

SKETCHES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.—No. I.

THE IMBECILE.

CYRIL CONWAY was one of those unfledged barristers whose appeal, in their outset in life, lies more to the courts of criticism than to the courts of law: that is, he eked out a scanty income by large outgoings from his brain, for the supply of various quarterly and other periodical publications. His position, in the abstract, calculated to move the contemplative to compassion, was, in the detail, anything but painful. Cyril was, fortunately, not one of those who

‘Beat at their brains and fancy wit will come,’
but who,

‘Knock as they will, find nobody at home.’

He suffered none of those pains of parturition which necessarily make some writers think so much of their literary offspring, though nobody else does. The fountains of Cyril's thoughts were ever flowing: when once fairly engrossed by a theme, what cared he for the dull or coarse realities of life? He was as far from *them* as his antipodes from him—as much above them as the cerulean sky is above the ocean abyss! It mattered not that his chambers were meanly and scantily furnished—that the negligence of the laundress had left a very small supply of coals, and that he had not economized them with sufficient care and skill. Far, far from such perceptions had his spirit gone to riot amid scenes of rich revelry, where ‘wit set the table in a roar,’ or music ‘lapped the soul in elysium.’

When the spell was dissolved by the closing of the article he was writing, he would fold it up, put it into his pocket, button his coat, put out his candles, and go forth. The intensity of light lately burning within him suddenly subsided, but was not extinct: enough was left to form a halo, which lighted him through the dull streets, and kept him warm and buoyant till he reached the printing-office, where another inspiration touched him.

There was a charm about Cyril's manner and character which none could resist; it made him welcome everywhere; no creature, who had even but by chance spoken to him, ever forgot him, or would not have been glad to meet him again. The very link boy, who conducted him over a dirty crossing, felt a glow of good will towards him, for he was sure to say something which made the poor lad think the better of himself and the world for the rest of the night; and, as the few coppers were dropped into his hat, the ‘God bless your honour!’ came from the boy's heart as well as his lips.

At the editor's or printer's office, therefore, where Cyril was
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known, there were always two or three hands held out to clasp his the moment he appeared; while many, who could not claim such a privilege, looked towards him, from time to time, with a gleam breaking upon their swart features, as if *his* coming was the advent of cheer to their spirits. They were never disappointed, for he spoke as well as he wrote, with the same unconscious flow of fire, feeling, force, and sweetness.

Cyril rarely made his escape from this scene, (which, however, in reality a dark dingy den, was, by the power of social intellect, converted into a region of light, and warmth, and gladness,) otherwise than linked arm in arm with some one, not fitted by conventional rules or the claims of equal powers to be his companion; but who grappled him by an appeal few can resist,—admiration for his talent, and regard for himself. Yet Cyril was not given to intemperance; though many, with whom ‘misery made him acquainted,’ were. His dreams borrowed nothing of their beauty or eccentricity from the effects of inebriety; so that if the morning brought him a one guinead brief, or a half guinea motion, it always found him clear-headed, and often (poor fellow!) glad-hearted. Alas! how little do the rich know how much sweetness a single guinea will often drop into the poor man’s cup! There, Cyril, there is a tear for thee, and for thy fortunes; let it be added to the million which thy pathos and thy humour have provoked!

Cyril was returning home one night, through a heavy rain, when his ear was suddenly caught, as he passed a doorway, by the sound of some one weeping. His buoyant step was instantly stayed, and, turning his head, he saw two women, evidently standing up from the rain. He had an umbrella, and, obeying the impulse of the moment, he made them an offer of it. After a slight hesitation it was accepted, at the same time a very gentle voice observed, ‘We have been unable to procure a coach, and my daughter and myself have found much difficulty in getting so far as this, for she is very delicate; at length her exhaustion became so great we were compelled to pause here, in the hope that the wind and rain might abate.’

‘Well, madam,’ replied Cyril, ‘as the umbrella can shelter but one, will you walk on with it as guide, and permit me to support this young lady, and shelter her with my cloak, which is sufficiently ample for the purpose?’

A quarter of an hour’s walk led them to a street leading off from the Strand, and the light which was brought to the door at which they knocked, gave Cyril a perfect view of his new acquaintances. The elder was a somewhat elegant woman, between forty and fifty years of age; the younger, a girl about eighteen, who, as she escaped from his cloak, revealed a small but beautiful figure, and a very lovely face, though pale as the pearl yet sleeping in its shell. The momentary glance of a timid

blue eye, was all of thanks of which Cyril was conscious, though much verbal gratitude was poured upon him by the mother. He had, however, sufficient presence of mind to ask permission to call the next morning to learn how they had borne the effects of so pitiless a night, and was then flying off without his umbrella, only that he was recalled by the shrill tones of the servant girl.

How did Cyril dream that night! What storm and tempest did he not brave with that fair girl, like a beam upon his bosom, breaking the surrounding darkness; the murmur of her voice made music amid the din of battling winds; her clasp kept him buoyant above billows which yawned and rolled beneath his feet; and her smile, timid and transient as the one which had visited his waking sight, warmed his heart with hope, and animated it for endurance.

Cyril awoke the next morning, and found himself in a new world—in short, he was in love. His age, five-and-twenty, and his organization, full of fire and feeling, must plead for him with the safety sons of society, who travel like snails, slow but sure, and with a telegraphic apparatus of forethought, which is equivalent to the insect's antennæ, enabling them to feel their way with the precision of a pair of compasses.

Every clock in the Temple, as well as Cyril's own watch, appeared to him in a conspiracy against time; but at length he presented his person where he had left his heart the preceding night—saw only the mother—learned that her name was Pembroke, and that she was the widow of a naval officer, and departed with an invitation to tea the following evening, won for him by the fascination of his address and conversation, rather than by his original service. Cyril had an engagement for the next evening, but had it been to meet the assembled sovereigns of the earth it had been broken. The nectarine hour, fondly anticipated, came; and bohea and blushes blessed his senses. The only fault of Caroline Pembroke's appearance was being over dressed; but that Cyril did not discern, and, as a compliment paid to himself, would have deemed it anything but a fault if he had.

From the first dawn of preference to the acknowledgment of passion, there is an indefinable strengthening of the moral light, which may be compared to the progress of the light of day as it steals imperceptibly more and more upon the sky, till every reluctant shadow flies, and we *feel* the full orb, yet cannot tell the moment at which its lustre was first complete.

Cyril was in a state of enchantment when he had won the sweet assurance that he was loved; there is none so flattering to every feeling and vanity of the human breast; and so strongly does it appeal to the passions, that it leaves the reason little ability to act.

Youth, in contending with its feelings, in submitting them to the influence of circumstances, has a difficult part to perform. The passions are subtle casuists, more ready to elude reflection than to conform to its dictates. Many who have taken upon themselves to legislate for human nature, and have appeared to think prudence so easy of production, have not entered on their moral office till they have become passionless; some of them were probably never otherwise. Infinite would be the advantage to the world if the plan of keeping moral diaries or journals was adopted; then the sexagenarian might turn back to the record of his feelings, when he, like a son or a dependent, was but eighteen or twenty years of age: by such a review and comparison, he might be led to judge more justly, more kindly, of the young race around him. But legislators of all sorts are ever without sympathy for those they govern; the old make laws for the young; the rich for the poor; the men for the women: thus laws are not adapted to the necessities, or congenial to the nature of those obliged to obey them, but of those who dispense them; hence law is continually only another name for tyranny; it is the legalized will of the powerful brought into operation on the powerless, who, by resistance, (which as naturally arises from oppression as heat from friction,) create an under current running against control; from this conflict have sprung all the moral diseases which doctors, divines, and lawyers, with their poisons, prisons, and mad-houses have been called to remedy. All these professions have now been in active practice for some thousands of years, with little other result than that of maintaining their own orders at the expense of all the other orders of society.

Rapid and bright as had been the progress of Cyril's love, the sunshine was destined to be broken by a cloud as dense as any that can visit human fate. Mrs. Pembroke died suddenly, leaving her child to utter orphanage, and absolute destitution. The unresisting Caroline sank beneath the blow; but she was lifted, like a blighted lily, from her mother's bier to a husband's bosom. Passion and pity prevailed over every suggestion of prudence; and though Cyril had little to give beyond his tenderness and tears, those were consecrated to Caroline.

The strong necessity which impelled Cyril to act, gave him a power of management which he had never before evinced. Hitherto the common and current wants of life had touched him as little as most men; but now he showed that a mind of high powers can act to advantage in any case, provided the motive for action be sufficiently strong.

Caroline was made the mistress of a home, simple enough it is true, but such as a small exertion of skill might have invested with comfort and even grace, and of which *mind* might have made a temple! St. Pierre says that a fire is the brightest jewel in the poor man's cottage; there is a brighter than that—the

smile-lighted face of a loving heart, sustained by moral and mental energy.

Little has hitherto been said of Caroline, because she is of a class of women who say little for themselves, and for whom little can be said. That she had won the love of such a man as Cyril, was partly owing to his imagination, which (as the imagination of the passionate too often does) had endowed his idol with supposititious gifts, and partly from the conventional and poetical notions which he entertained of women. Experience was destined to awaken him to the truth, that it is art, not nature, which has made men and women so widely different, and that the simplest self-acting work of nature is worth more than the finest piece of clockwork which human skill ever constructed. He looked on women as women themselves look on babies—as things to be cared for and controlled—whose faults were to be forgiven for the sake of their weakness,—whose errors were pardonable on account of their ignorance—who if

‘ Some few follies to their lot might fall,
Look in their faces you’d forget them all.’

All this does very well in theory, it may animate the spirit of gay gallantry in a drawing-room, where ‘the ladies’ slave trade’ is a matter of passing amusement; where hearts kindle and catch cold in the brief space of ten minutes, and the sweets brought abroad for the evening, by some strange moral chemistry, turn to sours at home the next morning. She who desires to have a slave, deserves to have a tyrant; and she generally has her desert, for slavery is only an apprenticeship to tyranny. I think with Madame de Staël, that ‘it is only in childhood that levity has a charm; it seems as if the Creator still held the child by the hand, and assisted him to tread gently over the clouds of life: but when time abandons man to himself, it is only in the seriousness of his soul that he can find reflection, sentiment, and virtue.’

Let us not confound the elasticity of an excursive and excitable mind, the flashes of a buoyant imagination, with levity. *They* often have their source in the deepest springs of the soul, to which the spirit can retire, as the eagle to his eyry, and say unto the world, as that does to the winds, I can defy you. Let us define levity to be an utter absence of reflection on the past, and of any thing like calculation on the consequence of the present. It is *this* levity which may lead to everything bad and cruel in life.

Caroline Conway was a lovely woman, as far as symmetry of form and feature, fair skin, sweet eyes, and fine hair may constitute loveliness; she had, in addition, a soft voice and a graceful gentleness of carriage, which as much as anything about her won upon affection. Her small, yet beautiful forehead, too, indicated just that degree of intellect which men like to meet in women, that is, enough to appreciate male talent, not to rival it. But to even this extent Caroline’s intellect had not been culti-

vated. She had been from her birth very pretty, and her parents, who were as ignorant of human nature as an Esquimaux of mathematics, made her their idol, cherishing her with a pernicious tenderness, the consequence of which was utter enervation. At the time that she became a bride, and long previous, one sole ambition possessed her mind, (which the trash of a circulating library fed,)—that ambition was to be a remarkable instance of youthful delicate beauty. With this view she denied herself the nourishment necessary to sustain her strength, and lived almost literally on bread and butter.* Ignorant of the intimate sympathy which exists between all parts of the human economy†—ignorant that there is beauty, great and various, beyond this blank beauty of form, she but imperfectly attained that at which she aimed; and she sank into a debility which rendered any mental action, beyond a feeble irritableness, impossible. To this was super-added habits of dress,‡ at utter variance with health or the liberty of action to many of the functions of her frame; and thus, while aiming at perfect beauty, she was purchasing premature decay, and perpetual imbecility.

Unhappy Cyril! was this a being to brave with thee thy stormy fortune, and top the mountain billows in triumphant success? Was this the being to turn aside with thee at intervals from the toiling tasks of life, and recreate thee and herself at the unexpensive, yet rich, banquet of intellectual love? Was this a being to be the mother of thy children? What organic energy or mental culture could they derive from *her*?

* A fact.

† Haller, Soemmering, and Cuvier, in speaking of the proportion of the brain to the body, regard it difficult to determine that proportion, because, they say, the body alters, that is, increases or diminishes, and the brain does not. On this Dr. Spurzheim observes, that the latter part of this proposition is refuted by experience; that though no adipose substance be deposited in the brain more than in the lungs, it still participates in the *nutrition of the body* as well as every other organic part; its convolutions are more plump and more closely packed together, and the whole brain is heavier, in well-nourished men and animals in the flower of youth and vigour, than in the old, lean, or emaciated, or in those who have died of hunger or of lingering diseases.

‡ Dr. Southwood Smith (for whose observations on the enlargement of female knowledge, contained in his 'Philosophy of Health,' the wiser part of the world will honour him, and the other part yet learn to thank him) says that the pulsation of the heart goes on at the rate of *a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours, having at every stroke a great resistance to overcome*. How extreme the folly, or how lamentable the ignorance, which permits women to suffer the pressure of whalebone, steel, or ligature, to impede the operation of this important function! The same intelligent mind has likewise observed upon the wonderful provision which makes the functions of the heart, on the uninterrupted action of which life depends, independent of the will; were it not so, existence must be devoted to anxious attention to keep the heart in motion, since the cessation of that motion would be death. An effect very analogous to what this would create, may be perceived in the anxieties of dress and deportment; the mind intent on these,—the mind which cannot for a moment forget them, lest they should make a dereliction from the right line of attraction, must inevitably be incapable of receiving impression from anything else; or if at intervals it does receive such, it must be incapable of developing them. Thus it is that soldiers and ladies on parade day are so parsimonious of words. How could they present arms, &c. &c., if they were suffering any distraction from feeling or fancy?

Behold, ye scribes and pharisees, or, rather, ye accursed of the earth—ye who first planted and have since fostered the principle of making woman a mere instrument of passion—behold what ye have done for the human race! and will yet do, until a purifying whirlwind of general execration sweep ye utterly from the earth!

When we consider how serious a matter marriage is, and has proved itself, it is wonderful to observe the carelessness with which it is contracted. Want of reflection, and the various influences of a state of dependence, operate with women; and a mental reservation, grounded on their moral, or rather immoral, impunity, operates on men. But both sexes are eminently open to the charge of superficial aims. Dean Swift says that young ladies employ themselves in making *nets*, not *cages*; with the good Dean's permission, I shall say the same of young gentlemen. The aim of all youth is to *catch*; but the great art is, *keep*, if any thing worth keeping be caught. When a law is enacted, people appear to fancy that a something is supplied which may be allowed to supersede nature, and thus with some the *ceremony* of marriage is enough; in the *form* they forget the *spirit* of union. Who can *will* to love at the command of law? Who can resist to love at the command of nature? That a woman continue to love her husband, does not depend upon herself, but upon him: that a husband continue to love his wife, does not depend upon himself, but upon her. The party desiring to be loved, must continue instinct with the attraction and worth which first magnetised admiration and love,—must continue to draw a spontaneous flow of feeling towards himself, almost independently of the slower action of reason: the latter may produce cold correctness, but it is only *feeling* that can give a glowing principle of action.

It is the absence of all conception of this which so often makes *full dress* courtships end in *suits* for separation, or *habits* of discord.

The softness, the silence, the bended head and blushing cheek, all which had been so eloquent to Cyril during his brief courtship, were at the marriage festival but scentless flowers. His ardent imagination had supplied to the averted eyes of Caroline language for which he now looked into them in vain. His heart thirsted to hear her sentiments and opinions, her hopes and expectations, to discover her tastes and to minister to them,—to draw from her new inspiration. He had not the fortune of Pygmalion—the fair statue was not to be warmed or animated.

In the course of a little time, Cyril, who had been accustomed to the intercourse of those whose thoughts, if rough, were yet racy, felt the necessity of mental exhilaration, and again he sought his old companions. But he was not what he had been; his increased claims on fortune had not made her more propitious, and his

mind was haunted by impressions which preyed upon his spirits. Often would the image of the little lonely automaton, sitting sadly at his frugal, too frugal, fireside, come across his thoughts, and then the light in his fine eye would become troubled, and the flow of his language suddenly or partially fail. On the first access of these feelings, he would yield to their force and go home; but no effort of this kind was ever sustained without it met sympathy and reward. Human nature least of any part of nature stands still; deterioration is certain to take place where improvement does not proceed. Neither is association ever without its effects; the weight which we cannot raise will drag us down. Caroline, in the self-weariness of utter ignorance, in the selfishness of physical weakness, with the purposeless repining of exertionless discontent, surrendered even such negative qualities as in *her* passed for virtues, and in little more than a year after her marriage, herself and a consumptive child were objects of hopeless compassion. And Cyril—*he* whom the noblest of the sex might have taken into her heart of hearts, and, great and gracious as he was, made him even a better and a brighter being—what did *he* become? (Oh, let every sinner against society beware of the recoiling shaft, and, if he have *one* generous emotion, mourn in ashes over the innocent breast that shaft may unmeritedly strike in its way!) Cyril, the bright, buoyant Cyril—he of the flowing heart and holy hand—for it ‘was open as the day to melting charity,’—*he* yielded gradually to a mental paralysis, to arouse himself from which, and aided by the injudicious but well-intentioned efforts of his friends, he snatched the cup he had hitherto shunned, and without aid from which he had once been ‘the sun of the table’ wherever he sat.

There is no wreck over which thoughtful pity can forbear to mourn—the patriarch of the forest, when he lies, with those branches, which once seemed as though they kissed the skies, bowed to the dust—the noble bark which has braved a thousand storms and many wild voyages, when it lies a dismasted hull upon the waters waiting for wormy decay—the gallant steed, which almost outstripped the wind, when forfeited to the hounds he once outflew; but what are these, could all the feelings they command be condensed into one convulsive emotion, compared to the pang with which we contemplate the wreck of Genius? When we behold him, who was fitted to ‘move among men like a descended god,’ sold to the demon of debasement!

Let me draw a veil over the domestic wretchedness which, year by year, increased; during which Cyril grew more mad, and Caroline more weak; during which he sunk to a lower and a lower grade of convivial companions, and she formed a friendship (if such a term may be used) with her nurse, a rude, illiterate, superstitious old woman, yet eminently endowed with one redeeming quality—good-nature—which gave her a sort of maternal feeling for

the helpless young creature whom she attended through the successive times of agony, which gave three consumptive, and at last two idiot, children to the world.

One of the latter is all that is left of the brilliant Cyril and his beautiful wife, whose scene of degradation closed in death when their last surviving victim child was four years old. The poor old nurse, who preserves her benevolence amid even the dotage of second childhood, cherishes the idiot orphan with an exclusive and yearning love, and seeks for him and for herself a bitter crust in the walks of beggary!

M. L. G.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HEALTH.*

ALL who are addicted to the pursuit, or earnest for the promotion of useful science, must feel a strong interest both in the subject and the object of the work, the first volume of which is now before us.

The first title will be far from conveying to many readers a full conception of the author's meaning. The term *Health* must be understood in its widest and highest acceptation, the *mens sana in corpore sano*; the condition of well-being. Such is the interpretation fixed upon it by the second and explanatory title, which, if less taking, is less liable to be mistaken, and is really the description of the work, provided the remaining portions correspond with the commencement, which may confidently be anticipated.

Many thousand times has it been affirmed that 'the proper study of mankind is man;' but from the time of Pythagoras downwards, the repetition of the admonition to self-knowledge has been found an easier operation than that of accumulating the materials and guiding the student to their successful employment. The real promoters of this much lauded study are not those who vehemently enforce it, but those who apply to it the aids and rules of philosophizing. They are a much less numerous class. But as the mere iteration of precept is not more efficacious in science than in morals, they are the class which deserves our gratitude. Unhappily they have made but slow progress in rendering human nature the object of science. While in other regions 'the reign of Chaos and Old Night' has yielded to successful invasion, it seems to have retreated to this as a citadel where a last and long stand might be made; and it has been made. Theories of man have been, wholly or partially, nothing more than *theories*; the writers who best succeeded in one department of the great subject

* The Philosophy of Health; or an Exposition of the Physical and Mental Constitution of Man, with a view to the Promotion of Human Longevity and Happiness. By Southwood Smith, M.D. vol. i.

have usually failed in another; and the power of lucidly combining and arranging ascertained truths has not hitherto been put forth. Dr. Smith justly observes, that,

‘ Excepting as a qualification for the practice of surgery and medicine, in the curriculum of no school or college in the kingdom is an explanation of the structure and functions of the human body included. As a qualification for no profession or pursuit, in the curriculum of no school or college in England is an explanation of the phenomena of the human mind, and of the laws that govern the formation and direction of its intellectual powers, included.’

This is the want which it is the author’s object to supply. He has a distinct perception of the task which he undertakes, and of its universal importance.

‘ The object of the present work is to give a brief and plain account of the structure and functions of the body, chiefly with reference to health and disease. This is intended to be introductory to an account of the constitution of the mind, chiefly with reference to the development and direction of its powers. There is a natural connexion between these subjects, and an advantage in studying them in their natural order. Structure must be known before function can be understood: hence the science of physiology is based on that of anatomy. The mind is dependent on the body: hence an acquaintance with the physiology of the body should precede the study of the physiology of the mind. The constitution of the mind must be understood before its powers and affections can be properly developed and directed: hence a knowledge of the physiology of the mind is essential to a sound view of education and morals.’ p. 1.

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‘ Physical science has become the subject of popular attention, and men of the highest endowments, who have devoted their lives to the cultivation of this department of knowledge, conceive that they can make no better use of the treasures they have accumulated, than that of diffusing them. Of this part of the great field of knowledge, to make “the rough places plain, and the crooked places straight,” is deemed a labour second in importance only to that of extending the boundaries of the field itself. But no attempt has hitherto been made to exhibit a clear and comprehensive view of the phenomena of life; the organization upon which those phenomena depend; the physical agents essential to their production, and the laws, as far as they have yet been discovered, according to which those agents act. The consequence is, that people in general, not excepting the educated class, are wholly ignorant of the structure and action of the organs of their own bodies, the circumstances which are conducive to their own health, the agents which ordinarily produce disease, and the means by which the operation of such agents may be avoided or counteracted; and they can hardly be said to possess more information relative to the connexion between the organization of the body and the qualities of the mind, the physical condition and the mental state; the laws which regulate the production, combination, and succession of the trains of pleasurable and painful thought, and the rules deducible from those laws, having for their object

such a determination of voluntary human conduct, as may secure the pleasurable and avoid the painful.

‘ Yet nothing would seem a fitter study for man than the nature of man in this sense of the term. A knowledge of the structure and functions of the body is admitted to be indispensable to whoever undertakes, as the business of his profession, to protect those organs from injury, and to restore their action to a sound state when it has become disordered; but surely some knowledge of this kind may be useful to those who have no intention to practise physic, or to perform operations in surgery; may be useful to every human being, to enable him to take a rational care of his health, to make him observant of his own altered sensations, as indications of approaching sickness; to give him the power of communicating intelligibly with his medical adviser respecting the seat and the succession of those signs of disordered function, and to dispose and qualify him to co-operate with his physician in the use of the means employed to avert impending danger, or to remove actual disease.’ p. 2—4.

Of the author’s qualifications for so comprehensive a work there is some evidence in his appreciation of its extent and importance. This inference is well corroborated by his former publications, distinguished as they are by that unusual combination of faculties which the case requires. One of his earliest works, that on ‘ Divine Government,’ showed that he had already sounded the depths of the great questions in morals. His ‘ Funeral Oration’ over the body of Bentham indicated the progress of his speculations to a matured and systematized form. His work on ‘ Fever’ has taken its place among the standard books on physical disease. And in all these publications he has shown the true attributes of a popular philosopher, the power of ascending from the particular to the general, from facts to principles, from phenomena to laws; and also that of presenting, not only the results, but the mode of ascertaining and applying them, in an interesting and impressive manner. We could, if necessary, refer, in exemplification, to many felicitous instances of scientific generalization and of eloquent description or appeal. Such passages are of frequent occurrence in the works we have named; they are not wanting in the present volume; and from the nature of the undertaking we may expect it to be amply enriched by them in its progress.

The ‘ Introduction,’ from which we have already quoted, has a passage which might be cited as a specimen of popular argumentation, but which we transfer to our pages for a more important purpose; to promote, if we can, to any extent, the wise and beneficent purpose of the writer. The fervid eloquence of Rousseau aroused women to a sense of the physical obligations of the maternal character; well were it that the persuasion of the author of this work should incite them to become the mothers, mentally and morally, of their offspring.

‘ The second epoch of infancy (from the seventh month to the end

of the second year) is remarkable for the developement of the perceptive powers. The physical organization of the brain, which still advances with rapidity, is now capable of a greater energy, and a wider range of function. Sensation becomes more exact and varied; the intellectual faculties are in almost constant operation; speech commences, the sign, and, to a certain extent, the cause of the growing strength of the mental powers; the capacity of voluntary locomotion is acquired, while passion, emotion, affection, come into play with such constancy and energy, as to exert over the whole economy of the now irritable and plastic creature a prodigious influence for good or evil. If it be, indeed, possible to make correct moral perception, feeling, and conduct, a part of human nature, as much a part of it as any sensation or propensity—if this be possible for every individual of the human race, without exception, to an extent which would render *all* more eminently and consistently virtuous than *any* are at present, (and of the possibility of this, the conviction is the strongest in the acutest minds which have studied this subject the most profoundly,) preparation for the accomplishment of this object must be commenced at this epoch. But if preparation for this object be really commenced, it implies, on the part of those who engage in the undertaking, some degree of knowledge; knowledge of the physical and mental constitution of the individual to be influenced; knowledge of the mode, in which circumstances must be so modified in adaptation to the nature of the individual being, as to produce upon it, with uniformity and certainty, a given result. The theory of human society, according to its present institutions, supposes that this knowledge is possessed by the mother; and it supposes, further, that this adaptation will actually take place in the domestic circle through her agency. Hence the presumed advantage of having the eye of the mother always upon the child; hence the apprehension of evil so general, I had almost said instinctive, whenever it is proposed to take the infant, for the purpose of systematic physical and mental discipline, from beyond the sphere of maternal influence. But society, which thus presumes that the mother will possess the power and the disposition to do this, what expedients has it devised to endow her with the former, and to secure the formation of the latter? I appeal to every woman whose eye may rest on these pages. I ask of you, what has ever been done for you to enable you to understand the physical and mental constitution of that human nature, the care of which is imposed upon you? In what part of the course of your education was instruction of this kind introduced? Over how large a portion of your education did it extend? Who were your teachers? What have you profited by their lessons? What progress have you made in the acquisition of the requisite information? Were you at this moment to undertake the guidance of a new-born infant to health, knowledge, goodness, and happiness, how would you set about the task? How would you regulate the influence of external agents upon its delicate, tender, and highly-irritable organs, in such a manner as to obtain from them healthful stimulation, and avoid destructive excitement? What natural and moral objects would you select as the best adapted to exercise and develop its opening faculties? What feelings would you check, and what cherish? How would you excite aims; how would you apply motives? How would you avail yourself of pleasure as a final end, or as the means to some further

end? And how would you deal with the no less formidable instrument of pain? What is your own physical, intellectual, and moral state, as specially fitting you for this office? What is the measure of your own self-control, without a large portion of which no human being ever yet exerted over the infant mind any considerable influence for good? There is no philosopher, however profound his knowledge, no instructor, however varied and extended his experience, who would not enter upon this task with an apprehension proportioned to his knowledge and experience; but knowledge which men acquire only after years of study, habits which are generated in men only as the result of long-continued discipline, are expected to come to you spontaneously, to be born with you, to require on your part no culture, and to need no sustaining influence.

‘ But, indeed, it is a most inadequate expression of the fact, to say that the communication of the knowledge, and the formation of the habits which are necessary to the due performance of the duties of women, constitute no essential part of their education: the direct tendency of a great part of their education is to produce and foster opinions, feelings, and tastes, which positively disqualify them for the performance of their duties. All would be well if the marriage ceremony, which transforms the girl into the wife, conferred upon the wife the qualities which should be possessed by the mother. But it is rare to find a person capable of the least difficult part of education, namely, that of communicating instruction, even after diligent study, with a direct view to teaching; yet an ordinary girl, brought up in the ordinary mode, in the ordinary domestic circle, is intrusted with the direction and control of the first impressions that are made upon the human being, and the momentous, physical, intellectual, and moral results that arise out of those impressions!

‘ I am sensible of the total inadequacy of any remedy for this evil, short of a modification of our domestic institutions. Mere information, however complete the communication of it, can do little beyond affording a clearer conception of the end in view, and of the means fitted to secure it. Even this little, however, would be something gained; and the hope of contributing, in some degree, to the furtherance of this object, has supplied one of the main motives for undertaking the present work. Meantime, women are the earliest teachers; they must be nurses; they can be neither, without the risk of doing incalculable mischief, unless they have some understanding of the subjects about to be treated of. On these grounds I rest their *obligation* to study them; and I look upon that notion of delicacy, which would exclude them from knowledge calculated, in an extraordinary degree, to open, exalt, and purify their minds, and to fit them for the performance of their duties, as alike degrading to those to whom it affects to show respect, and debasing to the mind that entertains it.’ p. 5—11.

We will not comment on the silly affectation denounced in the last sentence. The author has rightly glanced at its origin. The false delicacies of the one sex have their source in the grossnesses of the other. This, and not mental inaptitude, is the great difficulty in the way of that amelioration which shall give

the man an intelligent friend in his wife, and the boy an efficient instructor in his mother.

The first chapter is on the characters by which living beings are distinguished from inorganic bodies, and animals from plants. It describes the phenomena of life.

The second discriminates between the apparatus and characteristics of the organic and the animal life, as combined in man; and traces their progress and decline. The natural history of death, with which this chapter concludes, has, as a composition, much of that singular and melancholy beauty wherewith a painter of genius would invest the personification of mortality.

The third chapter treats of the ultimate object of organization and life; shows pleasure to be the direct, the ordinary, and the gratuitous result of the action of the organs; and in turn, conducive to their developement and the continuance of their action. The whole of this chapter is an eloquent lecture on the morality of nature, which is alike remote from that of the ascetic and of the sensualist. It impressively portrays the superiority of intellectual over animal enjoyment, and of the sympathetic over the selfish propensities. We take a fragment of the former of these contrasts:

‘ But if the pleasures that arise from the ordinary operations of sense form, in the aggregate, an incalculable sum, how great is the accession brought to this stock by the endowments next in order in the ascending scale, namely, the intellectual faculties !

‘ There is one effect resulting from the operation of the intellectual faculties on the senses that deserves particular attention. The higher faculties elevate the subordinate in such a manner as to make them altogether new endowments. In illustration of this, it will suffice to notice the change wrought, as if in the very nature of sensation, the moment it becomes combined with an intellectual operation, as exemplified in the difference between the intellectual conception of beauty, and the mere perception of sense. The grouping of the hills that bound that magnificent valley which I behold at this moment spread out before my view; the shadow of the trees at the base of some of them, stretching its deep and varied outline up the sides of others; the glancing light now brightening a hundred different hues of green on the broad meadows, and now dancing on the upland fallows; the ever-moving, ever-changing clouds; the scented air; the song of birds; the still more touching music which the breeze awakens in the scarcely trembling branches of those pine trees,—the elements of which this scene is composed, the mere objects of sense, the sun, the sky, the air, the hills, the woods, and the sounds poured out from them, impress the senses of the animals that graze in the midst of them; but on their senses they fall dull and without effect, exciting no perception of their loveliness, and giving no taste of the pleasures they are capable of affording. Nor even in the human being, whose intellectual faculties have been uncultivated, do they awaken either emotions or ideas; the clown sees them, hears them, feels them no more than the herds he tends: yet in

him whose mind has been cultivated and unfolded, how numerous and varied the impressions, how manifold the combinations, how exquisite the pleasures produced by objects such as these!

And from the more purely intellectual operations, from memory, comparison, analysis, combination, classification, induction, how still nobler the pleasure! Not to speak of the happiness of him who, by his study of natural phenomena, at length arrived at the stupendous discovery that the earth and all the stars of the firmament move, and that the feather falls to the ground, by the operation of one and the same physical law; nor of the happiness of him who sent his kite into the cloud, and brought down from its quiet bed the lightning which he suspected was slumbering there; nor of the happiness of him who concentrated, directed, and controlled that mighty power which has enabled the feeble hand of man to accomplish works greater than have been feigned of fabled giant; which has annihilated distance; created, by economizing, time; changed in the short space in which it has been in operation the surface of the habitable globe; and is destined to work upon it more and greater changes than have been affected by all other causes combined; nor of the happiness of him who devoted a longer life with equal success to a nobler labour, that of REARING THE FABRIC OF FELICITY BY THE HAND OF REASON AND OF LAW. The intellectual pleasures of such men as Newton, Franklin, Watt, and Bentham, can be *equalled* only by those who possess equal intellectual power, and who put forth equal intellectual energy; to be greatly happy as they were, it were necessary to be as highly endowed; but to be happy, it is not necessary to be so endowed. In the ordinary intellectual operations of ordinary men, in their ordinary occupations, there is happiness. Every human being whose moments have passed with winged speed, whose day has been short, whose year is gone almost as soon as it seemed commenced, has derived from the exercise of his intellectual faculties pleasures countless in number and inestimable in value.' p. 87—89.

Chapter IV. illustrates the relation between the physical condition and happiness, and between happiness and longevity. The author has here availed himself largely of the evidence from statistics in support of his position; and many very curious results are given from the calculations of Mr. Finlaison, the actuary of the National Debt, a gentleman who has turned his extraordinary command of numbers, tables, and statistical documents, to account, for a variety of interesting purposes; and thus elicited many unexpected illustrations of that connexion of all sciences, which mere men of science have been so slow to discern, but which is unspeakably important in the application of science to the affairs of life, so as to derive from it the largest quantum of utility.

We must refer our readers to the work itself for the many remarkable statements of this chapter. The general conclusion to which they point is the increased duration of life; its rapidly progressive value in this country especially, and the important and satisfactory truth, that whatever is added to human life is added to its best period—is the prolongation of its maturity.

Decrepit age, like infancy and juvenility, is a fixed term, and incapable, generally speaking, of extension.

In the fifth chapter commences the exposition of 'the processes of life and the influence of physical and moral agents upon them,' and continues to the end of the volume. The difficulty of making this exposition sufficiently clear without the actual demonstration of the objects, has been successfully grappled with, by means of numerous and well-executed drawings, which, although some of them are necessarily on a very reduced scale, are yet so distinct and well arranged as to accomplish all that was practicable.

The nature of the subject, and the scanty space we can assign to it, prevent our doing more than earnestly directing the attention of our readers to a work which, when completed, will give its author no mean place among the beneficent instructors of mankind. The subject of it is necessarily a *study*; but the combination of the manner in which it is here treated, with its universal importance, will, we hope, render it increasingly a *popular study*.

POETRY,

BY THE AUTHOR OF CORN LAW RHYMES.

1. A THUNDER STORM IN WINTER.

HE spake to eye and ear! and, like a tree
 Rooted in heaven, shot down the branchy flame,
 While the blue moonlight vanished suddenly:
 Brighter than light on snow the brightness came,
 Filling the vales with forests of strange fire,
 The streams with blood; and flinging o'er the cloud
 Banners of crimson, laced with silver wire.
 Down to mute earth the giant darkness bowed,
 Giving the hill immeasurable height,
 That propped the sky; then changed the troubled form,
 While from his bosom fell the headlong weight
 Of vollied hail; and whispering through the storm,
 The thunder spake again: 'What fear'st thou? live, poor worm!'

2. PROLOGUE TO THE CORN LAW RHYMES.

FOR thee, my country, thee, do I perform
 Sternly, the duty of a man born free;
 Heedless, though ass and wolf, and venomous worm,
 Shake ears, and fangs, with brandished bray at me;
 Alone, as Crusoe, on th' all hostile sea,
 For thee, for us, for ours, do I upraise
 The standard of my song! for thine and mine,
 I toll the knell of England's better days;
 And lift my hated voice, that mine and thine
 May undegrade the human form divine.

Perchance that voice, if heard, is heard too late ;
 The buried dust of Tyre may wake, and sway
 Reconquer'd seas ; but what shall renovate
 The dead alive, who dread no judgment-day ?
 Souls, whom the lust of gold hath turn'd to clay ?
 And what but scorn and slander will reward
 The rabble's poet, and his honest song ?
 Gambler for blanks ! thou play'st an idiot's card ;
 For, sure to fall, the weak attack the strong.
 Aye, but what strength is theirs, whose might is based on wrong ?

3. FROM GOETHE.

✓ How like a stithy is this land !
 And we lie on it, like good metal
 Long hammer'd by a senseless hand !
 But will such thumping make a kettle ?

4. ON AN ORIGINAL SKETCH DRAWN WITH A PENCIL ON A WALL BY MY
 SON FRANCIS.

✓ I SAW a head,—a young but lifeless face,
 On its dark hair and two white wings, reposed,
 As on a pillow. Tears had left their trace
 Down each sad cheek ; beneath dim eyes, half-closed,
 The calm lips smiled ; and like a sky arose,
 Amid thick curls, the forehead, armed for thought.
 It lay, as if the soul—though worn with woes,
 And bathed in parting tears—serenely sought
 For strength in sleep, before it wing'd its flight
 From darkness, doubt, and dust, to dwell with God in light.

5. LEGION, A PORTRAIT.

✓ WALLOWING in wealth, and yet an almoner,
 Shark goes not to the workhouse for his pay,
 But wrings his bread-tax from the labourer ;
 Then to the treadmill takes his righteous way,
 To see his victim-vagabonds display
 Their British virtues—but *he* never treads !
 In vain the merchant pleads for leave to sell ;
 In vain for leave to toil the labourer pleads ;
 In vain to Shark of ruined trade we tell !
 Oh, for a law to purge this demon's hell,
 And cast out fiends ! or teach the nuisance vile
 He must not make the general loss his gain !
 Or whip him naked through the bankrupt isle !
 That he may reap some portion of the pain
 With which he sows our hearths, and so restrain
 His devilish appetite for famine's tears !

6. SONG.

OH! why is gladness turned to woe?
 And wealth to beggary, too?
 John Payall, if thou dost not know,
 Ask Blucher's Waterloo!

And why doth hope take wing and fly?
 And why is conscience gone?
 Ask Pitt, in hell—or, by and by,
 Ask Famine's Wellington!

7. ANDREW JACKSON.

FROM sordid thralldom, and a shameful ban,
 Who hath redeemed aspersed democracy?
 King-loathed Columbia's brave and wise old man.
 Rejoice, oh world! God said, 'Let Jackson be!'
 And at his feet died swollen Monopoly!
 Rejoice! his triumph saves no single state,
 But every state; it saith, 'Let trade be free!'
 Lone Washington! another good and great
 Hath earned a deathless name—and every villain's hate.

AN EVENING WITH CHARLES LAMB AND COLERIDGE.

IT is a good thing early to teach children a veneration for those above them; above them not by the possession of derived honours, whether of rank or wealth, but of some inherent quality, developed in corresponding action, either of a moral or intellectual nature. It gives a beyond to the life of a child; it assists in promoting that onward and upward tending which is the soul of progression. And although, too often, in the warmth of the heart's religion, it may offer up incense at an unworthy shrine,—although the idol may fail upon nearer communion, and the deified man or woman be found but mortal,—yet it still retains its faith, not to be wasted in fruitless disappointment, but to be cherished, enriched, and preserved,—a precious offering, awaiting the advent of a worthier object to whom it may be dedicated. This feeling of veneration, early cultivated, has a rich value in elevating the mind, and redeeming it from the bondage of that conceit of self, which is a great stumbling block to improvement; and beyond that, may be made a means of procuring some of the best and happiest sensations that mere reciprocity can bring. It adds a charm to reality beyond itself; it prepares the way for that reality till it becomes reality better worth having through its influence. How often has this been proved! How often, when a name has been mentioned that has signalized itself either as poet, patriot, actor, artist, or

philanthropist, it has seemed to create a purer atmosphere around, and redeemed many a moment from the common-place routine of mere matter-of-fact existence. To catch a glimpse of any one of these deified portions of humanity in the streets, has been sufficient to make the heart beat with doubled motion, and many a time has served to refresh the tired feet and send them on their way rejoicing. And when Fortune has been so dear a friend as to bring the chance of seeing them face to face,—of hearing them speak, perchance,—of having a word or look that one might appropriate, (selfish this, but so it has been,)—the head has ‘grown dizzy at the thought,’ and has revelled in anticipation as blessed as must have been that of an ancient mythologist at the thought of a banquet with the gods. It was during a worshipful time like this, upon a bright sunshiny spring morning, worthy such an announcement, that a friend said, ‘Come to me next Tuesday, I am going to Charles Lamb’s—Coleridge is to be there—and you shall go with me.’ My heart was on its knees the next minute, and for the two or three intervening days I trod on air; I lived in a dream of some coming good, at times mingled with the fear lest it should never arrive. It was not to see these objects of worship in a crowd, where I might, perchance, hear a word, or catch a glimpse, as one does at the prime picture of an exhibition, between the chinks of people’s bodies, but to see them for hours uninterruptedly; to see them in the character of friends to each other, when there would be no influence of the world upon them; to watch them, listen to them, without losing look or word; to see Coleridge with the ‘Charles’ of his sonnets, and the ‘Mary’ of his songs; to fill one’s ears with the heart’s talk of two poets, so much the purer for its being uncontaminated by the desire for fame. The time came nearer and nearer, and at last the very day, and I called for my kind pleasure purveyor, and we walked together to the well-remembered quaint-looking house by the canal, which had seen so many worthy of note pass along its banks, and, alas for the *absent*, one walk into itself instead,—one of the generation who, in their moods of abstraction, ‘know not their right hand from their left,’ nor unstable water from *terrâ firmâ*. Rap at the door, with the heart beating quite as strongly; open—in—speaking in a whisper as if we had entered a cathedral. How difficult is it to give a faithful record of past impressions! Since those days, ‘old things have passed away, and all things are become new.’ I am not the same I that I was then, and the two I’s encounter on the way and stare at one another in strange bewilderment. It is not with the facts themselves, but with the inferences drawn from those facts, that change has been so busy. How he came, or when he came, or whether they were there when we entered, is all forgotten; but I have them distinctly before me as if it were yesterday. Coleridge, with his clear, calm, blue eyes and expansive forehead,—his sweet, child-like, unruffled

expression of face,—his painful voice, which, in spite of all the beauties and treasures it was the means of bringing to you, had yet such an expression in its tone of long suffering and patient endurance, as at first to prevent the sensation excited by his extraordinary power of conversation being one of perfect enjoyment. I had heard much of this power, but no description, however vivid, could give an idea of the uninterrupted outpouring of poetry in the spoken prose that streamed from his lips. It was a realization of the fairy tale of the enchanted child; he never opened his mouth but out came a precious gem, a pearl beyond all price, which all around gathered up to hoard in the cabinet of their memories. His figure was tall and somewhat inclined to corpulency; its expression was, like that of his voice, one of suffering borne long and patiently. There was a certain air of dissatisfaction—no, unsatisfiedness,—(how different are the two!) which set the mind busily to work to discover why, with all the choice gifts with which genius had blessed him, he should not be entirely happy. The mystery has been since unriddled; he had never known the reality of love; he had dreamt of it in his poems, but while seeking to make his dependence upon it in his own existence, it had failed him. He was a slave to the laws which doom a creature, who has mated mistakenly, either to live for ever in joyless companionship, or to live a solitary in the depths of his heart's affections, without hope of possessing that one sympathy which is essential to the developement of man's noblest, best, and most happiness-giving attributes. There was the secret of the painful voice and of the suffering form; and there, too, was the secret of his recourse to the dram of opium, that hypocritical thing which pretends to relieve the suffering which it eventually aggravates.

The character of Charles Lamb's person was in total contrast to that of Coleridge. His strongly-marked, deeply-lined face, furrowed more by feeling than age, like an engraving by Blake, where every line told its separate story, or like a finely chiselled head done by some master in marble, where every touch of the chisel marked some new attribute. Yet withal there was so much sweetness and playfulness lurking about the corners of the mouth, that it gave to the face the extraordinary character of flexible granite. His figure was small even to spareness. It was as if the soul within, in its constant restless activity, had worn the body to its smallest possibility of existence. There was an equal amount of difference in his conversation from that of Coleridge, as there was in his person. It was not one uninterrupted flow, but a periodical production of sentences, short, telling, full of wit, philosophy, at times slightly caustic, though that is too strong a word for satire which was of the most good-natured kind. There was another essential point of difference. In Coleridge might be detected a certain consciousness of being listened to, and at times

an evident getting up of phrases, a habit almost impossible to be avoided in a practised conversationalist. In Charles Lamb there was a perfect absence of this; all that he said was choice in its humour, true in its philosophy; but the racy freshness, that was like an atmosphere of country air about it, was better than all; the perfect simplicity, absence of all conceit, child-like enjoyment of his own wit, and the sweetness and benevolence that played about the rugged face, gave to it a charm in no way inferior to the poetical enjoyment derived from the more popular conversation of his friend. Another difference might be observed; that Coleridge's metaphysics seemed based in the study of his own individual nature more than the nature of others, while Charles Lamb seemed not for a moment to rest on self, but to throw his whole soul into the nature of circumstances and things around him. These differences served only to heighten the enjoyment of witnessing the long-enduring genuine friendship existing between the two,—the three, (for why should 'Mary' be excluded?)—wrought out of mingling sympathies and felicitous varieties. In Charles Lamb, as in Coleridge, at times there was a melancholy in the face which partook of the nature of his individual character. It was not dissatisfaction; it was not gloom: but it seemed to say that he had had more affection, more gushing tenderness of feeling, than he had met with objects on whom to expend it. His 'Dream Children'* is sufficient proof of this. Had he married his 'Alice,' had they been realities of little (the pun is irresistible) Lambs playing about him, this might not have been. How he would have joked with them, laughed with them, delighted to watch them for the sake of the thousand beauties he would have discovered in daily developement; though much more that they were the children of her whom he loved, transmitters of her loveliness and worth, so many receptacles of her soul, which they would bear down as a blessing to posterity, to give to others who should come after him the like joy which she had bestowed upon him. But then what would the world have done for want of his 'Elia,' for would he not have been engrossed with the 'cares of a family,' or with the sense of his own enjoyment? Assuredly not; they would have stimulated him to greater literary exertions, and we should have had such stories of happy love, such descriptions of summer gambols in the green wood and winter frolickings by the fire-side, Midsummer merry-makings and Christmas carollings, as would have made a gladsome echo through the world, and have taught it a lesson of which it is yet so ignorant, the nature and ministry of true and pure and devoted love. But what would have become of the following letter, with which we have been favoured, and which goes to prove that he was not all alone in the world—in his world, that is to say? It was written to a

* One of the papers of 'Elia.'

friend who had sent him a copy of the old romance *Astræa*:—
 ‘Dear C—. Your books are as the gushing streams in a desert:
 * * * “Rank and Talent” you shall have, when Mrs.
 M— has done with ’em. Mary likes Mrs. Bedinfield much.
 For me I read nothing but *ASTRÆA*; it has turned my brain. I
 go about with a switch turned up at the end for a crook; and,
 Lambs being too old, the butcher tells me, my cat follows me in a
 green riband. Becky* and her cousin are getting pastoral dresses,
 and then we shall all four go about Arcadizing. “O cruel
 shepherdess! inconstant yet fair, and more inconstant for being
 fair!” Her gold ringlets fell in a disorder superior to order!
 Come and join us. I am called the black shepherd. You shall
 be C— with a tuft.’—And what would have become of Mary
 and her pseudonyme budget, and where would have been the
 indivisible brother and sisterhood, the heart and home sharing
 they had together their whole lives through, the strong affection
 which defied all change of time or circumstance,—all, save the
 power of the great enemy who has now separated them? Was he
 not cruel in so doing? Would it not have been mercy to have
 made them sharers in death as they had been in life? to have
 made them go hand in hand to their last quiet home together?

Coleridge, on the evening in question, spoke of death with —
 fear; not from the dread of punishment, not from the shrinking
 from physical pain, but he said he had a horror lest, after the
 attempt to ‘shuffle off this mortal coil,’ he should yet ‘be thrown
 back upon himself.’ Charles Lamb kept silence, and looked
 sceptical; and, after a pause, said suddenly, ‘One of the things
 that made me question the particular inspiration they ascribed to
 Jesus Christ, was his ignorance of the character of Judas Isca-
 riot. Why did not he and his disciples kick him out for a rascal,
 instead of receiving him as a disciple?’ Coleridge smiled very
 quietly, and then spoke of some person (name forgotten) who
 had been making a comparison between himself and Wordsworth
 as to their religious faith. ‘They said, although I was an
 atheist, we were upon a par, for that Wordsworth’s Christianity
 was very like Coleridge’s atheism; and Coleridge’s atheism was
 very like Wordsworth’s Christianity.’ After some time he moved
 round the room to read the different engravings that hung upon
 the walls. One, over the mantel-piece, especially interested his
 fancy. There were only two figures in the picture, both women.
 One was of a lofty, commanding stature, with a high intellectual
 brow, and of an abbess-like deportment. She was standing in
 grave majesty, with the finger uplifted, in the act of monition to
 a young girl beside her. The face was in profile, and somewhat
 severe in its expression; but this was relieved by the richness
 and grace of the draperies in which she was profusely enveloped.

* The servant.

The girl was in the earliest and freshest spring of youth, lovely and bright, with a somewhat careless and inconsiderate air, and she seemed but half inclined to heed the sage advice of her elder companion. She held in her hand a rose, with which she was toying, and had she been alive you would have expected momentarily to see it taken between the taper fingers, and scattered in wilful profusion. Coleridge uttered an expression of admiration, and then, as if talking to himself, apostrophized in some such words as these: 'There she stands, with the world all before her: to her it is as a fairy dream, a vision of unmingled joy. To her it is as is that lovely flower, which woos her by its bright hue and fragrant perfume. Poor child! must thou too be reminded of the thorns that lurk beneath? Turn thee to thy monitress! she bids thee clasp not too closely pleasures that lure but to wound thee. Look into her eloquent eyes; listen to her pleading voice; her words are words of wisdom; garner them up in thy heart; and when the evil days come, the days in which thou shalt say "I find no pleasure in them," remember her as thus she stood, and, with uppointing finger, bade thee think of the delights of heaven—that heaven which is ever ready to receive the returning wanderer to its rest.'

He spoke of the effect of different sounds upon his sensations; said, of all the pains the sense of hearing ever brought to him, that of the effect made by a dog belonging to some German conjurer was the greatest. The man pretended that the dog would answer, 'Ich bedanke mein herr,' when anything was given to it; and the effort and contortion made by the dog to produce the required sound, proved that the scourge, or some similar punishment, had been applied to effect it. In contrast to this was the homage he rendered to the speaking voice of Mrs. Jordan, on which he expatiated in such rapturous terms, as if he had been indebted to it for a sixth sense. He said that it was the exquisite witchery of her tone that suggested an idea in his 'Remorse,' that if Lucifer had had permission to retain his angel voice, hell would have been hell no longer. In the course of the evening the talented editor of the 'Comic Annual' made his appearance. He was then known only by his Hogarthian caricature of 'the Progress of Cant,' upon which Coleridge complimented him. After some time he introduced many of his etchings, which were then unknown to the world, and they were the means of exciting in Coleridge the first genuine hearty laugh I had seen. If one had not admired entirely, it would have been enough to have made him envied. Laugh after laugh followed as the square tablets (trump cards in the pack of the genius of caricature) were laid upon the table, and a merry game it was for all. The effect was not a little increased by the extreme quietude of their master, who stood by without uttering a word, except with the corners of his mouth, where the rich fund of humour which

had furnished the treat we were enjoying, was speaking more intelligibly than any words. He went, and the time went, and the supper went; and at last it was time for Coleridge to go too, for he had the walk to Highgate all before him. His friend begged earnestly that he might walk with him, but without avail. There was an affectionate parting, as if they had been boys rather than men, and it seemed to concentrate their lives into that minute. It recalled the meetings and partings of other days; the wanderings by the lakes; the many minglings in social union; a whole host of recollections seemed to crowd around and enclose them in a magic circle. Coleridge lingered on the threshold, as if he were leaving what had been a part of his heart's home for many years; and again he who had been his companion in many a mountain ramble, many a stroll 'in dale, forest, and mead, by paved fountain and by rushy brook, and on the beached margent of the sea,' would fain have kept up the old companionship even though it was night, and the way had no such temptations. Another grasp of the hand, and a kiss of affection on Mary's cheek, and he was gone. I never saw him again; and Charles Lamb and his sister but once since; and that was a few months ago in the street. He had aged considerably, but it scarcely excited melancholy, for Mary was with him like a good guardian angel. They had that same country air freshness about them; they looked unlike everything around; there was an elderly respectability about them; not the modern upstart, prig of a word, but the genuine old china, old plate, bright, black, mahogany air, which is now almost departed. I watched them earnestly; a vague feeling that it was something I should never see again; and so it has happened. He has followed his friend, and in time his sister will follow him; and thus goes the world. The wise and the good, those we have looked up to from our childhood as something too high for our reach, like the stars above us, whose bright history we seek in vain to know, vanish from our sight, and leave us in darkness—no, not in darkness—their works have *not* followed them; they live and breathe, and infuse new life and breath into those who come after them; and many more are rising to fill their places, and the world is daily becoming purer and holier through their influence. Peace and a benediction upon their memories!

S. Y.

NOTES ON SOME OF THE MORE POPULAR DIALOGUES OF PLATO.

No. IV.

THE APOLOGY OF SOCRATES.

(Continued from page 121.)

PERHAPS, now, some one may say, 'Art thou not then ashamed, O Socrates, of practising a pursuit from which thou art now in danger of death?' To such a person I may justly make answer, 'Thou speakest not well, O friend, if thou thinkest that a man should calculate the chances of living or dying (altogether an unimportant matter); instead of considering this only, when he does anything, whether what he does be just or unjust, the act of a good or of a bad man. For by thy way of thinking, the demigods who perished at Troy are worthy of no admiration; even the son of Thetis, who so despised danger in comparison with any dishonour, that when his mother, a goddess, said to him when eager to slay Hector, "My son, if thou avenge thy friend Patroclus, and destroy Hector, thou thyself wilt die," he, fearing much more to live unworthy and not avenge his friends, than to die, answered, "May I die immediately, after punishing the man who has injured me, that I may not remain the scoff of my countrymen, a burthen to the earth."'

Thus it is, O Athenians: wheresoever our post is,—whether we choose it, thinking it the best, or are placed in it by a superior,—there, as I hold, we ought to remain, and suffer all chances, neither reckoning death nor any other consequence as worse than dishonour. I, therefore, should be greatly in the wrong, O Athenians, if when I was commanded by the superiors whom you set over me, at Potidæa and Amphipolis and Delium,* I remained (like other people) where those superiors posted me, and perilled my life; but when, as I believed, the god commanded me, and bade me pass my life in philosophizing, and examining myself and others, then, fearing either death or anything else, I should abandon my post. Then, indeed, might I with justice be brought before the tribunal, and accused of not believing in gods; if I disobeyed their oracles, and feared death, and thought myself wise, not being so. To be afraid of death, O Athenians, is to fancy ourselves wise, not being so; for it is to fancy that we know what we do not know. No one knows whether death is not the greatest possible good to man. But people fear it, as if they knew it to be the greatest of evils. What is this but the most discreditable ignorance, to think we know what we know not? I, O Athenians, differ perhaps in this from persons in general; (and if I am wiser than any other person it is probably in this,) that not knowing sufficiently about a future state, I do not fancy I know. This, however, I do know; that to do injustice, and to resist the injunctions of one who is better than myself, be he god or man, is evil and disgraceful. I shall not, therefore, fly to the evils which I know to be evils, from fear of that which, for aught I know, may be a good.

If, therefore, you were to acquit me, (in spite of the predictions of Anytus, who said that either I ought not to have been tried, or if tried, it is impossible not to put me to death, since if I escape, all your sons

* Allusion to battles and sieges, well known to all readers of Grecian history, and at which Socrates had eminently distinguished himself.

will practise the instructions of Socrates, and be ruined) ; if, to prevent these consequences, you should say to me, ' O Socrates, we will now, in spite of what Anytus said, let you off, but upon condition that you shall no longer persevere in your search, in your philosophizing ; if you are again convicted of doing so, you shall be put to death'—If, I say, you should let me off on these conditions, I should say to you,—O Athenians, I love and cherish you, but I will obey the god rather than you ; and as long as I breathe, and it is not out of my power, I will not cease to philosophize, and to exhort you to philosophy, and point out the way to whomsoever among you I fall in with ; saying, as I am wont, ' O most worthy person, art thou, an Athenian, of the greatest city and the most celebrated for wisdom and power, not ashamed that thou studiest to possess as much money as possible, and reputation, and honour, but concernest not thyself even to the smallest degree about Intellect, and Truth, and the well-being of thy mental nature ?' And if any of you shall dispute the fact, and say that he does concern himself about these things, I will not let him off, or depart, but will question him, and examine, and confute him ; and if he seem to me not to possess virtue, but to assert that he does, I will reproach him for valuing least what is highest worth, and highest what is most worthless. This will I do both to young and old, whomsoever I meet with ; to citizen and stranger, but most to my fellow-citizens, as connected with me by a nearer tie. For these, as you well know, are the commands of the god. And to me it appears, that no good can happen to the state greater than my service of the god : for I pass my whole time doing nothing whatever but inciting you, both the young and the old, to care neither for body nor estate in preference to, nor in comparison with, the excellence of the soul ; telling you that wealth does not produce virtue, but virtue wealth, and all other good things, to mankind, both collectively and individually. If, then, saying these things, I corrupt the youth, these things must be noxious : for if any one asserts that I say any other things than these, he speaks falsely. I say, therefore, O Athenians, whether you believe Anytus or not, whether you acquit me or not, let it be with the knowledge that I shall do no other things than these—not though I should die many deaths.

Do not clamour, O Athenians, but abide by what I requested of you, not to bawl out against what I say, but to listen to it ; and I think you will be the better for hearing it. I have still some other things to say, at which you will, perhaps, cry out ; but I exhort you not to do so. Know well, O Athenians, that if you put me to death, being such as I describe myself, you will not hurt me more than you will hurt yourselves. Me Anytus and Melitus will not hurt ; they cannot. It is not permitted that a better man should be hurt by a worse. Kill me, or exile me, or deprive me of civic rights, they may. And these, to Melitus, perhaps, and to others as well as him, may appear great evils ; but not to me. To do what he is now doing, to attempt to kill another man unjustly, seems to me a far greater evil. Nor am I now, O Athenians, as you may perhaps suppose, pleading for myself,—far from it,—but for you ; that you may not, by condemning me, commit a crime against the gift which the god has given to you. For if you kill me, you will not easily find another person like me, who in sober truth (though it may sound ridiculous) am sent by the god to this city, as to a strong and generous horse, who is somewhat sluggish from his size, and requires to be stimulated

by a stinging insect. The god, as it seems to me, has given me to you as such an insect, to goad you by persuasions and reproaches, settling upon one of you after another. You will not, O Athenians, easily find another such man: and therefore, if you take my advice, you will spare me. But you, perhaps, being angry, like sleepers awakened, will strike at me, and being persuaded by Anytus, will inconsiderately put me to death; and then pass the remainder of your lives in slumber, unless the god in his care for you should send to you some one else.

That I am such a person as one bestowed on you by the god might be expected to be, you may judge from this: it is not like the ways of mere humanity, to neglect all my own concerns, and let my private affairs be so many years uncared for, devoting myself to *your* interests; seeking each of you, as if I were his father or his elder brother, and inciting him to the pursuit of virtue. If I gained anything by it, and gave these exhortations for pay or reward, there would be something intelligible in it. But now you yourselves see, that my accusers, shameless as they have shown themselves in all their other accusations, could not carry their shamelessness so far as to affirm, producing testimony, that I ever took or asked reward from any one: for I have truly a good and sufficient witness to my assertion, my poverty.

Perhaps it may appear strange that I go about and busy myself with giving these exhortations in private, but do not venture to come forward in public and advise the people in the public assembly. The cause of this is, what you have often heard me speak of; that I have a divine (or dæmonic) monitor; which Melitus alluded to in the indictment, and ludicrously perverted. This is, a voice, which from my childhood upwards has occasionally visited me, always to dissuade me from something which I was about to do, but never instigating me to any thing. It is this voice which opposes my meddling in public affairs. And rightly, in my opinion, has it done so: for know, Athenians, that if I had long ago attempted to interfere in politics, I should long ago have perished, and done no good either to you or myself. And be not angry with me for saying the truth. It is impossible that any human being should escape destruction, who sincerely opposes himself to you, or to any other multitude, and strives to prevent many injustices and illegalities from being transacted in the state. He who means really to contend for the right, if he would be unharmed for even a short time, must keep to private, and avoid public life.

I will produce to you signal proofs of this; not words, but, what you most honour, deeds. Hear, then, the things which have happened to me; that you may know that I would never, from the fear of death, have succumbed to any one contrary to justice, and not succumbing, would inevitably have been destroyed. What I will tell you, may sound arrogant and presuming; but it is true.

The only office I ever held in the state, O Athenians, was that of a member of the Senate of Five Hundred; and it fell to my tribe (the tribe Antiochis) to preside, when you decided that the ten generals, accused of not taking up the bodies of the slain in the seafight,* should be tried collectively; an illegal decision, as since that time has become the

* The celebrated trial of the ten generals who gained the battle of Arginusæ: one of the most disgraceful blots in the Athenian annals.

opinion of you all. On that occasion, I alone of the Prytanes* resisted you doing any thing contrary to law. The orators cried out to indict me instantly and drag me to prison, and you assented by acclamation ; but I preferred to run all risks on the side of justice and the law, rather than to join with you in an unjust resolve from fear of chains or death. This happened while the state was under a democracy. When an oligarchy succeeded, the Thirty sent for me and four others to the Tholus,† and commanded us to proceed to Salamis and bring from thence Leon, the Salaminian, that he might be put to death. They at that time gave such commands to many persons, wishing to compromise the greatest number of persons possible as accomplices in their proceedings. I then, not by word but by deed, proved that I do not care one jot for death, but every thing for avoiding any unjust or impious action. That government, powerful as it was, did not intimidate me into any act of injustice ; but when we quitted the Tholus, the other four went to Salamis and brought Leon from thence, but I returned home. Perhaps this would have cost me my life, had not that government soon after been overthrown. To these facts I can produce many witnesses.

Do you think, then, that I could have lived so many years, if I had mingled in public affairs, and, as befits a good man, had always given my aid to the just cause, and made that, as I ought, my grand object? Far from it, O Athenians ; neither I nor any other man. But I, throughout my whole life, and in whatever public transaction I may have been engaged in, shall always be found such as I am in private, never tolerating the slightest violation of justice, either in any one else, or in those whom my calumniators assert to be my disciples. But I have never been any one's teacher ; though if any one, whether young or old, desired to stand by and listen to me, speaking and following my own path, I never grudged to allow him. Neither is it my practice to converse with people when they pay me money, and not otherwise ; but I permit rich and poor alike to question me, or if they please, to answer my questions, and to hear what I have to say. And whether any of these turn out a good or a bad man, I cannot justly be held accountable,‡ since I never taught nor undertook to teach them anything. If any one affirms that he ever learnt or heard from me in private, any thing but what all other persons have heard, be assured that he speaks falsely.

But why, then, do some persons take pleasure in frequenting my society? You have already heard, O Athenians ; I have told you the whole truth ; they like to hear those persons exposed, who fancy themselves wise and are not ; for it is not unpleasant. But to me, as I affirm, it has been enjoined by the god to do this,—enjoined in oracles, and in dreams, and in every other way in which Divine ordinance commands anything to a human being.

* Among the functions of the senate of Five Hundred, was that of furnishing a committee of fifty (styled the Prytanes) to preside and take the suffrages of the people in the general assembly. The senate consisted of fifty members from each of the ten tribes ; each tribe (i. e. its fifty representatives) performed the office of Prytanes in its turn.

† A public building at Athens, where the Thirty Tyrants, as we may infer from this passage, transacted business.

‡ We are told in Xenophon's 'Memorials of Socrates,' that nothing contributed more to his condemnation, than the fact that Critias (the chief of the abhorred Thirty) and Alcibiades, had, in their youth, been reckoned among his disciples.

These things, O Athenians, are true; and could easily be disproved, if they were not. For if I corrupt some of the young men, and have already corrupted others, they, if any of them growing older have perceived that I had given them evil counsels when young, ought to appear now, and charge me with it, and punish me; or if they were unwilling, some of their relations, their fathers or brothers, if these people have suffered any evil from me, should remember it now. There are many such persons present, whom I now see; Criton, my contemporary and member of the same ward,* the father of Critobulus, here present; Lysanias, the father of Æschines, who is present; Antiphon, the father of Epigenes; others, again, whose brothers have kept company with me; Nicostratus, the son of Theodotides, brother of Theodotus; (Theodotus himself is dead, and therefore cannot have dissuaded his brother from appearing against me;) Paralus, the son of Demodocus, whose brother Theages was; Adeimantus, the son of Ariston, and brother of Plato here; Æantodorus, brother of this Apollodorus; and many others I could mention. Some one of these, Melitus should have produced as a witness; and if he then forgot, let him produce them now, and I will give place. But you will find the very contrary of this, O judges; they are all eager to assist me—the corrupter and injurer of their relatives, as Melitus and Anytus affirm. Those indeed, who have themselves been corrupted by me, might naturally enough be supposed to take my side: but the uncorrupted, some of them elderly men, the relatives of the others—what reason can they have for aiding me, but the right and just one, their knowledge that Melitus is a calumniator, and that I speak the truth?

These things, O Athenians, and such as these, are what I have to say in my defence. Perhaps some one among you may be displeased with me, when he bethinks himself that in the trial which preceded mine, the accused, though he had less at stake, entreated the judges, with many tears; and brought hither, to excite their pity, his children, and others of his relations and friends; while I shall do nothing of the kind, although the penalty which, as it may seem, I am in danger of, is the severest of all. Some of you, perhaps, thinking of these things, may feel harshly towards me, and may give an angry vote. If any one among you feels thus, which I hope is not the case, I think I may very properly hold the following discourse to him. I too, most worthy person, have relatives: I am not (as Homer says) sprung from an oak tree, or from a rock, but from human beings; and I have not only relations, but three sons, O Athenians; one of them a youth, the two others still children. Nevertheless, I shall not, bringing any of them here, implore you to acquit me. And why? Not from pride, O Athenians, nor from disdain of you; but for this reason: whether I look upon death with courage or with fear is another matter: but with a view to our reputation, both mine and yours, and that of the city itself, it does not seem to me honourable that I should do such things at my age, and with such a name as I have, whether merited or not. Men certainly believe that Socrates is in some way superior to the multitude of mankind. It would be shameful if those among you who are esteemed superior to the rest, whether in wisdom or in courage, or in any other virtue, should conduct themselves like so many others whom I have seen on their trial,

and who might have been taken for people of some account, but who moved heaven and earth to be acquitted, as if it were something dreadful to die; as though they expected to be immortal unless you should put them to death. Such persons appear to me to bring discredit on the city; a foreigner might conclude that the most virtuous among the Athenians, they whom the Athenians select from themselves as the worthiest, for public offices and other honours, are in nothing superior to women. Such things, O Athenians, we, who are thought to be of some account, ought neither to do, nor if we did, ought you to suffer us, but, on the contrary, to show that you will much rather condemn those who enact these pathetic dramas, and make the city ridiculous, than those who refrain from them. And besides the discredit, it does not seem to me even just, to supplicate the judge, and escape by supplication, but to instruct and convince him. For the judge does not sit here to make a favour of justice, but impartially to inquire into it; and he has sworn not to gratify whomsoever he pleases, but to judge according to the laws. We, therefore, should not accustom you, nor should you let yourselves be accustomed, to violate your oaths: it would be impiety in both of us. Do not then, O Athenians, demand of me to do such things towards you as I deem to be neither beautiful, nor just, nor holy; especially as I am actually on trial for impiety. If I should work upon you and influence your decision by supplications, when you have sworn to do justice, I should indeed teach that you do not believe in gods, and my defence of myself would be an accusation against myself that I believe not in them. But far is this from the truth. I believe in them, O Athenians, as not one of my accusers does. And I commit to you and to the god to decide concerning me, in whatever way shall be best for you and for me.

After the Verdict of Condemnation.

Among many things, O Athenians, which prevent me from feeling indignant at your having condemned me, one is, that what has happened was not unexpected by me. Much rather do I wonder at the number of votes in my favour. I did not expect to be condemned by so small a majority, but by a large one: it now, however, appears, that if but three of the votes had been given differently, I should have escaped. As far as Melitus is concerned, I have escaped as it is: and it is even clear to every one, that if Anytus and Lycon had not appeared as my accusers, he would have been liable to the penalty of one thousand drachmæ, not having obtained a fifth part of the votes.*

The penalty proposed by my accuser is death. What penalty shall I, on my part, propose?† surely that which I deserve. Well, then, what do I deserve to suffer or to pay, because I never relaxed in instructing myself, but neglecting what the many care for, money-getting and household management, and military commands, and civil offices, and speech-making, and all the political clubs and societies in the city;

* To restrain frivolous and vexatious prosecutions, a law existed at Athens, by which a penalty of one thousand drachmæ was imposed on the accuser if he did not obtain a fifth part of the votes.

† After condemnation, the accused was at liberty to speak on the question of punishment; and the question was put to him, at what penalty he himself estimated his offence.

Τιμᾶται δ' οὖν μοι ὁ ἀνὴρ θανάτου. Εἰν. ἐγὼ δὲ δὴ τίνας ὑμῖν ἀντιστιμῆσομαι, ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι;

thinking myself, in fact, too honest to follow these pursuits and be safe ; I did not go where I could be of no use either to you or to myself, but went to each man individually, to confer on him the greatest of all benefits ; attempting to persuade every one of you, to think of none of his own concerns till he had looked to making himself as good and as wise as possible ; nor of the city's concerns till he had looked to making the city so ; and to pursue all other things in a similar spirit. What, then, ought to be done to me for such conduct ? Some good, O Athenians, if I am really to be treated according to my deserts ; and a good of such a kind as beseems me. What, then, beseems a man in poor circumstances, your benefactor, and requiring leisure to prosecute his exhortations ? There is nothing, O Athenians, which would be so suitable for such a man to receive, as a maintenance at the public expense.* It would befit *him* much better than any of you who may have carried away the prize of horse or chariot-racing at the Olympic contests. For, such a man makes you only *seem* happy, but I make you *be* so : and he does not require a maintenance, but I do. If, therefore, I must estimate myself justly according to my deserts, I rate myself at a maintenance in the Prytaneum.

Perhaps I seem to you, in saying this, as in what I said about supplication and entreaty, to be influenced by pride. The fact, however, is not so : but rather, as I am now about to tell you. I know that I do not intentionally injure any one ; but I am not able to convince you of it ; for we have conversed together but a short time : if, indeed, it were the law with you, as in other countries, not to terminate capital trials in one day, but continue them through several, you could then have been convinced ; but now, it is not easy, in a short time, to conquer strong prejudices. I, then, being convinced that I wrong no one, cannot consent to wrong myself, by affirming that I am worthy of any evil, and proposing that any evil should be inflicted upon me as a penalty. From what fear should I do so ? From the ~~fact~~ lest I should suffer what Melitus proposes ? when I affirm that I know not whether it be an evil or a good ? Shall I, then, choose something which I well know to be an evil, and propose that as the penalty ? Imprisonment, for example ? And why should I seek to live in a prison, at the mercy of every successive police officer ? † *A fine* ? and imprisonment until I pay it ? That would be the same thing ; for I have no means of paying it. Shall I propose banishment ? for perhaps you might sentence me to that. But I must be very fond of life, O Athenians, if I am so bad a calculator as not to compute that if you, who are my countrymen, have not been able to bear my ways and my sayings, but have found them burthensome and invidious, and now seek to get rid of them, it is not likely that other people will bear them easily. Far from it, O Athenians. It would be an unworthy life for me, exiled at my age, to live in perpetual wanderings and banishments from one city to another. For, I well know, that whithersoever I go, the young men will listen to my discourses as they do here.

* *Ἐν πρυτανίᾳ σιτῶσθαι*: to be boarded in the Prytaneum (a public building in the Acropolis.) This privilege was occasionally conferred upon public benefactors ; and among others, upon such citizens as, by gaining the Olympic prizes, were conceived to have conferred honour upon their country.

† *οἱ ὀπίδορα*, the officers in charge of gaols, and prisoners ; annually chosen by lot from among the people. They correspond to the *triumviri rerum capitadium* of the Romans.

And if I repel them, they, by their influence with the older people, will drive me from the place: but if I admit them, their fathers and relations will do it for their sake. Perhaps somebody may say, But canst thou not, O Socrates, going into exile, live there in peace and silence? Here it is that I have the hardest task to persuade you; for, if I say that this would be to disobey the god, and that I, therefore, cannot remain silent, you will think it ironical, and disbelieve it. And if, again, I say that the greatest good possible for man is, to discuss daily concerning virtue, and the other matters on which you hear me converse and examine myself and others, and that to live an unexamined life is not endurable, you will still less believe me. The fact, however, is as I say, but it is not easy to make it apparent.

I am not used to pronounce myself deserving of any evil. If I had money, I would estimate my penalty at as much money as I was able to pay, for it would have been no damage to me; but now—I have none; unless you are willing to fix the penalty at what I am able to pay. Perhaps I could pay as much as a silver mina: at this, therefore, I rate the penalty. Plato here, and Criton, and Critobulus, and Apollodorus, O Athenians, bid me rate it at thirty minæ, and they undertake to be my sureties. I do so, therefore, and their security is adequate.

After the Declaration of the Sentence.

It is for the sake of but a short span, O Athenians, that you have incurred the imputation, from those who wish to speak evil against the city, of having put to death Socrates, a wise man, (for those who are inclined to reproach you, will say that I am wise even if I am not.) Had you waited a short time, the thing would have happened without your agency; for you see my years; I am far advanced in life, and near to death. I address this not to all of you, but to those who have voted for the capital sentence. And this I say to the same persons: Perhaps you think that I have been condemned from want of skill in such modes of working upon your minds, as I might have employed with success if I had thought it right to employ all means in order to escape from condemnation. Far from it. I have been condemned, not for want of things to say, but for want of daring and shamelessness; because I did not choose to say to you the things which would have been pleasantest to you to hear, weeping and lamenting, and doing and saying other things which I affirm to be unworthy of me; as you are accustomed to see others do. But neither did I then think fit, because of my danger, to do anything unworthy of a freeman; nor do I now repent of having thus defended myself; I would far rather have made the one defence and die, than have made the other and live. Neither in a court of justice, nor in war, ought we to make it our object, that, whatever happen, we may escape death. In battle, it is often evident that a man may save his life by throwing away his arms, and imploring mercy of his pursuers; and in all other dangers there are many contrivances by which a person may get off with life, if he dare do or say everything. The difficulty, O Athenians, is not to escape from death, but from guilt; for guilt is swifter than death, and runs faster. And now I, being old, and slow of foot, have been overtaken by death, the slower of the two; but my accusers, who are brisk and vehement, by wickedness, the swifter. We quit this

place, I having been sentenced by you to death, but they, having sentence passed upon them by Truth, of guilt and injustice. I submit to my punishment, and they to theirs. These things, perhaps, are as they should be, and for the best.

But I wish, O men who have condemned me, to prophesy to you what is next to come ; for I am in the position in which men are most wont to prophesy, being at the point of death. I say, then, O you who have slain me—that immediately after my death there will come upon you a far severer punishment than that which you have inflicted upon me. For you have done this, thinking by it to escape from being called to account for your lives. But I affirm that the very reverse will happen to you. There will be many to call you to account, whom I have hitherto restrained, and whom you saw not : and being younger they will give you more annoyance, and you will be still more provoked. For if you think, by putting men to death, to deter others from reproaching you with living amiss, you think ill. That mode of protecting yourselves is neither very possible, nor very noble : the noblest and the easiest too, is not to cut off other people, but so to order yourselves, as to obtain the greatest excellence. Having prophesied thus to those who have condemned me, I leave them.

With those who voted for my acquittal, I would gladly, while the officers are busy, and I am not yet going to the place where I am to be put to death, converse a little about this which has happened. Stay with me, my friends, until then ; for I would explain to you, as my well wishers, the meaning of what has now happened to me. There has occurred to me, O judges, (for you I may rightly call by that name,) something surprising. My accustomed daemonic warning has, in all former times, been very frequent, and given on small occasions, if I was about to do any thing not for my good. But now, as you see, those things have happened to me, which are generally esteemed the worst of evils ; yet the divine monitor did not warn me, neither when I left my home in the morning, nor when I came up hither to the judgment-seat, nor at any time when I was speaking ; though on other occasions I have often, while speaking, experienced the warning, and been checked in what I was about to say. But in neither word nor deed connected with this business, have I been checked by the sign. What do I suppose to be the cause ? I will tell you. This which has happened is most likely a good ; and those of us who think death an evil are probably in the wrong. For the accustomed warning would certainly have been given to me, if what I was about to do had not been for my good.

We may also, from the following considerations, conclude that there is much hope of its being a good. For death must be one of two things : either the dead are incapable of feeling or perceiving anything ; or death is, as we are told, a change of abode, a passage of the soul from this to some other place. Now, if after death there be no sensation, but it be like a sleep in which there are no dreams, death is a mighty gain. For if any one were to choose from his life, a night in which he had slept without dreaming, and comparing with this all the other nights and days of his life, were required to say in how many of them he had lived better and more pleasantly than in that night, I imagine that not a private man merely, but the Great King, would find that such days and nights were soon counted. If then this be death, it is a gain : since

all eternity would not thus appear longer than one night. But if death be to quit this place for another, and if it be true as is affirmed, that in that other place is the abode of all the dead ; what greater good can there be, O judges, than this ? If, arriving in the other world, and leaving these people who call themselves judges, we shall see the real judges, who are said to judge there, Minos and Rhadamanthus and Æacus and Triptolemus, and all other demigods who lived justly while they were alive, would it not be a noble journey ? What would not any of you give to converse with Orpheus, and Musæus, and Hesiod, and Homer ? I would gladly die many times if this be true ; since to me it would be a delightful residence when I had met with Palamedes, and the Telamonian Ajax, and any other of the ancients who perished in consequence of an unjust judgment. To compare my own fate with theirs, would not, I think, be disagreeable : and best of all, to live examining and interrogating the people there, as I have done here, to discover who among them are wise, and who think themselves so, but are not. How much would not one give, O judges, for an opportunity of examining him who led the great expedition to Troy ; or Ulysses, or Sysyphus, or ten thousand others whom one could mention, both men and women ; with whom to converse and associate there, and to examine them, would be the height of happiness. They do not, there, put one to death for such things ; for the people there are happier than the people here, both in other things, and in this, that when once there they are immortal ; if what we are told is true.

It behoves you, O judges, to be of good cheer concerning death ; and to fix this truth in your minds, that to a good man, whether he die or live, nothing is evil, nor are his affairs neglected by the gods ; neither did what has happened to me occur spontaneously, but it is evident to me that to die, and come to an end now, was most for my good. For this reason was it that the sign did not interpose to check me ; and I do not much complain of my accusers, nor of those who condemned me. Though they, indeed, accused and condemned me not with any such intention, but purposing to do me harm : and for this it is fit to blame them.

Thus much, however, I beg of them : When my sons grow up, punish them, O Athenians, by tormenting them as I tormented you, if they shall seem to study riches, or any other ends, in preference to virtue. And if they are thought to be something, being really nothing, reproach them as I have reproached you, for not attending to what they ought, and fancying themselves something when they are good for nothing. And if you do this, both I and my sons shall have received what is just at your hands.

It is now time that we depart, I to die, you to live ; but which has the better destiny is unknown to all, except the god.

THE CHOICE.

FOURTH FANTASY PIECE AFTER HOFFMAN.

CHAPTER I.

ON the night of the summer equinox, in the year 18—, Mr. Tusmann, private secretary of the chancery, was returning home from a coffee-house where he was accustomed to pass an hour or two every evening, towards his dwelling situated in Spandau-street, Berlin.

Mr. Tusmann was the most precise, the most strictly exact man, perhaps, in the world, in all his actions. It was his almost invariable custom to commence preparing for bed, by pulling off his boots, exactly at the moment when the clock of Saint Nicholas' church warned for eleven; and so to time his further proceedings, that as the last stroke of the clock sounded he drew his nightcap over his ears. On the night in question he was, however, rather later than usual, for the clock warned as he walked along; in order, therefore, not to deviate from his praiseworthy punctuality, as regarded putting on his nightcap, he accelerated his pace, and was just turning from Royal-street into Spandau-street, when a most singular noise attracted his attention and brought him to a stand-still.

Under the tower of the old town-house he perceived, by the dim light of a lamp, a tall man, enveloped in a dark cloak, who knocked violently at the shop-door of a dealer in iron trinkets, stepping back every now and then to look up at the ruined casements of the old tower.

'My dear sir,' said Mr. Tusmann, very goodnaturedly, 'you are quite under a mistake; there is not a living creature in the tower, excepting a few rats and mice, and a pair of owls. If you wish to purchase any iron-wire chains of the merchant Warnatz, I would recommend you to come here to-morrow morning about seven.'

'Honourable Mr. Tusmann——'

'Private secretary of the chancery during many years,' said Mr. Tusmann, involuntarily interrupting the stranger, though rather astonished to hear himself addressed by name; but the stranger paid no attention, and continued,—

'Honourable Mr. Tusmann, you are quite under a mistake respecting what brings me here. I have no wish to purchase iron-wire chains of the merchant Warnatz; this is the night of the summer equinox, and I have come to see the bride. She has already heard the beating of my heart, my sighs of love, and will not long delay her appearance at the casement.'

The stranger spoke in a manner so solemn and lugubrious, that the private secretary of the chancery felt his flesh begin to crawl on his bones. Hardly had the stranger ceased speaking, when

the clock of St. Nicholas' church commenced striking eleven; as the first stroke sounded from the steeple, a very great noise was heard at the ruined window of the old town-house, and a female figure appeared, looking from it. When the light of the lamp fell upon her features, Mr. Tusmann murmured, in a lamentable tone of voice, 'Oh, just powers! what does this frightful mystery signify?'

As the last stroke of the clock sounded, at the very moment when Mr. Tusmann was accustomed to draw his nightcap over his ears, the female figure vanished.

This marvellous apparition appeared quite to disconcert the private secretary. He sighed and groaned, and, looking up at the casement, muttered betwixt his teeth, 'Tusmann, Tusmann, wretched private secretary, take care of yourself; mind the devil does not make a fool of you!'

'You appear very much moved by what you have seen, Mr. Tusmann,' said the stranger.

* 'May I beg of you not to refuse me my poor title of "honourable,"' replied Mr. Tusmann; 'and you must excuse me, my dear Sir, if I do not give you that title which is your due; as I am ignorant of your real rank, I will, if you please, entitle you privy counsellor; and, as there are so many of them in this good town of Berlin, it is very probable that I shall not be far wrong. Will you, then, have the goodness to inform me, honourable Mr. Privy Counsellor, what kind of bride you sought to see at this very mysterious hour?'

'You are,' said the stranger, 'a singular man, with your talk about titles. If a person is a privy counsellor when he has some knowledge of a secret affair, and is capable of giving good counsel concerning it, why, then, perhaps, I have some claim to the title which you bestow upon me so gratuitously. But I must say, that I really am astonished to find a man so versed in old books and rare manuscripts as you are, most honourable private secretary of the chancery, does not know that if one initiated—you understand me—I repeat, if one initiated, strikes at eleven o'clock, on the night of the summer equinox, at the wall of this tower, the lady who will be the happiest bride in Berlin before the next equinox, appears at the casement which you see above us.'

'Honourable Mr. Privy Counsellor,' cried Mr. Tusmann, suddenly transported with joy, 'is that really true?'

'Certainly, it is true,' replied the stranger; 'but we must not stop here in the street—let us go to the new tavern in Alexander-place, and then you can hear more about the bride, and recover yourself from the strange indisposition which you fell into so suddenly; I am sure I don't know for what reason.'

* For an exposition of this caricature of German manners, consult Madame de Staël's 'Germany,' vol. i. p. 104; and Russell's 'Germany,' vol. ii. p. 289.

Mr. Tusmann was a man singularly moderate. His only relaxation was to go every evening to the coffee-house, to hear the news and drink a glass of beer. He never drank wine, except on a Sunday evening, when he took a glass of malaga with a biscuit. As for staying out late at night, it was a scandal he utterly avoided; therefore, it was most unaccountable that he allowed himself to be drawn, at a rapid pace, towards the splendid new tavern in Alexander-place.

When they entered the room they only found one man in it, who sat at a table upon which stood a large glass filled with Rhine wine. The wrinkles on his face showed that time had been hard at work digging. His sly and penetrating looks and his long beard certified him to be a Jew who remained faithful to the customs of his ancestors. He was clothed in an antique style, in the fashion of 1720 or 1730.

But the stranger whom Mr. Tusmann had met was still more singular to look at.

He was a tall man, very thin, but muscular, and, apparently, about fifty years of age. His face had been handsome, and his large eyes still sparkled with the fire of youth under two thick black eyebrows. His forehead was wide and high, his nose aquiline, his mouth thin-lipped and well closed, his chin square and dimpled. But it was his clothes, cut in the fashion of the sixteenth century, his sepulchral voice, and his strange manners, which, doubtless, inspired those in his presence with awe.

The stranger nodded to the old man at the table, as to an old acquaintance, and said,

‘I have not seen you for a long time, how have you been?’

‘Pretty well, pretty well,’ answered the old man in a grumbling tone; ‘always active, always ready for business.’

‘I rather doubt that,’ said the stranger, laughing slowly; and then he ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of old French wine.

‘Honourable Mr. Privy Counsellor,’ said Mr. Tusmann, ‘I never drink——’

‘Mr. Tusmann,’ interrupted the stranger, ‘I am neither privy counsellor nor private secretary; I am no more nor less than an artist who works in the noble metals and precious stones, and my name is Leonard.’

‘A goldsmith and jeweller,’ muttered Mr. Tusmann to himself; and then he reflected that he might have known that the stranger was not a privy counsellor, for his strange costume very little suited a grave and titled personage.

Leonard and Mr. Tusmann both sat down to the table with the old man, who received them with a contortion of mouth, which had some very faint resemblance to a smile.

After that Mr. Tusmann, yielding to the pressing invitations of Leonard, had drunk a few glasses of wine, a little colour appeared on his usually pale cheeks, his manner became more

composed, an air of satisfaction animated his features, and he looked about him with a degree of self-complaisance.

‘Now,’ said Leonard, ‘tell me Mr. Tusmann, why you acted so strangely when the bride made her appearance at the window of the old tower? We are older acquaintances than you may suppose, and you need not scruple to speak before this honest old gentleman.’

‘Honourable professor,’ replied the private secretary of the chancery, ‘for you must allow me to give you that title, as you are, I am convinced, a skilful artist, and ought to be by rights a professor of the academy of sciences, you must know, then, that I intend to marry before next spring, and I could not remain unmoved when it pleased you, honourable professor, to show me a happy bride.’

‘What!’ cried the old man, in a shrill voice, ‘what! you intend to marry; you are too old, and you are as ugly as a ——.’

Mr. Tusmann was quite stupified at the inconceivable levity of the ancient; he was unable to answer a word.

‘Never mind,’ said Leonard, ‘what the old man says, it is his manner, he does not mean to offend you. For myself, I will avow, that it appears to me you think about marriage rather late in life; why you must be near fifty?’

‘On the ninth of October, St. Denis’ day, I shall be forty-eight,’ answered Mr. Tusmann, with some slight degree of vexation.

‘But,’ continued Leonard, ‘that is not the only obstacle. You have lived until now a retired and innocent life; you know nothing of the fair sex, and are not likely to manage your proposed new state of affairs with discretion.’

‘What!’ exclaimed Mr. Tusmann, ‘I not know how to manage my affairs with discretion! my dear professor, you must consider me a very foolish man. I assure you, on the contrary, that I weigh carefully the result of all my actions; and when I was stricken by the arrow of that little traitor, called Cupid by the ancients, it caused me much trouble and anxiety. When a person wishes to pass an examination, is he not obliged to study diligently the sciences on which he will be interrogated? Well, honourable professor, my marriage is an examination for which I assiduously prepare myself, and which I hope to pass with honour. Observe, worthy professor, observe the little book which I always carry about me, and unceasingly read, since I resolved to fall in love and marry; and then be convinced that I am not entirely without experience, although I will allow, until quite lately, a perfect stranger to the fair sex.’

So saying, the private secretary drew from his pocket a little book, bound in parchment, and opened it at the title-page, which was thus conceived:

‘Short Treatise on Wisdom; from which may be learned the Art of Conducting your own Affairs, or the Affairs of Others, with

Profit and Discretion. Translated from the Latin of Thomasius, with a copious Index. Sold at Leipsic, by the heirs of John Gross. 1710.'

'Observe,' said Mr. Tusmann, 'what the worthy author says, in chapter the seventh, concerning marriage:

"A person ought not to marry too precipitately. Marriage at a steady time of life is the wisest. Precocious marriages ruin at once the soul and body."

'And then,' continued Mr. Tusmann, 'concerning the sort of person with whom one ought to fall in love and marry, hear what the admirable Thomasius says:

"The middle road is the safest. Take neither a woman very handsome nor very ugly; nor very rich nor very poor; nor very high in rank nor very low, but of a state equal with your own; and for her other qualities be content with them moderate."

'I see,' said the jeweller, 'that you are not to be taken in easily. But, tell me, have you quite gained the heart of this lady you court?'

'I have not been wanting,' answered Mr. Tusmann, 'in all proper attentions, as Thomasius advises; but I have not been too submissive, too prodigal of respect; for, as my worthy author teaches, woman is an imperfect being, very apt to take advantage of our weaknesses.'

'May a black year be your luck, for coming here chattering nonsense, and disturbing me when I hoped to have a quiet hour to myself after having accomplished my great work!'

So spoke the old man; but the jeweller said loudly,

'Silence, old boy, and don't let us have any of your nonsense, except you wish to be kicked out. Pray, worthy Mr. Tusmann, pay no attention to the old fellow. I see that you have a love for the old times, since you admire Thomasius, and you may imagine that I am also sincere in my esteem for them by my style of apparel. Yes, honourable and worthy private secretary, those times were better than the present; it is from that epoch we date the enchantments which you witnessed this night at the tower of the old town-house.'

'Pray explain, worthy professor,' said Mr. Tusmann.

'In times of yore,' said the jeweller, 'there used to be merry weddings at the old town-house, very different from those now-a-days. Indeed, I must say that Berlin is very different from what it used to be. Never can I forget the grand fête when the elector Augustus of Saxony came here from Cologne, in 1581, with his wife and his son Christian.'

The private secretary listened to the jeweller with the most lively attention. He rubbed his hands together, edged his chair towards him, filled and emptied his glass frequently, and at last said:

'My honourable professor, you speak of these things admirably; one might think you had seen them.'

‘Well, and why should I not have seen them?’ answered the jeweller.

Mr. Tusmann understood not the meaning of those marvellous words, and would have recommenced his questioning, but the old man said in a grumbling voice to the jeweller:

‘You forget the finest sights Berlin saw in those times you admire so much. You don’t speak of those days when the fagots blazing in the market-place were quenched with the blood of victims to superstition.’

‘Ah,’ said the private secretary, ‘doubtless, you refer to those executions of sorcerers which took place in old times. Yes, yes, it was certainly lamentable, but our new lights have put an end to all that.’

The jeweller regarded Mr. Tusmann and the old man with a singular look, and asked them, smiling mysteriously, ‘Do you know the history of Leopold, the Jew silversmith, as it happened in the year one thousand five hundred and seventy-two?’

Before Mr. Tusmann could answer, the jeweller continued:— ‘Leopold, the Jewish silversmith, who possessed the confidence of the elector, and managed the finances of the country, was accused of some great rogueries. A guard of the citizens was sent to his house in Stralau-street. Now, it happened that the Jew Leopold had fallen out with his wife, and she said, in her anger, “If our gracious prince, the elector, knew what a wretch thou art, and what tricks thou playest with thy book of enchantments, thy body would soon be cold.” But his body was soon hot, for they tortured him first, to make him confess his guilt, and then burned him in the market-place. A great black rat came out from under the fagots, when they were lighted, and many good folks thought the rat was the demon who had bought Leopold.’

Whilst the jeweller spoke, the old man leaned his arms upon the table, and, hiding his face in his hands, groaned deeply.

But the private secretary did not give very great attention to the history; and when the narrator ceased speaking, he said to him,

‘Tell me, worthy professor, was it the real Miss Albertine Vosswinkel who looked out of the ruined window of the old town-house?’

‘Sir,’ said the jeweller, regarding him savagely, ‘what have you to do with Miss Albertine Vosswinkel?’

‘Bless my heart and soul,’ replied Mr. Tusmann, quite intimidated, ‘she is the young lady I have undertaken to love and marry.’

‘Sir,’ exclaimed the jeweller, with inflamed brow and sparkling eyes, ‘Sir, you are either completely a jackass, or else possessed by the devil! you mean to marry the young and charming Miss Albertine Vosswinkel! you, a half-blind, miserable pedant! you, who, with all your bookish learnings, with all your politic wisdom

of Thomasius, can't see an inch before your nose. Do not allow yourself to dream of such a thing, unless you wish to have your neck broken this equinoctial night !'

Mr. Tusmann was naturally a quiet man, a friend of peace, perhaps a timid man, who never gave a bad word even when attacked ; but the conduct of the jeweller was rather too bad, and, as Mr. Tusmann had drunk more wine than usual, he got up and said in a firm voice,

'I know not, unknown sir, by what authority you speak to me in this manner. I believe that you wish to intimidate me by pretending that you yourself are in love with Miss Albertine Vosswinkel. I don't doubt but that you used a magic lantern to dupe me, but I am not to be deceived by such gross tricks.'

'Take care,' said the jeweller with *nonchalance*, 'take care, Mr. Tusmann; you have some curious people to deal with.'

At the same moment, the face of the jeweller changed into a fox's head, and his sly eyes threw devouring looks upon Mr. Tusmann, who plumped back on to his chair, petrified.

The old man did not seem surprised at the transformation of the jeweller, and said :

'A very pretty joke, but I can do something better than that, Master Leonard.'

'Let us see,' said the jeweller, who had recovered his human face.

The old man drew from his pocket a large radish, and began to cut it in little bits ; as each bit fell upon the table it changed into a glittering piece of gold, which rolled towards the jeweller, who no sooner touched it than it burst into thousands of sparks.

The private secretary was quite horrified at what he saw ; at last, surmounting the weakness which chained him down to his seat, he rose and said, in a trembling voice,

'Gentlemen, I have the honour to wish you a very good night.'

Then, with one leap, he escaped from the tavern. When in the street, he thought he heard two persons roaring with laughter, and he fled along rapidly, his blood freezing in his veins.

CHAPTER II.

The young painter, Edmund Lepsien, became acquainted with the wonderful goldsmith, Leonard, in a manner rather less disagreeable.

Edmund was sketching a beautiful clump of trees, in a solitary spot of the botanical garden, when Leonard approached him, and without ceremony tapping him on the shoulder, said, 'You are making a singular sketch, young man.'

'Do you remark anything then, sir?' said Edmund, with sparkling eyes.

'Doubtless,' replied the goldsmith ; 'from the midst of that beautifully thick foliage I fancy I see advancing all sorts of strange

figures; sometimes young nymphs, sometimes curiously-shaped animals, sometimes flowers, and then again it resolves itself back to the group of trees, through which shine, so joyously, the rays of the setting sun.'

'Ah! sir,' said Edmund, 'you have a penetrating eye and a profound judgment. Have you not, when giving yourself up to the contemplation of nature, fancied that millions of creatures dart burning glances upon you from the midst of the sweet leafy thickets? I wished to realize those feelings in this composition, and I have succeeded.'

'I understand you,' said Leonard, in a dry tone; 'you wish to be untrammelled in your study; to give full play to your fancy.'

'By no means, sir,' replied Edmund; 'but I do consider this working after nature as the best of studies. I find true poetry in it; which is as requisite for landscape as for historical painting.'

'May heaven assist you, my dear Edmund,' said Leonard.

'What!' exclaimed Edmund, 'do you know me, sir?'

'Yes, I do know you,' replied Leonard; 'I made your acquaintance at the moment of your birth. I left Berlin, however, when you were very young.'

'Sir,' said Edmund, 'are you not master Leonard?'

'Yes, I am,' replied the goldsmith, 'though I am rather astonished that you have any recollection of me.'

'My father,' said the young man, 'often talked about you. He told me that you had drawn my horoscope, and that I was either to be a great artist or a great fool. Do you think, sir, that the horoscope will be accomplished?'

'Yes, certainly,' said the goldsmith, dryly; 'I think that you are at this time in an excellent track to become a great fool.'

'What, sir,' exclaimed Edmund, 'do you ——'

'It depends entirely upon yourself,' continued the goldsmith, 'to escape this sad alternative, and to become a great artist. Thy designs and sketches proclaim an imagination bold and rich; upon such foundations you may erect a solid edifice. Renounce the fashionable exaggerations, and give yourself to serious study.'

The goldsmith continued to speak upon the theory of painting, and Edmund felt himself irresistibly drawn towards him. In return for the friendship of the young painter, Leonard established himself the rigorous critic of his works. In this manner was formed an acquaintance betwixt the young scholar full of hope, and the old master full of science.

Not long after it happened, on a fine summer's evening, that not one of the cigars of the counsellor Melchior Vosswinkel, who was sitting near the lodge of the botanical garden, would burn. The counsellor threw them upon the grass one after the other, exclaiming, 'Good heavens, have I imported my own cigars in large quantities from Hamburgh, to be thus annoyed in my favourite recreation? It is too bad, really.'

He addressed these words in some measure to Edmund, who was sitting near him, and whose cigar smoked gayly.

Edmund, although he did not know the counsellor, drew from his pocket his cigar-case, and tendered it, amicably, to the unfortunate man.

The counsellor joyfully took one, and no sooner put it to the flame, than light-grey silvery clouds arose, and mounted to the skies in whirling columns.

‘My dear sir,’ said he, ‘you have relieved me from much annoyance. I thank you a thousand times. When this is finished I shall be rude enough to beg another from you.’

Edmund answered that all of them were at his service, and so they separated. When it began to get dusk, Edmund was sitting alone, in a brown study, when the counsellor appeared again, and asked leave to take a seat beside him. Edmund suddenly experienced a desire to walk, and was going to leave the seat when he perceived a very handsome young lady near them.

‘My daughter Albertine,’ said the counsellor to Edmund, who was so confused that he forgot to make his bow. In Albertine he recognised a charming young person, whom he had once found standing before one of his pictures, at the exhibition. She explained, with clearness, to an old lady and two young ones who were with her, the meaning of the painter, and praised very much the artist who had produced such a work. Edmund, standing behind her, devoured with ardour the praises which flowed from such pretty lips; but he did not dare to present himself to her as the artist. At that moment Albertine let fall her reticule, and Edmund quickly stooped for it, so did Albertine, and their heads meeting together, Albertine cried out with pain. Edmund, affrighted, stepped back upon the corns of the old lady, whose roarings increased the confusion. The company flocked in from the other rooms, and Edmund became the object of all eyes and eye-glasses. They rubbed Albertine’s forehead, they assisted the old lady to a seat, and all that the unfortunate Edmund had to do was to retire, amidst dreadful whisperings and titterings.

Love, however, at that critical moment, struck the heart of Edmund, and it was only the sad recollection of his awkwardness that prevented him from seeking for the young lady in every corner of the town. He could only, in fancy, paint Albertine with a bruised forehead and eyes full of tears and anger, ready to load him with reproaches. But, on this evening in question, the forehead of Albertine was as ivory-white as ever; and as for her eyes, as she cast them down and blushed excessively when Edmund approached her, we cannot pretend to say what they expressed.

It happened, just after Edmund had been introduced to Albertine, that the counsellor went from them to speak to an acquaintance, leaving the young people to entertain each other.

Now all who have the happiness to be acquainted with Miss

Albertine Vosswinkel know that she is young, handsome, and graceful; that she dresses after the last fashion; that she sings cherubimically; that she has taken lessons on the piano-forte from Lauskar; that she excels in the dance; that she paints flowers divinely; that she is very good tempered; that she has got an album, beautifully bound, filled with selections from Goëthe, John Paul, and other superior men; that she writes a very ladylike hand; that she spells very tolerably.

During a long *tête-à-tête* Miss Albertine displayed great sentiment and poetical taste; she quoted verses and spoke of the influence of the fine arts on refined souls. Edmund, encouraged by their sweet discourse, and the increasing obscurity, took Albertine's hand and pressed it to his heart; Albertine withdrew her hand from a little tiny glove, and Edmund covered it with kisses.

'Come, let us go, the evening gets very cold,' said the counsellor, returning to them; 'I wish very much I had brought my cloak. Wrap yourself up well in your shawl, Albertine; do you know, my dear sir, it is a Cachemire, and cost me fifty good ducats. Wrap up well, Albertine. Adieu, sir.'

Edmund, with admirable tact, seized the moment to pull out his case, and offer another cigar to the counsellor.

'Sir,' said the counsellor, 'I thank you a thousand times; you are certainly a young gentleman of infinite politeness.' The counsellor went to illuminate his cigar, and Edmund timidly offered his arm to Albertine; she accepted it without any affectations, and, when the counsellor returned, it appeared quite an understood thing that Edmund was to accompany them to town.

Now whoever has been young and in love, or who is so still, (and some good folks are, and ever have, and ever will be innocent of juvenility and loveability,) can easily imagine that Edmund, walking with Albertine, felt as if promenading in Elysium with an angel.

Though the outward man of Edmund did not afterwards exactly correspond with the ideas of Rosalind respecting true lover-like appearance; though he did not, as did the amorous Orlando, spoil young trees by carving the name of his mistress upon the bark, yet did he contrive to spoil an incredible quantity of drawing materials with sketches of his heart's idol. He also emitted sighs innumerable, and the state of his circulating muscle was soon guessed by the old goldsmith. Edmund, when interrogated, did not hesitate to confess his passion.

'Forget it all,' said Leonard; 'it is very unfortunate to fall in love with a girl betrothed; for Albertine is partly promised to the private secretary, Tusmann.'

On hearing this, Edmund experienced an uncommon despair. Leonard waited patiently the termination of the first paroxysm,

and then asked if he seriously thought of marriage with Albertine. Edmund swore that it was the first desire of his soul. Then Leonard promised to help him to cut out his rival.

We have seen, in the first chapter, how the goldsmith commenced operations against the private secretary, Tusmann.

CHAPTER III.

After what the courteous reader has already been told respecting the private secretary, Tusmann, it will only be necessary to add that he was rather short, bald-pated, a little atwist, and very passably ugly. His coat was cut after the antique, his waistcoat was frightfully long, his trowsers bulged out at the knees, and his boots creaked; yet, notwithstanding all those abominations, there was an expression of goodness in his face which disposed people in his favour. Reading was his chief delight. He read everywhere; walking, running, riding. Above all, Mr. Tusmann had a shocking good memory, he was a second Magliabechi.

The counsellor Melchior Vosswinkel had been at the school of the Grey Monks with the private secretary, and that event established a firm friendship betwixt them. Now it came to pass, that on Miss Albertine's last birthday, Mr. Tusmann kissed her hand, wishing her happy returns, with such astonishing and unsuspected gallantry, that, at the very moment, the worthy counsellor conceived the idea of marrying his daughter to his old schoolfellow. When the project was communicated to Mr. Tusmann, he was, at first, very much alarmed. Afterwards, however, he became reconciled to it, and considered it quite as a settled thing, though Albertine had no idea of the good fortune which awaited her.

Early in the morning which followed the night of Mr. Tusmann's strange adventure at the tavern in Alexander-place, he precipitated himself pale and wan into the chamber of Mr. Vosswinkel. The counsellor was not a little frightened, for Mr. Tusmann never visited him at that hour, and everything about him announced something shocking.

'My dear private secretary,' said he, 'what's the matter?—what has happened?'

Mr. Tusmann threw himself, exhausted, into an arm-chair; and, after taking breath a minute or two, said, in a trembling voice,

'My dear counsellor, as you see me now, in these clothes, and with the politic wisdom of Thomasius in my pocket, do I come from Spandau-street, where I have been walking since midnight.'

Then Mr. Tusmann related further to the counsellor all that had passed the preceding night, from his meeting with the won-

derful goldsmith, to the moment of his escape from the new tavern in Alexander-place.

‘My dear secretary,’ said the counsellor, ‘you drank, contrary to your usual custom, a little late in the evening, and the wine has been the cause of this strange dream.’

‘What!’ exclaimed the private secretary, ‘I drank! I slept! Do you imagine I am deficient in knowledge respecting sleep and dreams? I can quote to you the theory of Nudow respecting dreams; namely, that we may sleep with dreaming. What says Hamlet, “To sleep! perchance to dream.” *Perchance* to dream! you see. Then again, concerning dreams, if you had read the *Somnium Scipionis*, and the celebrated work of Artemidorus upon dreams, printed by Aldus in Greek, in 1518, in 8vo., you would know as much as I do; but you never read, and therefore you form false judgments upon everything; I am sorry to say it.’

‘Well, well, don’t get into a pet,’ said the counsellor; ‘I am ready and willing to believe that you fell into the hands of some rogues, who played upon you; but do tell me, my dear secretary, why did you not afterwards go home, instead of walking about the streets all night?’

‘O my dear counsellor!’ cried the secretary, with tears in his eyes, ‘O my faithful schoolfellow of the Grey Monks! why do you insult my misfortunes with outrageous doubts? Know that the diabolical conjurations continued after I got into the street. When I reached the old town-house, I saw a brilliant light beaming from all the windows, and I heard the lively sounds of a band, accompanied by a janissary kettle-drum, or to speak more correctly a jenjit-scheriff kettle-drum. Well, I don’t know how it was, as I am not very tall, yet was I enabled, when standing on tip-toe, to look in at the window, but O, just powers! what a sight did I see! Why, nothing less than Miss Albertine, in a beautiful wedding dress, waltzing immoderately with a young man. I knocked at the window, and called out, “Miss Albertine, what are you dreaming of? What are you doing here at this hour?” At the same instant a horrible phantom ran out of Royal-street, and, knocking me off my legs into the gutter, vanished with shouts of laughter. I cried out, “Watchmen! Policemen! Stop him! Stop him!” Suddenly all was silent in the town-house, and I heard only the echo of my own voice. I was abandoning myself to despair, lying in the gutter, when the phantom again returned and set me up upon my feet. I precipitated myself into Spandau-street, and was just standing before my own door, with the key in my hand, going to open it, when I saw myself—yes, myself—before me, looking at me, in a bewildered manner, with the same round, black eyes I have in my own head. I recoiled, horrified, and found myself in the grasp of a man. I thought, when I turned round, that it was the watchman, and I

said, "My dear Charley, I am here in a predicament; have the goodness to order off that swindling secretary Tusmann, who stands before the door, so that I, the genuine secretary Tusmann, can't get into the house." "I think, Mr. Tusmann, that you are a confounded jackass," said the man, in a hoarse voice; and instantly I recognised the terrible goldsmith. The fright nearly overcame me; I felt as I suppose a person would feel if tipsy; I staggered, and a cold sweat broke out on my forehead. "Honourable professor," said I, "I beg a million pardons that, in the darkness, I took you for a Charley. O, worthy sir, treat me as you will,—call me plain Mr. Tusmann unceremoniously,—apostrophize me in any barbarous fashion you may think fit; but, in the name of goodness, deliver me from the charm you have cast upon me this night!"

"Tusmann," answered the enchanter, "you can escape my charms, by swearing this very instant never to think of marrying Miss Albertine Vosswinkel."

'You may imagine, my dear counsellor, the impression this horrible proposition made upon me. "Most honourable professor," said I, "I am free to confess that it was very wrong of Miss Albertine Vosswinkel, my betrothed, to be waltzing at this time of night with a young man, name unknown; but I cannot give her up; I have the highest sentiments of respect and esteem for you, most honourable professor, but I must be allowed respectfully to state, that I will see you first ——." I had hardly finished speaking, when that cursed goldsmith hit me such a punch in the abdomen that it sent me whirling round, and, as I turned, thousands of secretary Tusmanns waltzed about me. At last I fell senseless, and when I opened my eyes again—O dear counsellor, pity thy old schoolfellow!—I found myself sitting upon the bronze statue of the great Elector, holding fast by the cold tail of the horse. Luckily the sentinel was dozing, and I got down unseen, at the risk of breaking my neck or being shot. Then I fled here.'

'I hope, my dear friend,' said the counsellor, 'you do not expect me to believe all this. Was ever such a thing heard of, particularly in a town so well lighted and watched as Berlin!'

'My dear counsellor, into what errors do you fall, owing to your limited reading. If you had read the *Microchromion Marchicum* of Haftitius, rector of the two universities, Berlin and Cologne, you would know that many such strange things have happened here.'

'I beg of you,' replied the counsellor, 'to forget such superstitious follies. It were better to avow that you were rather tipsy, and that you climbed up, like a young student, on the statue of the Elector. The more I think of the two persons with whom you passed the night drinking, the more it appears to me that they were the old Jew, Manasseh, and the goldsmith, Leonard,

who now and then appear in Berlin. I only hope, old school-fellow, that you do not wish to break off our arrangement respecting my daughter; it would be, my dear secretary, a source of very great affliction to me to find you capable of deceit.

This new suspicion quite put Mr. Tusmann beside himself. He vowed that he loved Albertine with an unequalled love; that he would submit to anything rather than lose her.

Whilst Mr. Tusmann was protesting, a knock was heard at the door, and old Manasseh entered the room. When Mr. Tusmann perceived him, he exclaimed,

‘O heavens! here is that old Jew who knocked gold pieces out of a radish! I fear the other necromancer is not far off.’

So saying, he would have departed; but the counsellor prevented him, and, turning to Manasseh, related what Mr. Tusmann had reported concerning what took place at the new tavern in Alexander-place.

The old Jew smiled oddly, and said, ‘The gentleman entered the tavern with the goldsmith, Leonard, and drank until he could hardly sit upright, and then ran out very suddenly.’

‘You see,’ said the counsellor, ‘I guessed quite right. This comes of wine bibbing, which vice you must entirely renounce if you wish to marry my daughter.’

Notwithstanding all his protestations the unfortunate Mr. Tusmann was well wrapped up in a cloak, and sent home in a droschki to his dwelling in Spandau-street.

‘Well, Manasseh, anything new?’ said the counsellor, when they were alone.

Manasseh, after much grimace and entreaty from the counsellor, informed him that his nephew, Benjamin Manasseh, worth several millions, who had been made a baron at Vienna, on account of his great merit, had fallen in love suddenly with Miss Albertine, and wished to marry her.

The young Baron Manasseh was a well-known frequenter of the opera; a tall, thin man, with umbrageous black whiskers, and a nose curved like a Damascene sabre; a young man of great talent, who spoke several languages with the delightful accent of his co-religionists; who sawed the violin, thumped the piano, scratched the harp, twangled the guitar, jumbled rhymes together, spoke boldly without knowledge or taste, dressed as only an ill-bred Jew dresses, and who was, in short, unbearable.

The counsellor could not help thinking of young Manasseh’s millions, but, at the same time, he saw almost insurmountable obstacles.

‘My dear Manasseh,’ said he, ‘you forget that your nephew is of the old faith, and that——’

‘My dear counsellor,’ said the Israelite, ‘what does it matter? a few drops of water shall not hinder the affair; I will return in a day or two with the baron, to learn your decision.’

Manasseh went away.

The counsellor reflected long; but, in spite of his avarice, he could not make up his mind to sacrifice his daughter. In a fit of good faith, he almost vowed to keep his word with his old school-fellow at the college of the Grey Monks.

(To be concluded next month.)

THAT DAY.

THE sun, dear! the sun, dear!
Had a voice in his every ray,
To tell thee, dear! tell thee, dear!
Who was waiting for thee that day.

The birds were singing sweetly, dear!
Upon every sun-gilt spray;
And this said all their songs, dear!
'Why comes she not here this day?'

The water was rippling brightly, dear!
In its old restless way;
And every ripple laughed, dear!
To see me alone that day.

The daisy from the grass, dear!
Peeped up, in its own sweet way,
With a sister flower by its side, dear!
More blest than was I that day!

The winds were breathing sweetly, dear!
And kissing, in their warm play,
Kissing my brow and my lips, dear!
More fond than thou that day!

The bud on the naked bough, dear!
Seemed to start from the old decay;
Called forth by the sudden shine, dear!
More inspired than thou that day.

The new-fallen lamb, from the sod, dear!
Arose, with but brief delay;
And blithely follow'd its dam, dear!
More alive than thou that day.

The clouds, dear! the clouds, dear!
Were each touched by a roving ray;
And I the only cloud, dear!
That sullenly looked that day.

All things enjoyed the sun, dear!
And smiled, in their spring-time way;
But I could not enjoy the sun, dear!
For the want of thy smile that day.

* W.*

THE PLEASURES OF WALKING.

THE increasing magnitude of our towns has its advantages, no doubt; but those advantages are purchased at a costly rate. The good in one scale is often overbalanced by evil in the other,—by evil so subtle that it frequently escapes our notice.

Exhilarating exercise in the open air is now almost unknown to the middle and working classes of our largest towns, whose local position and occupations most particularly require it. More educated they may be than their ancestors, and possibly more temperate; but will knowledge convert the foul air of the city into a healthy atmosphere? or will temperance change the unhealthy handicraft into agreeable and healthful exercise? The manly sports and games of our ancestors are gone, and, on the spot where they flourished, stands the public-house. By the townsman the beauties of nature are rarely seen, and when seen are rarely enjoyed or understood; for how should he take delight in this beautiful world, whose existence has vibrated between brick walls and the factory or forge?

The pleasures derivable from muscular exertion, under favourable circumstances, will endure even to extreme old age. With us they barely last out our childhood. The greatest delight of the child is in vigorous bodily exertion. His other pleasures sink into nothing in comparison with this. And, in the country, when the labourers are well fed and not overworked, the delights of athletic exercise endure at least till middle life. If this be the case with the hard working agriculturist, ought we not still more to expect it from him who plies the sickly trade, and whose employments should demand the counterbalance of athletic exertion? Surely we ought not to look for his entire abandonment of these exercises, even from his boyish days. The desire, the craving is extinguished, because the opportunity is unceasingly denied; nor do his brethren of the shop and counting-house fare much better. Bodily disease soon comes on, for the body brooks not the absence of its congenial exertion; mental disease appears also, for the mind droops in the absence of varied and pleasurable excitement; mind and body react painfully, and thence the hypochondriac, the fanatic, the felon, or the madman. The philosophers of Greece knew better; for the calls made by this corporeal frame, and they were not satisfied with having knowledge and talking of it, they habitually carried their knowledge into effect in their own persons, and verily they had their reward. They lived long and happily; and did such feats of mental power as the world longs again to see.

The physical perfection and length of life which our aristocracy now generally attain, must, in part, be attributed to their fondness for the sports of the field. Objectionable as these sports are in

many respects, it is impossible to deny their salutary effects on those who practise them in moderation. We see frequent accounts of aged nobles undergoing a degree of corporeal exertion, under the name of sport, and with marked advantage to their health, which would be considered the height of barbarity if inflicted as labour or punishment on any persons of their age. Rationalize athletic diversions, extend them through all ages and ranks of the community, and a fine and happy race will soon spring up: or exclude such exercises, throw every obstacle in their way, stop footpaths, enclose village greens, leave no accessible open spaces in and around towns and cities, and the consequence will be a marked change in the health, and happiness, and morality of a people.

Our pleasures are not so numerous that we ought to cast off any one, far less those which, as conducing also to health, are in some sense the basis of all other pleasures. It especially behoves townsmen of the more educated classes to contend against the evil, which afflicts them above all others; and young townsmen should exert themselves to the utmost to retain those of their boyish pleasures on which their health and happiness so much depend.

It is the crying sin of modern society, that young men, when their education is (as it is called) finished, find it necessary to recommence it upon some rational plan. A great proportion of the educated persons in this country are townsmen, and very many of these have been brought up in complete ignorance of external nature, and in utter incapacity to taste her pleasures. Is this large and most important class of our countrymen always to remain ignorant of the delights of nature? Are they to be completely cut off from so large a portion of the purest and most lasting pleasures of humanity? Are they to be debarred from relishing or even understanding the greater portion of the field of poetry and most of the fine arts? Are they to be kept perpetual prisoners within the bars of that great jail, an English city, and only now and then suffered to take a peep at the outskirts, where the best has been done to destroy nature, or to deform her, or render her ridiculous? Prisoners indeed they are, and not the less so because they have been rendered prisoners by education and habit, no less than by physical necessity.

Few townsmen appreciate thoroughly the pleasures of walking in a fine country; for these, like most of our simplest, least exciting, and most durable pleasures, do not come upon us all at once. They are composed of a great number of small parts, and require time and habit to produce their effect.

The changes of scenery in a fine country, as they constantly vary with the season, hour, and weather, as well as with the position of the beholder, must be dwelt upon somewhat, or they will not produce their full effect in raising pleasurable emotions. It

will not do to scamper over the ground as if we were travelling express, keeping exclusively in well-worn localities. Still less will a hoodwinked vehicle suffice, dashing along the high road (usually the ugliest line in the locality) under perpetual anxiety lest ten miles an hour should not be accomplished. To be fully enjoyed, or even tolerably seen, a fine country must be walked through. The independence of the pedestrian will carry him into scenery attainable to no other traveller, and will allow him to dwell without limitation upon anything that strikes his fancy and gives him delight. He is not the slave of his horse or carriage, or the fettered slave of the rapid stage-coach. He is not mocked by pleasures which he sees, but cannot wait for or get at to enjoy. Nature must be lived in for a time, and walked through, or she cannot be thoroughly known and fully enjoyed; she must not be glanced at, and then fled from as if she were the cholera morbus or plague.

An occasional visit to the country, and especially a pedestrian visit, is a valuable medicine for the mind; whatever it presents is fresh, and healthy, and beautiful, and a relief from the daily routine of labour and care. It conveys us for the time into a newer and a better world. A thousand associations that otherwise might grow so strong as greatly to circumscribe our happiness, may thus be prevented from becoming indissoluble; among which not the least formidable are the petty domestic habits, whose bonds are at once the strongest and the least observed.

To the body, a complete change of food, of air, and of exercise, often produces remarkable results; and no less extraordinary is the effect of a change of scene, of society, pleasures, and thoughts upon the mind. Judicious travelling affords both; and its striking effects are proverbial.

A perpetual residence on the same spot, especially in the interior of a great town, must greatly enfeeble, if it do not completely destroy, habits of external observation, and tend materially to decrease many valuable powers. In the country nature checks this by varieties of productions, of seasons, and of weather; but, in large towns, the changes of nature, except from heat to cold, are few and little observed; and her most beautiful varieties are never seen. In towns we become quick enough in observing and criticising each other; but the pleasurable excitement arising from external observation of beautiful images, is, in most instances, comparatively small.

Rich materials are gathered by the observing and reflecting mind from the variety (however trivial in appearance) which well-conducted travelling ensures, both in men and nature. To the pleasure of constantly acquiring new information may be added subsidiary occupations, such as drawing, or botany, mineralogy and zoology. A very superficial knowledge of these subjects may be a source of great pleasure and instruction. Attain-

ments far short of those of the professed artist will be sufficient for purposes of pleasure, and much satisfaction may be derived from small outline sketches, which any one, after a few trials, may readily take. It is not to be imagined, without actual experience, how many objects, events, and emotions will be renewed long afterwards, by a glance at a few scratches of the pencil made on the spot, which are hardly to be deciphered by any but ourselves. A written journal will do much; and, in conjunction with a graphic journal, will all but restore the past to the present.

Acquaintance with botany and mineralogy will cause us to observe many gratifying objects which otherwise we should have passed unheeded. It is astonishing how heedless we are of a thousand noticeable physical objects which present themselves before us. We are like the blind amid beautiful colours and elegant and ever-varying forms; we are in fact next to blind; for though we may see nature as a beauteous whole, and rejoice thereat exceedingly, our eyes are closed to most of the minor beauties of the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, which are, nevertheless, formed to give delight, and come in with their gentle and varying aid when we have had our fill of larger prospects. The fact of having previously observed a few of the more common minerals will open our eyes wonderfully as regards the mineral kingdom wherever we go; and an equally superficial examination of the parts and structure of a few plants, and a slight knowledge of the Linnæan system, will bring many an interesting plant under our notice at times when we are not in a humour for anything more extensive.

The townsman, whose youth was passed in the country, finds that an occasional return to it is of real importance. A thousand joyous reminiscences are excited, and pleasurable trains of thought kept up which form the basis of a cheerful character, but which continued absence is sure to weaken or efface at the time when advancing age most needs their aid.

‘These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man’s eye :
But oft, in lonely rooms, and ’mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration ; feelings, too,
Of unremembered pleasure ; such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man’s life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.’

WORDSWORTH.

One of the most unprofitable modes of visiting the country is to go to a watering-place; in other words, to go from one large town to another. Yet this kind of travelling, if so it may be called, is not altogether without its use. The change, even, from one town to another, is of some effect; many persons move thus who would not otherwise move at all; their bodies and minds are refreshed by change of scene and occupation; some knowledge is gained, and some prejudices are loosened or effaced.

The art of travelling, as practised by the English gentleman in former times, whether at home or abroad, was to get over the greatest quantity of space in the least quantity of time. And even now those among us, who have more money than time or wit, are addicted to the same habit. A more certain method of engendering confusion of head, and of seeing enough of the outside of everything to be sure of forming the wrong opinion, could not be prescribed. The son who travels in this manner is, however, less likely to be injured than his father. The old gentleman's taste for novelty is gone, and a continuance of bodily motion and noise gives him annoyance. What he sees, or rather what passes before his eyes, is new and strange, and therefore foolish or bad; and he is wedded to many little habits and comforts which travelling impedes. He consequently returns a worse man than when he went forth, excepting that he rates a little higher the pleasures of home. The young man enjoys noise and bustle, his spirits rise as he is shaken about; variety and novelty are as yet his delight; he sees much, mistakes half that he sees, and laughs at every thing; his rest is not to be broken by a poor bed; his appetite is proof against indifferent or strange food; he rather enjoys than suffers from a change of habits. And if he, too, returns at last not much wiser than when he started, he has passed his few weeks or months in pleasurable excitement, which is something; and he can afterwards look back to the past without pain or uncharitableness.

Pedestrian tours or excursions may be prescribed to young men on the score of health, pleasure, and knowledge. In this country great facility of procuring conveyances to agreeable centres for commencing any tour is seldom wanting. It is by no means uncommon now for young men to go to the boundaries of Wales, or to the commencement of the fine country about the Cumberland Lakes, and then to travel on foot through the most beautiful parts, sending on their luggage from place to place, as opportunity offers. The pedestrian will find it most to his advantage to reside for a few days in a good central spot, and then remove to another, by which means every place is well examined and thoroughly enjoyed. Over a monotonous tract, a lift may be occasionally obtained by a stage or car; but the rule should be to trust to one's legs.

The quantity of walking that a man of average strength can

perform with pleasure, is much greater than is usually supposed. Amid fine scenery, there are few men under fifty who will not walk twelve or fifteen miles in a summer's day with pleasure; and by increasing the daily distance gradually, twenty or thirty miles may soon be attained by any young man in ordinary health, with great satisfaction and with scarce any feeling of fatigue. If, indeed, the pedestrian will walk as if he were blindfolded, he may feel tired at the end of a mile, as he certainly would at the end of an hour if he were to sit still doing nothing; but a moderate appreciation of the beauties of fine scenery will necessarily dispel this fatigue of indolence. A love of nature, though wanting, (which is sometimes the case with the indweller of cities,) is fortunately soon acquired by the pedestrian. Two or three persons of accordant tastes walking together, will greatly enhance each other's pleasures; but even when alone much pleasure may be enjoyed by an active pedestrian. Occasionally one ought to be alone; one should dare to be alone; though, as a general rule, it is better for the social animal that his pleasures should be taken in company with his kind. One advantage of being alone is, that the wayfarer is thrown exclusively upon external nature and chance society, and has a strong inducement to examine them thoroughly; though, on the other hand, occasional tedium is prevented by social travelling, and each one profits by the mental resources of the rest.

Wild and visionary as the scheme may appear, and impracticable theorists as those may seem who advocate the habit of using the legs, it is notorious to all who have been in Wales or Cumberland, that the impracticable theory is there reduced to practice by many persons every year, with much satisfaction; and nothing is more common in Germany and Switzerland than for young men to take long tours of this description as a part of their education. Some of the German schoolmasters make a point of taking a number of their pupils on walking tours in the holidays, and of stopping to examine minutely whatever is worthy of notice in their progress. And some who have proceeded on these school-walking-tours describe this as the most interesting and instructive portion of their education.

The proper requisites for a journey of this description are seldom known to the young pedestrian until he has made at least one tour, and suffered inconvenience from the want of them. The just medium is rarely preserved; he often encumbers himself with things he does not want, and omits things which are very desirable. The mountainous parts of this country are very subject to heavy showers even in the middle of summer, which renders a change of clothes essentially requisite. A frock-coat or shooting-jacket, with large pockets, cannot be too strongly recommended as the general attire, and the former in preference to the latter, as possessing many of the advantages of a great coat. Two pairs of

very strong shoes are quite indispensable. Very strong cloth boots are perhaps better still; but leather boots are not to be endured, they tire the ankles very soon. Many and many a suckling pedestrian has suffered much, and been put to great shifts in regions where cobblers are 'few and far between,' by acting on the belief that one pair of light shoes would protect his feet and hold together several weeks among the sharp rocks and wet hill-sides of Wales and Cumberland. For tender feet lamb's wool stockings are strongly recommended; and worsted socks are to be preferred to cotton stockings, as the latter often blister the feet. A strong umbrella, with a comfortable handle, and an unusually long and strong stick with an iron ferule, is a great treasure in climbing and descending mountains, and in warding off the short sharp showers that are so frequent in mountainous regions. A very moderate supply of shirts and stockings will suffice; with these the young traveller usually overstocks himself, not reflecting or not knowing that his clothes may always be washed in a night.

The best map of the district that can be found should be the pedestrian's constant companion; it will prove his guide and comforter on many occasions; long before he has done with it he will deem it well worth its weight in gold. In addition to the above requisites, a pocket compass and an amusing book for reading in an evening or in wet weather, will almost complete the stock of our pedestrian. The sketcher must, however, be allowed his book and pencils, the geologist his hammer, and the botanist his paper and determining book.

A small travelling bag or coat-bag will hold every thing that the pedestrian can need; and it may be sent on from centre to centre by coach, cart, or boy, or will be carried by a guide. The large pockets of the frock-coat or shooting-jacket will stow away conveniently all that is wanted between the centres, although several days should intervene.

Having chosen the country he means to visit, and consulted his acquaintance who have already travelled there, and moreover looked through a few guide-books, our pedestrian should lay down a general plan of operations and fix on his centres. The guide-books, however, must be consulted cautiously, as they are almost always incorrect and incomplete. Hence the necessity of being in the centre and examining for oneself, for a district may contain many sights worth seeing, though it is not frequented by ordinary sight-seers. The grandest scenes are frequently the property of none but the active pedestrian. They are inaccessible to carriage, gig, or horse company, and are therefore unnoticed by guide-books and guides. In proportioning the country to be gone over with the time we can command, allowing two, three, or four days to each of the centres, according to their apparent merits, we must not forget to allow several days in every month as a reserve for unforeseen contingencies and rain. The great error

of travellers is to attempt too much. A quarter of the district well seen will do more good to the traveller than the whole district merely glanced at. Many a traveller has set out with the determination to see the whole of North Wales in a fortnight. If he persists in his attempt, walking is altogether out of the question; a few roads are passed over rapidly and uneasily, a few towns are glanced at, and the memory of the journey soon passes away. North Wales would well repay a two months' excursion, or three or four tours of a fortnight. But, says the young tourist, if I do not see North Wales now, I may never have another opportunity. An opportunity of doing what? Not of seeing all North Wales, because, in the limited time, that is impossible, but an opportunity of saying that you have been in half a dozen roads, towns, and villages, extra, and have seen, or rather have whirled by without seeing, a dozen crack views; and have missed seeing well, or understanding or enjoying any one thing or any one district in the progress of the journey. Travelling in the usual superficial mode is always fatiguing, and becomes tiresome and unbearable after the first novelty is worn off. You glide by mountains, and valleys, and lakes, and are delighted; you pass more, and are pleased; but in a little while the novelty is off, and you care no longer for the almost identical and everlasting mountains, lakes, and valleys. The pedestrian does not dash through a country; he dwells in it and on it; and, contemplating at leisure every scene, he not only seizes its beauties, characteristics, and resemblances to kindred spots, but its differences from these, and its remarkable differences at times from itself. He sees something more than a line of filmy forms flitting by, each one a repetition of the rest; and thus his appetite, instead of palling, grows by what it feeds on. He sinks the mere sight-seer into the student of nature, her admirer and friend; his faculties are excited, his soul is raised, and he is storing up rich and lasting adornments and treasures in his mind.

Great importance is attached by some rational travellers to a journal of the scenes they have visited, and of the impression which these scenes have produced, which journal should be written at the earliest possible moment after the scenes have been respectively visited. Not merely regarding the journal as an amusement for friends and as a memento afterwards to themselves of what they have seen, they hold this translation of visual impressions and the coexistent thoughts and feelings into clear language, to be an important incitement to future exertion and excellence. We thus become, as it were, two; for we pass under the review of one calm state of mind, our transactions in a very different condition; we resolve and ruminate over the past; we view objects external and intellectual in new though less vivid colours; and we strengthen and sharpen our faculties so as to improve still more our future opportunities. At first, however,

our journal is scanty and feeble; we are discontented that we can fix so little of what we have observed and experienced. But we persevere; and floods soon pour from the pen to renew the past and fix it more vividly and permanently in the mind. That which was first a trouble, soon ceases to annoy, and afterwards becomes a delight. The drawing-book becomes another journal for those who can sketch, recalling place and time more vividly than any other.

There can seldom be difficulty in finding the way when the neighbourhood is populous; but this is not the case in thinly-peopled districts; there the traveller has to rely entirely on himself. He must therefore learn that important branch of pedestrianism, the art of always knowing where he is, by carefully studying his map, examining and learning the bearings of the country, keeping in remembrance the forms of the mountains and eminences with due allowance for change of position; and though he must expect to be sadly wrong at first, he will eventually acquire great facility in finding his way through the most trackless wastes with bold and joyous self-reliance, and will thereafter dispense with that great and expensive nuisance, a guide. But if he will not take pains, either from indolence, or from ignorance of the proper mode of setting about it, he will frequently lose himself every half-hour. Some men, though in a new country, never lose themselves; they seem to find their way, as it were, by instinct; yet they are masters of an art that any one, with a little trouble, may attain.

We may take North Wales for the exemplification of some of the above remarks. If the pedestrian enters North Wales by the Holyhead road, and is restricted in time, he may proceed by stage to Llangollen, which will form an admirable centre for three or four days, from its very striking situation. Capel Cerrig, (or Bettws Bridge,) which is in the neighbourhood of the most magnificent of the Welsh mountains, should be the next centre for at least three days. From thence the pedestrian will be well repaid by walking through the vale of Llanrwst to Conway, which will occupy a day or two pleasantly. Bangor and the Menai Bridge form the next good centre. The bridge should be crossed; and the pedestrian will be repaid by continuing his path through Lord Anglesey's park, and then crossing the ferry into the Carnarvon road. Carnarvon will occupy a day at least. Our traveller will then march to Bethgelert by Bettws and Llyn Cwellyn, and, if possible, will go half down the Drws y Coed. Bethgelert is a good centre for several days. The next point, for a day or so, is Tremadoc. After this the embankment should be crossed; and either the Tan y Bwlch or Ffestiniog will form another centre for a few days. Barmouth is worth one day; and Dolgelly well merits three or four. Machynlleth, Aberystwith, Devil's Bridge, and Rhyader are also worthy of being made centres, according to the time which the pedestrian can bestow. An active pedestrian

would require six weeks for such a tour as we have indicated; and if he divides it into two, Tremadoc or Ffestiniog will be as far as he can reach in one tour of three weeks. In North Wales, one day out of four must be allowed for unfavourable weather, except in the very middle of summer.

The scenery of South Wales is inferior to that of the North, and should be visited first, if the pedestrian can devote several tours to this portion of the country. The following have been found good centres: Chepstow, Crickhowel, Brecon, Merthyr, Swansea, Llandilo, Carmarthen, Tenby, Pembroke.

The best centres for the Lakes of Cumberland are Bowness, Ambleside, Coniston Head, Keswick, Buttermere or Crummock, Ulleswater Head, Wastwater, and Ennerdale. In the two latter places there are no inns.

A pretty little tour may be made in Derbyshire, taking as centres Derby, Cromford or Matlock, Bath, Bakewell, Buxton, Castleton, and, proceeding south by Hartington, to Dove Dale.

If we were writing a guide-book for short tours we might select many beautiful clusters of centres, such as the country about Southampton and the Isle of Wight; the region of Box Hill, Dorking, Leith Hill, Guildford, and Godalming; the Thames region from near Reading to Streatley, and also about Maidenhead, Cookham, Marlow and Henley; the circle of the Chiltern hills, including Tring, Wendover, Prince's Risborough, and Hampden; the country about Arundel, thence along the top of the South Downs to Shoreham, Lewes, and by Beachy Head to East Bourne; North Devon, and South Devon; Cornwall, &c. &c.; not to mention Scotland and Ireland.

Those whose circumstances require economy will find that the expenditure of a walking tour is not above half that of the ordinary mode of travelling, and may, when necessary, be reduced to a third.

When families leave their abodes in towns for a temporary residence in the country or at watering-places, they usually restrict themselves to one or two short, dull, monotonous walks. These soon grow tiresome, and it then becomes a matter of duty, often of painful duty, to persevere in taking exercise in the open air. Now we have personally known several families of females, some of them very delicate, and some very young, who have been in the frequent habit of walking five or six miles, or even more, in the summer, with very great pleasure and advantage; taking a slight rest on the approach of fatigue.

Much pleasure, intellectual improvement, and even formal instruction may be secured to boys by occasional excursions of half or a whole day; and very young urchins will go many miles with pleasure, and without much fatigue, if they are allowed proper food and rests, and are taken to examine interesting objects. Even little children will derive much gratification from watching

the progress of some distant road-making, canal-cutting, and house or bridge building, respecting which also much amusing and instructive conversation may be afterwards held.

RUTH.

Not to the fool, or he who looks
On women but as gaudy books,
Where gilding takes the place of reason,
Or fashion makes their life—a season :
Not to the worshipper of rules
Made by the world to govern fools,
Or him who makes himself a minion
Beneath that despot's sway,—Opinion :
But unto all who worship truth,
I do commend thee, artless Ruth !

Thy lips are sweet ! shall I tell why ?
Those lips ne'er opened to a lie ;
And round them dwells that simple grace,
The charm that consecrates thy face.
Thy mild yet fearless eye would brook
On Danger's hideous self to look ;
And though the serpent tongue might lurk
With double venom for its work,
Thou hast one friend to guard thee—Truth :
She maketh thee strong-hearted,—Ruth !

And where thou lovest, thou dost love
With firmness nought on earth can move ;
Like unto her whose name thou bearest,
Alike their joy or grief thou sharest ;
Though Poverty might cloud their day,
Though wanderers through a thorny way
Their eyes thy light, their heart thy clime,
All evils thou wouldst dare—and Time
Would find thee, in thy warm heart's truth,
(Like her) their own devoted Ruth.

S. Y.

NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

Commencement of the Session.—The first fight has been well fought ; the second is raging while we are writing.* Our readers are probably satiated with discussions on the speakership ; and the people have pretty strongly evinced their gratified feeling in the reply which Mr. Abercromby's election gave to the ill advised authority that dissolved the late Parliament. The country is now in the hands of the Reformers. The robber faction is at their mercy ; and if they pare not the tiger's claws, the responsibility

* It is just decided ; let the Tories turn out, or cease to cant about the Constitution. According to the old forms of their idolatry, they are defunct, as a Government.

is on their own heads. It is essential that the contest for supremacy between the people and the party should as soon as possible be brought to a final decision.

The King's speech is very Tamworthian. It is constructed with ingenious facility for the accommodation of those who are very desirous indeed of being gulled, or of having some excuse for appearing to be so. It throws no additional light on the plans of Ministers, or on anything else.

'The satisfactory state of the trade and commerce of the country, and of the public revenue,' is a curious comment on the alleged occasion for dismissing the late Government and dissolving the Parliament. We thought that 'let well alone,' had been a maxim in some credit with the Tories, whom it has often served as a plea for any abuse not altogether intolerable, or the removal of which had not been rendered inevitable by popular indignation. The excuse set up for the confusion occasioned by their seizure of the government was, that the country could no longer bear a state of ceaseless agitation. They now confess that it was thriving under that agitation,—that they interposed under false pretences. One exception, indeed, is made. The 'agricultural interest' (save the mark!) is in 'great depression,' and the burdens 'on the *owners* and occupiers of land' are to be distributed 'over other descriptions of property.'—And this while the corn monopoly endures!

Those who read our last month's article on the elections will not need to be told our views of the amendment on the address. It may, perhaps, best embody the numerical strength of opposition; we should have preferred a better embodiment of its moral power.

Election Promises.—Before it was apparent that the choice of a speaker would become a question of great national importance, Mr. R. Ferguson, the member for East Lothian, had promised not to vote against Sir C. M. Sutton. Called on by his constituents to 'perform his duty,' he applied for a release from his promise, which was refused; and he therefore felt bound, as a man of honour, to abstain from voting. This conduct is generally lauded as very moral; and had Mr. Ferguson done 'his duty' to his constituents and his country, he would infallibly have been vituperated for a promise-breaker. There is some sophistry here, nor need we go to the abstract doctrine of promises for its detection. The acceptance of a trust is an implied promise of the most sacred description. A candidate's profession of principles renders the compact express. In his engagement to Sir C. M. Sutton, Mr. Ferguson violated (unintentionally) his previous promise to his constituents; the promise which would have been quite sufficiently made by the fact of his becoming their representative. That fact bound him to do whatever his judgment deemed best for the community. No personal engagement

could absolve him from this prior and paramount obligation. A trustee cannot, morally, bind himself to violate his trust. The first, great, and all-absorbing responsibility of a Member of Parliament is to the people. That must be a false notion of personal honour which exacts the performance of a promise to commit a public wrong. Yet such is the morality of the day. A gentleman must keep his word to a gentleman. He need not keep it to a rabble of electors,—nor to a friendless female,—all is fair in love and at elections. ‘At lovers’ perjuries Jove laughs,’ and at the professions of the hustings aristocracy sneers. Many a man may defy the imputation of a proven lie whose whole public life is the foulest of falsehoods. The first of all political promises, the only one which binds under all circumstances whatever, is to serve our country to the best of our judgment and ability.

In the present state of the suffrage, the electors are trustees as well as the elected. The ballot would, it is said, enable them to break faith with the candidate. Open voting continually compels them to break faith with their country. The last lie is the worst. A false promise does much mischief; a *false vote* does infinitely more. If the fulfilment of our duty to our country was not promised for us by our godfathers and godmothers in baptism, it was promised for us by God and nature in the gift of our moral being.

Cross Voting.—In conformity, we believe, with the custom on such occasions, the candidates for the speakership of the House of Commons voted each for his opponent. The custom would have been ‘more honoured in the breach than in the observance.’ It is courtesy run mad: or rather, courtesy turned traitor. We should have been well pleased had Mr. Abercromby done the uncourteous on the occasion, and either voted for himself or left the house. Not that any difference would have been made in the result, as of course the opponents understood each other, and neutralized their own votes by compact, express or implied. But there would have been an important difference of moral effect. The vote of a legislator, on a vital question, ought not to be made, even in mere appearance, an affair of personal compliment. Mr. Abercromby’s vote should have been the expression of Mr. Abercromby’s opinion, and so should that of Sir C. M. Sutton have expressed his opinion; although the remark applies more strongly to Abercromby, as a Reformer, who had consented to identify himself with a public principle by coming forward in this important contest. His standing, and his vote, are in direct opposition. The one gives the lie to the other. We impute no blame to him but what would probably have been incurred by every other person who could have been selected for the same purpose; but the courtesy itself is so misplaced that we cannot omit noticing it for reprobation, and expressing our hope that the language of actions,

on such occasions, may be before long brought into conformity with the standard of truth.

Constitutional Servility.—The language and forms of British legislation, and of the administration of justice and other departments of Government, are in many instances founded on so slavish a theory of our political condition, that we should be astonished at their continuance, were it not that there is so much in our legal and ecclesiastical institutions to sustain the faith of hypocrisy in the creed of servility. An instance is before us, in the ceremony submitted to by the Speaker of the House of Commons, on his election. We take the record from the 'Morning Chronicle' of Saturday, Feb. 21 :

HOUSE OF LORDS—FRIDAY.

'The hour of three having arrived, the Lords Commissioners took their seats at the foot of the throne. The Commissioners were, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, Earl Jersey, Lord Wharncliffe, and the Earl of Rosslyn.

'The Usher of the Black Rod was then desired to summon the Commons.

'In a short time the Speaker, accompanied by a considerable number of the Members of the House of Commons, appeared at the Bar. The Speaker was not in his full robes of office, but wore a short wig, and appeared without his gown. The following form was then gone through :—

'The Speaker, on presenting himself at the Bar, said: In obedience to his Majesty's commands, the Members of the House of Commons have proceeded, in the exercise of their undoubted right and privilege, to the election of a Speaker.

[What a jumble of the language of slaves and freemen ! What a mixture of submission and assumption ! Either the one is mere grovelling, or the other mere braggadocio. The 'undoubted right' of obedience is a rare 'privilege' to boast.]

'I have now to acquaint your Lordships that their choice has unworthily fallen on me, and I now submit myself to his Majesty's pleasure.

[Formerly the Speaker petitioned his Majesty to direct the Commons to choose a better man. This species of insincerity is now left to the *nolo episcopari* professors. Its shadow remains 'unworthily' upon such a man, on such an occasion.]

'The Lord Chancellor: We have it in charge to assure you that his Majesty is satisfied with your zeal for the service of the Commons, and your ample sufficiency for the duties of the office that they have selected you to discharge, and he most fully approves of their choice.

[It is pleasant to find the King so well pleased with what he hates. If he speaks truth by the Chancellor's mouth, there must be bouncing lies uttered on his behalf by other authorities.]

'The Speaker: With all humility I submit myself to his Majesty's pleasure ; and it is now my duty to ask and claim on behalf of his Ma-

Majesty's faithful Commons the free exercise of their ancient and undoubted rights and privileges, and more especially that of freedom of debate. I claim also for them freedom from arrest in their persons and servants, free access to his Majesty when occasion shall require, and that his Majesty will be graciously pleased to put the most favourable construction on all their proceedings; and for myself I anxiously entreat, that when they fall into error, the blame will be put upon me, and not upon his Majesty's faithful Commons.

[Far too much of oriental prostration for the first Commoner of a free people, the president of their representatives. Really if the King were to kick the Commons in the mode advised by the Tory papers, they would almost deserve it for their great humility.]

'The Lord Chancellor: Mr. Speaker, we have it further in command to declare, that his Majesty most readily concurs

[How if his Majesty had not concurred? What would have happened then?]

in all the rights and privileges granted to the Commons by him, or any of his royal predecessors;

[So all these rights and privileges are a Crown grant, it seems. We are the King's, and all that belongs to us.]

and with respect to yourself, his Majesty directs us to say, though you stand in need of no such assurance, that he will ever put the most favourable construction on your words and actions.'

[This insolence of diction well sorts with the other portion of the dialogue. We know very well that the whole thing is an egregious farce, but why should any man of character and ability be degraded by playing a part in it? It is time for these worse than follies to be amended. Posterity will scarcely believe that the freely and wisely chosen Speaker of this Reformed Parliament could report to its members, with unblistered tongue, that he had 'obtained for them the exercise of their undoubted rights.'] F.

THE OMNIBUS AND CAB NUISANCE TO CERTAIN PEOPLE.

MR. DEPUTY BROOK, a personage who once figured as the colossal apprehender of an orange seller, whose 'sere and yellow' *boutique* he remorselessly bestrode, denouncing him as a vender of immoral eatables, which were never meant or made to be enjoyed on a Sunday morning, has now deputed himself to the questionable duty of overthrowing omnibuses and cabs. That they may be occasionally a nuisance to some of those who are fortunate enough to possess the means of keeping their own carriage (*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit!*) or their cab and tiger, may be true; just in the same way as a clean and fashionably dressed gentleman feels annoyed by dirty or miscellaneous dressed individuals, who walk on the same pavement, and are in quite as great a hurry as himself.

That they may create so much noise and bustle as to injure 'the retail trade' of many of those who dwell in some abominably narrow 'leading thoroughfares,' is equally so; for thoroughfares are expressly meant as conduits, and a street that is not at all good for business, is in that respect a very bad street, and ought to be left by the parties most concerned: but that the omnibuses and cabs are a very great accommodation to the majority of those dwelling in London and its suburbs, is a fact too self-evident to be argued.

It seems that Mr. Deputy Brook has thought it patriotic as well as civic, to run brawling to 'Sir Peel' with a petition, mendering to the following effect:—That omnibuses and cabs were 'an intolerable nuisance;' that they would '*ultimately* ruin the retail trade in the city;' that their number was quite unnecessary, and the issue of them ought to be limited by a jurisdiction 'intrusted to certain commissioners to license only as many carriages as may from *time to time* be found necessary for the public accommodation;' that they should be driven by respectable individuals, the proprietors being also 'persons of character and respectability,' &c.

Now that they are, to those who keep shops in thoroughfares, a nuisance, 'very intolerable and not to be endured,' is likely enough. But the bad building of the metropolitan leading streets is being reformed continually; and where it seems probable that this reform will be protracted for a very long period, or until some fire or whirlwind step in to aid the cause, the aggrieved occupants should e'en move to a better situation. As to their ruining the retail trade in the city, it is a farce which nobody of thirty years of age who has once been to London ought to listen to without ridicule. What! have we not seen long before an omnibus or cab was introduced to the public,—ay, seen and enjoyed, with the eyes of a schoolboy just come home at Christmas, the rare fun of a stoppage, a lock of carts, carriages, gigs, hackney-coaches, &c. which at 'high mass' held fast for an hour; never less than a quarter? How seldom does this occur now! It happened continually some ten or fifteen years ago; but the retail trade of London was not ruined. It takes very much more to ruin so vast a machine. The petition speaks of loss of lives. How many have been lost by an accident from an omnibus or cab? Perhaps the misfortune may have occurred twice or even thrice; for since the world was made, and since *factories* as well as coaches have had wheels, frightful accidents, we know, have happened; but compare the number of these with the deaths and mutilations that have occurred from private carriages of all kinds, and what a mere aristocratic and exclusive tirade of balderdash does this furious outcry become! Again, the number is to be limited at the discretion of '*certain commissioners*.' Yes, a job among those who live in thoroughfares; and to 'as many

as may from time to time be found necessary.' To be sure: from the time of paying dividends till there has been time to spend the usual portion that the *cognoscenti* know to be usual in the city; or at the pleasure of the 'certain commissioners.' As to the proprietors and drivers being persons 'of character and respectability,' we suppose that means individuals who have the benefit of a good education and two hundred per annum.

Now that some of the drivers of omnibuses and cabs are most barefaced abusers, besides being peremptory insisters upon an extra sum as the reward of impudence, is a vexatious fact. But only think of the noble and ancient line of Jarvis!—think of the hackney-coachmen of present as well as past days, and how many more choice specimens can be adduced! For one insult or extortion perpetrated by the former, we can all recollect enjoying more than we wish to count from the old treble-coated, slang-witted, hay-hatbanded, rascal-faced curmudgeons who are quite overlooked in this very patriotic petition of Mr. Deputy Brook.

As to diminishing the number, there are not more than the public need. They are generally crammed during the mornings and evenings; and at other times they are commonly as full as convenient to any man not altogether reduced to a thread-paper. At all events, if they did not fill enough to pay the proprietors, there would not be so many. That part of the evil would correct itself; if not, we should see them tumbling one over the other into the 'Gazette.' But where, we ask, are these lots of bankrupts? And the gallant, well-regulated, well-horsed, and well-appointed Mr. Shilibeer, pulling up his proud coursers with a dignified elbow, echoes—*Where?*

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Pantika; or Traditions of the most Ancient Times.

By William Howitt. 2 vols.

So far as we are acquainted with the annals of Quaker authorship, they afford no precedent for the variety and freedom of the incursions made by 'the Howitts' into the fields of literature. History and fiction, education and controversy, poetry and prose, drama and romance; they have gone forth into all, as knight and Amazon of old, alike adventurous in their chivalry. And that similitude of courage and excursiveness reminds us only more strongly of the contrast, between the good, and gentle, and benignant spirit of the one, with all qualities now called Amazonian; and of the nobler enterprise of the other to any that knight-hood ever boasted in the days of castles and battle-axes. The volumes before us are a fresh specimen of daring; we cannot say of *manly* daring, for the dramas of the 'Seven Temptations,' by Mary Howitt, were at least as bold as these romances of Jewish history and tradition,

by William Howitt. We trust that both will have an ample measure of that purest kind of success which their authors evidently most desire. In diverging from the usual routine of Quaker exertion, they never lose sight of (nay, they regard all the more steadily) the good old Quaker principle of doing service to mankind.

With the single exception of restraint from any wandering that might appear to him to be morally injurious, the Author of these volumes has fairly thrown the reins on the neck of his imagination, and spurred it to its speed. He has overleaped the barriers of the world before the flood, and seen the patriarchs, and the angels, and the fiends, and the giants, and the old Lamia, and the dark Demiurgus, and Lilith the rival of Eve, and the huge monsters of demi-chaotic planets. In the person of the ancient Pantika of Tarshish, he has preserved their strange legends. And some there are of later date, rabbinical versions, like the former, but of the times of the judges of Israel, and down to the reign of Solomon. They seem as remote to our minds as the former; for these also are fresh ground for romance, and under the cultivation of our author, it is luxuriant even to rankness.

The chief defect of the author's delineations is, that they sometimes want distinctness and condensation. We particularly refer to his descriptions of person and character. In the scenery of nature he is quite at home. His incident occasionally strikes us as too theatrical. The rosin and trap-doors of the Adelphi have abated the public relish for thunderbolts and earthquakes.

The charm of these stories is in the freshness of their subject; from which the 'World before the Flood' and the 'Loves of the Angels' detract but little; in their poetical construction and adornment; in their derivation from Hebrew legend, and their illustrative or other connexion with genuine sacred history; in the wildness, diversity, and interest of the narrative; and in the moral sentiment by which they are pervaded.

The following is a list of the titles of these tales: 'The Pilgrimage of Pantika,' 'Nichar, the Exile of Heaven,' 'Ithran the Demoniac,' 'Beel-tuthma, the Desolate and the Faithful,' 'The Avenger of Blood,' 'The Soothsayer of No,' 'The Valley of Angels.' We had marked several extracts, amongst which was a curious scene of grotesque horror, in the punishment of Noph, the mercenary 'Soothsayer of No;' but find with regret that we have not room for their insertion.

Christianity and Church-of-Irelandism. A. Sermon.
By George Harris. Glasgow.

THIS discourse was first delivered on the 24th January last, and the edition before us is the seventh. The author has touched a string that vibrates strongly in the popular heart. The tithe-slaughter at Rathcormac has passed off, as yet, far too quietly. The public attention has been exclusively fixed, in England at least, on the elections and their results; but there will come a time for it. Meanwhile, we thank Mr. Harris for giving Justice this refresher. It was a proper subject for the indignant animadversion of the Christian and the moralist, as well as the politician; and his thoughts and feelings on the occasion are appropriately and forcibly expressed. We subjoin a portion of the preface, describing the effect produced:

The following Sermon was composed in the usual course of the Author's pastoral labours. He was so much struck by the heart-rending details of the Massacre at Rathcormac, he felt that the whole proceedings were so utterly alien to the genuine spirit of the Gospel, they affixed so foul a stigma on the hallowed name of Christian, and so closely associated Protestantism with blood-shedding, that he deemed himself imperatively called on to vindicate the pure and undefiled religion of the Saviour, from any participation in such enormities; to show, that benevolence is not more opposite to malignity, than is the spirit of the New Testament to an anti-national Established Church; to point the abhorrence of his hearers, not so much at the instruments of the evil deed, as against the system which induced and authorized the outrage; and to utter his earnest and most solemn protest against its being for a moment imagined, that Christianity lends the slightest sanction to principles and conduct, as much at war with the doctrines and commandments of the Sacred Volume, as they are with every sentiment of natural reason and every feeling of common humanity.

The Sermon was delivered to the Unitarian Christian Congregation with which the Author esteems it his privilege and happiness to be connected, on Sunday morning, January 18. His hearers so warmly sympathized in its views and objects, that they requested him to re-deliver it in the evening. He did so to a large and deeply-attentive audience. In the course of the week, the Author was repeatedly asked again to preach it, both by members of his own congregation, and others unconnected with his religious communion. He consented, provided a collection was made for the families of those who were shot on the melancholy occasion which called forth the discourse. The committee of his Society unanimously appointed a collection for that purpose; and in the afternoon of Sunday, January 25, the Sermon was again preached to as large an audience as could possibly be contained within the walls of the building. Many hundreds could not get in, and even before the worship began, a notice had to be affixed to the chapel, that the Sermon would be repeated, for the fourth time, the same evening. The audiences manifested their detestation of injustice and outrage, and their benevolent wishes for the sufferers in Ireland, by a handsome contribution.

The Massacre at Rathcormac is but a single chapter in the history of misgoverned and injured Ireland. The mis-named National Church of that unhappy country, has been baptized in the blood of its unfortunate inhabitants. Instead of enlightening, it has made more dark; instead of civilizing, it has brutalized; the Bible has been associated with the sword, Protestantism with the tithe proctor, education with exclusiveness and bigotry, and the name of England with oppression. High time is it that such enormities should cease. There must be no patchwork attempts at amendment; the root of the evil must be removed; the abomination must be entirely swept away; universal education must take its place; well-directed and unceasing efforts must be made for the enlightenment, the moral and social elevation of the whole people; and the civil and religious liberties of every individual of every denomination, must be founded on a basis, which no intrigue, no human force will be able to overturn, impugn, or pervert.

The Late Houses of Parliament, and Palatial Edifices of Westminster.

By J. Britton, and E. W. Brayley. No. I.

The antiquarian zeal, diligence, and attainments of the authors of this work are well known to the public. The late fire gives additional interest to their subject, at all times one of the most interesting to which their researches could have been directed. The plan is both historical and architectural, and when completed, will form an octavo volume of 400 pages, with 40 engravings. So far as we can judge from the first

number, which consists of 32 pages of letterpress, and four engravings, the publication will be a most welcome one to all who delight in the cathedral antiquities, and who would gaze with no ignorant gratification on the wonders of that world of art which is commonly designated by the not very appropriate title of Gothic Architecture. The historical portion promises to be rich in curious anecdotes. We cannot sympathize in the piety of Edward the Confessor, who prayed the Deity to silence the nightingales because they disturbed his devotions; but, perhaps Sir Andrew Agnew may, at least on Sundays, when he happens to be in our southern country, and the miracle may give him a hint, derived from the wisdom of our ancestors, for his future attempts at Puritanical legislation. There is another miracle in the number, proving the right of English kings to nominate bishops, which may be of use to the Tories in the coming discussions on Church Reform. We hope to be thanked for pointing it out. While even these absurdities are illustrative, and therefore properly introduced, there is a rich variety of matter of a different kind, tending to throw light upon the condition and manners of society through a long succession of centuries, and extracting the materials of knowledge and common good from the vestiges of royal and sacerdotal pomp.

The Pocket Guide to Domestic Cookery. Simpkin and Marshall, 1835.

It is full of *meet* directions; its advice is never out of *season*; it has means for marketers; cautions for carvers; ending in solids for substantial, *entremets* for epicures, and sops for the sick; and all in so small a compass, and in so pretty a dress, that a lady need not be ashamed to carry the knowledge of the whole *cuisine* and all its accompaniments in her reticule. It would have been better had it acknowledged its obligation to Mrs. Child's 'Frugal Housewife,' (a more economical but less portable work on the same subject,) from which it has copied many directions verbatim.

Byrom's Short Hand, abridged. 1s. 6d.

A NEAT abridgement of Byrom's popular system of Stenography; a system which is inferior in rapidity to Gurney's, and some others, perhaps, but which can scarcely be excelled for beauty and intelligibility. The editor has been rather careless in the short-hand specimen and transcript; and, by avoiding a little repetition, might have made more use of the small space which he occupies. But he has done enough for any one easily to acquire the art, without the expense of larger publications.

The Historical Keepsake.

THIS is a 'Series of Original Historical Romances founded on important and interesting Events in British History.' The facts themselves are so well chosen for attracting the attention of juvenile readers, that we could wish there had been no admixture of fiction. The purpose might, we think, have been accomplished without, and the evil obviously attending such admixture have been avoided. Although demurring to the plan,

we cannot but praise the execution. The volume is embellished with fifteen wood-engravings, from celebrated paintings. It is a good present for those who are yet too young to grapple with continuous history or biography.

The History of Greece. By Thomas Keightley.

In this volume, closely yet clearly printed, and in every respect neatly got up, we have just such a History of Greece as our schools needed; and one which we think the author has quite succeeded in rendering as worthy of the man's attention as of that of the boy. It is a summary, but without becoming dry, meagre, or unpicturesque in the narrative, from the attempt at comprehensiveness. The author avows his predilection for a form of society, the Aristocratical, which, in our opinion, can only have fitting and useful place in a comparatively early stage of its progress; but his predilection has not blinded him to the glories of those old Democracies. The division of the history into the three periods, Aristocratical, Democratical, and Monarchical, is too artificial; and the accompaniment of a map would have been a benefit. We hope the author will persevere in his project of a succession of School Histories, which, if executed like the present, will probably supersede, as they will deserve, the trashy compilations and abridgements now so often put into youthful hands for want of better.

The 'Spectator's' Complete Lists of the New House of Commons, &c. Clayton.

The Parliamentary Test Book for 1835. Wilson.

THE first of these publications contains: 1. Complete lists of the Members, the places for which they sit, and their political character, Tory, Reformer, or Doubtful: 2. The numbers polled at every election: 3. The changes which have occurred: 4. Distribution of the gains and losses of both parties. It is reprinted from a newspaper most trustworthy for its accuracy, and distinguished for its diligence and enterprise in the collection and arrangement of useful information.

The 'Test Book' will afford the means of bringing to book any who may trifle with their constituents, and their own characters. Besides the poll returns, the residences of the Members, &c., it gives extracts from their speeches or addresses, and the votes on the most important questions, of those who sat in the last Parliament. Mr. Wilson has rendered essential aid by this publication, to all who hold the responsibility of the representative to his constituents.

A History of British Fishes. By W. Yarrell. Part I.

THIS work is to be completed in fourteen monthly parts, uniform with 'Bewick's British Birds.' The arrangement followed is that of Cuvier. It promises to be far more complete than any former publication on the same subject; and the clearness of the letter-press descriptions, together with the beauty of the wood-cut figures in this number, are a good pledge of the fulfilment of that promise. Its appearance must gratify all lovers of natural history.

The Faculties of Birds. (Library of Entertaining Knowledge.)

WE have here a supplement to the volumes previously published by the Diffusion Society, on the Architecture and the Domestic Habits of Birds, which forms, with them, a popular and most interesting ornithology. The peculiarities of the sight, hearing, taste, touch, and smell of birds, with their locomotive powers and migratory tendencies, are illustrated by a most entertaining and curious collection of authenticated anecdotes, interspersed with observations of the most celebrated natural philosophers. The series on this subject is appropriately concluded, after a chapter on Instinct, by the Natural Theology of this department of the works of the benevolent Creator.

The Three Pictures; or a Few Words on Church Rates.

By B. H. Draper.

THE first Picture is a scene from the present state of things ecclesiastical; the other two belong to an imaginary condition. We extract the second as a specimen of the writer's humour. It must not be inferred from it that he is not a warm friend of the 'Voluntary Principle.' The object of his tract is to show the injustice and absurdity of the present system:

'First Application at the Parsonage for a Rate to support Dissenting Worship. The Collector enters.'

'C. Is the Rev. Mr. T. at home?

'Servant. Yes; what do you want of him?

'C. I wish to speak with him.

'He enters the Hall.

'T. Well, sir, what is your pleasure?

'C. I called to demand a rate for the support of the dissenting worship.

'T. Rate! Who sent you?

'C. The claim is authorized by the magistrate.

'T. Indeed! This is something new. We have been accustomed to claim rates of them for the support of our worship, and to seize their goods, if they would not pay them. Truly, the tables are turned.

'C. They are, sir. The Whig ministry, before they left office, made an Act, to gratify their old friends, that Churchmen should pay rates to the Dissenters, for the support of their worship, even as the Dissenters had paid rates to the Church.

'T. I am astounded; can it be so? Where am I? It is ours to receive, and not to pay, rates.

'C. That is what the magistrate said, sir; that since the Dissenters had supported the Church for so many years, it was now come to the turn of the Church to support the worship of the Dissenters.

'T. I shall not pay the rate.

'C. Then I must get a warrant, and make you, that's all!

'T. But I don't approve of their worship.

'C. Nor did they of yours, and yet you made them pay the rate.

'T. I never go near their conventicles.

'C. But you may if you choose, sir.

'T. I tell you again, that I shan't pay.

'C. You know, sir, you have granted many a warrant against the Quaker and Dissenters to make them pay rates.

- ‘ *T.* The case is a different one. Hold your peace, sir.
- ‘ *C.* It is the law, sir, that you shall pay.
- ‘ *T.* I hate all unjust, tyrannical laws. It is amazing that they should dare even to think of enforcing such a law as this. That a great and affluent Church like ours should support the worship of the Sectarians! Why, it is unbearable!
- ‘ *C.* It is said, sir, that one good turn deserves another. And, as they have supported the Church for ages, the Whigs thought it would be equitable, at least for a few years, to give them a helping hand.
- ‘ *T.* Equitable indeed! If you are not more careful, I shall chastise you for your *insolence*. I will not give them a farthing. Let them support their own worship. *I am for all sects supporting their own worship.*
- ‘ *C.* This, sir, was not your mind, when, by your authority, I used to seize on the goods of the Quakers.
- ‘ *T.* Things are altered. Know your place, sir! I shall not be taught by you!
- ‘ *C.* I beg pardon, sir. I did not mean to offend you. I only observed, that by your full good-will, I have seized on the Quakers for many years. You know it has been quite a regular thing.
- ‘ *T.* How often must I tell you that things are altered? I will never submit to the rate for the support of the Dissenting worship.
- ‘ *C.* They have submitted for ages to support yours.
- ‘ *T.* We compelled them, or they would not.
- ‘ *C.* Now they will compel you.
- ‘ *T.* But they preach errors.
- ‘ *C.* That is what they say of you. You say you preach the true Gospel; but it is a very different Gospel from that Mr. S. preaches in the next parish. Now, one of you must be wrong, and which is it; you, or your evangelical brother?
- ‘ *T.* I cannot pay it conscientiously.
- ‘ *C.* So they said, sir; and, therefore, you gave me warrants to seize on their goods. You know I took two bags of wheat, a few weeks since, from Beaulieu Mill, by your warrant, for church-rates.*
- ‘ *T.* That is true; it was according to law.
- ‘ *C.* Well, the law is now altered. The liberal Whigs have given the church-rate to the Quakers and Dissenters. You are not to receive it any longer.
- ‘ *T.* I will never pay it. Why, our churches will be ruined without the rates.
- ‘ *C.* Why, Sir, their churches are not ruined; and they have paid, instead of receiving them, a great many years. Indeed, I think they have got stronger and stronger, so far from being ruined.
- ‘ *T.* I shall not pay them; so go about your business.
- ‘ *C.* I am about that; you should submit to the laws. You used to say, non-submission was rebellion.
- ‘ *T.* But then the Church had the rate, which makes all the difference. Rates on the Church to support the worship of the Dissenters, are most unreasonable and tyrannical. We won’t submit to them.
- ‘ *C.* You used to say that these things were right from the Jewish laws.
- ‘ *T.* Yes, *if we had the proceeds*. The Old Testament dispensation is superseded; and, if it were not, I would not pay. Begone;—John, show this fellow the door!
- On a subsequent application, the collector seizes; but, according to our author, the Dissenters decline the proceeds.

* ‘ This is matter of fact.’

NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

Prospects of Reform.—By the divisions which followed the debates in the House of Commons, on the election of a speaker and on the address, it became evident that the two coalitions, occupying the opposite sides of the House; viz., of Tories and Conservative Whigs, on the one hand, and of Reforming Whigs and Radical Reformers on the other, were so nearly balanced, as to ensure the new Administration the chance of struggling on for a while, and, perhaps, by the introduction of a few popular measures, and a clever system of parliamentary tactics, of prolonging its harassed existence, until some new and more enduring combination of political elements can be formed. For this respite the Tories are indebted to Lord Stanley and his followers. They held the balance; and by their own trimming trimmed the Ministerial boat, which must else inevitably have capsized in the first breeze. The apprehension of a final split with this party, and the hope that it might yet assist in the substitution of a ministry, somewhat resembling the last, for that which now exists, seems to have neutralized the energy of the Whig leaders, and through their influence to have restrained the entire opposition from those decisive proceedings which the country had confidently anticipated; neither coalition has yet become consolidated, nor is either likely to be immediately broken up. The Stanleyites labour hard to retain the factitious importance of their present position. The Radicals are loath to lose that Whig co-operation, by which alone there is the chance of unseating the Tories. The Whigs are continually embarrassed by their former acts while in office, and by a regard to the prospect of a return to office. And the Tories, with their usual unscrupulosity, are ready for any expedient by which they may retain, from day to day, the possession of power and place. The result has been that, although the present House of Commons probably contains a larger admixture of intelligence, honesty, and patriotism than has ever before been admitted into that assembly, its proceedings have hitherto shown a deplorable want of principle. The plain and straightforward course would have been a prompt declaration that the powers of government should not be directed by the party to which they had been intrusted. ‘But this could not have been carried.’ Very well, then, it would have been a good point on which to have been defeated. It would have marked the strife, and dignified it, from that moment as one of principle. The Opposition would have become one of defined views and purposes: it would have been *the people against the party*. The pretensions of the members would have been brought to an intelligible test; their constituents could not have been mystified; and had the desperate experiment of another dissolution been ventured upon, the results would probably have been such as Toryism and trimming would never have forgotten. That the cause of reform has not been placed in this intelligible and honourable position is not so much the fault of the people as of their leaders. They have not understood, or not felt themselves equal to, the situation in which they are placed. The first notification of the Duke of Wellington’s investiture with a temporary dictatorship produced a sensation in the country which, had it been properly directed, would have at once stopped the mongrel species of counter-revolution which we are now undergoing. Had the Whigs taken advantage, a fair and manly advantage, of that excitement; had they renounced their vain attempt, their then detected and exposed blunder, of governing by Tory permission and Court compromise, they might have been borne back at once to office upon the shoulders of the people, as they were in 1832, with a full amnesty for all past disappointments and full confidence for the future. The course which O’Connell took in Ireland was that which should have been everywhere adopted. There was but one thing to be done,—to put down the attempt at

reviving Tory domination under the name of Reform. The people were told to wait for the elections; and they did wait. They were told not to exact pledges, but to trust their friends; and they did trust. Parliament meets; and the Minister, backed by a section of *soi-disant* Reformers, after being left in a minority on the first two questions, is allowed, without a direct struggle, to go on and try his hand at dividing the Opposition, cajoling the public, and re-edifying that sinister interest which had been battered down at the expense of so much time, toil, and peril. O this is not the way in which honest and high minded men should have battled for the welfare of a great community. They should have taken a loftier stand. They should have disdained all petty tactics. They should have unfurled the banner of principle; have declared 'he that is not with us is against us;' and without regard to vote-counting or place-expectancy have manifested that not to the slavish on principle, the hypocritical in profession, or the infirm of purpose, should be committed the destinies of a reformed nation, if it were possible for them to ward off so fearful a calamity and so loathsome a degradation. Had this cut down the majority of three hundred to a minority of half that number, or less, it would yet have invested the minority with a moral power that would have achieved, and at no protracted period, far greater advantages for the nation than those hitherto effected by the combined force of opposition.

The withdrawal of Mr. Hume's notice of motion, and afterwards of Mr. Ward's, for postponing or limiting the supplies, was a deplorable circumstance. It showed a want of concert in the camp, which was alone a sufficient occasion of insolent triumph to the common enemy. Those notices, once given, ought to have been acted upon, and we should have thought that every honest reformer would have felt bound to support them. No nonsense about not allowing this or that individual to lead; no waiting for a better opportunity, (that is, one on which more votes might have been caught,) should have occasioned their abandonment. If carried, the resignation of Ministers might not have followed. They would probably have taken their three months' allowance, and trusted to the chapter of accidents, or have amended and multiplied the promised measures of Reform which are the price they are content to pay for place. But they would have been in a condition which better becomes them; treated as undeserving of confidence, and the rod held over their heads to enforce their decent behaviour.

The consequence of the failure of the Opposition to occupy the high ground which was open to them, is that the country is taught to tolerate conduct which surpasses, for its unprincipledness and profligacy, that of any political party upon record. False to their innate and hitherto avowed anti-reform principles, by the measures of Reform which they are proposing and promising; false to the Reformers, whom those measures are designed to conciliate or neutralize, by the spirit in which they are propounded and will be acted upon; false to the people, the agriculturists especially, whose needful aid they won, with promises like 'dicers' oaths,' to oust some portion of their opponents; they are true to nothing but their own personal and party interests; and yet they are allowed to govern the country. Nevertheless,—as the national disgrace of recognising their authority at all, has been incurred, it is, perhaps, as well that they should remain where they are until those who would succeed them in office have not yet shown themselves prepared for grappling with the great difficulty in the way of good government, and beginning their career by a reformation of the House of Lords. They will do, or promise, far more themselves than ever they, and their hereditary backers, would have allowed any other Administration to do for the country. Let them pay the price of their temporary elevation, to the uttermost farthing; let them relieve the Dissenters; let them prepare for the commutation of tithes in England, and accomplish it in Ireland; or if they do not realize, let them show all the extent of Reform, real or sham, which they are willing, if necessary, to grant. Their maximum will be the minimum.

of their successors. They will have played away their last stake. The completion of Reform, in political and municipal institutions, will then be inevitable. Meanwhile those dilemmas, of which the alternatives are the getting good out of the Tories, or the getting rid of them, cannot be too often repeated by the Opposition. After the vote on the malt tax there can scarcely be another dissolution at present. The force of that threat is neutralized. The constituencies should everywhere make such arrangements as that it may never again be formidable to an honest representative whatever his lack of property. The present House will probably last as long as the present Ministry. And ill indeed must the Reformers manage if we do not receive from it sundry particular measures of improvement, while the means are maturing for the ulterior realization of the one comprehensive blessing of good government, in theory and in practice, in the organization of institutions and the administration of affairs.

The Dissenters' Marriage Bill.—This bill is a good bid for the Dissenters. It will not purchase them now, whatever it might have done three years ago. Their price is up in the market, and the Tories must advance yet more and more, and lose them at last. They have overstood their time. Nevertheless the bill is a good bill—a very excellent bill; and goes on the true principle of recognising marriage as merely, in the eye of the law, a civil contract. This is the right ground to take, and which should and might have been taken from the first, but for these very Tories. One of the Unitarian marriage bills nibbled at the principle, whereupon there was awful talk of desecration, and licentiousness, and infidelity, and the horrors of the French Revolution. The clergy and the country gentlemen stand these things better now. The bill, no doubt, is to pass the Lords, unless the Tories be kicked out meantime. The subject will no longer present the insuperable difficulties which so often made the Bishops bewail that they could not help the Unitarians. There is one good thing about Tory reforms, they always do the thing out and out. It is as nauseous as physic to them, but when it must be taken, they swallow it whole. The Premier sings the 'Tragala' to his party, 'Gulp it down, dog,' and, with one wry face, the business is done.

'Taking the medicine is enough, without helping to mix it,' said Tom Moore to Jeffrey, when the seconds were loading the pistols, with which, thank heaven, the police, and blank cartridge, they did *not* shoot one another. We do not accuse the Tories of the original invention or concoction of this liberal measure, any more than of sundry other reforms, which now they say are 'to be,' but which were 'not to be,' before that their holding office thereby was 'the question.' The bill is no doubt an immeasurably better bill than that unhappy, rickety, deformed, and unformed offspring of Lord John Russell, commonly called, *par excellence*, 'The Abortion,' which was buried last session, bewept with tears of derision by all parties: but nevertheless, let the Whigs have their due, for good intentions and all. The bill is, in principle, substantially the same with one which Mr. William Brougham had prepared to introduce as an appendage to his registration measure; save and except, indeed, the five shilling fee to the clergyman; that bill having provided a recording angel of a civil character, who would blot the book at less than half the charge. The proportion of fees by the way, the division of the seven-shilling piece, which will in future betoken Non. Con. Nuptials, as a crooked sixpence used to typify true love, is not without its meaning. Two shillings to the magistrate for the marriage, and five shillings to the clergyman for the registration, are no bad emblems of Church and State. The usual proportions of duty and pay are pretty faithfully preserved in this distribution, except that the clergyman does something; which is not always the case.

The great objection to the bill is the clause which requires an oath that

the parties are Dissenters. This is objectionable on several accounts; but chiefly as it keeps up, and renders prominent, sectarian distinctions. The aim of a wise and liberal government would assuredly be utterly to obliterate those distinctions in all the transactions of civil and political life. They are an evil which makes itself felt quite enough; which is indeed one of the worst evils in the present state of society; and he renders an ill service to humanity, who carries them into a single transaction or relation of life where they were not before apparent. We do not know that the Dissenters have in this instance any particular reason to complain; the distinction is, in fact, greatly to their advantage. Their religious profession is the purchase of a privilege. On making it, they become forthwith invested with an option, which the Churchman does not possess, of celebrating marriage according to whatever forms they may prefer, or of keeping it as free from any ghostly interference as were the espousals of Adam and Eve in paradise. But the obtrusion of theological distinctions, even when it is the occasion of a privilege to the Dissenter, is not the less a mischief to the community. It is on that account that we deprecate it. We want legislators who will look to the well-being of the nation, instead of everlastingly only consulting the claims, conciliating the support, and balancing the strength of classes and parties.

Although in this matter a substantial advantage accrues to the Dissenter over the Churchman, so perverse is opinion, such a fondness is there for fetters which have fashion in their form, that it would not at all surprise us, if the Churchman's vassalage were made a boast, and some Dissenters should deem themselves degraded by their marriages being only known to the law and to society, as civil contracts. There are already plenty of lying, swearing, drinking, deistical, or no-istical conformists, who say, as Sheridan made Rolla say to the Peruvians when Buonaparte was at Boulogne,

‘ We seek no change, but least of all such change
As they would bring us.’

‘ We are content to continue to consecrate our marriages by the holy rites of our venerable and apostolic Church, and reverently bow to its pious benediction. It is for those who have no such sense of religion, who have abandoned their country's altars, to go with their affidavits to the justice, and obtain from the authority which allows the gin temple and the beer shop, a licence for their unhallowed cohabitation.’ We trust that not many Dissenters will be dolts enough to be annoyed with this nonsense; there are symptoms that some will be; and many probably would have preferred the legal recognition of marriages by their own ministers. It will be rather absurd, if after all, the magisterial marriage should be held not so respectable as going to church.

The Manchester United Dissenters' Committee has, we are sorry to see, protested against the bill, and requested the Premier to withdraw it: what better can they expect to obtain, or would they obtain, were the Whigs to be reinstated in office to morrow? Their objections are, in our judgment, somewhat futile. The clergyman's fee is bad enough, but it is paid him in no spiritual capacity, but simply in his civil office of registrar, and may encourage him to earn an honest penny. The ‘invidious line’ is really a line of privilege. It is the Churchman who is degraded. He is tied to the wheels of his priest's buggy. Does the Dissenter desire to be bound in a similar way? Does he want his minister to be recognised by the State? Is a law required which shall make the interposition of either ‘Holy Orders,’ or ‘Pretended Holy Orders’ essential to the matrimonial contract? If so, let it be plainly stated. Those who understand what they say, when they affirm marriage to be a civil contract, and who regard the option of religious ceremony as the right, advantage, and dignity, which it really is, can feel no degradation in personally appearing before the magistrate to verify their claim. Their only reasonable objection is, that others are not allowed the same

option, and the occasion for making a claim superseded by the universality of the advantage.

The introduction of another oath at the very time that a bill is passing through the Legislature for diminishing the number of those useless and often profane appeals to the Deity, might surely have been avoided; and will, we hope, be averted. Were this done, and the privilege extended to Churchman and Dissenter indiscriminately, on its being claimed, the measure would be as perfect as it can be, until some general plan of registration shall release the clergyman from an inappropriate occupation, and the parties from a disproportionate charge. F.

Personal honour and political profligacy.—Amidst the manifold crudities and absurdities which compose the chief part of the nightly conversations in the House of Commons, the germs of hope occasionally show themselves, giving promise of a better future. The dispute between Joseph Hume and Robert Peel touching that very small matter, the 'honour' of the latter personage, has set many men thinking and striving to analyze the dubious commodity called public principle. The Tory Ministry found themselves in a dilemma with regard to Ireland; the means of coercion being rather doubtful, they were under the necessity of ameliorating the mode of administering tithe law. A bill was consequently brought in, which was so very like one prepared by the Whigs ere they left office, that it gave rise to a suspicion that the Tories had availed themselves of the identical papers, making just so much alteration as to be enabled to swear that it was not a fac-simile. Joseph Hume challenged Robert Peel with having done this, and denounced the transaction as dishonourable. Upon this Robert Peel grew indignant, and talked about his 'honour' in much the same kind of taste and spirit in which a common street-walker defends her reputation. Leaving the 'Honourable' House, Robert Peel grew still more wroth, and tendered a cartel of defiance to mortal combat, with choice Mantons, to the aforesaid Joseph Hume, unless he instantly declared that he, Robert Peel, was a '*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*,' and that the jewel of his 'honour' was without flaw and speckless. And then the common result took place, by Joseph Hume acknowledging that though Robert Peel's political character was as bad as it well could be, nevertheless as a private gentleman he was all that could be desired. By so doing, Joseph Hume gave evidence, either that his standard of morality is a false one, or that he had not duly considered that which was asked of him. Consequent on this, Mr. Roebuck made a sarcastic speech charging Robert Peel with a 'breach of privilege' for endeavouring to intimidate Joseph Hume by threats of a duel, and thus prevent him from freely expressing his opinions in the House. On this Mr. Barron took the opportunity of repeating the charge, adding that no motive but a 'base desire of office' could induce the Tory Government to keep their places. Whereupon up started, as usual, one of the 'bullies of Blackwood,' Henry Hardinge, and accused Mr. Barron of 'vulgar insolence,' in a tone aptly illustrative of the thing he complained of. This, of course, drew forth defiance from Irish blood; and then the Speaker interfered; and, after that, Colonel Evans made a good speech, in which he claimed, on the part of the patriots, the right on all occasions to designate political vice by its right name, concluding by reminding 'Blackwood's bully,' that his constant intemperate sallies by no means tended to prove his valour.

The fact seems to be, that the miserable Tories, despised and hated on all sides, and conscious of their inability to make any manly defence, are resorting to the usual practices of detected thieves, by trying to bully their assailants. Threats of duelling have become their resort, and it would almost seem as if they had held a cabinet council on the subject, for even the mild and smoothfaced Joseph Surface Peel wields

'A pistol in that hand
Which late a distaff held.'

The Tories, unable to arrive at a conclusion by fair travel, have jumped at one, and a most unlucky one too. When they dreamed of duelling down the House into submission to their yoke, they forgot that there were some forty joints in Daniel O'Connell's tail, each joint as prone to fighting as the tails of the Kilkenny cats. Only think of 'Ould Ruthven' ready to blaze away till the repale of the Union. And Maurish, and the rest of the bold boys, sprung from the loins of Dan himself. And the redoubtable fearnought Feargus. Fire away honey! leaden arguments for ever! Sure and they are striking arguments any how, and save a man a dale of breath. Patriotism made asy to the meanest capacity. Sure and the report of a pistol is shorter than a report of the Honourable House, and stops a Tory mouth better than a spache. And this also seems to be partly the opinion of Spring Rice the crapulous debater, if we may judge from his answer to Mr. Roebuck on the subject of political duelling. Let the Tories make the most of the hornet's nest they have plunged themselves into.

On the subject of honour, or honesty, or principle, or morality, or by whatever name public conduct may be called, there requires a new standard to be set up. It is sheer hypocrisy to attempt to divide a man's morality into two parts—public and private. Rules of morality, founded on the pure doctrines of utility, and apart from all conventionality, either exist or they do not. If they do not exist independent of conventionality, then morality is whatever any set of men may choose to establish as a rule of conduct, at any time or in any place, and it is subject to alteration at the caprice of the rule makers. The public morality of Robert Peel and his Tory associates is a very simple matter to understand. They are a party of men clubbed together, whose joint sinister interest it is, to prey upon the community at large, for which purpose they have so operated on the mind of the Chief Magistrate by sinister methods, that he has placed the office of Government in their hands. The rule of conduct they have adopted in treating with the public and their political opponents is, that all things are fair which they can get their opponents or the public to believe or submit to, whether by fawning or bullying. Thus, it is sound conventional morality with them in their public capacity, to say one thing when they mean another; to profess themselves Reformers when they mean to crush all Reform; to profess economy when they mean to extract all they can from the pockets of the public; to profess an intention of reforming the Church when they only mean the alteration of a simple ceremonial, or something equally frivolous; to profess a regard for the freedom of election, when they endeavour to counteract it by all the means in their power. They also consider bloodshed for small matters perfectly warrantable, and think the lives of several human beings of less importance than the collection of a few shillings in the shape of tithes. In short, lying, cheating, perjury, bribery, and murder, are no impeachment of the morality of any member of this clique, provided always, that the afore-said acts be not enacted towards one of his own allies. The Tory conventionalists would in such case call them by their right names, and expel the perpetrator from their association. They understand that a house divided against itself must fall, and that they could not hold together as a body if they could not trust one another. This is merely a refinement of selfishness, for each one would deceive his neighbour if he could be insured against being deceived in turn. They would have no objection against plundering the public in a private capacity, as their armoured ancestors did in days of yore, but they know this would not be a safe matter, and their exploits of this kind are confined to the petty larceny of cheating their tradesmen by running in debt, a matter which is by the clique considered neither immoral nor dishonourable. But for one of the clique to cheat another at gambling is considered the height of dishonour. Robert Peel thinks it no immorality to gull the public, but he is horror-stricken at the idea of any one imagining him capable of doing the same in a private capacity. It is, per-

haps, fortunate for him that *he is not exposed to the temptation*. He has in public broken down the barrier of honesty, the defences are overthrown, and the strength of virtue being gone, it is open to all attacks. Truth and honesty are no longer *principles* with him, but mere conventionalities; and if by any chance he should lose his large property and be reduced to distress, his conventionality might enlarge its bounds, and he might find it as convenient a thing to swindle a tradesman out of his money, as he now does to swindle the public out of their rights. He might then consider it as fitting a thing to level his pistol at a traveller on the highway for the purpose of possessing himself of his purse, as he now does to level his pistol at Joseph Hume to stop him from asserting the rights of the public, which are obstacles to Tory dominion, or as he does to set soldiers to shoot Irishmen because they refuse to pay tithes.

But if rules or principles of morality exist independent of conventionality, then these rules must be independent of time, place, or individual. They must be the unalterable principles which determine the well-being of man, and on which all sound laws must be based. Tried by these principles, that which is morally wrong in private life, must be equally wrong in public life; and, *vice versâ*, that which is good in public life, must be equally good in private life. Thus the habit of lying, or violating truth, is not a vice by any conventional rule laid down by lawgivers or society at large, but because the habitual violation of truth, if universally practised, would utterly destroy social habits, and subject all human beings to individual isolation. The intercourse of families would be broken up; all the sweet ties of confidence which render life desirable would cease to exist. Commerce, business, science, art, all would come to an end; and the world, for want of the united exertions of man, would be again reduced to a 'howling wilderness.' Truth may be called the universal bond between mind and mind, for even those who choose to form societies apart, to profit by the damage of the rest of their species, are yet obliged to be true to one another. Lying is an universal vice, more mischievous in its consequences than even great crimes, for it overspreads society to an enormous extent, from the fluttering capital to the groaning base. The King's Speech is a lie; the speeches of his Ministers are lies; the speeches of their opponents are but rarely truths, they contain for the most part a grain of truth set round with conventional trimming. The Bishops lie, both as churchmen and legislators. The merchant lies in his counting-house, and the small tradesman and dealer lies in his shop. But these people, from the highest to the lowest, use lying principally as a tool of business, and they all profess to hate lies in the abstract. But their *principle* of virtue has vanished; and so that the temptation be but large enough, or the necessity urgent enough, the lying no-principle will by them be carried through every variety of private life.

We have yet one consolation; a large portion of the community, the producers, have, by the nature of their occupations, been kept from the necessity of considering lying a part of the business of life. They can well appreciate truth, and from their ranks will the apostles of freedom and virtue come forth to wield that power which is at present turned to evil purposes. The apostles of Christ were men of occupation, and many other great and good men have also been so. Philosophy is not in all cases the result of leisure or gentle training.

There are amongst our mechanics men of high powers and noble purposes; men amongst whom are found profound judgment and deep feeling united with a power and flow of language, constituting oratory in its best sense. Oh! for the time which shall witness the progress of sound sense amongst electors, prompting them to choose as their legislators, men of the highest minds, without regard to adventitious circumstances, which shall prompt them to choose a Samuel Downing, though his hands be hard, and turn away in scorn from the silken slaves of luxury, and the dull-witted

men of large havings, the utmost stretch of whose ideas is, the construction of inefficient laws for the protection of their slave-god 'property.' Oh! for the time when some such man shall rise in simple dignity from his legislative seat, to rebuke the falsehoods which leave the lips of authority; who will say to the tool of a court or faction, 'Such as the act is, so is the actor; alike in public and in private, he is a degraded slave.' And if the arbitrement of the pistol be proposed, he will reply, 'My life belongs to my country, and I place it not in the balance with one whose services are hired by a faction; but if the day shall come when the cannon peals, and hireling swords wave, and muskets rattle, and bayonets glance, in the last crusade against freedom, then will we try whether the arm of the slave, or of the free-man be the firmest nerved for the death grapple.'

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

March 25, 1835.

'Appropriation.'—This word has acquired, in the House of Commons, a sort of technical signification, viz.: the application of the surplus ecclesiastical revenues of the Irish Church to such moral and religious purposes as will benefit the whole community. In this sense it has become the watchword of the Opposition, and experiment is on the eve of being made to ascertain whether it be the signal of victory over Toryism. Defeated as Ministers have already been on several points, it will, should Lord John Russell's motion be successful, as is expected, be seen whether they will stick to office under discomfiture upon this also. The Whigs were beaten into this principle, by the last Parliament; they are now helping to beat the Tories into it; and not only is their success devoutly to be wished, but moreover the extension of the principle to England, and its application to the funds which support the hierarchy as well as to the surplus which remains after they are provided for. The promotion, throughout the nation, of religion and morality is, we apprehend, the legitimate direction, not merely of the surplus, but of the entire ecclesiastical fund, both Irish and English. It is for such a purpose, professedly at least, that the Church exists. It holds the amount in trust, or receives it as wages, for the accomplishment of that end. If it be not realized, the monies are forfeited. The clergy are in the condition of their Catholic predecessors, the original trustees, who were dismissed by the State as inefficient or unfaithful. They should be reduced to the alternative of reforming or being cashiered. All Church property (not bequeathed absolutely to a sect) is the property of the nation, for the purposes of national religion and morality. Such new arrangements as will render the ample means which exist efficient for this great public object, the noblest that a government, or rather a community, can contemplate, are the only real Church Reform. Nothing less than this will go to the root of the evil. Nothing less than this will rid us of the sinecurism and corruption under which the country groans. Begin with Ireland; but do not let 'appropriation' (it were better called, restitution) stop with the crumbs that fall from the episcopal table. 'Give us our heritage again;' our best heritage of the means of universal instruction, of national morality. Nothing less will satisfy the claims of justice.

F.