

## INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF THE DRAMA.

WHEN Goethe was the manager of the Court Theatre at Weimar, he conducted matters upon a principal rather different from that of Mr. Bunn. Some reasons could be given why it was very natural that the former should act so differently from the London purveyor, and in fact, from all the class of managers of whom that individual may be considered as the representative. The dramatic authors looked up to Goethe with admiration and respect, because he himself was one of the greatest authors of his time in nearly every department of literature; the musical composers looked up to him with respect, as to one thoroughly conversant with the subject, and possessing the highest taste and judgment; the painters entertained respect for his opinion, for he was known to be an artist, both in theory and practice. Possessing, in a high degree, the best qualities of the philosopher, the poet, and the painter, it naturally followed that the actors should feel and know that, in Goethe, their talents would find a just appreciation, and that they should inwardly acknowledge the moral right by which he held supreme authority in the theatre, simply because they were conscious of his being the most worthy. Under his auspices genius was fostered; fine tragedies, comedies, and operas, were produced; fine actors and composers came forward. The theatre flourished—not only in intellectual wealth, but in every other sense—and, perhaps, in no country at any period of time, were dramatic exhibitions so continuously addressed to the higher orders of feeling, imagination, and taste. The best result was found in a successful appeal to the public mind and sensation, and in a most elevating influence, to which Germany owes much of its subsequent literature and character. This successful appeal may be made, and this elevating influence exercised, so long as the elements of human nature remain unchanged. Passion and imagination may require some variation in the forms of their food; but the substance must remain the same, or their existence be destroyed. True dramatic power can only cease to produce its effect where humanity ceases to feel. The exercise and effect of such power may not be confined to the theatre; but it must always produce its natural effect in a theatre when appropriately represented. Progress of refinement, theories of philosophy, changes in taste, and caprices of fashion, must all succumb before the

commanding spirit that searches and uplifts the heart of man, and shakes with corresponding fire the Promethean tree that ramifies throughout his mortal being.

The manager of a theatre ought to be one of the most profound, as well as most accomplished men of his time. Such a man was Goethe. The natural and best result was shown in the theatre at Weimar. The best results cannot systematically occur without the best causes, and the continuous degree of good or evil involved in any results, will be commensurate with the degree of excellence or unworthiness in the guiding power. Look at the heads of our theatres! It is said that the drama has declined, that it is disgraced and fallen to the dust. How very true; and what wonder? No new dramatic authors of the highest rank come forward. How very true; and how very natural! No new performers of the highest talent make their appearance. Of course not! But an abundance of theatrical pieces continually *do* appear which are of the very lowest order of composition; abundance of performers, whose talents are either mediocre, gross or contemptible. How very true, and how very natural! The latter are the substantial reflexion of the taste of present managers. They adopt them from natural sympathy; they reject all others from natural antipathy; their ignorance renders them apathetic to every plan which includes a principle of action differing from their own vulgar sensuality of taste. Private idiosyncrasy blinds them both to private and public interest; meantime people talk about the decline of the Drama!

If it be true that to write a great tragedy requires an intellect and general constitution of the highest power; that the production of a fine comedy, or opera, requires very varied excellencies; if, also it be true, that to become a great actor, more general knowledge and taste, or at all events more personal accomplishments are necessary, than in any other profession; we think it will be admitted that he who is to judge of these things, besides other important branches of art, previous to presenting them to undergo the public ordeal, should be such a man as we have previously described, and *must* be so to a certain extent, or there can be no sound judgement exercised in any of the various departments. Each of these departments is important to the general effect, and the whole will, therefore, be rendered imperfect, and, in some instances, utterly abortive, by the neglect or imperfection of any of these constituent parts. We have thus a brief outline before us of the qualifications which should be possessed by those who are placed in the most prominent and powerful positions for directing the morals and taste of a nation. But let us look at things *as they are*!—let us take one glance at the ring-leader of the anti-dramatic faction.

It is tolerably certain that nobody of any independence of mind, sensibility or decency, can help feeling that the best principles of human nature and civilized society are shamefully outraged, when a "liege lord" is seen to take his unequal "half" into a market-place for sale, with a halter round her neck. To become an annuitant from a similar bargain, by private contract with the "bidder" in a drawing-room, is a mere variety in the less-important furniture of the market-place; the grossness and vulgar insensibility remaining the same in result—nay, much worse from the periodical reminiscence. Can it possibly excite then, the least wonder that such an individual should adopt and persevere in a regular 'Plan for the perversion of public taste,' not perhaps *as* a perversion, but simply to make the taste of the public as gross as his own, that grossness being his idea of perfection.

The corporal senses were given to man, not merely as the medium whereby the intellect should be developed, but to produce a sensational enjoyment. This enjoyment may be either limited to the phenomena of the successive moments of actual operation, or be enhanced and prolonged beyond the Actual; decreased or increased in its amount, in proportion to the kind and degree of re-action in the mind, and the character of the associations. We do not say that the former limited class of enjoyments is gross and degrading merely because it is exclusively animal, for this in a mere animal is its perfect nature, and nothing more can be required; but we say it is gross and degraded when such enjoyments are the principal use a man makes of his numerous faculties, because according to the predominant exercise of the animal portion he degrades his nature. The elevation or degradation of social nature; except with individuals of already fixed, and more than ordinarily strong characters; is almost entirely in the power of circumstances, or surrounding influences, so that there are no opinions, customs, or tastes too gross, heartless, or absurd for the public to adopt when under such influences during a sufficient length of time. Those who constitute the lowest of all grades, the refuse of society, are the first in whom a depraved, degraded, sensual, or mechanical taste will find a sympathy and support; the next class so influenced will most certainly be the very highest in the social scheme, or what is called the "higher orders;" next follow the *litterateurs* and scholastic classes; then the middle and "respectable" classes, and all is done. The error is complete and unanimous, until the yeasty impulses of men and things bring about a change. Concerning the gradual fall of the intellectual class, which would be the last, it was unnecessary to speculate, because its numbers are so few, and its best members so likely to be arrayed against each other, that the half-dozen who remained "fighting upon

their stumps " might as well " be left alone in their glory " for what society at large would care. With respect to the drama, the sensual taste has already progressed through its prime lunations and is now beginning to make its way among the middle or respectable class, over whose filberts and old port, the " head " of the family is occasionally heard to say that " the true drama is pretty well extinct—no thorough tragedies or real comedies are brought out—Macready and Farren, you see, scarcely ever appear, the people are spectacle-struck and music-mad—the taste of the time has changed, and in my humble opinion very much for the worse. I remember when John Kemble, &c., &c." The worthy veteran never thinks of adding that all this moral and intellectual destitution and perversion has originated with, and is continued solely by the present " cast " of managers, who have done their best to turn the most influential of all our national establishments, into the bear-gardens and bagnios, with which their own private tastes, characters, and experience have an exclusive affinity.

The shows addressed to the external senses, whether on the stage of art or actual life, in public or in private, are temporary in themselves, and evanescent. Unless they excite the passions, the imagination, and the reason, singly or collectively, their strong, healthy, and original effect being very limited as to variety, soon terminates in one of an opposite kind; languor and palled disgust. We have said this gross taste has begun to make its way among the middle class; perhaps, it has even made a considerable progress. No matter, the evil will work its own cure. The impossibility of producing a succession of novelties; in short, of any real variety with such limited means, has necessarily driven the purveyors into monotonous repetitions and excesses. The *Siege of Rochelle*, with the exception of one or two pleasing melodies, was a raree-show with a bombardment of musical instruments; the *Bronze Horse* was a much finer show; the *Jewess* finer still, and more of it; *Chevy Chase* finer than all, because made up of all. After each of these had ceased to draw, which was soon the case, and very naturally, it became necessary, in pursuance of the diseased principles of present managers, to give two or three such pieces in one night. The public has therefore been frequently-regaled at one sitting with the *Bronze Horse*, the *Pantomimé*, and the *Jewess*; or such things as the *Siege of Rochelle*, the *Bronze Horse*, and *Chevy Chase*; the successive pieces appearing only like the same thing, *viz*:—a splendidly disconnected, and interminably uninteresting pantomime, which sent everybody home with exhausted senses, a splitting headache, a feverish pulse, and not one acquisition worthy a future thought. These raree-shows are brought out at immense



expense, and they do not "pay" the speculators, because nobody goes to see them a second time. And they are consequently of short duration. But how is the prodigality to be met, how are such expenses to be liquidated? Managers are not capitalists, and consequently, when amateur pigeons will no longer suffer themselves to be "plucked" the former must realize large sums by the theatre, or they could neither go on, or "save their ears?" No such matter,—an easier way has been discovered. One great patentee of our "national glory" avoids paying his just debts by declaring in a court of law that "he is a rogue and a vagabond, according to Act of Parliament,"—and according to sundry less legal acts he might truly have added,—another, more aristocratically cunning, gets himself placed on the list of Gentlemen Pensioners, whereby none of his creditors can arrest him; whereby he increases his expenses and laughs in his sleeve; whereby the said Gentlemen Pensioners are very highly flattered, and feel themselves very especially honoured in the new member of their very devout and loyal band!

The last three or four years have presented a collection of characters at the head of our leading "national" establishments, such as future annals will find it difficult to reconcile with our boasted civilization, and the March of Intellect. In the prominent position of prime ministers and directors of public taste, intellect and morality, we have had auctioneers, stock-jobbers, dancing-masters, speculating Jews and French charlatans, knowing and caring as much about our literature as of the mountains in Jebel el Cumri; while at the present time—the simple statement of their title of "rank" will render all denunciatory epithets quite unnecessary—we find (with only one or two minor exceptions) the vulgar, the uneducated, the superannuated; gamblers, court-panders, self-admitted rogues and vagabonds, "nor of the Cyprian isle should we be mute." Meantime people talk of the decline of *the Drama*!

A few months ago, a dinner was given at Lincoln to the company of performers belonging chiefly to that place, but occasionally making the circuit of Wisbeach, Boston, &c. Here is part of the speech of a country manager:—

"Mr. W. ROBERTSON rose, and addressed the company as follows:— I should consider myself extremely degraded and debased, if I thought for a moment that theatrical existence depended upon an appeal to sensuality; and should regard it as most cruel and oppressive on the part of the public, if the claims of education, united with a moderate proportion of professional ability, and the correct observances of private life, did not entitle an actor to that respect and estimation in the world, that is extended to every other modification of society. (*Great applause.*) That we fully recognise the right that the moral principle should govern its amusements, will I hope be evident, when I assure you that I never allow a play to be represented,

or a sentiment expressed, that would not be admissible in the drawing-room of any gentleman of real refinement; and if ever you find a deviation from that rule, I will submit to the utmost extent of your severity, indeed to the total deprivation of your future favours. (*Hear, hear.*) I have, gentlemen, on more than one occasion, trespassed upon your time, by an attempted advocacy of the claims of the Drama to that distinction so willingly conceded to every other imitative art; and have been influenced in that attempt, by a supposition that professional experience might probably force upon my observation arguments in our favour in addition to those universal conclusions that are satisfactory to every liberal and unprejudiced mind. May I now venture to solicit, that in your reflections upon this subject, you will consider the claims of the stage with reference to its analogy to every other art, and the consequent advantage that arises to all, by having one arena where their beauties can be blended and concentrated. (*Cheers.*) The most fastidious person will scarcely dispute that the mind of Shakspeare was a vast illumination to the powers of others, that produced a thousand efforts of kindred genius. Amongst painters, for instance, Fuseli acknowledged that the perusal of his works often stimulated him to enterprise and exertion, and had the liberality to declare that his "Shakspeare gallery" was equally a monument to the genius that created, as to him who gave to those creations another form and aspect. (*Hear, hear.*) It is said of Correggio, that he seldom painted a picture not previously suggested by poetic description; and a great genius of the present day, allowed in a meeting like the present that the groupings even in some of our melo-dramas assisted him in his extraordinary creations. (*Cheers.*) Gentlemen, I could multiply illustration upon illustration. Let us now revert to musicians. Who can deny but that the finest English melodies will be found in the good old operas of the stage? Was not *Shield* created by that sympathetic feeling, that combined the author and musician? The talents of Bishop are essentially dramatic; to the stage we owe the beauty of a Weber and Rossini, because there was no other field sufficiently diversified for their genius to range in. Beethoven states that notwithstanding his blindness, he attended dramatic representations for the purpose of catching tones and expressions that it was afterwards his amusement to reduce to musical modulation; and so it is, that one great mind causes impressions to insensibly glide into creation without art or effort, and therefore becomes so extensive in its variety of useful application. (*Loud cheers.*) If this position be admitted, is it any unnatural stretch of my argument, to suppose that the illiterate and uninformed mind must be occasionally advantaged by the scatterings of the seeds of intelligence that influenced beneficially their after lives? If, to use a professional term, you can make an audience "feel an effect," you must have produced that curiosity that leads to enquiry, and so progresses to instruction. Now, gentlemen, if you allow the analogy of arts with the stage, what becomes of the moral objection to giving those arts a representative form, "a local habitation and a name." (*Hear.*) There is not a religious person of intelligence—and I beg it to be understood I speak of them with no feeling of acrimony, with no desire to recriminate,—their professing religion is sufficient to make me pause upon

the threshold of severity ;—but is there a religious person who does not allow his daughter to draw, to sing, to dance, and if these arts abstractedly considered, are worthy of attainment,—how can it follow that when concentrated to add to their power, and increase their beauty, they have the effect to demoralize, and are to be censured and condemned. (*Hear.*) Allow me to hope, that the majority of our opponents, are so, only because they view the drama through a vitiated vision, from not possessing correct views of our cast, or a just knowledge of our observances, and that their objections may be attributed to that pious inexperience that too often confounds the general laws of society, with the limited regulation of their own conclusions. (*Cheers.*) Gentlemen, I will not detain you longer than to thank you for the compliment paid me,—to express my acknowledgments to the stewards for their kind co-operation in forwarding this meeting, and my high sense of gratification at finding that the name of Shakspeare is again a talisman, which, like the magic wand of his own Prospero, can call so many happy spirits together, to commemorate his greatness.” (*Loud cheers\**)

“ Look on this picture—and on that!” How “ extremely degraded and debased,” do our Metropolitan Show-men appear in the comparison! No further comment is necessary. We ought, however, to state the fact that nothing more is advanced in the foregoing extract, as to principles, than we are well aware is thoroughly carried into practice by this country manager, who is an honour to his profession. The company comprises several performers of first-rate talent, especially in high comedy ; and the greatest care is taken to produce every sterling work in as effective and complete a manner as possible. It is the reverse of this in the metropolis. By an incompetent casting of the parts ; by a shameful and sinister neglect of all necessary details ; and by representing the three first acts of a tragedy and no more, so as to cut off all interest and excitement with its natural result ; by these and other manœuvres both within and without the theatre, the London Managers have sought to bring the true Drama into disrepute. And with all those who have been misled by these foul versions of our stock plays, while immense sums have been squandered in puffs and placards, concerning the “ spectacle ” that was to follow it, and the house has been “ packed with orders ” to applaud the procession of the wardrobes of the establishment ; it is no wonder if they have succeeded. We have shown why they do this : look at their intellectual and moral characters! We have shown why they are blind to their own interest : look at their ignorance of all the higher principles of nature, the ineradicable, the universal! We have shown why they have been ruined, and will continue to be ruined, and ruin others. But *here* they are at home and understand their position. Here

\* See the Lincoln Gazette, Nov. 6, 1835, wherein will also be found a highly commendable speech by Mr. Euston, and by other members of the company.

they show themselves adepts—too old to be caught? The 'rogue and vagabond' shakes hands with the 'gentleman-pensioner' over the dead form of Refinement, and drinks a prurient toast towards its speedy change to corruption, and to the long life of each other, that they may continue to revel and hold orgie in the "painted sepulchre" and transmit the unhallowed spirit to future ages.

We have said that the theatres are the most influential of our public establishments; we think this must become apparent when we consider how much more frequently and numerously they are visited than any other establishments, how entirely optional those visits are, and the consequent sincerity with which people lay themselves open to the ingress of natural impressions from the objects and sentiments addressed to the mind, and presented to the senses; and that these impressions are excited in a class which forms the vast majority of all theatrical audiences, *i.e.* those who have no time or inclination to read and pursue any consecutive trains of thought. Above all, the living, and active impersonation of characters, and the actual utterance given by those characters to their own most inward and important thoughts, passions, affections, and subtle springs of action, gives to the stage, when properly applied, a balance of power over every other means of influence and practical instruction. An eloquent orator has more influence over his hearers, than an equally eloquent book on the same subject; except with the very slow of apprehension, the blind, or the deaf; because he stands as the living representative of his cause, and makes a strong personal appeal to the feelings of his auditors, simultaneously exciting the imagination, the reason, and the will. In like manner the fine actor exercises his powers, and with far greater means than the orator, because the former has all the additional circumstances of life,—the dress, the scene, the light and shade, besides the effect of music, and the "stirring presence" of the other characters. If it be true, as we think it is, with scarce an exception, that even the most intellectual and imaginative men experience a stronger excitement in seeing a fine *acting* tragedy finely acted in all its parts, than in reading it, how much more likely is it that such a play should affect the vast mass of the people, more deeply than any disquisition, lecture, sermon, or speech, on abstract subjects; or to put the question close home, even on the same subject. The address to our reason, our imagination, in short, to any of our faculties and feelings will always be the strongest when it is made through the medium of the corporal senses. Hence the stage possesses the greatest means of influencing society and inculcating true morality and philosophy of life and happiness. Whether the stage be a teacher of morality,

is another question—and easily answered. It teaches nothing of the kind. It teaches everything opposite. He whose soul is centred in a French farce, and has thence been enabled to expand into a vulgar-minded “spectacle,” considers that practical philosophy is the free indulgence in every caprice of vice, with a callousness of consequences, and that morality is synonymous with hypocrisy, very useful now and then to public characters, but by no means so often necessary as folks are apt to imagine. Such an individual may persist in addresssing the corporal senses only, making their object both a means and an end, until his illiterate peers all follow his example, and pervert the public mind and taste; he may “buy up” all the highest histrionic talent in order *not* to use it, and at the same time to prevent any other theatre from using it, thereby preventing, also, the representation of appropriate works; he may do all this until the first authors and actors are banished from the theatre, and, perhaps, have to seek refuge in America—and no wonder, then, if people talk of the decline of the drama! The consequences of “the system,” we have seen; we see now; and shall continue to see until the Stage is radically Reformed. Our object has been to prove the extent and power of its influence, and how beneficial that influence might be under proper management. It would be a new power in the country. The Drama has not a fair chance: give it that chance, and how surely would be seen the “decline” of French farce and “spectacle;”—not with high regret or loud lament; not by slow degrees and with uplifting struggles; not with every inch of the descent being powerfully resisted; not with sustaining hope and steady fortitude; but instantly—without a struggle—without a hope—and followed by a shout of contumely and disgust!

It must have been a pleasant thing to the German people at large, to see the duke of one of their States entertain a proper estimate of the great men of the time, and apply them accordingly. It was not surprising that the most salutary reforms and improvements were organized, and brought into practice, in Sachsen-Weimar, when its reigning prince placed such men as Herder at the head of church affairs; Voigt in law reforms, and Goethe as the director of institutions of science and the arts, the management of the Court-theatre being included in the latter. Such princes are rare, they make us forgive, and almost admire their crowns, because we are bound to love them as men. But the renovation of the drama will not begin with princes among *us*: it can only be properly originated by some of our best intellects, and the funds, which need not be large, will probably be raised very soon by some joint-stock company. There will be no great difficulty in the matter. Reserving to themselves the power of electing or deposing a



manager every season, the directors would ensure the correct working out of a reformed stage. The mass of the people will very quickly appreciate the change;\* the aristocracy will be the last; for the present series of vulgar amusements approaches far nearer to their favourite pastimes of horse-racing, dressing for court-days, gaming, and unredeemed sensualities, and would not easily be relinquished for anything better. That such a change would produce incalculable benefit to the community, and considerable wealth to those who were interested in its success, as a pecuniary consideration, we do not doubt for a moment; but to endeavour elaborately to explain how, and by what variety of means this reform is to be effected, would be a most fruitless and thankless task when addressed to men like those who are *now* at the head of these establishments; while those who may be competent to hold such a position, will not need telling. They must be well aware that there is no lack of sterling authors, composers, actors, and singers, besides those already before the public; and they will moreover feel and know that with these and other "appliances and means," while man is man, the true drama must be indestructible, because it is based on indestructible principles of human nature.

R.H.H.

## A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF EUROPE AT THE TIME OF THE FIRST CRUSADE.

(TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER'S FRAGMENT.)

THE European West, although divided into so many different states, presents in the eleventh century a very uniform aspect. Taken in possession in every part by nations, which at the time of their settlement were in precisely the same degree of social civilization, which universally bore the same generic character, and which, by the occupation of the country, found themselves in precisely the same situation, it should have offered to its new inhabitants a markedly varied *local*, since, in the course of time mighty differences must have been developed among them.

But the same fury of devastation with which these nations conducted their conquests, made all the countries which were the theatre of it—however differently peopled—however differently settled—alike to each other; inasmuch as that all these conquerors in a similar manner trod down and destroyed every thing they found therein, and established their new condition almost totally without connexion with that in which they found them. Although, indeed, climate, quality of soil, relative position, geographical situation, maintained a per-

\* What a triumphant proof was the first representation of 'Ion'!

ceptible distinction, although the still existing traces of Roman culture in the southern, the influence of the more civilized Arabs in the south-western countries, the Hierarchy seated in Italy, the frequent intercourse with the Greeks in that country, could not be without consequences to its inhabitants, yet their effects were too unnoticeable, too tedious and too weak, to obliterate or to alter perceptibly the settled generic stamp which all these nations had brought with them to their new abodes. From this reason the historical inquirer perceives on the remotest extremities of Europe, in Sicily and Britain, on the Danube and on the Eider, on the Ebro and the Elbe, a similarity of policy and customs, which excites in him the more astonishment that it exists with the greatest disconnexion and an almost complete non-existence of mutual ties. However many centuries had passed over these people, however great alterations might have been effected, and indeed were effected in the core of their condition by so many new circumstances, a new religion, new languages, new arts, new objects of desire, new conveniencies and enjoyments of life, still the same principles of state policy which their forefathers instituted, obtained in them all. They exist, as in their Scythian fatherland in wild independence, armed for offence and defence, even now in the districts of Europe, as though extended over a vast encampment; into this wider political theatre have they transplanted their barbaric institutions—even introduced their northern superstitions into the very heart of Christendom.

Monarchies upon the Roman or Asiatic models, Republics upon the Grecian form disappear alike from the new scene. In the place of these stalk on military aristocracies, monarchies without obedience, republics without security and almost without freedom, great states shivered into a hundred small, without unity within, externally without strength and defence, and yet worse united to each other. We find *Kings* a contradictory mixture of barbaric generals and Roman emperors, from which last one derives the name without possessing the authority—*Magnates*, in real power as in arrogance every where the same, although differently named in different countries—*Priests*, ruling with the temporal sword—a *Military* of the state which the state has not in command, and which it does not pay—lastly a *Peasantry* which belongs to the soil which does not belong to them. Nobility and Priesthood—Freedmen and Slaves. Municipal towns and free cities were yet to be.

To place in a clear light the altered aspect of the European states, we must go back to remoter times and trace up their source. When the northern nations took possession of Germany and the Roman Empire, they consisted only of free men,

who were joined to the league, the object of which was free-will conquest, and who by a common share of the labours and dangers of the war acquired a common right to the lands which were the reward of their campaign. Several troops obeyed the commands of a captain; several captains a General or Prince, who led the army. Thus there were, possessing equal liberty, three distinct orders or ranks; and according to this distinction of rank, probably also according to approved valour, the shares in the captives and territorial allotments were apportioned. Each free man received his share; the leader of a troop a greater; the generalissimo the greatest: but these possessions were as free as the persons of the owners, and what was assigned to one was his for ever in complete independence. It was the wages of his labour, and the service which gave him his right had been performed.

The sword must defend what the sword had acquired; and an individual was as little able to defend his acquisition as individually to have acquired it. The alliance for the war could not be dissolved in time of peace. Captains and Generals remained, and the occasional temporary union of hordes became a settled nation, which again stood prepared for battle when need was, as in the time of their irruption.

Inseparable from every territorial property was the obligation to do military service; *i. e.* to join the general confederacy which protected the whole with a proper equipment and a "following" proportioned to the territory possessed—an obligation which was rather agreeable and honourable than oppressive, since it accorded with the martial propensities of the nations, and was accompanied by important privileges. Lands and a sword, a free man and a lance, were considered inseparable things.

But the conquered districts were no solitudes when thus seized upon. Fearfully as the sword of these barbarian conquerors, and their predecessors the Vandals and Huns, had raged in them, yet it had proved impossible for them to extirpate entirely their original inhabitants. Many of these, therefore, were included in the division of the booty and lands, and it was their fate to cultivate as bondsmen the fields they had before possessed. The same lot befel the numerous prisoners which the conquering host took in its progress. The whole now consisted of freemen and slaves—of possessors and possessed. This last class had no property, and consequently could defend none; it carried, therefore, no sword and had no voice in political discussions. The sword gave nobility because it was the badge of freedom and property.

The result of the division of the lands was not equal, because lottery apportioned them, and because the officer bore off a

larger portion than the private man, the general a still larger portion than the others. He had thus more revenues than he consumed, or a surplus, and consequently means of luxury. The disposition of the people was directed to military fame; consequently, even luxury presented itself in warlike guise. To be accompanied by chosen troops, and at their head to be the terror of all the neighbourhood, was the highest object to which the ambition of these times soared: a numerous martial following was at once the stateliest exhibition of wealth and power, and the most infallible means of aggrandizing both. This superfluity of territory could therefore be turned to no better account than to hire military followers, who could assist in protecting his possessions, could revenge injuries received, and would fight at his side in battle. Every leader and prince, therefore, disposed of portions of territory, and transferred the enjoyment of them to other less wealthy possessors, who obliged themselves in return to certain military services, which had nothing to do with the defence of the state and merely related to the person of the granter. If the latter required these services no longer or the granter could no longer render them, then the enjoyment of these territories, of which they were the actual conditions, ceased. These grants of land were, therefore, conditional, changeable; a mutual compact, either stipulated for a fixed number of years or for life, and terminable by death. A piece of land granted upon these terms was denominated a benefice (*beneficium*) to distinguish it from a freehold (*freigüt*, *allodium*) which was held neither from the bounty of another, nor under particular conditions, nor for a term of time, but of personal right, apart from all burthen save that of military service—and for ever. It was called in the Latin of the times a fee or fief, probably because the grantee must pledge *faith* (*fidem*) to the granter—in German a *loan* (*lehen*) because it was *lent* (*geliehen*) not given away for ever. Every one could effieff who possessed landed property. The relation of vassal and lord could be superseded by no other relation save this. Kings themselves were sometimes seen to become the liegemen of their subjects. These fiefs could be again effieffed, and the vassal of one man might become the lord of another; but the grand-feudatorial power of the first effieffer extended through the whole series of vassals, however long—thus no bonded villain could be freed by his intermediate lord, if the supreme lord did not give his consent thereto.

When with Christianity the Christian Church Establishment was introduced among the new European states, the Bishops, the Chapters, and Monasteries very soon found means to turn to account the superstition of the people, and the munificence of their sovereigns. Rich donations were made to the

Church, and the choicest possessions were dismembered, to have the saint of a monastery among their heirs. They knew not other than that they gave to God when they enriched his servant;—but even to *him* the obligation was not remitted which was attached to every landed property; just the same as every other, he was obliged to produce his vassals when a summons went forth, and the laity demanded that the first in rank should also be first at the rendezvous. Since every thing which was alienated to the Church, was transferred to it for ever, and irrevocably, therefore the church property differed so far from the fiefs which were of the laity, and which returned into the hand of the effieffer after the expiration of their terms: but approached to these fiefs in another respect, that they were not, like freeholds, transmitted from father to son—because the lord of the soil interfered, at the demise of each possessor for the time being, and exercised his feudal power by the investiture of the bishop. Thus we might describe the possessions of the Church as freeholds in respect of the property itself, which never reverted; and *benefices* in respect of the possessor for the time being, whom election, not birth, determined—he attained them in way of investiture, and enjoyed them as freehold.

There was yet a fourth kind of possession, which was held upon feudal tenure, and to which, consequently, the feudal obligations attached.

To the general who, upon his retained territories, might now be called King, remained the right of appointing chiefs over the people, of settling disputes, or of appointing judges, and of maintaining the public peace and order. This right and this duty was preserved to him even after their perfect settlement, and in peace, because the nation always retained its martial institutions. He therefore appointed chiefs over the countries, whose duty it was both to lead forth in war the troops which his province furnished to the field; and, since he could not be present in every place to administer justice and to settle disputes, he was obliged to multiply himself, that is, to cause himself to be represented in the different districts by authorities who there exercised, in his name, supreme judicial power. Thus he set Dukes over provinces—Margraves over the borders—Counts over the Counties—Centgrafs\* over the smaller districts, and so on; and these dignities were possessed like the landed properties in fee. They were as little hereditary as the fiefs, and like them the lord of the soil could transfer them from one to another at his pleasure. These dignities being held in fee, certain imposts also, such as fines, tolls, and the like, were surrendered as fiefs.

\* Equivalent to the bailiffs of Hundreds.



What the king did in his kingdom, the higher clergy did in their possessions. The possession of lands obliged them to military and knightly services which did not seem to accord with the dignity and purity of their calling; they were thus compelled to make over these duties to others, to whom they, in requital, gave up the enjoyment of certain lands, the fees of the judicial office, and other imposts, or in the language of the times, they were obliged to confer such in fee. The archbishop, bishop, or abbot, was in his district what the king was in the whole state. He had attorneys or stewards, bailiffs and vassals, tribunals and an exchequer; kings themselves accounted it not below their dignity to become feudal tenants of their bishops and prelates, and these have not neglected to make it pass for a mark of the preference due to the clergy over the laity. No wonder that the popes afterwards thought proper to honour him whom they nominated emperor with the name of their *steward*. If we always keep in view the double relation of the kings as barons and as liege lords of their kingdoms, these apparent contradictions will disappear.

The dukes, marquises, counts, whom the king set over the provinces as commanders and justiciaries, required a certain power in order to be equal to the external defence of their provinces, to enforce respect from the restless spirit of the Barons, to give effect to their decisions, and in the case of resistance to compel obedience with arms in their hands. But with the mere dignity no power was delegated—this the royal officer must have the means of acquiring for himself. These offices, therefore, became closed to all the less powerful freemen, and confined to a small number of the high Barons, who were rich enough in demesnes and could bring vassals enough into the field to maintain themselves of their own power. This was especially necessary in those countries where there existed a powerful and martial nobility, and was indispensable on the Borders. It became more necessary from one century to another as the decline of the royal authority induced anarchy, private wars raged, and impunity encouraged plunder; on this account the Clergy who were particularly exposed to these robberies, sought their patrons, stewards, and vassals among the powerful Barons. The high vassals of the Crown were thus also wealthy barons or proprietors, and already had their vassals under them whose arms stood at their bidding. They were at once feudal tenants of the crown and liege-lords of their undertenants; the former gave them a dependence, while the latter nourished in them an arbitrary spirit. Upon their domains they were absolute princes; and in respect of their fiefs their hands were tied; these descended from father to son, the other reverted upon their demise into the hands of the liege-lord. Such a contradictory relation could not long exist. The power-

fed crown-vassal soon manifested a desire to make his fief equal to freehold, in the one as in the other to be absolute, and to secure the one like the other to his successor. Instead of representing the king in the duchy or the county he would represent himself, and he had dangerous means at hand for the purpose. The very resources which he drew from his estates, that very martial array which he could muster forth from among his vassals, and by means of which he was in condition to be useful to the Crown in his office, made him a proportionately formidable and insecure instrument of it. If he possessed many demesnes in the country which he held in fief or wherein he discharged a judicial office—and from this very circumstance would it be intrusted to him in preference—then the greater part of the freemen who were settled in the provinces usually were in dependence upon him. Either they held their possessions of him in fief, or they had to respect in him a powerful neighbour who might be mischievous to them. As judge of their dissensions likewise he often had their prosperity in his hands, and as royal Stadtholder he could oppress or relieve them. If now the kings omitted to bring themselves to the remembrance of the people—under which name we must always understand the arm-bearing freemen and lower proprietors—by frequently traversing the counties and the exercise of their supreme judicial dignity, or were prevented doing so by foreign enterprises, then the high lords would in the end appear to the lower freemen the proximate hands from which their oppressions as well as their advantages came. Since generally in every system of subordination the most direct oppression is most vividly felt, so the higher noble would very soon gain an influence over the lower, which would speedily shuffle their whole force into his hands. If then it came to a struggle between the king and his vassal, the latter could reckon upon the support of the under-tenant much more than the former; and this would put him in condition to bid defiance to the Crown. It was now too late, and also too dangerous, to wrest from him or his heirs the fief which in case of necessity he could maintain with the united force of the canton. And thus the monarch must be contented, if a too powerful vassal did not grudge him even the shadow of supreme fiefal power, and condescended to receive investiture for a property which he had forcibly appropriated. What is here said of the crown vassal is equally applicable to the officers and fiefholders of the high clergy, who were so far in the same condition with the king, that powerful barons held in fee of them.

Thus, imperceptibly, effieffed dignities and territories transferred on feudal tenure, became hereditary possessions, and freeholders *de facto* arose from vassals, of which condition they now retained only the mere external show. Many fiefs and

dignities also became hereditary from this cause, that the reason which induced the fiefs to be conferred upon the father held good also to his son and descendants. If, for example, the German potentate invested a Saxon noble with the Dukedom of Saxony, because he was already rich in demesnes in this country, and therefore was especially qualified to defend it—this held good as to the son of this noble who inherited his demesnes; and if this was repeatedly observed, it became a prescriptive right which could never again be subverted, unless upon an extraordinary occasion and with irresistible means of compulsion. Later times, indeed, are not altogether without examples of such resumed fiefs, but historical writers mention them in a manner to let it be readily perceived that they are exceptions to the rule. It must further be kept in mind that these changes, more or less general, succeeded earlier or later in different countries. If the fiefs once degenerated into hereditary properties, it would quickly work a great difference in the relation of the sovereign with his nobility. As long as the sovereign resumed the vacant fief in order to bestow it anew of his free pleasure, the lower nobility would be the oftener reminded of the throne, and the bond which knitted them to their immediate liege lord would be less firmly tied, since the pleasure of the monarch and every demise again severed it. But so soon as it became a matter of course that the son should succeed the father in the fief also, the vassal knew that he laboured for his own successors, when he showed himself devoted to his immediate liege lord. Thus, as the hereditableness of the fiefs loosened the bond between the crown and the powerful vassal, that between the latter and his undertenants became the firmer united. The great fiefs at last were connected with the crown only through the person of the crown vassal, who often very long neglected to perform those services which his dignities rendered obligatory. X.

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THE SHADOW-SEEKER:

A Poem.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MUNDI ET CORDIS CARMINA."

I.

It was a theme for all the Villagers ;  
It turned their grave thoughts from their day-affairs,  
And mingled with their evening merriment ;  
And laughing talk among the gossips went,  
That a fair maid—to call a young man hers  
O' the coming morn—had dream'd of the grey hairs,  
All night, of that Old Man ; and that with sighs  
She sleeping had talk'd love of his most love-mild eyes.

## II.

It was the prime jest of the marriage-day ;  
 And the more jest, that she was serious,  
 And looked upon the bridegroom silently.  
 None knew whence came that Old Man quietly,  
 Nor why he came, to that green lane-side house ;  
 And with its folks made profitable stay :  
 But there he was ; and yet the churchyard waits  
 For some whose hands he shook ; and they are advocates,

## III.

Of all he said and did, as said and done  
 By a wise creature, far above themselves,  
 Inspired of God, a teacher and a priest !  
 Whilst the sun travelled to west from east,  
 He made rich profit of the glorious sun ;  
 And many an old book took from laden shelves,  
 And pored thereon ; and frequent spake aloud ;  
 And often on the page his placid forehead bow'd.

## IV.

But when o'er heaven dim the twilight came ;  
 And in the depths of night—with stars and moon,  
 Or with thick darkness and its muniments  
 Of cloud and storm—of varying elements  
 Clothed to the need ; he wander'd, to commune  
 With thoughts that hidden lay—as central flame  
 In a calm mount—'mid his soul's hush'd abysses ;  
 There crouch'd like panthers fierce in awful wildernesses.

## V.

Forth wandered he, as one most intimate  
 With all the lone ways of the country round,  
 Thro' fields by dense woods amphitheatred,  
 And thro' the woodway windings intricate,  
 And by clear pools in which was imaged  
 The gloom above, and runlets whose sweet sounds,  
 Tinkling, the Vast Silence did inhearse—  
 As doth one taper small Night's starless Universe.

## VI.

Upon the midway curvature of a hill,  
 Beside a public pathway, richly hidden  
 By lofty hedgerows and by trees encircled,  
 A cottage in the midst of shadows darkleth.  
 A spectre haunted there at midnight still.  
 And round it wander'd like a thing forbidden ;  
 And seem'd to flit about the garden ground ;  
 Or for long hours stood fix'd as in a trance profound.

VII.

A lonely Dweller there, who could not rest  
For thoughts that burn the heart up of the young,  
One calm night from an open window lean'd :  
Gazing upon a bush with glow-worms hung,  
I' the evening ere the denser dark survened,  
By her soft hand each fondled from its nest  
Of dewy green and there laid tenderly —  
Of little spirits of fire a radiant company !

VIII.

And thereon as she gazed, and smiled, and wept,  
As changed the shadows of her fantasy,  
A solemn voice, as from its midst ascending,  
Along the bosom of the silence swept ;  
Whose meanings, with her thoughts serenely blending,  
Fix'd her faint dreams with its reality ;  
And holy seem'd it as the speech that came  
Unto the man of God from Horeb's bush of flame.

IX.

" O, old-time Temple of that Spirit of Grace  
" Which made my youth a dream of loveliness !—"  
Thus spake the voice—" How deep, how deep in death  
" Is that which gave the life of all this place !  
" Which to the airs lent all their odorous breath ;  
" Without which trees and flowers were beautiless ;  
" And Outward Nature was a dull cloud cold,  
" With no empurpling sun to flush it manifold.

X.

" And, oh ! that warmth of comfort there within,  
" Where hearts made perfect grace of homeliness,  
" And all was eloquence, impregn'd of love ;  
" And that celestial fire had origin  
" Which now is dust below or spirit above ;  
" And is a passion still most fetterless  
" In this time-beaten frame—a shatter'd shrine,  
" Where love in ages past heap'd sacrifice divine !

XI.

" Ay ; ages ! ages !—vast ; incalculable ;  
" Which figures reach not that do number Time,  
" And Memory, the solemn faculty,  
" Cannot upreckon with its lore sublime !—  
" Worlds within worlds of Dreams that do compel  
" The shaped Soul from its Identity,  
" I live in ye a formless, boundless thing,  
" To which Appearance all is shadowy Vanishing.



## XII.

" O, that Definement should be now so vague,  
 " That of that Substance fine no spectral shade  
 " Can I again create, to solace sense  
 " With faintest outline of its excellence !  
 " The picturings which my youth-hot fancy made  
 " Of the rough Roman's world-entangling plague,  
 " In her swarth majesty voluptuous ;  
 " And of the fair brow'd Greek, as loving-ruinous ;

## XIII.

" And of all Women verse immortalised,  
 " That pain'd with their exceeding lovelinesses,  
 " Still in my soul maintain their first bright semblance—  
 " Eyed, lipp'd, and limb'd : but no defined resemblance,  
 " In human figurement and vestment guised,  
 " Haunts me of her ! Yet in her trickling tresses  
 " Have I been intertangled and encalm'd  
 " Sweetly upon her breast as dew on flowers embalm'd.

## XIV.

" O, Image ! whose dread loss to me is vast  
 " As to the High and Infinite Creator  
 " Were that of the Idea of his Creation,  
 " Blush forth again from that chaotic Matter  
 " Which masseth up my brain in desolation !  
 " Or, come thou, Death ! as doth a thunderblast  
 " Thorough dense-vapor'd Space ; scatter my Being,  
 " And drive essential Sight into its depths unseeing !"

## XV.

The voice was silent and the window closed ;  
 And on her pillow wondering and weeping  
 Lay all night long that lovely Cottager ;  
 A subtle passion-taught interpreter  
 Of that phantasmal speech. Nor then reposed  
 Her holy sense of awe, but aye kept sweeping  
 Over her soul, when in the village-ring  
 She heard of that Old Man by midnight wandering.

## PART II.

## I.

One pathway to that little Village curved  
 Across an ancient, triple-arched bridge,  
 Which overspann'd a tranquil river-course ;  
 And underneath whose centre stretch'd a ridge  
 Of moss'd and thickly-branching oak, that served  
 For way from bank to bank the stream across  
 To the two-natured creatures of the place,  
 And to the water clear was as an eyebrow's grace.

## II.

There seated, in a night of moonlight splendour ;  
When, in the pure embrace of Dian chaste,  
The Stars seem'd stricken with voluptuousness ;  
Two Villagers reclined, in commune tender,  
The holy spirit of the scene to taste  
Upon each other's lips, and there impress  
The fervour of its beauty's eloquence ;  
Redeeming dust from dust—making a soul of sense.

## III.

" Ah, Dear !" said one, with gentlest blandishment,  
Whose gentler answer was a soul-warm sigh ;  
" O, God !" said one unseen, whose solemn voice  
Deep-quiver'd with emotion violent :  
" Ah, Dear !" came from Love's heart, and did rejoice  
With perfect sense of present ecstasy ;  
" O, God !" an utterance was from Love's dim tomb,  
And drown'd it as a lute an organ's thunderboom.

## IV.

" O, God ! at last I've dared to wander hither ;  
" To stand above this scene of all the Past !—  
" Of all my Past—of all The Past !—all ! all !  
" O, Grace ! whose glories ever dimly wither,  
" Tranced Contemplation, pallid thing aghast !  
" Thus picturing thee, with sense equivocal,  
" To thee referreth and in thee involveth  
" All the Soul's thought of Time, and to a point resolveth !

## V.

" O, Image ! rise from thine unfathom'd grave !  
" Thy little feet were on this shining ground ;  
" Thy small hands touch'd this pontal parapet ;  
" Thy words and sighs did with these sweet airs sound,  
" And in them richly did thy ringlets wave ;  
" And thy clear eyes were in this glory set,  
" The central light of all its ornament,  
" And to and fro thy soul thro' all its spirit went.

## VI.

" Fresh flowers ! sweet images of those that were ;  
" Their fair reflections in the glass of Time :  
" Green leaves ! bright shadows of that radiant life  
" Which your precursors on these trees did bear :  
" They with her beauty seem'd inspired and rife ;  
" And why not ye ? Ye wear the show sublime  
" Of dead magnificence ; but reflect none  
" Comes to these eyes of her—all shades to paragon !

## VII.

"Or, image of an image! gentle Water,  
 "Give back again her flush'd face to my gazing  
 'Dimpling o'er quivering dimples; trickling, shining,  
 "Over a visage lit by tears and laughter:  
 "Show me those lips again, to my lips raising  
 "Their pressure-seeking sweetness! and thy pining,  
 'Low-murmuring sound, oh! let again be broken  
 "By those delight-born words, which sigh'd as zephyr-spoken!"

## VIII.

And as the Old Man spake, the gentle water  
 Gave back again a flush'd face to his gazing;  
 Dimpling o'er quivering dimples; trickling, shining  
 Over a visage lit by tears and laughter;  
 And show'd him fervent lips, to warm lips raising  
 Their pressure-seeking sweetness; and its pining,  
 Low-murmuring sound again, again was broken  
 By those delight-born words, which sigh'd as zephyr-spoken!

## IX.

For, as the Old Man spake, that gentle pair  
 From fear were moved by his eloquence,  
 And hearken'd as to music do the birds;  
 Gathering from sympathy fond confidence,  
 And prompted to dear action by dear words:  
 And as he raved of kisses to the air,  
 They kiss'd indeed; and o'er the water turning  
 In bliss, show'd all that shadow to his vision yearning.

## X.

Long quiet follow'd ere those lovers quitted  
 Their covert of night-hallow'd privacy:  
 Then, as they trod the green banks of the river,  
 And far among its bordering willows flitted,  
 They saw that Old Man bending fixedly  
 Over the stream, and heard his accents quiver  
 Into the heart o' the silence; till, at last,  
 Seem'd it his quailing form into the void air past.

## XI.

And no strong villager, at day-dawn wending  
 His way afield, ere again met, returning  
 To the lane-cottage, that serene Old Man;  
 For whose bland greetings he right oft began  
 His toil with lighter heart: no more, discerning  
 His reverend tresses with the grey light blending  
 Afar across the meadows, did glad lass  
 To greet him, happier trip over the odorous grass.

XII.

No more ; no more ; he was beheld no more ;  
But as he came, departed ; why, or where,  
None knew : and vainly of two messengers  
Who bore away his books of antique lore,  
Of their Old Guest the anxious Cottagers  
Sought after-tidings—they would none declare :  
And in that Village still his memory  
Is link'd with dreamy tales of awe-struck phantasy.

XIII.

'Tis said, a Volume in the world is hidden  
Which bears the impress of that Old Man's mind,  
And which in aftertime may be unveil'd ;  
And in its dealings with high things forbidden,  
At whose mere name the human blood hath paled,  
Be as a guiding hand to lead the blind.  
The only eye which yet hath glanced at it,  
Saw these thought-fixing strains in the deep Volume writ :—

XIV.

“ O, that no Substance were ! 'Tis agony  
“ When thus our thoughts go underground and see  
“ Our poor friends there ! The unappliant starkness ;  
“ The dismal silence, and the utter darkness ;  
“ The vacant palace of the regal eye,  
“ And limb and feature whose dear colours be,  
“ And form, all quench'd and crush'd !—The demon, Fancy,  
“ In commune with the Dead, works hideous necromancy ;

XV.

“ And conjures up great woe, and infinite terror ;  
“ And awful loathing of the flesh we bear,  
“ Dark'ning the sunlight of the spirit sublime  
“ And rived but by its lightning !—Glorious Mirror !  
“ Where Shadow of that Substance is the mime ;  
“ Thine is an Universe of less despair  
“ Than this so terrible Vast which men call Real,  
“ When with their ignorant mocks they scoff the Pure Ideal.

XVI.

“ In thee there are dread deaths ; but thy dim graves  
“ Are void, and with no loathsome wrecks of glory :  
“ And flittings back to us, and resurrections,  
“ Come from thine awful depths ; tho' transitory,  
“ Imbued with grace eternal, and reflections  
“ Of living light !—O, Substance ! all thy slaves,  
“ That mock us with ephemeral presences,  
“ Would be as nothing, in their vain degrees,  
“ But for their soul-impress'd, indelible Images !”

## INKLINGS OF ADVENTURE.\*

WE were prepared to expect a delightful book from an author who declares himself to have "a passion for human faces," an intense love of beauty, and a "reckless love of adventure." To those who have acquired the habit of making a rapid observation of every countenance they see, and whose practice in that most interesting study has been eventually brought to a precision which enables them to form, in most instances, a pretty accurate estimate of general character, the acquirement of knowledge must be very considerable in travelling, as the interest to the reader of such travels must be greatly enhanced. To the passion for beauty in a writer, we shall also refer our anticipations of poetical description, and from any announcement savouring of a love of adventure in one who has visited countries of "romantic aptitudes," our imaginations are naturally excited in no ordinary degree. In the state of mind induced by all these "foregone conclusions," it would have been no wonder if the result had greatly disappointed us. It is only justice to the author of this most amusing work, to say, that he has quite realized all our expectations. We think a few selections from his capital sketches of character, adventure, and scenery, will speedily give the reader a favourable idea of the interest which we have found continuous throughout these volumes.

Forbearance Smith, commonly called *Job* Smith, is a fine sketch of a noble specimen of humanity. Accompanying the author under his assumed name of Philip Slingsby through most of his adventures, his character is sustained throughout, never failing in its grand simplicity. But Mr. Slingsby shall introduce him :—

"He was a Vermontese, a descendant of one of the puritan pilgrims, and the first of his family who had left the Green Mountains since the flight of the regicides to America. We assimilate to what we live among, and Forbearance was very *green* and very like a *mountain*. He had a general resemblance to one of Thorwaldsen's unfinished apostles—larger than life, and just hewn into outline. My acquaintance with him commenced during my first year at the university. He stalked into my room one morning with a hair trunk on his back, and handed me the following note from the tutor :—

"Sir—The faculty have decided to impose upon you the fine of ten dollars and damages, for painting the President's horse on Sabbath night, while grazing on the College Green. They, moreover, have removed Freshman Wilding from your rooms, and appoint as your

\* *Inklings of Adventure*, by the Author of *Pencillings by the Way*. 3 Vols. Saunders and Otley, 1836.



future chum the studious and exemplary bearer, Forbearance Smith, to whom you are desired to show a becoming respect.

Your obedient servant,

ERASMUS SNUFFLEGREEK.

“Rather relieved by my lenient sentence, (for till the next shedding of his well-saturated coat, the sky-blue body, and red mane and tail of the President’s once gray mare would interfere with that esteemed animal’s usefulness,) I received Mr. Smith with more politeness than he expected. He deposited his hair trunk in the vacant bed-room, remarked with a good-humoured smile, that it was a cold morning, and seating himself in my easiest chair, opened his Euclid, and went to work upon a problem, as perfectly at home as if he had furnished the room himself, and lived in it from his matriculation. I had expected some preparatory apology at least, and was a little annoyed; but being upon my good behaviour, I bit my lips and resumed the “Art of Love,” upon which I was just then practising my nascent latinity, instead of calculating logarithms for recitation. In about an hour, my new chum suddenly vociferated ‘*Eureka!*’ shut up his book, and having stretched himself, (a very unnecessary operation) coolly walked to my dressing-table, selected my best hair-brush, redolent of Macassar, and used it with the greatest apparent satisfaction.

“‘Have you done with that hair-brush?’ I asked, as he laid it in its place again.

“‘Oh yes!’

“‘Then, perhaps, you will do me the favour to throw it out of the window.’

“He did it without the slightest hesitation. He then resumed his seat by the fire, and I went on with my book in silence. Twenty minutes had elapsed, perhaps, when he rose very deliberately, and, without a word of preparation, gave me a cuff that sent me flying into the wood-basket in the corner behind me. As soon as I could pick myself out, I flew upon him; but I might as well have grappled with a boa-constrictor. He held me off at arm’s length till I was quite exhausted with rage, and, at last, when I could struggle no more, I found breath to ask him what the devil he meant?

“‘To resent what seemed to me, on reflection, to be an insult;’ he answered, in the calmest tone, ‘and now to ask your pardon for a fault of ignorance. The first was due to myself, the second to you.’

“Thenceforth, to the surprise of everybody, and Bob Wilding and the tutor, we were inseparable.”—vol. i. p. 168.

An adventure at Niagara will make our readers still better acquainted with Job Smith.

“It is necessary to a reputation for prowess in the United States to have been behind the sheet of the fall (supposing you to have been to Niagara.) This achievement is equivalent to a hundred shower-baths, one severe cold, and being drowned twice—but most people do it.”—vol. i. p. 65.

The two friends performed the exploit in company with the lovely Miss——

"One of those miracles of nature, that occur perhaps once in the rise and fall of an empire—a woman of the perfect beauty of an angel with the most winning human sweetness of character and manner. She was kind, playful, unaffected, and radiantly, gloriously beautiful. I am sorry I may not mention her name, for in more chivalrous times she would have been a character of history. Every body who has been in America, however, will know whom I am describing, and I am sorry for those who have not.

" \* \* \* We descended to the bottom of the precipice, at the side of the fall, where we found a small house, furnished with coarse linen dresses for the purpose, and having arranged ourselves in habiliments not particularly improving to our natural beauty, we re-appeared—only three out of a party of ten having had the courage to trust their attractions to such a trial. Miss —— looked like a fairy in disguise, and Job like the most ghostly and diabolical monster that ever stalked unsepulchred abroad. He would frighten a child in his best black suit—but with a pair of wet linen trowsers scarce reaching to his knees, a jacket with sleeves shrunk to the elbows, and a white cap, he was something supernaturally awful. The guide hesitated about going under the fall with him."—vol. i. p. 65.

We do not stop to quote any description of the "lofty and well lighted hall," with "its transparent curtain of shifting water." We are thinking of Job Smith.

"I was screwing up my courage for the return, when the guide seized me by the shoulder. I looked around, and what was my horror to see Miss —— standing far in behind the sheet upon the last visible point of rock, with the water pouring over her in torrents, and a gulf of foam between us, which I could in no way understand how she had passed over.

"She seemed frightened and pale, and the guide explained to me by signs, (for I could not distinguish a syllable through the roar of the cataract,) that she had walked over a narrow ledge, which had broken with her weight. A long fresh mark upon the rock at the foot of the precipitous wall, made it sufficiently evident; her position was most alarming.

"I made a sign to her to look well to her feet; for the little island on which she stood was green with slime and scarce larger than a hat, and an abyss of full six feet wide, foaming and unfathomable, raged between it and the nearest foothold. What was to be done? Had we a plank, even, there was no possible hold for the further extremity and the shape of the rock was so conical, that its slippery surface evidently would not hold a rope for a moment. To jump to her, even if it were possible would endanger her life, and while I was smiling and encouraging the beautiful creature, as she stood trembling and pale on her dangerous foothold, I felt my very heart sink within me.

"The despairing guide said something which I could not hear, and disappeared through the watery wall, and I fixed my eyes upon the lovely form, standing like a spirit in the misty shroud of the spray, as if the intensity of my gaze could sustain her upon her dangerous foothold. I would have given ten years of my life at that moment to have clasped her hand in mine.

"I had scarce thought of Job until I felt him trying to pass behind me: His hand was trembling as he laid it on my shoulder to steady his steps; but there was something in his ill-hewn features that shot an undefinable ray of hope through my mind. His sandy hair was plastered over his forehead, and his scant dress clung to him like a skin; but though I recall his image *now* with a smile, I looked upon him with a feeling far enough from amusement *then*. God bless thee my dear Job! wherever in this unfit world thy fine spirit may be fulfilling its destiny!

"He crept down carefully to the edge of the foaming abyss, till he stood with the breaking bubbles at his knees. I was at a loss to know what he intended. She surely would not dare to attempt a jump to his arms from that slippery rock, and to reach her in any way seemed impossible.

Mr. Willis is a capital hand at "working up an interest." He does this, at times, in a style that renders it difficult to keep one's seat. The following situation is of fearful and romantic excitement:—

"The next instant he threw himself forward, and while I covered my eyes in horror, with the flashing conviction that he had gone mad and flung himself into the hopeless whirlpool to reach her, she had crossed the awful gulf, and lay trembling and exhausted at my feet! He had thrown himself over the chasm, caught the rock barely with the extremities of his fingers, and with certain death if he missed his hold or slipped from his uncertain tenure, had sustained her with supernatural strength as she walked over his body.

"The guide providentially returned with a rope at the same instant and fastening it around one of his feet, we dragged him back through the whirlpool, and after a moment or two to recover from the suffocating immersion, he fell on his knees, and we joined him, I doubt not devoutly, in his inaudible thanks to God.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We had fairly 'done' Niagara. We had seen it by sunrise, sunset, moonlight; from top and bottom, fasting and full, alone and together. We had learned by heart every green path on the island of perpetual dew, which is set like an imperial emerald on its front, (a poetical idea of my own much admired by Job,) we had been grave, gay, tender, and sublime in its mighty neighbourhood, we had become so accustomed to the bass of its broad thunder, that it seemed to us like a natural property in the air, and we were unconscious of it for hours; our voices had become so tuned to its key, and our thoughts so tinged by its grand and perpetual anthem, that I almost doubted if the air beyond the reach of its vibrations would not agonize us with its unnatural silence, and the common features of the world seem of an unutterable and frivolous littleness.

"We were eating our last breakfast there, in tender melancholy; mine for the falls, and Job's for the falls, and Miss——, to whom I had half a suspicion he had made a declaration.

"'Job!' said I.

"He looked up from his egg.

"'My dear Job!'

“ ‘Don’t allude to it, my dear chum,’ said he, dropping his spoon, and rushing to the window to hide his agitation. It was quite clear.

“I could scarce restrain a smile. Psyche in the embrace of a respectable giraffe would be the first thought in any body’s mind who should see them together. And yet why should he not woo her—and win her too? He had saved her life in the extremest peril, at the most extreme hazard of his own; he had a heart as high and worthy, and as capable of an undying worship of her as she would find in a wilderness of lovers; he felt like a graceful man, and acted like a brave one, and was *sans peur et sans reproche*, and why should he not love like other men? My dear Job! I fear thou wilt go down to thy grave and but one woman in this wide world will have loved thee—thy mother! Thou art the soul of a *preux chevalier* in the body of some worthy grave-digger, who is strutting about the world, perhaps, in thy more proper carcass. These angels are so o’er-hasty in pucking!”—vol. i. p. 65.

The last remark is one of those eccentricities of imaginative genius which we usually find in the finest minds, though the scarcity or frequency of the manifestation will vary with the individual.

There is a story of an Indian girl so much in keeping with this, that we must extract it. It follows almost immediately after it in the description of the passage down Lake Ontario in the steam-boat which was crowded with part of an Irish regiment returning to the “*ould* country,” wives, children and all, after their nine years’ service in the three Canadian Stations.

“I stepped forward, and was not a little surprised to see standing against the railing on the larboard bow, the motionless figure of an Indian girl of sixteen. Her dark eye was fixed on the line of the horizon we were leaving behind, her arms were folded on her bosom, and she seemed not even to breathe. A common shawl was wrapped carelessly around her, and another glance betrayed to me that she was in a situation soon to become a mother. Her feet were protected by a pair of once gaudy but now shabby and torn moccasins singularly small; her hands were of a delicate thinness unusual to her race, and her hollow cheeks, and forehead marked with an expression of pain, told all I could have prophesied of the history of a white man’s tender mercies. I approached very near quite unperceived. A small burning spot was just perceptible in the centre of her dark cheek, and as I looked at her stedfastly, I could see a working of the muscles of her dusky brow, which betrayed, in one of a race so trained to stony calmness, an unusual fever of feeling. I looked around for the place in which she must have slept. A mantle of wampum-work folded across a heap of confused baggage, partly occupied as a pillow by a brutal-looking and sleeping soldier, told at once the main part of her story. I felt for her from my soul!

“ ‘You can hear the great waterfall no more,’ I said, touching her arm.

“ ‘I hear it when I think of it,’ she replied, turning her eyes upon

me as slowly, and with as little surprise as if I had been talking to her an hour.

"I pointed to the sleeping soldier. 'Are you going with him to his country?'"

"'Yes.'"

"'Are you his wife?'"

"'My father gave me to him.'"

"'Has he sworn before the priest in the name of the Great Spirit to be your husband?'"

"'No.' She looked intently into my eyes as she answered, as if she tried in vain to read my meaning.

"'Is he kind to you.'"

"She smiled bitterly.

"'Why then did you follow him?'"

"Her eyes dropped upon the burden she bore at her heart. The answer could not have been clearer if written with a sunbeam." I said a few words of kindness, and left her to turn over in my mind how I could best interfere for her happiness.

"On the third evening we had entered upon the St. Lawrence, and were winding cautiously into the channel of the thousand isles. I think there is not, within the knowledge of the 'all beholding sun,' a spot so singularly and exquisitely beautiful. Between the Mississippi and the Cimmerian Bosphorus, I *know* there is not, for I have pic-nic'd from the Symplegades westward. The thousand isles of the St. Lawrence are as imprinted on my mind as the stars of heaven. I could forget them as soon.

"The river is here as wide as a lake, while the channel just permits the passage of a steamer. The islands, more than a thousand in number, are a singular formation of flat, rectangular rock, split, as it were, by regular mathematical fissures, and overflowed nearly to the tops which are loaded with a most luxuriant vegetation. The water is deep enough to float a large steamer directly at the edge, and an active deer would leap across from one to the other in any direction. What is very singular, these little rocky platforms are covered with a rich loam, and carpeted with moss and flowers, while immense trees take root in the cliffs, and interlace their branches with those of the neighbouring islets, shadowing the waters with the unsunned dimness of the wilderness. It is a very odd thing to glide through in a steamer. The luxuriant leaves sweep the deck, and the black funnel parts the drooping spray, as it keeps its way, and you may pluck the blossoms of the acacia, or the rich chestnut flowers, sitting on the taffrail, and, really a magic passage in a witch's steamer, beneath the tree tops of an untrodden forest, could not be more novel and startling. Then the solitude and silence of the dim and still waters are continually broken by the plunge and leap of the wild deer springing or swimming from one island to another, and the swift and shadowy canoe of the Indian glides out from some unseen channel, and with a single stroke of his broad paddle he vanishes, and is lost again, even to the ear. If the beauty-sick and nature-searching spirit of Keats is abroad in the world, 'my basnet to a prentice-cap' he passes his summers amid the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence!

It is a pleasant thing to find the name of Keats associated

with the rich beauty of American scenery. At present there is a majority here, in favour of Kirk White, whose verse in comparison with the poetry of Keats, is very like the "poorest stuff" of our own suburban scenery. But Kirk White was orthodox, and beloved of Dr. Southey!

"We had dined on the quarter deck, and were sitting over the Colonel's wine, pulling the elm-leaves from the branches as they swept saucily over the table, and listening to the band, who were playing waltzes that probably ended in the confirmed insanity of every wild heron and red deer that happened that afternoon to come within ear shot of the good steamer Queenston. The paddles began to slacken in their spattering, and the boat came to, at the sharp side of one of the largest of the shadowy islands. We were to stop an hour or two and take in wood.

"Every body was soon ashore for a ramble, leaving only the Colonel, who was a cripple from a score of Waterloo tokens, and your servant, reader, who had something on his mind.

"Colonel! will you oblige me by sending for Mahoney? Steward! call me that Indian girl, sitting with her head on her knees in the boat's bow."

They stood before us.

"How is this?" exclaimed the Colonel; "Good God! these Irishmen! Well Sir! what do you intend to do with this girl, now that you have ruined her?"

"Mahoney looked at her out of a corner of his eye with a libertine contempt that made my blood boil. The girl watched for his answer with an intense but calm gaze into his face, that if he had had a soul would have killed him. Her lips were set firmly but not fiercely together, and as the private stood looking from one side to the other, unable or unwilling to answer, she suppressed a rising emotion in her throat and turned her look on the commanding officer with a proud coldness that would have become Medea.

"Mahoney! said the Colonel sternly, 'Will you marry this poor girl?'

"Never, I hope, your honour!"

"The wasted and noble creature raised her burdened form to its fullest height, and with an inaudible murmur bursting from her lips, walked back to the bow of the vessel. The Colonel pursued his conversation with Mahoney, and the obstinate brute was still refusing the only reparation he could make the poor Indian, when she suddenly reappeared. The shawl was no longer round her shoulders. A coarse blanket was bound below her breast with a belt of wampum, leaving her fine bust entirely bare, her small feet trod the deck with the elasticity of a leopard about to leap on his prey, and her dark heavily fringed eyes glared like coals of fire. She seized the Colonel's hand, and imprinted a kiss upon it, another upon mine, and without a look at the father of her child, dived with a single leap over the gangway. She rose directly in the clear water, swam with powerful strokes to one of the most distant islands, and turning once more to wave her hand as she stood on the shore, strode on and was lost in the tangles of the forest."—vol. i. p. 91.



This is finely told ; and how grandly the Indian girl's decision stands out in opposition to that of the Colonel ! To repair the wrongs and heal the wounds of a woman deceived where she had trusted, and outraged where she had loved, by making her the subject of a ceremony which ties her for life to the man who has so deceived and outraged her, and gives him a right (by way of reparation !) to tyrannise and oppress her as long as she lives, is a device of what is called refinement and civilization—a part of the morality by custom established. The child of nature knew nothing of all this ; she felt she was no longer loved—she perceived she was rejected—and without a moment's hesitation, she returned to her vast desert.

In quoting the very beautiful description of the “Thousand Isles” we have purposely omitted one or two sentences which shock the taste and destroy for a moment the pleasure of reading it. How is it that one who can so appreciate and so describe, should, just as he has placed us in imagination among the green and drooping sprays, on the dim and shadowy waters, in the cool fragrant air and called on the spirit of Keats to be present with us—break out into such an apostrophe as this—“I would we were there with our tea-things, sweet Rosa Matilda !” Exactly in the same vexatious stile is his comparison of the distant Hudson, winding through vale and mountain in a prospect of forty or fifty miles, to “a half-hid satin ribbon lost as if in clumps of moss.” We remember instances of the same kind in “Pencillings by the Way,” as when Loch Lomond, glowing under the setting sun, reminds him of a sheet of leaf-gold with fishes bobbing about under it.—We admit the degree of graphic truth in these illustrations ; but such associations are the “art of sinking in poetry,” and tend to reduce nature to a pretty toy or fairing for good little boys and girls. They are frequently presented in Mr. Willis's neatest hand-writing, mixed with beauties of no ordinary stamp.

Equally incomprehensible is it, that the same hand which portrayed Job Smith, should so frequently and so carefully be the medium of telling us, that Philip Slingsby, Esquire, was “at all the expence of his travels from the Green Mountains,” that “it was *he* who fitted him out,” &c. We are quite sure that if Job had ever heard him say so, he would (after considering for twenty minutes, or it may be it would have taken him an hour,) have gone home immediately and contrived some means of paying back both principal and interest. Perhaps these inequalities arise partly from an assumed flippancy of manner, a love of startling transition, and wide digression, in imitation of Sterne. Mr. Willis ought not to descend to imitation ; he has too much original power. He loves nature, and reads the human heart. Here are inexhaustible

materials, and he never fails when he draws exclusively upon them.

There is considerable humour as well as beauty and pathos in these volumes. The adventure of the stage coach where Mr. Slingsby met with "Mrs. Captain Thompson" is a good specimen. He left Saratoga Springs on the "hot, dusty, and faint" last day of August, the thermometer at 100° of Fahrenheit, inside the "Dilly" carrying nine passengers on three seats, and not being intended for outside passengers, having a thin porous black top which "just suffices to collect the sun's rays with an incredible power and sultriness, and exclude the air that makes it sufferable to the beasts of the field." Of the nine places in this "accommodation" as he says "it is sometimes bitterly called," he filled the very centre, "with no support for his back, and buried to the chin in men, women, and children, at the ninth and lowest degree of human suffering."

"I was dressed in a white roundabout and trowsers of the same, a straw hat, thread stockings, and pumps, and was so far a blessing to my neighbours that I *looked* cool. Directly behind me, occupying the middle of the back seat, sat a young woman with a *gratis* passenger in her lap (who of course did not count among the nine,) in the shape of a fat, and a very hot child of three years of age, whom she called John, Jackey, Johnny, Jocket, Jacket, and the other endearing diminutives of the namesakes of the great apostle. Like the saint who had been selected for his patron, he was a 'voice crying in the wilderness.' This little gentleman was exceedingly unpopular with his two neighbours at the windows, and his incursions upon their legs and shoulders in his occasional forage for fresh air, ended in his being forbidden to look out at either window, and plied largely with gingerbread to content him with the warm lap of his mother. Though I had no eyes in the back of my straw hat, I conceived very well the state in which a compost of soft gingerbread, tears, and perspiration would soon leave the two unscrupulous hands behind me, and as the jolts of the coach frequently threw me back upon the knees of his mother, I could not consistently complain of the familiar use made of my roundabout and shoulders in Master John's constant changes of position. I vowed my jacket to the first river, the moment I could make sure that the soft gingerbread was exhausted—but I kept my temper.

Mr. Slingsby travelled thirty miles in this enviable position, and then as he was going eastward by another coach, having changed his bedaubed jacket for a clean one, eaten a salad for his dinner, and drank a bottle of iced claret, he freely forgave little Pickle for his freedoms, hoping never to set eyes on him again during his natural life.

"I got up the steps of the coach with as much alacrity as the state of the thermometer would permit, and was about drawing my legs after me upon the forward seat, when a clammy hand caught me

unceremoniously by the shirt-collar, and the voice I was just beginning to forget cried out, with a chuckle, 'dada!'

"'Madam!' I said, picking off the gingerbread from my shirt as the coach rolled down the street, 'I had hoped that your infernal child—'

"I stopped in the middle of the sentence, for a pair of large blue eyes were looking wonderingly into mine, and for the first time I observed that the mother of this familiar nuisance was one of the prettiest women I had seen since I became susceptible to the charms of the sex.

"'Are you going to Boston, sir?' she inquired, with a half-timid smile, as if, in that case, she appealed to me for my protection on the road."

Mr. Slingsby now began to regard Jocket with considerably more toleration, and having contrived to throw the residuum of his gingerbread out of the window, and accidentally to drop the young gentleman himself into the horse trough at one of the stopping places, they all "bowled along pleasantly enough," the pretty mamma so far letting him into her history by the way as to tell him she was hastening to meet her husband, Captain Thompson, and to show him the pledge of their affections, come into the world since his ship, the good brig Dolly, made her last clearance from Boston Bay.

"It was twelve o'clock at night when the coach rattled in upon the pavements of Boston. Mrs. Thompson had expressed so much impatience during the last few miles, and seemed to shrink so sensitively from being left to herself in a strange city, that I offered my services till she should find herself in better hands, and, as a briefer way of disposing of her, had bribed the coachman who was in a hurry with the mail, to turn a little out of his way, and leave her at her husband's hotel.

"We drew up with a prodigious clatter, accordingly, at the Marlborough Hotel, where, no coach being expected, the boots and bar-keeper were not immediately forthcoming. After a rap 'to wake the dead,' I set about assisting the impatient driver in getting off the lady's trunks and boxes, and they stood in a large pyramid on the side-walk when the door was opened. A man in his shirt, three parts asleep, held a flaring candle over his head, and looked through the half-opened door.

"'Is Captain Thompson up?' I asked rather brusquely, irritated at the sour visage of the bar-keeper.

"'Captain Thompson, Sir?'

"'Captain Thompson, Sir!' I repeated my words with a voice that sent him three paces back into the hall.

"'No, Sir,' he said at last, slipping one leg into his trousers, which had hitherto been under his arm.

"'Then wake him immediately, and tell him Mrs. Thompson is arrived.' Here's a husband, thought I, as I heard something between a sob and a complaint issue from the coach window at the bar-keeper's intelligence. To go to bed when he expected his wife and child, and after a three years' separation?

"Have you called the captain?" I asked, as I set master John upon the steps, and observed the man still standing with the candle in his hand and grinning from ear to ear.

"No, Sir," said the man.

"No!" I thundered, "and what in the devil's name is the reason?"

"Boots!" he cried out, in reply, "show this gentleman 'forty-one.' Them may wake Captain Thompson as likes! I never heard of no Mrs. Thompson!"

Rejecting an ungenerous suspicion that flashed across my mind, and informing the bar-keeper *en passant*, that he was a brute and a donkey, I sprang up the stair-case after the boy, and quite out of breath, arrived at a long gallery of bachelors' rooms on the fifth floor. The boy pointed to a door at the end of the gallery, and retreated to the bannisters as if to escape the blowing up of a petard.

"Rat-a-tat-tat!"

"Come in!" thundered a voice like a hailing trumpet.

Here follows one of the author's pictures, which may be considered a fair specimen of his power of mixing the ideal grotesque with the perfectly natural. His colours are laid on coarsely, but with Flemish effect.

"I took the lamp from the boy, and opened the door. On a narrow bed, well tucked up, lay a most formidable-looking individual, with a face glowing with carbuncles, a pair of deep-set eyes inflamed and fiery, and hair and eyebrows of glaring red, mixed slightly with grey, while outside the bed lay a hairy arm, with a fist like the end of the club of Hercules. His head was tied loosely in a black silk handkerchief, and on the light-stand stood a tumbler of brandy and water.

"What do you want?" he thundered again, as I stepped over the threshold and lifted my hat, struck speechless for a moment with this unexpected apparition.

"Have I the pleasure," I asked in a hesitating voice, "to address Captain Thompson?"

"That's my name!"

"Ah! then, captain, I have the pleasure to inform you that Mrs. Thompson and little John are arrived. They are at the door at this moment."

A change in the expression of Captain Thompson's face checked my information in the middle, and as I took a step backward, he raised himself on his elbow, and looked at me in a way that did not diminish my embarrassment.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Milk-and-water," said he, with an emphasis on every word like the descent of a sledge-hammer, "if you're not out of this room in two seconds with your 'Mrs. Thompson and little John,' I'll slam you through that window, or the devil take me!"

I reflected as I took another step backward, that if I were thrown down to Mrs. Thompson from a fifth story window, I should not be in a state to render her the assistance she required; and remarking with an ill-feigned gaiety to Captain Thompson, that so decided a measure would not be necessary, I backed expeditiously over the threshold. As I was closing his door, I heard the gulp of his brandy-and-water, and the next instant the empty glass whizzed past my retreating head, and was shattered to pieces on the wall behind me.

"I gave the boots a cuff for an untimely roar of laughter as I reached the stair-case, and descended, very much discomfited and embarrassed to Mrs. Thompson. \* \* \* What to do? \* \* \* The coachman began to swear and make demonstrations of leaving us in the street, and it was necessary to decide.

"Shove the baggage inside the coach," I said at last," and drive on. Don't be unhappy Mrs. Thompson! Jocket, stop crying, you villain! I'll see that you are comfortably disposed for the night where the coach stops, Madam, and to-morrow I'll try a little reason with Captain Thompson."

The progress of the story is humourously managed, and the *dénouement* is a broad farce.

We pulled up with a noise like the discharge of a load of paving stones, and I was about saying something both affectionate and consolatory to my weeping charge, when a tall, handsome fellow, with a face as brown as a berry, sprang to the coach door and seized her in his arms! A shower of kisses and tender epithets left me not a moment in doubt. There was *another Captain Thompson!*

"He had not been able to get rooms at the Marlborough, as he had anticipated when he wrote, and presuming that the mail would come first to the Post Office, he had waited for her there.

"As I was passing the Marlborough a week or two afterwards, I stopped to enquire about Captain Thompson. I found he was an old West India Captain, who had lived there between his cruises for twenty years, more or less, and had generally been supposed a bachelor. He had suddenly gone to sea, the landlord told me, smiling at the same time, as if thereby hung a tale if he chose to tell it.

"The fact is,' said Boniface, when I pushed him a little on the subject, 'he was *skeared off*.'

"What scared him?' I asked very innocently.

"A wife and child from some foreign port!' he answered, laughing as if he would burst his waistband, and taking me into the back parlour to tell me the particulars."—vol. iii. p. 88.

There are three tales called "Scenes of Fear," quite in a different style to any we have quoted, but equally well told. An extract from one of them may be taken as a sample.

"It was, as I was saying, a night of wonderful beauty. I was watching a corpse. In that part of the United States the dead are never left alone till the earth is thrown upon them, and as a friend of the family, I had been called upon for this melancholy service on the night preceding the interment. It was a death which had left a family of broken hearts; for, beneath the sheet which sank so appallingly to the outline of a human form, lay a wreck of beauty and sweetness, whose loss seemed to the survivors to have darkened the face of the earth. The etherial and touching loveliness of that dying girl, whom I had known only a hopeless victim of consumption, springs up in my memory even yet, and mingles with every conception of female beauty

"Two ladies, friends of the deceased were to share my vigils. I knew them but slightly, and having read them to sleep an hour after midnight, I performed my half-hourly duty of entering the room



where the corpse lay, to look after the lights, and then strolled into the garden to enjoy the quiet of the summer night. The flowers were glittering in their pearl drops, and the air was breathless.

"The sight of the long-sheeted corpse, the sudden flare of lights, as the long snuffs were removed from the candles, the stillness of the close shuttered room, and my own predisposition to invest death with a supernatural interest, had raised my heart to my throat. I walked backwards and forwards in the garden-path; and the black shadows beneath the lilacs, and even the glittering of the glow-worms within them, seemed weird and fearful.

"The clock struck, and I re-entered. My companions still slept, and I passed on to the inner chamber. I trimmed the lights, and stood and looked at the white heap lying so fearfully still within the shadow of the curtains; and my blood seemed to freeze. At the moment when I was turning away with a strong effort at a more composed feeling, a noise like a flutter of wings, followed by a rush and a sudden silence, struck on my startled ear. The street was as quiet as death, and the noise which was far too audible to be a deception of the fancy, had come from the side toward an uninhabited wing of the house—my heart stood still. Another instant, and the fire-screen was dashed down, and a *white cat* rushed past me, and with the speed of light sprang like a hyena upon the corpse. The flight of a vampyre into the chamber would not have more curdled my veins. A convulsive shudder ran cold over me, but, recovering my self-command, I rushed to the animal, (of whose horrible appetite for the flesh of the dead I had read incredulously) and attempted to tear her from the body. With her claws fixed in the breast, and a *yowl* like the wail of an infernal spirit, she crouched fearlessly upon it, and the stains already upon the sheet convinced me that it would be impossible to remove her without shockingly disfiguring the corpse. I seized her by the throat in the hope of choking her, but with the first pressure of my fingers she flew into my face, and the infuriated animal seemed persuaded that it was a contest for life. Half-blinded by the fury of her attack, I loosed her for a moment, and she immediately leaped again upon the corpse, and had covered her feet and face with blood before I could recover my hold upon her. The body was no longer in a situation to be spared, and I seized her with a desperate grasp to draw her off; but, to my horror, the half-covered and bloody corpse rose upright in her fangs, and, while I paused in fear, sat with drooping arms, and head fallen with ghastly helplessness over the shoulder. Years have not removed that fearful spectacle from my eyes.

"The corpse sank back, and I succeeded in throttling the monster, and threw her at last lifeless from the window. I then composed the disturbed limbs, laid the hair once more smoothly on the forehead, and, crossing the hands over the bosom, covered the violated remains, and left them again to their repose. My companions, strangely enough, slept on, and I paced the garden walk alone, till the day, to my inexpressible relief, dawned over the mountains."—vol. ii. p. 89.

We conclude our extracts with regret, for there is scarcely a single story in the book undeserving of notice, and there are many passages of equal beauty with those we have quoted. We have not even mentioned "*Edith Linsey*," yet it is, per-



haps, the cleverest, certainly the most highly finished of them all. It should, however, be read entire. The conception (if a work of imagination) is very fine; the accurate perception and delineation of character, (if a portrait) equally fine. The leading idea is to show the influence of the physical state on the mind and affections. The heroine is unexpectedly restored to health and beauty, after years of apparently hopeless illness, and consequent extreme plainness, almost amounting to ugliness. The result is, her desertion of the man whom, in her suffering, she had appeared to love, and who loved her devotedly. The clear yet subtle touches by which her nature is shown to be at the same time highly intellectual, imaginative, aspiring, and *intensely selfish*, can only be appreciated by being read continuously? and we destroy none of the pleasure of any readers by this notice, for the catastrophe is revealed from the beginning. We should like to see the converse of this story worked out by the hand of a master; the change of a cold, unsusceptible, unimpassioned being, into the opposites of all these conditions, by the conscious possession of a greater power to give happiness. It would be as true of the finer natures, whose love alone deserves its high name, as this is of the selfish; and the wish would still be, like Portia's—

“ For you

“ I would be trebled twenty times myself;

“ A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times

“ More rich.”

We take leave of Mr. Willis with feelings of gratitude for the pleasure which we have derived from the perusal of his highly interesting volumes, and with anticipations of future enjoyment from his writings.

M.

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## CURSORY REMARKS ON PREJUDICE AND ON EDUCATION AS A CAUSE.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH.)

WITH regard to the clergy;—this is an important, but most unpleasant part of the subject. It is difficult to write any comments which shall not be offensive to a very great number of persons, in whose consideration priests are so identified with the religion of which they are ministers, and the God they preach, that any disparagement of the order appears little less than blasphemous. But this is prejudice. It is very possible to think and write with severity against the priesthood as a body of men, without meaning the slightest disrespect to religion in the abstract. Upon this principle, nothing in the following remarks must be considered as applying to the spirit of

religion ; all discussion upon which, as stated in a note at the commencement, is eschewed.

The study of history, and the contemplation of things as they are, cannot fail to convince every candid mind of the truth of the following proposition :—No body of men, considered officially, and as a body, has been equally distinguished with the clergy for opposition to the progress of reason and philosophy ;—none, startling as it may sound, so completely the enemy of religion. The priests were the principal agents in effecting the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, and, from the period of that momentous event to the present time, the stoutest champions against innovation, the most resolute antagonists to all changes, moral, political, or scientific, have been furnished by the clergy. In the middle ages, the high and palmy days of the Roman Church, the priests appear in the character of monopolisers of learning, such as then existed, without an effort towards disseminating their knowledge to ameliorate the degraded and ignorant condition of the mass of mankind. On the contrary, their superior science was applied to the purposes of imposture and delusion.\* We behold them the possessors of gigantic political power, and, by their spiritual and moral influence, wielding an engine of vast physical force in the blinded and ignorant warriors they contrive to enlist—wielding it to their own aggrandizement, and the maintenance of their own supremacy, a supremacy to be secured at any cost,—no matter if the blood of millions, and the slavery and degradation of the whole human race. We behold them uniting with frantic intolerance to oppose, not alone heretical inquiries into theological dogmas, not alone attacks upon the power and sanctity of their order, but simple discoveries in physical science. Not only must man receive from them the articles of religious faith, and consign his soul to their keeping, not only must his conduct be regulated by their decrees on pain of temporal and eternal punishment, but intelligent beings must likewise be contented with the parsimonious dole of knowledge which they may think fit to mete out to them. They must view nature only through the medium interposed by the clergy between the vision and the object,—their chymistry must be the chymistry of the priests, their astronomy gathered through a priestly telescope. *Thought* indeed is free, but woe to the sacrilegious one who shall dare to enlighten his fellow-creatures with the result of his speculations, should it disagree with what the infallibles have pronounced orthodox and certain.

They settle that the world stands still. Impious wretch ! hast thou the temerity to *doubt*, and even to assert that it

\* The reader is referred to Lord Bacon's work "On the advancement of Learning," wherein the philosopher calmly examines and refutes the objections advanced by divines and politicians against Knowledge.

moves? Do they pronounce colour inherent in the object? and shall any profane one dare suppose it to be but an apparition of the motion or alteration which the object worketh in the brain? Think but for a moment for an example of priestly opposition to science and philosophy, and the case of Galileo rises in the memory. The murder, too, of Peter Ramus during the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day is a crime justly to be charged against infuriate and priest-created bigotry. A priest-ridden populace is the most reckless and savage. But it is hateful to enumerate instances of the tyrannic cruelty of men whose professions are those of mercy and loving kindness, of oppression by the professors of meekness and charity, and of conservation of ignorance by those from whom we should expect the amelioration of the human race.\* "There is not a fact on the face of history more conspicuous than this—that no order of men has ever clung to the service of its caste, or has fulfilled its purposes, however desperate or infamously cruel they might be, with the same fiery and unflinching zeal as priests."†

Such things have been: they are now amending. After centuries of slavish ignorance the mind of civilized man is rending indignantly asunder the cords bound round it by selfish and brutal despotism. The hair of Sampson is beginning to grow, and ere long, the might of human intellect will assert itself. Still, the political and social influence of the clergy is great: it is interwoven with the constitution of governments, and clings with tenacity to the domestic hearths of families: it is embedded deeply in the fears, the superstitions, and prejudices of men, and has even yet a strong hold on their affection and veneration. But it has lessened; it will lessen still.

The acts of priests have not been represented with the view of showing that they proceeded from prejudice; (though many individuals belonging to that order have, doubtless, honestly believed the system of which they formed a part to be necessary, just, and sacred: it would be absurd and unjust to suppose

\* Vicesimus Knox, a learned and elegant writer, whose works evince a virtuous liberality of sentiment struggling with many educational and conventional prejudices, whilst enumerating certain good qualities of divines, mentions, I think, their superior learning. Wonderful, indeed, would it have been, when, until comparatively lately, education was principally confined to that body; and when still gifted with extensive influence in all matters relating to the education of youth, it has the power of directing both the nature and manner of studies, if the clergy had not gained a reputation for erudition. But Dr. Knox, himself a scholar, and one of the best specimens of a Christian clergyman, must have confessed an equal number, at least, of learned men and philosophers to have arisen from the laity. Bacon, Locke, Newton, Milton, Raleigh, Hobbes, Gibbon, Porson! It would be difficult to eclipse the splendour of these names by any equal number selected from the parsons. The church can, it is true, boast of many learned men, but it is equally true, that the pulpit displays of many more, are specimens of intense ignorance and stupidity. There is still a sufficiency of Parson Trullibers.

† *Howitt's History of Priestcraft*, p. 11, 4th edition.

the contrary.) No, simple prejudice supposes opinion sincere, at least, if without judgment; but the master motives of the intolerance which has pervaded the world, and held in chains the mind of man for ages, have not been so innocent as genuine, though mistaken, opinion. They have been selfishness, avarice, and the lust of power, which by artfully managing the passions, hopes, and fears of man, have bound the many slaves at the feet of the few. It is, therefore, a mistake to ascribe to prejudice, actions which had their origin in policy and foresight. Hierarchies could not fail to perceive the diminution and probable downfall of their authority, as the consequence of an increase of knowledge, and the free exercise of rational discussion. Therefore, their obvious course was to uphold the reign of ignorance, and place every obstacle in the way of intellectual improvement. For a long time their system was successful, but as the advances of education become too powerful to be positively stemmed, they direct its streams as far as possible into channels of their own formation, and, under the specious term "Orthodox," endeavour to form the sentiments of men, and their style of thinking, upon models best suited to the continuance of their influence and authority. The term prejudice is, consequently, more applicable to those persons who, without interested motives to serve, suffer themselves and their opinions to be thus guided, and are zealots in support of their bondage,—who are willing to believe it impious to hazard a doubt or dare an inquiry into the pretensions of mortal men like themselves. There are millions of such persons, numerically formidable, though contemptible in intellectual strength, and, by blind faith and enthusiasm, they eminently assist the enemies of human kind in prolonging the duration of the most hurtful institutions by custom, and by readiness to appeal to arms in defence of them if necessary:—to fight, in fact, for the blessed privilege of being slaves, and blind, and ignorant.

The priests form a kind of converse to Leonidas. *He* with a handful of brave men fought against countless legions for the dearest blessings of life:—*they* have placed themselves in a Thermopylæ leading to a region which is the heritage of universal man, and desperately oppose the ingress of the rightful heirs of the soil.

The above remarks will be stigmatised as revolutionary and profane. Be it so. Helvetius, Voltaire, Bolingbroke, and many others, have expressed similar opinions, and that we may not be accused of confining our authority to Heresiarchs, we will mention Howitt, and refer our readers to his history of Priestcraft if they wish briefly to learn how much of good has been created in the world by clerical means. And also that we may not be misunderstood, or misrepresented by prejudice—that we may not be unjustly accused of libelling indi-

viduals under the pretence of denouncing a system, we cheerfully add our mite to the deserved praise which has been bestowed upon the many learned and virtuous men who have adorned, and do adorn the clerical vocation. But they are men, not institutions—parts, not wholes;—and, as diamonds might glitter upon a garment of coarse and unseemly manufacture—as a criminal might possess some virtues, and still be a curse to society—as an upright judge might be the speaking trumpet of a vile and unjust law—so may a pernicious code or system receive a borrowed splendour from the name of its founder, the virtues of some of its administrators, or from some adventitious or partial good resulting from its exercise. Nothing is thereby proved in favour of its first principles. The excellence of a part is no proof of the excellence of a whole. A parish priest may be a blessing to his parishioners—he may be the father of the poor, the gentle and persuasive advocate of morality, the instructor of the ignorant—he may “feed the hungry and clothe the naked,”—he may be all these; but it is the man who does well, not the system. The system, regardless whether he be fitted for the task or not, places the happiness of a number in the hands of an individual. It is the hazard of a gambler.

In adverting to the long and continued domination of the aristocratic spirit over society, and the marvellous support of it by prejudice, there is great temptation to extend remarks beyond the limits that can possibly be allowed here; but the consideration, that people in general, of those classes most particularly affected by its pernicious influence, are becoming alive to their wrongs, and daily less and less chary of attacking existing institutions, when their existence is demonstrably, or even hypothetically injurious to the well being of man, makes us feel less reluctant to dismiss the subject briefly.

Surely, when we consider the progress of human intellect, or rather, the increase of its exercise, within the last few years, it is not unreasonable to suppose that such toys,—toys in intrinsic worth, and in appearance, but instruments of evil in effect,—that such baubles as coronets, stars, and garters, such nonentities as titles,\* will before *very* long be swept away,—that no great duration of time will elapse before a new meaning be assigned to the word “honour,” more synonymous with virtue and personal merit than at present.

In feudal times when the life and limb of the serf were at the disposal of his lord, when even burghers and townsmen

\* “Stuck o’er with titles, and adorned with strings!

*Pope—Essay on MAN.*

Again, in the same poem,

“What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?  
Alas, not all the blood of all the Howards.”



were glad to avail themselves of the protection of some neighbouring powerful baron, when the middle classes had not acquired political consequence, nor, indeed, intelligence sufficient to enable them to act as an estate of the realm; when law and moral obligation were weak, and physical strength the arbiter of right; when the darkest ignorance overspread the land, and superstition and dogmatism held reason and philosophy in fetters: in such iron times the sway of aristocracy cannot be marvelled at. But now, should it continue, it must be by miraculous interposition.

It is strange that the following simple questions do not occur to the advocates for hereditary nobility, though they are trite enough. How can the memory, which is an abstract of virtues or great deeds, be considered of superior social importance to the living incarnation of the same virtues, or the existing actor of similar deeds? Why is the descendant of a hero to take precedence of a living hero? or the great grandson of a former eminent statesman, without other pretensions, be of equal weight in the senate with the breathing man who is every day proving consummate skill and unshaken integrity in politics? Equally wise would it be, in a question of military tactics, to receive the opinion of a civil descendant of John, Duke of Marlborough, with equal deference to that of a veteran warrior; or to elect the lineal representative of Bacon, Newton, or Locke, the chief or umpire in a conclave of philosophers. Have men the power of transmitting their virtues or their talents with their blood?

Whence do ancient families derive their titles, and consequence, their influence in the senate, and standing in society? From some virtue or talent, or achievement (real or supposititious as may be) which earned a distinction for their ancestor in days of yore. Ergo, the present men of intellect, virtue, or heroism, whom they affect to consider their inferiors, are precisely those persons who are, or ought according to aristocratic principles themselves, to be the stocks and roots of such families as they pride themselves on belonging to. And how is it then that the founder of a family is not equal to the descendant of one? Would not the original ancestor of an ancient family, if he could be raised from the tomb, be the equal of his present representatives, or does the consequence of a family increase with every generation? By pressing home these, and such like questions, you get the champions of aristocracy between the horns of a dilemma. Are not the paltry squabbles for precedence among the aristocracy themselves—the disputes as to the comparative antiquity (!) of families—the jealousy with which a new title is regarded, sufficient evidence of the absurdity of mere heraldic and genealogical pretensions, and the vanity of all distinction save that



which has been fairly won by exalted personal merit? And in the latter case what need of a title? Do we need a finger-post to point to the sun?

In a democracy, the really eminent man cannot fail of receiving the deference which is his due, and how different is respect spontaneously and cheerfully offered to the virtuous and wise, to the conventional and merely external symbols of reverence exacted by station.

Let us enunciate one maxim, one which is no prejudice; one which should be spoken and written, which should be graven on our hearths and altars, which should be the motto of our temples and market-places, which should be reiterated in every possible shape of publication until the heart of every breathing man shall confess that the words are the words of ALMIGHTY TRUTH. Hear them, they are widely known, and shame they are not as widely responded to—"VIRTUE IS THE ONLY NOBILITY.\* With this maxim let it be remembered that exalted virtue cannot co-exist with ignorance or decided intellectual inferiority.†

The foregoing maxim is indeed compulsorily admitted even by the "orthodox." Tory parsons, when in the pulpit, must preach anent the sublimity of virtue—must admit that her essence is purer than the essence of nobility, that vice tarnishes the lustre of a star, and even sullies the whiteness of the kingly ermine: they must admit these things or falsify their own tenets. But is not their definition of virtue contrary to the true one?—Yes. Is not slavish *obedience* one of the chief precepts they inculcate?—Yes. Do they not neutralize the whole effect of the doctrine that virtue is nobility, by exerting their whole power, both *in* and *ex officio*, for the maintenance and justification of a system which promotes the accident of birth above the dignity of intellectual and moral worth?—They do.‡

In a word,—kings, priests, and nobles, are joined in a

\* "Nemo altero nobilior, nisi cui *rectius ingenium*, et artibus bonis aptius." *Seneca.*

† "Virtue demands the active employment of an ardent mind in the promotion of the general good. No man can be eminently virtuous who is not accustomed to an extensive range of reflection. He must see all the benefits to arise from a disinterested proceeding, and must understand the proper method of producing those benefits. Ignorance, the slothful habits and limited views of uncultivated life, have not in them more of true virtue, though they may be more harmless, than luxury, vanity, and extravagance."—*Godwin, Political Justice.*

‡ "It is the characteristic of despotic power," says Helvetius, "to extinguish both genius and virtue." The power created by the junction of kings, priests, and lords, is *despotic*, whatever we may hear concerning the beauty of the English constitution, and the just balance of democracy thrown into the scale by the House of Commons. The weight of democracy has certainly been increased by the operation of the Reform Act, to the great terror of the other branches of the "constitution," and it is to be hoped this is the omen of further increase. Still, the elements of English government are essentially aristocratic, and the repelling power is pointed against "genius and virtue."

tripartite league, offensive and defensive ; they see the expediency of maintaining it unbroken, for the downfall of one ally would be ominous of the speedy destruction of the others.

It will very likely be said that we have in the preceding remarks assumed a postulate to which we have no right :—*i. e.* that the three establishments mentioned *are* supported by prejudice, or, that they are *not* founded in reason and the nature of things. But no ; our assertion was, that the term prejudice applied to those who *blindly* supported those establishments, without understanding their nature, or calmly calculating their effects. To affirm or deny upon any subject, or to fight for or against any cause we do not understand, and have not reasoned upon, is proof of prejudice.

We have said that the attachment of the clergy, as a body, to establishments, and their opposition to innovation was not prejudice, but foresight. The same remark will apply to all persons who directly, or indirectly, by their own situation or by patronage, derive personal advantage from the existing state of things. In these persons, or such of them as have not sufficient virtue to renounce Mammon for principle, expressed opinion is not the result of prejudice, but of self-interest and policy, combined perhaps in some of them with a share of real prejudice arising from education or circumstances.

Prejudice and education mutually assist each other ; the former directs the method of the latter, and the latter perpetuates the former. By the tenacious grasp with which individuals retain the principles of their education, and their pertinacious adherence to party, sectarian and party prejudices are fostered and continued.\* When prejudices become strengthened by custom, and the example of the many ; when they are unanimously accepted by large bodies of men, time and the increase of knowledge are the only means of eradicating them.†

Lord Bacon has, somewhat quaintly, but with admirable philosophy, designated prejudices *idols* ;‡ considering that as truth is the only legitimate object for the worship of the mind, any deviation from the standard thereof is, philosophically speaking, idolatry.

These idols he divides into four classes, under the following appellations—1st. the *idola tribus* ; 2nd. the *idola specus* ; 3rd. the *idola fori* ; and 4th. the *idola theatri*.

The first signifies prejudices to which every mind is more or less obnoxious ; such as the proneness of men to be guided too

\* “ Comme chaque homme s'abandonne à une foule de préjugés, chaque association d'hommes doit aussi en amasser.”—*Encyclopédie*—*Art. Préjugés*.

† “ Les préjugés d'un peuple doivent donc être plus forts et plus constants que ceux d'un corps particulier.”—*Ib.*

‡ *Vide Novum Organum.*

much by authority in their opinions ; reasoning from too slight analogy, thus attempting to measure things less known by the standard of others more familiar ; the endeavour to apply invention to purposes to which it is unequal ; falling into one extreme when avoiding the other ; the perversion of judgment by affection and passion ; in fine the intermixture of *self* with the nature of things perceived.

By the second class, or, *idola specus*, are signified those prejudices which arise from the peculiarities of individuals, not the constitution of human nature in general. The human mind is supposed to be like a cave, refracting, according to its formation, the rays of light, and imparting to objects colours and forms different from reality. Therefore, to prejudices arising from education, partiality for a certain profession, course of reading, or from the peculiar character of the individual, and his manner of receiving impressions, Lord Bacon gives the name of *idola specus*.\*

The third division, the *idola fori*, consists of prejudices arising from the imperfections and abuse of language. They receive their name “idols of the market” on account of the commerce or dealings men have with each other and their association by discourse.†

The fourth, the *idola theatri*, signifies the prejudices which have got into the human mind from the different tenets of philosophers, and the perverted laws of demonstration. “These,” says Lord Bacon, “we denominate idols of the theatre ; because all the philosophies that have been hitherto invented or received are but as so many stage plays, written or acted, as having shown nothing but fictitious and theatrical worlds. Nor is this said only of the ancient or present sects or philosophies, for numberless other fables of the like kind may be still invented and dressed up, since quite different errors will proceed from almost the same common causes. Nor again do we mean it only of general philosophies, but likewise of numerous principles and axioms of the sciences, which have prevailed through tradition, belief, and neglect.”

History, and daily commerce with mankind, present to us innumerable illustrations of prejudices as classified by the great Philosopher of Facts. Not only the turbulent sea of

\* “A certain complexion of understanding may dispose a man to one system of opinions more than to another, and, on the other hand, a system of opinions fixed in the mind by education, or otherwise gives the complexion to the understanding which is suited to them.”—Reid—*On the Intellectual Powers—Essay VI.*

† The words of Lord Bacon in the original are these, “Credunt enim homines rationem suam verbis imperare. Sed fit etiam ut verba vim suam super Intellectum retorqueant et reflectant.” (*Nov. Org. Aphor. LIX.*)—The reader is also referred to some observations on this subject by Dr. Reid, in the fourth of his *Essays on the Intellectual Powers*, chap. I., in which he calls attention to the fact that, “in innumerable disputes, men do not really differ in their opinions, but in the way of expressing them.” It is almost unnecessary to mention Locke on the abuse of words.

politics but the calm walks of domestic life are invaded by prejudice:—not only religion and ethics, but literature and science are rife with its influence. It is the most formidable barrier to the progress of philosophy,—the darkest, densest cloud to be penetrated by the beams of reason. If it be considered sometimes to act advantageously as a tie connecting man with a few obvious duties, it is, on the other hand, the iron chain which binds the soul to error. We see absurd customs continued, unjust opinions formed, bitter hate excited, cruel and blood-thirsty deeds committed:—the root and cause of all, this tyrant of the mind. Sons have been cast off and rendered aliens from their homes, because they could not conscientiously subscribe to their father's religion, their father's politics. Simple difference of opinion has caused disunion between husbands and wives, and rended asunder the firmest friendships. Brother has encountered brother in the deadly strife of civil war, and the unnatural encounter has been called patriotism! Behold the slaughter of Bartholomew's day; the massacres, tortures, and persecutions of every kind, sustained by the unfortunate Jews; the bloody deaths of martyrs for all religions, the horrors of the Inquisition! What is the cause of this terrible catalogue of human evils? Fanaticism. And what is fanaticism but blind and infuriate prejudice?

Who, with the direful effects of Prejudice before his eyes, will deny that it is essential to the well-being and happiness of mankind it be diminished?—who, but the enemies of their species—vampyres, who feed upon human intellect, human labour, and whose existence depends upon the continued torpor of their prey.\* But the victim is arousing, and, though weak and numbed, his strength will come, and then woe unto the oppressor!

The best method of subduing those prejudices which clog the fine mechanism of the mind, and mar its operation, is to *think deeply*—to accustom the understanding early to enlarged objects of contemplation, to penetrate into first principles, to argue with ourselves, to build hypotheses and test them by reason. In such a track it is the duty of a preceptor to conduct

- ————— “Those gilded flies  
That, basking in the sunshine of a court  
Fatten on its corruption—what are they?  
—The *drones* of the community; they feed  
On the mechanic's labour: the starved hind  
For them compels the stubborn glebe to yield  
Its unshared harvests; and yon squalid form,  
Leaner than fleshless misery, that wastes  
A sunless life in the unwholesome mine,  
Drags out in labour a protracted death  
To glut their grandeur;—many faint with toil,  
That few may know the cares and woe of sloth.”  
Shelley—*Queen Mab*.

the pupil, if he wish to develope properly the intellectual faculties, and worthily to fulfil his important and responsible duties. Pour not knowledge into the soul as a dry catalogue of facts merely, but as stores for the understanding to work upon. Take history for example, which, involving as it does the most profound philosophy, the vastest field for speculation, is yet, in common systems of education, made a mere matter of memory. A boy is taught that Agesilaus was king of Sparta, that Themistocles did so and so, and that Charles the First was "*martyred*," &c. He knows a certain number of facts, can readily answer certain questions, and is consequently set down as versed in history! But is he taught to think on events, or to analyze characters? No. He knows, at least he has been told and believes, that such an one was a hero, and another a villain. In languages it is the same. A young man can talk learnedly on the Greek roots, is versed in the dialects, and so forsooth he is accounted a Grecian! But he may also know Hebrew, and Latin, and German, and French, and Spanish, with Gaelic and Hindostanee if he please—he may be a walking polyglott, and withal if he do not consider the acquisition of those tongues as means and not an end, as keys to unlock the treasures of wisdom and learning, and not the treasures themselves, he will remain a dunce or dull pedant to the end of the chapter, and not worth a tithe of the man who only knows his vernacular, but *thinks*,

The lessons of reflection which should be instilled into a child are not book and slate tasks, to be conned while cramped over a deal desk, but might be made his delight and recreation while walking in the fields; aye, while playing at trap ball. No pomposity of diction, no dull didactic formality should disgust him with your instruction, and cause him to wish for a speedy release. Engage his attention, *interest* him, and the more you make him laugh the better. A boy will remember that which he has a hearty laugh over as well as we retain the recollection of matters which have engaged our fixed and severe attention.

The habits of thinking acquired by the boy will in all probability be continued by the man. It having been made a principle in his education that reason should precede decision, he will in after life be cautious of receiving his opinions upon authority merely because they are presented to him as orthodox by the sect or party with whom circumstances have thrown him into connexion. True, it is unnecessary to call up deep reflection to our aid upon every trifling occasion, or submit every insignificant proposition to the severe test of analysis. It is impossible to regulate all modes of thinking and action by rule and square, with mathematical precision, and useless and absurd, were it possible. We have two kinds of judgment



the intuitive and the discursive. By the former we perceive and accept the obvious, but the agency of the latter becomes necessary when there is a shadow for a doubt to lurk in. The fault is that *too much* is considered as obvious—*too much* taken for granted on the authority of antiquity,\* custom, or high names. Some dullards may be willing to be thought for, upon every subject, and fall languidly into a quietism which is a stigma on their own intellect, whilst others may be the fanatical champions of the idols of their own prepossessions and affections; but no man of sound understanding and active mind will rest contented under the notion of being prejudiced—of being the mere vessel passively retaining whatever has been introduced. He will inquire, he will meditate, he will discuss, he will infer—he will decide for himself. Who can contemplate his material organization—itself a world of marvels—feel that system pervaded by an essence still more wondrous, an essence he believes immortal, and not pant to bring its varied and glorious powers into their noblest action? Who can feel within himself the lightning rapidity of Thought, the mysterious agency of Will, the subtle magnetism of Sympathy, the electric play of Passion—the whole Soul bounding as if in disdain of its “dull prison-house of clay,—and yet be content to plod sluggishly on, guided by just so much of intelligence as is sufficient to impel the animal,—the slave either of stubborn prejudice or of tame and sickly acquiescence? Who can view the mighty achievements of human intellect, and not cultivate his own? That more men do not nourish a noble emulation to free their minds from “the shackles which in their youth had been imposed upon them,” and feel an intellectual confidence, is to be attributed to educational dogmatism, to indolence of mind, and proneness to imitation. Let that dogmatism be pared away, and reflection and reason substituted. If by this improvement in the spirit of education we cannot make a nation of philosophers, we can at least incalculably increase the number of thinkers.

It is not for us to enter here upon the vast and interesting subject of the perfectibility of man, whether it be a hypothesis grounded upon sober reason, or but a glorious vision of philosophy. Be that as it may; or be it, as some have imagined, that there have been things greater than things that are—that a more subtle Chymistry, a higher and more refined Ontology, a more perfect Beauty, a race of beings gifted with a diviner Intelligence, have been swept away from the earth—that the Present is a poor and feeble resemblance of the great arche-

\* “Let us look back that we may profit by the experience of mankind, but let us not look back as if the wisdom of our ancestors was such as to leave no room for future improvement.”—*Godwin—Political Justice.*



type of the Past;—be all these things how ye will; but who that has thought on Europe emerging from the thick darkness of the middle ages—traced the progress of philosophy, and the arts and sciences,—seen the wisdom of the ancients yield to the wisdom of these later times—who has with wonder and awe beheld the Discovery of a World,—who has seen colonies deemed insignificant throw off the yoke of despotism, trample the banners of their tyrants in the dust, and presently erect themselves into a nation promising to be the first on the globe,—who that has thought on these things will dare to deny the PROGRESSION OF MAN, whether the result shall be perfection or not?

A Sun is rising: its effulgence is spreading abroad, dispersing the mists of prejudice and superstition. It is the SUN OF REASON. The friends of man hail its glorious advent with hymns of gladness, while the enemies and oppressors of their race cower before its lustre with horror and dismay.\*

CAIUS.

## THE PAINTER OF GHENT.

A PLAY IN ONE ACT, BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

To suppose that a gentleman who has had so much practice in dramatic writing as Mr. Jerrold, that practice including a knowledge of theatres and the public, with considerable experience of the points and effects produced by his own plays upon the stage, should have written a piece like the present without very well knowing what he was about, would be ridiculous. What we mean to say is, that in the production of this play he has consciously and heroically placed himself in direct *opposition* to the gross torrent of the time, in defiance of all the vulgar mummeries, illiterate managers, and perverted public taste in all its diseased forms, which, like the disgusting pageant of a night-mare dream, came shoaling onward with all the blind impulse of a disordered mind. He has produced a play containing little or no action; assisted by no fine scenery, dresses, decorations, music, singing, dancing, or comic character. With Grecian simplicity of construction, the play being in one act, having only one scene, and seven persons: he has depended entirely on the effect of genuine passion and

\* In the fear of exceeding reasonable limits we have omitted the consideration of several important matters, fairly coming under the head of prejudice, such as flogging and fagging at public schools; and particularly the grant of degrees at Universities to noblemen in right of their rank, &c.; together with others of a more ludicrous nature, such as the resolute adherence of bishops and parsons to their wigs! These may perhaps be made the topics of a future paper.

refined poetry. He has not been disappointed in the result. The 'Painter of Ghent' has found a 'fit audience,' and considering the solitary nobleness of the attempt, at such a time, it has found a more numerous one than any writer so well versed in the state of affairs at present as Mr. Jerrold, could fairly have anticipated. The silent and almost breathless attention with which the audience listened to this play, and the continued plaudits they bestowed, together with the recent reception of the tragedy of 'Ion,' go far to prove the real taste of the public; when 'given a chance' of showing it.

We have stated that the play is in one act; our extracts must consequently be few and brief. Every real lover of true dramatic beauty should purchase the work, the expense of which does not exceed that of their weekly newspaper.

The following conversation takes place between Roderick the Painter, and Ichabod, a Jew to whom the former had sold many of his works years ago, but who does not recollect his face, furrowed deep with time, but deeper with sorrow, and changed yet more perhaps by intervals of vision-seeing madness.

*Ichab.* It is the picture, sir—is't not?

*Roder.* It is.

*Ichab.* A noble thing, sir—a wondrous thing! I have not eyes to see it now—but it is here, sir, here—a piece of very light.

*Roder.* You knew the painter?

*Ichab.* I was his first patron. He would have perished—starved with his wife and children, but that I spared him something, something for—

*Roder.* The noble things—the wondrous things he wrought!

*Ichab.* He had made an unthrifty match with a poor, pretty face, and his rich father—so I gathered—thrust him pennyless abroad.

*Roder.* And then, it seems, he turned accomplishment to bread—to daily food for wife and babes? You were a patron—he became a drudge.

*Ichab.* By Aaron's beard, I swear I was his friend—his first friend; took all he did, sir, good and bad—aye, risked my sure gold upon a nameless hand.

*Roder.* And found he no other help? Were you alone in this good work?

*Ichab.* In time, other dealers flocked about him—would have bought him from me; but then, sir, I raised and raised my price, and he was faithful to an early friend. That picture—'twas I think the last he sold me,—it was the last—the price I paid confirms it: aye, fifty golden pieces.

*Roder.* Thy memory is worn—think again—not fifty?

*Ichab.* Sure I am 'twas fifty—sure, as if now I chinked the pieces in my hand.

*Roder.* How old art thou, Ichabod?

*Ichab.* Seventy-five, a month and odd three days.

*Roder.* And every day narrows the little, little space between thee and the grave—and every night thou layest thy dry bones in thy bed, thou well mayest fear that ere the next sun set, a churchyard clay shall hold

them ! Thy beard is white—thy limbs unstrung—thy blood jellied—and thine eyeballs quenched. Old man, death is aiming at thee.

*Ichab.* Amen ! I await the stroke.

*Roder.* What ! with a lie upon thy lip ?—

*Ichab.* Master !—

*Roder.* A trading lie, when worms are waiting thee ? Ichabod, believe it—an old man's face, though seamed and stained with years, should beam with coming glory !

It will be perceived that the greater portion of the foregoing extract, though in the form of prose, is not only poetry in spirit, but is actually written in irregular blank verse.

Roderick makes himself known to the Jew, and a deeply pathetic scene ensues.

*Roder.* With drowning eyes, and burning hand—for death again was at my hearth—I laboured at my half-completed work.

*Ichab.* Thou !

*Roder.* I tell you, for one whole day I wrestled with my heart ; and that picture—the semblance of my last living babe—I sold to buy a coffin for the dead.

*Ichab.* And thou didst not tell me this ?

*Roder.* Thou didst not know my wretchedness.

*Ichab.* But hadst thou told—

*Roder.* Told ! When swelling affluence doth blink its horny eyes, think you the pride of poverty can find a tongue ? I laid my little one in yonder earth, and turned my back upon your city.

*Ichab.* And I was then a father ! And still I chattered—still, with the hardness of old Egypt, tasked you for scanty bread. Well, I have been—am scourged for it. Reuben !—my murdered Reuben !

Ichabod here gives an account of the murder of his son in terms of utter agony, concluding with,—

‘ They brought my boy to my dark house. I saw the wound—I have seen nothing clearly since.’

But finely as all the account of the murder of Ichabod's son is wrought up, it is not necessary to the main story, and consequently interferes with the unity of action which in so short a piece, ought we think to have been strictly preserved. It is probable that the author contemplated a second act when he commenced writing this piece, but suffered the episode to remain after he had altered his plan, for the sake of the genuine dramatic poetry it contained. Be this as it may, we rejoice that it was not lost. We see no other fault worth naming in the play, and this fault is full of merit in itself, and of a kind that few critics have got ‘stuff enough’ in them to make. As to the remarks made about the ‘Painter of Ghent’ by the *litterateurs* of the day, Mr. Jerrold has not only to attribute the attacks to natural incompetence, but in a great measure to the perverted cravings and meretricious taste, with which our ‘great patentees’ have inoculated their gold-spectacled understandings.

## LETTERS OF A CONSERVATIVE ON THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE Ecclesiastical Reform Commission continues to make reports. A third has recently been published in the newspapers. Each of the last two is occupied, to a considerable extent, with alterations of the recommendations contained in that which preceded. Now, a parish is to be affixed to one diocese, and now to another. In one report, Bristol and Bath are to be amalgamated under the same mitre; and in the next report it is between Gloucester and Bristol that the hypostatical union is to be formed. It is vexatious to see such names as those of Lord Melbourne, the Lord Chancellor, Sir John Hobhouse, and some of their colleagues gibbeted at the bottom of these documents in company with CANT; and EBOR, which are only in their proper places. The two principal points in which the reports agree are, first, the marvellous self-denying ordinance by which the three highest prelates of the reformed church will in future be put in a condition of voluntary poverty which will only leave each of them considerably richer than His Holiness, the Pope; and secondly, the erection of two new bishoprics (to replace the consolidated mitres) which are to be located at Manchester and Ripon. Here, then, will be an actual and very considerable extension of the Church Establishment; not in its utility, but in its temporal position and political influence; that is to say, an aggravation of the existing mischief. For let the reader observe that the suppressed bishopric (that of Bristol at least) is merely the erection of Episcopal duplicity. There will be two Chapters, just as if the two sees remained separate; and a new palace is to be built at Bristol for the occasional residence and solace of the Bishop of Gloucester. Verily the commissioners are rare reformers. And do they expect thus to throw dust in the eyes of the people? We cannot afford them that comfortable smile in their sleeves of lawn. They are far beyond the limits to which cajolery can go in these times. The people will look to other quarters for reports on Ecclesiastical Reform. Wade, the editor of the Black Book, is himself 'a commission' on these matters. His reports have something in them. They are well worth a reference by those who desire to get at facts and calculations. His statements on all subjects were carefully made; and many of them have been remarkably verified by official documents since their publication. The Dissenters too, occasionally report on the state of the Church. They go con-

siderably beyond CANT and Co.; and are disposed towards a reformation of the species called "root-and-branch," From Ireland also there frequently arrive reports; sometimes of pistols and blunderbusses; but all showing that the Commission is sadly behind in its propositions. They must amend their motion or there will be a collision between them and the Committee of Seven Millions which is now sitting, or standing rather, and seems likely to meet from day to day for the dispatch of business. We have before us a report from a different authority. Mr. Landor is well known as an author of no mean or vulgar repute. The heads of the church will not care about that. But he has other qualifications which are more to the purpose, and which may be recognized as claims even upon Episcopal attention. The rogue knows where his strength lies. He says nothing about his "Imaginary Dialogues", nothing about the "Examination of William Shakspeare;" nothing touching "Pericles and Aspasia;" these would give no weight with Bishops; they are not Samson's hair; but thus it is that he speaks *ad rem*.

### LETTER III.

"Whatever I possess in the world arises from landed property, and that entailed. My prejudices and interests might, therefore, be supposed to lean, however softly, on the side of Aristocracy. I had three church-livings in my gift, one very considerable, (about a thousand a-year,) two smaller, which are still in my gift. It may therefore be conceived that I am not quite indifferent to what may befall the church. These things it is requisite to mention, now I deem it proper to appear, not generically as a Conservative, but personally."

Is not this a good letter of introduction to bear in one hand, while the other rings at the gate of Lambeth Palace? Are not these fair credentials to present to his Grace's chaplain? Well, then; let us hear nothing about ragged radicals, and deistical Dissenters, and plundering Papists. A Conservative landholder, who is the patron of three livings, one of them worth a thousand a year, must have some reason in what he says. He has read the Commissioner's reports too; at least the first and second; the Commissioners should have returned the compliment to his Letters before they brought out the last. Hear what he says of the self-denying ordinance.

### LETTER IV

"My resolution was taken to collect, to continue, to revise, and to publish, these observations, when I saw the Second Report of the ecclesiastical Commissioners for the Reform of the Church. Nothing more illusory, or more impudent, was ever laid before Parliament.

"Is it possible that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London can recommend so trifling a defalcation of their revenues, as *two thousand* pounds from *sixteen* thousand in the one case, and from *twelve thousand two hundred* in the other...even supposing that, by

contingencies, their benefices never rise higher? Is the Archbishop unaware that Drake, Blake, Marlborough, Wolfe, Nelson, Wellington, all united, did not share among them in the course of their victories, victories that have saved their country and many others from slavery and ruin, two-thirds of this stipend? Is the Archbishop ignorant that the *Pope himself*, whose power rests upon splendour, cannot command for private purposes fifteen thousand pounds a-year? Will the people of England see with calmness, with forbearance, with endurance, this sacrilegious rapacity? Is there no danger that they may break the claw they cannot pare, and suffocate the maw they cannot satisfy? And we are told, forsooth, that the dignitaries of the Church are ready to make sacrifices! This is the language; yes, to make sacrifices! Gold then is the sacred thing! And what are they ready to give up? That only which they never can spend decorously, and which was entrusted to them as administrators, not as owners. Even of this, how small is the portion they are willing to surrender! There are portions of the British empire, where *three hundred clergymen* professing, and indefatigably teaching, the same faith as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London, do not share among them, with equal abilities, equal virtues, so large a sum of money as these two prelates."

With all Mr. Landor's orthodox claims, we are not sure that the Bishops will think he stands the application of the old orthodox test "*le vrai Amphitryon est ou on dine.*" He bears hard upon the "faring sumptuously every day" notwithstanding there is Scripture precedent for it. Moreover he rather inhumanly scoffs at the privations he would inflict.

"To return to the question of reducing the ecclesiastical salaries.

"It is but fair to record the strongest arguments and most impressive appeal on the other side: and this I shall attempt to do, by recollecting the words as they were spoken.

"A lady in the country was turning over the dried roses in her dragon jar, when her own maid entered the room, with a salt-cellar in one hand and a teacupful of cloves in the other, to ensure the preservation of the floral mummy. This dialogue ensued.

"Well, ma'am! true enough it is, that my lord bishop is to be put upon board-wages. He will have in future but a hundred pounds a-month, which God knows, is only twenty-five a-week. There are some of their own cloth (shame upon 'em!) who have no bowels for the bishops. One, and he was old enough to know better, said on the occasion.

"Seven years hence it will appear far stranger, that a reduction to such a sum should have been considered as a hardship, when my lords tell us that the clergy in Ireland are dying of hunger, and even obliged to water the garden.

"He went on, ma'am, worse than that: he said,

"Of what service are deans, canons, prebendaries, and precentors? The Church of England is composed of bishop, priest, and deacon.

"I think, ma'am, he counted wrong: there is clerk, sexton, and ringers. We could not do without them: I know nothing about those others; we have done without *them* pretty well, in these parts; and belike they may do as well in others. But to strip a bishop! There will



be nothing in his noble park but nasty bulls and cows. Cook says his haunches are the finest she ever laid hand upon. Twelve hundred a-year indeed ! Why, ma'am, what *with poor, and gamekeeper, and school, and hot-house*, I should not wonder if we spend all that here at the Hall. And my lord bishop has four houses to keep up. There is palace, there is London-house, there is Parliament-house, there is *Opera-house for the ladies*. No, it can't be done, ma'am, nohow ; and those who say it can, must be wild, little better than quakers and radicals. Lord help 'em ! they don't know how money goes. Ma'am, they begin with the bishops ; when they have plucked them, they will pluck us. I should like to know where is the end on't.' "

" ' We can stop 'em, Midford, we can stop 'em, take my word for it, be they ever so wilful.'

" ' I don't know, ma'am. My lord bishop told 'squire Eaglethorpe he wished he, being a country gentleman, a county member, would make a motive about it. 'Squire said,

" ' *My lord bishop, they are a kennel of wiry-haired hardbitten curs : I have no mind to meddle or make with 'em.*

" ' Then, said his lordship, *you will see your organ sent to the ale house ; and your servants will have to sing hymns for it, like the West-phalians.*

" ' We are next parish, ma'am. Cook, housekeeper, Bess Cocker-mouth ! sing in church ! and hymns too ! Well, as I hope to be saved, *that is funny !* Why, they have not a couple of teeth, dogs or double, between all three ! Lord J . . . s ! I ask pardon !' "

The author's antique studies have made him a ready hand at Apologues. He makes the beasts speak as well as Æsop. And he combines this faculty with the modern acquirements of a police-office reporter. The narrative concerning the Rev. Barnard Bray is worth much above a penny a line.

In a more serious tone he accuses our very, very Protestant Church of symbolizing with Popery in its most exceptionable dogma.

#### LETTER XXXVII.

" When I attempt to bring back to my memory all I believe I may recollect of human institutions, I stand in doubt, I turn round, I ask any one who seems to know better than I do, whether there is one, among them all, which has required no improvement, no reformation, no revision, in three whole centuries.

" Nations are grown conciliating, perhaps indifferent, in regard to tenets which formerly divided the christian world, and left scarcely any christianity in it. There is, however, one against which the protestants are setting their faces.

" To take advantage not merely of God's bounty in his earth's fertility, but to be a tracker and a pricker to every quiet nook, every snug form in the whole country ; to profit by every invention, every scheme for agricultural improvement, every expenditure that frugality and prudence shall have hazarded ; to seize a tenth of herbs and fruits, uncultivated and unknown by the nation, in those ages when a more patriarchal priesthood watched over the labours of the farmer, and

oftener relieved them than decimated the produce ; to seize upon these things, and more, sometimes with arms, sometimes with laws that suck out all the blood that arms have not spilt—this now really, in theological language, is most damnable transubstantiation."

The chief defect of these letters is, that, although the writer has thrown out sundry hints upon the subject, he has not very distinctly set forth the nature and extent of the ecclesiastical reform which he desiderates. He does indeed say in one place "Divorce the Church and State ; divorce them ; and the one will neither be shrew nor strumpet ; the other neither bully nor cutpurse ;" and we cannot say but what this is tolerably plain. Only the question of dowry or maintenance naturally arises in such cases. If the Church is to be left to her own proper resources, what business have we, simply as members of the community, to discuss the amount of Bishop's salaries ? Let those who voluntarily pay them, see to that. But if the Clerical Corporation is to retain the national funds, we do not call that a divorce ; it is at most only a separation from bed and board, the people still having to pay the piper without partaking. The plain fact is, that what is called church property is really the nation's Education Fund ; which is pocketed by those who neither do the work, nor allow others to do it, and who should be paid off forthwith that we may have efficient instructors in real knowledge for the entire population. Mr. Landor has the right notion, but he does not stick to it. He says "the whole service of the Church is education ;" (he should rather have said, education is the whole service of the Church ; ) "and surely as much of the matter is to be taught in schools as in Churches. If not, why does not the parson teach as often as the schoolmaster ? The time will come when every church in the world will be a school-room." (p. 72.) Heavens speed the time, and let all people say, amen ! This is the only Church reform that is worth a farthing rushlight. To reduce salaries, and brush up the parsons to visit the poor, and make them talk Welch, in Wales, is neither conservation nor reformation ; but only miserable patchwork. We hope Mr. Landor will give over these petty pickings, and fairly work out his own plan and principle, as implied in the last quoted allusion.

F.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

### *A Dissertation, Practical and Conciliatory.*

By Daniel Chapman. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.;  
J. Y. Knight, Leeds. 1836.

IF it be a pity that some people should ever have been born, it would have been an equal blessing if some authors had never printed. The intention of the "Daniel" of this work is announced to be as follows:—"To define, illustrate, and reconcile with each other, the following three classes of objects: 1. Philosophy and Theology. 2. Politics and Religion. 3. Private Opinion and Ecclesiastical Communion." His mode of *accomplishing* his intention may also be divided into three classes. 1. A series of axioms which may generally be characterized as mere truisms. 2. Assertions boldly made, but always questionable, and frequently false. 3. Principles dogmatically announced; sometimes true, sometimes doubtful, often pernicious, but never original.

When we read, for instance, that "all virtue is beneficial, all vice injurious," (p. 60); that "truth is truth eternally and unalterably," (p. 181); that "the grand essentials of human excellence are these: to do every thing that ought to be done, and to do it at its proper time and in its proper manner," (p. 162); we can only say, very true; but we think we knew all that before. When, however, we are told that "evils have all originated in the depravity of human nature," (p. 66); and that "the formation of our private opinions is subject to our own control," (p. 165); we begin to question and to differ. But when we find it boldly asserted, that "atheism stigmatizes virtue as a species of contemptible weakness, designates vice the noblest assertion of natural freedom," (p. 9); that "infidelity sacrifices at the shrine of human reason, the infallibility, the veracity of Deity himself," (p. 13); it might be just as easy to show that these declarations are false. However incomprehensible to us may be the philosophy of atheism, we never heard of any atheist who, in theory, stigmatized virtue, or extolled vice; and however faulty may be the deductions of infidelity, it does *not* sacrifice the infallibility and the veracity of Deity at the shrine of reason, but seeks to discover what is infallible and what is true, by the exercise of reason. In any case, it is anti-christian to vituperate those who differ with us in religious opinions, however erring we may deem them. Of the principles announced by Mr. Chapman, there are many which, like his axioms, are so very true and evident, that no

one can feel inclined to deliberate about them. Who will refuse his assent to such maxims as these : that it is objectionable in politics to have a spirit of rapacity, of hypocrisy, of capriciousness, of rashness, of partiality, of illiberality, of inhumanity ? These topics are enlarged upon and illustrated in emphatic terms throughout thirty pages ! Neither will almost any one of the present day refuse his assent to the principle, that “ a perfect and universal coincidence in sentiment is a mere chimera, and essential neither to the unity nor the harmony of the church,” (p. 196). In the time of Charles the 1st, such a sentiment would have been meritorious. But those principles which we should designate as pernicious, because so very liable to be construed into a suppression of all free inquiry, are such as the following : “ that reason must not presume to preside at the tribunal of inspiration,” (p. 25) ; in which cause we would fall back to the state in which Jesus Christ described them, as ‘ having eyes and seeing not, ears and hearing not, hearts and understandings closed ;’ another dangerous principle, because leading directly to fanaticism and insanity, is contained in a passage which encourages the belief that the assistance of God’s grace by a particular and especial inspiration, will be given to those who seek it, (p. 183) ; another, in the declaration that the New Testament legislates for all cases and details of human life at all periods ; from which, among others, the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance is necessarily deduced by the author, though he qualifies, or rather nullifies it by an ingenious quibble ; another, in what may be called his theory of social intercourse, which, he says, should always “ be regulated by a wish to improve ourselves and others,” (p. 152) ; by which we should at once transform ourselves into a set of pupils and teachers ; nullify sympathy, and certainly kill all enjoyment. But we might go on *usque ad nauseam*, with these examples of orthodox trash and twaddle.

The style of the book is very singular. It is for the most part broken into periods of a few words ; as thus in the denunciation of vice :—“ The law is her enemy. The magistrate is her foe. Infamy is her portion. Destruction is her end.” (p. 62.) It is occasionally offensively illiberal, and abusive in its epithets ; and at times it is startling from its irreverence, as when after describing certain conduct on the part of men, the author goes on to say, “ God regards such conduct as an intolerable insult offered to himself !” (p. 163.) *There* spoke the offended egotism of the scribe. In his Dedication, he avows the “ universal circulation and permanent use” for which his work is intended, and confesses his obligations by declaring himself “ eternally indebted to his Creator and Redeemer”—for inspiring him, we suppose ? He concludes by “ solemnly subscribing his name, as the visible pledge of his intention to aim at the full accom-

plishment of whatever God shall providentially appoint, and man legitimately require!" The *neat* mixture and management of heaven's providence and earth's legalities, constitute a draught that has intoxicated the inventor, but which no rational being is likely even to taste a second time. H.

*The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. The Backwoods of Canada: being Letters from the wife of an Emigrant Officer, illustrative of the Domestic Economy of British America.* One vol. London. Charles Knight. 1836.

EMIGRANTS on their way to an unknown country must feel how pleasant it is to meet with any one who has been there, or to see a letter from any one who is there. Exactly such advantages may be enjoyed by reading this book. It is written by a woman of cultivated and refined mind, who can enter into all the realities that surround her, who evidently takes her share of the work to be done, and who can appreciate all that is enjoyable and beautiful in the circumstances that surround her. Her descriptions, and the official information in the appendix, make up a volume which must be very valuable to those intending to emigrate, and will be found highly interesting to the general reader.

*The Parents' Dental Guide.* By William Imrie, Surgeon-Dentist. 1 vol. 2d edition. John Churchill. London. 1836.

It is a very common error to neglect the first teeth, under a consciousness that they will soon be shed; yet, on the condition of this temporary set, mainly depends that of the permanent one which follows. Mr. Imrie's remarks and instructions on this point will be found both useful and interesting. He shews, that besides the evil effects of allowing a child to become toothless, and so remain, perhaps, for a year or two, the shape and size of the jaw are considerably affected by the deprivation, as the crowded and irregular state of the teeth which at length appear, will testify. He advises, therefore, that careful examination of the mouths of children should frequently be made; that the utmost cleanliness should be provided for, and that if, after all, decay should take place, stopping the teeth with tin-foil should be resorted to. This is all very different to the course usually pursued. A tooth brush is a rare appendage to the toilet of a child of two or three years old; and as to the dentist, he is seldom resorted to, till pain and decay begin to make his aid necessary, and then extraction is mercilessly performed, and is thought only right and wise as it 'makes room for the second teeth.' We think the process by which nature has provided for the shedding of the first teeth is scarcely explained with sufficient clearness by Mr. Imrie;

those who are ignorant of the subject would scarcely understand it distinctly from his allusions to it. In a healthy state, no decay will ever take place in them, but the roots will be gradually absorbed in the sockets, till, as the second tooth descends, the first is pushed out, presenting an appearance as though its root had been nibbled off, but perfectly white and free from disease.

The chapters on 'Dentition' are able and clear, and good sense and knowledge of the subject are apparent throughout the work. M.

*Beattie's Switzerland; Illustrated by Bartlett.* Nos. 14 and 15. Virtue.

*The Shakspeare Gallery of Female Characters.* By C. Heath. No. I. Tilt.

THE first of these publications continues with unabated spirit and excellence. Every number deserves a repetition of the praises which we bestowed on its commencement.

The other is also full of beauty. It contains fancy portraits of Viola, Beatrice, and Anne Page; the second from a painting by Hayter, the other two from Meadows. Of each, not only the character, but the particular scene and feeling may be easily guessed, so appropriate is the conception, and so exquisite the execution. We have subjected them so repeatedly and successfully to the experiment, that when it fails we take the fault to be in the observer and not in the artists. This fact is the best review of them which we can give. F.

*Plan of the London Infirmary for Diseases of the Skin, 1836.*

THIS little pamphlet contains reports of the Committee of a highly praiseworthy charitable institution. We were not previously aware of the existence of the following class of felonious curiosities. Dr. Litchfield has given in his clinical Lectures on Diseases of the Skin a description of the *acarus scabiei*, found in the pustules of a patient, at the London Infirmary. This curious animalcule has eight many-jointed legs of a deep red colour, the body being round and of a white gelatinous appearance. It is placed by naturalists in the order *aptera*.

*Companion to the Hydro-Oxygen Microscope.*

THOSE among our London readers who are interested in the wonders of the microscope have no doubt visited the Adelaide Gallery; but our friends in the country should be informed that the microscopic power is now increased to such an extent that a flea is made to appear almost as large in comparison with a prize ox, as the said ox appears to the flea when viewed with the naked eye. But the flea seems an innocent creature



after seeing a magnified specimen of the Water Lion, and the Hydrophilus, or water-devil, alive and diabolically sportive.

*A Letter to Lord Holland on the Judgment in the case of Lady Hewley's Trust.* London, Hunter, Wilson.

THIS is the best pamphlet we have seen in this much controverted affair. The writer avows his indifference as to the endowments, or the sectarian appropriation of them which may be desired, but he protests against the legal exertion of a theological test for trusts which were left unrestricted by the founders. He ably exposes the controversial quirks and criticisms in which certain high legal authorities have been displaying their ignorance and pretension, if nothing worse; and deprecates squabbles amongst dissenters which can only prejudice the advancement of that religious liberty of which they ought to consider themselves as the peculiar guardians. We heartily accord in his conclusion. "In whatever way the case is ultimately decided, my sole desire is, *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*. The result may be, that no party which has hitherto appeared is entitled to the property in dispute. If so; and if the heir at law should be pronounced the rightful possessor, I should wish him joy of his prize; if the Crown, there is no doubt that the property would be diverted from Sectarian purposes and consecrated to objects of general utility."

F.

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#### NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY. It is very common for people to say of the exhibition at Somerset House, that "it is worse this year than the last." Now, there is a slowness in the progress of art in every individual artist, as well as in the popular capacity of judging. The first signs of great improvement must necessarily be in those who practise the art; and we fear there is a deficiency at present, not of professional talent, nor, perhaps, even of original genius, but of high principles of art and of appreciation, among the practitioners and their wealthy *soi-disant* patrons. The merits and defects of the productions exhibited on the present occasion, are much as usual. There are pictures of great merit in their line, though that line is not the greatest; pictures which are carefully mediocre, and not a few that are quite unworthy of the prominent place they hold; nor can we pass over the great men of the Royal Academy, without offering a little objection to some of their most applauded productions. The large picture by Maclise of what he calls "Macbeth and the Weird Sisters," is a failure, at once ludicrous and grotesque, and painfully so, because it is the failure of a man of real genius. The "Peep o'day boys cabin," though very beautiful as a work of art, is much over-rated as to its degree of sentiment and expression. Enough is done to enable us to imagine

and feel the story intensely ; but the hint has more of matter than mind in it. Of Turner it is scarcely too hard to say, that he has at last carried his mannerism into a madness which is not redeemed by his having a "method" in it. The *idea*, made up of rainbow and of fog, which he calls Juliet and her Nurse, is truly preposterous. Etty's colouring is as fine as usual, and his figures subject to the usual objections. Nobody can draw better than Etty, "when he likes;" his figures are seldom out of *drawing*, but they are continually out of *proportion*. Wilkie's Napoleon is youthful, handsome, and innocent-looking. He should now paint the converse, and as it would be no more the character of the man than the present attempt, Mr. Landor would probably purchase it. No. 287, the "Battle of Killiecrankie," and No. 13, the "Windsor Castle Packet," are designs of great energy and thorough-going purpose. We are glad to see that a cultivation of the impassioned and imaginative style has commenced among some of the junior branches of the Academy. No. 371, the "Death warrant," and No. 445, "Captives detained for a ransom," are very finely conceived, and have more depth of feeling in their expression than almost any other pictures in the room. There are many beautiful miniatures this year ; particularly those of Barclay, Collen, Denning, Miss M. Gillies and Mrs. J. Robertson. A revolution seems also to have taken place in the hanging of the miniatures, and to very good purpose ; we mean that the best, no matter by whom, are for the most part hung in the best places. This is a reform. In the Model Academy, there are some beautiful figures by Baily ; but we have looked in vain for a fresh specimen of Gibson's genius. He has nothing there. What may this mean ?

**THEATRES.** Mr. Macready has eventually been successful in the arduous task of inducing a London manager to bring out a tragedy ; and one, moreover, depending for its effect upon the eloquence of poetry, and the classical purity of its construction. It does not in itself, possess great dramatic power, but a refined beauty ; not overwhelming passion, but intensity of design. The grandeur of its *action*, is attributable to Macready. To witness its success, the faces of those were seen around the house, whose "order" ought always to preside on such occasions ; Wordsworth, Landor, Knowles, Laman Blanchard, Trelawney, and a host of other men of intellect and fine taste, not to mention the whole Bench of judges. But not by these alone, was this elegant production, and magnificent acting, highly appreciated. The conduct of the whole audience, piled to the roof, gave ample testimony of their sympathy, and of the fact that the decline of the drama is not attributable to any want of authors, or to any *essential* change in the public taste. The only true cause exists in the fact that *managers* 'decline' to produce such pieces, and with becoming care in the necessary arrangements. But, on the contrary, we see that to the very last, the utmost efforts are made to supersede fine writing and acting by all sorts of foreign melo-dramas and musical hashes. We trust that Mr. Balfe's Maid of Artois will be "the very last." Its apparently great success on the first night of representation, was owing to the prodigious physical energy and extraordinary voice of the accomplished Malibran, and to the "packing of the house." The boisterous iteration with which everything was applauded, encored,

and everybody called forward, betrayed the *management*, from the commencement. From the overture downwards, this new opera is a common-place affair as we ever heard. If Mr. Balfe had been a man of genius, like Barnett, he would not have been patronized by the lessee of Drury Lane. Most of the newspapers in speaking of the Siege of Rochelle, began by extolling it, and were obliged to retract. Not warned by that "slight" mistake, most of them have done just the same with the Maid of Artois. The "perverted taste" has no sure grounds of judgment. The *Morning Herald*, however, has stood apart and opened the way for the truth; the *New Weekly Messenger* hints it pretty plainly, and the *Examiner* more than half promises to do the rest.

We can scarce afford the space, but the words of this Opera are so rich. They are the effusion of Mr. Bunn's tragic muse!

*A Chorus.*

Behold, 'tis our chief that *advances*,  
Who pride of the heroes of *France is!*

*Another.*

Yet if we roam  
The world, our home  
Is, *after all* on the sea!

*A Couplet.*

Each beauty about thee  
So *gracefully* pearled!

*Another.*

Upon him is the stain  
Of *noble* gore!

*A Verse.*

Behold this *dress!* 'twill *prove*  
His colonel's blood *heshed!*  
Lift up his fainting *head,*  
*Which gently hence REMOVE!*

CONCERTS. Ole Bull is not a second Paganini, he is Ole Bull. With many points of equal excellence and some few of similarity, he is almost as individualized a personage as the great Necromancer. He has none of Paganini's wild and wonderful poetry; he appears rather a logical player in the comparison. We do not mean that he is cold or scholastic in his style; but that in place of the 'fiery execution' and sudden caprices of vague though passionate desire, manifested by the former, he has a sustained warmth, a continuous purpose, and a fine manly taste which always carries him in a most satisfactory manner to his intended climax. We could say much more concerning him, but wait for the appearance of a work purporting to be a history of the violin and its chief masters. The next musical phenomenon we have to notice, is M. Thalberg the great pianist, concerning whom it may surprise and vex some people, and find

sympathy with others, when we say that he is superior to Herz and Moschelles. Our reasons are forthcoming; at present he has only performed once in public, and the subject is not sufficiently "abroad." An abundance of morning concerts have been given in the course of the last month, at which we have heard all the "talents" and all the "blocks." Those among the foreigners are well known, not only on account of their talent, but also, perhaps, because it must be so dearly paid for; those of our own country who are general favourites need not be mentioned. Among those, however, who are not sufficiently known, but whose commanding talents are sure to render them favourites, we may name Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Miss Masson, Miss Atkinson, and Mr. Lenox. At the Philharmonic, the concerts of Mr. F. Chatterton, Signor Lanza, and the admirable one given by Mr. Holmes—the public have heard these fine singers, and once to hear is to remember always.

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#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. may be assured that the Print of William Godwin will receive due attention as soon as it is published. The other matter shall be answered privately.

E. W. C. Has our best thanks. We agree with his conclusion about the Bishops, but not with the arguments by which he arrives at it. The other papers are under examination.

Dental Surgery is of far more general and practical importance than S. T.'s particular theories. In reply to several rather tiresome communications, originating in the article on that subject which appeared in our April number, we can only say the patients must apply elsewhere. Further than this 'we never will speak more.'

The writer of the fragment on the very original subject of 'Night,' seems to have equal ability and carelessness. Moreover he has a very light estimate of the value of our time to request detailed replies by letter, and concerning a scrap of verse.

We decline the paper on Niagara, with thanks for the offer. We regret that we are also obliged to decline the Letter on the 'Medical degrees of the Metropolitan University.' We do not coincide with the writer on sundry important points.

Histories of China and Brazil will be reviewed next month, and B. B. will there get the information he requires.

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*Errata.* Our Subscribers are requested to correct the following errors of the press. As to how they originated, we find, as usual in such cases, after a strict investigation, that Nobody is to blame. The letter C belongs exclusively to the writer of the papers entitled, "Memoranda of Observations and Experiments in Education." It was appended by mistake to the article on the "State of the Canadas," in our number for April, instead of the letters H. S. C. In the same number also, p. 203, line 14, for "chorus sings" read "chorussings;" and in the May number p. 273, line 13, for "political" read its antithesis,—"poetical."