

MONTHLY REPOSITORY,

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THE TRUE SPIRIT OF REFORM.

It is evident that what Wordsworth calls ‘the mighty stream of tendency,’ is flowing in the direction of Political Reform, with a force and steadiness which cannot be resisted. The mistakes of the late Administration could not divert its current; and the present Government, thrown up like a breakwater in its course, will only serve for a while to measure its calm rapidity, and then be washed away. There is more in this state of things than meets the eye of those very superficial persons who are fancying themselves the arbiters of the nation’s destiny and the directors of its energies; more than enters into the comprehension of the bustling champions of contending parties. Every reflective mind must have noticed the almost total absence from Parliamentary debates and political publications, of statesmanlike and philosophical views of the condition of society, the moral influences which are acting upon it most powerfully and extensively, and the changes which may be expected to result from their agency. And yet there are not wanting abundant materials for this noble and useful species of speculation, without which, we are but groping along in the dark, trying ‘in succession the nostrums of empirics, or clinging with the tenacity of fear to the customs of our forefathers. We should rejoice to see this subject thoroughly discussed; the phenomena classed; the principles indicated; and, which might then be done, the future predicted. The ablest intellect our country, or the world can boast of, would be well employed upon it. Would we could stimulate such a mind to the undertaking. The few slight thoughts we have now to offer may serve as hints to our readers, of its importance and interest.

The popular exertions which obtained the Reform Act, and the craving which exists for further legislative reforms, are only symptoms on the surface, prominent ones though they be, of a moral power which lies much deeper. The Whigs did not create the desire, nor can the Tories repress it. The tricks of party have been, and will be, powerless in this matter. There is a spirit at work too potent for its petty spells, and baffling all its short-sighted calculations.

Whatever of ridicule may have been made to attach to such phrases as the ‘march of intellect,’ the ‘schoolmaster abroad,’

&c.; whatever may be the disappointments produced by the comparative inefficiency of Mechanics' Institutes, the London University, and similar attempts for the promotion of public instruction; whatever may be our just complaints of the yet deficient quantity, and the far more deficient quality, of popular education; it cannot with any plausibility be denied that our times are characterized by an extraordinary developement of intelligence. The growth of intelligence is naturally and always that of discontent. Not of a querulous and aimless discontent, but of that acute sense of present, yet not necessary or irremediable evil, and of that perception of higher but attainable good, which constitute the spur to human improvement. Why is it that the mechanic of the present day is at the same time better off, and yet more dissatisfied, than were the operatives of past generations? He has more knowledge, more mind; he wants more, and he believes that more is to be had; and eventually he will have it. Very silly is the attempt to lecture him out of this craving; it is nature's provision for the progress of society. The more enlightened he is, the stronger will it be in his bosom; and the greater the security of its impulse not driving him to acts injurious to others. Far and wide has the conviction spread amongst the working classes, and a just conviction it is, that they have not yet found their true place in society. And there is another description of persons who are in a similar predicament. The Aristocracy of Talent, as it has sometimes been called, is an Aristocracy chiefly in its own estimation. Its power is only recognised at irregular intervals, when it makes itself felt upon other portions of the community in a manner which cannot be mistaken. A public writer takes no rank by his profession. It often subjects him to unworthy imputations. He is regarded, sometimes, as a convenient tool for his betters to employ. Now, if there be much, in the present arrangements of society, to sting the sturdy operative, much more must there be to goad and lacerate the sensitiveness of cultivated intelligence. The discontent (we use the word, as before, in no bad sense) of this class must be of a deeper character. Their perceptions both of evil endured, and of good not realized, are of the keenest description. And what numbers there are who wholly or partially depend upon intellectual exertion for their pecuniary resources. How strong, of late, have been the stimulating influences to which they are subject. What a mass of mental vitality there is in this country. We must not estimate it by the production of epic poems or voluminous histories. Look rather at newspapers, periodicals, and the current literature of the day. With all the deductions that must be made, they are yet a magnificent exhibition of intellectual power. The press is the fourth estate of the realm; but it is swamped by the other three, so far as affects the condition and prospects of its individual members.

Literary men rarely indeed acquire wealth. They persevere nevertheless. The coinage of their brains supplies the country with its currency of thought. It is not convertible into specie, but it accumulates.

The progression of the trading classes is somewhat slower, and that of the hereditary proprietary much slower still. The latter have obvious inducements to content. The only question for them is, whether they can keep others so. They fear change, for they hold the prizes already. There is nothing for them to get, unless it be moral good and benevolent enjoyment. They doubt whether, for these objects, it would be worth risking the quiet possession of their estates and position, which they apprehend would be at stake, especially while they can bolster up their rents and their station. Yet they see that the mighty change around them must induce some corresponding change, to them undefined, in themselves. Hence, with the exception of a few fanatics, the mass of the landed Aristocracy is disposed towards some of the various modifications of Conservative Reform. The commercial classes, yet working their way up the ladder of Aristocracy, which reaches from the dust to the heavens of English society, see further than this, even to the necessity and desirableness of such Reform as shall not only preserve but improve our institutions. Moreover the perception spreads of the identification of the interests of trade and commerce with the Cause of human progression. The principles of Free Trade are a chapter in the bible of the enlightened philanthropist. Political Reform is thus, throughout the various classes of the community, the object of zealous demand, or of temperate desire, or of calm acquiescence, or of unavoidable concession. Some say, 'Hurrah, it *shall* come!' others, 'Alas! it *must* come!' and others, 'It *is* coming, it *should* come, and let it come!'

That we have correctly indicated the rapid developement of intelligence, as the main-spring of that movement which takes Political Reform in its road, might be shown by a general survey of the literary productions of our time, including in that term all published thought, with all its latent as well as avowed principle and tendency. We have observed enough to feel no doubt of the results of such an analysis. Intellect is power as truly as steam is power; and like that, when generated in a confined space, will act upon the boundaries that compress it until they give way. Here the parallel stops. The material energy dissipates itself, and is lost; not so the mental. That forms a new and ampler nidus for itself, creates fresh and larger boundaries, and works well within them until a renewed expansion brings disproportion again, and requires a repetition of the process. All demonstrations of progressive intelligence, (and how abundant they are,) show that a re-formation of social institutions is in its commencing course, with that certainty which belongs, not to the schemes of partisans, or the policy of administrations, but to the operation of

the laws which regulate the nature of man and the progress of society ; laws which are a portion, and the noblest, of that universal plan, by which is insured to us the succession of the seasons and the revolutions of the planetary system.

It is not to such writings as those of the benevolent but impracticable Owen that we refer, when we speak of the reformatory, or rather the progressive character of the productions of modern intelligence. Mr. Owen has been described, too severely, perhaps, yet not without some reason, as a man who can manufacture the plainest truth into an absurdity. The consequences he deduces have certainly not facilitated the reception of the principles he advocates. We rather had in our minds the great Conservative writers, their poets, orators, and oracles, and the tendency of *their* writings. It is not too far to go back to Burke, for the Tories are raising new altars to his name, and rendering the homage due to a great political philosopher and prophet, to the man who in his day was degraded by the pay of a pension for his partisanship. What was the one bright idea, enshrined within his soul, which solves and harmonizes the seeming discrepancies of his career, and which he was infuriate with the French Revolution, and what were called Jacobin principles, for beclouding? It was a stately and glorious vision of social order, 'like the proud keep of Windsor, *rising in the majesty of proportion*, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers.' Now, that same 'majesty of proportion' is equally the object of enthusiastic idolatry to all true Reformers, even down to what are deemed the lowest grades and wildest speculators, to the 'Republicans,' 'Anarchists,' and 'St. Simonians.' In that conception, Burke showed the real and native tendency of intelligence ; and if, misled by the passing events and passions of a stormy time, when the dust of falling thrones made the air too dense and foul a medium for the clear perception of facts, he spoke of what to himself could only have been the comparative as if it had been the absolute, that affects not the truth and grandeur of his conception, nor the certainty that the developement of the human mind must ever be, and is strongly now, an impulsive power towards its realization. There is not, there never can be, the 'majesty of proportion' in society, while its various classes feel a gross discrepancy in their position ; while imbecility holds supremacy over soul, and idleness sits like an incubus on industry ; while the weakest bear the heaviest burdens, and protection is distributed in proportion to strength ; while gulfs are yawning wider and wider between classes that must rest on each other, if society is to be an edifice and not a ruin ; while political existence is a privilege capriciously conferred, most abundant where its perversion can be best enforced, and withheld from multitudes by whom it is claimed and needed ; and while ancient and venerable names gather associations of contempt and aversion by ceasing to represent, as they profess,

any proportionate reality of public utility, and by becoming mere pretexts, under which cupidity aggravates every national incongruity. A sense of the 'majesty of proportion' must, even without much personal participation in the pressure, produce in all pure and generous minds, the passion of renovation. To the Conservative poets, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, apply the observations we have made on Burke. What is Coleridge's 'Idea of an Established Church?' a beautiful and noble speculation, the very speculation which makes many of those who are called Ultra-Radicals and Atheists, demand the dissolution of the union between Church and State. No bonds that have been ever used to hold together the living and the dead, can unite, in men's minds, to any considerable extent, that conception and the English hierarchy. In the corruptions of that body, no such soul can be compelled to inhabit. It must cease to be a sectarian corporation, rich in national endowments, and sacrificing even the comparatively better qualities of a sect to political subserviency and aristocratical patronage, before it can possibly become the means of spiritual culture to the entire population. The Sycorax of our hierarchy must be indeed re-formed before the pure Ariel of Coleridge's vision will do her bidding, and receive from her the mission of national religion. It is

'too pure a spirit,

To act her earthly and abhorred commands.'

But Coleridge is witness of the intellectual movement towards this regeneration. Nor need we point out to those who watch, with a mixture of complacency and melancholy, the superficial yet perennial luxuriance of Southey; or to those, before whom the majestic soul of Wordsworth has stood unveiled, to what an extent, in them, the same truth is manifested. Glancing, for an instant, at a very different form of intellect, we might ask what has become of the (originally) Tory speculations of Malthus? what is the actual influence of talent, which was first put forth to shame man's brightest hopes, and bow his spirit to the oppressions and plunderings of his fellow-creatures in authority, as if they were the decrees of eternal Providence? The philosophy which was evoked, o'ermastered the Toryism it was raised to serve, and became another agent of improvement. And so might we show, whenever intelligence has been evinced in the party, from the orations of Canning, or the fictions of Disraeli, to the scribes of Blackwood and Fraser, how every devil of Toryism confesses, however unconsciously, the presence of the Divinity of Reform, in its divinest character, that of the progressiveness of society and of man.

We may assume Lytton Bulwer to be the prince of living writers of fiction; and he is also an illustration of the affinity between that species of imagination which realizes both the external indications and inward feelings of human character, and the aspiration after a nobler developement of humanity itself.

Campbell is still the bard of Patriotism and of Hope. What is all the sadness, which, like the wailings of an Æolian harp, breathes over the blended poetry and philosophy of the criticisms of Carlyle, but the discontent which we have endeavoured to define, the impulsiveness of a nature too noble for its sphere, towards one more in accordance with its capacity. In strange contrast as they are with this, and with each other, yet is the same principle at work in the very different manifestations of the metaphysical moodiness of Tennyson, and the denunciations of Ebenezer Elliot. As for political and moral philosophy, almost all that we have of it is twin-born with Reform. It was cradled in Westminster. The Philosophers are the Reformers. The two great powers of mind, the logical and the imaginative faculties, have both, in their advance, shown themselves identified, often with the faith, and always with the fact, of the movement towards an improved and improving condition of society.

Amid these general, and, as it were, floating tendencies, all through the intellectual world, often unperceived, and often vainly abjured, by individual minds, it could not be but what there should be some, many, in whom their spirit would become more distinctly incorporate, and with whom the amelioration of social institutions and arrangements, as subservient to the progression of human nature, would form itself into 'their being's end and aim,' and acquire the energy of a determined purpose, a principle, a passion, a religion. And such there are, scattered over the country; their union of purpose and of purity being the pledge of that country's redemption. They have no party to strengthen but that which best advances principles. They advocate no interests but those which best subserve the great common interest. They do not one day worship a political idol, and the next throw him to the moles and the bats with every species of contumely. They measure their zeal by the degree of utility and not by the temporary convenience of factions. If unconnected with permanent good for the people, the triumphs of party do not satisfy them, nor its defeats dismay them. While no momentary advantage can divert them from a principle, they are the furthest of all men from being impractical. Like one of their greatest precursors, Milton, the heart of each 'the lowliest burdens on itself will lay.' They know that in doing well the work of the day, they best labour for futurity. In their course there is a perfect unity of direction. Hence they have a power, a constantly expanding power, seldom perceived, continually felt. They are the central force of Reform. They are its enduring missionaries; they would not hesitate to become its martyrs. There are no such men in the ranks of Whigism, nor in those of Toryism, nor are they prominent amongst the yet unorganized troops of Radicalism.

Some of the public zeal for Reform by which the Whigs were borne into power, and now think to regain power, may, perhaps,

have been artificially excited ; some selfish interests in the country there doubtless are, which the security of a monopoly, or the repeal of a tax, may make the friends or the foes of any Government ; some action there may have been of demagogues upon the multitude for individual aggrandizement ; the immediate effect of those organic reforms in which some classes are interested, may have been inordinately estimated ; there may be in some quarters a blind desire of mere change, or an aimless restlessness, or an insane tendency towards violence : but purblind indeed must the politicians be, who dream that these constitute any sensible portion of the real social movement, any calculable fraction of the impulse which drives it on, or that it can be arrested by their repression. They might as well tie up the vane to change the wind ; or catch and fix the twigs that are whirling about when the air and the ground are convulsed with the heavings of the earthquake. The new Premier hopes that ‘ the people are tired of agitation : ’ of party squabbles and compromises ; of court intrigues, and of the blind obstinacy of the privileged ; of empty professions, broken pledges, and disappointed expectations, they are tired ; but the spirit of Reform is no more likely to rest in satisfaction, or go to sleep in weariness, than the just liberated eagle to flag on the wing at the very commencement of its upward flight.

Whatever determined stand may be made on behalf of the Church, that institution will probably be the next to yield to the public feeling. It will not be pulled down by the Dissenters. They neither understand the Church nor Dissent, who expect the conflict to be between these parties. The sectarian spirit of the present times is not that of the seventeenth century. The Dissenters will achieve the redress of their own grievances, and be quiet. They will not, as a body, wage war with the Establishment on the abstract principle ; nor will any other class. But the present Ecclesiastical Constitution cannot long survive the deep conviction which is becoming general, that it works but little of moral good for the community, and that it presents the most formidable obstacle to almost every measure of real improvement. There is a growing determination that it shall be made of use, or be unmade. Every intelligent Reformer deprecates the latter alternative, so far as it would throw the Ecclesiastical funds into the landlord’s grasp, and would preserve this grand national endowment intact for the appropriate purposes of national instruction, of the best and most comprehensive description.

The silly assumption of hereditary wisdom, or the barefaced avowal that, not the wise to govern, but the interested in misgovernment, shall guide a community at their pleasure, cannot long be tolerated. They are condemned in men’s minds, and the decent and hollow respect of words, ‘ mouth-honour,’ is all they have left to live upon. The time was, when the Peerage of this country was better qualified to rule than the Commonalty ; rightly then had the Upper House its privileges : the time was

when the wealth of commoners was a not very imperfect measure of their aptitude for useful legislation; rightly then had the Lower House its property qualification: but can it be contended that we still live in those times? or that they last to eternity?

The Suffrage and the Ballot, the House of Lords and the Church, and all the mechanism of legislation and government, while, by their tangible forms and the clashing of interests in relation to them, they afford a field for the more overt manifestations of the spirit of Reform, have, after all, more to do with the clearance of outward and gross impediments to human progress than with the progress itself. Hence real Reformers are deeply interested in whatever belongs to science, art, education, and all the economy of life. They especially desire that the working classes should thoroughly understand their condition, and the means for its improvement. The popular tales of Miss Martineau on subjects which, not long since, no one would have dreamed of treating popularly, were amongst the many phenomena which illustrate our present subject. They were one of the currents of that mighty ocean whose billows are bearing us onward. The spirit of Reform has strongly impressed its image on literary criticism, at least so far as to the introduction of a severer logic and the more systematic application of general principles. It has created a new and a progressive power of critical appreciation. We have ceased to hear of the hard and barren doctrine of utility. The cultivation of a popular enjoyment and philosophy of Art, is amongst the primary objects of real Reformers. They would instil into the people the reality of that taste, of which the semblance is affected as one of the perquisites of Aristocracy. They want not, in the multitude, a mass of brute agency to do their bidding, but men who not only 'know their rights, and knowing dare maintain,' but who also shall reason, and feel, and derive enjoyment from all those finer inlets which are the access of nature and genius to the human soul. Education is undergoing the process of Reform, and gaining a wiser, kindlier, and more efficient adaptation to its proper object of training the human being to the full expansion of his nature, and all the happiness thence arising. And theirs is the mission, abandoned to them by others, and joyfully accepted, of preparing the way of universal instruction, the first interest and first duty of a community.

Our readers must not accuse us of forgetting in the wideness of these speculations, the stirring topics, and pending conflict of the day. We have shown our interest in them elsewhere; and they have, in fact, led us, amid all the noise and bustle they produce, to the train of thought which is here hastily and very imperfectly traced. Reformers will not obey with less alacrity the call to be up and doing, for having snatched a few minutes' quiet meditation on the tendencies of society; and on the utter vanity, for their counteraction, of all the golden dreams or desperate efforts of the Soldier or the Sophist.

THE NUTCRACKER;

SECOND FANTASY PIECE AFTER HOFFMAN.

Märchen für grosse und kleine Kinder!
Tales for great and small children!

CHAPTER I.—New Year's Day.

ON a certain New Year's Day the children of Dr. Smallhorse were expressly forbidden to enter the front drawing-room. When the evening closed in, Frederick and Mary sat, in the dark, in a corner of the little back room, and Frederick, speaking very low and mysteriously, informed Mary, his younger sister, who was nearly seven years old, that he had heard strange noises in the locked-up chamber, and that he had seen a little black man glide out from the door, who he believed was no other than godpapa Pivot. At this communication Mary, transported with joy, clapped her little hands together and cried: 'Oh! dear me! how I should like to know what pretty thing godpapa Pivot has got for us.'

Mr. Pivot, commissioner of something or other, was not a very handsome man; he was small and thin; his face much wrinkled; the locality of his right eye covered with a great black patch; and, having no hair, he wore a splendid, patent, white periwig. But godpapa was a very ingenious man; he understood watchwork, and it was said could even make watches. Indeed when any of Dr. Smallhorse's pretty clocks were out of order, godpapa Pivot came, took off his periwig, put on a little cap, girded himself with an apron, and poked into their insides with pointed instruments, to the great apprehension of little Mary; but, certainly, they were all the better for the operation, and began again to tick, and strike, and play, to the satisfaction of every one. Whenever he visited Dr. Smallhorse, he had in his pocket some pretty thing for the children; sometimes a little man, who rolled his eyes, and made the finest bows possible; sometimes a snuff-box, out of which popped a bird. But at the new year, Mr. Pivot always made for them something particularly fine and ingenious.

'How I should like to know what pretty thing godpapa Pivot has got for us,' said Mary. Frederick thought it would be a grand and imposing fortress, on which might be seen the soldiers guarding and exercising; afterwards the enemy would assault it, but the garrison would fire the cannon bravely, and kick up a devil of a row.

'No, no,' interrupted Mary, 'godpapa Pivot has spoken to me about a beautiful garden, with a piece of water, in which swim magnificent swans, which have gold collars, and sing pretty tunes; then comes a nice little girl who calls them to her, and feeds them with *bonbons*.'

'Swans don't eat *bonbons*,' said Frederick, rather impatiently, 'and I don't believe godpapa Pivot could make a garden; and, after all, I

like the presents of papa and mamma best, for we may do as we like with those, and we hardly dare touch his.'

As the children talked in this manner about what they expected, Mary found that Miss Gertrude, her largest doll, altered very much; that she was awkwarder than ever; that she fell down continually, which caused dreadful bruises on her face; that, in short, further painstaking was quite useless. Frederick asserted that he required a fine pie-bald for his stables, and that his army was quite unprovided with cavalry—'as,' said he, 'papa very well knows.'

Thus chattered Frederick and Mary, sitting half afraid in their corner; when, all of a sudden, the folding-doors opened, and a brilliant light dazzled the eyes of the children, who remained quiet, as if frozen with astonishment. Then did the father and mother take hold of their hands, saying, 'Come, dear children, come and see what the good new year has brought you.'

Courteous reader, I beg of you to recall to your memory the sweet impression of pleasing gifts in childhood; if you can, you will be able to conceive easily the joy of these children. For a time they stood breathless—then cried Mary, 'Oh! how beautiful! oh! isn't it beautiful!' Frederick, after several astonishing capers, recovered himself marvellously. It might be supposed that they had been very good during the past year, for never had so many fine things been given to them. A large, flourishing tree bore a quantity of apples, oranges, *bonbons*, and sugared almonds of all colours. Upon its branches sparkled, like stars, scores of little wax-lights. What fine things were there, and how shall I describe them? Mary saw a doll, larger and prettier than you can possibly imagine, with a most splendid house, and the most precious furniture. Her frock was of silk, tied with variegated ribands, and her eyes turned on all sides. Mary exclaimed six times—'Oh! beautiful! beautiful! I never, never did see any thing so beautiful!' Frederick found a superb piebald horse, which he soon galloped three or four times round the table. On dismounting he observed—'the beast has been broken in badly, but that does not matter, I will quickly have him under command!' Then passed in review the squadron of hussars, in magnificent uniforms, covered with gold, with silver weapons, and upon horses of a most surpassing whiteness.

When the children became a little calmer, they perceived on another table what they guessed was the present of godpapa. We will endeavour to describe it. Upon a meadow, strowed with flowers, rose a superb castle, with golden turrets and casements. A little peal of bells was heard, the doors and the windows opened, and ladies and gentlemen, very small, but extremely spruce and gallant, were seen walking about the saloons. Their robes trailed behind them, and they had plumes of feathers on their heads. The middle saloon appeared all on fire, it was so brilliantly lighted by silver chandeliers, and there the company danced to the music of the little bells. One gentleman, in an emerald green cloak, now and then peeped out of window, made signs, and disappeared again. Godpapa Pivot was also there, about as big as my thumb; he came to the great gate of the castle, and then went in again. Frederick, with his elbows resting on the table, had contemplated, attentively, the castle and the little figures; at last he said—'Godpapa Pivot, let me go into thy castle!' The commissioner observed, that it was im-

possible. He was right, and certainly it was foolish of Frederick to wish to enter a castle which, with all its turrets of gold, was not so high as himself.

Soon afterwards the promenade and the dance were repeated in exactly the same manner; the man in the emerald green cloak looked out of the same window, and godpapa Pivot came to the same gate. Frederick cried out with impatience—‘Godpapa Pivot, I do wish you would go to the other gate!’

‘That cannot be, my dear Frederick,’ answered the commissioner.

‘Well, then, tell that man in green not to look so often out of the window, but to go and walk with the others.’

‘I cannot do it,’ said the commissioner, ‘as the mechanism is at first arranged so must it proceed.’

‘Well, then I must tell you, godpapa Pivot,’ said Frederick, that if those good little people in the castle only do one thing continually, I don’t think much of them. With my hussars it is quite different; they manœuvre as I wish; they advance, they retreat, they are not shut up in a house. So saying, he ran to the other table and put his squadron in motion. Mary also turned to go away, for she was tired of the eternal walking and dancing; but, being a very good little girl, she did not wish her godpapa to observe her ennui.

Mr. Pivot said to Dr. and Mrs. Smallhorse, in a discontented tone—‘I must take away my castle, the work is too ingenious to be understood by these little folks.’ But Mrs. Smallhorse begged him to show the interior of it, and the wheels which put the puppets in motion.

CHAPTER II.—The Protégé.

Mary still lingered by the table, and suddenly observed something new, for the hussars of Frederick, in making a grand charge, cleared every thing before them, and discovered, on their left flank, a little man who had not been seen until that very moment. He stood in a modest manner waiting patiently his turn.

There is a great deal to say about this little man. The lower part of his body, from his shoulders downwards, was not very well formed, and his head was extremely large; but this bad effect was somewhat diminished by his style of apparel, which indicated the man of quality. He wore a violet-coloured hussar jacket, plentifully covered with braids and buttons, red pantaloons, and the most beautiful boots—quite enviable; they looked as if they were painted. Mary, at first sight, thought the little man very ugly, but, afterwards, when she observed the expression of goodness in his face, became better pleased with him. Friendship and universal benevolence glowed in his large, grey, open eyes, and his red lips were curled into a sweet smile.

‘Dear papa,’ said Mary, ‘tell me, do tell me, whom does this pretty little man belong to?’

‘He must work for you all,’ answered papa; ‘it is his duty to break nuts, and Louisa (who was the elder sister) and Fred may use him.’ So saying, papa put him with care upon the table, and, the cap being pushed, the little man opened his large mouth, within which was seen fine, white, and pointed teeth. At papa’s bidding, Mary placed therein a nut, and—crack!—the little man bit it so hard that the shell flew away, and the kernel tumbled into her hand. So Mary learned that the

little man was of the race of Nutcrackers, and that he followed the profession of his ancestors. Mary gave him more nuts, but little ones, that he might not have to open his mouth very wide, for that rather disfigured his countenance. Louisa took her turn, and the nutcracker lent his teeth with much good nature, always smiling pleasantly. Then came the turn of Frederick. After he had laughed very much at the personal appearance of the little man, he put into its mouth one of the largest nuts he could find: all at once was heard, crack! crack!—three teeth fell out of the mouth of the nutcracker, and the lower jaw appeared empty and broken.

‘Oh! my poor nutcracker!’ cried Mary, taking it away from Fred.

‘Your nutcracker is a fool,’ said Fred; ‘he knows nothing about his duty; he hasn’t good teeth. Give it to me again Mary; he shall crack my nuts or else break his jaw quite.’

‘No, no,’ said Mary, weeping, ‘you shan’t have my dear nutcracker! See how unhappy he looks with his little bruised mouth! You are a hard-hearted, wicked boy; you beat your horses, and you shoot your soldiers.’

‘Well, so I am obliged to do; you know nothing of military affairs. Give me the nutcracker, Mary; it is as much mine as yours.’

Mary began crying bitterly, and wrapped up the nutcracker in her little pocket handkerchief. At the noise made, her father and mother came towards them, also godpapa Pivot, who took Frederick’s part, to the great displeasure of Mary. The father said, ‘I placed the nutcracker under the care of Mary, and, as I see she has taken a fancy to it, I give her full power over the little man; as for Fred, I am astonished that he should wish to press into his service an invalid. As a good officer he ought to know that a wounded soldier should not figure in the ranks.’

Frederick felt rather ashamed, and stole away to the table where lay his hussars under arms, after having advanced their videttes. Mary tried to replace the teeth of the nutcracker, tied his jaws up with a bit of pretty white riband, and rocked him gently in her arms. Godpapa Pivot mocked her very much on the ugliness of her favourite, but she answered him: ‘I wonder, dear godpapa, if you would look as well if you had such a coat and boots.’

Mary could not understand why her papa and mamma laughed at what she said; nor why the commissioner looked quite put out. I dare say they had their reasons.

CHAPTER III.—Wonders.

In that back drawing-room, at Dr. Smallhorse’s, on the left, as you go in, may be seen a lofty cabinet, with glass doors. The children used it to preserve the fine presents which were given to them yearly. Dr. S. had it made by a skilful workman when Louisa was young; the fine clear panes of glass in front made every thing appear very brilliant. On the top division, which Mary and Fred could not reach, might be seen the wonderful things made by godpapa Pivot. Underneath was the shelf for picture books, and beneath that were two shelves, which Mary and Fred might use for their own will and pleasure. In this way it came about that Mary used the lowest shelf to lodge her dolls, and that Frederick used the one above to quarter his troops in.

It was getting late, very near midnight ; godpapa Pivot had departed some time, and Mrs. S. wished to get the children to bed, who kept lingering. At last, said Fred,—‘ It is true, the poor devils (he spoke of his hussars) the poor devils must be tired.’ So he gave the word of command, and they marched into barracks, and then he marched to bed.

But Mary begged her mother to grant another little minute, and, as she was a very good, careful girl, it was granted. Her mother put out all the lights, except one shaded lamp which hung from the ceiling, and, bidding her not to stop more than another minute, kissed her and went to her bed-room.

As soon as Mary was alone, she hastened to the nutcracker, which laid wrapped in her pocket handkerchief ; and, placing it carefully on the table, she unrolled it and examined its wounds. Nutcracker was very pale, and looked so piteously that Mary felt quite moved. ‘ Nutcracker, my little friend,’ said she, in a low voice, ‘ do not be angry with my brother Fred on account of the harm he did you ; his love of military affairs has made him rather stern, but he is, nevertheless, a good boy, I assure you. I promise to take care of you, great care of you, until you are set to rights again, and that will be godpapa Pivot’s affair, for he understands those things better—’

Mary would have said more, but, when she pronounced the name of her godpapa, the eyes of Nutcracker sparkled, and he made a strange grimace. Mary closed her eyes involuntarily, and when she opened them again, Nutcracker appeared with his usual smile. Perhaps the light of the lamp, agitated by a puff of air, gave that expression to the face of Nutcracker which startled the little girl.

‘ What a silly girl I am to frighten myself so,’ said Mary ; so she put her friend Nutcracker under her arm, and, going to the cabinet, thus addressed her new doll :

‘ I must beg of you, Miss Clara, to give up your bed to poor Nutcracker, who is sadly wounded, and to accommodate yourself as well as you can upon the sofa ; you must consider that you are in good health and strong, as your red cheeks plainly show, and that very few dolls have such a sofa as that to use.’

Miss Clara appeared indignant and melancholy, and answered not a word.

‘ I am sure it is very good of me to use such ceremony with you,’ said Mary ; so she drew the bed towards her and placed the nutcracker in it, covering him carefully up to his nose.

‘ I don’t like him to be near that ill-natured Miss Clara,’ said she, and lifting the bed, she placed it upon the shelf above, close to the village in which the hussars of Frederick were cantoned.

Mary shut the cabinet, and was going up to bed, when suddenly she heard a noise, crackling, scratching, gliding, moving, behind the door,—behind the chairs,—behind the cabinet. The clock, on a bracket against the wall, ticked louder and louder, but did not strike. The gilded owl, which was on the top of it, stretched out its ugly head, and strange words were heard muttered.

‘ Hour, hour, hour—go by—go by—go by—pass—pendulum swing softly—the king of the rats is coming—bam, bam, bam,—sing the old song, bam, bam—strike, clock, strike—strike this instant.’

The clock struck, bam, bam, bam, twelve times.

Mary trembled and would have fled, only she perceived godpapa Pivot sitting upon the clock, in the place of the owl; the skirts of his snuff-coloured coat flying around him like the wings of the night-bird.

‘Godpapa Pivot—godpapa Pivot, what are you doing there? Come down and don’t frighten me, naughty godpapa!’

Suddenly a strange whistling and gnashing was heard—a trotting and a running behind the walls. It sounded like the noise of thousands of little feet. Soon there was a general trot and gallop into the room, and Mary perceived crowds of mice, with fiery eyes, ranging themselves in order and forming ranks, like the soldiers which Frederick set in battle-array. Mary, who was not so timid of mice as some children are, looked at them with pleasure, when all of a sudden there arose a whistle so piercing that it made her blood run cold. Close to her feet the carpet parted, as if moved by a subterranean irruption, and seven rat heads, each crowned with a jewelled diadem, appeared. Soon came the body, the one body, to which these seven heads belonged; and the army saluted with a shout the rat crowned with seven diadems, who immediately advanced, at full gallop, towards Mary, who was leaning against the cabinet. Mary’s heart beat so, that she thought it would burst, and that her death-hour was come, but, suddenly, it stopped beating, her blood seemed to freeze in her veins, and she fell half fainting. Crash went the glass of the cabinet door, broken by her fall. She felt a sharp pain in her left arm, but her heart was relieved. Then all was quiet, and for a moment she thought that the rats and mice had returned to their holes. Alas! behind her, Mary heard strange murmurs, and little voices crying, ‘Up, up—we must march this night to the combat—up, up—to the combat!’

The greatest agitation prevailed in the cabinet, puppets ran from one side to the other (what a fine motto for a political pamphlet!) The Nutcracker raised himself up, threw off his coverlet, and jumped out of bed, crying, ‘Rat people, race of mice—I despise ye—vermin that ye are!’

So saying he drew his sword, waved it in the air, and thus continued, ‘Dear friends and vassals, will you follow me to the combat?’

Three scaramouches, PUNCH, four chimney-sweepers, one violin player, one drummer, and a black velvet cat, answered, with the greatest enthusiasm, ‘Yes, sir, we are faithful!—we will fight by the side of thee to the death—let us on to combat—to victory!’

With those words in their mouths, they threw themselves from the cabinet on to the floor. It was all very well for those gentry, dressed in cloth and silk, with their paunches well stuffed with wool or horse-hair, to take such a perilous leap; but quite different with the poor nutcracker, who would certainly have broken every bone in his body, if Miss Clara had not first precipitated herself with the sofa and then received the hero tenderly in her arms.

‘My dear and good Clara,’ said Mary, ‘how I misunderstood you—certainly you are a well-wisher to Nutcracker.’

Miss Clara, addressing the young hero, said, ‘Sir, sick and wounded as you are, do not throw yourself into the *mêlée*. See how joyfully your yassals hasten to the combat. Scaramouch, Punch, and the rest, have already taken the field. Repose in my arms, and await your victory.’

Thus spoke the blue-eyed maid, but Nutcracker struggled so much in

her embrace, that she was obliged to set him down. When set on the floor he knelt on one knee before her, and said: 'Madam, the honour you have done me is indelibly engraven on my heart.'

Miss Clara curtsied very low and gracefully; then taking off her scarf, she would have bound it around him, but the little man receded two steps and, placing his hand upon his breast, said solemnly, 'Confer not your favours, madam, upon one so unworthy: for I ——' he hesitated, sighed deeply, took the white riband, which Mary had tied round his jaws, pressed it to his lips, made a scarf of it, and then drawing his sword rushed boldly towards his troops. Then the whistlings, and squeakings, and scratchings recommenced. The battalions of rats and mice were getting into motion, and above all were seen the frightful seven heads of the crowned rat.

CHAPTER IV.—The Battle.

'Drummer, beat to arms!' cried Nutcracker, in a loud voice. The drummer made the room resound again. A great noise was heard within the cabinet, and Mary saw the boxes in which Frederick kept his infantry fly open, and the soldiers rushed out tumultuously. Nutcracker went through the ranks, and spoke a few inspiring words to the troops. Then turning to Punch, he addressed him gravely, thus: 'General, I know your courage and experience; all will depend upon precision of sight and movement. I confide to you the command of the cavalry and artillery. I trust—I am assured—you will do your duty.'

Punch put his hand to his mouth, and gave out a noise like the sound of twenty trumpets. The cuirassiers, the dragoons, the lancers, having at their head Frederick's new-formed regiment of hussars, issued out from the cabinet, and formed into line upon the floor. Afterwards, regiment defiled after regiment, with their colours flying and bands playing. Then came the artillery, who formed a battery of heavy cannon upon a footstool, and commenced the action by firing with destructive effect on an advancing column of the enemy. The rats *déployed* in larger and larger masses, and the little silver balls which they threw began to fall quite close to the cabinet. Clara and Gertrude ran about in despair, wringing their hands.

'Must I then die in the flower of my days—I, the handsomest of dolls?' cried Clara.

'Is it my fate to perish within these four walls?' moaned Gertrude. Forgetting feminine jealousies, in mutual trouble, they threw their arms round each other's necks, and their lamentations were heard even above the din of battle. Gentle and courteous reader, what a sight was before them, partly obscured by the smoke and dust! Bang-bang-bom—pouf-piff-bang. Amidst the roaring of cannon, and the noise of drums and trumpets, were heard the squeaks of the rat-king and his followers, and the powerful voice of Nutcracker, who gave his orders, and, at the head of his battalions, dared the fire of the enemy.

Punch made many brilliant charges with his cavalry, and covered himself with glory. On observing his dauntless courage, his truncheon waving high in the thickest of the fight, we might, to use the words of Tacitus, 'have forgotten in our admiration of the hero, the private vices of the man;'—we might have forgotten that public report accused him

of killing his amiable wife, and throwing his innocent child out of the window.

In one of the charges of cavalry, the battery posted upon the footstool was, unfortunately, left uncovered, and a strong body of rats, turning the right wing, fell upon it, carried it, and eat up all the artillery men. This was a sad stroke for Nutcracker, who was obliged to order a retrograde movement. The rats followed up their advantage by *débouching* upon a large arm-chair, and throwing forward masses of cavalry, who fell with dreadful squeaks upon the left wing of Nutcracker. There they met with a check, for the troops composing it formed a square, and received the onset with the greatest coolness and courage. But all efforts were useless, for the rest of the army was in full retreat. The unfortunate Nutcracker, carried away by the flying crowd, towards the cabinet, called out in vain, 'Let the reserve advance—Punch!—Scaramouch!—drummer!—where the devil are you?' Alas! most of them were lifeless on the field of honour. The four chimney-sweepers fell at the head of the black guards, after performing unheard-of prodigies of valour. Nutcracker wished to ensconce himself in the cabinet, but his legs were too short, and there was nobody to help him up. Clara and Gertrude had swooned away. The hussars and dragoons passed him at full gallop, and threw themselves into the fortress. Then did he exclaim in his terrible despair, 'All is lost, except honour!' At this very moment two of the enemy's sharp-shooters seized him by the wooden jacket, and the king of the rats hastened towards him, horrible cries issuing out of his seven mouths.

'Oh, my dear, poor Nutcracker!' said Mary, weeping; and without hardly knowing what she did, she took hold of her left shoe, and whirled it at the rat-king. In a moment all vanished. Mary felt a violent pain again in her arm, and fainted.

CHAPTER V.—The Illness.

When Mary awoke from her swoon she found herself in her own little bed, and the sun was shining in at the window through the icicles which hung outside the casement. Near her stood a stranger, whom she soon recollected to be Mr. Widesight, the surgeon. He said, in a low tone of voice, 'See, she wakes.' Her mother ran to her. 'Dear mamma,' murmured Mary, 'are all the rats gone, and is poor Nutcracker saved?' 'Don't talk such foolishness, Mary, my love,' answered her mother; 'what do you mean by talking about rats and nutcrackers? Naughty girl, you have made us very unhappy. Why did you not do what I bid you, and go to bed, instead of wanting to sit up all night to play with your dolls? Heavens be praised, I woke about midnight, and not finding you in your little bed, went into the other room, and there you were, lying by the cabinet, surrounded by the leaden soldiers of Frederick, and your dolls, with the nutcracker resting upon your bleeding arm, and your left shoe at a little distance from you.'

'Oh! mamma, mamma,' said Mary, 'you saw traces of the battle which was fought there between the rats and the dolls. When I saw the rats taking poor Nutcracker prisoner, I threw my shoe into the midst of them, and I am sure I don't know how it all happened.'

The surgeon made a sign to her mother, and said to Mary, 'Well,

my love, never mind; keep yourself quiet; the rats are all gone, and Nutcracker is safe in the cabinet.'

Just then Dr. Smallhorse entered the room; he spoke with the surgeon, felt Mary's pulse, and whispered about 'high fever.' She had to remain some days in bed, to fast and take physic.

Mary was very pleased that Nutcracker had escaped from the battle safe and well; and often in her dreams she heard him say to her, in a piteous tone, 'Mary, noble girl, I am infinitely obliged to you; but you can do more for me yet!' Mary endeavoured in vain to guess what this could mean—she could not.

On account of her wounded arm she was unable to play, and when she wished to read, or to look at a picture-book, her eyes dimmed, and she was obliged to leave off. So time appeared very long, and she waited impatiently for the twilight hour, when her mother came and sat by her bed, to read to her, or to tell her little tales. One day when her mother was just finishing the beautiful history of Prince Façardin, the door opened, and Mary saw Godpapa Pivot enter.

'I must know how poor little Mary gets on,' said he, as he entered.

No sooner did Mary see her godpapa, with his snuff-coloured coat, than all the circumstances of the battle with the rats rushed into her memory, and she exclaimed, 'Oh! godpapa, you are grown very ugly! I knew you very well when you sat upon the clock, and called the rat-king. Why did not you help Nutcracker? Naughty godpapa, it is your fault that I am wounded, and that I am ill and obliged to lie in bed.'

Her mother, quite frightened, asked Mary what was become to her; but her godpapa made a strange grimace and said in a singing tone of voice, 'The pendulum must swing—the hour must strike, must strike, swing—swing—strike—strike—ding-dang, ding-dong. Little girls and little dolls, be not afraid. The clock has struck, the rats are gone—the owl sings his song—towho—towho—he spreads his wings and comes to you. Tick-tack—tick-tack—ding-dang—ding-dong—the black hour's passed—the rats are gone.'

Mary looked with staring eyes at her godpapa, and she thought him uglier than ever; but her mother put on a very serious look, and said, 'What are you talking about Mr. Pivot?' 'What!' said he, 'don't you know my pretty song of the clock-maker; I always sing it to sick folks like Mary.' So saying, he sat down by the bed-side of the little girl, and continued, 'You must not be angry with me because I did not kill the rat-king, or because I did not pluck out his fourteen eyes; it was not in my power; but, see what I have brought you, to make up for it.'

The commissioner put his hand into his snuff-coloured coat-pocket, and drew out of it, softly and slowly, the nutcracker; his teeth replaced, and his jaw mended. Mary jumped in the bed with joy.

'You may observe,' said the commissioner, 'that this nutcracker, whom you like so much, has not a very handsome face, nor a very fine form; now, if you like, I will relate to you how this ugliness became hereditary in his family. But, perhaps you are already acquainted with the history of the princess Pearloprice, the sorceress Greymouse, and the skilful watchmaker.'

‘Godpapa,’ said Frederick, who had been examining the nutcracker, ‘what have you done with his sword?’

‘I know nothing about his sword!’ replied godpapa, ‘if he wants a sword, let him get one.’

‘The history, the history!’ said Mary.

‘I hope,’ said Mrs. S., that this tale is not so frightful as some that you tell?’

‘No, no,’ answered godpapa; ‘it is a merry one, and will do no harm.’

‘The history, the history!’ shouted the two children, and godpapa commenced thus:

CHAPTER VI.—History of the Hard Nut:

‘The mother of Pearloprice was the wife of a king, consequently a queen, and Pearloprice, as soon as she was born, was herself a princess. The king was quite beside himself with joy. He sang, he danced, he hopped upon one leg, and cried out twenty times, “Did you ever see anything so beautiful as my little Pearloprice?”’

‘The cabinet ministers, the law officers, the generals, the bench of magi, all the court hopped, like their sovereign, upon one leg, exclaiming, in a loud voice, “No! we never did see anything half so beautiful!”’

‘Indeed, it could not be denied that the princess Pearloprice was the finest child ever seen. Her face was like a beautiful tissue of silk; mingled lilies and roses: her eyes were brilliantly azure: her hair fell around her in long curling ringlets: she was born with two rows of teeth, like seed pearl, with which, soon after her birth, she bit the lord chancellor so hard, that his lordship hollowed out pretty loudly.’

‘As I said before, all the court was ravished; but her majesty the queen was melancholy, peevish, and no one knew why. But it was remarked that the doors of the nursery were guarded; that six ladies and two nurses watched by the cradle day and night; that, which was the strangest of all, these six ladies held each of them a cat upon their knees, which they caressed so as to keep up a continual purring. You cannot possibly guess, my dear children, why the mother of Pearloprice took these precautions; I know why, and will now tell you.’

‘It came to pass one day, that several powerful kings and very agreeable princes, assembled at the court of the father of princess Pearloprice; and on that occasion a number of brilliant fêtes and balls were given. His majesty determined to give an extraordinary grand party, and, after having conferred with the principal pastrycook of the court and the chief astrologer, he issued out his invitations; afterwards he said to the queen, “You know, my dear love, how fond we are of puddings?”’

‘The queen understood very well that this speech signified that she should, herself, look after the puddings. The grand chamberlain was ordered to bring the large golden pot and silver stewpans; a fire of sandal wood was lighted, and, in a very short time, delicious fumes spread on all sides. The smell of the boiling pudding even reached the chamber where his majesty was sitting in council; he could not contain himself, but jumping up, said, “Gentlemen, with your leave!” and he

bolted off to the kitchen, embraced the queen, took off the lid of the pot with his sceptre, sniffed it, and then returned to the council-board.

'The important moment arrived when the lard, which had been cut into little slices, was to be roasted upon the silver gridirons, and then thrown into the stewpan. The ladies in waiting, out of respect to her majesty, who wished to execute the affair by herself, stood aloof; but, at the moment when the lard began to fry, a strange, little whistling voice exclaimed: "Give me some of this, sister; I mean to feast; I am also a queen!" The queen knew that it was dame Greymouse who spoke. Dame Greymouse had lived many years in the palace; for she asserted that she was allied to the royal family. Now the queen, who was really a very good-natured and benevolent lady, though she would not acknowledge dame Greymouse for a relation, yet had no objection to let her share in the feast, and so she said, "Well, dame Greymouse, you may taste the lard." Greymouse went very pleased and eat up all the little bits of lard that the queen gave her. But, before long, the relations of Greymouse, and her seven sons, very bad fellows, came running in and fell upon the lard. By great good luck the grand chamberlain came in just at this instant; he drove them away, and what remained of the lard was put into the puddings, after the relative proportions had been adjusted by the court mathematician.

'The drums, the trumpets, and the cymbals sounded; and the potentates and the princes, who were invited to the banquet, arrived at the palace, in gorgeous dresses, riding in coaches of crystal. The king received them with the greatest courtesy, and took his place on a throne at the table, with his crown on his head, and his sceptre in his hand. The banquet proceeded, when suddenly the king changed countenance; he raised his eyes to heaven; he sighed profoundly; he appeared convulsed; at last he threw himself back upon his throne, covered his face with his hands, and groaned audibly. Everybody rose from table in the greatest confusion. The court physician endeavoured in vain to feel the pulse of the unfortunate king; but, at last, after some feathers had been burnt under his nose, and other strong measures used, he came to himself and stammered out in words scarcely intelligible, "Not enough lard."

'The queen threw herself weeping at his feet. "O my dear husband," cried she, "that you should suffer such misery! But I am the faulty one; punish me, punish me severely. Alas! dame Greymouse, her seven sons, her cousins, and the rest of her relations eat almost all the lard; and ——"

'So saying, the queen fell back motionless. The king, enraged, called out, "Grand chamberlain, we wish to know how all this happened."

'The grand chamberlain related all that he knew, and the king swore vengeance upon dame Greymouse and her relations. The privy council was immediately summoned; the council determined to confiscate her goods first, and then to proceed against her *ex officio*; so gave the attorney general his orders. But, suddenly it was recollected that none of these measures would prevent the family of Greymouse from eating lard, so the affair was laid before the court watchmaker and mechanician. This man, whose name was the same as mine, William Frederick Pivot, promised to do his best to banish the family of Greymice for ever.

He invented a little machine, within which hung, by a wire, a bit of lard, and it was placed near the dwelling of dame Greymouse. She was up to the snare ; but all her advice and warning could not prevent her seven sons and numbers of her relations from falling into it. As soon as they touched the lard, a door behind them fell, and they found themselves in a grated dungeon. Their after fate was an ignominious end, in the kitchen. Dame Greymouse and her surviving relations quitted, at last, that place of terror. Anger, despair, and a hope of revenge, possessed her soul. The court rejoiced greatly at her departure, but the queen was ill at ease ; for she knew that dame Greymouse would never forgive the death of her sons and her relations.

‘But that is enough for one evening,’ said godpapa Pivot, rising from his chair ; ‘to-morrow, children, I will tell you the rest.’

CHAPTER VII.—The History of the Hard Nut concluded.

‘Now, children,’ continued godpapa Pivot, ‘you know why the queen had the pretty little princess Pearloprice guarded so carefully. She dreaded the revenge of dame Greymouse, who had threatened to give the princess a mortal bite. The machine of the mechanician could not prevent this, and the king’s astrologer declared, that the family of the cat Tortoiseshell only was able to protect the princess from the family of Greymouse. It was on this account that each waiting lady was attended by a young scion of the noble house of Tortoiseshell ; they were appointed to the dignity of sergeants at law, and sworn in to watch the princess incessantly.

‘One night, about twelve o’clock, a nurse awoke from sleep, and, looking around, she discovered all her companions napping ; the king’s sergeants at law—I speak it with pain—not excepted. A deathlike silence reigned, occasionally broken by a snore. Suddenly the nurse saw a very ugly mouse, standing upon its hind legs, and regarding attentively her royal highness. She jumped up, uttering a piercing shriek, and dame Greymouse (for she it was) darted into a corner. The king’s sergeants at law pursued, but alas ! too late ; she disappeared through a hole in the floor. The princess Pearloprice, awoke by the tumult, began to squall loudly. “Thank heavens,” said the nurses and ladies in waiting, “she is alive !” but, terrible was their fright when they looked at her and saw the transformation that had occurred. Her head was enormously large, her body distorted, her eyes changed from azure to green, her mouth stretched from ear to ear.

‘The queen nearly died of the shock, and they were obliged to hang the king’s private cabinet with wadding ; so continually did he knock his head against the walls, exclaiming, “Wretched monarch that I am !”

‘Without considering whether it was possible or not, his majesty ordered the mechanician, William Frederick Pivot, to re-establish the princess in her original appearance, or, else to perish by the axe of the executioner.

‘Pivot felt rather nervous about it ; nevertheless, having confidence in his skill and good fortune, he commenced operations. He did all in his power, but it was useless, she grew more and more deformed. The two months elapsed, and the king, foaming with rage, waved his sceptre, exclaiming, “Pivot, cure the princess, or prepare for death to-morrow !”

Pivot wept bitterly, and the princess cracked nuts like fun. All at once, this taste of the princess for nuts struck the mechanician; he also recollected that she came into the world with teeth. He immediately asked permission to speak with the court astrologer. They retired into a private room, consulted many books, passed the night in contemplating the stars, and, at last, it became as clear as day to them, that the princess, to regain her former beauty, must eat the kernel of the nut cratacrack.

‘The nut cratacrack has a shell so hard that an eighteen-pounder might be fired against it, and not break it. It was also to be presented to the princess by a man who had never been shaved, who had never worn boots, and who gave it with closed eyes. The king consented to suspend the execution, and he allowed the mechanician and the astronomer to set out in search of the man who could restore Pearloprice to her natural state.

‘Fifteen years did Pivot and the astrologer seek all over the world, vainly, any trace of the nut cratacrack. Their adventures are too long to recount. At the end of that time, Pivot felt a violent desire to see once more his native place, Tonbridge Wells. This violent longing seized him one day as they were smoking a pipe of tobacco, in a forest in Asia.

“‘O beautiful Tonbridge Wells,” said he, “how I long to see you once more!”

‘Listening to these exclamations of Pivot, the astrologer also became melancholy. At last, wiping his eye, he said, “But, my honourable colleague, why should we stop here lamenting? let us be off to Tonbridge Wells at once: we may as well look for that beastly nut cratacrack there as anywhere else.”

“‘Why that is true,” said Pivot, consoled.

‘Putting their pipes away, off they went, straight to Tonbridge Wells. When they arrived there, Pivot hastened to call upon a cousin whom he had not seen for many years. He was a large toy manufacturer, his name Christopher Zacharias Pivot. The skilful watchmaker related to his relative the history of the princess Pearloprice, dame Greymouse, and the hard nut. At almost every word Christopher Zacharias scratched his ear, saying, “Very strange, cousin, upon my honour.”

‘Pivot related all the adventures of their long travel; how they had passed two years at the court of the king of dates; how they had been banished the dominions of the king of almonds: how they had vainly consulted the Royal Society in the kingdom of squirrels; in short, how they had searched everywhere for the nut cratacrack. During the recital, Christopher Zacharias twisted his fingers, bit his tongue, turned upon one leg, and, at last, threw his wig into the air, embraced his cousin, and exclaimed, “Cousin, cousin, you are saved; if I am not very much deceived, I, myself, possess this wonderful nut!”

‘So saying, he unlocked his desk and produced a gilt nut of a moderate size. “This is the history of the nut,” said he, presenting it to his cousin. “Some years ago, at Christmas time, a stranger offered to sell me a sack of nuts. But the regular nut-sellers did not like a stranger to interfere with their sale, and they quarrelled with him just before my shop, so that he was obliged to put down his sack to defend himself. Just at that time a broad-wheeled waggon, heavily laden, passed by my house and over the sack of nuts, breaking them all, except one, which the stranger gave me, with a singular smile, in gratitude for a plaster to

a broken nose he had received in the scuffle. I had the nut gilded, and have kept it carefully ever since, without knowing the reason why I attached any value to it."

'All doubts concerning the authenticity of the nut disappeared, when the court astrologer rubbed off the gilding, and was able to read upon a ridge of the shell, the word *cratacrack*, in Chinese characters. Great was the joy of the travellers. When bedtime came, the astrologer said to the mechanician, "My dear colleague, we are very fortunate; I think we have not only found the nut *cratacrack*, but also the person who can crack it, and restore the princess her beauty. I speak of your cousin's son. No, I will not go to bed; I will pass the night in drawing his horoscope."

'So speaking, the astrologer pulled off his night-cap, and raised his nose towards the planets, in an angle of 85° .

'The son of Christopher Zacharias Pivot was a hobby-de-hoy, not yet shaveable, nor arrived at the dignity of a pair of wellingtons.'

'The next morning the astrologer threw himself upon the neck of the mechanician. "He is indeed the person," said he; "now, my dear colleague, we have only to keep our secret safe, when we arrive again at court; and I know that he who restores the princess her beauty will be her husband, and succeed to the throne."

'When Pivot and the astronomer reached the court, from which they had so long been absent, they quickly made known that they had found the hard nut, and a crowd of persons, including many princes, who reckoned upon the goodness of their teeth, presented themselves to restore the princess her beauty. One after another broke their jaws, and went away crying, "Oh! what a hard nut!"

'At last, the king, in despair, promised solemnly his daughter in marriage to the person who restored her beauty; then did young Pivot step forward. After saluting the king and queen most politely, he took the nut from the hands of the master of the ceremonies, placed it betwixt his teeth, cracked it, and gracefully presented the kernel to the princess, who swallowed it. In a moment, marvellous to relate, she vanished, and in her place was seen a young lady of ravishing beauty. The trumpets, the cymbals, the mouth-organs, the jews'-harps flourished; the king and all the court danced upon one lég, as they danced when Pearloprice was born; the queen was so overcome with joy, that they were obliged to inundate her with eau de Cologne.

'In the midst of all this tumult, young Mr. Pivot did not forget his manners. Preparing for a very superlative bow, he stepped back three paces, and threw himself into the first position. At that instant, a little piercing cry was heard; he stood upon dame Greymouse, who had peeped out of her hole. The unfortunate young man underwent the fate of the princess; his head became immediately enormous, his body unshapely. Meanwhile, dame Greymouse, on the floor bleeding, made a terrible lamentation, "O, cursed hard nut," said she, "to thee I owe my death. But Nutcracker shall also die; my children will avenge me. O life, so full of sweets, must I relinquish thee? Death—away—oh—s-q-u-e-a-k!" So, squeaking, dame Greymouse expired, and they threw her out of the window.

'As for young Mr. Pivot, when the princess saw his transformation, she shrieked with horror. The king was determined that his daughter

should not breed nutcrackers, and ordered him to be thrust out from the door. The mechanic and the astrologer were banished for ever. These events were certainly not portended in the horoscope which the astrologer formed at Tonbridge Wells; nevertheless he continued his old trade, and predicted that young Mr. Pivot would regain his original appearance, and kill the king of the rats, the son of dame Greymouse, whenever it came to pass that a lady found something loveable in his ugly face.'

Here terminates the commissioner's tale. Mary gave it as her opinion that the princess was a very ungrateful young lady. Fred was not quite so hard upon her.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Uncle and Nephew.

Mary remained about a week in bed, and then, being nearly well, was allowed to run about the house as usual. The first visit she paid on her convalescence, was to the inmates of the glass cabinet. There she found every thing brilliant and beautiful, above all, her dear Nutcracker, with his jaw mended, smiling so agreeably. The history of godpapa was fresh in her memory, and she had little doubt but that her Nutcracker was young Mr. Pivot, of Tonbridge Wells, and that godpapa was himself the mechanic.

'My dear Mr. Pivot,' said Mary, 'if you are not able to move or speak, yet I know that you can understand me. Depend upon my help if you ever require it, and be assured that I will beg your uncle to use all his skill on your account.'

The Nutcracker moved not, but Mary heard a little voice say in reply to her, 'Mary, my sweetest Mary, I am thine.'

Mary fled; a cold sweat broke out on her face; but she felt a secret satisfaction.

On the evening of that day, at tea-time, Mary was sitting on her little stool, down by Godpapa Pivot. In an interval of silence Mary fixed her beautiful blue eyes steadfastly upon him, and said, 'I know now, dear godpapa, that Nutcracker is your nephew, young Mr. Pivot of Tonbridge Wells; and you know as well as I do, that he is at war with that wicked king of the rats; now why don't you help him?'

Then Mary gave a full account of the battle. Her mother and Louisa often interrupted her with bursts of laughter, but Frederick and godpapa were very serious.

'This is a dream,' said her mamma, 'the dreams of a sick little girl.'

'It is all a fib,' said Frederick; 'my hussars could never act so cowardly as to fly from the field of battle!'

Godpapa took Mary upon his knee, and said, 'You will have plenty to do if you undertake the defence of poor Nutcracker, but you only can save him; so be persevering and faithful.'

On hearing these words, Dr. Smallhorse took godpapa's hand, felt his pulse, and said, 'My worthy friend, I think your brain is a little disordered; I will prescribe something for you.'

CHAPTER IX.—The Victory.

Some short time after, Mary was awoke one fine moonlight night, by a strange noise. 'The rats, the rats are come again!' cried she, much

frightened. She wished to wake her mother, but fear prevented her from moving when she perceived the sparkling eyes of the rat-king, who leaped on the top of a little table placed beside her bed.

'Little girl,' said the rat, 'I must have your cakes and sweetmeats, or else I will gnaw Nutcracker;' and he disappeared.

The next day Mary felt very poorly, but she said nothing, for fear her mamma and her sister Louisa should laugh at her. Before she went to bed, she placed her sweetmeats and cakes on the ledge of the cabinet. In the morning her father said, at breakfast time, 'I don't know where those mice can come from; I do believe they eat up all Mary's dainties last night.' Mary did not regret them; she was very happy that she had saved Nutcracker.

On the following night she heard again the sharp voice of the rat-king whispering at her ear, 'Little girl, I must have all your puppets made of sugar, or else I will gnaw Nutcracker;' and he disappeared again.

Tears rushed into the eyes of Mary; her sugar figures were so beautiful; she looked at Nutcracker—he wore such a mournful air; she fancied the seven mouths of the rat-king fastening upon his throat. She kissed all the sugar figures, and put them under the cabinet. In the morning they were gone.

On that evening Dr. Smallhorse again spoke of the mice running so much about the house at night. 'Our baker,' said Frederick, laughing, 'has got an excellent sergeant at law; shall we borrow him? he would kill all the rats, even the son of Dame Greymouse, I know.'

'Yes, and break all the glasses and china,' said his father; 'it would be better to place a trap in Mary's room.'

That night poor Mary had another fatal visit; the rat-king jumped upon her shoulder and squeaked, 'I must have all your picture-books, and your dolls, and their dresses, or else I will gnaw to death thy Nutcracker!'

Her mother said, next morning, 'There is nothing in the trap, but never mind, my love, we will catch them.'

When Mary found herself alone by the cabinet, she cried very much, and said to the Nutcracker, 'Dear Mr. Pivot, what can I, a poor little girl, do for you? If I give my picture-books, and my dolls, and their clothes, to that wicked rat-king, not to eat you, he will only want something else, and after all will do it. Oh, what shall I do?'

'Dear Mary,' murmured Nutcracker, 'give not on my account your picture-books and your dolls, but procure for me a sword, and leave me to use it.'

Where to procure a sword was now the thought of the little girl, and she went to consult Fred about it. Frederick had never ceased to grieve over the accusation which had been made against his hussars. He first asked his sister if what she had asserted was really true, and when she persisted in it, he went to the cabinet, drew out his hussars, made a most moving speech to them, on their conduct, and, finally, deprived them of their colours.

'As for the sabre,' said he to Mary, 'I can provide one. Yesterday I invalided an old colonel of cuirassiers, and he has no further use for his accoutrements.' So the sabre was suspended to Nutcracker's girdle.

That night Mary was not able to sleep; she was so very anxious. At midnight she heard a noise.

‘The rat-king! the rat-king!’ cried Mary, jumping up in bed, but all was again quiet. Soon she heard a tapping at her door, and a little flute-like voice. Mary knew it to be Nutcracker, who begged her to rise and open the door. When in, he fell on his knee before Mary, and said, ‘Miss Smallhorse, I lay at your feet the vanquished enemy.’

So saying, he presented her with the seven crowns of the rat-king, and begged her to follow him.

CHAPTER X.—The Kingdom of Puppets.

‘I will go with you, Mr. Pivot,’ said Mary, ‘but not very far, nor for a very long time, if you please, as I have not yet had much sleep.’

‘We will then go the shortest way,’ answered the Nutcracker.

Mary took hold of his hand, and immediately they stepped out of the door a brilliant light struck her. They appeared to walk on a shining meadow.

‘This is Sugar-candy Place,’ said Nutcracker, ‘and we must pass out of one of the gates.’

The gate was at a little distance from them; it appeared built of white marble veined with brown, but when they approached nearer Mary found it was formed of bleached almonds and raisins. In front of this gate twelve pretty monkeys, dressed in red, played the most beautiful Turkish music that ever was heard. They then came to a wonderful forest, from which issued sweet perfumes. Golden and silver fruits hung from the branches of the trees, and the trunks were bound with ribands; when the zephyrs moved the foliage, sweet and joyful music sounded, whilst thousands of little lights danced about amidst the leaves.

‘How beautiful it is!’ said Mary.

‘We are now, dear Miss Smallhorse, in Christmas Wood, which is in the province of New Year’s Gifts,’ said Nutcracker.

‘I should like to rest a little bit here,’ said Mary; ‘every thing does look so very beautiful.’

Nutcracker clapped his hands together, and some little shepherds and shepherdesses appeared, so delicate and white that we may be assured they were made of treble-refined sugar. They brought a pretty little gilt chair, and politely invited Mary to sit. Then they executed a very charming ballet, gradually disappearing into the wood.

They continued their walk, and soon reached a brook of orange-flower water, which Nutcracker informed Mary threw itself into Lemonade River. A loud murmur was heard, and they found themselves on the banks of Lemonade, which proudly rolled its waves, of an *isabelle* colour, between banks covered with brilliant verdure, to the ocean of Milk of Almonds.

They also passed through the Valley of Bonbons; but Nutcracker kept hastening forward, exclaiming, ‘To the capital! to the capital!’

CHAPTER XI.—The Capital.

Nutcracker clapped his hands together again, and they found themselves on the shores of a rose-coloured sea. Mary saw coming towards

them a car formed of a single nutshell, ornamented with precious stones, and drawn by two dolphins. Twelve charming little negresses, in bonnets and frocks of dove feathers, jumped upon the land, and bore Mary and Nutcracker through the waves into the car. What a charming voyage had Mary, borne on her shell of mother-of-pearl, upon the rose-coloured waters. The two dolphins, scaled with gold, threw into the air streams of crystal, which fell again, forming rainbows; and little silver voices sang, 'Who swims, who swims, on the Sea of Roses? The fairy, the little fairy! swim, swim, little fishes! fly, fly, little golden birds! roll, roll, silver waves! for here is your queen!' But the twelve little negresses did not seem to admire this music, for they whirled their parasols so much about that the date leaves of which they were formed flew away; they also made a great noise and kicking behind the car.

'The negresses do not like travelling by sea,' said Nutcracker. Certainly, strange voices were heard in the air and in the waters, but Mary paid no attention to them; for she was observing, in the rose-coloured waves, the pretty smiling face of a young girl.

'Do look, my dear Mr. Pivot,' said Mary; 'I think I see the princess Pearloprice smiling very graciously on me!'

Nutcracker sighed dolorously, and said, 'Dear Miss Smallhorse, it is not the princess you see; it is your own face which smiles so sweetly in the waves.'

Mary raised her head quickly and shut her eyes, she was so ashamed. At that instant, which covered her confusion, the twelve negresses carried her again to land, and she found herself in a little wood, which, if possible, was prettier than Christmas Wood.

'We are now in Comfit Wood,' said Nutcracker; 'beyond it is the capital.'

Mary looked forward, and wonderful was the sight she saw. Not only did the walls and towers shine in the most magnificent colours, but the forms of the edifices were without parallel on earth, for the houses had fine crowns at the top. When they passed through the gate, built of barley-sugar, silver soldiers presented arms, and a little man, in a brocaded robe, threw himself on Nutcracker's neck, exclaiming, 'Oh, my prince, welcome, a thousand times welcome, to Comfit Town!' Mary was astonished to find that she had a prince for her guide.

Soon they heard a very great noise, laughter, and shouting; and Mary asked Nutcracker the meaning of the tumult.

'My dear young lady,' replied Nutcracker, 'it is all as usual. Comfit Town is a very lively and populous place. Come with me, and we shall see more.'

A little further on they arrived at the market-place, and a very fine sight presented itself to them. All the houses were formed of iced sugar, raised gallery upon gallery. In the midst of the market-place was a large cake, in the form of an obelisk, flanked by four fountains, from which poured out lemonade and other delicious liquors; the froth formed in the basins was so thick that it might be cut with a spoon. But the finest sight of all was the little people, who crowded about in thousands, nodding to each other, pushing, laughing, singing, in short making the great noise which Mary had heard at a distance. In this crowd were seen people of all nations; Armenians, Greeks, Jews, Spaniards, Tyrolians, officers, soldiers, priests, shepherds,—in a word, all

possible people. At one corner of the market-place a great tumult arose, for the people all ran to see the great mogul, who was going by in his palanquin, attended by all his court, and seven hundred slaves. At the same time, at the other corner of the place, entered the lord mayor's show. In the midst of the crowding and noise caused by the meeting of these two grand processions, an alderman got his head knocked off by a brahmin, and the great mogul was pitched out of his palanquin. Terrible was the fray in consequence; they began to beat each other, when suddenly the little man in the brocade robe, who had saluted Nutcracker by the title of 'prince' at the gate of the town, jumped upon the base of the obelisk, and cried out, in a loud and clear voice, 'Confectioner! confectioner! confectioner!' Immediately the tumult was stilled, the crowd dispersed, the great mogul remounted his palanquin, the alderman put his head upon his shoulders, and the processions defiled by rapidly.

'What did the cry of "confectioner!" mean?' asked Mary of Nutcracker.

'My dear young lady,' replied Nutcracker, 'this confectioner is the all-powerful and unknown first cause of these lively little people; one confectioner; or, as some of them more rationally believe, three confectioners, father, son, and journeyman, mysteriously intertwined into one confectioner. His name, pronounced in a loud voice, immediately subdues the greatest tumults. Here people think very little of terrestrial affairs, and are very much opposed to changes of any kind. They meditate, and say, "What is a puppet? and to what does the existence of a puppet tend?"

They then advanced further into the city, and Mary could not repress a cry of astonishment when they came in sight of a castle, crowned with numerous turrets, all covered with flowers, and spangled with stars.

'We now stand before the castle of Alicumpane,' said Nutcracker. Mary was quite absorbed in contemplation of this grand building, and observing that workmen were employed in repairing one of the towers, she interrogated Nutcracker concerning it.

'Some time since,' said he, 'this castle was menaced with entire destruction. The giant Dampantime passing this way, bit off one of the towers, and would have continued his meal on the palace, if the government had not bought him off with a quarter of the town, and a large portion of Comfit Wood.'

This discourse of Nutcracker was interrupted by the sound of soft music. The gates of the castle opened, and twelve little pages came out; they were followed by four ladies, who could not but be taken for princesses; they embraced Nutcracker tenderly, exclaiming, 'O my prince, my excellent prince! O my brother!' Nutcracker appeared very much moved; he wiped his eyes frequently, and, at last, taking the hand of Mary, said, in a pathetic tone:

'This is Miss Mary Smallhorse, the daughter of a worthy physician who saved my life; I mean Miss Mary, not the doctor. She threw her shoe at my mortal enemy: she procured me the sabre of an invalided colonel of cuirassiers; to her I owe the death of the king of the rats.'

The ladies threw themselves upon Mary's neck, and loaded her with thanks and compliments. They then conducted her into the castle, where a magnificent repast was served up. In the middle of the feast, the handsomest of Nutcracker's sisters presented to her a cup filled with

a delicious sirup, which Mary sipped ; and Nutcracker related his adventures at length, again repeating the praises of Mary. During the recital, Mary thought that the words of the prince became less and less distinct, and that the pages and the princesses lost by little and little their brilliant appearance ; at last all gradually began to fade away with a wavy motion.

CHAPTER XII.—The Marriage.

Suddenly, with a prodigious noise, Mary thought that she fell from a terrible height, but, when she opened her eyes, she found herself in her little couch. Her mother stood beside it and said : ‘ Well, how long do you mean to sleep ? breakfast is just ready ! ’

‘ O mamma, my dear mamma,’ said Mary, ‘ I have been with young Mr. Pivot, and he showed me such beautiful sights.’

Then Mary related all about her travels to her mother, who said, ‘ Really, my love, you have had a very fine dream ; but you must put all that nonsense out of your head.’

But Mary firmly held that she had not been dreaming. When she was dressed, her mother led her to the glass cabinet, and taking out Nutcracker, who was in his usual corner, said, ‘ What a little goose you must be to think that this Tonbridge Wells toy is alive ! ’

‘ But, dear mamma,’ said Mary, ‘ I know very well that Nutcracker is godpapa Pivot’s nephew.’ Dr. Smallhorse, who just then entered the room, burst out laughing.

‘ You laugh at Nutcracker, papa,’ said Mary, with tears in her eyes ; ‘ but I am sure he spoke very respectfully of you when he presented me to the princesses, his sisters, at the castle of Alicumpane ! ’

The laughter increased, and her mother and Louisa and Frederick joined in it. Mary went and fetched the seven crowns of the rat-king, which Nutcracker had presented to her, on the preceding night, and showed them to her mother. Dr. S. examined, very much astonished, these little crowns, artistically formed ; they did not look as if made by human hands, and they all insisted that Mary should tell the full truth about them. Mary did so, but they would not believe her, and her papa was very cross, and called her a story-teller. The poor little girl wept very much.

Suddenly the door opened, and godpapa Pivot entered. ‘ Bless me, what’s the matter,’ said he ; ‘ my darling Mary crying ; what’s it all about ? ’

Dr. S. told him, and showed him the crowns. When godpapa saw them, he began to laugh. ‘ These are,’ said he, ‘ the little crowns I used to wear upon my watch-chain, and which I gave to Mary on her second birth-day, because she cried for them ; don’t you all recollect ? ’

Nobody recollected, and Mary, jumping on her godpapa’s neck, said, ‘ Oh, godpapa, you know all ; now do acknowledge that my Nutcracker is your nephew, and that he gave me these crowns ! ’

Godpapa made a grimace, but answered not ; and Dr. S., kissing Mary, ordered her never to speak again of such foolishness, or else that he would throw her Nutcracker on the fire.

Mary spoke no more of her adventures ; but recollections of the won-

derful country of puppets often came fresh on her mind in brilliant and laughing shapes.

One day, perhaps a year or two after the foregoing related events, it happened that a small party of juveniles was to assemble at the house of the worthy physician, Dr. S., on Twelfth Night, to eat cake, and draw for king and queen. When Mary was dressed to receive her little friends, she sat in the room where stood the cabinet, and she could not help going towards it to contemplate the Nutcracker. All at once she exclaimed, almost involuntarily, 'Ah! Mr. Pivot, if you really were alive, I would not act like the princess Pearloprice: I would not repulse you because you were no longer a handsome young man!'

At the instant she finished speaking, there was such a sudden uproar that she fell nearly fainting upon a sofa. When she came to herself, she found her mother beside her supporting her, who said, 'Why Mary, love, what's the matter, are you ill? I hope that you have not laced yourself too tight. Do you know godpapa is come, and brought with him his nephew from Tonbridge Wells; put on your gloves, and let us go; and mind and behave like a young lady.'

They found the commissioner in his best wig, and a new snuff-coloured coat, smiling with pleasure, and holding by the hand a youth, apparently two or three years older than Mary. The dress of this youth was the dress of Nutcracker, but the form and the face were sufficiently different, indeed they were both very tolerably handsome.

Mary became red as fire on observing this young man; and redder still, when, as they were dancing the first set, Louisa playing the piano, he being her partner, asked her to show him the cabinet chamber. When the quadrille was finished, they ran to the cabinet, hand in hand, and there he fell upon his knee, saying, 'Dear young lady, you see at your feet the now happy Pivot, whose life you saved on this very spot. You promised not to repulse me as did the princess Pearloprice, and then my original form returned. Sweetest young lady, grant me your hand; share with me my kingdom and my crown; reign with me in the castle of Alicumpane, where I am the monarch.'

Mary raised him and said, in a low voice, 'You are very agreeable and good, and, as you have a nice kingdom, I will accept you for my husband.'

In due course of time, Mary was wedded. Whether she was fetched in a golden coach, drawn by silver horses,—whether twenty-two thousand puppets, ornamented with pearls and diamonds, danced at her marriage,—whether she still reigns queen at Alicumpane Castle, must be left to the brilliant imagination of the courteous reader. It is my own private opinion that she is the happy wife of a celebrated and most respected barrister, who resides near Bedford-square.

W. L. T.

QUAKER WOMEN.

BY MRS. LEMAN GRIMSTONE.

THERE is an unfairness in the manner with which men meet innovation, which is deeply disgusting to the open, honest mind, however that mind may be armed by philosophy against the attack of such a feeling.

When we reflect on the power, the varieties of organization—in fact, when we look upon the whole chain of cause and effect; observing that the first of the one, and the last of the other, however remote, are yet in direct connexion, producing a power, independent of the creature, which, whether as passive, recipient, or active agent, is acted upon,—we cannot but agree with those philosophers who have asserted the folly of praise and blame; and who thus, at one fell swoop, level to its base the whole building of the cabinet of creeds. But the tremendous truth here recognised does not alter the nature of things. As long as human nature is human nature, moral attraction and repulsion will exist; the one winning approval or love, the other inducing disapproval or hatred, according to the strength of the feelings acted on. Hence the necessarian, and the free-willist are, and ever will be, on a parity of circumstances regarding the effects of good and evil. Virtue and vice must in themselves ever remain the same; the happiness of the one, and the misery of the other, to the necessarian, appear inevitable consequences,—to the advocate of free-will, discretionary or proportionate reward and punishment; but the one, as the other, cries out against offences, for each alike feels that they inflict harm upon him.

I throw forth these observations as a sort of piquet guard, or bulwark, to defend me against charges of too great warmth on a subject, which, if the spirit leaves any record on the perishable material through which it acts, will be found, when that spirit is gone, graven on my heart. Would that I had ten thousand hearts, ten thousand lives, that I might work in one generation that which it will take many to effect.

When the axe of truth is laid to the tree of prejudice, no one can wonder that the monkeys should make a great jabbering among the boughs: the fall of the tree deprives them of the nuts they love to crack, and the husks with which they like to pelt people. But how can we spare to wonder, when those free to range the fields and breathe amid the bowers, join the senseless yell of the long-tails, and clamour, it would seem, more from common sympathy than common sense.

I am speaking now from the effects produced upon my mind by the noble William Howitt's essay on George Fox, and the article of an anonymous writer, in the same number of 'Tait's Magazine,' on 'Women of Business.'

How does the generously philosophic mind declare itself, when

William Howitt says, that we are not to judge a character by the occasional extravagance of a mind under strong excitement; that ‘Boyle, the philosopher, had great faith in the marrow of the thigh-bone of a hanged man, for the cure of certain complaints; and left the recipe among his papers:’ that, ‘Bacon, notwithstanding the wonderful advance of his mind beyond the mind of his own age, held some notions nearly as absurd: but who measures these great men by their foibles? It would be easy to bring a ludicrous list of extravagances, follies, and eccentricities, committed by three-fourths of our martyrs and reformers; but it would be an invidious task. We have better things to estimate them by.’

When is this tone of thought and feeling adopted in considering the character and actions of women? On *that* subject recourse is ever had to old stock notions and assertions, which are as suitable to the theme now as the old stock suits of the performers of past ages would be to the histrionic brotherhood of the present day.

The head and front of the offence (to me) of the paper on ‘Women of Business,’ consists in this assertion:

‘That women are not capable of that self-abstraction—that concentration of the powers of the mind—that calm deliberate sobriety of contemplativeness, indispensable to statesmanship. With *them* the passions and the faculties are inextricably mingled in mutual reaction. Their moral, no less than their physical organization, interdicts their interference in the mighty strife of political warfare.’

The cloven foot of the narrow politician appears in this paragraph, which the after allusion to Lord Durham makes yet more intelligible. The changes which are circulating with the vital currents of this country will mount upwards to the throne; but that will not be till a *young* branch waves its green honours there. Though no idolater of royalty, glad shall I be to see the day when I may bend in *heart* homage to the ‘anointed head’ of one who loves humanity—who looks upon a people with a wish to do much for them, not to make the most of them. So long as thrones be necessary, blest will be the lands which see them filled by such as rise to them in the spirit of the age in which they live, and of the people they are appointed to govern.

As for political ‘strife,’ I hope that, like the strife of war, is passing away; and that the irrational spirit among men, which necessitated the exclusion of women, is yielding to the rational spirit which will admit their co-operation. Of old, cobalt was thrown aside by miners as useless: they regarded it as such an annoyance when found among the ores, that there was a prayer used in the German church, that God would preserve miners from *cobalt* and evil spirits. The oxide of cobalt forms the most permanent blue colour with which we are acquainted; and the

painter now, through knowledge, prizes that which the miner then, through ignorance, despised. A parallel case (the simile is unworthy of my subject) will occur when the noble energies and genial feelings of woman are once fairly in action on the affairs of life. Men will laugh at their prejudiced progenitors, as the painter now smiles at the ignorant miner; and, exulting in the possession of female aid, pity the age which wanted it.

What disposition to political strife there is now existing lies with the Conservatives (they are losing the nuts and the husks.) The liberal Whig and the enlightened Radical are showing a spirit which will shed an undying distinction on the present day. The men of England and Scotland have proved themselves, without violence, invincible:—may the men of Ireland join the fraternity and act as well;—but they, like women, exist under the operation of circumstances and prejudices, which make the mischief for which *they* are blamed.

It is not such instances as those of Louisa of Savoy, or Margaret of Angoulême, or of others far greater who have figured on the field of politics, from which opinions of the sex can justly be drawn. Political great women, like the same order of men, are rarely other than mere puppets; some merry-andrew, who stands out of sight, is pulling the wires which prompt their performances. Examples, which may index a sex, must be sought among those in whom nature has had most fair play; and no matter what their field of action, to *that* field we must look for the evidence of what nature, so treated, has enabled them to do. This field is to be found in common life; but few think it worth while, for the conduct of men, far less for the conduct of women, to explore it. Such moralists (more often maligners) exhibit some such a proof of wisdom as the naturalist would display, who, instead of plunging into field and forest, preferred peeping into the gilded cages of parroquets and cockatoos.

Men have long held the pike and the pen; and the world hath seen much bloodshed and inkshed: the one has been used to justify the other. But the day has come when the pike is being superseded by the pen; when the high spirit necessary to wield the one is striking down the strong arm which can only lift the other. The fine essence of the female mind was prisoned up so long as it could not come abroad without being mingled with tobacco and gunpowder smoke; but as all sorts of ruffianisms subside, *that* essence will more and more steal forth and contribute to confirm and endear the intellectual daylight which is gaining on the world.

The writer on 'Women of Business' sounds an alarum with the names of Napoleon, Byron, and Talleyrand, who are described as having preferred the dove to the serpent. (What an absence of self-love this showed!) If lions and tigers ever learn to write, what counterstatements we shall have to put against

the descriptions of gallant hunts in which tigers turned tail and lions turned pale before the potent eye of their human pursuer ! Some such an effect will, I fear, follow when women come to fill the chair of moral anatomy ; a different view will then be taken and given of some of the leviathans of fame, from Milton to Montgomery ! How little was the conduct of the great Napoleon to Madame de Stael ; and as for the aristocratic poet and the politic statesman, they are dearer to fancy and finesse than to truth and integrity. What subjects for the professorship I have just named has the new Poor Law Act brought forward ? What is the moral to be drawn from that chapter of human history ? That man *will* play the tyrant so long as he may play it with impunity, and that he is but half human, half civilized, so long as he is opposed to the equality of the other sex.

We *have* a people who recognise this equitable principle. William Howitt tells us that the great founder of his sect ‘ placed women on a footing of social equality with man, and gave them, in his society, meetings of civil discipline of their own, where they transacted their own affairs of association, and learned *to rely on their own intellectual and moral resources.*’

What have been the effects of this system ? Hear it in the words in which William Howitt speaks of his own people :

‘ Among all the various society I have mingled in, I have nowhere seen a greater purity of life and sentiment ; a more enviable preservation of youth-like tenderness of conscience ; a deeper sense of the obligations of justice ; of the beauty of punctuality ; or so sweet a maintenance of the domesticities of life.’

This has been the result, if it were not the object, of George Fox’s policy : he acted, probably, more from justice than foresight, and the sequel shows how well justice consists with the truest interests of man. The effect of female influence does not appear among Friends, as it does elsewhere, now and then, as an epigrammatic moral to a story ; it pervades the whole economy of the sect ; it emanates from all their proceedings ; it is infused into the moral atmosphere of the community, as perfectly as the harmonies of nature are blended, of which it is impossible to point out the one which completes the universal diapason.

A quakeress, on her missions of moral and religious business, goes to various parts of the world and to different scenes of life with no protection but her purpose and her purity—secure in her common sense and right feeling, and her power of appeal to these in others. What an antithesis is presented in the woman who cannot walk out unattended by a footman, and Elizabeth Fry, the friend and counsellor of felons, who turned, with her bright benevolent face, *to* them, whom all others turned *from* ! Who that contemplates the mere nonentities of fashion and sentiment can forbear to exclaim,—

‘Ye would be dupes and slaves,
And so ye are.’

I despise, let me rather say deplore, the *intrigante* no less than the writer on ‘Women of Business.’ But he looks only at effects; if he must condemn, be it the cause. It is discipline that makes the soldier, not the soldier the discipline. Women cannot come openly forward in the affairs of life, and finesse must gain that which freedom should give. As for his assertion that there ‘never was a female politician but looked to the loaves and fishes,’ I will ask him how often do male politicians stand acquitted of the charge? Verily, let him who hath no sin cast the first stone!

Women will soon appear, and I speak with a prophetic confidence in their inherent power, who will war like angels of dread with lightning, and others who will win their way like angels of love in sunshine. The one will be more beautiful than the other; but perhaps both may be essential. The lightning is necessary to pierce the thundercloud; if the cloud come upon human destiny, the lightning must rend and scatter it; but if there be a clear sky, with only here and there scudding vapours, then for the sunburst! *that* will banish partial darkness by perfect light. Upon a fair field, the heart of man, far more the heart of woman, will open its bland and beautiful treasure, and say unto all human creatures, ‘Take what wealth I have, let me join it to the general stock, and, without any drawback for selfishness, increase the riches of sociality.’

‘All that is custom now was innovation once;’ all that is innovation now will be custom by-and-by. But the enemies of change feel a sort of cockney wonder, and sensibility to the ludicrous, at anything which is new to them. To such the idea of a *woman* speaking in the House of Commons is almost as surprising as the idea of *themselves* speaking there, and *nearly* as laughable. But I will ask the thinking, the informed, the liberal man,—he who has felt his heart throb and his brain beat in behalf of human nature, whether a woman, so armed and animated, though a *new*, would be a ridiculous sight in Parliament, or in a nobler assembly still, that of the enlightened of all classes of her country people? If nature has endowed her with eloquence, and study possessed her with knowledge to serve the cause of her country, should she be declared incompetent, because she were wrapped in a silken shawl instead of a senator’s robe? because she spoke with a voice of silver instead of brass?

As regards the guardianship of the poor, and the regulation of public morals, the least reflection is sufficient to show that the united agency of the sexes must be more efficient than the agency of either alone. In every parish there are women, elderly and old, who yet in the vigour of their health and intellect, might bestow on general interests those powers which their

grown-up families no longer tax. How much more might, and would, a female overseer of the poor do in acting for the poor, than any of that kind of superintendents have ever yet done. If *she* were applied to in the case of a lying-in woman, *she* would not order *dry bread*, as was done on a recent occasion. She who had been herself a mother, and given a mother's nourishment to a child, could appreciate the necessities and the sufferings of the creature who, in such a case, appealed to her. Was there a female police, acting in conjunction, and under wise regulation, with male officers, the young victim of folly might find a friend and an adviser, where she now only finds a further betrayer. Women once invested, by education, opinion, and custom, with the power of exerting heart and mind in behalf of their fellow-creatures, instead of shrinking from the miserable prostitute, would pause and speak to her, and might, perhaps, often turn the sinner from her way of sorrow.

If an estimate could be made of all the dormant moral and mental power which sits with dowagers at fire-sides, or as mere lookers-on at midnight parties,—power which might be brought to bear beneficially on the best interests of all,—the very welkin would ring again with laughter at human folly. Women are allowed to be guides and directors in all that adds polish and grace to social life; he is only a *bear*, who has not been modified into a *beau* by the agency of *belles*. This is only one form of a power, which, so far from being confined to drawing-rooms, should be extended to school-rooms, lecture-rooms, workhouse-rooms, cottage-rooms, and prison-rooms, and *then*, if the world were not the better for this accession of power from female hearts and minds, *then* let woman bear the brand of inferiority, upon proof, and not upon presumption.

There is one point which is remarkably neglected by all the writers upon women, even by Mrs. Jameson, whose delightful work on Shakspeare's Women should have won for her a diadem, if crowning the head could add consecration to the brow of genius. She says, in speaking of the character of Miranda, that it 'resolves itself into the very elements of womanhood. She is beautiful, modest, and tender, and these only.' Mrs. Jameson's poetic temperament invests her views with a veil, which may be worn when we are companioned by *ideality*, but must be put aside when we encounter *reality*. The rank which beauty holds, poetry has conferred, but philosophy has not confirmed. My spirits sadden when I think how many, beautiful at heart, are wounded by this overweening, this exclusive homage to the beauty of form.

But that which I would principally remark is, that the female character is always considered such as it exists in *youth*, though, like the male character, it becomes modified and altered with advancing age. Abstractly considered, woman is always beautiful and young,—beauty, modesty, and tenderness are her ele-

ments. This has its source in the one principle which is the base of female degradation.

Let it not be imagined that I am so unwise as to undervalue beauty,—so unsexed as to deny the yet greater value of modesty,—so cold as to be insensible to the charm of tenderness. But these qualities need to be combined with others; and at different stages of life wear and exert a different aspect and power. The modesty and tenderness of the girl, united with immature and untried power, and with utter inexperience, makes her a shrinking, sensitive being, needing aid, not yielding it; but this creature, advanced to be an aged matron, though the same in principle, is very different in her powers and their application. Instead of blushing behind the silver shield of modesty, she walks forth, and bears it along with her: instead of pressing the urn of feeling secretly and silently to her own heart, she carries it forth, and pours it into the hearts of others.

When the upholder of things as they are is beat out of every other hold, then he says it is *tenderness* which shelters women from the rude encounters of the world, which any attention to general interests would necessitate her meeting. What a fallacy is this! How is this plan kept in the letter, and violated in spirit! Many a woman, in the unregarded walks of common life, bears the brunt of more than our men in authority have ever faced. If, without lacerating private feeling, the biography of the King's Bench, for instance, could be written, we should behold many of those who are ostensibly so carefully sheltered from the gusty storms of public life, buffeting the huge waves of a sea of private sorrow. Truly, man and woman have walked through life very much like the giant and the dwarf in the fable,—*he* has got all the honours, and *she* all the blows.

Men have been misled by their overweening estimate of physical strength,—it is a force which in its blind action may do much evil, but no good; it is the direction of intelligence that gives it value, and intelligence finds that it may now be left to rank, like the fossil mammoth, with the distinctions of past ages,—such huge masses are no longer necessary to overcome the inertia and resistance of chaotic matter. As society refines, man transfers labour to machinery, and works himself by mental, not by manual, power. The principle of physical superiority might place the muscular coachman above his nervous master, though the one was only fit to drive coach horses, and the other capable to direct the state team.

The benefactors of society, if some power could burst the cements of the grave, and call them in array before us, would present in their ranks few Ajaxes, and no *Hectors*; the majority have been little men with large minds, and unboastful and un-presuming in proportion to their merit. Yet if this idea were indeed realized, these pale apparitions would make men blush, as

many among them might say, 'And I have then no monument!' while the ghosts of melodramatic heroes would glance away behind the shelter of the tomb, conscious that it presented a nobler piece of work than they had themselves ever done.

There is a tide running in my heart that would carry this paper too far out. I will conclude with William Howitt's words: 'A day is certainly coming upon us when many old prejudices shall be thrown down; when we shall work with purer hands and simpler views; when we shall feel it necessary to regard all men as brothers, really made of one flesh, and ordained to one salvation,—not as mere machines to grow rich upon; * * * when it becomes a bounden duty to spread abroad better views of war and oaths,—to inspire more elevated and just views of the character, offices, and duties of Women.'

M. L. G.

A POLITICAL ORATORIO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'SPIRIT OF PEERS AND PEOPLE.'*

[A little book, under the title of 'Spirit of Peers and People,' was published some ten or twelve months since, which neither Radicals, Tories, (except Christopher North, who, for a wonder, very wisely held his tongue,) or Whigs, seemed rightly to understand. The author, simple man, thought it was *plane enough* in all conscience. The following Political Oratorio is an extract from a continuation of the same work, and the writer offers no apology to the readers of the Repository for its insertion, as *they* will find no difficulty at all in apprehending his full meaning. The Oratorio is supposed to be from the *bat* of Poet Clinker, a cricket player, who is characterised in the book already before the public, as the manful author of 'Corn-law Ninetails.']

Enter Mr. CLINKER, as Prologue; he is dressed as a cricketer, with a large bat over his shoulder.

You see before you one of humble station,
Clinker by name, poet by avocation;
I speak with many voices of the nation.
Pardon this boast, my friends, for I have been
An old political tourist, and have seen
Sights of extensive want and misery,
And heard men groaning like the hungry sea.
I come to call your serious fix'd attention
To much reality and small invention;
For you shall trace, in chorus long and short,
Fac-similes of Satan at his sport
With suffering humanity, and see,
Whether in surplice black or white chant he,
Mitre, or coronet, or herald's coat,
That labour's not considered worth a groat;
And, in plain fact, a man who's robb'd of all
Cannot be worth a coin, however small,
And worth, moreover, chang'd in name should be:
Riches coin man's respectability.

* * * *

* Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

I'll show you presently, my friends, the way
Rogues should be handled.

*[He drops his bat, and places himself in the attitude of
'the striker.']*

Crack! and where are they?

We play not 'tip a run,' no 'touch and go';
We move but with a serious braining blow.
Chorus we'll have, and semi-chorus strong,
Horsemen and foot, in tramping squadrons long,
Headed by patriots and men of might,
In pure, untax'd religion, clear of sight,
The balance to restore 'tween day and night.

*[POET CLINKER bows, and retires amidst great applause
and sundry groans.]*

*Enter a dense squad of Rectorized Spirits in full canonicals. They are
led on by twelve Right Reverend Fathers in Mammon, in full uni-
form also, and bearing golden lyres. They range themselves along
the front of the stage, the Bishops standing a pace in front at regular
intervals.*

GRAND CLERICAL CHORUS,

Accompanied by the golden lyres and the serpent.

Wake, golden lyre, in this perturbed hour;
Nor longer slumber in your beds of down
O delegates of heaven's imperial power,
But rise to guard the sin-endanger'd crown
Of king and God—both patrons of our cause,
For whom we wage disinterested wars!
Wake, golden lyre!

Wake, holy men! this missal is our shield,
Or armour, proof against a nation's curse;
Our sword of fiery vengeance in the field,
And in its use hereafter ten-fold worse;
Our glory, honour, hope, and blessed pride,
Our food, our raiment, and all things beside.
Wake, holy men!

*Enter a posse of Peers, led on by crimson-robed Figures on stilts, pre-
sented front elevations of Queen Sinister, Dukes Bagnetlodge and
Bloodmansdorf, the Earl of Oldenvice, Lord Normanrust, Earl
Trampleneck, &c. They range themselves along one side of the
stage.*

CHORUS OF PEERS.

Lords of the earth, and pillars of its thrones,
In every age we've stood undauntedly,
Like towers, above rebellion's threats or groans,
Dashing our bases with their idle sea:
Our power electric doth men's bosoms search,
Preserves the sovereign and his loyal church.

Enter the real representatives of the people, led on by Daniel O'Toole, William Flail, Editors of the 'True Luminary,' 'Weekly Ninetails,' 'Poor Man's Goliath,' 'Trade's Union Gazette,' &c., with two or three Members of Parliament. They range themselves on the side opposite the peers.

POPULAR CHORUS.

Here stand we—living men,
Who claim a right to live!
A beast is fed within his pen;
Our fellow-creatures nought will give!
We gave you all that you possess,
And gain your scorn by our distress!

SEMI-CHORUS I.

Fire, earthquake, deluge, pestilence, and slaughter,
Are better than starvation; they are shorter!

SEMI-CHORUS II.

But ye, inflated, self-idolatrous peers,
Less mercy have than war, plague, deluge, fire;
And ye, the evil fates, with clerical shears,
Would leave us bare, while ye with unctuous fat perspire!

Enter Poet Clinker, with Junius Redivivus, Publicola, William Broadbrim, Will Samson, Tête-à-Tête, the Editor of the 'Black Book,' &c. They are followed by men bearing poles and placards, on which the word 'MILLION' is inscribed. They place themselves among the foremost of the Representatives.

FULL POPULAR CHORUS.

We are worn out with long delay,
Exasperated with the mock:
How are we humbugged day by day,
By shuffling Wig and barefac'd Block.
But still you'd have us pay! pay! pay!
You *can't* have blood out of a rock;
But fire, from many blows, you may;
Oh cormorant Wig! oh tyrant Block!

SEMI-CHORUS I.

Led by POET CLINKER, whirling his bat.

Off with the poor man's tax;
Descending multiplied by 's poverty!
Are we like nacker's hacks,
Working for hounds of aristocracy?
Shame, with a tongue of flame,
Blister the noble's name
Who advocates this game,
Curs'd by the past and present times—and to posterity!

A Political Oratorio.

SEMI-CHORUS II.

Led by the Central Committee of Trades' Unions.

Is not the labourer worthy of his hire?

Thus do ye teach us every Sabbath morn;

But what we're worth we never can acquire,

Since, with our wages, ye yourselves adorn!

We want no revolution

Of violence and strife;

We ask a fair solution

Of the problem of our life.

You live by us, are hous'd and cloth'd;

Why should we wander ragged, hungry, loath'd.

SEMI-CHORUS III.

Led by three Poet-Mechanics.

We do not seek, as priests aver,

Back'd by hereditary star and spur,

To rob the *sea* of whale or whiting;

But we claim justice to the letter!

We want no civil wars or fighting—

We *now* know better!

GRAND CHORUS OF TRADES' UNIONS.

A right we claim from nature,

Beyond all priests, lords, kings,

Of having large inheritance

In the wealth that labour brings!

A right in social state we have

As well as priests, lords, kings,

Of living in some comfort

So long as plenty springs!

Who shall deny there's plenty

When we see fat priests and lords

Wallow in wealth they *can't* consume,

And then bequeath their hoards?

*[A long symphony of very rough music.]**Grand Solo, by CLINKER, with orchestral accompaniments.*

RECITATIVO.

If men were born with outward marks of rank,

Stars on their foreheads, or with nine-inch noses,

Small reason would there be their slaves to thank

For growing corn, or weaving beds of roses:

We'd do it as our natural duty,

In homage of such wondrous beauty!

Or, if they had no need of corporal food,

Coats, hats and shoes, large-town and country houses,

Living, self-fed, by virtue of their blood,

And walking, cloth'd like trees whom spring espouses,

We then should know there were earth-gods among us,
Whose *independence* could not need to wrong us !
And if they did, from mere caprice, their station
Would claim a trembling and obeying nation.

[*Thunders of applause, and thunders of opposition.*]

ARIA.

But since we find they're mark'd full oft
As nature's verriest fools,
In all things save the herald's craft,
Why should we be their tools ?
Why should we worship at the feet
Of things that are compell'd to eat,
Yet will not work to get their meat,
And cannot think
Aught rational for governing,
But talk, sleep, drink,
Wear out in wantonness, game, dance, and sing,
And die, bequeathing to like noble folks,
Pride, wealth, disease, and the same glorious hoax !
[*A continued uproar of applause, and aristocratic
execration.*]

CHORUS OF PEERS,
With trumpet obligato.

Tank ! tank ! too-too !—Rise, souls of fire,
And let each peer with lofty ire
Think of the glories of his sire,
And make these slaves their folly rue
In chains or carnage!—*tank ! too-too !*

Trank-titty-hank !—Shall ages gone,
And honours left from sire to son,
Be by our vassals trampled—won—
And blown away like dust and flue ?
Never—no, never !—*tank too-too !*

Must peers—*trank hank !*
In stellar rank,
Heed baying hounds—*tra ting, too-too !*
Relinquish—*hank !*
Large tax—*trank trank !*
Because men starve ?—*hank hank, too-too !*
[*Shouts of applause ; in which the people join, carried
beyond themselves by its excellence !*]

CHORUS OF PLOUGHMEN.

Led by William Flail.

Off with the malt-tax now !
That National robbery (of which
The State is robbed—by many a leach ;)
That makes the labourer wipe his streaming brow,

Political Oratorio.

And vent a parching groan,
 With nought to renovate the strength
 Which, toiling since the dawn, at length
 Is nerveless now, and gone!

CLERICAL SEMI-CHORUS.

The cattle thrive in field and dell;
 Example take—drink of the well!

CHORUS OF PAUPERS.

Accompanied by the tongs and the bones.

Where is your honesty—reply?
 Are not the poor *by Statute unrepeal'd*,
 Entitled to a third part lawfully
 O' the tithes of benefices? 'Tis not given!
 Is it withheld by a private hint from heaven,
 One of your texts unwritten, yet reveal'd?
 Where is our share—reply?

CLERICAL CHORUS.

It doth repose e'en with our honesty,
 All things are safe that we do hold,
 Pigs, poultry, cabbages, and gold,
 Enshrin'd in orthodox sanctity;
 But be *ye* honest, erring sheep;
 Be shorn in silence! rail not—weep!

SEMI-CHORUS OF PAUPERS.

Give us some share of your vast stores!

GRAND CLERICAL CHORUS.

Our ears are like the clos'd church-doors!

SEMI-CHORUS OF PAUPERS.

We can't live long on a Peel'd 'tater,
 Nor while Duke Bagnet is Dick-tater! *
 Give us a better Poor-law Bill:
 The last was burnt in both your Houses;
 Because they know *tarnation* well
 Starvation e'en a pauper rouses:
 Then, Shepherds, render some account —

GRAND CLERICAL CHORUS.

Ye are all d——d! we won't! we won't!

* This insufferably bad (and therefore exquisite) pun is a plagiarism from a letter of Lord Busby's, recently sent from 'over the water, to Charlie.'

CHORUS OF PAUPERS.

Soup for the poor in all its meagre stages
Ye give, and then deduct their hard-earned wages ;
Soon will our skeletons be made
Tools for rough music, if your trade
Persist in deafness to our pain ?

GRAND CLERICAL CHORUS.

Your words fall on us like the rain,
Just as before we now remain.
Our honesty is unimpeachable,
But ye are ignorant, and unteachable !

POPULAR CHORUS.

Why not share out the briny wave,
Make tides, by floating turnpikes, pay their pence ?
Off with the window tax ! who gave
The glorious light for your inheritance ?
Kings, nobles, tell us, if beside
Being landlords of the earth so wide,
A patent also has been given
As fire-lords of the sun in heaven ?

GRAND POPULAR CHORUS.

Off with all taxes on life's humble wants !

FAT JAQUES, *loudly*.

Huzza ! huzza ! well done—huzza !

GRAND POPULAR CHORUS.

Then give us free-trade, and 'twill soon be shown
How national industry can quell the vaunts
Of foreign markets !

FAT JAQUES, *loudly*.

We can stand alone !

GRAND POPULAR CHORUS.

We want no ignorant civil war,
But labour's rights !

FAT JAQUES, *bawling*.

Huzza ! huzza !

GRAND POPULAR CHORUS.

Let Garter, Coronet, and Star
Act but like *men*—we want no more !

Examination of Shakspeare.

THE AUDIENCE, *rising up*;
Be men!—Fat Jaques will ask no more!

GRAND POPULAR CHORUS.
Give o'er your airs of fierce sky-rockets,
They hide no fact of emptying pockets;
Be honest men, your hearts unbar,
And we'll work on!

THE AUDIENCE *vociferously*.
Huzza! huzza!

EXAMINATION OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE TOUCHING
DEER-STEALING.*

MOST truly saith the author of 'Imaginary Conversations,' Mr. Walter Savage Landor, in his preface to this delightful volume, that 'there is little of real history, excepting in romances. Some of these are strictly true to nature; while histories in general give a distorted view of her, and rarely a faithful record either of momentous or of common events.' Sundry professed biographers of Shakspeare might be exhibited, if needful, in confirmation of the negative portion of the above proposition, while its positive averment is exemplified in the work before us. Your true poet is evermore the best historian of all that is finest and grandest in human nature; that is to say, of all that most merits the chronicling. When the documentary evidence of the plodding annalist fails him, he is brought to a dead stand; while he whose documents are in the inexhaustible treasure-chest of his own soul, goes onward, with a living impulse, in the delineation of the character which he has studied, appreciated, and felt. The poet is nature's logician. Like the mere historical critic, he traces causes and consequences, but those of the former are rough and material; he investigates the crumbling wall, and from the appearances of the dilapidated and ponderous ruin, extracts the date of erections and repairs; while the latter feels the connexion of subtler essences, and, as the air of heaven breathes upon his face, tells 'whence it cometh, and whither it goeth.' Greatly are they mistaken, who suppose logic to be the only, or always the best instrument for the attainment of truth. Many there be who belong to the wisest of mankind, and yet handle that instru-

* Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare, Euseby Treen, Joseph Carnaby, and Silas Gough, *Clerk*, before the Worshipful Sir Thomas Lucy, *Knight*, touching Deer-stealing, on the 19th day of September, in the year of Grace 1582. Now first published from original papers. To which is added, a Conference of Master Edmund Spencer, a Gentleman of note, with the Earl of Essex, touching the State of Ireland, A.D. 1595. London: Saunders and Otley, 1834.

ment with little skill; and some of its ablest masters have often sadly failed. Those who reason and feel, will surely know; and so will they also who feel and reason; nor will there be any mighty disparity in the amount of their knowledge, or its certitude. Logic is not so much the instrument of acquirement as of defence. It is a good armour to buckle on when compelled to do battle for our heritage, but a poor implement for its cultivation. The sword cannot do the work of the ploughshare. To beat it into a ploughshare, may perhaps prefigure the mental, no less than the national millennium. But we are idly prating, whilst Shakspeare 'stands at the gate.' More of his youth has Mr. Landor told than antiquarianism has ever yet poked out of mouldy records; and more truly, we will be sworn. Let any one judge, who can really read Shakspeare without spelling; which is more than many can, notwithstanding the play-bills. 'It is tough work,' as Fuseli said to the breeches maker, who threatened to go home and read *Paradise Lost*, after he had seen all the pictures in the Milton Gallery.

The opening scene of the *Examination* is thus narrated by Ephraim Barnett, the worthy clerk of Sir Thomas Lucy :

'About one hour before noontide, the youth William Shakspeare, accused of deer-stealing, and apprehended for that offence, was brought into the great hall at Charlecote, where, having made his obeisance, it was most graciously permitted him to stand.

'The worshipful Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight, seeing him right opposite, on the farther side of the long table, and fearing no disadvantage, did frown upon him with great dignity; then, deigning ne'er a word to the culprit, turned he his face towards his chaplain, Sir Silas Gough, who stood beside him, and said unto him most courteously, and unlike unto one who in his own right commandeth,

' "Stand out of the way! What are those two varlets bringing into the room?"

' "The table, sir," replied Master Silas, "upon the which the consumption of the venison was perpetrated."

'The youth, William Shakspeare, did thereupon pray and beseech his lordship most fervently, in this guise:

' "O, sir! do not let him turn the tables against me, who am only a simple stripling, and he an old cogger."

'But Master Silas did bite his nether lip, and did cry aloud,

' "Look upon those deadly spots!"

'And his worship did look thereupon most staidly, and did say in the ear of Master Silas, but in such wise that it reached even unto mine, and

' "Good honest chandlery, methinks!"

' "God grant it may turn out so!" ejaculated Master Silas.

'The youth, hearing these words, said unto him,

' "I fear, Master Silas, gentry like you often pray God to grant what *he* would rather not; and now and then what *you* would rather not."

'Sir Silas was wroth at this rudeness of speech about God in the face of a preacher, and said, reprovngly,

““Out upon thy foul mouth, knave! upon which lie slaughter and venison.”

‘Whereupon did William Shakspeare sit mute awhile, and discomfited; then, turning toward Sir Thomas, and looking and speaking as one submiss and contrite, he thus appealed unto him:

““Worshipful sir! were there any signs of venison on my mouth, Master Silas could not for his life cry out upon it, nor help kissing it as ’twere a wench’s.”

‘Sir Thomas looked upon him with most lordly gravity and wisdom, and said unto him, in a voice that might have come from the bench,

““Youth! thou speakest irreverently;” and then unto Master Silas, —“Silas! to the business on hand. Taste the fat upon yon boor’s table, which the constable hath brought hither, good Master Silas! And declare upon oath, being sworn in my presence, first, whether said fat do proceed of venison; secondly, whether said venison be of buck or doe.”

* * * * *

““Young man! I perceive that if I do not stop thee in thy courses, thy name, being involved in thy company’s, may one day or other reach across the country; and folks may handle it and turn it about, as it deserveth, from Coleshill to Nuneaton, from Bromwicham to Browns-over. And who knoweth but that, years after thy death, the very house wherein thou wert born may be pointed at, and commented on, by knots of people, gentle and simple! What a shame for an honest man’s son! Thanks to me, who consider of measures to prevent it! Posterity shall laud and glorify me for plucking thee clean out of her head, and for picking up timely a ticklish skittle, that might overthrow with it a power of others just as light. I will rid the hundred of thee, with God’s blessing!—nay, the whole shire. We will have none such in our county: we justices are agreed upon it, and we will keep our word now and for evermore. Wo betide any that resembles thee in any part of him!”

‘Whereunto Sir Silas added,

““We will dog him, and worry him, and haunt him, and bedevil him; and if ever he hear a comfortable word, it shall be in a language very different from his own.”

““As different as thine is from a christian’s,” said the youth.

““Boy! thou art slow of apprehension,” said Sir Thomas, with much gravity: and, taking up the cue, did rejoin:

““Master Silas would impress upon thy ductile and tender mind the danger of evil doing; that we, in other words, that justice, is resolved to follow him up, even beyond his country, where he shall hear nothing better than the Italian or the Spanish, or the black language, or the language of Turk or Troubadour, or Tartar or Mongle. And, forsooth, for this gentle and indirect reproof, a gentleman in priest’s orders is told by a stripling that he lacketh Christianity! Who then shall give it?”

‘WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.—“Who, indeed? when the founder of the feast leaveth an invited guest so empty! Yea, sir, the guest was invited, and the board was spread. The fruits that lay upon it be there still, and fresh as ever; and the bread of life in those capacious canisters is unconsumed and unbroken,”

‘SIR SILAS (*aside*.)—“The knave maketh me hungry with his mischievous similitudes.”

‘SIR THOMAS.—“Thou hast aggravated thy offence, Will Shakspeare! Irreverent caitiff! is this a discourse for my chaplain and clerk? Can he or the worthy scribe Ephraim (his worship was pleased to call me worthy) write down such words as those, about litter and wolvetts, for the perusal and meditation of the grand jury? If the whole corporation of Stratford had not unanimously given it against thee, still his tongue would catch thee, as the evet catcheth a gnat. Know, sirrah, the reverend Sir Silas, albeit ill-appointed for riding, and not over-fond of it, goeth to every house wherein is a venison feast for thirty miles round. Not a buck’s hoof on any stable-door, but it awakeneth his recollections like a red letter.”

‘This wholesome reproof did bring the youth back again to his right senses; and then said he, with contrition, and with a wisdom beyond his years, and little to be expected from one who had spoken just before so unavoidably and rashly,

“Well do I know it, your worship! And verily do I believe, that a bone of one being shovelled among the soil upon his coffin would forthwith quicken* him. Sooth to say, there is ne’er a buckhound in the county but he treateth him as a godchild, patting him on the head, soothing his velvety ear between thumb and fore-finger, ejecting tick from tenement, calling him *fine fellow, noble lad*, and giving him his blessing, as one dearer to him than a king’s death to a debtor,† or a bastard to a dad of eighty. This is the only kindness I ever heard of Master Silas towards his fellow-creatures. Never hold me unjust, Sir Knight, to Master Silas. Could I learn other good of him, I would freely say it; for we do good by speaking it, and none is easier. *Even bad men are not bad men while they praise the just.* Their first step backward is more troublesome and wrenching to them than the first forward.”

“In God’s name, where did he gather all this?” whispered his worship to the chaplain, by whose side I was sitting. “Why, he talks like a man of forty-seven or more!”—p. 1—11.

Shakspeare conducts himself, as worthy Ephraim observes, ‘with all the courage and composure of an innocent man, and indeed with more than what an innocent man ought to possess in the presence of a magistrate.’ And now the knight, the chaplain, the witnesses, and the culprit, are admirably played off for many a page, the record itself serving as the running commentary of the scribe.

The usual operation of searching the pockets of the accused is not forgotten: we are favoured with their contents, amongst which is,

* ‘Quickened, bring to life.’

† ‘Debtors were often let out of prison at the coronation of a new king, but creditors not paid by him.’

‘ “ THE MAID’S LAMENT.

‘ “ I loved him not ; and yet, now he is gone,
 I feel I am alone.
 I check’d him while he spoke ; yet, could he speak,
 Alas ! I would not check.
 For reasons not to love him once I sought,
 And wearied all my thought
 To vex myself and him : I now would give
 My love could he but live
 Who lately lived for me, and, when he found
 ’Twas vain, in holy ground
 He hid his face amid the shades of death !
 I waste for him my breath
 Who wasted his for me ! but mine returns,
 And this lorn bosom burns
 With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
 And waking me to weep
 Tears that had melted his soft heart : for years
 Wept he as bitter tears !
Merciful God ! such was his latest prayer,
 These may she never share !
 Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold,
 Than daisies in the mould,
 Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
 His name and life’s brief date.
 Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe’er you be,
 And, oh ! pray too for me ! ”

‘ Sir Thomas had fallen into a most comfortable and refreshing slumber ere this lecture was concluded : but the pause broke it, as there be many who experience after the evening service in our parish-church. Howbeit, he had presently all his wits about him, and remembered well that he had been carefully counting the syllables, about the time when I had pierced as far as into the middle.

‘ “ Young man,” said he to Willy, “ thou givest short measure in every other sack of the load. Thy uppermost stake is of right length ; the undermost falleth off, methinks.

‘ “ Master Ephraim, canst thou count syllables ? I mean no offence. I may have counted wrongfully myself, not being born nor educated for an accountant.”

‘ At such an order I did count ; and truly the suspicion was as just as if he had neither been a knight nor a sleeper.

‘ “ Sad stuff ! sad stuff, indeed ! ” said Master Silas, “ and smelling of popery and wax-candles.”

‘ “ Ay ? ” said Sir Thomas, “ I must sift that.”

‘ “ If praying for the dead is not popery,” said Master Silas, “ I know not what the devil is. Let them pray for us ; they may know whether it will do us any good : we need not pray for them ; we cannot tell whether it will do them any. I call this sound divinity.”

‘ “ Are our churchmen all agreed thereupon ? ” asked Sir Thomas.

‘ “ The wisest are,” replied Master Silas. “ There are some lank rascals who will never agree upon any thing but upon doubting. I would not give ninepence for the best gown upon the most thrifty of

'em ; and their fingers are as stiff and hard with their pedlery knavish writing, as any bishop's are with chalk-stones won honestly from the gout."

' Sir Thomas took the paper up from the table on which I had laid it, and said, after a while,

" "The man may only have swooned. I scorn to play the critic, or to ask any one the meaning of a word ; but, sirrah !"

' Here he turned in his chair from the side of Master Silas, and said unto Willy,

" "William Shakspeare ! out of this thralldom in regard to popery, I hope, by God's blessing, to deliver thee. If ever thou repeatest the said verses, knowing the man to be to all intents and purposes a dead man, prythee read the censurable line as thus corrected,

' Pray for our Virgin Queen, gentles ! whoe'er you be,'

although it is not quite the thing that another should impinge so closely on her skirts.

" "By this improvement, of me suggested, thou mayest make some amends—a syllable or two—for the many that are weighed in the balance and are found wanting."

' Then turning unto me, as being conversant by my profession in such matters, and the same being not very worthy of learned and staid clerks the like of Master Silas, he said,

" "Of all the youths that did ever write in verse, this one verily is he who hath the fewest flowers and devices. But it would be loss of time to form a border, in the fashion of a kingly crown, or a dragon, or a Turk on horseback, out of buttercups and dandelions.

" "Master Ephraim ! look at these badgers ! with a long leg on one quarter and a short leg on the other. The wench herself might well and truly have said all that matter without the poet, bating the rhymes and metre."—p. 49—54.

Our readers will perceive by this time, if indeed they have not been beforehand with us at the book itself, what a mirror of magistrates and jewel of knighthood Sir Thomas is ; how profound his theology, and how polished his poetry ; a perfect model of the accomplished country gentleman and county representative of those days. But let the justice have justice, and the author too, for dealing gently with him. There are passages which make us feel the good heart of Savage Landor as well as of Sir Thomas Lucy.

' And then did Sir Thomas call unto him Master Silas, and say,

" "Walk ye into the bay-window. And thou mayest come, Ephraim."

' And when we were there together, I, Master Silas, and his worship, did his worship say unto the chaplain, but oftener looking towards me,

" "I am not ashamed to avouch that it goeth against me to hang this young fellow, richly as the offence in its own nature doth deserve it, he talketh so reasonably ; not indeed so reasonably, but so like unto what a reasonable man may listen to and reflect on. There is so much, too, of compassion for others in hard cases, and something so very near in semblance to innocence itself in that airy swing of lightheartedness

about him. I cannot fix my eyes (as one would say) on the shifting and sudden *shade-and-shine*, which cometh back to me, do what I will, and mazes me in a manner, and blinks me."

'At this juncture I was ready to fall upon the ground before his worship, and clasp his knees for Willy's pardon. But he had so many points about him, that I feared to discompose 'em, and thus make bad worse. Beside which, Master Silas left me but scanty space for good resolutions, crying,

"He may be committed, to save time. Afterwards he may be sentenced to death, or he may not."

'SIR THOMAS.—"'Twere shame upon me were he not : 'twere indication that I acted unadvisedly in the commitment."

'SIR SILAS.—"The penalty of the law may be commuted, if expedient, on application to the fountain of mercy in London."

'SIR THOMAS.—"Maybe, Silas, those shall be standing round the fount of mercy who play in idleness and wantonness with its waters, and let them not flow widely, nor take their natural course. Dutiful gallants may encompass it, and it may linger among the flowers they throw into it, and never reach the parched lip on the wayside.

"These are homely thoughts—thoughts from a-field, thoughts for the study and housekeeper's room. But, whenever I have given utterance unto them, as my heart hath often prompted me with beatings at the breast, my hearers seemed to bear towards me more true and kindly affection than myrichest fancies and choicest phraseologies could purchase.

"'Twere convenient to bethink thee, should any other great man's park have been robbed this season, no judge upon the bench will back my recommendation for mercy. And, indeed, how could I expect it? Things may soon be brought to such a pass that their lordships shall scarcely find three haunches each upon the circuit."

"Well, Sir!" quoth Master Silas, "you have a right to go on in your own way. Make him only give up the girl."

'Here Sir Thomas reddened with righteous indignation, and answered,

"I cannot think it! such a stripling? poor, pennyless: it must be some one else."

'And now Master Silas did redden in his turn redder than Sir Thomas, and first asked me,

"What the devil do you stare at?"

'And then asked his worship,

"Who should it be if not the rogue?" and his lips turned as blue as a blue-bell.

'Then Sir Thomas left the window, and again took his chair, and having stood so long on his legs, groaned upon it to ease him. His worship scowled with all his might, and looked exceedingly wroth and vengeful at the culprit, and said unto him,

"Harkye, knave? I have been conferring with my learned clerk and chaplain in what manner I may, with the least severity, rid the county (which thou disgracest) of thee."

'William Shakspeare raised up his eyes, modestly and fearfully, and said slowly these few words, which, had they been a better and nobler man's, would deserve to be written in letters of gold. I, not having that art nor substance, do therefore write them in my largest and roundest

character, and do leave space about 'em, according to their rank and dignity :

“ “ Worshipful Sir !

“ “ A WORD IN THE EAR IS OFTEN AS GOOD AS A HALTER UNDER IT, AND SAVES THE GROAT.”

“ “ Thou discourest well,” said Sir Thomas, “ but others can discourse well likewise : thou shalt avoid ; I am resolute.” ’—p. 89—93.

The *penchant* of the justice for divinity serves Willy in good stead, who right nobly ministers to his cravings for the repetition of all that had been preached or said, in his hearing, by Dr. Glaston of Oxford, when the woolfactor’s son had gone thither on his father’s business, and, after sermon, been invited to the dinner and evening admonition of the doctor. There are many passages bearing the same stamp as those for which alone we can make room.

“ “ In the earlier ages of mankind, your Greek and Latin authors inform you, there went forth sundry worthies, men of might, to deliver, not wandering damsels, albeit for those likewise they had stowage, but low-conditioned men, who fell under the displeasure of the higher, and groaned in thralldom and captivity. And these mighty ones were believed to have done such services to poor humanity, that their memory grew greater than they, as shadows do than substances at day-fall. And the sons and grandsons of the delivered did laud and magnify those glorious names ; and some in gratitude, and some in tribulation, did ascend the hills, which appeared unto them as altars bestrown with flowers and herbage for heaven’s acceptance. And many did go far into the quiet groves, under lofty trees, looking for whatever was mightiest and most protecting. And in such places did they cry aloud unto the mighty, who had left them,

“ “ *Return ! return ! help us ! help us ! be blessed ! for ever blessed !*

“ “ Vain men ! but, had they stayed there, not evil. Out of gratitude, purest gratitude, rose idolatry. For the devil sees the fairest, and soils it.” ’—pp. 119, 120.

* * * * *

“ “ Should ye at any time overtake the erring, and resolve to deliver him up, I will tell you whither to conduct him. Conduct him to his Lord and Master, whose household he hath left. It is better to consign him to Christ his Saviour than to man his murderer : it is better to bid him live than to bid him die. The one word our Teacher and Preserver said, the other our enemy and destroyer. Bring him back again, the stray, the lost one ! bring him back, not with clubs and cudgels, not with halberts and halters, but generously and gently, and with the linking of the arm. In this posture shall God above smile upon ye : in this posture of yours he shall recognise again his beloved Son upon earth. Do ye likewise and depart in peace.” ’—pp. 121, 122.

Of the following, Shakspeare says :

“ “ I can repeat by heart what I read above a year ago, albeit I cannot bring to mind the title of the book in which I read it. These are the words :

‘ “ ‘ The most venal and sordid of all the superstitions that have swept and darkened our globe, may, indeed, like African locusts, have consumed the green corn in very extensive regions, and may return periodically to consume it; but the strong unwearied labourer who sowed it hath alway sown it in other places less exposed to such devouring pestilences. Those cunning men who formed to themselves the gorgeous plan of universal dominion, were aware that they had a better chance of establishing it than brute ignorance or brute force could supply, and that soldiers and their paymasters were subject to other and powerfuller fears than the transitory ones of war and invasion. What they found in heaven they seized; what they wanted they forged.

‘ “ ‘ And so long as there is vice and ignorance in the world, so long as fear is a passion, their dominion will prevail; but their dominion is not, and never shall be, universal. Can we wonder that it is so general? can we wonder that any thing is wanting to give it authority and effect, when every learned, every prudent, every powerful, every ambitious man in Europe, for above a thousand years, united in the league to consolidate it?

‘ “ ‘ The old dealers in the shambles, where Christ’s body is exposed for sale, in convenient marketable slices,* have not covered with blood and filth the whole pavement. Beautiful usages are remaining still—kinder affections, radiant hopes, and ardent aspirations!’ ” ’—p. 134—136.

Dr. Glaston thus admonishes his pupils:

‘ “ ‘ Young gentlemen! let not the highest of you who hear me this evening be led into the delusion, for such it is, that the founder of his family was *originally* a greater or a better man than the lowest here. He willed it, and became it. He must have stood low; he must have worked hard; and with tools, moreover, of his own invention and fashioning. He waved and whistled off ten thousand strong and importunate temptations; he dashed the dice-box from the jewelled hand of Chance, the cup from Pleasure’s, and trod under foot the sorceries of each; he ascended steadily the precipices of danger, and looked down with intrepidity from the summit; he overawed Arrogance with sedateness; he seized by the horn and overleaped low Violence; and he fairly swung Fortune round.

‘ “ ‘ The very high cannot rise much higher; the very low may: the truly great must have done it.

‘ “ ‘ This is not the doctrine, my friends, of the silkenly and lawnly religious; it wears the coarse texture of the fisherman, and walks uprightly and straightforward under it.” ’—pp. 154, 155.

Much of Dr. Glaston’s divinity is not exactly to Sir Thomas’s satisfaction. ‘ Reasonable enough! nay, almost too reasonable! but where are the apostles? where are the disciples? where are the saints? where is hell-fire? Well! patience! we may come

* ‘ It is a pity that the old divines should have indulged, as they often did, in such images as this. Some readers in search of argumentative subtilty, some in search of sound Christianity, some in search of pure English undefiled, have gone through with them; and their labours (however heavy) have been well repaid.’

to it yet. Go on, Will.' And Will does go on, much to edification. But we must 'stint,' as we wish to give the Doctor's admonition against poetry, and the story of young Wellerby. The justice inquires whether Shakspeare did not get himself lectured for his versifying propensities. To which he replies :

"Sir, to my mortification I must confess, that I took to myself the counsel he was giving to another ; a young gentleman who, from his pale face, his abstinence at table, his cough, his taciturnity, and his gentleness, seemed already more than half poet. To him did Doctor Glaston urge, with all his zeal and judgment, many arguments against the vocation ; telling him that, even in college, he had few applauders, being the first, and not the second or third, who always are more fortunate ; reminding him that he must solicit and obtain much interest with men of rank and quality, before he could expect their favour ; and that without it the vein chilled, the nerve relaxed, and the poet was left at next door to the bellman. 'In the coldness of the world,' said he, 'in the absence of ready friends and adherents, to light thee upstairs to the richly tapestried chamber of the muses, thy spirits will abandon thee, thy heart will sicken and swell within thee ; overladen, thou wilt make, O Ethelbert ! a slow and painful progress, and, ere the door open, sink. Praise giveth weight unto the wanting, and happiness giveth elasticity unto the heavy. As the mightier streams of the unexplored world, America, run languidly in the night,* and await the sun on high to contend with him in strength and grandeur, so doth genius halt and pause in the thralldom of outspread darkness, and move onward with all his vigour then only when creative light and jubilant warmth surround him.'

"Ethelbert coughed faintly ; a tinge of red, the size of a rose-bud, coloured the middle of his cheek ; and yet he seemed not to be pained by the reproof. He looked fondly and affectionately at his teacher, who thus proceeded :

"My dear youth, do not carry the stone of Sisyphus on thy shoulder to pave the way to disappointment. If thou writest but indifferent poetry, none will envy thee, and some will praise thee : but nature, in her malignity, hath denied unto thee a capacity for the enjoyment of such praise. In this she hath been kinder to most others than to thee : we know wherein she hath been kinder to thee than to most others. If thou writest good poetry, many will call it flat, many will call it obscure, many will call it inharmonious ; and some of these will speak as they think ; for, as in giving a feast to great numbers, it is easier to possess the wine than to procure the cups, so happens it in poetry ; thou hast the beverage of thy own growth, but canst not find the recipients. What is simple and elegant to thee and me, to many an honest man is flat and sterile ; what to us is an innocently sly allusion, to as worthy a one as either of us is dull obscurity ; and that moreover which swims upon our brain, and which throbs against our temples, and which we delight in sounding to ourselves when the voice has done with it, touches their ear, and awakens no harmony in any cell of it. Rivals will run up to thee and call thee a plagiary, and, rather than that proof should be wanting, similar words

* 'Humboldt notices this.'

to some of thine will be thrown in thy teeth out of Leviticus and Deuteronomy.”—pp. 193—196.

* * * * *

“ Ethelbert! I think thou walkest but little; otherwise I should take thee with me, some fine fresh morning, as far as unto the first hamlet on the Cherwell. There lies young Wellerby, who, the year before, was wont to pass many hours of the day poetising amidst the ruins of Godgson nunnery. It is said that he bore a fondness toward a young maiden in that place, formerly a village, now containing but two old farm-houses. In my memory there were still extant several dormitories. Some love-sick girl had recollected an ancient name, and had engraven on a stone with a garden-nail, which lay in rust near it,

POORE ROSAMUND.

I entered these precincts, and beheld a youth of manly form and countenance, washing and wiping a stone with a handful of wet grass; and on my going up to him, and asking what he had found, he showed it to me. The next time I saw him was near the banks of the Cherwell. He had tried, it appears, to forget or overcome his foolish passion, and had applied his whole mind unto study. He was foiled by his competitor; and now he sought consolation in poetry. Whether this opened the wounds that had closed in his youthful breast, and malignant Love, in his revenge, poisoned it; or whether the disappointment he had experienced in finding others preferred to him, first in the paths of fortune, then in those of the muses,—he was thought to have died broken-hearted.

“ About half a mile from St. John’s College is the termination of a natural terrace, with the Cherwell close under it, in some places bright with yellow and red flowers glancing and glowing through the stream, and suddenly in others dark with the shadows of many different trees, in broad overbending thickets, and with rushes spear-high, and party-coloured flags.

“ After a walk in Midsummer, the immersion of our hands into the cool and closing grass is surely not the least among our animal delights. I was just seated, and the first sensation of rest vibrated in me gently, as though it were music to the limbs, when I discovered by a hollow in the herbage that another was near. The long meadow-sweet and blooming burnet half concealed from me him whom the earth was about to hide totally and for ever.

“ Master Batchelor!” said I, “ it is ill-sleeping by the water-side.”

“ No answer was returned. I arose, went to the place, and recognised poor Wellerby. His brow was moist, his cheek was warm. A few moments earlier, and that dismal lake whereunto and wherefrom the waters of life, the buoyant blood, ran no longer, might have received one vivifying ray reflected from my poor casement. I might not indeed have comforted—I have often failed: but there is One who never has; and the strengthener of the bruised reed should have been with us.

“ Remembering that his mother did abide one mile further on, I walked forward to the mansion, and asked her what tidings she lately had received of her son. She replied, that having given up his mind to light studies, the fellows of the college would not elect him. The master had warned him beforehand to abandon his selfish poetry, take up

manfully the quarterstaff of logic, and wield it for St. John's, come who would into the ring. 'We want our man,' said he to me, 'and your son hath failed us in the hour of need. Madam, he hath been foully beaten in the schools by one he might have swallowed, with due exercise.'

' "I rated him, told him I was poor, and he knew it. He was stung, and threw himself upon my neck, and wept. Twelve days have passed since, and only three rainy ones. I hear he has been seen upon the knoll yonder, but hither he hath not come. I trust he knows at last the value of time, and I shall be heartily glad to see him after this accession of knowledge. Twelve days, it is true, are rather a chink than a gap in time; yet, O gentle sir! they are that chink which makes the vase quite valueless. There are light words which may never be shaken off the mind they fall on. My child, who was hurt by me, will not let me see the marks."

' "Lady!" said I, "none are left upon him. Be comforted! thou shalt see him this hour. All that thy God hath not taken is yet thine." She looked at me earnestly, and would have then asked something, but her voice failed her. There was no agony, no motion, save in the lips and cheeks. Being the widow of one who fought under Hawkins, she remembered his courage and sustained the shock, and said calmly, "God's will be done! I pray that he find me as worthy as he findeth me willing to join them."

' "Now, in her unearthly thoughts, she had led her only son to the bosom of her husband; and in her spirit (which often is permitted to pass the gates of death with holy love) she left them both with their Creator.

' "The curate of the village sent those who should bring home the body; and some days afterwards he came unto me, beseeching me to write the epitaph. Being no friend to stone-cutter's charges, I entered not into biography, but wrote these few words:

"JOANNES WELLERBY,
LITERARUM QUÆSIVIT GLORIAM,
VIDET DEI."

p. 209—214.

There is only one fault that we can find with this book; and it has left us not much disposed to find that. The author seems to us to have formed a conception of the youth of Shakspeare, which, with all its truth and beauty, has yet too complete a correspondence with the characteristics of his maturity; which presents, in fact, the unfolding germs of all the qualities by which he was afterwards distinguished. In this respect, the picture fails of correspondence with the course of nature. 'The boy is father of the man,' but the boy is not, altogether, the man in little. His faculties bear not the same proportions. In men of genius it continually happens, that some of the most striking qualities of their maturity were wholly latent in early life. There is always, no doubt, the germ, but it sometimes waits for the stimulating influences of a comparatively late period to excite it to vital action. The acorn is not the miniature of an oak. When it shoots up,

the plant is not a tiny tree, with its mock branches and minikin seeds. Nor is the morning merely a dim day. Some powers in man, like some arts in society, speedily attain to excellence, while others wait for the appropriate excitement or discipline. This must be taken into account in reasoning backward from maturity to youth; although what allowance should be made for it is a question not very easy of solution.

A PORTRAIT.

BEAUTIFUL eyes! they seem to fill all space
 With light, and love, and hope, and purity!
 To watch the gleam that plays about thy face
 Is like a glimpse of fairy land, we try
 In vain to track the spell so wondrously
 Revealed in thee—whence is it? for where'er
 Thy presence comes, so rare a grace we see
 In its poetic charm, the very air
 By thee seems newly gifted to make all things fair.

Excelling voice! whose spirit tone can reach
 The whole world of the heart in one brief minute,
 And by its music-eloquence can teach
 What deeply-hidden treasures lie within it;
 Thou hast a power to charm the soul, to win it
 To deeds of nobleness—oh! then to praise,
 As voice to song, the heart leaps to begin it!
 Whence comes thy power? whence that excelling grace?
 Whence the surpassing light that shines from out thy face?

Love answers for thee! he has shed around thee
 The atmosphere of light wherein you dwell;
 Even the reptiles who crawl forth to wound thee
 Are decked with glowing colours by thy spell;
 They cannot harm thee, and thine eye might well
 Charm serpents dumb, who fain would hiss at thee—
 Let them hiss on, heed not their venom's swell;
 Bear on and fear not! thou art guarded by
 The finely-tempered shield of thine own purity!

Shine on, thou sunborn child of light! thou star
 That dwellest brightly in thine own calm heaven!
 What tho' the ignorant world send up afar
 Its noxious vapours! Yet to thee 'tis given
 To live thy life of light for ever; even
 The clouds that thicken darken not *thy* way;
 Theirs is the mist of earth—thine light from heaven;
 The changeful wind shall waft the cloud away,
 While thou shalt shine serene in thine own changeless ray.

S. Y.

A CHAPTER ON CHIMNIES.

THERE is a world above and a world below, and if people will build such monotonous houses, like the four-and-twenty fiddlers 'all of a row,' where is the wonder if we turn to the chimnies for a little variety? And there is a world of matter of fact, and a world of imagination, and unless my readers can step with me into the latter, with no help from the former but a chimney-pot for a walking-stick, they may pass over the page that will appear to them but

' As the smoke, like flag upfurling,
Above the blackened chimney curling.'

As there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in Horatio's philosophy, so there are more things in the ups and downs of chimney existence, than are dreamt of in ours. A word or two, and see if your next walk within sight of the far-famed blackened pottery groves of which London may boast, does not help to discover them. See there's a goodly row! What are they like? A set of pandeans for Æolus. If I were a wind I would 'blow' till I cracked my cheeks in whistling an *air* along the goodly pipes. A terrible blow for the cooks! but if it would hasten the time when one shall do the work of twenty, one fire the work of one house, one chimney the work of that fire, we would say,

' Blow high! blow low! let the black soot scare
The cook beside the board.'

Look at that row of houses! Think of the twenty breakfastings, dinings, and supplings; twenty troubles in 'housekeeping,' ay, troubles, unless the mistress of the *ménage* have a *penchant* for putting her mind into mahogany and rosewood, her capabilities into creams and custards, and her perceptions into pies and puddings; where all might be done by one; without that stimulus to the selfish and degrading vanity of keeping a better table than your neighbour. What do you say to it, you group of chimney gossips, stunt and steady, with one taller than the rest for your oracle? And you, little Miss Beffin of a one, with not a leg to stand upon, and your arms cut off at the shoulders, what do you say to such doings? are you not ashamed to be *smoked* by such people? We hear of people 'eating their own words;' it is, in other phrase, but consuming their own *smoke*. Look to it chimnies, and do not any longer be imposed upon. There is a group, like soldiers, square-shouldered, compact, regular, awaiting the word of command—not to *fire* be it hoped; and there are two friends who have remained firm to each other through wind and weather; their bases parted, their tops meeting, like to, but happier than, the two willows on the seal—' Fate sepa-

rates, but inclination unites us ;' for they *do* meet, and the fate that will not let their union be entire, makes what union there is the more firm and enduring. There is a moral for all those who would forbid the natures, which rush to each other, to mingle ; they must, they do ; though it be but in a dream, that dream binds their souls for ever. Look at yon hooded monk ! Well is it that the ' No Popery ' cry is over, or surely they would have him down as an upholder of his holiness. There, though you may neither see nor believe, is a Cupid and Psyche. Strange that the curve of that huge mass of rough brickwork should suggest the exquisite language and grace of that lovely and loving pair. The old sign of ' the Crooked Billet ' has in it the same sort of magic—its tortuosity suggesting the far-famed statue of the dying gladiator. Here is more work for Æolus, or Fame if she will, in her flight over the earth ! An inkstand-looking house for her to dip her recording quill into. A Tunbridge toy sort of place, with square grey roof, and the chimnies for the pens—chimnies for pens ! poor little lads, who have too often found *pens* in our chimnies ! The English negro race, (our inky brethren, for they are our brethren, though we may disown them,) ' born with the same organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, fed with the same food, (no, not with the same food, but they would eat it if they could have it,) hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer,' and sometimes warmed to death in a service to which man and woman should be ashamed to doom them. Poor fellows ! they are a race apart, and the very avoidance of contact with them in our streets must tend to unhumanize them. Let us not think of their ' inky soot alone,' but remember that they have ' that within which passeth show ;' minds to comprehend and hearts to feel ; and let us all employ, for their salvation, that great physical Saviour—machinery.

And now the light is diminishing, and how richly and blackly come out the forms against the twilight sky ! There is no longer the detail of brick and mortar ; they are dark and massy in their mingled sameness and variety of form. Darker and darker—and now they are all asleep in the moonlight. There is a charm in moonlight to harmonize buildings that by day are full of strange incongruities ; there is a charm in moonlight to harmonize man into the disposition to admire the beautiful, rather than detect the defective. That church, which by day is the imperfect work of an inferior architect, to-night is like a classic temple of the olden worship. Calm, bright, and hallowed it is, as if spirits were worshipping within it and around it. Look ! what is that ? it flashes like one of earth's purest brilliants ; or like a star new fallen from heaven. Where ? there ! at the topmost corner of the eastern end. Strange ! Is it a spirit risen from the graves

below to keep guard over the departing glory of episcopacy; as did the 'sweet little cherub smiling aloft' on the topmast? Vain care, if poor Jack's life were not better worth preserving than that of old, selfish, grumbling beldame Mother Church. No, spirits are wiser; and when they do rise from their graves it will be, like Ezekiel, to say to the land, 'There is a conspiracy of her prophets (priests) in the midst thereof; like a roaring lion, ravenging their prey, they have devoured souls; they have taken the *treasure and precious things*.' But what is it? Proud, yet trembling in its impulses, like a huge swelling world of a drop of water. The sky is without a cloud—no glistening rain-drops to make marvels upon slanting roofs. What is it? No glazed window to lighten with the moon's pure reflection. Nearer and nearer—brighter and brighter—how strange! What is it? I declare it is the moon shining on the bright tin tube of the vestry chimney!

S. Y.

RATIONAL INSTRUCTION.

ALTHOUGH books for the instruction of children have greatly improved of late years, it must be acknowledged that good books of this description are still rare; and it becomes our duty to mention from time to time such works as fall under our notice which have pretensions to a rational character.

It has only been discovered recently (and is still but partially known) that the familiar objects which surround a child may be easily converted into useful and delightful materials of instruction. Formerly instruction was commenced with crabbed books, which were thrust into the infant's hands long before he could comprehend their use, and which thus unwittingly became instruments of torture; instruments for the repression of real knowledge, and for deadening all delight in the attainment of knowledge. Would that we could say that such is not the case now. We trust, however, that the parents and instructors of young children will every day have less excuse for continuing a practice which is as destructive to the children's intellects and happiness, as to their own comfort; for we cannot admit that a mechanical and painful mode of instruction can add to the happiness of either parent or instructor.

Several treatises have appeared within the last year or two, for the purpose of showing the rational teacher in what manner valuable instruction may be extracted from ordinary familiar objects. The two most remarkable of these works are; first, a cheap London reprint of an American work, entitled 'The Little Philosopher, for Schools and Families; designed to teach children to think and to reason about common things; and to illustrate, for parents and teachers, methods of instructing and interesting children. By Jacob Abbott, Principal of the Mount Vernon

School.' Secondly, 'Lessons on Objects, as given to Children between the ages of five and eight, in a Pestalozzian School at Cheam, Surrey.' Meritorious as these works are, either for domestic instruction or for the lower classes of a school, they are hardly available for little children below the age of six or seven, for whom, however, it is exceedingly desirable that such exercises should be prepared, seeing that very little children, though not in a condition for book learning, are as capable and desirous of examining nature, if not of profiting by that examination, as, in all probability, they will ever become.

From nature we get knowledge at first hand; from books we get knowledge at second hand, when we succeed in getting it at all: so that we exhibit no remarkable signs of wisdom in preferring the shadow to the substance, when the latter is within our reach. The author of the 'Lessons on Objects' tells a story of a teacher who gave a lesson to his class respecting a window, of which he had taken the trouble to make a drawing, not reflecting, until reminded of the fact by one of the pupils, that a real window was actually before him; and even then the force of habit was so great, that he silenced the child and proceeded as before. A child will read about a blacksmith with apathy, and forget the lesson in an hour; but show him the real man at his forge, with his black hands, roaring bellows, and heavy hammer, making the bright sparks fly around him, and fashioning the hard iron as if it were of clay, and an effect is produced on the child's mind that will never be effaced. So, also, any object, no matter how common, a table, or a carpet, a grate, an article of dress, a stone or a flower will, each and all, afford a fund of entertainment when the parent is once familiarized with the mode, set forth in the above-mentioned works. He will then soon find himself in a condition to diminish or enlarge, and to alter and improve the lessons to his heart's content; for the variety of object and illustration has no bounds.

We shall now go a little into detail in describing these two works.

The design of the 'Little Philosopher,' to use the words of its author, 'is not to go at all out of the appropriate field of childish observation; but to fix the attention of children, and to employ their reasoning powers upon the thousand objects around them, with which they are necessarily more or less familiar, and which are consequently the best subjects of thought and reflection for them. . . . But in order that the book may at all accomplish the object for which it is intended, it must be used as the textbook of a teacher, not the mere reading book of a child.' The book consists of a series of questions calculated to engage the teacher and child in agreeable conversation, and to induce the latter to observe with accuracy, and to make various simple experiments. The subjects treated of are very numerous, and of course

no scientific order is attempted. Sections I. and II. relate chiefly to the more obvious qualities of simple objects, and proceed to the more striking phenomena of the elements, earth, sun, moon, &c. Section III. comprehends a brief examination of the body. Sections IV. and V. relate to animals and plants; and Section VI. includes an examination of several simple works of art, a brief examination of language, and a variety of miscellaneous experiments and questions.

Mr. Abbott states various modes in which his book has been used in schools; for it is not a crude and untried speculation, but the result of his long and successful labours in practical education. The exercises have been performed by the whole school at once, and by a single class. In doubtful cases the pupils were required to ascertain the fact by experiment or by observation; and in some cases particular boys or girls were appointed to inquire into facts, or make experiments, and bring a report on the result. Certain of the questions were also set to some pupils as a lesson or exercise.

The merits of this little treatise, and its very reasonable price, ought to insure its introduction into every family and elementary school.

The second work before us, namely, the 'Lessons on Objects,' is more elaborate and systematic than the 'Little Philosopher,' and therefore calculated for older children. If the 'Little Philosopher' be used with children at the age they usually commence school, the 'Lessons on Objects' would answer very well as a second book for the same children as they advance in capacity. The exercises of which it is composed are confined to such familiar objects as can easily be produced before the pupils; and the desultory character of such exercises is corrected by making a previous selection of subjects, and presenting them in the class room. As they are intended to be preparatory to instruction in natural history, they gradually assume a more scientific character, and thus a feeling of progress is sustained in the pupil's mind. It has been found indeed by long experience, that no lessons produce more continued interest, or more enlarge the minds of children, than those on objects.'

The first series presents a selection of miscellaneous simple objects, each possessing some distinguishing quality, such as glass, Indian rubber, leather, &c. The second series presents more complicated objects, the qualities, parts, and uses of which are examined as far as they come within the cognizance of the external senses; such as a pin, pencil, chair, &c. The third series resembles the second, but includes qualities not discernible by the outward senses, and also explanations and derivations of the more important terms. The chief aim of the fourth series is to exercise the children in arranging and classifying objects. For this purpose the spices have been selected for one set of exercises,

and a variety of liquids for another. The fifth series is intended as a first exercise in composition; observations and interrogations on familiar objects take place, and information is communicated as before; a written account is then required from the pupil: miscellaneous objects increasing in complexity are next presented; the metals and earths follow, and the work concludes with similar exercises on the external senses.

The above account of these interesting works will show that they cannot be advantageously used in schools or families without reasonable attention on the part of the parent or tutor. But with a little pains at the beginning, and a due allowance for a few failures, such as must be expected in all new undertakings, any persons of ordinary temper and capacity will soon find them highly useful as well as entertaining to the children, and possibly not uninstrusive to themselves.

A small work somewhat resembling the 'Little Philosopher,' was published twenty years ago by the celebrated Mrs. E. Hamilton. It is entitled 'Examples of Questions calculated to excite and exercise the Infant Mind,' and is not without many traces of the usual talent of its author, although, on the whole, it must be pronounced a failure. Too many things are required to be known, or to be admitted without evidence, by the pupil; and nearly the whole is embedded in a theology which is beyond the depth of a little child. To an intelligent instructor it would, however, afford many useful suggestions.

The whole of Miss Edgeworth's smaller works, and especially 'Harry and Lucy concluded,' abound with valuable remarks on the branch of education which we have been noticing. And we might have adverted to several other works, such as 'Smith's Lessons on Words and Objects, with Experiments,' (which is just published) and 'Von Türk's Phenomena of Nature familiarly explained,' were it not that they fall more appropriately under another head, which we may possibly examine hereafter.

NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

High Church anti-Property Doctrines.—A certain Dr. Etough, who seems to be a tough doctor, made two long speeches at the great Suffolk conservative dinner, eaten at Ipswich on the 2d ult., which not only show the truth of the old maxim, that if you give some people rope enough they will hang themselves withal, but, moreover, that there are people who will find the rope themselves. The *illustrissimi* of this county-gathering consist of one lord, one baronet, two or three majors, two or three captains, two or three esquires, and thirteen clergymen 'with several others.' And Dr. Etough was their mouthpiece, both for 'Church and King,' and the 'clergy of the diocese.' What

we wish to point out in his orations is the High Church notion of the sacredness of property. He censures the Whigs for 'abstaining from touching the appropriation of land which had been acquired by spoliation and robbery,' and specifies the estates of the Duke of Bedford, which some ages since were alienated from the Church, as an instance. This illustration was received with 'loud cheers,' and 'three tremendous volleys of groans for the Duke of Bedford.' Very good. The greedy locusts no doubt have swallow enough to gorge Woburn whole, with all its appurtenances. But then the impudence of talking about property in the same breath, declaiming against its violation, and demanding that that of the clergy 'should be dealt with in the same manner as other property is.' The stupidity of these clerical diners must have been equal to their rapacity. When did the Duke of Bedford's estates belong to the Protestant Church of England? If there be any valid ecclesiastical claim to them it is that of the Catholic Church, which would, on the same principle, be valid also for all the possessions of Dr. Etough's Church, his own 'rectory of Claydon' included. Talk of public robbery, indeed! Not even the abominable plan for despoiling the public creditor had a tithe of the impudence of this clerical *projet*. When will these men learn that they have *no property*; that they are the State's hired servants; and that although their wages have been usually paid for life, yet that their neglect of duty, their idle, mischievous, plundering, and insulting propensities, may induce the speedy revision of an arrangement which never has worked well, nor ever will?

The Principle of the Whig Administration.—Lord John Russell's speech to his constituents, delivered at Totnes, Dec. 2, is a very able and manly effusion. But there is one portion of it which his auditors were somewhat precipitate in applauding. It declares the secret of the weakness of the late Government, of its loss of character, and of the utter want of sympathy with its fall except as that fall involved the appointment of the Duke of Wellington. He says, 'It was the principle of Lord Grey's Government to carry into effect as many reforms as they could with the concurrence of all the branches of the Legislature; that is to say, not unnecessarily to bring before Parliament, and pass through the House of Commons, measures which would only go into the House of Lords to meet with certain defeat.' A more false or fatal principle could not have been adopted. Its obvious tendency was to cut down every measure of Reform to the will, not of a responsible Tory Government, but of an irresponsible Tory Opposition. And for this mutilation, it held up the Ministers themselves as accountable to the nation. No set of men ought to have held office on such a principle; they could only be disgraced thereby. And if it be said that they did much

good thereby, it should be remembered that there must follow, and has followed, an immensely overbalancing amount of evil, in the loss of consistency and public confidence. Suppose they had gone out months ago, on being defeated in some broad and efficient scheme of Church, Law, or Corporation Reform—should we not have been all the better for it now? Would not the experiment, now making, have been tried, failed, and almost forgotten? Would not the ex-Ministers have gained an elevation which is now for ever beyond their reach, and which would not only have gratified an honourable ambition, but conferred a power of serving their country to which all that their accommodation gained was not worth a straw in the balance? Might not, by this time, the House of Lords have been reformed, and the Court itself propelled some inches towards common sense? To look back on this principle with complacency, and to put it forward in vindication of the small doings of the Cabinet to which he belonged, argues ill for Lord John's sagacity. We should have thought better of him had he frankly confessed it as a great blunder. He has only to look into the Tory and rota-tory newspapers, and the speeches and addresses of dishonest candidates; the little done by the Whigs, in the way of Reform, is the burden of them all: and if the people should be deceived, this is the topic by which they will be deceived. True, the argument is bad enough, that because the Whigs were prevented by the Tories from doing more, we should, therefore, expect more to be done by those very Tories who prevented them. But this is not the way in which it is put. That the Whigs should have allowed themselves to be prevented even from proposing what they profess to have wished, and what their avowed principles demanded, is alleged against their sincerity; and then the inference follows, with some plausibility, that we may as well have one set of rogues in office as another. For the injustice this may do them they have themselves to thank. They ought to see, and renounce their mistake, before they dream of holding office again.

Cheap Elections.—‘The Spectator,’ of Dec. 6 and 13, has some excellent hints on the mode in which the Economy of Reformers should oppose itself to the Money of Tories, in the ensuing contests. The plan should be printed and distributed all over the country. Amongst the hints are the following: School-rooms and other buildings might be used for polling places, instead of erecting booths. Large rooms hired, instead of going to hotels. Canvassing conducted by local committees. No useless placards. Competent and practised persons appointed to superintend printing, &c.; and liberal journals should advertise for the duty. One lawyer at each polling place quite enough; attornies would not lose by volunteering. The pomp of processions a ‘vain show.’ Those who have conveyances take their

neighbours to the poll. In counties, district sub-committees might report what conveyances would be wanted. Local election funds should be everywhere subscribed. Coalition wherever there are two liberal candidates. And everywhere, forthwith, 'a WATCH COMMITTEE to keep a sharp look-out after every act and process of bribery, treating, and coercion; and to record every device and act of the Tories which may hereafter void corrupt returns, or illustrate the virtue of the BALLOT.' Such are some of the modes in which organization may grapple with corruption. The people have not learned how to make use of the strength which they possess; nor will they be taught yet, except very partially; but the time is coming.

Dr. Lushington and the King.—At a meeting of his constituents of the Tower Hamlets, Dec. 11, Dr. Lushington spoke as follows:

'You have, in the first place, against you, the King. It is utter folly—it is false delicacy—it is altogether absurd to say, that by discussing these matters we are infringing on the prerogatives of the Crown. The people have also their prerogatives; and be it recollected that the King was made for the people. If he chooses to appoint Ministers whom the people cannot trust, the people can make him change them again. If he pursues such a course as to lead the country into danger, the people must stop him in his career. What is now the state of our country? For ten years we had a monarch who was insane. For ten years more we had, for his successor, a cold-blooded and heartless voluptuary. A change came, and we have now one, who, after exciting the hopes and expectations of the people, is prepared to disappoint them. But are the hopes of the people to be now blasted? I would warn the friends of monarchy, that if such course is to be pursued, monarchy itself is in danger.'

Now this is honest, and therefore it deserves praise; for of the thousands who know and feel its truth, how few there are who have spoken it out so plainly. Even in the speeches of courageous Reformers, we generally find that whenever the King is introduced, cant follows, as if there were a natural and necessary connexion between royalty and insincerity. We do not mean to affirm that there is not: but we demur to such a mode of keeping up the connexion. We object to the worse than mystification which has been generally practised on this matter. Can there ever have been a doubt since May, 1832, of the King's Tory propensities? Did he not first accept the resignation of the Reform Ministry, and after they were forced back, Bill and all, carry that Bill by an extraordinary act of influence, rather than create a sufficient number of popular peers to enable a Reform Government to go on? What was to be expected after this, but what has actually happened, that the Whigs should be disgraced in every possible way, and then dismissed. Was not the speech to the Bishops a plain warning? The King was never

heartily with us: and it was not very wise, though it might be generous, to believe that he was. He thinks and feels on the subject like a King, as he is. What have Kings to do with Reform? It is scarcely possible, unless in the exercise of a superhuman intelligence, to discern, from their position, the good produced in a community by the amelioration of political institutions. Supposing them the most purely disinterested of human beings, how should they appreciate the multitudinous influences upon condition and character, which growing liberty diffuses through the different classes of society? This species of good comes not near them personally; they cannot see, hear, feel, taste, nor therefore conceive it. They are only affected by it inconveniently: as are their hangers on, whose power and plunder are abridged. As much of mob-popularity as their eyes and ears may need, when they show themselves, can generally be purchased; and a few dragoons, with a cohort of police, can keep unpleasant symptoms at a convenient distance. Moreover, it is no secret that all political Reform tends towards Republicanism. We do not say that it will arrive there; for as Toryism may stop short of absolute Despotism, so may Reform of Republicanism. But such is the tendency of each; and hence Kings and Tories have a natural antipathy to Reform. It is questionable whether they can ever be made to comprehend that it is really for their own good, until they have actual experience of the fact. With that, therefore, it is the people's duty to provide them, as speedily as they can; and, in the mean while, drop all the common humbug about their goodwill towards Reform. The only safe plan is to reckon upon their hostility. It is quite absurd in us, to resolve that we will have an hereditary King, and yet be astonished that he does not reason like a President of the United States. We must allow him his Toryism. It is a portion of his prerogative; and we should also calculate on his free exercise of that, as occasion serves. It may be difficult to deal straightforwardly with Whigs who are sometimes crooked themselves. Or it may be that he follows the example of 'his sainted father.' We should like to know, as 'the King can do no wrong,' who is responsible for the late sudden change, which might have plunged the whole country into confusion; which did subject us to the temporary dictatorship of a soldier; and which may still produce a world of evil. We are told that there must always be a responsible adviser. Does Sir Robert Peel become so by taking office in consequence? Or is it the Duke? or who? It should be known, because with that adviser the country has an account to settle.

The Peel Manifesto.—We never remember to have seen any composition so thoroughly characterized as this by shallow hypocrisy. There is, perhaps, no direct lie in it; there is certainly in

it no direct truth. It contains scarcely a single straightforward sentence; and yet it contains not a sentence that can impose on an intellect two removes from idiocy.

The very construction of this document is hypocritical. Sir Robert Peel felt it necessary to address some exposition of his policy to the people of England, and so he took advantage of the incidental circumstance of the vacation of his seat, to write to his Tamworth constituents. Yet he represents the duty of addressing *them* as his primary feeling, and the more important purpose as incidental. He is not such a fool as to think that cajoling the nation is subordinate to tickling the Tamworthians.

He travelled from Rome to London in obedience to his Majesty's summons; and yet resolved to take office 'after an anxious review of the position of public affairs' on his arrival, which must have been taken in a few hours.

'The King, in a crisis of great difficulty, required my services.' No doubt; the King made the crisis for that very purpose. The 'great difficulty' was in creating the crisis. Alexander disposed of knots by the sword; William disposes of them by the toe; the one cut, the other kicks.

Sir Robert volunteers a declaration that he will not repeal the Reform Bill. 'Thank you for nothing.' This goes as far to prove him a Reformer as would a declaration that he will not repeal the monarchy, to prove him a loyal subject. The people's question is, who will amend and extend the Reform Bill?

He will *consider* of Corporation Reform when the commissioners report. He must have considered some time to find out such a mode of evading a plain declaration.

The Dissenters are graciously told that he supported the abominations of Lord Althorp and Lord John Russell, on the Church Rate and Marriage questions. He will make love to them by offering again the rotten oranges which they threw down, and trampled under foot.

The Dissenters are to continue excluded from the Universities; but may take degrees, if they can get them.

He promises that future pensions shall be good ones; and old ones not touched.

No Church property shall be alienated from 'ecclesiastical purposes.' What are they? In the Christian dictionary, public instruction is the great ecclesiastical purpose. In the Tory lexicon, ecclesiastical purposes are parsons' pockets.

'If by an improved distribution of the revenues of the Church, (of Ireland,) its just influence can be extended, and the true interests of the Established Religion promoted, all other considerations should be made subordinate,' *i. e.*, being interpreted, the plunder shall be differently divided, if thereby the possession of the plunder be rendered more secure.

Sir Robert has not yet had opportunity of giving his 'grave

consideration' to the reform of the Church of England. He is sadly behind, and should have left Rome a day sooner. From some millions of people, the Church has had a '*grave consideration*,' and has commenced digging it herself.

It is asked, with great seeming simplicity, whether it should be assumed that the effect of the Reform Act was 'so to fetter the prerogative of the Crown, that the King has no free choice among his subjects; he must select his Ministers from one section, and one section only, of public men?' Premising that 'one section' is here a felicitous phrase for the whole people, with the exception of the Tories, we answer that, though, legally, the Reform Act does not limit the sovereign to the choice of Reform Ministers, yet that morally it does; that having given his assent to that Act in accordance with the nation's will, he could not be expected to assign the powers of Government to its enemies; and that if Sir Robert Peel and the Tories believing, as they have always declared, that Act to have been destructive of the Constitution, take office to govern in its spirit, they are also, in their own consciences, traitors to the nation; and if they do not so intend to govern, while yet they conceal and disavow their purpose, then are they traitors in the people's estimation, and hypocrites by their own showing. The prerogative, like every privilege, is limited by the laws of honour and consistency. The criminal code, like the Reform Act, confines the King's choice to one section of public men; that section which has not been convicted of felony.

The Duke's man has done his best; but it will not do. The fiercer folks of the party have shouted the Waterloo war-cry, 'Up, boys, and at them,' but the National Guard of England will more easily sustain the onset than did the old Imperials. Electoral conflicts are not to be decided by the sword of a Wellington. And if, for a moment, victory should seem to incline towards it,

'Humanity will rise, and thunder *Nay*.'

The Cheltenham Free Press.—This paper is a spirited attempt to establish a vehicle for the diffusion of sound political knowledge and principle. It deserves circulation and support far beyond the limits of Gloucestershire. The editor is evidently a man of superior education, intelligence, fervour, and energy. Such are wanted to manage the much-abused machinery of public instruction. The articles on the Ballot are admirable; and so is the acuteness with which the editor exposes the danger to the people of being misled by the cry of Union at the approaching elections. He thinks, as we do, that *all Reformers* should unite; but that we should make sure that we *are uniting with Reformers*. There will be gross juggling and deception on this point. The Reformers are those who *will reform further*,

and whose conduct has given evidence to that effect. Those who will advance not a step beyond the Reform Bill, ought to be sent after those who were kicked out for not going so far. Their day is gone by. The recent change is sufficient evidence that the people have not yet power enough. The experiment may fail; but with household suffrage, triennial parliaments, and the ballot, would such an experiment have been attempted? We trow not. We deserve that it should succeed, unless we take measures to prevent its repetition.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Tales of Woman's Trials. By Mrs. S. C. Hall.

THERE is much of sweetness and grace, much also of feeling and discrimination in Mrs. Hall's writings; and they are pervaded by the earnestness of religious principle. The careful parent, who is rather jealous of fiction generally, will find in them none of the qualities which indispose him to trust tale, novel, or romance in his children's hands. They uphold the recognised morality of the day, in so far as it is sound, and also in so far as it is conventional.

We opened this volume with some curiosity to see how a woman's pen would portray woman's trials. The endurances to which the female heart is doomed in the present state of society, the sources of its strength, the means of deliverance, and the prospect of amelioration, these are themes which woman best can handle; but to do justice to them requires no common degree of intellect, observation, or courage. On these subjects Mrs. Hall has thrown little new light; but she has produced a succession of interesting and touching stories, the chief moral of which seems to be, submission here and heaven hereafter; a good moral whenever the mischief is incurable; but a misleading one, if the maxim of English law obtains in the government of the world, that wherever there is a wrong, there is a remedy. The heroines of many of her stories might have studied to advantage the writings of the strong-minded author of 'Cleone', whose remarks, in a former part of this number, may perhaps give Mrs. Hall herself a more just and vigorous conception of the condition and duties of her sex.

The sneer at the 'march of intellect' (p. 9) and the ascription of gross vice to 'the principles of equality, the rights of women, and Mr. Owen's morality,' (p. 273,) are not creditable to Mrs. Hall. Yet we can forgive her much for a sentiment so beautiful and true as the following:

'Let no one make sport of youthful sorrow—it is the bitterest we are doomed to endure in our course through life; the trials of after age are, doubtless, more real, but not so intense; they are of the world, worldly—it is seldom they are unselfish—rarely untutored. Let any of us recall the devotedness of our first *real* grief, the anguish of our first *real* disappointment, and remember how literally it was deep and heartfelt—how perfectly mind and body were stricken during its continuance, and then, in justice to fast-coming memories, we can never make sport of early sorrowings.'—p. 27.

Many sentiments of similar beauty are scattered over these narratives, mingled with others more questionable, though they will perhaps be more generally adopted, and with some humour, especially in the delineation of Irish character, which all will appreciate, or at least enjoy.

Turner's Annual Tour ; the Seine.

THE Indian, in the American wilderness, delights to track a river to its source ; and we have here a proof of how much enjoyment may result from a similar expedition in the most civilized regions of Europe. Many persons may perhaps think the subject not well chosen, before they open the book ; few can think so afterwards. Other routes or rivers might have afforded much more of material for what is called the picturesque ; but we can scarcely imagine the production of a succession of more beautiful pictures. We would, however, advise the rambler who may be stimulated hereby to explore the course of the Seine for himself, to be sure and bespeak Turner's moons for his voyage. It were better else to leave the engravings at home ; and in some cases to stay at home with them. Any way, Leitch Ritchie, who furnishes the printed prose to Turner's pictured poetry, will be found a most pleasant companion.

Mornton. By Margaret Cullen. Fourth edition.

THE publication of the fourth edition of a novel, without any adventitious sources of popularity, may well exempt it from criticism. It may perhaps create another duty for the censor, and a not less useful one, viz., that of accounting for the phenomenon. The causes, in this case, are by no means obvious. On commencing the perusal of 'Mornton,' the dialogue certainly appeared to us sensible, but rather dull and trite ; and we felt a general lack of interest, both in character and incident. About the middle of the first volume, however, we were roused by a critique on Southey's Life of Nelson, and on the character of Nelson himself, which abounds in truth, vigour, clearness, and courage. Many similar discussions, on various topics of importance, in morals, manners, politics, and literature, are interspersed through the work, and form, to our taste, its best portion. If we cannot always coincide in the sentiments of the writer, we must yet do justice to their general soundness, purity, and useful tendency. Amongst other feelings which do her honour, she manifests, and portrays, in her heroine, a very strong one on the humane treatment of animals, which is often argumentatively, and sometimes affectingly enforced. The interest of the narrative increases very much in the concluding volume, and the mental struggles of the heroine are depicted with a power which must find its way to the heart.

The Resources and Statistics of Nations. By John MacGregor.
Part I. 4s. 6d.

THIS work is to be completed in eight or nine monthly parts. It contains, in a compact tabular form, with brief comments, a prodigious mass of information, which it must have cost immense labour to collect and arrange. All the branches of statistics, natural, political, moral, and economical, are comprised in the plan. We trust the circulation of a

work so useful, and indeed essential, to the politician, the merchant, and the philosopher, and so convenient for all who have any care about the world we live in, will bear some proportion to the expenditure of time and toil by the compiler.

The British Almanac, and Companion.

The British Household Almanac.

The British Working-Man's Almanac.

THE above are published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, to which society we are indebted for the great almanac-reformation which has been so happily accomplished. They are all full of information of a practical description, and of constant application; and the 'Companion' sustains the character which it has so well earned in former years. The exertions of the Society in this department amply entitle it to the gratitude of the country.

Dodsley's Economy of Human Life. London: Van Voorst. 1834.
AN embellished and elegant edition of a work which has long been too popular to require description or criticism.

Selections from the American Poets. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

WE must so far confess our ignorance of American poetry as to allow that we are not certain that it is not more the fault of the selector than of the poets, that there is, in this volume, so decided a preponderance of mere description and common-place sentiment. Of the fact of that preponderance, we are quite certain; and equally so of the result, that the volume will be chiefly acceptable to that class of persons with which a sort of sober sentimentalism passes for poetry, and goodness, and all that is valuable. There are several pieces of Bryant, who is already pretty well known in this country; as is Paulding, from whom there is only a single extract. The selections from Brainard and Pierpont have more of originality than perhaps any others; and the song of 'The Pilgrim Fathers,' by the latter, is a beautiful lyric. As this appeared in some of our periodicals soon after the occasion for which it was written, (the Centenary of the Landing of the Exiles,) we prefer giving, as a favourable sample of the lighter compositions in this volume, the following verses by N. P. Willis:

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

' I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet grey;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And it makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old,
And my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,
And my years are well nigh told.

It is very true ; it is very true ;
 I'm old, and " I 'bide my time ;"
 But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
 And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on, I am with you there,
 In the midst of your merry ring ;
 I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
 And the rush of the breathless swing.
 I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
 And I whoop the smothered call,
 And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
 And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
 And I shall be glad to go ;
 For the world, at best, is a weary place,
 And my pulse is getting low :
 But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
 In treading its gloomy way ;
 And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
 To see the young so gay.

p. 170.

Appendix to the Black Book. By the original Editor.

As we said of the ' Black Book' itself, so say we of this Appendix to it ; ' every man who is interested in the condition and improvement of the country, should have this book at hand for reference.' To which may be added, that the ' Appendix' should *instantly* be procured, and consulted for information of the most varied and valuable description, in connexion with the coming elections. It is the Elector's Guide Book, and the Candidate's Test Book, and the Ministerial Character Book. It is powder and shot for the Reformers, and bad pieces must they be that miss fire when loaded with it. We cannot give even the briefest epitome of the information it contains, and which is rendered so much more valuable by the clear-headed comments of the Editor. In an Advertisement at the end, he announces ' that he is ready to offer himself (*free of expense*) a candidate for the representation of any city or borough in Parliament, in opposition to a Tory or Conservative Whig.' And if ever man ought to be returned ' free of expense,' it is such a man as this who would be sure, in the exercise of his peculiar talent, to repay the public very handsomely all that he could possibly cost them. But the public is given to be penny-wise and pound-foolish in politics. Mr. Wade would be well worth a liberal salary in addition to the cost of his election. And yet his offer will probably remain unaccepted, while constituencies, of which the majority call themselves Reformers, are putting up with mere idlers and trimmers, on the strength of a few indefinite promises. Let us get fairly through this last conflict with Toryism, and then there must be some discussion on what Bentham termed the ' Appropriate Intellectual Aptitude' for the work of Legislation and Government.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The ' American Sketches,' and other communications, are unavoidably postponed. Will C. P. send to our office ?

THE ELECTIONS.

THE brief interval, during which we write, between the completion of the election returns and the meeting of Parliament, would furnish materials for an extraordinary scene, were it possible to exhibit pictorially the phenomena of the moral world, as the painter delineates those of the material creation. Externally, it is one of comparative repose. The constituents have waged their warfare, and won or lost the prize for which they struggled; while the representatives, an equally pugnacious body, have not yet begun their conflict. But this quiet is chiefly external. At no season, perhaps, except on very extraordinary emergencies, is there more of strong and turbid political feeling than in this interval. The glow of recent success, the bitter recollection of irretrievable mistake, the rage of defeat, the self-upbraidings of indolence or delinquency, the planning of what might have been done and of what shall be done another time, the stimulated sensation of new enmities or friendships, the excited discussion of characters, measures, or principles; the anxious speculation into future proceedings and consequences; these, and a thousand other commotions, are mingling beneath the smoothened surface of society, unquiet elements, that would readily relieve themselves by the outbursting of another storm. We are much mistaken if a large proportion of the people would not rush into the excitement of a second election with more zest and avidity than they engaged in that which has just been terminated. Scarcely any result short of having beaten the opposite party by at least two to one, is sufficient to slake the electioneering fever, when once the blood is really up. It would not be wise in the Dictator to try a succession of dissolutions. The popular spirit will not soon cry, 'Hold! enough!' There are defeats which it is eager to retaliate; and triumph only puts it in the mood to sing, 'If it be na weel bobbet, we'll bob it again.' We have no doubt that the fresh election in March, with which some of the Tory journals threaten the country, will, should the threat be realized, produce a Parliament decidedly more hostile to the Administration than the one now chosen.

But although, as politicians, we look with satisfaction on the security which this condition of the public mind affords against the daring and desperate designs which have been prematurely avowed, we cannot but lament it as evil in itself, and as a mournful object of contemplation, when compared with the state in which the country might have been but for the intrigue, cupidity, and caprice which are allowed to sport with the welfare of millions. These excitements are only less unwholesome for the nation than would be the demented baseness that would quietly return to the condition from which we have emerged. They are not that troubling of the waters which is caused by the descent of an angel, and succeeded by the gift of healing; they are only a

needless stirring up of angry passion ; the symptoms of a mischievous power, too strong for the public peace. Evil in themselves, they are the fruits of a culpability which calls for reprobation, if not for retribution, which it is necessary to quell, though it may not be magnanimous to punish.

How long is it to be endured that an election should be merely a party conflict ? That the most dignified act of free men, the choice of representatives for protecting the honour and interests of the community, for revising its institutions, and accommodating them from time to time to the people's wants and opinions, and for facilitating national improvement by the wise application of national resources,—should be degraded into a convulsive effort to repel a faction struggling for place and power, that it may rule for its own advantage. The Tories complain of demagogues ; there would be no demagogues but for themselves. There is no *party* in the country but their own ; no set of men, that is, banded together for the purpose of gaining and keeping possession of public property and political authority. Could we imagine the whole faction deported, the next election might, for all that appears, be simply the choice of persons supposed to be the best qualified to legislate for the country ; from whom again, on account of capacity or station, would be selected the requisite number of individuals for the executive department. The great good of the Reform Bill was in its being a step towards this state of things. The selfishness of party, now concentrated in Toryism, is the great obstacle in the way of our arriving at its realization, and therefore a nuisance which requires to be abated.

That the country should have any interest in being governed by a party, is a manifest absurdity. Legislative wisdom and executive impartiality and energy, these are what the nation needs. That a party has a strong interest in governing the nation is an obvious truth. They become possessed thereby of an enormous mass of that material of enjoyment for which mankind are continually striving. All public offices and appointments, diplomatic, judicial, colonial, the church, the army, the navy, corporations, together with the influence of legislation upon class interests, all become the prizes of an organized body, instead of being simply the machinery of social order and prosperity. The late change in the Administration was a barefaced attempt to appropriate these advantages, or rather to recover that monopoly of them which Reform had broken up ; and the dissolution was an endeavour to deceive or to corrupt the electors into an acquiescence in this attempt ; with what measure of success will soon appear.

The elections have been conducted in the spirit which corresponds with this view of the occasion. With scarcely more than one or two exceptions, the known and hitherto avowed enemies of Reform, the men who occasioned or took advantage of the late change for the very purpose of obstructing the progress of Reform,

have presented themselves before their assembled countrymen, with the lie upon their lips that they were Reformers. We cannot descend to language less plain. The instantaneous conversion of the entire party, immediately upon the success of the last and deadliest of a long succession of hostile efforts, is a miracle not to be credited, and the affectation of it an hypocrisy not to be endured. Would that this were all, and that these *soi-disant* novitiates of Reform had not been polluting the souls of multitudes by demoralizing practices, which in several cases have proved successful; which in very many more were sufficiently notorious; and which in all are deeply disgraceful.

It is evident that the Tories have gained in numerical strength by the elections. That they have done so to a sufficient extent to retain possession of the Government, we will not believe until we see it. By no calculations that have been made on any rational principles, by no test that we can apply, is any other result to be obtained than that as a party they are decidedly in a minority, whose only chance of success is in their superior organization, the strong bond of a selfish interest, the support of the House of Lords and the Court, and the opportunities which may occur for dividing those to whom they are opposed. It is the business of all honest representatives to render these chances unavailing.

Devoutly is it to be hoped that no false delicacy, no foolish fear of being called factious, no vain expectations of future opportunity, will interfere with that immediate decision of the great question between the Ministry and the people, which is so aptly provided for by the forms of Parliament. The battle can never be so well fought as on the first two topics that must necessarily engage the attention of the House, viz. the choice of a Speaker, and the Address. The first is not a mere matter of form; nor, now that the transition has been accomplished from a nomination Parliament to a representative one, can it be again treated as only a question of convenience for the despatch of business. There is nothing, henceforth, to interfere with the appointment of a man who, while qualified by his experience and attainments for the routine duties of the office, shall also be qualified, by his principles and character, to represent the reformed House of Commons; who shall be in sympathy with the majority of that House; and who may, therefore, without the incongruity which was temporarily submitted to, be presented to the King, in the face of the country and the world, as the first commoner of Great Britain. To endure, now, the elevation of a member of *the party*, the one party which alone disturbs and confronts the nation, to so conspicuous and honourable an office, would show an indifference and insensibility as culpable as they would be extraordinary.

But while the strength or weakness of the new Administration will, in all probability, be exhibited by this question, it is that of the Address by which their fate will be decided. And here we

trust that the Reformers in Parliament will rise to the full sense of the responsibility and dignity of their position. The occasion is a magnificent one. It is for them, now, to give an elevated tone to the popular feeling, a defined aim to the national desire for improvement, a distinct expression to the great principles of Reform. The Amendment on the Ministerial Address ought to be a National Manifesto, embodying the desires and determinations of the people on the mode and agents of Government. There should be none of the little tricks of the old party conflicts. None of the ambiguities by which parliamentary tacticians used to catch straggling votes. Carried or lost, if lost it can be, it should tell why the country will never again voluntarily endure the misrule of party. It should denounce those who, after the lapse of so many generations, have revived the exercise of an irresponsible prerogative, the obsolete and fatal claim of the Stuart dynasty. For royal interpositions it should demand accountable advisers. It should proclaim that when a public act is imputed to the King personally, as in the dismissal of the late Administration, there is a gross violation of all that, by courtesy, is called the Constitution. It should indicate the absurdity of calling for public confidence in the hitherto systematic opponents of public right. It should declare that the National Reformers tenaciously uphold the sacredness of property, and the obligation of applying public endowments to public purposes; and that therefore they claim for the people the benefit of educational and religious funds which are grossly abused in their monopoly by a sectarian and political hierarchy. It should assert full and entire civil equality for the holders of all the diversities of theological opinion. It should announce their determination to correct the abuses, to extend the advantages, and to liberalize the spirit of municipal institutions. It should pledge them to apply the now recognised principles of Reform to all political, civic, legal, or religious establishments that may require revision. And in the respectful but manly language of free men, speaking with the voice and armed with the authority of a free people, it should remind the Sovereign that he holds his crown but by common acquiescence for common good; that it befits not his station to lend his authority to the selfish purposes of a party; that in these sentiments he hears the reply to his appeal to the people; and that should he, by renewing that appeal, allow the accursed engine of electioneering demoralization again to bear upon their weakness, their dependence, and their fears, they will arouse the popular spirit to such a manifestation of determined principle and resistless power as shall make faction, corruption, and oligarchic pride call on rocks and mountains to screen them from the awful judgment. Let the majority, as majority we think, and a large one too, they must be; let them but thus speak, and the hearts of the mere men of office will quail within them, while the

grumbings and vituperations of their subordinates will, in spite of their angry loudness, be drowned in the roar from without of the thunders that will utter their voices responsively.

If the Reform Members of the House of Commons will take their stand on such ground as this, they will do more for their country than has ever before been accomplished, even by the noblest patriots of the most trying periods; more than by the Parliamentarians of 1641, for they will head the people in the warfare; not of brute force, but of enlightened opinion; more than by the Revolutionists of 1688, for they will establish, not the 'reign of Influence,' but that of Representation.

Such an Address must be followed, either by the resignation of Ministers, or the dissolution of Parliament. Preparation should be made for either event. The constituencies should hold themselves in readiness for the latter by permanent committees, which, like skeleton regiments, can at short notice recruit their ranks, and be fit for action. The other alternative is ably discussed in a pamphlet, of which the second edition has just been published, and which we earnestly recommend to the attention of our readers,* as full of sound political philosophy.

'It appears, therefore, that, under any combination of circumstances, the present Administration cannot stand. It can stand only on these suppositions: First, that the present Ministers are willing to sacrifice all the reputation and self-respect which alone can render the toils of office endurable. Secondly, that the country is willing to sanction a degree of political profligacy, which even the tools of a despotism would not venture. And, thirdly, that the monstrous doctrine is to be admitted, that no one is responsible for the most dangerous of all possible exertions of the Royal prerogative, the unforeseen and total, and, unless indeed its popular measures were the provocation, the unprovoked, dismissal of a popular Administration. Any one of these objections would be fatal. What, then, must be the effect of their combination? The arduous question is, therefore, forced upon us, On what terms are their successors to take office?

'It is obvious that they cannot accept it *simpliciter*, without pledge or condition, subject to be summarily ejected, while apparently possessing the full confidence of the Crown and of the people, without even a pretext that will bear a moment's discussion. Some pledge must be given, and it must be more than a mere nominal pledge; it must consist of something more than mere words, which four months after may be forgotten, or explained away, or disowned. It must be a pledge, deriving its force, not from the giver, but from the thing given. It must be a pledge, not merely promising the means of good government, but actually affording them.

'Our readers must at once acknowledge that only one such pledge is possible, and that is, a majority in the House of Lords.'—p. 70—72.

The writer proposes to conform the House of Lords to its

* On National Property, and on the Prospects of the present Administration and of their Successors. London: Fellowes.

changed position in relation to the Commons, by the creation of Peers for life, and by allowing Peers to un-lord themselves for the purpose of sitting in the Lower, or rather the then Upper House.

‘Who is there, even among Tories, not blinded by faction or ambition, who does not anxiously wish that it were possible to retain Lord Spencer in that House in which his influence was so powerful and so beneficial? or to restore Lord Brougham to the field in which he was so long the champion of improvement?’

We will only add, that the recent elections have added ample proof to the indications which before existed of the imperfections of the Reform Act in some important points, and of the necessity of averting the formation of a number of venal boroughs, and of securing even the degree of representation which it was intended to bestow, by the speedy extension of the suffrage, the repeal of the Septennial Act, and the adoption of Vote by Ballot.

THE RICHES OF CHAUCER.*

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE deserves well of his country. His merit is manifold. It should be recognised the more readily for two reasons: first, its humble pretensions and unobtrusive character; and, secondly, its relation to the most interesting portion of society, and also the most improvable,—the young. He is great with little folks, and will rise with the rising generation. On the cricket-ground he is potential, and his laws are obeyed by the boy with the bat, who searches the ‘Young Cricketer’s Tutor’ for statute, precedent, and pattern. And he is not less grand in the garden. We should wish that his ‘Adam’ were an annual, but that the book is perennial. What an eloquent homily it is on the duty and delight of digging! Wordsworth consecrates an ode to the ‘Spade with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands;’ but, begging Wilkinson’s pardon, and Wordsworth’s too, we have much more reverence for Adam’s hoe. It is more influential, more prolific, a self-multiplying machine, a very polypus of a hoe, and has produced its like in the hands of hundreds of juvenile cultivators. Honour to the man who makes boys and girls love flowers, teaches them to sow with success, gives them a turn for transplanting, disposes them to haunt the hedges, and make botanizing forays in the fields, and opens their eyes and hearts to nature’s loveliness! The descriptions in the work we refer to, show how much Mr. Clarke is at home when he is abroad. But look within doors, and you will find him quite a native in the nursery. Anterior to the age for spade or bat, the little things have head enough for ‘The Tales from Chaucer.’ And for the

* *The Riches of Chaucer; with Explanatory Notes, and a Memoir of the Poet.* By Charles Cowden Clarke. Two Volumes.

time when they begin to outgrow the bat and spade, he has made provision in the work now before us, the *da capo* of his juvenile melody, in which the 'big manly voice' may chant again the notes of its 'childish treble,' but with a deeper tone of meaning and a richer swell of harmony.

If Chaucer be the 'well of English undefiled,' Mr. Clarke's book is a famous bucket, and we have to thank him for a delicious draught. His own metaphor in the title reminds us rather of a mine; in 'The Tales' he has coined the ore into small change for children, but here the senior juveniles are presented with pure and massy ingots, the genuine 'Riches of Chaucer.'

And truly a good work does *he* perform who induces young folks to read old poets. Statues have been raised for achievements far less honourable or useful. The education is radically defective in which they do not contribute some portion of the mental discipline. Their absence cannot be atoned for by all the volumes of history and science which the strength of youthful appetite may enable it to digest. They are Professors of Humanity, whose lectures cannot be delivered by proxy. What Burns says of misfortune may be said of their poems, which are a fortune:

' There's wit there ye'll get there,
Ye'll find na other where.'

And of all the great names of our poetical classics, the editor judged wisely to commence with Chaucer. This was to begin with the beginning, not only in the order of time, but in the more important order of the mental impressions which the writings of our most illustrious bards are calculated to produce; and also in the order of the previous attainment which is requisite for a correct appreciation. Chaucer's writings are the basis of English poetry. In them we can best trace the elemental principles of its versification, and of its prevailing modes of thought and feeling. Their broad simplicity is a noble study for the young. The universality of Shakspeare is too much for them in one way, and the learned magnificence of Milton is too much for them in another way. The full action of each is only upon a matured and accomplished intellect; and such an intellect is required for their appreciation. Spenser, too, is well postponed to Chaucer. His fascination is of an artificial character. The 'Faery Queen' can only be read by the initiated. It rests on an hypothesis, like the faith in dramatic reality. Until the student has taken one degree, at least, it is a sealed volume. That degree he may take upon an examination in Chaucer, who writes for the worshippers of the outer court of the Muses' Temple. The literal character of his poetry has been well commented upon by Hazlitt. It is a word for word translation from the volumes of nature and of the world. They are fairly 'done into English.' He catalogues plants like a botanist; and narrates events as if he were in a witness-box. And yet the

result is sterling poetry. It is so, because Chaucer was a poet. His faculty was simply in poetical selection. This is his peculiarity. Nothing is effected by the medium through which the objects are seen, with the exception of the melody of the versification; that medium is only the clear and sharp atmosphere of his intellect; there is no colouring, no mistiness. You look at his inventory, and you feel that it is poetry, because it is an inventory of poetical object and attribute. Now this is wholesome food for the young mind; a thousand times better than the made dishes which in our days are cooked up to pass for poetry. And Chaucer was, not only a lover of nature, but a man of the world; and to complete an extraordinary combination, he was also a man of principle, active and zealous for the reformation of such corruptions and abuses as were most rife in his times. Hence, though devoid of the absolute versatility of Shakspeare, he abounds in strokes of humour and character; and though devoid of the stateliness of Milton, he yet makes us reverence the presence of moral principle. Hence, his verbal translation of the poetry which is in nature and in man, may fitly precede their illustrative commentary. This is learning the language of the gods, according to the Hamiltonian system; and our gifted translator himself selects the best passages to be construed. It is true there is a yet further selection to be made. The plain-spoken tongue of those days often offends our niceness. Some words which were then tolerably reputable, have since lost caste and been banished from decent society. Nor did even the virtuous scruple to tell of very unmannerly doings. On these points, the present editor interposes. He has discharged this portion of his office with much good taste and sound discretion. Without being fastidious himself, they must be very fastidious to whom he has left any cause of offence. His dealings with the orthography and accentuation are also creditable to his judgment. The noble music of Chaucer's verse is freed from the seeming and exaggerated difficulties of reproducing it from its appropriate instrument, the human voice. It may now be read at sight. Heartily do we thank the editor for his hearty labours in this good work. We hope he will be encouraged, next, to see what he can do, for the same class of readers, with the chivalric pictures by which the halls of the Faery Queen are tapestried. The youth whom he has endowed with the '*Riches of Chaucer*' will then find them an admission fee to the Gallery of Spenser.