

POLITICS OF THE COMMON PLEAS.

THE recent proceedings in the Court of Common Pleas are an exemplary display of the niceness of party warfare, of the species of chivalry that characterizes some of the "Gentlemen of England," of the conventionalism and hypocrisy of public writers, of certain beautiful points in the enactments and administration of law, and of the assumed extent of gullibility in the people.

The plaintiff has not been made a fool of in this affair; that operation being evidently rendered unnecessary, and indeed impossible, by certain original qualities in his mental constitution. But he has as evidently been made a tool of; and that most signally. Should he ever become capable of such an act as reflection, his retrospect will be very unenviable; nor can it be said, that with his folly, his culpability, or his remorse, the public has nothing to do. He is the nominal institutor of a public process, which will find its place in history, and has thereby conceded the right of speculating on the possible, and eventually recording the actual dénouement of the drama. How it shall fare with the public accuser, on such grounds as he possessed, of the Prime Minister of the country, and of one of its most fascinating authoresses, is a perfectly legitimate inquisition. Do we not inquire, and are not great pains taken to inform us, what became of the assassins of Cæsar, or the regicides of Charles? Have we not some curiosity about the hypocrites that murdered Hypatia? And although there be certainly little parallel between these tragedies and a civil suit in the Court of Common Pleas, yet one who traffics in the small wares of a causeless *crim. con.* action against those in whom the public have an interest, must not anticipate a certain escape into oblivion—their lustre will shed light on any recess into which he may skulk. Were he but Catholic, a monastery, a monk's cowl, and a new name, might be no inelegible resource. His hard fate denies such shelter. But we "leave him to Heaven," if Heaven will accept the leavings of earth; only remarking that it is needless to say anything about blowing his brains out. Nature interposes her immutable laws against that catastrophe.

And in this pitiful trial we see the evaporation of a Tory manœuvre for breaking up the present administration! The dirty dogs; and as ravenous as they are dirty, and as blind as they are ravenous. Why this is more foolish than the trick

they played Canning, the first time he entered the House of Commons after his mother's death ; when a letter was put into his hands, with ample heraldic seal and noble crest, which only contained, under a blank cover, an old provincial play-bill with her name amongst the *dramatis personæ*. That was legitimate aristocratic spite, and honest. They despised the talented plebeian, and threatened his demolition because he would no longer be their minion. But the adultery which they imputed, they did not despise ; if they believed, they simply envied. Pillared statue of Waterloo-place, did not thy bronze blush at the base hypocrisy ? And this was the contrivance which was again to have given us Lyndhurst for Lord Chancellor, Wellington for First Lord of the Treasury, and Ellenborough for the Board of Control ! Verily, the modesty of the means would be matchless, were it not for the patriotism of the purpose. If we had been doomed again to bear that degrading and rapacious domination, its coming in such a mode would have made it doubly bitter. No ; if it must return, let it be by royal vacillation, by Whig imbecility, by fanatic wrong-headedness, by lordly perversity, by unblushing bribery, or by the bare swords of hireling soldiers ; any way but through the sacrifice of an intelligent and lovely woman on the altar of Hypocrisy, repeating his filthy ritual of cant and slander. The success of this notable plot to drive Lord Melbourne from the helm of the State, would indeed (had it originated as much in fact as it did in falsehood) have maintained a disgusting unity of spirit with the late Tory restoration. Having achieved his first dismissal through the demise of a superannuated lord, the second was fitly anticipated from the exposure of an unfaithful lady. What ideas some people have of the dignity of politics and the government of nations !

The promoters of this miserable and baffled attempt belong, it seems, to the *élite* of the faction, which is, *par excellence*, the party of the aristocracy. It is a specimen of the means which they will not disdain to adopt, for restoring the grace, glory, and gallantry of the good old times. Thus would they restrain the "upstart vulgarity" which jostles them in the reformed House of Commons ; preserve the polish by which vice loses "half its enormity, in losing all its grossness ;" and save the "Corinthian capital of society" from the rude mechanical powers of Utilitarianism under which it totters. Delicate and dainty spirits ! How long will it take to teach them that their imposture is near an end ; to make them know that they are known ; and bring home to their conceptions the fact that the qualities which justly dignify the name of *Gentleman* may even now be sought for with not less success amongst operatives than amongst "Honourables." If "manners make the man,"

they unmake him also; the one process implying that they grow from a sound mind and feeling heart; the other, that they are the varnish of selfishness, insolence, cold licentiousness, and sickly inanity. From what class of the community has a woman most reason to apprehend interruption and insult? By whose practices is the nightly tide of misery that overflows the streets of the metropolis sustained against the rapid absorption of the grave? Who were most on the alert for such gratification as the late trial was expected to yield for prurient impertinence; for such occasion as it might afford to obscene allusion? Whose hands raked (and under whose stimulating approval) that kennel of menial immodesty, which has never been so paddled in since the memorable days of *non mi ricordo*? Almost as shameless in the defeat of the intrigue as they would have been insolent in its success, and as they were foul and gross in its conception, the clique that plumes itself on combining the licentious frivolity of aristocracy with the crooked politics of Toryism, has sealed its own doom of universal reprobation and undying scorn. To have gained a party point by crushing an erring woman, would have been disgraceful enough; the descent has been effected into a lower deep of infamy by a baffled conspiracy against an innocent woman. O the *soi disant* gentlemen! If their own foul-tongued and drunken varlets do not regard them with contempt and disgust, they will be the sole exception from the feelings of the community. Let them cherish that sympathy while yet it remains. Liveries are not yet seen, and when once they do appear, it will not be for long, within the walls of Mechanics' Institutes.

The bear-garden shouts with which the age-of-chivalry faction in the House of Commons answered Mr. Roebuck's recent challenge to compare the Unstamped Press with the favourite newspapers of the aristocracy and the clergy, as to decency of language and abstinence from personal calumny, were the most characteristic reply that could be given. No other response indeed could come from such epicures in taste! And if the acuter foes of popular knowledge will cast in their lot for power and pelf with the "faction of fools," they must endure the disgrace, hoping for the coming of pay day, and for better luck with the next lady whose wit may make a Whig minister rejoice that there is "no House to-day."

The vanity of aristocracy will have some reason to cherish itself as long as there are beautiful opera-singers and dancers, and talented men who will do anything for hire, and prostrate themselves before the patronage, which a feeling of the superiority of their own physical or mental being should make them spurn. The worst species of prostitution is that in which mind is hired, not directly to gratify the taste of the paymaster, but to serve his

purposes, by acting upon his intellectual superiors. How much talent, and often of no inferior order, has degraded itself in relation to the subject of these remarks. Among the literary Swiss of Toryism there are men who might have earned unfading laurels for their brows in an honourable cause. They must, in that case, have foregone the wages of faction, the payment for their reiterated assertion of facts which they never could know to be true, and of principles which the very extent of their intellect is proof that they do know to be false. Through all the grades of mercenariness down to the placard and picture men of the streets, it is evident that the foul spirit of party has been at work, unchecked in its nefarious, demoralizing, and vindictive career even by the triumphant decision of the law in favour of the accused. This is not the natural excitement of public interest. It is not the uninfluenced result of the connexion between demand and supply. The penny purchasers of coloured prints and pamphlets have no particular pleasure in scandalizing Mrs. Norton, nor any animosity towards Lord Melbourne. Temptation has been diligently thrown in their way by that power which will never cease from attempts to demoralize the people until it is entirely eradicated. Painted placards of indecency, and open beer shops for voters, are portions of the same machinery. How can such a genius as that of H. B. not blush to find itself in the same ranks with all this rascality? So far as we know, his pencil has never been dirty before, though it may often have been venomous. For the latter, we do not quarrel with him. If by some strange and inexplicable idiosyncrasy the creator of those magical sketches, in which the best conceptions of Hogarth are idealized, be indeed an honest Tory, heaven forbid but he should take his full swing, and caricature every Whig and Radical who merits the distinction. But in the present state of society there are many and obvious reasons why he should not war on women. With Tory Gentlemen it may be a matter of perfect unconcern what beauty or sensitiveness they trample upon in their rush towards the Treasury Bench; but with a Tory artist the case is widely different. He should tell the scavengers of faction to do their dirty work themselves. He should have been disarmed by the intellectual loveliness, beaming with hereditary wit, as bright and lambent as his own, which it is obvious he has contemplated with no casual or unrepeatd glance. He should have thrown his pencil at the head of any one who dared to hint at the libel to which his mysterious signature was recently appended, even though that head wore a coronet. He should have exclaimed,

“ The Deil he could na skaith thee,
Nor aught that did belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonny face,
And say, I canna' wrang thee !”

This would have been behaving like a man of genius, as he is. But when talent and taste enlist under the banners of sordid faction, they may well make their lament with poor Ophelia, "we know what we are, but we know not what we shall be."

It may very reasonably be questioned whether a court of law ought ever to be occupied with the verification or disproof of suspicions like those entertained by the Honourable George Norton. So far as affection between the parties is concerned, nothing whatever can be contingent on the verdict of a Jury. Before matters come to that pass, the mutual feelings between the parties must be settled for life. No such verdict as "Guilty of being unloveable, but recommended to benevolence," could have any avail either with the fountain or the object, of marital mercy. Whether the ultimate fact be proved or disproved, with all persons of delicacy their future relation must be fixed unchangeably. Nor does the idea of punishment on offending parties enter into the question. Rightly or wrongly, the fact is certain, that the penal code of England knows no such crime as that of adultery. It is only taken cognizance of in the Ecclesiastical Courts, where it is called a sin, but dealt with as a virtue, and rewarded by the privilege of divorce; which must, under the circumstances, be no slight privilege to the parties. The civil proceeding is merely to repay the plaintiff in hard cash for the damage done to his female property. And this proceeding we laud, because of that great constitutional maxim, that there is "no wrong without a remedy." Now, pray where is the remedy for the grievous wrong to the woman by every such procedure?—the grievous wrong to any and every woman, whatever the facts of the particular case may be? For a woman's having loved another man besides her husband does not unhumanize her; it does not make her a wild beast, to be beaten, and pelted, and hunted, and mangled. Let her have gone to (her over-passing is beyond supposition) the boundaries which society allows to the other sex without loss of caste; let her have been *as bad as a man*; still it is both a grievous wrong towards her, and a pernicious practice for society, that all her personal ways, her little toilette fancies, her daily and nightly whereabouts, should be brought into question, and even her laundress's basket be subjected to forensic investigation, tickling the itching ears of a coarse-minded auditory, and all particulars hawked about the streets next morning in filthy ballads, filthier caricatures, and filthiest newspapers. The exposure of any woman to this indecent treatment for the sake of pocketing pence thereby, is a wrong which society would never allow, were the terms "female delicacy" generally regarded as any thing more than a cant phrase for a particular species of male property. It is needless to show how much the

offence is aggravated when it has been unprovoked ; or how much more heavily it falls on those whose names, even because they are illustrious, cannot be withdrawn from public notice. A Tory newspaper, a mighty supporter of our " holy religion," protestant principles, social order, and glorious constitution, finding the impression of the evidence in the recent trial rather too strong to be trifled with, gravely and with great candour, recommends the husband to banish from his mind all the unworthy suspicions which had been infused into it ; and then, we suppose, to recall Mrs. Norton, and tell her to be sure and love, honour, and obey him, till death shall them part—a very moral and magnanimous mode of closing the transaction. To what being in this wide world does it signify whether there be one atom of absurdity more or less in the cranium of the Honourable George Norton ? He is nothing to the world ; nor would the world ever have heard of his existence, had it not been that, in an evil hour for the recipient, he bestowed his less noble name upon a Sheridan. But she, the injured, insulted, and outraged ; where is the " remedy " for her " wrong ? " She is to be soothed by the hope that her husband may change his mind ; his opinions are not immutable ; he may not think, to-morrow, that Lord Wynford is a wise lawyer, or Trinette Elliott a trusty housemaid. And is it to be endured, after all that has passed, that such a woman as Mrs. Norton should (unless indeed she so please) be bound for life to this man ; bound his legal slave beyond redemption ; his inalienable property ? And yet the very Tories who flung her reputation at Lord Melbourne's office, with infinitely less scruple than they would have flung a glass bottle at his head ; would uplift their hands and eyes at the assertion of her right to a substantive existence ; and all the judges and all the bishops would cry out on the immorality. Man and wife they are, and so they must remain, in spite of the cruelty, the injustice, the grossness, or the utter falsehood, involved in the assumption of such continued mutual relation. And all because the clergy have not sense and learning enough to discover, or not honesty enough to tell, the true meaning of a text in the New Testament, which has just as much to do with the morality of a public law of divorce, on reasonable grounds, as it has with the commutation of tithe for hop-gardens, or with the adoption of poor-laws for Ireland.

The public are invited to bear with these disgusting investigations, because title and property are at stake, and legitimacy of descent must be ascertained. Now it may really be questioned, whether legitimacy of descent ever did the country so much good as these trials do it harm. Would the peers be worse than they are, had nineteen-twentieths of them owed their existence to a different paternity ? How would it improve his Grace of

Richmond, had Charles II. been married to his fair ancestor? or his Grace of St. Albans, had the royal polygamist legalized his *penchant* for Nell Gwynn? Mrs. Jordan only wore a mimic diadem; but real coronets will very well fit the heads of her descendants. And Colonel D'Este is quite a peer, though he has not yet been created. The ancient annals of Hanover, as well as those of England, have given occasion for "Historic Doubts," which are little worth even the inquisition of the antiquarian. The aristocracy may be assured that people care no more about the purity of their noble blood than the purity of their stable puddles. They never mind bar dexter, or bar sinister, unless they are made bars to improvement. It is the sinister interest in legislature, and not the sinister bar in heraldry, that produces the grievance. The utility of a permanent class, endowed with high privilege and immense property, is the absorbing question; whether that class be solely replenished in the right line of descent, is a matter of comparative insignificance.

That Counsel would have conducted any case, which did not involve the feelings of political antagonism, precisely in the manner in which this case was conducted, is more than we can affirm. We attempt not to sound the depths of legal sciences. A lawyer's duty is so unlike another man's duty, that the ordinary rules of morality avail us not. Sir William Follett was very triumphant in his prevention of the Attorney-General from having the respite which he wished for, before entering upon the defence. "He did not wish to give his learned Friend time to decide whether or not he should call witnesses." This is plain speaking any how. Whether the fairness, the justice, the morality of it, be those of law or of Toryism, or of both united, we leave the adepts to decide. We must also make a similar reference as to the previous getting up of the case, the Womersley rustications, and the complete uncertainty in which the accused was kept about the evidence he would have to repel, and the particular time of an act, during a period of five years, against which he would have to prove a negative. To our simple understandings, unlearned as we are in the law, all this seems at variance with the elementary principles of justice. Nor could we have uttered that eloquent tirade about the private door, without thinking ourselves great and malignant liars, even though we had been well paid for it, saw a slight chance of being undetected, and knew that, if it escaped exposure, it would only injure the leader of a hostile political party. Our own taste would not have stigmatized as "disgraceful," even a somewhat noisy outbreak of popular exultation at the defeat of a foul conspiracy. We should have sympathised in the irrepressibility of the honest emotion. But we are no judges.

What a firm faith must the Tories have in the gullibility of the people. The worst of it is, that they have some grounds for their confidence. As the *Times* threw out its feelers from week to week, there were folks who began to shake their heads wisely; and even some sappy reformers questioned whether Lord Melbourne could meet this action as Premier of England. The mouths of multitudes of gaping ganders were open, ready to quack out, as soon as the trial was over, "O these be your reformers! These be your blue-stockings!" The saints, too; the religious *Times* had already insinuated the question, 'what will the saints do?' And very likely, had the trial worn a different complexion, the saints might have made fools of themselves; and not only fools, but rogues and traitors also. For to that it would have amounted, had they played the game of the public Enemy, and aided in driving from his post such a man as Lord Melbourne, to the probable admission of the Tories, and to the certain weakening and deteriorating the present Administration. No result within the largest limits of probability could have levelled Lord Melbourne's character with that of persons in public station, whom the world, saints included, "treats with all possible respect." The bare notion of the charge, supposed not only the folly which tempts roguery to play upon it, but a folly which voluntarily gives itself up to roguery, and runs to meet its doom half way. Thank heaven for your escape, good people of England. We should have had rare morality in a Tory restoration. Nor is there any Whig, peer or commoner, whom we could have seen in Lord Melbourne's shoes without sore misgivings. Not until the House of Commons is much more entirely identified with the people; perhaps, not until the people themselves are more enlightened and principled, can we expect to see a better man at the head of affairs. His breaking off from the Grey plan of only introducing such measures into the Commons as were likely to pass the Lords, was a noble step, and has done a world of good. It was a signal for renewed advance, after we had begun to retrograde. Ireland would not lose him for a little; and, at present, Ireland is in the right. The warmth and frankness of his speeches we heartily admire. He deserves to be a Radical, for he feels and acts like a man, although he is a Whig Lord. When the Church is dallied with, and the Ballot is burked, and a newspaper stamp retained, we would fain forget that he is implicated in the feeble policy of his party. It is pleasanter to remember that he has led them further than they ever went before. Let us thank him for that, and look to ourselves.

W. J. F.

TALES OF FASHION AND REALITY.

By Carolina Frederica Beauclerk, and Henrietta Mary Beauclerk.
First Series. Dedicated to Her Grace the Duchess of St. Alban's,
by her affectionate cousins. 1 vol. Smith and Elder, 1836.

" Oh reign of Trash ! Oh gifted courtliness ! "

It has long been manifest, and pretty generally acknowledged, that the reign of Trash has arrived as near to the height of fame and popular notice as it can ever attain in a country possessing some regard for intellectuality. The constant resistance offered by those who think that life contains deeper principles than such as are evolved in a ball-room or *fancy fair* (using the term in its widest sense) prevents its full growth and vulgar despotism. Fashion has always " flourished ;" the gaudy tulip has always reared its offensive head from the gross compost ; but the limits of its influence were never so certainly marked as at the present day. For the first time, the world of mind and morals has been able to say to ignorance and folly, ' Thus far hast thou gone, but thou shalt go no further.' In the Court they reached a wonderful height, not unmixed with some *small* degree of dishonesty, during the reign of George IV., but they could get no further ; in our theatres the reign of ignorance, folly, and chicanery, may be placed at a flourishing height during the management of Laporte ;—it *has* got beyond him under the pertinacious grossness of Messrs. Bunn and Osbaldistone ; but it will go no further ; and in literature, the reign of Trash may be said to have reached " the length of its tether " in the " fashionable novels," from the pens of our aristocracy. They write exclusively about themselves, and we need say no more.

These low-minded productions are not, however, without their value to the progress of society. They all aid, more or less, to show the kind of power which is behind, before, around, and underneath, the throne. They are the revelations of aristocratic intellect, wit, morality, manners, and accomplishments, and will serve as astounding historical records for future times, of the intellect and principles of that class which considers itself born to legislate for a great nation, and in which preposterous assumption the said nation has coincided for so long a period with a fund of patience so truly marvellous. But one very droll impertinence about these low-life fashionable novels, is that they all affect to *satyrize* the utter levity, folly, conventional pride, and vicious heartlessness of the class to which they and their writers belong. The authors say the most spiteful things about their intimate friends, and ' particular' acquaint-

ances, although it is quite plain they could not “live, move, and have their being” in any other or better society; they deprecate scenes to which their whole soul is wedded as its only enjoyment, and introduce here and there a little mawkish sentiment and assumed feeling, just as a painter puts in a shade of *no colour* in order to set off, either the bright drapery, or “undress” of his figures. It may be as well to give a fair specimen of the last *exposé* made by this class of authors. We have never gone out of our way to do this before; we shall probably never think it worth while to repeat the joke; nor should we indulge such a vein at present, but that the “instance” is one of absolute perfection.

The Preface begins by informing the public, that “portraiture is the peculiar talent of the English;” that this book is full of portraitures, which the writers hope will prove at once amusing and useful; and concludes by observing, that, “if it be found to contain correct information on *interesting subjects*, that knowledge of fashionable society that it requires, and occasional aptness at description, a *favourable verdict will no doubt be recorded by an intelligent public*, which will be an ample reward for the labour and anxiety of the authoresses.”

That the information is but too correct, we are well assured; and as to the verdict to be recorded, concerning the merits of the subject, and the talents of the writers, there can be *no* doubt. The day has gone by when the courtly servility about an “intelligent public” can have the slightest effect in conciliating popular judgement. The spirit of the time has been forced to become austere, and critics are now in earnest.

The intelligent public is presented with various poems—serious or comic, or rather we should say, comic-serious, for ‘each seems either.’ This is one of them.

LAY OF THE SPANISH MAIDEN.

BY HENRIETTA MARY BEAUCLEERK.

The moon was up, the night was bright and clear,
Sleep had long closed the eyes of all around,
When at a casement, quick a maid appears,
And from her lips proceed the following sound.

As the sound was nothing particular, there is no need to occupy any space by quoting it, while such rare specimens as these are at hand.

She paused, and clasped her trembling hands on high,
Two pearly tears descended from her eyes,
And long she wept, and heaved many a sigh,
For none when grieved remember how time flies:

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*The lake, till then, whose waters seem'd like glass
Appear'd of one accord to foam on high ;*

*At length the wind was lull'd, appeas'd, and still,
The rain soon ceasing usher'd in the morn :
Faint rays of light now deck'd the neighb'ring hill,
And nought had suffer'd by the last night's storm.*

Has not the utterly common-place in the foregoing specimen, reached unrivalled perfection? One would think so ; but here is the effusion of another serious muse.

BE HAPPY NOW.

BY CAROLINA FREDERICA BEAUCLERK.

*" Be happy now ! for thou'lt ne'er see me more ;
These rending pangs will cease their throbs in death ;
And though thou hast riven my bosom's core,
I still must bless thee, with my dying breath.*

*I ne'er can blame one I love so deeply,
It is not love,—'tis more like adoration ;
But thou'rt changed ;—O God ! I bear it meekly,
Though my poor heart is suffering laceration.*

*To battle then ! and when by foes I'm slain,
Will thine eye shine on in sunny gladness,
Or will a pearly tear thy cheek bestain,
And wilt thou own I lov'd thee unto madness.*

*Great Heaven ! this grief is more than I can bear,
This pallid cheek, this sunken-dying eye,
Will brightly lustre at Death's glaring stare,
When war's hoarse trumpets bray forth victory !"—p. 173.*

A fine touch of pathos is given in the first and last lines of the opening stanza, evidently intended to show the self-devotion of deep love, the character of which is fearfully expressed by the terrors of the other two lines. The next stanza is of similar construction, showing how passion delights to brood over the same objects, ideas, and emotions. The third is a demonstration of that wild despair so commonly following disappointed passion in strong natures, and also of the organ of destruction, the large developement of which is thus with such exquisite delicacy conveyed. The expression of the 'pearly tear' is a beautiful figure, palpably showing that the corresponding feeling has its origin in a far deeper source than ordinary tears ; in short, that it is drawn up from a deep sea of anguish. Perhaps this idea may have been surpassed in the previous poem, which contains 'two pearly tears ;' but the difference, we submit, is rather in quantity than in its

power of objectivity. A fine knowledge of the working of the human heart is manifested in the declaration—‘this grief is more than I can bear,’ after having said in a previous stanza, that the lacerated sufferer ‘bore it meekly,’ because it exemplifies the law by which passion, though generally disposed to violent repetitions, will sometimes run into equally vehement refutations of itself, and thus prove that it is often as deficient in self-knowledge as in self-command. The expression of ‘death’s glaring stare’ is a highly-refined idealization of a curious phenomenon in nature. The concluding stanza we omit. It is too much for the feelings.

This work also contains some French verses. Whether the grace or originality of the ideas rendered it ‘worth while’ to put them into a foreign language, the reader shall judge.

“ IL EST MARIE.”

A ROMANCE BY HENRIETTA MARY BEAUCLEER.

La paix est bannie de mon âme
Et je ne puis trouver aucune calme ;
 Des larmes arrosent mes yeux fanés
 Car l’auteur de mes maux est “ *Marié !* ”

Et quand le sommeil ferme les yeux
 Le repos fuit, au souvenir affreux,
 Une voix secrète me dit—“ *Plenrez !* ”
Celui qui cause tes peines est “ Marié ! ”

The comic muse must not be overlooked. She beats everything of the kind that was ever seen in public. The subject is ‘The Almack’s Galloppe.’ It commences with ‘Weipert’s harp,’ and each ‘*Dancing Beau*’ selecting a partner, and pairs ‘taking their ground.’ Then comes the ejaculation of ‘enchanting dance—the growth of German land,’ and the muse proceeds to ‘show up’ her friends and acquaintances.

Let’s mark the num’rous vol’ries of this dance,
 L—first rushes like a headstrong filly,
 Cranstoun and Walpole may be said to prance,
 Smith’s so, so—and ditto, Baron Bille !

E’en envy now is mute at Erskine’s grace,
 While Hillsborough a *Hercules* advances ;
 Who can cease gazing on Alicia’s face,
 Till Blackwood smiles or Fanny Brandling dances !

St. John,—sweet Maynard—pretty Stanhope glide,
 And lively Hill inciting gentle Karr,
 Mede and Regina ambling side by side,
 In dancing **THIS** are all much on a par !

This we can easily believe, but now for a courteous slash at the awkward energy of newly admitted members.

*Desperate rush a band of raw recruits
With ardent minds and no regard to time—
I beg their pardon, but they are such brutes,
They must excuse my writing such a line !*

*Hark a sound as if from a percussion ! ! !
Follow'd by piercing shrieks, arouse our fears ;
Chaperons rise alarm'd, and dread concussion—
A prostrate beauty is dissolv'd in tears !*

*Think not the prospects of the night are turn'd,
For a bright vision glances in the ring ;
No sooner is he seen, than all are spurn'd,
They seem his subjects—he appears their king !*

After alluding to a dancing beau, 'in whom *the gift of dancing lies,*' it is said—

*See him, like the fork'd lightning flashing !
The pride of Almack's—darling of a ball !*

*All things at length must cease, and so must this,
I'll end what bumpkins call the gallopade ;
Sweet unmean't speeches pass from Miss to Miss,
All go to flirt, drink tea, and lemonade.*

*The galloppe's ended, so my lay must stop ;
As a finale I propose to sing,
(While love sick beaux to belles the question pop,)
With loyal heart and voice—Long live the King !*
p. 75.

'The King,' poor man ! It is not easily to be conjectured how the vulgarity of any class, having the least pretensions to education or good behaviour, could exceed this wild romping without forfeiting all claims to decency. As it is, nothing worse can be said of it, except that it is a highly vulgar and absurd scene. After bestowing the epithet of bumpkin—the greatest term of reproach in fashionable life,—on those unfortunate individuals who chance to say 'gallopade' instead of 'galloppe'—to talk of 'popping the question' shows how very refined the fashionably-shocked personage must be in herself. And *à propos* of the 'order ;' let us select some specimens of received elegancies.

"I was at a ball at Lady Clifford's when dancing a quadrille with some *spooney* to whose *platitudes* I turned a deaf ear."—p. 91.

The same young lady 'the beautiful and all-accomplished Julia Vernon' says again—

"Lord Montreville, who, I suspect, was suffering from *indigestion* which I do not at all wonder at, was so *blown* that he begged to stop (dancing the galoppe) almost immediately.—p. 98.

Her mamma, the fashionable Lady Ellinor, in reply to the young lady's complaint, that she is "quite tired of hearing his lordship talk about his eternal waistcoats and the French polish on his boots, rejoins angrily, "*When you are Lady Montreville, it will not signify to you whether he wears a straight waistcoat or goes barefooted, the thing is to make him 'pop the question.'*"

So much for the morality and feeling of what is called "high life." And at the conclusion of an evening, which seemed to bid fair to lead to such a happy result, she bids her daughter goodnight, with the words, "I flatter myself we have *jockeyed* his lordship."—p. 102.

That which passes for wit with the *haut ton* is nothing more than the slang of "the turf," and other refined "sports." At the same time the above "lady" is shocked at a "dreadful woman," who "lives at the antipodes, up in Baker street!"—p. 104.

Next morning she contrives to turn out an untitled admirer of her daughter, by a false excuse of having to go to a *dejeuné*, remarking on his departure, that "she cannot suffer her drawing-room to become a refuge for *pennyless scamps*."—p. 116.

It is the lovely Julia who describes a "great fat girl" as a *regular jack* of a woman," and who makes the very clever and intelligent observation, that the said *jack*, who had an "understanding" resembling a cow's hoof, wore shoes that probably cost "five shillings and sixpence!"—p. 112.

Where you live, and what you wear—
How much money can you spare?
Who the deuce cares what you *are*?

The same Julia Vernon is also most ostentatiously vain of her jokes about "small beer," and "brown stout," which are as stale as they are low; and yet is shocked at the unfortunate creature who lives in Baker-street, because, among other sins, she goes to the Ancient Musical Concerts, and to Almack's in

a *Barège* gown! The foot of this same victim is politely characterized, by a certain "gentleman" with whom she had the honor to dance, as "a complete *beetle-squasher*." But mark the brilliancy of the heroine's rejoinder.

"My goodness! Captain Cleveland," cried I, "what an opportunity she gave you to say, 'If you love me tell me so, but do not kick me!'"

"Love her!" exclaimed the young Captain, with a shriek of horror, "why, the woman is just like a laughing hyena!"

"She puts me more in mind," I replied, "of an ogress: those long front teeth of her's seem admirably calculated to perforate holes in the flesh of human beings, and suck their blood!"—p. 104.

And amidst all this we are to be told of "the patrician and courtly bearing of the high-born ladies of fashion, and the aristocratic *thorough-bred* look of their daughters," or fillies? For an equal mixture of malevolence, gross indelicacy, and "jockeyship," take the following:—Mrs. Somerton, a fashionable lady, with three daughters, amuses the company with an account of her clever plan of preventing either Lord Neville, or Sir Willoughby Dartmore from marrying Miss Charlotte Lorimer, "rich and hideous."

"Well! I engaged Lord Neville in a conversation, and though I felt in a *devil of a humour*, I invented several puns for his amusement; and at a convenient opportunity *fired off* the following; 'Why is Charlotte Lorimer like Mount Vesuvius?' Of course he was *très bête*, and could not say why; but I kindly told him,—'Because she is subject to *eruptions*.' Of course he repeated this to Sir Willoughby. A man will often marry a rich old woman he cannot like; he may take a wife, knowing her to be a consummate fool, but men will rarely wed the object of a strong disgust."—p. 123.

Another lady is insulted to her face, by addressing her as Miss Beetroot, so that she "pumped herself up into violent hysterics, and was carried out of the room, screaming and kicking, *les pieds dans l'air*;"—Lady Trimleston, in fits of laughter, screaming out, "Oh! mon Dieu, j'en mourrai—ah, ah, ah!—Milord, how well you did say dat to her!" Shocking, dire, unredeemed trash! The vicious heartlessness speaks for itself. If there be anything at all approaching to cleverness in this book, it is in giving us here and there a concise series of facts, elucidatory of the daughter-selling principle adopted in noble families. No other subject is treated so "knowingly" as this.

"How every member of a family," continued Mrs. Lennox, "sanctions a marriage as it regards *leurs propres intérêts*." "Everything one can wish," says the mother, "twenty thousand a-year, descent from the Conquest, liberal jointure, abundant pin-money." "Very satisfactory," says the father, "good home for the boys, excellent cook, claret unrivalled." "Capital fellow," says the brother, "grouse-

shooting in Scotland, hunting-box in Leicestershire, good pack of fox-hounds." "~~A very nice person,~~" says the sister, "never smokes, box at the Opera." It never occurs to any one to ask, whether the woman really likes the man whose companion she is to be, perhaps for forty or fifty years."

Julia Vernon marries Lord Montreville, who suffered from 'indigestion, and was blown,' the thought of doing which 'made her sick;' her mother, the Lady Ellinor, having succeeded in 'jockeying' him. At the same time Julia is in love with Mr. Stuart, the 'penniless scamp,' and she renounces him after a scene which may be taken as a specimen of the bombastic extravagance of style in these 'tales of fashion and reality,' as well as a picture of aristocratic morality; for the authoresses profess to painting portraits from the life. Lady Ellinor succeeds after a furious speech containing 'Hell and madness!'—and '*Gracious Powers!* that I should be plunged headlong, *as it were*, into such a gulf of misery!' Her daughter yields to this shameless prostitution, and is then represented as dying for love! Now, her only acquaintance with Mr. Stuart amounted to the pleasure of having occasionally 'galloped' with him; seen him in the park, &c. But granting this to have been sufficient to induce a strong passion, yet the lady in relating one of her last interviews with him, expresses herself thus:—"I quietly seated myself, and began sipping a very hot cup of tea, a very good excuse, *by the way*, when you wish to have a good *flirting bout*."—p. 112. It is not such young ladies who die for love.

To the writers of this book, we are far from intending to offer any advice, and equally far from contemplating any rude personalities. They may be young, handsome, good natured, and sprightly persons in themselves; but as we do not constitute any part of their notion of an 'intelligent public,' our verdict is in natural accordance with that misfortune. In recording this, however, we have not been very particularly influenced by any such nonsense as may be associated with the idea of a want of gallantry, or the gallant and the un-gallant! These Tales of Fashion and Reality are so true to their titles—so exclusively fashionable, vulgar, immoral, and matter of fact, that we verily believe the *haut-ton* itself will feel almost ashamed of them. Nor is this too much to expect, for even the Literary Gazette cannot 'hatch up' an article in their praise.

TO THREE BARBER'S BLOCKS.

INVESTED WITH JUDICIAL WIGS.

(Somewhere in the neighbourhood of Linco'n's - Inn.)

Ho! what is Law? I mean Eternal Law,
By which alone great Man should rule his fellow?
Not parchment-must, where black, Old Time makes yellow,
As 'twere self-jaundiced with its meanings raw:
What, Equity? Not that whose windings flaw
Large fortunes, where fee'd gowmsmen meet to bellow,
And uripe reasons veil with glosses mellow;
But that whose precedents from God we draw,
Or Nature, which hath God for precedent:
What's Justice? What is Truth? What's Innocent?
What Guilt, that rightly falls on punishment?
What Oaths, that are indeed a sacrament?
— Ye do not know;—and yet ye know as well
As many a solemn, bench-thron'd Oracle!

* W. *

HISTORIES OF CHINA.

The Chinese. By J. F. Davis, Esq., F. R. S., &c., late his Majesty's Chief Superintendant in China. 2 vols. C. Knight. London. 1836.

An Historical and Descriptive Account of China. By Hugh Murray, F. R. S. E.; John Crawford, Esq.; Peter Gordon, Esq.; Captain Thomas Lynn; William Wallace, F. R. S. E.; and Gilbert Burnett, Esq.; 3 vols. Oliver and Boyd. Edinburgh. 1836.

In the great mutations of the world, as chronicled from a period so remote, that to our imaginations its solemn and maternal twilight may well appear to hang over the infancy of Time; though, indeed, it might have been but the shadow of his first grey hairs; the mind is not less deeply impressed by the vast progress of some lands and seas, some nations, and some stars, than by the extreme slowness, or comparative immobility of others. If the rapidity of far-extending power induces exultation or terror, the apathy of power, on a scale of equal magnitude, occasions awe. In the former, the heart hopes and fears for the result; in the latter, it either feels religious wonder at the "poise of things," or sickens at the apparent annihilation of hope. In this state of almost sublime immobility stands the Celestial Empire. Calm, bright, and passive as a thick cluster of stars, or rather like the "Milky Way," the contemplation of itself seems an all-sufficing beatitude. It does not appear amenable to ordinary human laws, but rather to a divine physical necessity. A thousand years have done nothing for it. If the nation be left to itself, as it desires to be left, thousands of years hence will find it just the same. Its curious, ugly, toy-like, swarthy, and painted populations, come

upon the fair, calm face of its fields, like successive clouds of locusts; eat their life's meal, and die, without one thought concerning the rights or destinies of humanity.

The most 'finished' Reformer scarcely knows how to look China in the face. Its expression, the condensed NO of ineffectual ages, puts him out of all his "dazzling fence." Confucius holds up his Scriptures; and "what he hath writ, he hath writ!" It seems no use to speak or think. China is continuing China; and thus revolving entirely within itself, as by a particular law, it has no spare energies to devise fresh international orbits; nor can a single change occur, that is not almost immediately merged in the operation of its eternal machinery. For all this, there is of course a cause. We consider it to be one of equal profundity and simplicity, to the clear developement of which this article will be chiefly directed.

A concise, yet at the same time an accurate and elaborate history of China, has long been a serious desideratum in our literature. It is now supplied by these comprehensive volumes, which must soon take their stand in every library in town and country, that pretends to works of permanent value and historical research.

The vast extent of the empire of China—its antiquity—its immense population, and the singular characteristics by which that population is distinguished, all contribute to render its history a highly interesting study. The two works before us are of unequal merit, but will perhaps be equally popular with different classes of readers. The three volumes of the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library," give a very clear detail of the annals of Chinese history,—a true, literal, and proportionably valuable description of the face of the country, the splendor of its cities, and the customs and manners of its inhabitants; while the chapters devoted to natural history are elaborately and ably executed. Nor could this have been otherwise, when the talents of so many established writers on those subjects have been engaged on the production. But those who are profound enquirers into the character and habits of a people,—their social and moral condition, and the nature of their institutions, so as to trace effects to their proximate or remote causes, will appreciate the superiority for their purpose, of the more philosophical work of Mr. Davis.

Mr. Davis is known for his acquaintance with the Chinese language and literature, and has translated many of their works. He says in his Introduction.

"A residence of more than twenty years (which terminated in the author succeeding, for some months previous to his final retirement, the late amiable and unfortunate Lord Napier as his Majesty's chief authority in China) has perhaps been calculated to mature and correct those opinions of the country and people which he had formed, as a

very young man in accompanying Lord Amherst on the embassy to Peking in 1816."—*Introduction*, p. 1.

The work on China published in the Edinburgh Cabinet Library is by Hugh Murray, F.R.S.E., and is a compilation from works already published, which from their great length are unfit for popular reading; such as the "General History" in thirteen quarto volumes; the "Miscellaneous Memoirs" in sixteen; the voluminous works of Mailla and other writers. The portion of the book which treats of the foreign commerce of China and its relations with this country, is by Mr. Gordon, and Mr. Crawford, the author of the "History of the Indian Archipelago." &c, and late Governor of Singapore;—that on navigation, is by Captain Lynn; the chapter on mathematics and astronomy, by Professor Wallace of Edinburgh; and that on botany, by Gilbert Burnett, Esq., late Professor of Botany, King's College, London.

The traditions of the Chinese, which carry their records back for tens of thousands of years, we of course receive as mythological fables. Mr. Davis pursues the claim of authenticity no farther back than the history of that period so immediately preceding the time of Confucius, as to give him an undoubted power to ascertain its correctness, when he compiled its annals. This period cannot be extended beyond about 700 years before Christ. But the first dawn of authentic history commences more than 2,000 years earlier, when the people lived in caverns, under the trees, or, according to some accounts, *in* the trees; clothed in skins, and feeding on roots, nuts, fruits, and the raw flesh of animals caught in hunting. It was a great advance in society, and is particularly recorded, when they learned how to make huts of boughs, and when by accidental friction, as they cut down the trees, they discovered the element of fire.

Whatever may be the truth as to those early times, it is clear from these and other works on the subject, that the empire of China had reached a comparatively high point of civilization at a period when Europe was sunk in barbarism. There is evidence that various sciences and useful arts were known to the Chinese long before their supposed discovery or invention in European nations. The attractive power of the loadstone was understood among them from remote antiquity, and we know that previous to A.D. 419, (but *how long* previous it is impossible to know,) ships were steered by the magnet. The art of printing was practised among them A.D. 950, and paper had been invented nearly a thousand years before. The composition of gunpowder was no secret to them at an indefinitely early period, though it was not used in war. Probably all parties were afraid of its effects on a large scale.

They used instruments of agriculture, and manufactured porcelain and silk at very ancient dates. If these facts are sufficient to prove their early civilization, it is equally certain that, having reached a particular point, they have not progressed, but have remained absolutely stationary. The useful arts are practised now, exactly as they were ages ago. No improvements in machinery, no alterations in fabric, structure, or mode of operation, occur to disturb their unvarying processes. Medicine continues to be little better than a collection of vague or very absurd theories, anatomy is utterly unknown, surgery never attempted, and doubtless any proposition of the kind would be regarded with unqualified horror.

The fine arts, architecture, sculpture, painting, music, are all in a very low state, and that state, with a trifling shade of exception as to portraits painted near the sea-port, the same as it was century upon century since. Poetry here and there bursts forth in words, as if the human heart were impelled, even in China, to breathe out its emotions, incapable of being utterly smothered. The drama is an universal amusement, but its exhibition seems more to resemble that of the itinerant theatres at our fairs than any thing else. Though a few of the plays, of which we can judge by means of translations, possess merit as bald, flat, and characteristic pictures of existing manners; to the higher department of the dramatic art, the showing forth human thoughts and passions, brought into action by human motives, they have not the slightest pretension. The same may be said of their novels, which are numerous. They describe customs and modes of acting, but do not attempt to enter into original character, for good reasons perhaps, or sound the depths of the heart. Their language is as singular as every thing else about them, and a contemplation of its structure might lead to many a comprehensive theory as to their national peculiarities, and by its reaction on themselves appear as one cause of some of the most prominent of their peculiarities. We do not know how to convey any idea of it as concisely or clearly as by a quotation from Mr. Davis.

“ While the letters of our alphabet are mere symbols of *sounds*, the Chinese characters, or words, are symbols of *ideas*, and alike intelligible to the natives of Cochin China, Japan, Loo-choo, and Corea, with those of China itself. The best practical illustration of a written character, common to several nations who cannot understand each other's speech, are the Arabic numerals, common to all Europe. An Englishman who could not understand what an Italian meant if he said *ventidue* would comprehend him immediately if he wrote down 22. This advantage, which belongs to our *numerals* only, pertains to the *whole language* of the Chinese, and those other nations who use the same characters, without affixing to them the same pronunciation.—Vol. ii. p. 147.”

The whole number of written characters in the language is about 30,000; but it is stated that any one may make himself understood by a knowledge of 2,000, and may read and write Chinese when he has acquired 4,000 or 5,000.

In their poetry, according to the principle of *parallels* adopted in their buildings, ornaments, &c.; they generally balance their lines in sense, sound, and what we call 'parts of speech'; thus,—

The white stone, unfractured, ranks as most precious;
The blue lily, unblemished, emits the finest fragrance;
The heart, when it is harrassed, &c.*

China is represented in both these works as a very picturesque country; not a plain, as is generally supposed, but finely varied with mountains, and watered by numbers of magnificent rivers. It is well known to be highly cultivated and densely peopled, even the lakes and rivers being covered with boats full of inhabitants, which is no doubt some advance in social convenience from the period of nest-building. Food which we reject, such as horse-flesh, dogs, cats, rats, mice, moles, and other vermin, are there commonly sold in the markets; and we hear of salted earth-worms and slugs, as delicacies offered at the tables of the rich. Much more subsistence is gained from the waters than we can procure, and curious methods are practised for preserving the spawn of fishes, and placing it in circumstances favourable to its development, so that the rivers abound with food. Still, famines and pestilences from time to time occur, and do their appointed work in thinning the gathering numbers. The population is variously estimated from under two to upwards of three hundred millions; this immense mass of humanity exists tranquilly under a despotism perhaps the most perfect in the world.

But to understand the institutions of the Chinese, it is necessary to revert to the life and times of Confucius, their great Lawgiver and Sage. He was born about the year 550 B. C., and was therefore a contemporary of Pythagoras. The son of a statesman, and from his earliest youth devoted to study, he soon entertained the view of reforming his countrymen, and of restoring the virtues of antiquity, of which he was an enthusiastic admirer. He spent many years in journeying throughout China in a state of simplicity, and comparative indigence, resembling that of our Apostles; instructing all ranks of the people, and inculcating his maxims of family love and obedience, and social order. He is said to have had as many as 3,000 disciples in his life time. At one period he was employed in high offices of government, but meeting with

* See an interesting article on Chinese Literature in the Quarterly Magazine, No. LXXXI. 1849.

opposition and persecution, according to the very "old story," he finally retired to the companionship of his chosen disciples, to study, and to compose or compile his works, which have become, and continue to be, the Sacred Books of China.

His political system is founded on the basis of paternal authority. To every father he gave absolute power over his family during their mutual lives, even to life and death; and filial obedience is the first of virtues in his code. Confucius was remarkable for his attention to ceremonies, and his extreme veneration for authority. The excessive attention to ceremony and etiquette must be an important element in Chinese quietude. A particular form of doing every thing is enjoined. After saying, "How great is the way of the Sage! it is vast and flowing as the ocean;" Confucius adds, "It contains 300 outlines of ceremonies, and 3,000 minute particulars thereof." (*Edinburgh Cabinet Library*, vol. 2.) His maxim also that the *immutable mean*, or as the French would call it, the *juste milieu*, was the foundation of morals, was another taming influence. Moreover, "there is a positive law against the use of things not sanctioned by custom."

The Emperor is the general father. "The whole nation is represented by the Emperor, and absorbed in him." There is not a shadow of popular representative government, nor any aristocracy. Rank is not hereditary, nor have riches any influence in obtaining it. The only rank in the country, besides the Imperial power, and that of his family, is held by the ministers of the government; and these are chosen entirely according to their talents. Education, or rather knowledge of reading and writing, and of the sacred books, is universal, every father having a direct interest in the advancement of his sons. There are public examinations every three years, and according to their knowledge of the books of Confucius, the young men are chosen, who are worthy to become Mandarins. The Emperor himself is High Priest, and his ministers possess a deputed sacerdotal power. The state religion appears clearly to be a system of what is commonly understood by the term atheism, though great pains are taken, particularly in the Edinburgh publication, to prove that it is not. The creative power in the *material* universe is adored, and there is no definite expectation of a future state. Worship is performed to Confucius, and to the Emperor, and many temples erected to each. Something very like worship is also performed by all the people to their ancestors; and the desire for male issue to sacrifice at their tombs, is one reason for the universality and earliness of marriages. Besides this state religion, founded on the writings of their great sage, the Chinese have two sects, each very numerous, in which a supreme creative power of some kind is undoubtedly acknow-

ledged, but they have degenerated into superstitious practices without end, and gross idolatry; so difficult is it for the human mind to rest in a purely abstract idea.

The penal code, though barbarous enough, as it sanctions torture, cruel forms of death, and summary punishment by the bamboo, is not so bad as it has been represented. Mr. Davis says, that numbers of prints representing the torments of the damned in the Buddhist Hell, have been misunderstood as representing forms of Chinese legal punishments.

The condition of women is of extreme degradation. They are in fact domestic slaves, unless they attain the enviable state of widowhood with a family of sons and daughters; they then become the most inexorable tyrants, especially to the wives of their sons, who are said often to commit suicide to escape the intolerable yoke. Marriages are very early; an unmarried man of twenty is a prodigy, and though only one wife is allowed, concubinage is the constant custom. But if a man have sons by his wife, it becomes derogatory to his character to take concubines. Love, nevertheless, is accidental, as mere sensualism is systematic. A woman who is known even to have been seen by her husband before marriage, entirely loses her reputation, and in the Chinese novels all kinds of fortunate accidents are resorted to, such as a chink in the wall, or a shadow in the water, to account for the growth of love. Mr. Davis denies the frequency of infanticide of female children, which has been laid to the charge of the women of China. The strongest argument against it appears to us to be, that it is difficult enough to discover how there can be a sufficient number of women to enable every man to possess a wife, and also a handmaid, one or more, without still further increasing the difficulty, by supposing that numbers of female infants are drowned. In a country like Turkey, where female slaves are imported, this question is solved at once, but we own it remains an enigma to us, as to China, where all intercourse with other nations is reckoned something like profanation. Nor do we think the earlier period at which women are marriageable than men, could give a permanent balance in favour of the former that satisfactorily gets over the difficulty. The condition and prospects of trade with China, so difficult to carry on in consequence of the repugnance to strangers, are treated at large in both these works.

From these various facts we see with entire clearness the principle which has caused the vast empire of China to remain during so many ages calm as its own skies, and immoveable beyond the chance of change, as the fixed stars to whose unprogressive thrones its successive Rulers claim so near a kindred. The spirit of Paternity overcomes all other spirits as they rise, and merges every individuality, whose pos-

sible energies might create new forms of thought and action, into a generalized idea of domestic affections, and a religious reverence towards the proximate authors of their being. This truth, equally profound, palpable, and matter-of-fact, explains the whole history of the passive obedience of a mass of people forming in themselves a World, amidst a regular and comprehensive despotism, beginning with the parents, and extending upwards to the Imperial nod. Education being universal, the father being rewarded and elevated according to the advance of any of his sons, and the sins of any of those sons being visited upon him, it is an easy gradation to the position of a Mandarin or other officer, who is made responsible for any turbulence or disorder in the province which he governs as his express family. As a father has the entire control over his offspring, even to their lives, it seems a natural inference *therefore*, that the Emperor, whom the whole population are taught from infancy to consider as their general Father and High Priest, and whose chief ministers are the Hierarchy under him, should possess a similar power, and that each individual in virtue of the power he himself possesses, should rightfully succumb to the ascending gradation. Hence the spirit of Paternity, acts like an immortal influence. A theory—if theory it can be called—carefully deduced from the invariable conduct of 300,000,000 of human beings during an *authentic* period of time, (we meddle not with the poetical or hyperbolical vanities of their own records,) amounting to 700 years antecedent to our Christian æra, is quite sufficient to put all difficulties at rest. And what can permanently and fundamentally alter this system of things and its correlative working? Years upon years, with the slaughter of millions each year, (the usual mode of producing conviction, adopted by civilized nations) would not produce any permanent change in their institutions. If violence were the plan, the only method would be that of expatriating all the fathers and mothers; the countless transports for which, owing to the earliness of marriages, would contain nearly all the adults;—and distributing them among different nations, while their children were all educated on different principles. The humanity and facility of doing this needs no comment.

No change will ever occur in China from its own internal energies. It has no energies of that kind or tendency. An occasional and temporary rebellion may arise in times of famine, which the people consider as the sole fault of the government, to whose direct conduct they refer all good and evil dispensations. The Paternal Spirit is a bond for passive obedience which nothing short of starvation can disturb; nor can these brief periods of famine often occur in a country whose fields sometimes produce three crops of rice in one year. This domestic

religion of seniority, eldership, or, as they consider it, *natural* gradations of power and obedience, evidently had its origin, as shown by Dr. Morrison, and by these works, in the precepts and practice of Confucius, whose injunctions on this head are certainly very different from those of our own great Law-giver and Moralist, who says, 'Call no man your father upon earth, for one is your father, and all ye are brethren.' But in China the principle of *filial subserviency* has all the force of education from the dawn of consciousness, combined with those general feelings which are instinctive and immutable. That Spirit is therefore the secret cause of the utterly unprogressive character of this vast nation: it instantly puts down, as with a sacred Hand, every possible effort at improvement in government, philosophy, morality, and customs; and crushes and absorbs the very elements of hope and patriotic thought and feeling, in the bosoms of its countless inhabitants.

In the present period of momentous political struggles in our own country, it would be worse than waste of time to make any efforts to draw attention to the state of China, except as matter of general information, offering fixed data for new arguments and interesting speculations. To congratulate these people on the manifestation of some signs of progress, because we find a few of the native portrait painters of Canton and Macao, adopting a little shadow and perspective, instead of their accustomed flat absurdities, would bear rather a satirical than complimentary construction; but we must say, that we discover occasional signs of a latent spirit of resistance to oppression; though no doubt arising at times from envy at the promotion and rank of meritorious rivals; in the concoction of sundry anonymous lampoons, which are sometimes aimed directly at the highest authorities. That the powerful impetus certain to follow those immense changes which are certain to occur throughout Europe; shaking the very base of the whole social fabric, and bringing down much of its vast frame-work and still more of its superstructure, in ruins before the feet of emancipated Knowledge, will eventually carry its influence to every part of the habitable world, we are calmly and happily convinced. Hitherto, the grand requisitions for all extensive effects have been—means for overcoming distance and physical *resistance*, no matter of what kind, dead earth or human bodies. The perfection of steam will be (sufficiently for all practical purposes) the compromise of time, and space, and material substance. Add to this, the profound knowledge of what human nature really is; and the power then possessed, is at once awful from its magnitude, and deeply cheering to those of this brief generation, who, standing on the crumbling brink of the grave, can yet feel secure that happier feet will walk over them.

R. H. H.

A POOR AUTHOR TO HIS WORN-OUT PURSE:

UPON this dull and rainy day
 Before my view thy web I lay,
 And many thoughts and feelings stray
 O'er memory's eye ;
 Once thou with shining cash wert fill'd,
 And I could ramble where I will'd,
 But now thou'rt empty I'm be-quill'd
 In attic high !

Once, too, thy soft and silken strings
 Were gaudy as a May-moth's wings,
 Of web-like brown and golden rings
 A woven maze ;
 Well belly'd out with glittering cash
 Which oft a lightning glance would flash,
 Like beauty whisking past the sash
 Where lovers gaze !

Then wert thou solace of the cares
 Which e'en will spring before grey hairs,
 And my young heart burst sorrow's snares,
 For thou did'st tempt me :
 But now thou'rt on the table laid,
 Descended to the lowest grade,
 All dirty, greasy, torn, and fray'd,
 Light, lank, and empty !

Oh would to Heav'n I were light-hearted
 As thou now all thy seams have started,
 Since from thy burthens thou hast parted !—
 Thou seem'st to laugh
 Thou ragged rogue, upon my passion !
 Thou hast no bowels of compassion,
 Nor for my sorrow car'st a ration
 Or pinch of chaff !

I picture days which are no more,
 When health was strong and gold galore,
 And books or study quite a bore,
 Engend'ring bile ;
 Then look on thee, poor seedy purse,
 Thou emblem of a thread-bare curse,
 Of gambling, spunging-house, or worse,
 And sigh the while.

My wife untoward times compel
To things most unpoetical,
While bratlings chorus forth a knell
 To love's romance ;
And Christmas bills or Quarter day,
Without the slightest means to pay—
Nor e'en enough to run away ;
 Must trust to chance.

Alas ! that souls by nature born
For happiness, should weep forlorn,
Yet will these doggreels I'll be sworn
 Go deep to many ;
Who'll feel with me, and as they read
Bethink them of their worldly need,
And projects that like tadpoles breed,
 Not worth a penny !

Book-critics are dark churchyard knaves,
Of party, pelf, or fashion, slaves ;
Oft digging poets' early graves
 And tolling death-bells ;
Book-sellers are the greediest screws,
Book-readers are like rows of shoes
To whom we give the feet and " blues ;"
 Book-buyers,—angels !

But tho' by Critics, ruin'd—done !
Give me a nice broil'd brisket bone,
And half-fill'd bottle, I'll not moan
 My fortune vile ;
And tho' condemn'd to read and write
From day to day, from night to night,
Puffs, pamphlets, songs, and lies indite,
 Still, still, I'll smile !

Ye gentlemen who live in ease,
To eat and drink, sleep, snore, and sneeze,
The griping cares your Author sees
 Ye cannot know,
No more than ye can guess the pain,
The labour, and the little gain
Of him who wanders o'er the main
 Where storms do blow.

Chorus.

Where the stormy winds do blow, &c.

O. O.

BATTLE OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

(Extract from a letter, dated June 13th.)

‘So much for business—and now, quoth you,—what news from the Northern Frontiers of Spain? How goes the Civil War in the Provinces?—how wags the cause of her Catholic Majesty, Isabella Secunda? The truth is, I hate the politics of this and of all countries; the complexity of political science increases and bears a corresponding ratio with the difficulties and intricate distresses of the nation it concerns; the study therefore is as painful as confusing. In fact, a combination of selfish projects and decrees, engrafted upon an unrighteous oversight of the first principles of human nature, constitute the superstructure of most governments; hence the analysis of anomalies and abuses is perplexing in the extreme, and it often becomes hard to determine whether the twigs or branches should be pruned, or the whole forest, overshadowing palace, house, and cottage, utterly exterminated. Here *e.g.* is a country torn by internal dissensions arising doubtless from some ignorant or injudicious administrations of authority, and to terminate the civil contest the most uncivil means in the world are resorted to; that of marching foreign troops indirectly levied and equipped, for which no government is responsible, to settle the whole affair at the point of the bayonet! You are a man “*wha’ thinks;*” help me to a theory—one I shall like, will you? I am no conjurer.—I know nothing of politics; I am as faithful as the devil can wish to her Catholic majesty; unambitious of exploits, I have yet done, I fear, my share of mischief;—but I don’t understand it. However, on that critical day, the 5th of May, the legion acted most gallantly. At half-past four in the morning they went out from St. Sebastian in the face of entrenchments of the most perfect description; thrown up it is presumed by some skilful French engineer, and persevering literally under a blaze of bullets, took possession of them. It was, however, a near thing. Twice under the heavy firing our men were repulsed; and just at the turn, as it were, of their fate, the Phoenix war-steamer opened her fire; threw her shells with the most mathematical precision; and effected a breach in the line of entrenchment, through which the troops rushed like so many fire-proof devils. No quarter or mercy was shewn on either side. The soldiers of the legion had the satisfaction of killing all the Carlists they found in the entrenchments, some of whom endeavoured to conceal themselves in wine casks, and the Carlists in their turn had the pleasure of bayoneting and butchering such of them as were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands.

Amongst others Captain Scarman, a relative of Mrs.——'s, was cruelly mangled. So much for the Glories of War! I saw Colonel Tupper fall. He was shot through the head while endeavouring to rally his men. Some of us think that, not being popular, he was shot by one of his own men. This may be a vague conjecture, but *certes* he was no favourite. The loss on the part of the English has been much overrated. Eight hundred and fifty have been returned killed and wounded; but the fact is only one hundred and twenty were killed on the field; and the majority of those returned as wounded, were only slightly hurt, and will be ready for duty again before you receive this. But one thing is, perhaps, important for you to understand; by this victory little or nothing has been gained. True, we have now possession of the heights immediately round St. Sebastian; but we have made no valuable impression on the enemy; the Queen's arms are far from being efficiently stamped; the Carlists are still in strong force and good spirits, and only the other day attacked us. They were, however, repulsed. It is supposed that the legion will not again go into the interior of the country. I'm glad of it—I've almost had enough. It is our policy to garrison the coasts. Our next attack will be on Hernani, which is now in possession of the Carlists, and well garrisoned. Including Spaniards, General Evans has now about 12,000 men under his command, and Lord John Hay 1,000 British Marines—so that as the latter fight ashore, the intervention on the part of the British Government, is sufficiently direct.'

THE KANTESIAN PHILOSOPHY.

THERE is a sort of hard, mathematical-minded men, who either will not or cannot attain a perception of any truth without absolute demonstration. They believe in nothing but their quotient. There is an opposite sort of sanguine, fanciful-minded people, who catch up half-formed impressions, by the right or wrong end, with equal zest, and are enraptured with themselves and their subject in proportion either to its worthlessness or to their deficiency of understanding. No metaphysician has ever met with less, or so little attention in this country as, and than, Emmanuel Kant. The subject itself is the most difficult possible, and his new nomenclatural phraseology doubles that difficulty. Nevertheless it has not made him impossible. Putting aside those insecurely happy individuals who have fancied they understood him, and talked rare and equal mixtures of elaborate meaning and nonsense, and

also those acute and logical reasoners who have built up laudable superstructures upon a foundation, alike to what seamen call "cape fly-away,"—the meaning of Kant not having been pierced, and remaining as much underground as ever; there have yet been, and are, a few writers of the present age, who seem to have hit upon the real German mine, and after groping long and arduously amidst the rich darkness, have even bored their way up into the light with some good specimen of the pure ores.

The most prominent among these few, is Mr. Wirgman, and a disciple more conversant with the spirit and letter of his master, or more indefatigable in promulgating his doctrines, the sun never saw. He seems to live chiefly for that purpose, and if you are only once in his company you have no chance of escaping some inoculation of the Kantesian principles.* But if it has cost him a world of pains and labour to understand what the philosopher really meant, it has probably been almost as arduous a task for him to reduce the theory to a plain and intelligible form. As if, however, to prove the extent of his triumph, he has recently put forth a little tract on the subject, to be taught "in all the infant schools throughout the kingdom."

It should seem that this must be a sort of private joke to Mr. Wirgman; and yet he has successfully managed it according to the terms of his proposition.

He begins with a "Song of the Five Senses;" and furthermore astounds our gravities by the intimation that it is to be sung "to the tune of the Highland Laddie!" Also, we have been informed, that in course of conversation he sometimes sings it himself, and in a very intelligent manner.

This is the song, and we do request it be not unwisely—that is, beyond measure—laughed at; or that, after being laughed at, it be dissected and thought upon.

SONG OF THE FIVE SENSES.

TUNE—Highland Laddie.

I.

As sure as I am here alive,
 I have Senses,
 I have Senses;
 One, two, three, and four, and five,
 All my Senses,
 All my Senses;

* This is true enough. He is absolutely charged with them. He gives off transcendental sparks in the first shake of the hand, and there is a Kantesian-masonic affinity between you ever after.—Ed.

Eyes, and ears, nose, tongue, and hand,
And all beneath my own command,
Without which—Who could understand?

Useful Senses,
Useful Senses.

II.

With these I feel, I touch, I see,—

These my Senses,
These my Senses,—

I smell, I taste, I hear with glee;

Happy Senses,
Happy Senses!

How sweetly, too, they all agree!

Oh! are they not of use to me?

Without them—Where would knowledge be?

Happy Senses,
Happy Senses!

III.

Ear, tongue, and nose, you may suppose,—

These three Senses,
These three Senses,

Create our **TIME** as on it flows—

Inward Senses,
Inward Senses:

ONE AFTER ANOTHER goes through time,

Else could we hear the sweet bells chime,

Or up the hill or mountain climb?—

Inward Senses,
Inward Senses.

IV.

The hand and eye feel **ALL AT ONCE**;

These two Senses,
These two Senses;

These make **SPACE**, or I'm a dunce;

Outward Senses,
Outward Senses:

Without extension, what would be

This lovely world, that now we see,

But a mere nonentity?—

Outward Senses,
Outward Senses.

The song terminates with a “moral,” but I have omitted it; it is nothing to the purpose. A key—rather complex in its words, 'tis true—is contained in another leaf of this little tract. Here it is explained, that Sense, Understanding, and Reason

constitute Man. Sense receives the materials of knowledge; Understanding gives the form, or builds up knowledge; Reason sifts or regulates our knowledge. Very well; then, Sense makes intuitions; Understanding makes conceptions; Reason makes ideas. Under the three primitive colours of blue, red, and yellow, we have Intuition and Nature, Conception and Science, Idea and God. Intuition is defined as "everything present in time and space, that we feel, see, hear, taste, and smell;" —Conception is "everything absent in time and space, that we think of only, but do not touch; Idea is "everything out of time and space, that we think of only, but which never can come into time and space."

Should this little notice be deemed acceptable, I shall at a future time, if permitted, attempt a further consideration of the subject. But I should be more gratified if this opening of the question incite younger and abler hands to the undertaking.

SERH.

SONNET TO WORDSWORTH.

THOU soul of grandeur in humanity,
 With humbleness so dignified; whose power
 Is sympathy with virtue, placing thee
 Upon a just, tho' late apparent throne,
 High in the immortal, amaranthine bower,
 Whence the Great Living on the earth gaze down,
 Perchance with tears such as thou oft hast shed;
 The clouds have burst,—men see thy star-crown'd head.
 Thou lov'st not mere excitement's fitful flare,
 Nor picturesque externals: solemnly seen,
 A human heart to thee, pants and lies bare.
 Bard of pure nature's heroism serene,
 Thou rul'st an ocean where no wrecks have been;
 Bow, Time, reprov'd, to his sublime grey hair!

DEVOTION AND SELF-SACRIFICE.

It is not always that there is a perfect correspondence between institution and practice, between the principle in which the customs of society have had their origin and the actual conduct of the community, professing to acknowledge the obligation of that principle. It would be no unprofitable occupation to mark the several instances in which in the present age this discrepancy plainly exists, and to investigate the cause of it,

the investigation being conducted in the manner the most likely to ascertain whether or not the practical abandonment of the principle have arisen from the conviction, on the experience of its working, that it is not conducive to the end of institutions,—the security of happiness. The moral and religious obligations professed by the community, the legal provisions, the social customs, the popular maxims, the prevalent feeling, and the actual practice of society, are frequently at variance one with the other. This discrepancy is nowhere more striking than in the most important of all the relations of social life, in which the legal provision does not support the religious profession, and the acknowledged moral obligation is utterly set at nought by custom, and practice.

Two illustrations chosen from fiction but strikingly true to fact, will place this anomaly in the strongest light.

In Lamb's "Specimens of Dramatic Poets" there is an extract from "The Woman killed with Kindness," by Heywood. The story is as follows:—Mr. Frankford discovers that his wife has been unfaithful to him. She implores pardon in the most heart-rending terms, and at any rate prays that he will not "hack her with his sword," but "suffer her to go perfect and undeformed to her tomb." He, in reply sets before her in the strongest terms her cruelty to him and their children, and the heinous nature of her crime in itself, and then leaves her, that he may, as he says do nothing rashly, but may deliberate on her sentence. He returns, and desires that within two hours she will leave his house and go to another at some distance, where he is to allow her servants, and means of living on condition that she removes every thing that may remind him "such a woman ever was." She is never again to see him, or write to him or his children. They are henceforth to be "as they had never seen and never more shall see each other." She is very grateful, and goes, taking away every thing but her lute, which is forgotten. He finds it and sends it after her. She desires the servant who brings it, to break it under her coach wheel, as the last music it e'er shall make, and to tell his master that she was going to starve herself to death; not as a message from her; "oh, no, she dare not so presume," but as a fact he had learned. She *does* starve herself and dies; some mutual friends having first prevailed on Mr. Frankford to see her on her death-bed, as she earnestly desired it, when he forgives her, *because* she is dying. This scene is given in the most powerful manner, and leaves on the mind a sensation of woe and bitterness difficult to overcome. Mr. Frankford is (taking Heywood's and the common view of the subject) most kind. He loves his wife tenderly, and suffers deeply, but not as she suffers.

In Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," there is a story called "The patient Countess." Here, the Countess discovers that her husband has been unfaithful to her; but mark the difference. There is no talk of hacking, or defacing, or separating, but

"It grieved her not a little, though
She seemed it well to bear."

and then she thinks.

"How may I winne him to myself?
He is a man, and men
Have imperfections; it behoves
Me pardon nature then."

At last by a very ingenious contrivance she succeeds in winning him away from "the Damselle" back to herself, and she is rewarded by his loving her more than ever, and especially for her patience and long suffering. The poem ends with,—

"So each wife
Her husband may recal."

Habit, custom, the law of society, all made it strictly honourable of Mr. Frankford to treat his wife with the sort of kindness which killed her; and made it wise and sweet of the "patient Countess" to feign ignorance of her husband's fault, in order to lead him back to her, his legal wife. The morality of the man is to guard his own honor and rights; the morality of the woman is to practise devotion and self sacrifice.

Is this inequality of condition happy? Ask every woman who has been made to feel on the subject, and ask a few men, and you will receive an answer in the negative; but with scarcely a single exception you will be told, in addition, that "the purity of manners induced by this state of general feeling as to women, is a blessing to them, and one for which they ought to be very thankful." Purity of manners proceeding from purity of heart, refinement of taste, power of imagination and capability of love, is a blessing; but the world's purity is like the whited sepulchres that were "glorious without, but within, full of dead men's bones and all manner of uncleanness" and it is kept up at a fearful expense; want of development, ignorance, hypocrisy, deprivation of enjoyment, and much actual suffering in those who practise it; and, the sacrifice of a large class of victims at its unholy shrine. To those who pride themselves on the purity of Englishwomen, does it never occur as they pass one of those degraded, and often interesting beings "are not those too, Englishwomen?"

The *purity* of society, such as it is, is provided for from the outset of life. Men and women are trained to their different moralities from infancy.

A little girl as soon as she becomes a conscious being, becomes a creature living, moving and acting for *others*. She walks

prettily, and has red shoes or blue ribbons to attract notice ; the real, but concealed object being to promote her self-interest. This object being kept constantly out of view, is by some female, natures lost sight of. Habit teaches them to live, enjoy, act, think, hope, fear, only through others ; never in and by themselves. One of the fundamental principles of human nature, the selfish principle, is in women, forced down. They have no independent exercise of either the senses or the intellect. Hence they become lame, mutilated beings, unable to provide for their own happiness. The sympathetic part of their nature only, is cultivated ; and they are rendered utterly dependent on others. They are not imbued with the true principle, by which disinterestedness is secured as an integral part of our constitution ; not dependent in the enlarged sense in which we must all be dependent, men and women alike, each on the other for our best enjoyments ; but they are varnished over with an affectation of self-sacrifice,—though self-sacrifice is frequently real and voluntary, even towards the most unworthy objects,—and they are possessed by a weakness which makes them throw away their individuality, and the very privileges and powers of humanity.

It is impossible to annihilate the selfish principle. No one has or ever can in reality cease to desire his own happiness.

“ Why even those that starve in voluntary wants,
And, to advance the mind, keep the flesh poor,
The world enjoying them, they not the world,
Would they do this, but that they are proud to seek
A sweetness from such sourness.”*

When a weak, ignorant, dependent woman throws away her own means of happiness, when she sits down unresistingly, but not *uncomplainingly*,—to suffer, is it that she is an anomaly in nature?—that she did not desire happiness? No she did desire it, but she thought she could have more if another achieved it for her.

The principle on which the education of the boy is conducted is wholly different. The instrument by which he is to work his way in the world is selfishness, in opposition to the feminine self-sacrificing virtues. The senses and the intellect are cultivated to the neglect of the affection and sympathies, and in a mode most strongly adapted to crush them : and as the youth advances towards manhood, and as the passions strengthen, he goes on in a course of unrestrained indulgence, fatal to the true enjoyment of some of the best sources of human happiness throughout his life, since his associations must be desecrated for ever. Thus, both in men and women the balance is destroyed, and happiness is lost, as it must be lost when nature is counteracted and distorted.

* *Westward Ho*, a comedy, by Webster and Decker.

“There are two principles in continual operation in the human being, the selfish and the sympathetic. The selfish is productive of pleasure of a certain kind; the sympathetic is productive of pleasure of another kind. The selfish is primary and essential; the sympathetic, arising out of the selfish, is superadded to it. The sympathetic principle is nobler than the selfish, whence the selfish is subservient to the sympathetic; but there is not only no opposition, hostility, or antagonism between them, but the strictest possible connection, dependence and subservience; and whatever is conducive to the true end of the selfish, is equally conducive to the true end of the sympathetic principle. Any attempt to extend the selfish principle beyond what is compatible with the perfection of the sympathetic, or the sympathetic beyond what is compatible with the perfection of the selfish, instead of accomplishing the end in view, only produces mental disease. Opposing and jarring action, antagonizing and mutually destructive powers, are combined in no other work of nature; and it would be wonderful, indeed, were the only instance of it found in man, the noblest of her works, and in the mind of man, the noblest part of her noblest work.

No one supposes that there is any such inharmonious combination in the organization of his physical frame, and the notion that it exists in his mental constitution, as it is founded in the grossest ignorance, so it is productive of incalculable mischief.”—*Philosophy of Health*. By Southwood Smith, M.D. vol. i. p. 90.

A man is born into the world to feel, to think, to enjoy, to make his fortune, to feast on all sorts of selfish pleasures; but it is a woman's whole occupation to love, and her sole business to be married. Donna Julia says very truly—

“Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
 'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
 The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
 Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
 Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
 And few there are whom these cannot estrange:
 Men have all these resources—we but one,
 To love again, and be again undone.

DON JUAN.

We have quoted the above stanza, not only for the sake of the truth it so clearly and comprehensively embodies, but also because it is extracted from a long poem, the main business of which is a series of apt and varied illustrations of the opposite kinds of morality practised and approved by men and by women. Almost every man is a Don Juan, according to his capacity and circumstances; viz. his personal appearance, address, possession of wealth, and absence of rational occupation. Except the sickly, all those men who can neither take up a book or a spade, are as sure to “get into mischief” as when they were children,—and the weaker vessel of woman, whose body is not unfrequently rendered still weaker by the strong action of her mind, always “goes to the wall,” and not

unfrequently, to that of the churchyard. Inconstancy in a man is regarded with rather a jocular eye; in a woman it is a heinous crime. In either case her heart may be broken; if through the former, the world merely says, "poor thing!"—if through the persecution attending the latter, the world's jury brings it in "serv'd her right." This is our present state of civilization!

A woman was born to be married, educated to be married, she lives to be married, acts, pretends to enjoy, walks, talks, thinks, studies, all in the most likely way to further what is considered to be the object of her coming into the world, which was, *not* really to love or be loved, but to be married. Over this event, so highly important to them, women have no control whatever, except through the underhand tricks and cunning manœuvres so justly laid to their charge, and so cruelly injurious to their moral character, by the production of envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness. They have only the privilege of refusal, and not even *that* if relations are in the case, as they generally are. "If a girl be so silly, or so very immodest," (as a relation once said in our hearing to a poor girl) as to have a preference for one man above another, she must of course sacrifice that preference if another *establishment* come in the way, for it is more than probable the man she loves would never rouse himself to think seriously of marrying till too late, when he will be sure to let her know his feeling and the bitterness of his disappointment.

And why do women wish so much to be married? Why do they make that pursuit over which they have no direct control, their sole interest? Because it is the custom; because it is instilled into them by every surrounding circumstance from their birth, that such is their allotted part in life; and because there is often a desire to gain an object only for the pleasure of the conquest. If they are in a rank of society which entitles them to style themselves *ladies*, they can follow no other trade or profession, without losing caste; and if they never marry, they incur the disgrace of having failed in the only important object they have ever pursued, while the dread of ridicule prevents their expressing their chagrin and disappointment, and they must smilingly submit to their fate, and be pitied and despised, in short be old maids; which, let it be remembered, is no joke, even though they have property of their own, for it is a very dreary life, with a hired companion, or spiteful lap-dog, or baskets full of kittens, snuff-box, cribbage, tea, and affectionate relations, all wishing them dead, either to free themselves from their tedious company, or to get their money. If they have no money, they must be dependent for it on brothers or cousins, or married nieces, and what that is, many know too well. There is another cause why women

desire marriage; nature has implanted in them, as well as in men, certain feelings, affections and passions, which crushed though they be by society, still crave a natural inheritance of the just dispensations of their Creator.

Here are motives enough to account for the pursuit, but it is a difficult and a trying one, and very apt to end in miserable disappointment. In many cases a girl loves one who is poor and cannot marry, for the machinery of married life is very expensive. He has energy and makes a fortune, but it has taken a long time, and in that time he has seen some one he likes better whom he marries; or no—like Sir Charles Grandison, ‘honour forbids’ and he is faithful, though he likes the other better, and marries the poor old, faded, anxious, care-worn, grumbling, jealous first love; no great happiness can be expected there. Or, perhaps he has no energy, and makes no fortune. Time goes on; he, seizing any passing pleasure; she pining, hoping, fearing, sympathising, dying. Or perhaps her judicious friends persuade her to give it up and marry a rich husband, or she marries of her own accord from pique; for the result, go to Doctors’ Commons, or read ten thousand romances founded on fact. These are cases in which the power to love exists; but there are others in which the natural capacity having been small, it has been utterly crushed by education, and there the whole matter is easy enough. When relations, friends, and perhaps the parties themselves think it would be very convenient that a certain man should board, lodge and clothe for the rest of their mutual lives, a certain woman; and that this woman should keep his house, entertain his guests, and become the mother and nurse of his children, (see the uses for which marriage was ordained;) when all this is agreed upon, a ceremony is performed, and the parties concerned swear to love each other for ever,—whether they can or no. Women who make such marriages as these, have lost all capacity for any thing above slavery to ‘my lords and gentlemen,’ nursing children, (we do not say nursing them well,) talking of their own illnesses to their female neighbours, gossiping, cooking, pickling, dressing, giving parties, &c. Such women are to be found in all ranks, the occupations of course varying with the rank, the mind, or the substitute for mind being the same in all. Far be it from us to say they are unhappy; they enjoy according to their capacity; and so do the cow, the sheep, the pig, all enjoy according to their capacity. “I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown and gathering where thou hast not strewed; and I was afraid and went and hid thy talent in the earth.” This at any rate is not *unhappiness*. Nothing is sought, nothing is obtained. ‘She lives with little joy or fear’ like ‘the Lady of Shalott.’ This *vegetable nothingness* is the only state in which women in

general can be happy in this country; let a woman rise one step and she becomes discontented, for her mind and her circumstances are no longer in accordance, and she is without a hope of present remedy, for the majority is not with her. Custom, like an impracticable barrier walls her in on all sides, and a curse is on her if she look over it.

“She knows not what the curse may be,
Therefore she weaveth steadily,
Therefore no other care hath she.”

If her husband be disgusting, she perceives he is so; but she is his wife, and if it be his pleasure she must act as such, or be considered immoral and punished accordingly. Hence, she tries to do her duty for the sake of her reputation, and the peace of mind of all her relations and friends, or her children; or, perhaps, she has no means of separate subsistence.

In the case of the sensitive and imaginative, some unknown or undefined happiness is expected in marriage; it is not found, and they do not know what is unrealised. These, like the Vicar of Wakefield, tell their young friends that the happiest days of existence are those of courtship; whereas, Love grows sweeter and greater every hour of its life. Even where great happiness is found in marriage, this intoxicating joy rarely lasts longer than a few short months; then *he* goes to his friends, or his business, or his pleasures, for he has them all. *She* tries to feel as happy as ever, to believe that he loves her still, or that he will very soon again, as soon as he has time. If she confide her state of mind to any sensible friend he will tell her so, and that she must rein in her imagination. She thinks over the past, reads old letters, remembers old words, old looks; “this happiness is still with her, he has been hers.” She hopes and prays for the future;

“Hope who never dreamed of guile,
Believed he’d come again.”

He does not; or very coldly; very differently to that first joy; and what does she do? Nothing; she has nothing to do, for the brilliance of that bridal dream makes all else look faded and dim; she becomes melancholy, and he finds her in tears. Men hate to see tears! nothing annoys them so much! so childish! so ridiculous! She cries more bitterly; he is seriously angry,—

“Hope’s morning dream of love is o’er,
Love never came again.”

It is a fearful thing for a woman to love, even under the best circumstances, trained and developed as she is now. For a short time she may be happy, blessedly so, *for she loves*; but her happiness depends on him she loves wholly, entirely. A frown from him would wither it all. When he is absent she

lives on memory, or hope. He does not come when she expects. Her own fearful, fanciful heart, or some friend, suggests jealous thoughts,—

ROMAN

1812

“Low she mourned I am all alone,
Love forgotten, and love forlorn.”

If there be some few women who have struck into a more definite path, who *have* intellectual pursuits, pleasures, and ennobling hopes of their own; who with all the capacity for the higher enjoyment of sympathy, can preserve their individuality, and make their own happiness as human beings, and as partakers in the boon of existence; they know the difficulties and the perils of their course. Custom is awake, ready to poison all it can touch; moreover, few, very few are strong enough to shake off entirely the littlenesses now become a second nature in their sex. There are moments in which, under the painful pressure, they yield to the importunate teachings of old prejudice, and then they sink so fast and so low that sometimes they cannot recover, and if they do, a scar is engraved on their very souls. Perhaps scarcely one has ever set out into reality, without feeling, on being first assailed by these evils that, “the curse is come upon her,” or exclaiming in her despair, “I would the cold plunging foam, whirled by the wind, had rolled me deep below, when I left my home.” Yet if she possess strength, let her with steady dignity, persist in every study, and in every course which she feels to be the best application of the higher faculties and sympathies of her nature; she will arrive in safety at last in a haven where her soul may rest in security and peace. But, if she be weak let her go back, and carry with her the remembrance of the brighter sun that shines on the emancipated being; the recollection will help her to remove some of the petty grievances of a young lady’s life; but there are storms in that new country which would swallow her up unless she have a body and soul of ‘well-pois’d mastery.’

It is not women alone who suffer from the erroneous customs of the world; the *crying* evil is on their side, but it is necessarily and unavoidably shared by men. How common is the complaint of disappointment! Life glides away unenjoyed, unvalued; the beautiful external world is seen, but not enjoyed; the happy seasons come and go unheeded; the wonderful structure of living nature excites no emotion. We pass on, we eat, and drink, and sleep, for to-morrow we die. We say in the morning “would to God it were night! and in the night season, when will it be day?” We cannot be satisfied like the animals around us, for we have a consciousness of the power to enjoy, without the power to grasp the enjoyment; and generally the higher our conception of beauty and of happiness the greater the dissatisfaction. The analyst turns to the

earth in sickened weariness and says—all is vanity ; the life of the poet is one long cry of disappointed hope, yet nature is full of beauty, and wonder, and power, and there is scarcely a human being who for some short period, has not felt the full intoxication of perfect happiness. The meteor has passed, and the night of his existence is darker than ever ; but he has felt it, and invariably that happiness has been caused by love. There is no other happiness equally capable of filling the capacity of a human being. While all that relates to real love is in so wretched a state, is it wonderful that dissatisfaction should abound ? Ought not the causes and the remedies of such a state to be sought into ? If there be difficulties in smoothing the path to human happiness which seem insuperable to those who dive deeply into human nature and human passions, yet it is evident that a vast amount of suffering might be obliterated, which is owing, not to the necessity of nature, but to a departure from her laws.

D.

POSSESSION.

MY soul was like a moth and long'd to die
When first it gaz'd bright Beauty upon thee ;
But now love's true devotion it doth learn,
With renovation, strength, and constancy,
'Tis like a poet's consecrated Urn
That doth in silent fane, slow inward incense burn.

Immortal ashes !—if the vital power
That sunn'd thy system hath no more the dower
Of life-creating Thought ; if sense be done
And earth made equal with the passion flower,
Yet sleep thou on, apart from night and morn,
Immortal ashes still, of a Creation gone !

MARTIN LUTHER'S STUDY.

LUTHER had fixed his temporary abode at a mean-looking house in a back street, at Wittenberg. The low door, which had no knocker, was gently tapped by the cane which supported the elder visitor, and was opened by a fair young child, wearing the deepest mourning. One of the men, of whom there were three, patted the boy's head, and asked, "if Luther was at home ?" "You may go in Philip," replied the child, "Martin is in the study." The elder and sterner men

now also caressed the child and smoothed his curling hair, when in him they recognised the orphan of John Esch, whom they had known and loved, and whose recent martyrdom at Brussels, still thrilled all Germany and Switzerland with horror. Nor could they help taking some shame to themselves on reflecting that Luther's active benevolence alone had been exerted to save the child from utter destitution.

An inner door was pushed open with a noiseless motion, and discovered Luther half reclining on a low, carved, wooden settle which occupied one whole side of the little dark room. Books were scattered on the table and floor, and rather littered, than ranged on a few narrow shelves. One stool, standing on three ponderous Dutch legs, with a couple of heavily-timbered chairs, completed the furniture of the Sanctum. Their noiseless entrance had not aroused the Master; his soul seemed absorbed in the book over which he bent. At length, his exquisite and deep-toned voice pronounced aloud that beautiful passage in Isaiah: "for as the earth bringeth forth her bud, as the garden causeth the things that are sown to spring forth, so the Lord shall cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all nations;" his raised eyes met the troubled looks of his visitors, while his countenance beamed triumphant exultation.

It seemed that their habitual intercourse had cancelled all ceremony. Martin moved not from his easy and favorite position; but he held forth his hands in kindly greeting. My father! my brother! exclaimed Zuinglius and Melancthon, at once, both pressing the proffered hands with fervor, while Erasmus silently leaned on the shoulder of the great Reformer. "Ye are welcome," said Martin, returning the grasp of each with warmth, and looking in the face of Erasmus, "most welcome." They seemed to shrink from that piercing glance, which few men could endure with steadfastness. Struck with the pale, altered, and agitated looks of his friends, he rose; his whole frame kindling with deep emotion; his majestic figure expanding to its utmost breadth and height. "Ye bring evil tidings?" he said, "what new horror hath Rome perpetrated,—with what nobler blood hath she nourished our vine?" The men still hesitated, and exchanged glances, as if each wished to prompt, or be prompted by the other. Martin marked, and misinterpreted their silence. Sinking his voice to a low soothing tone, he added "Ye are welcome, though I wot, ye bring evil tidings; welcome, though ye tell of oppression, and violence and death! Is our faith weaker than the faith of our brethren? Shrink we from the bare recital of sufferings they braved and endured. Be strong, my brothers; holy is the baptism of blood! the chariot of fire flies swiftly towards heaven!" Zuinglius was about to speak, but his

words were interrupted, for the little Esch rushing forwards clung to Martin's knees, and gave way to one of those almost fearful gushes of grief, to which childhood abandons itself under strong emotions. Martin received the boy in his arms, soothed his anguish with whispered words of comfort,—wiped the tears from his eyes till they ceased to flow, and suffered the brief convulsive sobs to subside, as he pressed the little one to his own mighty heart. At first Erasmus looked somewhat annoyed, and Zuinglius puzzled; but the strong men wept, as Philip briefly explained to them, that this young and gentle child had beheld his father's martyrdom. When John Esch was chained to the stake, in the market-place at Brussels; and when all who knew him had forsook him and fled, this boy eluded the vigilance of those who would have detained him; and strong in his filial love, stood alone by the burning pile and raised his innocent voice above the roaring flames, to pray with and for his murdered Father! "In vain," said Philip, "he was urged to depart; he lingered by the burning pile, heedless alike of ferocious looks and threats, and the tenderest persuasions; and with his dying breath, from the midst of the flames, John Esch blessed his son! While Philip spoke, the child, exhausted by his recent emotions, fell into a deep and tranquil slumber. With hands as gentle as the falling snow, Martin placed him on the settle, carefully adjusting and pillowing his little head on the folds of a furred cloak. "A wild tempest," continued Melancthon, "which drove Esch's murderers from the fatal spot, had no effect on his son, till overcome by the fierce heat, and his own desolate agonies, it is probable the child swooned for a time. But in the middle of that awful night, ere his father's remains were scattered to the elements, he was found calmly sleeping on the damp and slimy ground, and nestling as close as might be, to the loathsome and smouldering ashes;—a ghastly, yet a lovely sight! There was a deep though brief silence, till the sterner Zuinglius, dashed the thick falling tears from his eyelids with a disdainful gesture, and by a sudden, and strong effort, subdued his emotions, and stiffened his frame, till the muscles of his face and form looked hard and rigid as iron. The power he exercised over his feelings caused his voice to grate on the ear, with a harsh, unnatural, and wooden sound. "Martin," he said, "it is neither good nor seemly for men to neglect their duties. Methinks it were more fitting to leave yonder boy to an old wife's care, and give your whole soul to our great work!" "Nay, my Brother," said Martin, but with a broken voice—"patiently bear with me awhile."

PRIVILEGES OF THE LORDS.

ALL the world i. e. the political world of England, is busy with excitement at the avowal of the Upper House, that Ireland shall have as bad a government as that House can procure for her; for thus must be construed the fact, that they, the Lords, are determined to abolish corporations the moment the government wishes to make corporations implements of public utility instead of private rapacity. That the Lords should thus act, is not strange; their gains have mostly been based on the people's losses; but it is strange—yea, very strange, that those who profess themselves friends of the people should affect astonishment at the very natural conduct of the Lords; it is still more strange, that they should profess a tender regard for the powers, whereby the said Lords are enabled to work mischief, and ceasing to be men, become mere wilful wild animals. Is it madness, or mere imbecility, that affects public men, thus to make them forego the characteristics of reason, and talk absurdities as fluently as though they had been paid by the Tories for getting them by heart? Mr. Shiel began the absurdity of professing respect for lordly legislation, under the control of popular agitation; and it is lamentable to find Joseph Hume following it up at the Westminster O'Connell Meeting. He wished to "respect the privileges of the Lords." Does he indeed? If those words be spoken after reflection; if they be not the mere ebullition of superabundant verbiage—of the haranguing tongue and not of the thinking brain; if they be really the expression of a deliberate opinion, then Joseph Hume is ill-fitted for a legislator, however well he may serve as a people's delegate. Privileges! Why the very word itself is to the merest tyro in Radical philosophy, conclusive evidence of unsound doctrine. *Privileges* are private laws,—laws or regulations for the especial advantages of a small number of individuals, a something in which the nation at large does not participate. Now, what nation calling itself free, can tolerate such a system? One law for the rich, and another for the poor! Is this your meaning Joseph Hume? If it be not, what do you mean by *Privileges*? In such a matter as this, caution must be thrown aside; if you contend that the Lords ought to be privileged, do it manfully, and let us, of the people, contest the point with you, when I doubt not we shall shew, that you are better fitted for a Chancellor of the Exchequer, than for a leader of the people, or a Utilitarian legislator. The Lords seem better friends to the people than you are in this matter, and this is unfortunate, for you really and honestly are our friend, while they are really and as honestly our enemies.

The Lords magnanimously avow that they stand by their privileges, and will use those privileges for their own especial benefit, without regard to consequences. The result of this must assuredly be, that the privileges will be taken away from them. You, on the contrary, wish them to disguise their feelings, and concede to the people on certain occasions when popular agitation runs high. No sounder advice than this could be given to the Lords by their best friend, who might wish to preserve their privileges to them for the longest possible time. Joseph Hume must reconsider this.

The loss of the Irish Corporation Bill is a trifle in itself; time is lost certainly, but Ireland will get a better measure of justice in consequence. Public attention is meanwhile rivetted more firmly on the great canker of the state,—*the Power without Responsibility*,—the fountain-head of all minor abuses. The contest now is, not between the nation and the Lords, on a question of legislation; but between the nation and the legislature, as to the form of the legislature itself. It is not a contest with the Upper House, but with both Houses.

“A plague on both your houses.”

That plague is the want of responsibility, for the responsibility of the members of the Lower House is a farce, while the power of coercing them is left to the Lords, at whom the majority affect indignation, while really pleased at the coercion. And thus it will continue, until the people shall cease to elect members of the aristocracy, or those who look forward to aristocratic connexions, as their representatives. Can any one with brains, one step in advance of a monkey, believe that a man like Lord John Russell will ever set himself seriously to work to overturn a power possessed by his own family, and to which power he owes his present position—a position to which his own personal qualities could never have raised him, and which now gives him undue advantages over many men of far higher minds than his own? Can any one believe that Lord Melbourne does not prefer taking his station by hereditary right, to the process of contending for it by personal, bodily, and mental exertions, which to a man of his indolent habits would be a positive painful infliction? Would the Lords Lansdowne or Palmerston ever have been known to the public, had they set out in life as John and Thomas, clerks to an attorney, or in a public office? It is useless to disguise the fact that the strongest friends of the irresponsible Lords are to be found amongst the responsible Commons, and no efficient collision is to be expected from them; the people must come to bandy angry words with the Lords, and bestir themselves in an efficient manner where their efforts may be made availing. A new election must some day come, and then the only test, prob-

posed should be, "Are you, or do you intend to become a connexion of the aristocracy? Will you vote for the abolition of hereditary legislation?" O'Connell is only half right. We war not with an 150 Lords, as he seems to assume—we war against the irresponsible principle of which they happen to be the representatives for the time being—we war against the principle of any minority making laws for a majority against the consent of that majority—we war against all authority assuming to itself the garb of a right, independent of the people's suffrage, and we will ever war against it, let it come in what form it may. When hereditary legislation by the Lords shall be abolished—and that time cannot be far distant—the spirit of tyranny will take, perchance, some new shapes less odious in its externals, but as pregnant with the mischievous principle. Let us once establish the only true principle that all controlling power must emanate from the people and be capable of being resumed by the people at certain periods or in certain emergencies, and then but little time will elapse ere we possess the best form of government and the best system of legislation which the intellect of the community is prepared to receive; and upon the principle of human progression we shall then go steadily forward to the time when the general development of the moral sense of the community will for the most part supersede the necessity for the great mass of legislation which at present cumbers our statute books. It is not in the Lords that the fault resides, it is in the Constitution which makes grades in political rights; it is in making artificial distinctions subversive of the principles of nature; making other than personal qualities the condition for attaining power—making power independent of desert, making the arts of pecuniary accumulation and mere physical wealth, paramount to mental excellence and high moral worth. A man may be born in the lowest condition of humanity, and by practising all the arts of chicanery and moral turpitude, still keeping on the windy side of the law, he may ascend to that degree of wealth which can command titular rank, thus becoming an irresponsible law-maker. But a high-minded man, born poor and struggling with difficulties, may furnish his mind with countless stores of knowledge, capable of conferring the highest advantages on his fellows, but for lack of comprehension in his fellows, he cannot use that knowledge for their service. The constitution of his country has provided no ascending scale for him, and he passes his life in low drudgery, unknown by those who would perchance worship him as a benefactor were he placed in his right position. The House of Lords, being the material representatives of this evil principle, must of course be made the first example of; but there will arise more work after its purification.

When the people shall really possess a body of representatives assembled in a legislative Chamber, instead of a House of Commons—well called *commons*, for with few exceptions they represent all that is commonest in our common nature—the pettiest motives—the most selfish feelings;—when that House, falsely called the representative of the people, shall be thoroughly purged of the connexions of the aristocracy, and really represent the highest principles of the mass of the community—of that portion of the community which guides the remainder, by exercising the thinking faculties, the process will be very simple. A vote of the people's House will declare the House of Lords dissolved, and all the members of it, except churchmen, eligible as elective representatives of the people. It were as unjust a thing to disfranchise a man because he had the moral misfortune to be born a “nobleman by courtesy,” as it is to disfranchise a man because he has the misfortune to be born poor. It would, therefore, be just that, at some convenient period after the abolition of the Upper House, a dissolution should take place in order to give the Lords the chance. Their titles would be of little importance; they would fall into disuse when they ceased to confer power. Whether a second Chamber might be necessary, would be a matter for after deliberation—it is a necessary preliminary to a reconstruction, that the rubbish of the old edifice be thoroughly cleared away. The question as to what classes of society ought to be eligible as legislators, may be reduced to very simple rules. All should be eligible as legislators who form no part of the executive, either directly or indirectly. It is a monstrous perversion of principles which permits a single individual to,—

“ Play judge and executioner all himself.”

—which permits a man to make laws as an M. P., and afterwards to execute them as a magistrate, a soldier, or a sailor. All public functionaries are the servants of the law, and therefore ought not to be entrusted with the framing of laws in which they may possess a sinister interest. And the same rule which excludes direct functionaries of the state ought to exclude the professional moral teachers of the community, as ministers of religion and schoolmasters. Such men hold a great power, greater even than that of legislators; they are the pioneers, the explorers in new regions of human progress; they hold—or ought to hold—the moral power, and their province is persuasion, not compulsion. They ought to exercise moral control over the minds of those who control the legislators, and they ought to possess a voice in their election in common with all. The offices of legislator or teacher, and executor of the laws, being incompatible, should yet form no

her to a man's advancement. He should be at full liberty to lay down the one and take to the other, according as his capacity might direct him.

But meanwhile it must be borne in mind, that a collision between the people and the legislature for the purpose of remodelling the constitution—really *re-forming* it, is the one thing to be aimed at. The talk of a *collision* between the Lords in the Upper House, and their scions in the Lower House, will prove to be only a *collusion*. As the Scottish proverb has it, and they have aye been a far-sighted people—“Hawks winna pike out hawks een.”

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

June 12, 1836.

CRITIQUE ON SIX PICTURES,

IN THE PRESENT EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET-HOUSE.

I. LANDSEER's picture of Lord Ossulton and the Dying Bull, is a fine design, and the composition of the colouring is equally so. Yet in the colouring there is some imperfection: a mist is over the whole picture; not excusable because it might be supposed to result from the steam of the dying animal; and there is a deficiency of strength. Hence, although an admirable variety exists in the colouring, there is still a monotony of effect. We venture to think that if the figures of Lord Ossulton and his horse had been glazed over with Vandyke brown, or otherwise rendered dark objects against the rest of the composition, that it would have left nothing to be desired on the score of colouring. The affectionate expression of the dog, leaning his face against that of the old gamekeeper, is finely conceived and executed. It tells the early history of their mutual relationship;—how the keeper brought him up with his own hand from a blind, helpless, whimpering thing; how he taught him all his skill in the wide green fields and mazy woods; and how the said dog has regarded the keeper as his dear old grey-haired dad ever since.

II. The “Peep-o'-day-boy's Cabin,” by Wilkie, is a good design, a fine piece of colouring in the style of the best of the old masters, and the impasting, in most respects, equal to any of them. The recumbent youth, who is asleep, is finely and gracefully executed, though the design is not quite so original as the public and its critics have fancied. It is a well-known academy figure. The child in his arms we, of course, recognize as taken from one of the little plaster casts in general use among artists. But the left shoulder is rather out, and

looks more like a knee. The right shoulder and arm of the girl opening the door is badly managed, and as annoying to the eye as possible. It has exactly the clumsy and painful appearance of an elongated hump coming from her back. The arm may have been correctly drawn before the drapery was put on; but we doubt it. She has little expression in her broad, potatoe-shaped face. The other woman, seated on the ground, is far better. She has a very fine face; forcible in outline, and conveying an impression of earnest character and purpose; but it has not the impassioned depth of expression which the subject requires, and which seems to have been intended by the painter. *Here* it is not like the old masters. We have heard it objected, that the face is not that of an Irish woman. It may be more Italian; yet this is hardly a fault, for there are all kinds of faces in Ireland. We have seen it before, however; and think it will be found in the "Chelsea Pensioners." The face and character of the sleeping figure is a fine portraiture of savage nature and beauty. In gazing upon it, we seem to know the tenor of his dreams. This is like what we find in the old masters. The ferocious vigilance of the crouching dog on the left of the spectator, and the position and expression of the neck and fore legs—that of sensational activity and bodily quiescence, is as finely conceived and executed as could be required of a man of genius like Wilkie.

III. The picture of "Napoleon and the Pope," by the same artist, is one of the most perfect compositions in colouring that was ever seen. It is on the same principle as that adopted by Turner;—making a few dark spots upon a light ground;—and probably had its origin with Paul Veronese and the Venetian school. Pictures in this style, generally make the most brilliant engravings. The present production is made up of black, red, and white, and is a beautiful study for its grace and harmony of effect. The head of the Pope is probably taken from the print of Sir Thomas's portrait; that of Napoleon we know not whence. It will please neither friends nor enemies; being too refined and delicate for the prejudices of the latter, and not sufficiently powerful for the admirers of the self-created Emperor.

IV. It is with great satisfaction that we find several young artists rising in the higher walks of their art; not only choosing imaginative subjects, but executing them with an ability almost equal to the fineness of their conception. One of the best is the picture in three compartments, by J. P. Knight, entitled the "Wreckers," No. 244. It is good in design, very good in colouring, and the expression true to his subject and intention throughout. If we may offer an unassuming hint of advice, it would be to caution him against extravagance.

V. The "Captives and the Condottieri," is a beautiful and expressive picture in all respects. There is, nevertheless, one great and inexcusable fault in the design. It contains five circles, that strike upon the eye, and in a horizontal line. We mean five heads and faces. It is something in the style of Lewis, who is so justly celebrated for his Spanish pictures. The girl who hangs upon the neck of her elder and stronger-minded sister, is well conceived, although in the execution we think that her head seems rather to cut in, than be embosomed, as the painter intended. The jocund fellow on horseback, tossing off his goblet, is admirable for design and character; equally so are the tall figures on the left of the spectator; and the carousing group on the right. The forlorn yet self-sustained expression of the woman seated in the centre, who has rather a Hindoo cast of features, is very touching. We do not listen for a moment, to the public notion that she is regretting the loss of her jewels. Her face tells of deeper losses. The indignant look of the little boy on the occasion, is true to nature and perfect in execution. But the wounded youth is perhaps the finest in nobility of character and expression, though it is not much more than a sketch. His physical weakness, though extreme, is forgotten in his moral sensibilities and saddened thoughts.

VI. The "Death Warrant" by C. W. Cope, No. 371, is very powerfully conceived and designed, and the colouring and general execution are almost of equal merit. The colouring is effective, particularly in the thick dungeon-light struggling through the iron bars. On the wall, by this dull and cheerless glimmer, we can just trace imperfect words and characters, scratched with some rusty nail, as a relief to the agonized feelings of the immured victim—"Povera Beatrice;" a small crucifix; something like "encobineti, 1540," and "*non ti fidar ad alguno pensa e taci.*" This is merely one of the fine details, and not foisted in to aid the telling of a tragic story, which is but too clearly intelligible without any such assistance. The dark figures, bringing in the sacrament *or* the poison,—we know not which—is an awful conception, though not well executed. The expression of the noble victim is a true version of the moment of receiving his death warrant; but the figure of the monk who brings it, is in all respects a masterpiece. If every part of him, except the head; nay, if every part but his right hand were blotted out, the "passion of the piece" would still be apparent in all its deadly calm, mute agony, and remorseless certitude. His victim looks up at him with a wretched, final, yet suspended interrogation:—his basilisk eye looks just *over* his victim's head, darting an electric beam, almost traceable into the wall, while his demoniac mind revolves exultant at the completion of its long-cherished and malignant purpose.

R. H. H.

SATAN'S WISDOM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CORN-LAW RHYMES.

A HEAVEN for lords is Britain,
The land of toil and famine ;
In England men work hard for scorn,
In Ireland men are clamming.*
If hell itself were Britain
Could worse than this be said ?
If devils were lords in England
They could but tax our bread.

Toil'd England ! breadless Erin !
Your spoilers prate of Poland !
They talk of Russia's aced slaves,
To helots who have no land !
They could but starve their feeders,
And call the fetter'd free,
If the knout were Britain's sceptre,
Abhorr'd from sea to sea !

In hopeless pain we labour
For more saints than Saint Monday ;
We toil for scorn, six days in seven,
And Agnew's bill for Sunday ;
If William's the Reformer,
Can this be truly said ?
The Devil's not king of England ;
And yet they tax our bread !

There's bread enough for Britain,
Had Britain leave to barter :
We're free to make, but not to sell !
Is this Great William's charter ?
Or have the Rodens chang'd him
For Graham's woollen head ?
If Peel were king of England,
He could but tax our bread.

Who rob white slaves, that black ones
May still havethane-like master ?
Who soothe white slaves with ninefold pangs,
That bring them shrouds for plaisters ?
If we were cold as Stanley,
With hearts of Humber stone,
And devils were lords in England,
They would not curse their own.

* A clam is a species of rock fish : one remove from eating sea-weed.—Ed.

We're all free to be honest ;
 Is Pelham free to cheat us ?
 We're free to toil for lords and squires,
 And they are free to eat us :
 Oh, William the Reformer !
 Shall this be truly said ?
 If the Devil were king of England,
 He would not tax our bread !

He is too wise a rascal
 To kill the fools who feed him,
 And through their bellies and their backs
 Teach slaves they need not need him ;
 He knows they like to honour
 The altar and the throne ;
 And while he eats their mutton,
 He will not tax the bone !

MISTAKEN NOTIONS OF GRATITUDE.

(After the elementary manner of the old Italian Novelists.)

THERE was a merchant who did an acquaintance a small favour in the way of business. The latter was nick-named 'Dry-shod' by those who knew him, from a peculiarity in his gait and a certain imperturbable humour of manner. Though a sort of smiling twist was perceptible round his mouth now and then when he was thinking, the expression of his face was habitually as hard and fixed as that of a wooden image at a ship's head. There was "something in him ;" but whatever it might be, all the best was dormant or misdirected.

Soon after the merchant had done him the said small favour, he went again, and asked him just to do a trifle more ; "for if you refuse me this," said he, "your previous kindness will be thrown away." "That would be a pity," replied the merchant, and did it forthwith.

In a little time, Dry-shod comes again, and in his old, hard-favoured way, explains to the merchant, 'how, by unforeseen circumstances, the thing was going wrong ; that the very same might have happened to the merchant himself, with all his great experience ; and finally, that if he now refused assistance, all his previous kindness would be thrown away.' "Dear me !" said the other, "how very vexing !—take this money and put it all to rights, and never forget that I have been like a brother to you."

Dry-shod did his best to put the matter to rights, and succeeded so much beyond his expectations that he got involved in a new speculation, which he was unable to carry on without some further assistance, or the co-operation of a rich man. Of course he went again to the merchant.

"It looks well!" quoth the merchant, rubbing his hands; "it hath a twanging pulse in it;—it gives a good foretaste smack of cent. per cent.;—but I think I'd rather not engage myself in it. There is a doubt." "So there is in every speculation," answered the other; "but look here—and here—and there you see—and thus we act"—and so he went on to the end, concluding with, "if you refuse to join me in this business, I shall lose everything and all your previous kindness will be utterly thrown away!" "Zounds," exclaimed the other, "but it shan't though!"

The merchant joined him in the speculation. At first it went pretty well; but presently it got queer. The merchant looked queer correspondingly. He wanted to back out. He objected to advance more money. "Then," said Dry-shod, "we shall lose all our previous time, labour, money, and hopes; and instead of your having laid me under an obligation to you, all your kindness will have done me nothing but mischief!" "D—n everything!" shouted the enraged merchant; "but we will go on with it, sir!"

The merchant now took the speculation into his own hands, Dry-shod retaining only his first small share. It went more queer than ever. The capitalist advanced more money, but the thing still went badly, to the annoyance of Dry-shod and the madness of the merchant. The will of the latter became implicated, and he went on desperately. Dry-shod now remonstrated; but the previous impulsive gradations were too strong. "What!" thundered the merchant, "stop now!—stop now, and have all my previous money, time, labour, hopes, and kindness, thrown away!"

The merchant pursued the speculation in a headstrong way, like an excited gamester; involved himself deeper and deeper;—risked all upon a chance; lost it; and from a rich man became suddenly a poor man. The chagrin of Dry-shod on the merchant's account—for he was constitutionally unconcerned about himself—moved him to act beyond his habitual nature. He also engaged in a forlorn hope; the attempt miscarried; he committed a fraud, in order to pay his just debts—as we often see—and was sentenced to be hanged,—a thing no one ever takes into his calculations.

On his way to execution, he was met by the merchant with flying hair, and stamping on the ground. "Unfeeling wretch!" exclaimed he—"never to come to condole with me on my

misfortunes, which were all owing to you!—never even to write me a few words, expressing your deep remorse for the irreparable mischief you have brought upon me!—never even to have expressed to any of my friends and acquaintances your deep sense of all my kindness, so profusely thrown away upon you! Mark the reward of ingratitude! What *have* you got to say for yourself?"

"Get out of my way:" answered Dry-shod calmly.

"Get out of your *way*!" exclaimed the infuriate merchant; "is this all you have to say to me! Speak, ungrateful wretch! for surely you cannot be in a hurry to be hanged? What have you to say for all my kindness?"

"Hold your tongue;" answered Dry-shod, rather impatiently, for *him*; "it was not generosity that made a bankrupt of you, but weakness of self-command, and the folly of greedy desperation. Only see now what you have done?—you have ruined yourself, and brought me to the gallows."

Δ.

'ION,' AND THE ATHENÆUM.

THE critic in the 'Athenæum,' of the 28th of May has taken up a position with respect to Dramatic Genius, which it will be difficult to shake. No argument can do this effectually; he will demand proofs; there are no proofs against his argument, but abundance in his favour. Admitting all this, we nevertheless consider his able reasoning to be on false premises. No great dramatic genius comes forward, but many elegant writers in the dramatic form—hereupon he argues there is no dramatic genius existing. This is not sound. Now, for instance, let us suppose that he himself is such a man—that he writes a genuine tragedy—that he has no interest with influential people, and is not a man of wealth; what on earth can he do with it? Offer it to some of the managers?—nonsense!—to some of the publishers?—nonsense!—to a magazine, then?—Yes, if we might pick out the best bits, and give an abstract of the rest. And if so, what then? Why, he may write another as soon as he likes. The fact is, there is no chance at all for such a production; and this the critic of the 'Athenæum' ought to know well enough.

With the criticism on 'Ion,' as far as it goes, we agree; but something remains to be said.

'Ion' is a creation of beauty and grace. There is not in the whole tragedy a single blemish on the pervading sweetness of the poetry, nor the uniform smoothness of the action, which presents to the imagination a succession of pictures finished in a style of classical elegance.

The hero embodies in himself what has been said of the whole play. He is a creature of gentleness and love, devoting himself, in obedience to the will of the Gods, to a deed which his nature abhors,—the murder of the king, whose character he admires, and whose misfortunes he pities. He afterwards completes the sacrifice by killing himself to exiate the still unsatiated wrath of the aforesaid Gods, which was manifested in bringing destruction on the people. The following is a beautiful description of his youth—

“ His life hath flow'd
From his mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd ; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light
And takes no shadow from them.”

p. 6.

The character of King Adrastus is interesting and noble. He is not a tyrant but the victim of fate, and struggling in its toils ; and though hardened by misfortune, he constantly manifests the tenderness of his nature. His interview with Ion, in which he opens the fountains of his long closed heart, and his death-scene, both possess great beauty. Clemanthe is a being of the softest and gentlest womanhood.

Even the more stormy passions of revenge and hatred, the emotions of distrust and envy, are all subdued to the harmonious tone of the action ; death itself does not seem terrible ; and at the end all is absorbed in the one word ' beautiful ! '

It has been variously objected to this tragedy, that it wants grandeur and force, and that it is deficient in dramatic action. We think its defects lie much deeper than these. We think it is based on an essentially wrong principle ; that it is a graceful structure without a solid foundation ; a sport of the fancy, not a great work of art, or the result of the nobler powers of the imagination.

If we may trust to the authority of our great dramatist, we have a test by which to try this matter. The purpose of playing, *he* says, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature. How far Mr. Talfourd has aimed at such a purpose, an analysis of his work will show.

The plot of ' Ion ' is founded on the old Greek idea of an unrelenting Fate ruling the destinies of mortals. The will of the

Gods, in this instance, (we are not told why) is, that the race of Adrastus should be destroyed, and that, as long as any of this race existed, a pestilence should depopulate Argos. Adrastus had been marked for destruction (we are not told why) by a divine voice, at the moment of his birth; he had been pursued by wrong and injustice from his infancy, and his nature had been saved from reckless obduracy by love, but again driven almost to desperation by the death of the object of that love, in consequence of the supposed murder of their child by the emissaries of his father. Irritated by this unceasing persecution, he is represented as shut up in his palace, passing the time in feasting and revelry, and regardless of the sufferings of his people, who are perishing by the pestilence. To their repeated entreaties, that he will humble himself to the Gods, and thus endeavour to abate their wrath, he turns a deaf ear, and at length decrees that whoever intrudes into his presence with such a request shall be put to death.

The youth, Ion, braves this danger, and at his own peril enters the palace. In the interview which follows, and in which Adrastus consents to meet his subjects, and seek to discover the causes of their misery, he pours out his soul to his young monitor, reveals to him his misfortunes and his struggles, and spares his life in consequence of the interest he suddenly conceives for him.

Ion is now chosen by the Gods as the instrument to take away the life of Adrastus. He accepts the office, and at the moment he is about to execute it, he is discovered to be the son of his intended victim. He throws away the knife, but another performs the fatal office, and Ion becomes king. Still the pestilence rages. The *race* of Adrastus must perish; Ion stabs himself at the altar, and the plague ceases accordingly.

We gain nothing by seeing human passions thus unnaturally worked upon. The characters of the drama are placed in impossible circumstances; their destinies being governed by capricious demons, and the will of these demons being made triumphant by the sacrifice of noble humanity. Supposing the oracle *had* "said or sung," all these things would not have occurred a whit the more on that account. If the circumstances are insupposable, the characters which they assist to form are incongruous and confusing. The resistance of Adrastus is, in fact, grand and right, and the submission of Ion is a mythological weakness of intellect, or rather a misdirected strength; yet the first is represented as selfishness and tyranny, the second as true heroism.

Such a groundwork for a tragedy might have been effective among the Greeks; but our philosophy has got beyond it. It might be possible to throw our sympathies and associations into the supposed circumstances, were the action conducted in

harmony with the plot. We think this is not the case. One of the great masters of Grecian art who had chosen such a subject, would have accompanied the awful nature of the design with corresponding grandeur in the filling up and finishing—the terrible, the sublime, rather than the beautiful, would have been aimed at. The sterner and colder character of the actors in the dreadful drama, and the powerful effect of the chorus, would have led on the mind to bear the contemplation of humanity in the iron grasp of Fate. Above all, the sympathies of the audience would not have been allowed to rest with perfect satisfaction in the triumph of the Gods, for the old Greek tragedians were most of them sceptical at heart. The chorusses would have had “their objections.”

It is unworthy of genius to descend to imitation, even when the imitation is successful, but here it has failed. *Ion* is not like a Greek play. It matters not that the unities are preserved, that the plot, the scene, the characters, are Grecian. The effect of the whole is such as would be created, were it possible to restore the ground-plan of an Athenian temple in its majestic and simple proportions, and decorate it with the elegant statues of Canova.

In an age so obscured by artificiality, that the grandest powers of human nature are almost forgotten; when the passions are so debased and distorted, that the prevalent morality is to recommend their annihilation, the drama has a noble office to perform. The people are still able to recognize beauty and power when presented to them in an abstract form. High thoughts and strong emotions, which would excite ridicule or reprobation in real life, can yet exert their due influence over sympathy when presented on the stage. “Truth still lives in fiction, and from the copy the original will be restored.” We should hail the appearance of a great tragedy founded on true principles, as one among the signs of the times which combine to promise the purification and exaltation of society and nature itself.

The critic in the ‘*Athenæum*’ commences his articles in these words:—

“The dead drama, it has been lately trumpeted, is about to rend her tomb and arise. We, too, have calculated in our tables of contingent phenomena, when this revival may be looked for, and expect it along with the recommencement of oracles. How much on this side the day of judgment that will occur, perhaps the ~~said~~ flourishers can tell; for our own parts, we feel more inclined to place it *after*. Tragedy may, indeed, sweep forth again from her sepulchre, but it will be ‘in sceptred pall,’—that is, as a ghost or skeleton. Nevertheless, even thus, England should welcome her with a Gargantuan mouth of amazement and applause. But no!—to our sorrow, the drama is not dead; for then were there some hope of its resurrection;

it is annihilated! Spine, marrow, and spirit, have vanished into nothing, and left an eternal blank from henceforward in our literature. We have but *eight* Muses now — Melpomene is blotted out of existence." No. 448, May 28th.

The whole article is written in a masterly style. We have shown how far we agree and disagree with its principles. The foregoing quotation embodies our main ground of difference. We are sorry the cause of the drama should have been viewed, even in a single article, through such a dead-light theory in this deservedly popular and ably conducted periodical. We quietly range ourselves on the opposite side, to await the appointed time; meanwhile let the critic 'look to his bond.' M.

[Agreeing entirely with the spirit of the above remonstrance, we must yet declare that we think the article in the 'Athenæum' calculated to effect great good; inasmuch as it tends directly to show the public that sweetness and beauty are not passion and power, and that these latter qualities are necessary to a really great tragedy.—*Ed.*]

THE FACTORY BILL:

Or, the interests of those who are not social free-agents, as affected by factory legislation.

THREE years ago, excessive excitement pervaded the public mind on the state of the factories. So strong was the feeling, that the Commissioners employed by Government to examine into the truth of the representations which had raised it, were regarded with a considerable degree of suspicion, as though to doubt was inhuman; and the bill which was framed on their recommendation, was thought by numbers incomplete, and not sufficiently favourable to the interests of the operatives. Yet during the present Session a Bill has been brought forward and nearly carried without exciting any general interest, the practical operation of which would have been to reduce its efficacy very considerably, and even to nullify, to a great extent, the principle on which it is founded; that principle being, to protect from excessive labour those whose tender age renders them merely instruments in the hands of their parents.

There are few instances in which legislative interference is not found to be hurtful to industry. But the state of the factories at the time of the Commission in 1833, was convincing as to the imperative duty of such interference in behalf of children. The whole of the evidence collected is condensed in the able Report of the Central Board of Commissioners on the factory question; a Report which, from its singular clearness, and the highly interesting nature of its contents, would become popular reading if more generally known, and would

serve to correct many erroneous notions on the subject of which it treats. The Factory Bill was framed in exact accordance with the commendations of the Central Board. Before it came into operation, the regular hours of work in factories throughout the kingdom varied between nine and fourteen daily, the majority being between twelve and thirteen hours, exclusive of meals and stoppages from accidents; while, if a press of business occurred, the operatives were ready to continue at work for fifteen, sixteen, or more hours, and were glad to go on for the sake of the additional pay. Indeed the time they would labour is almost incredible, as in the following instance extracted from the Report of the Central Board:

“ ‘ Worked all last night ’ (I found her working at a quarter before six, p. m. *Commissioner*); ‘ worked from a quarter before six yesterday morn ; will work till six this evening ; thirty-four hours, exclusive of two hours for meals ; did this because the hands were short, and she should gain an additional shilling ; has at this moment, although she has been standing already twenty-four hours, no pain in her knees or ancles ; is not tired, or else would not do it. ’ ‘ It’s all our pleasure, they do not force us to do it ; would prefer the present hours and pay, to a reduction of both. ’ ” —Report, p. 11.

But this was the dreadful evil to the *children*—who were found in the factories, in rare instances, so young as five and six years of age, but the great majority of whom were under nine—as long as the adult operatives went on, it was necessary that they should also; the work must have stopped without them. It is scarcely necessary to enlarge on the misery they endured.

“ We have been struck with the perfect uniformity of the answers returned to the Commissioners by the young workers in this country, in the largest and best regulated factories as well as in the smaller and less advantageously conducted. In fact, whether the factory be in the pure air of the country, or in the large town ; under the best or the worst management ; and whatever be the nature of the work, whether light or laborious ; or the kind of treatment, whether considerate and gentle, or strict and harsh ; the account of the child, when questioned as to its feeling of fatigue, is the same. The answer always being ‘ Sick-tired, especially in the winter nights. ’ ‘ So tired when she leaves the mill that she can do nothing. ’ ‘ Feels so tired, she throws herself down when she gangs home, no caring what she does. ’ ‘ Often much tired, and feels sore, standing so long on her legs. ’ ‘ Often so tired she could not eat her supper. ’ ‘ Night and morning very tired ; has two sisters in the mill ; has heard them complain to her mother, and she says they must work. ’ ‘ When the tow is coarse we are so tired we are not able to set one foot by the other. ’ ‘ Whiles I do not know what to do with myself ; as tired every morning as I can be. ’

“ Young persons of more advanced age, speaking of their own feelings when younger, give to the Commissioners such representations as the following :— ‘ Many a time has been so fatigued that she could

hardly take off her clothes at night, or put them on in the morning; her mother would be raging at her, because when she sat down she could not get up again through the house.' 'Looks on the long hours as a great bondage.' 'Thinks they are no much better than the Israelites in Egypt, and their life is no pleasure to them.' 'When a child, was so tired that she could seldom eat her supper, and never awoke of herself.' 'Are the hours to be shortened?' earnestly demanded one of these girls of the Commissioner who was examining her, 'for they are too long.'—p. 25, *ibid.*

The foregoing reports are from Scotland.—The evidence as to England is the same—

"'I have known the children,' says one witness, 'hide themselves in the stove among the wool, so that they should not go home when the work was over, when we had worked till ten or eleven. I have seen six or eight fetched out of the stove and beat home; beat out of the mill however. I do not know why they should hide themselves, unless it was that they were too tired to go home.'

"'I have seen them fall asleep, and they have been performing their work with their hands while they were asleep, after the billey had stopped, when their work was over. I have stopped and looked at them for two minutes, going through the motion of piecing fast asleep, when there was really no work to do, and they were really doing nothing.'—p. 26, *ibid.*

The poor children were encouraged to endure this excessive fatigue by an understanding that the wages of extra labour should be exclusively their own. It is proved that their regular pay is uniformly given to the parents, and even their peculiar privilege as to extra work was frequently but a cheat upon them :—

"'Boy, twelve years old states, 'We are paid for over-hours at the rate of two-pence for three hours; I have always that for myself. What do you do with it?—I save it for clothes sometimes. I put it into a money-club for clothes. I have worked nine hours over in one week. I got for that five-pence halfpenny. I gave it my mother, and she made it up to sixpence, and put it into the money-club. She always puts by sixpence a week from my wages for that.' 'Then your mother gets what you earn by the over-hours, don't she?'—'No; I gets it for myself.' 'Does your mother like you to work over-hours?'—'No; she don't like it. She never asked for me to be excused. She knows it wouldnt be no use. Sometimes mother gives me a half-penny to spend.' 'What do you do with it?'—'I saves it to buy shoes. Have never saved above a shilling for that; mother put more to it, and bought me a pair. I have sometimes bought some good stuff with it.'—p. 13, *ibid.*

From the whole evidence collected, the Central Board of Commissioners came to the following conclusions :—

"1st. That the children employed in all the principal branches of manufacture throughout the kingdom work during the same number of hours as the adults.

“ 2nd. That the effects of labour during such hours are, in a great number of cases, permanent deterioration of the physical constitution; the production of disease often wholly irremediable; and the partial or entire exclusion (by reason of excessive fatigue) from the means of obtaining adequate education and acquiring useful habits, or of profiting by those means when afforded.”—p. 30. *ibid.*

The grounds for legislative interference in behalf of children, under such circumstances, appear to be clearly established, and are thus stated :—

“ 1. That at the age at which the children in question are put to labour they are not free agents, inasmuch as they are let out to hire, and do not receive the wages they earn, but those wages are appropriated by their parents or guardians. 2. That the labour they perform is not proportioned, and is not pretended to be proportioned to their strength, but is regulated solely by the duration of the labour of adults.”—p. 42. *ibid.*

The principles by which the Commissioners were guided in their recommendations to the Legislature, are perfectly distinct. They ascertained the age under which it is pernicious that a child should work at all; the age at which the acquisition of a greater degree of bodily strength gives the power of enduring greater fatigue than a child can bear without injury; and the age at which young persons are accustomed to receive their own wages, and to be treated as free agents; and they framed their regulations accordingly, providing against inconvenience to the capitalist, by graduating the full operation of the Bill; so that, although passed in the year 1833, all its provisions should not be in actual operation until the spring of the present year. The Factory Bill, as far as it regarded children, was briefly as follows :—

“ That no child shall be employed under nine years of age, except in silk mills: that after the 13th February, 1834, no child shall be employed without previously producing a certificate of age from a surgeon: that no child under eleven, and eventually none under thirteen years of age, shall work more than nine hours in any one day, or more than forty-eight hours in the week, and never in the night.

“ That no young person under eighteen years of age shall work more than twelve hours in any one day, or more than sixty-nine hours in the week, nor in the night, except under particular circumstances.

“ That children limited to forty-eight hours work in the week shall attend school daily.

“ That an hour and a half in the day shall be allowed for the meals of all under eighteen.

“ That holidays equal to six entire days in the course of the year shall be given to all under eighteen.”—Rep. of L. Horner, Esq. 1834, p. 8.

The public is by no means aware of the importance of the measure which was here projected. It could only be carried into effect by having relays of children, each set working a

certain number of hours. The work in a factory is not laborious; the time could not have been sufficient to exhaust or over-fatigue them; as long as the unnatural state of society requires labour from children at all, this would be a light form of it. If under such an arrangement the education clause had been enforced, and an enlightened system, combining physical, intellectual, and moral training had been established by the Legislature, with efficient people to conduct it, a body of children sufficiently large to exert a very powerful influence on the character of the rising generation, would have been brought under its operation.

The Bill, as sent up from the Commons, would have insured (had it been obeyed in practice) education to all the young persons within the age under restriction; but the education clauses which rendered it imperative that a school should be attached to every manufactory, (for reasons insisted upon, and fully argued in the Report) were damaged so as to be nullified in the House of Lords. They do not like the reading poor.

The opportunity has been lost. With very few exceptions the system of relays has never been acted upon at all in England; and the education clause has been utterly disregarded on the plea of impracticability. In Scotland the exceptions are much larger, but in the majority of instances it has been the same. The effect of the bill has been to make the master manufacturers dismiss all children under the restricted age. During the present session it has been proposed to make that age the commencement of the thirteenth, instead of the fourteenth year. If this alteration had been effected, the principle of the bill would have been nullified. The conditions which only just begin to exist at the later period, can by no means be supposed to exist at the earlier, and that any system of education should, in this case, have arisen out of the factory regulations, would have been hopeless.

There is abundant evidence that such an alteration is altogether unnecessary. The plan of working with relays of children has been successfully tried in upwards of sixty mills in Scotland; and if practicable there, why not elsewhere? From the Reports of Mr. Horner, the inspector for Scotland, we also see, that in several instances excellent regulations have been made as to education, and have worked well. This gentleman appears to have exerted himself greatly to promote the educational part of the plan; but he has evidently been unsupported by any of his colleagues. We make the following extract from his Report for 1834.

“I have said, that several mill-owners in my district are now employing children under eleven years of age, and working them by relays. Most of them are only to a limited extent, and the plan has been tried for too short a time to enable one to form an opinion as to

its success. The factory, where the system is in operation on the largest scale in my district, is at the cotton works of Messrs. Finlay & Co., at Deanston, near Doune, in Perthshire. This factory is on a great scale, the water-power being equal to 300 horses, and 800 persons being employed, of whom 442 are under eighteen years of age. Mr. Smith, the able and enlightened resident partner of the establishment, is a zealous advocate for the limitation of the hours of the children, and for the enforcement of their attendance on school, and immediately upon the Act coming into operation, he adopted the relay system. He has now 106 children under eleven years of age working upon that plan, and attending school for at least two hours a day for six days out of the seven in each week. I visited the works on the 18th of June, and conversed with Mr. Smith and with two of his overseers, in order to ascertain how the plan was working after a four months' trial. The account I received was, that at first there was some awkwardness, but that the difficulties were overcome, and the plan was going on smoothly, without inconvenience of any sort to the business of the factory."—p. 11, *ibid.*

The following is from his Report for 1835.

"In my Second Report, I have noticed that the relay system continued to work well at the extensive cotton-mills of Messrs. James Finlay & Co., at Deanston. There, the proprietors have specially directed their attention to that system, in order to give it a fair trial; but, in other instances, where it has been partially tried, without any properly arranged plan, with the master not only taking little or no charge of it, but on the contrary, suffering the dislike of it on the part of the adult spinners, who employ the children, to counteract it in every way; it is not surprising that it should have been represented to me as unsuccessful and even impracticable."—p. 2, *ibid.* 1835.

We reckon these two extracts sufficient to prove that neither the plan of working by relays, nor of regular education for the factory children is *impracticable*, and the last part of our quotation helps us to some of the causes which have led to their being called so. It is quite plain that an extensive change, such as is aimed at by the Factory Bill, cannot be effected without giving considerable trouble, and probably occasioning, at first, some loss to the master manufacturers. It is equally plain that the operatives must have more difficulty in directing the work of two sets of children than of one. Parents also will dislike to find the wages of their children reduced in amount, which must necessarily happen; accordingly we find objections raised to the system of relays by each of these classes. The unwillingness with which the parents forego the earnings of their children is so strong, that it has been found scarcely possible to ascertain the real ages of the "young hands," so many are the frauds practised to make them appear older than they really are; and the most painful instances of want of feeling for their sufferings on the part of parents are mentioned in the Reports :—

“ A mother in Manchester got employment for a sickly child of nine years of age, to work in a mill for twelve hours per day, under a false certificate, which she got by sending a fine healthy child of suitable age to a doctor’s house to procure it.” — *Report of R. Rickards, Esq.*, 1835, p. 7.

What must be the state of institutions in a country where such a thing as this could happen! Had any one, however fertile his imagination, sat down to invent cases which should demonstrate the necessity of legislative interference for the protection of children and young persons under the age of puberty, he could scarcely have depicted any so terribly convincing as these from real life.

If all these sinister interests were likely to array themselves against the new system, the government by giving out, as it did only six weeks after the bill was passed, that it would probably be altered, effectually prevented any chance of their giving way; and with the exception of Mr. Horner, none of the inspectors appear to have exerted themselves to enforce the more difficult enactments. Mr. Rickards, inspector of the important district comprehending Manchester, as early as February, 1834, declares himself “ hopeless of rendering the clauses as to relays and education in any way useful;” and repeatedly, at different periods, advises an alteration. At page 38 of his Report for 1834, we find him declaring that he believes it will be impracticable to restrict the work of children, even under twelve, to forty-eight hours a week; yet this has been and is now effected; and a few lines below we find him stating as his opinion, that children of eleven “ are old enough and strong enough to work in mills for twelve hours in each day!” Medical Commissioners were employed to investigate this question; they decided that children of eleven were *not* capable of such length of work, and a bill was framed accordingly. What is the use of legislation at all if such contradictions and weaknesses are allowed?

The Factory Bill has hitherto proved a failure; but it is satisfactory to perceive that it has done *some* good. The inspectors are able to prevent the occurrence of dirty or ill-ventilated mills; very young children are never found now working as they used to do; no young persons under eighteen years of age ever work more than twelve hours a day, and never in the night, and the practical result of such restriction has been, to limit the time of labour in factories generally to twelve hours, and commonly to supersede nightwork altogether,—an arrangement which is found satisfactory both to masters and operatives.

It is honourable to the government that they have yielded to what they could not but perceive to be a predominant impression, although within the House they obtained a majority of

one; what the majority out of the House might have been, they have (wisely) afforded no opportunity of ascertaining. Had the proposition entertained by Mr. P. Thompson's Bill passed into law, the probability is, that the Sadler excitement with all its exaggerations and falsifications, to the grievous injury of children, parents, and capitalists, would have been revived. Ministers have determined on allowing the Bill of the Central Board to have a fair and full trial, as far as regards the ages on which restriction is imposed. There are few objects over which the government has a direct control, the immediate and the remote consequences of which would be so beneficent as those of enforcing the educational project. Though limited in its immediate operation to a particular class, it is a national experiment, and was so intended by the framers of the Bill. Shame to those who oppose obstacles to the working of a measure, which, without inflicting any evil on any class or any individual, or the remotest chance of it, offers possible benefits of such magnitude and perpetuity!

CRITICAL NOTICES.

National Education; its present state and prospects.

By F. Hill. 2 Vols.

We have delayed the notice which these volumes deserve, in the hope of being able to go more fully into the subject of which they treat than it has been hitherto, or is at present, practicable for us to do. It would be unjust to the author to postpone the mention of them any longer. Whenever our purpose be realized, large use will be made of their contents; meanwhile we recommend them as the amplest and most trustworthy contribution to Educational Statistics which has yet been published. The reports of various societies and institutions are sifted with great care; the quality as well as the extent of instruction is analyzed with sound judgment; much interesting information has been sought out which had escaped former inquirers; the author's views extend not only to all classes of seminaries in our own country but to the state of education in America, Prussia, and Spain; and the results are presented in lucid order, intermixed with valuable comments. The title of the work (so far as now published) is a misnomer. It does not treat of 'National Education,' but of education in the nation now has it, which is any thing but national. Although the appointment of the author to the inspectorship of prisons in Scotland (an office which he may be expected to

fill very ably and usefully) has led him to stop short of what he originally contemplated in this work, we shall still hope that he may find opportunity to continue it to its natural conclusion, — ‘a sketch of a plan of national education, with an estimate of the cost of carrying it into operation.’

W. J. F.

The Floricultural Magazine, and Miscellany of Gardening.

No. I. June. Conducted by Robert Marnock.

London. 1836.

THIS is exactly the publication which all those who have pretty gardens will rejoice to possess, and the reading of which renews the regrets of those who do not possess such gardens.

The Captivity. An Oratorio. By Oliver Goldsmith.

THIS is ‘by way’ of a literary curiosity. It will add nothing to the well-deserved fame of the amiable and admired Goldsmith. The best lines are mediocre, and for the worst we think the following may be selected:—

SECOND PROPHET.

*Down with her, lord ! to lick the dust
Before yon setting sun :
Serve her as she hath serv'd the just !*

The Musical World :

A weekly record of musical science, literature, and intelligence.

Knowing, as we do, the numerous cabals and petty jealousies of the musical profession, it must be a task of exceeding difficulty to steer clear of them, or clear *through* them, in a periodical. The difficulty is increased five-fold when the periodical emanates from a professional quarter, be its editor who he may. This difficulty is accomplished in the present excellent little work ; and as far as it has hitherto gone, we have not only found the criticisms unprejudiced, uninfluenced and just, but frequently written with great ability, and sometimes in a very amusing manner.

L.

Ingram's System of Mathematics Third Edition. Revised by J. Trotter.

It is scarcely within the duty of a reviewer to verify the calculations and work the problems of a System of Mathematics. We do not pretend, therefore, to answer for such a book as this in detail. But of its general principle of selection and arrangement we can speak very approvingly ; it is well adapted ‘for the use of schools, private students, and practical men ;’

and affords excellent facilities, both for a compendious view of mathematical science (especially in its various practical relations) and for the attainment of so much acquaintance with its abstractions as may be needed for any particular department.

F.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

MUSIC MADNESS. The individuals who take upon themselves the office of caterers for public amusement, appear anxious to find out two things; first, to what extent John Bull, good easy soul, is to be hoaxed; and secondly, who shall be the first to trench upon the utmost bounds of his endurance. According to this high-minded speculation, Bochsa's recent hodge-podge Concert may be considered almost a *chef-d'œuvre*. It would have been quite perfect, as such, only that it was something over-done as well as under-done. It commenced at half-past one o'clock; the doors having been opened at twelve; and did not terminate till a quarter past seven, by which time little more than a third portion of the stuff announced in the programme had been endured. At the summit of all the absurdities, we think we may safely place those emanations of Mr. Bochsa's ornate fancy—the illustrations of Collins's Ode on the Passions; and the Voyage Musicale, with *scenic* accompaniments. With how many hundreds of trumpeters, drummers and fiddlers, entering and kneeling with their crape-covered instruments in one hand, and white cambric handkerchiefs in the other, he would have illustrated the Homage to Bellini,—it is not easy to conjecture, for the outrageous length of previous pieces saved us. The Voyage Musicale was only fit to have been introduced in a pantomime at Astley's, where the Punch and Judy, and *real* horse and *real* post-boy, (actually introduced by Mr. Bochsa on the stage) would have been rather more appropriate. The performance of Collins's Ode was both ludicrous and painful. Mr. Knowles was so good natured, and so weak, as to suffer himself to be prevailed upon to take the most prominent part in the scene.

It was Mr. Bochsa's intention to describe, by the means of *instrumental* music, the effect and workings of the various passions in the Ode; and his failure was as palpable as could have been expected. But it was so managed as to have become continuously and irresistibly laughable, had not its prodigious length produced a counterbalancing load of *ennui* and fatigue. First, a long, meaningless introduction was played by the band; at the conclusion of which Bochsa kindly nodded to Mr. Knowles, who then politely stepped forward, in full dress, to the foot-lights, and pronounced some half-dozen lines, when he retired a few paces—folded his arms and remained humorously silent and unconcerned, while Bochsa and his coadjutors, illustrated by about a quarter of an hour's playing, his six lines recitation. Again the music was silent; again Bochsa nodded; and again forth marched Mr. Knowles to the foot-lights, and repeated some four or six lines more—when he again retired—refolded his arms—and again the *descriptive* music struck up!

This dull farce was repeated some six or seven times, until, from its extreme length, weariness completely superseded all feelings of the

ridiculous, and the termination of the Ode received some applause, as a consummation which had so long been most devoutly wished. An attempt to illustrate different passions by a mere combination of instruments, is in itself absurd, and cannot but fail outrageously. While Bochsa and the band were fancying they were illustrating the passions of despair, pity and joy—the only sensation of despair felt by their hearers was engendered by the apparently interminable drawl of the piece; their only pity was excited by its palpable failure; their only joy was created by the conclusion of the attempt. M. Bochsa is a musician of talent, and it is a pity that he should condescend to become the mere charlatan.

The whole performance was alternately complimented with about an equal mixture of applause, groans, hisses, and uproarious laughter. The only valuable novelty of the melange was Grisi's wonderful performance of 'Let the bright Seraphim,' accompanied by Harper on the trumpet. We never before heard this song delivered in so lofty, pure and impressive a style. It had the effect of inspiration.

2. CONCERTS. Miss A. Nunn recently gave her first concert. In our opinion there is a degree of presumption in any individual giving a formal concert, before attaining some degree of eminence. There are far too many concerts as it is, and if everybody who has musical friends, and can afford the risk, is to give a concert, it must do considerable harm to the highly-talented favourites of the public, and to the profession generally. We must admit, however, that Miss Nunn is a lady of much ability, and still more promise, and that her concert was, on the whole, a very good one. Ivanhoff and Miss Birch were among the principal singers; but, perhaps, the most 'interesting' part of the performance was a sort of "trial of strength" among certain instrumentalists and instrument-makers. The Messrs. Roedel performed Moscheles' duet "Homage à Handel," (just as expressive of its subject as Homage à la Lune,) on two of Erard's piano-fortes, and Mrs. Bridgman afterwards performed a Fantasia on one of Zeitter's instruments. From the "tone and bearing" of the several performances, we have little doubt but this was intended as a public wager of battle between the rival piano-fortes, and if our conjecture be correct—making due allowance for the fine intonating hand of the lady whom Messrs. Zeitter had the tact to select—it was certainly unfortunate for the opponent manufacturer. The various peculiarities of Hummel, Kalkbrenner, Herz, and Cramer, were introduced in the Fantasia.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to return our best thanks to both old and new Contributors—to old friends especially. Their gauntlets bearing olive boughs will be regarded in future years as we regard them now.

The Phrenological paper will receive due attention.

The Society contemplating the diffusion of Information on the subject of Capital Punishments, should forward their work to our publisher.

M. L. G. was kind and prompt.

Robert Nicoll, and the Author of the *Mechanics' Saturday Night*, are far from being forgotten.

Reviews of Brazil and other works, with general Correspondence, are unavoidably postponed.