

JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE IN NORWAY.

DURING THE YEARS 1834, 1835, AND 1836.

By Samuel Laing, Esq. 1 vol. London. Longman and Co. 1836.

To trace the progress of the great family of mankind ; to watch the peculiarities of its increase, and the variation of its populating principle, as modified by situations, climates, customs, and moral and political institutions ; is a study of the deepest interest to every philosophic and benevolent mind. The accurate history of one civilized country, be it ever so small, wherein there exists any striking features of difference from the aggregate, constitutes a new field, both of experience and speculation. The world has never had fair play. The dice of the few have always been loaded, and the many have lost the game from generation to generation. If the priests and kings and rulers of the earth had met mankind on honest terms ; if they had been honourable, decent, and sober of mind, content with much gold, much homage, and much service ; the human family would have been happy and contented under their sway, and the admission of all their assumed pretensions would have been a comparatively small evil. But the grossness of brute power, and the haggard lust for possessing a supernatural dominion over man's soul, fraught with sanguinary violence and the remorseless greediness of wealth, have always driven them on to extremes, which, ever doomed, are now on the eve of terminating in utter insignificance.

We do not by any means intend to infer that, in the valuable work before us, we discover the development of a moral and political system, by which the regeneration, or, to use the ordinary word, the "reform" of the world, is to be effected. In many respects the people of Norway are as immoral and unenlightened as any other "civilized" nations : in a few respects they are in advance of other nations. They have a greater and more rational freedom in their institutions. The picture they present is, in various parts, awkward and broken in outline, dull and false in colouring, coarse and confused in detail ; but, by comparison with others as a whole, it is still a picture of peace and contentment, for which we are greatly indebted to Mr Laing, and we trust the lessons contained in it will not be lost upon the people of England.

In this age of inquiry and theory, of examination and experiment, it is an uncommon advantage to have doubts and mistakes on important subjects permanently silenced and corrected. Many questions, exciting the public mind at the present moment, have been brought to the test of experience by Mr Laing, whose able work is written in a style of remarkable simplicity, and conveys its important information in a most clear and satisfactory manner. He travelled in Norway, to inquire into the moral and political economy of the country, and the condition of its inhabitants, and remained there between two and three years. It is on the question of the expediency or in expediency of a "law of primogeniture," that his observations are calculated to throw the most light, and there are few points which more require elucidation. The apprehensions of excessively minute divisions of land, deteriorated cultivation, and redundant population, as necessarily accompanying the abolition of that law, are very prevalent. This list of evils is predicted with regard to France, but it is said the time has not yet come to verify that prediction. In Norway, however, there is an example which cannot be mistaken :—

"Norway," says Mr Laing, "is a country peculiarly interesting to the political economist. It is the only part of Europe in which property, from the earliest ages, has been transmitted upon the principle of partition among all the children. The feudal structure of society, with its law of primogeniture and its privileged class of hereditary nobles, never prevailed in Norway. In this remote corner of the civilized world we may, therefore, see the effects upon the condition of society of this peculiar distribution of property; it will exhibit, on a small scale, what America and France will be a thousand years hence."—p. 1.

This opinion must be taken with considerable limitation. There are moral causes at work which, in the natural course of events, will render the condition of those countries very different, a thousand years hence, from that of Norway at present :—

"From a period coeval with the establishment of the feudal system, the land and the people of Norway have been under the influence of the mode of succession which those countries have only recently adopted. What effect has this produced on the state of society? on the condition of the lower and middle classes in this peculiar community? what on the arrangement and distribution of its landed property after a thousand years of division and subdivision? A single fact brought home from such a country is worth a volume of speculation."—p. 1.

The answers to these questions, furnished by an intelligent observer in possession of all the requisite facts, it is sufficiently obvious, must be highly interesting. Before proceeding to them, it should be understood that Norway is not only remark-

able in its law concerning the division of property, but also that it has the advantage of possessing singularly free political institutions. Joined with Sweden under one monarch, it has a constitution peculiar to itself, which was established in the year 1814. The provisions of this admirable code ensured to Norway an elective franchise on an extended basis, and a *Storting*, or parliament, elected and assembled every three years, possessing extensive powers; such as the imposition of taxes, the enactment, repeal, or alteration of laws, the appointment and administration of the revenue, the regulation of the currency, the examination of all treaties, the power of impeaching all ministers of state, judges, or its own members, and the privilege, together with Sweden, of electing a new dynasty in case of a failure of the royal line. The king's sanction is required to all its enactments, with the following important exception. When a bill has passed in three successive *Storthings*, *it becomes law without his assent*. The *Storting* is divided into two houses; but as no hereditary peerage, and indeed no privileged class whatever exists in the country, the upper house is composed simply of one fourth of the lower, chosen by the members themselves; the whole body, so constituted, must consist of not less than *seventy-five, nor more than one hundred members*. The qualification, both for electors and representatives, depends on property; but it is low, and, in consequence of the diffusion of property among the people, confers the privilege on nearly all of them, provided, however, that, in order to be eligible as a *representative*, a man be thirty years of age, and have resided ten years in the country. The members of the legislature are paid during their session. From an analysis of the *Storting* elected during Mr Laing's residence, it appears to have consisted of twenty-two persons in civil offices, three in military, sixteen in clerical (of whom four were parish clerks), four lawyers, fourteen mercantile men, and thirty-seven land-owners, of whom the great majority were of the class called "*bonder*," that is, proprietors simply of the farm on which they live.

There is no restriction whatever on the press in Norway.

There is an established church, but no state clergy; for the priesthood have no privileges peculiar to themselves, are represented exactly like the rest of the population, and as *no dissent* is known in the country, they assume no superiority over any class.

The forms of justice are extremely simple, and the judges are *responsible* for their decisions.

Having shortly stated these most important and distinguishing characteristics of the Norwegian institutions, as they may be collected from the work before us, we are the better enabled to direct the attention of our readers to the condition of the

people, and to show by a few extracts the interesting nature of the information communicated by the author. The evidence furnished by Mr Laing is conclusive on the following points;—there is in Norway no extreme or hurtful division of land; no over population, though its numbers are increasing; scarcely anything, on the one hand, that can properly be termed pauperism, nor great fortunes on the other; but a prevalence of ease and competency, with a standard of comfort superior to the average of other countries; a general simplicity of manners and habits, to the exclusion of luxury and ceremony; while a tone of gentleness and politeness pervades every class of society.

It is remarkable that Norway was singled out by Mr Malthus in his ‘*Essay on the Principle of Population*,’ as a country in which the natural poverty of the soil, and the narrow limits, both of its bounds and of the number of its inhabitants, would effectually prevent any considerable increase of population. In commenting on this theory he evinces some alarm at the consequences of the increase that had already taken place previous to the year 1803, in which he penned this work:—

“Many,” says Mr Malthus, “of the most thinking and best informed persons express their apprehensions on this subject, and in the probable result of the new regulations respecting the enrolments of the army, and the apparent intention of the court of Denmark* to encourage, at all events, the population. No very unfavourable season has occurred in Norway since 1785; but it is feared that, in the event of such a season, the most severe distress might be felt from the rapid increase that has of late taken place.

“Norway is, I believe, almost the only country in Europe where a traveller will hear any apprehensions expressed of a redundant population, and where the danger to the happiness of the lower classes of people from this cause is in some degree seen and understood. This obviously arises from the smallness of the population altogether, and the consequent narrowness of the subject.”—*Essay on Population*, 3rd edition, vol. i, p. 328.

These apprehensions, in the event of any increase in the population of a country, were expressed more than thirty years since by Mr Malthus, and seventy-five years since by Wallace, from whose work the former borrowed both his theory and arguments. The opinion that various forms of evil must attend a law for the partition of property, are prevalent at the present day. The first answer we shall offer to both classes of theorists will be found in some descriptions of the present state of the country by Mr Laing:—

* It will be remembered that, at the period of Mr Malthus's work, Norway was incorporated with Denmark.

"I do not know in Scotland a valley so beautiful as this of Værdal; the crops of grain so rich and yellow; the houses so substantial and thickly set; farm after farm without interruption, each fully enclosed and subdivided with paling; the grass fields of so lively a green, as free from weeds and rubbish, and as neatly shaven as a lawn before a gentleman's windows; every knoll and all the background covered with trees, and a noble clear river running briskly through it. There is a reach or two at Nithsdale in Dumfries-shire, about Elloch, which, on a small scale, resembles this valley; but the soft living green of the natural grass does not belong to, or is not long retained by, our sown grass fields. Such verdure is to be seen in the Welch, but not so often in the Scotch valleys.

"I find that all these beautiful little farms, with the substantial houses, and that air of plenty and completeness about them which struck me so much on my way up this valley, are the Udal estates, and residences of the peasant proprietors, or bonder. They are small farms, usually of about forty or fifty acres, but each having besides a pasturage or grass tract in the Fjelde, where all the cattle that can be spared are kept through the summer, until the crops are taken in, and upon these out-farms there are houses and a regular dairy. This class of bonder are the most interesting people in Norway."—p. 92.

It appears that the great mass of the Norwegian population may be divided into three classes. The islands and the extensive sea-coast support a race of peasantry called *Strand-sitters*; these have small farms generally held in life-rent, but their subsistence depends on fishing. The shores of the long narrow inlets of the sea, called *fjords*, extending sometimes a hundred miles into the country, are peopled by this hardy race. The scenery of this portion of Norway is sublimely grand. The magnificent rocks on either side of the fjords approach each other within three or four miles, reflecting on the clear waters, which are generally smooth like an inland lake, dark fringes of tall pines that fix their roots wherever they can find soil sufficient for them. It is in the clefts and sheltered nooks of these rocks that the Strand-sitters have their farms. Their substantial, comfortable houses, with the one or two bright-green fields; the cows and sheep feeding; the goats browsing above, and the fishing boat moored in its haven; are described as diversifying, with a beautiful variety, the awful features of nature that surround them. Many kinds of the finest fish abound, and the cod and herring fisheries are extensive and important. The inhabitants are further supported by the game of the country; the capercailzie, the ptarmigan, and the small species of bird called jerper, are plentiful. The rein-deer venison also is brought down to them from Lapland, chiefly through the intervention of the second class of the population, of which we are about to speak. These are called *Fjelde-bonder*, and inhabit the wild

glens which stretch beyond the limits of agriculture towards the dense forests and marshes of the North. They, like the former, possess farms and well-built houses. Their subsistence is acquired by selling the timber which they fell, and float down to the saw-mill by means of the mountain streams, near which they always fix their habitations; by feeding cattle, and by selling game. The snow remains over their territory till late in the spring, and night-frosts set in as early as August. Their bread is composed of the bark of the pine, mixed with the ill-ripened oats they are able to grow; and the trout of the Fjelde-lakes constitutes the principal part of their food. They live a hard and laborious life, and are described as a strong and active race, bearing in their countenances and figures that style and appearance to which, says Mr Laing, "we are accustomed to attach the word noble." They retain the dress, manners and character of ancient times, and some of the families, it is said, can trace their descent from the days of Harold Haarfagre. The Laplanders, of whom many interesting particulars will be found in this work, traffic with them, giving venison and skins in exchange. The third class of the population is the most numerous and important, and we should be guilty of injustice towards Mr Laing, did we not give his own admirably clear and concise description.

"The bonder, or agricultural peasantry, each the proprietor of his own farm, occupy the country from the shore side to the hill foot, and up every valley or glen, as far as corn will grow. This class is the kernel of the nation. They are in general fine athletic men, as their properties are not so large as to exempt them from work, but large enough to afford them and their households abundance, and even superfluity, of the best food. They farm not to raise produce for sale, so much as to grow everything they eat, drink, and wear in their families. They build their own houses, make their own chairs, tables, ploughs, carts, harness, iron-work, basket-work, and wood-work; in short, except the window-glass, cast-iron ware, and pottery, everything about their houses and furniture is of their own fabrication. There is not, probably, in Europe so great a population in so happy a condition as this Norwegian yeomanry. A body of small proprietors, each with his thirty or forty acres, scarcely exists elsewhere in Europe; or if it can be found, it is under the shadow of some more imposing body of wealthy proprietors or commercial men. Here they are the highest in the nation. The population of the few towns is only reckoned about one-eleventh of the whole, and of that only a very small proportion can be called rich; too few to have any influence on the habits or way of thinking of the nation. * * * They form their little estates, and consume the produce, without seeking to barter or sell, except what is necessary for paying their taxes and the few articles of luxury they consume. There is no money-making spirit among them, and none of extravagance. They enjoy the comfort of excellent houses, as good and large as those of the wealthiest individuals; good furniture, bedding, linen, clothing, fuel, victuals and

drink, all in abundance, and of their own providing; good houses, and a houseful of people who have more food than work. Food, furniture, and clothing, being all home-made, the difference in these matters between the family and the servant is very small; but there is a perfect distinction kept up. The servants invariably eat, sleep, and sit apart from the family, and have generally a distinct building adjoining to the family house."—p. 403.

The agricultural labourers are called housemen; they always have land, which they generally hold in life-rent, and pay the rent in work. Scarcely any of them are without two cows, or an equivalent number of sheep and goats. They all have the well-built houses so general in Norway; always well aired, well lighted, and clean. These houses are of wood, but must not be supposed to bear any resemblance to the thin-boarded cottages in England; and are still further removed from the wretched hovels of Scotland and Ireland. Glass windows, and many of them, and planked floors, are universal. Perhaps the best idea of their circumstances will be given by quoting part of an advertisement of "land to be sold," extracted from the *Morgenblad* newspaper—

"Houses for housemen, with enclosed land to each, that extends to the keeping of two cows and six sheep all the year, and to the sowing of one and a half ton of corn (the ton is half an imperial quarter) and six tons of potatoes."—p. 149.

Mr Laing adds, that he conceives this to be the average condition of the agricultural labourers in Norway, and after reading it, we agree with him that it is amusing to recollect "the benevolent speculations" of our "Sir Johns and Sir Thomases, for bettering the condition of labourers in husbandry, by giving them, at a reasonable rent, a quarter of an acre of land to keep a cow on, or by allowing them to cultivate the slips of land on the road-side outside of their hedges."

There is not to be found in Norway that wide difference between one class of society and another, which we are used to witness among ourselves. Not only in the enjoyment of the necessaries and comforts of life, such as houses, food, furniture, &c., but in manners, habits, and character, all are much more on an equality. The mode of living among the larger proprietors does not appear to differ in any material point from that of the bonder. There is of course greater refinement, more abundance, and there are more labourers to do the work, but this is all. A true impression of the necessary mediocrity of all fortunes in the country, whether of landed proprietors or those engaged in professions or business, will be given by the following extract:—

"In Norway the land, as already observed, is parcelled out into small estates, affording a comfortable subsistence, and, in a moderate degree,

the elegancies of civilized life, but nothing more. With a population of 910,000 inhabitants, about the year 1819, there were 41,656 estates. We must compare this proportion of population to landed property, with the proportion in Scotland about the same period, in order to form any just idea of the different state and condition of the middle and lower classes, in these two small countries. The population, in 1822, of Scotland was 2,093,456, of whom those holding landed property, as freeholders, amounted to 2,987. Of these, also, many did not actually possess land, but held fictitious votes, two or three on one estate. On the other hand, many estates afforded no freehold qualification; and therefore 2,987 cannot, perhaps, be taken as the exact number. Suppose we triple it to cover all omissions; we should still have only 8,961 estates of land in Scotland. But if the population of Scotland, of 2,093,456, had held the same interest in the soil, which the 910,000 of Norway have in the land of their country, there would be 95,829 estates in Scotland—*one for every 22, instead of one for every 700 of the population.* In a country in which soil and climate are so unfavourable to agriculture as in Norway, the income of these small estates cannot be considerable; and as the produce is consumed in the family, unless to the extent required for paying taxes and buying groceries,—and much is done by bartering—the owners themselves cannot perhaps tell the yearly worth of their estates. The salaries of such public functionaries as must, from the nature of their offices, be rather above than below the ordinary scale of income of the gentry of the country, will probably give the best idea of what is a sufficient income in the higher class. An Amtman, who, like the French Préfet, is the highest officer in a province, and ranks with a Major-General, has a salary of 1600 dollars, or 320*l.* sterling. A Faged, who has the charge of the police, of the collection of taxes, of the crown estates or interests, and all public concerns, in a district of from 10,000 to 15,000 inhabitants, has a salary of 800 dollars. A member of Storthing is allowed, as a suitable maintenance when attending that assembly, two dollars and a half daily, which is at the rate of 900 dollars yearly. It may be concluded from these incomes, that 800 or 900 dollars are about the incomes of the highest class of landed proprietors.”—p. 162.

The whole of this account of the different classes of landowners in Norway, we hold to be conclusive evidence that the abolition of the Law of Primogeniture and the substitution of a Law of Equal Partition among all the children, does not necessarily lead to “excessively minute and hurtful division of land;” but on the contrary, other circumstances being favourable, conduce to the general good by an *equitable distribution of property*. Such a division as would be hurtful is prevented by the natural motive which influences mankind when in possession of property; that is, the desire to make that property conducive to their own well-being, and the consequent provision against excessive division, by agreements and bargains made in every family according to its circumstances. We refer our readers to the very acute remarks of Mr Laing on the state of Ireland, as compared with that of Norway, and his clear exposition of the fallacy of supposing that the miserable

sub-tenants of the former country have any affinity to the small but independent proprietors of the latter. We are farther prepared to say that, even should the actual wealth of the country necessarily be diminished by such a distribution, we yet hold our proposition to be correct; since the well-being of a people depends in a much greater degree on a just division of property than on the absolute amount of property amongst them. We regret that we have been unable to gather from Mr Laing's work, whether the Norwegian law provides for an *equal* division among all the children, or whether the daughters have smaller portions than the sons; according to the ancient law, we believe their portion was only half that of the sons.

The state of education in Norway is evidently defective, and the mental cultivation of the people by no means keeps pace with their physical comforts; but since the establishment of their constitution in 1814, a great impulse has been given to the national mind, and the free press is working its usual wonders.

Having shortly detailed the condition of the different classes existing in Norway, as it may be understood from Mr Laing's admirably clear description, we may recur to Mr Malthus and his theory of the population, with the fears of the "most thinking and best informed persons," in the event of its continued increase. The increase *has* continued, and of late years at a considerably advanced ratio.* What is the result? A people in the enjoyment of a greater degree of comfort, and having a higher standard of comfort than in any other country with which we are acquainted; the average length of life singularly high; the progress of those tastes and habits which mark a progression of prosperity—such as the consumption of foreign luxuries, and the importation of foreign articles; an increased demand for mental amusement, and a newly awakened and continually augmenting search after knowledge.

The Norwegians are fond of frequenting the theatre, where they have dramatic representations of some kind or other, which Mr Laing does not admire; but, from the gratuitous remark he ventures as to the Drama in general, it is quite manifest that, be the Norwegian plays as bad as they may, they are full as good as *he* deserves to witness. They have several weekly journals, and monthly magazines on subjects of literary and antiquarian interest.

"Twenty years ago," says Mr Laing, "there was not a newspaper published in Norway, excepting for advertisements of sales, or of the

* "Norway, in the year 1825, had a population of 967,959 persons. By the census of 1835 the numbers are 1,098,291, being an increase in these ten years of 130,332."—LAING, p. 395.

official notices from government. Now there is not a town which has not several periodical papers, and news, especially of the domestic occurrences and affairs, is one of the wants of the people."—p. 898.

Are not such results as these practical refutations of the Malthusian doctrines? Do they not clearly shew that over-population is a relative term, and that the same country which has appeared to be over-peopled while misgoverned, can support greatly increased numbers when its institutions are reformed? It is easy to meet every difficulty with the cry of "over-population," and to answer the demand for reform with the dictum, "reduce your numbers." But in such examples as that which Norway affords, will be found arguments that cannot be silenced by sophisms like these. They have forcibly reminded us of some of the home questions put by Hazlitt to the Malthusian philosophers, in his 'Political Essays,' and we are inclined to ask with him in his 'Queries relating to the Principle of Population'—p. 439—

"Whether the whole of the reverend author's management of the principle of population, and of the necessity of moral restraint, does not seem to have been copied from the prudent Friar's advice in Chaucer?

" 'Beware therefore with lordes for to play,
Singeth Placebo:—
To a poor man, men should his vices tell,
But not to a lord, though he should go to hell.' "

No one can claim the merit, even of *originality*, for Mr Malthus. Hazlitt showed, without the possibility of contradiction, that his main principle of 'the superior power of increase in population, over the means of subsistence,' was put forth by Wallace, a Scotchman, in the year 1761—

"Both the principle of the necessary increase of the population beyond the means of subsistence, and the application of that principle as a final obstacle to all Utopian perfectibility schemes, are borrowed (whole) by Mr Malthus from Wallace's work."—*Hazlitt's Political Essays*, p. 402.

The original portion of Mr Malthus's Essay consists in his famous "ratios," by which, according to his admirers, he has reduced the question to a mathematical certainty; showing, that while food increases in an arithmetical, population increases in a geometrical ratio; so that, by a series of figures, he presents a most alarming picture to the eyes of his readers. Food, according to him, goes on increasing only as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; while population multiplies as 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32. But it is about as difficult to find truth in his originality, as originality in his truth. Hazlitt has dealt rather severely with the Malthusian mathematics—

"These ratios are, in a strict and scientific view of the subject, entirely fallacious—a pure fiction. For a grain of corn and of mustard

seed has the same, or a greater power of propagating its species, than a man, till it has overspread the whole earth, till there is no longer any room for it to grow or to spread farther. A bushel of wheat will sow a whole field; the produce of that field will sow twenty fields, and produce twenty harvests. Till there are no longer fields to sow, that is, till a country or the earth is exhausted, the means of subsistence will go on increasing in more than a geometrical ratio; will more than double itself in every generation or season, and will more than keep pace with the progress of population; for this is supposed only to double itself where it is unchecked, every twenty years. Therefore it is not true, as an abstract proposition, that, of itself, or in the nature of the growth of the produce of the earth, food can only increase in the snail-pace progress of an arithmetical ratio, while population goes on at a swinging geometrical rate; for the food keeps pace, or more than keeps pace, with the population, *while there is room to grow it in*, and after that room is filled up, it does not go on, even in that arithmetical ratio—it does not increase at all, or very little. That is, the ratio, instead of being always true, is never true at all.”—*Political Essays*, p. 402.

It must be admitted, however, that Hazlitt has only dealt with the argument as far as relates to granular supplies, and has not discussed the question as to *animal* food. Neither does he recommend mankind to adopt a vegetable diet. We must therefore suppose that he did not consider it necessary to speak of animal food, because the growth and increase of beast and bird depends entirely on the produce of the earth. Then, as to fish, there seems hardly any bounds to their prolific capacities, and we have only to recollect how immense a portion of food the Chinese obtain by their fishing arrangements, to be convinced that the sea is at present “quite uncultivated,” the finny tribe having never yet been “put upon their mettle.”

“All that is true of Mr Malthus’s doctrine, then, is this—that the tendency of population to increase remains, after the power of the earth to produce more food is gone; that the one is limited, the other unlimited.* This is enough for the morality of the question; his mathematical arguments are altogether spurious. Entirely groundless as they are, they have still been of the greatest use to Mr Malthus, in alarming the imaginations and confounding the understandings of his readers. For, if the case had been represented as it stands, the increase of population would have seemed, till the limits of the earth were full, a great moral good; and after they were passed, a physical impossibility, the state of society remaining the same. But, by means of the arithmetical and geometrical series, ever present to the mental eye, and overlaying the whole question, whether applicable to it or not, it seems, first, as if this inordinate and unequal pressure of population, on the means of subsistence, was at all times, and in all circumstances, equally to be dreaded and equally inevitable; and again, as if, the more that population advanced, the greater the evil became, the actual excess as well as the tendency to excess. For

* Matter and life, and the senses and imagination, are thus seen to be in the same difficulty, being subject to a similar law.

it appears, by looking at the scale, at the 'stop-watch' of the new system of morals and legislation, as if, when the population is at 4, the means of subsistence is at 3; so that there is here only a deficit of 1 in the latter, and a small corresponding quantity of *vice* and *misery*; but that, when it gets on to 32, the means of subsistence being only 6, here is a necessary deficiency of food, and all the comforts of life, to 26 persons out of 32, so that 'life' becomes an evil, and the world a wretched 'lazar-house,' a monstrous sink of misery and famine, one foul abortion, in proportion as it is full of human beings. * * * * * This doctrine is false in fact and theory. Its advocates do not understand it, nor is it intelligible. The actual existence of 26 persons in want, when there is only food for 6 out of 32, is a chimera which never entered the brains of any one not an adept in Mr Malthus's mathematical survey."—*Political Essays*, p. 403.

It is for this reason that the "moral" of some of Miss Martineau's Tales is both heartless and absurd, however talented the execution. Hazlitt has here reduced the question to its true proportions, and pointed to the only necessary distinction between food and population, namely, "the want of sufficient room for the former to grow in." So stated, it may be asked whether the whole question is not reduced to an absurdity? In order to suppose the earth completely peopled, we must suppose mankind to have arrived at the state of perfection contemplated by Godwin, whose writings originally called forth Mr Malthus's Essay; for, until man is thus perfected, various forms of evil, the attendants of ignorance and error, will perform the office of depopulation; and granting such a state possible—granting that man will ever be governed by a perfect reason—we must next suppose him so governed, the reckless slave of his animal impulses?

"What conjuration and what mighty magic," says Hazlitt, "should thus blind our philosophical descendants on this single subject, in which they are more interested than in all the rest, so that they should stand with their eyes open on the edge of a precipice, and, instead of retreating from it, should throw themselves down headlong, I cannot comprehend; unless, indeed, we suppose that the impulse to propagate the species is so strong and uncontrollable, that reason has no power over it. This is what Mr Malthus was at one time strongly disposed to assert, and what he is at present half inclined to retract. * * * Why, what an idea does Mr Malthus give us of the grave masculine genius of our Utopian philosophers, their sublime attainments and gigantic energy, that they will not be able to manage these matters as decently and cleverly as the silliest woman can do at present!"—*Political Essays*, p. 420.

With the question thus reduced to its elements (of absurdity), we have nothing to do as yet. The time has not arrived for mankind to grapple with the difficulty presented by the limits of the earth while vast portions of it are unpeopled; nor is the time come to talk of the limits of subsistence in any given

country while its institutions are corrupt. To return to the powerful language of Hazlitt—

“Mr Malthus wishes to confound the necessary limits of the produce of the earth with the arbitrary and artificial distribution of that produce according to the institutions of society, or the caprice of individuals; the laws of God and nature, with the laws of man.”—*Political Essays*, p. 426.

Thirty years since, the evident tendency of Norway to an increasing population alarmed the “soundest thinkers” on her behalf. Already, in imagination, they beheld the pale glare of Famine reflected in the hollows of the wretched faces of the sufferers; the earth refusing to permit the rising corn and grass to advance in a ratio with the rising heads of humanity; the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air no longer having *wherewith* to feed themselves and educate and provide for their young; and the capricious sea showing a tendency to decline giving up her round-eyed progeny. Even the trade in lobsters seemed likely to terminate in a more *brusque* than humane manner. But, fortunately for Norway, it so happened that, shortly after exciting all this benevolent concern, her *political institutions* were amended. She freed herself by an honourable struggle from the incubus of a privileged class of nobles, and a house of hereditary legislators;—fortunately for her, she was without a privileged order of priests;—she obtained a free and equal system of representation, and the advantage of responsible functionaries in every branch of her executive; and her increasing population finds the means of subsistence increase in proportion to their numbers. The “preventive checks” of *vice and misery* decrease as the population increases, and the natural motives, likely to influence a people arrived at their standard of civilization, supply the only checks which are necessary. These checks are found in the instinctive desire and reasonable prospect of accumulating tangible property, which object would be defeated by too numerous an offspring.

Growing out of, and working into the development of this principle, we find that early and improvident marriages are continually superseded by the establishment, according to the Lutheran Church, of two distinct ceremonies of marriage; the first, or betrothment, preceding the actual union by a period varying from one to several years. This circumstance, allowing of course for numerous exceptions resulting from various temperaments, claims a deduction of time from the action of the populating principle. Mr Laing thinks, all things considered, that it reduces the amount of increase from between four to five per cent. each year. Nor perhaps is this all; for the circumstance of such a delay has a natural tendency in the generality of individuals to induce steadiness of conduct and pruden-

tial habits, or they might chance to lose the object of their affection; and since this preparatory interval may fairly be considered (though the reader may smile at the expression) as an education for matrimony, there can be little doubt but that the habits thus induced usually continue through life, which progresses in a regular course of respectability and accumulation of property.

With this incentive to action, and this check to the increase of population, Mr Laing, who terms it "the check established by nature," seems perfectly satisfied. In the most calm and undisguised manner he states that,—

"The *real education* of the human mind is to be found in that which daily and hourly exercises the mental powers and moral character,—in the *possession of property*."—p. 20.

After all, we are not much surprised at the satisfaction manifested by Mr Laing. To one of us, used as we are to the wretched contemplation of the extremes of luxury and want, such a picture as that which Norway presents to a traveller must be sufficient to induce forgetfulness of all that is wanting there. But far removed from the scene, we can perceive that until nobler motives and higher aims influence a people, physical comfort they may indeed possess, but most of the *best realities of human nature* will be unknown. The "*real education*" of which Mr Laing speaks, is the very one that most needs reforming. Instead of the whole of life being employed in the study and effort to accumulate property, it would be well if a portion of time were set apart to enable the people to understand the best mode of applying that property. Instead of their constant and never-ending hopes being centred in acres and hard cash, a more rational education would teach them to exert their best energies towards obtaining an equal abundance of wisdom and happiness. We have no longer occasion to ask, why, with a country rich in natural features of awful and stupendous grandeur, we hear nothing about the Norwegian poetry, and nothing important of their literature, arts, or sciences, though they are evidently improving; why, with the advantages of independence as to property, her women are scarcely above the average standard of mind and feeling; albeit, in "the usual accomplishments of music, dancing, and conversation," as Mr Laing quaintly expresses it, they are proficient; why, with institutions so simple as to be pre-eminently favourable to the development of the affections, the highest of them all is still subject to such numerous and degrading misdirections? We do not make this latter remark merely because the number of illegitimate children bears us great a proportion (and sometimes rather a greater) to the

legitimate, as in London or Paris,—being about one-fourth or one-fifth of ~~the entire number of births~~,—but because the marriages do not appear the result of that impassioned sincerity which alone can induce true happiness and continuous satisfaction. We fear this evil must be owing to that “real education” which ~~teaches~~ that all worldly good is in the possession of property, and establishes a prudential and insecure marriage, forgetting that the natural and secure bonds of affection ought to constitute its first, as it would its strongest, principle.

Until the people of a country are taught to reason on the moral and political events of the past, rightly deducing the various lessons of sound experience to be acted upon in the present and progressively improved in the future; until they have learnt to feel as well as know that there is an inherent truth in nature that *must* overpower all imposing forms of Falsehood—ignorance, injustice, and despotism being its worst and most common incarnations;—until they are taught to know and feel it the duty of all human beings to elevate themselves in the scale of moral nature, and strive ‘to live and move and have their being’ as peers of the realm of Mind; until they know and feel that wisdom and fortitude build up a more secure and lasting road to happiness than place and pension, and that the works of intellect possess in reality what the deceived imagination so long believed to be the birth-right of hereditary rank and external glory; until the people are taught to know, and until they are so far elevated as to feel *without* being taught, that a pure religion of the heart is the mother of all high thoughts and good deeds, and far removed from the tall and vapid follies of a legal church—the mother of priests and pluralities; until they become convinced, and unanimously and constantly resolve to act on the conviction, that sound knowledge is the best wealth of nations, and general happiness its only logical and humane application; the people of a country cannot be said to possess any real education, or constant object of thought and action, that ever will, ever can, or ever ought to lead them to permanent peace and contentment of soul. The vast flood of things rolls on, and many must be the wrecks before the “safe arrivals” become general. The attainment of moral and political rights, in the full sense of the word, must necessarily be slow, but the certain result of indefatigable efforts. To be patient on principle is to be strong in purpose; to be constant in desire is to be great in sincerity; to possess knowledge and energy is to have all the requisite means, and the end will be proportionate to the continuity. The fate of humanity is in its own hands.

R. H. H.

FROM A LANDSCAPE BY RUBENS.

CLEAR in the glory of the sun

Thy fields and meadows shine,
Like lands from Chaos newly won
Bright they rejoice, and revel on,
Trembling with hopes divine.

The gorgeous hues of cloud and tree,
And mountains vast and far,
Stretching away like some rich sea,
Burst on the eye-sight dazzlingly,
E'en as an open'd star !

For if yon shining orbs above
Are peopled, we may deem
That glen and grotto, field and grove,
Beam with the same effulgent Love
As this stupendous dream !

SONG FOR A SUMMER EVENING.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

There's a drop o' dew on the blackbird's wing
Where the willows wave the burnie over ;
And the happy bird its sang doth sing
By the wimpling waves that the green leaves cover !
Sing louder yet, thou bonnie, bonnie bird,
There's neither clude nor storm to fear ye,
But thy sang, tho' glad as ear ever heard,
Is nae to mine when I meet my dearie !

Yon laverock flits 'mang the snawy' cludes
That float like a veil o'er the briest of heaven ;
And its strain comes down to the simmer woods
Like the voice o' the bless'd and God-forgiven !
Sing, laverock, sing thy maist holy sang,
For the licht o' heaven is round and near ye,
Syne song through thy fluttering heart will gang,
As it rins through mine whan I meet my dearie !

The daisy blinks by the broom bush side,
Pure as the eye o' a gladsome maiden—
Fair as the face o' a bonnie bride
Whan her heart wi' the thochts o' luv is laden !
Blame fairer yet, thou sweet lowly flower,
There's nae a heart sae hard as steer thee,
I will think o' thee in that gloaming hour
Whan I meet 'mang the wild green woods my dearie !

ON THE PROPOSED NEW UNIVERSITY OF LONDON,
IN CONNECTION WITH NATIONAL EDUCATION.

At length, it appears, an important step has been taken in a cause long and earnestly advocated in the pages of the *Monthly Repository*—that of making education a national object, to be compassed by national resources.

A society has been formed under the name of the "Central Society of Education," "for the purpose of urging the importance, and endeavouring to improve the science and art of Education." It proposes to seek these objects: first, by instituting strict and minute investigations throughout the country, on which to found accurate statistics of education,* both of means and wants. Secondly, by the publication of one or more periodical works, devoted to the subject of education, and especially to the circulation of opinions and plans on the best means of making it good and universal.

Some well-wishers to the cause have expressed regret that this society is not based on a direct recognition of the principle that education should be a government object; but I would submit whether, looking to the large amount of objection yet to be overcome, it may not be better that a society should exist, in whose exertions all may join who desire to extend and improve education, whatever their opinions as to the best means of ultimately attaining those ends. In truth, the real difficulties with which the advocates of national education have to contend, lie far less in the speculative objections of those who deprecate entrusting government with the management of education, on the ground of its involving too large an accession of power, than in the plausible invectives so industriously employed, on all possible occasions, against "interrupting the flow of private charity and drying up its source" and the like. This is highly mischievous, because, while such declamation at once misrepresents the question at issue, and appeals (but too successfully) to human vanity, it is also readily dressed up in a sort of pseudo religious garb, to suit particular circumstances: thus, in a work circulating among a large and estimable class of dissenters, called "The Sunday School Teacher's Magazine," all persons interested in Sunday schools are urged to oppose, with all their power, any plan of National Education, proposed to be carried into operation by the government, which shall not include, as an essential part

* In the collection of educational statistics this society may be able to co-operate advantageously with some members of the Statistical Section of the British Association, to whom a grant of 100*l.* was entrusted at the last meeting for similar purposes.

of the scheme, sound religious instruction. Now, while there exists such extreme diversity of opinion as to what constitutes "sound religious instruction," to talk of that as affording a basis for a plan of national education, is obviously a very bad jest or something worse; and to act upon such advice, if serious, would be, in effect, striving to frustrate any scheme which might have the advantage of being practicable by embracing *all*, without distinction of religious belief.

A dogma of this kind, coupled with pictures of Sunday schools falling into decay, is not likely to fail of its effect. It is easy, indeed, to assert that such apprehensions are founded on a gross delusion, that they are in themselves illogical and suicidal; so they may be, but mere assertion will do nothing to remove them.

If you would aim at this, you must labour to demonstrate the utter insufficiency of the now existing means of education, all put together,—the impossibility of getting anything like systematic education from the isolated exertions of bodies and individuals having no common ground of union; the importance of having education regarded (by the poor not less than by the rich) as a right, not a charity; the fallacy of calling a determination to do good in one particular way, or else to prevent it from being done at all, by the name of benevolence; in short, the absolute necessity of combining the energies of the country in a consistent and continuous series of operations, uniting localized administration with centralized direction, in order to ensure that the means of education shall be universally accessible, and as good as the human intellect in its present state shall be able to make them.

If these oft-repeated positions be sound, full and free discussion must ultimately establish them; if unsound, the sooner their weakness is exposed the better: every way it would seem that a society, including men of different parties,* free to hear both sides, and to press them on the public attention by steady, continuous effort, is well calculated for the purpose.

Here, however, is a work requiring considerable time; it will no doubt be long ere the opinion of the country be ripe for entrusting its education to its government, or indeed, ere the government itself be fit for the task. What else may be done in the meantime?

Everybody is agreed that one of the prime causes of so much bad and insufficient education in England, is the multitude of utterly unqualified schoolmasters. The other day this

*The President of the new Society is Lord Denman; its Chairman of Committee, Mr Wyle, M.P. for Waterford; the Committee of Management includes Mr. Edward Bouverie, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, Sir William Molesworth, Mr. Emerson Tennant, Esq. Esq. Mr. B. Hawes, &c. &c.

truth received a new and striking confirmation in a report read to the Statistical Section of the British Association at Bristol, "on the state of Education in the Borough of Liverpool," after stating very minutely the results of the investigations instituted, the Committee proceed to enumerate, "in more general terms, the conclusions to which their inquiries have led them." Among these are the following:—

"First. More than half the whole number of children in the borough are receiving no education in schools, either really or nominally.

"Secondly. Of those who do attend school, more than one-third are the children attending dame and common day schools, some of whom acquire nothing by their attendance at school to which the term education can reasonably be applied, and, with few exceptions, the remainder receive an education of the very lowest description. * * *

"Thirdly. There is stated to be in these schools an universal want of school-rooms and school materials, a very frequent want of order and discipline, a total absence of any uniform system of instruction, and "a body of teachers who, with few exceptions, are of the lowest class, who have received no preparation for their task by previous education, whose competency has been submitted to no test, and who are, in fact, totally unqualified for their situation, both from want of knowledge and of moral influence over the children." * * *

Add to this melancholy but faithful representation of the condition of the lowest order of schools throughout the country, the vast mass of evil springing from the same sources, but in a modified degree, which the middle class of schools presents; and what a commentary does the whole afford upon the "danger of interrupting the flow of private charity!"

This state of things can be effectively met only by the systematic establishment of master-schools and normal schools; nothing short of this will ensure education, even of the most imperfect kind, to those who are to become the teachers of the next generation; still less would any smaller measure provide for all such persons anything like instruction in the art of teaching.

But an expression in the report I have just quoted, speaking of the schoolmasters of Liverpool, "*whose competency has been submitted to no test*," refers us to another class of means, of an *alleviative* character, capable of immediate adoption, and which, once in action, would of necessity impress a tendency towards progressive improvement in the condition of schools, so far as that condition depends on the qualifications of the masters.

In speaking of the "qualifications" of schoolmasters, I refer

now to nothing more than that amount of general acquirement, without which it is *certain* a man must be utterly unfit to teach; he may have this, and yet want the ability to impart it; but to expect any generally applicable test of the latter must be vain indeed, until regular instruction in it is provided; it is sufficiently notorious that the art of teaching can barely be said to exist as an art in this country.

In the lowest class of schools the apathy of parents and the poverty of their means render improvement hopeless, except from above them; but in the schools of the middle classes sufficient interest is felt, and sufficient competition exists, to produce better results if well directed; at present, unfortunately, this competition displays itself far more frequently in the mere accidents of education, in silly conventional distinctions, in the reduction of terms and the like, than in endeavours to improve the quality of the education afforded; and why is this? Is it not that the former are so much more readily apprehended than the latter? Everybody can understand the difference between 60% and 70% a year; the difference between a bad school and a better is much more difficult; it depends mainly on the qualifications of the teachers, and of these it can only be said that "they are submitted to no test."

I think I am warranted in concluding that if means were afforded to the public by which they could distinguish, at least up to a certain point, between qualified and unqualified teachers, a very important step would be attained towards the improvement of general education. I proceed to inquire whether *academical degrees* could be made to afford such a test.

If it be remembered that at this time degrees are only to be obtained at the two ancient Universities, under their multifarious restrictions, direct and indirect, it becomes evident that to speak of them as now affording any such test as that required would be visionary in the extreme, for of that test it is an indispensable condition that it be generally applicable.

But suppose academical degrees were, by some new arrangement, to become accessible to *all* who have really made the attainments the respective degrees professedly represent—and the higher the scale required the better, so that it be well-chosen;—in other words, suppose such degrees were to represent certain definite attainments and capacities *only*, and were no longer to express these together with something else, to wit, a particular religious creed—the ability to incur the expense of a certain term of residence at a particular spot, and so on; then it is easy to conceive degrees would become applicable as tests in the circumstances we are contemplating. May it not then be asserted that, under present circumstances,

some such change as this in the accessibility of academical degrees is highly desirable, considered merely in relation to the improvement of popular education?

To such of the readers of the *Monthly Repository* as may happen to have seen the representations of the Government plan of a new Metropolitan University, contained in a 'Statement respecting Charter,' circulated last year by the Council of the London University in Gower street, and who may have heard nothing further on the subject, the preceding argument may have appeared somewhat superfluous as contending for a legislative measure already ensured. But unfortunately it now appears, by a parliamentary paper just printed, that owing to some weighty influence or other, Ministers propose to substitute for the measure we were then taught to expect, one of a very different character.

The Central University, so announced last year, was described ("on information communicated by the Government to the Council") as "comprising a board of examiners to be appointed by the Crown, with power to confer degrees on candidates from all parts of the United Kingdom, and from every seminary of education, whether chartered or unincorporated."

If the preceding argument as to the benefits to general education, to be derived from making degrees accessible to all *who have the attainments declared requisite*, without regard to the place wherein, or the circumstances whereunder, they may have made them, be a sound one, then it follows that the plan thus described would have conferred those benefits.

The plan now announced in "a copy of the Draft Charters for London University and London University College," presented to the House of Commons on the last day of the Session, and ordered to be printed, has this preamble, "Whereas we have deemed it to be the duty of our Royal Office, for the advancement of religion and morality, and the promotion of useful knowledge, to hold forth to all classes of our faithful subjects, without any distinction whatsoever, an encouragement for pursuing a regular and liberal course of education," &c. Nothing can be better than this preamble and the first clause which follows it:—"Now know ye that, for the purpose of ascertaining, by means of examinations, *the persons who have acquired proficiency in literature*," &c., "and of rewarding them by academical degrees as evidence of their respective attainments, &c. we will, &c. A. B. and C. D. one body politic and corporate, by the name of the University of London."

So far all is in harmony with the measure proposed last year, and with the preamble of this; yet—it seems hardly credible—after all, we find in the 11th enacting clause these words:—"all persons shall be admitted as candidates for the

respective degrees to be conferred by the said University," &c. "on presenting a certificate from any of the institutions hereinafter mentioned" [London University College, King's College, or any other institution which the Crown may hereafter authorize under the sign manual] to the effect that such candidate has completed a certain specified course of instruction.

So that, if this sapient and consistent measure be carried into effect, we shall exchange a degree-monopoly, now vested in two ancient and truly venerable institutions, for one to be vested in them, and in two new joint-stock companies together; or perhaps the Crown may be graciously pleased at some future time, should the ideas of Ministers become so expanded, to raise the number to six or eight magnificent Reformers!

But perhaps some unquiet mortal, having the habit of asking impertinent questions, may demand "where is *the principle* of all this?" Why is any change made at all, if it be right that degrees should represent, not a certain "proficiency in literature, science, or art," but a certain "proficiency in literature, science, or art, made at a certain place (i. e. at Oxford or at Cambridge, at the London University College, or at King's College) and at a certain expense (varying, it may be, from 300*l.* to 100*l.* per year.) If *this* be the principle, then the two last-named places must have much higher pretensions than are generally allowed them, to be entitled to rank with the former. But if the preamble of this new charter state its preamble correctly—if it be indeed "to hold forth to all classes, without distinction, an encouragement for pursuing a regular and liberal course of education," then the degrees of the new University ought to represent the having pursued such a course of education, no matter where, and the having attained its results, "ascertainable by means of examinations," and nothing more than that. In fact, examine it in what way we will, it becomes clear that the 11th clause of this measure completely stultifies its preamble and first clauses.

At present I enter not into the question as it regards the rights and interests of the private student; that part of it may well stand upon its own ground. It is sufficient if I have shown, first, That for the sake of the improvement of general education, academical degrees ought to be accessible to all;—the one necessary condition to their becoming applicable as tests of the qualifications of schoolmasters; secondly, That the measure promised last year would have made them so; and thirdly, That the measure now held out, wanting the one necessary condition of *accessibility*, will entirely fail of this effect. It remains to be asked on what grounds the substitution has been made—by what arguments it is to be justified?

MEXICAN SKETCHES.

NO. II.—THE SHARK—NATIVE OFFICERS—SACRIFICIOS.

WE caught a shark in the Bay of Vera Cruz that measured upwards of sixteen feet in length. The rascal had followed us three days, and stolen several pieces of salt beef that were towing over the side to be freshened for dinner. When he had rolled about on the chain-hook a sufficient time, we fired half-a-dozen musket balls into his back to make him orderly and quiet, and then clapped on a tackle and ran him up to the main yard arm. He hung there above twenty minutes, and as he appeared quite finished we then lowered him upon the deck. He lay perfectly motionless till a crowd had gathered round him, when he suddenly gasped and lifted up his tail. Sharks have been known to break a man's leg by a blow of the tail under similar circumstances. We all gave him plenty of room in a moment. It seemed an abortive effort however, and he again lay as if stone dead. The shipwrights had been at work upon the boats, and several of their tools being strewn about the deck, one of the main-top men, who knew how a shark would "finesse" in his last moments for the sake of his revenge, took up the carpenter's axe and cautiously shoved it towards his mouth. The insidious monster seized it in an instant, and clenching his teeth upon the blade, never moved more, and was soon pronounced by the Doctor—for otherwise, none of the hands could be induced to believe the fact—to be *really* dead. I think I need not fear being accused of romancing in the assertion that positive indentations of the shark's teeth were visible in the steel blade of the axe, by this last reserved effort of its terrible nature, when we all know that the savage can cut a man's body in two with perfect ease, or chump off his leg as though it were a radish. But the power it possesses of preserving one vital spark, in spite of wounds and mutilation, for so long a time, is most wonderful. I have been at the death of many sharks, and have occasionally been almost induced to believe, in the very teeth of physiological science, that this power of a final effort exists by some law of its mechanism, even *after* the last spark is gone. I was of opinion at the time, in the case just described, that the creature died on making the effort of a blow with its tail. In short, I think the evil spirit of a shark, when it quits home, has yet the faculty of leaving its trap set. It dies; but its jaws remain at full-cock. It makes its will and departs, appointing its fearful and wonderful construction to be its own executioner. Sailors call it a sea-lawyer.

We now bethought ourselves of turning the thief into "commodity," and accordingly the most tender parts of the monster were cut out and distributed to the stewards of the officers' messes, to be cooked. I tasted shark at three of them, and the difference of flavour was truly amazing. In the mid-shipman's berth it was the genuine thing: rank, coarse, discoloured, and so tough that the teeth could not chisel it up against the grain. In the gun-room it was like very old pithy shad or haddock, done up in butter and egg, and made palatable with fish-sauce and cayenne. In the state-cabin, at the Ambassador's table, it resembled fried turbot, or fillet de soles, or fricassee of chicken—there was no knowing *what* it was! In fact his French cook, that wonderful professor, the laughter, glory, and nuisance of the ship!—used sometimes to dress, by way of showing his consummate art, the briny pork or mahogany beef of the ship's company, so as to make it almost too rich to eat. One grand point in his practice seemed to be that of extracting all the natural taste from the eatables, upon which he operated, by steaming them till they were reduced to a neutrality in that respect, and then conferring upon them any flavour he thought proper. And thus "custom could not stale his infinite variety."

There was much talk on board of the terrible heat of Vera Cruz. It was a common saying among the men that "there was only a sheet of paper between Vera Cruz and the infernal regions." But, as though the elements themselves intended to join in the disorderly ways of our ship, the nearer we approached the cooler the weather seemed to become. We also saw one or two water-spouts.

In the morning watch, just as it was day-light, we descried breakers a-head, and soon saw some tremendous reefs, with the waves foaming and leaping for their expected prey! If there had been a very little more wind in the night we must infallibly have gone directly upon them and have been wrecked. Nothing, under our peculiar circumstances, could have saved us; and as it was, we were near enough almost to throw a stone into the foremost of them as they roared after us while we were tacking about. It was pretty well known who had committed this error in the ship's course, for * * * had been upon deck in the middle of the night in a state of intoxication, and thus are hundreds of lives continually placed in the power of unworthy officers. It is, however, very singular that Mr Bullock should have had an equally narrow escape of being lost upon the same reefs in his first voyage to Mexico.

We arrived and anchored at Sacrificios, an island within a league of the Castle of St Juan Ulloa and the town of Vera Cruz, in the course of the afternoon. The weather

was more chilly than we had felt it during the whole of the voyage.

The next morning, about twelve o'clock, all that we had heard of the intense heat of Vera Cruz was amply justified. The sun's glaring eye was almost perpendicular above our heads, and appeared to send down one vast dome-like effulgence directly over us. The little flat sandy island of Sacrificios seemed alive with light, and the sea shot and glistened as the principle of heat was at work with it. We could see Vera Cruz, and the fort of St Juan Ulloa directly opposite to it, at less than half a league across the Channel, and Mount Orizaba in the distance, its sublime head covered with snow, and towering above the clouds.

The squadron lying off Vera Cruz, so much talked about, the whole of which Captain S—— was to command, consisted of one eighteen-gun brig, and three dirty schooners, carrying a gun each. What pompous creatures to call it a squadron! In the evening the Commandant Lara, who had hitherto acted as admiral of all the Mexican sea forces, came on board our frigate to give us greeting. He was one of the native Indians, and almost black with constant exposure to the sun. His tawdry uniform and lumps of epaulettes sat very clumsily upon his fat and uncleanly person, while his dark jovial face, large gold ear-rings, and matted locks, looked ridiculous enough under a huge cocked-hat, surmounted all round the edge with a broad fringe. He was just like the celebrated negro beggar of London, Billy Waters. Mr J——, our purser, declared that he recollected this Admiral Lara very well in Havannah, ten or twelve years before, when he was a noted smuggler; and suspected, moreover, of doing a little private business in the piratical way. Howbeit, he was what is called "a great man" now. His language was a sort of Indian-Spanish; or rather, execrable sea-port Spanish, with an Indian accent. We took him down into the gun-room, and "made much" of him with various hospitalities; but in vain, for he contrived, at the end of an hour and a half, in defiance of all his potations, to get into his boat without any ostensible difficulty. He had been accompanied on board by several officers from the garrison, as it was called, at Sacrificios. Their uniforms consisted of very coarse blue cloth jackets, turned-up with cuffs, collar, and tail-edges, of boiled-lobster red, overlaid with profuse bits of old gold and silver lace, such as we see in pawnbrokers' and jewellers' shops in London, stuck about at random, and identified by a confused host of frogs' eyes, button-holes, &c. Each of these gentlemen was accompanied by a sword of prodigious length. Their clothes were uncouthly cut, and so far from fitting the respective wearers, that one might have conjectured they had all changed habiliments expressly to produce

that effect. They all wore white trowsers, in shape and size like a wind-sail, or the long conduit bags in a flour-mill. The commandant of the fort, or garrison of Sacrificios, was a tall, thin, sallow man, who had two enormous epaulettes, lopping in a slovenly way—to our eyes—over the front of his shoulders. Being habituated to the high-shouldered character, we of course thought the round *ditto* excessively unbecoming. Most of these cavalieros were evidently of Spanish extraction. They all wore cat-pointed mustachios—their dark hair very long, thin, and lanking down with oil—smoked incessantly—were very grave, and *grimaciously* polite.

General Michelena (the ambassador), the Baron de Zant (a talented engineer), and Senor Castillio (the treasurer, secretary, &c.), left the ship a few hours after we had cast anchor, and were landed on the beach at about two miles distance from the town, not choosing to risk being rowed up to the mole, or pier-head, which was within such good gunshot of the castle. It is to be understood that the Castle of St Juan Ulloa was still in possession of the Spanish royalists.

On the fourth morning after our arrival I went ashore with Captain S—— and one of the midshipmen, to Sacrificios; and from its appearance one would imagine that pestilence and death had ruled over it time immemorial. It was a parched, sandy, desolate place, and along the sea-shore there lay an abundance of human bones. The sands glistened fiercely under the sun, and were burning hot to the feet. It was impossible to look at some of the sand banks and stony mounds, the sight upon them was so intolerable. There are some remains of ruins upon the island; probably of ancient sacrificial temples; though I do not think there can be found any two stones put together in such and such a way, or a strange mark upon any one stone, whereby the fact of what they originally were, can be proved. Human sacrifices (hence the name) are said to have been offered up here in former times; and some urns have been dug up. We went to the guard-house of the fort, and there found several poor wretched creatures, apparently diseased, lying asleep upon their rusty muskets, and presently after, three ragged, hungry-looking men passed us hastily, and made off to a stone hovel near at hand, but not without my recognizing them as some of the gold-laced gentry who had recently paid us a visit aboard. We now asked a little Mulatto boy, who was rolling about in the sun, to direct us to the Commandant's room. We followed him to a large dilapidated place, at the farther end of which the said personage was seated, with a long cigar, a short cloak, and no breeches. He rose from the bench, the only article of furniture in the room, and, nowise disconcerted, advanced to meet us with a grave, dignified air.

And why not? He felt himself none the less a brave man because of the absence of his trumpery; but his long, scraggy figure was certainly very ludicrous. He received us with a perfect ease and self-possession that would have done justice to any local circumstances of rank and form; welcomed us to the island with a sententious compliment, invited us to take a cigar and a glass of aquadiente, and apologized for his morning deshabille, saying that "the weather was exceeding hot just at this time of day, and as to the sand-flies and mosquitoes, he was used to them." Live and let live. Aquadiente is not a beverage at all to my taste, being a common sort of Spanish brandy, of a pale-yellow tinge, rank flavour, and like liquid fire. This miserable garrison, and a grog-hut kept by an Indian and his family, constituted all the inhabitants of Sacraficios.

Captain S—— after this put us on board the frigate, and then pulled off for the town. He mounted a horse that was waiting for him on the beach, and instead of crossing the country, which was the shortest way, as well as the safest plan, he galloped straight along the beach, and passing directly in front of the castle, entered at the mole-gates. It was not likely that a single gun would hit him at that distance; nevertheless, if they had thought proper to fire a dozen "upon a spec," it would have reduced the chances in his favour most amazingly. Their glasses must have told them who he was, both from the direction he came in, and the style of his dress. They fired, however, upon the litter, or truck, that was carrying the ambassador's baggage up to the town. It had been brought ashore in charge of the fourth lieutenant, who was escorting it, attended also by two of the general's servants, a black man and a French boy. I landed on the beach presently after, having got a passage in one of the Victoria's boats, and was hastening to overtake them. When within a short distance I saw a ball come dashing along towards them, and strike the sand all over the truck. The French boy was perched upon the top of the baggage, and the instant he felt the sand he tucked his head between his knees, and binding them fast with his arms, rolled himself off from his dangerous position, and fell upon the beach like a wood-louse. The action was altogether so ludicrous that I was obliged to sit down upon a stone to laugh. The lieutenant and the rest got under the lee of the truck, and made merriment at the boy's expense, quite as much as was prudent; the mulateer flogged on his cattle, and they got clear off, while I returned to the boat, because not being upon duty, and only amusing myself, I thought it just as well to wait for a better opportunity.

M. I. D.

THE INCENDIARY.

A PORTRAIT.

By the Author of 'The Mechanic's Saturday Night.'

THE door was clos'd, but, like a scanty form,
Shrunk with age, its dry and parch'd proportions
Scarcely its frame-work fill'd ; adown one edge
A narrow line of light did pierce its way,
No broader than one snowy thread of silk.
I linger'd near the door—I know not why ;
A cold, unearthly trembling, shook my limbs,
And something, superhuman, drew my eye
To the small stream of light ; there I beheld
A gaunt pale form. He, all suspiciously,
Though quiet and alone, his fearful looks
Cast round, as if he thought the sightless air
Did watch his deeds. Round and about him lay
Cramm'd in each crevice of the silent room,
The black materials of his murd'rous work.
To apply the fire he more than once attempted,
But staggering wild, incapable he seem'd,
As if some hidden spirit held his hand,
And check'd the murky purpose of his soul.
Now, cautiously, again he glared around
(The match still smould'ring in his trembling hands)
Like one who had imbibed a project vast,
And too gigantic for his tremulous mind,
Then suddenly he ey'd his match minutely,
And stood as if he listen'd to some small
Thin cry, arising from his dark soul's depth.
A sudden stride he made ; the sullen flesh
Of his white cheeks collaps'd, and on their bones
It lay, all-harden'd like to marble cold.
Oh ! he did look indeed a fearful thing !
Strange shadows fitted o'er his brow, which seem'd
Of human kind, enough to feel his crime,
Yet not enough to stay its foul resolve.
At length he glided with uneven gait—
Quick, zig-zag, and unsteady was his pace ;
Another glance around he gave, then softly,
Yet keenly watchful, the slow fire applied
To his infernal mixture. Coweringly
He gaz'd upon the clinging element,
And when he saw it creeping on its red
And sulphurous track, with sure, unerring hold,
Descending quietly, he slunk away !

EXAMPLE.

THAT it is the duty of every human being to do good, to attest his claim to relationship in the human family by rendering some service to his kind, is an idea often present to the most casual thinker; and it is more than merely present; it is oppressive upon the conscience of some, who feel that they owe a debt which they know not how to pay.

Many think that the talent has not been given to them, many that their circumstances compel them to lay up the talent for want of means to put it out to interest. This is especially the notion of many of even the worthiest among women, and it is the excuse of the many worthless; it is often the poor man's plea, and yet oftener that of the idler. "I have but little ability," say these, "and for such as I have, I have no field of action." False or unreflecting are all such assertions. There is a good, and a *great* good, which it is in the power of every well-wisher of his species to dispense—a good, which, like many advantages, many pleasures, is overlooked because it lies so close at hand—the good I mean is pure EXAMPLE.

Let none urge his obscurity, his retirement, example can *never* be without consequence. The part of the patriot, in its large acceptation, it falls to the lot of few to fill; but many, many, by presenting fine and happy models in the different offices of life, may eminently aid the work of patriotism and universal good. "How far the little candle throws its beam." As well might the rushlight which cheers the sick chamber refuse to burn because it was not the sun, as any being deny the capacity for usefulness because he is placed in a confined or lowly sphere.

The work of human advancement has numerous departments, all happy and honourable if they be filled with sincerity and zeal. It is not because a man is incapable or ill-placed as regards the duties of the statesman, the writer, the lecturer, that he is therefore to feel himself incapacitated for, or exempted from taking his share in the great end of human existence. Each in his class, his circle, his homestead, may be a light to gladden if not to guide, to encourage if not to create. Many of those ambitious posts which are so full of promise to the crowd and so flattering to their holders, dispense less real benefit than humbler offices when well filled; the first has often but occasional opportunities to effect good, the latter almost continual; a great man, as we term any of those who occupy commanding positions, is like a light-house, he throws a gleam upon the political horizon, and may now

and then save or guide some state or stranger vessel; but a good man, in his lowlier destiny, is like the household fire, doing more in detail—more perpetually, perhaps more effectually—the great man is the more sublime, the good man the more beautiful moral object; the one excites curiosity and admiration, the other commands sympathy and esteem.

Let us not be dazzled by the glare which a fine position imparts, or forget that the patent lies in the principle, and the principle of good is as warm, though not as wide, in the fire on the hearth as in the beacon on the height. Let every man put his hand upon his heart, that vessel which holds the light of his life, and let every woman do likewise, and then let them ask themselves for what purpose the light and fire there is designed. Not for self-consumption—confined to *that*, both were soon burnt out, leaving the heart to be a calcined cinder in the breast, powerless to impart pleasure and incapable of feeling it. No, the vital warmth, the vital light are meant to keep alive and in activity the pulses of affection—filial and fraternal, conjugal and parental, human and divine—in fact, to keep in flow the tide of love which fed first at the fountain of a mother's breast, spreads diversely round the creature's heart, and rises through irresistible deduction to the Infinite—the Universal.

Shall any, then, despise himself—believe himself disqualified for the appointed work of all, because accident has made him a tiller of the soil, a worker in iron, or what not—because it has cast his lot in some little hamlet or obscure portion of a town? Cannot he still look up to God as his father, and around to men as his brethren; and, if he be worthy, can they deny him? I know it will be said that they *do*—worse, that if poverty have blurred his aspect and clouded his path, they wrong, and scorn, and shun him. None feel more acutely than I do the unjust arrangements which doom the multitude to toil and privation, and allow the few luxurious leisure and superabundance; but let me be allowed to say, that in *any* situation worth *will* make itself felt; if it be true and consistent it will triumph over the assaults of falsehood, and though it meet not the reward it merits, it will gain that which is a great moral staff in the hands of the very worst-shod traveller along life's journey—he will gain irresistibly respect among his conventional equals, and command it, in spite of prejudice, from his conventional superiors.

The good, then, and the solace of dispensing high example, is in the power of all or any; he is a real benefactor of the community to which he belongs, who stands out unostentatiously in the beautiful light of a good example. Example speaks without a tongue, and amplifies and exemplifies all that tongue can teach.

The poor woman who, with a scant wardrobe, is ever neat and clean in her person, amid various and trying duties; is patient, gentle, and affectionate in her domestic relations; with small funds is economical and judicious in her household management, as presenting every day a practical exposition of some of the least lessons in life, may be a greater benefactress of her kind than the woman of fortune, though she scatter a tithe of a large income in alms. The poor man, whose regularity and sobriety of conduct co-operates with such a woman, and shows his fellow-workmen, or townsmen, what temperance, industry, manly tenderness, and superiority to low and sensual temptation can effect in endearing a home which, like the green spot that the traveller finds in the desert, is bright even amid the gloom of poverty, and sweet amid all its surrounding bitterness—such a man does good as well as the most eloquent speaker that ever spoke, the most eloquent writer that ever wrote. If there were a few patriarchs of the people, women as well as men (if I may be excused for admitting the former to a patriarchy), their influence would soon be sensibly and beneficially felt.

But, while too many are unconscious or indifferent to the good to be effected by high example, they are, just in the same proportion, careless of the mischief consequent on ill example; thus they strengthen the unhappy convictions of the evil doer—they weaken the perseverance of the better struggler—and they determine at once to error such as may be wavering between the two; for, unfortunately, it is a balance in which the least make-weight is sufficient.

Let no one imagine that I am preaching entire contentment to the people. I am doing no such thing. Nothing short of imbecility can be justified in sitting down satisfied under injustice, and it is one of the firmest of my convictions, that resistance alone can conquer wrong. A generous concession never has, and, I could almost say, never will be made, by any government to a people. Government is the great state tool, manufactured for the advantage of the people, and it is for them to look to it, and take care that it get neither too sharp nor too blunt.

I cannot see why personal and political conduct may not be founded upon that principle of improvement which, at home, makes the best of the worst circumstances, and abroad, strives to make the worst better.

We have every day, and every where around us, decided, and decidedly increasing evidence of the rising intelligence of the people. Man is felt to be man; feels himself in every station to be man, in a manner that our feudal ancestors, could they rise to witness it, could not credit, simply because they

could not comprehend it; a possibility, far less a probability, of such enfranchisement for the villain and the vassal never glided into the profoundest of their speculations. But the people have much yet to do, not merely for themselves politically, but personally, domestically, socially; to sum it all in one word, *humanly*. Those among them who have advanced intellectually, and who most respectably swell the ranks of reform, must not believe that *political* interests are their only or their greatest interests; public importance must be based upon private worth, and private worth is made up of much that is minute, and though minute, important to the human character; general courtesy, social kindness, christianly forbearance, temperance, and integrity in the small as well as large concerns of life, are points which it is eminently essential that those in the advance of their class should hold out in example to their class, and not only must they seek to do this, but shun to imitate the ill example (though it be clothed in a little elegance) of the richer classes.

The people of every nation, like the horse and the elephant, need but to understand their own strength, individually and collectively, to throw off the harness and housings, to defy the whips and spurs by which they have been governed, for the selfish purposes of some, to the injury of all. A people which knows its own strength has no enemy to fear but itself. Strength merely is nothing, or worse than nothing, since, if the wisdom to apply and guide it be wanting, it may, as we see done every day, be turned against its possessor by those who have no strength but the strength of cunning; no wisdom but the skill to take advantage of ignorance.

To talk of human rights, or the remedy of human wrongs, were as fruitless and as disheartening a task as to teach music to the deaf, did such discourses address none but the rulers and lords of the land. To the usurpers and appropriators of our "hunting grounds" appeals are perpetually being made, and remonstrances urged, because with them appears to lie power and the means of redress. Nor let these appeals and remonstrances cease their iteration. The arguments which fall as ineffectually on the conventionally high as rain on an oil silk umbrella, descend upon the conventionally low like the fresh dews upon the grass; and the power which is apparent and nominal in kings and their counsellors, in lords and landholders, is, though latent, innate and real in the people. The people must redress themselves, and the ballot is the handle of the engine which they must work to that effect. But at the same time that they are directing their energies to these political objects, let them not forget the under current of domestic and social life—if they seek a high station, let them

also seek to bring the qualifications that can alone enable them to deserve, adorn, and preserve it; and let them who vitally feel these convictions and act upon them, turn round to others who do not so feel and act, and hold out to them a high example and a helping hand.

M. L. G.

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CORN-LAW RHYMES.'

Stop, Passenger! for I am weak,
And heavy are my failing feet—
Stop! till I gather strength to speak:
Twice have I seen thee cross the street,
Where woe and wild flowers seldom meet.

Oh, give a pallid flower to her
Who ne'er again will see one grow!
Give me a primrose, Passenger!
That I may bless it, ere I go
To my false love, in death laid low.

Sweet! sweet!—it breathes of Rother's bowers—
Where, like the stream, my childhood play'd;
And, happy as the birds and flowers,
My love and I together strayed,
Far from the dim town's deadly shade.

Why did he leave his mother's cot?
My days of trouble then began:
I follow'd—but he knew me not!
The stripling had become a man;
And now—in heaven—he waits for Ann.

Back from consumption's streeted gloom,
To death's green field, I fain would fly:
In yon churchyard there is no room
For broken-hearted flowers to sigh,
And look on heaven before they die.

THE ENGLISH ON THE RHINE.

A NEW VIEW OF "THE PILGRIMS."

NOVALIS was one of the most enthusiastic and imaginative of German students. He had been educated in solitude, and had spent all his youth in fantastic speculations. On every subject he had singular and original ideas, and was full of plans for the perfectibility of human nature. According to him a new era had arrived—a new religion was to be proclaimed—a new race was being born. He was fond of indulging in prophecies and presentiments on the anticipation of portentous changes, and in wholesale denunciation of the Past. In these respects he resembled the modern enthusiast of most European nations; but he had mental and moral qualities peculiar to his German nature. The Germans are a mystical people themselves, and hence, in their eyes, all is clothed in mystery. The unvarying repetition of the operations of nature, and the sameness of the great Stupid-face of ordinary society, have lulled most of us into a great indifference respecting the cause and object of every thing around us. But this very regularity and monotony is what the Germans gaze at with wonder and astonishment. For them, silence is "of more avail" than all the thunders of the universe; the orderly frame-work of every-day life, more imposing than vast Revolutions; the peace of the green field, and the calm of the wide sea, more powerful than storms and earthquakes. Novalis in his solitude led, perhaps, a busier life than that of many a man of action, in the throng of violent deeds. Besides his philanthropic day-dreams, and the plans in which his imagination revelled for executing them, he was fond of holding a kind of active commune with surrounding nature. He interrogated her every feature, and then wholly surrendered himself to all the impressions which she invariably afforded him. The different moods of mind with which, in her different forms, she invested him, he figured to himself were spirits which she infused into his nature, to temper his character to theirs. Thus, in forest solitude (*Waldeinsamkeit*) he was half-conscious of the presence of a nymph, arrayed in a chaplet of leaves, whose quiet melancholy seemed to impart itself to all his ideas. When wandering through vineries and fertile vallies, peace and plenty swept around him, and filled him with such abundance of luxurious ideas, that he too felt ripe and full, and swelling with maturity. On the wild and desolate heath he felt the close embrace of a sister, blighted and forlorn. Amongst mountains and mines he was visited by more

masculine forms, whose shapes were angular and often uncouth, and whose influences were not unfrequently malevolent and rude, though strange to say, imperious and fascinating.

Such was the life that Novalis lived, or fancied he lived, in his native village, amongst the hills. But our mention of it is only in outline, and could he be persuaded to an autobiography, we should hear of some strange inter-communications and transactions which took place in this natural commerce. How much of his soul was his own, and how much he had changed away, we are pretty sure he could not have told. The Germans, who are grand Universalists, are much more liberal of their nature and character than we English, from the stiffness with which we preserve, hedge in, and keep up our identity, can have any idea of. It would be impossible to say how many different people's characters some Germans are running about with, thinking them one and their own. A little incongruity and contradiction are made matters of no importance. It has been said of Goethe, that he was, at one and the same time, a very good man and a very great rascal. In the cloudy country beyond the Rhine, the outlines of things run so into one another, that definition and distinction are often matters of difficulty, and the words "subjectivity" and "objectivity" are sometimes quite sufficient to amalgamate vice and virtue. As to these two latter essences, your true German would about as lief defend one as the other. He considers it the first duty of an abstract philosopher to be utterly indifferent to the pragmatistical and conventional merits of either.

But we must return from this digression on the general German character, to that of our particular hero. Though it may not have been quite in its place, it has still served in some degree to illustrate that of the latter. Except on the one solitary subject of politics, Novalis was a thorough-going German. He had all the pliability, mysticism, and extravagance of his countrymen. Witness one of his predilections which we shall here relate. About his twentieth year he was seized with an irresistible desire to travel. He had conceived a most singular idea of the proper nature and object of a journey. He looked upon it as a kind of pilgrimage of religious service; and prepared himself for it with all earnestness and singleness of heart. For him, who seldom could tread the precincts of his home without feeling an awe of Nature which custom could never wear off, it was an adventurous act of deep import to wander over her face, and discover new features which even his imagination had not anticipated. If he had found the narrow limits of his native hills thronged with multifarious spirits, and productive of perpetual change in his moral nature, and of ever-varying impressions, what had

he not to expect from the wide world and the great drama of life? Besides, he had to become acquainted with mankind, for whom his imagination had been so actively legislating. All his religion of nature, and all his love of his race, urged him to visit distant lands. And as soon as he conceived the project, he did not wait long before taking measures to put it into execution. He did not set off, however, without making certain vows, and observing certain religious forms, which, considering the material and incredulous tendencies of our own public "forms," we shall not here describe. Suffice it to say, that he consecrated himself as if to some sacred purpose, and banished from his mind all levity which might be inconsistent with the solemn vocation he was about to follow.

Novalis lived but a short day's journey from Coblenz, where, one day in the summer of 1835, he embarked on board the steam-boat. The steam-boat was laden with a cargo of travelling English.* Our hero, when he saw the dignity, gravity, and reserve of these individuals, felt certain that they also regarded travelling as a religious observance due to the beauties of universal nature. He was so absorbed in his own reflections that he never examined them nearer, or received more than a general impression of the scene. As soon as the bustle of setting off had subsided, he was lost to surrounding circumstances. But though he appeared almost insensible to what transpired, his sensations were perhaps more intense than all those of the collective cargo. Let us describe them as far as we can in the good youth's own enthusiastic words, for we had this story from his lips.

As he gazed first on the vaulted heaven, and then on the winding valley, as his eyes were dazzled by the sun-beams dancing on the restless waters, as he lay drinking in at every pore the thrilling spirit of universal nature, which, mingling with the blood, calmed the wild beating of his heart, and veiled his passions in love, he felt the burning wish rise bright and clear, like a sun within him, to wander throughout the world, expanding and strengthening human nature. But no such wish, or anything like it, seemed to be entertained by the cargo of travelling English. This he thought extraordinary.

Whilst our hero was revelling on his celestial feelings, an Englishman on his right hand was feeding a bull-dog. Let us describe this gentleman. He was dressed half like a sailor and half like a jockey, and looked like a mixture of both. A Frenchman stepped across the deck to request the Englishman to feed his dog somewhere else, for his ladies did not like the

bequest. From this expression we may safely count on being well satirised, perhaps occasionally libelled, by our German friend, as he proceeds. — En-

look of him. The man did not understand the speaker, but the dog did, and flew at him in reply. The Frenchman avoided the attack adroitly, and the dog dropt amongst a number of young ladies who were looking at the last edition of Parisian fashions. The arrival of the stranger was announced by the fair ones in screams, loud enough to be echoed by the rocks. They quite diverted the attention of Novalis from a nymph whom he saw beckoning to him by the river side. He was compelled to be a witness of the active scene around him.

Two of the above-mentioned young ladies were precipitated backwards, the bench overturning with them; and the Parisian fashions were irretrievably lost. In the mean time the man, half-sailor, half-jockey, stood leaning on the balustrade as before; his countenance lighted up a little on beholding the prowess of his bull-dog, whose conduct he deemed perfectly justified by the provocation he had received from the Frenchman, and by the hatred which every thing English ought to bear every thing French. The dog proceeded on his career, and was just seizing the lappets of the Frenchman's coat, when an Englishman who was sitting sketching, snatched up his chair and saluted the jaws of the dog in no measured terms. The latter recoiled to the middle of the deck, howling harmoniously. The noise which he made produced a general exclamation, except from the lips of his master, who seemed to think that in the "fight" which was going on he had no business to interfere until he saw foul play. Upon hearing the "row," several English heads emerged from the cabin and from amongst the luggage, in order to see the "fun."

The boat was at that moment passing by, perhaps, the most delightful scenery on all the Rhine, and Novalis, notwithstanding the riot, would have most certainly dropped on his knees in wonder and devotion if an English passenger, anxious to be a near witness of the dog-fight, had not, in thrusting along, given him such a drive in the ribs that it sent him into the midst of the throng. Here his dreamy eyes were feasted on a most furious battle, the confusion of which now became general. An amateur, who was fishing at the other end of the boat, came running up to see what was the matter, and in his passage he hooked a young lady who was reading a fashionable novel. Her cries called her brother to her assistance, who knocked down Piscator with a blow of his fist. Just at that moment a cage of monkies, which was stationed on deck for the amusement of another English family, was overturned, and all the monkies sprang out, capering, squeaking, and chattering. Two climbed up the mast, one fell into the Rhine, another was thrown there by a woman who carried about confectionary, for attempting to steal some of her nice things, and a fifth jumped upon the shoulders of Novalis, who was at that moment trying,

very "opportunely," to make some reflections on the capabilities of the human race, and hugged him with enthusiasm!

The three monkies had fallen into the river from different sides of the boat, and the English family, in the greatest distress, stood,—the father and mother on one side, and the daughters on the other,—shouting and crying, and looking at the drowning monkies, but making no serious efforts to save them. What has just been described occurred in less than a minute. In the meanwhile a ring had been formed round the artist, who was thrashing away at the dog with his chair, and bets to a considerable amount were given and taken as to the issue of the contest. The dog was a formidable opponent, and the artist, who fought with more enthusiasm than judgment, breaking his painting-stick about the benches, and never touching his adversary, was obliged to give way. He burst, retreating, out of the ring, and the dog followed him closely. Here it would have gone badly with him if a lucky accident had not interfered in his favour. He had retreated towards that part of the vessel where the traveller's carriages are ranged. The nearest of these belonged to an English lady, she being seated in it at that moment with her eldest daughter. These ladies amused themselves by discharging pistols for the sake of the echo, as fast as their valet, who was seated behind, could load them. There had been two rows that same morning about her right to make such a racket; but as she had persisted, in spite of remonstrance, and as there was no person present who could handsomely and safely throw her overboard, they had been without effect. When the bull-dog first flew at the Frenchman, and tumbled amongst the girls, this lady had ordered her valet to load their pistols with balls. The valet had done so, and had just put them into her hands as the artist retreated towards her. The bull-dog was springing up at him, almost secure of his victim, when the lady and her daughter rose in their carriage, levelled their pistols—the former exclaimed "fire!" and fire flashed from both the barrels. The lady was an excellent markswoman; her ball took effect in the shoulder of the bull-dog. But her daughter, who had only been used to echo-shooting, was very wide of her mark. This, perhaps, was partly owing to her having slipped as she rose, and having been forced to fire, supported by the valet, whose arms clasped her waist. *Quoi qu'il en soit*, her bullet, instead of being delivered to the bull-dog, to whom it was addressed, knocked off the hat of a German who was lounging on deck. The hat was caught by the monkey from which Novalis had just succeeded in extricating himself, and the animal, as if to make sure of his prize, followed his companions with it into the river.

The despair of the monkey-loving family, on witnessing the

loss of the fifth and last of their adopted children, can be better conceived than described. Upon the supposition that Novalis had had a hand in it, they all surrounded him, and an altercation commenced which was more animated than agreeable. The bull-dog, upon receiving the lady's ball, made a ship instead of a spring, and it was then that his friend and master thought it time to interfere, revenge what had occurred, and defend his bull-dog. He was up in a moment with a knotty stick, and rushed towards the field of action; but the lady, whose valet had loaded another brace of pistols, seemed in no wise afraid. She possessed wonderful coolness and presence of mind, and if the man had required satisfaction for the injury done to his bull-dog, looked as though she would have been happy to have afforded it him upon deck that instant. Fortunately he was overpowered, whilst brandishing his stick, by the captain, cook, and part of the crew. The lady was thus spared the trouble of shooting him as well as his dog. But what was to be done with the pair of savages now they were mastered? In order to discuss the question properly, silence was enjoined and temporary order established, very fortunately for Novalis, whom the English family were about to throw into the Rhine after the monkies.

It was now announced that an English member of Parliament, of liberal principles, who was present, would take the chair—that is to say, mount one of the carriages, and make a speech. Novalis was all attention when he heard this, for he counted essentially on the co-operation of the English Parliament—that wonder of the legislative world—for effecting his plans for the abolition of all vice and evil, and the absolute perfection of mankind. The Hon. Member spoke as follows, addressing the Captain of the steam-boat as Speaker:—

“ Sir,—When we behold the beauties of this more than lovely country;—when we reflect how we must all feel the inextinguishable beauties of nature (*applause*); when we consider the sublimity and rarefied powers of human ideas; of mountains mingled with rivers, of rivers with trees, of trees with clouds, of clouds with sun-light and with joy, and the uncommon beauty of every thing, (*immense applause—the dog barks—cries of “order order”*); when we recollect that there is a sun above, whose rays illumine the day in the superior manner they do at this present moment (*hear, hear*), and when we think of the feelings which we must all feel, under such high and sensitive circumstances; when we sum up, I say, sir, all this immense mass of feeling, all this crowd of ideas, it is quite impossible, and almost ridiculous, to conceive how this man and this bull-dog came to behave in this sort of a way! I beg to move, sir, that both the hon. members be excluded from this honourable house!”*

* This is almost too bad. However, our travelling authors have shown other nations in quite as ridiculous a light, and we can bear our share.—Ed.

Having thus concluded, the hon. member seated himself amidst barking and shouting, which lasted several minutes. The speech took a remarkable effect upon Novalis, who fell into a kind of trance, from which he did not recover for some time. The M. P.'s motion was seconded by another gentleman, in an extremely neat and florid speech. The lady in the carriage observed, that it would perhaps be more humane to allow her and her daughter to put the dog out of its misery by shooting at it again? but to this proposition there were several dissentient voices—the loudest being that of the German, who had lost his hat, and who was fearful of losing his head. Besides, as a gentleman remarked, such a procedure would run counter to the spirit of several clauses in Mr Martin's Act. The proposition was negatived accordingly, though the lady had levelled her pistol with intent to carry it into effect. The owner of the dog proposed, as a digression which might possibly conduce to a decision, to fight, with the assistance of the angry animal, any two of the company, English or foreign, for what sum they pleased? The lady in the carriage, whose love of sport was evident enough, observed that the idea was not so bad, and seconded the motion; moreover, she promised, for her valet, that he should make one of the combatants. The idea was far from being disagreeable to the majority of the company, and it would have been put into practice if a second combatant could have been found to join the valet. Several of the English invited their friends to lend a hand. Novalis, among the rest, was duly canvassed, but declined, notwithstanding his adviser expressed his intimate conviction that nothing would be of more amusement to him on his travels, and nothing would be of so much and so constant service to him as a good practical knowledge of boxing. The lady in the carriage at length grew very impatient at the lack of a champion, and declared that her valet should himself fight both man and dog. But the man objected that neither he nor his dog could think of entering the lists with any person who had not studied either at Oxford or Cambridge; who had not high connections, patronage, expectations, and so forth. Upon hearing this, the champion put the previous motion, that the man and dog should both be excluded. All who were favourable to it were requested to hold up their hands; but several Germans who did this were desired to hold theirs down again, because it was not allowed for foreigners to vote on the occasion. The Germans obeyed without a murmur, as they are accustomed to do whenever they are told. Every English hand was held up, even that of the man himself, who said that he was glad to get out of the way of such namby-pambies; that it was necessary for him to go on shore on account of his dog, and that if they

boated him off they would of course have to pay the boatman. Here was a new difficulty; but the chairman was equal to everything. All the passengers, he said, English and foreign, would think nothing of their money if they could only get rid of such a bear; and he then drew forth a piece of paper and proposed a subscription. To raise this a committee was appointed, and each committee-man pledged himself to subscribe. The shooting ladies, the artist who had nearly been worried, the Frenchman, and the German who had lost his hat, were made honorary members. The chairman then scribbled his name on the paper, and handed it round. Fortunately he was a man of title, so none of the English could refuse to add their name to the list. The money was collected—the boatman called—the man and his dog got rid of. The tumult had been quite too much for Novalis, who had lapsed into a torpor and indifference which made him appear very much like a fool to most of the livelier passengers. The absence of the man and his dog was far from bettering the face of affairs. Instead of one magnificent quarrel, there were at least a score of petty bickerings. We can only mention the two or three loudest. One was between the German who had lost his hat and the lady who had shot it off his head; he claimed indemnity, and she refused it. Quarrel the second was a boxing-match between Piscator and the brother of the lady he had hooked. The third was between the artist who had broken his stool and the Frenchman who had provoked the dog-fight—cause unknown. The monkey family were quarrelling with themselves and with every one else, about the monkeys they had irretrievably lost. All this was too much for Novalis; he landed at Bonn, and left the cargo of travelling English to all their “romance.” They floated into Cologne and feasted most famously that night, and were proportionately satisfied with themselves and the general arrangements of the world and all that therein is; while the poor philosophic dreamer, Novalis, could get no sleep all night for weeping over a desecrated day, and on account of the folly of his fellow-mortals.

This story must terminate without a moral. The reader who thinks that either Novalis or these English travellers have improved by experience, is mistaken. The former is more infatuated than ever, and the latter are worse, if possible.

* But much the same might have been equally felt, and as satirically expressed, by a young Englishman of sensitive and imaginative character, who had chanced to have been thrown into companionship with such coarse-bred and dissipated countrymen.—Ed.

The Age.

THE AGE.

A HUDIBRASTIC SATIRE.

Who shall describe in language sage
The present wonder-working age ;
Shrewd Butler in his ' Hudibras '
Says his the Age of Whipping was,
So much did public taste incline
To wholesome birch-broom discipline
That youths and maids by a fix'd rule
Were whipp'd at home and eke at school,
And sometimes whether in fault or not
Their tender skins a dressing got.
With Eton boys 'tis still the custom
For tutor-priests with birch to dust 'em,
And priests of every time and nation
Have preach'd up corporal flagellation ;
The Catholic Roman, more defensibly,
Lash'd his *own* carcase, sound—and sensibly.
'Tis certain those of heathen Rome
Oft gave the Vestal Virgins some ;
Our tars and soldiers, now of it
Almost engross the benefit,*
Although 'tis held throughout the nation
In universal execration.

Who says that 'tis an AGE of CANT
Shows that his head doth something want,
Call'd prudence. 'Twould put in a fry
Many a tract society,
And thee, St Andrew Agony.
Who says 'tis wicked Belial's Age,
Would most sectarians enrage ;
'Twould be, at best, return uncivil,
For all their tussles with the Devil ;
'Twould stir the bile of Muggletonian,
Of Swedenborgian, Sandemonian,
Of Bryanite, Southcotian, Thumper,
Of Brownite, Quaker, Shaker, Jumper,
And that which we may safely call
The High Church Evangelical,
And many more who've left her throne
Scarcely a leg to stand upon,
So heartily have they done battle
To spoil her trade in Human Cattle,
And in the fight such honour won
Her occupation's nearly gone.

* " My lads, tell me where was the wit that God gave ye
When ye sold yourselves first to the Army and Navy ?"

Botany Bay Eclogues, by Dr Southey.

Such swarms abroad are enterprising
 It seems the AGE of COLONIZING ;
 Far as the Sun his radiance throws
 John Bull is sure to poke his nose,
 Seeming, at times, inclin'd to share
 Eternal frost with Polar Bear,
 In hope's of realizing presage
 That there's to Ind a North-west passage ;
 And if he should, pray tell us what's
The use of it, if always shut ?
 Why do such numbers distant roam ?
 'Tis said there is not room at home ;
 What seek they in far Hemisphere ?
 That home which is denied them here.
 Is Britain for her sons too small ?
 Ah no, there's land enough for all ;
 But while some have ten thousand shares,
 Thousands must roam the world in tears !

If call'd the AGE of REFORMATION
 How tiresome is the slow gradation !
 Purging the Commons only teazes,
 While " t'other House " does as it pleases—
 An Incubus that makes us feel
 Like dog with kettle tied to's tail.
 Spring Rice still binds the Poor Men's Press
 In catch-penny tight Prison Dress.
 Pretending to diffuse sound knowledge,
 He but dilutes the mental porridge.
 " Mending," says he, " is all our wish "—
 Mending like this o'eturns the dish !

See Russell playing ' Fast and Loose '
 With gentry of the " other " House,
 Now at their opposition fretting,
 Now with them pleasantly coquetting,
 And all for which the people sigh
 Is coolly put off *sine die* ;
 Whilst Ireland's Corporations, Tithe,
 Still in their foul corruption thrive,
 And we must let our Church alone,
 Tho' Catholic States have better done,
 And e'en our dreadful Criminal Code
 Remains reproach to Man and God !
 And what is the prime cause of this ?
 Early deep-rooted Prejudice,
 Which first imbib'd by " privileg'd " Class,
 Comes with their Fashions down to us,
 But then our Interests don't agree,
 " Improve," we cry—they, " Let things be."

ON EXPRESSION.

"Would that I were a Painter!"

It is an enviable thing, artistical power, in any of its forms. The skill of communicating forcibly and completely a rich and intense emotion—of so moulding the material of the world as to ensure the reproduction, in other minds, of a feeling with which we have been ourselves delighted. Be the immediate instrument the winged word, or Parian marble, fleeting as the blaze and brilliance of the rocket, or fixed in the pyramid—the coarse-grained block of the Scottish mason—the ivory, gold, and gems of the Olympian Jupiter—choral echo, or glowing colour; or better than all—eternal letter-press;—ART is one—said in every mode and manifestation it attains a similar object. Mind communicates enjoyment to mind, through the medium of unconscious matter; undimmed, undulled, unbroken in the transmission.

But just at the present moment I envy most of all the draughtsman—the limner—of him who effects

Expression by simple outline. I say effects expression by the delineation of outlines—the phrase may be cavilled at by practical critics, for I have heard of the art of painting being scientifically cut up into chapters and verses too—the heads of the three chapters being—Drawing—Composition—Colouring—and Expression. The substance of the three first of these, I believe, defined and sub-divided with sufficient minuteness—the last is said to consist "in a certain something."

Examples may be appended in any number, of each class of excellence, and I have heard of pictures showing great skill in colouring, but destitute of expression; beautiful drawing and exquisite composition, unaccompanied with a particle of expression.

Against this abuse of excellent words I vehemently protest; wherever there is beauty, there is—that is—Expression.

Wherever there is deformity—ugliness—that is—Expression:

harmonious colours are expressive, and so are graceful lines; and let them be discordant and awkward, they will be expressive.

Expression is the best word in the world to signify the power of imparting a decided impulse to the imagination,

whether of beauty, sublimity, or any of their mixtures and varieties; not opposites, whatever may be the instrument or

medium in which that power may reside. Call it what you will, such a one has beautiful features,

and of expression. No variety of expression, I may be ready

to grant; and attention to the care with which the gentleman under discussion, re-adjusts lip and eye-lid, after committing a smile—(never a laugh—he shudders like Chesterfield—"at the disagreeable noise which it makes, as well as the shocking contortions of face which it occasions")—will convince us of his own opinion on the subject. I will admit farther, which he will not—that his features, in their single phase, are not *highly* expressive; I may admit that, *collectively*, they have no decided expression; but that either singly or *collectively*, they can be beautiful without being either singly or *collectively* expressive,—that is, suggestive of some mental power or susceptibility,—is a proposition which, when fairly stated, can scarcely need any attempt to disprove.

Much then do I desire that I possessed the handicraft of correct limning, and all the mental power of recognizing expressive form and of following various expressions through varying form of countenance and of feature. I long for the handicraft to communicate such observations; but though denied this, still there is joy in practising the power to make them, for many and deep are the mysteries of which such observations may give the key, many and beautiful are the illustrations which may thus be gathered of words of philosophy, and the severe abstractions of study.

Love and malignity—beauty and hideousness—are these such opposite realities in nature? Who has not been pained to find himself involuntarily revolt from a fellow-creature? Who has not shuddered in a scene of social enmity, where Man is the hunter; and the hunted, is Man? And who, having seen these things and felt them, has not been ready to believe and to bewail the existence of permanent principles of antagonism?

Come with me, and let us see what light may be found for the difficulty in one of Nature's unwritten homilies.

See you that face, full of all the glad good humour which can belong to a lad of sixteen years?—what those long dark eyes are looking at I cannot see; but something surely of lively, kindly interest, for the very spirit of life and of kindness is reflected from his face? Mark well the language of that eager nostril, and the bright, broad forehead, and read it with the commentary of the line of even teeth which gleam under lips parting with intentness, and moving with delight, though silent; and if you cannot read their intelligence and sympathy, never attempt to read the book of Human Nature, for you have yet to learn the plainest character of Nature's Alphabet.

And yet, that face, not handsome now, and once to be handsome, but delightfully attractive, eight years since would have shocked you. Eight years since you might have recoiled from the signs of precocious malignity stamped on its features.

So long ago the lad was familiar to my sight. I knew no more of him than might be gathered from his looks, and the observation that, wherever met, he was always in trouble, and the cause of trouble to old and young;—spiteful and the subject of spite. At that time I thought I saw in a forehead that seemed villainous low; an eye of animal cunning; and lower features of coarse sensuality, and determined maliciousness—the being omens of a brutal life. It is that I might record the visible history of that countenance that I have longed for the skill of the painter.

What change came over the course of that boy's life I cannot tell; whatever the particular changes of the circumstances of his existence, assuredly they were benignant and wrought a work of love. Scanning again those features, after an interval of many years, I recognise in the lines which now express his character, the harmonious development of those vigorous elements of excellence, the disgusting disorder of which I had contemplated with premature despair.

And now let us inquire how artists have fared who have sought to embody in human form; to build up out of the materials furnished by human character, the impersonation of positive Evil Principle?

In the 'Fiend and Archangel' of Raphael, the painter has endeavoured to give bodily presence to Depravity, by a combination of brutal and human structure; and what is the result? Is humanity degraded? does it lose dignity in our eyes by the fabulous association of bestial attributes? Pitiful indeed appears the triumph of the Archangel. I do not find it possible, by any effort of imagination, to regard the representation as of anything more than the destruction of a brute. I can see nothing more of pain or passion in the prostrate Devil; in his writhing body and distorted countenance, than the physical suffering, and instinctive irritation of a turning reptile. The human features are not rendered hateful; so much of humanity disappears in the transformation that human sympathy loses its hold, and human antipathy is scarcely awakened.

But behold the Ideal of him who fell through pride! and fallen, seemed not "less than archangel ruined!" Need the question be asked, whether the elements of human character are compounded; in Milton's 'Satan,' into a being so repugnant to our sentiments as to render them insensible or justifying in the dreadful doom of hopelessness, misery, and sin, which in the poem is his final award? Human character can no more than human feature, furnish forth the subject of personal, positive, hateful, hatefulness.

In Chise's picture of the 'Witches in Macbeth' was con-

sidered by the critics to be a failure; they said the weird sisters were not invested with a hideousness sufficiently malignant and appalling; that their ugliness was that of apes, not of hell's brokers. The critics, perhaps, were right as to what the painter had not done. I am inclined to think that they overrated what it is possible for painting to do. How the hideousness of the witches could have been more malignant, and they retain such semblance of humanity, of feeble humanity, as to affect us at all, my conceptions of horror do not enable me to tell. How *should* the painter's grosser art accomplish to perfection the horror of the supernatural, attained alone by the most etherial pencillings of greatest poets.*

The pious Æneas, if school lore serves my memory right, when his father's shade appears to him, thrice endeavours to clasp the fleeting vision, and thrice his arms are mocked by the unresisting air. To scenes of the supernatural such as this the painter may do justice. How welcomes Hamlet the disembodied visitant?

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

The natural impulses of filial affection are checked, are curdled into suspended horror in the presence of the spirit from beyond the grave. The ties of human nature wax weak within the influence of the supernatural, even in idea.

"If it assume my noble father's person."

The nerves of one still warm in this life and world, shrink before one—now irrevocably belonging to another.

"I'll follow it tho' hell itself," &c. * * *

"See where it comes!"

The pitying exclamation, "Alas, poor ghost!" expresses pity for something not a fellow creature. All this, how naturally introductory to the subsequent scruple, "The spirit that I have seen may be a devil," &c., and oh, how different from the familiar, matter-of-course, "How d'ye do, shake hands with me" style of the classical hero!

Are these remarks beside the purpose of the present paper? Not so, if they tend to illustrate the power, and in that the purpose of painting.

* We think our subtle-minded correspondent is here a little diverted from his argument. The witches of which he speaks were almost comic characters: their features, precisely those of large, high-coloured masks. They had abundance of expression; but not Shakespearian expression, or anything approaching it. There was no "metaphysical aid" about them; hence the failure. They were *not* supernatural enough. The external expression of the supernatural—that is, the expression of the distorted metaphysical—has often been achieved by the old masters. Touching the genius of M'Clise, however, we were one of the first to express our opinion that he had no living superior; and for the sake of the art, we regretted it.

Of this power and purpose, according to my conception, this painter (M'Clise) furnished a fine illustration some years back in his 'Installation of Captain Rock.' In the physiognomies there portrayed, might the student of the human mind find an answer to many a perplexing doubt as to the progress of the mind of nations, as of individuals. On many an Irish face have I looked, the more comfortably for having seen that picture. Many a dark newspaper paragraph, headed "Limerick"—"Armagh Assizes"—or "Tithe Affray"—was there explained to me; explained its origin—explained its tendency—established the ultimate denouement in vivid energetic excellence—of a disordered, exasperated oppression,—distorted, and in some respects and instances, degraded national character. There was genius enough there to furnish forth a hundred "gems of the exhibition"—there were there materials for a picture gallery. Far more than all this was there also. There were the outward and visible signs—of a vital fund—of purest sympathies, and firmest purpose. Veiled in the tableau of an ambiguous incident, was wrapped up the history of many a generation. The qualities and conditions of a physical revolution were there stated, which it will take more than a century actually to work out. Worked out it will be when the warmth of domestic affection, devotedness of public sympathy, ever-buoyant hopefulness and activity, versatility of apprehensiveness, and general aptitude for social co-operation,—there depicted in discord and confusion,—shall be settled, but not tamed down, shall be regulated, but not into monotonous routine,—into perhaps a system of society, involving more elevation, mixed with variety, more depth, with more vigorous airiness of exertion and enjoyment, than yet the world has seen. And then shall the wild beauty of the daughters of the Green Isle grace and gladden scenes of worthy happiness, though now—

" My cheek the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves."

The hand of one who so well has fixed, has so finely expressed in visible feature the working of the hidden mind, should not be carelessly condemned. His Macbeth was said to be a failure. "We see nothing in the face of the Thane of the astonishment natural to such a meeting." Alas, the Thane was now a King, and in the mental moment portrayed, astonishment has no place; he has now passed that point in his evil course at which—"returning were as tedious as go o'er"—he has now pitted his high-wound powers against the moral laws of the universe of nature, and despair clings for support and inspiration to the delusive confidence in powers beyond nature's sway. He seeks the weird women; his second interview is shown, and

he greets them with the fury of a committed accomplice—an entangled victim.

How now, ye secret, black and midnight hags—what do ye here?

Men talk of the Ideal as of something apart and alien from the natural, and many there are who thus are led into a dreaminess of conception of what beauty truly is, and follow after indistinct abstractions through paths where nobody can follow them. The true Ideal is reality in its intensest form. Ideal perfection is the assemblage, in harmonious combination, of what is most excellent in nature; it is nature exhibited in its fairest and most finished aspect. From nature must each several beauty be culled; from observation of existing living nature must the artist acquire the principle of his combination, and the masterpiece which he produces will affect others powerfully, because they will recognise the reflection, into one single and consistent result, of the scattered rays of Beauty which have been seen and felt, but never till now so forcibly, because never till now in such profuseness and perfectness of arrangement.

True men are they in sense and intellect and energy, in body and in mind, who are elected to the office of thus standing between man and God; of thus interpreting, to eyes and ears less finely organized, the expression of the face of nature, and leading them to the knowledge and enjoyment of the glories of creation.

Such minds are peculiarly apprehensive, almost instinctively susceptible of the emotions of beauty. These enjoyments in others are built up by a less instantaneous process of association; they are to be cherished by culture, and assisted in their development by the education of assiduous exercise. And this education may best be conducted, this growth most kindly promoted, by familiarity with the forms of beauty reflected from nature in the works of the artist. By these the opening sense is quickened, its expansion directed. And to what purpose? Not that the student may assume the rôle of criticism, and prate of the dead-letter of schools and systems; pore, with contracted eye-glass, among galleries and collections; discriminate "manners," and sneer at and depreciate all beneath the excellence of the best masters.

But to return from the art to nature; from the works of art to the world; to issue forth with a mind expanded and enlarged by a new sense, with an eye purged for the vision of a world, which before it could not recognise. Having acquired this power, by contemplating beauty studiously divested of all detracting adjuncts and obstructions, and displayed in undimmed brilliancy, the student returns to vulgar forms,

endowed with the power of recognising beauty, though "immersed in matter," enveloped in the grossest obstruction, of accident and circumstance. He sees it in the misty length of street, as well as in the living landscape; in river, sea, and sky. He sees it in the forms and faces of men going about their daily occupations, and earning their daily bread. It elevates his conception of the degree of dignity, which it is possible to realize in public life, and it gleams upon and gladdens him in all the scenes of domestic retirement.

To the cultivation of a taste for beauty we must immediately look for the rescue of human sympathies from that low conventional standard to which the abuse of the commercial spirit has some tendency to reduce them, especially when, as in England, it is assisted by the temptation to emulate a privileged class in brute magnificence and unmeaning display.

I pity those who see nothing but so much unproductive consumption in the balloon voyages, with which, just now, the fancy of our metropolitans is so mightily taken, and nothing but so much simple, if not stupid wonder in the gleam which lights up the eye of the hod-laden "Grecian;" as he sees the gaudy globe careering above him through the clouds. I pity those who see nothing but a nuisance in the crowd which gathers, in attention how serious, and enjoyment and interest how earnest, around the chanter of—

" With a chosen band
In a foreign land,
The life in the woods for me."

Who hear nothing but villanous sounds in the band of amateur musicians exercising their acquirements *outside* the beer-shop, not unappreciated or unrewarded by those within.

Very pleasant it is to meet the image-boy, emerging from the lanes and alleys of St Giles or Spitalfields, with his empty board under his arm; still pleasanter to watch the progress of the bargain which takes his last figure. The purchase is completed:—in the satisfaction which comes over the purchaser's face (the connoisseur may sneer) I see a type of the influence—the benignant influence of art on man, and again I exclaim, "Would that I were a painter!"

L. D.

THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

By the Author of 'Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons.'
2 vols. *Saunders and Otley.* 1836.

It would be a famous test of the relative value of the sciences of physiognomy and phrenology, were Lavater and Messrs Spurzheim and Gall now living; and if, without having any knowledge whatever, except from these volumes, of who or what their author is in mind, character, and external superficialities, they were publicly solicited by all the colleges to write down the development and relations of his organs, and describe the kind of features and expression which he *must* have. The idea is almost enough to tempt one, though knowing "no more than the dead" of the individual, to speculate largely on his organs of locality, acquisitiveness, and having-seen-it-iveness; of his small, clear, calm, yet rapid eye, and projecting, all-intrusive nose,—thus peering and joking everywhere and into every thing. He walks about London like the devil upon two pens, and, right and left, he writes as fast as he walks. He goes to the top of St Paul's, and looking down on the vast concourse below, notes all their doings. He does not meddle much with their thoughts, or take the will for the deed; but rather takes their acts as sponsors for all the rest. He is a dreadful matter-of-fact man; a serious neighbour, provided he has a mind to know all the "secrets of the family." It may be a question whether he always "minds his own business;" very plain is it, however, that he minds the business of every body else. There is no keeping him out, and no knowing when he is in. He gets *behind the scenes* of every theatre, and is in the middle of every warm discussion in front of the curtain—saying nothing. He is erudite in the Clubs of London; their founders, the buildings, and furnishing expenses,—ground-rent and taxes,—capital,—interest on capital,—wages of the cook and his subjects,—library, gas, fuel, literature, washing and cleaning,—larks of members with the kitchen maids (he even knows who kisses the kitchen-maids!)—value of wine in the cellar,—revenue to the Club by the sale of once-used packs of cards,—"private" anecdotes,—forms of election,—eccentric characters among the members, with their favourite dishes,—entrance and subscription-money;—conversation at table,—nick-names, &c. &c. &c.—here we have them all! In thinking of his book it almost takes one's breath away. Then for the Gaming-houses—but really he must speak for himself:—

"Crockford's is the largest gaming establishment in the metropolis; perhaps it is the largest in the world. The house is situated on the

right hand side of St. James's street, a few yards off Piccadilly. It was built in 1825, at the enormous expense of nearly 60,000*l.*; while the furnishing of it cost 35,000*l.* more, making altogether a sum not much short of 100,000*l.* It is a very large and very handsome house, externally; but no one by seeing it from the outside can have any conception of the splendour which it exhibits within. There is nothing like it, in the latter respect, in London. No one, I believe, not even those accustomed to visit the mansions of the aristocracy, ever entered the saloon for the first time, without being dazzled with the splendour which surrounded him. A friend and myself lately went throughout the whole of it; and for some moments, on entering the saloon, we stood confounded by the scene. It is a large, spacious room, from fifty to sixty feet in length, and from twenty to twenty-five in breadth. On each side are two mirrors in magnificent frames. The plate alone of each of the four, cost nearly one hundred guineas. From a glance of the eye, I should take their dimensions to be about sixteen feet by eight. The walls and ceiling of the saloon are most richly ornamented by carved work, beautifully gilt. The bottoms of the chairs are all stuffed with down, while the carpenter part of the work is of that unique description which renders it impossible for me to describe it. The principal table has the appearance of being cut out of a solid piece of wood: a piece of more richly carved work, all gilt except the top or surface, I have never seen. The chandeliers are magnificent, and when lighted up with sperm-oil, the only thing used, they produce an effect of which it is impossible to convey an idea. On the left hand, as you enter the saloon, is the card-room; much smaller, but also splendidly fitted up. On the right hand, at the opposite or St. James's end of the saloon, is the hazard-room, with all the paraphernalia of gaming. It is not large, being only about twenty feet in length by fourteen in breadth. There is admission to the hazard-room from the saloon by a large door, which in its massy appearance and the hardness of the wood of which it is made, reminded me of that of a prison; it is also a piece of superior workmanship, with the ornamented part of it richly gilt. Branching off from the hazard-room, is the supper-room for those who gamble. Judging from the number of chairs around the table, which seemed as if they had been occupied the previous night, there must have been fourteen persons on that occasion at the hazard-table; for none but those who play at hazard are allowed to sup in that particular room. It is, together with the hazard-room, fitted up in a style of magnificence corresponding with the splendour of the other parts of the house. The suppers are most sumptuous, and are laid out in a style rarely equalled in the houses of any of our nobility. They are all given gratis by Mr Crockford."—Vol. i, pp. 160—162.

Gratis indeed! We shall presently see the motive of this princely generosity.

"I was at a loss for sometime to know how Mr Crockford could afford to run the risk of about 750 subscribers, which is the number of members, supping at his expense, while they only pay twenty guineas entrance money each, and ten guineas yearly subscription. I had the matter, however, soon explained to me. With regard to those who enter the hazard-room, I saw at once the policy of plying them with the choicest

wines, and with a sufficient quantity of them, because when "the wine's in, the wit," according to the old proverb, is sure to be "out;" and men are then, of course, in the best of all possible conditions to risk their money, and to play, too, in such a way as is most likely to result in their losing it."—Vol. i, pp. 162, 163.

Our author now proceeds in a very learned manner,—we feel assured he is too knowing to have paid very dear for his instruction,—to discuss the qualities and occupations of "Greeks" and "Spiders," and other gentlemen necessary to the proper exhibition of experiments in the science of gaming and decoying. To young men in their teens, who are sure of large fortunes, unlimited credit is given, and we are told that Lord C—— "paid down 100,000*l.* on his coming of age, for debts of *honour* he had contracted at Crockford's."

"Crockford's cook is the celebrated Monsieur Oude. His salary is a thousand guineas per annum. There is another cook under him with a yearly salary of five hundred guineas. M. Oude seldom superintends the culinary process himself: he only does so when the Duke of Argyle, or any other distinguished member of the club, requests him to do it."—Vol. i, p. 165.

And with a dignified urbanity, we suppose he sometimes condescendingly acquiesces. For this the people of England support an expensive aristocracy!

"On the ground-floor, detached from the reading-room, there is another apartment, smaller than that up stairs, for playing hazard. This lower room is used during the parliamentary recess, the number of gamblers in town being then much less: or should it be wanted during the time the Houses are sitting, owing to an unusual muster of the gamblers, it is then thrown open. The one up stairs is always shut during the legislative recess."—Vol. i, pp. 167—168.

Hereditary legislators! After voting on public money matters in a manner the most likely to make it circulate, directly or indirectly into their own pockets, the lords lounge off to Crockford's to lose fortunes at "hazard!"

"Seven years ago one pigeon was plucked, in a few hours, to the tune of 60,000*l.*—the stakes were 10,000*l.* It is only three years since Lord C——, the grandson of an aged noble Earl, lost 30,000*l.* in one night. The winner was a noble Marquis, of sporting notoriety, who, according to report, was at that time, if not now, a part proprietor of the establishment. Losses of 5000*l.*, 7000*l.*, and 10,000*l.*, in one night, are by no means uncommon when a rich flat is caught."—Vol. i, p. 171.

The writer also states that young noblemen have frequently staked 10,000*l.* on a single game, and that one night "the enormous sum of 1,000,000*l.* was turned over, from the time the play commenced till it concluded—a period of eight hours." Our author pays one equally grave and ludicrous compliment to Crockford, for not permitting any gambling on Sunday,—as if the slightest pretence of religion on the part

of such a man must not be sheer and unredemptionable hypocrisy? The history of Crockford, who is evidently a man of genius in his way, is worth reading. He was originally a small fishmonger. We are presented with a document in the shape of one of his "bills" at *that* time, for "souls, sprats, vitens, red-herrings, and makerils," amounting to 3s. 5d. He is evidently a natural mathematician in the finest degree, and this added to great perseverance and a total absence of any moral principles (except when not interfering with business) has lifted him to his present equivocally high position. For an account of the other gaming-houses—all of which are minutely "worked out"—we must refer our readers to the book. The author's picture of the extent to which gaming is carried on in the metropolis, and his observations on the strength of the passion and its consequences, are as true as they are appalling. As to putting down the gambling houses,—

"If it be true, and I fear it is, that the majority of the members of Crockford's are noblemen and gentlemen belonging to either House of Parliament,—then it would be really too much to expect that they would assist in passing a law which they would most probably be the first to aid in breaking. I suspect that if we wait until some such parties as the Marquis of Hertford in the Lords, or Mr Thomas Duncombe in the Commons, legislate for the extinction of gaming in the metropolis, we shall have to wait until doomsday." —Vol. i. pp. 219, 220.

The first volume contains masterly expositions of the various classes of society, to which we shall probably return in a future number. We now pass to the second volume.

It commences with an account of the newspaper press. This has been attempted at different times in sundry magazines with very various degrees of success. We think that the author of these volumes has collected more authentic facts connected with the mercantile and mechanical arrangements than any who have previously undertaken the difficult subject. To some of his opinions, touching the sterling value of certain writings and their degree of influence on the public mind, we may object, but it must be admitted that he seems to have done his best to tell the truth, according to his own judgment, without fear or favour. If this be not all that can be required of an author, it is at least a very high and rare merit. He begins with the *Times*, and ascribes to it all the weight and extent of influence it once undoubtedly possessed. As an instance of its circulation among all parties and shades of parties, he observes that even those who are "most hearty in their abuse of it, are its most constant readers." But is not this the natural relation of cause and effect? He says that Cobbett vituperated it in his *Register*, "sometimes for many consecutive weeks,—and yet he was a regular reader of the *Times*."

Of course: how else should he know so well what its current contents displayed? The author alludes to "its unremitting labours for months, towards the close of 1834 to damage the political character of Lord Brougham;" and speaks, however, disapprovingly of "the success with which its labours were crowned." But was not this in a great measure the fault of Lord Brougham? No man ever had a greater chance of maintaining all his popularity and increasing its extent, had he been thorough-going, and exercised the same energy in progression by which he had raised himself to power. The following anecdote, (?) not generally known, we believe, is both ludicrous and astounding.

"Dr Stoddart, now Sir John Stoddart, Governor (?) of Malta, conducted the *Times* for several years, ending in 1815 or 1816, when the extreme virulence of his attacks on Napoleon Bonaparte was such, that the proprietors saw the expediency of putting an end to his engagement. So annoyed did Bonaparte, when in the zenith of his power, feel at some of Dr Stoddart's attacks, that he caused the question to be submitted to some of the leading counsel at the English bar, whether he could proceed against the journal for various articles which he pronounced the grossest libels."—Vol. ii, pp. 21, 22.

Of the *Morning Herald* many handsome things are said, and some of them very justly, with reference to its benevolent spirit.

"One very striking illustration of this has been afforded by its conduct on the question of capital punishments. For years has it laboured with great zeal and ability—and laboured too with marked success—to abate the rigour of our criminal jurisprudence. It has proved, times without number, and by a surpassing variety of illustrations and of facts, that, putting out of view the abstract question of the justice or humanity of our criminal laws, they are impolitic in the highest degree, having only increased the very crimes they were intended to repress. Happily the legislature is beginning to perceive, what is not only the dictate of a sound philosophy, but is demonstrable by facts—that it is the certainty and not the severity of punishment that represses crime. Ere long, there is every reason to believe, our statute book will be purged of the bloody enactments which have for so many centuries stained its pages, and we shall have a criminal code more in accordance with the spirit of the Christian religion—the dictates of humanity—the claims of justice—and the interests of a sound policy."—Vol. ii, pp. 35, 36.

To the position of the *Morning Chronicle* we think the writer hardly does justice. He evidently takes a greater pleasure in something more positive and "pronounced," and for this we commend him. Nevertheless, he passes this paper too slightly. The remarks on the *Morning Advertiser* (is not our critic in that quarter rather unreasonable in allowing us no "breathing time," and "no variety?") are no more than a fair tribute to its strength, principle, and consistency. The Con-

stitutional not having been established at the time the author wrote his work, he leaves it to others to express the high hopes they entertain of that paper.

The evening papers are, on the whole, very ably described, and their arrangements displayed with more than sufficient minuteness. The same may be said of the weekly papers. We would fain have offered sundry passing remarks on our author's estimate of the ability displayed in the politics and literary criticisms they severally put forth; but the bristling squadron is too numerous. We must find room, however, to allude with praise to his notice of the *Examiner* and *Spectator*; to his happy definition of the *Old Bell's Messenger*, as the "farmer's advocate" (its literary criticisms are just calculated for the agricultural population;) to object to his sins of omission in speaking of the *Dispatch*, on the one side, and the *Age* on the other; and to exclaim against his slight treatment of the *Weekly True Sun*, especially when he has given no notice of the daily paper in its present improved and able condition. He might at least have added in a note that the circulation of the weekly paper exceeded 15,000, and that the daily deserved well of its country, both for its past talent and integrity, and spirited renovation from an interval of trouble and difficulty, which however was attended with no shadow of change in principle. We pass on to the magazines. Some of the anecdotes are as startling as they are curious. Here is one:—

"Among the contributors to the *Quarterly* in its early days, were Sir, then Mr Walter Scott, and Dr Southey. The latter still continues to enrich its pages. Sir Walter actually, in one instance, reviewed several of his own novels. This was in one of the volumes for 1816. The *Waverley* novels were then beginning to attract universal attention; and Sir Walter essentially aided in extending their popularity by the long and elaborate review to which I allude. None of his critics dealt out their praises of the works of the unknown author with a more liberal hand than he did himself. It is true, he pointed out some things which he called blemishes in the works, but this only served to give greater effect to the commendation he so liberally bestowed on their general merits. Besides, the way in which the thing was done displayed great dexterity, and proved Sir Walter to be much more of a man of the world than most people gave him credit for. The portions of his works which he faintly condemned were precisely those which possessed the greatest merit. And as he took care to give various extracts by way of illustrating the view he professed to take of those works, people had an opportunity of seeing at once the injustice of the slight censure with which he visited them. Whether Mr Gifford, the editor of the *Quarterly*, was aware that the author and reviewer were one and the same person, is not known. If he was aware of the circumstance, he committed a gross breach of faith in permitting Sir Walter to be the reviewer of his own works, and

the trumpeter of his own fame. Thousands were induced to read the *Waverley* novels who had not read them before—for they were then only beginning to make a sensation in the literary world—in consequence of so very eulogistic a notice of them in one of the leading periodicals of the day: would they have done so had they known that all the praise proceeded from the author himself?—Vol. ii, pp. 262—4.

We leave everybody to make their own reflections on the above anecdote. The work contains a quantity of these discoveries. As to the praises bestowed on Mr Lockhart, the present editor, we are not disposed either to disagree with or echo them. His great kindness and hospitality to those who, in the next number of the *Quarterly*, receive a “specimen of literary butchery,” is a compliment in one sense, and a very “ugly feature” in another. The accounts of the *Westminster*, and the *London, Reviews*, both before and since their junction, is very well done, though containing several errors. *The British and Foreign* also receives well-deserved praise at his hands.

Of the *Monthly Review*, he tells us that “the blow it struck Kirke White, and from the effects of which he never recovered, recoiled on itself,” and that its circulation immediately began to suffer to a very great extent. We wish the same had happened to the magazine that struck the blow at Keats, from the effects of which *he* never recovered. He says various handsome things of the learning, cleverness, and wit, of *Fraser*, but passes over its other peculiarities in a very gentle manner. With the following observation on the *Metropolitan*, we perfectly coincide.

“I know no periodical in which the literary notices are written with greater taste than in the *Metropolitan*. They are from the pen of Mr Howard, the sub-editor, who is also an extensive and talented contributor of general articles.”—Vol. ii, pp. 324, 5.

Perhaps our readers would like to see what he says of the *Monthly Repository*?

“The politics of the *Monthly Repository* are ultra-Liberal. It identifies itself with the most zealous of the Movement party. It was very popular about two years ago, partly because of the decided liberality of its politics, and partly because of the great zeal, talent, and eloquence with which they were advocated. Mr Fox himself wrote largely for it. And some of the articles which proceeded from his pen contained passages, which, for the purity and fervour of their eloquence, have seldom been equalled in modern times. Others of the papers which appeared from time to time in the *Monthly Repository*, were characterised by profound philosophy, and by great powers of reasoning. But though the magazine was admired by all who read it, and was perhaps more liberally and generally praised by the newspapers than any of its contemporaries, it never reached a large circulation. When at its highest, the sale never exceeded a thousand copies.”—Vol. ii, pp. 327, 8.

The cause of this, the writer attributes to its being "too refined in character for those to whom it chiefly addressed itself." He alludes to the "working classes" only, as if we did not address ourselves to a far more extensive class—all who can think. Many among the working classes are of course inclusive. Does the writer know nothing of the *Mechanic's Institutes*? Yet he designates the class as,—

"A body whose intellectual cultivation is necessarily so imperfect as to incapacitate them for appreciating the lofty eloquence and profound philosophy which characterised the articles in which their interests were advocated."—Vol. ii, p. 328.

We all thank him for the compliment, but are not disposed to receive it "at such an expense."

"Among the leading contributors to the *Monthly Repository* during the time it was conducted by Mr Fox, were Mrs Leman Grimstone, a lady of great talent, and the authoress of 'Woman's Love,' and one or two other novels; Miss Martineau, the celebrated writer on political economy; Mr Elliott, the author of 'The Corp Law Rhymes'; Mr Hearne, the author of 'The Exposition of the False Medium,' and 'Junius Redivivus,' son-in-law, I believe, of Mr Francis Place, of Charing Cross.

"Mr John Mill, son of Mr James Mill, author of 'The History of British India,' the same young gentleman I have already mentioned as one of the stated writers for the late *Westminster Review*, and for the present *London and Westminster Review*, is an occasional contributor to the *Monthly Repository*. He wrote the series of articles which appeared in it a year or two since, under the title of 'Dialogues between Socrates and Plato,' which excited considerable interest among scholars, and were regarded as the most masterly things of the kind which had appeared in modern times."—Vol. ii, pp. 328, 9.

He might have added many other names, and those among the first writers and soundest heads of the period. Still we thank him; albeit averse to the provincialism of the name of 'Hearne,' neither do we think the accomplished scholar and philosopher, to whom he also alludes, deserves to be called the "young gentleman."

"For upwards of twelve months the circulation of the *Monthly Repository*, like most of its contemporaries, had been gradually diminishing. To recover it, if possible, the expedient of reducing the price from one shilling-and-sixpence to one shilling, without any diminution in the quantity of matter, was resorted to. It was soon found that the step was an injudicious one. The magazine did not gain above fifty subscribers by it; which, of course, was nothing compared with so great a reduction in price."—Vol. ii, pp. 329, 80.

This is not too bad to be true, but too true to be good; and a more graceful opportunity for intimating to our subscribers that we think we shall be obliged to put it back to the former sum, could not well have occurred. Our readiness to reduce

the price of the *Repository* has been proved ; the consequences we could not command. We shall persevere, however, under the circumstance, some time longer ; and perhaps, after all, remain as at present. But this will depend on our overcoming the difficulty ; and if this cannot be effected, we know the class to whom we belong, and by whom we are well understood, rather better than the author of these volumes, and though such a change would be death to any other magazine, we do not entertain any doubts as to the result.

From what has been already said of the 'Great Metropolis,' and from the extracts we have given, it is hardly necessary to add that it is a work of extraordinary and peculiar research. The heterogeneous heap of facts it-brings into broad day-light, will be as interesting and amusing to the public, as provoking to many of the individuals, partnerships, companies, and classes of all kinds. He routs up all their secrets with a remorseless anecdotal composure that is perfectly ludicrous. Some of those who will most enjoy what is said of their neighbours, will stamp and stare, on turning over the very next page, to see that their neighbours are put in full possession of good grounds for a similar merriment at their expense. "Let the galled jade wince." It is a very clever and dispassionate work, and contains but few errors, considering the vast field over which its arrow is drawn so unsparingly. R. H. H.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Russia. By a Manchester Manufacturer.

THIS is a sound, elaborate, and practical work. Its author has a correct idea of wherein consists true national greatness. He does not compromise the happiness of nations to the "balls, crowns, and sceptres" of their rulers, and thinks that the well-being of human nature is of more importance than the ambition, the pomp, and the wealth of a few illiterate and ill-advised potentates. F.

The English Housekeeper. By Anne Cobbett.

THIS work is intended "for the use of young ladies who undertake the superintendence of their own housekeeping." It is well calculated to instruct them in the matter, and the book is certainly full of both nice and economical things. We do not profess to understand the science of cookery ; but we think we could appreciate the results of Anne Cobbett's practical knowledge, and shall have some of her recipes put to the test forthwith.

The Christian Lacon; or, Materials for Thinking in a Christian Spirit. By William Martin, Author of 'The Christian Philosopher.'

Good feeling, good morality, good sense, and true religion, expressed in so clear and simple a form that a child may understand, and a man find an equal pleasure and profit in the perusal.

The Sacred Classics. Vol. XXVIII.

'The Commentary on the Psalms,' by Bishop Horne, is chosen for this number of 'The Sacred Classics,' "under the especial patronage of her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen." It is preceded by an introductory Essay from the pen of James Montgomery, which is not without interest, from the writer's announcement of the musical instruments invented by David, and the grave defence of sacred music! It contains, however, a great deal of mawkish stuff, by no means redeemed by his cavilling at the words of Handel's Oratorios! This Essay is followed by a Memoir by the Rev. William Jones. He talks very imposingly and prosily of "when Mr. Horne *sat down* to write his 'Commentary on the Psalms,'" &c., and independent of its ignorant remarks concerning Dr Priestley, is altogether a most wearisome and unworthy account of a very amiable and learned man. All the good Bishop's wit and humour are carefully excluded. A man more fond of a joke never lived, unless perchance one of his obscure descendants. As to his work on King David's Psalms, we think they need no laborious commentary. Some of them we all like to read;—they are the sublime of poetry and devotion;—some we are quite indifferent about reading; and some we do not like to read at all, or hear anybody else read. O.

The Botanist. No. I. Conducted by B. Maund, F. L. S.; assisted by the Rev. J. S. Henslow, M. A., F. L. S., &c. &c., Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge. London. (To be continued monthly.)

This is the first number of a work on the science of Botany, taken in its most enlarged sense; teaching the natural orders and physiology, as well as the systematic arrangement of plants; and containing information on their history, properties, and habits, with a view to popular information as to their uses and culture. Such a work was much wanted. It is here truly observed, that the artificial system established by Linnaeus (we have not yet learned the new spelling of "Linneus,") though a great achievement, was but a rudimentary step to real science. The more difficult study of the natural orders, opens a far wider field of knowledge to the student.

The coloured plates of the plants are beautifully executed, and the whole style and getting up of the work is excellent, while the price is moderate. The names of the conductor and the writers engaged, are sufficient vouchers for its scientific accuracy. M.

A Few Remarks on our Foreign Policy.

IN many respects these remarks are the converse of those contained in the foregoing work on Russia. We regret that the author should have employed his talents in advocating the unsound position, that the wealth of nations, and all their vain-glorious aggrandizements, are the highest pinnacle to which our efforts should be directed. F.

History of British Quadrupeds. Parts III and IV.

AFTER the opinion we expressed of Parts I and II of this excellent work, our readers will not be surprised that we looked forward to its continuation with interest. Nor has this been disappointed in the present numbers, although we feel bound to confess that these *Fitchet* and *Ferret Weazels*, *Cats* and *Shrews*, however well executed, do not by any means find a place so near the heart as did our friends the *moles* and *bats*. We can never forget them.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

1. SHIPWRECK OF MERCHANT VESSELS.—A correspondent of the *Constitutional*, under the signature of "Palinurus," and another signing himself "J. H." have addressed letters of practical importance to the Editor of that excellent morning journal on the above subject. Both these writers agree that the loss of merchant vessels on a lee-shore is almost always owing to the neglect of the captain, in not cutting away his masts directly the danger of wreck becomes apparent, and in the neglect of a proper and timely use of the anchors and cables. Everybody who has had any experience in these matters, must be convinced of the validity of the statement, and equally so of the cause attributed, *viz.*, the excessive aversion on the part of captains to incur the expense of new masts, and the inconvenience and frequent impossibility of hauling up the cables from the over-lumbered tiers. Again,—with reference to cutting away the masts—it would delay a voyage, if they were outward bound; and perhaps, also, they might not be insured. But another cause will also be found to exist in the private feelings and character of a captain. Perhaps he has an admiration of his "sticks and bare poles," he had them touched and retouched with axe and plane, and rigged after his own plan; he feels a fresh pride about them, if new, and has an affection for them, if old; the ship would not sail half so well with any others: he cannot make up his mind to cut them away while a chance is left of getting the ship off; and when he sees

there is no chance, it is too late to do it, even if he had time. As to the cable-tiers being choaked up with all sorts of lumber, he knows that he has got cables on board, which is a satisfactory thing to his mind, during the voyage; and as to being wrecked, that is a very unlikely thing to happen to a man of his knowledge and experience! Grant therefore a good spanking gale of wind, a foggy night, or a nail accidentally jammed under the compass-box, puzzling his faithful needle; with all those ills that ships, of whatever tonnage, "are air to," and wrecked he is, with all on board; crew, cargo, passengers, anchors, cables, pretty masts, knowledge, experience, and economy, inclusive.

Something should be done to prevent this, or at least to render it much less frequent. And it ought to be done as soon as possible. *Palinurus* seems convinced that by a timely use of their anchors and cables, added to the cutting away of the masts, the *Clarendon*, which was lost, with nearly every soul on board, at the back of the Isle of Wight, and the *Duke of Marlborough*, in Torbay, might have been saved, without the loss of life or property (?) We think it very probable in most cases. The other correspondent, J. H., suggests that "it would be useful to insert, in all policies of insurance, a clause providing that all captains should bend their cables, and have the anchors clear, immediately they come on soundings." He further says, "from the experience of twenty-five years at sea, I would recommend that the best bower chain* should be 180 fathoms, as also that a few small hatchets (say from one to three dozen, according to the size of the ship) should be kept in a handy place on the quarter deck, or in the cabin, always in good order for cutting away; as it generally happens that when a necessity arrives the things most wanted are never to be found. I feel quite confident that any seaman of like experience will agree with me when I say, that with a chain of that length, and the mast cut by the board, a vessel will ride out any gale that blows upon our coast, even in thirty fathom water."

Perhaps a seaman of different experience, though of an equal number of years' service, might not agree that this could be subject to no exceptions; but that J. H. is right enough in the main, nobody, we should think, would gainsay. Many other valuable suggestions are offered by both these correspondents in the *Constitutional* of October 20th. We would beg to add something which seems to us of importance towards the prevention of many disastrous shipwrecks. We think it would be a great means of preserving life and property, and preventing considerable loss to underwriters, as well as the domestic misery, perhaps lasting, of thousands of individuals, relatives and others, many of whom depend for existence on the crews and passengers of vessels,—if a *deodand* proportionate, and perhaps equal, to the value of new

* Chain cables are undoubtedly preferable, but not absolutely necessary for all vessels where proper precautions are used. I was once in Riga Bay: it blew a hurricane. We had four anchors down—a sheet anchor, best bower, small ditto, and our spare anchor; all rope cables. She was 500 tons. A vessel of equal size, in pitching, showed the end of her keel, both fore and aft. The gale lasted four days, and we rode it out. We had down top-gallant yards and masts, topmasts lowered, and topsail yards stowed fore and aft on the tops. There was no need for cutting away. Only three out of twenty went ashore. They ought to have cut away, but did not.

masts, were laid on all vessels wrecked with their masts standing; unless it could be proved that the ship had been suddenly stranded, and without driving. An additional fine should be paid if the top-gallant and royal yards and masts had not been struck, subject to the same proviso. If the cables and anchors had not been used, a *deodand* (to be doubled if they were proved not to have been unstowed when the vessel was driving ashore) should also be imposed to a very large amount. The money thus forfeited should be paid by the owners and captains and pilot of the vessel thus wrecked, and appropriated to a fund for the poorer relatives of all those individuals whose lives were lost in consequence. If no lives were lost, then the amount should go to a general fund, for the relief of the poorer relatives of all those who had perished by shipwreck.

If other and better plans can be devised, the sooner the better. It is a question upon which the legislature ought to lose no time in deciding; a preparatory measure, at least, might be adopted on the first meeting of Parliament. Should the above suggestions, emanating from our contemporaries, and our own rough draught of a remedy for so serious, common, and wide-spreading an evil, be considered worthy of attention, we most earnestly and confidently hope that no difference of politics will prevent the daily and weekly papers from giving them circulation, and taking up the subject themselves; for the winter is at hand, and something should be done both promptly and efficiently, to diminish the great loss of life and property that regularly, and we must add unnecessarily, occurs.

2. NATIONALITY.—A love of the painful and disagreeable is proverbial among the English. We seem to be most satisfied when most uncomfortable. This is chiefly with respect to our feelings, for if the annoyance become *actionable*, an Englishman does not lack energy and perseverance in getting rid of it. So long, however, as it is simply a matter of feeling, he likes to suffer, and exclaim against the cause. A curious demonstration of this has recently been manifested by the abuse and odium which has been heaped on poor De Beriot, for suddenly leaving the remains of his wife, and hurrying away from the agonizing scene instead of staying by her side and suffering the utmost degree of misery. He not only did not stay to feel his proper share; he had actually run away and left the English public to suffer without him! He was a wretch without feeling, &c. Several hints were insinuated that she had been poisoned—and her husband had escaped. One paper went so far as to state that he “flew off” from some wild pecuniary motive, carrying away with him all the money, jewels, and clothes she had possessed. In private, as well as in public, poor De Beriot was belaboured; in private, we confess to having joined our voice to the cry of shame on his selfish weakness. But is it not very wrong, and unsound in philosophy, to condemn anybody for their actions at such moments, where there is any doubt at all as to the state of the individual’s feelings; however different his mode of showing, or concealing them from what we consider the only proper proof of their existence? Moreover, it is very customary with his countrymen to act as he did under similar circumstances, and it is quite consistent with the general continental character. The anxiety, however, since displayed by De Beriot to exhume the remains of his wife, and have them conveyed to him, seems to be considered some atonement,

and the abuse has accordingly ceased. It was time; for the force of it spurted fire and smoke, not only on the bereaved husband, but on all who did not join in the shout against him, or manifest a full conscientiousness of how much everybody deplored Madame Malibran, and despised De Beriot. *The Repository* came in, for a few of these offshootings. A Note appeared in the number of last month, manifestly written with deep feeling of regret for the loss of Malibran, but expressed in a cynical form, to the effect that those among the public calling themselves "enlightened" (this word was placed between inverted commas as we have here written it) were not so sincerely grieved as they would have been by the loss of *any* favourite animal—whether a kitten or a race-horse belonging *exclusively* to themselves. This is the entire and only meaning of the first part of the note. The writer had fallen into our Nationality without knowing it. *He* felt deeply, and not believing others felt the same, declared that the public did not suffer enough! Certainly nothing was ever more genuinely English. The latter part of the same note draws a prospect of good out of evil in the anticipation that the death of Malibran may tend to the discomfiture and ruin of the patent showman, Bunn,—who has already made a market of her death—and thence to the renovation of the Drama. A weekly paper, by altering the position of the inverted commas, and misunderstanding the spirit of the first sentence, has created grounds for exclaiming against our deficiency of suffering; and with the aid of three notes of admiration, added to a dark-sided version of our meaning in the concluding part of our note, has endeavoured to make us figure away in rather an extraordinary style. After this, the writer very comically adds, "we do not descend to criticise either of these opinions." Our aeronautic friend is right. We shall not descend to the liberality, or ascend to the metaphysics of the hasty eye and scrambling pen, that wrote so large an order for gas, and forgot the ballast. As to the provincial bark of "three gentlemen at once," which the critic in that quarter calls "a chorus," we know what it is all worth. He suggests that our opinions may contain a typographical error; they do not; but the Note *does* contain a most extraordinary error of this kind, which none of our critics have noticed. Our subscribers will be so obliging as to erase the words—"At nine o'clock," (p. 652, line 26 from the top.) The point-blank contradiction contained in the sentence will then become evident. It originated in our making a long erasure, terminating with those words, which not being perfectly inked over, were not understood as a cancel by the compositor. How we could read it afterwards and not see the error at once, will be understood by all those who have done the same. R. H. H.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will E. E. send to our office in a few days, for the "University" documents, and copies of the Magazine?

We beg to acknowledge the communication of M. H. Rankin, and the handsome feeling it manifests.

Communications will be left with the publisher in a few days, for *Chiostro scuro*, E. S.—L. D. and W. L. Garner.