

## PRINCIPLES OF LEGISLATION FOR THE ENSUING SESSION.

THE speculations, rumours, and anticipations, which are afloat as to the ensuing Session of Parliament, will now so soon be dissipated by facts, that it is not worth while either to increase their number or to record their existence. Our readers will know something at least of the reality of what ministers will do, and how they will stand, almost by the time that they could have read our prediction. Our prophecies shall be reserved for a more remote futurity. It is the safest plan. There are some things, however, which may be foretold, without inspiration, and the anticipation of which may lead to a more useful occupation than playing at a game of chances. Subject as the deliberations of the legislature are to contingencies, which have not infrequently raised some incidental question into factitious importance, and secured to it a most disproportionate attention, there yet are certain points which can scarcely fail to come into early and earnest discussion. To enumerate the most prominent of these, and to indicate the principle in conformity with which each should be legislated upon, is the purpose of our present remarks.

Of course, the Session will commence with a King's speech; and it is almost equally of course that it will be a tame, indefinite, vapid, meaningless composition, and be responded to by an address of a similar description. Voice and echo will correspond like the bowing of Noodle and Doodle in the right royal drama of Tom Thumb. It would be good to break through this customary farce, and to let us have something which should rather more closely resemble a President's Message to Congress. If it should be deemed unseemly to set royalty to read so much sense, why not let the minister make his own exposé with his own mouth? At the opening of parliament, the executive meets the representative body to render its account of the past and to unfold its plans for the future. Surely we have made sufficient advances towards national government to render it proper that this statement should be made in a lucid, decided, and systematic manner. It should be worthy of a wise government and a free people. There should be the full recognition of the responsibility of the executive department during the interval when it acts without having the watchful eye of representation over its movements. There should be a plain and manly avowal of the principles on which it is intended to administer both the domestic and foreign affairs of the country. We know some politicians cannot hear of such a suggestion as this, without imagining a club of *doctrinaires* pragmatically laying down a long string of abstract and inapplicable propositions. But it only needs a bold and enlightened statesman, acting on his own perception of the already altered con-

dition of the country, and of its further progress, to put down the jeers of this affected and puppyish practicality. The ability with which the task was executed would be a test of statesmanship. Nor will it be possible to lead a great and free nation blindfold through all sorts of petty expedencies and unprincipled compromises as heretofore. Those who govern must learn to govern by means of the public intelligence. The sooner they begin to appeal to it more distinctly the better. They will be all the stronger for all good purposes.

We shall soon hear of the Church of Ireland ; and either the old battle will have to be fought over again, or a makeshift will be tried with the scheme lately propounded to the clergy by the Archbishop of Dublin. There is some cunning in this contrivance for backing out of a difficulty. It is proposed that government should buy up the tithes, and pay itself by a land-tax, taking care so to overpay itself as to leave a surplus (the Archbishop says from 200,000*l.* to 300,000*l.*, per annum) which can be applied to education or other national purposes. The purchase-money is to be vested in some unobjectional species of property, and intrusted to a Board of Commissioners, who, under the sanction of the Bishops, are to have the power of making a better distribution, as opportunity shall be afforded, by the falling-in of "vested interests." So there will be the surplus to satisfy the reformers ; the church fortified against all intermeddling from without, or diminution of its funds, to satisfy the Tories ; their incomes kept up and realized to satisfy the clergy ; and the cessation of tithe-collection to satisfy the people. Truly, it is a well-intended and most ingenious concoction. But will the reformers be satisfied to leave the correction of that incorrigible ecclesiastical corporation in its own hands ? Will the Tories be satisfied that this rich storehouse of patronage should be touched at all ? Will the clergy be satisfied not to get surplus as well as salary ? And will the people of Ireland be satisfied still to pay for a church they hate, because they only do so by one mode of taxation rather than by another mode of taxation ? Even if they be, the satisfaction of different parties, or of all parties, is not the sole object of legislation. There is a much higher, and a paramount object, to be accomplished. The principle on which the Irish Church, and when the time arrives, the English Church also, should be treated is, the sacredness of its funds to the purposes of the mental and moral culture of the entire population. The people's right is, not to a little peddling surplus, but to the whole : to the whole, for the purposes just mentioned ; for any other purposes, to none. The true question concerns, not merely the fifty, eighty, or two hundred thousand pounds, but the eight hundred thousand pounds (and probably much more) in which, every shilling of it, the people of Ireland have a beneficiary

right. This fund was created for the spiritual good of the universal people, through the agency of the Romish Church. The legislature decided that the Romish Church was superstitious, and did not answer the purpose. We believe they decided rightly. They tried Protestant Episcopacy. Experimental centuries have ended in a wretched failure. According to the best case that can be made out, the people of Ireland reap a very trifling amount of good, and a fearful harvest of mischief, from the Protestant Established Church. Moreover, since the fund was created, the clergy of all churches have ceased to be, as they then were, or were supposed to be, the great and exclusive dispensers of mental and moral good. The school, the press, and the institute, now occupy much of the province which priests alone, in those days, were deemed qualified to fill. Let the instruction fund then pass, under proper superintendence, into efficient hands. As there is such ample provision for it, let the people have the benefit of mental and moral cultivation. The application is a more truly religious one than the support of sectarian worship, or rather of a sectarian priesthood. If they will not come to the church, open the school for them. If they are too old for school, let the Establishment be that of an institute. If they will not read the prayer-book, furnish them with the newspaper. Turn, somehow or other, the instruction fund to the account of instruction. Tangible good would thus be realized, which would almost reconcile them even to tithes. The merit of the Bill of last Session was, that, as far as it went, it went upon this principle. It recognised education, without sectarian distinction, as a religious object. Therein it was sound; while Dr. Whateley's plan is unprincipled, and merely admits the power of the nation to make money out of the Church, as the Church, whenever it can, makes money out of the nation.

The claims of the Dissenters will be agitated at an early period of the Session; and on this topic there is a very obvious and simple principle for guidance, that of universal religious liberty and equality. All social diversities on account of opinion are persecution. The law should know nothing of sectarian distinctions. Theological opinion should never be inquired into. Sir Robert Peel's Marriage Bill, while it exonerated Dissenters from compulsory attendance on an act of Episcopalian worship, yet drew a broad line between them and Churchmen. It was inquisitorial. In a similar spirit, and yet more injuriously, the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts was made the occasion for a species of persecution against the Jew, the Quaker, and the honest unbeliever, which has become more obvious now by the operation of Municipal Reform. Many men besides Mr. Salomons have been excluded from posts which their fellow citizens desired them to occupy, by means of the Declaration

("on the true faith of a Christian") which was then first imposed. The legislature should look beyond the contentment of sectarian leaders,—gratified and proud, perhaps, if their priesthood be placed on a level, in some points, with the Established clergy,—and should regard the effect of its measures upon all classes. The registration and marriage questions are of universal interest. Both should be provided for, independently of religious profession. A municipal officer would be the best registrar; and his entry (under proper regulations) should be made all the evidence of marriage, as well as of birth or death, which the state requires; leaving religious ceremony entirely to the choice of the parties.

The agricultural interest will have its motion for a Committee; and with getting, or not getting, a Committee, there will probably be an end of the matter. For this and all other *interests*, there is nothing like the *let alone* principle; especially if its application be made to include the undoing of former interferences. The day is gone by for levying new taxes for the benefit of a class, although it be not yet come for the repeal of those that have been levied. It is devoutly to be desired that its approach should be hastened. Our bread costs us above thirty per cent. more than we might eat it for in France. Let that score be settled first. There will then remain two ways, and there are only those two, in which the producers of corn can be benefited; first, by their landlords, in the reduction of rents; and secondly, by a complete revision of the whole system of taxation.

That revision becomes every year more needful. The enormous cost of collection,—the irregularity and particular hardship with which the burden falls,—the pressure upon productive industry, and on the poorer classes, with a host of other evils, all point for their remedy towards a simple tax on property,—the most expedient, and the only just impost. Taxation is a premium for the national insurance of property; and by property, not by labour, should it be paid. It is the dictate alike of justice and of national interest, that the expenses of the state should be defrayed out of the unearned incomes which it guarantees to individuals. A small proportion of them would suffice. Not only would the collection become comparatively inexpensive; not only would a strong and wholesome stimulus be given to all kinds of useful production; not only would there be a constant and powerfully operating motive to keep down the outlay of public money; but probably even from the first, such is the manifold pressure of indirect taxation, no one person would have to pay more than at present, while millions would pay incalculably less.

While it is not likely that any general revision of taxation will come under discussion—and if it should, we know what a



bug-a-boo a property-tax is to our legislators—there will yet be occasion for an application of the principle to the case of tithe, which should be forthwith transmuted into rent, both in Ireland and England. Tithe should no longer be allowed to fall either on producer or consumer. It was the donation of the proprietor, who thereby made the priest a co-landlord; and so let it remain. In what proportion they divide the rent between them, matters not either to the cultivator or to the purchaser of his produce. The public has an interest in the good, for the sake of which the priest was thus endowed; of which he is the responsible trustee; but that is another branch of the subject, which has been already adverted to. The Church or Instruction Fund was a gift by original intention, and has been only made a tax by jugglery.

Another case to which there will be an opportunity of applying this principle, is that of the taxation upon knowledge. Most disgraceful is it that this abominable impost should yet remain for discussion. The government is pledged to take it off as soon as the state of the revenue will allow. But when will that time come?—Or what can be said of the good faith of such a pledge, when proofs have been tendered again and again of the possibility of its remission, so far as newspapers are concerned, without loss to the revenue? One cannot treat this subject exclusively on the common grounds of taxation. It ought to be considered as out of their sphere. Better, infinitely better, were it that the means for disseminating knowledge should be provided for by taxation, than that they should be subjected to taxation.

A Poor Law Bill for Ireland will probably be introduced. The subject is more complicated than any of those which have been glanced at in this paper. The principle of the English Poor Laws is a just and Christian principle. It is, that every man has a right to live. Born into a community which has taken possession of, and divided, the earth and all that it produces; excluded from his proportionate share of that world which the world's maker has made our common heritage; he has a right to, at least, protection from starvation, when the demand for labour is insufficient to afford him the means of subsistence. Still the abuses of this principle have been so enormous, and so demoralizing, that extraordinary caution should be used in its application to Ireland.

For all propositions of organic reform; an Irish Corporation Bill; the Ballot, and Triennial Parliaments; Peerage Reform; the only principle is that of public utility, applied by means of a sound theory of government, raised on that analysis of general experience and that knowledge of human nature, which make theory the most practical of all things; and never forgetting that the exclusion of any member of a community from a pro-

portionate share in managing the concerns of that community, is an unfairness, the expediency of which would be an anomaly in the moral government of the world. Charles Fox once said, "that what was morally wrong, could never be politically right." He probably spoke like one of the prophets of old, and uttered a deeper wisdom than he apprehended. Utilitarian philosophers scorn, and have exploded such phrases as "natural and indefeasible rights;" yet the expression is not a bad one for an expediency which arises from the constitution of our nature, and is co-extensive with humanity. Adopting Horne Tooke's etymology, we may call what God and nature have *ruled*—the rights of man; and they are paramount to all conventional regulations. On this broadest expediency rests the desirableness that laws which bind all should be assented to by all; and nations, like individuals, advance, though through many errors, to dignity and happiness, by the most efficient, eventually, of all means,—self-government.

To foreign politics we will not now advert. No doubt, within the walls of parliament the name of Poland will be heard; Poland, now nothing more than a name; but what can be done, save to pronounce the funeral eulogy of a gallant people, and the sentence of humanity upon a bloody barbarian? The best time for interposition has gone by; yet, if any service can be rendered to the cause of the civilized world against that of brute force, in its European outpost, there should be no slackness, and we believe there will be none, in a British House of Commons.

F.

#### EDUCATION REPORT.\*

IN this Report the Committee report that they are unable to report; and content themselves with laying the evidence they have collected before the House, with the hope that the House will direct the further prosecution of the inquiry next Session.

This ghost of a Report is followed by a most substantial tail of between two and three hundred closely printed folio pages, consisting of an account of the examination of ten witnesses; and truly the volume will be more fortunate than most of the fat folios amongst which it will repose, if it finds half that number of readers. We have been one of these five champions, and shall give a very brief account of our observations by the

\* Report from the Select Committee on Education in England and Wales, together with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index—ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 3d August, 1835. No. 465.

way, in the hopes of turning that five into fifty; for the journey, though long, was far from being dull, and was generally very interesting. Nor were we so much troubled, as in the evidence of the previous Session, by the narrow-minded garrulity of sundry old women, who were determined that no one should be wiser than themselves. We do not pretend to give an abstract of the evidence, but only to notice a few points.

The Rev. J. C. Wigram, Secretary of the National School Society, who is the first witness, says that it is extremely difficult to keep children at the National Society's schools—only one-third of the scholars attend regularly. The causes are, first, and chiefly, the indifference of parents (the indifference of the children is not thought of); secondly, removals of families; thirdly, high wages, when the parents become high; fourthly, low wages, when the children's work is wanted and they have not clothes; fifthly, indifference, after mere reading and writing is attained. He forgets to say anything of the dislike of the scholars to bad tuition; but remarks, that the schools are not too full, though many children remain uneducated. "Feed and clothe the children," he says, "and they will remain five years; otherwise not above a year and a-half at school.

Mr. Henry Dunn, the next witness, gives a detail of the habits and customs of Bethnal Green, where, it seems, two-thirds of the inhabitants are kept in extreme poverty by hard drinking, and nine-tenths do not go to church; they will buy and read the *Poor Man's Guardian*, and they will not buy and read religious tracts; they will not even read the latter, although they are furnished with them gratis. In Twigg's Folly, Bethnal Green, more than half the children are not educated at all.

The next witness, Mr. Wilderspin, confines his evidence chiefly to infant schools, respecting which he has certainly more practical knowledge, and generally more correct views, than any person of the present day. Infant schools being a thing of yesterday, we were surprised to find that there are 2,000 in Great Britain and Ireland, containing 64,000 pupils; but it is to be regretted that a great proportion of these schools are excessively ill-conducted; in fact we may say, that infant schools are wretchedly managed with one or two exceptions: we might almost say, that the whole of the schools of this country are shamefully mis-managed, with the exception of these one or two infant schools. With scarcely any exceptions children are invariably treated, in schools, like brutes, or, at best, like machines. Mr. Wilderspin finds that the prejudices against infant schools are going away rapidly; the clergy, who used to oppose them strongly, are becoming less hostile; and parents, who used formerly to consider that the best plan that could be adopted with little children was to coop them up for

hours in a small room, are now beginning to perceive that children may be treated as children, yet also as rational beings. Mr. Wilderspin repeats over and over again the necessity of a good play-ground for an infant school, in which a great part of the time should be spent, under the vigilant though unobtrusive superintendence of the teacher. The school will develop the intellectual faculties, but the moral and physical condition is the almost exclusive province of the play-ground. It is there that the children act freely in their little world—that they learn to bear and forbear, and are encouraged in, and habituated to what is good, and are practically, calmly, and almost imperceptibly checked in what is evil. This is a world of real existence, very different from the pedagogue's ideal world of miserable mock morality, and dry words, and unintelligible precepts. Flowers, and fruit trees, and shrubs, are planted in the play-ground within reach of the children, who soon learn to watch over them as interesting and beautiful objects, without injuring a leaf, though opportunities of abstracting or destroying them, without the possibility of detection, frequently occur. Mr. Wilderspin has abolished rewards and punishments, because he requires no such coarse stimulants, and because equal rewards and punishments are impossible. No two infants, he says, are acted upon in the same way; what is punishment to one is indifferent to another. He prefers to guide by the reason and affections rather than to impel by emulation, fear, and force. He would begin with children at the age of one year, and keep them until they were seven years old. First, he begins by accustoming them to obedience and order, and then to habits of delicacy, cleanliness, and kindness; and he instructs by objects and actions rather than by words. When a child leaves his school it ought to know something of arithmetic, geography, form or geometry, natural history, and the New Testament; it should be well acquainted with familiar objects, be able to read an easy book, and be accustomed to sing. These attainments, considerable as they are, he justly considers as trifles in comparison with the intellectual and moral habits which are acquired. Singing is found to be of immense service in infant schools, although it is greatly abused in many of them. It is observed, when properly used, to have a powerful effect on the feelings of infants, and is a valuable stimulant when excitement is advisable. The weather, it seems, has a great influence on the infant mind; on a dull day children are not half so bright as in a clear atmosphere; and on these occasions, stimulants, such as music, bring them into a state of pleasing activity. With regard to religion, Mr. Wilderspin complains, that in some infant schools "the name of God is perpetually in the children's mouths; they cannot speak a sentence without bringing it in; the consequence is,

that it loses its sanctity and effect by being too common, and I entirely disapprove of the practice." Although we have noticed Mr. Wilderspin's evidence at some length, there are many interesting points that we have not space to advert to. Mr. Wilderspin himself is a curious character. He was an ignorant though benevolent fanatic, converted into a highly useful and intelligent instructor by unremitting experiment and attention to children. Many of his metaphysical remarks are very curious. The power of unconscious imitation is so strong in children, that a cracked voice, or drawling tone in the teacher, will insure a similar voice or tone in the children; if the teacher has any awkwardness of gait or vulgarity about him, his pupils invariably acquire the same; and there is an account by Mr. Wilderspin, in another work, of "a master who had a cast in the eye, and all the young children squinted; and of another who had a club-foot, in imitation of whom all the children limped." Mr. Wilderspin formerly thought that children were more inclined to do wrong than right, but the result of his experience with 17,000 infants induces him to think that the tendency to right is to wrong as two and a-half to one. Mr. Wilderspin's testimony is by no means in favour of the National, or of the British and Foreign Schools.

Mr. Dorsey, one of the masters of the Glasgow High School, is a very remarkable young man, who has succeeded, we understand, in introducing real intellectual and moral instruction to an extent rarely, if ever, witnessed in this country; and it is to be regretted that his examination was so brief. His class possess a variety of models and objects in natural history and mechanics, which cost little or nothing, as, in six months, from seven to eight hundred specimens were brought by the pupils. Every school, he says, ought to have such a collection, in order that the pupils may be taught by actual objects rather than words; and he considers that Mr. Wood's celebrated Edinburgh School is defective, because it does not connect objects themselves with verbal knowledge. The Scotch schoolmasters are, as he thinks, excessively ignorant; religion is taught by rote, and morals not at all. Though obviously a religious man, he states, "I beg leave to observe that I decidedly object to the use of the Bible as a school-book, as a book for teaching mere writing, spelling, and grammar. I think the Bible ought to be looked to as a code of laws for our guidance in this world and to the next. In many schools it is made so much a school-book that the pupils lose all reverence for it, and, in fact, acquire a hatred for it in after life." He considers that lectures are the only mode of improving the adult population—a great effect having been produced in Glasgow and its environs by this means—and he suggests many ways in which lectures may be improved and extended.



Mr. Revans, the secretary to the Poor Inquiry Commission in Ireland, and formerly secretary to the English Commission, was examined respecting the mode adopted by the English and Irish Commission, to procure minute and correct information of the state of the people, as connected with the Poor Laws, with the view to the employment of the best machinery for an inquiry respecting education.

The Rev. J. Blackburn has much acquaintance with the poorest districts of London, of which he gives a painful account: he considers that two-thirds of the lowest class of London children are without the means of learning to read, and that ragged children will not go to a school with those who are better dressed. He is for using no book but the Bible; he would make it the universal class-book, and teach language, history, and geography, entirely by it. He states that the elder boys cannot be kept at the Sunday schools, because they are not interested in what is taught. He thinks that government should not take the education of the country out of its present hands; but does not think that the voluntary efforts of the public can do much more than has been done.

The honourable and reverend Mr. Noel gives much the same sort of evidence as Mr. Blackburn. He thinks that the present system of educating the country by voluntary contributions should not be disturbed, though it is quite inadequate; that public education should be placed chiefly under the clergy, and that government should supply funds more freely. He would teach all that can be taught, and would extend the range of education considerably. There is so much apathy on the part of uneducated parents, that they will not seek instruction for their children; it must be brought to their doors.

Mr. Francis Place gives much interesting information respecting the various changes that have taken place in the habits of the middle and poorer classes of London during the last fifty years. When Lancaster first commenced his schools, there was nothing to be found in London but a few charity schools, which taught poor children next to nothing, and nothing likely to be useful to them. Lancaster's schools being set up by the Dissenters, were attacked by most of the clergy as destructive of religion, though they taught nothing else, and would not permit a lesson to be read unless it was extracted from the Bible. Their extracts were so wretchedly made, as to be very generally sad nonsense. Mr. Place thereupon prepared a number of lessons upon a variety of useful and interesting subjects in 1815; but they were rejected, because they were not taken from the Scriptures. He considers both the National and the Lancasterian, or British and Foreign Schools, to be very defective; though much valuable knowledge might be given by them at very little expense. In 1813, he attempted

to establish an extensive model school, to be called the West London Lancasterian School, for the purpose of giving a more extended and useful education to the children of the poorer classes; and it was determined that of religious books the Bible alone, without note or comment, should be read in the projected schools. The arrangements were nearly completed, when some of the managers resolved that no book but the Bible should be used, and no lessons read but those selected from it:—"This was resisted as incompatible with the principle on which the schools were founded; the fanatics introduced other persons of principles similar to their own, and the whole scheme was destroyed. These men said, they would much rather destroy the undertaking than permit any but Bible lessons; and they did so. We had a magnificent prospect before us; I believe we should have accomplished it completely, if it had been allowed to go on, and before this time have instructed all the children in the metropolis." Mr. Place objects to schoolmasters, under a system of national instruction, having any thing to do with religion; for he thinks that reading, writing, and arithmetic have no more to do with religion than shoe-making has; he considers that three afternoons a week might be devoted to the religious instruction of the children at the schools, by the clergy or other persons of the various sects; so that children of every denomination might be educated in harmony by the same schoolmaster, in the ordinary branches of instruction.

The reverend Dr. Bryce, Principal of the academy at Belfast, one of the most celebrated of our educational establishments, considers that institutions for the instruction of teachers in the art of teaching, are absolutely necessary, being, in point of time, of the most pressing importance; and he gives much interesting information on the subject. He relates in detail the remarkable effects of education on the provident habits and worldly advancement of the working classes; and scouts the notion that too much knowledge can be given to the people. He maintains that a teacher for the poor requires more professional skill, though he may do with less learning, than one for the rich; and that it would be not more absurd to establish a dispensary, and give it in charge of a weaver or cobbler out of employ, than to establish a school under a master ignorant of human nature, and of the management of the human mind. He "conceives it is quite impossible to give religious education without intellectual education. You cannot get at the conscience, which the doctrines of religion address, in any other way than through the understanding; and all attempts to do so have completely failed; they have produced a spurious sort of religion,—superstition in one case, and enthusiasm in another." In a national system of education, he would leave

the religious instruction to the inhabitants of each locality, without making too precise regulations, which he considers would be a fruitful source of dissension. In one locality he thinks the sects might agree in one system of religious instruction; in another place they might not agree, and would have two schools, if they could afford to quarrel and separate; if they could not afford to do this, they would probably agree to leave out religious instruction from the general school, and communicate it in some other mode.

The evidence of Mr. James Simpson (which was taken before the Irish Education Committee) occupies as much space as the whole of the former evidence put together, and embraces every part of the subject. He has paid great attention and used great exertions for many years in the cause of popular education; and almost all his views appear to us to be rational and benevolent in the highest degree. We therefore regret that our limited space prevents us from offering even an outline of them. His facts and arguments against abandoning the education of the country to the voluntary system, that is, to chance, are very powerful; education, he contends, must become a national charge, if it is to be universal and efficacious; the voluntary system has been long tried, and has failed signally: school fees are completely out of the question with the poorest classes, and their feelings of degradation at being made objects of charity, ought to be respected and cherished. The Edinburgh Infant School was founded by himself and a few benevolent individuals, in the lowest neighbourhood in Edinburgh; a very small weekly fee was required, and scarcely a child of the class for whom the school was destined has been found to attend; but children of other classes come from distances, attracted by the excellence of the tuition and training. The best teachers are also much impeded by the interference of ignorant parents. With regard to the apprehensions of many, that the government of the day might convert a great national system of education into an instrument injurious to the interests or the liberties of the country, Mr. Simpson replies, that with a vigilant press, and a vigilant legislature, and in each district a voice on the subject, all such apprehensions are completely groundless. We regret that we cannot detail Mr. Simpson's views of Infant Education (which correspond in the main with those of Mr. Wilderspin), nor those respecting the more advanced stage of public education, which he maintains ought to be given to every member of the community till the age of fourteen. He urges strongly, that all classes of society should, as far as possible, be educated together in the earlier stages of instruction, which is the principle and practice of the Scotch schools, and has had a most beneficial effect upon that country; and

he shows at great length why the sexes ought to be educated together till the age of fourteen :—

‘ Their separation is the result of a mistaken notion that they cannot be safely together . . . In an improved education their pursuits tend to improve them morally, and to prevent all the consequences that would be felt under a more ignorant system of educating them in the same school, as has been proved in the Circus Place School, in Edinburgh, in the Lancasterian School, Mr. Wood’s School, and the Model Infant School . . . I should therefore never think of separating them. The minds of the one sex are like the minds of the other ; they are both entitled to an education of useful knowledge, of elementary science . . . the two sexes will stimulate each other in the best possible way to exertion ; and, under the eye and guidance of their teachers, employed as they are, there cannot arise any evil from the intimacy . . . The effects of proper elementary education will be such as to refine both sexes to a degree we have never seen, certainly, in the lower ranks, or in any rank of life. What I call refinement, is another word for the practical exercise of the superior moral faculties. It is the very essence of a well regulated education to purify and exalt those feelings which the intercourse of the sexes calls forth. There would be a great diminution of the impurity of thought, which is too much now the nature of that intercourse. The sexes can never be more safely together than under the same roof and under the same instructors ; they are put under the same roof when they are under the instruction of their religious teachers, in churches and chapels ; and I should expect that their being educated together would be attended with all the advantages which I have specified, and with no evils whatever.’—pp.129 , 130.

Mr. Simpson contends, that secular instruction and religion, should not be mixed, in proof of which he quotes Melancthon, Cudworth, Paley, and others ; he would not permit the secular teacher to be a clergyman, or of any other profession or trade ; nor would he allow him in any way to interfere in religion ; which should be the exclusive province of the religious instructors, who should have separate hours for teaching the children of the different sects.

It is greatly to be regretted, that extracts and digests of the most valuable parliamentary papers (such as that which we have been noticing) should not be provided for the public in some cheap and accessible form. The price and scarcity of most of the parliamentary papers is a great bar to their efficiency,—not to mention their bulk ; for the outside of a large folio is all that ordinary mortals can be induced to look at.

## ON WOMEN OF NO PARTY.\*

I REMEMBER reading of a country clown, who, accidentally overhearing some conversation on constitutional health, declared his belief that he had "no system." Very similar to this appears to me Mrs. Hall's assertion, in her letter to "*The Times*," that she is of "no party," and that "a woman ought to be of none." Supposing the thing possible (which it seems not, to any possessed of feeling and reflection), how supreme must be the state of ignorance or indifference which would warrant such an assertion! As neither of these moods of mind can be for a moment attributed to the intelligent, eloquent, and animated author of the "*Tales of Woman's Trials, &c.*;" it is only fair to ascribe her declaration to one of those inadvertent lapses of expression to which all, at times, may be subject.

It is with no view to level a shaft at one who is an ornament to her sex that I touch this subject. Having said thus much, I have done with all further allusion to Mrs. Hall; but I shall not forsake the point, because it involves a very common and a very mischievous mistake—a notion that politics are to be regarded as distinct from, and disconnected with the other

\* FROM THE TIMES OF JAN. 5TH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR,—I feel called upon, however unwillingly, to trespass on your columns in reply to a letter signed an "Impartial Observer," the writer of which accuses me of "misleading my readers as to the real state of Ireland," in having asserted that "I slept more than a week at the house of a Conservative gentleman, in the midst of a Catholic community, whose doors and windows were never disfigured by bar, bolt, or lock, though the house was known to contain much plate and some fire arms." The writer somewhat ungenerously concludes by stating, that "the assertion is made for party purposes." I am of no party; I have always considered that a woman ought to be of none; but the principles which are upheld by all my nearest and dearest connexions are Conservative. I have written much about Ireland, but I have always studiously avoided politics. The observation which your correspondent condemns refers distinctly and alone to the county of Wexford; and the best comment I can offer upon his letter is, to give the name of the gentleman, not only a Conservative but an Orangeman, whose doors and windows were "never disfigured by bar or bolt." I allude to John Allen, Esq., of Ballystraw, Authur's Town, county of Wexford, with whom, of course, the "Impartial Observer" can communicate. I know quite enough of Ireland to feel satisfied that many parts of the country are in the wretched state described by your correspondent, and I am disposed to believe that recent events have contributed to increase rather than to lessen the evil, but the good should be recorded as well as the bad. Happily, the country with which I am best acquainted is for the most part tranquil; perhaps because its landlords are chiefly residents on their own estates. I would add, that the passage to which your correspondent objects, occurs in a tale published in the *New Monthly Magazine* for December, in no way bearing upon the political state of the country, and that I have not seen the evening newspaper to which your reference is made.

I am your obedient servant,  
ANNE MARIA HALL.

Jan. 4th, 1836.



branches of human economy ; instead of being, as they are, intertissued with all human circumstances, and thus deserving, nay *demanding*, the vital attention of every rational creature from the dawn of intellect unto its decay.

Another most erroneous notion lies at the base of the assertion I am combating—the notion that political knowledge and political interests are unsuited to the female mind, and incompatible with those attributes of character deemed or desired to be the sole or essential constituents of the *female* character.

That political science has been degraded by the intermixture of virulent passions and feelings is not to be denied ; even Pitt was reproached with suffering his faculties to be overwhelmed by his passions ; and when the science is thus adulterated it is as unworthy of the wise among men, and as unseemly, as it is among women. But the rapid advance of intelligence, acting upon the innate spirit of English independence, is clearing away the corrupt vapours through which the people used to look at politics ; clear heads and clean hearts, with only so much fire as is necessary to the warmth, not the heat, of the concomitant passions, is the prevailing state of the mighty mass now bearing down upon the wretched ranks of the conservatives—and where does the being exist who will say that the clear head and clean heart animated by this tempered warmth shall be forbidden to act because the great Author of all humanity has shrined that head and heart in the frame of woman instead of man ?

Politics, it is said, are incompatible with gentleness, with softness, with general amiability—tush ! Let us not pervert that blessed instrument language—the exclusive music of humanity—given us that truth may be trumpet-tongued and triumphant. Politics are incompatible with inanity, with indifference, with the show, not the substance, of those principles of which real gentleness, real softness, real amiability, are the effect and effusion. The sun has its rays of gentleness, but where were they but for the intenser fire from which they spring ?—who loves him not in his twilight time when he is gentlest of all ? but where were the fruits, the flowers, the fertile fields 'mid which they like to luxuriate, did he not also emit burning rays of brightness and of heat ? The moon is, perhaps, the most perfect type of gentleness, and a favorite reference with the namby pamby eulogists of woman—but has not the moon power ? Ask the ocean tides on which nought else has any.

Real gentleness, real softness, affection and amiability, spring from the deep, intense feelings and faculties which are the animating principles of the patriotism which serves our country, and the high and holy sentiment which embraces all humanity with love. The gentleness, softness and amiability which

is of "no party," and must, of course, be devoid of sympathy, the pivot of all happy human association, are bastard semblances of the *real* qualities, and spring from general indifference and individual selfishness.

Unfortunately for this country, and in fact for all countries, women are mostly conservatives, and lie like manure at the root of many a political plant which breathes pestilence upon nations, keeping institutions in a vitality which they would not otherwise retain. God grant that every woman was a rational revolutionist, which are only other words for radical reformers—then would be asserted the right and power which they hold in common with their copartners in life—the right and power of thinking, feeling, speaking, and acting in behalf of national and universal interests—mighty trunks, but intimately and indissolubly connected with the small capillaries of individual power and exertion. Talk of the bed of Procrustes—what was that to the influence of female education, which it appears can render woman of "no party," and induce the idea that it is right and amiable that "she should be of none?"

Where and what are the feelings of that woman who can see those to whom she is united by ties little less than divine, borne down and debased by political oppression, and yet be of "no party?" Behold her children shrinking before the withering insolence of usurped greatness; denied their fair share of human rights and human enjoyments, and yet be of "no party?" Must she not feel that the crushing conservative ought to be hunted from the land, as of old the wolves were from our woods—and institutions which enslave the people annihilated, as have been the forests in which formerly kings and courtiers denied corn to grow, that tyranny and cruelty might prevail? Shall she feel this, (and she must feel it or feel not at all) shall she feel this and not speak and act from the dictates of such feeling? Shall she feel this and not sympathize with the struggles and sufferings of the one she has elected and selected from the crowd to be her heart's companion—sustaining him if he faint, and stimulating him if he fall off from the efforts necessary to save, not alone *her* children, but the children of millions, and marshal future generations to do likewise, till an equitable recognition of human rights be universal?

As for Ireland—when I contemplate *her* injuries and *her* capabilities, I feel the poverty of language, and remain mute, upon the principle which induced the painter to cover the countenance, the anguish of which was beyond the power of human pencil to portray. May the reproach to woman, (if deserved), of being of "no party" be speedily removed, and may it be among the blessings awakening on the world that she become in heart and soul of the RIGHT party.

M. L. G.

## LEGENDS OF THE CONQUEST OF SPAIN.\*

THE conquest of Spain by the Saracens is more like romance than reality, whether we regard the character and fortunes of the conquerors, the extraordinary rapidity with which they effected so great a revolution, the circumstances which made it easy to them, or their final expulsion from the country after the lapse of eight centuries. The facts of the conquest are so wrapped in fable, so lost in the confusion which necessarily followed, that scarcely anything is known with certainty about them. The history, as collected from the old chronicles, monkish legends, tradition, romance, and poetry, is briefly as follows: The Goths had reigned in Spain for two centuries and a-half, when Witiza, surnamed the wicked, was elected king. From some particulars of his character it seems doubtful how far he deserved his name. We are told that he was cruel, and jealous of his relations, and that he put out the eyes of one, and put another to death; but there is nothing very uncommon in all this in the chronicles of kings. We are also told that he was luxurious and profligate; but, on the other hand, that he gave toleration to the hitherto oppressed Jews, allowed the priests to marry, broke off from the tyranny of the church of Rome, dismantled the castles of the turbulent nobles, and brought the country into such a state of peace and prosperity that the sword was literally turned into the ploughshare. This state of quiet, however, did not satisfy the warlike people of Spain. Witiza was deposed by Don Roderick, the son of that relative whose eyes he had put out, and punished according to the law of retaliation. Roderick was very popular on his accession to the throne. He was brave, sagacious, and of lofty and majestic presence, but he soon began to fall into habits of luxury. He gave some offence too by marrying the beautiful daughter of the king of Algiers, who was shipwrecked on the coast of Spain, and who became a convert to Christianity, and took the name of Exilona. Among the nobles who repaired to court to congratulate the king on his marriage was Count Julian, a powerful nobleman, nearly connected with the late king Witiza, and governor of Ceuta, the only fortress in the possession of Spain on the African coast, and her bulwark against Moslem encroachment. Count Julian left his daughter Florinda with the sovereign. She was a beautiful maiden, not yet arrived at womanhood, and he confided her to the protection of the king, saying, "I can leave with you no surer pledge of my loyalty." Very shortly after the Count's departure, Roderick began to entertain a violent passion for Florinda; much has been said and sung about his suit and her resistance,

\* By the Author of "The Sketch Book." London: Murray, 1835.  
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but it ended in his triumph, "by means of base and unmanly violence." The wretched Florinda, in the first paroxysm of her grief, wrote to her father to revenge her wrongs. Her message reached him just after he had successfully repulsed the Arabs, who had attempted to take Ceuta by siege. Count Julian repaired to the camp of Muza, the Arabian Emir. "Hitherto" said he, "we have been enemies, but I come to thee in peace, and it rests with thee to make me the most devoted of thy friends. I have no longer country or king. Roderick the Goth is an usurper, and my deadly foe; he has wounded my honour in the tenderest point, and my country affords me no redress. Aid me in my vengeance, and I will deliver all Spain into thy hands—a land far exceeding in fertility and wealth all the vaunted regions thou hast conquered in Tingitania." It was about the year 712 that this offer, so important in its consequences, was made. The Arabians, or Saracens as they are often called, raised by Mahomet to the dignity of a people, had at this period become the powerful conquerors of Persia, Syria, Egypt, and all the north of Africa, where they finally acquired the common appellation of *Moors*. They had often cast wistful eyes towards the mountains of Spain. The offer of Count Julian was speedily accepted. Their armies, admitted by him to his fortresses, and supported by his powerful party, poured into the country. Roderick was conquered in the bloody battle of the Guadalete (the river of death), and was never seen more. He was supposed by some to have perished in the field, by others to have fled, and to have been carried away by the rapid waters of the river, attempting to ford it in his flight—by others, to have reached some place of concealment among the mountains. In less than three years the whole country was subdued by Muza. Many are the direful portents and warnings that are related to have preceded and accompanied these events.

The Arabs were not cruel conquerors. Resistance, indeed, entailed pillage and all the horrors of war on the conquered, but, on submission and payment of tribute, complete toleration and protection were granted them. Spain saw her most prosperous days under the Moorish rule, and she has never recovered the bigoted and mistaken policy which expelled their whole people from her shores, when in time they in their turn were subdued.

Grave and authentic history, weighing the detail of events by the evidences of their truth, seems to present us with but a bald and unsatisfactory outline, after the imagination has dwelt on all this. But even history is obliged to rest very frequently on conjecture, and conjecture too of a kind which is apt to be wider of the mark than that which is based on moral and traditional poetry.

We think, then, that Washington Irving has judged rightly in collecting, instead of rejecting, all the marvellous and romantic stories about the conquest of Spain, and in presenting them to us under the form of "legends." Out of these apparently fabulous tales, the genius of the two nations concerned, and the morality of their times, may be gathered, and both of these are very likely to be misunderstood or overlooked in the philosophy of modern historians. But let the author plead his own cause—

"To discard, however, everything wild and marvellous in this portion of Spanish history, is to discard some of its most beautiful, instructive, and national features; it is to judge of Spain by the standard of probability suited to tamer and more passive countries. Spain is virtually a land of poetry and romance, where every day life partakes of adventure, and where the least agitation or excitement carries everything up into extravagant enterprise and daring exploit. The Spaniards in all ages have been of swelling and braggart spirit, soaring in thought, pompous in word, and valiant, though vain-glorious, in deed. Their heroic aims have transcended the cooler conceptions of their neighbours, and their reckless daring has borne them on to achievements which prudent enterprise could never have accomplished. Since the time, too, of the conquest and occupation of their country by the Arabs, a strong infusion of oriental magnificence has entered into the national character, and rendered the Spaniard distinct from every other nation of Europe.

"In the following pages, therefore, the author has ventured to dip more deeply into the enchanted fountains of old Spanish chronicle, than has usually been done by those who, in modern times, have treated of the eventful period of the conquest; but, in so doing, he trusts he will illustrate more fully the character of the people and the times."—*Preface*, p. 8.

The fault of the book is the too frequent detail of war and fighting. We read to weariness of battles, sieges, pikes, lances, crossbows, scimitars, and drums; and we regret the more that so much of the volume is occupied by matter of this description, since all the rest of it—that is, all the stories of prodigies, heroism, and love, and all the legends of the fortunes and fate of the actors in those stormy scenes, are given with the author's accustomed lightness and elegance. The following is a good specimen—

"Now so it happened, according to the legend,\* that about this time, as king Roderick was seated one day on his throne, surrounded by his nobles, in the ancient city of Toledo, two men of venerable appearance entered the hall of audience. Their snowy beards descended to their breasts, and their grey hairs were bound with ivy. They were arrayed in white garments of foreign antiquated fashion, which swept

\* *Perdida de España por Abulcasim Taraf Abeñlariqueo*, lib. i. c. 6. *Cronica del Rey Don Rodrigo por el moro Rasis*, lib. i. c. 1. *Bleda*, *Cron.* cap. 7.



the ground, and were cinctured with girdles, wrought with the signs of the zodiac, from which were suspended enormous bunches of keys of every variety of form. Having approached the throne and made obedience: 'Know, O king,' said one of the old men, 'that in days of yore, when Hercules of Lybia, surnamed the Strong, had set up his pillars at the ocean Strait, he erected a tower near to this ancient city of Toledo. He built it of prodigious strength, and finished it with magic art, shutting up within it a fearful secret, never to be penetrated without peril and disaster. To protect this terrible mystery he closed the entrance to the edifice with a ponderous door of iron, secured by a great lock of steel; and he left a command that every king who should succeed him should add another lock to the portal; denouncing woe and destruction on him who should eventually unfold the secret of the tower.'"—p. 45.

Don Roderick, however, determined, instead of adding his lock to the door, to open it, and penetrate the mystery. The legend then goes on to relate the story of the "marvellous and portentous tower," concerning which—

" 'I doubt much,' adds the venerable Agpaida, 'whether many readers will not consider the whole as a cunningly devised fable, sprung from an oriental imagination; but it is not for me to reject a fact which is recorded by all those writers who are the fathers of our national history—a fact, too, which is as well attested as most of the remarkable events in the story of Don Roderick. None but light and inconsiderate minds,' continues the good friar, 'do hastily reject the marvellous. To the thinking mind the whole world is enveloped in mystery, and everything is full of type and portent.'"—p. 50.

The king and his train achieve the adventure of the tower. They succeed in opening the massive portals, and, after encountering various appalling sights, and hearing awful sounds, they reached a vast chamber of "a rare and sumptuous architecture, difficult to be described." Here on a table of alabaster stood a golden casket; on the lid were inscribed the following words:—

" 'In this coffer is contained the mystery of the tower. The hand of none but a king can open it; but let him beware! for marvellous events will be revealed to him, which are to take place before his death.'

" King Roderick boldly seized upon the casket. The venerable archbishop laid his hand upon his arm, and made a last remonstrance. 'Forbear, my son,' said he; 'desist while there is yet time. Look not into the mysterious decrees of Providence. God has hidden them in mercy from our sight; and it is impious to rend the veil by which they are concealed.'

" 'What have I to dread from a knowledge of the future?' replied Roderick, with an air of haughty presumption. 'If good be destined for me, I shall enjoy it by anticipation; if evil, I shall arm myself to meet it.' So saying, he rashly broke the lock.

" Within the coffer he found nothing but a linen cloth, folded between two tablets of copper. On unfolding it, he beheld painted on

it figures of men on horseback, of fierce demeanour, clad in turbans and robes of various colours, after the fashion of the Arabs, with scimitars hanging from their necks, and crossbows at their saddle backs, and they carried banners and pennons with divers devices. Above them was inscribed in Greek characters, ‘Rash monarch! behold the men who are to hurl thee from thy throne and subdue thy kingdom!’

“At sight of these things the king was troubled in spirit, and dismay fell upon his attendants. While they were yet regarding the paintings, it seemed as if the figures began to move, and a faint sound of warlike tumult arose from the cloth, with the clash of cymbal and bray of trumpet, the neigh of steed and shout of army; but all was heard indistinctly as if afar off, or in a reverie or dream. The more they gazed, the plainer became the motion, and the louder the noise; and the linen cloth rolled forth, and amplified, and spread out, as it were a mighty banner, and filled the hall, and mingled with the air until its texture was no longer visible, or appeared as a transparent cloud; and the shadowy figures became all in motion, and the din and uproar became fiercer and fiercer; and whether the whole were an animated picture, or a vision, or an array of embodied spirits, conjured up by supernatural power, no one present could tell. They beheld before them a great field of battle, where Christians and Moslems were engaged in deadly conflict. They heard the rush and tramp of steeds, the blast of trump and clarion, the clash of cymbal, and the stormy din of a thousand drums. There was the clash of swords, and maces, and battle-axes, with the whistling of arrows, and the hurling of darts and lances. The Christians quailed before the foe; the Infidels pressed upon them and put them to utter rout; the standard of the cross was cast down, the banner of Spain was trodden under foot, the air resounded with shouts of triumph, with yells of fury, and with the groans of dying men. Amidst the flying squadrons, king Roderick beheld a crowned warrior, whose back was turned towards him, but whose armour and device were his own, and who was mounted on a white steed that resembled his own war-horse, *Ærelia*. In the confusion of the flight, the warrior was dismounted, and was no longer to be seen, and *Ærelia* galloped wildly through the field of battle without a rider.

“Roderick staid to see no more, but rushed from the fatal hall, followed by his terrified attendants. On issuing into the open air they found the two ancient guardians of the tower lying dead at the portal, as though they had been crushed by some mighty blow. All nature, which had been clear and serene, was now in wild uproar. The heavens were darkened by heavy clouds; loud bursts of thunder rent the air, and the earth was deluged with rain and rattling hail.

“The king ordered that the iron portal should be closed; but the door was immoveable, and the cavaliers were dismayed by the tremendous turmoil and the mingled shouts and groans that continued to prevail within. The king and his train hastened back to Toledo, pursued and pelted by the tempest. The mountains shook and echoed with the thunder, trees were uprooted and blown down, and the Tagus raged and roared, and flowed above its banks. It seemed to the affrighted courtiers as if the phantom legions of the tower had issued forth and mingled with the storm; for amidst the claps of thunder

and the howling of the wind, they fancied they heard the sound of the drums and trumpets, the shouts of armies and the rush of steeds. Thus beaten by tempest and overwhelmed with horror, the king and his courtiers arrived at Toledo, clattering across the bridge of the Tagus, and entering the gate in headlong confusion, as though they had been pursued by an enemy."—p. 28.

The following extract describes the fate of Florinda, the Helen of Spain. After the complete subjugation of the country by the Saracens, she still lived with her father, who had acquired countless riches. But all his success and all his luxuries could not give him ease, nor soften the anguish which he suffered at seeing (says the legend,) that "the Christians cursed him as the cause of all their woe; the Moslems despised and distrusted him as a traitor."

"Florinda, the daughter of his heart, for whose sake he had undertaken this signal vengeance, was sinking a victim to its effects. Wherever she went, she found herself a by-word of shame and reproach. The outrage she had suffered was imputed to her as wantonness, and her calamity was magnified into a crime. The Christians never mentioned her name without a curse, and the Moslems, the gainers by her misfortune, spake of her only by the appellation of Cava, the vilest epithet they could apply to woman.

"But the opprobrium of the world was nothing to the upbraiding of her own heart. She charged herself with all the miseries of these disastrous wars; the deaths of so many gallant cavaliers; the conquest and perdition of her country. The anguish of her mind preyed upon the beauty of her person. Her eye, once soft and tender in its expression, became wild and haggard; her cheek lost its bloom, and became hollow and pallid; and at times there was desperation in her words. When her father sought to embrace her, she withdrew with shuddering from his arms; for she thought of his treason and the ruin it had brought upon Spain. Her wretchedness increased after her return to her native country, until it rose to a degree of frenzy. One day, when she was walking with her parents in the gardens of their palace, she entered a tower, and having barred the door, ascended to the battlements. From thence she called to them in piercing accents, expressive of her insupportable anguish and desperate determination. 'Let this city,' said she, 'be henceforth called Malacca, in memorial of the most wretched of woman, who therein put an end to her days.' So saying, she threw herself headlong from the tower, and was dashed to pieces. 'The city,' adds the ancient chronicler, 'received the name thus given it, though afterwards softened to Malaga, which it still retains, in memory of the tragical end of Florinda.'"—p. 318.

The story of the end of Muza, the magnificent conqueror of Spain, whose services were rewarded by the confiscation of his property, scourging, and imprisonment, is exactly like one of the tales in the Arabian Nights; wherein the caprice of Caliphs and Sultans, and the sudden ruin of their favourites, are so often related. One of the most beautiful legends is that of the wife of Count Julian and her son. The Arabs had become suspicious

of Count Julian and his whole family, and he was forced to fly from Spain. His fate is unknown, but it is supposed to have been tragical. His countess took refuge in the citadel of Ceuta.

"But the walls were sapped and mined, and she saw that all resistance would soon be unavailing. Her only thoughts now were to conceal her child. 'Surely,' said she, 'they will not think of seeking him among the dead.' She led him, therefore, into the dark and dismal chapel. 'Thou art not afraid to be alone in this darkness, my child?' said she.

"'No mother,' replied the boy, 'darkness gives silence and sleep.' She conducted him to the tomb of Florinda. 'Fearest thou the dead, my child?' 'No, mother, the dead can do no harm,—and what should I fear from my sister?'

"The countess opened the sepulchre. 'Listen, my son,' said she; 'there are fierce and cruel people who have come hither to murder thee. Stay here in company with thy sister, and be quiet as thou dost value thy life!' The boy, who was of a courageous nature, did as he was bidden, and remained there all that day, and all the night, and the next day until the third hour.

"In the mean time the walls of the citadel were sapped, the troops of the Emir poured in at the breach, and a great part of the garrison was put to the sword. The countess was taken prisoner and brought before the Emir. She appeared in his presence with a haughty demeanour, as if she had been a queen receiving homage; but when he demanded her son, she faltered and turned pale, and replied, 'My son is with the dead.'

"'Countess,' said the Emir, 'I am not to be deceived, tell me where you have concealed the boy, or tortures shall wring from you the secret.'

"'Emir,' replied the countess, 'may the greatest torments be my portion both here and hereafter, if what I speak be not the truth! My darling child lies buried with the dead.'

"The Emir was confounded by the solemnity of her words; but the withered astrologer, Yuza, who stood by his side regarding the countess from beneath his bushy eyebrows, perceived trouble in her countenance and equivocation in her words. 'Leave this matter to me,' whispered he to Alahor, 'I will produce the child.'

"He ordered strict search to be made by the soldiery, and he obliged the countess to be always present. When they came to the chapel, her cheek turned pale and her lip quivered. 'This,' said the subtle astrologer, 'is the place of concealment.'

"The search throughout the chapel, however, was equally vain, and the soldiers were about to depart, when Yuza beheld a slight gleam of joy in the eyes of the countess. 'We are leaving our prey behind,' thought he: 'the countess is exulting.'

"He now called to mind the words of her asseveration, that her child was with the dead. Turning suddenly to the soldiers he ordered them to search the sepulchres. 'If you find him not,' said he, 'drag forth the bones of that wanton Cava, that they may be burnt and the ashes scattered to the winds.'

“The soldiers searched among the tombs, and found that of Florinda partly open. Within lay the boy in the sound sleep of childhood, and one of the soldiers took him gently in his arms to bear him to the Emir.

“When the countess beheld that her child was discovered, she rushed into the presence of Alahor, and, forgetting all her pride, threw herself upon her knees before him.

“‘Mercy! mercy!’ cried she, in piercing accents, ‘Mercy on my son—my only child! O Emir! listen to a mother’s prayer, and my lips shall kiss thy feet. As thou art merciful to him, so may the most high God have mercy upon thee, and heap blessings on thy head!’

“‘Bear that frantic woman hence,’ said the Emir, ‘but guard her well.’

“The countess was dragged away by the soldiery, without regard to her struggles and her cries, and confined in a dungeon of the citadel.

“The child was now brought to the Emir. He had been awakened by the tumult, but he gazed fearlessly on the stern countenances of the soldiers. Had the heart of the Emir been capable of pity, it would have been touched by the tender youth and innocent beauty of the child; but his heart was as the nether millstone, and he was bent upon the destruction of the whole family of Julian. Calling to him the astrologer, he gave the child into his charge with a secret command. The withered son of the desert took the boy by the hand, and led him up the winding staircase of a tower. When they reached the summit Yuza placed him on the battlements.

“‘Cling not to me, my child,’ said he; ‘there is no danger.’ ‘Father, I fear not,’ said the undaunted boy; ‘yet it is a wondrous height!’

“The child looked around with delighted eyes. The breeze blew his curling locks from about his face, and his cheek glowed at the boundless prospect; for the tower was reared upon that lofty promontory on which Hercules founded one of his pillars. The surges of the sea were heard far below beating upon the rocks, the sea gull screamed and wheeled about the foundations of the tower, and the sails of lofty caraccas were as mere specks on the bosom of the deep.

“‘Dost thou know yonder land beyond the blue water?’ said Yuza.

“‘It is Spain,’ replied the boy; ‘it is the land of my father and mother.’

“‘Then stretch forth thy hands and bless it my child,’ said the astrologer.

“The boy let go his hold of the wall, and as he stretched forth his hands, the aged son of Ishmael, exerting all the strength of his withered limbs, suddenly pushed him over the battlements. He fell headlong from the top of that tall tower, and not a bone in his tender frame but was crashed upon the rocks beneath.

“\* \* \* On the following morning the countess was led forth from her dungeon into the public square. She knew of the death of her child, and that her own death was at hand; but she neither wept nor supplicated. Her hair was dishevelled, her eyes were haggard with watching, and her cheek was as the monumental stone; but there



were the remains of commanding beauty in her countenance ; and the majesty of her presence awed even the rabble into respect.

“ A multitude of Christian prisoners were then brought forth ; and Alahor cried out—‘ Behold the wife of Count Julian ; behold one of that traitorous family which has brought ruin upon yourselves and upon your country.’ And he ordered that they should stone her to death. \* \* \* So the cruel order was executed and the Countess Frandina perished by the hands of her countrymen.”—p. 328.

Altogether, the “ Legends of the Conquest of Spain ” make a very interesting volume, and by its publication the author of the “ Sketch Book ” has added another to the many delightful works with which he has enriched our literature.

M.

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#### AN INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY.

OFt have I woo'd thee with my rustic lyre,  
(The muse's warmth, though not the muse's fire,)  
To leave those regions of imperfect day  
For nature's purer breath, and brighter ray :  
Ah! not unknown to thee her varied charms,—  
The purple beam that gladdens while it warms,  
The fragrant airs of blushing roses born,  
The glow of even, and the smile of morn.  
No longer now the breath of primrose pale  
And hidden violet scents the vernal gale ;  
And summer's brighter blooms have passed away  
Its fading roses chide thy long delay.  
No more the sky-lark lures the dazzled sight  
To trace beyond the clouds his warbling flight.  
Silent yon wood, that late with music rung,  
As swelling his soft notes, the blackbird sung  
His plaintive song: the robin trills alone,  
Mournful of all his sweet companions gone ;  
High on the poplar's airy bough he swings,  
And to the parting day his vespers sings.  
Yet, though despoil'd of all her gaudier charms  
Nature is lovely still—and to her arms  
Would woo thee back, and thou wilt love her more  
Than when her brow its rosy garland wore :  
Now distant suns emit a paler ray,  
And day with swifter footsteps glides away,  
Nor leaves, as she was wont, her glittering vest  
Of gold and purple to adorn the west.  
With melancholy pace, and aspect pale  
Grey twilight comes, and flings her shadowy veil  
Athwart the sky—while plaintive sighs the gale.

C. P.

## SONGS FOR THE BEES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN LAW RHYMES."

## No. V.

THEY mean their tax on bread to be  
 Progressive with our numbers ;  
 They bid us crowd around the gulf  
 O'er which Destruction slumbers.  
 Food, health, and safety, they restrict,  
 But cannot check our numbers ;  
 So we increase and multiply,  
 While drugg'd Convulsion slumbers

But parson Malthus says they can,  
 And do restrict our numbers—  
 In Ireland, where with half-shut eyes  
 Convulsion snorts and slumbers.  
 Well ! let their tax on safety be  
 Progressive with our numbers ;  
 We all can marry—can't we, Bess ?—  
 Though drugg'd Convulsion slumbers.

They hug their peril premium close,  
 And say, " Destruction slumbers ! "  
 They know not that he only winks,  
 While we fill up our numbers.  
 Convulsion's Act of Parliament !  
 Know'st thou why ruin slumbers ?  
 He slumbers not, but shuts his eyes,  
 Till we've filled up our numbers.

## No. VI.

IDLER, why lie down to die ?  
 Better rub than rust :  
 Hark, the lark sings in the sky,  
 " Die, when die thou must :  
 Day is waking, leaves are shaking,—  
 Better rub than rust."

In the grave there's sleep enough,—  
 " Better rub than rust : "  
 Death, perhaps, is hunger proof ;  
 " Die, when die thou must :  
 Men are mowing, breezes blowing ;  
 Better rub than rust."

He who will not work shall want ;  
 Nought for nought is just ;

Won't do, *must* do, when he *can't* :  
 " Better rub than rust ;  
 Bees are flying—sloth is dying !  
 Better rub than rust."

No. VII.

THICK Dick can read, but signs his mark ;  
 He likes a spree, when nights are dark,  
     And sometimes drinks his wages :  
 Blue Jem can neither read nor write,  
 But starves his wife, and loves a fight :  
     What beasts are bards and sages !

Dick poaches when his work is done ;  
 Jem fuddles at the " Dog and Gun,"  
     And laughs at bards and sages :  
 With stolen brass Dick's boy buys gin ;  
 In lampless lanes, Jem's daughter, thin,  
     Earns prostitution's wages !

See how they reel from street to street,  
 Where ruffians bawl, and strumpets meet,  
     To earn their dreadful wages !  
 " See ! " cry the brutes who make them brutes,  
 " What humbugs are your Institutes !  
     How useless are your sages ! "

" Are these your Watts and Stevensons?  
 Your Chantreys and your Chattertons ?  
     Your poets, painters, sages ? "  
 No, these are *things* that sell their votes,  
 And strain their loyal English throats,  
     That lords may steal their wages !

To clothe the squire, they waste their lives ;  
 They rob their children, starve their wives,  
     To pay his footmen's wages :  
 They cannot write, they will not think ;  
 To feed their foes, they work and drink,—  
     What beasts are bards and sages !

See, Palaced Brutes, that feed on brutes !  
 And curse Mechanics' Institutes,  
     Because ye want their wages !  
 See, how they reel from street to street,  
 Where brawls my lord, and ruffians meet !\*  
     You're safe if these are sages !

\* How many of these victims of the aristocracy are members of Mechanic's Institutes?—Not one.

## No. VIII.

You seek the home of taste, and find  
 The proud mechanic there,  
 Rich as a king, and less a slave,  
 Thron'd in his elbow chair !  
 Or on his sofa, reading Locke,  
 Beside his open door !\*  
 Why start ? why envy worth like his  
 The carpet on his floor ?

You seek the home of slutttery ;  
 Is John at home ? you say ;  
 " No, Sir, he's at the ' Sportsman's Arms ' ;  
 The dog-fight's o'er the way."  
 Oh, lift the workman's heart and mind  
 Above low sensual sin !  
 Give him a home ! the home of taste !  
 Outbid the House of Gin !†

Oh, give him taste ! it is the link  
 Which binds us to the skies—  
 A bridge of rainbows, thrown across  
 The gulph of tears and sighs ;  
 Or like a widower's little one,  
 An angel in a child,  
 That leads him to her mother's chair,  
 And shows him how she smil'd.

E. E.

## THE PIANO-FORTE.

THE organ proclamaunt of that great spirit  
 Of harmony is widely open laid  
 In all its depths ; and we, intent to hear it,  
 Stand mutely, at its awful peace dismay'd ;  
 The whilst a vision of those magic fingers  
 Which there create that universe of sound,  
 In shadowy light upon the silence lingers ;  
 And a dream'd music floats in power around !  
 So were it, if the orb'd immensity  
 Of space lay steep'd in rayless quietness ;  
 The Power withdrawn which makes its harmony  
 Of light and motion !—thence not felt the less :  
 A might from that dread absence should arise,  
 And force us the great presence recognise !

\*W.\*

\* This is not an overcharged picture of the condition of some of the mechanics of Sheffield. But the Home of Taste is within the reach of thousands of them. Teach them, while yet there is time, to appreciate it ; and they will unbread-tax themselves.

† Oh, that I could express in rhyme this sentiment as it came, clothed in beauty and holiness, from the lips of Dr. Knight, at our last Cutlers' Feast.

## PEERAGE REFORM.

NOTE ON THE EXAMINER.

THE preference expressed in the last number of the Monthly Repository for Mr. Roebuck's plan of reforming the House of Lords by the *single veto* over Mr. O'Connell's scheme for an elective second Chamber, to which only peers should be eligible, seems not to be in accordance with the prevalent views of the Reform Press. The *News* observes, "if it came to that, the plain sense of the people would sooner have it done away with altogether." I think so too, and had previously expressed my conviction of the advantage of simple abolition as compared with any plan of Reform. But the misfortune is that the choice does not rest with "the plain sense of the people." The determination of the House of Commons, the concurrence of the House of Lords, either in its present state, or as packed for the purpose, and the royal assent, are all essential to a peaceful change; and the question is, to what kind and amount of change they are likely to be obtained. The *Cheltenham Free Press* affirms that there is but *one* obstacle to Mr. O'Connell's plan—"the dissent of the king." We are not come to that yet. At present there is also the dissent of the two Houses of Parliament. By the way, the editor rather hastily imputes a blunder which is of his own making. It is true, as he says, that there are only 430 members of the House of Lords; but it is also true that there are (reckoning the Scotch and Irish) 620 peers, all of whom would be eligible to the proposed elective House. The leading article of the *Examiner* for Jan. 17th contained a more extended notice of the letter on Peerage Reform, on which I shall make a few comments.

The writer seems to assume (as does also the editor of the *Cheltenham Free Press*) that its leaving the constitution of the House of Peers undisturbed was represented, in the letter to Mr. O'Connell, as one reason for preferring Mr. Roebuck's plan. It was not so intended. Its bearing is upon the practicability, not the desirability, of the scheme. The argument is, that the single veto would be the least annoying change to individuals, at the same time that it would be the most beneficial for the public.

*The Examiner* prefers the elective scheme for the sake of its improving influence upon the aristocracy. Very desirable is it that the aristocracy should be improved, but the proposed peerage school would be kept open by the nation at a costly rate. The frequent delay or mutilation of good measures, and the occasional adoption of bad ones, are rather too much for twenty millions to submit to, in order that a few hundreds may have an additional stimulus to grow wiser.

Another reason assigned for its preference is, "the advantage of the review and reconsideration of measures" which have



passed the Commons. It would be better to render the mode in which the Commons legislate more adapted to the purpose. Nor would that be very difficult. In the mechanics of law-making there must surely be better resources for correctness than the employment of one imperfect agency to remedy (often to multiply) the blunders of another imperfect agency.

The Lords, it is said, would nullify the effect of the single veto by mutilating bills instead of rejecting them. A House of Commons which should suffer itself to be baffled by such a technicality as this, ought forthwith to be sent about its business. The amendments of the Lords must be adopted or rejected by the Commons. In the latter case they have only to return the bill to the Lords, and so reduce them to a simple Aye or No.

The plan of the single veto was ascribed to Mr. Roebuck because the writer first heard of it as his; and it is so regarded by Mr. O'Connell. *The Examiner* allows that he "broached" it.

It was only incidentally that the comparative merits of these plans were adverted to in the letter to Mr. O'Connell. In the main purpose of that letter which was to deprecate his advice of the *exclusive* agitation of Peerage Reform, I am gratified, to find that the *Examiner* concurs. The Ballot and the Repeal of the Septennial Act must precede the reform of the House of Lords. They are essential to the existence of such a house as will possess the requisite wisdom and courage to carry that Reform into effect. The same may be said of Church Reform, and of sundry other questions. Until representation be perfected, only patchwork measures, and compromises that tend to perpetuate a large portion of evil are to be expected.

F.

## VALENTINES' DAY.

## CHARACTERS.

MR. HERBERT.

MRS. HERBERT.

VALENTINE

and

FANNY.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

MR. BICKERING.—*A wealthy mushroom.*MRS. BICKERING.—*A lady who does the honours with propriety.*MARY ANNE.—*Their daughter.*AUNT BRAYGABBLE.—*A Fungus.**Guests, Children, Servants, &c. &c.*

## SCENE I.

*Breakfast Room at MR. BICKERING'S.*

*Mr. Bickering.*—Half-past nine! Mr. Maxwell not down yet!

*Mrs. Bickering.*—Shall we begin breakfast now?

*Mr. Bickering.*—By no means!—Mr. Maxwell would have a right to consider it as an insult,—the first night he has slept in my house!—The first night he has slept in England for some years!—I would not, for the honour of my family, to say nothing of that due to my country, that such a thing should happen,—by no means Mrs. Bickering!

*Mary Anne.*—Well, papa, where would be the harm if we poor famished mortals were to have our breakfast, and mamma were to order hot coffee for Mr. Maxwell when he comes?

*Aunt Braygabble.*—Shocking!—shocking!—Mary Anne, I am surprised that a girl of your sense should be so mistaken. Mr. Maxwell, with a fortune like his; a travelled gentleman, accustomed to the first society, would be astonished at such a breach of propriety, and what is due to his wealth and station. Is it true, brother, that the Chancery suit is quite decided in his favour?

*Mr. Bickering.*—Aye—he's a lucky dog; and a famous property has been nursing for him all the time he has been abroad.

*Aunt Braygabble.*—He is a very interesting young man. So quiet and gentlemanly,—don't you think so, brother?

*Mr. Bickering.*—Why I don't know much about him, though I knew his father; but I wish him to be made particularly comfortable while he is my guest.

*Enter HERBERT MAXWELL.*

*Maxwell.*—Good morning! Not at breakfast? This is indeed giving me a stranger's welcome. I can apologize for my late appearance, by pleading a hard day's journey, and the beguillance of a steady and comfortable bed, after the rocking uneasiness of being “cribbed and cabined in;” but where, my good sir, will you find your excuse?

*Mary Anne.*—There, I said so! Mr. Maxwell, do you know we have all been starving. You were quite wise in taking your rest; but where was our wisdom in not taking our breakfast?

*Mr. Bickering.*—Mary Anne!—You were speaking of my bed, Mr. Maxwell. Yes, I flatter myself they are comfortable,—very comfortable. Simpson does all my furnishing. Those curtains are capitally hung!—better than those in my drawing-room;—the dog! he served me a trick with them: I imported the silk from Lyons (cost me four hundred pounds); I suppose he owed me a grudge for not having the damask *hout* and *hout* of him!

*Young Maxwell.*—You have been in the south of France?

*Mr Bickering.*—I, Sir?—no, Sir! I am proud to say I was

never out of my own country, Sir—not but that it is necessary for some people to go abroad, I allow; but 'tis not to my taste.

*Mrs. Bickering.*—Mr. Maxwell, will you allow me the pleasure of assisting you to coffee?

*Maxwell bows.*

*Mrs. Bickering.*—Mr. Bickering, may I suggest to you to offer Mr. Maxwell some salmon?

*Mr. Bickering.*—I have *my* kipper direct from Scotland, as fine as ever was tasted.

*Young Maxwell.*—(*Looking at a landscape.*) That is a very pretty thing: the English painters, it is said, especially in water colours, have made evident improvement of late years.

*Mr Bickering.*—I flatter myself it is a pretty thing, Sir,—it is a *Warley*,—a wery extraordinary man, Warley. I know him; he dines with me sometimes. You shall meet him here. I like to encourage hart and hartists. Mrs. Bickering, my dear, we must have Warley while Mr. Maxwell is here; and Justice L——, and Lady L——; I am hand in glove with them, Sir.

*Young Maxwell.*—Your valley of evergreens is richer than when I saw it last; and those shrubs that then seemed dwarfs, are now giants. Ah! there is the pet cottage, with its porch, which the successive seasons seemed to take a pride in adorning. Spring, with her honeysuckle,—Summer, with her convolvulus,—and Autumn anticipated Winter in shedding over all the luxuriant snow of her clematis.—Who has it now?

*Mr. Bickering.*—O, Miss Braygabble can tell you better than I. It looks pretty tolerable outside; but it is wery small,—wery small indeed.

*Aunt Braygabble.*—Yes,—and I flatter myself I have prevented our Mary Anne from forming a very objectionable acquaintance. They came in the summer, and invited her to a sort of Midsummer merry making; sending a fantastical card, tied with ribbon to a bouquet of flowers,—the flowers were very beautiful, I must say; but it seemed such a very strange way of doing things; and as the families had exchanged calls without seeing one another,—of course Mary Anne's going was out of the question. Since then I have taken some trouble to find out who these people are; and certainly they are anything but fit people for us to associate with. They are extremely eccentric; keep all kinds of festivals; act plays: and are far too free with their servants,—now servants are best kept in their places,—dont you think so, Mr. Maxwell?

*Young Maxwell.*—Undoubtedly, if they are good ones.

*Aunt Braygabble.*—For my part I always prefer the good

old-fashioned way of doing things. Such romantic people are not at all to my taste, and never do well in the world. To-day they are going to do a most extraordinary thing, and shockingly vulgar,—keep Valentine's day! they always do so;—and I did hear, that last year Mr. Herbert actually wrote a valentine to his own cook! Poor Mrs. Herbert, what she *must* have suffered!

*Young Maxwell.*—Herbert!—Valentine's day!—It must be! All you tell me convinces me that it must be my father's old friend; the friend whose name I bear; the friend who made him all he was, and afterwards saved him from the clutches of those who would have brought him to ruin. Tell me,—he is married—he has one son and one daughter—and he is in the law?

*Aunt Braygabble.*—Y—e—e—s.

*Young Maxwell.*—This is a pleasure I little dreamt of. My father's old friend Herbert!—the dear kind Herbert who has nursed me so often when a child no higher than this table; told me many a merry tale; lifted me to the cherry trees to play at “bob” in the “natural way.” This is indeed a happiness, and the more, that I can explain the secret of this festival of Valentine's day. My father has often recounted to me how good Saint Valentine won for Herbert the treasure of his dearer other self, a noble and tender wife. He was always a romantic fellow, a devout believer in love at first sight, (of which same creed I confess myself a devotee),—[*Miss Braygabble looks at Mary Anne*]—a craver after old legends, and a religious observer of the poetries of old custom. St. Valentine was one of the saints belonging to his calendar. It was his wont always to visit some before unknown place on that day, that “his valentine” at all events might have the charm of novelty. In one of those rambles,—the place where, I forget,—it was his fortune to encounter, according to the laws his saintship of the 14th of February prescribes, a pair of lovely eyes, a combination of sentiment, superstition, and fun, most likely the counterpart of the expression in his own. They found their way at once to his heart, and he never rested till he had gained, through some circuitous means, an introduction to their owner. “Valentine's day,” in the following year, saw him married to her; and by strange coincidence, on that same day, the year after, their son was born. Could they do other than name him “Valentine?”—Can they do other than keep “Valentine's day?”

*Mary Anne.*—And I wish I were going to keep it with them, with all my heart!

*Maxwell.*—Is Miss Herbert like her mother, or at least as exquisite a creature as my father described her to be?

*Aunt Braygabble.*—Yes; they are alike certainly. Miss

Herbert is very much admired by some people, but she is much too thin to please me, and has such a shocking complexion! But, Mr. Maxwell, I ought to apologize,—I was not aware,—  
I ———

*Young Maxwell.*—Nay, Madam, it is I who should ask pardon for having tired you with so long a story. To avoid bringing upon you another similar infliction, I will absent myself; meanwhile taking advantage of the time to see my old and dear friend.

*Mrs. Bickering.*—Mr. Maxwell, will you allow us to indulge the hope of enjoying the pleasure of your company at dinner?

*Young Maxwell.*—You are very kind, I ———

*Mary Anne.*—At all events ———

*Aunt Braygabble.*—Mary Anne, I am shocked at your want of propriety in interrupting ———

*Mary Anne.*—I was only going to say, at all events come and tell us what they are going to do.

*Young Maxwell.*—So let it remain, will you? — good morning.

[*End of Scene I.*]

## SCENE II.

*Room with glass door in HERBERT'S house.*

VALENTINE, FANNY, SERVANTS, &c., all busily employed in decking a temporary throne and altar. Holly-houghs, laurustinas, myrtle, and other evergreens scattered around.

FANNY (*singing*).

“Sweet, be thou mine,  
“My Valentine.”

*Valentine.*—Why all your friends have deserted you, Fankin, and not one of the many who have sworn by your sweet eyes have said to you “good morrow, ’tis St. Valentine’s day!” Nay, you must wear no myrtle wreath to night. Were it summer I should be for twining you a willow garland.

FANNY (*singing*).

“Sing heigho,  
Sing heigho,  
Sing heigho the green holly,  
Most friendship is feigning,  
And loving mere folly.”

*Valentine.*—Why you have neither seen a valentine, nor



received one. How will you make your entrée to the court the Bishop holds to-night.

*Fanny.*—Hush! there's a step on the gravel walk!

(*A face looks in at the window. Fanny starts, and then stands fixed for a moment. Face disappears.*)

*Valentine.*—Well, Fanny, I must say that you jump at a valentine when he does come.

*Fanny.*—Who is it?

*Valentine.*—How strange, Fanny, that you, of all people in the world, should have an unknown valentine!

*Fanny.*—Strange!—though I should never see the face again I feel as if I should never forget it;—(*singing*)—

“Sweet, I am thine,  
My Valentine.”

*Valentine.*—So our little Fan is not to wear the willow after all; and I shall twine one more wreath, in the hope that it may deck the brows of your incognito to-night.

FANNY (*singing*).

“Sweet, I am thine  
My Valentine.”

*Valentine.*—And now you are minus a billet-doux. I might spare you one of the three with which fate has blessed me—though the benedictions are not very unctuous of the influence of “the Nine.”

FANNY (*singing*).

“Sweet, I am thine  
My Valentine.”

*Valentine.*—That is the third time you have given your incog. his assurance. What a pity he is not here to receive it.

*Enter* MAXWELL, MR. HERBERT, MRS. HERBERT.

*Mr. Herbert.*—There is my bird singing at her sport. I should tell you that I am transgressing the law in bringing you here. All strangers must have *seen* a valentine ere permitted to approach the shrine of the saint; and even those of the household are not accounted worthy to render homage until they have *received* one. But the Medes and Persians never were tempted by old and dear friendship—so we must be forgiven.

*Young Maxwell.*—My dear sir, your justice remains unimpeachable. I am not only a devout worshipper of the law, but as yet have been a strict observer also; and here is my sweet witness.

*Valentine.*—I will be witness, as Fanny is a principal.

*Mr. Herbert.*—Let *me* be witness to one thing. Grasp hands in token of your beginning friendship, which I hope will be as true, as happy, and, alas! more lasting than was that of your fathers' before you. Herbert, this is my son; Valentine, this is Herbert Maxwell.

*Maxwell.*—My hope is, that I may as well deserve the title of friend as your father has done.

*Valentine.*—And mine, that I may deserve to be prized by you as dearly as was your father by mine.

*Mr. Herbert.*—My wife and her little duplicate must not be left out.

*Mrs. Herbert.*—A miniature edition, Mr. Maxwell, yet does it have, aye, and deserves to have, (*kisses Fanny*) a chief place in the family library. But even this is too much of a jest for the earnest pleasure you have brought with you.

*Fanny.*—How good of you to come to-day! Did you know it was my brother's birthday?

*Maxwell.*—No, it was the merest chance that brought me hither; for owing to your change of abode and the loss of the letters of which my father—your father that is—and I had been speaking before we joined you, I did not know you lived here, nor that it was Valentine's day.

*Valentine.*—Then you are most likely in the same predicament as Fanny. You must come this evening,—and yet you have not the *letter* of introduction that “the Bishop” requires.

*Fanny.*—Oh! you must be with us!

*Maxwell.*—That I *must* be with you whenever I can, and you will let me, seems quite as certain to me as to you. But how, when, and where can I propitiate his holiness?

*Mrs. Herbert.*—Here he is! ask him; I will answer for his not being a very severe Diocesan.

*Mr. Herbert.*—*Nil desperandum* is one of the saint's favourite mottoes. You shall take it, for your comfort—and now we will leave the devotees to complete their arrangements.

*Maxwell.*—And the sentence for me is, “return to the place from whence you came.”

*Mrs. Herbert.*—To come again in the evening I hope.

*Fanny* [*suddenly assuming a half-arch, half-heroic attitude*].—And I prophesy!

*Maxwell.*—Yes, and ready to dare the severest frowns of holy Saint Valentine, so that *my* valentine but smile.

[*End of Scene II.*]

SCENE III.—(*Night*).

*Room brilliantly lighted—hung with wreaths, garlands, devices, &c. &c. An altar (from which ascends burning perfume) tastefully decorated with flowers, and covered with a profusion of chaplets of myrtle, ivy, laurel, &c.*

ST. VALENTINE (*enthroned*).

*Guests, children, servants, hand in hand, forming a semicircle.*

*Chorus.*

Hail to thee St. Valentine !  
Lo we bend before thy shrine ;  
Like the birds we sing to thee,  
All our voices spring to thee.  
Myrtles wreathing  
Incense breathing,  
Loving hearts we bring to thee ;  
Thus we own thy power divine ;  
Hail to thee St. Valentine !

MAXWELL *enters hastily holding up a letter ; breaks the circle—slides his hand into FANNY'S, and joins in chorus.*

Thus I own thy power divine—  
Hail to thee St. Valentine !

*Fanny [whispers].—Was I a true prophet ?*  
*Maxwell.—You are all that I would have you be.*

ST. VALENTINE—(*speaks*).

Ye that circle round our throne,  
Render homage one by one ;  
E'er our sacred orgies cease,  
Receive the crown—then part in peace.

*One by one they advance to the throne—kneel, and offer a paper, saying,*

Thus I bend before thy shrine—  
Deign to take my Valentine.

ST. VALENTINE—(*answers*).

Take the myrtle wreath I give—  
Happy love, and happy live.

As appointed by our law—  
Now, my Cupid, come and draw,  
With thy small mysterious hand,  
Six from out the secret band.

*A child, as Cupid, blindfold, advances and draws six of the Valentines—the rest are placèd on the altar.*

*Valentine's Day.*ST. VALENTINE—(*reads*).

## THE STRANGER'S VALENTINE.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry—

*Maxwell* [*Aside to Fanny*].—Ah! that is mine! and your own, if I mistake not.*St. Valentine*.—Silence in the court!

" 'Tis merry, 'tis merry in good greenwood,"  
 For the birds on the summer spray;  
 But more their glee on the leafless tree,  
 On good St. Valentine's day.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry when friends all meet,  
 As in the good old way;  
 But a holy joy it is to greet  
 The stranger from far away.

Then welcome, welcome, from one and all,  
 And when you are far away,  
 Forget not those who "welcome" said  
 On our own St. Valentine's day.

*Chorus.*

Hail to thee St. Valentine!  
 Thus we own thy power divine.

ST. VALENTINE—(*reads*).

## THE GIRL'S VALENTINE.

Who could be a Valentine  
 So true?

*(Maxwell presses Fanny's hand.)*

Who a wreath would fain entwine  
 For you?  
 Who hath travelled far and wide—  
 Never sought a foreign bride,  
 But returns with heart untried?  
 Guess who!

Who would give that heart so warm  
 To you?  
 Who would make this life a charm  
 For you?  
 Who would every wish control,  
 Never seek another goal—  
 His home thine eyes—his heaven thy soul?  
 Guess who!

Who doth crave a pardon fair  
Of you ?  
That he thus should early dare  
To woo ?  
Who would draw thee to his heart,  
There to feel his life thou art—  
Ever love and never part ?  
Guess who !

*Chorus.*

Hail to thee St. Valentine !  
Thus we own thy power divine.

ST. VALENTINE—(*reads*).

THE GARDENER'S VALENTINE.

Great king of *spades* ! Thou once wert mine,  
But now thou hast left thy valentine ;  
Thou cruel *rake*, how couldst thou *sow* ?  
*Hoe* Diggory ! my Diggory *hoe* ! \*

My *turn-up* nose you would declare  
Was sweet—my somewhat *reddish* hair  
You praised ; and said my heart ease nature  
Turned you from *seek-ale* to *pot-hater* !

I *beet-root* liked—while I (said you,)  
Beat all the roots that ever grew :  
Oh had my hops ne'er had increase,  
And this poor heart had *bean at pease* !

As *spare a goose* as e'er was green  
Was ne'er so sickly, sad, and lean :  
I who through years of this and that  
Was always such a *marrowfat* !

But now all *hops* have ceased to sprout,  
And care my heart has eaten out ;  
Oh ! when I green in earth shall be,  
Thou'lt heave a *scythe*, and think of me !

Then will thy *false* heart spring a *leek*,  
Thy *two lips* break with feverish *streak*,  
Till o'er the *shoots* that bring thy pelf,  
Thou'lt be a *shooting* of thyself !

Be *sage* in *thyme* ! This is no frolic ;  
Beware *sad* fruits so melon-cholic !

\* Vide Thompson's "*Sophonisba*."



*Valentine's Day.*

I will not *peach*, do you not *pine*,  
But take me for your Valentine !

*Chorus.*

Hail to thee St. Valentine !  
Thus we own thy power divine.

ST. VALENTINE—(*reads.*)

## THE COOK'S VALENTINE.

Oh nymph of *Greece* ! my heart thou hast stole,  
    Basting,  
    Wasting,  
    Tasting,  
    Fasting,  
Still my love for thee is lasting ;  
    Whene'er upon thy face I look,  
I feel thou'rt Captain of my soul,  
    My Captain Cook !

No cupboard lover I,—nor known  
    Self to  
    Hitch in ;  
    For of  
    Kitchen  
Stuff, and such like things enriching ;  
    All regardless are such hearts,  
Though *stock* thou hold'st in many a loan  
    Of Bony-parts !

Oh ! hear that heart's recorded vow !  
    Frying,  
    Drying,  
    Melting,  
    Burning,  
Spitted fast—but never turning  
My one great *steak* in life art thou,  
    “ Dearest *chuck* ! ”\*

*Chorus.*

Hail to thee St. Valentine !  
Thus we own thy power divine.

ST. VALENTINE—(*reads.*)

## THE WIFE'S VALENTINE.

I love my love ! she's still my love,  
    Though passed above  
    Has many a year  
Since first our twin souls wedded were ;  
I love my love, and tenderly  
    My love loves me !

\* Vide *Macbeth*, Act III, Sc. 2.

Sweet Valentine!—my Valentine,  
The wreath I twine  
Of myrtle green  
Is bright as those blest hours have been  
Since first I joyed to call thee mine  
Own Valentine!

And so we'll love, and so we'll prove  
Of heaven above  
The dearest joy;  
And so we'll live, and so we'll die,  
Thy heart to mine, my heart to thine,  
Dear VALENTINE!

*Chorus.*

Hail to thee St. Valentine!  
Thus we own thy power divine.

ST. VALENTINE—(*reads*).

THE WORLD'S VALENTINE.

To every thing that lives and moves,  
Happy lives and happy loves!  
Flowers that blossom,  
Bees i' their bosom,  
Fish in river,  
Joying ever  
Where the merry sunbeams quiver:

Bird of eyrie,  
Nestling weary;  
Shepherd counting,  
Flock of mountain,  
Beasts that drink at desert fountain:

Faun of wild wood,  
Dream of childhood;  
Fairy springing,  
Blue-bell ringing,  
Round the moonlit-circle winging:

Sweet human faces,  
Differing races,  
Eyes revealing  
Every feeling  
To the human heart appealing,  
To all that makes this earth a shrine  
Of worship to a power divine,  
A happy, happy Valentine!

'Tis the last! our orgies cease;  
Farewell all—and part in peace!

*Chorus.*

Hail to thee St. Valentine !  
 Still we'll bend before thy shrine ;  
 Ever will we sing to thee !  
 Every voice shall spring to thee !  
     Myrtles wreathing,  
     Incense breathing,  
 Ever warm hearts bring to thee !  
 Ever own thy power divine,  
 Hail ! all hail St. Valentine !

S. Y.

## RECENT OCCURRENCES IN CANADA.

THE reader is doubtless aware, that a Royal Commission, consisting of Lord Gosford, who was appointed governor also, Sir Charles Grey, and Sir George Gipps, was last year dispatched to Lower Canada, for the purpose of investigating on the spot the grievances of which the people of that colony had complained. The object of the following pages is to detail the early proceedings of the commissioners.

In order to render such details intelligible, it is necessary briefly to sketch the circumstances which gave rise to the expedient of the commission.

The people of Canada, especially those of Lower Canada, had long complained of the evils connected with their local government. In the early part of 1834, they embodied their complaints in a series of resolutions, known, from their number, as the ninety-two resolutions. With no other alterations than usage demanded, these resolutions formed the subject matter of a petition to the Imperial Parliament ; but before its arrival, the resolutions themselves were brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Roebuck, who, on the 15th of April, 1834, moved for a Select Committee, "to inquire into the means of remedying the evils which exist in the form of government now existing in Upper and Lower Canada."

A committee was accordingly granted by the House ; but, by a bold misstatement on the part of Mr. Secretary Stanley, the inquiry was confined to the Lower Province, to the great disappointment of the people of Upper Canada.

Mr. Secretary Stanley informed the House, that in Upper Canada no differences existed between the several branches of the legislature ; but that the people and their representatives were contented with the form of government. The House, of course, could not doubt the word of a Stanley, and the Upper Canadians were consequently deprived of the benefit of the inquiry.

It appeared afterwards, that this was a mere trick on the part of the right honourable Secretary. Not only were the people discontented, but Mr. Stanley was perfectly aware of their discontent. When out of office, he had corresponded with them on the subject; had excited them to demand redress; and had even pointed out the course to be pursued. "The legislative council," said Mr. Stanley, in a letter addressed to the Reformers of Upper Canada in 1829, "is at the root of all the evils complained of in both the provinces;" and speaking of the course to be pursued, the letter continues, "a constitutional mode is open to the people, of addressing for the removal of the advisers of the crown (Mr. Stanley was not then in place), *and refusing supplies, if necessary, to support their wishes.*" Yet, in the face of this accurate knowledge of the state of opinion in Upper Canada, does the same Mr. Stanley afterwards make a false declaration, for the obvious purpose of keeping from the public eye a part of his doings as Colonial Secretary.

The labours of the committee were but of small avail to the people of Lower Canada. By one of the meanest subterfuges ever resorted to by a colonial minister, Mr. Stanley's successor, Mr. Rice, procured the suppression of the evidence. He sought a conference with the two Canadian delegates, Messrs. Viger and Morin. At this conference, which took place on the 22nd of June, he made the fairest professions of a conciliatory disposition towards Canada; professed great respect for the functions of the Assembly, equal in fact to that which he entertained towards the House of Commons; and only seven days after penned a despatch to Lord Aylmer, violating every promise he had made, and leaving the whole question in a much worse state, as far as facility of settlement is concerned—than he had found it.\*

The consequences may be easily conceived. The deceived people of the Canadas became highly excited. An election was about to take place in both provinces, and there seemed to be a general determination so to order matters that the result should impress upon this government a clear conception of the intensity and unanimity of popular opinion.

The result corresponded with this determination. In Lower Canada, the advocates of an elective council number no less than seventy-nine out of eighty-eight, of which the Assembly is composed, and in Upper Canada, their strength is thirty-five out of fifty-nine.

In Lower Canada, so impatient were the people that an

\* The minutes of this conference, together with the despatch in question, were printed side by side, and circulated among members. The copies were transmitted by post from Gravesend, as the easiest mode of conveyance, and hence the paper was called the letter from "Mr. Rice's Gravesend correspondent."

expression of their wishes should be transmitted to England without delay, that a convention of the leading members of the Assembly assembled at Montreal in the December following, whereat a petition, reiterating their complaints, was unanimously adopted. In this petition the former petition was confirmed, and some grievances of recent occurrence were complained of; the vicious constitution of the Legislative Councils was again stated as the main cause of most of the evils they suffered; and the petitioners prayed, "that the Legislative Council as at present constituted be abolished; and that the people of this province be empowered to elect the second branch of the legislature in future, as the only means of producing that harmony without which internal peace and good government cannot exist."

This petition, which was subsequently adopted by the House of Assembly, was presented to the House of Commons, on the 9th of March last, by Mr. Roebuck, and on the 20th to the House of Lords, by Lord Brougham. In the House of Commons considerable discussion took place; and it ended by a declaration by Sir Robert Peel, that his Majesty had been advised to send out a High Commissioner to investigate the grievances of the Lower Canadians on the spot.

For some time after, the Royal Commissionership went begging. It was offered to several, who refused it at once. Lord Canterbury accepted it at first, but after living a day or two under its dignity he threw it up, alarmed at the difficulties it would entail upon him. Lord Amherst was the next, but in the mean time the change of Ministry took place, and so great was the delay of the present Colonial Secretary in completing the arrangements, that there was time to hear the objections of the Canadian people to Lord Amherst, and it was conveniently managed that he should resign. It was then determined to send three Commissioners instead of one, and on or about the 21st of July the *Pique*, freighted with the Commissioners already named, sailed from Portsmouth, and after a passage of about a month landed her charge at Quebec.

The reader must not be surprised to learn that the people of Canada received the Commissioners with distrust. Each succeeding governor, during a long series of years, had been sent out to Canada with instructions to pursue a conciliatory line of policy. In the first instance this had imposed upon the people, and for a time the new governor had almost invariably been popular. But this popularity was usually of short duration. Governor after governor had submitted his judgment to the dominion of the organ of the obnoxious class—the Executive Council; and it was by no means an unwarrantable inference that Lord Gosford might possibly pursue the same course.



Several injudicious though trifling acts of Lord Gosford tended to strengthen this want of confidence on the part of the people.

In the first place the obnoxious Executive Councillors, of whose conduct and influence the people had complained, were sworn in *anew* by his lordship. A part of the duty of the Executive Council is to act as a privy council to the governor; and the people regarded the above act as a determination on the part of the Governor and Commissioners to receive as their advisers these obnoxious persons. As if to strengthen this suspicion, the proceeding was not only unnecessary but it was illegal, inasmuch as it is only in the event of the demise of the crown that such a course is prescribed by law. A letter, written in Canada, remarking on this *inadvertency*—for it was probably no more—says: “he has committed himself with the public by appearing to choose these old vipers as his own councillors, and so encouraging the faction of the officials to hope that their reign will be perpetual.”

The next injudicious act committed by Lord Gosford was attending a political ball given by the bureaucratic\* party to Lord Aylmer previous to his departure. Of this party, Lord Aylmer was for the time the idol. He had served their purpose by opposing himself to the wishes of the people on all occasions, and to do him outward honour whilst they inwardly despised him, was part of their selfish policy. It was of course important to this party to obtain the new Governor's apparent sanction of the course Lord Aylmer had pursued, and they therefore *respectfully* (!) invited Lord Gosford to do honour to the occasion. His Lordship, inadvertently it is presumed, accepted their invitation. In the mean time one of the other Commissioners, mixing more among different classes of the community than his confrères, saw the bait in time to enable Lord Gosford, in some degree, to correct the error into which he had fallen. The mode in which he escaped from the difficulty is thus related in a letter dated Montreal, 19th Sept:—

“The ball given to Lord and Lady Aylmer took place on the 15th, Lord Gosford and Sir George Gipps were present as expected, but they remained only an hour. They had the prudence to retire before supper, and thus avoided drinking Lord Aylmer's health. Sir Charles Grey did better. He remained in Montreal, and thus avoided giving any countenance to this party compliment to the late obnoxious governor. It was a great weakness in Lord Gosford to go to this ball. I am willing to believe that his Lordship acted from ignorance without having duly deliberated on his own singularly delicate position and the temper of the people. It is to be hoped that this will be the last of his *bévues*.”

\* Bureaucracy is the name given by the Canadians to the local government. It is sometimes called a clerkarchy.

But this was a trifling error—a mere *bévue*, as the writer calls it, compared with that into which his Lordship subsequently fell in consequence of abandoning himself to the influence of the Canadian “oligarchy.” The facts are these. In the summer of 1834, Lord Gosford’s predecessor, Lord Aylmer, appointed to the office of judge a man who had been a violent partisan of the official party under the governorship of the Earl of Dalhousie. This man gave evidence before the Canada Committee of 1828, and so illiberal and partisan-like in its character was that evidence, that a mark was set against his name at the Colonial office, as being unfit for an office of trust; at least such is Mr. Rice’s account of the matter. When the news of this appointment reached England in the autumn of 1834, Mr. Rice, then Colonial Secretary, addressed a despatch to Lord Aylmer, saying that he could not confirm Mr. Gale’s appointment; of course it was the duty of Lord Aylmer to appoint some other person to the bench, but it so happens that despatches are always sent by the post-office packets, which are usually three or four weeks longer in delivering their letters than the New York “line of packets.” The consequence was, that Lord Aylmer heard of the change of Ministry before he got Mr. Rice’s despatch, and being under the domination of the Canadian officials, he disregarded the command of the ex-minister Rice. As a reward for thus disobeying the home government—as a reward for having brought Canada almost to a state of rebellion, Lord Aylmer has been appointed Commander-in-Chief in Ireland by a Government of which Mr. Rice still forms a part. Self-esteem must certainly be a quality totally absent from Mr. Rice’s mind. No sooner were the Tories in power than the Earl of Aberdeen confirmed or allowed the appointment of this most obnoxious of judges.

When the Whigs returned to office it was of course expected by the Canadians that the original despatch of Mr. Rice would be enforced. “That despatch,” said they, “has destroyed Mr. Justice Gale’s moral influence, by virtually declaring him unworthy of the confidence of his Majesty, and now that the Minister who penned the despatch is again in power we shall without doubt be relieved.” This expectation was further confirmed by Mr. Rice’s speech of the 9th of March last, which reiterated the denunciation of Gale as an improper person to occupy the bench; yet when Mr. Rice and his party again returned to office nothing more was heard of the improper appointment, until the discontent of the people of Canada was again excited by the *third* injudicious act of Lord Gosford; which we shall relate in the language of the Canadian writer already quoted:—

“For my part, I fear that we shall be forced, by the imbecility or want of tact of the present incumbent, into unwilling opposition before

many weeks. He appears to be gradually falling into the meshes of the official party. You will scarcely believe that any man could be guilty of the egregious folly I am about to relate. It seems that Vallière, the judge at Three Rivers (who, by-the-by, is a regular political turncoat), being ill, sent notice to the governor to have another judge appointed *pro tempore* in his place, to preside at the approaching term. Gosford, instead of taking the advice, or, at all events, the opinion of some of the friends of the country, wrote to Reid, our partisan Chief Justice. Here was a glorious opportunity of involving the governor, not to be neglected. Accordingly Reid wrote to say that Gale was the only man "he could spare." Gale was accordingly appointed, and thus Gosford has been dragged into a *quasi* approval of the original appointment of this man to the bench, though condemned by Rice in his place in the House.

"On learning the circumstance, Papineau, who was in Quebec, waited on the governor, unfolded to him Gale's political character, and the causes that led to the Assembly's petition against the nomination, and acquainted him with Rice's declaration in the House of Commons. Of all these circumstances Lord Gosford said he was ignorant.

"This is the *third* time that Gosford has committed himself."—*Montreal, Oct. 12.*

In another appointment the governor, Lord Gosford, does not appear to have been more happy. A Mr. Davidson, who is one of the most bitter of the party opposed to the Assembly and people, has been appointed to the office of Under (Civil) Secretary to the governor. The Canadian letter writer's reflections on this appointment and its consequences will serve to show the effects of these *mistakes* on the minds of the people of Canada.

"In conversation, Gipps and Grey talk of the case of the Constitutionalists as glibly as though they had been born and bred colonial shopocrats. All their absurd fallacies have evidently made their way into the Commissioners' minds without examination, even to the original fallacy, which has been over and over again demolished. We know the several statements of the facts disproving the fallacy, have been read by Gipps, yet he surrenders his judgment to the persons by whom he is surrounded. I fear he is already completely prejudiced against the Canadians and Liberals; and how should it be otherwise, when Davidson, who shared Caldwell's plunder, is under-secretary to the governor? This man is brother-in-law to Caldwell and Bowen, and is the prince of intriguers. Being under Walcot, of course Walcot sees only with his eyes, and hears only with his ears. Ogden and other supporters of Aylmer are at the office every day; of course, Gosford only does the will of the officials, and thus the system works."—*Montreal, Oct. 12.*

The "conversations" above alluded to, may, perhaps, seem but trifling matters, scarcely worth recording, but it must be borne in mind that Lord Gosford went among a people in a peculiar state of political excitement—a people who had been over and over again deceived by professions similar to those

which the Colonial Office and the governor once more offered as claims upon their confidence, and that these, and even still more trifling circumstances, when joined with the graver matters which we have recorded, should subsequently have strewn Lord Gosford's path with obstacles, will scarcely surprise those who have considered to how great an extent public opinion is influenced by the concurrence of a number of apparently trifling circumstances — such even as the following when joined with other items in a governor's unpopularity, in a state of society literally torn asunder by a long series of political and social jealousies.

"Since I wrote to you, we have had a specimen of our new governor's 'spirit of conciliation.' He has invited Papineau and Viger, the popular leaders to meet—whom do you think? Why, the bureaucratic Attorney-general, Ogden, Andrew Stuart, the chairman of the 'Constitutionalists' (so called), and the renegade Dr. Couillard!!! This is precisely the sort of 'conciliation' that would invite the dog to meet the cat, and you will not be surprised to learn that it led to the result which might have been expected. A discussion arose between Viger and Andrew Stuart, on the comparative merits of the French and English writers on the civil law. Papineau and Viger contended that, though England could boast of many eminent legal writers, yet, on the Roman law, she had none to compare with Pothier, Domat, and others, while Stuart contended, that England had many far superior to Pothier; and, would you believe it, gave Blackstone as an instance! Sir Charles Grey agreed with Papineau and Viger, and appealed to that stupid pompous gentleman Ogden, who, of course, gave it in favour of the English writers. At length the dispute grew so warm, that Lord Gosford was obliged to put a stop to it, by that approved method 'a glass of wine,' and so ended the first chapter of the commissioners' essay on colonial conciliation."—*Montreal, Oct. 12.*

Such are the principal occurrences which tended to create distrust in the minds of the people of Canada, towards the royal commissioners, previous to the opening of the Session of the provincial legislature on the 27th of October, 1835.

The distrust of the people of Canada towards the new governor and the commissioners, must not, however, be wholly attributed to the circumstances we have described. The conduct of the Colonial Office, and of the government, would alone have rendered the people suspicious of the sincerity of the conciliatory professions with which they were amused. In all the petitions of the House of Assembly, complaints had been made of the improper legislation of the imperial parliament on matters relating solely to their "internal affairs." The act conferring upon the Canadas local legislatures, of course gave up internal legislation to the colonists themselves, and the subsequent interference of the imperial parliament, they contended was unconstitutional and unjust. The acts they complained of were three,—commonly called the Canada Trade Act,—the

Canada Tenures Act,—and the British American Land Company's Act. Of these, Mr. Roebuck (who, in the interval between the delivery of his speech, and the sailing of the *Pique*, had been requested to act as agent to the Assembly and people of Canada) demanded the immediate repeal, as a preliminary step to the operations of the royal commission, in order that the people of Canada might have some evidence of the sincere desire of ministers to do them justice. Two other preliminaries demanded by Mr. Roebuck at the same time, were, first a guarantee that the revenues of the province should not again be seized by order of the colonial minister, without the authority of the Assembly of Canada; and second, that an inquiry into the constitution of the legislative council should be included in the instructions given to the royal commissioners. None of these demands were complied with.

The meeting of the provincial parliament was looked for by all parties with intense anxiety. The liberal party, including the great majority of the Assembly (say seventy-nine or eighty, out of eighty-eight), did not certainly expect much from the Commission; on the other hand, the colonial officials had not much to congratulate themselves upon. It had been officially signified to them, that many of the abuses by which they profited, would be inquired into; and several trivial circumstances were by them also considered as boding them no good. Lord Aylmer, among other modes of playing into their hands, had refused to grant a warrant for the advance of the money for the contingent expenses of the House of Assembly. The effect of this had been to put a partial stop to the business of legislation. The officials desired a continuance of this course, and the papers devoted to their cause at first boldly asserted that the said expenses would not be granted; as the Session approached however, it was stated they would be granted, but with such obnoxious conditions that the Assembly would be compelled to refuse to accept them. The day before the meeting of the provincial parliament, the "Constitutionalists," as they call themselves, ventured to address his lordship, praying him not to grant the contingencies. His Lordship told them that the course to be adopted, with regard to the contingencies, had been already determined on, and that in twenty-four hours the intentions of government would be communicated to the Assembly. This was a severe rebuff to the anti-popular party, whose fury was thereby excited in an extraordinary degree.

At length the day of the meeting of the provincial parliament came. It was of course expected that one of the earliest acts of the governor would be to lay before the legislature a copy of the royal instructions to the Commissioners. This was not done. Lord Gosford's speech did not materially differ



from governors' speeches in general, except that it was somewhat more explicit, and therefore longer. It certainly mentioned the Commission, but in all other respects no topic was touched that might not have found a place in any governor's speech.

The writer, whose letters have already been quoted, characterizes the speech as—except on a couple of points\*—"a tissue of liberal nothings, very explicit on matters of little or no importance, whilst all matters of primary importance are put off to a future day!" Reminding the reader that the writer quoted is one of the popular party, there is no difficulty in understanding that the "matter of primary importance," which is not included in the speech, is the reform which more than nine-tenths of the people of Canada have demanded in the constitution of the legislative council—their mimic "House of Lords." All minor reforms the people of the colony consider as nearly useless. "The council," say they "is the parent of all the evils we have suffered, and if you were to remove all those evils to-morrow, allowing the cause thereof to remain, a very short time would suffice to produce an equally abundant crop." In fact the catalogue of grievances which the Canadians put forward in 1834, was merely intended as evidence of what the system had produced, and never intended for special and individual redress, which the people of Canada were too far advanced in political knowledge to believe to be possible. Yet what is the course pursued by the governor?—He talks to the Assembly of removing some of the evils of which they had complained, but says not one word of the only reform for which the majority of the people appear to care.

At the same time that this grand omission is likely to confirm the discontent of the majority of the people of Lower Canada, there is quite enough of reform to raise up an equal, if not a greater, amount of discontent in the minds of the minority. There seems to be a disposition on the part of the governor to give up to the Assembly the full and complete control of the provincial revenues. This the official party and their friends have always resisted. To be really responsible to the Assembly will be much less convenient to them, than a mere nominal responsibility to a superior authority located at a distance of 3,000 miles. There is also to be a more equitable distribution of offices among the different classes of the community. This is extremely obnoxious to the party now enjoying a species of monopoly. No future chief justice Sewell—so says the governor—is to be permitted to obtain seven or eight lucrative offices for his own children; no future colonial civil secretary (Coch-

\* These points are the granting of the contingencies, and the giving up the provincial revenues to the Commons' House of Assembly.



ran) is to usurp five or six posts in his own person ; no future commissioner of crown lands (Felton) is to obtain estates of 1,200 acres for each of his eight children. These specific reforms of course draw down upon the local government the hatred both of the officials in possession and the officials expectant ; which hatred being in excess would not have been greater than it is, had the government gone a step further and satisfied the mass of the people.

The answer of the Assembly to the speech from the throne was couched in courteous but firm language. For all the good promised by the speech his Majesty was thanked, besides which the Assembly took occasion to reiterate its demand for *an Elective Legislative Council* and an Executive Council responsible, like the English Ministry, to the Commons of the country.

Some further particulars relative to the address in answer to the speech will be gleaned from the following extracts from a letter from the writer already quoted, which extract is the more interesting as it explains the relation in which Lord Gosford and the Assembly stand to each other. In relation to the Assembly he is the Governor of Canada ; with the Commissioners the Assembly has nothing in reality to do.

“ You will perceive that, in the answer to the speech, the Assembly has abstained from recognizing or alluding to the Commissioners. The speech from the throne was evidently a trap to gain such a recognition : but the Assembly is too jealous of its own position to do so. Lord Gosford was distinctly told, before the session opened, that the Assembly could not recognise the Commission ; and I am told that his lordship acknowledged that he did not expect it. Thus the footing the Assembly and the Commission are on, in relation to each other, is this :—Whatever the Assembly desires of the Commission, they ask of the governor ; whilst, on the other hand, whatever the Commission desires of the House is applied for by the governor, in what the old school politicians call the constitutional manner. From this you will perceive at once the nature of the Commissioners—they are merely a sort of temporary executive Council, placed there to advise the governor. This is the opinion of all here, and I myself am inclined to deem it correct. Whether subsequent occurrences will cause this opinion to be given up, I cannot now say. It is thought that the Commissioners will not visit the country parishes—they have sufficient evidence of the unanimity of the whole country to render such a step unnecessary. They have, however, announced their intention of visiting Montreal next summer, and it is possible they may go to the Chambly districts. The ‘ five confederated counties ’ would be worth their examination, in a political point of view. Such a visit would give them an idea of the intensity of public opinion among the most intelligent of the population.”—*Quebec, 2nd December.*

After some further observations which need not be quoted, the letter goes on to state that—

“ The elective council question is thus evaded. The sub-Commis-

sioners have been heard to say that an elective council should be granted, but for the mixed origin of the people. Well, then, was the reply—grant an elective council to Upper Canada. The Upper Canadians demand an elective council, and are not of ‘mixed origin.’ ‘True,’ rejoined the wily sub-Commissioners, ‘but there is not the unanimity’ which prevails in Lower Canada.” \* \* \*

The “sub-Commissioners” are certainly most skilful dialecticians. Here the Canadians are certainly reduced to a most cruel dilemma. The Lower Canadians consist of about 450,000 persons of French origin, and 150,000 of “other origin;” of these, nearly all the first are in favour of “the Elective Principle,” as are also half, or perhaps two-thirds of the latter.\* In other words about nine-tenths of the whole people desire an elective council. But although nearly *unanimous* they are of “mixed origin” and so according to the doctrine of the sub-Commissioners they are to have no reform. In Upper Canada on the other hand, the argument is shifted to suit the circumstances. There the people are not of mixed origin, but then they are not unanimous. It is only *two-thirds*† of the whole population that is in favour of reform, and so reform is to be denied until the opposition of the minority can be nullified.

A more atrocious political doctrine was, perhaps, never broached. Its effect would be to perpetuate all existing abuses, to render reform impossible, and virtually to give up the governing power to the minority. Taking the population of the two Canadas together at 1,000,000, the utmost number of persons represented in the two Assemblies by persons opposed to the elective principle, is 175,000, or not much over *one-sixth* of the population, and yet effect is still to be given to the will of this minority by the abominable doctrine alluded to in the above extract.

Every newspaper received from the Colony—and they now (January 26th) reach as late as the 24th of December—bears some evidence that the partial improvements which have taken place under Lord Gosford’s administration are wholly insufficient to quiet the country. The determination of the Assembly is to adhere to their demand, for “the great remedial measure—an elective second Chamber,” and with nothing short of this will they be contented. All other reforms, say they, would afford no security for the future. It is on a responsible legislature that they place their sole reliance. By withholding supplies (the course, be it remembered, recommended to their

\* The numbers indicated by the Election returns are 479,500, represented by persons in favour of the Elective principle, and 32,500 by members opposed thereto. See article Canada in our September number.

† This was the proportion in 1834. There is reason to believe that since then the Reformers of Upper Canada have greatly increased. Questions of Reform have gained strength in the Assembly by discussion; and there is, out of the House, an extensive organization of Reform Association which ought to be regarded as a striking sign of the times.

notice by Mr. now Lord Stanley, in 1829), they hope to attain their end. This course is the more proper in their case as the want of economy in the payment of public officers is one of the most evil results which the Assembly desires to remedy.

As evidence of the importance which the Canadians attach to this radical measure, and their determination to adhere to Lord Stanley's "constitutional mode," we again resort to the writer already quoted:

"I have just heard that it has been determined to allow the Commons of Lower Canada to have the whole control of the revenue. This is merely a piece of justice—of tardy justice. The Commissioners are, I learn, to report to the King from time to time. First, on Finances; secondly, on the Tenure of Land: thirdly, on the Executive Council. I believe it is decided that we are to have a responsible Executive Council. But the chief thing, an elective Legislative Council, we are not to have yet awhile; so you see we have a long struggle before us. I hope the House will not be cajoled into voting one penny of supplies till we get this essential reform.

"You are well aware that our chief reliance for enforcing reforms is the "constitutional method" of refusing to vote the supplies. Your House of Commons need not care for the Lords, if they would pursue our plan. But the truth is, your House of Commons is aristocratic, and does not desire collision with the Lords. Last year (1834), as you are aware, Spring Rice defeated us by dipping his hand into the military chest; and Lord Gosford now asks us to refund it. This makes one begin to suspect that all this fuss about, and expense of, the Commission, are merely a clumsy expedient to get the money out of the Assembly. The officials want past arrears and future supplies; and if they get them they will laugh at us—and so they ought. The Commissioners seem disposed to remedy small grievances, as tubs are thrown to whales. Will the assembly be thus cheated out of the public money? I trust not. Not one farthing would I grant, until we get an elective council."—*Quebec, 2nd Dec.*

This is without doubt the obvious course to be pursued by the Assembly. The prime movers of the party desiring the retention of "things as they are" are the official personages themselves who now profit by the system, together with their friends and adherents who hope to profit by the same. The Legislative Council is emphatically *their* Chamber; the chief officials are members of it, and while it exists as at present constituted, it will represent their will and their interests. The voting of supplies is the only case wherein the will of the people can have force, and there is nothing improper on the part of the Assembly in thus determining to make the control which the constitution gives them over the public money a means of enforcing wholesome reforms. If the House of Assembly grant the supplies, it is quite clear that the object of the officials will be gained. The Assembly might still amuse themselves by legislating on useful measures, but it would be mere lost labour,

If our House of Commons were elected as the Canadian Assembly is—by the free voice of the people, a similar course would be frequently resorted to. Supplies would be withheld until the course to be pursued by the Minister, and perhaps by the House of Lords also, should be made known. If the Lower Canadians now give the supplies, their work will be to be recommenced, and they will not regain their present advantageous position until they have again brought the gentlemen represented by the council, to their present deplorable condition.

With the conciliatory conduct and accommodating spirit of Lord Gosford towards the Assembly, the members of which it had been the custom of former governors to despise and contemn, the people of Canada seem to be perfectly, and it may be added, justly satisfied. Courteous themselves, they naturally feel the want of it in others, and the haughty bearing of their former military governors had, in almost all cases, disgusted them. The mild and gentlemanly demeanour of Lord Gosford is certainly an improvement in the mode of governing Canada.

The minor reforms that are to take place will also be not without benefit; but, if it be the opinion of the colonial minister and of his colleagues, that those trifling reforms will silence the cry of nearly the whole Canadian people for an elective council, they will speedily discern their error. The people of Canada, notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary by interested persons, are in a very respectable state of intelligence, especially on political matters. What they have already effected is evidence of this. Like their English fellow subjects they will doubtless take all they can get, but they will never cease to agitate the question of reform until they obtain the full control of their internal affairs, and this they feel they can never succeed in, while the irresponsible legislative council is permitted to remain. Lord Glenelg may take the case of the English Reform Bill as a proof that a preliminary step will not satisfy an intelligent people. Moreover, the doctrine of *finality* has not yet found its way into Canada.

It has already been stated that, although the mass of the people are not satisfied, the threatened reforms are such as to excite the fury of the colonial Tory party. This, by the way, is invariably the case with partial measures. If one abuse be attacked, the whole tribe of those who profit by abuses is sure to be let loose upon the minister sanctioning the reform. This is the case in Canada. The local and imperial governments, are incurring the very maximum of official obloquy by the partial reforms they have already sanctioned, whilst those reforms have not been sufficient to obtain for them the good will of the mass of the people. The wise course is invariably to sanction the whole measure of

reform at once. By such a course the good will of a grateful people would be secured, and the hatred of the factious minority could not be greater than it is. This principle should never be lost sight of by ministers, though it is every day violated.\*

The language of the colonial Tory party, and of their newspapers, towards the governor, the Commission, and the government of this country, is expressive at once of their rage and of their folly. In the cities of Quebec and Montreal exist two political clubs, dignified by the name of "Constitutional Associations," the members calling themselves Constitutionalists. The political principle—if such it can be called—by which these persons are guided, is—opposition to the elective principle.

Their present policy is to intimidate the government, and thereby to deter it from sanctioning those reforms, which justice, good policy, and the spirit of the times, unite in demanding.

The means of intimidation which these Constitutionalists have adopted are as follows:—

1st. To make it appear that they have the whole British population with them.

2nd. To show—that the whole population of Upper Canada are with them.

3rd.—that they are prepared to rebel.

4th.—that they are prepared to join the United States.

The first two fallacies have been already exposed in the *Monthly Repository* for September. It may however be well to recapitulate the exposure. The British inhabitants inhabit the "Townships," as they are called, situated south of the St. Lawrence. To make the claim of the "Constitutionalists" to represent the whole of the British population true, all the members of the provincial parliament returned by the Township should be Constitutionalists. This, however, is not the case. The largest British county, Stanstead, returned members in favour of the elective principle by a majority of three to one. Another British Township county, Drummond, returned a "Resolutionist" unanimously, whilst in the county of Sherbrooke, which is the strong hold of colonial Toryism, and of the British American Land Company, the "Constitutional" members prevailed only by a bare majority. Hence it is that the number of the Constitutionalists is so thoroughly contemptible—is in fact not over one-third of the whole

\* The Resolutions on the Baltic Timber Duties affords a curious illustration of this. The alteration proposed will destroy the colonial trade, but will not confer full benefit on the people. A measure of full benefit would have done no more evil but would have done three-fold good. Partial measures of good are almost always whole measures of evil, and therefore of obloquy.



British population. In fact out of the cities of Quebec and Montreal the Constitutionalists are utterly powerless, and even there they would scarcely be heard of but for a control, purely mercantile, over a noisy press.

In the upper province the minority is not quite so weak in numbers as in Lower Canada, but it is still a weak minority. Its force at the last election has been already stated at one-third of the population, but from the rapid progress of opinion, and the success of the principles of reform in Lower Canada, and in the mother country, the number has been considerably diminished, perhaps to one-fourth. The organization of the liberal party in Upper Canada, is moreover very complete. There is a "Central Canadian Alliance Society" at Toronto, the capital, of which the most able and energetic men are members. This society has branch societies all over the country. By means of these societies, a constant communication is kept up all over the province. This, however, is not all. In Lower Canada similar associations have been formed, which are also in communication with those of the Upper Province. At the opening of the Lower Canadian session, two influential members of the Toronto Alliance Society (W. L. Mackenzie, Esq., and Dr. O'Grady) visited Quebec for the purpose of communicating with the leading men of Lower Canada, on the course to be adopted for procuring that reform which both provinces desire. The result of this mission was satisfactory to the reformers of both provinces. As far, therefore, as the strength of parties in the Canadas is concerned, the British ministry need not be alarmed at the colonial Tory threat of rebellion.

As for a junction with the United States, the value of this threat may be tried by the *interests* of the party using it. The principle of the American government is, "that the people are the only legitimate source of political power." If independent Canada should desire to be admitted into the union, she would still retain her own form of government and laws, the only condition being that of giving up a portion of the sovereign power,—namely, making war, coining money, regulating external trade, &c.—to the general government. In return for this she would obtain a voice in the affairs of the union, by sending members to Congress. As far as the state of *Le jeune Canada* might be concerned, the will of the majority would become law. The very reform which the Constitutionalists threaten to rebel about, would take place as a matter of course; their darling legislative council would become an elective senate, and even the governor himself would become subject to the popular will. We may, therefore, be quite certain that it will never be with the consent of the minority that the threatened junction with the United States will take place. As a party they would be utterly annihilated, and any move to carry



their impotent threats into execution would be perfectly suicidal. An extract from the Quebec letter will serve to close these observations on the pretensions of the Canadian minority.

“In the meantime the little ‘Constitutionalists’ as they call themselves, are by no means satisfied with ‘the speech.’ Though it does not give us our rights, it threatens to rob them of some of their ill-gotten privileges. You will find them threatening war in all their reports, speeches, and resolutions. This is merely to frighten ministers, who are not aware how contemptible the party really is. Both the Quebec and Montreal Club of Constitutionalists have had a meeting. At the Montreal meeting, Adam Thom, the editor of a sort of colonial ‘Age,’ spouted forth his threats. This fellow once had a paper called the ‘Settler.’ In the early numbers of the paper in question, the public were made to believe that he was a perfect ‘fire-eater,’ and people really grew afraid of him. At last the cowardly rascal received a challenge, when he discovered that duelling was anti-Christian. Hereupon his own set cut him, and his paper assumed a chop-fallen air and died. Now he talks of being ‘ready for action’—if it were really to come to action I have no doubt but this hypocrite would again resort to the Scriptures for arguments against fighting.

“Nothing can in fact exceed the rage of the Tory party, and especially on the granting the contingencies. They hoped to stop the business of legislation by inducing the governor to refuse to give the Assembly the means of going on. With Lord Aylmer, they succeeded. The means even of sweeping the House of Assembly, or of purchasing fuel, with the thermometer twenty-five below zero, were refused for two years, and the officials hoped to influence Lord Gosford to continue the evil. However they have been granted. Their papers abuse Gosford and his compeers roundly. Sir C. Grey they call ‘cabbage head’ (why, God knows), and they demand that Lord Gosford be impeached. I send you the papers that you may witness their fury.

“The most absurd part of the Tory raving is that which points at junction with the United States. If they were to put their threat into execution, that moment would seal their ruin. The great principle of the American democracy is election by the whole people, and, consequently, choice by the majority—where then would be the Tory minority? This is another specimen of the arguments used to frighten the British Ministry. Let it never be forgotten that the ‘Constitutionalists’ are not 50,000 out of a population of 600,000, and yet they bluster about rebellion!”

The course then which ought certainly to be adopted towards the people of both Upper and Lower Canada does not appear to present any insuperable difficulty. Their internal affairs should be handed over to them with a guarantee against future interference. This might be done by a single Act repealing the obnoxious cases of interference of which they have complained, and in the preamble enunciating the inexpediency of future interference. The Act which establishes an irresponsible council of life legislators is the 31st of Geo. III. c. 31. Portions of this

Act have already been repealed by provincial statutes of both provinces. Hence it would not be necessary to legislate here on the subject. What has once been done might be done again. The governors of the two provinces might be instructed to give the royal assent to the necessary Acts for the erection of elective legislative councils; and should the present councils be found refractory, a "creation" might be resorted to for the purpose of procuring the passage of the Act in question. This plan would be far preferable to a new "Canadian Constitutional act," emanating from the parliament of this country, as it would in a manner be a pledge of the sincerity of the non-interference profession already alluded to.

With regard to "external affairs," that is, regulations concerning foreign trade, there has been no disposition on the part of the Canadians to interfere with this essentially imperial function of the mother country. It is their *internal affairs* only that they desire to controul. One of the arguments they have urged in favour of the reform they desire is, that it would bring the people of Canada and the imperial government more intimately acquainted with each other. The present oligarchy they have called "a screen between the people and the imperial government." They have likened that obnoxious minority to a jew money-broker, who has an interest in keeping his principals from becoming intimate with each other, and it has only been when urged almost beyond the point of rational endurance that they have ventured to remind the people of England of their strength. Let justice then be done to the intelligent people of the two Canadas, and we secure with them a warm and lasting friendship. The danger of a forcible separation lies, not in the impotent threats of the Canadian oligarchies, but in the continuation of a system of misrule, which must in time completely alienate the affections of the people from this the parent state.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF COLERIDGE.\*

ON first turning over the leaves of these volumes, we feared we should be compelled to denounce the compiler as one of the silliest of that class of twaddlers who take little boys upon their knees 'before company,' to instruct them with ostentatious dandling, in matters that are as far beyond the comprehension of both parties as are the cradle and pap-boat to a babe unborn. The apprehension might be premature, but there were grounds for it. On turning over the title page we discovered the following unique dedication:—

\* Letters, Conversations and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge. 2 Vol. Moxon.

TO ELIZABETH AND ROBIN.

THE FAIRY PRATTLE AND STILL MEER BOY OF  
THE LETTERS,  
AND THROUGH YOU EQUALLY TO YOUR YOUNGER BROTHERS  
AND SISTERS,

THESE LETTERS AND REMINISCENCES  
OF THE VERY REMARKABLE AND WONDERFUL MAN WHO  
WATCHED YOUR EARLIEST DEVELOPMENTS,  
AND TO WHOM YOU WERE OBJECTS OF TENDEREST LOVE  
AND SOLICITUDE,

ARE INSCRIBED BY YOUR

AFFECTIONATE PARENT.

The above specimen of the maudlin, weak, and morbid non-sensical, is tolerably perfect it must be confessed, and only to be equalled by sundry others contained in these pages. Such, for instance, is the advertisement of Mr. Harman's smile. But we must allow the writer to do this in his own words, for they are inimitably to the purpose:—

“To those who wish to see the only thing left on earth, if it is still left, of Lamb, his best and most beautiful remain,—his smile, I will indicate its possessor,—Mr. Harman, of Throgmorton Street.”

There are abundant instances of similar ‘bad taste,’ superfluous weakness, and a disposition to gently foist upon the public the mixing-up of the ‘fairy prattler, the still meek boy of the letters; and, through the aforesaid, equally to their younger brothers and sisters,’ with the subtle disquisitions and varied speculations of many of the leading characters of the time. But after giving these two volumes a fair consideration, we find in their editor and compiler so much of good, of sterling humanity, of sincere fixed principle and strong moral courage, that we cannot find it in our hearts to make any further animadversions upon his vexatious trivialities. Nor was it likely that such men as Coleridge and Lamb would have been upon such terms of continuous intimacy and friendship, had they not found in him the seeds at least, and perhaps the fruits, of many noble principles and feelings. Let him then, dress a doll, ride a stick, play at taw, discourse on hop-sotch, spin a tee-totum, and eat plain or carraway-comfit cake with his children in the nursery, if it seemeth good to him. Though the tribe of brute batchelors and childless critics, may not envy him this means of happiness, they may at all events leave him quietly in its pursuit, and we hope in his possession.

This collection contains many interesting letters and other fragments. As to Coleridge's Letter to a Young Lady previous to her marriage, we had contemplated making some severe strictures on its wretched conventionalism, morbid pleasantries, and elaborate dulness, but we shall content ourselves with merely observing that, excepting one or two sentences,

the whole composition is quite unworthy of the pen that wrote it. But many among the various notes and letters of Coleridge will be found to contain passages of profound thinking and subtle beauty. Those of Charles Lamb are original and exquisite. We cannot resist presenting the reader with the following, as highly characteristic of the equal temerity and impunity of true wit. However angry, shocked, or confounded you may fancy you ought 'by rights' to be, you are compelled to laugh; after which it would be mere affectation or hypocrisy to pretend to be offended.

"It will be interesting to compare Lamb's estimate of the belief of Coleridge—half serious, half sportive—with a defence (by the latter) of Lamb from the charge of scepticism. After a visit to Coleridge, during which the conversation had taken a religious turn, Leigh Hunt, after having walked a little distance, expressed his surprise that such a man as Coleridge should, when speaking of Christ, always call him our Saviour. Lamb, who had been exhilarated by one glass of that gooseberry or rasin cordial which he has so often anathematised, stammered out, "Ne—ne—never mind what Coleridge says; he is full of fun."

We regret that space does not permit us to give more extracts. On the whole we are glad these volumes have been published, and recommend them as containing very fine "pickings."

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

### *The Life and Times of Rienzi.*

NOT less interesting than Mr. Bulwer's eloquent romance, and scarcely less romantic, is this historical record of "The Conspiracy of Gabrini" (the family name of the last of the Tribunes). It is ascribed to "Father Cerceau, a distinguished Jesuit of the early part of the eighteenth century," and was revised and published by Father Brumoy. That Gibbon relied on it as authority is a good testimony to its authenticity. The simplicity and spirit of the narrative, and the extraordinary character of the events, combine with the qualities of the singular man who is the subject of this biography, to furnish out an enjoyment alike adapted to the novel reader, the student of history, and the philosopher.

### *The Sentiment of Flowers.* London, Tilt.

PARTLY translated from "*Le langage des Fleurs*," of Madame de la Tour, partly original, and the rest of the volume made up of appropriate extracts from our own poets, this pretty little book with its coloured illustrations, looks very

like its title. To each flower a corresponding word or sentiment is assigned; and if in some cases the association be arbitrary, in others it is very felicitous. Many pleasant, and some curious historical facts connected with flowers are introduced. To the author's philosophy we cannot always subscribe. He tells us that the potatoe "has for ever banished from Europe that most fearful of all scourges, famine." Did he never hear of the land of potatoes, the land where famine yet lingers, encouraged to show its gaunt face by the people being dependent on their potatoe crops for subsistence? There might surely have been a better emblem for "beneficence." Wheat, for instance; a blighted ear representing the Corn Laws. .

*The Scripture Cabinet.* Edited by E. Bellchambers.

A VERY neat pocket abridgement of the Old and New Testament history, with upwards of thirty illustrations engraved on steel by Lizars. Many of them are outlines of celebrated paintings, e.g., Poussin's Rebecca at the Well; the Finding of Moses; the Brazen Serpent, by Rubens; the Holy Family, by Raphael, and his Transfiguration, with several of the Cartoons; the Lord's Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, &c.

*The Book of Christmas.* By Thomas K. Harvey, with illustrations by R. Seymour.

ANY notice of this book now may seem "a day after the fair." We can only say it is not our fault, the publisher should have remembered us sooner. However, this is a book of which we can honestly say, "better late than never." Moreover it is one to feast upon all future years, and all the year round. It is a collection of all the good things, ancient and modern, about Christmas-tide, even up to Twelfth-night, and (*horresco referens*) Black Monday. It is full of sports, and of sport; a merry book and the cause of merriment, and right curious withal. Seymour has illustrated like a poet and a humourist as he is; and very rich indeed are some of his adornments. We trust the proprietors will be well encouraged to fulfil their purpose, and give us all the "Festivals of England" in like manner.

*The Union and Reciprocal Influences of Science and Religion.*  
By W. H. Drummond, D.D.

DR. DRUMMOND is well known as an able Theologian; he has moreover established a reputation as a man of poetical taste and of literary acquirement. Both characters are happily blended in this Discourse, which was occasioned by the meeting in Dublin, last August, of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He has very ably "improved the opportunity." The Doctor tells us that "so intimate of old was the connexion between Philosophy and Theology, that we

find the terms used as synonymous, and to *theologize* was the same as to *philosophize*, or to be addicted to the studies of nature." Those must have been very old times; beyond the memory of man, as the lawyers say; notwithstanding the example of the author, and a very few others, we perceive no symptoms of their return.

*A History of the Presbyterian and General Baptist Churches in the West of England.* By Jerom Murch.

THERE is little in this volume to interest the general reader, but the members of the religious denominations to which it relates have great reason to thank the author for the labour and care which he must have exercised in its production. His task of compilation and selection has been executed in a very creditable manner. Some of the facts which he has brought to light are entitled to considerable weight in the legal contest pending between orthodox and heretical Dissenters for possession of the endowments of the old Presbyterian chapels.

*The Analyst.* No. 14.

THE ANALYST is transformed from a weekly into a quarterly periodical; its spirit remains the same, and it is still the well-conducted, sensible, and useful journal that it has been from its commencement. Its contributors generally know how to say, what they do say, to the purpose, and without being offensive towards those who think differently. Natural History and Science continues to maintain its predominant share of attention, accompanied by a fair diversity of other topics. The series of Papers (with the first of which this number commences), on the effects of certain mental and bodily states on the Imagination, promises, from the portion before us, to be of considerable interest.

*Practical Anatomy of the Nerves and Vessels supplying the Head, Neck, and Chest.* By E. Cook.

SUCH a manual as this must be a very useful help to the Student of Anatomy. By taking the vessels in the order in which they present themselves to the dissector, he has the information just when he wants it, and is enabled to go on with his book and his subject together, instead of having to reverse the arrangement of the Treatise, to make its instructions correspond with the employment of his scalpel.

*A Popular Manual of the Art of Preserving Health.* By J. B. Davis, Surgeon.

*A Popular Treatise on Diet and Regimen.* By W. H. Robertson, M. D.

BOTH these publications have the same purpose, and that a very useful one, and of universal interest, as the reader may perceive



by their titles. That of Dr. Robertson is more popular and lively in its style—that of Mr. Davis more comprehensive and philosophical in its plan. Both are quite free from quackery, and, while they disclaim the impracticable attempt of making every man his own doctor, afford him the means of judging when he stands in need of one, and will be likely, if attended to, materially to lessen that necessity. In their general practical conclusions there is not much diversity; nor is either of them unmindful of the fact that so great are the varieties of constitution and temperament as to leave many exceptions to be made by the individual, for which he must rely solely on his own experience and observation. Either work may turn to good account in quickening observation and teaching him how to profit by his experience. If he be of a practical turn of mind we recommend Dr. Robertson; if he like to speculate on general causes and influences, let him call in Mr. Davis. The dyspeptic amateur may enjoy both.

*Why is Popery Progressing?* By David Thom.

THE author of this pamphlet holds, and argues upon religious opinions which, in the judgment of many, will stamp him an enthusiast. How correctly we will not inquire: suffice it to say that he is evidently a devout, a thinking, a conscientious, and a courageous man; and he tells truths to which all classes of Protestants, established and dissenting, will do well to take heed. How far he is correct in his notion of the rapid advance of the Roman Catholic religion in this country, we have no means of ascertaining; except, perhaps in some of the northern manufacturing districts we think he must have overrated any progress it can have made; but his exposure of the errors of various descriptions of religionists is not the less valuable or timely.

*Switzerland*, by W. Beattie, M. D. illustrated by W. H. Bartlett. Nos. 1 to 4. 2s. each.

BENTHAM used to laugh at a school-boy who commenced his theme with the proposition that "Virtue is the most virtuous of all things." Had the school-boy lived in our times he might have appealed to this and similar publications by Mr. Virtue of Ivy-Lane, and triumphantly retorted the laugh of the philosopher. Certainly Mr. G. Virtue, like the other virtue, is "the means of enjoyment." He well realizes the utilitarian definition, and carries the principle into that region of art which the utilitarian philosophers are often accused of not sufficiently appreciating. These sketches of Swiss scenery are a good companion for those of Scotland which were noticed in our number for December. They do not give us the same strong sense of beauty as did the Scotch pictures: perhaps because Switzerland has been so much more worked by artists than

Scotland; one has a previous expectation in turning over the leaves of the sort of scene that will be presented, and we are not more than satisfied unless there be some novel and extraordinary combination. Some such combinations, however, are produced here; and very many beautifully executed transcripts of beautiful pictures. Dr. Beattie's portion of the work is much more interesting than the reader has any right to expect from the title of a "Tourist's Guide." It is better written than his account of Scotland; and the simplicity of his style in the description of objects that seem in themselves to approximate to the extravagant, does credit to his taste. Each number contains four engravings and not less than twelve quarto pages of letter-press. Certainly the publisher is not to blame if the enjoyment of artistic talent, employed upon the grandeur of nature, does not become general and popular. He has placed that enjoyment within the reach of multitudes.

*The English Bijou Almanac for 1836, with six portraits poetically illustrated by L. E. L.* London, A. Schloss.

If the testimony of the best microscope that we can obtain is to be depended upon, this beautiful infinitesimal publication is, we are sorry to say, a piracy; being copied from the Almanac prepared expressly, by the most accomplished tiny hands in her dominions, as a present for the Queen of the Fairies. The publisher may, however, be pardoned, for the sake of the skill and grace with which he has accomplished his *fac simile*. On subjecting it to the microscope at the Adelaide Gallery, we found the poetry of L. E. L. become legible with the smaller power, which only magnifies three hundred thousand times. Of this circumstance we took advantage, and copied one of the poems on the spot.

SCHILLER.

Oh, many are the lovely shapes  
That glide along thy lovelier line,  
And glorious is the breathing life  
That warms that burning page of thine.  
But never yet a form more fair  
Amid the poet's visions moved,  
Than Thekla, thy sweet fancy's child,  
The German maid who "lived and loved."  
For her sad sake shall woman's tears  
Bedew thy low sepulchral cell,  
And say, thrice blessed be the sleep  
Of him who knew our hearts so well.

The other portraits, graphic and poetical, are those of Mrs. Hemans, Lord Byron, Retzsch, Raffaele, and Martin.

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Correspondence. Caius is unavoidably postponed.