

WARNINGS TO THE TORIES.

ADDRESSED TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

FROM time to time, my Lord Duke, the rumour comes abroad that you are about to play over again the game of last November, and that we shall soon have another dismissal of Ministers, and another dissolution of Parliament. For the sake of those institutions of which you profess to be the champion, for the sake of the party that looks up to you as its leader, nay, for your own sake, it behoves you to beware. You have the power, no doubt; but it will be exercised the second time with far more peril than it was the first. Repeated offences against even that tame and forgiving creature the British public, are not now to be committed with impunity. It may be that whenever you so please there will be a renewal of that anomalous exercise of the royal prerogative, by which the King's responsible advisers have once been changed, with no adviser who was responsible for the change. Or it may be that, at your Grace's signal, a majority of Tory Lords and Tory Bishops will confer a more decorous form on such a change, by rejecting or mutilating one or other of the great and beneficial measures now in progress. But in either case the mischief will lie at your door. The people will know whom to curse; and accursed you will be held by millions of your countrymen: by the millions of Great Britain; and the yet more deeply injured millions of your native island, fierce in the bitterness of blasted hopes, the moment after those hopes began to brighten. It is well for a man to calculate carefully, before he makes himself the object of such feelings as will fix themselves on you should there be another counter-revolution in his Majesty's councils. Moral offences have ere now become legal ones *after* their commission. There are provocations so great that they reconcile men's feelings to that *ex post facto* judgment which in ordinary cases is abhorred as injustice. This may seem an unworthy consideration for a hero; but your Grace's laurels have been won rather by wielding the baton of the General than the sabre of the soldier, and Generals are often men of calculation. I believe you to be so, according to your ability. I wish to assist your calculations.

Suppose Lord Melbourne and his coadjutors again kicked down stairs, the question will instantly occur which you yourself put, on the Reform Bill; 'How is his Majesty's Government to be carried on?' Do you intend to govern with the present House of Commons? Truly that seems an heroic undertaking. A tolerable trial has been made already. Beaten on the Speakership—beaten on the Address—beaten on the London University Charter—and finally and decisively beaten on the Irish Church

question—there is little reason for your party to expect anything but more beating until the dose shall be sufficient. There are no middle men to win over; you have had them, and much good they did you. The time has been, since the passing of the Reform Act, when you might have cajoled some wrong-headed Radicals into a temporary cooperation; but that time has gone by for ever. It would have ended then with the turn-out of the Whigs; it will not now begin with that. With the Whigs themselves you are in a position which is fortunate for the country. Your quarrel with them has gone too far to be patched up.

‘Never can true reconciliation grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep.’

Between them and you there is now a gulf fixed, which no sacrifice of a patriot, or of a host of patriots, can fill up. To them your touch is disgrace and destruction. What then do you dream of doing? You must dissolve Parliament.

But there is the Corporation Reform Bill, my Lord Duke; what will you do meanwhile with the Corporation Reform Bill? Will you pass it in the vain hope of purchasing popularity for the elections? Why, the enforced and hollow boon will augment the strength of the Reformers arrayed against you. Will you reject it? The consequent excitement will give them yet greater strength. Any way your party must come to the poll under less favourable circumstances than they did in January last. The Whig and Radical coalition was then only in embryo; now it is firm and compact. Another election will go far towards absorbing Whiggism into Radicalism. The last contest was chiefly fatal to the undecided and temporizing. The next will be yet more so. Even should you gain a few more votes, you will have to encounter an Opposition of a more stern and vigorous character than that which so recently wrested the reins of government from your hands. You cannot rule the country by means of a House of Commons chosen under the Reform Act, provided the people be in a state of excitement; and into that state they will assuredly be put by the prospect of your return to power. It might have been done with a little more patience. You should have allowed the Whigs to go on a few years longer, supporting them in every unpopular measure, but leaving the odium to fall on their heads. They might have been caught in that snare. They had begun themselves to think of the possibility of your partial return to office. The blue and buff feelers had been put forth. The germs of corruption in the Reform Act would also have ripened rapidly. The little constituencies would yearly have become less, and in the inverse proportion vendible. Your time would have come fast enough; but, thanks to the rapacity of faction, you could not wait. You have thrown away your chance of again ruling, for a time, through a corrupt House of Commons. What then will

you do? Govern without one? Supersede representation—put the press under a censorship—and reduce the country to a proper monarchy? Aye, there the boldest of your tribe must let ‘I dare not wait upon I would.’ And yet to that, or to convulsion, must the nation be inevitably brought by the revival of Tory domination. If you have any insight into futurity, my Lord Duke, this is the prospect you must contemplate. You once shrunk, or professed to shrink, from civil war in Ireland. This would be a more fearful struggle. The fortunes of your party were not then so desperate. Have you become desperate with them? Will you risk your own revenues and station for the tithe tax and the pension list? It is not wise of you. In the dread convulsion you would occasion, thunderbolts would fall against which laurels would be no protection. But it will not come to this. The approaches towards military despotism would be too closely watched, too promptly encountered, for there to be any danger of the bloodshedding and violent revolution which must be its result.

There is another way of looking at this subject. Suppose the elections got over according to your most sanguine hopes; suppose a House of Commons, thoroughly corrupt and easily managed, let Sir Robert Peel lead it whithersoever he will, with a majority of two to one at his back and beck. Has it ever occurred to you to inquire what the effect of such a state of things would be on public opinion? To what points it would be directed, in what course it would flow, and what changes it would eventually realize? It is not difficult to predict. In the first place, there would be a general conviction of the necessity for another and more sweeping measure of Parliamentary Reform. This conviction prevails now to no very limited extent. It has been rapidly extending, even while there was not much apprehension of Toryism. A year of your Parliament would not pass before petitions for Triennial or Annual Parliaments, Household or Universal Suffrage, and the Ballot, would be pouring in from all quarters. The active advocates of these measures, or at least of Triennial Parliaments, Household Suffrage, and the Ballot, are even now as formidable as was the whole body of Parliamentary Reformers in 1830. A single Tory Parliament would give them the preponderance in the next Parliament. They would carry the first election which took place. And the first session would carry these measures. And where would you then be, my Lord Duke?—With the Peers, your compeers. And where would they be?—‘Echo answers, *where?*’

Certainly they would not long be—in opposition to the Commons. Another effect of your brief reign would be to bring the privileges of the House of Peers into lively discussion as a practical question of immediate interest. The subject is afloat already. Hereditary legislation is a broad and standing mark, which the shafts of those who ‘shoot folly as it flies’ could not have

failed to hit long ago, had it not been veiled by the corruption of the Commons. So long as the born legislators had a commanding influence in the appointment of the chosen legislators, there was little to bring their own aptitude into question. It is a very different thing to have to endure a permanent contrast with the objects of popular choice. It is still worse to be regarded as a fatal obstacle to almost all the public good which is aimed at by those who are so chosen. The return of your party to power will be the death-warrant of the House of Lords. The people have made up their minds to be efficiently represented in the House of Commons; and they will then learn that they cannot realize that desire while the House of Lords exists as an independent branch of the legislature. The inquiry will promptly be entered into, in a business-like manner, how long your Lordships are to be allowed to stop the way? It is not wise in those who identify wisdom with the security of class-interests to provoke such an inquiry; because the reverence for hereditary legislation, like some people's religion, rests on faith rather than reason, and requires a considerable 'prostration of the understanding.' The notion is become popular that law-making is a work requiring no small share of ability and information to do it to any good purpose, or even to avoid the production of great mischief. It is thought that the needful talent does not come by inheritance. It is seen that even created lords do not always owe their privileged being to the wisdom manifested by them in their pre-existent state, but to some of many thousand circumstances, quite independent, acting on the mind of the King their maker. It is strongly doubted whether some be born with a capacity which any education whatever can manufacture into a useful legislative capacity; and it is also strongly doubted whether the course of instruction at the Universities be at all adapted to train the very best capacities to fitness for the public service in the functions of legislation. There is also a disposition to speculate on moral influences, and inquire into the disqualifying effect of sinister interests upon those whose task is professedly the promotion of the common good. It is asked whether the Peers, as a body, have a perfect identity of interest with the community. All this is certainly *theoretical*, and as such very likely to have been let alone by such a matter-of-fact people as we are: nevertheless, ever since the rejection of the Reform Bill by your House, the question has been allowed to possess a mixed character; and there wants nothing but another Tory restoration to make it entirely practical and very urgent. The arguments, my Lord Duke, are all very simple and ready made; they are piled up in heaps like cartridges, and are as easy to handle. There is only to distribute them; 'prime, load, present, fire;' and there you all are, logically, blown to atoms. Now the universal logic of a people has some force in it; as much, it may be, as the *ratio ultima* of kings. Are you prepared for

this consequence, which will certainly follow should you persist? Could you face the disbanded Peerage coming out, some afternoon, from the hall in which they had been cashiered, each one shrugging his shoulders and saying, 'For this we may thank Wellington!—Would he had died at Waterloo!'

You are the champion of the Church, my Lord Duke, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford. To be sure there is something in this of what Bentham would have called the risibility-exciting aptitude. There are those who doubt whether you can construe your own diploma without your chaplain's help. No doubt they scandalize; and I think it may safely be averred that your religion is equal to your learning. The theological exhibitions which you have thought it your official duty to make since your instalment, are perfectly amazing. You first detected the atheism of the Dissenters, and announced the Thirty-nine Articles to be the articles of Christianity. Your name alone excited as much enthusiasm at Oxford as did 'the Bishops' and 'the ladies' together, on a recent occasion at Cambridge.* And no wonder; for in the visions of the holy and hopeful sons of clerical expectancy, you appear like Banquo's ghost with a glass, in which they behold bishops and ladies in long and beautiful perspective. Now it can scarcely be doubted that the reinstatement of your party will sharpen the edge of the controversy on Church Reform to an unprecedented degree of keenness. You turned the Whigs out before on the Irish Church question, and so converted them, practically, to the appropriation principle. You will convert them to something more next time. Depend upon it that if there be any attempt to go on without realizing some practical good for the Irish people out of the revenues of the sinecure Protestant establishment in that country, without conceding to nearly their full extent the claims of the Dissenters, and without a broad measure of English Church Reform, the cry of separation between Church and State will become a popular and enduring cry, and one which eventually must prevail. In no other way can that cry be hushed, even for a brief period. Nothing keeps it down but the confidence of the Dissenters in the present Administration, combined with the earnest desire of all enlightened politicians that the ecclesiastical funds should be turned to account for the good of the community, and not be sacrificed in the scramble and confusion of the abrupt destruction of the alliance of Church and State. To see your party again in power will make both these classes desperate. They are not to be trifled with. You will bind together the Radicals and the Dissenters out of the House, as fast as you have bound together the Whigs and the Radicals

* Whenever the tenants of the southern gallery (occupied by the undergraduates, in the Senate House, at the installation of Marquis Camden) were at a loss for a subject on which to exercise their lungs, they fell back upon the Bishops and the ladies, as, in theatrical phrase, good stock pieces.—*Morning Chronicle*.

in the House. You will direct the one power against the Church, and the other power against the Peerage. You are a blind Samson, my Lord Duke, pulling down the pillars of the temple which you purpose to uphold. The mischief of it is, not that you must fail to sustain them, but that you will occasion their precipitate fall in the worst way for all parties.

Nor is this all. You will bring into discussion a topic which has yet been scarcely touched. Not a twelvemonth can you remain in office without stirring up men's minds to think, and their tongues to talk, and their pens to write, on the utility or inutility of monarchy itself. It will not do again, and so soon too, for a great public calamity to be ascribed to the irresponsible volition of the sovereign. It will not do again to make the throne a shield for Toryism against public reprobation. The royal veto on acts of Parliament has long been practically defunct. No one doubts that any attempt to revive it would be perilous. And yet the royal choice of ministers had become as completely a mere form as the veto. It had, substantially, devolved on Parliament. To call it into exercise as a personal, irresponsible power, is to raise a thousand questionings that would have been dormant for generations to come. Personal caprice will not be endured as a preponderating element in the government of a great nation. You will make the tongues of millions demand why the partialities of one man should prevail against their desires, their interests, their prospects. You will create a republican party. O'Connell was praising hereditary monarchy to a multitude the other day, and telling them that the security of the cottage was preserved by the stability of the throne. You will make the O'Connells of next year, or the year after, speak a different language. You will make them demand whether cottages be more secure in England than in America; and you will hear the response in thunder. Oh if the king understood his own interests and those of his successors, (if, indeed, the condition of royalty be a real interest to its possessors,) he would shun you, your counsels, and your party, as a pestilence. He would recall, if possible, the days when all voices were loud in the laudation of William the Reformer. He would revive the feeling of the time when it was said, that in France a man had been exalted into a king, but that in England a king had been exalted into a MAN. Take pity, my Lord Duke, on monarchy. Deprive it not of its best lustre. The twenty-first of August is approaching; blot it not in the people's calendar. Your minions have announced it for the day of your restoration. If it be, the birth-day of your new power will shine on a formidable twin. The spirit of republicanism will come into this our British world at the same moment. Its rapid growth will soon defy your bayonets and cannon, your laws and prisons. The present conflicts of parties will seem a petty strife to the war of opinion which will then ensue; and when opinions become republican, it will not be very long before the empire will become a republic.

Whether the placing representation on the broadest basis, abolishing the aristocratical privilege of hereditary legislation, entirely disconnecting the Church from the State, and even modifying the executive power, would be the good which many think, or the mischief which you suppose, is not the question. That to force on the premature and heated discussion of these topics would be an enormous evil, there can be no question. And forced on it must be by the success of your party. Let us then go on quietly. We know you are a great man and a wonderful conqueror. We know you beat Napoleon, and that you are a Duke and a Prince, and have had prodigious estates given you both in this and other countries. We know you are a great favourite with the Bishops, and the Universities, and the despots of the Holy Alliance. You have adventured most successfully in the great lottery, and been a marvellously fortunate fellow. Sit down in peace, and leave us in peace. You are not qualified for a statesman. The career which commenced with the convention of Cintra ought to have closed with the capitulation of Paris. We know you have the power. We know you can act upon the Sovereign. We know the Court and the Aristocracy are with you. We know you are backed by the mighty interests of that ecclesiastical corporation which, for the sake of decency, is called a Church. We know you have the House of Lords, and above two hundred members of the House of Commons. We know you are supported by all the possessors and expectants of public property throughout the country. We know you have all that is selfish and servile in the corrupt sections of the middle class, and that you can buy the purchaseable rabble of the lowest. We know that the army is yours; horse, foot, artillery, 'pioneers and all.' We know that against this formidable array we have but two things to oppose—our arguments and our numbers. But we also know that these are an opposing force by which you and your faction must eventually be overwhelmed. You are warned against the destruction of the present Administration, the dismissal of which you can perhaps any day procure, simply on account of the mass of mischief, profitless even to your party, which it would occasion, and which would be beyond remedy. The country is in a favourable mental state for improvement; alive to the necessity for further changes, and yet disposed towards patience and confidence. The machinations of your faction are the chief disturbing force. Drive us not to extremities. The more frequently changes occur in the government, the more hastily will changes be wrought in our institutions. You will only render the destruction more wide, and the renovation more questionable. The organ of the philosophic Radicals* already complains of the Whigs, that 'the destructive part of their measures is almost always good, but the constructive part bad.' It inculcates the

* The London Review, No. 2, last article.

important lesson, in a season of change, that 'to destroy is easy—but to rebuild is a work of science; it demands a comprehensive survey and philosophical analysis of means and ends.' And who shall stay to make it, when the very next day may see the chance of abating a nuisance destroyed, and those who uphold that nuisance again lords of the ascendant? We must snatch the moments of reformation as they pass. You are reported to have once said, my Lord Duke, 'The people will be quiet if they are let alone; and if not, there is a way to make them be quiet.' You spoke truth, though you meant falsehood and bloodshed. They will be quiet now; they will proceed in a peaceful, rational, and deliberate course of improvement, if you and your faction will let them alone; and if not, the way to make them and you quiet is to seize the first opportunity for realizing such an extent of organic reform as shall effectually preclude any future attempt to force upon the country a government which is alike despised and hated. It might be a good thing in military conflict not to know when you were beaten; it will not do in political conflict. Make the move you threaten, and from one end of the empire to the other will resound the cry of 'Down with the Tories!'

W. J. F.

A WORD IN THE EAR OF ISAAC TOMKINS, GENT.

SINCE the days of Bruin in the fable, no bear has ever so unconsciously fly-flapped Tomkins's face with most disastrous claws, as—no matter who, he will scarcely prove again so awkward an ally. Since that publication we have ourselves been hooted as an aristocrat while on a visit of *Radical* importance to a neighbourhood, in which we were better known before our first appearance in that new *Stulz* and those Nugee inexpressibles; rosewood tables and grass-green note paper are universally denounced; and we know more than one case of new furniture countermanded by one of the Jenkinsons, lest his villa at Clapham should be taken for a branch Carlton Club. All we know is, that this has been felt: the mechanics will know the author of their disasters, and black-ball him at the Institute.

So it is. Well! what next? Ask yon gentleman entering that gin palace. Why, Tomkins will begin re-action to elbow the son of the 'Cotton Spinner,' and when they go arm and arm into the Carlton Club, of course the Aristocracy will have been demolished, and no more thoughts of it.

But after all, it was ill-judged to go to a lady's drawing room for the bugbear Aristocracy; he should have fetched it from Venice, with its lion's mouth fatal even to nobility; from the Sublime Porte's exclusives the Janissaries, with the prospect of the bow-string; from the *ancien régime* of the privileges of France in all its

lastibond, with (the shadow thrown before) the bloody revolution. He should have brought back the dark ages, that long tumult of the freemen of the counties, sinking beneath feudal lords; and then the tug of war for ages between king and baron; then petitions of right, charters, impeachments, scaffolds, and Pitt, the strangest institution of all, its cost 800 millions sterling, its duration thirty years, a period of postponement, of ignorance, and oratory, and large fortunes, and high rents, one flare and then a flicker, then a stink and all out. The natural extinction of the wick has been postponed by these means; are we to vent our rage on the poor gilt clay movable, erst used for candlestick, and now a gaud shelved in great state among other antiquities?

And do we treat the Aristocracy so? What do you mean, my dear Mr. Simpkins? You are, I know, not always in your apron; and on the Hampstead stage your neck is far less supple than behind the counter; but I do not know the quality of the luxuries of your 'At home.' Do you break gold wax seals of grass-green envelopes over rose-wood tables? Well, it is not with your or any other happy housekeeper's comforts I would interfere, though you rifle the Indies and task our upholsterers to please my lady. No, Simpkins, Good morning. In ages of ignorance, idols dead or living are set up and decked in the best of the loom and brightest of gold, and in times of ignorance the idol is kicked down in any case of public failure and disgrace; but the Goths were not the only people who set up religion and the state. There have been people who have borne their own sins and provided for their own occasions; for instance, the Spartans with their Senate and Ephori, the Athenians with their council and ostracism, the Roman Senate at its birth, the Italian republics for ages; and yet all had their noble families and heirs of larger census or fortune. What does it matter whether Peel be in the first or the hundredth descent from the 'novus homo,' the builder of a fortune, if he have a patrimony sufficient to bribe and attract all the Tomkinses—and be a member of that Carlton Club?

You never heard Cobbett taking these silly distinctions. Attack the mischief that shows itself, in whatever shape, and give it a name which signifies mischief, and not some class word which has lost its meaning. What signifies the descent of a lord, (I must not do a libel,) except that, like that of a stone, it falls heavier when it does reach its end the higher the point from which it fell? Why, mortgages in noble estates, like the scrofula in the blood, work rottenness, if not in one, in a few generations. Let them go. They have done for themselves in this wealth-loving country, only let it be known they are insolvent. The laws of debtor and creditor, as altered, will have this effect: the failure of sinecures will be conclusive. Now, Tomkins, prepare for your turn; forget the shop, cut the extra glass and the 'Times,' get up early and study Locke: you'll do for a legislator yet, but you have not metal. I doubt

whether we shall go on a generation with you, but with him it was impossible, it was 'a sell,' the soul of the peers was lost in the pension list. Now for knowledge and the middle orders. I wish I had known you younger, Tomkins; you are now so fixed in the ways of trade, I fear you will sell your vote, or edit a newspaper. *Apropos*;—have we not an Aristocracy of the press? We talk of the republic of letters, but the stamps and other duties (especially expensive puffs) have made that a monopoly. I wish, Tomkins, you liked Milton, (except his Heaven and Hell,) and Cowley, (except all his poetry,) and Byron, except his notes and innuendoes, and Scripture read backwards, and Shakspeare altogether, and— But you only read the 'Times,' and the Sunday paper, the 'clever' *Age*. You are not worth canvassing; you are not fit to vote; you are a tyrant at home, and a cat's-paw in Merchant Tailors' Hall; you are on the Clapham stage a cloud or a bore; in the coffee-room a twaddler; in the market a monopolist; in the counting-house a trickster; in the hiring of labour an extortioner; in the sale of commodities— I would sooner thresh acorns than have you to cater for me; I would sooner live in the woods than have you for a neighbour. Am I abusing the middle orders?—no; only the generation that have the patrimony catered to them by Pitt, and that would apply to Peel for a renewal of the Treasury custom, and another loan to be funded. Reform, Reform! Dare you echo me? Know thyself, Tomkins, and become a good citizen; in the mean time your only safety is in ultra-liberal institutions; your journeymen will be the honestest voters; it is of that class come soldiers who fight while you snore, and sailors who reef while you adjust the nightcap; thou art a younger brother of the Pharisee; truth is with the humble fishermen; go, read and consider, or England may rue it.

THE FACE.

I.

THE 'joy for ever' of a beauteous thing
 Is effluent from its beauty's memory:
 Itself and all its loveliness take wing,
 And only fixed in the thoughts they lie,
 A worshipped, but unseen, Divinity,
 Like God himself! I never shall forget
 That lucent face, but for a moment met:
 Itself and all its loveliness must die
 In death, or deathward life's maturity;
 But, ever young and beauteous, in my dreaming
 It shall contend for immortality,
 Till o'er my dust the grass and flowers are teeming:
 Nor perish then, if aught in this true page
 May feed a dream thereof from age to age.

II.

It was a face that on the eyesight struck
Like the clear blue and starry arch of night,
When suddenly we quit a narrow chamber,
From the world's dust to teach our thoughts to clamber
To that invisible ether of delight
Which atmospheres the planets in their flight !
With lips, and brow, and eyelids that did pluck
The gaze from all the circling flash of faces,
And fix it on its beauties' combination ;
So interfused, that, star by star, its graces
Were noted not ; but still, in constellation,
A harmony of grace, such as embraces
The innermost spirit with its concord fine,
But which sense cannot note by note define !

* W *

OPINIONS OF A MODERN CATHOLIC UPON TITHES.

To the Editor.

SIR,—Knowing the general and intense interest that is felt, at the present juncture, upon the important subject of tithe ; and feeling the necessity there is, that every one possessing an opinion should express it, at a time when meditated change challenges public discussion and universal advice ; and considering, moreover, how imperative it is upon every class of religionists thoroughly to know the estimate of every fellow class, upon a political question of such immense magnitude—a question, not of religion and the kingdom which is not of this world, but of property and of this grosser and present world which we inhabit, and which the philosophic say ‘ is too much with us ;’ feeling all these things, and with them that tithe is *really* an affair of discipline, and not of faith,—a bond of love for brotherly uses, and not a chain of bondage—that its legality, its justice, its expediency, are all either confirmed or abrogated by changing circumstances and their conjunct, changing opinions ; I have imagined that the views of a modern Catholic upon a prescriptive usage of his forefathers would be neither useless nor uninteresting to his differing brethren.

From one who professes himself a Tory and a Catholic, some of my sentiments may, perhaps, surprise you ; but as Toryism, except with tithe-owners, is a political, and not a religious distinction, it has not in itself any hostile bearing upon a free discussion of the present question. With respect to Catholicity, although I cannot help perceiving that tithe and Catholic Christianity are contemporaneously prescriptive ; yet I am equally convinced that the soundness of Catholic principles is in no wise infracted by maintaining the injustice of enforcing tithe (in its

origin a free gift) from those who disclaim its validity, deny its justice, appeal from the authority, and condemn the society,* of the body that claims it as its property.

Mr. Cobbett, in examining the right of the parsons to this objectionable source of revenue, (in the last vigorous effort of his mighty pen,) has very truly said, 'that as far as they are concerned, it is of no manner of consequence to inquire into the truth or falsehood of the opinions upon which its *early* foundations rest; it is sufficient to trace its *Protestant* beginnings, to prove that as far as regards them, tithe is an imprescriptive, unjust, unconstitutional, and impudent exaction, usurpation, and tyranny. But as it is *my* intention to say a few words explaining why tithe in its *Catholic* origin was just, and why, from growing and altering circumstances, even in Catholic countries it has *ceased* to be so, it is necessary that I should briefly allude to its origin, which I thus do:—

Every one acknowledges the duty of obedience that the members of a club or associated body owe to the rules which protect and constitute that society. Such an exclusive body was the whole Jewish people; and all owning the divine origin of their laws in every iota, and, which is a natural consequence, feeling, therefore, the necessity of obeying them, no one was injured even by a compulsory gathering of the tenths then established, had this been necessary; but on the contrary, any disobedience in this respect would justly have incurred upon the perverse member excommunication, or a cutting off from the society and its privileges. Thus much must be acknowledged; but now let me ask a question—When the Jews established themselves as a people, and that by divine command, with even a *divine right of conquest*, did the Jews demand this tribute of the disbelieving nations around them? The answer must be—No! it was required of those only who were born of their family, or who voluntarily sought its society, and took upon themselves its laws; and from those no longer than they chose to conform to them,—they might drive off their substance, and leave the land and the society they abjured. Similar was the origin, and similar the practice, of the early Christians; and whether we consider *their* tenth as a continuation of the earlier prescriptive practice of their Israelitish progenitors, or, more correctly, as a foundation and institution of their own, as a new and separate body, it was exercised after a like manner; they never dreamed of demanding it of their pagan brethren, or of claiming it as a usage of which they had robbed their forefathers of Palestine, and now wielded over them. Few in numbers—weak in power—at first they could not had they willed it: for many centuries when they could they did not; and when they did, (although it invalidated not the truths or sanctity of their religion) yet I will not hesitate to say, that it degraded the purity of ~~their religion~~ as to communicating with them, in a religious sense.

and integrity of its discipline, and was, and ever must be, considered the act and the era of usurpation. As long as it was exacted only from those who voluntarily joined their community; taking upon themselves its pains and its privileges, it was salutary to its own body, and at least innocent to its native legislation: as long as this order of things had continued—professing one belief conjoined in one body, and under one head,—had it been to the 100 millions of the present day, it had not been unjust (had it been necessary) to have enforced from a disobedient member the fulfilment of the laws to which he had bound himself; or, in default, to have deprived him of their protection and immunities.

Providence has *not* permitted that so happy a state of things should continue—that a spirit of *divine* unanimity should animate the whole Christian world—that it should be one fold, having one shepherd; it has not allowed such brotherly love to draw close the social bond: but, divided as we are, reason, the practice of the Jews,—who constrained not the stranger and idolatrous nations that surrounded them—of the early Christians—who pretended not to coerce the pagans, the Jews whom they succeeded, or even the members of their own body, but received only voluntary gifts—in fine, common justice, that requires people to be bound but by the laws of nature, virtue, and of God, *without* their own consent, but in laws of *human* institution by their consent alone—all attest that tithes should be enforced only upon those who acknowledge the right, and reverence the claim. No one who has not blinded his reason, or warped the affections of his heart, but must feel that God, who demands the *voluntary* offering of our hearts and souls, must look with abhorrence at the forced oblation of our bodies and goods to those who are, or profess to be, His ministers. Neither can I help approving the tenth offering as a most wise and equitable exemplar to be followed by all classes of religionists, to be collected of their own particular members, for all those laudable purposes to which they were anciently applied: for raising and repairing churches, maintaining the clergy, succouring the poor and infirm, &c. &c.

Man is a religious animal—and where is the monster that has no religion? Every man ought to be a member of *some* religious community, if he hope for the society of his fellow men, or the favour and protection of his God: if he wish not, indeed, to outlaw himself to men, to nature, and to heaven. Each man would then have a body to whom voluntarily to pay his tenth, even to trade-gettings and earnings, brought freely for the best, most humane, and christian of purposes: for who, having a love for religion, which is a love of God and one's neighbour, would deny his willing share of assistance to the great ends of society—the welfare and happiness of his brother men? What then ~~hinders~~ but that every man in this realm pay a free and willing tithe for the benefit of his fellows—each to that religious community to

which his conscience, his opinion, or his *honest* prejudice, may bind him?

Do not imagine, my dear Sir, that I for one instant compromise my own religious principles by any of these remarks. How many orders of the Catholic church are supported by the benefactions of the charitable—giving their charitable *offices* for charitable *aims*? That *my* religion is not built upon tithe heaps, its three centuries of existence in this country, in all its spiritual membership and hierarchy—and likewise in the unfriendly realms of Asia, and the republics of America—triumphantly attest. That Dissenters need it not to perpetuate their faith, by acts of Parliament, or otherwise than by common consent, is equally clear. Let those whose church dies with the dying tenths, advocate their forcible and legal exaction from strangers, from paupers, and perhaps from enemies themselves. If they have but the virtue of the serpent, they will relinquish, though unwillingly, by degrees, that which they cannot hold, and which will, perhaps, else be wrung from them at once by the hard hands of revengeful and pitiless, because injured men: let them slide gently down the hill, and not wait to be thrown over the precipice: let them stoop meekly who cannot long stand—that their end may have a requiem from a few, and not an execration from all!

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

J. A. G.

THE ACTRESS.

(Continued from Page 475.)

It would be in vain to describe the bitterness of Walter's agony. He lived through it, but its violence gave a shock to his whole being which he never wholly recovered. After the first paroxysm of grief had subsided, he remained in a state of utter listlessness; his friends left no means untried by which he might be aroused, but as the capacity for happiness seemed totally to have left him, and as all their efforts only tended to awaken him from indifference into agony, they ceased from inflicting what so many with less judgment, though with equal goodness of heart, are in the habit of doing,—kindnesses which far more deserve the name of persecutions. His child was studiously kept from him, for the sight of her never failed to bring on one of those convulsions of grief over which he had no control, and which at times seemed to threaten his dissolution. His usual manner was that of complete apathy to all about him. His movements seemed merely mechanical; he would stroll through the streets, he would stand still till he became an object of wonder to the passers-by, then, as if a sudden thought flashed through his brain, rush from the spot and shut himself up, though not so closely as that the sounds of his agony might not be heard by those about him. These

paroxysms became less frequent, though their ravages were still visible in his pale, wasted, trembling frame, which seemed as if a breeze might scatter it into fragments. Day after day did he continue in this state; day after day did those around him trace the marks of visible decline. What was to be done? There was no selfishness in Walter's grief; there was no hope from an appeal to his reason; he did not voluntarily yield to grief—she had suddenly come upon him and crushed him; and to have expected him to have made an effort to recover from the shock, would have been as reasonable as to have expected activity of brain in a man on whom a heavy weight had fallen. The only chance of his recovery seemed to rest on a complete change of circumstances, choosing those which were the best fitted to restore the tone of his mind, when once a consciousness of externals came back upon him. Accordingly they determined to remove him from London; and as the cottage which we have formerly mentioned was vacant, and its nearness to his sister made it desirable, she was urged to prepare it for his reception as speedily as possible. Lady Brandon, whose anxiety and affection for her brother had increased by time, and the eventful circumstances it had brought with it, needed no second hint; and with all the promptness of which her nature was capable, and with unceasing activity (rare, from the indolent habits she had contracted), exerted herself to prepare a new home for her brother's reception. With the instinctive tact which is so frequent and so beautiful a characteristic in woman—the kindness which almost deserves the name of Genius, in the suddenness and refinement of its inspirations,—the externals which she contrived to place around him were such as could only bring with them pleasant associations; at the same time she carefully removed all those which were likely to awaken the memory of past misery. Books of a lighter kind,—such works of art as were within the reach of her private purse,—flowers,—all placed in twilight rooms where no glare might break in upon the aching eyes of the sufferer,—even to the murmur of honey-bees in the garden and the contrivance of a fountain on the lawn, where the cool drip of the falling shower on some water lilies beneath might lull the sense of the sufferer into repose. Nothing was forgotten that her hands, head, or heart could achieve, to aid in restoring her unhappy brother to life, for his present mere existence scarcely deserved the name. To Uplands he came; and it was not long before the blessing they so earnestly desired waited upon their efforts. The peace, the freedom, the freshness, the beauty, the old familiar interchange with nature, the careful introduction of the gentle excitements of a country life, all came like mild sunshine upon the chilled soul of Walter. The long locked up springs were unloosened, floods of tears descended, and, where there had been a dreary desert, gave hope of coming fertility.

what a gentle nurse art thou! On that Nature, that takes the sufferer to thy bosom, cooling his burning brow with thy soft breezes, or speaking peace to his restless heart in the quiet voices of the whispering leaves; thou canst cheer him out of idleness by the clear deep song of the happy busy brook, or beguile his weary eyes to rest on thy blue hills and airy distance, thus leading his onward thoughts to a far country where all shall be love and peace. Thou art indeed a mother to thy children. There comes no disappointment with the love of thee, thou ever rich fulfiller of ever constant promise! Thy very change is beauty—change in thyself, but constancy to those who love thee; and though for awhile we may desert thee in quest of fancied good, which too often proves reality of evil, like a tender mother again thou takest the poor wanderer to thy bosom, soothe the eyes that have wept a world of tears since last they parted from thee, with thy healing beauty; lulling the quivering nerves with the silent music of thy wondrous harmonies, and repeating o'er and o'er again thy never-forfeited promises of peace!

The first and most important result of Walter's altered condition was shown in his change of feeling towards his child. In his agony of grief it needed but a glimpse of her to produce one of those earthquake shocks of emotion which all were so anxious to avoid, from the excessive state of exhaustion which they induced. In his state of apathy his eyes had rested on her fixedly, but hopelessly, as though the power of affection had died within him. Now he clasped the little creature to his heart, as though she were his dearest treasure—wept out that heart's agony, and when the frightened child received his almost convulsive caresses with a wondering fearfulness, he would suppress the violence of his emotion, that he might calm the heart of the little trembler.

The love of children is one of the most beautiful events in the history of human progression. It is a continuation (with some rough commencement) of the great work of redemption from self-love, the one great enemy with which man has to grapple. By its agency those who have never felt a single emotion, save for themselves, are taught to find their happiness in ministering to that of another, without seeking a return; and although much of the selfishness of pride, love of power, or the gratification of its own peculiar objects at the expense of feeling to others, may mingle with and alloy what should be the purest feeling on earth, yet its ultimate tendency is to lead man a step nearer to the Divine nature, by cultivating within him the spirit of universal love.

Walter's recovery was now certain; his heart and intellect were once more at their beautiful work; no longer lying in chains, at the mercy of a set of rebel nerves, which had so cruelly held him in bondage. Gradually he could look with increasing composure on the world around him, and thought it well that

would be broken up for a while by a return of one of his former paroxysms—though a suddenly roused memory; a breath, a sound, the sight or even perfume of a well-remembered flower, might be sufficient to place him as it were beyond the reach of his own mastery, yet these sudden starts of memory became more and more remote, till at length they disappeared altogether. He could now bear to look into Flora's eyes, and see her mother there, and imprint on them kisses more exquisitely tender for her sake; and dearly did he delight to trace the awakening image of her whom he had lost—no, not lost—for a change had come over him; the spirit of her whom he had loved seemed near him wherever he went; his soul still seemed to hold communion with hers. In his solitary wanderings in the calm moonlight, and in the silence and darkness of the night, she was ever present with him; he was no longer alone; and it was as a blessed promise to his soul that there shall be no ultimate disunion hereafter for those who have loved here 'in spirit and in truth.'

We must pass briefly over the events that happened during the time that elapsed from Walter Brandon's return to Uplands, and that at which our history commenced. Lady Brandon's restoration to her brother's society was the most heart-easing sensation she had experienced since parting from him. The thought of her having been left sole possessor of their uncle's property (he had died shortly after her marriage) had often been a very painful one to her, and now she hailed the opportunity that Walter's coming into the neighbourhood would give her of rendering a thousand little services, which would be to her a constant source of pleasure. Walter's renewed intimacy with his sister, on the contrary, was far from being unalloyed by pain; he had long since discovered Sir James to be other than the worthy, high-motived man that he had supposed, though, until he came into immediate contact, he had not felt the full amount of sacrifice his sister had made in yielding to the circumstances around her. Sir James looked with an evil eye on the coming of the new tenants to Uplands; though externally he preserved an air of studied civility, the hollowness of which, detected as it was by Walter, effectually prevented his becoming a frequent guest at the Hall. Time had deepened the Baronet's defects; the want of energy in Lady Brandon preventing all chance of his redemption from them. His whole life was one degraded act of prostration to the world, its forms, its external observances, its prejudices. His house, his gardens, his grounds, were in a continual state of alteration, not from the progression of his own taste, but because Fashion had waved her wand, and commanded 'old things to pass away.' His conduct to his wife was regulated by the same spirit; no one had ever heard him utter a harsh word to her; and, on the contrary, no one could record against him the uncommon expression or of a sign of endearment. To his child

he was scrupulously equable in manner; never betrayed into irritability by the commission of a fault; seldom heard to approve, and never seen to caress. His guests were all selected and assorted with the most scrutinizing care. Before admitting a new acquaintance, his pedigree was searched into as carefully as that of a racer about to be purchased of a jockey; and wherever he could read a 'title clear,' it was sure of a welcome, with all due state and decorum, to Brandon Hall. The house was conducted throughout after the same formal fashion; doors were opened and shut by rule; the very dogs seemed as though they had been whipped like the Westley infants, and taught to bark, as they were to cry, softly. In conversation the words were marshalled, like Indians walking one after the other at equal distances; and if ever such a wonder as a natural emotion made its appearance, it was instantly chilled into apathy by a look from the Baronet. Brandon Hall became the resort of all the *ennuyée* cold-hearted worldlings of the neighbourhood, as it possessed certain valuable and costly externals, which made a sojourn there advisable to those who had tired of a London life, and the responsibility of an establishment in full play.

With all Sir James's faults, or rather absence of virtues, he had gained a high character throughout the country as a 'gentleman,' a good husband, father, and master. His servants were richly liveried and plentifully fed, and gave him in return all he asked,—an external manner that said, 'My master is a gentleman, and I am his servant!' No word ever passed between them but such as the most scrupulous exclusion to mere service required. Though a genuinely hearty laugh seldom awoke the echos which led such a quiet life at Brandon Hall, if by chance a stray wit found his way into the cold circle, and continued to astonish the respectable, highly polished 'table,' by provoking a 'roar,' the master's eye turned from his guests, whom he dared not control, to his servants, whom he dared, to see how far his household was infected; and a titter, or ill-concealed giggle, was instantly checked by doubly black gravity in himself. The effect to a stranger who lived in the unfettered enjoyment of all his powers, on entering the house, was as if there were a funeral, or a fever, or the perpetual performance of a puritan Sunday, which is anything but what its name pretends to typify.

As Flora's childhood ripened, with it ripened that vitality which, rushing through her veins like lightning, made her, as she endured the cold, dull, formal magnificence of Brandon Hall, come like a sunbeam to the heart of its mistress, who looked forward to the time when her own girl, who had been chilled by the atmosphere into which she had been born, should be warmed and brightened by the cheering influence. It was a part of her plan that, in due time, Flora should share the advantage of Emma's governess; and her father, although able to give her that better teaching

which is within the peculiar province of a parent, was yet glad of the opportunity to procure for her the benefit of instruction in more external accomplishments. Sir James was in terror (at least as near to terror as his cold temperament would permit him to come) at the proposed plan. He saw the coming chaos of all his stiff, angular, and yet card-house, morality, being upset by the new comers; and he looked with fear and trembling to the result to his daughter; and not without reason, at least the reason by which he was governed. Emma soon ran unbonneted through the garden; was in danger of becoming as brown as a gipsy, or her cousin Flora; clambered a tree to sit in its boughs at her lessons; rode a little wild Shetland pony without saddle or bridle; became Flora's disciple in her work of redemption for all the oppressed dogs and donkeys that were victimized by the young tyrants of the adjacent village; and committed a thousand other misdemeanors quite inconsistent with Sir James's pre-conceived notions of young lady decorum. It was impossible to order Walter Brandon and his child from their own home,—equally so to forbid the interchange of the families. Accordingly he resolved, before any further mischief was done, upon dismissing the governess, and sending Emma out of the mischievous influence. An opportunity was not long in being found. High terms offered for an external education are sure to find their market; and accordingly Emma was soon domiciled in a family, where, in return for their condescending to give her an opportunity of not being contaminated by the beauty, sweetness, grace, and freedom of one of nature's own children, Sir James was to give them sufficient to maintain the carriage and horses which unfortunate circumstances had obliged them for a time to relinquish. Lady Brandon, accustomed as she was to yield to circumstances, made two or three efforts to retain her child, but Sir James's stronger will carried the day, and Emma left her home to be educated, *i. e.* to become a slave to the follies and forms of the heartless world to which her father rendered such devout homage. Flora gradually ceased to lament the absence of her cousin, who had never been sufficiently a companion for her; while Lady Brandon's attachment continued to strengthen, bound as she was by the double tie of sisterly devotion to the father to whom she was attached more strongly than to any other being, and affection for his child. Though Flora's manners were at times somewhat exuberant, yet the earnest warmth of her heart more than repaid her for any slight shock she might receive; and often would she delight to quit the cold magnificence of the Hall to warm her heart at the welcome that always awaited her at the cottage. To that cottage we will now make our way by the side of Flora; and we must not refuse to follow her 'over park, over pale, thorough bush, thorough briar,' as she makes rapid way towards 'the stile at this end of the wood,' where her father already awaited her arrival. He watched her as she came bound-

ing along the path, with her heart springing through her eyes, towards him, till his own heaved with emotion.

‘My darling, you are late,’ he said, ‘and you have hurried, and you are very warm; a little farther into the wood, and we will sit and rest under the old oak.’

‘Have you waited long, papa? It is my uncle’s fault—no—mine, for ever talking with him. He never *will* feel; and while I have such trouble to keep my temper, he will look so cool, as if he had no more blood than one of his own gold fish—I am sure he has not more brain; I do wish he were as brilliant!’ ‘Gently, my Flossy,’ an accustomed term of endearment; and as he used it, he ran his fingers through the silky hair that had just been released from its prison-house of straw, ‘gently—you might borrow a little of his coolness now with advantage.’ ‘No, never, papa! never! I would rather be in a fever all my life—provided it did not make me quite mad—nay I would rather be mad, so that I were not mischievous; so that I did not, as they say mad folks do, try to harm those whom they had loved the best—so that my madness would let me love you,’ (and she threw her arms round her father’s neck and kissed him tenderly,) ‘I would not care. I am sure my uncle’s *reason* has never let him love any body.’

‘Well, and what was the argument about?’

‘Oh! the old thing—plays and acting.’ Walter’s brow darkened. ‘What is the matter, papa?’ ‘A passing pain—it is gone, my child. What beside?’ ‘There was a hint for you about George, that you give him too much licence: I wish there were more Georges in the world, and fewer uncles—not that I want any harm to happen to my uncle, but I do wish he would show something like feeling for any thing or any body.’—‘Well, but what mischief does he do?’—‘Oh! a great deal; he makes people contented with doing nothing; he makes them call that virtue which consists in having a fine house, and a fine park, and a fine carriage, and fine servants, and going to church regularly on a Sunday, and looking very solemn, especially if you should see a poor man’s child playing with a daisy. It is only necessary for people to seem happy to make him look so solid, and speak so freezingly, that the very heart’s blood is chilled within you. And so he goes on living and thinking that because he does not murder my aunt, or beat Emma, or get tipsy every day, or swear at the servants, he is the most virtuous man in all the world. What does his virtue consist in? Why it is like his coachman’s lash, a thing only used to inflict suffering, and made out of a string of *nots*!’ and she paused to take breath, while her father, smiling at the mixture of truth and vivacity in her harangue, continued, ‘My Flora, this is not the way to rest you; leave your uncle for awhile; and remember we are all the creatures of the circumstances that have formed us: dislike selfishness as much as you will, but beware of

cherishing a personal antipathy to those who have the misfortune to be cursed with it. 'Yes, papa—but he is so very cold.—But see! there is sunshine he cannot spoil. Do look at that light playing amongst the nut bushes; could you not fancy they were creatures sporting? How they flicker and whirl about and about like large fire-flies, only so much more rapid; and the wind, how it whispers—how it gives a being to the trees! what would this beautiful world of a wood be without the wind? Why one vast, rich, deathly stillness—like Brandon Hall!'

'Still Brandon Hall, Flora.'

'I could not help it just then, papa; but I do love the wind; and it is so nice to sit with you here and watch the light and shadows; and do you not like those deep recesses like caves amongst the trees?—Now that the shadows are deepening, you could fancy them the homes of the Fauns and the Dryads. Papa, do you not feel as though there were spirits all round you when you are in the woods?' At that moment a gush of melody came from the throat of a bird: 'There it is on the bough yonder, look at its pretty eyes; it seems singing to us as if it loved us.' Walter had made no answer to Flora's last question; a gleam of expression lighted his face as the bird's song had flashed through the branches like a sunbeam, but for a moment—he then sank into one of those deep reveries to which Flora was accustomed and which she seldom disturbed. This time he remained longer than usual. The sun went down and the shadows deepened, and it was only the chill of the evening acting upon the external senses that recalled him to the external world. He started up hastily: 'My child, it is late; we must return home,' and he drew Flora's arm within his own, pressed it tightly to his side, and walked briskly forward.

It was now Flora's turn for reverie, which her father was in no mood to interrupt. He had of late given rise to her conjectures as to the causes of his moods of abstraction, or rather she had become of an age to take more thoughtful cognizance of them. He had never spoken to her of her mother, and she had carefully abstained from all questions on the subject, since the slightest allusion never failed to bring a painful expression into her father's countenance; and Lady Brandon had been anxious to keep her in ignorance of all the circumstances of her mother's history, lest in the enthusiastic devotedness of Flora's character it might lead her into further collision with Sir James.

Both father and daughter continued their way in silence. They came within sight of their cottage home. It was in a sheltered valley, the lands that rose immediately behind it belonging to it, and giving it the name by which it had been designated. The last gleams of the departed sun were lingering in the west, the mists were rising, the sounds of labour had ceased and given place to universal quiet, only broken by the barking of dogs in

the distance, or the neat cropping of the dewy grass by the cattle in the meadows. The lights began to twinkle in the farm-houses, and the stars came out one by one as heralds to a countless multitude. George was at the garden gate on the watch for them; he closed it after them with a satisfactory twirl of the key which said—There, I have you safe home at last, in for the night. Tea was soon over, and passed, by seeming consent of both father and daughter, in silence. Walter went to the sofa, while Flora stood at the window seeming intent on watching the rising moon, but holding a debate within her own mind. At last it was decided and she turned to the sofa; kneeling by her father's side she said, 'Papa, I am going to ask you to tell me something: what were you thinking of in the wood to-day?—nay, what do you think of very often when you look into the stars and the clouds, and yet do not speak to Flora? Do tell me!—I tell you all; I will do all you wish, I will love you, I do love you more and more every day,—and when you look sad, and your eyes seem to shut me out from you, it makes me think and wonder what it is that makes you so; dear papa, do tell your little Flora what you were thinking of in the wood to-day?' The time, the stillness, the peculiar state of Walter's feelings were all favourable to the wish; he half raised himself from the sofa, made her sit beside him, and with his arm round her, and her head resting on his bosom, he began;—but why recapitulate? He told her the history of his life—of his love, of her mother—of her death, of his bitter, bitter agony at her loss, of his newly awakened hope in herself, and the joy which filled his heart upon thinking that the precious trust that had been bequeathed him was all that heart could desire. In silence Flora listened, and in silence went the time long after the tale was told. The morn shone full into the room; there was the ceaseless drip of the fountain; there was the melancholy breeze wandering amongst the trees in the garden without, but no sound was heard within. Walter was the first to move: 'You must go to your rest, my love.' She rose like an automaton, but it was instantly to throw herself into her father's arms, convulsively to weep out the emotion which had been created within her; she tried in vain to speak—no words could she utter; she threw herself at his feet, clung to his knees with a feeling of self-devotion, while he, fearing the effect of such a state of strong sensation, gently disengaged himself from her and bore her in his arms to her own chamber. After soothing her into comparative quiet, he kissed her tenderly and bade her good night. The moment the door closed, her words found vent; 'My mother, my own beautiful mother, why didst thou leave us? Why was I not permitted to see thee? Oh let me be like to thee—Oh teach me to make my dear father happy! My mother, canst thou still behold me? Look upon me—love me—I will be thy child—I am thy child—Oh bless me, my mother!'

From that night a change came over Flora. The exuberance of her spirit seemed compressed into purpose; the somewhat abrupt impetuosity of her manner subsided, and the gentlest and most solicitous tenderness characterized her whole bearing towards her father. She seemed to have grown at once from the thoughtless girl into the thoughtful woman. Her visits to Brandon Hall became less frequent. The 'old subject' was now seldom alluded to; once when it was mentioned, a sudden flash of lightning from her eyes darted at Sir James, succeeded by a heavy fall of tears, made him doubly objective (after her departure) to 'Flora's eccentricity.'

The two cousins met to find each other divorced from companionship. Emma quieted into a cold external conventionalist; Flora, with increased strength of impulse, repressed into gentleness by newly awakened tenderness. It was impossible that such elements should mingle; and accordingly, to the great delight of the Baronet, there was little interchange between them. But the time came round for the school *fête*, when rich and poor, far and near, were to mingle together in one of those blessed states of forgetfulness of all party feeling, which sometimes are to be found at a country festival. The whole affair had originated with Walter, who had a strong desire to restore some of the old games and merry-makings that made a chief part in the enjoyment of the old English peasantry. He had endeavoured to influence Sir James to open his park on May-day, but without effect. This was less annoying to Walter, as the May season had set in rainy; it determined him to find some means to indemnify the people for their loss, and in future to rely on his own more secure, though less abundant, resources. At last it was agreed between himself and Flora, that when the roses were in blossom, and the cherries ripe, they would open their little domain to the children of the village school, and invite their parents to come and see them make merry amongst the flowers and fruit of the cottage garden. What at first was the thought of a moment soon progressed into a well-arranged plan. Flora and her father found a ready auxiliary in George. As fast as their heads imagined, his hands executed; and before a month had passed over, the fame of the intended festival had spread far and near, and many a note of request came from those who lived in the surrounding neighbourhood, to be permitted to witness the Rose Fete (or the Cherry Feast, as the more substantial termed it) of Uplands. Amongst these was one dispatched from Percy Court, an old baronial residence about two miles distant. Mrs. Fenton and her son Percy were the sole residents, and had been so for many years. The lady boasted relationship with the Northumberlands; not so they of the name she had united with their house. A girl of strong affections, glowing imagination, but little judgment of character, Margaret Percy, had married early, entraped by a captivating

superior and apparent warmth of heart, into a union with a man far below her in worth, and no less so in rank. This latter only added to her desire to elevate him to the station she held, a thing which neither her influence, nor his own qualifications, were fitted to command. She discovered her error when too late, but was saved from excess of bitterness by the birth of a son, to whom she transferred all the hope which disappointment had left to her; and it might be added, all the strong affection which had often suffered from a want of return in her husband. In two years Mr. Fenton died; and she was left to undivided possession of her son, a thing she had always coveted. To him she now devoted herself with a constancy seldom surpassed; and beautiful would it have been had this devotion resulted from pure, unalloyed affection. But so much of ambitious pride was mingled with her affection, that it would have been difficult to decide which had the stronger mastery over her. The first thing she did after her husband's death was to sell all property associated with the name of Fenton, and with an enormous sacrifice to purchase her present residence of a poor and distant relation, for the sake of its name, and its having been long in the possession of the Percy family. Here she had remained devoting time, thought, feeling to the education of her son, seldom mingling in the society to which her rank entitled her; and who *in the country* seemed inclined to forgive and forget her 'disgraceful marriage,' and never condescending to those who had an inferior pedigree to her own. To the astonishment of the neighbourhood she came to Walter Brandon's. Her motive for so doing was partly a benevolent one, as she had interested herself in the welfare of the school, and partly to give her son the advantage of the few spectacles the country afforded, without any danger of compromise. She was the more anxious to do so, as, from the retired life they were accustomed to lead, (or, perhaps, from the fact that she had so educated Percy as to create in him the need of a higher sympathy,) he had contracted a listless, indifferent manner, the reverse of which she, with all her ambitious views, desired him to possess. Walter Brandon or his daughter knew little either of mother or son; they were too courteous to refuse a wish courteously asked, and accordingly Mrs. Fenton and Percy made their appearance amongst the other guests at Uplands. They came upon the lawn as the whole assembled crowd had formed a circle round a high pole, which was twined round with roses, and from the top of which garlands made of roses were floating on the air. At its foot was placed a chair or throne made of green turf, and covered with moss, a coronet of roses on the top, and numbers of the same, which were now indeed converted into moss roses, peeping out in all directions. In the foremost rank stood the school children, who all wore rosy coronets, and who were about to proceed to the election of their queen. It was understood that whoever they

chose to select had no right to refuse; and though the dignity might be accounted small by those who were accustomed to a wider sway, yet the love of power, so strong in the human heart, made some that were there beat more quickly than usual at the thought of an election even by these simple village children. At the moment that Mrs. Fenton and Percy entered the circle, the choice had fallen upon Flora Brandon, and a universal shout of acclamation filled the air. The coronation procession then formed, and began to move, to the sound of music, round the circle towards the throne. The foremost children bore the regalia on a cushion of greenest moss; the crown of freshest, brightest roses, and the sceptre the long stalk headed with its large white cluster of peerless garden lilies. For a moment there was a pause, when Percy Fenton, suddenly advancing from the circle, offered his hand to Flora, to lead her forward. They reached the mossy throne; he seated her within it, and while another loud shout resounded, he placed the crown upon her brows, and the sceptre in her hands, and hailed her 'The Rose Queen!' Seldom had eyes looked upon a lovelier group. With Flora there was none of that shrinking self-consciousness which, by whatever name it may be designated, says, as distinctly as possible, 'I am wrapt up in my own sensations too much to sympathize heart and soul with those around me.' Flora's heart *was* with those around her; and her heart was in her eyes to tell them so. She was her own sweet and radiant self, in all save a slight assumption of what is supposed to be queenly dignity, which was sufficiently atoned for by the smile of arch humour playing about the corners of her mouth. Percy looked like what he was—a man inspired. He had come into the circle with listless gait, with an air of indifference, partly induced by the excessive warmth of the weather acting on a languid temperament, and partly from dislike to leave his accustomed retirement, which, with the abundance of books of every kind, and every other external his heart could wish, he seldom exchanged for the society his mother led him into without regret. For a few moments he had stood like a statue, entranced by what he saw; the next instant he darted forward, and found himself by Flora's side, carried thither by an impulse strange and bewildering, inasmuch as it was one he could not resist. To those who were accustomed to sights and scenes of a somewhat similar kind, and to whom Percy's peculiar character and habits were unknown, such a circumstance appeared only as one of the customary forms of the world. To Flora it was simply regarded as an appropriate dramatic action to the scene; by Mrs. Fenton—who, though deeply impressed with the beauty of the scene, was still completely engrossed by her son, and those future prospects which, strong as her affection was, she could never entirely forget—it was hailed as the awakening of that spirit and energy which she felt to be absolutely necessary to his future ed-

vaseement. She watched his kindling eye and flushing cheek, and whole form trembling with emotion, yet so powerful in its expression, as he stood with the crown uplifted in his hand; and her imagination darted forward to the time when the energy which she now saw for the first time lighted up within him, should earn for him what to her seemed a nobler coronet; and a name and fame amongst the worshippers of rank, which would indemnify her for all the past hours of bitterness which her pride of birth had entailed upon her. Blind ambition! why reject affection's wreath of roses to choose a crown, which, when obtained, is nought but glittering dross?

The next instant Percy had returned to his mother's side. He had withdrawn himself from his suddenly acquired position, to wonder at the impulse that had planted him there. The whole thing seemed like a dream—a passage into a world which he had never before entered, and he stood with hushed breath, almost afraid to speak, lest he should dissolve the spell-work which was conjured up around him. Meanwhile the Rose Queen received the homage of her rustic court. Each child came forward, knelt at her feet, and presented to her each a differing flower—the treasures of the garden paying tribute to their queen's representative. Flora still preserved her arch assumption of dignity, yet tempered with so much sweetness, and so much tact in encouraging the advances and covering the awkwardness of her somewhat unpractised little courtiers, that every other feeling of the beholder was lost in admiration. For each one she had a word of greeting. 'Thanks, Willie! a sweet william! I shall keep it in remembrance of you!' 'What, take all your *heart's ease* from you, Nellie? No, no, we will share them;' and she tendered back to the giver the greater part of the dark blue beauties she had proffered. 'What, my little sprite!' (to a spiritual, delicate-looking child who stood at a distance, with a sprig of jasmine, half fearing to come forward, more from a feeling of veneration than any little vanity,) 'Come, give it me, sweet as yourself as it is;' and as the child tripped hastily forward, a kiss on her forehead (she was evidently a favourite) called a blush of pleasure to her cheek; she had just made her retreat from the circle, when it was broken up by a little urchin, who, out of breath and with a face glowing with heat, forced his way towards the throne. He wore no coronet of roses like the other children, but had in its place a large round straw hat, from beneath which shone out a pair of extraordinarily fine black eyes, and a quantity of hair of the same colour fell about his shoulders. He seemed by far the *best boy* of the group, when once the offence of a short, stout, and somewhat awkward figure was forgiven him. He bore in his hand a magnificent stalk of foxglove, which he presented to the Queen with a shyness of manner that quickly wore off as he spoke; 'I have nursed it in Brandon Wood; I have carried water to it when the hot

days came, for I heard you say that you liked it, and I have seen you look down into the flowers and smile ; and now I have been to the wood to gather it, and have run all the way back that it might not wither ; and now will you have it ?' and he added in a lower voice, ' some day will you sing the song again you once sung to us in school, about the fairies who went to sleep in the cowslip bells and rode upon a bat's back ?' Flora's eyes glistened as she nodded an assurance which satisfied the boy, and he passed on. The day went on as it had begun, in uninterrupted harmony and beauty ; which seemed to wait upon the inmates of Uplands, as though its master had the wand of Prospero to summon him at his pleasure. The cherry feast succeeded to the feast of roses, and the guests prepared to depart ; Lady Brandon, with eyes swelled with the many tears that had rolled over the ineffectual barriers, gave Flora an affectionate caress, pressed the hand of her brother without speaking, and went to her carriage, while Emma was paying her elegant congratulations on the entire success of their ' very clever and tasteful arrangements.' Mrs. Fenton in her best manner—really her best manner, where perfect good breeding went hand in hand with a thorough heartfelt appreciation—paid the tribute due to ' the most perfect festival she had ever witnessed,' and with a warmth of feeling which Percy had never seen his mother show to one so much a stranger, she kissed Flora's cheek, saying as she did so, ' She is the first queen I ever took so great a liberty with ; she must forgive it, as she is the queen who has made the deepest impression.'

From that day Percy was a frequent visitor at Brandon Hall. His mother saw him acquiring all the life and energy of manner which she had wished for him, and she trusted to his perfect openness to her, and the high feeling of filial reverence he entertained towards her, to ensure him or herself against any ultimate (what she would have considered) disastrous consequences. Neither Percy nor Flora had any idea of love. The one had too high a reverence for love—which, thanks to his mother's really pure nature, he had always regarded as a divinity to be worshipped rather than as a child to be trifled with—to begin, as it is emphatically termed, a flirtation ; while Flora had none of that petty desire for conquest, that excitement about every new object, which always distinguishes a second-rate nature, to make that sort of interchange anything but despicable. Accordingly they entered on their new intimacy, with, as they thought, a perfect understanding of each other's feelings. Percy talked about his mother, Flora of her father,—they compared their past lives, the different books they had read ; found themselves meeting in favourite passages in Shakspeare, in favourite engravings, in favourite flowers, favourite skies, and naturally would often meet in the same favourite walks. When they became, as Flora said, like ' brother and sister,' she no longer withheld from him her

mother's history; their tears mingled at the account of her death, and it ended in her inspiring him with the same feeling for her art which Flora had once felt, but which had now become to her a religion. In this state they continued for some time, when it was suddenly broken up by Mrs. Fenton's usual visit to London. There was nothing unlooked for in this, as they both knew it would come; as brother and sister they bade each other good bye—as 'brother and sister' they looked forward to a renewal of their communion in a few months. But Fate had other work in hand!

Not long after Percy's departure, one morning, while Flora was busied with some of her garden pets, the gate opened, and she was surprised by seeing her uncle enter somewhat hastily. 'Where is your father? I must see your father,' he said, in a manner, for him, unusually hurried. 'He is not well, uncle,—what is the matter? do not alarm him; is any one ill, any one dead?' she said, death being to her the greatest evil that could happen where there is affection. 'No, child,' he said pettishly, and made his way to the house. 'Do not follow me; I prefer seeing your father alone.' Flora had half a mind to disobey; but feeling confidence in the impossibility of Sir James's being able to have aught to communicate that could touch her father nearly, she remained where she was. In a few minutes she heard her uncle's carriage drive off, he having made his exit by another way. She ran instantly into the house. She found her father seated at a table, with a number of papers and deeds open before him. He was very pale, and his whole form trembling with eager emotion, as his eyes rested on an open parchment before him. He raised them as she entered, and before she could ask a question, he said, 'I must leave you for a short time, my child; I doubt not all will be well.' She interrupted him.—'Not if you leave me, my father: nothing can happen to harm us if we are together; nothing can be well while we are parted. Where is it that you would go? Why not take your Flora with you?' Walter paused an instant. 'Be it so; and this moment let it be done, for this suspense is agony. Stay not to question farther, I will tell you all during our journey to town. Go, my child, and make what arrangements are necessary. But stay; the first thing must be to send George for a post chaise.' George came to wonder at his master's paleness; he received the order, mounted his horse, and rode off to execute it. He returned long before the expected vehicle, and made his way to his master: 'If you please, sir, I hear you and Miss Flora are going to London; perhaps, sir, it will not be for long; and as you do not look very well, and London is strange to you and Miss Flora, I might be some help to you. I could sit upon the box (George had taken care to secure a chaise with a box), and take care of the trunks and things, and pay the turnpikes, and all that, and I used to live in London when I was a boy, and know my way about, and—' 'You shall go, George; be as speedy as you can;' and the delighted George

withdrew. Within an hour the party were on their road to London, and long before the journey was finished Flora was informed of the occasion. A relation of a former possessor of Uplands had called upon Sir James, who still held the title deeds that had been left in his possession by the bachelor uncle in trust to be given to Walter. A flaw had been pointed out in the conveyance; and not only that—the right to make such conveyance was contested, and, as Sir James had declared to Walter, with very strong grounds against him. Walter felt the whole exigencies of the case. To Uplands he had always looked with confidence as a firm resting-place, even should declining health prevent his making his income what it now was by his still continuing in the pursuit of his literary vocation. Here all seemed to fail; the indisposition he had been labouring under seemed in the present exciting circumstances like coming death, and he looked at Flora with a face full of the agonizing anxiety he felt, and which he was ill able to conceal. By the time he reached London he was almost in a state of exhaustion, but he could not be prevailed on to take rest until he had achieved, as nearly as depended upon himself, what he came to do. He selected such papers as were necessary, and sat down to write to an old friend, on whose honest legal opinion he might rely, as to how far the matter was gone on either side, or whether a contest would be necessary. While her father wrote to the lawyer, Flora wrote to Percy, giving him an account of all they had to expect, and telling him the state of health in which it found her father. She was going to say, ‘Come to us quickly;’ but no, she would not write what would imply any doubt of his doing so on the instant. It was late, and they retired for the night—not to rest. Walter’s haggard face haunted Flora’s imagination; and the father himself slept not, but paced his room in a state of nervous agitation which did not allow of a moment’s repose. They met the next morning at the breakfast table. A packet, secured with red tape, was laid upon it. Walter’s face blanched, his hand trembled, his fingers were already upon the seal, when Flora sprung forward and arrested his hand. ‘A moment, my father!—touch not that packet till you can look with calmness on the worst. What is the worst? What is house, what is land, what is wealth, compared with the possession of your own untainted honour? what is it compared with the love of her who now throws herself at your feet, and implores you for her sake—for the sake of the mother who first placed her within your arms—to bear with fortitude the trial that awaits you? What is its amount? Why the whole valley, the whole county, the whole world is not worth that pale face, this trembling hand.’ ‘My child, my noble child, it is for thee that the face is pale, for thee that this hand trembles!’ ‘Hush, hush! my father. You wrong me; you wrong your own love—my mother’s love. Were you not each other’s in the

purest, holiest, strongest sympathy that ever linked two noble hearts together? Am I not the child of that love; and think you I am as the weak, dependant, soulless offspring of a selfish, degraded, unhallowed passion? I feel my nature's strength; it is you who have given it to me. Oh! weaken not the blessing of that precious boon by deeming me other than I am; torture me no more by that pale face and quivering lip. Though in years a girl, I am in strength a woman—strong in mind, strong in heart, strong in love, for thy sake to bear all, to suffer all—nay, not to suffer—to *triumph* through all! Now!—and she released his hand as she spoke—‘open the packet!’ The blow came! Walter rallied with the energy of Flora’s appeal into a state of excitement, which sufficed him to read through the note which contained the certainty of his loss, and then sunk insensible at his daughter’s feet.

S. Y.

(To be continued.)

CANADA.

EMIGRATION goes on prospering and to prosper, in spite of the ignorance of statesmen, and the folly of journalists and their correspondents, who would dispute the title of our Canadian fellow-subjects taking under grants from the Crown, and who would concede to the squirearchy of the woods the privilege of fixing the period of limitation of claims to the day in which they severally became ‘squatters,’ or ‘backwoodsmen.’ Commissions, reports, and the information, not ‘by authority,’ of novels, tours, notes, and other narratives, have been lavished to little purpose on the public and their rulers. How loud has been the outcry against public commissioners, when monopolies, ecclesiastical and civil, were the matters of inquiry!—but a debate is got up, an attack upon a branch of the administration is made, a Tory minister has no reply, his predecessors were to blame, and Canada may be in want of a commission, and the thing is done; and in another twelvemonth there will be another debate, and papers promised, and in due course produced; then a report, and there it will rest till another commission is required by a new debater.

As tests of the sufficiency of the officials, take the selection of the metropolis of Upper Canada. It was told them in Downing Street, by some disinterested landholder of the locality, that a harbour fit to contain the whole navy of Great Britain was just there; York was built, and the unfathomable basin was discovered to be a swamp, so that the first ship which would make that port got a-ground in mid-channel, and few have attempted it since; and Colonel Bouchette, or some of his family, take great credit in having discovered something like deep water-way of a breadth to navigate one frigate, if she be careful in taking her soundings, and it be fair weather. Again: many tons of shipping were sent

out to the Canadian lakes, during the late war, with a supply of fresh water for the force afloat upon them. Item: let it be known that when the boundary-line between Canada and the States was fixed by commissioners, where one part of the water-way was un-navigable, and the other favourable to navigation, the British frontier was carefully excluded from the line where navigation begins to be practicable. Then the 'North-East Boundary:' when is the award to be carried into effect? But why particularize misconduct? The timber of Canada had been cut to the full extent that was practicable for the purposes of traffic in that commodity, (until the 'lumberer' turn to the Ottawa,) and the traders wished to turn a penny without being troubled to look for a marketable commodity. They apply for exclusive patronage,—the Colonial Office are confronted with tables showing the magnitude of Canadian exports in this particular, and have no means of ascertaining when this had passed its maximum, and why; but astounded by the magnitude of the protecting duty, they give the order for its discontinuance, in order to square a theory of free trade, (had they asked the dealers what quality of timber they had to sell, they would have silenced remonstrance,) and giving a rebuff, and 'it is no mistake,' they drive the monopolists to Parliament; and members get away from debate after the hour of usual repose, but not before they had snored loudly on the question; then there is a division in which Whig and Tory tremble for place; and then no more is recollected of Canadian timber.

With such leaders it is not to be wondered at that the British public are misinformed on Canadian statistics. They are not much assisted by what has been published by private hand on the subject. Mr. Bliss's tables display much industry; but who can fail to discover an advocate for the monopoly in the framer of a schedule headed the *Timber Trade, or, Produce of the Forest*, which includes every mill and other building in the interior of the province, all the new ships, all the peltry, in fact, almost every article of commerce or wealth which is not born in the sea, (there is also a display of the decrease of the fisheries on the coast since the peace and free competition,) or the produce of arable land?

We have also surveys of the surface of the land, if we could rely upon them; but land agents and land proprietors are not apt to weigh their own localities with others in an even balance. When London and York (of England) were a fortnight's journey apart, the two cities were in a happy state of ignorance respecting each other's pretensions; we suppose that until steam has contracted the transit across the Atlantic, and Englishmen have seen the province with their own eyes, they will still doubt, like the Secretary of Downing Street, whether Lake Erie contains fresh or salt water.

Ignorance is ever associated with pride. The old country assumes the airs of a pedagogue, *poh, pohs* the new, and sympa-

things, with the author of 'Cyril Thornton,' whose visit to Canada has taught him that that province is but 'a feather in the eagle's wing,' and bids us 'let it go.' On the other hand, some speculative haberdasher is taught, by a public advertisement, to believe that Canada is the veritable land of Cockaigne, and ships his family, some fine morning, at the London Docks; arriving in the St. Lawrence at 'the fall,' he is surprised to find that it is cold, and that he has been wofully deceived, like that correspondent of a 'planter' in Nova Scotia (see Dr. Johnson's 'Tour to the Hebrides') who was assured by his friend 'that the climate of that transatlantic region reminded him of the South of Italy.'*

We can recommend the perusal of Galt's pleasant story of 'Lawrie Todd,' and if there be leisure, his 'Bogle Corbet' may be consulted: Dunlop's 'Backwoodsman' also is replete with agreeable information. The more detailed matter in Howison, Picken, Pickering, M'Gregor, Martin Doyle, the first number of 'Chambers's Information,' and the issues of the Canada Companies (gratis) are also valuable advisers. And do we, as the result of our reading, advise emigration?—decidedly. That the ruined or nearly ruined commercial and professional men should turn farmers in Canada?—expressly so. 'But farmers do not succeed *here*.' But farmers *there* have no rent, no tax, no poor rate to pay, no manure to buy. It is a virgin soil. 'But to farm without the science of a farmer.' This is quite practicable where the farms have no obstacles which puzzle our European

* We have heard absurd speculations on the softening of the climate of Canada by the 'clearings;' but, according to barometrical observations, the clearing of the forests appears to have had the contrary result, if any, but to have made very slight appreciable alteration in the severity of the frost. The climate of Canada is severe. This severity may be accounted for on general principles. Firstly, it is on the east side of America; the eastern sides of our continents are colder than the west, (Pekin is visited with severe frosts in winter;) secondly, the prevailing wind, north-west, blows over land, instead of being softened by its progress over water; thirdly, it is not protected by mountains to the north; fourthly, the polar ice is locked in Hudson's Bay, making a frozen Mediterranean. Baron Humboldt has made extensive experiments and inquiries, confirming most of the above rules of climate. Most of the above circumstances tend to produce a dry atmosphere: this is the counterbalance for the coldness. Captain Ross informs us that in their winter quarters his crew condensed the vapour of the apartment, collecting it in an inverted vessel of metal, placed over the hatchway or aperture in the ceiling, and thus drying the atmosphere, they were able to endure the apartment at a comparatively low temperature. These circumstances bear out the reports we have of the Canadian climate. Therefore a cold climate needs no apology to home-seeking men, if its coldness be salubrious, and that of Canada is so in a remarkable degree, so that catarrhs are almost unknown; and in a congregation of 3000 people at Montreal not a single cough is to be heard. The cold north braces no less the body than the intellect of man. We know but one 'republic of letters,' meaning a free people of whom each individual is learned, that is Iceland. The first Greek poet was from their north country; the southern taste, in modern days, has been taught to look beyond the mountains, and has learned to respect the names of Milton, Shakespeare, and Byron, and to close her book of wondrous tales to listen to the 'Ariosto of the North;' and our own effeminate disrelish for the drama, and the higher walks of poetry, is a sign welcome to barbarous luxury, which squats on the banks of the Thames; while poetic fiction of the highest order watches the career of the northern light, and chooses her Parnassus amid the highlands of the Hudson.

ploughs and disappoint our harvests; where, in fact, the soil is frequently prepared with no more delving than is a hen would scratch a dunghill, and the crops are gathered as carelessly as you would make a haul with a casting-net, as much escaping as you gather, and the hogs coming in for an equal participation of profits with their master. Yet we do not promise a farm to every poor labourer who emigrates: like too early marriages, the hurried investment with the rank of landholder will lead him to embarrassments; he has to provide himself with supplies for a year, and to pitch his tent near an accessible market. By a year's labour for hire (at 3s. a-day besides his food) he will become capitalist sufficient to undertake then a 'clearing,' but not before. The Report of Colonel Cockburn on this matter is highly satisfactory, ensuring the labourer returns if he combine the character of landholder with that of servant in the mode just mentioned.

But this is not the department of the subject of Canadian affairs which we at present enter upon. We would rather listen to the quavering notes that accompany the feathering oar on the inland lakes which feed the Richlieu and St. Francis, or drive our sleigh over the rail-road of snow that bridges the St. Lawrence, or float without thought amid the channels of the deep dark water in the 'lake of a thousand islands,' or steam it on the Hudson, or hear the Niagara mock all the artillery that presumes to roar upon the ocean which he caters to—aye, we have no stomach to persuade the unsettled to become settlers, the thriftless husbands to set their houses in order instead of leaving as a heirloom the bills of tailors, upholsterers, and coach builders who contributed to the establishment in 'the square,' or of calming the discontent of the unpaid mechanic, and telling him there is a land where labour is property. We have read, as they may read, the shilling and penny knowledge on these heads; we perceive in Canada a new and amended edition of Old England, and the freedom and plenty of the ninth century revived in the nineteenth. We agree with Cowley that 'we may talk as we please of lilies and lions rampant, and spread eagles in fields d'or or d'argent; but if heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms.' But we must show that we are aware how our remarks on the subject of this article will be perused. We must prove that we do not expect a quiet audience—we must tell them that we know their prejudices, that compass the little all they have ever vented on this subject. They will break away to discuss whether deportation as a substitute for transportation be advisable; there will be sundry objections from place-wrights of sessions and pensioners upon the 'gaol delivery,' who will be wroth to lose poverty before it has ripened into crime. Then the hundred-branched 'unproductive' of this halt of tavern-like additions to the palace court of articles supplied to whoever hands himself a subject and denizen of old England, its center and rest.

and the taxes, that burnish the sign-board 'glory,' will accuse us of an intent of robbing the Exchequer. Then we shall be asked, (or we may start the inquiry,) whether a great and proud city, where individual character is almost lost in the reigning fashion, and pre-eminent worth smothered in the pretensions of a crowd, is all that it assumes to be: or whether 'the cloth' in the bale might not be as fair a representative of wealth and importance as when it is paraded, as we see it from our window, the envelope of many-shaped caste and calling. We might similarly stumble on an inquiry whether the adding house to house be always a multiplying of happy hearths; or if not, how many lazar-houses, 'hells,' bagnios, gaols, usurers' dens, surgeries, with their appendant dispensaries and drugs, saws, screws, and wrenches, should be thrown into the shade when St. James's would smile its contempt on lowly hamlet of the forest side, or thriving township on the river's margin. We might be led to doubt whether Fashion and Pomp are the magic bases they pretend to be, setting forth in grace the ugliness they support—hollow friends, false mistresses, treacherous partisans, backward-looking bachelorhood, *ennui* passing the ivory knife through the pages of the newest novel, and every disease flourishing under the very nose of all that can add lustre to the healing art. When we had satisfied ourselves on these topics, we might set forth the value of 'Hail fellow,' in the woods, the merriment of a 'clearing,' the comforts of a 'shanty.' We might then prepare a homily on emigration, omitting to address all who are doomed to attend the rise and fall of stocks until capital has ceased to float on to the port of London, and all who by the instinct of an artist's immortality must spend a life in chiselling a stone that has been for centuries the corner stone of arable acres, and all whose necks ache if not bowing to a customer across the counter, or whose palms itch in the golden expectation of a 'refresher.' How deep we might proceed in our argument, how many turns it might make about the doctrines of Malthus, or how profound a reverence it might vouchsafe to M'Culloch, we have not fully considered. But without answering all who would be our opponents on this theme we make bold to say, that all who profess to wish to preserve their home are not in our apprehension animated with the Swiss passion, nor would they be the last to fly to foreign ports if the tide of exchange should warn them that commerce was preparing to mark her ebb in the port of London or Liverpool.*

* A work entitled 'Colonial Policy, Military Colonization, &c.,' deserves consideration, (published by Cochrane and Co.) though many prejudices are apparent. Why should the writer make the case of one successful military township in Canada a ground for blaming all other plans of settlement? Colonel Cockburn's Report shows that civilians were equally thriving in their townships; and the Canada Company (the writer has a feeling of hostility to public companies) has, under its own civil establishment, sown rather densely a whole province with townships. The case of the married soldier in barracks, and the system of enlistment for life, are blemishes in the administration of the Horse Guards. If the writer had restrained his theory

We must, however, claim to break through any more formal introduction to our notices of Canada, leaving prejudice to his own dark corner, and enlightening our readers in our own way. That ~~there have been~~, and should continue to be, blunders in the Colonial Office, will not be doubted. For what magic can there be in the place-giving majority of a debate in Parliament, which shall make some winner in an argument on a point of etiquette, or some wielder of oratory from the schools, suddenly possessed of all the particulars of the history and statistics of the East and West Indies, of all the British Isles in the Pacific, and all its cities and townships across the Atlantic? But, as we have exemplified in the outset, there has been more than the usual share of statesmanlike ignorance in the management of our relations with Canada. We have, however, to warn our readers that they be not misled in reading a catalogue of the grievances of the French Canadians since the fall of Quebec, as a statement of those at present complained of; nor the promises of extinct Tory ministers, as contracts to be enforced without a re-claim of all that State owes to England; nor the indefeasible rights of a sovereign state, as things to be surrendered until a re-conquest has pulled down the British flag from the forts of the Saint Lawrence.

The question is how we are to govern the colony of Lower Canada,—how to dispose of above half a million of British subjects. Have they not a charter? True; but when that was granted, Canada or Acadie was a united province consisting of 300,000 square miles; but now two-thirds of this quantity, with a population of about half a million, have a separate legislature from the remainder, who, (the Lower Canadians,) as it is well known, are generally a French community, (though emigration to the eastern townships in the inland portion of Lower Canada is rapidly diminishing the preponderancy of an anti-national caste); so that, admitting a case of general discontent at our administration under the charter, (which, for the sake of argument only, we do allow,) the question remains, how is Lower Canada to be kept quiet? We should be answered by their neighbours of the surrounding British provinces, (as we have frequently heard those provincials express themselves,) ‘Bring the militia down the Ottawa, let the New Brunswickers pass their border, and we’ll soon make a settlement of the stiff-necked Frenchmen.’ Again: we shall be answered by a tourist, an officer now or late in the British service,

of military colonization to draughts of the married and sober soldiery, sent with their adjutant or quarter-master, and subject to the ‘orders of the day,’ we should not object to such a nucleus of civilization; but heaven forefend that a province should be spread with a flock of wild recruits, ‘warping on the east wind,’ making the land one camp, and permitting the monopoly of the commissariat, instead of thronging to communities of market towns, and cities with free harbours.

Many very useful hints, independent of the prevailing theories, are contained in the above work. The postage from Canada, which is the principal medium for communicating healthy views on emigration to the classes most to be benefited by it, should be placed on a very liberal footing.

'Let it go.' We do not see the necessity of this surrender of fruits of victory: and as to the bloody work of the former respondent we should say, 'The widest province of our empire were too dearly purchased at your price.' We will shape the question in another form.—Here is Lower Canada, an extensive country, as you well know; a portion comprising about one-fiftieth of its territory is at present peopled, and partially cultivated; we have given this portion the exclusive legislative powers over the whole, and this legislature would absorb the executive. 'Would absorb the executive,' we say; for there 'constitutional privilege' of refusing the supplies is become, not the exception, but the rule of their conduct: for a period of five years successively they have acted up to their constitution, and now they are disposed to offer a like period of rebellious sessions. We apprehend an answer might be returned in this form: 'You have given to one county out of fifty, not a charter of old customs, as was accorded to Kent by the Saxon and Norman conquerors respectively, (we say 'Saxon and Norman' advisedly, but will not farther enter here into the antiquity of gavelkind,) but you have given them their ancient dominion, where the forty-nine other counties were unprovided with a population to secure the law of the land as paramount, and to secure the integrity of your kingdom or viceroyalty. There are only two alternatives: the one is to re-unite the two provinces of Canada under one legislature, (to which both will say, No,) the other to fill up with a British population the forty-nine parts of Lower Canada which remain untenanted. This is the common sense view of the case; in this way were the old and new population of Europe, upon the overthrow of the Roman empire, united in the several states; we see this in the state of landed property in England, the common tenure, (first soccage, then military services,) pervading the entirety, while isolated manors, boroughs, and gavelkind districts point to the remnant of ancient proprietors. And we are of opinion that this plan of following up civilization in the Canadian province, subject to the British Crown, should be immediately put into active execution, notwithstanding the reluctance of the French minority to its adoption.

But the question of grievances is not to be thus abruptly dismissed, although their remonstrances point to results which must be provided for, we submit, according to the above recommendation. The principal grievance of the French Canadians is that of indemnity for losses during the American war, withheld though promised, ascertained by a royal commission, of which Lord Stanley was a member with Mr. Galt an active coadjutor, but not liquidated, nor in progress to be paid. They have been cheated of a large part, not of the pay for the services of those gallant and noble subjects and allies, but of the restoration of property deteriorated or destroyed by the havoc of war between the English and the American states upon the Canadian frontier.

Now, with the 'United States' bearding us in respect of the 'North-Eastern Boundary,' which they will not condescend to determine, (it has already been concluded by the award of the sovereign to whom it was referred) we do not think our Government can afford to insult the whole (almost) of the population of Lower Canada by the refusal of a demand equally just, at least, and similar in circumstances (except that this is for losses sustained by allies, that by neutrals or enemies) to that which has so fiercely agitated the legislature of the 'United States,' and so recently divided the 'Chamber of Deputies.' And, if the tone of remonstrance in the present case be one unsuited to subjects, we have the concurring testimony of Colonel Cockburn, Commissioner Richards, Galt, and others, that the mass of the French population, exclusive of their agitators, the supporters of Papineau, are well affected. It would be painful to see 'that simple contented family of Jean Baptiste, the best disposed and best bred community in the world,' spirited to feel with his seigneurs, insulted as they without doubt have been, and to revenge insults, as they no doubt would do, even to their own extermination. We would rather see true British faith and feeling carried into our provincial relations, than witness a stubborn, stiff-necked support of policy as wrong, and politicians as ignorant of the subject they were attempting to deal with, as ever led to the loss of provinces and the dismemberment of an empire. The Duke of Richmond can tell whether we speak in terms of unmerited reproach of Tory governors in Canada: he may know what state of feeling existed at Quebec when his uncle took up his residence in the castle of Saint Louis, and how that feeling was excited, and why it was necessary to present then the ribbon of the Order of the Bath to the chivalrous and right loyal Canadian seigneurs. If we have reform at home, let us not cook the discontents of a province over the embers of Tory mal-administration. The conquest of Quebec was the immediate precursor of the three-quarters of a century of the Tory dynasty within the British dominions; let us return to the scene of our ancient glories with the generous feelings of the liberal Government that achieved those glories. We have purged that leaven of corruption from our constitution; let the remotest extremities feel the invigorating principle which now stimulates the life-blood of our nation. We cannot imagine that the Canadian seigneurs would nourish a feeling of discontent towards the order of things, to the preservation of which their noble cooperation has materially contributed during an era of alarm; their Church (the Catholic) is recognised (by 14 Geo. III. c. 83); their revenue, in their own keeping, is raised without any burden to individuals, consisting as it does of very moderate duties on imports, and of the produce of the sale of public lands; they pay tithes to their own clergy, while the Protestant Church is supported upon reserves made on

new inclosures of the forest; their administration of justice is confessedly on a system which infinitely surpasses that of the *ancien régime*, where judges were multiplied to an unlimited extent, their responsibility being proportionably diminutive. During a war of thirty years they proved their attachment to this order of things by feats of gallantry in the field; and those veterans, or the successors in their present militia, are hampered by no English authority, marching under their own banners, following their own officers, and conquering according to their own tactics.

We have treated this question respecting the Lower Canadians as we should have discussed it in their presence. The Norman conquerors, of eight centuries past, left in this country their customs and property to a portion of the conquered population; we leave theirs to all; the form of legislature, which after two centuries we recovered from the successors of the Norman, has been accorded to the Canadians from the beginning (after thirty years from the conquest of Quebec). We left an extensive domain of forest; this we are about to reclaim, by providing it with hands which shall subdue the soil. We will introduce to a territory, which is in the state of savageness met with partially in the territory of the Anglo-Norman people, the civilization of our own era of refinement. Do our fellow-subjects listen incredulously to this boast? True, there has been less attention shown by Government and capitalists in locating the British settlements than was exhibited in the settling the French seignories. The seignory had at its commencement a chief and subordinate members, and a charter, or scheme of co-operation, binding the whole together: thence have resulted attachment to the home thus provided, and respect for him whose head and heart planned and upheld their associated hearths. This happy tenantry are as the constituents of which the resultant is a lord of the soil, living on his rents and the homage of the roturiers. He is proud when comparing himself with the new comers whom he meets at the capital: he sees them loaded with cash, which they are ready to lay out in purchasing seignories, or in locating townships. He does not scruple to meet their purse-proud rudeness by telling them, 'What! you have sold your country, and are come now to buy ours.*' We must not expect to find a squirearchy very ready to surrender their dignity, or to acknowledge the respectability of the stranger who shoulders them at church and at the county ball, and is preparing to break up an adjoining farm, or to spoil a favourite prospect. Yet, contrasting the French and English success in colonization, even in Canada, can there be a doubt that we have the preeminence? The French were continually squab-

* Such expression in the Assembly in 1833 led to severe misunderstanding between an English and French senator.

bling with the Indians; the abortive attempts of their missionaries only converted the civilized exile into a half-savage, despised by those he would reclaim; while we have a whole province (Upper Canada) reclaimed from its savage state, free from its savage tenants, and pushed, in half a century, to a state of civilized wealth which Lower Canada, its elder by two centuries, has not yet attained, nor will until British enterprise has taken deep root there.

To conciliate the Lower Canadians, as co-tenants with the British emigrants, it is only necessary that the scheme of emigration should be so conducted that squalid pauperism should not be glaring as the basis of new townships, and that blustering barbarous neighbours should not be the result of a new township's success. The Yankee manners must be kept wide aloof from the polite Frenchman,—the notions of 'turning a penny' must not be backed by contempt and insult to the less thrifty Jean Baptiste. What a blessing would it be to the world at large had Reform in its widest extent been implanted deeply in the British population instead of the demoralizing system of war prices, and the preposterous pretensions of national supremacy, accompanied by a national debt, grinding down individual happiness, till character, varied talent, mutual courtesy, and every feeling above that of self-preservation, are lost! With those means of advancing civilization, which existed here when bloody wars and moody suspicions of our neighbours enrolled England in the 'Holy Alliance,' we might have exhibited to the world Britons worthy to lead empire into new channels. Alas! the poor's rates have unfitted those who should emigrate from occupying the position in a new colony which they should hold. Brutality would produce an outbreak between 'township' and seignory. Government must read the Reports of commissioners and committees, and undertake the responsibility of locating the rich province of Canada with a due consideration of the interests at stake, and the circumstances of settlers. Or rather, were patriotism a working principle, we should say now is the opportunity for the rich and the idle to turn from parish and district vestries, clubs, and unions, from half-acre allotments to the poor here, and look to the advantage of corn-lands inexhaustible in their supply of labour and food to our surplus population. We do not despair of seeing emigration conducted, even under the present untoward circumstances, with the most complete success, as a measure of relief to this country, and of benefit to Canada and the Canadians. We expect the benefits we anticipate to be worked out by the simplest means; when we call for the supervision of Government, or of wealthy individuals, we only see their aids necessary so far as introducing to each other the sturdy day labourers and their respective families. It is already laid down as an axiom in Canada, that 'a man with a large family cannot be poor;' this experi-

mental truth results from the quick and sure returns of labour and the nature of that labour, which is such that the skill of a boy of ten years of age can be almost as serviceable as that of an adult. Where the processes of agriculture are so simple, and where there is no fund, no resource, except the bountiful soil, we cannot contemplate any other case than that of an industrious community arising in the location of even the poorest settlers. We would depend too on the elastic virtue of human feelings, relieved from the pressure of hopeless want which stares the poor labourer in the face too frequently in this country, exerting themselves in every direction towards the spread of intelligence, mutual kindness, all the charities of domestic life, and all the graces of civilization. The straggling plan of the English townships in Canada opposes obstacles to this bettering of society, which, as we have said, we expect to arise from social intercourse under the circumstances of competence and healthful employment. The townships, cut up into little parallelograms, each of which is only partially and progressively cleared, present interstices of forest and waste between neighbouring homesteads; the frontage is thus lengthened beyond immediate demand, and the road which runs along this frontage is longer than the cultivated plot, and consequently neglected. We would press the allotments together; clearing should radiate from a centre, and the central circle should comprise the village, leaving the uncleared land in the rear. We think if the homesteads were thus kept together, a school, a store, and the necessary handicraft trades (the smith and carpenter) brought within the central area, that there would be little left for supervisors, and that all the domestic feeling which is so evident in the seigniories would be contemporaneous with the birth of a township, instead of remaining in anticipation to the next generation. Eight passage ships were lost in the passage from this country to Quebec last year: this has been the subject of inquiry, and we trust that the measures proposed for the prevention of a similar calamity will be effected. Such oversights as this speak volumes against emigration. There is too much truth in 'Bogle Corbet,' where the author remarks, 'The colonial system is only to send troops to keep possession and to make civil appointments for the exertion of patronage.' Since the publication of 'Bogle Corbet,' there have been Government agencies appointed to supervise the emigration. Should not the loss of eight ships in one season lead to an inquiry as to the cause? It is fully in the spirit of a Tory Government to grasp, and grasp at more, instead of securing what they have and might enjoy. But what are conquests if, when ripened into colonies, they become a curse and reproach?

Are we to be ever the dupes of partisan reports? Now 'treason in Canada' swells the columns of the 'Times,' and liberalism is to suffer throughout our dominions: the timber question is to effect

the destruction of a ministry, and, behold! the deserts of the good Canadians are magnified, and the deals of the St. Lawrence float triumphantly on the stream of a majority. We have, as we before stated, examined Mr. Bliss's tables with some pains, and should be startled by the appearance of a falling off in some branches of Canadian exports there set forth, did we not know that the more accessible forests in Canada have already been cleared of their serviceable timber, and did we not find that a reduction in the exports of the United States, comparing later years with 1806, has taken place to the amount of one-fourth of the present total; facts which only show that capital has flowed into different channels and the working hands obtained new employment, that the United States and Canada have ceased to command the bulk of raw produce in timber and peltries which they formerly possessed, and that the cultivation of the soil has taken up the occupation which formerly fell to the lumberer. Similarly of our North American fisheries, where the French vessels work under the press of a Government bounty of £60,000 annually, while the annual grants of the Canadian treasury all look to the improvement of the soil and of internal communication.

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It is very easy, by confusing items (*e. g.* by introducing peltries and ship-building as produce of the forests), to falsify tables intended to influence votes in Parliament (we do not ascribe this intention to Mr. Bliss, but speak of it as a thing of common occurrence); but the rapid progression of Canadian prosperity is manifest by the authentic reports of the annual imports and exports, which now exceed two millions respectively, and employ nearly 300,000 tons of shipping. Comparing this with the proportion of our West India and East India commerce (the latter having a population of 70 millions), we cannot miss seeing the mighty and growing importance which these former provinces are of to the British Crown. As to any factious outcry, echoed in Parliament, presuming to interdict our meddling with the soil for the purposes of farther colonization, there is this plain and ultimate answer: England has purchased the soil by her blood and treasure, the latter annually lavished, as will be seen by inspecting the appropriate item in the Supplies. Every labourer who sets his foot on the Canadian soil will have paid, by his contribution in this country towards the direct or indirect taxation, the full value for the fee-simple of all he can occupy in the province.

If theorists refuse to consider our ruined labourers as constituents of the British empire, we will represent the case in another point of view, and introduce the aggregate of national power, the State. Does the waste land of Canada belong to the proprietors of the seignories or settled portions, without any contract or compact by which the seignors were made granters of the entire territory? We tell them No. For all the states of modern

Europe, according to documents contemporary with the events, (see authors cited by Von Savigny's 'History of Roman Law in the Middle Ages,') were settled by the division of the conquered territory between the conquerors, reserving a proportion of the farms under cultivation at the time of the conquest in the possession of the ancient Roman or Romanized proprietors, giving a large proportion to the king. The territory not claimed by title founded on that division at the conquest, as well as the lands to which no rightful heir or successor could be found, and the farms deserted and allowed to fall to waste, and, lastly, the waste lands or woods over which the original grantees had not, for some generations, exercised rights of ownership, became the property of the State or Crown lands. By this ancient scheme of proprietorship the King of France was proprietor of the waste land of Canada prior to the conquest in 1760, and the French Crown, but for that conquest, would have been entitled to the Jesuits' Estates in Canada, on the abolition of that fraternity. If our Government were so weak as to yield the right of property to the French occupiers of the seignories, Louis Philippe would have a fair claim to the waste lands, as representing the State which our Government had consented to consider as still subsisting in Canada. A writer in the 'Courier' uses some phrases of Latin text writers and French law unadvisedly, but to his mistakes we need not refer; the very subscription to his correspondence (Fecialis) betrays his party. What! do the seignors array themselves for battle against the State? the sooner they are made a cargo for the Tower the better. But the paltry opposition of the Quebec and Montreal orators must not be dignified with the consideration of rebellion: we shall proceed as if they had fairly brought the question to trial in a civil action. If they are not lords of the soil, they claim to have all its revenue for the public service. There is a letter of William Pitt according this. Pitt had no power to cede the *ordinary revenue* of the Crown; it is inalienable, except by Act of Parliament. And if the French party of Papineau were determined to have their bond, in the case of any inconsiderate surrender of the *ordinary revenue* of the Crown having been made by a corrupt Administration or an unreformed Parliament, there would be a fair case of lien on this fund for all the outgoings from the British customs, and other branches of the extraordinary revenue (in Britain, for in Canada, as we have stated, the customs and other supplies have been, year after year, withheld), in support of the establishment of Lower Canada, particularly its canals, bridges, fortifications, and military expeditions, which were in Europe payable by the land generally from the earliest era of the modern States. We see, therefore, no ground upon which the exclusives of the Richelieu and St. Francis can support themselves in denying bread and a home to the British labourer. Much, however, in these days is

to be feared from the cowardice of politicians; a few votes in the House of Commons are worth a province: so that while the Cape of Good Hope is overrun by savages, for want of sufficient garrisons, and the troops at Cape Town are almost deprived of the benefit of divine worship, from the deficient supply of a Church Establishment, a frigate and a Lord Commissioner are yielded at the first breath, suggesting disaffection at the head quarters of Mr. Papineau.

We shall take the liberty of supposing that the weakness of their rulers does not influence the British public at large—that they will throw healthy blood into the representative system of that British territory across the Atlantic, and leave Mr. Papineau in a minority, and ‘Fecialis’ without a salary. We hope to see the British capitalist also as active in setting up nations, as he has been eager to contribute to their overthrow. Much gold is not wanted in the present undertaking; fire and water are mighty elements to clear forests and work timber-framing mills; the progress of wealth, founded on labour and an abundant soil, in an untaxed country, and in neighbourhoods of simple manners, is certain—certain in its returns for the outlay of capital,—certain in the building up houses for labourers who take to Canada only their personal exertions. They have only to proceed on a cheerful understanding with the genius of the place: at the North Pole snow and ice, as building materials, were found an efficient substitute for the masonry of more genial climates; and in Canada the stout timber wall makes as comfortable a homestead as brick-work and stucco, or what is more costly in the fabric of our modish villas. There is a noble field for philanthropy, a wide area for speculation, a certain home and sufficient fortune for all who are contented to seek the reward of labour in the comfort and happiness of their families. The savage of the woods has disappeared from the shores of the Atlantic; the posterity of the tenants of the German forests, having spread over Europe their free institutions, and advanced civilization there to its height, are progressing westward—freedom in their hearts, strength in their arm: who shall resist?—how shall happiness elude their search, or wealth escape from their exertions?

WILLIAM COBBETT.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

We had always intended a criticism on Cobbett, but this should not have been an epitaph. Light lie the earth upon him, and lighter be the monument of criticism! If the synd critical heap mountains upon him, they will quake with his efforts to resist even in the grave, impertinence and vain pretension. Besides, Cobbett has buried himself long ago, if ‘Peter Porcupine’ ever

meant 'William Cobbett.' We cannot even venture to weave a pall for the occasion, lest we should hear his voice exclaiming that it is not black enough; for he would contrast it with Castlereagh and the 'Six Acts,' 'the Manchester massacre,' 'the bloody old "Times,"' and the 'hell-featured' object of his latest attack. We are, moreover, scarcely assured that he is really gone: a ride among the Sussex cottages, or an acre of Indian corn, a Hampshire farm, or even a gridiron, will recall him among all the public life that is so busy around us, and that is all nothing without the shadow that used to attach to them. 'William Cobbett a shadow! well, that's a pretty particular d—d lie, I guess,' exclaims a voice from the Hudson. True, he had more 'blood' than the Guillotine, more 'hell' than the Montgomery-Satan; but still what would he have been if Ministers had always been honest, Kings' speeches grammatical, the 'Times' gentlemanly and consistent, and the Manchester people as sleek and as well to do as the Manchester cottons, or 'the son of the cotton-spinner?' He did hang upon these particulars of bad government, and reposed upon his Hampshire farming, and sample corn, and his Grammar, and every thing he had done,—aye, as a *shadow*—we are tenacious, you shall have it—or the gridiron. Nay, we insist on it, no corporal is more a slave to his drill than Cobbett to his topics and himself. Some writers have attempted, or will attempt, to define or circumscribe the attributes of Cobbett, but let them beware: could they succeed in picturing a Sancho Panza without the knight-companion, the valorous Don Quixotte? could they extol a *bass* without giving us the air? Oh, ye *doctrinaires*! Vanity—all is vanity! Ye may sift and sort, and sort and sift, but when will you collect the elements of character? Be modest, and avow that, without such and such occurrences, you know not how the 'Weekly Register' would have lived half a century of weeks. And with such and such things happening, the gentlemanly Castlereagh succeeded by the polite Peel, and the sharp Canning by the peppery Stanley, and the Manchester massacre by the uprooting of our rural population and farming wealth, and the 'bloody old Times' by the 'weathercock journal,'—how can Cobbett be spared? Ye morning journals, increase your double sheet by advertisements; ye Monthlies, swell your wrapper with puffs; when will you gain a character like the 'Weekly Register,' which never puffed but 'ourselves,'—never was tempted by the vulgar egotism of the common advertisement? And, with all your attempts, what do you achieve? to bandy explanation and contradiction from day to day, or month to month, with 'our contemporary,' until your readers begin to think you may be all wrong. Cobbett had no such shuttlecock game in hand. 'Swear by my gridiron! do you think that it has been there since 1819 for you to grin through? Now who could touch up "*Heddekushun*" like me?' And so we

read and tremble, and through the loopholes of terrible expressions we see William Cobbett studying the humanities, or tending his farm, until another week call him forth to put the hook in the nose of the monster, the many-headed public. But this is holy ground. When we read such precepts as we remember with delight on domestic duties, and know they were backed by so exemplary practice, we regret that such a man should ever have been taken away from those high duties to earn the cruel retaliation of our late (Heaven grant that it have passed away!) dynasty of oligarchists, and to deal out vengeance at those publishing periods. If for cruel insults offered to those dear relations Cobbett's periodical invective have been called forth; 'if' has he not been cruelly attacked in those dear and holy interests, and do the Doctrinaires discover that Cobbett's writings had the qualities of (see 'Times,' June 20, 1835) 'coarseness, brutality, and tedious repetition?' Why, against such tyrants and against their successors, or against all governments, if all balance between cowardice and cruelty, what could he utter, but that they were cruel and cowardly and the vilest of their race; how could he be coarse and brutal against such monsters who wield a giant's power to do wrong? How many an injured father and husband have pined in the impotency of their revenge, and died in the hope of meeting their oppressor in more equal field, and, like Ugolino (of Dante), gnawing the skull of the detested in their imagined hell! And those who have not waited for the posthumous consummation of revenge, what have they done? they have unseated kings, and sat on their thrones—aye, conquerors have grown out of 'the ranks' before now. Our soldier lived in the age of press-prosecutions and Weekly Registers: has he not wielded his weapon well? One of the race of the Tomkinses, who have 'to do' for their families, did he not boldly step up from his hearth at the call of humanity? And that prosecution which followed, and that fine which was exacted and paid—one thousand pounds from a journalist who did not live upon advertisements, one thousand pounds from a father of a family of small children, with a wife on the puerperal crisis, one thousand pounds and his personal liberty from a man beginning life, and only not so borne down with the hard task of building up his house in this taxed country as not to hear unmoved the cries of the outraged militia-men flogged by, or under the surveillance of, our foreign mercenaries! If there be poetry in the passions, was there none in Cobbett's vindictiveness? Shall servile editors and simpering critics wonder at the Register and its plain-speaking? What martyr to a passion is nice in choosing his attitude, or hesitates to take up what weapon is at hand? Detestable is the partisan's faint praise to a buried rival!—outrageous all that has appeared in the 'Times' and its followers on this subject since the melancholy event!

This is not intended as criticism, it is sympathy with the spirit of Cobbett; may it be near us, in its most terrible attitude, if ever, like him, I have cause to speak the vengeance of a man. But shall it ever happen again that an Englishman at home shall suffer from systems of government adapted to the meridian of Persia?—if so, the English language must strain itself for expression of such injuries.

THE ROEBUCK PAMPHLETS.

LARGER and more rapid grow the daily strides which are making towards that desirable goal—free and untaxed knowledge. The iniquitous laws which have so long impeded the free circulation of opinion, without which human progression lies stagnant, are daily becoming more powerless; long have they been objects of hatred to the people, but that hatred is fast changing into contempt. The ruling Whigs, like the ruling Tories, are fond of such laws, are determined not to destroy them, and will only suffer them to become obsolete when they cannot maintain them longer; when the majority of the nation make known their determination to resist them, to do battle against ‘knowledge taxes,’ even as Hampden resisted ‘ship-money.’ I am not an advocate of law-breaking in general; I think it far better to alter a law by the force of opinion, than to break it by the force of will. But in this case a most barbarous and unbearable tyranny is exerted. The means of knowledge, the means of instruction, the means of understanding the very laws themselves, and the means of expressing opinion, all are alike denied, with stupidity equalled in nothing but wickedness. A man with a starving body, if he take food to appease the pangs of hunger, even though that food be the property of another, is not held criminal; the laws against theft were not intended to apply to such cases, and if they had been so intended, common sense would have negatived them; and even thus the common sense of the nation negatives the laws which tend to starve the human mind. Laws made expressly to prevent the dissemination of opinion are ever a blighting mischief, tending to defeat the progress of truth; they are utterly untenable by any reasoning process, and the friends of freedom and improvement are justified in warring upon them as they would war on pirates. No quarter should be given to an enemy who denies his adversary the freedom of speech, and cuts out his tongue for talking. The Inquisition could not exceed this atrocity.

The unstamped press have fought the battle, as all battles of the kind are fought by the public, with untiring purpose. ‘Their name is legion, for they are many.’ The public never tires—of any really good thing. The matter published by the unstamped press has assuredly not been distinguished so much by philosophical disquisition as by furious resistance; but what then? It is not

while the battle for freedom is raging that the combatants draw plans for future public edifices. The speech which is intended to arouse the free-born warrior to the lion-mood, is not as the debate of the council-chamber. When it may be definitely settled that opinion shall be free, it will be time enough for opinion to throw off the helm and cuirass of the warrior, and don the flowing robe of the philosopher. When we have won our land fairly, we will debate how to cultivate it in the best manner. Time was that William Cobbett was held to be a prophet by large numbers of people, because he was the first in the field to fight the opinion-battles of the poor man; but as intellect expanded, and knowledge advanced, it is remarkable that some of the keenest criticisers of his unphilosophic effusions were the writers of the unstamped press. They detected and followed him up, exposing the errors in his writings which militated against the welfare of the people, and combated the sensual doctrine he advocated, of making beer, bread, and bacon, the acme of a labourer's longings in return for hard labour. Simultaneous with the period of his decease appeared the first of a new series of pamphlets, edited by John Arthur Roebuck, M.P., having for their object the instruction of the people on all subjects of political and social importance; and at the same time, the exposure of the machinations of their open enemies and false friends. If these pamphlets be carried on in the same spirit with which they have been commenced, they will play no mean part in the elevation of a people second to none on the round globe for their capabilities, and only hitherto kept back because their rulers conceived themselves interested in their ignorance. My opinion of the powers of J. A. Roebuck has been given before. There are not wanting those who decry him as 'an adventurer,' ready to side with any party for the sake of ambition; as one not to be trusted; one who will make of the people a ladder, and who, having climbed on their shoulders to power, will forthwith kick them away. It is a most detestable spirit which so commonly seeks to decry superior ability; which seeks the miserable equality of pulling others down to its own level, instead of raising itself to theirs: but let the objectors have the benefit of their argument, and what does it amount to? The word 'adventurer,' in their vocabulary, means a man who without riches contrives to attain influence over his fellows. Riches are in their estimation the only security for honesty; they hold them to be a sort of bail for good behaviour, or, as they phrase it, 'respectability.' There certainly have been examples enough of poor men rising to eminence by advocating the cause of the poor, and then betraying them by selling their political freedom. William Pitt, and Edmund Burke, and George Canning, all began with what is called 'opposition,' and ended with being time-servers. But rich men also have done this, as witness one Francis Burdett, in our own times. There are other

brides besides riches." The fact is, that riches have nothing to do with the matter. Whether a man will continue honest, or not, depends mainly on his habits of proportioning his wants to his means: one man is poor with a rental of half a million, while another is rich with half a thousand. Now it happens that report speaks of J. A. Roebuck as a man of exceedingly frugal habits; and, therefore, one not likely to be placed in circumstances of necessity, or to sell his birthright of honour for a mess of pottage. But the people have a better security than this in his intellect, which is of that strong analytical kind that does not trust to the representations of others, but refers all to the test of sound logical criticism, and thence draws its inferences. Such an intellect will assuredly tell him, that, even in a worldly point of view, the people's cause is the winning cause; up hill it may be yet awhile, but not the less certain on that account; while the cause of their foes is as the position of a drunken man on the edge of a precipice. Even on this showing the people may assuredly repose their trust in J. A. Roebuck. But they have still better security than this. For years he has pursued the same course. He began his career as a writer for the people; and whatever errors in taste he may occasionally have committed, he has never swerved from the path of an earnest advocate of the people's welfare, working by means of the people's freedom. He will not lightly throw down the good reputation he has won by consecutive exertions. He is too wise, as well as too earnest, a man to commit such a political suicide. He, a member of the National Council, has taken upon himself the task of speaking bold truths to the people, through the medium of his pamphlets. By so doing, he has raised a host of enemies, who spare no charge or vituperation: and all who, without personal objects, have the people's welfare at heart, are bound to uphold him in his work. Those who are exposed to his animadversions accuse him of saying things and bringing forward charges in his pamphlets, which he would not dare to make in the House of Commons; but before we of the people can give these angry persons credit for truth, it is necessary for them first to show that he can get an opportunity of saying in the House what he says in his pamphlets; and next, that the newspaper reporters report correctly all that he does happen to say. Meanwhile, his pamphlets wear the stamp of truth and conviction. Interested clamour will not raze this seal from off the bond which links their purpose with the cause of the people.

The first pamphlet, 'On the Means of conveying Information to the People,' sets out with a general summary of the process of taxing political knowledge in England, and the endeavours made to avert the evil by patriotic men. The objects sought to be attained by public instruction are thus clearly defined. To those who may have heard the charges of the friends of bad

government against the democratic leaders, we quote the following words:

‘Hitherto the ruling cry in England has been, “that those who ~~think~~ must govern those who toil.” And thereupon it has been assumed, that all those who do not toil necessarily think. We deny the assumption and the conclusion drawn from it. They who toil may think, and be so instructed as to be capable of taking a useful as well as active part in politics. I do not mean by this that the mechanic is to turn legislator, though I conceive him far better fitted for the task than the idle, ignorant, extravagant, demoralized, high-born, and self-constituted legislators that have but too often been our rulers. But I seek to make him an instructed and careful witness of the legislator’s proceedings; to give him, in the last resort, a control over the legislator’s conduct; and, by instructing, render him capable of truly appreciating it,—approving where the legislator is right—blaming where he is wrong. It is because we seek this, that the cry will be raised against us; it is for this that we shall be called lovers of anarchy and confusion.

‘But we are accused of wishing to destroy the influence of the rich.
* * * * If this means the influence that a rich and really instructed and benevolent man would attain by the beneficial employment of his wealth; if it should mean the love and esteem voluntarily offered to the powerful when good and wise, we then say, that our efforts will in no way tend to diminish it. An instructed people would bring to the good man an obedience of the heart and of the hand. His influence would be that of his understanding over theirs, not of his imperious will over their slavish ones.’

The man who writes thus, and acts up to his writings, may well deserve to be called the people’s friend. There is an Appendix to this Number, with a needlessly long account of the in and out of office changes of the opinions of John Cam Hobhouse, Henry Parnell, and William Henry Ord. It tends to prove that the political morality of official people is of a very low standard.

The second pamphlet is on the subject of the Municipal Corporation Reform Bill, which is thoroughly analysed and commented on in a clear, forcible, and simple style, adapted to the plainest understanding. Stripped of its verbiage, the subject is open to the comprehension of all men capable of understanding the rules of a benefit society. The defects of the bill are as plainly stated as its advantages, and only one important subject is left unnoticed—the annual payment of the town councillors. The public are not yet sufficiently alive to the importance of paying for the maintenance of their legislators. They pay the executors of the laws enormous salaries, and leave the makers of the laws to exist as they can. Thus we have amateur law-makers instead of men of business, and the public have no right to complain that bad laws are made. It is not yet an established axiom, ‘to look the gift-horse in the mouth,’ as well as the purchased one.

Pamphlet the third is entitled ‘The Stamped Press of London
No. 104.

and its Morality.' This appears to have grown out of a speech made by J. A. Roebuck, in his place in the House of Commons, in which he passed a sweeping condemnation on the whole body of newspaper conductors and editors, as a corrupt race. He made no exceptions whatever, and therein he was unjust; but no further unjust than the Whigs have been in calling *all* the corporation freemen corrupt. The accusation was made against the general body, and many of the individuals of that body thought it incumbent on them to deny the charge individually. The style in which it was done rendered their attacks on J. A. Roebuck for the most part harmless; but Albany Fonblanque plucked his shaft from the stores of keen satire, which never yet failed him in fighting the freeman's fight, and, likening the vituperations of J. A. Roebuck against the Press to the vituperations of the Tories against the Press, he barbed his weapon with the epithet 'scold.' Napoleon, it is said, feared ridicule more than vindictive threats or plots, and his judgment was sound. Simple-minded men alone are proof against ridicule, for they have nothing to conceal; and ridicule, to be effective, must operate by holding up to the public gaze those imperfections in character which the owner usually endeavours to veil.

This criticism on the Press is excellently well written, and would have been still better, but for the tone of personal indignation which appears in it. A teacher of the people should be a philosopher; personal feeling he should hold in abeyance, and never be stirred from his calm mood, save by the torrent of indignant patriot passion, which resents the wrongs done to his race. Something of an irritable personal temperament there is in John Roebuck; let him train this petty irritability into the magnificent passion of patriot eloquence, and his power will grow broader and deeper, unchecked by mean obstacles.

The following extract is a correct statement of the condition of most newspaper writers.

'The consequence of this combination of circumstances is, that half a dozen nameless, obscure, and often very unworthy persons, assume the direction of public affairs, and deal as they list with private and public reputations. Another necessary consequence is, that the temptations to which these persons are subjected become too great for their unaided, irresponsible virtue. They allow themselves, from mere private pique, to assert the gravest and most unjust charges against individuals; for party purposes they hazard the most outrageous falsehoods; and for money they sell themselves, consciences, abilities, and industry. There are one or two exceptions to this statement; some few of the editors do really consider their duty a great and responsible one, and are scrupulous as to their assertions; but the great mass are such as I have here described them.

There is another circumstance connected with our manners which also contributes greatly to degrade the morality of the writers for the periodical Press. In our aristocratic country a newspaper editor is not

deemed a gentleman; and, if any person be generally and avowedly known to be the editor of a paper, he would lose caste if he were previously considered of the class gentleman. This renders it incumbent on gentlemen, who become editors of newspapers, carefully to keep from the circle in which they move all knowledge of the fact; and, though it may sometimes be whispered that Mr. A. is the editor of such a paper, men avoid alluding to it, as they would avoid alluding, in the presence of his brother, to a man who had been hanged.'

Thomas Barnes and Edward Sterling are then set forth as joint editors of the 'Times' newspaper; and matter follows which led Edward Sterling to tender a cartel of defiance to John Roebuck.

The silence of Thomas Barnes would seem to indicate his acknowledgment of the truth of it. But Edward Sterling, feeling himself aggrieved, or at any rate annoyed, indited a long epistle to John Roebuck, containing, amongst other matter, the following sentences:

'I have never been technically or morally connected with the editorship of the "Times," not possessing over the course or choice of its politics any power or influence whatever, nor, by consequence, being responsible for its acts.

'My first purpose is to contradict, in distinct and unequivocal terms, generally and individually, one and all the assertions which the author of the pamphlet has made with reference to myself.'

The error committed by John Roebuck was in asserting that Edward Sterling was an *editor* of the 'Times,' and of this error Edward Sterling seems to have taken advantage, for the purpose of special pleading. He was not, strictly speaking, an editor; but what then? He does not deny that he was a writer of leading articles, and that he constantly used the editorial '*We*' in his writings for the 'Times.' He was not an *editor*, but not the less an *employé*. I do not believe that he wrote the 'black-guard articles;' there is but one man who, to use his own phrase, can 'pitch into' the public in that particular style. Edward Sterling is a grave old gentleman, a beau of the old school, one who would not for the world commit a solecism in politeness, but still one who would think plain-dealing in political matters the very height of absurdity. He seems to be one of those men who possess no capacity for inductive logic, and are therefore given to prosing, but who nevertheless run down a hackneyed subject tolerably well. It seems odd that John Roebuck should charge him with being *editor* of the 'Times,' when his own knowledge of his character and capabilities must have convinced him that he was devoid of the necessary shrewdness for such an office. True or false, the general understanding in the newspaper world as to the position of Edward Sterling has been, that he was one of his 'Majesty's' captains bold, who, in addition to his half-pay and private means, had no objection to receiving a thousand pounds

per annum from the 'Times,' in which he was also a proprietor; and the consideration was, that he, being a gentleman and a member of Brookes's, should take the department of news-caterer in the purlieus of St. James's-street, he being, in his vocation of 'gentleman,' admissible to coteries not penetrable by the regular known reporters of the journal. If the facts be not so, Edward Sterling can contradict them, and thus disabuse the frequenters of more than one bookseller's shop of their errors. But Edward Sterling has given evidence, if report speaks truth, that he has more respect to principle than Thomas Barnes, for, when the 'Times' was sold to the Tories, he resigned his office and salary. In an honourable spirit he refused to sanction with his pen the nefarious violation of principle, which his coadjutors had not boggled at. But he is still understood to be a proprietor of the 'Times.'

Edward Sterling, in his letter to John Roebuck, having denied all the charges made against him, John Roebuck withdrew them agreeably to the modern cartels of 'honour.' This was done by the advice of William Molesworth, one of the patriot band, whose youthful efforts betoken a spirit which in mature age will marshal on the people to higher objects than they have hitherto sought. He must have smiled at the absurdities in which he was constrained to be an actor. These duel farces surely are on the eve of extinction.

The letter of Edward Sterling is a sample of 'respectable' bombast. It seems to me that it did not require so apologetic a letter as was sent in answer. The simple mode for John Roebuck would have been to reply by questions to Edward Sterling, something as follows.

"Are you a proprietor of the 'Times'?"

"Do you write in the 'Times,' and use the pronoun 'we'?"

"Do you receive a salary as a writer of editorial articles for the 'Times'?"

"If you answer these questions in the affirmative, then I have done you no wrong. If the firm you belong to is infamous, you must be a sharer in the infamy.

"If you answer them in the negative, then I have done you wrong."

Such a letter as this would probably have been replied to by a challenge, but what then? If John Roebuck has not the moral courage to refuse to fight a duel at the bidding of every angry bully, then he is not fitted to be a leader of the people.

John Roebuck, in the pamphlet on the Stamped Press, rather unnecessarily applies hard words to Albany Fonblanque, and Albany Fonblanque as unnecessarily 'calls him out.' Mutual retractions are made, and there the matter ends. Now surely this was not needed. Albany Fonblanque! he whose pen cuts like a sharp lancet, tires of his good weapon, his skill in which all the

world acknowledges, and offers an appeal to coarse, leaden balls! This is surely derogatory to the dignity of a teacher of the people, to put himself on a level with the weapons of 'Blackwood's Bullies.'

In this same Number there is a rich treat of extracts from the different journals, showing their mutual abuse of each other.

The fourth pamphlet is on the subject of the 'Dorchester Labourers.' It is a clear and masterly statement of the iniquity practised towards poor men, and hitherto with impunity. Will the same people transport the Duke of Cumberland, should Joseph Hume make good his charges against him of fostering Orange Lodges in the army? It were indeed a sight more conducive to morality than all the sermons all our bishops ever preached, to behold a royal criminal imitating Prince Harry, and dutifully submitting to the sentence of the judge to pass the remainder of his days at forced labour in a penal colony. The same law for rich and poor, and the same administration of it, would soon entirely supersede the necessity of soldiers. The rich would make humane laws when exposed to their operation themselves, and the poor would hold such laws in respect. This will be called by 'respectable' people, shocking, radical, and revolutionary language. I will not vituperate them in turn, but simply ask, Is it the language of justice? It would be a droll sight to see our royal Ernest hunting bushrangers and tending sheep, week about, and 'fain to fill his belly with the husks that the swine did eat.'

The fifth pamphlet is a very temperate and judicious article on the 'Amusements of the Aristocracy and of the People.' The style of the writing is admirable, plain and simple as Cobbett, and truly philosophic. It has not the exquisite polish of the 'Examiner,' it deals not in the terse allusion, but it speaks to the people in words which all will comprehend. In the same Number is an article on the 'American Ballot Box,' by H. S. Chapman, which exposes the absurdities talked against the ballot system, and describes the advantages gained by it. The member for St. Ives, whose name is Halse, is also held up to public exposure.

The sixth pamphlet is on 'The Persecution preached by the Parsons of the State Church in Ireland,' and, under the signature of Thomas Falconer, is a most useful exposition of the costly absurdity of maintaining the expensive regiments called Guards, while the money is wanted for more useful purposes. Twenty thousand pounds are voted towards the education of the people, and upwards of two hundred thousand are wasted on the childish folly of 'playing at soldiers.' And it is the 'Reformed House of Commons' which does this! Go on, John Roebuck, and, with as many of your friends' assistance as may be, continue to put forth such pamphlets for the instruction of the people. If their sale be as

great as their desert, it will not be many years ere we shall have a House of Commons truly representing the people, in a state widely improved from the present one.

I lay down my pen well pleased to have lent such aid as I can to increase the circulation of a work which in my judgment is calculated to produce great good where instruction is so much wanted,—in the dwellings of the poor, who bid fair to be well 'helped.'

July 23d, 1835.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

SKETCHES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

No. 6.—THE COQUETTE.

THE prettiest villa in the vicinity of London belonged to Isabella Hervey. She was brilliantly beautiful, the possessor of an ample independent fortune, and the idol of a bachelor brother, who, many years her senior, had long supplied to her orphaned youth parental care and protection.

The crimson glow of a summer sunset burnished all the windows of her boudoir, gleamed through their light and graceful draperies, and made the sumptuous carpet, couches, and ottomans dimly visible; from this apartment, over which the spirit of enchantment seemed to preside, the eye passed through a beautiful vista formed by two consecutive drawing-rooms, in which the lights were being kindled for a throng of expected guests.

Just at this interval—this pause which was not peace, but seemed like it—Isabella glided slowly into the scene of which she was the sovereign. As she passed, the splendid mirrors reflected her form—a form fair as woman ever wore; a thousand odours greeted her with a voice of silent fragrance; and her harp, half hid in the recess of a window, through the gauzy veil of which gleamed clustering roses, whispered of melody as she went by.

But Isabella had now been many years a fashionable coquette: though still young, still, to the common and cursory eye, beautiful, still rich, still flattered and followed, she was not happy. All the freshness or rather all the sweetness of feeling was gone; little susceptibility was left her but to the impressions of pain.

This is one of the penalties that humanity pays for the abuse of the human powers; sensibility to pleasure it *must* surrender, sensibility to pain it cannot.

Isabella entered her boudoir with a letter in her hand—that letter had disappointed her. Her satiated mental appetite now required the *hyperbole* of praise; she could not do without it, it was a condiment essential to the savour of all that was said to her; yet it did not give her pleasure, though its absence gave her pain.

Conscience, never utterly destroyed, and judgment, in her naturally acute, would each continually add something to rankle the wounds from which she suffered. Deficient flattery suggested fears about default, and then conscience would ask, 'Do you deserve faith, fealty, or firmness?' Excessive flattery suggested suspicions of sincerity, and then judgment would exclaim, 'Is this daubing meet for a classic eye like your's?' But conscience, judgment, every high and noble thought, were flung aside as she hurried to the accustomed crowd, as if she had set her life upon a cast, and *must* stand the hazard of the die.'

Perhaps beauty is of all human power the most perfect; effortless, instantaneous in its action, it may say, with Cæsar, 'I came, I saw, I conquered.' Yet perhaps it is also the least fortunate kind of power, since it is most subject to corrupting influences during its rise and meridian, and suffers most intensely from moral reverses during its decline. But nature had not dowered Isabella merely with beauty—the mental jewel was worthy of the material casket; energy and fine spirits also formed a part of her gifted nature, and these, in co-operation with a high, free, diligent cultivation of her powers, might have carried her to some point of greatness where she might have lived blessed and blessing as well as brilliant—whence she might have been exhaled to other heights in that region to which, rapt and reverent, imagination rises.

The principal characteristic of Isabella's mind was concentration: born in circumstances which strictly confined her to the woman-sphere,—vanity and wedlock,—she chose the field which the first offered her. With feelings free from every sordid taint, when she first entered the paltry arena in which art forms the means and marriage the meed, she was like a young Arab barb put upon a mill-wheel, who would circle it again and again like wildfire, till he destroyed himself and the dull instrument of his torture.

Virtually, not actually, her plan of action was prescribed to her, but the poisonous policy inculcated could not shape *her* course to mercenary conquest—her quarry was the heart. But, with the conqueror's ignorant and insatiable thirst for dominion, to win and waste was her bent:—like him, reckless and destructive, she remorselessly left to desolation the region she had invaded and subjugated.

War is called a noble science—the soldier an ennobled being: the ambuscade, the surprise, the assault, the carnage, which is the consummation of the whole, are all arrayed in the pages of history—in the columns of the 'Gazette;' and people, perverted by false impressions, see nothing but glory and greatness: now be the same compliment paid to the coquette; let her have, at least, one leaf from the soldier's chaplet.

It is constantly observed that we cannot say to the passions,

"Thus far thou shalt go and no farther," but we say this to the intellect, and, strange to say, we are obeyed; how many minds do we see arrested in mid career, and coming to a stand at some point at which it is more difficult to pause than to pass onward!

As Isabella sunk upon a couch in her boudoir, she felt the wooing of the evening breeze, and she leaned her uneasy head towards the window to catch that gentle caress of kindly nature. A sweet inartificial song was warbled at the moment; Isabella looked out and saw a young peasant girl passing home from a neighbouring hay-field with an apron full of the new-mown grass. Isabella was touched with admiration. Taste, one of the diamond-sparks of spirit, is indestructible; it may be burned with us in the crucible of passion; it may be shattered with us by the mallet of misfortune; but let the calm hour come back, and there is taste bright as ever; let the day of prosperity return, gather up the fragments, and taste is still essentially the same.

The wide scene, the sweet scent, the happy songstress, the contrast presented to all within by all without, was gaining some influence on the mind of Isabella, when the prolonged summons of the pealing knocker induced her to draw in her head, and sink again upon the couch.

To a lady with spirits as much below par as were Isabella's, the kind of visitor who first arrives is of infinite consequence. Some come, like an essence-box, with a reviving influence, with a pleasing smile and playful sally; others appear as if they had a portable fog in the waistcoat-pocket, and there is no telling at what moment it may not burst forth. Some, possessed by a ceaseless volubility, discharge a cataract of words with the rapidity that Mr. Perkins's machine does bullets—only fortunately they are not all *hits*; while others again speak so slow that they seem to wait for a *Habeas Corpus* to bring up every syllable they say.

Isabella's first visitor was unfortunately one of the latter description—you might put in a parenthesis of any length during a pause of *his*; he had lately returned from the continent, whence he had brought a foreign title, the better to enable him to catch a rich native wife; but he had left none of his tediousness in exchange, so that he had still plenty at the service of society. Isabella, when in conversation with this worthy Count, was like a rapid chess player engaged with a slow one; the former anticipates every move, and thus becomes a sort of sentinel at the board, rather than an antagonist at the game.

But Isabella was a disciplinarian, and besides she had not passed seven seasons in London without having learned how to manage *boreds* and *lions*. By the bye, a strange sort of metamorphosis occurs in our metropolitan exhibition-rooms for the display of rare animals, for the lion of one season often becomes the *bore* of the next.

New arrivals soon rapidly succeeded each other, and, as the business of the evening called upon her, Isabella rose above the rapid tone which had possessed her. Still her restless spirit, craving for exercise it could not find, looked forth like an eagle for prey worthy of her power.

Many of such guests as 'come like shadows, so depart,' who are pledged to produce themselves at so many places the same night, and say nothing *at* any of them—for the sake, I suppose, of saying something *of* all of them,—had floated away, when a pale spectral person passed Isabella: rapidly he passed; but he left the spell of his dark deep-seated eyes upon her. She lost him immediately in the crowd; but though others surrounded her, and continual claims were made on her attention, she could not banish the stranger's image.

The evening passed as such evenings usually do—the rooms got warm, if the people did not; some ices were carried about to other ices which sat still. There was music, and singing, and talking in the midst of both, excruciating the nerves and feelings of the musician, and mortifying the vanity of the musical exhibitor. One exception to that rule occurred on that evening, towards the conclusion of the entertainment. A rapid prelude, which appeared a voluntary, was followed by a voice of so deep, sweet, and thrilling a tone, that the crowd became instinctively hushed, the spirit of passionate melody appeared present, and even the babbler dare not break the spell.

'Forgotten quite—forgotten quite—

The pang I *cannot* bear!

Oh, feel my brow; the death-drops now

Are there'——

The musician fell from the instrument. Full of power as that burst of song had been, it seemed his last, for he lay across the arms of those who had raised him, as if life were extinct.

'This way, this way,' exclaimed Mr. Hervey, Isabella's brother, 'bear him into the ante-room.'

The crowd passed; Isabella was alone, and, as if petrified, in the attitude in which she stood when those heart-searching tones had reached her ear, even unto *her* heart, callous as it was, become, they had pierced, and seemed to congeal her into marble.

She had been some time in her dressing-room when her brother came to her there. She had never before seen him look so sternly. With all her faults, she had redeeming points; proud, tyrannical, cruel as she was, she loved that brother, honoured him, cherished him, would have sheltered him from suffering as the mother-bird does her callow young, and been regardless of injury to herself, so she but spared it to him. She looked up; and her beautiful face, so usually expressive of imperial power, had all the meekness of the unweaned lamb; her form, generally so full of haughty grace,

approached him, all ease and sweetness, ready to fall upon his bosom, or hang about his neck.

The purpose of reproach with which he came melted away before the power of her presence—before the moral power of the beautiful feeling with which she was animated.

“What moves you, Robert?” she asked, placing one hand on his shoulder, as with the other she caught the breast of his coat.

He did not immediately reply; but at length he said solemnly, as he gently disengaged himself from her hold, ‘You know who was carried from your boudoir just now.’

“Yes—yes,” she stammered, ‘I recollected him afterwards,’—and her eye sunk under the reproachful gaze of her brother,—‘poor Hubert Walton.’

‘Isabella, Isabella!’ exclaimed Mr. Hervey, sinking into a seat, ‘well may the poet describe your sex as

“Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguished as black, brown, or fair.”

‘Love traces impressions on *your* hearts with some such pencil as paints the butterfly’s wing: upon *ours* he works with a graver, and breaks the mould before the image that he has marked there can be marred.’

Isabella burst into a laugh at this estimate of the relative impressibility of the sexes. All her brother’s sternness returned, and anger flashed in his eyes as he exclaimed,

‘Forbear, unfeeling girl, forbear! Walton is dying—the victim of *your* caprice. Do not let *your* laugh be his death-knell.’

‘I cannot believe you,’ she rejoined, subduing her levity, yet still affecting more than she felt, ‘for

“Killing eyes, and wounded hearts,
And all the artillery of darts
Are long ago exploded fancies,
And laughed at even in romances.”

‘Then let me tell Miss Hervey,’ said her brother, ‘that you are likely to have, not a romance, but a tragedy, in this very house. Dr. Bassett has just left the unfortunate Mr. Walton, and gives little hope of him; he says he never beheld a being so reduced, except by famine.’

‘But why attribute all this to me?’ said Isabella.

‘Seek no shelter in subterfuge,’ rapidly replied her brother; ‘I know all, from his mother—from his sister—from himself. I have gained my information piecemeal, but it is perfect and conclusive. If Walton dies, *you* are a murderess. Yes,’ he continued, eager to work on her awakened feelings, ‘he saw you; that you could not help. You caught his fancy—captivated his heart; neither, perhaps, was that your fault. But, when aware of your power, to go and hold the intoxicating cup of hope to his lip; to soothe him with the voice of love; to gladden him with its

smile; to let all this be with a predetermined resolution to dash and darken all with despair, was fiendish—devilish!

A silence followed this burst of indignation, which Mr. Hervey first broke.

‘How,’ he added, ‘will you repair this wanton mischief? how atone for this vile cruelty? for the sleepless nights of lacerated feelings—the revulsion of disappointed hopes?’

‘What *can* I do?’ she exclaimed. ‘Indeed I had no idea of such results as these.’

‘Tush!’ ejaculated Mr. Hervey, ‘do not tell me this: the incendiary who fires one house, and brings down a whole neighbourhood, has just as valid a plea. No, Isabella, what I ask of you is to receive this as a lesson;—to reflect and reform; and if Walton *should* recover, and you *can* do so without violence to your own feelings, reward his love. I know he is a poor man; but all the mines upon the globe could not *purchase* you *such* a heart.’

The tears rushed into Mr. Hervey’s eyes, in spite of his struggle to master his feelings: some compunctious pangs, but yet more sympathy with her brother, called answering tears into the eyes of Isabella. From that hour she joined her brother in nursing Walton; she watched with him beside the bed of delirium; heard the wild outpourings of thoughts, visions, feelings which had been too long pent under the condensing force of silence, secrecy, and unparticipated anguish, till, bursting forth like electric fire, they shattered the brain and bosom they had already ravaged, almost to dissolution.

Isabella closed her house, and had it given out that she was gone to a remote part of the country, thus to keep off the insects of idle curiosity. She invited Walton’s mother and his sister to her house; and all that tenderness and care could suggest was essayed.

The patient’s youth, the doctor’s skill, and last, not least, the co-operation with him of intelligent nurses, slowly effected a triumph. Health came like a timid vestal and kissed the fever from Walton’s brow; but strength, shaken as he had been, was slow of returning. When conscious light again came forth from his languid lid, his mother was the first to meet it. Never had the endearing name been sweeter to her ear, when first lisped forth to her by her first-born, than now when it reassured her she had still a son. In low murmurs, at intervals, he talked with his mother, till, leaning forward, he fell asleep upon her bosom. Dr. Bassett appeared the moment after. ‘Tis well!’ he exclaimed softly; ‘if he can sleep in that position, ’tis a sign he is getting strength.’

Isabella’s ministry now ceased at the sick bed; but she still played the gentle and attentive friend to the afflicted relatives. This was the first lesson upon moral duties she had ever received.

and a mind like hers needed but have a new region open to her to explore it—the walls of circumscription, which she could not over-leap, removed, to walk beyond them. Mrs. Walton was a high-minded woman, and soon impressed Isabella with respect and affection; who in return won upon the anxious mother's heart, making her half-forgive the ruin she had caused.

‘Mr. Hervey,’ said Mrs. Walton one day, as leaning on his arm she walked round the garden, ‘I have somewhere seen it said that it is a dangerous thing to employ a steam-engine to turn a lathe at a toy-shop. Some such dangerous thing has been, and is being done, as regards female talent. Waste power will employ itself—if not for the purposes of good, for those of evil.’

‘We see *that* every day,’ said Mr. Hervey, ‘in the misapplied energy and ingenuity of untaught, half-taught, and mistaught men.’

‘Do not confine your views exclusively to *men*,’ resumed Mrs. Walton.

‘To women?’ he asked with a smile.

‘Neither so. Direct them to human nature, of which one sex is as important a part as the other. Human nature can only be understood by a perfect knowledge of both: human nature can only be served by an equal advancement of both. Much has to be put from our literature, institutions, laws, customs, and manners, to redeem man from the degrading marks of his own ignorant pride, as well as to raise woman from her miserable vassalage.’

‘All this is new to me,’ said Mr. Hervey, ‘but I listen to you with pleasure.’

‘To aspire is the privilege of humanity,’ resumed Mrs. Walton, warming with her subject. ‘The erect attitude, the perceptive powers, the reflective faculties, all attest how much man has the privilege of looking far beyond, far above himself; but the first aspiration of this sentiment (capable of illimitable expansion) was ignorant self-esteem—a vulgar desire of superiority, *relatively*, not *really*; finding it difficult to raise himself, he thought of the expedient of sinking woman, and so holding a comparative elevation at a safe and easy rate. Pitiful was the idea, and wretched have been the consequences! The same notion is present to the religious fanatic who fancies that he raises the Creator by the vilest abasement of himself. How little *he* knows of elevation who thinks that any crouching wretch can, even by contrast, increase another's altitude!—to know that there is a cowering, grovelling reptile in itself lowering.’

Mr. Hervey smiled; as people are wont to do at those who feel strongly, and express themselves so. He felt acutely the miseries which women bring on men, but never paused to look into the causes for these inflictions; if he thought of remedy or relief, it was some such reproof as he had given his sister, fol-

lowed by profound reflections and pathetic lamentations over the weakness and vileness of that unhappy compound of woman. It was, in fact, the dame-school business done in the drawing-room; the lecture and the lollipop, and leave to do mischief again tomorrow.

'I suppose,' said Mr. Hervey, taking the 'Paradise Lost' out of his pocket, 'in future editions of Milton we must strike out this line of the book, in which he speaks of the condition of the sexes:

"He for God only, she for God in him."

We must expunge from the character of Eve the flattering humility which makes her say,

"God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise."

'No, no;' said Mrs. Walton, 'touch not a line of John Milton's. I love him as a poet and a republican; but be there notes appended to the text, to enlighten the purblind as to the defects of his moral philosophy. Let every being go for himself, or herself, as much as possible to the fountain-head of knowledge—seek, and accept no mediums, if they can help it; the further from the fount the less likely is the stream to be pure; and, I assure you,' she added with a playfulness that reminded Mr. Hervey of her youth, 'I assure you, whatever you and Milton may think and say, *I* do not deem *you* the most transparent and speckless medium through which *we* may look "through nature up to nature's God."

The first day that Walton left his room, he was placed upon a sofa, and his mother had fondly contrived, in case he fell asleep, to fasten a curtain to a picture which hung over it. Gradually every prop to which he had been accustomed, or from which he could draw support, had been gathered round him; and he was become resigned, serene, and grateful. Emma, his sister, had taken her seat near the sofa to read to him: when she observed a reverie, into which he had fallen, melt into slumber, she gently drew the curtain and left him.

One hour of deep refreshing sleep was on him, and he woke with that sense of strength which sometimes visits the convalescent. He opened his eyes widely and suddenly; a figure as suddenly glided behind the curtain; he felt that he was awake, yet the figure of his dream had just flitted by his couch; he tore aside the curtains—Isabella stood before him!

The colours of the May-time morning sky are less beautiful than were those which emotion threw upon his face. His luminous and dilating eye, his extending and collapsing nostril, alarmed her; she advanced to him—she put her hand into his. 'Hubert! I come to ask your forgiveness: to thank you for the love I have lost—lost deservedly.' 'Lost?' he repeated. 'When I am lost to all, and all is lost

to me, then—only then——' He could utter no more; he would have sunk at her feet, but she forbade the effort, by folding him to her bosom.

Walton's silence about Isabella had deceived even his mother. It was thought that he had conquered his passion, and assurances to this effect perhaps piqued Isabella; yet a sweet, a holy feeling had led her to his couch, and, before she quitted it, she pledged to him the tenderest vows. The probation she had suffered had not restored all her early acute *sensibility*, but it had opened her mind, and made it seize on true principles, and, what cannot be said of every coquette, she did not carry that character into conjugal life.

M. L. G.

MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

You ask if I love you;—

Listen!

The sun is above you;

How the leaves glisten!

How the flowers glow with his cheering ray!—

Love is the sun that lights *my* way.

You ask if I love you;—

Yonder!

Where trees crowd above you

At noontide wander—

With woodland voices the depths are stirred—

You are my breath—my shade—my bird.

You ask if I love you;—

Hearken!

When night comes above you,

And shadows darken,

Gaze on the heavens in their starry light—

You are the heaven to bless my sight.

S. Y.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Picture of the new Town of Herne Bay. By a Lady. London: Macrone.

This little volume is from no common guide-book manufactory. Accurate and ample in its details, it combines with them indications of taste and acquirement such as are usually appropriated to works of a higher literary grade. Every species of information required by the traveller,

steam-boats, coaches, vans, hotels, routes, fares, lodgings, &c., will readily be found in it, and intermixed with such other information as may tend to gratify a taste for the pleasures of a watering place, a love for the beauties of nature, or an interest in the remains of antiquity. The incidental notices of Canterbury and Reculver, and the historical story of Augustine, and the legend of the sisters, introduced in them, are amongst the pleasantest portions of the volume. The introductory narrative of the rise of Herne Bay at once shows the reader what an agreeable guide he has had the good fortune to meet with. The illustrations are executed with remarkable neatness. All who go to Herne Bay should take the book; and those who look at the book will be very likely to go to Herne Bay.

Men and Manners in Britain; or, a Bone to Gnaw for the Trollopes, Fiddlers, &c. By Grant Thorburn, Seedsman, New York.

WE scarcely know whether to take this book in jest or in earnest. Grant Thorburn, supposing his personal existence, is a most ignorant, conceited, vulgar, and altogether disgusting personage; a compound of the worst parts of the Scotchman and the Yankee. If the book be a joke, it is a long and dull one. A few pages of retort on the Trollope tribe might have been very readable, but four and twenty chapters are beyond enjoyment or toleration. There was too much even of Knickerbocker.

Cowper's Life and Works. Vol. 6. Saunders and Otley

To this volume is prefixed an Essay on the Genius and Poetry of Cowper, by the Rev. J. W. Cunningham. It is a pleasant introduction to the poems, not marked by much originality or acuteness, but presenting a sort of synopsis of the received criticisms on the bard of Olney. Although one of the quoted critiques be ascribed to the pen of the late Rev. Robert Hall, and another is from the Lectures of James Montgomery, we apprehend that a just and complete analysis of Cowper's poetical character yet remains to be made. The subject is worthy of an accomplished critic.

This volume appears out of course, the publication of the concluding volume of the Life and Letters being postponed. It presents us with a specimen of the style in which Cowper's poetry will be brought out, which is such as to reflect great credit on the taste and liberality of the publishers, and confirms the claims they had previously established on the public generally, and especially on those religious classes whose admiration of Cowper's poetry is enhanced by their sympathy in his religious views and feelings.

Noble Deeds of Woman. Hookham.

A COLLECTION of Anecdotes arranged under the heads of maternal, filial, sisterly, and conjugal attention; humanity, integrity, benevolence, fortitude, courage, and presence of mind, hospitality, self-control, gratitude, loyalty, eloquence, patriotism, and contributions to science. Like such collections generally they contain good, bad, and indifferent. The first sort largely preponderates; and many of the narratives, brief as they are, will be read with lively interest and strong emotion.

Dr. Channing's Discourse before the Fraternity of Churches. London: Kennett.

THIS Sermon was delivered at the anniversary of a Union of several Congregations in Boston, U. S., associated for the purpose of supporting and extending the beneficent institution of a ministry to the poor, originated, some years ago, by Dr. Tuckerman. It traces the influences of poverty, and enforces the claims of the poor, as moral and spiritual beings, with the well-known eloquence of the author, and in that spirit of Christian philosophy and philanthropy which imparts to his eloquence its peculiar charm and power. We hope its circulation may promote similar institutions in this country, where their introduction is at once more necessary and more difficult.

Sir R. Phillips's Letter to the Schoolmasters and Governesses of England and Wales.

It is our own conviction that education is a science, or at least capable of being made a science; we therefore object to the proposition of the author of this pamphlet, that 'education is not a *theory*, but a **PRACTICE**; and in regard to particular children a *mere experimental practice*, which can be reduced to no general rules.' Equally far are we from coinciding in his general praise of the existing race of teachers, and his suggestion that any governmental extension of popular education should be conducted exclusively or mainly through their agency. But the 'Editor or Author of the Book of Education on the Interrogative System' has well earned his right to be heard 'on the new theories of education, and on the plans under legislative consideration for reforming or altering the systems of public schools.'

Little Fables for Little Folks. Van Voorst.

A **VERY** pretty and useful Selection, re-written so as to avoid long words, and simplified in everything but the *morals*, which must often be beyond the comprehension of the infantile reader.

A History and Description of the late Houses of Parliament, and ancient Palatial Edifices of Westminster. By J. Britton and E. W. Brayley. Nos. 2 to 6.

THIS publication proceeds in a manner corresponding with our anticipations, on the appearance of the first Number, and is replete with architectural, antiquarian, and historical interest. The information collected by the authors is always curious, and often of much worth and importance. To the sixth Number some remarks are appended, on the resolutions of the 'Rebuilding Committee,' which well deserve attention.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Thanks to Speranza; and to R. M. The *second* paper of N. W. is unavoidably postponed; as are some Critical Notices.