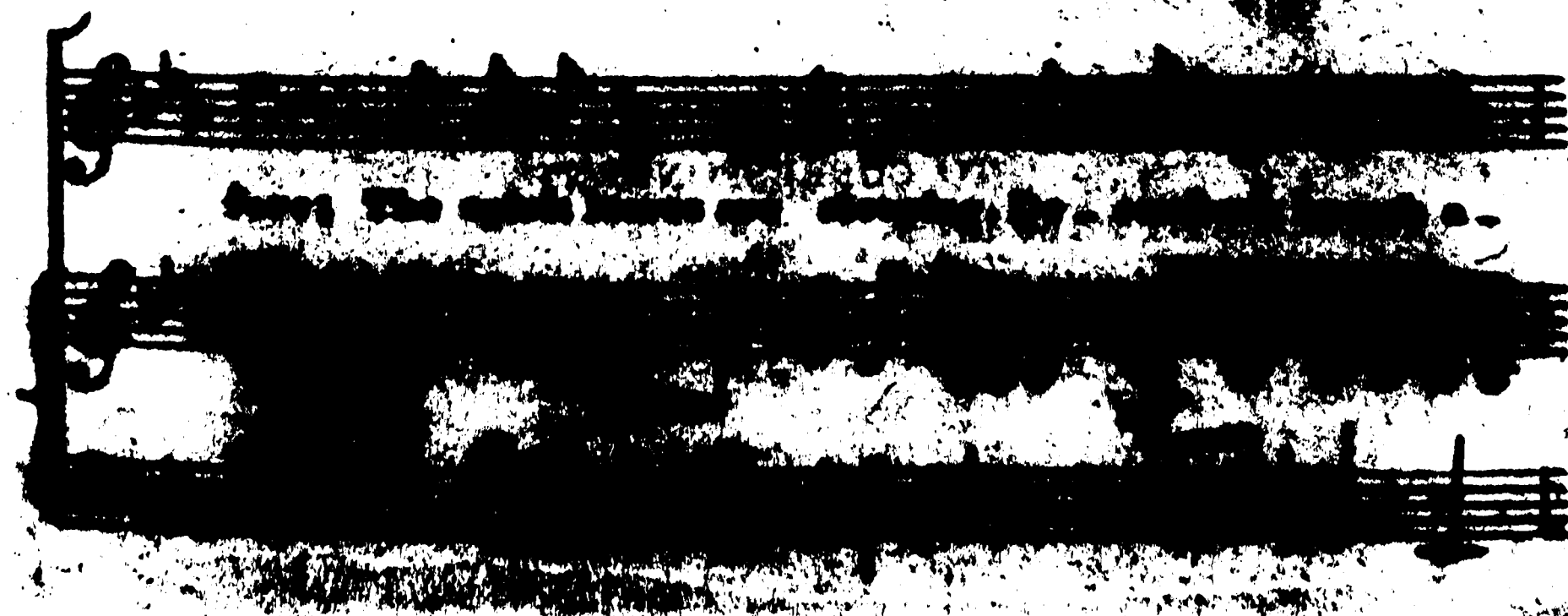
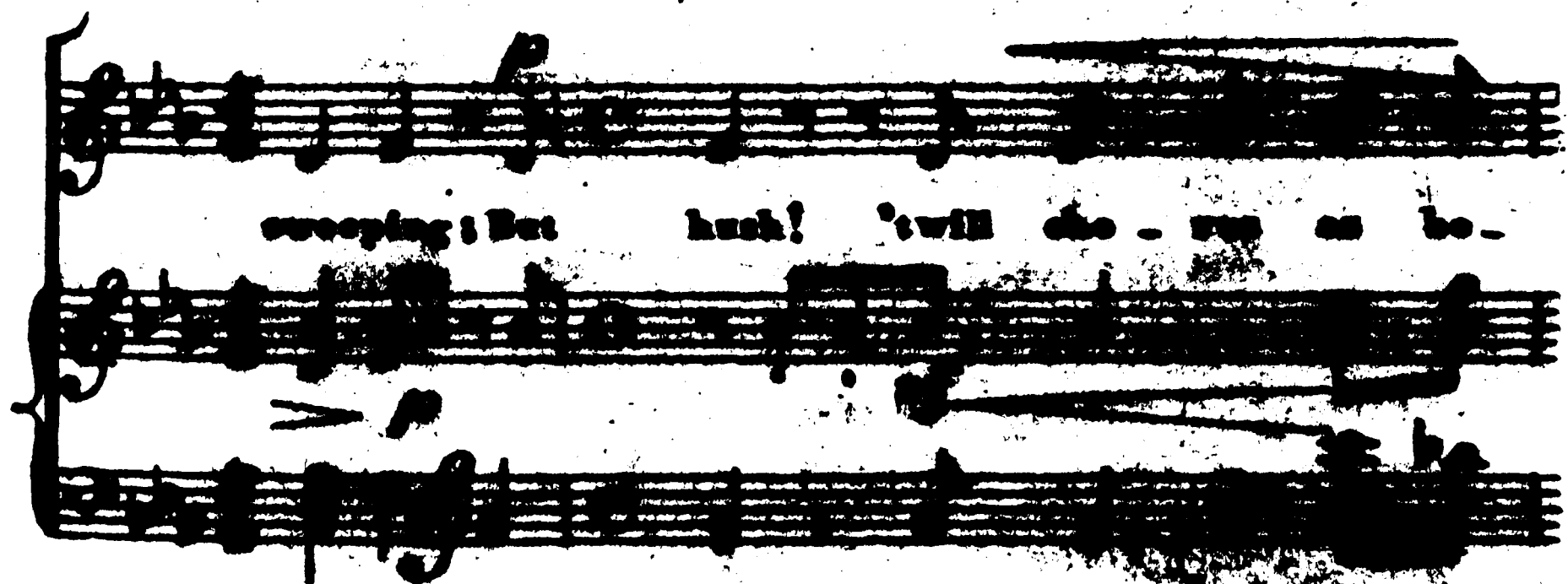
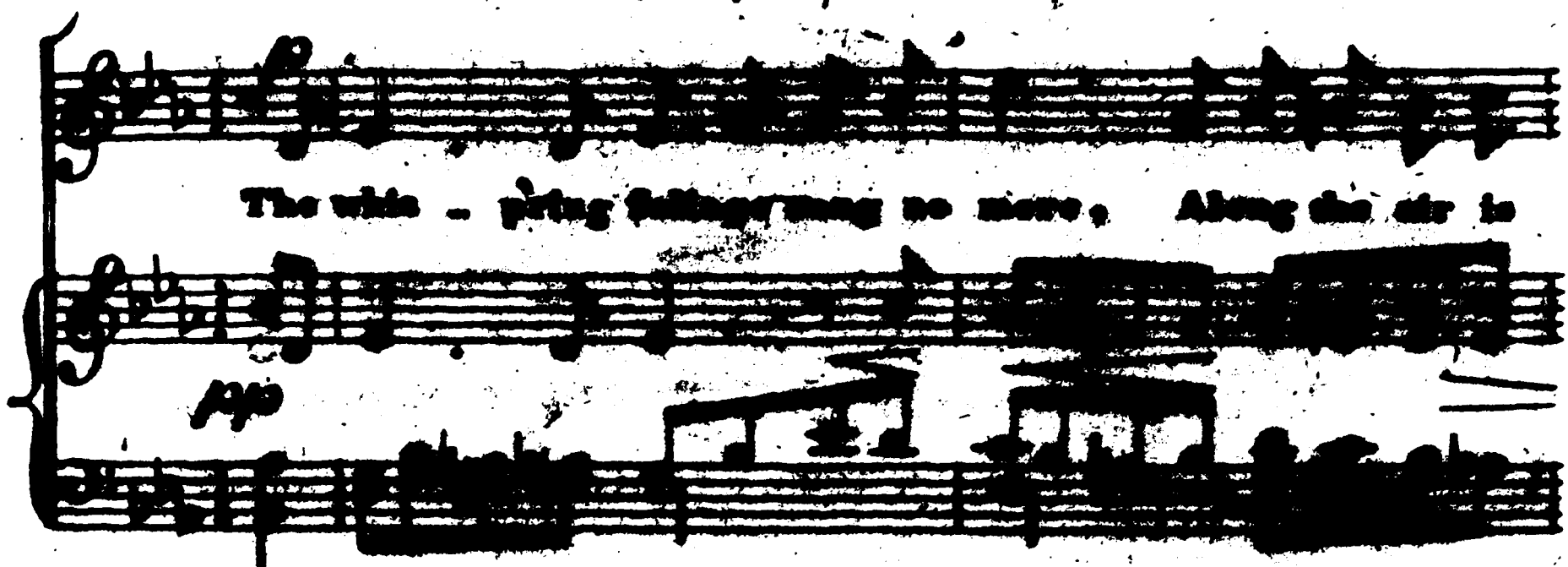


# DECEMBER.

## Winter Minstrelsy.



- while shall be, The cra-dle of their me-lo-

- dy; De--cam-ber's breath a--

while shall be, The cra-dle of their

lent?

lent?

me-lo-dy.

### THE WELLINGTON DICTATORSHIP.

THE country is again under the dictatorship of the Duke of Wellington, and, if it submit to remain so, well deserves this lowest degradation which can befall a people whose slumbers have ever been visited by the dream of political liberty.

But the country will not submit. From the east to the west, from the north to the south, from its metropolitan centre to its remote circumference, is the voice of remonstrance already heard, calm but decisive ; and both calm and decisive, because it is uttered in the consciousness of peaceful power which cannot be baffled nor long resisted.

How different are men's feelings now from what they were when last threatened with the Duke of Wellington's resumption of power in May, 1832. The apprehension, then, seemed to threaten the disorganization of the social frame ; every day, every hour, appeared fraught with fearful events ; scenes of bloody conflict arose on the imagination ; the excitement was at a pitch, which foreboded (unless it had been immediately allayed) confusion, impending convulsion, and the horrors of civil warfare.

On the present occasion, the actual investiture of the duke with the entire authority of government, has only produced, first, universal astonishment ; then clear consideration and decision ; and finally, the united and quiet action, which indicates that the nation forms and expresses its WILL, knowing that ' IT IS SUFFICIENT.'

There is no reorganizing unions, or running for gold, or talk of barricades. Instead, there is only a passing of resolutions, a voting of addresses, and the formation of Electoral Committees. This last is, indeed, the business part of the matter, and we trust it will be set about, all over the country, in a business-like way. Independently of the great change, it is not at all amiss, for the cause of Reform, that there should be a fresh election of the House of Commons.

Meanwhile, men draw their breath freely, and feel their minds at liberty to speculate on the nature, causes, and consequences of this unlooked for event.

It is an awful experiment which the Tories have made, and one which never can, nor ought to be forgotten by the people of this country.

Whatever be the personal character, or the professional merits of the Duke of Wellington, the sentence of public opinion had gone forth, and that most wisely and justly, against his ever again being intrusted with the reins of Government.

He is the personification of Anti-Reform ; the great enemy with whom the people had to struggle for obtaining that Bill,

which gives them almost all the direct influence they possess in the management of their own affairs. *He* was thrown out, that *it* might be brought in; it was thrown out, that he might be brought in; Wellington, and Reform, were the antagonist watch-words, the darkness and the light that struggled together, until the dawn of political existence beamed upon the nation.

Not merely is he opposed to the natural and necessary completion of that Bill by the addition of further Organic Reforms, in the mode and frequency of elections, but there can be little doubt of his aiming, directly or indirectly, at the curtailment of the popular rights which it recognised. Nor is he less committed in opposition to its genuine results, the various other reforms of which it was framed to be the harbinger, and for carrying which it provided means, which, if they be fitting ones, are yet, as experience has shown, deficient in the requisite degree of power. To Church Reform, Corporation Reform, Law Reform, Corn Monopoly Reform; to all that is most liberal in principle, or in practice most needful for good government, he stands the pledged and determined foe. Not the less so, should he descend to a temporary hypocrisy. Orangeism already sends across the Channel its yell of anticipated, but premature triumph; and already the locusts nearer home are rejoicing like those in the Apocalypse at the opening of the bottomless pit, and preparing for another carnival before they shall feel the constraining hand of Ecclesiastical Reformation.

The appointment of the duke is the hoisting of a signal flag of sympathy with despotism all the world over. The sceptres of Holland, and Austria, and Russia, will be waved in responsive gladness, and the chains of the Pole clank mournfully in the wilds of Siberia. His policy must make England foully fall away from her natural alliance with the free, and the struggling to be free, in all countries. It would be a national apostasy, from the cause of intelligence and civilization, to that of military barbarism.

And when did this disgraceful change happen?

Just when the Whig Cabinet had been cleared of a polluting and paralyzing admixture; when it had lost most of that leaven of aristocratical prejudice, which did it a mischief with the public that no talent could redeem; when although not strong in party strength, and yet untried by deeds, it had nevertheless sent forth a hope into the country that public utility would be pursued in that spirit of simplicity and straightforwardness, which becomes the rulers of a Reformed People, but which had not hitherto been satisfactorily manifested: just when the popular demonstrations elicited by Lord Durham's manly conduct and professions had promised resistless support for the government, in the course which it was hoped would be adopted, or a crushing opposition should it fail—just then comes like a thunderbolt, in



darkness and instantaneousness, the dismissal of the Melbourne Administration, and the dictatorship of Wellington.

And why? WHY?

*Le Roi le veut.*

There is no other, or better, solution of the mystery. There were none of the ordinary presages or concomitants of the downfall of a Ministry; no emergency to which its members felt themselves unequal; no parliamentary defeat; no public measures for which they had to ask the royal assent against the royal will. There was nothing but the very slightest and absurdest pretext that can be imagined, for an unprecedented exercise of prerogative. We shall avail ourselves, for a description of the occasion, of Mr. L. Bulwer's "Letter to a late Cabinet Minister," just published.

'Supposing then the King, from such evident reasons, to have resolved to get rid of his Ministers, at the first opportunity,—suddenly Lord Spencer dies, and the opportunity is afforded. There might have been a better one. Throughout the whole history of England, since the principles of a constitutional government and of a responsible administration were established, in 1688, there is no parallel to the combination of circumstances attendant upon the present change. A parallel to a part of the case there may be,—to the whole case there is none. The Cabinet assure the King of their power and willingness to carry on the government; the House of Commons, but recently elected, supports that Cabinet by the most decided majorities; the Premier, not forced on the King by a party, but solicited by himself to accept office; a time of profound repose; no resignation tendered, no defeat incurred—the revenue increasing—quiet at home—peace abroad; the political hemisphere perfectly serene:—when lo, there dies a very old man, whose death every one has been long foreseeing—not a minister, but the father of a minister, which removes, not the Premier, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer, from the House of Commons to the House of Lords! An event so long anticipated does not confound the Cabinet. The Premier is not aghast, he cannot be taken by surprise by an event so natural and so anticipated, (for very old men *will* die!) he is provided with names to fill up the vacant posts of Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. He both feels and declares himself equally strong as ever; he submits his new appointments to his Majesty. Let me imagine the reply. The King, we are informed, by the now ministerial organs, expresses the utmost satisfaction at Lord Melbourne and his Government; he considers him the most honourable of men, and among the wisest of statesmen. Addressing him, then, after this fashion—

"He does not affect to dissemble his love,  
And *therefore* he kicks him down stairs."

"My Lord, you are an excellent man, very—but old Lord Spencer—he was a man seventy-six years old; no one could suppose that at that age an Earl would die! You are an admirable minister, I am pleased with your measures; but old Lord Spencer is no more. It is a sudden, an unforeseen event. Who could imagine he would only live to seventy-six! The revenue is prospering, the Cabinet is strong—our allies are

faithful, you have the House of Commons at your back ; but alas ! Lord Spencer is dead ! You cannot doubt my attachment to Reform, but of course it depended on the life of Lord Spencer. You have lost a Chancellor of the Exchequer ; you say you can supply his place ;—but who can supply the place of the late Lord Spencer ? You have lost a leader of the House of Commons ; you have found another on whom you can depend ; but, my Lord, where shall we find another Earl Spencer, so aged and so important as the Earl who is gone ! The life of the government, you are perfectly aware, was an annuity on the life of this unfortunate nobleman—he was only seventy-six ! My love of liberal men and liberal measures is exceeding, and it was bound by the strongest tie,—the life of the late Lord Spencer. How can my people want Reform, now Lord Spencer is dead ? How can I support reforming ministers, when Lord Spencer has ceased to be ? The Duke of Wellington, you must be perfectly aware, is the only man to govern the country, which has just lost the owner of so fine a library and so large an estate. It is true that his Grace could not govern it before, but then Lord Spencer was in the way ! The untimely decease of that nobleman has altered the whole face of affairs. The people were not quite contented with the Whigs, because they did not go far enough ; but then—Lord Spencer was alive ! The people now will be satisfied with the Tories, because they do not go so far, for—Lord Spencer is dead ! A Tory ministry is necessary, it cannot get on without a Tory parliament ; and a Tory parliament cannot be chosen without a Tory people. But ministry, parliament, and people, what can they be but Tory, after so awful a dispensation of Providence as the death of the Earl of Spencer ? My Lord, excuse my tears, and do me the favour to take this letter to the Duke of Wellington.” ’

If any thing could bring hereditary kingship into immediate and irremediable disgrace with the people of this country, it would be such a personal, uncalled for, arbitrary, yet constitutional interposition as this. Popular discussion has hitherto steered clear of the regal branch of our Government. The reigning sovereign has enjoyed much of cheaply purchased popularity. Even his refusal to create peers when the Grey administration and the Reform Bill were ousted together by the Lords, was not exposed to harsh construction. But it is not wise to force the people to moot the question of the utility of the royal prerogative. It has been hitherto regarded, even by far-going radicals, as a topic which ‘ did not press.’ Why make it press ?

The ‘ Quarterly Review,’ published while we are writing, affirms that the late Cabinet was broken up by the question of Church reform, and that a minority of that Cabinet declared they would resign if measures were proposed so strong as the majority thought essential to their facing Parliament with safety. Perhaps this statement is concocted to disgrace the late Government (its Premier, and some of its members not specified) with reformers and the country. If not, it shows very plainly what we have to expect. The Whigs could not unite in carrying so much Church reform as was necessary to insure them the support of the Com-

mons. Then the Tories must have determined either to rule without the Commons, or to corrupt or overawe them. Moreover the Dissenters may learn that they must not be satisfied, in the elections which may be coming, with general professions of adhesion to the late ministry or to the cause of reform. All have not been their friends that seemed so. There must be a clear understanding, on this, as on some other points.

With a solicitude which the selfishness of Toryism has sometimes shown on previous occasions, the 'Quarterly' makes the King personally responsible for the recent hateful change, which it thinks in harmony with the general character of monarchical government. This is backing one's friends. Even Jacobins blushed for the cowardly desertion of Louis XVI. by the privileged classes of France. But 'the age of chivalry is gone,' and certainly it will never be revived by modern Tories. The King, the King! let the King bear all. 'We are satisfied that his people at large will show that they see in all this affair additional motives of respect, loyalty, and affection.' And if they do not, who can help it? No doubt they will see also that, as the 'Quarterly' gravely adds, by exercising, *pro tempore*, all the powers of Government, the Duke has evinced 'a magnanimity unparalleled in political history.' The people will not be insensible of his deserts.

For ourselves we are rather looking to the 'magnanimity' of the Reformers, who are now rallying as one man to prevent a retrograde movement which would be most debasing and ruinous. We cannot suppress the feeling that, however demanded by the exigency of the time, however essential to all the national interests, this is magnanimity. The Whigs had generated a disgust which only principle can overcome. They had delayed, truckled, compromised. They had weakly sought to conciliate, by putting arms into the hands of their and the country's deadliest enemies. They had endeavoured to govern by yielding, and by echoing the cant, and employing the agency of Tories. And they leave office; bitter must be their reflections on that disgraceful truth; after four years of power, with Castlereagh's six Acts, and the taxes on knowledge, unrepealed. Not four days of power should they have possessed, without sweeping both from the statute book. But they are out; and we can only endeavour to provide that no popular ministry shall take office without the amplest security for the people's progressing rights, and the unconditional capitulation of the court.

In spite, however, of these resolutions; in spite of an abundance of Tory profession; in spite of the treason of journals\* (the

\* The facility with which the 'leading Journal' veered round from its former position of ultra-whiggism, and showed itself, not purely Tory, but *Rota-tory*, only failed of being very amusing by being so very disgusting. The most curious incongruities found their way into its columns in consequence of the suddenness of the change. The subalterns had not their cue for a day or two. They were like Frenchmen at the restoration, marching under the white flag with the tri-colour cockade in

'Times' especially) which ~~had been~~ the organs of public opinion; the reformers of the Empire are united. The timely declaration of the metropolitan members is as a banner raised in a crowd, and order follows spontaneously. Meeting after meeting, throughout England, evinces an unimpaired unity of spirit. The characteristic caution of Scotland carries the dread of division even to an extreme degree; and the mighty voice of O'Connell answers for Ireland that the repeal shall be in oblivion till Toryism is trodden down. The Dissenters are up, in their Churches; 'To your tents, O Israel;' and the operatives see the wondrous difference between the hope of a second Bill of Reform and the possibility of a second field of Peterloo. So let the elections come; let all the lies of the hustings be outdone by future promises; let beer run down the kennels of Liverpool and Norwich; let the Chandos cattle be driven in herds to the county booths; let the 'Church' be 'in danger,' and the 'life and fortune' war-cry raise its last desperate shout; we shall still have the Commons of England in their House of Parliament, and the cause of all honest men will be triumphant.

But there must be no blind gratitude, nor blinder confidence. There is work to be done for the country, of which the electors should make sure. No party names, nor local connexion, nor general character, nor indefinite professions, should avail for a candidate. Nor no length of service, if he will not render the service now needed, and which is essential. Every member should go into the new Parliament solemnly pledged to do his utmost in the very first session, for two great objects. First the completion of *organic reform* by extending the suffrage, shortening the duration of Parliaments, and granting the vote by ballot: and secondly, the commencement of a thorough Church Reform, such as shall restrain the Church to its spiritual functions, and deprive Toryism of its body guard—a corrupt political clergy. All the talk of reform which comes short of this, is moonshine. Without the accomplishment of both these purposes, even Whig moderation cannot hold office for any time, nor any good govern-

their caps. We noted, among other specimens, the following instance of *Question and Answer* from the same broadsheet, that of November 18.

The leading article queries thus:

'The object of it (the Common Council Meeting) was to present a requisition to the Lord Mayor to convene a Court of Common Council; but for what purpose do our readers suppose? Why! to consider the propriety of presenting an address to the King, expressing the GENERAL ALARM of the Citizens of London at the unexpected dismissal of the Administration, &c.' GENERAL ALARM! Where are the symptoms of it? In what hole and corner is it hiding itself? We will venture to say that so impudent a pretence as this would not have been hazarded by any man but Mr. Richard Taylor.

To which questions, we receive from 'Money Market and City Intelligence,' the following reply ready made.

'Among the liberal politicians of this part of the metropolis, the greatest excitement of course still prevails, and it cannot fail to show itself, we think, in action, as soon as the names of the new Ministers are announced.'

ment be anticipated. They are essential; and whoever would induce the people to throw these overboard under the pretext of union, is a deceiver. The union he seeks, would comprehend the people's enemies. The only real pledge of union is the Durham test. The squeamish Whig who will not concede so much to friends, is prepared to concede much more to foes. Had thus much of organic reform been conceded by Earl Grey two years ago, we should not now have been under the Wellington dictatorship; we should not now have been wondering whether the ministry was cashiered for thinking of Church Reform; we should not now have had to fight our battles over again, and have only the consolation of this new crisis being of a more peaceful character than the former; we should not now have had an unreformed House of Lords dreaming, however vainly, of unreforming the House of Commons; we should have been inscribing the tomb of Toryism instead of parrying its dying kicks and convulsive strugglings. But it is not too late to mend the mistake; and heaven helps those that help themselves.

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The well-timed pamphlet of Mr. Bulwer's quoted in the foregoing Article, finishes with an excellent comment on the hopes held out that the Duke might become a reformer. We select some of his specimens of 'Tory claims on popular confidence.'

*'Dissenters, their claim to enter the University, and their character generally.'*

"Who and what were the Dissenters? Many of them differed but little, except in one or two points, from the Established Church; others of them did not agree with the Church of England in any respect; others denied the Trinity, and others were Atheists. Would it be desirable to place such persons in a situation to inflict injury on the Established Church?"—*Speech of the Duke of Wellington, April 20.*

*'Again, on the Dissenters' University Bill—'*

"If ever that measure should be adopted by the House, which God forbid. . . ."—*Ibid.*

*'Irish Church Reliefs.'*

"The object of the government, (for Ireland,) after the passing of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, should have been to do all in their power to conciliate—whom? The Protestants! Every thing *had been granted to the Roman Catholics that they could require!*"—*The Duke of Wellington's Speech, Hansard, p. 950, vol. xix. third series.*

*'On the Irish Church Temporalities Bill.'*

"Utterly inconsistent with the policy of the country."

*'Irish Tithe Bill.'*

"If the Government were so feeble, and so irresolute, as to allow the law to be dormant, (in collecting tithes,) then it was no wonder the English Church should be sacrificed."—*Ibid. Aug. 11.*

"Well," says one journal, "but at least he will give us a Corporation Reform." The following sentence looks like it, certainly:



*' Corporation Reform.*

“ He would make one observation it was desirable emphatically to utter. He doubted, much doubted, whether it would be expedient to *establish a new municipal constitution on the ten-pound franchise. He considered such to be impracticable.*”

“ At least, then,” cry the agriculturists, “ we shall be sure of the Malt-tax.”—Stay a moment, Sir Robert Peel is to be consulted there.

*' Malt-tax.*

“ With respect to the total repeal of the Malt-tax, he still adhered to the opinion he had stated in the last session—the House could not consent to such an excessive reduction of taxation, as would be implied in the repeal of the Malt-tax.”—*Feb. 27.*

## SONGS OF THE MONTHS.—No. 12, DECEMBER.

THE whispering foliage-song no more  
 Along the air is sweeping;  
 But, hush!—'twill chorus as before—  
 The spirit-leaves are sleeping;  
 December's breath awhile shall be  
 The cradle of their melody.

Tho' flow'rs not now their varied hues  
 In charmed union mingle;  
 Yet look—the eye more richly views  
 The flow'r in beauty single.  
 And old December's smile shall be  
 The perfum'd tints' right blazonry.

Tho' warblers from the grove are gone,  
 Here's yet a joyous fellow;  
 For hark!—'tis Robin's song, no one  
 Was ever half so mellow.  
 And old December chirps to be  
 So welcom'd by that minstrelsy.

Tho' cold and storm-fill'd clouds career,  
 And o'er the casements darkle,  
 They make—turn round, the hearth is here—  
 The blaze more brightly sparkle.  
 December claps his hands in glee;  
 Most jovial round the hearth is he.

Then hail December! let the soul,  
 The moments dark appearing  
 Make bright,—for it can change the whole  
 To beauty rich and cheering.  
 Old guest to thoughts in harmony  
 December ever welcome be.



## NOTES ON SOME OF THE MORE POPULAR DIALOGUES OF PLATO.

## No. III.

## THE GORGIAS.

*(Continued from p. 815.)*

CALLICLES having, as we saw in the last number, declined to take any further part in the argument, Socrates requested him, if he would not join in the discussion, at least to listen and stop him if he said any thing incorrect. 'If you refute me,' continued Socrates, 'I shall not be angry with you, as you are with me, but shall account you my greatest friend.' Socrates then recapitulated the preceding argument, questioning and answering himself. That Pleasant and Good are not synonymous; that the Pleasant is to be pursued for the sake of Good, not Good for the sake of the pleasant: That the Pleasant is that, the presence of which makes us pleased. Good, that, the presence of which makes us good. But we, like all other things that are made good, are made so by the presence of some kind of excellence; and our excellence, like that of all other things, is not brought about by hap-hazard, but by order, and regulation, and art. 'That, therefore, which, when it exists in any thing, makes it good, is some kind of order. An ordered mind, consequently, is better than an unregulated one. But an ordered mind is a considerate\* one; a considerate mind therefore is good, and its opposite, a mind which never resists any impulse, is bad. But a considerate mind will always do what is fitting, both towards gods and men; or it would not be considerate. But a mind which does what is fitting towards men, is a just mind; towards gods, a pious one. And courageous likewise: for a considerate person will neither seek nor avoid what he ought not: he will seek, and avoid, and endure, those things, those persons, those pleasures, and those pains, which he ought. A considerate person, or what is the same thing, a person possessed of self-command, is therefore, as we said before, of necessity just, and brave, and pious. And a good man does all things well, and is happy; a bad man does ill, and is miserable; and this is, the man without self-restraint, whom you praised. If all this be true, he who would be happy must practise self-restraint, and fly from self-indulgence; he must endeavour above all things not to require punishment, but if he, or his friends, or his country, be in need of punishment, he must inflict it upon them. Such, it seems to me, is the scope and end of a good life: to produce justice and self-control in him who would be happy; not to let his desires be uncontrolled, and make it the object of his life to satisfy them—an endless ill, the life of a pirate: for such a person cannot be loved by God or man, for he cannot be in any sympathy or communion (*κοινωνία*) with them.

\* *Σοφρων*. Either this argument, which proves that the happy are happy by

\* *Σοφρων*. See the remarks on this word, in our abstract of the Protagoras in a former number, page 204.

the possession of justice and self-control, the wretched wretched by the possession of vice, must be refuted ; or if this be true, we must consider what are the conclusions from it. The conclusions are, all those which you asked whether I was serious in asserting ; that we ought to accuse ourselves and our friends, and bring ourselves to justice, if we commit any injury ; and that this is the proper employment of rhetoric. And what you thought that Polus admitted from shamefacedness, was true, viz. that to injure is more ignoble, and consequently a greater evil, than to be injured ; and likewise what Polus said that Gorgias admitted from shamefacedness, that he who would be rightly a rhetorician, must be just, and must understand justice.

‘ This being the case, let us consider whether there was any ground for your reproof of me, when you said that I am not able to protect myself or any of my friends from the greatest dangers ; but that, like those who have been deprived of their civil rights by the sentence of a court of justice, I am at the mercy of any one who chooses, as you expressed it, to strike me a blow, or to take away my property, or to banish me from the state, or even to kill me : and that to be thus situated is, of all things, as you said, the most ignoble. But I have said often, and there is no reason against saying it again, that the most ignoble of all things is not to be struck unjustly, or to be robbed or put to death unjustly. To do all these things unjustly, or to injure me in any way whatever, is both a more ignoble and a worse thing to the person who injures, than to me who am injured. This has been established by arguments strong as iron and adamant ; which, unless you or some stouter man can refute, it is impossible to speak reasonably, speaking otherwise than I do. For I always say the same thing, viz. that I do not myself know how these things are ; that, however, no one, speaking in opposition to what has occurred to me on this subject, is able to avoid absurdity. I therefore lay down these things as true.

‘ If however they be true ; if injustice be the greatest of evils to the unjust man, but impunity in injustice a still greater evil if possible ; what kind of protection is it, which, to be unable to render to one’s self or one’s friends, is really contemptible ? Is it not that which averts the greatest evil ? Is not the nobleness of being able to protect, and the ignobleness of being unable, proportional to the greatness of the evil to be averted ? ’ ‘ Certainly,’ replied Callicles. S. ‘ Here then are two evils : to injure, and to be injured : the first a greater evil, the latter a less. What ought we to provide ourselves with, if we mean to protect ourselves against these two evils ? Power, or merely will ? For example, to escape from being injured, is it sufficient that we should will not to be injured, or is power required for that purpose ? ’ C. ‘ It is evident that power is required.’ S. ‘ And to injure :—Is it sufficient to prevent us from doing injustice, that we should will not to do it, or is it necessary for this purpose also, to have provided ourselves with a power, with an art, which if we do not learn, and exercise, we shall do injustice ? Did you think that Polus and I were right when we agreed that no one commits injustice willingly, but always unwillingly ? ’ C. ‘ Be it so, that you may complete your argument.’ S. ‘ An art, and a power, therefore, are required, in order not to do injustice.’ C. ‘ Yes.’ S. ‘ What, now, are the means by which a person may contrive that he should be never injured, or as little as possible ? To me, it seems that

it would be requisite for him either to be a despotic ruler in the state, or to associate himself with the existing government.'—'Do you see,' asked Callicles, 'how ready I am to praise you if you say any thing good? What you now say appears to me extremely well said.' S. 'Consider whether you approve also of what I shall say next. It seems to me, that, as the old sages used to say, each man loves most those who most resemble himself. Do not you think so?' C. 'I do.' S. 'Then, wherever the government is in the hands of a savage and uncultured despot, if there be any person in the state who is much better than he, the despot will be afraid of him, and will never be able to love him with all his heart.' C. 'Agreed.' S. 'Neither would he love any one who is much worse than himself; for he would despise him.' C. 'This likewise is true.' S. 'No one therefore remains to be his friend, except such as, being of a similar disposition to him, praising and blaming the same things which he does, are willing to be his subjects and be governed by him. Any person of this sort will be extremely powerful in the state, and no one will injure him without being the worse for it.' C. 'Yes.' S. 'If then, in the state in question, any young man would contrive by what means he may become very powerful, and no one may injure him, his best plan is, to accustom himself from his youth upwards to have the same pleasures and pains with his master, and to resemble him as much as possible.' C. 'Yes,' S. 'By this method he will have attained the one object, of not being injured.' C. 'He will.' S. 'But will he have attained the other object, not to injure? or the very opposite? having made himself to resemble the ruler, who is unjust, and having attained influence with him? It seems to me that he will have accomplished, on the contrary, the means of doing the greatest possible quantity of injustice, and escaping with impunity.' C. 'So it seems.' S. 'Then he will be afflicted with the greatest of evils, being evil in mind, and being corrupted by power, and by the imitation of his master.' C. 'I do not know how you twist and turn the argument backwards and forwards. Do you not know that this imitator will, if he pleases, be able to destroy the non-imitator, and take his property?' S. 'Surely I do, most excellent Callicles, if I am not deaf, having heard it so often from you and Polus, and from nearly every other person in the town. But do you also listen to me, who say that it is true he will kill him if he pleases, but if so, a bad man will kill a good one.' C. 'And is not this the very thing which is to be complained of?' S. 'Not by any rational person, as the argument has shown. Do you think that a person should make it the object of all his exertions, to live as long as he can, and to study all the arts which can preserve us from dangers, such, for instance, as that rhetoric which you advised me to study, which saves our lives and fortunes in a court of justice?' C. 'And very good advice it was.' S. 'Pray, does the faculty of swimming appear to you a very grave and dignified one?' C. 'No, indeed.' S. 'And yet it saves men's lives, when they are in circumstances in which that faculty is needed. If this should appear to you a trifling instance, I will give you a greater one, the art of navigation; which not only saves our lives but our property from the greatest of dangers, like rhetoric. And yet this art is unassuming and modest, and does not take honour to itself as having effected something splendid, but if it has brought you safe from

Ægina hither, it charges two oboli, and if from the distance of Pontus or Egypt, having saved yourself, your wife, your children, your fortune, it lands you here and charges two drachmæ; and the man whose art has accomplished all this, goes down to the beach, and walks about his ship with a humble dress and demeanour. For he is aware, I take it, that it is impossible to tell whom among his passengers he has benefited and whom he has harmed by not suffering them to be drowned, knowing that he has landed them no better men than he took them on board, either in body or mind. He considers that if any one, being afflicted with great and incurable bodily diseases, has been saved from shipwreck, he is unfortunate in not having perished, as from having received any benefit: and if any one has many incurable diseases in what is of greater price than the body, his mind, it is no benefit to this man to be saved from death, whether by sea or by the executioner; since it is not good for the bad man to live, for he must live badly. Therefore a pilot is not held in reverence, though he saves our lives. Nor an engineer either, who is sometimes as potent a preserver as either a pilot or a general; for he occasionally saves whole cities. Do you think as highly of him as you do of a rhetorician? And yet, if he were to exalt his profession after your fashion, and call upon all men to become engineers, on account of the exalted excellence of the art, he would have enough to say. But you, in spite of all this, despise him and his art, and would call him an engineer as a term of disdain, and would not give your daughter to his son, or allow your son to marry his daughter. And yet, by your own account of yourself, what ground have you for looking down upon the engineer, and the other people whom I have mentioned? I know you would say, you are better, and of a better sort. But if to be better does not consist in what I said; if all excellence consists in being able to preserve ourselves and what belongs to us, no matter what sort of men we are; then your disdain of the engineer and the physician, and of the other arts which have our preservation in view, is ridiculous. But observe whether nobleness and goodness do not consist in something quite different from saving and being saved: for a true man should not make it his study to live as long as possible, but should commit this to God, and believing what the women say, that no man can escape his destiny, should consider in what manner, so long as he does live, he may live best. Should he assimilate himself to the government under which he lives? and should you now study to resemble the Athenian people, that you may be a favourite with them, and may be powerful in the state? Let us consider well, lest we should purchase this power at the expense of what we most value. For if you think that any one can teach you an art which will make you powerful in this state, being dissimilar to the government of it, whether for better or worse, you are mistaken. You must be, not even an imitator of it, but actually similar to it in your own nature, if you would have any success in courting the favour of the Athenian people. Whoever, therefore, shall make you most like to the Athenian people, will make you such a politician and rhetorician, as you desire to become: for every person is pleased with discourse conformable to his own disposition, and displeased with that which is unconformable to it. Can you say any thing against this?' C. 'You seem to me, I do not know why, to speak well: but I am like most

people, I am not much persuaded by you.' S. 'The passion for the people, with which your soul is filled, resists me. But if we consider the subject better, and frequently, you will perhaps be persuaded.'

'Remember, now, that we said there were two methods of ministering either to the body or the mind; the one having in view Pleasure, the other aiming at the greatest Good, whether producing pleasure or pain.'

C. 'We did.' S. 'That which aims at pleasure, is ignoble, and no better than adulation.' C. 'Let it be so if you please.' S. 'The other aims at what is best for that which it serves, be it the body or the mind.'

C. 'Yes.' S. 'Ought we not then to attach ourselves to the service of our country and our countrymen, with a view to make them as good as we can? For without this, as we have found before, it is of no use to render them any other benefit, since if their minds are not well ordered; it does them no good to obtain either wealth or authority or any other power. Is it not so?' C. 'If you will.'

S. 'If then we were exhorting one another to apply ourselves to the public works, the building of walls, or temples, or docks, ought we not to examine ourselves, and see, in the first place, whether we understand the art of architecture or not, and under what master we have studied it?' C. 'Certainly.' S. 'And next, whether we have ever constructed any private edifice, for ourselves or any of our friends, and whether it be a good or a bad one. For if, examining ourselves, we found that we had studied under good and celebrated teachers, and had erected many admirable edifices, first under our masters, and afterwards by ourselves when he had left our masters, we should then act like reasonable beings in undertaking the public works. But if we could not name any person who had been our teacher, nor point to any buildings which we had erected, or to any that were not worthless, it would be senseless in us to take upon ourselves the construction of any public work, and to exhort each other to do so. Is this rightly said or not?' C. 'It is.' S. 'And so likewise if we were about to practise as physicians, or were inviting one another to do so, you and I ought to consider of one another thus: Pray how is Socrates himself in respect to health? Has any one been ever cured of an illness through his means? And I should ask the same questions respecting you. And if we could not discover that any one, foreigner or citizen, man or woman, had been brought into a better state of body by our means, would it not be ridiculous in us to attempt, as the proverb says, to learn pottery in the pot itself, and endeavour to practise for the public before we had tried in private, failed often and succeeded often, until we have sufficiently exercised ourselves in the art?' C. 'It would.' S. 'Now, then, since you have recently begun to transact the affairs of the state, and are calling upon me and reproaching me because I do not follow your example, let us examine one another: Pray has Callicles ever made any of the citizens a better man? Is there any person, foreigner or citizen, slave or freeman, who, having been previously unjust and intemperate and thoughtless, has been made a good man by Callicles? If any one were to ask you this question, what would you say? Do you not like to answer whether you have accomplished any achievement of this sort while yet in a private station, before you attempted to practise publicly?' C. 'You are reproachful.' S. 'I do not ask the question from any wish to reproach you, but from a real wish to know in what way you



think that men ought to conduct themselves in public life, and whether you, in your public conduct, will be intent upon anything else, than that we, the citizens, may be as good as possible. Have we not frequently agreed that this is what a politician should do? Have we agreed or not? Answer. We have agreed: I will answer for you.

'If, then, this be what a good man should do for his country, pray look back and tell me, whether Pericles and Cimon, and Miltiades and Themistocles, still appear to you to have been good citizens.' C. 'They do.' S. 'Then, if they were so, each of them must have made his countrymen better than they were before. Did they, or not?' C. 'They did.' S. 'Then, when Pericles began to speak in the public assemblies, the Athenians were worse men than they were when he last addressed them?' C. 'Perhaps so.' S. 'Not *perhaps*, but they positively *must*, if he was a good citizen; by our former admissions.' C. 'What then?' S. 'Nothing: but tell me this, whether the Athenians are said to have been made better by Pericles, or, on the contrary, to have been corrupted by him. For I hear it said that Pericles made the Athenians idlers and cowards, and gossips and covetous, being the first who accustomed them to receive pay.\*' C. 'Those who told you so are Spartans at heart.' S. 'One thing, however, I was not told, but we both of us know it; that Pericles was in high reputation, and never was condemned on any disgraceful charge by the Athenians, at first, when they were comparatively bad men; but after he had made them virtuous men, towards the end of his life, they found him guilty of peculation, and were near passing sentence of death upon him.' C. 'What then? Does this prove Pericles a bad statesman?' S. 'A superintendent of asses, at least, or of horses or oxen, would be thought a very bad one, if the animals did not kick, and start, and bite, when they were intrusted to him, but did all this when they quitted his charge. Is not that person, in your opinion, a bad guardian of any animal, who sends him forth more savage than he received him?' C. 'I will say yes, to please you.' S. 'Will you also please me by answering whether man is an animal or not?' C. 'Unquestionably.' S. 'And Pericles was a superintendent of men.' C. 'Yes.' S. 'Ought they not then, if he, their superintendent, had been a good politician, to have become more just, not more unjust, under his care?' C. 'Yes.' S. 'But the just, as Homer says, are gentle. What say you?' C. 'The same.' S. 'Now, he left them more ferocious than he received them, and that too towards himself, towards whom he least desired it.' C. 'Do you wish me to agree with you?' S. 'If you think I speak the truth.' C. 'Be it so, then.' S. 'And if more ferocious, then more unjust, and worse.' C. 'Be it so.' S. 'Then Pericles was not a good statesman.' C. 'So say you.' S. 'And you too, from your own admission. And what of Cimon? Did not those whom he served banish him by ostracism, that for ten years they might not hear his voice? And did they not banish Themistocles, and sentence Miltiades to a dungeon? If these had been good statesmen, they would not have been so treated. A good coachman does not at first keep his seat, but after he has trained his horses, and learned to be a better driver, then fall off. This does not happen either in driving or in any thing else: does it, think you?' C. 'No.' S. 'Then we were

\* For attending as jurymen, and at the public assemblies.



right in saying that we knew of no man who had been a good statesman in this nation. You allowed that there was none in our own day, but affirmed that there were such persons formerly, and instanced these men. But these, it appears, are on a level with those of the present day ; so that, if they were rhetoricians, they neither possessed the true rhetoric, nor even that which is a kind of adulation, otherwise they would not have been so unsuccessful.' 'But,' said Callicles, 'no one in the present day has approached to these men in the works which they accomplished.' 'Neither do I disparage them,' replied Socrates, 'in the character of ministrators to the people's inclinations ; I think that they were much more skilful ministrators than the men of our day, and more capable of providing for the nation what it desired. But in respect of changing its desires, and not giving way to them, but exhorting and impelling the nation to those courses by which the citizens might become better men, they did not differ from our own contemporaries : and this alone is the business of a good citizen. In providing ships, and walls, and docks, and so forth, I grant that these men were abler than ours.

'You and I are acting very ridiculously. All this time we continually return to the same point, and never know each other's meaning. I think you have often admitted that there are two kinds of pursuits relating to the body and the mind, one of them merely ministrative, which can provide food for our bodies if they are hungry, drink if they are thirsty, clothes if they are cold, and in short whatever the body desires. I purposely repeat the same illustrations constantly, that you may the more easily understand me. It is no wonder that any one who is capable of providing these things, whether he be a dealer or a producer, a cook, or weaver, and so forth, should think himself and be thought by others to be the proper guardian of the body ; so long as they do not know that there is, besides all this, an art of gymnastics and medicine, which is the real guardian of the body ; and which it is fit should govern all these other arts, and make use of them as instruments, because this art knows what food or drink is good and bad, with reference to the excellence of the body, but the others do not know ; for which reason these are all slavish and illiberal, and simply ministerial, and gymnastics and medicine ought in justice to be sovereign over them. You sometimes appear to know, that I assert this to be true likewise of the mind, and you assent, as if you understood my meaning : but you presently turn back, and say that there have been excellent citizens in this state, and when I ask who, you name to me exactly such a kind of politicians, as if, when I asked you what good gymnasts and superintendents of the body there are or have been, you were gravely to answer, Thearion the baker, and Mithæcus the author of the cookery book, and Sarambus the tavern keeper, saying that these were surprisingly good in the care and treatment of the body, by providing excellent bread, and meat, and wine. You would perhaps be angry, if I were to answer, My friend, you know nothing of gymnastics ; you tell me of people who can only minister to me and supply my desires, having no sound knowledge respecting them ; and who perhaps, after swelling and fattening men's bodies, and being praised by them, will end by destroying even their original flesh. They, indeed, from inexperience, will not perhaps lay upon these men who crammed them, the blame of their diseases and loss of flesh ; but when their former repletion, not being of a healthy kind, shall long after pro-

duce diseases, they will reproach and punish those who happen to be attending on them and advising them at that time, but will eulogize the original authors of their ills. You, Callicles, now do precisely the same thing. You eulogize the men who, having feasted the Athenians and crammed them with what they desire, are said to have made them a great nation, because it is not perceived that the commonwealth is tumid and hollow, through those men of antiquity: for, without making us just or temperate, they have crammed us with ports, and docks, and fortifications, and revenues, and such trumpery. When the crisis arrives, the Athenians will lay the blame upon their then advisers; they will eulogize Themistocles, and Cimon, and Pericles, the authors of their calamity; but when they have lost their original possessions as well as those more recently acquired, perhaps they will revenge themselves upon you, if you do not take care, and upon my friend Alcibiades, who were not the original authors of their evils, although perhaps you may have assisted in producing them.

'And by the way, I observe that something which is very usual, is very unreasonable. When the state takes hold of any of its statesmen, and treats them as criminals, they are indignant, and represent themselves as ill used men, who having rendered many great services to the state, are unjustly destroyed by it. This is all imposture. A leading man in a state *cannot* be unjustly destroyed by the state of which he is the leader. Those who call themselves politicians, resemble those who call themselves sophists. The sophists, in other respects wise men, do one thing which is very absurd: Calling themselves teachers of virtue, they often reproach their disciples for wronging them by not paying their hire, and not showing them gratitude for the good they have done them. What can be more senseless than this, that men who have become virtuous and just, men who have been purified from injustice by their teacher, and imbued with justice, should be unjust? Do you not think this absurd? You have forced me really to harangue, Callicles, not being willing to answer.' C. 'Cannot you speak, unless some one will answer you?' S. 'It seems I can; for I have been speaking for a long time, since you will not answer. But tell me, in the name of friendship: Do you not think it very absurd, that he who says he has made some one a good man, should blame him, that having been made by him, and still being, a good man, he is nevertheless a bad one?' C. 'I think so.' S. 'And do you not hear those who profess to instruct men in virtue, speaking in this manner?' C. 'I do. But why do you talk about men who are good for nothing?\*' S. 'And what will you say of those, who, professing to have been at the head of the nation, and to have managed it so that it should become as good as possible, afterwards turn round and reproach it as being wicked? Do you think that such persons are any better than those whom you despise? A sophist, and a rhetorician, are the same thing, or very much alike, as I said to Polus. But you, from ignorance, think the one a fine thing, and despise the other. In reality, the pursuit of the sophist is nobler than that of the

\* Another incidental proof of the contempt in which the sophists were held by the very persons whom they are said to have corrupted; politicians and men of the world. We recur frequently to this topic, because it is one on which the Tory writers have usually enjoyed full liberty of misrepresentation.

rhetorician, as the art of Legislation is nobler than the art of Judicature, and Gymnastics than Medicine. I, for my part, thought that orators and sophists were the only persons who were not entitled to accuse their scholars of behaving ill to them; for in the same breath they would be accusing themselves of having done no good to those whom they undertook to improve. Is it not so? C. 'It is.' S. 'And they alone should have it in their power to bestow their particular kind of service without pay. A person who has received any other service, who has, for instance, acquired swiftness by the instructions of a gymnast, might perhaps be ungrateful to the gymnast, unless he previously made a contract with him for the payment of hire. For men are not unjust by slowness, but by injustice.' C. 'Yes.' S. 'Then if any one frees them from this quality of injustice, there is no danger of their being unjust to him. If he can really make men good, he alone may with safety cast this benefit at random.' C. 'He may.' S. 'Therefore, it is no disgrace to take money for giving advice on any other subject, as on building, for example.' C. 'No.' S. 'But on this subject, how one may become most virtuous, and may best administer one's family or the state, it is considered disgraceful to say that we will not give advice unless we are paid for it.' C. 'Yes.' S. 'And why? Because of all services, this is the only one which of itself inspires the person benefited with a desire to repay the obligation: so that it is a sign of having performed this service well, if we are requited for it, ill, if we are not. Is not this true?' C. 'It is.'

S. 'To which, then, of these kinds of service do you exhort me? As a physician, to strive that the Athenians may become as good as possible? Or as a mere ministrative officer, to wait upon their desires? Speak out boldly.' C. 'I say, then, as a ministrative officer.' S. 'You call upon me, then, to become an adulator.' C. 'Had you rather be called a Mysian?\* as you certainly will, if you do not follow this advice.' S. 'Do not say, as you have said so often, that any one who pleases may put me to death; lest I should answer, that if so, a bad man will put to death a good one. Nor that he will deprive me of my substance; lest I should reply, that if he does, he will not be able to use it for his good; but, as he acquired it unjustly, so he will use it unjustly; if, unjustly, ignobly; and if ignobly, perniciously to himself.' C. 'How confident you seem to be that you are in no danger of these things! as if you could not be brought into danger of your life, even perhaps by a worthless fellow.' S. 'I must be very foolish, if I did not know that in this state any one whatever may be so treated. This, however, I well know, that if I should, as you say, be charged with a criminal offence, it will be a bad man who charges me; for no good man would indict a man who does no wrong. And it will be no wonder if I should be put to death. Shall I tell you why I think so?' C. 'If you please.' S. 'I think that I, with a very few other Athenians, (not to say I alone,) cultivate the true art of politics, and that I alone, among the men of the present day, am a politician in the true sense of the word. Since then I say whatever I do say, not for the gratification of any one, but aiming

\* The most despised of all foreign nations. Witness the phrase *Μαυρί λυα*, the spoil of the Mysians, applied to any people so poor in spirit, that even the unwarlike Mysians could plunder them with impunity.

at what is best, not at what is most agreeable, and not choosing to do those fine things which you recommend, I shall not know what to say in a court of justice. What I said to Polus, would apply to myself. I shall be judged as a physician would, if tried before children, on the accusation of a cook. What could such a person say in his defence? Suppose his accuser to say, See what evils this man has inflicted upon you, cutting and burning and emaciating you, giving you bitter draughts, and forcing you to fast; not like me, who have feasted you with every thing that is delightful. What could the physician say to all this? If he said the truth, "I did all these things for your health," do you not think that such judges would hoot him down?' C. 'Probably.' S. 'And I myself, I well know, should be treated in a similar manner, if I were brought before a court of justice. For I shall not be able to remind the judges of any pleasures that I have procured for them, which are what they understand by benefits. But I do not envy either the providers or those for whom they provide. And if any one should say that I corrupt the youth by unsettling their minds, or libel the older men by bitter speeches, either in private or in public, I shall neither be able to say the truth, viz. "I say and do all these things justly, and therefore for your good," nor shall I have any other defence; so that I must be content to undergo my fate.' C. 'Does a man, then, who is thus situated, so unable to protect himself, appear to you to be as he should be?' S. 'If that be in him, of which we have so often spoken: if he have protected himself, by never having said or done anything unjust, either towards men or gods. For this is, as we have frequently admitted, the best sort of self-protection. If, therefore, any one should convict me of being incapable of affording *this* protection to myself or others, I should be ashamed, whether I were convicted in the presence of many, or of one only; and if I were to perish from this kind of incapability, I should be grieved; but if I should die for want of Adulatory Rhetoric, I should bear my death very easily. Death itself no one fears, who is not altogether irrational and unmanly; but to commit injustice is an object of rational fear, for to arrive in the other world with the soul loaded with crimes, is the greatest of evils. I will, if you please, set forth to you in what manner this happens. I will relate to you a history, which you will, as I think, consider a fable, but I shall state it to you as true.'

Socrates then introduces a *mythos* or legend, of the description so frequent in Plato, and which he never seems to deliver as truth, but as a symbol of some truth. This *mythos* relates to a future state, and a general judgment of mankind. Formerly (he says) men were judged on the day on which they were destined to die, and were tried by living judges: but Pluto and the guardians of Elysium complained to Jupiter, that people frequently were sent to them who were undeserving; for, being tried while yet alive, they were tried with their mortal garments not stripped off; and many whose souls were evil, had dressed them out in a handsome body, and rank and wealth, and when the trial came on, they produced many witnesses, to assert that they had led a just life: and the judges were imposed upon by these means, more especially as they also were still alive, and gross material organs obstructed the clearness of their mental sight. On this account it was ordered that men should no longer foresee their own death; and that they should be tried naked, that is,

not till they were dead, and by judges who were likewise dead and naked. Æacus, Rhadamanthus, and Minos, therefore, judge mankind, at the place where the two roads to Tartarus and to Elysium separate. 'Death,' added Socrates, 'is merely the separation of the body and the soul: each of them remains the same in its own nature. The body, for some time at least, continues of the same figure and aspect, and with the same marks upon it, as during life; and the soul likewise, when stripped of the body, discloses its natural state, as well as all the artificial impressions which have been made upon it by the habits acquired during life. These judges, therefore, when the souls come to them, know not whose souls they are, but often take hold of the soul of the Great King,\* or any other monarch, or powerful man, and finding nothing sound in it, but seeing it branded and imprinted with the stigmas of perjury and injustice, which the practices of the man during his life have left upon it, and finding it crooked and awry from having been nurtured in falsehood and deception, and full of baseness and disorderliness from habits of luxury and insolence and self-indulgence, they dismiss it to the place of torment. All punishment, when properly inflicted, is designed either to benefit the sufferer by making him better, or to be a warning to others, and render them better by the terror of the example. Those whose vices are curable, are benefited by their torments; such benefits can only arise from suffering, either here or in Tartarus; for there are no other means of being cured of injustice. But those whose crimes are of the deepest dye, and who are consequently incurable, are made examples of, and are not benefited by their punishment, being incurable, but serve to benefit the beholders, being hung up as an example to those vicious men who come there. Of these Archelaus will be one, if Polus has told truth respecting him. I apprehend that most of these examples are yielded by despots and powerful statesmen; for they, from the greater license which they possess, commit the greatest crimes. Homer bears witness to this, for he has represented those who suffer eternally in hell as all of them kings, Tantalus, and Sisyphus, and Tityus: he has not placed Thersites, or any other wicked private individual, among those who suffer the great punishments, as being incurable; for it was not in the power of these men to commit the greater crimes: by so much the happier they. It is not, however, absolutely impossible even for statesmen and powerful men, to be virtuous; and they who are so, are highly to be extolled: for it is difficult to live justly with much liberty of committing injustice, and few are they who do so. There have been such men, however, and probably there will be again, both here and elsewhere, whose greatness consists in performing *justly* that which is intrusted to them: and one very notable instance throughout all Greece, was Aristides. When, on the contrary, the judges behold a soul which has lived in holiness and truth, (usually, as I affirm, that of a philosopher, who has minded his own affairs, and not taken much part in active life,) they commend him, and dismiss him to Elysium.

'I, therefore, make it my study so to act, that I shall appear before my judge with my soul in the soundest possible state. Letting alone the honours which the Many confer, and pursuing the Truth, I endeavour to live well, and when the time shall come, to die well. And to the best of

\* The name by which the Greeks denoted the king of Persia.



my ability I call upon all men to do the same; and I exhort you, in my turn, to this mode of life, and this struggle, which is worth all the struggles here: and I tell you, that you will not be able to protect yourself, but when Æacus calls you before him, you will gape and stare as much as I should here, and perhaps some one will strike you a blow, and insult you with every kind of contumely.

‘Perhaps you may despise all this, and think it an old woman’s tale. And there would be nothing wonderful in despising it, if, by seeking, we could find any thing better and more true. But now you see that you, the three wisest men now living in Greece, you, and Polus, and Gorgias, are not able to show that any other course of life should be pursued, than that which this story pronounces to be for our interest in a future state; but amid so many refutations, this conclusion alone rests undisturbed, that to injure should be more guarded against than to be injured, and that it ought to be our greatest study not to appear good, but to *be* good, both in private and in public; and that if in any respect we become wicked, we should be punished, and that the next best thing to *being* just, is to *become* so by being punished; and that all adulation, whether of ourselves or of others, of a few or of many, should be avoided, and rhetoric, and every thing else, should be employed for the purposes of justice only. Be advised by me, therefore, and follow me thither, where, if you arrive, you will be happy both in life and after death. And suffer any man to despise you as a fool, and to insult you if he will, aye, and to strike you even that disgraceful blow: for you will suffer nothing by it if you are really excellent, and practise virtue. And having thus practised it in common, we will then, if we see fit, apply ourselves to public life, or adopt any course to which our deliberations may lead us, being then fitter for deliberation than we are now. For it is shameful, being as it seems we are, to value ourselves as being somebody; we who never think the same thing on the same subject, and that the greatest of all subjects; so ignorant are we. Let us use, therefore, as our guide, the argument which we have now investigated; which tells us, that the best mode of life, is to live and die in the practice of justice, and of all other virtue. This road let us follow, and to this let us exhort all others; not that to which you exhorted me; for it is good for nothing, O Callicles.’

• The reader has now seen the substance of what the greatest moralist of antiquity finds to say in recommendation of a virtuous life. His arguments, like those of moralists in general, are not of a nature to convince many, except those who do not need conviction; there are few of them which Polus and Callicles, had the author endowed them with dialectical skill equal to his own, might not easily have parried. But is not this an inconvenience necessarily attending the attempt to prove the eligibility of virtue by argument? Argument may show what general regulation of the desires, or what particular course of conduct, virtue requires: *How* to live virtuously, is a question the solution of which belongs to the understanding: but the understanding has no inducements which it can bring to the aid of one who has



not yet determined whether he will endeavour to live virtuously or no. It is impossible, by any arguments, to prove that a life of obedience to duty is preferable, so far as respects the agent himself, to a life of circumspect and cautious selfishness. It will be answered, perhaps, that virtue is the road to happiness, and that 'honesty is the best policy.' Of this celebrated maxim, may we not venture to say, once for all, without hesitation or reserve, that it is not true? The whole experience of mankind runs counter to it. The life of a good man or woman is full of unpraised and unrequited sacrifices. In the present dialogue, which, though scanty in conclusive arguments, is rich in profound reflections, there is one remark of which the truth is quite universal—that the world loves its like, and refuses its favour to its unlike. To be more honest than the many, is nearly as prejudicial, in a worldly sense, as to be a greater rogue. They, indeed, who have no conception of any higher honesty than is practised by the majority of the society in which they live, are right in considering such honesty as accordant with policy. But how is he indemnified, who scruples to do that which his neighbours do without scruple? Where is the reward, in any worldly sense, for heroism? Civilization, with its *laissez-aller* and its *laissez-faire* which it calls tolerance, has, in two thousand years, done thus much for the moral hero, that he now runs little risk of drinking hemlock like Socrates, or like Christ, of dying on the cross. The worst that can well happen to him is to be everywhere ill spoken of, and to fail in all his worldly concerns: and if he be unusually fortunate, he may, perhaps, be so well treated by the rest of mankind, as to be allowed to be honest in peace.

The old monk in Rabelais had a far truer notion of worldly wisdom:—'To perform your appointed task indifferently well; never to speak ill of your superiors; and to let the mad world go its own way, for it *will* go its own way.'

All valid arguments in favour of virtue, presuppose that we already desire virtue, or desire some of its ends and objects. You may prove to us that virtue tends to the happiness of mankind, or of our country; but that supposes that we already care for mankind or for our country. You may tell us that virtue will gain us the approbation of the wise and good; but this supposes that the wise and good are already more to us than other people are. Those only will go along with Socrates in the preceding dialogue, who already feel that the accordance of their lives and inclinations with some scheme of duty is necessary to their comfort; whose feelings of virtue are already so strong, that if they allow any other consideration to prevail over those feelings, they are really conscious that the health of their souls is gone, and that they are, as

\* Fungi officio taliter qualiter; nunquam male loqui de superioribus; sinere in sanum mundum vadere quod vult; nam vult vadere quod vult.

Plato affirms, in a state of disease. But no arguments which Plato urges have power to make those love or desire virtue, who do not already: nor is this ever to be effected through the intellect, but through the imagination and the affections.

The love of virtue, and every other noble feeling, is not communicated by reasoning, but caught by inspiration or sympathy from those who already have it; and its nurse and foster-mother is Admiration. We acquire it from those whom we love and reverence, especially from those whom we earliest love and reverence; from our ideal of those, whether in past or in present times, whose lives and characters have been the mirror of all noble qualities; and lastly, from those who, as poets or artists, can clothe those feelings in the most beautiful forms, and breathe them into us through our imagination and our sensations. It is thus that Plato has deserved the title of a great moral writer. Christ did not argue about virtue, but commanded it: Plato, when he argues about it, argues for the most part inconclusively; but he resembles Christ in the love which he inspires for it, and in the stern resolution never to swerve from it, which those who can relish his writings naturally feel when perusing them. And the present writer regrets that his imperfect abstract is so ill fitted to convey any idea of the degree in which this dialogue makes the feelings and course of life which it inculcates commend themselves to our inmost nature, by associating them with our most impressive conceptions of beauty and power.

A.

#### AN EVENING REVERIE BY THE SEA-SIDE.

THERE is nothing in the world which has not its many times repeated likeness. Infinitely as form, as colour, or as sensation is varied, there are but a certain number of *thoughts* which are thus expressed in endless change. These thoughts are the workings of the soul—the soul of this whole universe—the soul of man. All else is but the type of this, imaged around us, that we may there read our own beauty—there feel our own immensity.

How very beautiful! The sea is as calm as undisturbed meditation. The evening star burns clearly over that distant and wavy-outlined isle. The silver curve of the new-born moon gleams brightly in the crimson-tinted sunset. The wild and desolate beach, with its endless piles of wave-washed stones, like past hours, the counters of time, which changes not, but in its silently-increasing number, reminds the mortal who thence gazes on that beauteous scene, that he may be even as that star in brightening glory, or but as a stone, washed up and away from the ocean-bed of time, on the dreary shore of the unheeded past. Hark! the tide is coming, with its minor tone of sweet mournfulness. It would

woo you to a fascinated sleep. But, listen not, sleep not: the waves never stay, they never slumber; and action is rest to a spirit of power.

Is there aught like this in the hearts of men?

The outline of the little bark is dark on the clear gray waters; it seems to move to the music of the waves. But no; the boat trusts not to them, but to the air from heaven, which fills its spreading sail. It rides in safety; but it passeth eastwards, and the sky there is murky; there a dim veil hangs over all. Surely it is oblivion which there broods on the scarce-seen horizon; seen only in its own indistinctness. Shadows chase each other there, and their wings are darkening over all. O, little bark! turn to the glorious west; there a path is yet bright for thee; there the orange and crimson blend in joyous harmony. Turn back—turn back to the brightness.

Behold the brilliant heavens! the gorgeous colours are flushing in the pride of their own beauty. Behold their dazzling splendour, and turn from the east, which is veiled.

Know you not that they are fading—this splendour is the life; which is death?

No; the little boat will not turn; it has faith in the promise it has received; it looks upon and it loves the fleeting hues of that western arch; but while it feels their beauty, it knows that they pass away. It knows there is other beauty; and in faith and trust it seeks it. Even towards the east, and among the shadows which dwell there, it holds on its hope-piloted way, nor casts one look of regret, though many of admiration, for the beauty which it leaves behind. It is there to be enjoyed; and when all that was there so beaming has faded away, it will still live in the memory of beauty.

Hope still points to the yet dull east, and heeds not the shadows which may gather around. Onward and onward, ever steadily, wind-wafted by gentle airs from heaven, that little bark sails dauntlessly. It goes to meet the splendour of the coming of dawn,—the dawn of a day which shall know no end.

Is there aught like this in the voyage of the spirit-life within us?

I hear the breathing of the sea

Upon the stony shore,

As it would hush the world, and free

The wide earth evermore

From its long strife with sorrow. But in vain;

The city's echo ever will be—*pain*.

Hearts are broken, hopes are crush'd,

In its ceaseless move;

And *must* be, till the world is hush'd

In the heaven of love.

Come, blessed love, and let thine influence be

Bright as yon star that lights the charmed sea.

O lamp of peace ! of inner heaven the most cherished star, first-born of the glorious sun, trembling into excess of light, like a young heart in the fullness of first love,—shine on me, on these weary, aching eyes ; and, through them, shed a holy calm upon a heart that dwells darkly beneath the shadow of its own grief.

Star ! which burneth in crimson light luxurious, with power to guard that lone and purple island of the sea,—that Eden-land beneath,—O look on me ; for I am cold and lone, where love is not, and where sharp eyes pierce through me, and fix their stings upon my aching heart,—look on me !

Purest and brightest one ! thou watchest the moving spheres ; thou lookest into the deepest depths of this wondrous universe. O, be to me a friend ! I have need of thee : look into the depths of my sorrow, and let thy clear beam bring me hope and joy.

Inhabitant of highest heaven ! immortality is thine : from the bright fount of thy parent sun thou drinkest in life for ever. O fill me with thy brightness. So am I immortal, like to thee ; and I lift up mine eyes to thee. My spirit is with thee. Bear me with thee to the fountain of all light—all life ; and there let me live for ever, like thee, a life of immortality and love.

K. T.

### THE MAGIC SNUFF-BOX.

A VAGARY, IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HOFFMANN.

THE way in which my very dear and much-respected friend and partner, Mr. Peregrine Twist, obtained his wife, was so extremely curious, that I have rather hesitated to lay the particulars before the eyes and opinions of a discerning public, though, indeed, it often struck me, and very possibly struck me wrong, that there might be some passages in the affair, both of knowledge entertaining and useful.

It was one dismal Christmas-day evening, that Peregrine Twist sat near a certain door, at the top of the large oaken staircase of an old-fashioned house, situated in one of those narrow and crooked lanes which penetrate the heart of the celebrated London city. He sat on a little stool, in the dark, or, at least, almost in the dark, for the only light was a small glimmering which darted now and then, more or less distinctly, through the key-hole of the before-mentioned door. Master Peregrine Twist appeared to sit rather uneasy, to which uneasiness he might perhaps be excited by certain savoury, odoriferous, and pungent scents, which penetrated, in company with the light-beams, through the key-hole and thence to his nose. Now and then, also, Master Peregrine exclaimed, “Gwenllian, is all ready ?” to which question, from the closed sanctuary, answered a voice like the response of an ancient oracle, “Master Peregrine be quiet,

and don't be kicking the door with your feet !' At last rose up the time-measurer, the little man with the wooden hammer ; five strokes struck he upon the bell, and hardly had the sounds died away in their silver harmony before the door opened, and into the room rushed, with an exulting bound, Master Peregrine Twist.

Brilliant was that room ; fire-beams jumped to the polished oaken panels and floor, and quick hopped back again, angry, for they had no resting place. From the wide fireplace, at a comfortable distance, stood a table, and on it were heaped the good things that kind Christmas brings. Master Peregrine and the old woman sat down to eat. There were also, by the table, two chairs unoccupied, to which Peregrine looked often with a kind but melancholy smile.

At this place, it may be as well to prevent the gracious reader from falling into a sad mistake : we mean from falling into the mistake of supposing that we begin this history of Peregrine Twist from his early years. He was, at the time of this most eventful dinner, about thirty years of age, more or less ; though, perhaps, upon consideration, it may be proper to enlighten the world so far as to give a slight sketch, or explication, of the foregone events which led Mr. Peregrine Twist, at the age of thirty, or thereabouts, to sit down to dinner with an old woman and two empty chairs.

The father of Mr. P. Twist was an extremely prosperous merchant, though it was not until after twenty-one years of wedlock that his wife bore him a child. Now this child, a boy, indeed our Peregrine, gave his fond parents a sufficient quantity of happiness and its *per contra*. He was always an odd child, silent, happy when amusing himself ; so he grew up, and his father very often scolded him. At last it happened that business required a confidential person to settle some particular affairs with a mercantile house on the Continent. Peregrine went ; the required business was punctually performed, but, instead of Peregrine returning home, a letter arrived, stating that he could not resist the temptation to travel ; and then nothing was heard from him, or of him, during five years. What he did in that time, or where he went, no one ever exactly knew ; some said he went to India. During his absence, however, both his father and mother died, and I, the junior partner of the house of Twist and Co., was, on account of the ignorance respecting the fate of Peregrine, and on account (I hope I may say it without vanity) of the good opinion entertained of me by the respected Mr. Twist, senior, left executor to his will, and sole conductor of the extensive affairs of the firm.

I was reposing one evening, after the fatigues of the day, at my villa, a pretty box on the left-hand side of the road to Greenwich, when my man-servant Thomas announced that a



person wished to speak with me on business. Now, I having been aroused from a pleasant doze, into which a duet, performed by my two accomplished daughters on the grand piano-forte, had lulled me, answered, rather testily, that it was a strange time of day to come about business; and moreover, learning from my man-servant Thomas that the person was very shabby and quite unknown, I desired that he should await, in the kitchen, my leisure. Imagine my surprise when I found the shabby stranger to be my senior partner, the rich, young Mr. Peregrine Twist. I introduced him, with many apologies, into the drawing-room, and my wife, as good a little woman as ever breathed, having perceived, (as she told me afterwards,) by a sort of instinctive knowledge possessed by mammas of marriageable daughters, that he was single, paid him every attention, and, indeed, wished him to reside with us until he made proper arrangements for himself. It will hardly be believed, that the odd young man appeared actually quite alarmed at the delicate attentions of my dearest wife and my two amiable girls. Away he would go, and at that time of the evening had I to accompany him to London.

Old Mr. Twist was born and passed all his days in an old house, close to the counting-house and warehouses. After the death of the old people, it was my own wish to occupy this house; but my dear wife and sweet girls protested so much against the measure, both on the score of health and of gentility, that I gave up my plan, and we removed to a country-house, situated, as the courteous reader knows, on the left-hand side of the road to Greenwich. The city house was left to the care of an old Welsh woman, who had been nurse to Master Peregrine Twist. This respectable old lady, when she answered our knock and ring, and perceived her nursling standing before her, set up such a howl of delight that she awoke all the watchmen in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Peregrine Twist left all the affairs of the concern entirely to my care, which I think showed both his prudence and good taste; but, otherwise, I did not so much approve of his conduct. He would never, notwithstanding my most pressing invitations, go to Vesuvius Villa; and, indeed, once when my dear, good-natured wife, being shopping in London, just called at the door, the impertinent old Welsh woman, before a word could be said, shut it again in her face. One reason for his many strange actions was, I think, grief for the loss of his parents and regret that he had not been with them in their last moments. Christmas-day had ever been with old Mr. and Mrs. Twist a day highly revered, and solemnly kept, with good eating and drinking. On this day did Peregrine always have just such a dinner set out as he used to partake with his dear father and mother. Everything was arranged the same, as near as he and Gwenllian could



remember ; chairs were placed for the old folks, where they used to sit, and then would Peregrine sit down and talk with them, respectfully and dutifully, and be happy.

After dinner on this day, productive of great events, his chair was drawn round to the fire, and he was eating the dessert, when he happened to lay his hand on a piece of paper which had enveloped some biscuits ; the title of a fairy tale, once the delight of his youth, caught his eye, and looking more closely at the mystic red and black characters, he found that his Majesty's servants intended the next evening to represent it. For a time he pondered deeply, and at last said, in a quiet decisive tone of voice, ' Gwennlian, I shall go to-morrow to the play, to see " Puss in Boots ;" ' to which answered Gwennlian most energetically, ' I once lost in that wicked place, the top gallery, a silver thimble and crooked sixpence ; don't go, I pray thee, Master Peregrine.' But he answered and said, ' I will go.'

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Dark was the next evening, the wind blew high, the snow lay thick ; but out issued Master Twist stoutly. What hand, but the hand of a mighty master, can paint the feelings which assail us at the door of the pit. First, we glance around to see how stands the crowd ; then we take up a position. If we are young and alone, we put on an I-don't-care-a-damn-for-it sort of look, and stick our elbows into the ribs of any approximating stout gentleman. If our sweetheart is with us, we whisper, ' Had you not better stand before me, dearest ? ' and then our arm glides unseen round the slender waist, and perhaps the hand finds another which returns a sweet pressure. If we are married, and have the hopes of our family with us, we advise the little darlings to keep down their arms ; and should they mention, in that case, the impracticability of using their pocket handkerchiefs, we recommend them to expurgate their noses with their coat cuffs, for that night only. And then the rush—the soul-inspiring, and sometimes almost soul-squeezing-out-of-the-body rush. In my youthful days, when I was in the counting-house of Messrs. Sugartub, Rice and Co., of Crane-alley, London, often did I frequent the play : and even now, when I sometimes occupy a front place in the dress circle, with my dear wife and sweet girls, I look down on the pit, and back to those blissful days.

The rush was over, and Peregrine sat quite at the end of one of the benches ; he was little accustomed to fight his way through public life, and had got jammed into a corner, until almost every one else passed by. The play began and ended amidst thunderings from Olympus. Then for the fairy freaks : but, alas ! Peregrine's attention seems quite distracted from the stage. Follow his eyes to where sits a lovely girl ; her dark hair falls plentifully on her neck, and shades her white forehead ; her eyes are the colour of a polished bit of mahogany ; she is

dressed in a frock of satin, yellow and black pattern; her arm is so round and white, that you can hardly discern where the long kid glove terminates. With her sits an ancient gentleman, possibly her father, and our Peregrine is near enough to the box to hear him call her Dorothy. She laughs with the children, when harlequin causes to the clown a tremendous thump, and Peregrine fancies he hears little silver bells jingling in harmony. At last all is over; down bangs the green curtain, and shuts out the land of faery. The people evacuate, and Peregrine is alone in the wide arena, staring at the now empty box. An urchin in the gallery rouses him from his dream by the application of a rotten apple, and out he rushes, round to the portico, just in time to see the beautiful girl handed, by the old gentleman, into a neat green chariot. Solitary and sad he wended home. When Gwenllian opened the door, and asked him what he would have for supper, he answered, 'Nothing, Dorothy,' and rushed up to bed without a candle; the old lady, in trying to follow him quick, fell all down the kitchen stairs.

The sleep of Master Peregrine Twist was that night much disturbed, and he awoke the next morning with a sad head-ache, and a little bit of a heart-ache. He was unhappy also on account of his poor Gwenllian, who waited upon him at breakfast, with brown paper, steeped in vinegar, tied to her nose. After breakfast, he sat sad and solitary: his books would not amuse him, nor his engravings, nor his curiosities, nor anything that he had. If he took up a pencil, it began to sketch the lovely face of Dorothy, a pen the same; he saw it in the fire, in the clouds, and beaming out from the polished wainscot. At last, up he jumped and determined to walk, thinking that he might possibly meet her; so he went as far as Whitechapel. Now, whilst he walked, it struck him that a little present of snuff, to which Gwenllian was devotedly attached, might be a balm to her feelings; for, to tell the truth, she had not been, since overnight, in the most amiable temper. This propitiatory offering, though very well meant, was not, perhaps, in the then existing state of her proboscis, excessively well chosen, but that did not strike Master Peregrine, so he bought an ounce of the very best high dried.

By the time Mr. P. Twist had reached home, the shades of a winter's evening had closed over him, and he sat in his room, lighted only by the blazing coal-fire. As he sat cogitating on various matters, all of which had for their centre piece the recollection of Dorothy, he determined to enhance the trifling value of his present of snuff, by enclosing it in an old box, which he turned over, with other articles, in the morning. So he went to an old cabinet, which contained many curious things picked up in his travels, and took out the said snuff-box. It was a small one, oval, formed apparently of gold, and had on the top some characters engraved, which characters Peregrine, though some-

what acquainted with Eastern languages, had in vain endeavoured to decipher. Indeed, before that morning, he had never seen it, and had then found it wrapped up in a bit of paper, with a memorandum, in the handwriting of his father, respecting its purchase from a pawnbroker: for it must be known that, at one time, Mr. Twist, senior, seriously intended to become a snuffer, thereunto more particularly excited by a slight disorder of his eyes; but, though I knew he had gone the length of purchasing a receptacle for the snuff, because he himself mentioned to me that he had bought one a bargain, yet did I never see him use it, for he rather preferred to accept a pinch from one of the numerous philanthropists who go poking about this world with their boxes in their hands; for, verily he was a close man.

Well, Peregrine sat himself down again in his arm-chair by the fire-side, and he emptied the high-dried into the box, and then gave it a rub on the sleeve of his coat. Peregrine was certainly not a snuff-taker, yet did he, and very naturally I think, insinuate a little into his nostrils. 'I wish,' said he, half aloud, and sneezing at the same time, 'I wish I knew where that angelic Dorothy lives.' Hardly had the words issued from his mouth, when he perceived a little smoke rising, near his feet, from the hearth-rug. Master Peregrine Twist, fancying it was a red hot coal which had quarrelled and been ejected from the fire, stooped down, first wetting his fingers, to remove it; but was considerably surprised, and (I hope I may say it without derogation to his character) a *leetle* alarmed, when the smoke suddenly took the form of as ugly a small man as anybody would ever wish to see.

'Mr. Peregrine Twist,' said the horrid little animal, with a sweet voice and most polite bow, 'I have the pleasure to inform you that Miss Dorothy resides at No. —, Portland-place.'

'Sir,' said Peregrine, 'I am sure I am infinitely obliged for your kind and quite unexpected information on a subject certainly very interesting to me, but may I take the liberty of requesting further information respecting yourself?'

'With the greatest pleasure, sir,' said the odd little figure; 'I am the slave of the snuff-box, Mr. Twist, and your very humble servant.'

'The slave of the snuff-box,' exclaimed Peregrine, rubbing his eyes and giving his ear a pull; 'pray explain.'

'Sir,' replied the manikin, 'I am bound to obey you.—In one of the cargoes that Hiram king of Tyre sent to Solomon, there were several canisters of prince's mixture, and his most gracious majesty becoming partial to snuff, attached me to this talisman, which—'

'Excuse me interrupting you, sir,' said Peregrine, 'but will you explain—attached you to——'

'Certainly, Mr. Twist; I am one of those spirits, who at the

time of the great rebellion, which you know happened several years before the year one, chose to belong to the *juste milieu*. We have, in consequence, lost *caste*, and are neither admitted into the upper or lower circles. You now understand, Mr. Twist ?

‘Yes, undoubtedly,’ answered Peregrine, who was not quite certain whether he stood on his head or his heels.

‘Well, Mr. Twist,’ continued the little figure, ‘at the death of Solomon, this snuff-box was thrown, with other articles, considered of little value, into an empty room of the temple. At the ransacking of that celebrated place, it was carried to Babylon, where a maimed and deformed magian got possession of the talisman, and discovered its hidden qualities. Enraged because I could not make him *comme il faut*, a thing quite out of my power, I assure you, Mr. Twist, he kicked me and the box out of the window into the Euphrates, where we lay two thousand and some odd hundred years. An Arab, bathing, picked it out of the mud ; a travelling English lord bought it from him, and put it in his collection ; his valet stole it away, and pawned it ; your father bought it from the pawnbroker ; the talisman is now in your possession ; I am your humble servant, and having answered your wish respecting the residence of Miss Dorothy, beg respectfully to know if you have any further commands ?’

‘My dear little sir,’ said Peregrine, ‘I cannot hide from you, I dare say, if I wished, that this young lady has made sad work with my heart. It would gratify me very much to be introduced to her, to know more of her disposition ; but, perhaps, after all, her affections may be already engaged, and then——’

‘My dear Mr. Twist,’ said the manikin, interrupting the dolorous suppositions of Peregrine, ‘I know so far, that her heart is yet disengaged ; and if you are really inclined to be introduced to her, there will be, to-morrow morning, a fine opportunity.’

‘To-morrow morning ! that is a long time,’ muttered Peregrine.

‘Mr. Twist, you are the master, and I the slave ; but, if I might advise, you will restrain your impatience, and wait until——’

‘I dare say you are right ; and I will wait.’

‘You are a reasonable man, Mr. Twist, and it is a pleasure to serve you. Well, sir, if you will, to-morrow morning, be by the canal of the Regent’s Park, near to the north gate, at two o’clock ; events may occur much to your satisfaction. At present, if I have your permission, I shall just step over to the next solar system ; I have an acquaintance or two there, who, I fear, may consider my long silence a decided cut.’

‘O, certainly,’ said Peregrine.

The little man dissolved again into smoke.

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The next morning was as fine as ever Dutchwoman could wish for a skate to market. When Peregrine arrived at the Regent's Park, he found it wanted a quarter to two. The water was frozen over, and the ice covered with skaters. When the clock of the new church struck two, he got very fidgetty, and began seriously to think of applying to the snuff-box; rather querying if he had not altogether been humbugged. Just at that instant, however, he felt a pull at the tail of his coat; and, turning round sharp, he saw his little spiritual guide, apparently in a perspiration.

'Dear me,' said the dwarf, 'I am only just in time; let us walk on fast; I can talk to you as we go. Do you know, Mr. Twist, I have not progressed so rapidly since the day I heard the event of the great battle, so well described by your Milton. While I was away, sir, a comet came down, and so cut up the road, that I had to go ten millions of miles round. Now, I am no friend to arbitrary restrictions; but if there is not some stop put to the licentiousness of those comets, I predict the overturning of all the existing institutions of the universe. But stop a moment, Mr. Twist, we are in the right place now.'

At the place where they stopped, a lady and gentleman were talking to each other across the water, or rather the ice. Peregrine immediately recognised his dear Dorothy and the elderly person who was with her at the theatre.

'My dear,' said the old gentleman, who was undoing his skates, 'you must come across to me, and then we shall save a mile round, at least.'

'I can't, dear Papa, indeed,' answered Dorothy; 'I am quite afraid.'

'Stuff, child!' said Papa. 'Come.'

Dorothy did come; half way, at least; and then she popped through the ice into the water. The elderly man set up a loud shout of helpless agony; but Peregrine ran on the ice, and plumped right into the place where she had fallen. Assisted by his invisible servant, he got her into his arms; and then broke, splashed, waded and scrambled to the shore, where a tolerable number of persons had collected. The multitude received him with an English shout of laudation. Peregrine would not relinquish his dear burthen until he reached one of the lodges, followed by the happy, weeping papa, and the crowd. Then papa got into a hackney coach, with his daughter, and expressed his gratitude to Peregrine, by inviting him that day to dinner.

When the beautiful clock, on the beautiful mantelpiece of Mr. John Shock's beautiful drawing-room, began to play the beautiful air of '*Vivi tu*,' Mr. John Shock, who was an old-fashioned, early man, and dined, when he could, precisely at seven, began to express, *sotto voce*, his hope that the invited would not keep the dinner waiting. Already were assembled, his son, Mr. Augustus Shock, and his son's friend, Mr. Raphael Topenny; his



maiden sister, Miss Lydia Shock; and a young lady, a dear friend of Dorothy. But, above all parties, a sort of cloud seemed to hover; for Mr. Augustus, who was very exclusive, and all that sort of thing, had not scrupled to express his opinion on the impropriety of inviting a stranger to dinner; and, indeed, had he not stood in awe of his old maiden aunt, or rather, I should say, in love of her *ready*, it was his determined intention to dine at his club. On the other hand, Mr. Shock, senior, though generally much swayed by his *hopeful*, thought it hard that he could not return an obligation, after the old English method, by stuffing. Mr. Raphael Topenny suddenly disturbed these and other thoughts in the minds of those present, by exclaiming, as he stood looking through the window,—‘Who can this be, Augustus?’ ‘Pon my honour!—splendid!’

Augustus walked to the window, and saw a dark cab, drawn by a fine dark horse. In a few moments the footman announced Mr. Peregrine Twist.

Mr. T. was, before long, a favourite with all; and when the gentlemen went up to the drawing-room again, they found that Dorothy had left her bed-room, and was reclining on a sofa, well wrapped up, near the fire; which move I rather attribute to the somewhat unexpected *tout ensemble* of Peregrine. However, when she answered his inquiries respecting her feelings, by half rising, casting down her eyes, and whispering something about ‘her preserver,’ it soon made waste meat, as the Turks say, of poor Peregrine’s heart.

After coffee, there was music. The dear friend of Dorothy did all in her power to attract the notice of Peregrine, by her performances; so much so, that Dorothy at last took her place at the harp; fearing, as she said, that her sweet friend Julia would do too much. Dorothy also accepted the services of Mr. Raphael Topenny, to accompany her on his flute; and that she might have had a motive for. I can only say, that Peregrine, who was left sitting upon the sofa, became suddenly very jealous of Mr. Raphael Topenny’s attentions. It struck him that it would be a good joke to put his pipe out; so he stole his hand into his pocket, and slyly took a pinch of snuff; for his box was not to be offered to every one. Hardly had he sneezed, before the little man stood at his elbow. Peregrine was going to whisper; but he said,—‘There is no need, Mr. Twist: I know your thoughts. Just stoop down your head, if you please.’

Peregrine stooped: the little man fumbled his hand over the various organs of his cranium, and vanished, leaving Peregrine possessed of the united talents of a Nicholson, Drouet and Kuplau.

The piece finished; Mr. Raphael Topenny looked round, and his eyes seemed to say,—‘Can you do anything like that, my buck?’ The eyes of Dorothy, also, had meaning in them.

‘ Sir,’ said Peregrine, ‘ that’s a splendid flute. Allow me.’ He took it, and poured out such a volume of melody, that five of the windows cracked, and Mr. Raphael Topenny evaporated.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Peregrine Twist, from the time of that eventful dinner party, was a constant visiter at No. —, Portland place. Indeed, at the request of my dear wife, he introduced us to the Shocks.

In about six months’ time, Mr. Peregrine Twist led to the Hymeneal altar Miss Dorothy Shock ; and at the same time was united, Mr. Augustus Shock to Anna Maria, my eldest girl. My wife has some hopes that fate has destined Mr. Raphael Topenny and our sweet Isabella to come together.

On his wedding day Mr. Peregrine Twist broke the magic snuff-box, and so discharged the sprite from further attendance ; for, as he said to me, in a conversation previous, he did not think it at all conducive to the happiness of a married man, to be able to know everything. I forgot to say that Gwenllian was appointed chief of the home department.

W. L. T.

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#### THE LAST SCENE OF A LIFE.

THE blush that made her beautiful  
Came back—but faint and weak,  
For seventy summers had gone by  
Since first it bloom’d her cheek :  
The light, that used to make her eye  
Shed heaven about her brow,  
Return’d to gleam a little while  
In timid lustre now.

They plac’d her, at her soft request,  
Before a cabinet ;  
They saw the fringes of her eyes  
With quiet tears were wet ;  
They saw her all-transparent hand  
Move tremblingly to lift  
A little locket from a drawer—  
Perhaps ’twas love’s first gift.  
They stood—who stood? alas, a few  
Who knew her but of late ;  
For time had taken, one by one,  
Each friend of earlier date ;  
And nothing but her heart—her mind,  
Which death alone could blast,  
Kept these kind spirits round her then  
To watch her to the last.

*The Last Scene of a Life.*

'Behold,' she cried, 'this temple, where  
     My heart's hoard long hath slept;  
 Here all that love, fame, friendship gave  
     With gratitude I've kept.  
 No line that left a loving hand  
     I ever have effac'd;  
 But fondly in its fitting place,  
     With tears, the token plac'd.  
 Praise, that once made my young heart glad,  
     And vows which made it warm,  
 Have lain within this cabinet,  
     A hoard—my heart to balm!  
 Now, cast them for me on the fire,  
     And let me see the flame.—  
 First, here are all the offerings  
     Which fed my hopes of fame;  
 Among them, notes from fleeting friends—  
     The shooting stars that threw  
 A passing light upon my path,  
     Unfix'd, but not untrue:  
 I will not leave it to the world  
     To mock with dull disdain  
 These little meteors of the minds  
     That flash and fade again.

'Here, here are words of holier weight—  
     From friends most fond they came!  
 Oh, *they* make balm about the room!  
     Behold, how bright *their* flame!

'Your hands, kind friends, for I would rise.  
     Oh, not *thus* felt each limb  
 When first the pulses of my heart  
     Awaken'd unto *him*——'

She held a packet in her hand;  
     She slowly reach'd the fire;  
 She strew'd it on the rising flame;  
     She saw it blaze—expire.

'Tis over.' Then she murmur'd low,  
     'This locket, on my breast,  
 When in the coffin lies my clay,  
     Consent to let it rest.  
 My bones and *that* will long defy  
     The demon of decay:  
 My spirit, and my love's, my friends—  
     Great Power ——' she past away.  
 And soon the greensward cover'd her,  
     And memory, pity, fame,  
 Preserv'd alone, of all the past,  
     A little while, —— a name.

M. L. G.

MEMORANDA OF OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIMENTS IN  
EDUCATION.—No. 4.

It is a misery to see a child a slave to its clean frock, and obliged to keep it clean at the expense of the exercise of its active enjoyments; it is a misery to see a child a *willing* slave, and content to sacrifice its play to vanity; and a third misery to see a child unneat and slovenly. Between these various shoals how few mothers know how to steer. One thing to be said for the poor mothers is, that every difficulty is thrown in their way which the clumsy institutions of society can supply. In the first place, dress is so expensive that much labour is required in order to afford to procure it; but the time will come when society shall be framed so as to admit of these things being given to each individual according to his wants, and the injunction of our Saviour will be literally obeyed, 'Take no thought what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed.' It is sad to think what lives are spent in a continued struggle to procure that which should be a birthright, viz., the necessaries of life. Secondly, the fashion of dress is as inconvenient and ungraceful as possible, in spite of the immense quantity of time, thought, labour, and money expended thereon. Why should not we have dresses woven into some shape, and so avoid all the shaping, cutting, and sewing, upon which many women waste their energies all their life long?

Against vanity about dress there is but one real remedy, viz., the substitution of love of excellence for love of excelling; the developement of the intellect also, will bring about a just appreciation of the value of dress when weighed against mental superiority. There is but one real remedy it is true, but the plan adopted by S. answered very well to check the growth of vanity in that direction. C. was very vain of some jewels, the gift of an injudicious relative; or as she emphatically called them her *do ills*. Day after day she asked to wear them; day after day S. said 'No;' but finding that to refuse was of no use, she was puzzled what course to adopt, until it occurred to her to let one fire put another out. Accordingly the next time C. applied to her for permission to wear her *do ills*, she answered, 'Certainly, wear them if you please; but you know these things are valuable because your mamma's dear friend gave them to you; they must neither be lost nor spoiled. If you have them on, therefore, you must remain in this room, and even, I think I should say, upon this chair, in order to be sure that they are safe.' C. consented to the terms, and joyfully bedecked herself with her finery, and then stationed herself upon a chair. It was a fine evening in August, and the other children were out; however, for two hours C. persevered in sitting on the chair. At length she

begged to have them taken off. and from that time to this (two years) the *do ill*s have never been mentioned, but with an uncomfortable feeling and a blush. In the same manner by making lace and frills and embroidered finery preventives to play, the love of them has so far been got rid of, that they rank lower as pleasures than active play does; and the simplicity of her dress prevents the *habit* of deriving pleasure from her toilette; for any thing beyond this we must look forward a few years.

At tea, last night, H. came in late, all the biscuits had disappeared, but some fresh ones came in for him. Amongst these was one with which W. was unacquainted. 'It looks very nice,' quoth he, 'the best in the plate.' After grimacing, laughing, and hanging over the plate in indecision for some time, (having eaten nearly a plate full at his own tea,) W. snapped up the biscuit and ran off with it; not that he would have been forced to replace it, but some how he did not like to eat it before us all. This morning this same boy, who quite understands the power of money to procure enjoyments for himself, eagerly, not only voluntarily but eagerly, spent all his store in buying a thing for S. which he knew she wanted. Which of these two sorts of parents best understand the art of teaching generosity? Those who teach a child to seem generous, or those who permit a child to seem what it is, greedy or generous, whichever it may choose to be?

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*June.* To-day I went to see X. Poor child! there he is withering away under the obstinacy of a father, who would have him follow a profession for which he has no talent. X. being of a gentle nature is miserable. C., under the same circumstances, rebelled against the paternal authority, went to sea, and has never since been heard of. Nothing is more puzzling in education, (at least so I have found,) than to mark the point at which it is fit to struggle with nature. A. is bookish, intellectual, very nervous, weak, and inapt in all bodily exercise, and in all the concerns of every-day life. Z. is clever in managing these best. Nobody will do your errand more quickly, or act more cleverly on an emergency; his body is well strung and he delights to use it. But it is impossible to get him to do lessons; all perseverance in studies, of which he does not see the practical bearing, is out of the question. How will these two boys most easily and readily arrive at perfection? By pushing their natures to the furthest extreme? or by modifying their natures, by developing the latent dormant faculties? For instance, by sending A. to garden, and play at cricket, and ride, and drive, and swim; and by making X. spend a certain number of hours daily in the school room? My *theory* on the subject is, that from the cradle to the grave all might be happiness if we did but manage well; that if we would be content to help nature, just to follow her



indications instead of attempting to control her, all would be well and happy. All kinds of knowledge are so linked together, that it is impossible to go far in one study without the aid of another, which again conducts to a third, and so on. It would be a beautiful experiment to try, never to force anything intellectual on a child, merely to let it see all kinds of pursuits going on, and then just to help it on the way it wished to go. I do believe its own good-will, would carry it on further and quicker and more easily than any *unnatural* discipline or training. Or if people must train, at least let them smooth the way instead of making it as thorny and impracticable as possible. If X. is made miserable by being forced to exercise faculties which are weak in him, to the exclusion of those which are strong. How many pronounce themselves incapable of making acquirements, merely because these acquirements are made so difficult of attainment by those who profess to lead the way to them! For instance, S. was said to be unable to learn music. She is really fond of it, and regrets nothing so much as not having learned it in her childhood; but it was made so irksome to her, that she could not, as a child, overcome her dislike to the ennui of it. Intelligent and affectionate surveillance would, in her case, have detected the difference between want of taste and want of perseverance in conquering mechanical difficulty.

I hold that there is no one totally deficient in any faculty; the difference between individuals is, that the faculties exist in them in different proportions; and probably, under a perfect education, they would be developed according to their magnitude—the strongest, first. Is it possible to commit a greater cruelty to one's child, than to doom it to toil for life in an occupation for which nature has not destined it? To spoil the happiness of childhood by forcing the acquirement of means of future happiness is a sad error, but trivial compared with the tyranny which chooses arbitrarily the future path of life, without consideration of the faculties which God has given.

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*September.* Parents have a hard part to play, even the best intentioned; for have not they to keep a constant guard over their own hearts, and to prevent them from getting too engrossed and too partial? And how hard must it be for them to see the faults of their children! Is there a greater misery than to become aware of a fault in the being one loves? 'Talk of the heroism of the soldier who first mounts the breach! give me the mother who can face the faults of her child—there is true heroism. Another difficulty which awaits parents arises from the close connection between love of sympathy and love of admiration. 'Look at me,' may mean, 'admire me,' or it may mean, 'enjoy with me.' Numbers of children are spoiled by notice, who are otherwise

well-managed—they feel themselves *the* point of interest to the little family group, and it makes them vain and self-sufficient and wayward. Such children should have been more let alone—left to themselves—they should have had occupations which they could pursue alone; and better would it have been to have let a few follies be committed, and awkwardnesses be contracted, than to have subjected them to that constant watching which spies into, and as much as possible controls, every little act, or even attitude, word, and gesture. Besides the bad effect of producing conceit, this constant watching prevents naturalness of manner and independence of character; the parent has always supplied mind to the muscle, and so the child knows not how to guide its own muscles when left to itself. Hence the timidity and want of expressive grace in the manners of grown up people. What a beautiful eloquence there would be in the movements, gesture, carriage, and language of a being, who had never been taught or tutored at all about the matter, but whose mind had been let to control the muscles! C. has ungraceful attitudes. I believe these will all disappear as her taste and her feelings develope. No one under the influence of passion is ungraceful; if those under the influence of feeling are, we have to thank for it the hypocrisy which commands us to veil our feelings.

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Of all the mistakes people make in education, by far the most fatal is the little use or the bad use made of that omnipotent engine—affection. Oh it is melancholy to look round and see how the affections are crushed by the stern coldness of some parents, and dissipated by the folly of others, who take them and play upon them to gain some selfish or mean end. There is nothing you cannot obtain by means of the affections; as for learning, I don't understand not learning from those one loves, nor learning from those one does not love. S. is said to have been the naughtiest little girl that ever was seen or heard of, and very stupid too. One day having been turned out of the school-room in disgrace for not saying her lesson well, she went and sat down disconsolately at the top of the staircase, the tears pattering down on the brown cover of Chambaud's French grammar. 'What is the matter, S.?' said R., who happened to come up stairs just then. 'I can't learn these French adverbs.' 'Give me the book,' said R. 'Now say them after me.' She had not repeated them after R. four times before she knew the column quite perfectly, and from that day she never failed in any lesson in which R. was her instructor or companion. S. in her turn had the happiness of training to habits of thoughtfulness and energy the mind of a child, who, when she undertook him, seemed almost incapable of being taught. It was as if they had given her a cloud, and told her to change it into something substantial. However, he became so fond of her, that

to be and do what she wished was his dearest aim, and he attained it. We will give an epitome of

*The History of A.*

At seven years old, A. not only could neither write nor read, but he could not see, nor hear, nor think, like the rest of the world. Like the infant, he seemed completely shut up in the interior world of his own mind, and to judge by the expression of his face, which was singularly refined and joyful, it was a pure and happy world. He was less skilful in the management of his body; less active and bold in boyish sports than B., at two years old. You heard nervous screams, (of joy, people called them, but I don't know if the term was correct,) but you never observed in him anything like purpose in his plays. He walked about seeing nothing, wishing for nothing, content with all events that came to him. You would have pronounced him an idiot, yet the phrenologists said he had extraordinary powers of mind. He only seemed roused to clear perception by tales of the horrible, or of the supernatural. The more gifted he was, the more necessary was it to help him to develope and turn to account these gifts; for we all know that unhappiness is the constant, and madness the frequent, consequence of unused energies. S. therefore undertook to teach him, and for her guide she took that beautiful sketch of what practical systematic teaching should be, for which the world is indebted to Dr. Biber, and which is contained in his *Life of Pestalozzi*. The first thing she gave him to do was to write over dotted letters,—i. e. to join the dots by lines. and when he had written a word he had to make a sentence on it. In this way he learned reading, writing, spelling, and the power of thinking and of fixing his attention, all at the same time. The sounds were chosen for the guide, and not the letters, and it was astonishing to see how fast he learned in this way.

The second lesson was to put a consonant before *at*, and then before any given termination. After some time he was told to find words with various sounds in them,—for instance, the sound *a*, as in paper. He found *they*, *day*, *paint*, *weigh*, *blade*. Then he was led to observe the various ways in which he had obtained the sound. The practice of making sentences upon the words was very effective in inducing in him that consciousness which he so much needed. There is something very affecting in looking over the lesson books of this child, they are so simple and true; and any one could discover from them the kind of life he led, and all that was impressing him. One singular thing is, that he never said I, or W. or H. or B. do so and so; but always 'some boys,' 'some ladies.'

'When boys fight with sticks, and roar, and speak altogether, they make a din.'

'A dot is a little thing; it's for i.'

‘Sun is a round thing in the sky, and it is very light indeed.’

‘Lane is a little path that people go through.’

‘Some people have a round face, and some a bad face, and some a long face.’

‘Blade is a thing that knives have.’

‘Some boys eat breakfast, and dinner, and tea. Some people have not enough to eat; well boys and poor boys, and hungry boys, like to eat; and great boys.’

‘Some ladies buy little boys baskets.’

‘Once there came a boy and girl here, and H. shied at them.’  
*Was shy*, he meant.

‘Some boys know something, and say they don’t; and other boys say, Yes.’

‘Some boys ask other boys if they will tell their secrets.’

‘Some boys say to other boys, Lay you a guinea.’

‘Some ladies have trays, and they ask their cook to bring them up.’

‘Lady Macbeth locked the door.’

‘Tom Thumb (*his rabbit*) eats groundsel.’

These are enough, and perhaps more than enough, to show the sort of lessons by which it was endeavoured to lead this child on to thought. By the time he had gone through a copy book, in this way, he was able to read Miss Edgeworth’s *Frank*, to write with ease, and he had wonderfully improved in power of fixing his attention.

His next four books were intended as a grammar course. He began with verbs—‘I run, I walk, I dawdle, I love, &c. ;’ he found out, and wrote down twelve a day, and in this way collected 400 verbs. The second grammar book was a list of nouns. ‘I am a boy, a dawdle, a coward, a lad, a child, a wheeler, puller, peeler, runner, rider,’ and he went on in this way until he had found out upwards of 200 nouns. The third grammar book was of adjectives, and a very curious list he made out. There are more than 300 of them; and it was found necessary, in order to make plain to his teacher and himself his meaning, to require of him a sentence. A few extracts will be of avail to show what must have been the effect of this lesson on the boy:

‘I am cowardly when I don’t like fighting—before I go into the bath—when I’m deceitful.’

‘I am happy when I see mamma—when they don’t fight with me—when they dance.’

‘I am made when I was a little child.’

‘I am good when I do my lessons—when I don’t hide.’

‘I am wicked when I go and see wicked people—hunt the squirrel.’

‘I am young now.’

‘I am round all about me.’

‘I am manageable by S.’

‘I am red when I’m very cold—when I’m hot.’

‘I am comfortable when I’m dead—when I’m in bed—when there is a dinner party.’

‘I am gay when there is a dinner party, and on Sunday, because then I haven’t got anything to do but *what* I like.’

‘I am dirty in my way of eating.’

‘I am white in the globe of my eye.’

‘I am selfish when I shake the table.’

‘I am delightful to S.’

‘I am sad when somebody goes away. Don’t I feel sad in my face?’

‘I am cheerful when I am not sulky and not cold.’

‘I am bright when I am not dirty.’

‘I am hard in my chest.’

‘I am soft in my cheek.’

‘I am contrary to dead.’

‘I am trembling when I go into the bath.’

‘I am alive now.’

‘I am kind often.’

‘I am strange now.’

‘I am merry when S. is not angry *on* me.’

‘I am fit to sit down to dinner.’

‘I am different from what I was.’

‘I am proud when I have got new shoes.’

‘I am sulky when S. does not take hold of my hand—when S. is not fond of me.’

‘I am more than a bit.’

‘I am shameful when I beat a little boy like B.’

‘I am unjust when I go before C. in a race.’

In this manner he went through all the parts of speech, learning the construction of sentences, and gaining at every step self-knowledge. It was most striking to watch the rapid developement of all his faculties under this discipline.

His next book was a description of his body, on the plan of Pestalozzi’s ‘*Manuel des Mères*.’—‘I have a head, a face, a forehead, a right eyebrow, a left eyebrow, a right upper eyelid,’ and so on. After going through the body in this way, simply naming the parts, he arranged them according to their number. Next he made a list of the parts of his body which are round and roundish. Then he took other qualities, such as colour, shiningness, fluidity, solidity, movability, immovability, flexibility, &c. When S. began to teach him arithmetic, it seemed as if he never could be made to understand it; but—by using cubes instead of ciphers, or making him put dots on his slate instead of ciphers, by making everything tangible to him, by beginning at the very beginning and taking every step without presuming to omit one—it all became clear and delightful to him, and he was able to answer very difficult questions in mental arithmetic. We refer those who wish to know



the mode of teaching number which was pursued in this case, to Dr. Biber's 'Life of Pestalozzi.'

It would be tedious, and indeed almost impossible, to detail all the means which were taken to clear up this puzzled head. Whatever he *saw* or *felt* was the material to which alone his observation was directed. He made a book containing a list of the flowers in bloom in each month, and drawings of some of them. His account of January is as follows:

'In flower—primroses, wall-flowers, stocks, laurustinas; mosses very beautiful. We walked on the frozen pond. The birds used to be fed by the window. Most trees are without leaves.'

'*February.* In flower—snowdrops, hepaticas, daisies, primroses, wall-flowers, violets, periwinkles, crocuses, furze. The birds sing sweetly—thrushes, robins, yellowhammers, larks, and black-birds.'

This lesson should be carried on through every year, growing more and more full, until from the bare list that the above is, it might become connected with and made the ground-work of botany, or medicine, or poetry, or drawing.

His observation was excited by such questions as the following, and we will select a few of the answers to them:

'What do you see in this room?'

'Two tables, six chairs, a carpet, a rug, a mattress, four bookshelves, two doors, one window, some curious stones, a wine glass full of flowers, four desks, many books, an inkstand, a portfolio, plaster casts, &c., &c.'

'What can you do with your mouth?'

'Bite, sing, talk, chatter, laugh, speak, whistle.'

The above was one of a series of questions on the functions of the body, an exercise which should follow that upon structure.

Sometimes he was told to describe an object; for instance, a slate. 'It has red leather round it, three lines at each corner, a pencil case, a wooden frame.' In this way he was taught botany,—by describing minutely what he saw; and to everything that he did, drawing was as much as possible added.

'What is flat?'

'My hand is flat; my book is flat; my rule is flat; the floor is flat; the glass is flat; the table is flat; the ceiling is flat.'

When he was sufficiently awakened and regulated to derive benefit from the use of the knowledge of others, which is to be found in books, S. suffered him to leave the world of observation for awhile, and gave him questions, the answers to which he could partly answer, but for their complete solution he was obliged to refer to books. The uses of animals to man, were what he began with, and we subjoin some specimens:

'Dogs give skin to line things; they watch the house and the sheep; they lead the blind; they hunt; they point. In China the people eat them. They draw little carts and sledges.'

‘*Moles* give their skin, and they make drains.’

‘*Squirrels* give their fur; they are eaten.’

His next work was on the uses of plants; for instance:

‘*Wheat*. We eat the seed, and the stalk is called straw, and it is put into farm-yards to make beds for the cattle, and it is made into hats, and mats, and other things.’

‘*Rushes*. The stalk is made into baskets and seats of chairs, and the pith is made into the wicks of candles.’

After he had gone through all the plants he knew of, in this way, naming the uses of each of its parts, the lesson was turned round, and he had to answer:

‘What stalks are of use?’—‘Rhubarb, rushes, flax, wheat, &c. &c.’

‘What leaves are of use?’—‘Cabbage, lettuce, tea, cocoa-tree, &c.’

‘What seed vessels are of use?’—‘Apple, orange, melon, &c. &c.’

‘What seeds are of use?’—‘Peas, walnut, coffee, corn, &c. &c.’

This carried on would lead to a knowledge of manufactures and of science too; but manufactures would of course precede, as being so conveniently within the reach of childish comprehension.

The natural history of animals was very much to A.’s taste, and often he preferred drawing pictures, and writing descriptions and anecdotes of them, to what he called play.

When he had got on pretty well with the above realities, S. thought it time to initiate him into the mysteries of geography, history, French, and Latin. Geography she taught him in the following manner. We quote it as being not perfect, but good in some respects, and of some value, as being experimental. He would draw a map of Africa, for instance; and then she told him things about it, of which the following is his recollection:—  
‘Africa is very hot and very sandy, and the negroes are carried to America and made slaves. Many of the Africans do not know much. The Egyptians knew more than the rest of the world many hundred years ago. There are camels in Africa, and camelopards, and lions, and elephants, ostriches, wild dogs, leopards, gazelles, buffaloes, hippopotami, rhinoceri, monkeys, locusts, ants, snakes, and many other animals. There are in Africa palm-trees, (on which grow cocoa-nuts,) and acacias, and tamarinds, and cotton-trees, and many other trees; and wheat, rice, millet and maize grow there; a great deal of bread is made of manise root.’

‘The river Nile is supposed to be 2,000 miles long; it runs over the banks every year, which does good to the land. It had once seven mouths; five are nearly choked up with sand. The sphynx, the pyramids, the ruins of Thebes, are in Egypt.’ Then comes as an afterthought: ‘There are zebras, and crocodiles, and the

largest trees in the world, the calabash and the mangrove, in Africa.' Of whatever country he was learning he drew four maps: the first was filled up with names of animals living therein; the second with names of plants growing therein; the third was a picture of rivers, lakes and mountains; the fourth contained provinces and towns. A large portion of his reading consisted of travels, or rather I should say, of his hearing; for portions were read to him carefully selected and reduced to the level of his capacity.

He was taught French on the same principle as he had been taught English. If he met with a sound formed by different letters he was led to observe the fact. For instance, in the sentence, '*Regardez les bergers des troupeaux*,' the sound 'a,' as in the English word 'pain,' is obtained in the first word by 'ez,' in the second by 'es,' and in the third by 'ers'. After he had learned to read and spell, he went over his language lessons again. '*Je suis fils, je suis garçon, je suis frère*.' Second series: '*je suis bon, je suis paresseux*.' Third series: '*je mange, je vois, j'écoute, &c.*'; and so on to the composition of sentences. Besides this exercise, he used to read a good deal every day, in order to give him a *copia verborum*. The literal English of each word was told him, and impressed upon him by various methods: the most successful seemed to be making him find out the English derivatives, as from '*bon*,' bun, '*cueillir*,' scullery, '*salière*,' salt-cellar, &c. &c. &c.

As for Latin, he learned the declensions of nouns by first being told the Latin for a word, and then making a sentence with it. At first the sentence would have but one Latin word in it, but by-and-by he was able to put in adjectives and verbs. The first sentences were such as these:

- '*Oculi nautarum* watch *terram*.'
- 'We eat *mellem*, *et poma*, *et porcellas*, *et uvas*.'
- '*Columbæ* carry *litteras*.'
- '*Filia* est *felix*.'
- '*Filius* est *fortis*.'
- '*Manus reginæ* *parvus* est.'
- '*Rosa puellæ* *parva* est.'

From these small beginnings he gradually rose up to the power of writing Latin, and the habit of writing gave him a great facility in reading. S. was careful to give him interesting things to read, both in French and Latin; and she succeeded so well, that usually he was so anxious to get at the meaning of what he was reading, that he pushed through the difficulty of language eagerly. He was very fond of looking at the prints of Shakspeare, and hearing portions of it read. Julius Cæsar one day caught his eye, and a miserable picture of Brutus killing himself. 'Oh, do tell me the story, S.!' said he. 'No, you shall read it for yourself;' and she gave him extracts from various

Latin authors which told the tale, and with a little help he laboured through it gladly. Many parts of 'Cornelius Nepos' he read with the same interest and pleasure, and Cæsar's account of Britain too was a great pleasure to him.

Another extract from S.'s journal will show her mode of dealing with his difficult mind.

A. read to-day :

' Ah, spare yon emmet, rich in hoarded grain :  
He lives with pleasure, and he dies with pain.'

First of all, I told him that an emmet was an insect. Then I asked—'What is rich?' A. 'The emmet.' S. 'What in?' After a long pause, he answers,—'Grain.' Then I explained 'hoarded,' which led me into an account of the habits of the emmet, which interested him. By this time he had quite forgotten that 'spare,' here means 'don't kill.' After he had thought, or rather sat, for a long time, I said,—'The lady, when she says "spare," tells the little boy not to do something: guess what.' A. 'Not to tease it, not to tread on it, not to hurt it, not to push it, not to kill it.' S. 'What did she say to him?' A. 'Not to kill him.' S. 'Tell *me* not to kill him.' A., after some time,—'Don't kill him.' S. 'Now let us have the line again.' A. 'Don't kill you.' S. 'What do you mean?' A. 'I *dun* know.' S. 'That. Now the line.' A. 'Don't kill that emmet, rich in heaped up grain.' S. 'Why should he not kill the emmet?' A. then paused; and S. foolishly referred him, forsooth, to the book, instead of to his own heart. After a long time, it struck him that the act of death would be painful; and then S. asked him for a second reason. He could not find it. S. then said,—'Suppose a bird fell at your feet, dreadfully wounded, should you kill it at once, or let it live hours in pain?' He did not know. S. put the case to himself; but he would prefer being let to live, he said. S. then rejoined,—'However, friends of mine have been in such pain, that they have prayed that God would let them die. Besides, I have known people, who were not so very much pained, who yet have been thankful to die.' A. opened eyes of astonishment, and said,—'Did they? Why?' S. 'Because they knew they should be happier after they were dead.' All this helped not on; so S. said,—'Who ought to be pleased, the little boy or the emmet? Suppose the little boy is yourself.' The clear and instant answer was,—'The emmet.' S. 'And which would he like best, to live or to die?' A. 'To live.' S. 'Why?' A. 'Because then he could make himself happy.' S. 'How?' A. 'He could see his friends; he could eat; he could pile up.' S. 'Very well. Now tell me the two reasons why we should not kill insects.' A. 'Because killing hurts them; and because they like to live, because they are happy.' S. 'Now it seems to me that there is a third reason,

much greater than those two ; but I don't suppose you will find it out. Suppose you saw a tart in a shop window, and were to stretch out your hand, and take it, and eat it, would that be right?' *A.* 'No.' *S.* 'Why?' *A.* 'Because it would not be mine.' *S.* 'Now do you know the third reason?' *A.* 'Because the insects are not ours.' *S.* 'Whose then?' *A.*, after a pause, 'God's.' *S.* 'Yes; he makes them, he feeds them, and he makes them happy: you see them dancing in the sunshine: you hear the birds singing.' *A.* (feelingly)—'Yes.' *S.* 'And, in the Bible, God says that he feeds the young ravens; and that when a little sparrow falls to the ground, and dies, he knows it: he watches over everything.' *A.* 'And we are his?' *S.* 'Yes.' *A.* 'He makes us?' *S.* 'Yes.' *A.* 'And he makes us happy?' *S.* 'Yes.'

As soon as *A.* had sufficient command of his pen, he used to write a journal. At first, of course, it was but a bare record of doings; soon after came in descriptions and remarks; and, last of all, feelings. It is a great proof of the goodness of a plan, when you can see that, throughout life, it may be carried on with advantage; and that, in proportion as the being improves, his execution of the design will improve. That is the case with all the lessons which we have reported here: there is not one of them that the man will not love better and execute better than the boy. Afterlife will be but a *carrying on*, not a *change*, of studies to *A.* With regard to journals, every one who has kept one for some time, must observe how much his journal improves as his being improves. Two or three of *A.*'s journals will exemplify this:

*July.* 'I got up. I bathed. I ran in the passage. I had my breakfast. I did my plant book. I did my journal. I did some counting. I did some reading. I drew. Tea came. A boy came with a tortoise and some white mice. I went to bed.'

*August.* 'I got up, bathed, and ran. I had my breakfast. We went out—said that he saw a bull. We went on. At last we got to the pond; we might not fish, so we came back; and as we came back we went to T. We went on. We cut some reeds. At last we came home. We had our tea. We went to bed.'

*January.* 'In the afternoon we went to T. We drew the church. We went through some very beautiful fields. At last we got to — church. — drew the church. We could see for miles and miles. We saw the sun sink behind — hill. When we were going home, both my shoes were lost in the mud; at last we got them again. We went on. When we got home I had tea. I went to bed and to sleep.'

This journal, though so short, is a great improvement on the first, which had too much of the word 'I' in them, and that 'I' followed simply by a verb. His journals afterwards became very interesting; he drew in them, and put down his recollections



of reading, and wrote down all his lessons in them, and anything which interested his head or heart.

When he first came under the care of S., he was extremely nervous, but afterwards he got in some measure over it; partly because his health improved, and partly because he struggled so much against it. He was one day overheard, as he stood on the brink of a low sand bank, saying to himself, 'Now I *must*, **MUST**, **MUST** do it!' After trying ineffectually to gain courage to take the leap, off he went at last, and practised again and again, until it was no longer difficult to him. He exercised the same strength of mind and purpose about climbing; he shook like an aspen when he first climbed, but by dint of perseverance succeeded in gaining more nerve.

It would not be doing justice to our hero not to mention, perhaps, the most remarkable trait in his character, and that which more than anything else lifted him out of the state of confusion and helplessness, in which he has been described to have been at first. This was his extraordinary affection for S. In so young a child, it was very remarkable. Everything beautiful, which he found, was given to her; if any one spoke slightly of her, he was sure to hear and to resent it; if he caressed any one besides her, he was sure to go to her instantly, and give her double the caresses he had bestowed on the other person. He was so jealously sensitive about her feelings, that he divined what they were towards others, and could measure them pretty nearly as exactly as she could herself. The instant question upon the mention of a new name was, 'Do you like that person?' If she had been absent from home, upon her return he would stand beside her, speaking only by happy looks; and whereas the other children would keep on saying, 'When will S. come? when will S. come?' he would say nothing: he would have learned the exact minute when she might be expected, and would not give himself the pain of being told again that she could not arrive before that minute. But the greatest proof of his affection was in the way in which he commanded himself, in order to become what he knew she esteemed. Never would he have got over his nervousness as he did; never would he have exerted the mental energy he did, but under the strong stimulus of winning or losing her sympathy. Oh, there is nothing like affection on God's earth! it alone of terrestrial things is eternal and omnipotent; by its blessed magic guilt fades 'like the baseless fabric of a vision,' sorrow is transformed into joy, weakness into strength, earth into heaven.

Patriot, philanthropist, philosopher, reformer, parent, sacred band who war with evil and ignorance, despair not: if you love the object of your struggles, they shall prevail. Not in vain did the tear of sorrow and of love fall from the eyes of Christ at the tomb of Lazarus; nor in vain over suffering humanity did he

pour the pathetic remonstrance of benevolence—‘How often would I have gathered ye beneath my wings, and ye would not.’ As Lazarus rose from the tomb at the sound of the voice he loved, so shall that same love subdue all things to itself, and at length raise to life, and light, and happiness, the whole human race. Love is the fulfilling of the law; it is the only law whose operation is not degrading. God is love. The nearer we approach to him in nature, the nearer shall we approach to him in power. Would we be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect, the warm radiance of our affections must shine on the evil and on the good. Through such agency alone can the evil be converted into good.

C.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DISSENTING MINISTER.\*

WISELY affirmeth the instructive M. Jacotot, that ‘*omnia sunt in omnibus* ;’ whereof one species of proof may be had any hour in the day between the Bank and Charing Cross, Oxford-street, or Paddington; to say nothing of much collateral and impressive evidence of the above universal maxim, which pursues the line of argument from the premises of the Elephant and Castle to the conclusion of the Angel in Islington. It is impossible to look into these vehicles of knowledge, without being moved thereby to feel that ‘all are in all.’ And so is it in this great omnibus, the world; which, besides that, as Mr. Malthus says, it carries too many passengers for each to be comfortably accommodated, has in it an ample number of other worlds, of all sorts and sizes; not one shut up in another like a Chinese ball, but cutting and crossing in various directions, ‘cycle and epicycle, orb in orb,’ concentric and eccentric, primary and secondary, luminous and opaque, material and mental, geographical, political, ecclesiastical, civil and uncivil; the old world, the new world, the scientific world, the fashionable world, the religious world, and a world of other worlds; of many of which *the world par excellence* knows next to nothing, but concerning which it may profitably be instructed, or else M. Jacotot is a charlatan. One of these worlds, viz., the Dissenting world, is in the book before us turned inside out, and exposed to the gaze of all other worlds that choose to look, itself included; and that itself should look into this mirror, which is not indeed ‘held up to Nature,’ is very much to be desired. For though we do not concede that these very graphic sketches of Nonconformity amount to any thing like a pictorial demonstration of the utility of Church Establishments, we do believe them to exhibit many important circumstances for the consideration of both the politician and the religionist.

It is a safe prediction that the leaders of Dissent will either stifle or abuse this book. Most likely the latter; for there is so much of it that 'comes home to the business and bosoms' of Dissenters themselves; so many readers of other classes will enjoy its quaint style, and the novelty and piquancy of its delineations; and the Church party will make so much of its exhibition of the 'Voluntary Principle,' that the smothering system can scarcely succeed. It is, we think, sure to be read, although the author shows his accustomed sagacity in the remark that 'by many it will be treated as fiction; for they who *do not* know it to be true will think it fiction, and they who *do* know it to be true will call it fiction.' Substantial truth it certainly is; nothing but the truth; whether it be the whole truth is another question, of which anon.

This volume is a good companion for that exquisite specimen of *bonhommie*, the 'Annals of the Parish;' a work which in many respects it resembles, although the portraiture be executed with a somewhat harder touch, and the subject is far less pleasing. The prevailing difference is that which discriminates between humour and satire, a difference which, even without allowing for the diversity of character in the authors, was in some degree unavoidable. Your twaddling sectarian in a country town cannot be so good-humoured a personage, nor keep such a comfortable smile on the reader's face, as your twaddling incumbent of a rural parish in the Presbyterian Establishment. Still there is no malignity in his gossip, nor personality. At least we can avouch that his individuals, with all their individuality, are the representatives of very numerous classes. We 'know them as well as he that made them;' and through many a score of congregations will 'thou art the man' be the text for the day, when this book shall come amongst them.

The *soi-disant* author and subject of this memoir feels his vocation to the preaching office at an early age, and has fortunately *sat under* a popular minister, who can easily procure him, gratuitously, the preparatory (Dissenting) College training. His destination is to one of these institutions which is in most repute for learning. The course of instruction is for five years, and a previous acquaintance is required with Horace and the Greek grammar, which must be ascertained by private examination, and certified by the pastor of the candidate. The sore tribulation and happy deliverance of both parties are described in the following extract:

'The day for my examination arrived, and I went with a swelling but trembling heart to my pastor's house to drink tea, with Smart's Horace in one pocket, and a Greek grammar in the other. In my eagerness and haste not to be too late, I was a little before my time, and I was shown into the study where I found myself with no other company than the books. Curious enough it was, that among the books which were lying on the table, I should find Smart's Horace and Duncan's Virgil. I

was delighted to discover this similarity of classical taste between my pastor and myself. The sight of these books was indeed delightful to me—though at the moment I was not aware of the fulness of the relief that they promised me. I afterwards discovered, and I record it here lest I should forget the fact, that this reverend gentleman, who was appointed to be my examiner, was as much afraid of me, as I was of him; he was apprehensive that, if he set me to construe an ode of Horace, and I should be unable to construe it, he should be also as unable to set me right; for he, like many others, as I have since ascertained, possessed the reputation of much greater erudition than had really fallen to his lot. When he came into the study, I took a great deal of pains to look as if I had not been looking upon the table, and I think I succeeded. We went into another room to tea, and after tea the important work of examination commenced. I trembled a little, but not so much as I should have done if I had not seen Smart's Horace and Duncan's Virgil on the table in the next room.

‘I think I can remember the examination almost word for word; therefore, with the reader's leave, I will set it down as it occurred. My pastor was the first to speak, and he began by saying in a very pleasant and gentle voice,—“So, young gentleman, I find that you are desirous of undertaking the office of the ministry, and for this purpose you are a candidate for admission into ——— College. I suppose you are aware that the directors of that institution, being sensible of the great importance of a learned ministry, make a point of requiring all young men who seek to be admitted there, to undergo a previous examination as to their classical attainments.”

‘It was well for me that I had seen Smart's Horace and Duncan's Virgil in the next room, or I should certainly have betrayed symptoms of great agitation. As it was, however, I replied with much self-possession,—“I am perfectly aware of it, sir.”

‘In all affairs of this kind, there is nothing like putting a good face on the matter. I was, indeed, astonished at my own boldness; but I found that it answered. My examiner, without hesitation, replied smilingly,—“In your case, of course, the examination must be a mere matter of form; for considering the high reputation of the school at which you received your education, and the excellent character which you sustained there, no doubt can exist as to your competency, only I must be able to say that I have had proof of your classical knowledge. Now the directors of this college, in order to fix the standard of proficiency high enough, require that a young man, before he is admitted, be able to construe Horace.”

‘I was just on the point of taking Smart's Horace out of my pocket, but my pastor hastily rising up, said, “I will fetch a Horace out of the next room, and perhaps you will be kind enough to do me the favour to construe a line or two.”

‘He was soon back again, bringing with him, not Smart's Horace, but the Delphin Horace, and presenting it to me open at the first ode of the first book, he said,—“Read where you please.”

‘I accordingly began, and very boldly proceeded with the first ode, construing it with as much accuracy and elegance as I could. I had not gone very far, when my examiner graciously and kindly interrupted me, saying,—“That will do, sir, perfectly well! admirably well! You

not only construe Horace, but you enter into the spirit of your authors. I shall have great pleasure in making a favourable report of your scholarship." Then, after a moment's silence, and with a little hesitation, the gentleman proceeded—"Pray, sir, at your school did you learn the metres?"

'I felt rather uneasy at this question; but having got through the construing with so much *éclat* I was emboldened, and fearlessly replied "Mr. — did not think metres of much use."

'At this reply of mine, I thought at the time, and I have had greater reason to think so since, my examiner felt somewhat relieved, and he replied with great alacrity,—"I am quite of his opinion; and I believe that at the college where you are going, the same opinion is entertained. Some pedantic individuals have occasionally endeavoured to introduce into our seminaries of learning an attention to these trifles, but good sound sense has got the better of the pedants. Indeed, sir, what can we know of the Latin quantity? We know not how the Romans pronounced their prose, and we are much less likely to know how they pronounced their poetry." Thereupon the examiner smiled, and I smiled, and the Delphin Horace was laid upon the table, and our conversation, flew off to other topics, and I found that I had passed my examination most triumphantly, and that the learned college was anticipating a valuable addition to its literary reputation in my learned person,' p. 13—18.

There is doubtless much 'excellent fooling' amongst Nonconformists on this matter. A dissenting minister must keep school to keep Latin, if he have any to keep. He has enough to do to keep himself. Gossiping all the week, and sermonizing all the Sunday, being his office, what can he have to do with 'Tully's Offices?' Well enough is it if he remember what they are, and hazard no impertinent remarks upon Tully's establishment. Very popular preachers, dignified upholders of *our colleges* and a learned ministry, have sometimes been as far at fault. 'Young man,' said a great pillar of 'the interest,' to a student, during a public examination, 'now conjugate *scilicet*,' which the young man modestly declined. The diploma'd ornament of another denomination was observed to ponder profoundly over the question, 'How it happened that there was not a Delphin edition of the Greek classics?' At length the oracle responded, 'Why I suspect that although *old Delphin* was a decent Latinist, he was but a poor Grecian.' But great men in a small way although they be, let us not call out too hastily, 'these be thy gods, O Israel!' We may traverse the boundaries of the Establishment, from Dan to Beersheba, without finding theological tutors more classical, critical, and conscientious than Dr. Pye Smith, amongst the Independents, or Mr. John Kenrick, amongst the Presbyterians. And however much the author may have of reason in his ridicule of the parsonic prosody of Nonconformists, there was a good joke for the whole generation of them in the *damnabitur* of a bishop. Classical scholarship must very often rank among the fictitious assumptions of the higher classes. The clergy, so far as our



own observation may be relied upon, contribute their full proportion to the well-known demonstration that Oxford is the most learned place in the world, because every man takes some learning there, while very few bring any away. And although the sarcastic remarks on learning to pray extempore have useful truth in them, yet here again the evil is positive and not comparative. There may be not less levity in the liturgy, than preposterousness in personal prayer. No dissenting student ever gabbled more grossly than the velocipede dignitary, who declared, that in reciting the Creed he could give any man as far as 'Pontius Pilate,' and catch him by the time he got to 'Catholic Church.' O, there is much profanity in all priestcraft! The schools of the prophets are all too much addicted to making profits; and though the raw youth sometimes complains that the Greek grammar is not spiritual, the finished priest makes the Bible carnal to balance the account, and serves God and Mammon.

Clever and caustic, rich and racy, are the author's portraits—of the leaders of the aristocratic and democratic party in a town congregation, the drysalter who lived in the neighbourhood of Portman-square, and the hardware men of Houndsditch; the lady who subscribed ten guineas a year, and became thereby a female head of the Church, the Queen Elizabeth of the Conventicle; the members of his country congregation, in which every member was the unruly one; the corn factor's wife and the grocer's widow, with their untraceable quarrel, which had begun in a hidden source, like the Nile, and flowed on to the ocean of eternity; the popular minister, who put one idea into many words, and so made his ideas go a great way; the controversial heretic, the squabbling separatists, the declining Presbyterians: all these and many more furnish a gallery such as has seldom been opened for public inspection, and are sketched with a hand as graphic as the subjects are grotesque.

The orthodox Dissenters will complain that the author has misrepresented their morals; and the heretics that he has falsified their faith. This is a laudable jealousy in both parties. We must say, however, that the memorials of martyrs are seldom so amusing as his account of the Unitarian mission, with the consecration and desecration of the corn loft. It is a monitory specimen of the perversity that thinks to prevail over prejudice by pragmaticalness, courts popularity by criticism, destroys doctrines by articles and particles, and dreams of a power in mere negations, to reach the heart, to correct the character, and elevate the life. The party may learn wholesome truth from this fiction. They might have done something towards rationalizing religion, but if they will turn into the road, and imbibe the spirit of sectarianism, they must be, amongst sects, the most feeble, distracted, and contemptible.

The great event in the dissenting minister's autobiography, is

the delicate investigation which his congregation instituted into his character and conduct. It is a perfect pattern of such proceedings; and may be recommended to dissenting societies of all denominations for their guidance, when they are in similarly pleasing circumstances of deep painfulness. It should be as welcome to them as a precedent would have been to the House of Lords in the trial of Queen Caroline. The author has handled this grave subject somewhat lightly. Dissenting ministers, and men too as pure in life as they were eminent in talent, have been worried to death for defalcations of not much deeper dye than those which he describes. But in future let it be done *secundum artem*. Here is the model :

‘ Not long after the subsidence of the discord above named, and when I was congratulating myself that now all things were proceeding smoothly, I was assailed by the means of anonymous letters, an instrument of annoyance to which dissenting ministers are particularly subject; and perhaps also other persons may be so too, only we are always apt to magnify what concerns ourselves. It is only necessary here to premise, that I had now been married seven years, and that my family consisted of three children; the eldest a girl about six years of age; the second a boy about four, and the youngest not more than twelve months. My wife also was living, and a very excellent wife she was, and I may add, is still. I shall give these anonymous letters at full length, not altering the spelling, nor correcting the language; for there is a raciness and pungency in the original style which correction would only destroy. The first concerns the management of my family.

‘ “ Reverend Sir:—It is with the most *sincerest pane* that I now take up my penn at this Time to *address* you on a matter of INFINIT moment. I know sir that your a man of grate learnin and much skollarship, and therfor p’raps my feeble penn ought not to *presuem* to ap-proche you without the UTMOST REFERENCE. You may believe me when I tell you that there is no man whos preachin givs me more *instruction* nor yours, nevertheless, *most reverend sir*, I must tak the LIBBERRY to say with all due DIFFERENCE to your *superier* JUGEMENT to say, I say, that your *children* is not mannaged with all that propriety which ought to be the *undoudted distinction* of evvery minister who profasses to teach his people *in the way* of truth, has *reveiled* in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for our sins. Miss Angelina WAS FARST ASLEPE last Sunday afternoon almost all sermon time, and SNORED so as to be heered all over the meetin, and Master Tommy plays at marvels in the streets. if so be then as how you values the *immortle soles* of your children why dont you bring them up in the nurtur and ammunition of the Lord. So no more at present from your loving frend who shall be”

“ *Annonimus.*”

‘ Scarcely had I recovered from the shock which the above letter gave me, when another was put in my hand coming from nobody knows where, and bringing against me another heavy charge. It was as follows:—

‘ “ Reverend Sir:—I have set under your ministry some yeres listening with greate delite to the tidings of the everlasting gosple, but am sorrey to say that of late I have not profitted as I yoused to do. I have ben a little afrade that the fault might be in myself, but on the closest

examination I have come to the conclusion that you do not preach the gosple as you did once when you furst come among us. Our souls are parch up for want of the truth, the due of the word does not dissend upon us to fertilize our harts, and make them fruteful. A report is got abroad from some quarter or other, that you are half a sossinion at bot-tom, only you don't speak out. Your preching does not awaken the conscins as it out to do, unles thesethings is greatly altered you cant expect your people to profet by the word preched."

"Your faitfl freind—Alliquis."

'My faithful friend "Alliquis" was just as acceptable a correspon-dent as my loving friend "Annonimus." I was at first annoyed, and then indignant, and had fully determined to make a serious address from the pulpit to these anonymous libellers; but upon second thoughts I relinquished that intention, and resolved to keep the secret to myself, and put up with the affront; for I had heard of dissenting ministers put-ting themselves into a great passion on the receipt of anonymous letters, and declaiming from the pulpit in good set terms against the writers, so that they have thereby raised up against themselves a nest of hornets, that have not been easily suppressed again. But my resolution availed me not, for whispers began to be circulated concerning me, and kind friends came to me with very long faces, and very long stories; all expressing their particular concern at these rumours, and all saying that it was a duty that I owed to myself to repel these insinuations, and boldly to meet these charges, and that I ought to challenge inquiry and provoke investigation. These people cared nothing about me or my reputation, but all they wanted was to get up a scene, and make a bustle all about a straw. There is nothing that a little dissenting con-gregation likes so dearly as a bit of moonshine, a secret committee to investigate certain indistinct charges brought against their dearly be-loved pastor. I told my dear friends, over and over again, that I heeded not the matter a single rush; that I did not care for a whole cart-load of anonymous letters; but they would not let me off so easily; they said that if I did not publicly meet, and decidedly refute the charges, I certainly pleaded guilty to them. To which I replied that I must plead guilty to the charge of Miss Angelina going to sleep, and of Master Tommy playing at marbles; though I must be permitted very strongly to doubt the fact of Miss Angelina's snoring, a thing which I never recollected her to have been guilty of; and as for Tommy's gam-bling, I was pretty sure that it could not have been to any serious amount, for he never had any ready money in his possession, and I did not suppose that any one would take his acceptance. It was in vain that I attempted to laugh the matter off in that manner, for I only made the thing worse, I found, by this ill-timed levity. So I was forced to consent to have a committee formed to investigate the charges that had been brought against me. My two anonymous letters were given up for investigation and in-quiry, and I was questioned and re-questioned, and sifted, and examined as to all my thoughts and my conversations; and there was as much fuss made about the matter as though it had been the sitting of a court-martial on the most momentous affair imaginable. The result, however, was, that I was honourably acquitted; but the good people had had their humour, so they were happy. For a long time afterwards, how-ever, my sermons were very diligently attended to, in order to detect, if

possible, the leaven of heresy ; and I cautioned Angelina against snoring, and gave Tommy to understand that the eyes of the world were upon him.' —p. 200—206.

By a subsequent allusion to real occurrences, the author has given occasion for the assumption of a daily paper that his work arose out of those events. This is a mistake. The statement he has introduced is correct as far as it goes ; but in justice to the society he has named, it ought to be added, that the mass of its members had imbibed a spirit which would not allow the establishment of domestic inquisition, or the imposition of a test on moral speculations.

The great defect of this work, whether considered as a portraiture of character, or as an argumentative narrative, is that it relates much too exclusively to what religionists call mere worldly considerations. There is not even a solitary symptom of that devotion to a sacred cause which is commonly felt, or at least believed by themselves to be felt, in the bosoms of aspirants to the ministry of the gospel amongst Dissenters. The cases are as rare amongst them as they are common in the Church, in which the sacred office is regarded merely as a profession. Whether the word be used in praise or in censure, enthusiasm is their usual characteristic. Hence many of them would not feel sundry petty miseries which figure in his pages. Their hearts would be in their work, not in their pay. 'Having food and raiment, they would be therewith content.' This high moral principle, even if it be a mistaken one, should not have been disregarded in any delineation of dissenting ministers as a class personified in an individual. Its introduction was demanded by justice, and it would have imparted a stronger and deeper interest to the narrative. And it would have led to the notice also of evils of a yet more serious description than those on which the author has enlarged. For although theological enthusiasm is disinterested, it is not candid or beneficent. The party spirit of sectarianism generates an unscrupulousness, which ranks amongst the worst corruptions of society. The love of money may be kept down in soils which yet yield a plentiful harvest of bigotry, hypocrisy, calumny, and pious fraud. The stern exposure of these would have been a nobler task for the author's powers ; we wish he had attempted it ; we should have liked a history of the mind as well as of the pocket. Perhaps, however, he has better judged of what would be read and relished, and framed his story accordingly.

As an argument against the voluntary system, and in favour of Church establishments, this book can tell for little with any who think. It is altogether partial and one-sided. Nothing is more easy than to retort the proof. There is James Cranston, in Miss Martineau's tale of 'The Park and the Paddock.' Suppose we had his autobiography at full length. The thoughtless, dissipated, fishing, hunting, flirting, time-serving, worthless parson, is

a genuine product of the involuntary principle: so is the purer minded hero of the 'Tenth Haycock.' There we have the conscientious Episcopalian, morally as well as physically, the martyr of the system. Both sorts of characters, with the consequent mischiefs to themselves and others, always have been in the Church, and always will be, so long as it is an Established Church. The proof is as good on one side as on the other. It shows that there are evils in both systems; and it shows nothing more. It does not strike the balance: it casts no light upon the objects and mode of ecclesiastical reformation.

The evils of both systems are enormous, and, it is to be feared, irremediable, without much greater changes than either party is likely to be persuaded to adopt. Those of the Church press heaviest, politically; but those of Dissent are very formidable, in a moral and intellectual point of view. Both parties egregiously overrate the advantages to be conferred on society by priests and preaching. We do not mean that they exaggerate the importance to the nation of spiritual culture; but that they are incurably addicted to the inefficient machinery, for that end, to which they have been accustomed. In our number for December last, an attempt was made (vide art. on 'Church Reform, considered as a National and not a Sectarian Question') to show that there are adequate and available resources for the promotion of this essential object, were they but honestly and wisely applied. On some such plan as is there suggested, the evils of both schemes would be mitigated or destroyed; universal and equal religious liberty would be guaranteed; the real and solid instruction of the community provided for; and, that done, pulpiteering, whether Episcopal or Independent, might be left to find its own level, according to the common principles of demand and supply. But the craft is far too strong; one portion of it in vested interests, and the other in popular prejudices; for the practical adoption of schemes tending simply and solely towards the spiritual well-being of humanity.

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## THE AGE OF STEAM,

## A HUDIBRASTIC POEM.

*By the Author of 'Spirit of Peers and People,' &c.*

Oh, Science! iron-footed giant!  
Whose tread shows hugely, making pliant  
Time's pavement form'd of sturdy ages,  
Earth soon must cease to pay thee wages;  
And, like a vassal, quick give place,  
Lest thou should'st cant her into space;  
For Archimedes hinted once  
He'd poise and weigh her like an ounce;  
Meaning, no doubt, to set the fashion  
Of making horse-ponds sweat with passion.

Oh, Steam! twin-sister of the black art!  
An infant still who doth not lack-heart,  
What magic dost thou meditate  
Against the people and the state,  
To set them by the ears together,  
And toss up labour like a feather?  
The horse, man's constant, strongest aid,  
May now go slumber in the shade;  
For lo! the proverb to reverse,  
The cart will soon precede the horse,  
Or bear him, neighing like a fool,  
To stable, farrier, grass or pool!

The bang-up clubs must soon desist  
Their style of elbow, whip, and wrist;  
Cease punching out a tooth askance,  
To squirt on turf with nonchalance;  
For soon there'll be throughout the land  
The royal boilers, steam in hand!  
The horse shall lounge thro' fields and meadows,  
Thinking of jolly coachey's red-nose;  
Or stare upon us o'er a hedge,  
His mouth half fill'd with flowers and sedge;  
While we go boiling, roaring by,  
Just like a bomb-shell thro' the sky,  
And only stop to pay the 'pike,'  
For fifty horse-power, what we like.

Heaven send us opposition soon!  
Nought thrives without—earth, sun, or moon:  
Let some poor engineer, grown prouder,  
Propose to drive a coach with powder;

And by a curious housewifery,  
 Of ounces doled out by degree,  
 Make a huge frog-shaped box to hop,  
 Or jerk us on, with pop! pop! pop!  
 Let tunnels vast roll far away,  
 Like serpents dead in mail'd array;  
 And places in the mouth being ta'en  
 Strong wall'd behind with iron screen,  
 Loose a strong blast and whirl us on  
 Like small-shot thro' dire Perkis' gun,  
 Till bodies travel, at a glance,  
 Like th' eye thro' telescope, to France.

One hundred years, or less, may show  
 A twin-born miracle, I trow,  
 Proving what offspring, 'clep'd sublime,  
 Strong science can beget on time:  
 A ship i' the air, or rather say,  
 A caravan to fly away,  
 By large balloons whipt off its mound,  
 Light as a sparrow leaves the ground,  
 With passengers and merchandise  
 To foreign cities thro' the skies;  
 Shap'd like a huge Olympian eagle,  
 Or huge Brobdignagian sea-gull,  
 Whose well-oil'd iron wings and vast tail  
 Shall soar in scorn o'er those who hoist sail,  
 With chimney's throat high fountaining,  
 Clouds on the clouds o'ermountaining;  
 And those who flout this seeming joke,  
 Could they from out their old graves look,  
 Will see their grandsons, some years hence,  
 Flying to France for eighteen-pence!

The arts of war by land and sea,  
 Bombardment and artillery;  
 Ploughing, manuring, harrowing, sowing,  
 Reaping and thrashing, stacking, mowing,  
 Grinding and pressing, spinning, weaving,  
 Building and boring, sawing, heaving;  
 Shoes, hats, all wood-work, cooking, baking,  
 Coat and *unmentionable* making,  
 Dancing and drawing, and street-preaching,  
 And 'unknown tongues' profoundly teaching;  
 All these and more shall soon give place,  
 Nor look Steam-science in the face,  
 Tradesmen and crafts-men we shall meet,  
 Like 'half starv'd gard'ners', in the street,  
 With wives and children howling ballads  
 Of cold misfortune's sour sallads:  
 These shall join chorus, and with yell  
 Pray to postpone all steam for h—I,

Nor send a foaming curse on earth  
To smoke the bread from out their mouth,  
And make them starve, or learn to thief;  
For when they ask a gent' to give,  
He'll send 'em off with many kicks hence  
For steam-made coffins, sold at six-pence !

What shall avert the coming blow ?  
What shield wall out the iron-limb'd woe,  
And stop this foaming hydrophobia ?  
For nought can flourish that doth grow-by-her !  
So universal in its use,  
'Tis sure to change into abuse.  
This fiend of madness and of might  
Nought can dispel, or check its spite,  
Save hydra-headed England's axe,  
The Herculean power of tax.

Oh, Tax ! thou whale of every state,  
Amidst whose blubber dwells its fate,  
Ope thy huge maw and lay a claim  
To shoals of money, till you tame  
This monstrous, blustering, fiery griffin,  
Who'll press our tradesmen like a biffin ;  
Make Fine-Arts dwindle in their sockets,  
And Labour stand with hands in pockets ;  
Astound the world with miracles,  
And empty bellies !—make us fools  
In our grave wisdom, which gave birth  
To that which can devour the earth !

Yet still a lack there 'll be of pelf  
For dead-stock tradesmen laid on shelf ;  
While cart-loads of our poor mechanics,  
Worse off than now by *striking* panics,  
Must e'en be fed, since Steam has made them  
Of no more use than grass to Adam.  
Full well we know that hunger flies  
To cheapness, and necessities  
Peck at a flint-skin—tho' for *pleasure*  
In meat and drink that scorns all measure,  
Whatever tempting sweets adorn them.  
Let 'em be cheap, and John Bull scorns them !  
But wants being far more numerous  
Than any dear-sold pleasures humorous,  
And pheasant, ven'son, snipe, quail, grouse,  
In less request than mackerel souse,  
Flour, coal and candle, cheese and beer,  
Cloth, leather, steel, and crockery ware ;  
Altho' their cheapness must be wonderful,  
All grown, found, wrought by engines thunderous,

Mammoth Monopoly will turn  
 The penny, till there's nought to earn;  
 Make four doubloons out of a groat,  
 And cork the nation's hungry throat!  
 So tax proud Steam! and quell our fears  
 Of rent for eyes, nose, mouth, and ears.

E'en Music has been threaten'd sore  
 With tax, e'en when like pork, in score;  
 If printed, 'tis a settled matter,  
 Two-pence 'per ann.' for Stoney-batter.  
 Pianos, harps, and lady-lutes,  
 Grim fiddles, castanets, and flutes,  
 The groaning serpent, fretful trumpet,  
 And squeaking flageolet, no dumb pet,  
 Old hurdy-gurdy's saw and wheels,  
 And horns, like Midas-handled eels,  
 Fat-bellied kettle-drums that show  
 Like twins of Dutch cheese cut in two;  
 In short, from deep-mouth'd sad bassoon,  
 Whose moaning's like a cow in swoon,  
 From fife—pert brag-pipe—to trombone,  
 From double bass to bag-pipe drone,  
 (Tremble ye sons of phillibeg!)  
 Or sheep-gut stretch'd on hollow keg;  
 None shall escape! Sweet hautboy's nose-carp  
 Shall fare as ill as cow-boy's jew's-harp;  
 Church organs only shall prove jugglers,  
 While Christmas' waits turn fiddle-smugglers,  
 And Spanish refugees deposit  
 Guitars, like beetles, in the closet.  
 With many a wry-mouth shall we pay  
 For soul's-wine to our cakes of clay;  
 Mozart, Corelli, Cherubini,  
 Beethoven grave and bright Rossini,  
 For Haydn's thunders, Weber's trance  
 And strain of demon-throng'd romance.

But z——ds, grim Tax must be extended  
 O'er all that's made, and all that's *mended*,  
 For Steam will smoke the Ministry  
 And make past 'Act Par.s' all my eye!  
 For as volcanoes from the ocean  
 Have burst with clouds and flam'd commotion,  
 Sending half fried, tho' not in dish,  
 To Santorini's shore, dead fish;  
 So shall Steam undermine and blow-up  
 The parliaments and states of Europe,  
 And send them parboil'd, flay'd and poor,  
 To flounce their last at ruin's door.

We pity not, saith Aristotle,  
 What far futurity will throttle;

Meaning that present quincey's worse  
Than being hang'd some ages hence :  
But death's last trump may be right near,  
Tho' far from common rumour's ear ;  
And blight, un-nam'd in almanac,  
May sift our cinders in a crack.  
Then slumber not by calm Ilissus  
Lest flint-eyed gorgons come and kiss us.  
But save us, Tax, preserve the nation  
And level Steam by wise equation ;  
Curb in his fury, and arrange  
Some equipoise to check the mange  
That shortly must uncoat our craft-men,  
And shelf 'em just like box'd-up draught-men.

Tax vanity ; let paint and portraits,  
And miniatures, pay even more-rates ;  
Tax fashions, flatteries, and fans,  
And luxuries ; from warming pans  
To all the myriad soups and greases  
That ooze from cookery's piquant messes ;  
But do not tax all humble comforts,  
Our snugness and our household dumb-forts,  
When from the world's loud siege we fly  
To heap up heart's-ease cozily.  
Tax absentees in travelling night-caps,  
Not grave-stones when our last dead blight haps ;  
Not pots and kitchen articles,  
But quizzing-glass and spectacles ;  
For, as we pay for heaven's light  
E'en when we're blind, why not for sight ?

Tax Foreigners, from queen-like Pasta  
To knaves of paint and fools of plaster ;  
Tax Tamburini's rolling bass,  
And Grisi's notes of power and grace ;  
Let Paganini's wondrous kit  
A tax of *cent. per cent.* beget ;  
Sultans, ambassadors, and mummers,  
Jugglers and chiefs, and kettle-drummers ;  
Make every windmill-whirling Rappo  
Dab up, in fee, a gold-fill'd *chapeau* !  
Until they fly us, as no doubt  
They'll like our tax no more than gout,  
And trooping off like squib-scar'd elves,  
Just leave us to our blessed selves !

But hark ! a voice like that of yore,  
When Lybian oracles would snore  
Loud nasal truths like parish clerks,  
Makes in mine ear these few remarks :

' When might and right contend for porridge,  
Grey " usance " sways no more than nonage ;



The weak must show beside the stronger  
 As vermicelli does to conger ;  
 And after sundry broken crowns  
 It don't need long to guess who drowns.  
 The learned Grotius plainly shows  
 Nought's useful long that makes men foes ;  
 Things can't remain at sevens and sixes,  
 And Steam at last must blow-up Taxes.  
 Tax crush'd and tithe-pig dead, behold  
 How Science shall make iron, gold ;  
 And bring that yellow beast to own  
 Himself and family undone ;  
 Till ragged boys with dirty nose  
 Half-sovereigns tuck in cheese-fill'd hose,  
 While guinea rush-lights wink out farthings  
 And ostrich plumes are cheap as starlings ;  
 The miser on his death-bed wallows,  
 And blacksmiths' dogs wear golden collars.'

Ages of Gold and virgin Silver  
 Are flown, like Mother Goose and culver ;  
 Brass snores in Fate's lap, so doth Iron,  
 And Death their night-caps soon shall tie-on ;  
 Now bursts o'er earth a vigorous beam,  
 And ushers in the Age of Steam !  
 So shall the bright Millennium,  
 Born of Steam's virtuous thunder-bomb,  
 Descend at last and banish bane,  
 Professions, tradesmen, care and pain ;  
 Send Poverty with Wealth to snooze,  
 And morbid Fear (whose ripe bamboozle  
 Doth grow on high so luminous)  
 With Heau-ton-ti-mo-rumenos !

Despair not, sons of Science, soon  
 By aid of Steam to shoot the Moon,  
 And fill her pock-marks and her seams  
 With iron balls and bristling beams ;  
 Till she roll on with phasing pain,  
 Like Burnham wood to Dunsinane.  
 Despair not, Steam, tho' sages flout,  
 To turn the fat world inside out,  
 And as a finish to the feat  
 Make chaos of her sausage-meat ;  
 For thou, strong Giant, shalt capsize  
 Proverbs, turn'd belly up with lies,  
 Play dentist with the rustiest saws,  
 Turning grey Fables to young Laws.

### THE AMATEUR MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THIS was a good deed; almost worth another Reform Bill. It will mark an era in the history of metropolitan, and, it is to be hoped, in that of national enjoyment. There is an end of the necessity for travelling to Norwich, York, or Birmingham, or else of submitting to the Abbey jobbery, in order to enjoy the grandest musical effects. The *voluntary principle* has triumphed in art, whatever it may do in theology. Exeter Hall is the birth-place of popular taste; a strange cradle for such an infant to be rocked in; but miracles never cease. A muster of seven hundred amateurs, vocal and instrumental, executing with precision, delicacy, and full effect, the noblest compositions of the greatest masters, is a revelation of power, from which the best results may be anticipated. We know not with what wand of Moses the city was struck; but certain it is, that there suddenly gushed forth a glorious stream of harmony. Let it flow on, creating the thirst it satisfies.

There is a balance of good and evil in the locality. Oratorio music seems to require arches, and pillars, and Gothic windows, for its appropriate visual accompaniment. It sorts not with the Presbyterian plainness and squareness of the large room at Exeter Hall: and, in the lighter movements, one likes sometimes to catch a stray sound, entangled amongst the delicate traceries and fretwork of cathedral ornament, like a sylph that has lost her way in the intricate passages formed by the leaves of a half-blown rose. But still there were compensations. The orchestra itself was a beautiful sight; so filled, we mean. The choristers had 'speculation in their eyes.' They were no regiment of bawling hacks, but intelligent men and women, who appreciated the best qualities of the music which they executed. And then, again, the flow of sound was unbroken; the volume and proportions were just what was intended; which is more than the most skilful calculations can realize in the complicated structure of a cathedral. This is a paramount advantage.

The earlier performances exhibited some defects, which were corrected in the later ones; showing how rapidly such a body of performers can profit by experience. On behalf of the last two or three performances, the gauntlet might be thrown down to the profession, which would gain little by accepting the challenge. But perfect co-operation, not rivalry, is the point to be aimed at. The solos and duets, and the instrumental leading, must remain with professional performers. By the way, the amateur instrumentalists require more drilling: they marred the entire perfection of some of the choruses, by that tendency to accelerated execution which is so difficult to be repressed.

The 'Spectator' newspaper of Nov. 1, very much surprised us by a critique on this festival, full of professional spleen, captiousness, and assumption; and therefore quite out of place in that journal, which has done so much, and so well, for promoting a popular enjoyment of the arts. Who would have expected to meet, in its columns, with so silly a remark as the following?—'Though it may be very praiseworthy' (on the score of charity, the writer means) 'in a merchant to leave his business in the city, and occupy a violin-stand, or a shopkeeper to turn singer, it may be questioned whether the proper place of each is not rather that of a listener than of a performer.' O, there is nothing like knowing our proper places! The tradesman, it seems, ought only to have just music enough in him to admire and pay. He must be dealt with like the poor, who are not to be allowed too much education, lest it should unfit them for their condition. Truly, it 'may be questioned' as above, if the aim be to have music an aristocratical luxury, ministered by a sycophantic monopoly; but if the object is to create a popular taste, and provide a national enjoyment, then it may not be so questioned. As the festival proceeded, the critic must have secretly and sorely repented his attempt to turn it into ridicule, and his premature chuckle at the thin attendance on the first rehearsal. Verily, this Tory of quavers must learn better manners towards merchants and shopkeepers; who, as they sometimes become legislators, philosophers, and poets, may, perchance, occasionally turn out musicians also. There have been fiddlers at many a festival, who should rather have been reduced to scraping with a soaped bow, than the shopkeepers of Exeter Hall. No lover of the art,—none, save its mercenary and short-sighted retainers, but must rejoice at the extent of its cultivation which has been evinced, and the prospect which is thereby opened. It is a sign (and that is why some of the profession dislike it) that a reformation in the musical world is at hand. Performers, who happen to be the fashion, will have to do more work, and take lower pay. The nuisances of music selling will be abated, and it will be more assimilated to the book trade. The merchants and shopkeepers will prove too large a body to be kept in the trammels, and taxed by the extortion of the monopoly. Mr. Clowes may refit his rusted machinery for printing music with movable types. The editions wanted will be large enough to make its employment profitable. Let him stereotype the score of 'Israel in Egypt,' forthwith, for a beginning. We are glad to find that this glorious and successful attempt is to be followed up. Next time, let there be no 'charity' in the case, that the public may only have to pay for the music. Provided it be good, cheap music is itself the best public charity to be promoted by such means; at least, for the present.

## TO LORD DURHAM.

**MY LORD.**—Your open, manly, uncompromising, and repeated declarations of sentiments held in common with the mass of the community, including all liberal minds, have bound you so firmly to the people, that they consider you as one of themselves: their welfare is your happiness; and they are interested in all that you may do as a public man. Your language, spoken at Newcastle, is replete with noble earnestness: your fixed purpose of fighting, side by side with the people, or at their head as a leader, the great battle which must leave them the victorious depositaries of power, cannot be misunderstood. You are our own: we have bought you with the precious coin of public sincerity, now for the first time about to be made the public currency. As one of the people, I address you on some of the minor articles of your political faith, embodied in your spoken words. You say,—‘Let our rallying cry be—Reform! Liberty!! and the Constitution!!!’

It is important that the rallying cries of honest men should be philosophically accurate. The word ‘constitution’ has been much talked about; but who can define it as an existing institution? What was it before the passing of the Reform Bill? What the Tories chose to call it. What has it been since? What the Whigs have chosen to call it. Has there been, at any time, any security, save public opinion, against the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act? None. Is public opinion a constitution? No; because it is not definite. It is, then, unphilosophic to call any thing a constitution which is indefinite, and is liable to daily alterations. Nothing can be definite in law which is not written down. Who can write down definitely a thing which is left to the irresponsible agency of interested human beings? A King can do no wrong. A House of Lords is not responsible. Laws may be defined a *bond* between the rulers and the ruled; but what lawyer ever considered a bond valid without a penalty attaching to the breach of it? A King may plunge a whole country into confusion, prompted by a mercenary or tyrannical spirit; yet the English law says ‘the King can do no wrong.’ The English law also says that ‘there can be no wrong without a remedy.’ Is it wrong to plunge a whole country into confusion? If it be, where, then, is the remedy? In the reign of Charles, an indignant people adopted one for the occasion; but the superior humanity of the present age abhors bloodshed alike in the case of the great or little criminal. The depôt of what is called legal responsibility, is inherent in what is commonly understood by the ‘constitution, in its first known and recorded principles.’ To find a remedy for this defect, is, indeed, to *reform*, i. e. remodel, rebuild the constitution; to take what may happen

to be good in the existing institutions, for the construction of a newer and better machinery of rule, in unison with the principles of general utility.

With regard to 'Reform,' the word does not mean the mere abolition of abuses, but the act of taking to pieces and using the material more scientifically.

In your language, spoken at Newcastle, the following words occur:—

'I look round, north, south, east, and west, and I have never been able to hear a word uttered bearing the semblance of the shadow of a shade of an objection made to monarchical institutions. I have never heard anything approaching to a demand for republican institutions: and wisely, in my opinion, convinced as I am that a constitutional monarchy affords the best security for liberty.' There seems here a contradiction in terms. The word *monarchy* means pure despotism. A *monarch* is a single uncontrolled ruler. A *king* is a leader or representative. A *king* is a chief by a nation's voluntary choice. A *monarch* is a ruler over slaves. Now it is quite true that, with respect to the mass of the people, there is as yet no decidedly expressed aversion to royalty, but it is also true that there are many people who consider a republican form of government the most eligible, though they would not plunge a country into convulsions for the sake of obtaining it. I avow myself to be one of that number. You consider that 'a constitutional monarchy affords the best security for liberty.' Under the head of liberty, you must of course mean *equal rights to all human beings who have attained majority, and are not incapacitated by physical defects*. If this be your meaning, then your 'constitutional monarchy' is nothing but a republic, with an hereditary president called a king, instead of an elective king or leader called a president. The whole distinction lies in the mode of procuring a chief magistrate; republicans prefer an elective president, because he can be chosen for his intellect, morality, and other high qualities; an hereditary president may be either a very good or a very bad man. It is not the constant good fortune of every nation to possess a monarch like the fourth William. They must often be subjected to ignorance, imbecility, caprice, and obstinacy.

Suppose the latter to be the position of a people, will any one say that an elective ruler, removable without violence, would not be better than an hereditary nuisance, not to be got rid of without a convulsion?

With another portion of your words I perfectly agree, and all must agree with them who have at all studied the English character:

'I believe that loyalty prevails more strongly at the present moment than ever it did, and that it is only pent up, and not exhibited, because, in the first place, there is no reason for



calling it forth, and in the next because those who ought to excite it, have exhibited too little sympathy for the wants and wishes of the people.'

The word 'loyalty' must here be understood in its highest sense, not in the narrow and contracted meaning which gave rise to the saying, 'stick by the Crown though it hang on a bush.' Its true meaning is devotion of heart and soul, sincerity of purpose, and earnest resolution for the promotion of high objects; attachment, gratitude, and reverence to noble beings, to those who seek through good and evil report the welfare of their species. To be attached or devoted to mere abstract station or rank, is either pitiable folly or disgusting sycophancy. Such loyalty could neither excite the approbation of the philosopher, nor the enthusiasm of the poet.

There is a gushing flood of loyalty even now pouring forth from one end of England to the other. It is you, Lord Durham, who are the object of that loyalty. You have won it by your own nobleness of spirit, by your own expressed high purposes. You have bound the working men of England in a bond which may not be broken. You occupy the proudest pedestal on which a human being can stand. A whole nation is your supporter. Kings and conquerors have alike failed, for they sought the gratification of their own ambition alone. You cannot fail, for your ambition is to work the welfare of your fellows. Your triumph will be the downfall of evil principles of government, and the establishment of the empire of reason. You have been long doubted, you have been strongly tried, and in the very hour of our need you are not found wanting. You are the Minister of the people's choice, and to your hand will it be given to perfect the work of freedom, to gain a final victory in the struggle which began in the reign of John, and has been gallantly fought, with varying success, up to the present hour.

I remain, my Lord, your conscientious approver,

Nov. 24, 1834.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Tylney Hall.* By Thomas Hood.

WE pity people who only praise Hood for punning. In the celebrity which he has gained in that way, it may be said of him, as it was of Howard, that he has taken an unfrequented path to fame. Unfrequented, that is, by those who ever arrive at fame. Punsters are plenty as blackberries; but Hood stands alone in our literary annals for having by such means built up a reputation, a great and merited one. In him punning has merely been a peculiar manifestation of extraordinary mental power.

Others have punned because they could do nothing else; he has punned so as to show that he can do anything else that he pleases. The propensity in him, is the unrestrained wantonness of that intellectual strength in the grasp of which language becomes pliant, like a bar of iron in the hand of a giant, and is bent and twirled and twisted into a thousand fantastic shapes. It is not merely an odd trick, but a philosophical experiment, showing the capabilities of the material, and of the agent. Long ago there were touches of pathos in the little jeux d'esprit at which folks laughed, that made all feel who could feel; and the ballad of Eugene Aram was the revealing of a master spirit, who had previously been only hidden in that by which he was supposed to be made known. We have often wished he would do something worthy of himself. The present work in part gratifies us, but only in part. Blended with all the rich humour, verbal, graphic and incidental, which any one can expect or desire, there is in it character, passion, dramatic situation, romantic adventure, and sound philosophy. And if we be asked what we would have more, we reply, the yet more complete combination of these qualities, which the work itself authorizes us to anticipate; a work in which the writer, feeling that his seriousness, his pathos, and his power, are as distinctly recognised by the public as his puns, shall be less conscious, less melodramatic, less entangled by his own reputation, and more simply and entirely in his subject. We shall have it in time. Meanwhile, sending our readers to the book itself for an acquaintance with and enjoyment of it, we extract a moral which we trust will not be lost on writers of fiction:

'The child is taught by his copy-book that "Virtue is its own Reward," and every volume in his juvenile library not only inculcates the same principle, but holds out a direct promise of an equitable adjustment in this world, which is only to be looked for in another: an absurd system, by which, instead of being forearmed and forewarned by a practical prospect of the trials to come, the good boy grows up a good man, and is astonished and disgusted to find himself, instead of being even a silver-gilt Whittington, a contemned object, walking the world barefoot and penniless, with the reward of virtue hanging upon his neck, in the likeness of one of those tin or pewter medals of merit that used to decorate him at his academy. This is an evil in our literature that needs correction: as our preparatory schooling is chiefly derived from the writings and the teachings of the female sex, it would be well if the Schoolmistress would go abroad with the Schoolmaster, and pick up some principle of conduct for youth, superior to the servile, selfish one of the puppy, who is conscious of the breaker behind his heels, with a dog-whip in one hand and a piece of liver in the other.'—Vol. iii. p. 217, 218.

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#### *Tough Yarns.* By the Old Sailor.

WE demur to the genuineness of the nautical language or sentiment of these tales; but mayhap they may do just as well for landsmen. The stories are good and short, and the illustrations, which are by George Cruikshank, are abundant, and in his best style. The whole getting up of the volume is excellent, and it is a little treasure for the winter evenings.

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#### *The Biblical Keepsake.*

THE engravings of this work are those which are publishing in numbers as *Landscape Illustrations of the Bible*; no matter how often they are re-

published, or in how many forms. We know of nothing of the kind to be brought into comparison with them. They exhibit the present state of the scenery referred to in the Scriptures, but they exhibit it under such poetical aspects of light, shade, and accompaniment, as to confer more ideality on the landscape than would be produced by any attempt to portray its antique form. In some instances, as that of 'Babylon,' the correspondence of the scene, not with the state of things when Isaiah prophesied, but with that which he predicted, and which in all its marshy desolateness, and earthy mounds which once were buildings, has continued through so many ages, has a most impressive effect. This is harmoniously increased by the driving rack above, and the group of forlorn and shelterless wanderers below. 'Egypt,' 'Tadmor,' 'Bethlehem,' 'Engeddi,' may all be mentioned as illustrations of the poetry of sacred landscape; and the everlasting arch bends over the brow of Ararat, as when it was first planted on the cloud to gladden the eyes and strengthen the heart of the solitary patriarch.

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*The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir.*

MRS. ALARIC WATTS must exercise her editorial functions more sternly. Her responsibility is far deeper in the management of such a work as this, than were it only one of larger size and price for larger children. According to the military rule, she has put her efficient troops on the flanks and her weak ones in the centre; the volume begins with William Howitt, and ends with Mary Howitt, and what they both write is good reading both for young and old. But some of the weak troops in the centre are very weak. Let grown people write foolish things for grown people to read; that is, nothing but full-grown folly; but only the best and wisest should write for the young. To inculcate folly upon them is wickedness. All such compositions as those of Mrs. Abdy and Captain Macnaghten should have been unhesitatingly refused admission. The volume begins and ends so well that we grieve to say this; and must also mention, as a redemption of the intermediate portion, that sweet, true and moral song of Mary Howitt's, the 'Carrier Dove.'

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*Historia Technica Anglicanæ.* By Thomas Rose.

LIKE some other contrivers of schemes of artificial memory, Mr. Rose seems to us to have devised means which rather obstruct than facilitate the end. His *Historia* is better than his *Technica*. As an abridgement of English history his book may be of use, though we cannot warmly commend it; but if dates can only be recollected by making the mind a lumber room for his barbarous 'memorial verses,' we should prefer a pocket chronology; or one which might be pasted into the crown of a hat, like Tilt's almanack.

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*The Comic Almanack for 1835.* Tilt.

WHILE all the serious and useful purposes of an almanack are well provided for in this publication, it has the additional recommendation of being full of the rich humour of George Cruikshank, whose graphic jokes are, moreover, accompanied by predictions and 'sundry matters both pleasant and profitable,' well worthy of this new 'Vox

Stellarum.' Besides 'Illustrations of the Months,' well supported by the signs of the zodiac and the four seasons, there is a hieroglyphic '*adapted to the Times*,' in which the downfall of a certain great personage, between the two stools of peers and people, is not obscurely predicted. The fittings up of the scene are entirely in the manner and spirit of Hogarth. Who could have expected so speedy an accomplishment? It would have made the fortune of the late lamented Francis Moore.

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*The Free-Masons.* By John Reid. (Illustrations of Social Depravity, No. 7.)

THE active part of the population of the United States is, besides its other divisions, generally distributed into masons and anti-masons; and the hostile feelings, connected with this division, have their full share of the strength and bitterness which characterise the animosities of party conflict. Those who are curious about the origin and symptoms of so strange a phenomenon, may obtain more ample information than from any other source that we are acquainted with, in this publication. It contains an account, of which the materials have been diligently collected and are well put together, of the forcible abduction, and as there is every reason to believe, murder, which was perpetrated about five years ago on an apostate mason, who had undertaken to divulge the arcana of the fraternity; and also of the manner in which the prevalence of masonry amongst the administrators of justice baffled the most persevering attempts to carry the laws into effect on the parties implicated. The narrative is a very extraordinary one, and supported by authentic documents. Whether Mr. Reid be correct, however, in making free-masonry so prominent amongst the manifestations of social depravity, is rather doubtful. Whatever the abuses of that institution, it was originally a self-defensive effort against the tyranny of the world's masters; and it still is, to a large extent, a league of brotherly kindness, which, although defaced by many absurdities, and especially degraded by oaths of secrecy, yet deserves to be ranked rather amongst the errors of goodness, than the demonstrations of depravity.

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*Heath's Book of Beauty*

SHOULD rather be called the book of beauties. It is a perfect bevy of beauties, though not, to our taste, a bevy of perfect beauties. Yet some of them are splendid; and there is Mrs. Leicester Stanhope looking so fair and striking, that we do not wonder at Mr. Willis's flabbergasted verses. And there is that exquisite little Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower, with all her flaxen luxury of locks, enough alone to warrant the title of the book. The letter-press part of the volume has agreeably surprised us: there is a tale of Mrs. Shelley's, who always writes poetry and passion; another, by the author of '*Vivian Grey*,' which bears the marks of his peculiar power; some very touching lines by the fair editor, Lady Blessington; and the gem of the whole, perhaps we might almost say of the annual literature of the season, an original dialogue of the dead, by Walter Savage Landor.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MONTHLY REPOSITORY.'

SIR,

THE impartial and fearless spirit with which the claims of humanity are constantly advocated in your highly interesting periodical convinces me that you will not hesitate to rectify any unintentional misrepresentation of the opinions and sentiments of a work dictated by the desire of truth and the hope of ameliorating the condition of society.

In the review of 'Hampden in the Nineteenth Century,' which you state is from the pen of a correspondent, it is remarked, that 'It should be premised, that the Hampden of the nineteenth century has no connexion whatever with him of the seventeenth; and, indeed, his pursuits, and his turn of mind, being so totally dissimilar, we are at a loss to divine the motive for choosing a name, which, at first sight, seems as if it meant something.' The intention of selecting the name of Hampden for the hero was to indicate what might have been expected from the native energies, talents, and boldness of such a character, formed by an education in accordance with the advanced state of knowledge, and under all the circumstances, of the present period.

In your own remarks upon the 'Critics Criticised,' you quote, among others, the following proposition:—'That the scientific power, now in rapid progress throughout Europe and America, saturates, directly or indirectly, all the markets of labour, and continually depresses the value of every species of employment, manual or mental, and deprives numbers of employment altogether.' Upon this you observe: 'Its fallacy has been again and again demonstrated. It has been again and again proved, that machinery increases, immensely, the demand for labour. Its destruction, instead of being that restoration of the golden age, which it should be, according to our author's proposition, would be such a return, through misery to barbarism, as appals the imagination. Can the author point out any one manufacture in which the number of persons employed has been permanently diminished, or has not eventually increased, by the introduction of machinery? and if not, what becomes of his leading proposition?'

In no part of 'Hampden' is the destruction of machinery advocated.—In page 184, vol. i., to the question, 'You would not advise the abolition of machinery?' it is replied, 'By no means; for, rightly directed, it is of the greatest benefit to mankind; and although it is true, that in the history of its progress, from the substitution of the plough for the spade, down to the termination of the late war, the temporary evils of innovation were counterbalanced by some permanent good, yet it has now attained a power which will for ever weigh down the working classes, and produce, in its extension, more confusion and disorder, until a constitution of society is formed in which the wants of mankind will be no longer supplied through the uncertain demand for their labour and the struggle of contending interests, but by regular industry under intelligent arrangement, in which kindness and generosity will be found to be more profitable to all, than the most successful schemes of individual competition.'

In page 178 of the same volume the following dialogue occurs:—

'*Mr. Peel.* But are you not aware that this machinery has been found to employ more hands than were before engaged in the same fabrication, in consequence of the article being reduced in value, and being in more extensive demand?'

'*Fitzosborne.* That may have been occasionally true, until we had become a nation of cotton-spinners for the whole world: but consider the misery that was endured during the intervals of an overstocked market and a renewed demand; for then idleness and poverty engender crime and permanent loss of character. Machinery has now reached that point when large numbers must of necessity be idle, (as is the case in all the agricultural districts,) and those who are employed will obtain inadequate wages. The rapidity with which every manufactured article is now produced, soon overwhelms the markets with superfluous quantities;—the consequent depression in the prices not remunerating manufacturers for their expenses, many suspend their works until a diminished stock raises the market,



The manufacturers are eager to avail themselves of the improved demand, and the supply soon becomes again superabundant, and wages are again reduced.

'*Mr. Peel.* Do you now consider the value of their labour permanently depressed?

'*Fitzosborne.* I do; and any slight improvement in the demand will serve to employ a few more of those who are upon their parishes, or in precarious occupations. But still more serious consequence has flowed from machinery, in depreciating the value of that labour for which it is not immediately substituted.

'*Mr. Peel.* How is that possible?

'*Fitzosborne.* Because it compels those, whose labour can be dispensed with, to seek employment where it is not introduced, thereby occasioning an increased supply of labour in other channels. To such an extent is this evil spreading throughout society, that every species of labour, not excepting literary, is reduced in value. Every individual in society, who is not living exclusively upon independent property, may be denominated a labourer; that is to say, he is rendering some service to society for which he receives remuneration.

'*Mr. Peel.* But how can mechanics supply that which can be obtained from those only of mental acquirements?

'*Fitzosborne.* In consequence of the general diffusion of knowledge, such qualifications have become much more common; and if they are still rare among the working classes, many of the latter are enabled to rise some grades higher in the scale of society, and to become clerks in counting-houses and offices.'

In estimating the number deprived of employment by machinery, we should not confine ourselves to its effect on the local or *market* demand for labour in this country, but to its general consequences throughout Europe, America, and the whole civilized world; but even in this country we must not leave out of the calculation the continued and increasing emigrations—the number of young men wanting situations as clerks, &c.—those also who, unable to employ advantageously their small capitals, are compelled to live upon their limited means without occupation. If machinery is the indirect cause of depriving the poor man and his children of the healthy cultivation of their little garden, and consigning them to the unwholesome and endless toil of a factory, of what moral or physical advantage is such an exchange of employment?

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

THE AUTHOR OF 'HAMPDEN.'

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