

# The Ballad of Delora ;

OR,

## THE PASSION OF ANDREA COMO.

*By R. H. Horne : Author of the 'Exposition of the False Medium,' &c.*

LONG years are gone, and I am old :  
My locks once wore the lion's gold ;  
Life's winter now, with double smart,  
Sheds frost upon my head and heart ;  
And thus I stand a lonely tree  
All bare and desolate to see,  
And worse within, since 'reft of thee ;  
Delora !

Andrea Como, standing  
in utter desolation and  
solitude, poureth forth  
the impassioned history  
of his soul.

Delora !—name of many woes !  
How coffin'd passion freshly glows  
At that sweet sound of melody !  
For thou wert bliss and bane to me ;  
And I ne'er since have clos'd mine eyes  
When day-light died within the skies,  
Without most agonizing sighs ;  
Delora !

I was a hunter of the woods,  
Who scaled the rocks and stemm'd the floods ;  
Bounding with strength my course I sped,  
And felt Heav'n's glory round my head ;  
I never dream'd that one so free  
And ocean-wild, enslav'd could be,—  
But I became a child for thee ;  
Delora !

Deep love, that melteth  
all things to its own  
level, as an absorbing  
beatitude, must ever be  
a primitive element, like  
to the grand simplicity  
of the sea and the hea-  
vens, which are also as  
children in the eye of  
Eternity.

I saw her at her father's door,  
Toying with his long locks all hoar ;  
While dim he smiled, and fondled down  
The braided jasmine from her own.  
Her liquid eye a moment turn'd ;  
With chasten'd love my bosom yearn'd,  
Till time gave hope, and then it burn'd ;  
Delora !

Her tender love at length I won ;  
 The old man bless'd me as his son :  
 Fresh glory was in Heav'n—the woods  
 Shone in fresh gold—the crystal floods  
 Mirror'd anew fair Nature's face ;  
 My speed was lightning in the chase,  
 My heart began a fresher race ;  
                     Delora !

The sublime face of Nature, even as the features of the mind, is of cameleon existence, and taketh its colours from the human heart. Whereof it comes, that we have more seasons and more senses, in perception, than hath e'er been set down in our calendars and philosophies.

Mine eyes deep glow'd, then shed rich tears ;  
 I felt as young as infant years ;  
 Myself I scarcely knew, thus thrill'd  
 Like passion-flow'rs with dew o'erfill'd.  
 I well might fear a maid so fair  
 Would dread my rough and wild wood air,  
 And say, ' Go hug the mountain bear ?'  
                     Delora !

I won her : as a devotee  
 Before his shrine, so sacredly  
 Did I my hope divine behold,  
 Nor dar'd unto my breast to fold ;  
 Until her father, smiling quaint,  
 Shook his white head and whisper'd faint,  
 ' She is too artless for a Saint !'  
                     Delora !

Nor less might we say of the beneficent and beatified Lady of Magdala, who hath been mis-judged of all ages, she having lacked art to cover the divine feeling that impelled her to follow and minister to one who had " no place whereon to lay his head."

Yet still the maiden would not wed,  
 For sixteen summers o'er her head  
 In cloudy chariot had not roll'd  
 The beauty of their virgin gold :  
 And so she pray'd me to forbear  
 My ardent suit, with such sweet air  
 As real innocence doth wear :  
                     Delora !

Meantime a Neapolitan lord,  
 Greater by title than by sword,  
 Pass'd thro' our vale and saw the maid :  
 His forked tongue in poison play'd !  
 She shrank before his bold address ;  
 Her father begg'd him not to press  
 A suit that did his child distress :  
                     Delora !

With haughty and astonish'd mien  
Awhile he stood ; " And well, I ween,  
Some wood-born clown, with farm and vine,  
Hath sworn to wed this girl of thine ;  
But let him till," quoth he, " his lands,  
She'll scorn the press of vulgar hands !"  
" True," said her father ; " there he stands !"  
Delora !

And the old man point-  
eth to Andrea Como with  
a finger of pride, while his  
mind smileth contempt  
on the great lord.

" Noble! that wood-born clown am I—  
Yon maiden owes me constancy ;  
My *heart* ploughs not the vassal earth,  
Proud as the mountains of my birth ;  
What if my hands should dress the vine,  
Or drive a herd of sheep or swine ?  
My soul might measure stars with thine !"  
Delora !

But Andrea Como an-  
swereth for himself and  
Nature.

It is a cunning cheat of pride  
To deign no answer when defied.  
To sneer he strove with lips all pale ;  
It fail'd him like a trick that's stale,  
And he departed haughtily,  
With train and station proud to see,  
And left us on our own green lea :  
Delora !

That night upon my sleep there came  
A dream of roaring, sense of flame,  
And springing from my couch, I found  
My cottage burning all around !  
Thro' the red smouldering door I burst,  
But suffocated with the gust,  
I fell among the smoking dust ;  
Delora !

Ere I could rise, upon me sprang  
Four armed men with iron clang !  
And one I grasp and crush his mail,  
Until his breath and being fail ;  
The others, after struggle long,  
Bind down my arms with many a thong,  
And swiftly hurry me along ;  
Delora !

*The Ballad of Delora ;*

They dragg'd me to the wild sea-shore,  
 Chok'd with hot dust and rage and gore,  
 And in a ship's dark hold I lay  
 Gasping and tossing night and day,  
 Till suffer'd on the deck to be,  
 I rose, and saw the wide, blear sea—  
 And groaning thought of thee—of thee,  
 Delora !

Andrea Como, raised  
 up from his dark en-  
 durance, gazeth across the  
 broad ocean in the morn-  
 ing twilight, as one to  
 whom a resurrection and  
 fresh life bringeth no  
 meeting with the single  
 object of his soul !

Day, night and day, 'twas ceaseless work,  
 Else they had toss'd me to the shark,  
 Or starv'd me. Ne'er my spirit strong  
 Had lent my body to this wrong,  
 But that a hope I treasur'd fond,  
 A will that ever could respond,  
 A deep, deep love, all words beyond :  
 Delora !

Arriv'd, they sold me for a slave !  
 I curs'd not, nor did idly rave,  
 But fainting at the burning oar,  
 Month after month my state I bore :  
 And when years pass'd, like endless seas,  
 My high-wrought heart scorn'd time's degrees,  
 Still sighing to each passing breeze,  
 Delora !

Pass, pass, felonious  
 Time ! — thou can'st not  
 rob this man's heart of  
 one feeling ; thou can'st  
 not change its flowers, or  
 dry up its roots ; neither  
 can'st thou dismantle the  
 watch-tower of his en-  
 during passion.

Five years,—and then my chains I burst,  
 And on the homeward wave was toss'd.  
 My swelling bosom yearn'd for wings,  
 My pulse was fancy's echoings ;  
 Each morning did my spirit leap  
 From its brief rest in feverish sleep,  
 And instant sped across the deep :  
 Delora !

Again upon the wild sea-shore  
 I stood. What fears my bosom tore !  
 The agonizing doubts of wrong  
 To my sweet love, I'd borne thus long,  
 Soon ended by some certainty !  
 I dar'd not think which it might be,  
 Deep bliss, or deep calamity !  
 Delora !

I sought their cottage near the wood :  
No cot was there ! Where it had stood,  
Weeds and the thorn-set bramble flowers,  
Faint glistening with the cold dew showers,  
Were wash'd anew by scalding tears,  
Bitter'd with gall distill'd from years !  
Vain grief—no more ! I sped me straight,  
Haughty from wretchedness so great,  
And tower'd before the tyrant's gate ;  
Delora !

Oh, grievous world ! Oh, truth and right !  
Integrity, where is thy might ?  
Riches and rank, titles and fear,  
Oppress our life—scoff at our bier !  
His vassals seiz'd me, beat me down,  
And chain'd me—chain'd me, flesh and bone !  
Oh, for the thews of Samson gone !  
But I ne'er felt my power was flown ;  
Delora !

Fainting with wounds, thought's sharper pangs,  
Darkness and thirst and hunger's fangs,  
They bore me to a ship, and soon  
The sea and sky, and sun and moon,  
Were all we saw, until again,  
With aching heart and aching brain,  
I was a slave, and wore a chain !  
Delora !

I curs'd not men or stars, but firm  
Bore the unutterable wrong. My arm  
Was oft uplifted in my dreams ;  
It fell—and chaos utter'd screams !  
But manhood quiet rul'd the day.  
Ere two years' patience held its sway,  
I fled, and dash'd my chain away ;  
Delora !

Again upon the wild sea-shore  
I stood : my full heart was all core,  
All passion, love and stern resolve.  
Let time spin on, let suns revolve,  
I change not. At the palace gates  
My boar-spear smote its iron plates :  
“ Tell him—Andrea Como waits ! ”  
Delora !

The Imagination of the strong and injured, bereft of its attendant faculties, wanders like some glorious demon into other worlds, peopling them with new forms of tyranny, in order to multiply the solemn crimes of denunciation, and exterminating blows. Not so the wakeful soul of true power, whose combined faculties have but a truthful singleness of aim.

## *The Ballad of Delana;*

The porter with a ghastly face,  
Went; then return'd with ponderous mace,  
And wall'd behind the loop-holed porch,  
Lower'd with a leering, hound-like crouch.  
Three days, unto that noble's shame,  
At sun-rise and at sun-set flame,  
I smote the gates, and said the same!  
Delora!

**"Tell him, Andrea Como waits!"** Certainly, as the sun riseth and setteth, the injured passion uplifteth its lofty Memnonian voice.

Then came some officers of law,  
With snake-like eyes and lanking jaw,  
And charg'd me to appear in court  
To answer crimes of fell import.  
Law spoke: I was condemned,—and cast  
For death; the noble's word had past;  
And in a jail they held me fast!  
Delora!

Oft I escap'd—as oft again  
In different provinces was ta'en ;  
Till free once more, swift, swift I fly  
To the green vales of Lombardy,  
When spent, half famish'd, wan, and gone,  
I sought one eve a cottage lone  
And saw my love ! my life ! my own  
Delora !

Our breathless cry, our gush of tears—  
Oh Love ! 'twas weakness that endears  
My present thought, if then 'twere shame  
To melt my manhood. Words now came,  
And we recounted all the past ;  
And though I flurr'd my sufferance vast,  
My breath grew short, thy tears flow'd fast,  
Delora !

When I was borne across the deep,  
The snake o'er innocence did creep  
And held Delora in his walls.  
But she fell sick amid his thralls,  
And constant madness feigned, until  
Watching a time, she fled his will,  
And with her father 'scaped from ill ;  
Delora !

**Beseeching her to taste  
of the gross and gaudy  
fruit of the tree of Ignorance.**

If it be madness to be constant in love, even to the last drop of life, wherein, then, consisteth the beauty of a sound intelligence?

To Naples straight ! I told my wrong  
In many a group and market throng,  
And at the palace gates I smote ;  
Till imps of state who fang by rote  
Seiz'd me : my crimes they gravely show ;  
" Oh ! " whined the crowd, " if it be so, " —  
Hole slinking worms ! — " why he must go ! "  
Delora !

My trial came : firm, I repell'd ;  
The proofs all fail'd — yet I was held !  
And in the end, by some foul fee,  
I was unshackl'd privately,  
And o'er the seas once more was sent,  
With spirit griev'd and heart deep rent ;  
Tho' never conquer'd, almost spent ;  
Delora !

Some error strange preserv'd my life,  
Another met the murderous knife :  
They wrote, " Andrea Como's gone ! "  
But in a dungeon I was thrown,  
And there in solid dark remain'd,  
Till darkness by sad light was grain'd —  
Like hell by purgatory stain'd :  
Delora !

What time this chasm, peopled with ill,  
I bore companion'd by my will,  
I know not : Oh, it tries the strength,  
When pain's account turns round from length ;  
Confounded, seeming without end,  
A tortur'd serpent's dizzy blend, —  
Like reckoning with a fiend as friend ;  
Delora !

And thus the mind, in  
its throes of agony, and  
far-reachings at relief,  
struggleth to measure and  
compound with Eternity.

It chanc'd an earthquake flaw'd the land,  
And shook my dungeon walls to sand.  
Bruis'd, I escaped ; the waves I cross'd,  
And twice was wreck'd, on land oft lost ;  
Detain'd by bandits, chas'd thro' woods  
By wolves and panthers ; hemm'd with floods ;  
Gaunt-fed on berries, roots, and buds ;  
Delora !

Again upon the wild sea-shore  
 We stood. *I* stood there. Ocean's roar  
 Was round me, e'en as Time's hath been,—  
 With not much more effect, I ween.  
 To Lombardy I soon had flown;  
 There found her sire—my love was gone!  
 I pants'd but for one inward groan;  
 Delora!

The triumph over exclusive calumny and injustice, uplifteth Andrea Como to a sense of majestification. But sufficiently great as a Man, he quickly recovereth his natural position.

To Naples straight! With lofty mien  
 Before the palace I was seen.  
 My boar spear smote upon the gates;  
 "Tell him—Andrea Como waits!"  
 I heard him on his couch of pain  
 Yell from his fortress in cracked strain,  
 "Blight him! and blast him! what, *again!*"  
 Delora!

At sun-down did I this renew,  
 But wary grown, ere dusk withdrew,  
 And hied me to my native hills.  
 Briefly I told my countless ills,  
 Then with some brothers of the woods,  
 Enough for all his vassal broods,  
 Return'd across the rocks and floods;  
 Delora!

At night we ranged before the walls:  
 A well-known voice with wildness calls!  
 She sees me from the turret high:  
 "Thou'rt sav'd, Delora!—hither fly!"  
 The gates we force, the warder seize,  
 She comes!—I hear her garment's breeze!  
 Folded in these fond arms!—in these?  
 Delora!

If this were bliss, t'were doubly so  
 To find the tyrant's lustful glow  
 Infirm disease had foil'd, since he  
 Had thus again oppress'd the free.  
 Oh, in my dungeon had I known  
 That he on palsied couch was thrown,  
 I had suppress'd each rising groan;  
 Delora!

I wedded her at sun-rise bright,  
And bore her in her garments white  
Straight to the palace: at the gates  
My strong spear smote upon the plates;—  
“Say thus—Andrea’s virgin bride  
Sends health to the great lord inside!”  
So we departed, side by side;  
Delora!

Infinite satisfaction. The greatness of feeling in Andrea Como takes away all sense of revenge. Even his contempt hath more of sport than bitterness.

With heart too full for festive glee,  
I bore her to fair Lombardy.  
Years had not chang’d thy seraph face,  
Years never can thy love erase;  
Years had not dimm’d thy lips, thine eyes—  
From the grey stone I sudden rise,  
And clasp my hands to vacant skies!  
Delora!

In Lombardy I ne’er had staid,  
And distant far had borne the maid,  
But that the noble late was gone  
To banishment, of titles shorn  
For misdemeanours ’gainst the state;  
Embezzlement of riches great,  
Pawning his pride for dross and slate;  
Delora!

Which causes Andrea Como to feel some pity for him.

A morn—nay, was it quite a day  
Before my Heaven pass’d away?  
Wandering one eve near a dim pile  
Whose moss-grown ruins seem’d to smile  
Pale answers to the sun’s farewell;  
We sat upon a grassy swell  
Some legend of the place to tell:  
Delora!

When soon my love rose up and sped  
To gather wild flowers for my head,  
As she was wont in sportive guise,  
While I look’d on, with grave, fond eyes.  
And now she vanish’d thro’ an arch  
Of that void pile—a ruin’d porch,  
Or gateway—eager in her search:  
Delora!

And long I sat in silence there  
 Amid the dim and silent air,  
 Till silence into wonder grew,  
 And vivid apprehensions flew  
 Athwart my brain! I rose the while,  
 And striving at such fear to smile,  
 Walk'd thro' the gateway of the pile :  
                   Delora !

I saw the dewy wild weeds weeping,  
 I saw the flowers in twilight sleeping,  
 I saw the green mounds and the walls  
 That form'd the courts and ruin'd halls ;  
 But all was void! Then hurriedly  
 My voice I rais'd and call'd for thee?  
 And hollow echo came to me!  
                   Delora !

*Like his own ghost :  
 an unnatural mockery  
 of himself.*

With hasty stride each turn I traced,  
 For some fresh woe my nerves I braced;  
 No flowers, or courts, or walls, or mound  
 I saw, nor heard I any sound  
 Beside her echoed name ; my brain,  
 Fill'd with her image e'en to pain,  
 Sought her—sought, sought—and sought in vain !  
                   Delora !

The rack-round night at length was gone ;  
 Hope found me in the vacant morn,  
 Still thro' the gusty pile pursuing  
 Its death-like courts and roofless ruin ;  
 Imploring—grasping—or standing on  
 The stony ribs of the skeleton ;  
 Till every crevice was explor'd,  
 Each weed-tuft known, each fragment scor'd,  
 To find my heart's sole hope and hoard ;  
                   Delora !

Now thro' the pile direct I cross  
 Tow'rd the south entrance ; with my loss  
 Still warring to out-bar despair :  
 The wide, blank common meets me there !  
 Oh ! thou cold sweep of land !—waste, wild,  
 Suffering speeds o'er thee—thou art fill'd—  
 Thy dews are desolate hearts distill'd ;  
                   Delora !

*Uplifting and descend-  
 ing in their misty sheets  
 between earth & heaven,  
 till finally absorbed.*

*Or, the Passion of Andrea Coma.*

147

Oft would I mount by shatter'd stair  
The battlements ; and station'd there,  
Eye all the fields and woods around,  
And note each spot, each shade of ground.  
Thus days and nights, clouds, star-beams sped,  
Till spent in frame down sank my head,  
As one among the quiet dead ;  
Delora !

When that my fever was allay'd,  
I rose as gaunt as any shade  
And cross'd unto the far off strand.  
The exil'd lord ne'er reach'd that land !  
His ship was lost upon the main.  
I rov'd the world—and rov'd in vain !  
And to this spot return'd again ;  
Delora !

Years roll'd away—and years may roll,  
But seated on the green-sward knoll,  
Fronting the archway where I last  
Beheld Delora's form, I cast  
Mine eyes for ever on the place  
For ever vacant—hoping space  
Would render up to my embrace,  
Delora !

Ever, for ever, awaiteth  
he the same.

And still I gaze, and hope to see  
Her form appear, and fly to me !  
She lov'd me fondly ;—with that thought  
Brief bliss, long agony, are bought !  
Oh ! from thy dark, uncertain doom,  
Once issue ere I seek the tomb,  
Or call me—and I come ! I come !  
Delora !

He wisheth to die, but  
only at her call ; that so  
he may die into impas-  
sioned Life.

Peasants and travellers oft pass'd,  
And looks of fear and pity cast :  
I scarcely noted they were near,—  
My rapt soul glows, but dwells not here ;  
Therefore they said that I was mad,  
For years to sit thus gaunt and sad ;  
But I most passion'd reason had ;  
Delora !

*The Ballad of Delora :*

Delora, spirit of my heart !  
 Delora, we can never part !  
 I see thy form ! angelic bare  
 Thou float'st amid thine auburn hair !  
 Delora, templed shrine of bliss—  
 Thou fad'st without one clasping kiss,  
 And maddening space takes this, and this !  
 Delora !

Oh, man of ease ! Oh, moderate fool !  
 Stunted with dulness, fed by rule,  
 Carping at passion with a whine,  
 How dar'st thou limit God's design ?  
 The self-pois'd sun, the changeless sea,  
 Emblem'd the elements in me ;  
 But I was as a child with thee,  
 Delora !

Now I am old, haggard and poor,  
 Delora ; now doth winter frore,  
 Knot up my joints : the wild wind whistles  
 Thro' my coarse hair, and thro' the thistles  
 That on the battlement forlorn,  
 Nod like the shades of warriors gone,  
 In haze of twilight, even and morn ;  
 Delora !

The wild goat cries i' the ruin'd hall ;  
 The fiend-faced wolf looks thro' the wall ;  
 The hoarse rooks sail, and war and wail,  
 O'er the cleft towers, till evening pale ;  
 The goblin owl leaves her ivy old,  
 There to hoot in moonshine cold ;  
 While dim glides by Oblivion vast,—  
 Wan image of the spectral past !  
 But ne'er one look on me he cast ;  
 Delora !

The King over time and nature, and all that exist in them, except those things which pass upward from man to God. And yet Oblivion gazeth not upon Andreas Gama, knowing him for one who will defy his power unto the last possible limit of mortality, and beyond also, with the full scope of his immortal soul.

In the tenth year of this my state,  
 This vigil against Time and Fate !  
 There pass'd one eve an aged lord,  
 Roving alone by conscience gor'd.  
 Instant I knew him !—fain he would  
 Move by, but quick as mounting blood  
 Toweringly before him stood !  
 Delora !

As when a murderer sees the ghost  
Of one thro' life he'd injured most,  
After long years rise in his path,  
Dilated with immortal wrath !  
So look'd he ; and his jewel'd sword  
Hung like a by-word ! Thus o'eraw'd,  
He rock'd, tho' rooted to the sward !  
Delora !

And like an Atteral  
spirit, Andrea Como con-  
fronteth his arch-enemy.

" Lo ! I, the man who smote thy gates,  
Still live !—Andrea Como waits !  
Not twice ten years of wrongs and pains  
Have wrought my fall : Shame eat thy chains !  
As dust that fell from *me* ; and now  
We two grey men must titles show !  
Hark !—Retribution !—I, or thou !"  
Delora !

Aghast, he reel'd ; yet feigning proud,  
With dubious accent cried aloud,—  
" I stole her not—poor wretch forbear !"  
I seized the poor wretch by the hair,  
And to a torrent's dizzy verge  
With many a gasp and wrench did urge,  
And held him o'er the boiling surge !  
Delora !

" Thou worm at Nature's footstool !—thou  
Unworthy shape of man !—what blow  
Can quit *my* wrongs ?"—I loos'd his form,  
And shook the grey hairs from my palm :  
" Tho' through the cataract's raging crown  
My hand could swing thee howling down,  
Go—pardon'd by the wood-born clown !"  
Delora !

Yes, my deep injuries, sustain'd  
From youth to age—life wasted, waned—  
Mortal revenge could never quit ;  
Poor—feminine—inadequate.  
Placed 'neath my heel, this lord had borne  
My soul's immeasurable scorn,  
Which too much honoured such a pawn ;  
Delora !

The " feigned pride"  
of convention (no less than  
the real pride) had given  
in vain to imitate and  
compete with Nature.  
But was it not conscience  
that spoke out inversely,  
when he cried—he had  
stolen her not ?

The years roll on, and still I yearn  
 Beyond the grave tow'rd's passion's bourne ;  
 And still my form upon the mound  
 Fronting the archway's wreck is found.  
 Green is this bank as when my bride  
 Was seated on it by my side ;  
 While I—while thou !— —  
 Delora !

Full well I know, amid that pile  
 Are caverns reaching many a mile ;  
 And thus, sometimes I doubting deem  
 My love was stolen ; yet such dream  
 Of her removal and her death  
 By that lord lecher's withering breath,  
 I quick discard,—my pride beneath :  
 Delora !

In the simplicity of his  
 own nature, he doubteth  
 how an exile should work  
 such deep treachery from  
 across the sea.

For then it would prove  
 his constant vigil to be all  
 in vain.

And yet, a passing wish at times  
 To know she's dead my fix'd will climbs,  
 And draws it down from passion great,  
 I' the weakness of this mortal state,  
 Unto the deep desire of peace ;  
 To gush out all—and die, and cease—  
 And find with thee a bless'd release,  
 Delora !

And oh ! I oft, as martyr faint  
 With torment, hath denied his Saint,  
 Have question'd whether manhood high  
 Against all hope should lingering die  
 For any sweet and trancy flower ?  
 But thou from destiny had'st dower  
 To win my soul, absorb my power ;  
 Delora !

And thus again I ever turn  
 To hug my pang-fed sufferance stern ;  
 Yet, though my being ne'er can cower  
 It cannot ward the wasting hour :  
 Identity, half changed with age,  
 Is passing like a finish'd page,—  
 Yet still I grasp my palsied gage ;  
 Delora !

Sometimes, forgetful of my strength,  
My fortitude's eternal length,  
I whirl my clench'd hand in the air  
And threaten with a deadly glare ;  
Between my teeth fierce whispers thrill,  
" Beware of him who can, and will ! "  
Oh God ! Oh Nature ! nerve me still :  
Delora !

At an ideal unity, the feeling having become a generalized abstraction by its prolonged intensity. Perhaps at the sun, wishing it could stand fixed as on Gideon, for that he felt old age overcoming him.

And thus alone through crawling years,  
Clogg'd with my groans and slow, parch'd tears ;  
While aye the press without hath been,  
Driven to the unconquer'd power *within* ;  
I seem to have risen o'er my state,  
O'er time, and o'er myself of late ;  
Mix'd with the elements of fate !  
Delora !

Creep on, poor many-jointed worms: ye shall not draw your film over this passion, nor feed upon its deep vitality of ever-verdant truth.

Great, concentrated, high-wrought, pure,  
Intense, impassion'd, will to endure,  
Power over solitude, strong as forlorn !  
Old watcher of the waking morn,  
As a grey father doth his child ;  
Let elements be mix'd and piled,  
We move not, be they calm or wild ;  
Delora !

Oh, passion'd will ! and can I say  
Love rules alone this dull, cold clay ?  
Once glow'd it like Elysium's morn,  
Ages of bliss each moment born !  
My heart's core now hath lost its fire,  
Hopeless, I yearn with deep desire  
To see once more—fold, bless, expire !  
Delora !

The continuity of his will hath placed itself beyond all self-reprieve. It hath become the slave of its own excessive action. Fain would he die, but not without some attainment of his object, be it only the shadow of attainment.

Time still creeps on ; and still the same,  
I feed and hold my hovering flame :  
In darkness oft, or mute star-light,  
I sit and listen all the night  
To the far roaring of the sea,—  
Like slumbering Eternity ;  
While dead trees sigh, and whisper me,  
Delora !

What state is mine! How have I risen  
 By love's despair!—what vastness given,  
 Since, like a fix'd petrific tomb,  
 I bore my epitaph o'er doom!  
 My mind now roves thro' many a shore,  
 With powers it never knew before;  
 Thoughts, shapes, and actions, in degree  
 Tremendous—Titan-like—and free—  
 Passion-created imagery!  
 Delora!

But visions now too thick throng in,  
 And Time and Solitude must win,  
 And mould the long-resisting one.  
 Therefore, ere with wild dreams o'er-run,  
 These records will I leave behind,  
 Like love's last sighs pour'd on the wind,—  
 A cold, cold world is all they'll find;  
 Delora!

My life beyond all natural length  
 Holds out, tho' destitute of strength:  
 So stiff my limbs, my pulse so low,  
 I'm like the Image of my woe!  
 I feel my blood hath ebb'd away,  
 And moveless sit, from day to day,  
 A statue conscious of its clay!  
 Delora!

I heard a voice i' the air last night,  
 When the hoarse fog hung smoky white—  
 "Image of Passion!—love, grief, will,  
 But man no more; time shall not fill  
 Thy measure, till Earth change to Sky!"  
 And as the accents echoing die,  
 Voices in myriads seem to sigh,—  
 Delora!

Cold are the winds on northern lea;  
 Cold is the winter o'er the sea:  
 Howl, winds! gripe, winter! shatter, wave!  
 Mankind, do all!—behold this Grave!  
 Seasons roll on, as morn on morn;  
 So eges pass: oh, world forlorn!  
 The dead smile pity at thy scorn.  
 Time, ever childless and heart-bare,  
 Begins to mourn, and crave an heir.  
 Andrea Como sleeps—sleeps where?  
 Delora!

The self-sustaining strength whereby he bore himself above the power of these great influences, hath failed at last. His imagination is filled and wrought up beyond his nature to endure. His unroofed mind hath let in all comers, and insanity hath just grasped old age by his white hair. Whereof the strong man is conscious, and prepares.

Even Time sorroweth o'er the grave of one whom he had almost thought destined to survive him, and that he himself at last should rest. But Andrea Como sleeps with Delora in celestial passion, beyond the Father of Years.

# COMMERCIAL FREEDOM

It is no longer a very rare occurrence to hear the advantages of "Free Trade" admitted in principle. Considered as an abstract theory, people are not unfrequently ready to perceive its correctness, and even to listen with courteous patience to what they consider as dreamy speculations of possible things. They are able to recognise the earth as one great whole, every part of which may give according to its capabilities, and receive according to its wants; and taking into account the daily increasing facilities of communication, they can imagine that every country, however unfavoured by nature, may be rendered a fit and pleasant abode for man; and, however sterile, may yield some species of wealth to the rest. Dr Arnott, in his 'Elements of Physics,' has pleased himself with a speculation of this kind, and in allotting to each portion of the world its appropriate exchangeable commodity, he has supposed that Iceland, in return for all the comforts of life with which, under such an arrangement, she must be supplied from without, may export her gases and vapours, generated by her burning mountain and her hot springs, as ready-made 'power,' to work the machinery which will be in constantly increasing demand?

Free Trade has a much smaller circle of advocates when it is considered as of practical application to individual states at the present time. As long as restrictive and protective systems are adopted by the majority of countries, perhaps by any extensive country—people are apt to conclude that these systems must, in self-defence, be adopted by all. It requires an accurate knowledge of the real wealth of nations, the natural course of demand and supply, and a true theory of exchange, in order to understand why the above conclusion must be unsound.

A highly interesting 'Report on the Commerce and Manufactures of Switzerland' has been recently drawn up by Dr Bowring, and presented, by order of the King, to both Houses of Parliament. It is calculated to throw much light on this important question. No nation can be naturally more unfavourably circumstanced in relation to commerce than Switzerland, surrounded as it is by lofty mountains, and destitute of sea-boats or great navigable rivers. Yet the Swiss are prospering on a course of trade, totally unfettered by restrictions on the commodities of foreign countries, or by legislative protection (as the officers of the Preventive service, echoing the Minister for the Home Department, are pleased to term it), to

these of their own. Their wise and enlightened policy is crowned with complete success, on the simple principle of *Cheap Production*, the consequence of leaving industry to itself! Their governments are unexpensive; their taxes light; all articles of consumption cheap, because the goods of the whole world are freely admitted; the wages of labour are low, because the articles of consumption are low; their manufactures produced at a low rate never fail to find a market; if excluded from one country they find their way into another; by fair means or foul, people will have them, simply because they are cheap.

"Two millions of men," says Dr Bowring, "have made, under every disadvantage, the experiment of free trade as a system. Its incontrovertible results must, I am sure, silence the doubts and remove the difficulties of the honest and disinterested inquirer. One element only is wanting to make Switzerland the most prosperous of manufacturing nations. Capital is rapidly increasing by the action of unrestricted, unfettered, unprotected industry. Intelligence is widely spreading—intelligence, the consequence of universal popular instruction.\* Activity is every where visible, alike in the trading and the agricultural districts. National debt there is none in many of the cantons; and some of them indeed nearly discharge the expenses of their government out of the interest of that capital which has been accumulated from the surplus revenues of many years. Wages are comparatively low in many of the departments of industry, the necessary result of the general cheapness of most of the articles of consumption—a cheapness which is again the cause and consequence of the free egress and ingress of all commodities. The land is for the most part released from tithes and taxes, and the people subject to very trifling fiscal burdens. But Switzerland is far away from all the great outlets of trade. The cotton she manufactures has to be conveyed many hundreds of miles from the Mediterranean, and even a greater distance from the Atlantic Ocean. Her silks she imports from Italy and France, and her wool from Germany. When her produce seeks a market in a foreign land, it is exposed to the risks, and delays, and charges of the same tardy, difficult, and expensive transit. It must find its way over the Jura or the Alpine mountains; be conveyed down the irriguous rivers or on the inland lakes; yet, spite of all impediments, the manufactured products of Switzerland are found in all the great markets of the universe; and the reason is simple, but obvious,—Industry has been left to itself. Wealth has not been diverted by legislative interference from its own natural tendencies. There has been no foolish struggle encouraged by the government between the protected monopoly of the few and the unprotected interests of the many. The consumer has been allowed to go

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\* I went over the prison of Berne, in which were 320 convicts, men and women. Among them 315 were able to read printed books, and only between 40 and 50 were unable to write, most of whom were strangers. These were being instructed. In the penitentiaries of Lausanne and Geneva there was not a single prisoner who had not been taught to read and write. I refer to the prisons as exhibiting the state of education among the very worst and most ignorant parts of the community.

to the cheapest market, the producer to the dearest ; and the present position and prospects of Swiss industry, studied in the facts and the details of its increase, will have some influence perhaps with those to whom free-trade theories are repulsive or hateful."—*Report on the Commerce and Manufactures of Switzerland*, p. 3.

This unrestricted freedom has not been maintained without some struggles and some opposition. In 1820 the Diet actually adopted a "protecting" system by way of reprisal on the prohibitory measures of the French Government, but it only existed a few months. Dr Bowring states, that on no subject whatever did he find public opinion in Switzerland so nearly unanimous as on that of the expediency of free trade ; and it must be remembered that in the manufacturing Cantons, which are generally the most democratic, the legislature is chiefly composed of manufacturers, and the elective franchise is as nearly as possible universal. The men, therefore, who maintain the system, have a direct interest in its results. They cannot be called theorists ; they are practical men in the strictest sense of trade.

It is true that particular districts of the country, and particular branches of trade, are temporarily affected by changes in the commercial regulations of other states. The Prussian League occasioned some alarm, but experience has proved that its effects will not be pernicious. If the exports to Germany are less extensive, in consequence of the impediments thus thrown in the way, the exports to other nations are proportionately increased. "Switzerland has, in fact, triumphed in her competition with Germany to the whole extent to which the Prussian League has raised the price of labour, of produce, or manufactures." That is to say, Switzerland has the advantage in proportion as her cheap labour enables her to produce at a cheaper rate than other countries, where restrictions on foreign commerce raise the wages of labour, and, consequently, the prices of every thing it produces. And these advantages are multiplied by every new impost and restriction established by other countries. Hence, the view of the case taken by Dr Bowring is sound in principle, and we have no doubt fully justified in practice. The temporary inconveniences that Switzerland must suffer, are greatly diminished in number by the facility with which, under its free system, capital and labour can be transferred from one kind of production to another.

In December 1833, the Swiss Confederation appointed a committee to inquire into the foreign commercial relations of Switzerland. Their Report embodies the most enlightened views on the subject, and the following are a few of the resolutions with which it concludes:—

" I. The Swiss Confederation shall irrevocably adhere to its established system of free trade and manufacture.

" II. Under no circumstances, and no conditions, shall it form a part of the French custom-house system, of the Prussian Commercial League, or the custom-house line of any foreign nation.

" III. It shall use every effort for the establishment and extension of the principles of free trade.

\* \* \* \* \*

" VII. In the interior of Switzerland it shall make every exertion to assist industry, and to remove impediments to intercourse, taking care, however, that it do not interfere with the personal concerns of merchants or manufacturers."—*See Report*, p. 10.

We feel, after reading such resolutions as these, that the committee show no more than a just appreciation of what is due to their country when they add,—

" To the honour of Switzerland it will be, that she gave a high example of wisdom in the adoption, and of perseverance in the support, of a liberal commercial policy."—*See Report*, p. 10.

By what right are the laws, when assumed to be made for the many, rendered mischievous in other countries? By what right do statesmen set a limit to the wages of the labourer's industry by forbidding the interchange of his productions with the labourers of other countries? Is the very sweat of a poor man's brow to be subject to an embargo, and his family put on a short allowance of comforts, in proportion to the short-sightedness of niggardly or selfish theorists? Can our clumsy diplomatists and political economists be surprised at the popular demand of Universal Suffrage, in order that industry may quickly get something more than elbow-room for its fast-increasing mechanical strength, and general knowledge?

It is most important, in tracing the influence of any system of policy on the well-being of a nation, to investigate the condition of its labouring population. Dr Bowring's description is highly favourable:—

" For the last twenty years the small natural resources, the labour, and the capital of Switzerland, have been left to their spontaneous, unrestrained, unforced development. I doubt whether any country has made the same comparative progress in prosperity; I certainly am acquainted with none in which that prosperity has descended so low, and spread so widely, as among the laborious classes in the Swiss manufacturing districts. I was surprised to find what large proportions of them had, by their savings, acquired landed property; how many of them dwelt in houses and cultivated fields and gardens, which their labour had made their own. In the mountains of the Jura and Appenzell, along the borders of the lakes of Zurich and Constance, every where, indeed, where the operatives are settled, I found in their habitations a mass of enjoyments, such as are possessed by few of similar station in other countries."—*See Report*, p. 6.

This description is subsequently corroborated by the statement that the general consumption throughout Switzerland is considerably greater, in proportion to its population, than that of any other European country ! A calculation of the proportional quantity of animal food consumed daily in Geneva, gives rather more than double the quantity consumed in Paris, an average of eight years being taken. Thus, 3.3 ounces per individual daily, is the computation for Paris, and 6.65 for Geneva ; and the proportional consumption of wine in Geneva is double that of Paris. (*See Report*, p. 99). Another estimate of the condition of the population may be derived from the universality of education. We may refer, as a fair specimen of the whole, to the Education Report of the Canton of Thurgovia for 1834. This document shows that one-fifth of the whole population of that canton is enrolled in the elementary schools. A note by Dr Bowring exhibits a lamentable contrast in the condition of Ireland, where, in 1821, the number of children in the schools was only one in seventeen of the entire population.

These are the natural fruits of a system of commercial freedom. Amongst the numerous evils that attend an opposite, or restrictive system, we must never forget the demoralizing effect of smuggling (demoralizing because practised in defiance of the laws, and thus believed to be in itself, and apart from consequences, a serious crime) which is the necessary result of that opposite system. Nothing can be a stronger proof that it is quite impossible to destroy the contraband trade so long as there is a Preventive service to act as a Creative, than the following statistical account of smuggling on the French frontier, for which we refer to Dr Bowring's report as our authority.

The regular charge for smuggling through the three lines of French Custom-houses, is from 25 to 30 per cent. The risk is not very great, and violence is not common of late years, as the art is rather to evade than to overpower the custom-house officers. It is no longer safe to bribe them, in consequence of strict regulations recently adopted ; but smuggling does not decrease in the least degree. In one district, Dr Bowring was informed there was not a single inhabitant who was not *either* a smuggler or a Custom-house officer ! The choice was, no doubt, a matter of accident. The active smugglers receive six francs a night, and their food. They are under the management of the *entrepreneur*, as he is called, who is responsible for the value of the property his subordinates are conveying to its destination. If the property be seized, the men get no pay, and have to suffer the personal punishment allotted by the law as their share of the bad luck. They carry on their profession

in bands of ten, or twenty, or more, and are always preceded by an *eclaireur*, who warns them of danger by whistling, or some other sign. They are very popular among the peasantry, who honour them for their courage and daring, and for the service they render to the community. It seems that juries are seldom ready to convict them, and that they constantly escape under favour of legal flaws and technicalities. Public opinion is with them, and witnesses are unwilling to appear against them. The number of captures, however, is very inconsiderable. The Custom-house officers are posted in bodies of from six to twenty in the narrow passes of the mountains, or the outskirts of the forests, but they do not venture into the thickest parts of them; and as the smugglers choose the darkest nights and know the most hidden paths, they can generally elude observation. They seem to lead a life of pleasant activity.

The whole of that expensive and elaborate machinery connected with Custom-house "protection," &c., is avoided by an unrestricted system of trade. Any argument in favour of commercial freedom must be incomplete, which does not include this important consideration. The Swiss appear to be perfectly aware of it, and no wonder they should dread it. They have no doubt heard, with more wonder than admiration, of our extensive architecture, our huge civic edifices and countless structures along the coast, and floating on the sea; of our great commissioners and collectors, with their deputies: our clerks, writers, weighers, porters, not to mention the officers and men of the Blockade service, with their current expenses at home and abroad; and all this to establish one vast PREVENTIVE to the fair and free exchange of the wealth of nations; thus most successfully blockading the very substance of industry, and sickening its energy of spirit. We have thus an annual expense, without including house and ship-building and repairing, of nearly a million and a half, Ireland included, in order to collect an annual imposition of 18,000,000*l.*, which constitutes, if we apply the same principle to our own country as that now working so advantageously in Switzerland,—a *cheque* drawn upon the real wealth and prosperity of England and Ireland, to the amount of nineteen millions and a half, exclusive of building, repairing, and sundries. This is directly only; the amount indirectly is beyond calculation. It may be said that the principle adopted in Switzerland cannot be applied to England with its National Debt and Expensive Government? To enter into this complicated question would occupy too much space at present. Meantime, all we contend for is the admission of the general principle, leaving its practical development for a future consideration.

Z. Q.

## A DAY IN THE WOODS.

A Connected Series of Tales and Poems.

By Thomas Miller, Basket-maker. 1 vol. *Smith and Elder.* 1836.

AMONG the various indications of the spirit of the age and the march of general improvement, the publication of such a volume as this ought not to be accounted the least. Already have we been presented with philosophical disquisitions, with various statistics of industry, both in relation to our own country and to foreign parts; and with poetry full of truthful description and of strong and elevated feeling; and all this from self-taught men born and bred in the humblest stations of life, and pursuing the humblest occupations for the maintenance of themselves and families. Thomas Miller, *Basket-maker*—a title of more consequence to society than many we could name, from the *Esquire* or the *Groom of the Stole*, upwards—has recently produced a book which entitles him to an honourable place among the meritorious “order” of the large and rising class to which we have alluded.

There is dignity as well as simplicity in his own way of putting his case, not unmixed also with one or two quiet and pleasing touches of humour. We quote from the preface:—

“The author, be it remembered, has

‘Left no calling for this idle trade,’

at which he can feel any regret, for that trade left him (although no bungler at his craft,) in circumstances so low that it can never find him again in worse condition. The Basket-maker in the old fable, when landed upon an unknown island, met with savages who erected him a hut for shelter, and supplied him with food for his labour; but the author found it difficult to procure either among the chiefs of his native land, although he had the curse of song to add to his labours, a misery, not mentioned among the miseries of his predecessors.

“That the world is overstocked with authors is not to be disputed; but it is equally true that it is too full of basket-makers! Which path shall the author pursue?”

‘Oh! how happy could he be with either,’

if he were but fully employed. Let those who object to literature point out some other path that leads not to the jaws of want and wretchedness, and he will follow it. Poverty and the world’s contumely have been the lot of many, compared with whom the author is as a rough pebble to the polished gem: what then can he hope for, when the hand-writing that records the doom of so many favourites of Fame, is deeply engraven upon the walls of her temple?”—*Preface*, p. 10.

If anything could excite the world to sympathise with the distresses of genius and talent in all their gradations, appeals of

this kind would surely be effective. And the world *does* sympathise with such sufferings, but never to any *practical* purpose; partly because there is no unity of design among those who are keenly alive to the fact, but also because there is an innate general feeling that genius is of so ethereal an essence that it is not amenable to corporeal conditions. This may be some palliation of the world's inhumanity to all its greatest benefactors hitherto; it ought, however, to be brought home to the public mind that the *man* may starve though his soul be filled with lasting riches. We know that merit almost always finds its level eventually; but how can he who has nothing, afford to *wait*, even were he sure of everything? We have striven in a work published some few years since, to give a full "exposition" of the causes of these lamentable circumstances of delay, and to propose to the dreamy world such a unity of purpose as would prove a sufficient remedy; but as yet the "great baby" has not been awakened.

'A Day in the Woods' is capable of communicating widely varying suggestions. We have known those whom it inspired with nothing but thoughts of a pic-nic, or a tea party in the shade; others who, recollecting the rabbits and the squirrels that harbour there, sallied forth with dog and gun, on murderous thoughts intent; and we once met with an instance where the destructive propensity extended itself to recollections of fierce war in good earnest, and a precious half-hour of life was wasted in listening to an explanation of the plan on which one tree after another might be made a point of attack and defence. Our author's associations with the woods are none of these, but of the true poetic and religious cast. Power and grandeur are enthroned in the deep gloom of far-stretching forests, but images of peace and beauty should pervade the woods. Something, too, of melancholy will mingle with the calm; and above all, the silence will make itself felt. This impression is evidently deeply experienced by our author:—

"Silence," he says, "is ever seated on her invisible throne in the deep bosom of the mute woods, and the far extending 'hist' of the low voiced leaves tells by their smothered rustling, where stillness reigns; every breath that creeps, shadow-like, along the overhanging foliage, sinks through the green gloom, and makes the quietness more profound. There is no tranquillity like that which settles upon the solitary forest; the tops of lonely hills are peaceful when they lie far away from town or hamlet, but in the curtained depths of dim glens where no sky is visible, and no outstretched landscape catches the wandering eye, there alone dwells the pure serenity of repose."—p. 1.

Equally well does he convey an idea of *freshness*, without which all description of the woods must be timber-fingered. There is always joined to that green, soft light which comes strug-

gling through the quivering leaves, a peculiar but scarcely perceptible scent of an aromatic and refreshing kind, which seems to give elasticity to the limbs and freedom to the lungs; this impression he embodies very perfectly. Nor has he failed to appreciate the fitness of music to respond to the silence, as his quotation of Spenser's exquisite lines will shew:—

“ The joyous birds shrouded in cheerful shade,  
 Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet;  
 Th' angelical soft trembling voices made  
 To th' instruments divine respondence meet;  
 The silver sounding instruments did meet  
 With the bass murmur of the water's fall;  
 The water's fall with difference discreet,  
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;  
 The gentle-warbling wind low answered to all.”

*The Faerie Queen.*

It will seem strange enough that we should select from a volume about the woods, a tale about a *fire*, but it is so well worked up that our readers will forget the anomaly as they proceed:—

“ Few, I deem, can altogether forget the secret pleasure which they have felt in childhood, when gazing fancifully in the fire, where they have so often seen wild countries, and strange animals, horrid mines and yawning caverns, precipitous steeps and pointed crags,—all that has ever been portrayed in romance, or produced by the wonderful vagaries of sleep, has there been visible; and last night, as I sat in the dim fire-light, watching its half-pleasing, half-terrible darkened gleams faintly reddening the pale walls, the same objects that had so often struck me when a child, again appeared. The fire had burnt hollow, and a part glowed with that cheerful ruddy red which follows the exhausted blaze; while on one side, and in various points, rested masses of white ash, or slate faintly whitening and giving up its colour, with flakes of many hues, some waving upon the bars, and others quivering in the glow. Above was a black canopy of coal that kept alternately smoking and bubbling, according to the motion of its gas. I had never seen a finer fire to build upon, nor such a country as it represented: such vast black woods, eternally dark with the unbroken gloom of their own foliage,—inaccessible peaks and narrow passes,—ruined castles standing upon frightful heights; and drooping banners which time had nearly worn away. O! it looked as silent and desolate! like a world beneath a world; while midway was a hideous black sky, through which a red, fearful, comet-like sun had rushed, and shone fiercely down upon the horrible ruins. A fair arm lifted up the poker—“Not for the world,” said I, “my dear—touch it not!”—and I caught her hand while she gazed in silent wonder; “I would not have that fire disturbed for half the world.” That poker seemed like a lever large enough to shift a creation like mine. To see it thrust in through mountain and valley! “No! my dear,” said I, “a pin would throw down that old grey fortress, which stands upon the shelving rock, and a breath would blow away that mouldering ban-

ner, which hath already dropped, bit by bit, into the deep chasm below. That bottom so far down is whitened over with age. It must have been a quarry! O what monstrous blocks have been hewn from its sides! Even that one partly rent appears large enough to form an Egyptian pyramid; and they who laboured to form those enormous masses could never ascend from its depths, but have there died, and those are their bones which lie blanched in the untrodden deep. Thousands of years have rolled away since anything of life moved in that dead valley!—even the walls that are now lessening and decaying, or sinking frightfully lower, seem as if they were dying. How horrible looks that pass! The light that gleams through those fiery crags shines awfully along the dusky heights! There are tents upon the mountain, but they look old and quaintly made; while on the peak above stands a hoary castle; but from the rents through its crumbling walls, we know that the besieged and the besiegers have ages since become a portion of the earth. Lower descends that darkening mountain, and the whole country is thrown into shadow; it looks as if night in solid blackness was falling upon the world. The flames ascend anew, the sky has broken from its fastenings, and all is gone.”—p. 47.

The book is not all description. A story which contains many touches of fine and delicate feeling, runs throughout it. It must be read, not in extract, but continuously, to receive its due measure of appreciation. From the elegant manner in which the publishers have produced it, and far more from its varied and pleasing contents, we should recommend it as a Christmas present to young people, whose hearts no less than minds would be improved and enlightened by the perusal.

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### THE BOOK OF THE NEW MORAL WORLD.

This is the first of a series in which Mr Owen means to develop all his theories. The present volume contains an explanation of the constitution of Human Nature. It is written with an excellent precision of arrangement and clearness of style, and a simplicity and earnestness of faith truly winning.

The following is the scope of the work, as stated in the Introduction:—‘The first part contains an explanation of the constitution of Human Nature and the Moral Science of Man, in order that a solid foundation may be laid at the commencement. In the succeeding part of this book the conditions requisite to insure the happiness of man will be stated, with the reason for each condition. Having considered what individual man is by nature, and what is necessary to the happiness of a being so constituted, an explanation will be given of the arrangements which are necessary for his social condition, which will lead to the consider-

ation of the best mode to *Produce and Distribute Wealth*,—to *form the character*, and to govern men in the aggregate, so as to insure their happiness. The Religion and Morals of the New World will there be explained, and their superiority shown over the mysteries and inconsistencies of the religions and morals of the Old World. The principles on which to found a rational government for mankind will next follow, with its laws, the reasons for each law, and the consequences of such a government to the population of the world. To these will succeed an explanation of the practical arrangements by which all the conditions requisite to happiness may be obtained for, and permanently ensured to, the human race; together with the mode of effecting the change from the Old to the New World.' We may well pause here to ejaculate 'would it were come!'

Considering the many startling features in Mr Owen's view of Society, and the corresponding prejudices and apprehensions this *soi-disant* 'old friend' with so very new a face excites in the general world, especially when Mr Owen does not hesitate to argue that the said 'old friend' has actually been nothing better than the 'Old Enemy' of the human race; it can be no matter of wonder that this book should have received little notice from the press; and that little, a shout of derision or a flourish of bludgeons. To all this the indefatigable philanthropist, no doubt, exclaims with Lear,—'Pour on! I will endure.' It is highly gratifying to perceive the evident advance of liberality of mind and feeling in the community, in the fact of certain exceptions even in the newspaper press,—a newspaper being more than all other organs expressly addressed to the mixed mass of mankind. We will extract a few remarks from a criticism that appeared in the *New Weekly Messenger*, in illustration of one of these exceptions:—

"To call Robert Owen 'a visionary,' 'an enthusiast,' is only to take a part in the stupid chorus of the think-nothing and do-nothing grubs of the Metropolitan and Provincial Press; and therefore, so we will not call him, although we may not have the honour of being 'Owenites.' We, in common with all unprejudiced men, most sincerely respect the benevolent liberality and arduous perseverance, the capacity, the intrepidity, with which Mr Owen has, through evil report and good, pursued 'the even tenor of his way' in the devoting of his life and large fortune towards forwarding the progression of what he, at least, believes to be the possible Perfectability of the Terrestrial Condition of the Human Race. As man, he has diligently laboured for us as men; and whether we, in our individual judgments, consider him to be or right or wrong, in thought or in action, as men we ought honourably to pay tribute to the wisdom and nobleness of his intentions, whatever we may do to what we may consider to be their conventional tendency."

As Mr Owen must be very anxious to have his System

brought into public examination, he must be delighted at these liberal manifestations, of however small a portion, of the newspaper press. The same paper thus concludes :—

“And all this is to be ‘brought about’ in a few years! Well; it is, perhaps, a law in nature that a great Propounder should be sanguine as to the practicability of the speedy realization of his Proposals. He could not ‘persever’ else.

“We have carefully and studiously perused and meditated upon Mr Owen’s book; and many are the passages which we had marked for extract and argument: our space, however, fails us; and we must refer our readers to the work itself for the only satisfactory notion that can be obtainable of the much-talked-of system of Mr Owen. That work, even our rich and idle readers may both fearlessly undertake the task of perusing; for Mr Owen, in his dedication aforesaid, declares that, under his system, ‘neither will it be necessary to disturb private property, as now existing; or to require any labour from those who have not been trained to employment.’ Not the least of the recommendations, as those readers will but too readily confess, of a system which, according at all events to its author, ‘will be found, on full examination by competent minds, to be the least visionary and the most easy of practice of all the systems which have been proposed, in ancient or modern times, to improve the character and to ensure the happiness of the human race.’”

“We cannot allow Mr Owen credit for all the originality to which he lays claim; for, although legislatures and the common mind do not found their laws and opinions upon his theory of human nature, yet in all ages there have been philosophers who have maintained portions of it. We take, as an example of undue arrogation of originality, the following passage:—“It is for acts of the will that men are punished or rewarded by men, because they have hitherto imagined that the will was formed by the voluntary impulse of the individual; and they never suspected that it was as much created for, and independent of him as any part of his physical frame or mental faculties.”—p. 10. Writers without number, long before Mr Owen, have distinctly acknowledged that organization and circumstances formed the character. But he who popularizes any truth accomplishes a useful work as well as he who discovers it; and Mr Owen’s exertions have shed the light of intelligence and happiness upon hundreds and thousands, to a degree which he will probably never be able to trace. He has done more to instruct the working classes, and done it well, by making them think on important subjects for the first time—than any other individual.

In his opening address to the King of Great Britain, there is an air of calm grandeur and philanthropy that sinks into the heart:—

“SIRE,—Circumstances not under your control have placed you at the head of the most powerful association of men for good or for evil, that

has hitherto existed in any part of the globe; and other circumstances are about to arise, also beyond your control, which will render it necessary for you, Sire, and those whom you may call to your councils, to decide whether this power shall be now directed to produce the good or the evil."

Mr Owen indulges in confident anticipations of the immediate fulfilment of all his wished-for changes. In the same address to the King, with which the book opens, he says, "Under your reign, Sire, the change from this system, with all its evil consequences, to another founded on self-evident truths, ensuring happiness to all, will, in all probability, be achieved; and your name, and the names of those who now govern the nations of the world, will be recorded as actors, in a period the most important that has ever occurred in the history of mankind. The world in its present mental darkness will rashly pronounce this change to be impracticable, or if practicable, that it will be the work of ages. Herein all men err. The great circumstances of nature and the existing state of human affairs are full ripe for the change; no one material is deficient, and man cannot longer govern man without forming a union of governments and nations to effect this change." We eagerly enquire how is this noble work to be accomplished, and are informed, as we proceed with the same letter—"A union of governments and nations is now required, to re-constitute society upon a new and solid basis, and to secure to the human race peace and happiness." A very likely thing to happen truly! We shall as soon expect to see—

"The lion sporting in the sun  
Beside the dreadless kid."

It is chiefly this mistake which brings the opinions of Mr Owen into disrepute among the wise, while with the generality his success in conversion is so small, that we wonder he does not see that the mind and feelings cannot instantly be convinced of the errors of a gross selfishness, and adopt an enlightened benevolence. When once the human being has been so far perverted as to be what we call a selfish character (and alas, who has not in some degree suffered this distortion!) it is by degrees only that he is reclaimed—a fact of which every one will be convinced who studies the movements and ameliorations of his own disposition. When Portia tells Shylock that—

"Mercy is twice blessed;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

He replies—

"By my soul I swear  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me—I stay here on my bond."

Portia knew well that her appeal was vain, and probably no time nor discipline of life could elevate the stern old Shylock from the moral point at which he stood, to comprehend her meaning even in the least degree.

The education of the human race is slow, and probably it is best that it should be so. Man cannot bear sudden transitions either bodily or mental, and to try and push him on further than he has strength to go, is to retard his progress, and cause fresh errors. Mr Owen's confidence, however, in the possibility of the immediate accomplishment of his views, if it have the ill effect of procuring a hasty derision of his system, has the good effect of producing in himself an unwearied zeal in the promulgation of all his benevolent principles.

Besides those points which we have noticed, we demur to a passage which occurs at p. 94 :—

"The religions founded under the names of Jewish, Budh, Jehovah, God or Christ, or Mahomet, or any other, are all composed of human laws, in opposition to nature's eternal laws; and when these laws are analysed, they amount only to three absurdities,—three gross impositions upon the ignorance or inexperience of mankind: three errors now easily to be detected by the simple experiment of each individual himself. The fundamental doctrines or laws of all these religions are—first, Believe in my doctrines, as expounded by my priests, from my sacred books; second, Feel as these doctrines, thus expounded, direct you to feel; and third, Support my ministers for thus instructing you. 'If you thus faithfully perform these three things in my name,'—say the priests of all these religions—'you will have the greatest merit in this world, and an everlasting reward in the next. All religions, and all codes of law are built on the preceding dogmas, and all presuppose the original power in man to believe and feel as he likes. Now the facts and laws of nature, which constitute the moral science of man, demonstrate that all belief or mental convictions, and all physical feelings are instincts of human nature, and form the will; it follows that the three fundamental dogmas of all religions have emanated from ignorance of the organization of man, and of the general laws of nature; hence the confusion in all human affairs, the inutility of all human laws, and the irrational and miserable condition of all human affairs.'"

Christ nowhere gives the last of the three above injunctions, nor are the two others coupled with the mention of priests.\*

With the exception of what we have named, we consider Mr Owen's book most valuable. It is a clear and true account of some of the fundamental laws of human nature, and contains slight sketches of the effects of man's ignorance of them, or dis-

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\* Christ not only never patronizes priests at all, but it is the only instance in which he manifests a degree of intolerance.—Ed.

obedience to them. At all events, we recommend the present volume to the perusal of those who feel interested in the science of moral philosophy—and who is not? or at least who is there that should not be? Nor must any of our remarks be interpreted into a want of love and reverence for one who has indefatigably and joyfully devoted a large fortune and the labours of a long life towards the improvement and happiness of his fellow creatures.

C.

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### AMUSEMENT.

THE time has been, and that at no very distant period, when the sole public recreation of the people of England, to say nothing of other countries, was an Execution! Even now, and grievous 'tis to say it, even now that dreadful spectacle is held too much in the light of an entertainment by those to whom it is meant to be an awful warning—a circumstance enough in itself to convince legislators that nothing which indurates the heart can, by any possibility, effectually admonish the mind. When the currents of good feeling run scant the harvest of fine intellect must fail. I am told that on the morning of an execution, numbers, even of *women*, may be seen hastening eagerly to the fatal place of exhibition. “Hear this, ye Gods! and wonder how ye made them!”

'Tis impossible to those who feel warmly to repress emotions of indignation and disgust when they behold human beings insulting and degrading human nature; yet these feelings are soon overtaken by reflections which, enforcing the plea that man is so much the creature of circumstances, present excuses for the depravity and absurdity that so often degrade him. With a thankful and rejoicing heart I feel, that if capital punishment is not abolished, it is, at least, becoming more and more infrequent, and that with the amelioration of laws and customs, the people, on whom they operate so powerfully, will depart farther and farther from brutality and barbarism.

One very great engine for national improvement is to be sought in a matter which has never yet been held in sufficient importance—a matter in which the English Government has never interfered, unless it has been to strew the way with stumbling blocks—a matter which political economists, moral philosophers, and even practical philanthropists, have held in too little regard—the matter I mean is *amusement*—the salutary relaxation of the spirits—that safety valve for the passions of the young, that restorative to the sinking energies of the aged, in short, that *absolute necessity* to the healthy happiness of all.

The manner in which magistrates treat applications for music licences, or permission for setting in operation any scheme of popular amusement—the regulations observed at the British Museum respecting the print room, &c.—the admonitory notices which it is thought necessary to affix to all places of exhibition to which the large, and as it would appear unruly, family of John Bull is admitted, is a libel on the nation, proclaiming the people of England as prone to gross excesses, and wanting in that delicate principle which forbids an individual to deface or appropriate a public property, or any part of it. *The people best know if this be true; if true, how much longer do they mean to remain under the stigma; if not true, will they not seek some means to show the falseness of these accusations?*

In some town of Germany, the name of which I cannot at this moment call to mind, there is, on a central spot, a beautiful garden free to the people—it has no preservative of brick walls fringed with broken glass, no grim porter looking poverty out of countenance, and petrifying infancy with fear—it has no safeguard but a notice to the effect that ‘the garden was created for the advantage of the public, and to the protection of the public it is committed.’ To this garden the people have free and indiscriminate access, yet never is even a flower plucked or any selfish advantage taken. I can imagine few things more honourable to a community than such conduct, and certainly none more politic—the reverse behaviour is on a par with the wisdom which killed the goose for the sake of her golden eggs. The policy to be admired in this instance of German good feeling, good sense, and good taste, applies not less to its originators than to its enjoyers. Too little appeal is in general made to the higher principles of human nature, too little confidence in their existence reposed or exhibited. We prefer locking our doors to unlocking the feelings which would guard our property so much more truly; thus the purer motives, uncalled, unexercised, lie cold and inert, like ore in an unopened mine, and meaner motives, stimulated by the precautions adopted, rise more or less into activity. Fear often provokes the danger that it dreads, and the insults upon innocence which suspicion inflicts, the natural impulse of retaliation will often revenge—revenge by the fatal expedient of becoming guilty. A child (of sufficient strength) to whom we evince a confidence that he *can* walk, will set off boldly for a march as long as the hearth-rug, whereas one who is continually warned ~~not to fall~~ is very tenacious of any attempt to put his “best leg foremost.” Tell the human creature what are its capabilities, exercise those capabilities, trust to them, and ~~show that you trust them~~, do this at the outset, and the work of ~~activity~~ is effected at once and for ever. The best locks may

breaks; the strongest bars rust or fail to resist the strong fire of aggression; but an awakened heart will beat on with unabated purpose whilst it has life, and ask no cost but the continuance of that confidence which first set its superior impulses in action.

There are three large divisions of the national family to whom the well-informed, the reflective, the people of leisure, and benevolence, are especially called upon to attend; these are the humblest classes, servants and children; in one respect they are alike, they require a generous, kindly, unremitting supervision. Many persons (especially such as Dean Swift) admonished not to expect *perfection* for *ten pounds a year* think it enough if the poor and servants are given employment. Toil—~~toil~~—toil,—never let them have a moment's rest or relaxation, and then they cannot get into mischief. How would these Pharaohs like to receive the measure that ~~the~~ they mete? With respect to children, scarcely anything more is thought of for *them* but giving them the means of amusement, which people imagine done when they give the little creatures heaps of unmeaning toys.

Now I hope the rocking-horses at the corner of St. Paul's churchyard will not snort indignantly at me, nor the round-eyed dolls look scorn upon me! I have no unkind contempt for even them, nor would I utterly exclude them from that little-headed, but really important place, the play-room. But I must beg the little boys and girls to stand aside for a minute; and servants too—not, let them be assured, from any want of respect to either; for in the first I ever behold the world's future improvers and enjoyers; in the latter, a class, which, ministering so materially as they do to every domestic and social comfort, might, and ought to, gain the gratitude of those they serve; the moral reward which would endear and dignify the pecuniary recompense they receive. This remark applies especially to *female* servants, always worse paid, and, in general, more deserving than *male* servants. But just now I want to talk of the people; the much-tried, little-taught, unencouraged multitude, born amid the mire of the social state and then reproached for being muddy. With all their wants, with all their woes, I cherish hopes regarding them bright and beautiful as the rainbow, that offspring of nature's smiles and tears, and feel an interest in their progress, vital as the desire of happiness, which can only become sufficiently enlarged and unalloyed by admitting all to its enjoyment. The best benefactors of the people are those who are labouring in the cause of Universal Education; the promoters of infant schools, the workers in infant schools (and there ought to be schools for the infant minds of neglected adults) are opening the windows of their

and letting its light down on the little ones and the forti-  
ons of the earth. They who embark their time, their talent,  
their moral and pecuniary power, in such objects, are indeed  
blessed among men.

But amusement must be added as a relief and incentive to  
instruction. Light and heat are not more necessary to the life  
of flowers than amusement to the improvement of the people.  
But how are the human plants treated? A few are fostered  
in the sickly conservatory, where they languish from the excess  
of the odour which surrounds them; while others, cast away  
upon some bleak unvisited waste, or buried amid refuse, "blush  
unseen" or die unlamented, joyless and useless—the purpose  
of their production perverted and unfulfilled!

Amusement, under proper regulation, is to the toiling crea-  
ture a boon, such as the gay and idle trifler, who has no busi-  
ness but pleasure, can little imagine. In expectation it is like  
light at the bottom of a dark vista, cheering on the traveller  
to its termination, and diminishing the apparent distance of  
the way; in possession it has all the freshness of novelty, all  
the relief of rest, as well as the animation of enjoyment; it con-  
trasts the monotony of daily toil, it is attended with change of  
scene—of apparel; it is pregnant with new impressions, and  
unaccustomed feelings, and relaxes every fibre which is habi-  
tually strung so tensely. And when this amusement is past,  
its joys are not gone; real in proportion to their rarity, they  
live on in review—its departure is like the sunset of a fine day  
tinting the twilight heavens with beauty—like the fragrance  
of a faded flower, grateful, though bloom and brightness be  
no more. Amusement, cheerful, innocent, endearingly com-  
panioned amusement, casts its recollections, or soft shadows  
of such recollections, among the rough and common objects of  
renewed labour, and the poor man works more cheerly as he  
hums the fragment of some song which he has recently heard,  
and half remembers.

It is a revolting reflection that governments rarely do any-  
thing regarding the people, but for the purpose of making  
some advantage of them—not for them. To talk, as is often  
done, of the "paternal" government of kings, is enough to  
make the very paving-stones rise with shouts of laughter.  
After the mercenary pattern commonly presented by the heads  
of the nation, every thing, however nobly designed, degenerates  
in its hands, into a job, serving the pecuniary interests of a  
few, instead of rising into an institute for the general advan-  
tage. What an engine for national improvement might a  
really paternal government (would that political phoenix spread  
its wings over any people) make of the theatres—what moral  
good of the purest currency might be dispensed from these

ments of amusement! But not merely is government backward in doing service to the people, but many among the laity are averse to government attempting anything which might be serviceable. With the vast power, ever vested in ample funds, for national education—national amusements might, like branches of a splendid river, be made to flow on, spreading fertility and beauty throughout the land. “No,” cry objectors, “to oblige us to send our children to school, to point the path of pleasure which we ought to pursue, were permitting government to infringe the liberty of the subject:”—That is, only the liberty of those who love the loathsomeness of licentiousness, and the idleness of ignorance.

But if it be a “constitutional” principle that, whoever finds *books*, government must furnish only *birch*,—that liberty is infringed, not by Taxing the people, but by Teaching them,—that *jails*, *gibbets*, and *treadmills* (by which guiltless ignorance is crucified, or the moral energy essential to reformation destroyed) are no treasons against freedom, but that *schools*, *theatres*, *museums*, and *gardens* (to which the uninformed and misinformed might be in some measure coerced, till they sought them by the light of their own awakened reason and regenerated feelings), are such,—if these be the notions by which government is exonerated from all rational charge of the public mind and morals, ’tis well that the wise and worthy among the wealthy, whether in gold or goodness, take up the cause of national improvement themselves. It is delightful to see what *has* been done, what *is* being done, for the people’s instruction; but it may not be amiss to recollect the truth contained in the old adage—that, “all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,” and it may very safely be averred that a *dull* boy is not the best boy that may be. It will be said that there is amusement in instruction, and I will reply there is instruction in amusement: they are the moral sweets and savouries of the social feast, and are best when duly mixed.

Is there not, then, a new and pleasant path open for those who, like the philanthropist Owen in his “Social Meetings,” are seeking to serve their fellow-creatures, in providing amusements for the people, and improving such as they at present pursue—in inducing them to adopt arrangements which will familiarize them to the interchange of courtesies—which will yield them opportunities of acquiring the urbanity and unaffected refinement which is the soil most friendly to the reception and conservation of all the social and domestic virtues and affections. Is it not a duty, too, incumbent upon the sower of the good seed, to show those who, by an unfortunate perversity, obstruct improvement, by being satisfied with things as they are; is it not incumbent upon the clear-sighted to show

these "blind guides" that, even upon the policy most consistent with their own selfish interest, they should promote the people's health and happiness; that the periodical, happy, innocent holiday to their human beasts of burthen, will restore the relaxing nerve of energy, and give a fresh impetus to toil. Among those who must be taught by means of their own narrowness, since they are incapable of a wider reach, are "the righteous over much," who would allow the hands of labour no pause but in prayer. Oh, it is not genuflections, nor lifted hands and eyes, which either inspire or express piety! There is more holiness, as well as happiness, in the glad glowing feelings of a gay holiday in which friends and relatives meet beneath the blue canopy of a summer's sky, or assemble in secure shelter from the winter's storm, than in all the cold ceremonies that prescribed worship ever witnessed. Let those who are surrounded by dependents reflect (and in fancy change places with any one of those dependents) how like a waste of sea or sand appears the period of servitude or apprenticeship, if it be not specked with days of relaxation as well as rest and devotion—days which may be looked forward to—days which may be looked back upon, with the expectation or remembrance of the smile of mother, father, friend, or lover. An authority which they will be little disposed to controvert saith—"a merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance," and they may be certain that such a countenance is never associated with a spirit gloomed by habitual crime, coarseness, or unkindness. Keep the spirits in that genial tone which their due relaxation promotes, and the heart they animate will have a ready affinity for all that is good, and a proportionate repulsion for all that is evil. The wanderers in the dark days of error may be gay, giddy, and are, on occasions, riotous in their recklessness; the occasional burst of mirth amid the gloom of guilt is like the lightning of an intensely dark night, fearfully brilliant, not less by means of the electric mischief that it scatters, than the contrast it presents; while the resignation and hope, which are inseparable from virtue amid even the saddest of her sorrows, are like the trembling rays of light and beauty which steal upon the very mistiest morning.

I fancy I hear a little voice from the "infant schools" say, "When will you come back to us?" To return, therefore, from this digression.—I believe that there are few nations in which dancing is so little cultivated as in England. Scotland, Ireland, France, Italy, Germany, all exhibit a striking difference to England on this point. Now, if there be one ingredient more than another wanting in the English constitution generally, it is a little mercury, which is perhaps

not so much absent as dormant. A little more dancing and a little less drinking would help to disenchain the moral life which would lighten and brighten the hearts, heels, and countenances of our country people. Balls, concerts, assemblies for dramatic readings, &c., at which early hours and the best regulations might obtain, might form appendages to institutions for instruction; and the scene, even such as a school-room, or a lecture-room, which knowledge has consecrated, might find a further and not less worthy dedication in becoming the scene of happy, innocent amusement. Small individual subscriptions might form the funds, and those whose means and wishes allowed them to contribute somewhat largely, might thus furnish themselves with the means of sending a poor boy or girl, a diligent servant, or a promising apprentice, to a safe place of amusement, which our theatres (with their *patents from government*), in their present degraded state, are not. From the people themselves should be chosen masters and mistresses of the ceremonies, and their principle of regulation should be to command neatness—discountenance mere finery—to proclaim that politeness consists in kindness and gentleness, and a care to promote the happiness of others. The influence of station and reputation is everywhere felt. Let not the philanthropic heart neglect to avail itself of such aid; let the benevolent woman of fortune and talent appear in such a scene as this, in simple attire, but such as will combine elegance with cheapness, and her example will not fail of its effect; while the power vested in the person appointed to preside might gently, yet effectually, reprove stately or showy finery by rendering the individual so unworthily distinguished ineligible to the attentions paid to propriety and neatness.

Though I am alarmed at the length into which this article has run out, I cannot forbear adding yet a few words.

In an article entitled 'The Working Classes' (one of a series of papers which have appeared in the *Star in the East*, an intelligent and spirited paper of honest politics, published at Wisbeach), it is recommended to investigate the state of the labouring agriculturists. Ay, indeed! it is a fertile field for the labours of reform. It is a class which, in its present state, is a disgrace to England—it points upon our political dial to the misery and immolation produced by a rich and indolent church, and the lack of a system of national education, which, by reaching unto every class, should rescue each individual from mere animalism, and enable and induce him to assert and exercise the nobler and gentler attributes of humanity. Our agricultural labourers, like our prize oxen, are fine animals, but when we contemplate them as *men*, what is the picture which

they present? How often is their brute strength exerted in a manner most degrading to its possessor;—in ill-using their luckless wives, the very beings who are slaves to the only comforts they possess! Would that the women of this class could speak, but alas, they cannot. What are often *their* sufferings from a lover and a husband (alas! too, for the desecration of these words) who, entertaining the lordly notion of incomparable superiority, shows that superiority by crushing the wretched weed which clings to him, and which, in the climate of kinder circumstances, might have proved as fair a flower as any of the fostered daughters of indulgence. I should not fear to challenge the calendar of crime for years past, and show that the *average* of brute-like and horrid outrages against helplessness and humanity, have been committed by agricultural labourers,—men compelled to be what they so often are, by the circumstances which doom them to toil from sunrise to sundown, yielding them only pause enough from their perpetual and generally ill-paid labours, to satisfy the common calls of animal nature, and leaving them utterly without the moral and mental ministry which *human* nature demands. Is this an existence for a *human* creature? Is this fitting him for the duties of earth and the inheritance of heaven? No—the meanest donkey browsing on the next thistle will bray ‘No!’ What of necessity must be the conduct of these neglected, mistreated beings? Philosophy must sympathise with their condition, even where the individual’s conduct is odious. Turned out, like a horse from a team, on an incidental holiday, unqualified to use their unaccustomed leisure they *abuse* it. If they stray into town, they come shouldering through the streets, bearing down upon the feeble population of the metropolis, just as we might imagine of an iceberg among the small craft on the St Lawrence. The unfortunate rustic is the ready prey of the town sharper, who picks his pocket and laughs in his face, leaving him no resource but to return home swearing and sulky. Vainly would the faction which is satisfied with ‘things as they are,’ just on the same principle that the man scalded by a fine fire is satisfied with the temperature of a foggy frost, vainly would that party attempt to plead that our rural and pauper population have the Sabbath service and sermon. If any gauge could be invented to ascertain the amount of instruction they receive in church, and were the pastors to be paid in proportion, truly the latter might tremble for their titles.

Under such circumstances, how fine must be the elements of natural intelligence that can ever induce a high moral integrity, and yet this is the condition of many among the class of the labouring poor.

I hope I may be pardoned for the unusual length of this paper, and be permitted to postpone a more particular attention to the little boys and girls till next month. Meantime I most sincerely wish them happy holidays.

M. L. Geo.

## ON YOUNG MEN AND THEIR VARIETIES.

FROM A PAPER, FOUND BY ME, THE TRANSLATOR OF HOFFMAN'S 'NUTCRACKER,' IN THE BUREAU OF MY DEAR DECEASED AUNT DOROTHY.

It has been more particularly the fashion of late years to ridicule, to blame, to endeavour to persuade the world, that the anxiety of mothers to get their daughters settled in life by marriage, is worthy of the deepest reprobation; and these opinions have not been impressed upon society so much by the dicta of men, as, strange to say, by women writers.

Now this appears to me most unjust and unreasonable. At an age, very often long before that age at which even men are considered by law responsible and capable of guiding themselves, a young woman is exposed to courtship, and, if she marries, to all the troubles, dangers, and temptations consequent to such a change in life. Yet it is made a fault that a mother should feel anxious for her child! Years after the age at which many women marry, a young man first enters into the practice of a profession, or into commerce, or some line of other of life; fathers are then very fussy, they bustle about, they give dinners, they bow to great men, they talk of the merits of their son, and do all in their power to forward his success; yet it is made a crime that a mother should feel anxious about the success of her daughter, or act civil to a man who seems to be partial to her!

The foregoing expressed opinions are not exactly original thoughts. I have adopted them from my dear friend, Mrs. Triandgethemoff. Mrs T. is the wife of the son of a naturalised Russian, and the mother of three daughters: her husband is a merchant, and supposed to be warm. The Miss Triandgethemoffs are well grown, tolerably good-looking girls, full of amiability, religion, and the arts and sciences; all learned at one of the first-rate fashionable boarding-schools, and yet they are single, and, for what I can see, likely to remain so! Dear Mrs. Triandgethemoff ascribes this to the influence of the aforementioned writers. She has pointed out to me, in books, with tears in her eyes, various wicked passages, implying the

~~these~~ horrible mean actions and selfish motives to mothers; ~~and she~~ further informs me, for at present I go very little into society, that the conduct of eligible young ~~men to mamma~~ and chaperons is arrived at a pitch of almost incredible atrocity.

Now I am daughterless and sonless, and have, consequently, little interest in the matter; indeed, as regards selfish motives, it might be for my interest and comfort that the Miss Triandgethemoffs remained single. They visit me, I may say, daily; they read me the newspaper; they ride out with me in my carriage; they wash and comb Pompey; they play duets and all sorts of things upon my grand piano; they take a hand with me at picquet; they go with me to the opera, and certainly are very good-natured, amiable girls, particularly Catherine, the eldest. For when that good-for-nothing rake of a nephew of mine, wilfully trod upon dear Pompey's tail, and I threatened to ~~take~~ ~~her~~ any will, she did all in her power to reconcile me to him; and, such is my forgiving temper, a day or two after he was idling about my house as usual, playing the flute and singing Italian duets with her, as much at his ease as if he had never made my sweet Pompey suffer.

We have determined to amuse my leisure moments by writing a few memoranda respecting courtship, drawn from my long experience of such matters, and these I will leave to those dear girls, the Miss Triandgethemoffs, as the legacy of an old and attached friend. They have no right to entertain any expectations from me, for I have often hinted to them that the whole of my property, excepting an annuity for the support of my darling Pompey during the term of his natural life, will go to that graceless nephew of mine.

It may be said, how is it that you, acknowledged sonless and daughterless, are capable of giving advice on such a matter? To this I reply—I was born the daughter of a poor publican, in an out-of-the-way village in Devonshire, and am now, at the age of seventy-six, the widow of my fourth husband, with a larger yearly income than I can manage to spend. Besides, as my dear third spouse, who was an excellent chess-player, used to say, lookers-on sometimes see the game better than the players. Mrs. Triandgethemoff and her daughters do not, in my humble opinion, understand the philosophy of the matter.

My dear Girls,—The primary division of young men, is into two great classes—the rich and the poor. To suppose that any mother would wish a daughter to marry into the second, or poor class, is to suppose what I suppose never happens. It may be asked, how is it, then, that daughters do marry into ~~the second~~ ~~poor~~ class? To this question, if propounded, there are four answers. Firstly: mothers are very often deceived. Secondly:

daughters will very often have their own way. Thirdly : people very often get poorer. Fourthly : the world is very ignorant concerning poverty.

Poverty, like happiness, is comparative. The division of society into its numerous classes is caused by the division of property. Some persons may say no, and refer you to the table of precedence. It is a fallacy. Property is almost always the cause of, and always the true basis of, rank. It is this ignorance that the true division of society is determined by property, that causes so many mistakes and so much misery.

Some men, and women too, are ever anxious to move in a division of society, the members of which possess and spend more money than they, the said men and women, can or ought to spend ; others—very few, and they are called names—prefer to move in a division of society a degree, and in some cases many degrees, under their legitimate qualification of property.

A scale of the divisions of society would be a most useful thing, and at the time of the trial of the murderer Thurtell, it was supposed that a data had been obtained from which it might be formed. A witness, on being interrogated respecting the character of the prisoner Thurtell, answered, that he had always considered him respectable, as he kept a gig. Now, taking the power of gig-keeping as a fixed point, and marking it "RESPECTABLE," it is very plain that a scale might be formed upwards to a coach-and-six, with out-riders, and downwards to a child's carriage drawn by a billy-goat. I will not allow myself to expatiate further upon the beautiful simplicity and utility of such a property-meter.

Now, I should wish to impress these prefatory observations concerning property very seriously upon you ; for, if understood, they supply a key to character, the want of which causes many people to go through life wondering what their fellow-creatures are about ! Allow me to give you an illustration of my meaning. The only son of a nobleman, likely to inherit vast riches, and having open to his ambition the highest offices of the state, and the only son of a tradesman in a country town, likely to inherit his parent's savings, and having open to his ambition the mayoralty, are persons to be treated by the same method. Never forget that poverty is comparative. The amount of property which to one man appears penury, obtains for another man, in another division of society, the highest respect and consideration—perhaps more than the richer man can obtain in that class in which he moves.

If you can comprehend this, and have sufficient tact, that is, good sense and good temper in about equal proportions, to set upon it, your way is very clear before you, and the result is

likely to be happy; but, at the same time, take care to avoid the very prevalent error of indiscriminate acquiescence in opinion. Always put your "Yes" in the right place. The utmost your generality of young men 'well off' require, supposing them even to be proud, is respect to their station in society. One might think that it was easy for young women, tolerably brought up, to pay this respect to the utmost, and yet avoid an uncalled-for acquiescence in all matters.

But so it is not, and I will give you, as the lawyers say, a case in point. I was once acquainted with a family consisting of four daughters without a brother. You, my dears, being also without a brother, can estimate the difficulty of retaining eligible male acquaintances, even with all proper introductions. After being separated from this family some years, on account of my residence in the country, I went one day to dine with my old acquaintance, the mother of these girls. Dinner over, I and my old friend sat together alone, and, naturally enough, got talking about her daughters. She could not help regretting that not one of them was settled in life (they were then all old enough to marry), and, at the same time she praised their good conduct. It struck me as odd that she did not make the usual boast of mothers, that they had refused offers. Well, the tea came in, and so did a young man! I learned from the mother that he was extremely respectable and eligible. Immediately I observed the manner of those poor dear girls towards him, it was no longer a matter of wonder to me that they were single. There was no graceful recognition, nor good-natured nod, nor even polite answer to a civil speech—no, they were stuck, one with some work, another with a book, and so on. The owner, during a pause in conversation, the young man walked round to one of the girls who was reading,—the one who I judged, from the direction of his eyes during tea-time, had rather made an impression upon his heart,—and good-naturedly enquired the title of the book. This enquiry caused a simultaneous giggle amongst them, and the explanation for this giggle was, that he had done the same thing when he visited them a few days before. The answer of the young lady reading, to his observation that he considered such an enquiry amongst acquaintances anything but improper, was, that she considered it very impertinent. At this speech the father laughed—the mother blushed—I laughed in my sleeve, and thought of my dear third husband, whom I first taught to play chess. No doubt the young man in question had his mind settled on the instant respecting this maiden's amiability of temper. Yet those girls were dutiful, well-conducted, rather accomplished, and extremely kind to domestics and visitors.

Three of them are now old maids, the fourth, the reading one, married a young man rather below her own station in society. He kept a tax-cart.

Between these two prevalent errors, the balance is certainly, in my humbly-experienced judgment, in favour of indiscriminate acquiescence of opinion, though I never can believe that a man would become attached to and marry a woman because her mind presented a reflex of his own. A man might become attached to a woman and marry her if she had a fine set of teeth like his own, or a fine head of hair like his own, or fine eyes like his own, or a fine figure like his own, but not because she had a mind like his own. All my dear husbands were so different to me! Men of large mental power dread the contention which would arise from association with a mind of equal power. You must conceal your strength. Men of small power of mind feel the want of support. Give it them, my dears! Men of fair mental power, well off, are very apt to entertain an inclination to marry a person from a division of society below their own. They wish to attach a woman to them by the ties of gratitude for benefits and comforts received and increased, as well as by the ties of love. We, that is, us experienced women, know what folly that is. It never answers more than one time in a million—for the other 999,999 wives think that the husbands have the best of the bargain, or else that they (the 999,999 wives) quite merit every increase of fortune, comfort, and respect which they have obtained by marriage. At the end of a few years, when his wife has annoyed him with her vulgarity and quarrelled with his friends, and supplied their places at his table with her own relations, the fond, generous man begins to suspect that it would have been better if he had married his equal in society—one able to supply him with a decent grandpapa and grandmamma, uncles and aunts, cousins, friends and acquaintances, for his children.

My use of the expression "mental power" leads me to say something to you about phrenology. This science is very useful to young women, but take care that you do not discover your knowledge of it. Hush! about the organs: never mention the word "development." If a young man wishes to make you acquainted with it, you have only to listen with due attention, and then he will most probably show you his written character, drawn up by some phrenological lecturer. This, if remembered, or copied, will be, should you come together, a great assistance to you. If your development is bad, be very easily convinced by the arguments of your admirer; but if you have a well-shaped head, stand out stoutly against them, and he will entangle his fingers in your hair, feeling your organs and giving reasons why you ought particularly to be an

advocate for phrenology, until he gets inextricably entangled himself.

A few more lines, and I conclude. You must—

These few more lines were never added. My dear aunt Dorothy was so strangely affected at the sudden announcement of my fixed determination to marry Catherine Triandgethemoff, that she took to her bed, and never left it alive.

W. L. T.

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### THE RIGHTS OF DESPOTS.

*By the Author of 'Corn Law Rhymes.'*

RIGHTS?—Men who make their being  
A nuisance to mankind—  
Shall such wrong-doers talk of rights?  
And when they seek them, find?  
Their deeds say "fraud is justice!"  
Will God such fraud forgive?  
What rights have they, whose law of wrong  
Denies our right to live?  
It calls the sun a libel,  
The skies an evil scroll;  
Turns truth to falsehood, and unseals  
The charter of the soul.  
Oh, if it be not destined  
To crush God's unforgiven—  
Then, mercy! thy star-written name  
Is but a blot in heaven.

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### JERNINGHAM; OR, THE INCONSISTENT MAN.

*Three vols. Smith and Elder. 1836. London.*

It is not without due appreciation of the rightful claim to a careful criticism, which the author of this novel has established for himself, that we attempt an analysis of the incidents and characters it contains. To form a judgment of any tale of fiction, which relates to outward circumstances rather than to inward character, is comparatively an easy task; and historical or descriptive novels, sketches of manners, varied with

pictures of scenery and costume, and enlivened with speculations of conversation, are the common publications of the day. But 'Jerningham' is a chequered history of human passions.

The author has aimed at high things in the conduct of his plot. He has displayed in different individuals the workings of envy, revenge, remorse, friendship — intense enough to be called a passion, — and love. He has also drawn the character of a young and ardent philosopher of the Shelley school, and has portrayed three women, each interesting enough to be herself the heroine of a story. The whole is written in the form of an autobiography of Claude Jerningham, the 'Inconsistent Man.' It possesses great interest. Emotions are described with delicacy and truth, and some of their stronger workings are traced with much power.

Considered as a whole, the work wants unity of design. Important purposes and actions revolve at the same time, without any dependence on each other's 'systems.' It is very difficult to say with what individuals the main action rests. There are three distinct groups, round each of which a distinct set of interests cluster, and each of which might be removed from the scene without changing the characters and fate of the others; their actions and outward circumstances would be in some degree altered, but nothing more. One of these groups is composed of the two brothers, Claude and Frederick Jerningham, their uncle, Margaret de Laurier, and Ellen Hervey; the second, of Delaval, the two Leicesters, and Geraldine; the third, of Everard Sinclair, his father and brother, Mr Travers, and Lucy. In this enumeration we have entirely omitted the subordinate personages, all of whom, however, are well drawn. The separate groups are not unskillfully brought together; on the contrary, the incidents which unite them are naturally introduced; but this is not sufficient. In a finished work of art, it matters not how many varieties of character and expression are exhibited, since all will be subordinate to the principal action; and all will influence it, or be influenced by it, except perhaps those things which are not sufficiently prominent to be any thing more than the merest accessories. All other important causes and effects must be kept out of sight, as foreign to the purpose, and fitted only to distract the mind.

Each individual character, considered as a whole in itself, equally wants unity. Each fails at the important point. The good and the great do not prove good enough or great enough; the evil and the depraved do not sustain their intensity or strength in evil. It seems as though the epithet attached to the name of their supposed historian should be applied to them all, — men and women. The 'Inconsistent Man' is a class,

and one of such a magnitude that no written work can contain more than a fraction of the individuals. Common, however as they are in nature, the persons we are contemplating are not of the common mould. They must be judged by a high standard. It is not consistent, for instance, that a young philosopher of pure spirit, clear intellect, unbending integrity, and fearless energy, should suffer his wife to starve to death, and should himself be saved from the same fate only by the exertions of his friends; and then spend all his life in rescuing a few of the perishing from the stream of evil, without also lending a helping hand to stop it at its source. Neither is it natural, that a woman of powerful mind, and imaginative and impassioned temperament, should sink into the dutiful wife of an arch-hypocrite, by whom she has discovered, too late, that she has been fatally deceived, and should be heard of at last as the mamma of 'Matthew and Claude, and little Frederick!' It is, again, very inconsistent and 'stupidly good,' as Milton says of the devil, on his first sight of Eve, that a man, whose highly-wrought nature has been turned by treachery from intense love into deadly hatred, should nourish, for fifteen years, a purpose of revenge the most fiendish; should bend all his powers towards its accomplishment; should wait patiently through those long years, never relenting for a moment; should then, through toil and hazard, pitilessly set about its consummation, unmoved by some of the strongest appeals which can be made to the human heart; and, after all, suddenly stop short, and become the victim of remorse, because he hears that the object of his hatred had once expressed a desire to be forgiven! It is equally inconsistent that one brother should pursue another from boyhood up to manhood with all the meanest arts, dictated by the most malignant envy; should blight his prospects and ruin his happiness; deprive him of the woman he loved, and drive her to madness by his villany; and then, in one moment, become 'quite an altered man,'—a good husband, a devout Christian—one of the 'serious,'—all, however, that the epitaph in 'Tom Jones' declared Mr Bliffl had been; simply because his uncle left him his blessing! These things are very inconsistent, very ridiculous, and can seldom be considered natural. The author is a good executor, but an imperfect theorist. His deficiency is not so much in intellect as in moral courage. His prefatorial Apology shows his weak side very plainly, and we are quite prepared for all the short-comings and misgivings that ensue. He is an acute observer, rather than a profound thinker; or, having thought down to a certain point, he has paused and gone no further, appalled at the consequences of his own discoveries. He has no grand or consistent theory, consequently there is no thorough

going action. Nothing can be a stronger proof of this than the mode in which he deals with remorse. In his hands it is a pitiful craving for forgiveness, as though the Infinite Wisdom could forgive as men forgive; as though man could be helped out of his misery by forgiveness; as though the purification of the spirit by the searching ordeal that was necessary to its regeneration, were not the only real fruit of repentance—the one bright hope that sustains the heart through the labyrinth of human ills,—the ‘still, small voice’ that it hears above the whirlwind?

The style is generally unexceptionable; at once simple and powerful; but it is tinged at times—the author being consistent in inconsistency—with a singular affectation of Bible phraseology. There are other anomalous peculiarities besides, such as calling the Bible ‘The Book,’—as though Homer’s *Iliad* was not ‘The Book,’ and Hesiod’s *Theogony*, and Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, and Mahomet’s *Koran*, were not each ‘The Book,’ according to their respective writers and admirers? It may be all very proper wherever there is sincere feeling, but in Claude Jerningham, with his aristocratic tastes and worldly habits, it savours of cant. Also, the classical allusions and quotations from the Greek and Latin, are rather superabundant. As to the author’s liberality of mind, however, we fully admit his claim to it. If he be indeed a ‘High Churchman,’ and an ‘Old Whig’(?) as he seems to profess himself, he is singularly liberal. The sentiments he has put into the mouth of Everard Sinclair are so convincing, that those of the excellent old lawyer who is opposed to him on the side of ‘Establishments’ and ‘Existing Institutions’ seem but tame and shallow in the comparison. We honour him too for his quotations. The old dramatists, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, supply most of his heads of chapters, and prove the fine qualities of his own mind in the appreciation.

Accurate perception and fine description of the nicer shades of character will be found in these interesting volumes. An extract or two from the school-days of Claude Jerningham may be given as examples:—

“School has been rightly called ‘a microcosm;’ it is, indeed, a little world; the argument of a greater work—the sketch of a larger picture—a puppet show—a theatre in miniature. It is a sort of undress rehearsal of the tragedy of life. Life is always a tragedy, for there is death in the closing scene.”

This is a chilling truism. We all knew it before, but it is strikingly expressed. After a very capital sketch of the usher, who looked like an ‘overgrown Brobdingnag boy in a drab grey robe du matin, and a pair of thrice-scoured drab breeches,’ and who made himself so obnoxious to the boys, that



singularly in keeping with such a nature as his. His school-boy days, his India residence, his friendship for Simpson, his love, his behaviour under his disappointment, and finally, his married life, are all drawn with the hand of a master. We have room but for one more extract, and it shall be his meeting with the woman whom he had loved, and who had married his brother. The description of her, and of their ill-fated love, is one of the most exquisitely finished parts of the work. She was of Italian birth, full of genius, and ravishingly beautiful, and they had never met since he had been astounded by the intelligence of her marriage, until chance brought them together in a drawing-room full of company, in the country.

"Sitting alone by a small table, with averted face, and to all appearance engaged upon the perusal of a book, was a lady whose features I beheld not, but whose identity, despite her position, I decided upon immediately that I saw her. There was but one person in the world to whom that alabaster back, and those beautiful dark-brown ringlets, which disposed themselves in a peculiar manner upon the white shoulders of their delicate owner—there was but one person in the world to whom those ringlets and those shoulders could have belonged, and that person was the creature above all others whom I least expected or desired to meet.

"The lady whom I now beheld was apparelled in a black velvet dress, which 'the preciousness of her body made sumptuous.'\* Not a single ornament of any kind relieved the glossy darkness of her drapery, or shone amidst the profusion of her hair; she was in mourning from head to foot. 'Yes,' I said, 'she is in mourning for my father, her husband's father, my excellent sister-in-law.'

\* \* \* "She saw me opposite to her; she could not choose but see me; I advanced with an elastic step and put on one of my blindest smiles; I approached her, I fixed my eyes with a look of kindness upon the pale countenance of the trembling wife, and exclaimed with a joyous voice,—'Ah! Miss de Laurier—I beg your pardon,—Mrs Frederick Jerningham, I am so glad to see you, and looking so well too.' And my brother too, he is with you of course; 'tis strange that I have not seen Frederick,' and I looked inquiringly around the room, but Frederick was not there.

"Margaret fixed her eyes upon the ground, but spoke not; \* \* \* she drooped her head, the book which she held fell heavily to the ground, and her beautiful arms hung down on either side as though they had been destitute of life; she was like a statue of despair, and in spite of my wrongs, I pitied her.

"Sister," I said, and Margaret trembled; I trembled also, for I thought that she would have fainted. But at length she summoned courage, and looked at me."

The first look of one who has abused the confidence of another, into the eyes of that one who has been deceived, is

indeed an effort of courage—all may afterwards be faced fearlessly:—

"Spare me, Claude; I beseech you to spare me," she said, and the tones of her voice were low, hollow, and sepulchral as those of a dying woman.

"My sister," I said, and there was tenderness in my accents, "my sister,—are you troubled,—are you ill?"

"If you do not desire to kill me," she replied, in the same low, death-like voice, "if you do not desire to see me fall down a corpse at your feet, call me not by that name, and speak not to me in that voice; to-morrow, spare me until to-morrow."—Vol. iii. p. 68—72.

This needs no comment. The fine and delicate touches, the nice discrimination between different natures and different circumstances, must be apparent to all who have the power of appreciation. We have purposely avoided giving any abstract of the story contained in these volumes. No justice could be done to it in such a way, and we would not willingly destroy any part of its interest to those whom our remarks and brief extracts may induce to read a work so far above the ordinary run of novels. It belongs to a very different class of literature.

M.

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## THE VIOLIN.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THIS LEADING INSTRUMENT, AND ITS MOST EMINENT PROFESSORS, &c.

By George Dubourg. Colburn. 1836.

WE are not aware that many of our subscribers are fiddle players. Though we know that numbers of them have music "in their souls," we conjecture it to originate more in the tones of poetry and philosophy, than in their fingers' ends. But knowing that the *Monthly Repository* circulates "here, there, and everywhere," and that sundry copies penetrate into most unexpected places—not to say in quarters where no sympathy could have been expected,—we doubt not but the subject of the present little book will prove very interesting to numerous amateurs of viol sweet, tenor, guitar, and bass. It will afford instruction to many, and amusement to all. The matter is scientific without being in the least pragmatical; the style playful, yet ever well-timed, and to the purpose. The author advances with a fiddle and bow held in graceful ease, and by a certain fondness of compression under his left arm, and extending his right hand towards the audience, while a smiling study plays over his countenance, commences the harmonious instrumentation of his lecture.

"Mankind," begins the author, in a style of fine systematic classification, "may be divided into two classes,—those who play the violin, and those who do not." With a deep sigh, albeit we fancy ourselves in the majority, we acknowledge ourselves to belong to the latter division, and accordingly skip over certain painful passages that ensue. The chapter on the 'Origin and early History of the Violin' is interesting and well executed, and the Italian, German, and French schools, are capitally described. The English school is hardly worthy the name of a school, though we have some very good performers. Of the great foreign masters, we can only find room to say a few words, worthy as they are of all the honourable and elaborate mention made of them in our author's pages.

The account of that original composer, Corelli, the tone of whose violin Geminiani used to compare to that of "a sweet trumpet," is well given, both as to private character and genius. We have read an anecdote somewhere (either in Hazlitt's 'Conversations with Northcote,' or his 'Abridgment of Holcroft's Memoirs') of Corelli having a great desire to see Purcell, and that he came over to London for that purpose. When he arrived he found Purcell was dead; upon which Corelli immediately returned. This was a feeling beyond "all London," and we hope Mr Dubourg will not omit it in his next edition. Of Paganini, the "conqueror of ears," a very long and laudatory account is given, but no terms of admiration can express the powers of that surpassing instrumentalist. There is a small, an insect-like faction, enviously disposed to call him a charlatan, on account of certain mechanical tricks in which he at times indulges, (and which are very effective, the term *legitimacy* being the true bugbear and charlatanerie of the world!) but this is nothing more than the result of his excessive mastery, for certainly he has made the difficulties of execution ridiculous by that very excess and apparent ease of production. His powers, both in the sublime and ridiculous, are equally beyond all other performers. The wood-cuts of Paganini in this book are clever and characteristic, but do great injustice to his spirituality. They are caricatures of eccentricity, provoking because so like the external man. And—oh shame!—the bow of his fiddle is disgracefully too short. Of the mystery of Paganini's method of untuning or changing the tuning of his strings, M. Guhr remarks, that "It contains the secret of many of his effects, of his succession of chords, and straining vibrations, which ordinarily appear impossible to the violinist." To this Mr Dubourg adds—"according to this statement, curious if true, Paganini improves his effects by playing on an instrument out of tune, and, with something like a trill of creative power, produces harmony out of discord."

Guhr a bad demonstrator, or is Paganini inexplicable? We say, without hesitation, that M. Guhr does not know anything about it. Nobody was so much astonished at Paganini's mechanical prowess as the class of violin players. Guitar players understood the principle. The latter are accustomed, in the performance of various elaborate pieces, to tune the instrument according to the piece, the change of tuning being indicated by the composer. Thus, they do not play with an instrument out of tune, but with one differently tuned; the position of certain notes being changed, and the fingering with them. But now, by a single twist of a peg, the Devil of a fiddler changes his tuning accurately, and without the least *misgiving* either on his own part or that of his instrument—both evidently understanding each other completely—we cannot pretend to explain. In speaking of the use of the *bow*, M. Guhr is more at home. Notwithstanding the extraordinary use made of it by Corelli, Tartini, and Viotti, it was reserved for Paganini,—the very Nick of time and time!—to discover all its wondrous latent powers.

"Rode, Kreutzer, Baillot, Spohr," says M. Guhr—"those giants among violinists—seemed to have exhausted all the resources of the instrument. They had extended its mechanism, introduced the greatest imaginable variety in the use of the bow, which was made subservient to all the shades of expression and execution: they had succeeded, by the magic of their sounds, which rivalled the human voice, in painting all passions and all the movements of sentiment. But when we hear Paganini!" &c.—pp. 114, 115.

The foregoing extract contains one of those favourite positions wherein musical people are so apt to become extravagant. Many times it has been asserted that certain great instrumentalists expressed all the shades of passion and sentiment! If this were the case, we should be able to say on first hearing them, and without an interpreter, what precise passion or sentiment they were describing? Nobody can do this, let alone the gradations or shades. It is impossible. Painting can accomplish it in many instances, not in all. Words alone can fully describe its complexities, as far as we know them. The fact is, music is a sublimation of the senses—the intense abstraction of the heart communicated to the imagination through the medium of sounds. Each imagination and each sensibility, feel and translate music according to the peculiarities of their strength and refinement. Music is not addressed to the understanding, and cannot, therefore, without impertinence, be subjected to its laws. To attempt doing so is just as absurd as requiring the colours of a picture to conform to the laws of musical harmony, or to set about performing the nine books of Euclid on the organ.

Mr Dubourg's account of the French and German schools is characterized by much care, justice and good taste. We allude particularly to what he says of Rode, the Rombergs, and De Beriot. It is a good anecdote of the latter that a certain English professor, "more noted for his execution than his feeling," complained to him that he could produce no effect by playing his compositions. To which De Beriot replied, "*C'est qu'il y faut de l'âme!*" This was Mori, we will be sworn. His performance is always the perfection of clearness of tone, rapidity of execution, exuberance of ornament, and utter absence of meaning. From the affectionate, albeit very just remarks, concerning Matthew Dubourg, under the English school, we are not surprised to discover that our author is "nobly descended." What he says of Mori is a fair tribute to all his merits of hand and deficiencies of soul. The chapter on 'Female Violinists' is very interesting, and not a little amusing, from the author's defence of "such practices." Concerning Ole Bull, we much regret that our space does not permit of some extracts from the judgmatic criticisms on this admirable performer. There is also a long chapter on 'Amateurs,' which we have passed over. We were afraid to read it. But Mr Dubourg will have some respect for us when we assure him that we once practised, at the rate of eight or nine hours a day during nearly three years, upon a stringed instrument—though not a violin;—but being continually obliged to change our residence, in consequence of the complaints of want of rest made by various respectable neighbourhoods, we at last resigned an instrument concerning which we felt the full force of the quotation so beautifully applied to the violin by M. Dubourg—"with thee conversing, I forget all time?" There were several *other* things that it also made us forget. The 'Musical Anecdotes' at the end of the work are good, and have the advantage of being for the most part collected for the first time. The same may be said of the whole volume, which we accordingly commend to present readers, and to posterity.

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#### MR O'CONNELL, AND HIS POLITICAL DOCTRINE OF INSTALMENT.

In the first number of the *Monthly Repository* for the present year, a Letter was addressed to Mr O'Connell, deprecating that exclusive agitation of the question of Peerage Reform, to which he then declared his intention of devoting his great powers and influence. His plan of reform was represented to be in-  
adequate to the task of abolishing the peerage.

## **Mr O'Connell, and his Political Doctrine of Instalment.**

and the projected agitation ill-timed. From an elective House of Peers, combined with the House of Commons, constituted as at present, he must be a sanguine visionary indeed who expects anything like good government. It has been observed with satisfaction, therefore, that throughout the year, now almost elapsed, since that Letter was written, there have been indications of a progressive change in public opinion from the plan of Mr O'Connell to that of Mr Roebuck, which is to leave the Lords as they are, and simply to make their *veto* suspensive instead of final. And similar satisfaction is occasioned by the circumstance that Mr O'Connell has not pursued his projected course; the country has not been diverted from all other topics by organized agitation for an elective House of Lords; nor is that object prominent amongst those towards which he has directed the petitions and exertions of the National Association of Ireland. Its place is advantageously occupied by the Ballot and other organic changes in the representative branch of the Legislature. Let the House of Commons be identified with the nation, and the House of Lords may safely be left in its hands, to be dealt with as circumstances may require.

The estimate of Mr O'Connell's powers, conduct, and position, which is contained in the Letter already referred to, will sufficiently explain the reason for again adverting to his political course of action. He is mighty for good or for evil. He has achieved the most brilliant victories for freedom and his country. His mistakes may be more pernicious than those of any other man in public life. And a great mistake he does appear to be on the eve, or in the act, of committing.

The peculiarity of Mr O'Connell's present policy consists chiefly in his doctrine of *Instalments*; and, connectedly with this, in his close and determined adhesion to the Whig Ministry, to the support of which he has led the Irish people to pledge themselves and engage their representatives.

That where we cannot recover the whole of a debt, we should receive such a portion as we can obtain, is no doubt good commercial doctrine; and in some cases equally good political doctrine. But commercially there are exceptions to the rule. It is possible that the acceptance of part of a debt, instead of expediting, may delay the payment of the whole. And this exception holds in politics also. Had the Instalment doctrine been acted upon by the Catholics, in the question of Emancipation, they might have obtained part of their desire many years earlier. And if they had, they would probably have been saddled with the *veto*, and twenty other vexatious restrictions, to the present day. Had the dissenting leaders consented, as was suggested to them by Lord John Russell, to take the repeal of

the Test Act by Instalments, in the form of a gradual abolition, they would most likely have been still shut out from many of the municipal honours and advantages which they possess. In all such cases, the Instalment principle is obviously bad.

There is another exception to it, commercially. It does not apply when, on the tender of a mere instalment, a full quitance of the debt is demanded. The Whigs attempted this trick upon the country in the Reform Bill. They have assumed the acceptance which was never given. On the plea of its being a "final measure," they have resisted the very reforms of which they had previously been the advocates. The second Instalment has been not paid but refused, because the first had been taken. So would it be with the Tithe question were the Bill to pass. The whole host of Ministerialists would join the Tories in scouting any further "appropriation" whenever Mr O'Connell, or any one else, should ask it. Such measures are intended not to throw open roads, but to raise up barriers. The intention may be defeated, but the defeat is usually rendered more difficult by the previous acceptance of an unsatisfactory arrangement.

The Instalment doctrine supposes that we have to deal with an honest insolvent. But Government is neither insolvent nor honest. The only obstacle to the full payment of a debt of legislative justice is the want of integrity of principle in the ruling party. They can pay if they will. To grant the whole, or a portion only, is usually within their free choice. Under analogous circumstances the most prudent commercial men usually repudiate the notion of Instalments.

But this notion is essential to Mr O'Connell's determination that, so far as his influence extends, and that is at least over all Ireland, the present Ministry shall be supported. Their measures are all *Instalments* to their supporters, who desire more; and all *Settlements* to their opponents, who desire less. Hence a constant opening for the charge of bad faith. Hence continual defences to one party, which become the bills of indictment of the other party. And hence a loss of character in public estimation, which Tory calumny could never have produced, and against which Radical support will struggle in vain.

Such support as the Irish Association has been induced to instruct the Irish Radical Members to give, is the most fatal aid that the Whig Ministry could receive. It enabled them, last year, to pass the Bishops' Bill, nick-named of Church Reform, and which was avowedly one of Mr O'Connell's Instalment measures. This aid tends in two ways to mislead them. It encourages their propensity for half measures; and it offers the semblance of a majority that cannot be realised, unless the English Radicals pursue a similar course, which is more than

they can or dare do, if they value their seats. And which is by no means what they are inclined to do, unless their estimations are much mistaken in them. Under such circumstances it is not impossible that the Ministry may be beaten, and resign, on some paltry modicum of a measure, which Reformers will only regard with dissatisfaction and disgust; and thus forfeit power without winning either sympathy, gratitude, or confidence. No result can be more injurious to the cause of Reform.

Why should not Radical Members make it their object to fight for Radical measures? The Whigs must then take a side in the conflict between Radicals and Tories. They would be forced into a more consistent position; and it would plainly appear who were, and who were not, the friends of good government.

The Instalments of the present Ministry are only purposes, and not payments. They are promissory notes, not hard cash. The Tories are parties to all the payments. They assent to whatever is actually obtained. Indeed they assent to more than is obtained, and by so doing, involve Mr O'Connell in inconsistency. If the Irish Tithe Bill with the Appropriation Clause was an Instalment, so was the Bill without that clause, though of a smaller amount. If the destruction of the Irish Corporations, with the creation of new ones, was an Instalment, so was the simple destruction, though of a smaller amount. Why were they not accepted? From the hope of getting more by delay, and of putting the enemy more obviously in the wrong. These are as good reasons against the Instalments which Mr O'Connell takes, or is willing to take, as they are against those which he refuses.

It has become requisite that, in the advocacy of their own principles and measures, the Radicals should face the peril of a Tory restoration to office. Had the Whigs dealt fairly with the country in Parliamentary Reform, no such peril could have existed. There can never be any security against it in future, but in those further organic changes to which the Whigs have hitherto opposed themselves. The only hope, the only chance, which the people have left to them, is in an election, under circumstances of such strong excitement as to ensure the return of a House of Commons that will accomplish some or other of those changes, either the Ballot, a large extension of the Suffrage, or short Parliaments. The power of popular excitement to ensure such a return grows gradually less as the small constituencies fulfil the tendency of their nature towards corruption. The sooner, therefore, it happens, the better, even if by means of a Tory restoration. The Whigs are not likely to bring forward any measure so popular as, in

the event of its defeat, to produce that excitement. It is for the Radicals to undertake this task. It is for them to lead the people. If they shrink from it, they must fall into insignificance, and be regarded, like the Whigs, with utter apathy.

A Tory restoration, however brief, would, it is said, throw Ireland back for a century. There is monstrous exaggeration in this apprehension. Injury would be done, no doubt, but injury is done now; and that which is essential to the cause of Reform in the entire United Kingdom must, eventually, be the best for Ireland. She is the better for having undergone the last Tory restoration. Should another occur, which is conceding more than is necessary, its defeat would abolish all difficulties in the way of her obtaining complete justice. There would be no more talk of Instalments.

Mr O'Connell is not singular in this view. It has been the great mistake of public men. The Whigs have ever fallen into it, and will probably fall by it. But his influence is so vast, and his career so splendid, that one would fain hope for his profiting by experience, and postponing all compromises to the assertion, whether successfully or unsuccessfully for a time, of the principles of civil and religious liberty with which he has so gloriously identified his name.

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## CRITICAL NOTICES.

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### *Letters of a Representative to his Constituents during the Session of 1836.*

A most valuable book, the production of a sound thinker, possessing elaborate knowledge, great general experience, and thorough honesty. Such are the Representatives of which the country stands in need. Not only every Reformer, but every one who takes an interest in the principles and movements of this most exciting period, should carefully study every page of these Letters. Dry as are many of their subjects, the manner of treatment is as pleasing as the arguments are convincing.

### *The Analyst.* No. XVI.

This excellent quarterly publication still maintains its character for interesting scientific articles written in a clear and popular style. Its reviews of works of literature and the fine arts are equally well done. In the present number the most important papers are the 'Effects of Certain Bodily States upon the Imagination;' and a conclusion of the admirable paper, by Mr Blyth, 'On the Natural History of the Night-gale.'

*Hazlitt's Characteristics.* Second Edition. Templeman.

A book full of original and profound thoughts, equal to many of the finest parts of Rochefoucault and Montaigne. It is not without errors of prejudice, and errors of carelessness, but there are few thinkers who will not derive theories and suggestions from it, of the subtlest philosophy.

*Gymnasium sive Symbola Critica.* By the Rev. A. Crombie, LL.D., F.R.S., &c.

THE student of the classics will derive great benefit from this book, which is a careful abridgment by the author of his large and rather expensive work. Its object is to render the attainment of a correct Latin prose style less difficult than by the ordinary methods, and is well calculated for that purpose. To those who wish to write Latin prose undisfigured by barbarisms, or by misplaced poetical idioms, and other licentious phraseology, derived from an early initiation in the Roman poets; or from the study of versification, about which young men are apt to waste so much time and labour, we particularly recommend this abridgment. It will be of especial service in schools, and no less to the private student who has neglected his 'Latinity.'

*Ideagraphy.* Designed to enable the hand in writing to keep pace with the tongue in talking. By Thomas How.

To all those who are not already fluent in short-hand, and wish to acquire it, we recommend a trial of Mr How's system, the individual either pursuing it, or giving it up after studying this first part, according as it suits his mind. Not having yet received the remaining parts, we cannot speak of the work as a whole, but so far as we can judge at present, it appears of excellent simplicity.

*Discourses on Various Subjects, relative to the Being and Attributes of God, and his Works, &c.* By Adam Clarke, LL.D., F.A.S., &c.

THE admirers of Dr Adam Clarke will thank the spirited publisher of this edition for its portable form and elegant simplicity of appearance. Touching, however, the matter of the present portion of his works, we shall have a few words to say on the issuing of the two next volumes, which complete it.

*Cobbett's Legacy to Peel.* In Six Letters. Published at Bolt court, Fleet street.

A very neat, cheap, and portable edition of one of the best legacies of the late Member for Oldham, by which the country will be more benefitted, and for which it will feel more grateful.

than the individual to whom it is left. Cobbett's writings are for the most part a series of mental—they might almost be termed bodily—scourges; and the ministers, peers, and parsons, will long continue to wince under the involuntary hairloom.

*Every One His Own Physician; or, the Abernethian Code of Health and Longevity.*

It has the advantage of being only a twentieth part as long as Buchan's 'Domestic Medicine,' and the good sense of not pretending to cure everything. In fact, it is a concise treatise on *Indigestion*,—that root of almost every branching evil,—for which the ordinary remedies are prescribed, with good exhortations on the subject both of the disease and the dose.

*An Outline of English Grammar, for the use of Schools.*  
Published by the Commissioners of National Education in Dublin.

WE do not know a cleverer or more concise outline of the science of English Grammar; but though it does not pretend to be a profound work, it is still too abstruse for children. Far more simplicity is requisite; otherwise the scholars would have to trust to the various powers or inaptitudes for simplification among their teachers. If we do not consider that the purpose intended is completely answered in this publication, we can at all events compliment the society for the effort it is making in so important a cause.

*The Tin Trumpet.* By the late Paul Chatfield, M.D. Edited by Jefferson Saunders, Esq.

THE school-boy's holiday horn is revived in these volumes, and will find an echo in the mature mind of every lover of fun and fancy. They are full of humour and good feeling, frequently rising into wit and wisdom, and always affording food for suggestion, and material for thought. The author has a famous hand at definitions, and many of them are very original, merely because they are true as well as piquant.

"*Congregation*" is defined as,—

"A public assemblage in a spiritual theatre, where all the performers are professors, but where very few of the professors are performers."

Under the head "*Consolation*" we find the following story of Kepler, the great astronomer. On the failure of one of his works to excite attention, he exclaimed,—

"My book may well wait a hundred years for a reader, since God himself has been content to wait six thousand years for an observer like myself."

"*Misfortune*," says our author, "is but another word for the follies, blunders, and vices, which, with a greater blindness, we attribute to the blind goddess, to the fates, to the stars, to any one, in short, but ourselves."

However we may demur to this, as an universal conclusion, we cannot but admit what follows to be true; nor fail to enjoy the aptness of the illustration.

"Not a word of the fates or the stars when we are getting rich, and every thing goes on prosperously. So deeply rooted in our nature is the tendency to make others responsible for our own misdeeds, that we lapse into the process almost unconsciously. An infant being brought to christen to a country curate, at a time when he was somewhat overcome by early potations, he was unable to find the service of baptism in the book, and after fumbling for some time, peevishly exclaimed, 'Confound the brat! what is the matter with it? I never in all my life knew such a difficult child to christen!'"

There is both a ludicrous and true philosophy in the above. The following is capital.

"*Non-Sequitur*"—"A grammatical Adam, being a relative without an antecedent:—something that is *apropos* to nothing, and comes after without following from. Of this figure there are various sorts; but the most common form is putting the cart before the horse, or taking the effect for the cause. The industrious, prudent, and enlightened people of this country have thriven and grown great and rich, not *always* in consequence of good, but in spite of bad government. When, therefore, they are desired to reverence the mis-governed and unreformed institutions, to which alone they are told to consider themselves indebted for all the advantages they enjoy, one cannot help recalling the *non sequitur* of the Carmelite Friar, who instanced, as a striking proof of the superintendence and goodness of Providence, that it almost invariably made a river run completely through the middle of every large city."—Vol. ii, pl 47.

We might multiply our quotations almost to the extent of the whole book, for it contains little which is not good. It is difficult indeed to select, so much offers itself in almost every page.

### *Contrast, or the History of a Day.*

A PRODUCTION that has all the appearance of being a reprint of one of the antiquated puerilities administered of yore, and perhaps to this day, as a present to young folks, by the least intelligent of grandmammas. The wood-cuts are equally old-fashioned in execution and spiritless in design.

*The Comic Almanack for 1837.* By *Algdom Junnibus, Gent.* Imprinted for CHARLES TILT, BIBLIOPOLIST.

It beats all other things of the kind that ever were seen, heard, or dreamt of. It must be bought to be believed.

*Circumnavigation of the Globe.* Edinburgh Cabinet Library.  
Vol. XXI.

ALTHOUGH, in size, print, and general arrangement,—not forgetting the excellence of its numerous wood-cuts, and the fine engraving of Cook,—this edition of the voyages of Magellan and Cook is the best calculated for popular use of any we have yet seen.

## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

I. **ADVANCE OF THE OPERATIVES.**—Among all the proofs of shortsightedness in those statesmen, whether remote or recent, who have preceded the present race, we know of none that strikes us more forcibly than their total deficiency of knowledge with reference to the mental capacity of the operatives in this country, and an equally innocent blindness to the possible advent of circumstances likely to develop that capacity. Twenty years ago, or less, it was thought something commendable in any workman or mechanic, if he could read a book with tolerable facility. That he should write a book, possess varied knowledge, edit a periodical, speak in public, and become a leading man in the improvements of the age, was a dream that never once floated through their imaginations even in their most speculative reveries. Or if anything bearing a distant resemblance to his rise in conventional importance ever presented itself, the whole amounted to nothing more than some vague idea of Whittington and his Cat, and how a poor apprentice became a Lord Mayor. To become so far *elevated* as to preside at a great dinner and make a speech, our statesmen may have thought possible to the capacities of a few “lucky” individuals among the humbler classes. But that individuals of such a class were ever likely to have such a “run of luck” as to be elected to sit at their elbow and take a part in the counsels of their country, would have seemed to them a mere lunacy, had anybody suggested the idea. Let us look, however, at what the operatives are now doing? On every side we discover institutes, societies, and unions, formed or forming by working men, not merely, as heretofore, to protect their pecuniary interests from tyranny or unfair dealing, but now, more especially, for the greater facility such combination affords of procuring the means of acquiring systematic as well as practical knowledge, the science of government being a branch much more studied among them than is thought for by our legislators. We have been led to these reflections by an ‘Address to the Working Men of Belgium, from the Working Men’s Association of London,’ which appeared, in the French and English languages, in the *Constitutional* of November 12. It is a fine, manly document, illustrative of the best parts of the English character—integrity and good sense. Among various other striking remarks, it puts the Wars of Kings in a true light, and shows the horrible simplicity of the absurdity. With pathetic force it asks, why the peaceful operatives, whose civic arts and industry have so immensely contributed to our wealth and comforts; why those “who in

their respective countries cultivated their fields, fed their flocks, and by their ingenuity and art enriched and gladdened existence, have left in hostile array their peaceable avocations, and, at the bidding of some aristocratic minion, have gone forth to the slaughter of those they have not known, and to sustain quarrels where they have no cause for resentment? Why, indeed; but the clear solution here follows:—"Brothers, our inquiry has taught us that the cause of those foolish dissensions lies in the ignorance of our position in society; which ignorance has caused us to believe that *we* were born to toil, and *others* to enjoy—that we were naturally inferior, and should silently bow to the government of those who were pleased to call themselves superior; and consequently those who have governed us have done so for their own advantage, and not ours. The existence of their power depending on the ignorance, the instilled prejudice, and cupidity of the multitude, they have formed their institutions for hoodwinking and keeping them in subjection—their laws have been enacted to perpetuate their power, and are administered to generate fear and submission towards self-constituted greatness, hereditary ignorance, or wealth however unjustly acquired." This is pure truth and moral grandeur:—here we find the whole suffering mass, humbly acknowledging their ignorance to be the cause of that suffering; with calm dignity reproaching their oppressors for endeavouring to keep them ignorant for selfish purposes; but with manly pride declaring their determination to exercise their minds to the best advantage, and no longer permit their hands to be made the bloody and fratricidal tools of kings. Let but the operatives of all nations rightly understand their own position, and there will be *no more wars*. But this right understanding and its correct elaboration in practice, can only result from the mental development of the operatives. They seem fully aware of it, and are adopting the best means at present in their power. It is owing to a dawning perception of this fact that the *Standard* recently declared,—"from the day of the first publication of the *Standard*, we have never spoken of those classes in other terms than those of *respect and admiration!*" How sweet and generous a thunderer! We have just received the Prospectus of a 'Hall of Science' in Brighton, which has been projected by some operatives of the place, and is advancing towards accomplishment, under the management of a Committee, all of whom, we believe, are also operatives. Their motto is,—"Science belongs to no Party." Their project, we are sure, will find the support of that noble-spirited paper, the *Brighton Patriot*. We have only room for one extract from their Prospectus, but it will prove the kind of heads that are among the Committee. "The time is arrived for Society to be governed by the most extended experience, which must be collected eventually from the most intelligent of *all* classes, because *no one class* can possess more experience than the *circumstances* surrounding that class have enabled it to possess; and as individuals of *all* classes must possess some valuable truths useful to the others, so the combined possession of such experience must mutually benefit *all*." Are such operatives as these likely to go to war and cut each other's throats at the bidding of Kings? It is far more rational to expect that our legislators should see the propriety of consulting the experience of such men on subjects of which the legislators are at present so presumptuously ignorant.

R. H. H.

2. BRITISH LEGION AFFAIRS.—We are continually receiving communications from several friends enrolled in the skeleton corps of General Evans's army, to whom we in vain "held forth" previous to their departure, begging them to be of as pure a patriotism as possible, and never to expect anything but desperate service and disgusting treatment. In the concluding remarks of an article on 'Madrid in 1835,' which appeared in our September number, we said all we now have to say touching the results of the service. As mere matter of news, however, and "latest intelligence," we have to mention the receipt of a letter dated November 17th, from which we learn that, "this afternoon the inhabitants and idlers in the streets of San Sebastian were roused from their apathetic, gossiping state of feeling, by the fire of distant musquetry. It was found that a part of the 6th regiment had gone forth to burn some picket-houses opposite the Antigua Convent, a little to the left and behind the Lighthouse. They met with little opposition in doing it, but when it was done some two hundred Carlists made their appearance and commenced firing, but were presently silenced by the effective bomb-shell eloquence of the *Phoenix*. These picket-houses were destroyed on account of the nightly shelter they afforded parties of Carlists, who were in the habit of annoying the English at the Antigua Convent with sundry bullets at day-break. Before these houses were burned, however, they were of course pillaged in due form. One soldier brought home a prize under each arm in the shape of two bundles of sheets; another came back with some loaves of bread stuck on his triumphant bayonet; another came with a calf, pulling it onwards first by the nose, then by the tail; another drove a Carlist prisoner on before him, with the Carlist's little boy seated astride upon the conqueror's shoulders, which had a droll, and very anomalous effect; but one of the Carlist prisoners was found in possession of a parcel of letters, and these were considered the best booty of all, owing to their 'suggestive' external. A few men were killed and wounded on both sides. It was reported that the Lieutenant-General meditated an attack on Hernani; but rest assured nothing of the kind is, at present, contemplated. The winter threatens to be dreadful. The heavens begin to lower upon us and pour forth. A Poussin-like gloom hangs over the whole town. The effective strength of the Legion has just been estimated at 4000. There are between seven and eight hundred men in the hospitals. We can only act on the defensive with such a 'force,' and expect to garrison San Sebastian for the winter."

3. THEATRES.—It is a favourite proposition of Hazlitt's, that man is governed by his passions and prejudices, his sympathies and imagination, not by his interest. The closer and the more extensively we watch the actions of men, the more palpable does the truth of his theory make itself manifest. As a striking example, let us look at the conduct of the Patent Managers of our theatres! In vain do their houses fill with the genuine drama when represented by competent performers; they give Shakespeare with the wish that he may fail to attract, and finding themselves disappointed, they return to the wild-beast shows and red fire! In vain are the theatres neglected after the first three nights of wild-beast shows and red fire,—they persist in continuing the vulgar folly, which is their passion, and with whose objects alone their imagination can sympathise.

While on the subject of the drama, it will not be inappropriate to offer an opinion on the last new tragedy and tragedian imported from America in this our dearth of managerial common-sense. There has been an attempt to make the *Gladiator* and Mr Forrest "go down" as very great things, but they will not last as such, neither will their admirers. Mr Forrest is utterly deficient in sensibility and imagination; but his fine person, bodily strength, and stage clap-traps, take the senses of people at once, and often by storm. We could admire him excessively, however, in proper parts calculated to display his merits, instead of exposing his defects.

4. LISBON AND LORD PALMERSTON.—It is to be hoped that the very opportune appearance, for the cause of despotism, of an English naval armament in the Tagus, will not escape Parliamentary inquiry. At present the British name is tarnished by a connection, which cannot but be inferred, between the traitorous counter-revolutionary project of the Court and the mission of the French and English fleets. What danger to residents in Lisbon, from either country, could Louis Philippe or Lord Palmerston possibly apprehend, unless they anticipated this treacherous movement against the Portuguese Constitution and people? The Constitution established; the city tranquil; the Cortes about to meet; the Queen popular;—there was no more apparent need for a foreign force at Lisbon than at London. The case is one of strong suspicion; and, should that suspicion be verified, of deeper culpability than we know how to characterize. The actual effect of the appearance of this armament in encouraging the faction that conspired to force a House of Peers on the Portuguese people, cannot be denied or doubted. The coincidence is at least unlucky. And he must be a bold Minister who can hope to justify himself to the English public for abetting this attempt, both fraudulent and forcible, on the liberties of a nation towards which we bear the most friendly relations. The symptom is an ill-favoured one for those charitable politicians who hope that the Whigs are beginning to see the necessity for some reform of our own House of Lords. But apart from all such considerations, no time should be lost in demanding something more than the common official mystifications, towards explaining the course which has been adopted in reference to the royal and aristocratical revolutionists of Portugal, in their late nefarious and baffled endeavour.

F.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'Mexican Sketches' will be resumed in the January Number.

L. D. on the 'Standard of Taste' will also appear next month.

Many thanks for the able remarks on Mr Clay's Pamphlet concerning Joint-Stock Banks. The paper is postponed in consequence of its late arrival.

To 'Omega's' poetry, we say 'yes.'

The TITLE and INDEX to Vol. X. are unavoidably delayed.

Printed by

Printed by C. & W. REYNELL, Little Pulteney street.