraceful as it is incorrect. The word applies to all animals of the sex, and can only be properly used as a general term.

The great end of education is to fit woman, as an individual, to create happiness for herself by means as purely self-dependent as the nature of things will admit; and to fit her, as a relative creature, to be a zealous and liberal labourer in the midst of the whole human family for the advancement of the whole human race. It might be imagined, were there no avenues to a knowledge of human nature but through books, that for the cement of the union of the sexes, attraction need exist on one side only. How is this? Is it that personal preference and attachment is essential to satisfy the heart of woman, while necessitated or enforced adhesion is enough for that of man? As long as the mind possesses a power which spurns arbitrary control; by which it springs, in spite of law, or prudence, or policy, from that which disgusts to that which delights; so long must the charm which attracts, the spell which binds, be equally necessary to man as to woman; unless to hold the hand without the heart suffice for him. I nauseate at all I read, and hear, and see upon this subject, tending, as it does, to universal evil. Thank heaven, with all that is said, the practice is not so bad as the preaching, and though marriage be a market, there be some above purchase; though domestic life be perpetually a slavery or a sovereignty, there be some above the debasement of either state.

Education ought to aim at perfecting men and women; instead of which it aims at making ladies, gentlemen, professional people, commercial people, mechanical people, and so on; and with all this there is such an utter absence of general harmony, that it is as impossible for them to blend and associate as it is to make a circle out of a triangle. As for the companionship of the sexes, like paper money, it passes current for that which it is not. How is it possible that it should be otherwise? Are they not the antipodes of each other in habits of thinking, in principles of taste, and possession of knowledge? Actuated by some motive of interest, fashion, custom, or preference, they conform to, or they endure, each other's society; but among the millions who meet, how many *enjoy* each other's society? Oh, if drawing-rooms could bear evidence against the moral capital often floating through them, and show an account of the dividends of pleasure! Why our bank dividends, reduced, as they have been of late years, would look glorious in comparison with such a percentage. What, it may be asked, are the grounds of companionship? Some equality of powers of thinking, some degree of common knowledge, and community of regard for general interests. Who among men do we observe to be the companions of each other? Are the temperate and the hard drinkers ever companions? No, they mutually shun each other. Are the profound mathematician and the mere dancing-master ever companions? No, they mutually condemn each other. Are the generality of men and women more calculated to be companions than these? I fear not.

Before ten years of age they are separated entirely from each other in education; but long before that, distinct systems of discipline have been adopted with each. The bandage upon the feet of a Chinese woman does not more effectually restrain her from the bounding elastic step natural to a young vigorous being, than do the admonitions of the mother or the governess restrain the growth of natural beauty in the mind and form of European girls. Walking some time since in Kensington Garden, I saw a band of young boarding-school ladies; they were proceeding in as regular order as a file of soldiers going to relieve guard. Each of these girls had *an open book* in her hand; alas, to a fairer book spread out before them they were probably blind, of a profounder book which each carried in her own breast they will probably ever remain ignorant! The author of 'Godolphin' (whoever that be) observes that it is delightful to woman to feel her dependence. Whence was this fancy won? It is delightful to her, being dependent, to feel perfect confidence in that on which she depends, as the wretch afloat from a wreck will rather grasp a rock than a reed. But the sense of enjoyment consorts alone with independence: self-power is the most invigorating, enjoying consciousness of which the human mind is capable; they who are happy without it are so from unexercised or deficient intellect; theirs is the bliss of the blind who never knew light. Constraint, acting in the place of rational instruction, is one of the grand ills of civilized humanity, beginning as it does with birth, and ending only when the lifeless frame mixes its ashes with the earth. The left-handed escapes made from this constraint form the rare and brief holidays of social existence. How rapturous is the emotion which the young man, first entering on life, experiences when he feels or fancies that he has the power of originating his own actions! What luxury of civilization can keep the savage from the life of freedom, although of hardship, which he leads in the wild? How joyously burst forth the energies of young children when they escape from school! Were it possible to put the question to the whole world, and to let it be decided by a show of hands, whether freedom, to those who had it, was not the first blessing, and to those who had it not, the first desire, we should have the skies darkened by the shadow of assenting palms, and the miserable few who did not lift their hands would die of terror during the brief eclipse. For my own part, I wonder that the electric spark of genius has ever been elicited amid the *conglaciation* of civilized life; for, as a free frame is necessary to a fine attitude, so is a free mind to fine thought, and its daring and divine expression. Why is it that the best light of the world, that which lives in the human eye, so rarely lightens with flashes of mind and heart; that eloquence leaps so rarely from the lip? Because constraint, induced or adopted, is continually putting winkers upon eyes, and bits and

bridles into mouths, and the whole social machine moves in harness, and, withal, often too with *brass* enough about it. But if the icy and infected moral atmosphere has not prevented the appearance of genius, it has continually destroyed or perverted its power, and refracted its light. Many there are who have earned the meed of fame by submitting to desecration, and who then, if they had written till doomsday, would never have benefited the world. But I will not say,

‘ Who builds a church to *God* and not to fame
Will never mark the marble with his name. ’

Posterity is generally more just; it comes up with those whom contemporaries did not understand, and therefore could not properly appreciate, and thus it is, and thus it will long be, that the man of genius wants a meal while living, and receives a monument when dead. The multitude, educated as they are, prefer paying for amusement and flattery rather than for instruction and plain truth; thus singers and dancers are enabled to build palaces, and philosophers and philanthropists have not where to lay their heads.

To hasten the change which must arrive, if humanity be ever to know an approach to happiness, education must be the grand mover; and let me not be deemed partial when I say the education of woman even more than man. Amid all the narrowness and selfishness exhibited regarding her, there are among men many and splendid exceptions; and these, as much as the injury and injustice done to woman, make me yearn for her due elevation. Difficult is it to such men to find fitting mates, and evil is the consequence to themselves and to society. The union which does not improve the parties, deteriorates them; if it does not aid them to advance, it compels them to retrograde. If any views of this kind induce celibacy, then is the world defrauded of offspring, whose inherited nature and parental education might have made them treasures to their species. There is another point which must not be lost sight of—the mixed nature of humanity; the petty and the profound perpetually meet in the same person; the man who in the morning was sovereign in a hall of science, may in the evening be flattered by a compliment to the curl of his whiskers. Man needs the safeguard of mental strength in woman, as much as woman needs the safeguard of physical strength in man. None can view the subject truly, without feeling how much it is the interest of each to be equal friends and mutual sustainers. Some part of every person’s nature is derived from progenitors; the mother often endows the son, and the sire the daughter; and the differences so strongly insisted on, arising out of organization and education, exist almost as much between man and man, as between man and woman. Were man wise, he would throw open the field of knowledge to his sister; nay more, he would allure

her reluctant steps into the unaccustomed path, and say unto her, 'Come, learn with me.' Ah, but there is much that *he* studies, exclaims the objector, that is 'unfit for her perusal.' Then is it unfit for his, and he may abandon it with advantage. Corruption is corruption, be the recipient who it may, and, like all putrescence, is infectious. If such seeds be sown in the mind of the youth, what may we expect from his manhood and his age? That which we so often find.

Mankind are so much the slaves of caste and custom, that evils *known as such* are still perseveringly cultivated; and that which is dear to prejudice will be preserved, however much it be opposed to principle. There is a little talking and writing in accordance with the latter; but in *acting* we are always arm in arm with some favourite prejudice. It is a *very* favourite one, that detail is essential and amiable in woman, but the reverse in man, while the large views and stern virtues which ennoble him, are unnecessary for her; yet I dare say the same people who adopt this idea, would have among their common-places that 'trifles make the sum of human life,' &c. It was some impression of this sort, I have no doubt, which induced an observation which I once heard uttered by a woman regarding the husband of a neighbour of hers, viz., that he was 'a wretch who knew how many eggs went to the pudding.' I cannot conceive how this knowledge, and even acting upon it by assisting to make the pudding, should render him either hateful or contemptible, unless he associated with it some principle of littleness, which principle would equally degrade him were he a monarch, and brought it into action in making a ministry. 'The faculty of recognising identity of thought, notwithstanding diversity of language, with the converse power of detecting difference of meaning under identity of expression, is the first characteristic of an intellect fit for philosophy.' This may be applied to the recognition of principles in actions; the common mind cannot detect identity of principle under diversity of circumstances, manners, and methods; nor deviations from principle, when identity in these is preserved. Thus a conviction of debt, which has been discussed in a Court of Conscience, is a disgrace; while a discharge under the Insolvent Act for a sum sufficient to endow an hospital is no discredit. The mere wearing or *turning* a coat shall gain a man consideration, while the mere making of it shall gain him none. The useful, indispensable trades are those which rank lowest in the scale of estimation; and, just as we feel regarding those essential requisites, air and water, we value that least which serves us most. To fetch and carry scandal from house to house, if well managed, as it generally is, does not disgrace a Duchess; but to carry a parcel in the streets, is a crime of which none of the *gens comme il faut* could dare to be guilty. If a servant be out of the way, better were it to let a

friend die of despair at the street door, than move to open it. Here is material for mirth, if that be the mood; or matter for reflection, if philosophy be the vein. Let us test things by their fitness for the purposes of human happiness, and their true nature will soon appear. The man, cast on some strange and almost desolate shore by shipwreck, does not degrade himself when, if he has built a hut, he keeps it clean—if, when he has killed game, he cooks it with skill, and serves it with as much nicety as his means allow; of all these operations, to *kill* is the only one we allow a gentleman to perform. Yet I have had the honour of knowing one, who to the most general knowledge united the simplest manners and the most kindly usefulness; he brought the grandest principles to bear upon the meanest things, and thus ennobled every thing he did. Surely he had only learned the lesson which nature sets us throughout her works. There is an humble pair, in my own neighbourhood, whom I am silently observing with peculiar interest. He does not rise to the dignity of *making* boots, he only *mends* them. Their little place, which a large window leaves open to the street, is in good order, and while he sits at the lapstone, she sits at her needle. How delighted should I be to see her reading to him a philosophical treatise or a fine poem, and then, when the book was laid aside and the needle resumed, hear them digest in happy converse the mental aliment they had thus participated.

The hope that the principle which recognises universal humanity, and its happiness, as the grand object and rallying point of all reform, is advancing, surely, if slowly, is a hope of which I drink as a cordial. Day by day men and women will feel that their power is in proportion to their perfectness individually, and to their justice and benevolence socially: when the practical hand, and the cultivated head, are combined—the magic lanterns of a thousand fallacies will be broken, and the shadows which they bring upon the scene will pass away for ever.

M. L. G.

PREFACE TO THE NEW BELLENDENUS.*

‘MAN shall not live by bread alone.’ Those who with Mr. Cobbett understand this phrase literally, like to add beef to their bread. Even so the mind of man must sometimes turn from the search after wisdom, and seek for its condiment laughter. It is good to laugh. An hour’s hearty laugh is as good gymnastic exercise to the body as a ten miles walk, nay better, for walking

* No rivalry with Parr or his wig is intended, though there is a parallel in the cases, and our Bellendenus finds his ‘*Cicero princeps*’ in a wig; or did, before the wigs were all in the fire. The learned work of our author is thus entitled, ‘*Essay on the Archaology of Popular English Phrases and Nursery Rhymes.*’ By John Bellenden Ker, Esq.

only exercises a few of the muscles ; laughter, on the contrary, stirs the whole body, and sets it in a healthy ferment. Broad grins for ever ! even though they be not very refined. What a treasure has been to mankind Colonel David Crocket, of Tennessee. Oh ! to hear him make a ‘stump oration !’ But such things are not for all mortals, and we must content ourselves with minor delights in the way of laughter.

Reader, do you know Albany ?—not Albany Fonblanque, the analyst ; that were a superfluous asking to a ‘Repository’ reader—nor yet Piccadilly Albany, which gives Lord Althorp his qualification. But do you know Albany, in America, the capital of York State, famous for many things, and many families related to the ‘Knickerbocker’ names, and amongst others, famous for its Cruttenden ? If you do not know him, by all means seek him out when you cross the Atlantic ; nay, I almost think it is worth crossing the Atlantic on purpose. Ask for Cruttenden’s boarding house, and that is enough. All the world knows him. The house is of scarlet bricks—most likely brought from Holland—picked out with verdigrise blinds, the outlook being on a ‘blumengarten,’ or green paddock, skirted with Dutch trees. But Cruttenden himself ! There is but one Cruttenden, and he is as though Sancho Panza and Falstaff were amalgamated in one person. Oh that smiling face, that goodly paunch, lined not with sack, but Madeira—and such Madeira, he can only afford to let guests who are especial favourites drink of it ! Those oily lips and the rich wit that pours through them, without an angle in the sound ! Cruttenden is—I hope he *is*—a lawyer by profession ; but the profession did not suit him. He could not get food by the law, and so he took to feeding lawyers, *i. e.* keeping a boarding establishment for the itinerant ‘limbs’ attending the Albany law-courts ; and he thrives well by it. He is also a man of some taste, knows Knickerbocker by heart, and all his relations ; moreover, he indulges a liking for patronizing painters. One of the results of this is an oil picture of Ryp Van Winckle, waking from his nap in the Kaatskil mountains, which hangs over the mantel-shelf of his dining room. One afternoon during the process of wine-bibbing—people do not make rail-roads of their throats in Albany as they do in York, feeding against time—they take their food comfortably, as in the ‘old country,’ and acquire a knowledge that different viands have different flavours, a matter which is widely mooted by the inhabitants of New York, who shovel all kinds of food so rapidly down their straight swallows, that the only distinctions they are accustomed to make as to quality, consist in hardness and softness, dryness and liquidity. I have seen a blindfolded man unable to distinguish wine from water, brandy from noyau, by the taste ; and thus it is with the Yankees ; their mental vision sees nothing but the counting-house, and there is little doubt but if the propensity continues two genera-

tions longer, they will be unable to distinguish junked rope from salt beef—oakum from a salad. They will form a new variety in the human species,—the people of *four* senses. But to return to Cruttenden. He talked so richly of Ryp Van Winckle and his deeds, that the very table seemed in an ecstasy. The weather was hot, and I retired to sleep a siesta, my mind full of Irving lore. Scarcely had I dozed, when the low roll of distant thunder half awakened me. I slept again, and again awaked. Then again I dreamed that I saw Hendrick Hudson and his mates playing at skittles. It was two hours ere I awaked, and the veritable rumble still continued. I pinched my flesh in the spirit of—

‘ If I be I, as I suppose I be ;’

but the rumble was not dissipated. I arose and sought the tea-room, where appeared the broad face of Cruttenden himself. The sun was shining and the atmosphere was cloudless, yet still the low growling thunder rolled. ‘ Has Hendrick Hudson come up to Albany ?’ I asked ; and my merry host burst into a shout of laughter. When it subsided, he called to one of his ‘ helps’ to send in the thunder. Sure enough the ‘ bold thunder’ appeared in the person of a fine chubby boy, bearing in his arms a large cannon-shot, with which he had been imitating skittle-playing along an old wooden gallery. This same Cruttenden never quarrelled with a human being in his life. I asked his method ; on which he pulled out an old pocket-book, saying, ‘ We will see what “ Robinson Crusoe” says on the subject.’ This I afterwards found was his invariable mode when any one asked his advice on disagreeable subjects. He put on the gravity of a lawyer hunting for a case, and then in the tone of a pleader replied, ‘ “ Robinson Crusoe” says, so long as you can make a man laugh, he will neither cry nor quarrel.’ It was an admirable satire on the mode in which lawyers affect to pay deference to absurd precedents and authorities.

In the same mode in which the jolly host Cruttenden affects to find mines of wisdom in ‘ Robinson Crusoe,’ John Bellenden Ker affects to find meanings in nursery rhymes and trite sayings ; and no doubt the sly rogue is chuckling in his sleeve at the idea of having so solemnly gulled the ‘ Times’ and all the shrewdest of the critics. How could the ‘ Times’ make such a mistake as to suppose that the archaologist was *the* Bellenden Ker who falls into raptures at the Chancellor’s jokes, and is lost in wonder at his wisdom. It is true that *the* Bellenden Ker would never vent such perilous satire as his brother has put forth. It would spoil his promotion for ever. It is brother John, the eldest hope of the Kers, the ardent wooer of the Roxburghe peerage, who, in a fit of patriotic indignation at his brother’s doings with the Chancellor, has put forth this book containing much severe satire, under the flimsy veil of a pretended ancient language. The great Goethe, it is

said, wrote in parables, so does the great and would have been greater KER. It is a sad thing that the author has not vouchsafed to us the true pronounciation of this ancient name. The cockneys call it Cur; in the north they call it Care, but this can only be an effect of national habits. Cockneys are proverbial for being a sad mongrel set, and in the north the inhabitants are very prone to be careful. But let us analyze this production, which bids fair to render the name of Ker immortal, and add new lustre to that of Bellendenus. The first part of it consists of the true meanings of ancient sayings; the latter, of the hidden sense of nursery rhymes. In some definitions, I think the learned author has fallen into error, and I must beg of him to take my humble corrections in good part.

He took the bull by the horns. One obvious illustration of this phrase the learned author has entirely overlooked. Those who understand how to manage bulls take them by the tail, as the black man does in 'Sandford and Merton.' The Whigs have been in the habit of managing the bull by tickling his tail and ears, but got sadly kicked at times. The Duke of Wellington and the Tories tried to take the bull by the horns, but he became so furious, and gave such evident tokens of an inclination to gore, that they took to their heels, and the bull has never been quiet since. 'Ware horns,' is his motto.

To put the nose out of joint. This obviously alludes to another portion of the Reform question, yet unexplained between the Chancellor and Earl Grey.

Money makes the mare to go. This relates to a late mayoral transaction. The love of money was the cause that obliged Don Key to take his departure from the Treasury precincts.

The grey mare is the better horse. Nothing but a quotation is necessary here to show the satirical purpose of the author:—

'Low cunning is an overmatch for any rate of intellect when put off its guard by cajolery.'

This evidently alludes to ministerial doings.

He has too many irons in the fire. Can this be an obscure allusion to equity and politics, debate and intrigue, authorship and patronage, keeping royal consciences, and toasting red herrings?

The devil take the hindmost. 'Said upon an occasion where it was evident that some one must get into a scrape, but number one was the principal concern; where each had rather that the scrape should come to the turn of any other than to himself.' This, surely, needs no comment.

Great cry and little wool. This refers to the pamphlet of Mr. Marchant, 'The Reformed Ministry and Reformed Parliament.' The author knows how to 'hit the nail upon the head.'

He is as cross as two sticks. Reader, if you doubt the fact, consult the 'Edinburgh Review.'

The backward way the broomstick. It would seem that the author is 'no conjurer,' or he would have seen that this alludes to an old witch story.

'Once upon a time, you know, there was an old witch, (there are many young ones still,) and she had a son, and his name was Jack, you know, and so Jack knew his mother went out every night, and he watched her, you know. And so she got on a broomstick astride, and she sung out,

'“Over the bushes, and over the briers,
Over the mud, and over the mires.”'

And away she went up the chimney, like the devil in a high wind. So Jack, you know, as soon as she was gone, got a broomstick too, and got on to it astride, but he rode with his face the wrong way, taking the tail in his hand for a bridle, you know, and then he made another mistake of serious import, for he cried out,

'“Through the bushes, and through the briers,
Through the mud, and through the mires.”'

This change of a word was a sad thing for Jack, you know, for he had his skin nearly all scratched off, and the raw wounds rubbed in with mud and mire.'

Mr. Hogg has used the same idea in the 'Queen's Wake,' where the wicked women of Fife go to drink the bishop's wine; the old husband of one of them following, gets drunk, and forgets the 'flying word.'

But the phrase 'Backward way the broomstick' may also have a reference to the Chancellor's success in undoing all his popularity. The reading then would be 'Going back, the broom (Brougham) stick.' No one can doubt that Mr. Ker has contemplated it in this light; and, indeed, he refers especially to the Chancellor's late progress.—'The preposterous way of getting a reputation, one by which you will acquire the reverse of a good name. . . . To glorify oneself, to make oneself important; it implies, of course, to do so in the manner of vain-glorious people, in a mountebank way.'

Half-seas over. The author translates this phrase, 'sewed up.' It is clear that it cannot in any way refer to the Chancellor, for we have the assurance in one of his own speeches that he is very moderate in his potations. Therefore it is evident that the custom of calling port wine in a tumbler 'The Chancellor's negus,' is a sheer libel.

He is driven from post to pillow. Quere. Dost the post mean 'scratching post?' If so, it may prefigure a return from Scotland to the pillow or woolsack.

By hook or crook. This takes its date from the time Theodore Hook was in the Mauritius.

He cut the grass from under the foot. This means the conduct of the aristocrats towards the great body of the operatives. They

stop all foot-paths, and force them into the hard roads. There may be also another reading. They—i. e. the aristocrats—have cut the grass from under their own feet, in losing the affections of the people.

He paid through the nose. This refers to certain caricatures which sell so well owing to the preposterous enlargement of the most prominent feature of the face. He paid,—i. e. was profitable, owing to the nose.

To pad the hoof. This phrase is taken from the mode of walking practised by the Irishmen, or Paddies, who come over so abundantly in harvest time.

He was as busy as a hen with one chicken. What can the author mean by his remarks, 'It is said in ridicule of some one who is employing himself gravely in something essentially unimportant; one who is treating a trumpery business with an air of importance; one who is making much ado about nothing.'

To call over the coals. Does this allude to the wish of so many persons to have the great coal-owner, Lord Durham, as a minister?

A Mother Carey's chicken. There was once a Mother Carey on the pension list, and she had many pretty chickens.

Raw head and bloody bones. Raw heads are quite common in the legislature, and many public employments. Bloody bones are becoming scarce since people have grown tired of war.

It is all moonshine. A great patriot 'out at elbows' once wished to borrow money of Sir Francis Burdett. The wary Baronet referred him to Horne Tooke to get his securities examined. Horne Tooke pondered for a long time over the deeds, said to be vouchers for West Indian property. His eyes grew more and more critical, and a sarcastic grin took possession of his countenance. The enraged borrower at last called out, 'What, Sir, do you think it all moonshine?' 'Moonshine!' replied Tooke. 'By —, Sir, it is not even starshine.'

A son of a gun. A great military character. His satellites are only sons of an Ancient Pistol.

In my books. The author says, 'to be a favourite of the person who uses the expression.' This is not the sense in which the nobility's tradesmen understand the phrase.

Bug-bear. A mutually bestowed title which Sir Edward Sugden and the Chancellor divide between them.

Livelihood. This cannot by possibility mean any thing but the author of the Comic Annual.

Old Harry. 'A bad influence to be under the power of a treacherous superiority for the subordinates.' The author is very quaint and concise at a definition.

By the Lord Harry. This is an oath which is now falling into desuetude, as little more is to be got by it.

Ready cut and dry. Meaning a king's speech, dry enough, and people are quite ready to cut it.

He left no stone unturned. Alluding to the propensities of Mr. Mac Adam.

A cat may look at a king. She must be sadly at a loss for something to do.

Long run. The run of Long Wellesley from his creditors.

He looked as if butter would not melt in his mouth. This refers to Lord Henley at the Middlesex election.

To bamboozle. Writing to the king by this night's post.

Blackguards. There was a volunteer regiment of them known in Buonaparte's days as 'The Devil's Own.'

Gentlemen. Few persons can be found to agree in their definition of this word. If you ask a cab-driver he will tell you, 'I calls a man a gemman wot pays me the shilling and never asks for the four-pence change.' An innkeeper says a man's a real gentleman who calls for every thing in the house and out of the house and never so much as looks at the charges, except the last line, and then gives him a guinea for his waiters to apportion as he may think proper. Ordinary women call a man a gentleman who grudges no expense, either for his own or other people's wives or daughters. Those a little more aspiring think no one can be a gentleman who has not a certain rank. Still farther on he must be undeniably delicate in his person, though his mind be polluted as a common sewer. The nearest definition I have ever heard, *i. e.* the most philosophic, was by a fair girl who spoke from the fulness of an inspired heart: 'a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage.' Upon this principle, and it is not controvertible, the foundling of a parish may have as much claim to the name of gentleman as the descendant of a line of kings. I do not enter into the definition of *tenderness*, and *courage*, but they are words of high import, when distinguished from the counterfeits which have been passed off for them, mawkishness and brutality.

Our author is severe enough in *Popular Phrases*. In his Nursery Rhymes, he goes still further. The church and the law are as fruitful themes for him as tailors, and shoemakers, and other operative mechanics were to the Spanish satirist Quevedo.. Who would have expected that our innocent old rhyme

'Diccory diccory dock,'

could have contained such pungent matter as the following? The priest is supposed to be speaking to the peasant, the fat rector to the foolish farmer.

'Thick headed dolt, you dolt, bring out what you have for our use. The churchman is in want of a fresh supply of provisions! (The churchman got at once what he demanded with such hardy impudence). Don't you hear! the churchman tells you provisions are short with him. Bring out at once, you dolt, all what he orders so impudently.'

Is not this a perfect parallel with the tythe scenes in Ireland? Is it not in reality a paraphrase from the speeches of the Reverend Marcus Beresford?

Our old friend 'Harry Parry,' is also converted into a most learned 'schoolmaster.' He no longer talks of 'marrying,' but *irons* out the sons of the church in good set terms.

'Domineer over them, (the operatives,) screw them up, you gentlemen of the lucre-loving fraternity; make them swallow your idle inventions; teach them to submit to your fees for burying their bodies, and to your usurious loanings.'

What treasures have we lost till the (*per legem terræ*) Duke of Roxburghe dragged them into day. Who would have thought of 'Jack Sprat,' simple as he is, being such a radical demagogue?

'In the doctrine of the priest, it is righteous to exact the last farthing of your claims upon another, (Marcus Beresford and Mr. — his curate, to wit,) in that of the lawyer it is righteous to hold fast by what you have, while you take the highest interest for it upon the most abundant security; and both of them twist about the law of God to their own purposes with such sleight and plausibility that they are mistaken by the vulgar for holy saints instead of worldly-minded rogues.'

'Robin-a-Bobbin' is as hard upon the priests as Ebenezer Elliot is upon the corn-law men.

'Rob-toil, thou curse of our barns! you that fatten like a hog by other men's labour. The fellow says, with an arrogant tone, I have a right to my dues; away with your produce to my barn and store: he bullies the sharp ones; he bullies the flats; he says, with a grave face, Be sure you never forget to do your utmost for the priest; whine and beg for him; hoard up for him. And to him who is setting out his tythe he cries out, Be sure you don't demean your Bible by making my lots less than a good tenth.'

Our friend Bellenden has transformed 'cock-a-doodle-doo' into a 'fiddlestick' with a vengeance. It will set the lawyers dancing with rage at the irony. A lawyer is supposed to be speaking to an operative.

'Dolt of a peasant! your life is a hell upon earth; you that are such a fool as to take delight in working for an honest livelihood. I find a better one in the plunder of other people's property; while you, if you swerve a hair's breadth from the law, are treated as a thief and punished.'

'Little Jack Horner,' too, must put lance in rest, and have a tilt at the 'beer justices.'

'The public's bane, Justice Allproper, crammed full of law there, obtains by his judgment, along with his bread, every man's curse. He sponges a share out of the winnings the party he decides in favour of draws from the decision, and while he grows fat with the traffic, he exclaims, Oh! what an excellent milch-cow the clodhopper is (what good squeezing there is in this sponge).'

'Little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see they

bark at me.' All at the same work, fighting the priest and the lawyer. 'Jack and Jill;' i. e. John Bull and his wife, furiously swell the cry.

'The rector and the lawyer would ply their work in hell itself, if they could but get a glimpse of a burial-due or a fee to be gained there. Fall to work, priest; assail your parishioners for your dues; employ all the horrors that belong to your trade; and if you should get into any difficulty, the lawyer will find out some loophole for you after all. Strip the homestead, priest! Strip the homestead, lawyer! Into it there, priest! Into it there, lawyer!'

'Jack and Jill' fairly foam at the mouth with their indignation, and even 'Hushaby baby' comes to swell the cry with his infant voice in ironical greeting.

'Don't spare them, priest! storm at them in your best style! When the farmer is pushed, and holds back his tithe, the priest roars out stoutly, This is all a pretence! When the harvest is a complete failure, he roars out, It is all owing to your negligence! Provisions fall short in the farmer's house, and the tithe is behindhand; the priest roars out, I've an execution to put in your house!'

The old lady who 'rode a cockhorse to Banbury Cross' is as sententious as Solomon.

'He who enriches himself out of other men's property must quickly submit to take public odium for his partner.'

The 'old woman who lived upon nothing but victuals and drink' (many now live without them) must also mumble her say against the parsons.

'There, do you hear the hum (q. humbug?) of the priest, and what do you think it is all about? Why, turning to his own account the ingenuity and handicraft of other people. From the brains and handicraft of the layman he wrangles out the means of maintenance. And you know well that the sound of the priest's voice is never heard but to cheat and benoodle the honest and industrious.'

Reynard the fox, too, starts forth from his burrow to utter his opinions.

'The public was maddened by the state of its affairs, and put on a stormy aspect. It pried into the state of the government, and found it had gradually got into the hands of corruption.'

'Sermons in stones,' 'Eggs, butter, cheese, and bread,' speak like an oracle of the priest's motives.

'Lucre is our exciter, the wide-spread promoter of action; art and part in and instigator to evil doings; the secret promoter of the hoard, the secret promoter of the dishonest act, the secret promoter of the priest's abominations.'

The 'man of Thessaly' should have been a painter, he seems to have had such an eye for description.

'The rector of the parish was a man whose whole soul was in his breeches pocket, and he was a perfect bugbear to the parishioners when

the tithe was to be set out: He was always buzzing in your ear, There, now, be quick! set out the tithe. And he screams out, Keep at least that law of God which orders you to pay me tithe! And when he has abstained a little from saws about his tithe-rights, and the pangs of avarice come on afresh, he buzzes in your ear for ever, and screams out more spitefully than before, In with my tithe.'

It has been said that literary men, above all others, are entitled to put in their claim as the legislators of a nation. Should the ambition of John Bellenden Ker point that way, he cannot fail of success in his first speech to a radical audience who may examine his pretensions, if he only asks, as Abernethy was accustomed to do,—Have you read my book?

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

SMUGGLER, PIRATE, AND

FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PEL VERJUICE.

You are asleep as you gaze:—broadly awake, but deliciously dreaming;—there is a wavy calmness in the bliss which is experienced in sailing, fair being the weather and favourable the wind, across the Bahama banks; that is to say, when he who is inexperienced in those seas has overcome the constantly recurring apprehensions, that his floating mansion must inevitably strike on one of those numerous black masses which appear within a foot or two of the water's surface; a dash, a crash, and the grinding of timbers against them is momentarily expected: but onward and onward the bark fearlessly goes, scatheless, as if at her approach the frowning dangers, and the black barriers, each successively dissolved and vanished. But, indeed, it does require repeated assurances, ere the eye can be convinced that those seeming dangers are nothing more than innocent beds of sponge which are everywhere speckling, like little black clouds, or dark islets, the smooth, delicate, white and yellow sand, which he sees through the transparent waters, as distinctly as if there were no other medium between his eyes and the bottom of that sea, than a plate-glass; and, only on trying with the lead and line will a stranger be convinced of the fact, that the seeming four or five feet at most of depth, is more than treble that number of fathoms: that the gold and silver, and amethyst, and emerald coated finny creatures which he may see sporting and darting, and flashing, and *still*, under his eyes, within the reach of his arm, are as safe from his clutch as if they were at the antipodes. But so it is. And, when assured, his heart and mind speedily become enwrapt in dreams of beauty, and reveries of bliss—and he glides along, meanwhile, on his pathless journey, without notion of peril, or sense of toil:—then and there fashioning the distant solid earth, and the far off world, and all that live and move, and breathe

therein, into those shapes of love and happiness and beauty which the inborn goodness of nature engenders and animates in the soul; till he is startled from his convictions of what man may be, of what man should be, of **WHAT MAN WILL BE**, by some reality which proves to him what man has made himself, by the agency of knavery and hypocrisy.

Thus dreaming—thus enjoying—hoping and happy, was I one afternoon in January, 182—, when on board the schooner Margaret, bound to the Havannah, with a purpose in hand, in which were involved circumstances that had brought on me the most intense and enduring agony—for it was no less—which in my life of vicissitude I have ever experienced; yet was my suffering suspended, my pain forgotten, while gliding along that beautiful water, and gazing on that glorious ocean-bed. Suddenly my attention was aroused by some allusions to certain casks of flour, (of which the cargo principally consisted,) and a conversation between the captain and mate, as to the means that were to be employed in landing it. There was neither mystery nor secrecy in their manner; they spoke boldly and openly, as if confident of safety, and fearless of detection and its consequences; and without the remotest sense of wrong doing, or consciousness of moral turpitude; but I heard enough to convince me that I was on board of a smuggler! A fact of which I had not the slightest suspicion, when I embarked at Charleston; for all there seemed to be conducted in the way of custom and fair trading. Was it the wrong—the dishonesty of the act at which my alarm and repugnance rose? Did I mourn the unlucky chance which had directed me to a smuggler, because her way of life was unjust? I think not—no, indeed—though the impossibility of escape made me shiver, as I reflected thereon—not because her designs were criminal—a violation of the laws of nations. Ah, it was a cowardly dread of the danger and disgrace of being caught in the act, or suspected of connection with the adventure, that smote me: for on remonstrating with the captain on his deceiving me—unavailable as I knew remonstrance would be—my fears and scruples were only laughed at; and such arguments used as convinced me there was no danger in the affair; and not the least probability of my being implicated, should detection take place, which, he affirmed, was impossible. More than calmed by his assurances, and his bold front and unhesitating manner, I was encouraged to pry further into these matters, and ceased even to be surprised, when he freely laid open all his plans, and told me of the repeated, and always successful trips he had made to the Havannah, on similar business. And I found also that no extraordinary skill, tact, or contrivance was necessary in his trade: (he was afterwards described to me, by an acquaintance of his, as one who carried on and went through every thing by ‘main strength and stupidity’—such, precisely, were the phrases ap-

plied in description of him,) that a bribe to the officials who are especially appointed to look after the revenues of his Catholic majesty there, effectually blinded the keenest eyes of all, from the great man at the head, down to the farthest ramification, or remotest link of custom-house authority. On this assurance I lost all fear, and talked and jested over the scheme as if it were a meritorious act they were engaged to perform: it became a mere exchange of commodities at a cheaper rate, and without the prolixities and encumbrances of formality: it was a mere breach of conventionalisms; the passing of bribes and toll into other hands than those which were privileged to exact them. I began to think that possibly they might, in time, bring them to their senses—be a lesson to those in the high places, to exact less toll, especially on bread, if they would bring the toll to lawful and worthy use. Well, thus thinking, we passed under El Moro, and came to anchor in the fair-way, a little south of El Punta, with the grey city, and the forest of masts on our starboard hand, the inner harbour, a broad and beautiful basin, ahead of us, the stupendous, but not impregnable, Moro fortress, grimly scowling on our larboard side: thus it was, till the anchor taking hold, the schooner swung directly round, and changed sides with every thing. I had provided myself with a passport at Charleston—a very necessary thing to do, on account of the fee of two dollars which is then paid to the Spanish Consul—you may light your pipe with the paper next minute, if you please: so, at least, I found the case to be. As the sun was near setting when we anchored, I preferred remaining on board for the night; partly because the proper offices for exhibiting my passport would be closed, but chiefly from a pretty strong conviction, that if certain acquaintances of mine saw me in the city at night, one of those nicely pointed, keen edged, long, cold pieces of steel, which are nestled under jackets in the Havannah, would be sheathed under my clavicle, and I should never after be able to tell who did it. Restless and feverishly impatient as the circumstances which called me to Havannah had rendered me, I was constrained to remain on board: I *turned in* and fretted myself to sleep. How long I remained in this happy obliviousness I do not know; but I was aroused by a most unusual bustle; stamping of feet—clattering of lumber, and a hurried confusion of sounds, among which I gathered, ‘Heave that barrel on board!—clap on the hatches!—By —— it is too late!—They’ll be alongside in a minute!’ The light was streaming down the hatchway or companion, into the cabin, and I conjectured it was morning. I ran instantly on deck; what a sight burst upon me! Night it *was*, but as bright as day. To my astonishment, I discovered that the vessel had quitted her former anchorage, and was now down, far in the middle of the great or inner harbour. The whole scene taken in its round—its sum of particulars and extent—its full wonder of

beauty, was grand, swelling, and overpowering ; it operated like suddenly intoxicating delight ; the senses are too small to hold the huge draught ; it rushed as a sea into the soul. That ' inner harbour ' was one magnificent sweep of smooth water, green and glittering under the clear round moon ; not a dot, nor a speck, nor a streak, nor a line, nor a hair of cloud, turn whichever way the eye could, was discernible in the whole expanse of the blue vault :—not a star was seen : all was the moon's unshared and undisputed heaven. And there the calm queen sat and looked across and around her glorious realm, and down upon the sleeping world ! The grey walls, massive buildings, towers, turrets, and steeples—the hundreds of masts on the city's side—all, as they *stood* wrapped in her cool beams, were hushed as the centre of the Pyramids. Away to the south, the hills rising up and breaking into fringy streaks and gulfy undulations, the concave line of the moon's empire, stood in vapoury and purple grandeur of tranquillity—smiling solemnity ; and they sunk gradually towards the limits of the sheeny basin : and there stretched out almost a plain, with only gentle swells to make it more precious to the eye, on which sat the little town of Reglas with its church towers, and here and there a villa ; about which, uplifting their gracious heads, were cocoa palms, throwing their hearselike, but beautiful plumes into the moon's cerulean : there, too, were other growths, massive and round, with broadly spreading limbs and *ponderous* foliage : there, a little bare and level space lay between the embrace of shrubs, and partially black in the umbrageousness of the bordering trees. So happy, so hushed—so inconceivably—so indescribably beautiful was this reality of man's art with nature's glory mingling ! Even the grim Moro, and the almost palpable blackness of the shadows which it threw upon the mute and unmoving water at its foot, and the deep murmured anthem of the rolling billow that broke afar off-away, where the bulwark head looked out tranquilly over the ever-wakeful, ever-moving, and ever-moaning ocean—all—all looked the attributes of love—all appeared as if dropped, placed, planted there by the spirit of beauty—all wore an aspect spiritualized—the reflex of heaven !

Amid this universe of beauty, which lay, as if it were in a sighless and unbreathing sleep, and was hushed into marble-like quiet, there was yet a stirring and an eager life—the life of wrong and mischief ; man's mammon worship had sent death striding abroad.

The noise, rattle, and confusion which had so suddenly aroused and called me on deck, ceased as if every one concerned had been struck dumb and nerveless. Something I saw (a barrel of flour, I conjectured) obstructed the main hatchway, and prevented its being closed down : there was not time to restore it to its stowage, and a tarpaulin was thrown over it. A boat was

alongside, in the bow of which lay a cask of flour; and sitting on the gunnel of the stern was a man, looking neither like landsman nor seaman: on his face the moon shone fully; the swaggering manner in which his cap sat on the side of his head had in it a daredevil recklessness of expression which seemed to tell the man's character;—his long black hair lay down on his shoulders—his naked throat shone in the moonlight; he sat with his arms compressively folded across his breast, with a hand, as I saw, in each pocket of his closely-buttoned jacket. He exchanged glances with the captain of the schooner; his own seemed to signify, 'Say nothing—leave it to me to manage them.' Not a word was uttered, except a 'hush!' from the captain, which I perceived was addressed to a little Spanish boy who lay on the deck, wailing piteously, and striving to check his cry as he clung in terror to the knee of the captain, who was leaning on the schooner's main beam, with his chin resting on his crossed arms, casting out a singularly watchful and wary look, in which, with much of calculation, there was a snatch of mirthfulness, as if he could only laugh at being detected in the act of smuggling, and knew how to make reprisals, or easily solve the difficulties. The crew stood in groups, more vexed at being interrupted than alarmed at being discovered in their occupation; and all eyes were directed to one point, whither mine also turned, and showed me the cause of this alternation of uproar and stillness. What was going on on board the schooner could be seen from the shore as fully as if it were broad daylight; and so barefaced was the act, that the otherwise winking authorities were now compelled to vindicate their character for loyalty and vigilance. To this end, a stately boat, rowed by about fourteen oars, was advancing towards the Margaret, and, taking the usual dignified formality of sweep round, stopped close alongside the boat in which was the tell-tale cask of flour and the boat's sole occupant, who sat motionless. In the stern-sheets of the Custom-house boat—for such was the quality of this unwelcome intruder—were two officers and several fire-arms. The chief stood up and stooped his head till he looked under and into the bent-down face of the man with the cap. 'Ha! Fulgaz!' he exclaimed, and, without turning his eye, threw out his hand beckoningly, and called for his 'carabine.' 'Are you going to shoot me?' said the other, quite undisturbed. 'Si,' was the reply; and with it the cocking 'click' was heard, and the muzzle was at his breast. There was a flash, a spark of the barrel, as a pistol flew from the left pocket at the head of the officer, who fell back dead into the boat, his own carabine exploding at the same instant—yet was Fulgaz untouched! As quick as possible a pistol in the left hand was fired at the other officer. The desperado then tore open his jacket, and, with his Spanish knife flashing over his head, he leaped for the Custom-

house boat, which, being thrown off by the bustle, left a space so wide that Fulgaz fell short with plunge and splash into the water; nevertheless, he was over the gunnel in a few seconds—and there he stood, with one foot on the body, the other on the seat, with his knife elevated and flourished in defiance of the whole crew, not one of whom would assail him, though all were armed and carabines were at hand. Awhile he stood, glaring on them, then burst into a shrill, loud laugh of derision, and, waving his dagger to a shore-boat, several of which, with others from the ships, were now converging, full of the alarmed and curious, to the scene of disturbance, he was speedily answered by one approaching sufficiently near, and he sprang in, took off his cap, and, as he stood up, continued waving it and his knife round his head, laughing and shouting jeers and triumph, till I lost sight of him among the crowded boats and shipping moored at the quays. Meantime, another boat, full of soldiers, had arrived alongside the Margaret, and formal possession of her was taken in the king's name. The anchor was weighed, and she was towed to the wharf, moored, and a guard set over her. The excitement and turmoil, and the activity of the curious, now subsided, and all sank into repose. I again turned in, not knowing what to make of it; what might be the fate of others, or my penalty for being caught on board a smuggler, and with such additions and multiplications of mischief.

But, troublesome as the affair proved to be to others, I was entangled in no difficulty by its consequences; for, when the authorities came to examine the vessel in the morning, they declined even opening my luggage, on my stating that I was an English passenger. I was unhesitatingly permitted to go whither I would, and two men were ordered to follow my directions in removing and carrying away my trunks. I landed accordingly, and there, drawn up in line, was a company of soldiers with bristling bayonets; and walking backwards and forwards in front of their line was Fulgaz!—a chapeau on his head, and a sword flapping at his side, with the same reckless and laughing defiance of the soldiers which he had exhibited the previous night, and no one attempted to molest or interrupt him. I had now an opportunity of examining him more closely, as he frequently paused in his walk to look fixedly or be gazed at by others; but, with the exception of a few straggling seamen or others from the American vessels, he was scarcely noticed. Singular as the face was, and so apt to be impressed on the memory, there was in it nothing of the hardened and burly ruffianism which his recent conduct might lead one to suppose would grimly scowl upon it. I should call him handsome, but for his nose and eyes. His nose was remarkably hooked and very thin, as if it had been squeezed into an unnatural projection from his face. It was the upper mandible of an eagle or a parrot's bill, ham-

mered on both sides into a leanness and sharp edge. His two eyes—for two they were, and could not be called a pair—were not only different in colour, but they each expressed a different meaning, and that too without squinting. One was lustrously hot and greenish, the other a dark piercing brown: they seemed to be both employed at one moment on different occupations; while the green one was taking your measure and scrutinizing for the best place in which to lodge the knife, the other was securing a retreat, calculating consequences, concocting an evasion of them, or balancing the weight of your purse. They spoke at once in the present and future tense; one was doing *now*, the other acting for *bye-and-bye*. Whoever saw them once could ever after scarcely fail to recognise their owner, Fulgaz. He did me the honour to quit his bravado position, and, not with my good will, I assure you, reader, took his station at my side, as I walked towards the city gates, within which a volante was awaiting me. He was not a man to be repulsed with impunity. I dared not offer a word of dislike to his company, knowing how very unceremonious he would be with his knife if I aroused or touched his temper. Yet I was by no means disposed to hold communion with him, nor did he speak at all, but looked in my face occasionally with a malicious glee, as if he were mightily pleased that I had witnessed his prowess. Thus accompanied, I arrived at the vehicle, when Fulgaz lifted his chapeau from his head, and with a bow, prolonged till it was burlesque of courtesy, he offered me his arm to assist me in ascending; then casting an earnest and meaning glance into my eyes, waved his hand, bowed again, saying, ‘Adieu, Senhor Englishman! you will not forget poor Fulgaz.’ The driver *cheeped* at his horse, and I passed in silence, glowing with astonishment and some alarm, not without a little foreboding of mischief from that strange and desperate man. But I escaped unmolested, though I learned, some weeks after leaving the Havannah, that a knife had actually been hired for my service at the charge of an ounce, that is, a doubloon. I can only suppose the operator did not find a clean opportunity for doing his job, but I have no reason to suspect Fulgaz was the person engaged.

I never spoke of Fulgaz, and had almost ceased to think of him, till I was most strangely and dismally reminded of him thirteen months subsequent to the circumstances which I have related above. A Colombian vessel of war arrived in the harbour of S—— with part of the crew of a piratical schooner which she had captured in the act of plundering an American vessel, the whole crew of which the pirates had murdered: so said report; but it proved afterwards that they had avoided that fate by running their vessel on shore and escaping into the woods—an example which was followed by the pirates when surprised by the Colombian in a creek on the south side of the island of Cuba.

On shore they were pursued ; many were killed in resisting, and eight were captured, one of whom was described as having fought with maniac fury, and only when he was struck down, and several men rushed upon him, could the party take him. They were brought to S—— and given up to the civil authority to await their trial. The evidence was so strong against them, that chance of escape there was none. The day came, and, attracted by curiosity, I went to the court-house, which I found quite full. The trial was proceeding, and it was long ere I, by dint of perseverance and watching openings, edged myself so far through the crowd as to obtain a glimpse of the prisoners. Some had their heads bent down, lying on their open palms on the bar before them, evidently enduring great mental suffering. The backs of all were towards me yet. Two stood beside each other erect, as I saw on squeezing further forward, with their hands in their bosoms, scowling defiance from their eyes, and grinning recklessness and scorn from their closed teeth and curling lips on the court. There was one, an Englishman, not twenty-two years of age, of very regular, indeed beautiful features, and blond, glossy hair, which hung down his cheeks in those long spiral curls, the culture of which is a matter of solicitude to many seafaring youths. His cheeks were clear and somewhat rosy, not at all bronzed or ingrained by climate or weather ; and the light eyebrows and lashes gave to his full blue eyes that soft, kindly, but melancholy character which frequently accompanies them. Not a line nor furrow on the face or forehead was to be perceived—not the least physiognomical tinge of violence or hardness was discernible ; it was rather the countenance of a healthy, but not at all happy girl. Of his danger he seemed to be utterly unconscious, or unimpressed by it ; but he attended to the proceedings with intense and eager earnestness, following with his eyes each witness and each movement in the court, and listening to all as if he were entirely engrossed by the deep interest of a novel and singular scene in which his character, welfare, or life, were otherways totally unconcerned. He it was who had resisted capture with such extraordinary ferocity. He had no name—he would give no name ; none of his companions knew him by any, or else they refused to speak ; and when his contumaciousness was alluded to, and the judge urged him to say what he was called, he replied gently, and almost deferentially, ‘ Call me Jack Smith or Bill Jones,—anything will do ; you cannot get mine, I hope.’ This is all I ever saw or knew of him. Who are they—where are they—whose hearts have hung in leaden sadness, or have palpitated and throbbed in torturing uncertainty on his account ? Perhaps there are such ! And though he is not immediately or necessarily connected with the purpose of my story, perhaps the reader will pardon this notice of him. It is not a little remarkable that the only other pirate I ever saw (in my knowledge, at

least) was an Englishman of about the age of the miserable youth here spoken of; he was also of fair complexion, with glossy hair and singularly quiet expression of countenance. I saw him going to suffer death at Barbadoes for one of the most cruel and cold-blooded murders on record. He preserved his composure, calm indifference, and quiet contentedness of manner, as he walked from the prison between two men—no other guard—down the carenage, a distance of about half a mile: escape seemed anything but difficult. Under the gallows was an empty flour-barrel, the head of which had been knocked out, and a single piece of the same heading laid across the mouth as a foot-board for him to stand upon: such was the scaffold! He eyed these preparations carefully, looking up at the beam and then at the barrel, which he perceived was not directly under the beam, and with his foot he adjusted it properly! Yet was there in his look, action, manner, nothing that glimpsed forth a sign of the braggadocio. I could not remain an instant longer. Pardon this digression, reader, and return with me to the court-house at S—.

Among the prisoners there was one who seemed to be utterly careless of the others, or of his own position, and heedless of the proceedings. Occasionally he lifted up his head to look about him, unconcernedly, but was occupied chiefly in the amusement of chopping at the rail or bar of the inclosure with his finger, just as one hacks at a board with a knife, idly and vacantly, or as if for the pleasure of marking it with notches. Placed as I was, I could not obtain full sight of his face, nor, indeed, was I curious on the subject; the others, the Englishman especially, had so fixed my attention: but in one of those moments of his looking up, and on the spectators, he turned his face round to my direction, and fixing his glance on me, gave a familiar nod and smile of recognition: it shot through me like a bullet! I became hot, cold, clammy, dizzy, and sick: my breathing was snapped. I felt as I were strangling; and I saw and felt nothing more, till I awoke from a stupor, and found myself supported in the arms of a gentleman who was sitting on the steps of the court's entrance: my cravat was off, my waistcoat and shirt thrown open, and a glass of water was held to my lips. It was Fulgaz who had glanced and nodded at me!—it was Fulgaz—there arraigned as a pirate! but I did not—I could not return. All were convicted, and sentence of death was passed on them. My fainting was ascribed to the heat and pressure; and to no one did I ever breathe a syllable on the subject, till upwards of seven years had transpired,—four years from the date of the following event.

It was on a magnificent day, with neither wind nor cloud, but intensely cold, Fahrenheit then ranging from ten to fifteen degrees under zero, in the sun. After skimming with rapturous velocity over the ice, across glassy rivers, and baked lakes, over snow

which had settled and compacted into the solidity of rocks, myself and a fellow-traveller were approaching the little town of * * *. It stands on a perfectly level plain, which is barriered on every side by a rugged and picturesque circle of hills. As the town stands far from the plain's centre, some of the hills are immediate and distinct; the greater distance of the other side of the periphery gave even the white snow, with which the hills were covered entirely (saying where the thousands and tens of thousands of pinnacled firs dotted the expanse with green or black), a dark and hazy colouring. Between those distant hills and the plain lies the noble river, perhaps it is the grandest in the whole world, over which we had flown a few hours before. On one side of the town runs the river of disputed names, tributary to the larger, and more valued for its commercial conveniences, than for its natural beauties; which, however, are far from being few, or undeserving a scene lover's attention, though at the time to which I am referring, most of those beauties were enveloped in a positive, resolute, confirmed wintry garb. Huts, cottages, houses, the church, roads, streets, fields,—every where was a region of snow and ice.

‘The ice was here, the ice was there—
The ice was all around.’

On the day previous, a copious visitation of sleet had arrived to assist in decorating the scene: the trunks, stems, and branches of the trees were encased in glassy congelation, and from them millions of pendulous crystals jingling swung, and sparkled, and glittered, and delighted and bewitched the eyes with their profusion of prismatic glories: hundreds, thousands of them were every moment ringing against each other, breaking, falling, dropping, and throwing through the bright air such delicious, gentle music—hosts of happy elfin things striking their cymbals in joyous holiday. But it was exquisitely cold; a fact of which my formidable wrapping would have left me in ignorance, had not a little disorder in my neck gear called one hand out of its snug beaver mitten to set it right. The action did not occupy many seconds, but it was sufficient to tell me, to the very marrow, how cold was the air. On all was winter, glorious winter! except the smoke which graciously curled and danced in circling and wavy wreaths from many a snow-coated chimney. And our appetites had by this time whetted themselves into a keenness most enviable; for the ideality of something reeking savorily below that smoke made appetite particularly capable. ‘I am quite prepared for any thing they can give us to eat, if it be but the hoof of a horse,’ said I to my friend. ‘I trust we shall find something more palatable and easier of mastication than a horse's hoof,’ he replied. ‘You may eat a good dinner in imagination, the best your poetry can spread out, and when you come to the reality you shall find that to be quite as good.’ My companion knew every

rood of the icy ground on which we were travelling, therefore I put the affair of eating and drinking contrivance into his hands. 'There is no better house in the whole country: choice and substantial are the viands it dispenses; and you will smack your lips in ecstasy at various and excellent wines which will range before you, and solicit an invitation down your throat. They know how to live where we are going.' These commendations elicited from me further inquiry, for I saw no evidences or marks of a substantial and well-equipped hotel, 'There is the house—you see it propping the church, or the church props it; it is a reciprocity of propping.' The house to which he directed my attention, was the dwelling of the brotherhood who officiated in the church, and administered to the spiritual wants of the surrounding inhabitants. My friend was a good Catholic: but as I was a heretic, and also a stranger to them, a twinge of propriety and decorum came over me: but 'he was intimately acquainted with them, and I should be as readily and as cordially welcome as himself; he was confident they would be about their dinner then.' In a few minutes more we were in the presence of four kindly looking men, none of whom wore the garb of any special order of priesthood. Their appearances and looks spoke ease, content, and intelligence. We were received with a truly earnest but quiet welcome: my companion was a man well known to them, and his rank and station obtained for me attention and deference, at which I felt rather embarrassed. They assisted in developing us of our wrappings; but to their dinner, on which they were busily engaged when we entered, they would not allow us to sit down,—'It was disjointed, broken, and unworthy of us,'—though I cast my longing eye on substantials enough for a dozen hungry fellows: but 'we should take a small portion, a mouthful, to sustain us till a fresh and entire dinner was prepared.' Our assurances that what we saw 'was excellent, &c.' were unaccepted: 'a proper dinner we must have.' On this arrangement we collected civility and patience to rest. Nor was this patience put to any severity of trial, for in about half an hour abundance and variety, both delicate and solid, smoked under our fascinated olfactories. After a blessing, and pausing till we were fairly engaged on our agreeable exercise, our kind hosts apologized for leaving us to ourselves—'their duties require them elsewhere.' They left us with a single attendant, 'who would readily execute our orders, and supply any thing which happened to be deficient.' He entered immediately on their quitting the room. Too much occupied to allow of space for converse, except an interjection now and then, we were silent, and I thought I heard a suppressed sigh, almost a groan: it was repeated, and at the same moment, a sound like the collision of hands struck my ear. I looked in the direction of the sound, and to my amazement our attendant was on his knees, opposite to me, and beyond my companion, whose back being towards the man, he of course did not

see him : and as he was also in earnest application of his military decision on the materials before him, fortunately, his entire attention was engrossed. The back of the kneeling figure was towards the only light which came into the room, consequently his face was indistinct, in shadow ; but his attitude was of eager, violent, nay agonized imploration ; he writhed in his position, and it was to me he was appealing ! I was almost petrified by it ! till an exclamation was rising to my lips, when he sprang noiselessly to his feet, pressed his finger on his lip, pointed to my companion, and then clenched his hand together again, to bid me, as I understood him, be wary and silent. Apprehension and bewildering doubts threw me into a cold perspiration : still I continued, instinctively, I suppose, or mechanically, to make such movements and sounds as would keep my companion's attention to himself ; though, indeed, the effort to suppress my strong impulses was one of the most difficult I ever made. I looked a meaning that I understood him, and should be cautious, although in truth I was throbbingly agitated with a sense of some mysterious and dreadful danger. In the dimness of view in which the man's face was presented, I was struck with a dizzy wandering fancy that I had seen him before—but where ? when ? He certainly knew *me* : but how ? He guessed my thoughts, and, taking hold of a bottle of wine, filled my friend's glass ; then moving from the window, under the pretence of doing the same office for me, the light fell on his countenance, as he looked at me an instant ; then he drew back, and bowed his head down on his joined hands, which he clenched so hard, as though he would crush the blood through his fingers. It was Fulgaz who stood there ! and, thank God, I became instantly calm and collected, or I should have betrayed him : though, probably, to the inner breast of one of the brotherhood, his whole story was known—and there it was a sacred deposit. Painful as was compliance, I could not resist the intensely passionate but soundless appeals he made to me for the purpose, and assuming a carelessness of manner, lest my companion's curiosity should be excited, found an excuse for leaving the room a few minutes after Fulgaz had quitted it, intimating by signal, as he did so, that he would wait for me : and never will the impression of that few minutes' interview be erased from my memory. I have said how exquisitely, how intensely cold was the air : yet there he stood, bare-headed, his once darkly-brown face, in ashy, ghastly hue, and beaded streams of agonizing sweat chasing each other down his cheeks actually freezing as they flowed ! He stood and looked ! then poured forth a rapid torrent of short, unconnected sentences, but most eloquent, most distressing ! Now rigid, stiff as ice he stood—now quivering like an aspen : then suddenly paused, and again, as if suffocating, he gurgled out, ' I was too bad to die ! ' and fell, or rather dashed himself down : his forehead struck on a little elevated mass of

snow, which was frozen into a body as hard as granite; and a streamy line of dark crimson flowed slowly along the purely white surface. I did not call for assistance, and was stooping to raise him, when the door opened, and my companion appeared. I had presence of mind sufficient to conceal my perturbation, and merely said, 'the poor brother had fallen and hurt himself.' 'But it was not much—a little brandy to wash it, and a brown paper plaster, would make all right again,' was his remark, on wiping the wound with his handkerchief. Our hosts pressed their hospitality on us for the night, but I seconded my companion's wish to proceed on our journey; and giving to Fulgaz a look of assurance of my perfect silence, we bade adieu to the friendly priests; and, in a few minutes, were again gliding rapidly along the ice. I passed *** a few weeks after, without stopping, and have never since revisited it. Whether Fulgaz be living or dead I know not, and have refrained from making inquiries of several of those who I know had been in the neighbourhood of * * *, lest I should draw attention and curiosity thitherwards.

ON THE PLEASURE OF GETTING DRUNK.

BY A WORKING MAN.

[In Answer to Mr. Francis Place.]

WHAT would be the use of drinking, if it made no difference in a man? If liquor produced no change in us, it would be wasting our hard-earned wages to purchase it, and wasting the liquor into the bargain. But we know from experience, which makes even fools wise, that it *does* make a very great alteration in us, and causes us to view all surrounding circumstances with very different impressions. We will give a brief pictorial view of the noble state of excitement thus induced, with all its lord-like contempt of consequences; and we consider ourselves highly qualified to do this, having got excessively *queer* on purpose to write this article. We care nothing about our wife's remonstrances, and the squalling of our nineteen hungry children! Let them all squall on! Can a man who is uplifted by the lofty wings of drunkenness, stoop to consider any of these low, worldly things? Not he! Perhaps, however, we may not have quite so many as nineteen children: but individuals in our high condition are permitted to see double.

This is Monday morning, and instead of going to work, we have been to the gin-shop. We are not sure, but we may have been into half a dozen, or more; but this we do know—we have had our *dose*. 'Shop,' did we call it—the Gin Palace!—the Temple of the Gods! Carlton House is a ram-shackle compared with it,—a mere asses' stall. We went in a poor working man,

and we came out deified! If you go to the King's Palace to be made a Sir Knight, you have to kneel for it; whereas, we only give a week's wages to the Great Ginocrats, and they all bow and scrape to us, and obsequiously hand us the delicious draught that maketh us wise unto damnation—salvation, we *meant* to say: but it's all the same to a drunken man!

We sally forth from the working man's Palace of Wondrous Compounds, elated with a glowing heat in the breast, and an exquisite whirling and confusion in the head, so that we can see no distinction between man and beast. *This* is one of the very first advantages of being drunk! We know not if we walk upon our legs, or whether we are not borne along by some impulse independent of ourselves; we therefore despise all pathways and curbstones, nor is the road itself wide enough. We, however, show our importance by taking up the whole of it, as well as we can, reeling forward in acute or obtuse angles, as a ship tacks; we being under the same 'laws of liquor' as a vessel is of those of the wind and tide, only that we have the noble freedom of moving without any rudder. We feel uncommonly pugilistic, and being ripe for a row, make a point of insulting every person we meet who seems to be in a superior worldly station to ourselves, or better dressed. We soon run foul of a post that has the impudence not to get out of our way, and then reeling backwards in our efforts to advance and give the said offender a sound drubbing, we tumble up against the side of a house, and staggering off, roll down into a cellar! We are up again somehow, and out again—probably kicked out—and without any broken bones. It is only your sober men who get broken bones when they fall. Doctors are detestable fellows, because of their physic and their bills, and we accordingly propose that the whole nation should be 'glorious' every day, that doctors may starve. Since no man who is habitually 'as drunk as a lord,' ever takes physic or pays his debts, we think this the very best plan to do away with sickness and want—to say nothing of the *National Debt*. But to proceed. We stagger unconsciously along until we find ourselves in front of another Gin Palace, and having just enough left for one more glass, as well as we can count—for we can no longer be certain of any thing that our five senses inform us—we are about to enter, when we find our arm seized by the strong hand of our wife. We recognise *her*, though we could not any body else. But what is all this she rings in our ears about her hunger, and her children's hunger, and the Government knows what beside? Will she come in and have the glass of gin—that's the question? No, she swears she won't! Will she come in and see me drink it, then? She will see me hung first! Very well, then she may go to the devil, and take the children there too, if she likes, to see their uncle. A real, sincere, regular drunkard, would pawn any thing; and so may his wife. We break away from her, and

go in. Her cries and sobs take no effect upon us whatever—she is only in fun!

When we come out again we run bolt against the breast of a gentleman, because he is well dressed, and is endorsed with a nose like the great Lord Brougham's. We insist that he is Lord Brougham. 'You pretend to diffuse knowledge among the people, and put a stop to it when you think they've had enough!—establish a Society for our confusion, robbing the gin-shops only to answer your own purposes—will you have a glass of gin?' He turns up his nose at us a story higher than usual, and suddenly falls to ruins, and Mr. Francis Place springs up before us! 'Do you mean to call *me* drunk! How dare you say that there are not half so many working men frequent the gin-shops, as people think; but that only a few of us do, who are in and out fifty times a day! Do you mean to say that I am one of the select class? Who cares for trades' unions, and politics, and broad cloth, and patriotism, and liberty, when he can get a good drop to drink? None of your nonsense—none of *your* nonsense—none of your—hic!—I say? Who do you take me for, Mister Place? I'll soon let you see who I am—talk to me, indeed!—I'm Mr. Buckingham himself! Where is he gone?—where's Mister Pla — — what's all this crowd?' But we are not to be cheated out of our intended fight, and in the name of Mr. Buckingham we seize upon the cloak-collar of a tall figure, who is turning up the whites of his eyes, and insist that it is Mr. Place; but it turns out to be only Parson Irving, with a box of hydrophobious tongues under his arm!

The gaunt apostle puts us aside with his iron elbow, and says something in a loud voice, about our stinking breath, and Satan-burning brutality. So, to convince him to the contrary, and make him see better in future, we salute him with a punch in the eye. In return for our excellent practical lesson, he gives us one also, and knocks us down as from the blow of a sledge hammer. We get up, and stammering all the oaths we can recollect, try to take off our jacket to fight. Somebody comes up to help us, as we think, and we go staggering about, till gradually we discover our apparent seconds are two policemen bearing us off between them to the station-house. We make what we mean to be a most violent resistance; but it seems to have very little effect beyond a bloody nose to one of them and a broken crown for ourselves, besides the legal consequences.

We find next morning that we are covered with bruises, and aching from head to foot. Three assaults are proved against us, and a tallow-chandler appears and makes oath that we have spoilt nine dozen of long sixes, by tumbling down into his cellar. We are sentenced to imprisonment for three calendar months, and to be kept to hard labour. This is as bad as being a galley-slave. We are compelled to work and to receive no wages at all

for it. There is no 'striking,' or 'turning out' against prison discipline! There indeed they have got us quite under their thumb. But our wife and children! We think of them *now* that it is too late! What is to become of them? They will be starved. We are in an agony, and remonstrate with the magistrate. But the magistrate, sober man, cares no more about our starving wife and children, than we did when we were drunk!

Oh, Mr. Place!—good, kind, dear Mr. Place, if you are really a friend to the working classes, teach them one practical *application* of sobriety. You cannot get me out of this scrape; but you *can* do one thing for the people. If it be true, as you say, that there are not so many tens of thousands who are regular dram-drinkers; you will not deny that there are hundreds of thousands who drink beer, and chew or smoke tobacco? One great cause of the continued slavery of the working people, is because they do not reward and support those who fight their battles; being robbed in order to pay those who fight against them! But only teach them that the sacrifice, for one week, of one glass of gin, or one pint of beer, or a few quids and pipes, being made by half the working men in the kingdom, would give them an immediate *capital* to act from, for nothing can be done without capital, and you will open their eyes to the best consequences of a little fortitude against liquor! If they once did it, they would ever after know where to find a just weapon against tyranny and oppression. If every workhouse belonged to the poor, instead of being a government affair, they ought also to contribute to the levy; and for every tun of soup, should subscribe, at the general call, an equivalent twopence instead.

But, O Mr. Place!—the scrape I was recently in!—not in reality, for it all occurred while I was lying on my back, overcome with liquor and the night-mare. What have we not escaped? What would have become of our poor wife and children, left to the mercy of the blessed magistrate?

This thought brings us to our steady senses in an instant. It carries off all the fumes of the poisonous draught, and we rush away to our work, as though close pursued by the Bottle Imp, flourishing a fire-brand and threatening, not only to thrust it into our entrails, but to scorch up our brains—which latter we modestly think of more consequence than a thousand pampered bellies.

HAMPDEN.

NOTES ON SOME OF THE MORE POPULAR DIALOGUES OF PLATO,

No. III.

THE GORGIAS.

(Continued from p. 710.)

IN the discussion, first with Gorgias, and afterwards with Polus, Socrates had remained the victor, and had forced the latter most reluctantly to acknowledge that to do injustice is a greater evil than to suffer it, and that to do injustice and escape unpunished is a greater evil than to suffer punishment: and Polus seems to have been effectually reduced to silence, for he takes no further part in this dialogue. But Socrates has still to encounter a more daring and less scrupulous antagonist than either of the two former.

Callicles, the host of Gorgias, at whose house the dispute was carried on, could now no longer contain himself. 'Tell me,' said he, (addressing Chærephon,) 'is Socrates in earnest, or in jest?' 'He appears to me,' answered Chærephon, 'to be remarkably in earnest: but there is nothing like asking himself.' 'By the Gods,' resumed Callicles, 'I have a mind to do so. Tell me, Socrates, are we to consider you as serious, or in jest? for if you are serious, and if what you now say is true, all human life is at present topsy-turvy, and we are all doing the very contrary of what we ought.'

'If, O Callicles,' answered Socrates, 'men did not resemble one another in their modes of being affected; if one of us had an affection peculiar to himself, he could not very easily make another man comprehend it. I say this, because you and I are affected in the very same manner, being both of us in love, but with different objects; myself with Philosophy, you with the Athenian People. And I perceive that you, clever as you are, never know how to contradict any thing which your mistress affirms, but change backwards and forwards along with its changes. If you say any thing in the assembly, and the Athenian people say otherwise, you give it up, and say what the people desire; for you are unable to resist the will and the words of your mistress. So that if, when you say any of the things which you say for your love's sake, any person should be surprised at the strangeness of them, you would say to him, if you had a mind to speak the truth, that unless somebody will stop your mistress from saying these things, he will never be able to stop you. Imagine, then, that I am in the same situation with yourself, and do not be surprised that I say these things, but stop my mistress, Philosophy, from saying them: for she still continues to say the things which you are now wondering at; and you yourself were present when they were said. Either, then, confute her, by proving, that to be unjust, and being so, to escape punishment, is not, as I affirm, the worst of evils; or if you leave this unrefuted, Callicles will never agree with you, O Callicles, but will be in contradiction to you all your life. I should think it better that my lyre should be discordant, or that the choral dance led by me should be out of time, or that all mankind should be out of harmony with me, rather than that I myself should be out of tune, and not consonant with myself.'

Callicles replied, ' You are a true haranguer, and you have now made this triumphant harangue, merely because Polus has done what he himself charged Gorgias with doing. When you asked Gorgias whether, if a person who wished to learn rhetoric, came to him ignorant of justice, he would teach it to him, Gorgias said Yes, because he was ashamed to say No, on account of the custom of men, because they would be indignant if he said that he would not; and Polus remarked this, and said, that this admonition was what forced Gorgias to contradict himself, and that this is what delights you: and he ridiculed you, at that time, as I thought, very justly. But now the same thing has happened to himself. What I do not admire in Polus is, that he admitted that to injure is more ignoble than to be injured. It was by this admission that he was entangled, and had his mouth shut up, being ashamed to say what he thought. For you, pretending to pursue truth, always drive the argument to an invidious appeal to common prejudices, making it turn upon the things which are not noble by nature, but only by institution. These two things, nature and institution, are, for the most part, contrary to one another: and if a man is ashamed, and does not dare to say what he thinks, he is forced to contradict himself. But the wise invention which enables you to force him to contradict himself is a mere quibble: when a man is speaking of institution, you interpret it of nature, and when of nature, you interpret it of institution. For instance, on this subject of injuring and being injured, Polus spoke of what was more ignoble by institution, and you met him with what was more ignoble by nature. By nature, to be injured is not only worse, but also more ignoble, than to injure: by institution only is it more ignoble to injure. To be injured is not the attribute of a man, but of a slave, fitter to die than to live, who, if he is wronged or insulted, is not capable of protecting himself nor those whom he cares for. But the makers of institutions are the Many, and the weak. They make their laws, and dispense their praise and blame, with a view to themselves, and to their own advantage. Fearing lest the more energetic, who are capable of attaining superiority, should attain it over them, they call it base and unjust to take more than other people, and even affirm that this is precisely what constitutes injustice. For they, being the feeble, are contented with equality. By institution, therefore, to aim at superiority is unjust and ignoble, and is termed, to do injury. But Nature herself shows that it is just for the better to take more than the worse, and the stronger than the weaker. She shows, in the other animals, and in whole nations and races of men, that, for the stronger to govern the weaker, and to take the larger share, is true justice. With what justice did Xerxes make war on Greece, or his father, Darius, on the Scythians? They did what was just by nature, and by the laws of nature, not by those which we devise, catching the best and strongest among us, like lions, when they are young, and enslaving them by fictions and old songs, telling them that nobleness and justice consist in equality. But if a man arises, adequately endowed by nature, he breaks through, and shakes off these fetters, and, trampling upon our statutes and our charmed words, and all institutions contrary to nature, rises up our master, no longer our slave, and the justice of nature shines forth in him. Pindar indicates this, in the ode in which he says that Hercules took away the oxen of Geryon, neither buying them nor receiving them by gift; this being natural justice, and all the possessions

of the worse and the weaker, belonging of right to the better and the stronger. This is true; and you will know it, if you abandon philosophy, and apply yourself to greater pursuits. Philosophy is a graceful thing, when it is moderately cultivated, in youth; but if any one occupies himself with it beyond the proper age, it ruins him. For, however great may be his natural capacity, if he philosophizes too long, he must of necessity continue inexperienced in all those things which one who would be a great and eminent man ought to be experienced in. He must be unacquainted with the laws of his country, and with the mode of influencing other men in the intercourse of life, whether private or public, and with the pleasures and passions of men; in short, with human character and manners. And when such men are called upon to act, whether on a public or private occasion, they expose themselves to ridicule, just as politicians do when they come to your conversations, and attempt to cope with you in argument. For every man, as Euripides says, occupies himself with that in which he finds himself superior; that in which he is inferior he avoids, and speaks ill of it, but praises what he excels in, thinking that in doing so he is praising himself. The best thing, in my opinion, is to partake of both. It is good to partake of philosophy, by way of education, and it is not disgraceful in a young man to philosophize. But if he continues to do so when he grows older, he becomes ridiculous, and I feel towards him as I should towards a grown person who lisped, and played at childish plays. When a child does so, in whom it is becoming, I am pleased, and it appears to me graceful, and suitable to his age; and if I hear a child speaking plain, like a grown person, it is disagreeable to me, and has a servile appearance. But if I hear a grown person lisp, or see him at play, I think it unmanly and contemptible. So I think of those who philosophize. When I see a young man philosophizing, I think it commendable and becoming, and consider him as of a liberal mind, and hold that he who does not philosophize at that age, is vulgar-minded, and will never feel himself capable of any thing noble and exalted. But when I see an old man still continuing to philosophize, I think he deserves to be flogged. However great his natural talents, he is under the necessity of avoiding the assembly and public places, where, as the poet says, men become eminent, and to hide himself, and pass his life whispering to two or three striplings in a corner, but never speaking out any thing great and bold and liberal. I, Socrates, feel towards you as your friend, and am inclined to say to you what Zethus says to Amphion in Euripides, that you neglect what you ought to attend to, and waste a mind by nature so powerful, in trifling and child's play. Do not be angry, for I speak solely from good will towards you. Does it not seem to you a disgraceful thing to be as you are, and as those others are who make philosophy their occupation? If any one should charge you with some crime, which you had not committed, and carry you off to prison, you would gape and stare, and would not know what to say; and when brought to trial, however contemptible and weak your accuser might be, if he chose to indict you capitally, you would perish. Can this be wisdom, which, if it takes hold of a gifted man, destroys the excellence of his nature, rendering him incapable of preserving himself or others from the greatest dangers, enabling his enemies to plunder him of all his property, and reducing him to the situation of those who, by

the sentence, of a court of justice, have been deprived of their civil rights? so that (though it may sound harshly) a man might even strike him a blow with impunity. Be persuaded by me: give up confutation, leave these clevernesses to others, and do not emulate those who gain these petty victories, but those who have wealth and reputation, and the other blessings of life.'

Socrates replied, 'If my soul were golden, do you not think that I should be glad to discover one of those touchstones with which they try the purity of gold, that I might try my soul by it, and if it stood the test, I might know that I am as I should be, and need no further test?' C. 'Why do you ask this question?' S. 'Because I think that I have found such a treasure in you.' C. 'How?' S. 'I know that whatever of my opinions you give your assent to, must be true. He who is capable of serving as a touchstone on the subject of right and wrong modes of life, must have three qualities, all of which you possess: knowledge, good will, and frankness. I meet with many persons who are not capable of bringing me to the test, because they are not wise as you are. Others are wise, but are not willing to speak the truth to me, because they do not care for me as you do. Our friends Gorgias and Polus are wise, and well disposed toward me, but deficient in frankness, and more shamefaced than they should be. For how can they be otherwise, they who are so much ashamed, that they are driven by shame to contradict themselves before a numerous company, and on the most important subjects. But you possess all the qualities which others are destitute of. You are adequately instructed, as many of the Athenians would aver. You are well-disposed towards me; and how do I know this? Because I am aware that you and three others, Tisander, Andron, and Nausicydes, carry on your studies in common, and I have heard you discussing together, how far wisdom ought to be pursued; and I know that the opinion which prevailed among you, was, that you should not be too eager to philosophize accurately, and should be on your guard not to be spoilt by becoming more wise than is advisable. When therefore I find you giving me the same advice which you give to your most intimate friends, it is a sufficient proof of your good will towards me. Again, that you are capable of speaking out, boldly and without shame, you yourself say, and the speech you just now made is a proof of it. I am therefore satisfied that if you are brought to agree with me in any thing which I say, it is sufficiently tried, and does not need any further test. For you would not admit it either from deficiency of wisdom, or excess of shame; nor would you concede it with the intent to deceive me; for you are, as you yourself say, my friend. Our agreement, therefore, will be the final establishment of truth. This inquiry, in the course of which I have incurred your animadversions, the inquiry what a human being should be, and with what he should occupy himself in youth and in age, is the noblest of all inquiries. If I, in the regulation of my life, do any thing which I should not do, be assured that I do not err intentionally, but from ignorance. Do not then relax in your admonitions, but persevere, and show me what it is which I ought to practice, and in what manner I may best attain to the practice of it. And if you find me now admitting what you say, but subsequently not acting conformably to what I have admitted, think me spiritless and worthless, and never take the trouble to correct me again.'

'Repeat to me, then, from the beginning, what you affirmed to con-

stitute the Justice which is not merely of institution, but of nature. You said, if I remember right, that Natural Justice is, for the better to command the worse, and the more excellent to take more than the more worthless. Said you not so ?' C. 'I did, and do.' S. 'Do you consider the better, and the stronger, to be synonymous ? You appeared to indicate something of this sort when you said that great states attack small ones by the justice of nature, because they are the stronger. Is it possible, then, to be the better, but at the same time the weaker ; or the stronger, but at the same time the worse ? Or, are the stronger, and the better, equivalent expressions ?' C. 'They are equivalent.' S. 'And are not many by nature stronger than one ? You yourself said that the many give laws to the one.' C. 'Certainly.' S. 'Then the institutions of the many are those of the stronger.' C. 'Yes.' S. 'And therefore, by your account, of the better.' C. 'Certainly.' S. 'Then the institutions of the many are by nature noble, since the many are the stronger.' C. 'Granted.' S. 'Now, do not the many think, as you before observed, that Equality is just, and that it is more ignoble to injure than to be injured ? Do not you, too, suffer yourself to be entrapped by shamefacedness. Do not the many think that justice consists in equality, and not in superiority ? and that to injure is more ignoble than to be injured ? Do not deny me an answer, in order that, if you agree with me, I may consider my opinion established by the admission of a competent judge.' C. 'The many are of this opinion.' S. 'To injure, then, is more ignoble than to be injured, not by institution only, but likewise by nature : and you were wrong when you accused me, saying that Institution and Nature are contrary to one another, and that I, knowing this, quibble in argument, interpreting of Institution that which is affirmed of Nature, and of Nature what is affirmed of Institution.'

C. 'This man will never have done trifling. Are you not ashamed, Socrates, at your age, to cavil at words, and triumph if any one makes a mistake in a name ? Did I not tell you expressly that by the stronger, I meant the better ? Do you think I meant that if a crowd be collected, of slaves and all kind of persons having no good quality except perhaps physical force, that whatever they affirm should be right ?' S. 'This then is your meaning ?' C. 'It is.' S. 'I conjectured before that this was what you meant, and I only question you in order to understand you more clearly. For I do not suppose that you consider two to be better than one, or your slaves better than yourself because they are stronger. But pray begin again at the beginning, and tell me whom you mean by the better, since you do not mean the stronger. And let me intreat you to instruct me in a milder manner, lest I should withdraw from your tuition.' C. 'You are pleased to be sarcastic.' S. 'I swear by Zethus, in whose name you were so sarcastic upon me, that I am not. But pray tell me whom you mean by the better.' C. 'The worthier.' S. 'Do you not perceive that you yourself are merely paying us in words, and telling us nothing ? Will you not say whether by the better and the stronger, you understand the more intelligent ?' C. 'Yes, surely.' S. 'Then, one intelligent person is superior to a thousand who are not intelligent, and ought to rule over them, and to have a larger share than they ? Tell me (and I am not cavilling at words) whether this is your meaning ?' C. 'It is. And this is what I call natural justice ; that the better and more intelligent should govern the worse, and be preferred to them.'

S. 'Pray explain yourself further. If there were many of us assembled together, possessing in common a great supply of food and drink; and if we were people of all descriptions, some of us strong and others weak, but one of us, being a physician, was more intelligent than the rest on the subject of diet; would not he be better and superior, as compared with the rest of us, so far as these things were concerned?' C. 'Certainly' S. 'Ought he, then, as being the better, to have a larger share of food than the rest? or ought he to be intrusted, indeed, with the distribution, but not permitted to take a greater quantity for his own use than any other, on pain of punishment?' C. 'You talk of food, and drink, and physicians, and such stuff, but that is not what I mean.'

S. 'Do you not say that the more intelligent are the better?' C. 'I do.' S. 'And that the better ought to have the larger share?' C. 'Not of food or of drink.' S. 'I understand: of clothing, perhaps. The man who understands most of weaving, ought to have the largest coats and the finest, and to walk about with the greatest number of them on his body.'

C. 'Why will you talk about coats?' S. 'It is of shoes then, that the person who is most intelligent respecting them, ought to have the largest share. The shoemaker should wear the largest shoes, and the greatest number of them at once.' C. 'What stuff is this about shoes!' S. 'Or, perhaps, you mean that he who is intelligent and skilful in agriculture, ought to have the largest quantity of seed, and employ most of it on his own land.'

C. 'You always say the same thing.' S. 'On the same subject, I always do.' C. 'You will not cease speaking of tanners and fullers and cooks and physicians, as if that were what we are talking about.' S. 'Will you not tell me, then, what is the subject in which those who are most intelligent are justly entitled to superiority? Will you neither tell me, nor suffer me to guess?' C. 'I have told you long ago. Those whom I call the superior and the better, are not shoemakers, nor cooks, but those who are intelligent in the affairs of the state, and in the proper mode of administering it; and not only intelligent but courageous, capable of accomplishing what they devise, and not faltering by effeminacy of soul.'

S. 'Your complaint of me, and mine of you, are very different. You blame me for always saying the same thing; I, on the contrary, blame you, for never saying the same thing on the same subject. You first defined the better to be the *stronger*; then, the more *intelligent*; and now you say that they are the more *courageous*. Pray tell me, once for all, who they are.' C. 'I have told you, that they are the more intelligent in public affairs, and the more courageous. These are the persons who are entitled to govern the state; and it is just that these should have a larger share than the rest, since they command, and the others are commanded.'

S. 'Do you imply that they should command themselves as well as others? Or is it not necessary for any one to command himself, but only other people?' C. 'What do you mean by commanding himself?' S. 'Only what the vulgar mean, to be temperate and sober, governing his own pleasures and desires.'

C. 'How pleasant you are! You describe a simpleton, and call him a sober person. How can a person be happy if he is a slave to any thing? I freely tell you, that what is noble and just by nature, is that he who would live well, should allow his desires to attain the greatest possible strength, and never

restrain them ; and should be capable, by his courage and talents, of ministering to his desires, and satisfying them, however great they may be. But of this the many are incapable ; and therefore do they censure such conduct, to hide their own impotence ; and pretend that self-indulgence is a vile thing ; and because they are not capable of ministering to their own appetites, they praise temperance and justice from mere unmanliness. For, in reality, to those who are born to a throne, or who are capable, by their natural endowments, of raising themselves to despotic power, what can be more ignoble or more contemptible than self-control ? Should those who have the means of enjoying every pleasure without hinderance from anybody, erect the law of the many, and their praise and blame, into a master over themselves ? They would be well off in good truth, by your nobleness, and your justice, and your self-restraint, if they were prevented by it from giving any preference to their friends over their enemies, although possessing absolute power in the state. The truth (which you say is your object) is, that luxury and self-indulgence, if our means be adequate, are real virtue and happiness : and all other virtue and happiness are mere pretence, and human devices, and conventions contrary to nature.'

' You keep your promise,' replied Socrates, ' to be frank with me ; for you plainly speak out, what other people think, but do not like to say. I beg you not to relax, until it is clearly established, according to what rule we ought to live. You say that we ought not to restrain our desires, but allowing them to be as violent as possible, we should provide the means of their gratification ; and that this is virtue.' C. ' I do.' S. ' The common saying then, that those are happy who want nothing, is incorrect.' C. ' Stones, and the dead, would by this account be the happiest.' S. ' But even on your theory, life is a troublesome thing. Some poet of old compared the soul to a pitcher, and that of a fool to a pitcher which leaks at the bottom, and is unable to hold anything : implying that a continent and contented life is preferable to an insatiable and self-indulgent one. But I suppose you are not very likely to be convinced by an old song.' C. ' Your last observation has more truth in it.' S. ' I will give you another illustration from the same source. Let us typify the life of the temperate and that of the self-indulgent, by the image of two persons, each of whom has a large number of pitchers. The one has them all sound, and filled with honey, and wine, and milk, and many other things : the streams which supply these different liquids being scanty, and the supply being obtainable only by prodigious labour. The one, having filled his pitchers, has no more trouble, nor any occasion to turn any further streams into his cellar. The other has it in his power, like the first, to obtain the supply, though with great difficulty ; but his vessels are leaky and unsound, and he is obliged to employ night and day in filling them, or suffer the most dreadful torture. Such being the lives of the temperate and the intemperate man, do I convince you that the former is more eligible than the latter ?' C. ' You do not convince me. For the first man, when he has filled his pitchers, has no longer any pleasure, but lives, as I said before, like a stone, inanimate, with neither pleasure nor pain. Pleasure consists in having as great a stream as possible always pouring in.' S. ' Then if much is poured in, much must run out, and the leaks must be very large ?' C. ' Certainly.'

S. 'This is not the life of a dead man or a stone, but it is the life of a funnel.*'

S. 'You say, it is happiness to be hungry, and, being hungry, to eat.'
C. 'Yes.' S. 'To be thirsty, and, being thirsty, to drink.' C. 'Yes, and to have all other appetites, and to be able to satisfy them.' S. 'I commend you, for you go on as you have begun. Do not be ashamed. Neither ought I, apparently, to be shamefaced. And first tell me, whether to itch constantly, and having the means of scratching, to pass our whole lives in that operation, would be to live happily?' C. 'How unfair you are, and how fond of appealing to the vulgar.' S. 'And therefore did I embarrass Polus and Gorgias, and make them ashamed; but be not you ashamed, who are a bold man, but answer me.' C. 'I answer then, that the scratcher would live agreeably.' S. 'But if agreeably, then happily.' C. 'Certainly.' S. 'See what you will have to answer, if you are pressed with all the questions which would naturally follow these. Is not the life of a catamite vile and miserable? Or will you venture to say, that he too is happy, if all his wants are plentifully supplied?' C. 'Are you not ashamed to lead the argument to such things?' S. 'Is it I who lead it thither, or you, who affirm sweepingly that all who enjoy themselves, no matter how, are happy; and make no distinction between good pleasures and bad ones? Tell me again, whether Pleasant and Good are the same, or whether there is any thing pleasant which is not good?' C. 'That my discourse may not be inconsistent with itself if I say they are different, I will say that they are the same.' S. 'You destroy the whole argument, and are no longer fitted for inquiring into truth, if you speak differently from what you think.' C. 'It is what you yourself do.' S. 'If I do so, I do wrong, and so do you. But consider whether it be not true, that Good is not synonymous with Enjoyment, of whatever kind; for if this were so, the shameful consequences already indicated would follow, and many others besides.' C. 'In your opinion.' S. 'Do you in reality adhere to this opinion?' C. 'I do.' S. 'Shall we argue upon the supposition of your being in earnest?' C. 'Undoubtedly.'

S. 'Tell me then. There is such a thing as knowledge?' C. 'Yes.' S. 'You spoke just now of courage accompanied with knowledge.' C. 'I did.' S. 'Courage, then, is something different from knowledge?' C. 'Very different.' S. 'Are pleasure and knowledge the same thing, or different?' C. 'Very different, most wise man.' S. 'And courage is different from pleasure?' C. 'Yes.' S. 'You, then, say that Pleasant and Good are the same thing, but that knowledge and courage are different from each other, and different from good. And I, do I admit this, or not?' C. 'You do not.' S. 'Nor do you either, when you interpret yourself rightly.'

'Is not to be in a good state, the contrary of being in a bad state?' C. 'It is.' S. 'Then if they are contrary states, they, like health and disease, cannot exist together, neither can they both together cease to exist.' C. 'How?' S. 'When a man's eyes are diseased, they are not in health?' C. 'No.' S. 'And when he gets rid of the disease, he does not at the same time get rid of health; for this would be absurd.' C. 'Exceedingly so.' S. 'He receives the two things by

* Properly of a *χαραδρῶς*, an unknown bird, of a remarkably rapid digestion.

turns, and gets rid of them by turns.' C. 'Yes.' S. 'And the like with strength and weakness, swiftness and slowness?' C. 'Undoubtedly.' S. 'Is this likewise the case with Good and Happiness, and their opposites, Evil and Misery? Are these acquired and lost, not simultaneously, but alternately?' C. 'Certainly.' S. 'Then if we find two things, both of which we begin to possess together, and both of which we cease to possess together, it is evident that these things cannot be identical with Good and Evil. Consider well before you answer.' C. 'I perfectly agree with you.' S. 'Let us now return to our first admissions. Is hunger pleasant or painful? I mean, hunger in itself.' C. 'Hunger is painful: but to eat when we are hungry is pleasant.' S. 'I understand: but to be hungry is in itself painful.' C. 'Yes.' S. 'And to be thirsty?' C. 'Yes.' S. 'And is not all want, and all desire, painful?' C. 'I acknowledge it.' S. 'Good. But to drink when you are thirsty is pleasant.' C. 'Yes.' S. 'When you are thirsty, is as much as to say, when you are in pain.' C. 'Yes.' S. 'But to drink, is to satisfy the desire, and therefore to be pleased.' C. 'Yes.' S. 'Then to drink when you are thirsty, is to be pleased when you are in pain: and both these things may happen at the same time, whether in the body or in the mind.' C. 'They may.' S. 'But it was not possible, you said, to be at the same time in a good state and in a bad state.' C. 'I said so.' S. 'Then to be pleased is not the same thing as to be in a good state, nor to be in pain, the same as to be in a bad state, and Pleasant and Good are not the same thing but different things.' C. 'I do not understand your sophisms.' S. 'You do, but you feign stupidity. Let us go on a little further, that you may see how wise you are, who take me to task. Do we not, when we cease to be thirsty, cease at the same time to receive pleasure from drinking?' C. 'I do not know what you are talking about.'

Gorgias here interposed, and begged Callicles, for his sake, and that of the bystanders, not to refuse to answer, in order that the discussion might not be cut short. Callicles replied, that it was always the way with Socrates, to ask these petty and frivolous questions. 'Of what consequence is that to you?' replied Gorgias; 'the blame is not yours. Pray permit Socrates to carry on the argument as he pleases.' 'Ask then those little frivolous questions of yours,' said Callicles to Socrates, 'since Gorgias wishes it.' 'You are fortunate,' answered Socrates, 'in having been initiated into the greater mysteries before the smaller ones: I thought that it was not lawful.* Do not our thirst, and our pleasure in drinking, cease together?' C. 'They do.' S. 'And so with all our other desires, and the pleasure of their gratification?' C. 'Yes.' S. 'Then our pain and our pleasure both terminate at the same time?' C. 'Yes.' S. 'But Good and Evil, you said, do not.' C. 'What then?' S. 'It follows, that Good and Pleasant cannot be the same thing, nor Evil and Painful.'

'Let us put the argument in another way. People are called good, from the presence of good in them, as they are called beautiful from the presence of beauty in them: are they not?' C. 'Certainly.' S. 'You do not call the foolish and the cowardly, good? You said, I think, that the courageous and intelligent were so.' C. 'Undoubtedly.'

* An allusion to the religious ceremonies in honour of Ceres, held at Eleusis and Athens.

S. 'A foolish child is sometimes pleased?' C. 'Yes.' S. 'And a foolish man?' C. 'I should think so; but what of that?' S. 'Nothing, only answer me. And a rational man is sometimes pleased, and is also sometimes vexed.' C. 'Yes.' S. 'Whether are foolish persons, or rational persons, pleased and vexed in the highest degree?' C. 'I do not think there is much difference.' S. 'That is enough. You have seen cowards in war?' C. 'Certainly.' S. 'Whether were the cowards, or the brave men, most pleased at the retreat of the enemy?' C. 'Much the same.' S. 'It is sufficient. Then cowards and foolish people are sometimes pleased. But when the enemy advance, are the cowards alone vexed, or the brave men also?' C. 'Both.' S. 'Both equally?' C. 'The cowards, perhaps, in the greatest degree.' S. 'And on the enemy's retreat, are not the cowards also the most pleased?' C. 'Perhaps.' S. 'Then rational people and foolish people, brave men and cowards, are pleased, you say, nearly in the same degree, or cowards more so than brave men.' C. 'Yes.' S. 'But brave and rational people are good, foolish people and cowards are bad.' C. 'Yes.' S. 'Then good people and bad people are pleased and vexed alike.' C. 'Yes.' S. 'Are good people and bad people good and bad alike? or bad people rather more good and bad than good people?' C. 'I do not understand you.' S. 'Did you not say, that good people are good by the presence of Good in them, and bad people by the presence of Evil, and that Good is Pleasure, and Evil is Pain?' C. 'I did.' S. 'Then a person who is pleased, has Good present in him, since pleasure is Good.' C. 'Certainly.' S. 'Then he is a good man.' C. 'Yes.' S. 'And a person who is vexed, has Evil present in him, since pain is Evil.' C. 'Yes.' S. 'But men are bad men by the presence of Evil in them. Do you not say so?' C. 'I do.' S. 'Then good men are those who are pleased, and bad men are those who are vexed.' C. 'Certainly.' S. 'Those are more good or bad, who are more pleased or vexed; those who are less, less; those who are equally, equally.' C. 'Yes.' S. 'Did you not say, that rational people and foolish people, brave people and cowards, were pleased and vexed tolerably equally, or cowards even more so than the brave?' C. 'I did.' S. 'See then what follows. The good man is the rational and brave man, the bad man is the foolish man and the coward. But the good man is also the man who is pleased, the bad man he who is vexed. And the good and the bad man are pleased and vexed equally, or the bad man rather more so than the good man. It follows therefore, that the bad man is equally good and equally bad with the good man, or rather more so. Is not this inevitable, if the Good and the Pleasant are the same?' C. 'I do.'

'I have listened to you,' answered Callicles, 'for a long time, and admitted all that you said, being aware that if one concedes anything to you even in jest, you eagerly seize hold of it like a raw youth. Do you suppose that I, or any body else, do not think that some pleasures are better, and others worse?'—'You treat me,' replied Socrates, 'like a child, sometimes affirming one thing, sometimes a different thing, and deceiving me. I did not think at first that you, who are my friend, would deceive me intentionally. But now I suppose I must, according to the old saying, make the best of what I can get. You say, then, that some pleasures are good, and others evil.' C. 'I do.'

S. 'Are the good pleasures those which are beneficial, the bad ones

these which are hurtful? C. 'Yes.' S. 'By beneficial, you mean those which are causes of some good; by hurtful, those which are causes of evil.' C. 'I do.' S. 'For instance, as to the bodily pleasures of eating and drinking, if some of these produce in the body health or strength or some other good bodily quality, these are good, but those which produce the contraries of these effects are bad.' C. 'Certainly.' S. 'Among pains, likewise, there are some good and others bad, in the same manner.' C. 'Undoubtedly.' S. 'Then we ought to choose the good pleasures and pains, and avoid the bad?' C. 'Clearly.' S. 'For it was agreed between Polus and me, that Good was the end of all our actions; and that all other things were done for the sake of Good, not Good for the sake of other things. Do you agree in this?' C. 'I do.' S. 'Then the pleasant ought to be done for the sake of Good, not Good for the sake of the pleasant.' C. 'Certainly.' S. 'Now, are all of us capable of distinguishing those pleasant things which are good, from those which are bad, or is any art requisite for that purpose?' C. 'An art is requisite.' S. 'Let us then call to mind what I said to Polus and Gorgias. I said, that there are some pursuits which have only pleasure in view, knowing nothing of good and evil, and others which know what is good and what is evil: cookery (which is a skill, and not an art) I placed in the first class; the art of medicine, in the second. And do not think it allowable to sport with me, and to answer whatever comes into your head, differently from what you think; nor, on the other hand, consider me to be in sport. For we are on a subject which even the most unthinking person would consider as the most serious of all subjects, viz. In what manner we ought to live; whether in the manner to which you exhort me, practising rhetoric, and occupying ourselves with public affairs, or in the opposite manner of life, according to philosophy; and in what respect this mode of life differs from the other.

'It is perhaps best to go on as I began, and attempt to discriminate the two modes of life from each other, and determine whether they are different, and in what respect, and which of them should be adopted. You do not, perhaps, yet know what I mean.' C. 'I do not.' S. 'I will be more perspicuous. We have agreed, have we not, that Pleasant and Good are not one thing but two things, and that there is a certain method for the acquisition of each.' C. 'We have.' S. 'Now then tell me whether you agree in what I said to our two friends. I said that cookery is only a kind of skill, but that medicine is an art: because medicine has considered the nature of the thing which it aims at producing, and the causes of the operations which it enjoins, and can render an account of them; but cookery has not considered the nature or the causes of Pleasure, which is its sole end, but goes to work empirically and unscientifically, a mere uncalculating routine, the mere memory of what has often happened. Consider then, first, whether you think that this is true, and that there are also with respect to the mind two methods similar to these; one kind which are arts, and have some forethought of what is best for the mind, another kind which disregard this, and consider only the pleasures of the mind, and the means of producing them, never considering or caring for the difference between a better pleasure and a worse. This, whether it relates to the body, to the mind, or to any thing else, I call adulation, provided it considers only pleasure, without regarding good or evil. Do you concur in this?' C. 'I do not,

but I will admit it, that your argument may be completed, and that Gorgias may be gratified.' S. 'Whether is this true of a single mind only, and not true of two or more?' C. 'It is true of two, or of any number.' S. 'Then it is possible to gratify a number of minds collected together, without regarding their greatest Good.' C. 'True.' S. 'What, then, are the pursuits which do this? First of all, let us consider the art of playing the flute. Does it not seem to you to pursue pleasure only, and to care for nothing else?' C. 'Yes.' S. 'And that grave and magnificent art, tragic poetry, what is its aim? Simply to gratify the spectators? Or, if any things occur to it which are pleasant but bad, does it take care not to say them; and if there be any thing disagreeable but useful, does it make a point of saying or singing this to the spectators, whether they are pleased with it or not?' C. 'It is evident that it chiefly aims at pleasure, and the gratification of the spectators.' S. 'This, however, we designated as adulation.' C. 'We did.' S. 'Now, then, if you take away from poetry the rhythm and the metre and the music, is there any thing remaining but discourse?' C. 'Nothing.' S. 'And this discourse is addressed to the assembled people.' C. 'It is.' S. 'Then poetry is a kind of oratory.' C. 'So it seems.' S. 'But rhetoric is oratory. Do not poets appear to you to rhetorize, upon the stage?' C. 'Yes.' S. 'Now then we have found out a kind of rhetoric, addressed to a popular assembly, composed of men, women, and children, slaves and freemen, which we do not much admire. We call it a kind of adulation.' C. 'We do.'

S. 'What then shall we say of the rhetoric which is addressed to the assembly of the Athenian people, or the people of any other state, consisting of freemen only? Do the orators seem to you to have in view constantly the greatest good; aiming solely at making the people as good as possible by their discourses? Or do they, too, aim only at gratifying the citizens, neglecting the public interest for the sake of their own private concerns, and treating the people like children, attempting only to gratify them, and not caring whether they are made better or worse by the gratification?' C. 'This is not a simple question. There are some who address the people really caring for them; there are others such as you describe.' S. 'It is sufficient. If this thing be of two kinds, one of them is adulation, and disgraceful, the other is laudable, contriving always that the minds of the citizens may become as good as possible, and always persisting in saying what is best, whether it be pleasing to the hearers or not. But you do not know any instance of this kind of rhetoric. Can you mention any orator who has acted in this manner?' C. 'I cannot mention any orator of the present day.' S. 'Can you mention any one of the ancient orators, by whose means the Athenians became better than they were before he began to harangue them? I do not know of any.' C. 'What! have you never heard of Themistocles, and Cimon, and Miltiades; and Pericles, whom you yourself have seen? all of whom were good men.' S. 'Yes, if Good consists in what you at first called it, the satisfaction of our own desires and those of others: but if, as we afterwards were forced to admit, there be some desires the satisfaction of which makes us better, and others which make us worse, and that the distinguishing of these from each other is an art; can you affirm that any of the men you named, practised that art?' C. 'I cannot tell.' S. 'But if you consider well, you will

see. It is not true, that a good man, who speaks with the greatest Good always in view, will not speak at haphazard, but with reference to some end? All other artists employ their various means, not picking them up at hazard, but looking to the nature of the work which they have to accomplish, and endeavouring that it may assume a certain shape. The painter, the architect, the shipbuilder—each of these, places his materials in a certain order, and contrives that one thing shall be fit and suitable to another, until the whole is completed, a regulated and ordered thing: Is it not so?’ C. ‘It is.’ S. ‘A house which has regulation and order is a good house; a disordered house is a bad one.’ C. ‘Yes.’ S. ‘And a ship?’ C. ‘Yes.’ S. ‘And our own bodies?’ C. ‘Yes.’ S. ‘And our minds?’ C. ‘This must be admitted from the preceding admissions.’ S. ‘What name do we give to that which arises in the body, from order and regulation?’ C. ‘You mean, health and strength.’ S. ‘And what is the name of that which arises in the mind, from order and regulation?’ C. ‘Why do not you yourself answer?’ S. ‘If it pleases you, I will. If you agree with me, say so, if not, refute me. I hold, that the order of the body is termed healthiness, from whence health and all other good qualities of the body proceed; and that the order and regulation of the mind is termed lawfulness, by which men become orderly and obedient to law: and this is as much as to say, justice and self-restraint. Do you assent?’ C. ‘Be it so.’ S. ‘Then a good orator, an orator according to art, in all which he says and all which he does to those to whom he addresses himself, in all which he gives to them and all which he takes away from them, will have constantly in view, in what manner justice may be produced in their minds and injustice removed, self-controul produced and self-indulgence removed, all virtue produced and vice removed.’ C. ‘Granted.’ S. ‘For of what use is it to bestow upon a sick and ill-ordered body abundant and agreeable food or drink, which will do it no good, but often much harm?’ C. ‘Be it so.’ S. ‘For it is not beneficial to man, to live with his body in a bad state; that would be to live badly.’ C. ‘Yes.’ S. ‘Physicians, then, usually permit a person to satisfy his desires, by eating as much as he pleases when he is hungry and drinking when he is thirsty, so long as he is in health; but when he is sick, they do not allow him to enjoy what he desires. Do you grant this?’ C. ‘I do.’ S. ‘And is not the same thing equally true of the mind? While it is in a bad state, while it is silly, and unjust, and impious, and incapable of self-controul, it should be kept from what it desires, and not permitted to do any thing except what will make it better.’ C. ‘Granted.’ S. ‘For this is better for the mind.’ C. ‘Yes.’ S. ‘But to keep it from what it desires, is to punish it?’ C. ‘It is.’ S. ‘Then punishment is better for the mind than impunity.’ C. ‘I do not know what you are talking about. Ask some one else.’ S. ‘This man cannot bear to be benefited, by suffering the very thing we are talking about, punishment.’ C. ‘I do not care for what you say: I have answered you only on Gorgias’s account.’ S. ‘Well: what shall we do? Shall we break off the argument in the middle?’ C. ‘Judge for yourself.’ S. ‘But it is not lawful, they say, to leave even a story half finished, without putting a head to it, that it may not go about headless. I beg you therefore to continue answering, that our argument may have a head put to it.’ C. ‘How obstinate you are. If

you will be persuaded by me, you will drop this discussion, or discuss with somebody else.' S. 'Will anybody else, then, carry on the discussion?' C. 'Cannot you carry it on by yourself, either speaking continuously, or making answer to yourself.' S. 'It seems that there is nothing else to be done. But we are all of us alike concerned in pushing the inquiry, what view of this subject is the true one. I shall therefore state the matter according to my own notions: but if any of you should think that I concede to myself what is not correct, he ought to interrupt and refute me. What I say, I do not say from knowledge; I am only inquiring, in common with yourselves; and if my opponent appears to me to say any thing just, I shall be the first to acknowledge it. If then you wish the argument to proceed, I will continue it; if not, let us leave off, and retire.'

Gorgias assured Socrates, both in his own name and in that of the bystanders, that they were all anxious for the discussion to proceed. It did proceed: but the conclusion, the most interesting part of the whole dialogue, we must, though with regret, postpone to the next number.

NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

Refusal of Music Licences.—The very moral magistracy of Middlesex and Surrey has been refusing, by wholesale, the annual applications for music licences and for dramatic performances. Among the rest, the pretty little new theatre at Kensington has fallen under their anathema, and so has that in the Strand. It was said, but has been contradicted, that the unfortunate lessee was driven thereby to insolvency and insanity. The most opposite excuses, the populousness or the thinness, the respectability or the poverty, of the neighbourhood, have all alike served the common purpose of prohibition. The spirit of Burns was indignant that man should be compelled to ask his brother worm for leave to work. It is a yet lower degradation to be compelled to ask him for leave to play. And the lordship over relaxation is more arbitrary, capricious, and abominable, than the lordship over toil. There is thus much of reciprocity in the latter, that the labourer's exertions are necessary to the comfort of the non-labourer's idleness. He must be allowed to work, nay, if labour be not abundant in the market, he may have to be solicited, and his toil must be purchased at a proportionate advance of price. But there is no such reciprocity in the other case. The poor man's amusement does not turn to account like the poor man's toil. Hence, the selfish check is annihilated upon the insolence to which authority always tends, and the ignorance with which authority is often associated. Where can be the harm of allowing music at a public-house? It is folly to talk of its being a nuisance to the neighbourhood; that objection would apply to a thousand forms of social enjoyment. Almack's is a nuisance in the neighbourhood. So is the Italian Opera. So is every rout and concert in the season. These are all out of season to quiet people; but quiet

people should have a little accommodation and benevolence: and if they do make a difference, the poor should have the preference. It was objected to one theatre, the Pavilion, we think, in the Commercial-road, that it was chiefly frequented by pickpockets: but as the police allows these pickpockets to be at large, this seems the next best thing to their being taken to the station-house. Meanwhile, honest people would know the hours in which they could walk the streets in safety. It was surely not wise in the Magistrates to forbid their going to sit out a play in peace, and scatter them over the streets to pursue their avocation. Better would it have been to have bespoke 'George Barnwell' for their edification. But this matter is too bad for jesting. Next to the universal diffusion of education, there is nothing more desirable than refining the people's taste in amusements. Yet there never was a tithe of the difficulty about boxing and bull-baiting, that there is about song, dance, and drama. Coarse enough, no doubt, would be the forms in which these entertainments are provided; but in their coarsest forms, their popularity must be a comparative good. And that admission must be taken with much restriction. The Kensington and Strand theatres might have been rational enough, even for the amusement of their worshippers. We never spent but one evening in the latter, and then we heard more sense, truth, and philosophy, than we have found in all the reports of Magisterial proceedings for many a month. It is high time that this warfare against popular enjoyment should be stopped. The poor man's right to his part and parcel of the melody of a public-house fiddle, ought to be as sacred as that of the Peer to his Opera box, or that of the Magistrate to his piano in his drawing-room. The suppression of harmless amusements must ever be the manufacture of immorality.

The Great Fire.—An unexpected Royal Reformer has appeared. His Majesty the Fire King, to whom Monk Lewis was whilome poet laureate, and whose visits to the two theatres, above twenty years ago, occasioned so many addresses, has again come down to open the two legislative Houses in person, and decree their renovation. As he graciously spared the Hall and the Abbey, his frolic seems to be generally forgiven, especially as Cobbett and Hume had wrought a common conviction that much legislatorial mischief was ascribable to the bad accommodations of St. Stephen's chapel. A different vote on Mr. Hume's motion might have nullified this additional instance of unavoidable necessity being the *sine quâ non* of improvement. The new Houses are, it is said, to stand on the old foundation; so be it, as long as it will support them, provided they be themselves amended.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Book of the Reformed Parliament. By R. Gooch.

THIS pamphlet should be in the hands of all who care about the responsibility of their representatives. It is a complete synopsis of the votes both of the Commons and Lords during the last two sessions. A numbered list of the questions discussed being first given, a tabular arrangement shows at once how far every individual legislator did his duty. His conduct is presented to the eye at a glance, and his merit, absolute or comparative, exhibited with the accuracy of arithmetic. The tables display at once the voting of the House upon each particular question, and the voting of each member upon them all. The compiler must have been very diligent, and we trust the results of his labour will be turned to good account.

Mimpriss's Charts of the Rise and Progress of the Christian Dispensation.

THIS publication is intended to aid the pupil in forming a chronological harmony of the Gospel history. It contains ten outline charts of the localities, and ruled pages for the events, with references to the book, chapter, and verse, in which they are recorded. There are also blank leaves, differently coloured, for the various periods of our Lord's ministry, to receive either the full narrative or comments. The whole is well got up, and may be made of great use in producing a clear view of the sacred record.

A Memoir of Sir Thomas More. Houlston.

THE student of law, history, or politics, may desire more than he will find in this unassuming little volume; but those whose object is to put into the hands of the young a simple record of private and public virtue, will have no reason for dissatisfaction. The praise of Sir James Mackintosh in the preface, and of More's delicacy in his marriage, (p. 10,) show a laudatory or apologetic propensity rather largely developed. Both might have been spared. With these exceptions, the spirit of the work is as just as it is candid, and the beautiful example which it exhibits is interestingly and affectingly recommended.

Dr. King's Lecture on the Study of Anatomy. Delivered at the re-opening of the School founded by the late Joshua Brooks, Esq. October 1, 1833.

Dr. King's lecture is an excellent specimen of the lucid and methodical exposition and philosophic views of the nature of classification which

characterise the French anatomists and physiologists. It also contains a surprising quantity, considering its shortness, of the most important elementary facts of the human organization, explained in a manner peculiarly well suited, not only to learners, but even to non-medical readers. Dr. King has evidently some of the highest qualities of an able teacher.

The Annuals.

We cannot imagine why the Annuals should all be coming out together, just now. Why should they not accommodate one another, and each have a month and a character of its own. It is shameful that the crabbed ancients of the year,—the hoary, gloomy, foggy, dying months,—should have such a harem of beauties, while all the young people who will soon be coming forward,—the sparkling January, the tearful February, the bold March, the changeful April, the merry May, and the bounteous June,—all come into the world like so many Adams, with never an Eve created for them, and only succeed to the relicts of their progenitors. There should be a new Annual every month, for the month itself is only an Annual. Pleasant almanacks would they be: a book for every month, and a picture for every week, and a song for every day. We should date by them soon; and the appointment would be made for the first leaf of the 'Forget me not,' and the bill to be paid on the last of the 'Keepsake.' But this sort of accommodation is un-English; a fatal objection to all good things not transmitted by our ancestors. There is no hope of our Annuals coming in an orderly manner, as the French go into a theatre: if there be but a dozen of them, they must make a crowd about the door, and half kill one another for the impossibility of all going in at once, when each might walk in quietly by himself. Books and people, it is all the same; they will rush in all at once; and so the people knock one another down, and the books knock one another up. They come by dozens when one has no time for them, and none at all when one could deal or dally with them. So we shall give a priced list of them, and e'en leave our readers to use their own discretion.

The Errors of the Social System. By W. Hawkes Smith.

THE author of this pamphlet is distinguished for mental activity and warm philanthropy. He usually shows his impatience of human errors and evils by his schemes for their correction and redress. In the present instance, however, he prefers a negative recommendation of the remedies which approve themselves to his own mind, by exhibiting to the minds of others the difficulties of the case and the inefficiency of the plans usually proposed for bettering the condition of the many. If we cannot always agree in his conclusions, we never fail to sympathize in his spirit and object. Most just is the remark in his preface, that 'the question with those who, in any degree, command or controul the destinies of the many, ought not to be—with how little the bulk of mankind may be kept alive and prevented from committing acts of rebellion, or how the numbers may be reduced when the few no longer need their services, but how much of improvement, moral, intellectual, and physical,—how much of happiness,—may be realized FOR ALL.'

The Hindoos. Vol. 1.

[Library of Entertaining Knowledge.]

WE always receive a volume of this series of the Diffusion Society's publications with pleasure. It is the department in which they excel, and have really proved themselves public benefactors. The present work appears to be compiled with adequate skill and diligence, and has a very interesting set of illustrations, from drawings by Westall.

The British Calendar ; or, Almanack for the year 1835. 6d.

CALENDARS and Almanacks are swarming this year ; there is one even for pasting in the crown of a hat, showing that the repeal of the stamp is a capital improvement. That of which the title is given above, published by Gilbert and Co., is got up with great carefulness, and will be found more useful than most of them. A clever engraving is prefixed of the path of Halley's comet.

The Lyre and the Sword of Charles Theodore Körner. Translated by W. B. Chorley.

A CHARACTERISTIC translation, and a beautiful little edition of poems, which have long popularized themselves in this country. The following lines are translated from the German original of the father of the hero, and were occasioned by the well-known verses of Mrs. Hemans, on his grave:—

TO MRS. HEMANS. [From the Father of Theodore Körner.]

' Gently, a voice from afar is borne to the ear of the mourner ;
Mildly it soundeth, yet strong, grief in his bosom to soothe ;
Strong in the soul-cheering faith, that hearts have a share in his sorrow,
In whose depths, all things holy and noble are shrined.
From that land, once dearly beloved by our brave one—the fallen,
Mourning blent with bright fame—cometh a wreath for his urn.
Hail to thee, England the free ! thou see'st in the German no stranger !
Over the earth and the seas, joined be both lands, heart and hand !'

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Flinter's Account of the Present State of Puerto Rico.

Voyage of H. M. S. Chanticleer, made in the Years 1829, 1830, 1831. By W. H. B. Webster. 2 vols.

The Court of Sigismund Augustus ; or, Poland in the Sixteenth Century. By Alexander Bronikowski. Done into English by a Polish Refugee. 3 vols.

Tynney Hall. By Thomas Hood. 3 vols.

Will Watch. By the Author of *Cavendish*. 31s. 6d.

The Last Days of Pompeii. By E. L. Bulwer.

Anne Grey. Edited by the Author of *Granby*. 3 vols.

THE ANNUALS.

The Landscape Annual; or Tourist in Spain. Edited by Mr. Thomas Roscoe. 21s.

The Oriental Annual. Edited by the Rev. H. Caunter. 21s.

The Literary Souvenir. Edited by A. A. Watts. 21s.

Heath's Picturesque Annual. By Leitch Ritchie. 21s.

The Keepsake for 1835. Engravings by Mr. Charles Heath. Edited by Mr. F. M. Reynolds. 21s.

Heath's Book of Beauty for 1835. Edited by Lady Blessington. 21s.

Turner's Annual Tour, for 1835. Containing Twenty-one Views on the Seine. 21s.

Biblical Keepsake. Edited by the Rev. T. H. Horne. 21s.

The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual. Edited by the Rev. W. Ellis. 12s.

The Amulet. 12s.

The Forget Me Not. 12s.

Hood's Comic Annual. 12s.

Friendship's Offering, and Winter's Wreath. 12s.

The Comic Offering. Edited by Miss L. H. Sheridan. 12s.

The Juvenile Forget Me Not. 8s.

The New Year's Token. 6s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Thanks to J. H; but we decline.

The Novel mentioned by a correspondent has not yet been received by us. We have mislaid his address.