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HISTORY OF THE BRITISH AUXILIARY BANTLING;

ITS BIRTH, ACHIEVEMENTS, AND PRESENT STATE,

IN ONE BRIEF AND DIPLOMATIC CHAPTER.

I AM no astrologer, and not more deeply skilled in astronomy than the majority of my neighbours, but I cannot help believing that the British Auxiliary Bantling was born under the auspices of some very unlucky star! Its parentage, notwithstanding, hath been sufficiently august; its father being no less a man than one of the most eminent ministers in the councils of his Britannic Majesty; its mother no less a woman than the most illustrious personage in the realms of Spain! It hath nevertheless been invidiously alleged that the infant was unlawfully begotten. Some have even gone so far as to throw out vile insinuations, which heaven forbid any body should believe, against the purity of the Queen mother! Others, again, have sworn that they could prove, by a document called the 'Quadruple Treaty,' that not only is the child an hybrid, but an offspring of four different nations;* nay, that there is an admixture of English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese blood actually flowing through its veins, which is altogether incompatible with a sound and healthy constitution! The inauspicious influence of the star that presided over its nativity had peradventure given rise to these mephitic rumours; for we have the highest authority for believing in the legitimacy of its birth, the date of which is established beyond a doubt by the parish register in St Martin's-le-Grand, London, wherein it appears that the said child was born at No. 5 Charing cross, opposite the two black lions on the top of Northumberland House, on or upon the 10th day of June, in the year of our Tribulation, 1835!

Laying aside all ante-natal reflections—political or physiological—the great evil hath been this: it was born in too great a hurry; but this could not, at the time, have been well helped. Hence the head (which my uncle Toby well describes as symbolical of the staff of an army) was preternaturally large, and soft, and quite disproportioned, from its bulk, to the size of the rest of the body.† The right hand (which my uncle Toby

* This is literally the fact. These unfortunate men are fighting suicidally to maintain the cause which the Quadruple Treaty pledges itself to support, because it is not the policy of England, France, or Portugal to send out a regular army. Why not, if so pledged? Political treaties, now a days, seem to be not worth a straw.

† When the Legion arrived at Bilboa, it was observed that the staff of his Excellency Lieutenant General Evans far exceeded in the number of officers the staff of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular war. It was out of all proportion to the size of the Legion.

would have destined to perform the commissariat duties) was so deformed and crippled, that it was evident it would never attain a healthy size, or be able to perform its functions; and the left (which, before the wound that he received at the siege of Namur, he insisted was sufficient to symbolize the whole medical departments of an army) was so miserably shrivelled, and the fingers so disjointed, that it was quite clear it would never be able to perform any delicate manipulations. The remainder of the body (which he conceived to represent the whole army—privates, corporals, sergeants, sergeant-majors, &c.), was obviously composed of materials so ill assorted and ill adjusted, that it was more than probable that the slightest privation or injury would lead to its total disorganization! Of a truth, when consigned to its wet nurse at the Isle of Luckless Dogs, it appeared a most pitiable object. Now, it hath been a custom of great antiquity among all the old women of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and Berwick-upon-Tweed, to drown all monsters immediately upon birth—just as our waiting-women in high life drown puppies, cats, rats, mice, and other ruinous intruders. And this led to a violent political altercation, one party contending that it was a politico-physiologico monster, which ought, for the honour of the nation, to be forthwith destroyed; the other, with equal asperity, maintaining exactly the contrary; which angry discussion was at length put an end to by the father declaring, with a crown oath, that he never beheld a finer bantling in his life; and the Queen mother—who was very anxious about her throne—protesting that she would give it every support in her power, nay, that she would even allow her own daughter to nourish it to the best of her abilities.

Matters being thus arranged, the father and the mother, anxious about the well-being of the child, committed it to the care of an old lady belonging to the parish of Westminster, who promised faithfully that it should be well fed and clothed, and engaged a number of servants to assist her in the task of its tuition, and superintend its future career. No sooner, however, had the old lady got the child fairly out of its father's sight, at a place called Bilboa, than she adopted the Spartan principles of education; she submitted it to every sort of unnecessary fatigue and exposure, and occasionally whipped it severely.* This led to much murmuring; for a law had recently been promulgated (which she had herself vehemently advocated in several small coteries in Westminster), that all corporeal punishment should be abolished in the army and in

* And here we could add a note to those of our Correspondent, which would produce no small sensation on the subject of "Flogging," but the best time for it is not yet arrived.—Ed.

the navy; in all schools, public or private, and in all nurseries throughout his Majesty's dominions. The child, however, bore the infliction with exemplary patience and magnanimity; but treachery, foul treachery, followed. A Spanish old woman, who hath since been publicly castigated for her duplicity,* and who declared herself distincly related to the child by some military connections, insisted that it should be brought to Vitoria, and there be placed partly under her control. In an evil hour, through an inclement season, thither the child was brought; and, it grieveth me add, that it was there subjected to every description of privation and misery. It was ill clothed, ill fed, ill lodged. No mendicant ever went forth more tattered, no half-starved prisoner ever eat coarser food. Sickness now began to sap its constitution; day after day its body wasted, and wasted away; while its two arms (according to my uncle Toby's symbolical allusion) hung down useless and dangling by its sides. Every one asked why the old lady brought the child to Vitoria? Nobody could answer.† She ought—so they argued—to have seen through the hollow pretensions of the old Spanish woman, whom they now openly accused of having treacherously invited the child there for the purpose of betraying it into the hands of its enemies—but whether this horrid charge be true or otherwise, it behoveth me not to determine. Certain it is, that ever after this, the two old ladies fell to loggerheads—they were wrangling one day, and sulky the next. At length the old woman of Westminster, putting a bold face on the matter, told the other, one morning, to go and be hanged (a result long since deserved) and that she herself would go with her charge to San Sebastian, where it might probably thrive and fatten. Happily she fulfilled the threat, and her prediction was verified! At San Sebastian the

* Signor Faxardo, the Commissary General, went to Bayonne for the express purpose of horsewhipping Cordova. He met him in the public street, and shaking him by the collar, told him he was a coward, a traitor, and a disgrace to his country. He then laid the horsewhip over his shoulders. When the circumstance was reported to Lieutenant-General Evans, he exclaimed "*Good God!* What will the Press of England say to it?" A few hours afterwards Signor Faxardo was seized by two *gensdarmes*, who hurried him into a racketty *voiture*, and seating themselves one on each side of him, the vehicle moved on towards the quay. No sooner had it stopped, which it did where passengers embark, than the *voiturier*, accosting Signor F., asked him for his fare! "*Fare*," quoth the Signor, with astonishment. "*Fare*," for bringing me here without my consent! *C'est bien comique!*" The *voiturier* was earnest in his demand; the *gensdarmes* looked at each other with vacant simplicity; while the Signor, still persisting in the "*non, non!*" was hurried on board a vessel in the harbour,—from which he took a boat and returned to San Sebastian!

† The movement of the troops from Bilboa to Vitoria (which, perhaps, the Lieutenant-General could not avoid) proved most disastrous to the Legion. Here upwards of 2000 men fell victims to sickness. Imagination can scarcely conceive the privations and sufferings to which they were subjected. Had the Legion, then composed of recruits, been garrisoned during that winter at Bilboa, the men might have been disciplined and brought into excellent condition to commence operations as early as the season permitted. As it was, they fell a sacrifice to imprudence, ill-treatment, and neglect.

child rallied wonderfully; it acquired indeed preternatural strength; so much so, that on the 5th of May, 1836, it performed a marvellous and almost incredible feat!—it cut its first wisdom tooth. Great was the rejoicing thereat! The bells of the old cathedral rang all day a merry peal; the great square was illuminated at night; and the Queen mother, on receiving the intelligence, not only condescended to express herself gratified in the highest degree, but ordered a medal to be struck in comemoration of so memorable an event! The old lady who had acted as Lancer to the child—who henceforth designated her as Gummy Lancer—and who conceived herself entitled to no small degree of credit for the triumph, went half mad with joy; she gave ribands to almost every one of the under nurses and lint-scrapers; and then set about promoting every body.* She made the dairy-maid the house-maid, which offended the kitchen-maid; and the house-maid she made the lady's-maid, which offended half a dozen other maids. Many took the huff and went about their business; it was a painful thing indeed to see so many old and good servants leave her Excellency, but what was to be done. Scarcely, however, had this marvellous achievement been accomplished, than on the 6th day of June, just before day break, a troop of wolves of the original Moorish breed, which notoriously infest the neighbourhood, rushed down with savage ferocity, and threatened the destruction of the infant prodigy. The alarm was sudden. The old lady, armed with no ordinary broomstick, hurried out, and, assisted by her whole household, drove back the savage assailants into the very heart of their ravines, and woods, and natural mountains. Great again was the rejoicing. Animals, however, of such royal blood, are not so easily subdued. Again, on the 12th, and again on the 28th of the same month, the cannibal-like attack was repeated, but in vain; for the gallant old lady and her *cortége* drove them back on each occasion in the uttermost confusion and dismay; and great indeed was her triumph, which now waxed brighter and brighter, and threw a halo over the whole extent of the political horizon. But as hath sagely been observed, human glory hath but a fleeting duration; it riseth up

* This picture is true to the facts. After the glorious affair of the 5th of May it rained all sorts of honours on all manner of heads. His Excellency disposed of the Order of San Fernando without any discrimination, just as Napoleon occasionally scattered small silver coin from his carriage window among the poor of Paris. "True 'tis pity—pity 'tis 'tis true"—it adorns the breast of many a man who was never under fire; and among those who were, and were awarded it, how many deserve it? The promotions too were made with an equally unsparing hand, and in many cases without reference to the order of seniority in rank. Hence junior officers were, in several instances, placed over the heads of senior officers, which gave such offence that many of the best officers in the service resigned their commissions. The rapidity of promotions has been absurd. The Legion is now almost a mob of field officers. The expense thus entailed upon the Spanish Government would be enormous—if ever paid!

like the sun in splendour, and like him becometh suddenly overcast with clouds and with eclipse! Human glory abideth not! so happened it in the present case; for as the old lady and child were shortly afterwards proceeding to a place called Fientaraba, or the Fountain of Araby, they were overtaken by a violent storm of hail and wind and lightning! The old lady bore up with her charge gallantly, but to no purpose. The nearer they approached the walls of the town the more dreadful it became. It was a hurricane of hail-stones as heavy as lead; so she presently turned her face to the east, and with her young charge, who was sorely scratched, and bruised, and beaten, retreated under night fall into San Sabastian. That night there was no illumination in the great square; but the evil star which had presided over the nativity of the child, and which had waxed faint and dim since the 5th of May, now arose and cast a sick and pallid glare over the city. It grieveth me to add, that it still, at this very hour, shineth balefully bright in the ascendant. Alas! the illustrious father,—the august mother, have cruelly abandoned the idol of their creation! They have left it to shift for itself without a single stiver! The old lady hath implored remittances from the unnatural parents again and again, but in vain; she hath applied to the same effect to the godfathers and to the godmothers, and to all the sponsors who presided at the baptism, but in vain; she hath endeavoured, by appealing to all the stock-jobbers and money-lenders on the Bourse and on the Exchange, to raise a loan, but in vain; the winter hath in the mean time set in, and surrounded by the bleak and snowy heights of San Sebastian, her beloved charge is pining and dwindling away; it is eaten up by an inward consumption; it is impossible it can survive beyond the 10th of next June. But if in the mean time any charitable institution, hospital or workhouse, in Europe, or in any other part of the world, will give it refuge, I am authorized to announce that the same will joyously be accepted, and the righteous deed handed down for the admiration of generations yet unborn.*

DON CLEOFAS, *Clerk to the War.*

San Sebastian, 27th November, 1836.
Anno Secundo Legionis Auxiliarii Britannicæ!

* Our Correspondent means to hint, we presume, at the extreme likelihood of the residue of the unfortunate men who were deluded into the service by the golden promises, being eventually brought to England on crutches and in carts, and either shot into the roads or *thrown upon their respective parishes?* This is the cruel reward they will probably receive for their wounds and mutilation. The Legion has undoubtedly proved its courage on various occasions, and has done quite as much good as could reasonably have been expected of so ill-concocted a body; but Don Carlos is as strong as before, perhaps stronger, and the hideous civil war is still to continue while Ministers shuffle between land and sea.—ED.

FOREIGN POLICY.

FOREIGNERS say, and not without some reason, that England has *no principle* in her policy. And when we look at our national relations with other states, it is evident that they are marked, to a large extent, by the characteristics of our Statute Book. They are all in detail. We have a multitude of particular treaties, as we have a multitude of particular enactments, but little of pervading spirit and purpose is to be distinctly traced. Once we were at the head of Protestant Europe, as opposed to Catholic Europe; but these distinctions have long since worn out, and cease to be lines of political demarcation. Pitt made us an appendage to absolute governments as opposed to revolutionary nations. Many of the embarrassing consequences of this unnatural and imperfect alliance are yet entailed upon us. And they are mixed up with the sympathy of the present Administration for the *juste milieu* policy of Louis Philippe, which is fast losing its title to that appellation and merging into absolutism. The interference with the Swiss Cantons was his first overt act against the liberties of other nations; and although Spain may, we trust, be considered as permanently let alone, the new appointments bode little good. Our Foreign Secretary will therefore have to walk alone: and his notion of policy seems to extend little beyond the interchange of notes and the multiplication of protocols.

A recent writer on Foreign Policy contends that it *should* have no moral principle; that we are the natural enemies of all nations which have facilities for becoming naval or commercial; and the natural friends of states which have no such facilities for becoming our rivals; and that to allow the despotism or freedom of their Institutions to have any influence is most unstatesmanlike. This opinion is directly the reverse of our own. We take all sound foreign policy to be based upon Moral Principle. All free states are natural friends. They have a living bond of alliance worth a thousand parchment treaties. They stand or fall together. The desire of the absolute governments to put them down can only be limited by their power. And the insular position of England, the great cause of her security, marks her out for their universal protectress, the rock of their safety, the pillar of their strength.

Viewed on a large scale, interest and morality are ever identical, in national relations as they are in private life. The vassals of despotic and military powers will never permanently sustain the most profitable interchange with a free, industrious manufacturing population. The most prosperous customers are the best. Trade can only gain much from a wealthy and thriving people.

And we shall speedily find, as the world begins to settle, that liberal institutions are the concomitants of prosperity. We do not despair of seeing Spain amongst the most rapidly-progressive nations of Europe. A few years of quiet freedom will develop her immense, but hitherto abused or neglected, resources. But no extent of territory, no severity of regulation, no artificial and forced combination, will avail to fertilize and enrich the northern states. Interests and institutions are linked together by the laws of national existence; and instead of the purblind calculations of a sordid selfishness, that defeats its own purposes, England will find, in sympathy with freedom, that principle of foreign policy which will best enlarge her national wealth, while it can alone sustain and dignify her national character.

The timid and short-sighted councils which have neutralized so much of the effect of our Reform Bill on the public opinion and public spirit of England, have had a similar influence upon our foreign politics. The opportunity has been lost for investing our country with a moral supremacy over Europe. To the gaze of all continental liberals, the name of Canning remains uneclipsed. The spirit with which he dissevered this country from the Holy Alliance, and the warm frankness of his tone on all European topics, won their hearts, and have left little relish for the cold trimmings of Whiggism. Would that this were the worst, or that we had merely shared with France the contempt due to impotent sympathies and disregarded remonstrances for Poland, crushed by the insolent cruelty of the barbarian Despot. Or that we had only trifled with Spain, by that sort of inefficient aid which is perhaps rather a prejudice than an advantage. There is a far deeper blot fixed upon us by the baffled attempt at a counter-revolution in Portugal. The subject has already drifted out of public attention, but it ought to be revived as the meeting of Parliament approaches, and occasion should be found for searching inquiries into all the particulars of Ministers in connection with that memorable event. As ground for such inquiry, it is quite enough to know that a British naval armament, together with a French squadron, were moored in the Tagus, in such a position as that Lisbon might have been laid in ashes, on the eve of a premeditated violation of Royal faith, for the purpose of robbing the Portuguese people of the freedom they had conquered, and imposing on them the Oligarchy of a House of Peers. This has been only justified by the pretext of securing the Queen's person from peril; the Queen having been in no peril whatever, nor likely to incur any, *but from the contemplated treason.* The strong arm of Britain, which hangs so heavily when patriotism is beaten to the dust, was thus upraised to shelter premeditated treachery against a friendly and allied nation. Disgrace and disgust have been thereby attached to the British

name, as they ought, while such is the policy of its Government, and acquiesced in by the people. Our talk of Reform is but shy pocritical paltering while such procedures are tolerated simply because they belong to the department of foreign policy. The principle of our policy, home and foreign, is one and indivisibe; it is conducted by the same hands, and in the same spirit; nor can it be expected that the abettors of a treacherous and violent attempt to establish one House of Lords, should be very favourable to peaceful attempts at the reformation of another House of Lords. It may be premature to censure what has passed, strong as are the appearances, without such explanations as may hereafter be given; but the people are not careful of their own interests, if they demand not ample explanations. No nation is secure, nor deserves to be so, of its own rights, which is not jealously watchful of the cause of liberty " all the world over."

F.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Library of Anecdote and Table Talk. Vol. I. C. Knight.

THE first volume of this work, entitled 'The Book of Human Character,' by Charles Bucke, Esq., may be considered as an excellent commencement of the series. Taking this as a spe c-men of what is to follow (and we sincerely trust the publisher will be most careful in maintaining the same degree of intellectual stamina) the present work bids fair to rival the 'Percy Anecdotes,' and in some important respects to excel them greatly. The error to which we mainly object in the present volume, is the author's occasional disposition to say a disagreeable or anomalous fact by halves, as though a solecism or a paradox in human character required introducing with some apology. Are we not all more or less paradoxical? Mr Bucke sometimes states a fact concerning an individual with "it is said," when we *know* that it *was* so; and where we have every reason for being satisfied of an extreme instance, he occasionally eases it off by observing that the individual was "a little inclined" that way. Yet our author can be sufficiently positive when he pleases, as in the repeated assertions of his conviction that Mary Queen of Scots was "an adulteress, and the *assistant* murderer of her own husband." In a few instances, also, the writer's opinions on celebrated men are contradictory. Thus: at page 162, he considers it a just criticism on Rochefoucault,—"he is a philoso-

pher chiefly to the idle, the envious, the half-informed, and the most worthless portion of mankind." The larger portion of his admirers may doubtless be so classed; but at page 161, our author says of Rochefoucault, that "it cannot be denied, notwithstanding their defects, that his maxims constitute a body of intelligence, by which *every one may profit according to the depth of his understanding*." The style of Mr Bucke is very old-fashioned, though often terse and racy; he is rather pedantically profuse of learned authorities, many of which are very twaddlesome, and his taste in the selection of English poets is no great matter. In other respects, this is one of the most interesting works of science that was ever written. It is full of amusement and knowledge; a book, the study of which will be equally pleasure and profit to most of the young and many of the old. The author shows himself in his Preface to be perfectly conscious of all the merit his critics can discover in his elaborate production, and as this forestalling of praise will hurt the self-love of many of the tribe, the said Preface may influence the "opinion" in no trifling degree; but they may just as well leave off fuming, and admit that Mr Bucke's account of his work and of himself, is little short of the truth.

Memoirs of Madame Malibran. By J. Nathan.

A MORE fulsome production than this never issued from the press, nor was the press ever disgraced by a more catch-penny tirade, indecently and most ostentatiously thrust forth under the mask of feeling. The thing is entirely compiled from the newspaper accounts; with the exception of one or two absurd letters, a few sentences of almost insane bombast, meant for the pathos of grief, and other *Advertisements* of Mr Nathan. "Light sorrows speak —great grief is dumb." But this gross trash was whipped through the press, and pelted into the market, almost before the unfortunate and accomplished lady was cold in her grave! One only touch of conscience in Mr Nathan, manifests itself in the uncomfortable anxiety with which he desires that his book may not be "measured by the *selfish and vulgar scale of the Ready Reckoner!*" Well might he fear—but how could he possibly doubt the public perception of the fact. The "Ready Reckoner" was a most unlucky term for him to use. He has re-christened himself thereby with an appropriate cognomen, which will designate his character as long as he lives. But look, Sir, only look what you have been about!—

"A few months ago, in the 'Sunday Times' journal, an extract was made from *my work*, '*Musurgia Vocalis*,' of some encomiastic remarks on the peerless performance of Malibran. Her observation being called to the passage, *it became the subject of a green-room conversation*, in

which De Beriot, Malibran, and her favourite actress, Mrs C. Jones, took part. After making *kindly mention of my humble merits, but which delicacy forbids me to repeat*, the fair vocalist continued, in reference to my tribute to her genius—'Mr Nathan is *too* kind—it is not true—I never myself feel satisfied with what I do.'

"On her expressing delight at *my* '*Hebrew Melodies*,' I sent to her a copy of them, with the following inscription:—'To Madame Malibran, these Melodies are respectfully presented by Mr Nathan, as an humble tribute to those splendid powers of song, the exalted exercise of which has yielded him a gratification which he had hitherto imagined only existed in idea.'—She accepted the work, and conveyed her acknowledgments to me in the most handsome manner, with the assurance that she would endeavour to show her thanks *more satisfactorily* by taking an early opportunity of singing 'Jephthah's Daughter' in public. Independently of the *disappointment to my ambition* in this respect, which her *sad* death has occasioned, I have *also* to regret being deprived of the high *gratification* I should have felt in hearing her execute *two other songs of my composition*. 'Rejoice, O my people,' by Mrs Moodie, late Miss Strickland, was one: 'Queen of Evening,' by Mr Maurice Harcourt, the other. I sent my only MS. copies of these songs to Madame Malibran, which she took with her to the continent; and so pleased was she with them, that she intimated an intention of singing them at an early opportunity on her return to this country. *So soon as my leisure will allow, I shall introduce these compositions to the public*, though with a deep regret that they do not appear under those auspicious circumstances which the decease of Madame Malibran has dissipated. But, through the medium of my kind friend Miss Shirreff, I have *still* reason to hope that *these songs may be heard in a favourable light* by the musical world."—I. N.

Oh you *sad* man!—*sad* Ready Reckoner! And at the last page we have yet again another advertisement of a "Supplement to be published *in a few days*, containing *further* interesting anecdotes, &c., price 6*d*." Is this the way in which sincere and excessive grief at a public loss would be naturally expressed? Resenting, as we did, the indecent marketing of the dead, whose brilliant talents were so suddenly and painfully extinguished, and Mr Nathan having different notions and objects in view,—he, of the compilation, has thought it "good and wise" to heap all manner of personally abusive epithets upon our head. His vulgar personality we decline to answer; and, in return, beg to compliment him with the above insertion of all his choice Advertisements (duty inclusive) by way of a little Christmas present.

Historical Sketch of the Life and Character of Joan D'Arc.

A most beautiful little book. Of all the elaborate volumes (the very catalogue of which forms a volume) that have been written on this interesting character, these few pages are the pure epi-

tome. The book is written in a style of simplicity which may be called Scriptural; and by giving the facts of the life of Joan without any comment, leaves an equally clear and powerful impression on the mind; thus doing more justice to the character of the disinterested and high-souled heroine than could be accomplished by any elaborate defence or studied eulogy. The last sentence of the concluding page contains an illustration of the usual fate of Genius, in reading which we know not whether grief or indignation predominates.

Meetings for Amusing Knowledge; or, the Happy Valley. By Miss H. J. Wood.

THE title will show that this book is intended for young minds, but it may be read with pleasure by young and old. It is one of the most pleasing publications we have seen. The stories are all clever; but we particularly notice as good, 'The Embroidered Bag and the New Coat.' The coloured plates of shells are well executed, and we are glad to see a history of their *inhabitants*, which is seldom included in any account of conchology.

Nursery Government. By Mrs Barwell.

THIS little book may be read with advantage by most mothers; there are few who will not learn something from it. The advice as to the physical management of the infant, is extremely judicious in most respects. The more difficult question of moral training is as well treated as it can be, considering that all the writer aims at is to instruct nurses and nursery-maids how to conduct it. As long as children are confided to their care, very little can be expected as to training, and it would be well indeed if the point of improvement contemplated by Mrs Barwell could be attained. The following is her estimate of the qualifications requisite for a nurse:—

"A knowledge of her duties, and of the laws on which they are founded, a deep conviction of their necessity, and a strong determination to perform them. To this must be added love, firmness, gentleness, consistency, truth, and a total absence of selfishness."—p. 52.

We hope that every mother who reads these words will perceive, that, to expect such a combination of noble qualities in a hired nurse, is utterly futile, and will in consequence take upon herself the charge or superintendence of her own children.

Little Tales for Little Heads and Little Hearts.

WRITTEN with the *least* amount of ability. They are constructed on the common but erroneous plan of attempting to

teach good feelings, by a kind of systematic distribution of rods and sugar-plumbs; and, as is usual with such efforts, inculcating conventionalisms for morality.

Floral Sketches, and other Poems. By Agnes Strickland.

THESE simple and unaffected poems are full of sweetness, freshness, and nature. The book is well calculated as a Christmas present, and of the best kind, for young people.

Life of Ali Pasha. Family Library, No. LXI.

AN excellent edition of this interesting, we had almost said *terrible*, biography. The portrait of 'Aslan the Lion' is admirable for character, and finely engraved. The life-like look of the eyes is wonderful for truth, and without the least extravagance in expression.

The Usurper, a Tragedy. By Alfred Whitehead.

MR WHITEHEAD is a poet; but not a dramatic poet, "by this light." We are not insensible to the finer passages; we object to the elements of the story. That Carella, the hero, was able to raise himself so quickly, by telling the people they had grievances, shows that the people *felt* the fact. Now the sympathy of the author seems to be with the king, prince, princess, &c.; and the fall of the "Usurper" and restoration of "legitimacy" is made the end of the action and *moral* of the piece, more because *he* is a usurper, and they the hereditary owners of the people, than for any better reason. But as a *poet*, we shall speak of Mr Whitehead hereafter.

Boileau's French Self-Instructor, &c.

IT is an excellent assistant in learning the language, capable, in many instances, of supplying the place of a good teacher, and of guiding almost any master in the art of teaching. It is already known as part of 'The Linguist.'

A Residence in France, &c. By J. F. Cooper. 2 vols. London, 1836.

THERE are many good things in these volumes, but on the whole they disappoint us, especially when compared with his *first* Visit to Switzerland. Mr Cooper is ever and anon guilty of American Trollope-ising; and he seems but too ready to visit the sins of their rulers upon the whole English people. We are delighted with him as a "native" novelist, not as a travelling politician. Such passages as the following are, however, amusing:—

"He (Lafayette) made me laugh with a story, that he said the English officers had told him of General Knyphausen, who commanded the Hessian mercenaries in 1776. This officer, a rigid martinet, knew nothing of the sea, and not much more of geography. On the voyage between England and America he was in the ship of Lord Howe, where he passed several uncomfortable weeks, the fleet having an unusually long passage, on account of the bad sailing of some of the transports. At length Knyphausen could contain himself no longer, but, marching stiffly up to the Admiral one day, he commenced with—'My Lord, I know it is the duty of a soldier to be submissive at sea; but being intrusted with the care of the troops of his Serene Highness, my master, I feel it my duty just to inquire if it be not possible that, during some of the short nights we have lately had, we may have sailed past America?' This is all very well; but what are we to say to the next?

"Rubens is, I think, a little apt to out-Dutch the Dutch. He appears to me to have delighted in the coarse, while Raphael revelled in the pretty. But Raphael could, and often did step out of himself and rise to the grand, and then he was perfect, because his grandeur was chastened."—Vol i, p. 202.

Imbecility of criticism, and the beauty of milk and water expression, may here be said to have attained a very high point of excellence.

The Comic Annual. By Thomas Hood.

We regret that this book was sent too late in the month to enable us to do any justice to its laughter-stirring contents. We have only looked at some of the wood-cuts, in which our high amusement at the originality of the conceptions is not a little enhanced by Mr Hood's noble and courageous contempt of all anatomy and perspective. We dare not look at any more; for what with sundry delays occasioned by the mails in the snow, added to the usual printing-office circumstances of Christmas week, it is already a chance if we have the Magazine out by the proper time.

The Cabinet of Modern Art, for 1837. Edited by Alaric A. Watts. Third Series. Whittaker.

The same circumstances as those mentioned above, must plead our excuse with the editor of this annual ornament of the drawing-room table. Whether it were to our taste or not, and whether we had time or not, certain it is, that we should find it difficult to pass on to the literature after once fixing our eyes on the frontispiece, entitled, "The Birth of Venus." Several heads in it we do not at all admire; we think, moreover, that the foreshortened leg of the principal figure is not well managed; but as a specimen of the art of engraving, it is one of the most beautiful things we

ever saw. The graver of Mr Portbury has communicated a harmony and strength of tone, and a brilliancy combined with sweetness, which we do not think exist in Howard's picture. He is too flat and tawdry.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

1. The Church Post.—The *Constitutional* and the *Globe*, in the most just and handsome manner, have taken up the cause of Liberty of Conscience, which has been violated by the equally trite and vicious attacks of the cant-advocates, made on the noble-minded conduct of Sir William Molesworth, in refusing to answer the insidious question as to the nature of his religious tenets. "Observe," says the *Globe*, "the inconsistency of putting such questions! If the man is dishonest, he slips like an eel out of your catechism, *whatever* his sentiments; and nine men in ten, whose sentiment might hurt their success, would probably resort to equivocation to parry such inquisitions. But if the man is honest, why do you want to know more?—are *you* responsible for the truth of the doctrines which make him—or which leave him—honest?" The very fashionably-religious and Tory-devout *Morning Post* throws out the dreadful suspicion that as Sir William Molesworth has refused to submit to this English Inquisition, and will not name his church or creed, he may possibly be "a worshipper of Jupiter, or a votary of Vishnu, a student of the Koran, or a disciple of Sir William Drummond?" Well, and if so, what then? What then, thou painted Post? Were there no good and honest men—practising all the noblest precepts of the Christian religion—among the Greeks, Indians, Mahometans, and the philosophers of all climes? To be a Christian, it is really *not* necessary to worship any Established Calf, whether of gold or fatty matter; to be a votary of Hereditary Wisdom, a student of the Court, or a disciple of *all* the Bishops? It is but natural that the Church Post should sneer at Sir William Molesworth, by an insidious allusion to Sir William Drummond, preferring for its own study the pious Academics of Rathcormac.

2. Chinese Terrors at Christianity.—It would seem that the Chinese have somehow or other heard a faint rumour of our Ecclesiastic butcheries in Ireland, in the abused name of the great Teacher of Humanity, and have become excessively frightened at the chance of its approach in any shape or shade. The Emperor has accordingly issued a "Decree—to forbid Christianity with rigour, to seize foreign books, and to correct the human heart." Let our clergy look to this!—they have disgraced our religion all the way to China. Some religious books having been taken to China, the 'Decree' observes with alarm,—"Several Chinese then became Christians,—and afterwards preached!" It adds, however, "But the fact once known, those who were the princi-

pals were immediately executed!" What a hint for our clergy to act upon towards Dissenters and Papists! And again, others were "sent into banishment to the city of the Mahometans, and condemned to serve as slaves." Wherefore, "as the Christians have always been prosecuted and condemned, the religion has, since these *executions*, been *happily* abolished! But in the spring of last year, some English ships *in disguise*, have passed along the coasts of China, and have distributed some European books; and as these books exhort to believe and venerate the Chief of that religion, named Jesus, *it appears* that this religion is the same as the Christian religion?—which has been persecuted at different times, and banished with all rigour!" Be it known, hereby, that the Chinese have at last discovered the Founder of our religion. But how unfortunate that their first impression should be perverted by an association with our State clergy abuses. Behold what it occasions! "To spread the Christian religion in Europe, is to deceive the people. The religion is, in fact, the ruin of morals and of the human heart, and it is on *that* account, that at all times it has been prohibited, and according to the instructions that our ancestors have transmitted to us, the past is the rule of the present." What could have induced this opinion but the conduct of our High Priests of Mammon and the God of War! Whether intended or not, how home-sent a thrust is one of the remonstrances of this DECREE—"Why will you seek vile gain,—and thus procure your destruction?"

3. NEWS FROM SPAIN.—The prospects of the Legion continue gloomy. On the 10th Dec. the officers and men of the 3rd regiment refused to go on out-picket; but on the Lieutenant-General ordering them their pay, they returned to duty. A few days after, the 4th regiment followed their example, but it has been forced to submission, with the exception of a few men lodged in the castle. It is understood that Mendizabal has replied to the urgent demands for money made on the Spanish Government, that ample funds have been sent to the Legion, which must have been misappropriated. Coupling the part General Evans is taking in the business, with his letter to the electors of Westminster, pledging himself to resume his parliamentary duties in February, it appears evident that he is about to leave the Legion to its fate.* No military operations of any consequence have in the meantime taken place in the neighbourhood of San Sebastian. The intention to surprise an important Carlist station on the morning of the 18th was abandoned; the enemy having been apprized of it by signals after nightfall from within the town. Another proof that a set of Carlists, who will foil the most lynx-eyed vigilance, exists in every town in the north of Spain. In this case, the light is reported to have appeared from the house of the chief magistrate! The matter is undergoing investigation. It is reported that 5,000 men of the army of reserve having defeated Gomez, are *en route* to San Sebastian, in which case more important movements may be made.—*Private Letters*, Dec. 18.

4. LETTING THE TRUTH OUT OF THE BAG.—The green gall-bag of the *Standard* was opened on the 21st of December, for the purpose of

* We hope General Evans will do nothing of the kind; his sword has been drawn in the cause of Constitutional liberty, and he ought to stand by his officers and men, and vindicate their interests to the last.—ED.

furnishing an offensive ripple to be poured down the necks of Earls Spencer and Fitzwilliam, on account of their attending the Radical dinner at Northampton. The *Standard* inadvertently remarks—"Walk from Hammersmith to Blackwall, and you will probably meet 100,000 men, and of that 100,000 you will not meet two more common-place persons than the noblemen in question!" What! can born-noblemen be as common as the common people?—can hereditary wisdom be only just equal to our average state of national mind, educated and uneducated? Presently the same writer calls them the "foolish Lords!" How! make nothing of a Lord! But he piously pauses with "mark! we are not arraigning the dispensation of Providence in permitting the birth of such persons!" How polite and deferential towards Providence, but how the apology recoils in thunder upon the Bishops and the Hereditary House! Is there really then, nothing in their high estate, except the opinions of parties? Another choice morsel has recently appeared in this paper, wherein, while on the subject of Mr Sheil's speech, the writer gives us the Tory theory for a natural no-feeling for poor people. "We lose," says the *Standard*, "the acute sense even of our own suffering, by long experience of it; and a shorter familiarity with the miseries of others, must make us indifferent to those miseries." Alas! how true! "How *very* true," echo the Bishops—"we are the most unhappy of men, and the most unpitied; yet, for all that, we roll on beds of down to seek an oblivion from repletion and laborious prayers, and existing on the pittance of many thousands a year, lose, by long experience, the acute sense of our sufferings!"

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank an "Old Subscriber," and our friend in the country, for forwarding us copies of the '*Constitutional*' newspaper, containing a personal and no less unhandsome notice of the Editor of the Monthly Repository. Part of what was said may be just, and part we think inapplicable. We were, however, aware of the remarks, as we always read the '*Constitutional*,' which we much admire, and the success of which we have always done our utmost to promote.

'Standard of Taste,' No. II.; Joint-Stock Banks; Roman Funerals; and the article by M. L. G., in our next Number.

W. L. T.; Caius; and the beautiful Sonnets by A. W., as soon as we can find space.

Communications will shortly be left at the Office, addressed to 'Titus.'

Many Books and Manuscripts have recently been received, and shall receive our earliest attention.

Printed by C. & W. Reynell, 16 Little Pulteney street, Haymarket.

DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

1. *The Duchess de la Vallière.* A Play in Five Acts, by E. L. Bulwer, M.P.
2. *The Daughter.* A Play in Five Acts, by Sheridan Knowles.

To those, among our old subscribers, it may have appeared strange that, during several months past, the *Monthly Repository*, which has ever manifested a deep sympathy with dramatic literature, should have been comparatively silent on the subject. The truth is, we had already put forth nearly all we had to say on the most important points immediately desiderated, and without which there could be no chance of a renovation of the Drama. As no fresh production of sufficient note, except 'Ion,' had issued from the press, and as the theatres remained in just the same Augean state of managerial sensuality and ignorance, we felt indisposed to vex our readers or ourselves by fruitless repetitions and monotonous accounts of abortive plays and bear-garden vulgarities. Another field is now being cultivated; another sun lifts his shoulder above the horizontal ocean; another Spirit is in the air, and other hopes walking the earth with strength and uprightness, begin to appear and open a prospect of health and vigour, while mighty voices of the olden time chorus the advent of their natural sons. Alone, and yet without the greatest genius, the right worthy and honest-hearted Sheridan Knowles, stood in the long dull gap between the Drama and the Beast. Barry Cornwall and Jerrold did not lend their aid (or the latter did so very sparingly) and retired from the struggle with contempt. Next came the highly-classical and talented Serjeant Talfourd to assist the efforts of Knowles, while many energetic critics relieved his vigil, and aided both of these gentlemen in their cause. We are now rejoiced by the appearance of a versatile, accomplished, and certainly the most popular author of the day, who comes forward to assist in throwing down the barriers, and bearing the reviving form of Dramatic Genius through those gates which might have been many years longer in flying open to any reputation less brilliant and wide-spread. Like the shadowy king in 'Macbeth,' his hand bears a glass where many more are seen. "What a man *can*," was the saying of one of the old wise men of Greece, and for all those who "can" there will in a few years be plenty of room. Dramatic literature is on the rise; it will sink and heave, and

surge to and fro many times, before it gain its due altitude and extensive appreciation; but its head is now fairly above ground, and rise it will. The rise of dramatic literature must reform the Stage, and the stage will then become an important means of refining the intellect, elevating the feelings, and inciting the nobler energies of all classes of the nation. Such is the faith the *Monthly Repository* has always held: such have we always held individually; and both by public advocacy of the principle, and private endeavour to illustrate that principle, we will ever exert ourselves to the utmost in proof of the solidity of its truth. And herein, be it observed, we have ever been opposed to our talented contemporary, the *Athenæum*, whose dramatic critic—a strong hand—seems disposed not only to sweep down all our poor playwrights with his great scythe, but even the hope and chance of the revival of the genuine Drama.

We cannot agree with the *Examiner* that the play of the 'Duchess de la Vallière' "can well afford to be judged by application of the severest tests of the dramatic art." And it is plain that the author himself was speedily brought to a similar opinion with reference to the published version, inasmuch as he has made great alterations, tending to render it more dramatic in representation, and less colloquial by an hour and a half. When a fine sterling play is published '*As* performed, &c.' instead of as originally written, the version is almost always much the worse for the *stage* omissions and interpolations; in the present instance we think the converse would hold good. That the elevated position Mr Bulwer has gained as a popular author, should render any work proceeding from his pen a fit subject for the severest tests of criticism, and that he should always be measured by the highest standards, is only a fair, and indeed a just consequence of that position; nevertheless it might be averred in extenuation of a less fiery ordeal, not only that the author is comparatively young in the study of dramatic literature (having only turned his attention towards it a few years since, according to the Advertisement that precedes the Prologue,) and consequently has not yet perhaps half attained his own standard of perfection; but that his bringing all his energies, together with all his popularity, to bear upon Dramatic Literature, is a service for which, dramatic authors, the world of letters and his country, may well be thankful.

The 'Duchess de la Vallière' is not a tragedy, though several of our critical contemporaries seem disposed to judge it by such tests as are mainly applicable to tragedy; whereas the author himself in his Preface speaks of it as belonging to the class of "graver Comedy," and that it is "a Court Poem" containing

an "Epic episode." We do not know that the term "epic" is quite so applicable to the more pathetic episodes it contains, as would be that of "didactic;" but either of them would be more appropriate than the term "dramatic." The beautiful passages throughout, with a few striking exceptions (such as the speeches of *Bragelone* to the *King*) are not of a kind to require, or admit of much action. They are far more addressed to the mind, as moral homilies; and to the lawful feelings of society, rather than to the lawlessness of the will, or to the involuntary emotions of the excited heart. We are somewhat disposed to differ with the talented author in his opinion of the poetical inspiration to be derived from the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, or the story of the Duchess de la Vallière; or at all events we demur to the character of the unfortunate lady as rendered in this play, because we think such a view of it too retiring, gentle, and refined, for the heroine of any dramatic representation, especially as there is no strength in any other character (except that of *Bragelone*, who turns monk and does not often appear, losing also a fine closing scene by never making himself known to the *King*,) to produce a sufficient force of contrast. We do not think that any weak character can well be made the heroine of a dramatic production without having a corresponding tendency to injure the effect of such piece when read, and of destroying it when acted. La Vallière does nothing of her own will; she only acts as others act upon her. She is a patient, never an agent.

The author frequently designates his heroine as "the soft La Vallière," and indeed that epithet is profusely used from the Preface to the end of the publication. The quotation also in the title-page shows what we are to expect:—"Né pour les passions,—*et pour le repentir.*" Tragic passions, and dramatic characters in general, are not given that way; or if they repent it is not till all is accomplished, and the prospect of such repentance never interferes to dilute, but rather to increase the effect of "humanity's afflicted will." Whatever pleasure may be derived from the many exquisite passages contained in this play, and however well it may, or may not be now received in public, we are afraid that such peculiarities of construction as we have ventured to consider errors, will militate against the position it might otherwise have attained in dramatic literature, and against the permanence of its reception in public. Howbeit, towards the latter, Mr Bulwer has done much by sundry judicious curtailments and additions.

We shall not enter into any elaborate analysis of the different scenes of this play, considering that our readers are by this time sufficiently acquainted with them, either through the book itself, or through the various and voluminous extracts

that have appeared in the newspapers. We shall merely offer a few quotations illustrative of what we consider its great beauties, and defects, and the common morality it exemplifies and advocates.

Modern poetry contains few passages finer than the following, applied to *La Vallière.*—

> "Some natures take from innocence the lore
> Experience teaches; and their delicate leaves,
> Like the soft plant, shut out all wrong, and shrink
> From vice by instinct, as the wise from knowledge."

The next is addressed to her by *Bragelone.*—

> "I think of thee
> And I am youthful still. The passionate prayer—
> The wild idolatry—*the purple light*
> *Bathing the cold earth from a Hebe's urn;*
> Yea, all the soul's divine excess which youth
> Claims as its own, came back when first I loved thee."

We fancy we recollect something of the above imagery in the old painters. Divinely, however, is the idea expressed. Equally so is the description of loves' devotion amidst desertion.—

> "Though Hope
> Wanes from the plate, the dial still remains
> And takes no light from stars."

This next, for its refined delicacy—one of the very few passages in the mouth of King Louis that does not induce utter contempt.

> "*Lauzun.* She yields not yet?
> *Louis.* But gives refusal
> A voice that puts e'en passion to the blush
> To own one wish so soft a heart denies it."

We would not be hypercritical, but coming from Louis; with whose paltry character throughout the play, such a sentiment is nowise in keeping; it seems to become perverted by the utterer, and conveys the idea of a mere refinement in sensuality only, in which he indulges because it enhances desire. How different our feeling at *Bragelone's* expressions of love.

> "This poor fool,
> *This shadow living only on thy light,*
> When thou wert darkened could but choose to die,"

The ensuing passages are also genuine poetry, and their beauty and truth must be immediately recognized.

> "*Grammont.* And she—
> Ever so waxen to his wayward will—
> She cannot yet be marble.

"*Lauzun.* Wronged affection
Makes many a Niobe from tears."

Bragelone, in disguise, thus alludes to his own affection:—

"If love was dust,
Love like ourselves, hath an immortal soul,
That doth survive whate'er it takes from clay;
And that—the holier part of love—became
A thing to watch thy steps—a guardian spirit."

Elsewhere, he says:—

"When the brief sun that gilt the landscape sets,
When o'er the music on the leaves of life
Chill silence falls, and every fluttering hope
That voiced the world with song has gone to roost,
Then let thy soul from the poor labourer, learn,
'Sleep's sweetest taken soonest!'"

Lauzun, who must have been a tolerable good judge of at least one side of the proposition, utters this very fine moral:—

"The *broken* heart can know no pang
Like that which racks the *bad* heart when its sting
Poisons itself."

In quoting these detached passages, we must particularly call attention to one more. It is of the highest order of all fine things ever written in prose or poetry. After Bragelone's years of disappointment and agonized suffering are brought to a close in the retirement, both of himself and the object of his passion, from the scenes of life to those of religion, he to a monastery while she has just taken the veil, he says:—

"All the strife is hush'd;
My heart's wild sea lies mute, and o'er the waves
The Saviour walks!"

Amidst passages, such as we have been quoting, it is both surprising and vexatious to find a number of very feeble speeches, colloquial expressions, and hackneyed allusions, not objectionable because colloquial, but because they are often used as pointed remarks, even when of the most commonplace kind. Such, for instances, as "The Ides of March are come—not over;"—"Grammont bears the bell;"—"How my heart beats!"—"Wear what thou can'st win;"—"You are the glass of fashion!"—"The King! God bless him!" (a toast and song!)—"Talk of the devil—you know the proverb!" &c. Common use through ages has worn out these sort of things, so that they produce no effect now, even in the most ordinary private conversation. Equally will the admirer of the fine passages with which this play abounds, be astonished at such dialogue as this:—

"*Louis.* 'Tis in vain,
I strive by business to beguile impatience!
How my heart beats!—Well, Count!
Enter Grammont.
Gram. Alas! my Liege!
Louis. Alas!—Speak out!
Gram. The Court has lost La Vallière!
Louis. Ha!—lost!
Gram. She has fled, and none guess whither.
Louis. Fled!
I'll not believe it!—Fled!
Lauzun. What matters, Sire?
No spot is sacred from a King!
Louis. By Heaven
I *am* a King!—Not all the arms of Europe
Could wrest one jewel from my crown. And she—
What is my crown to her? I am a King!
Who stands between a King and her he loves
Becomes a traitor—and many find a tyrant!
Follow me!" pp. 56, 57.

But the bathos of verse, and the pinnacle of royal foolery, here attain such ridiculous perfection, that the reader will now perceive we have done wrong in considering this as a mawkish passage, and will be unavoidably led to the conclusion, that the author must have given that version of *Louis* as a bitter piece of satire both on the man and his office. But be this as it may, there can be no doubt of the fact of his opinion touching the "fine *carat* of a crown," nor of the boldness wherewith it is expressed in this play. Such passages as the one we are about to give, are calculated to do immense service, by placing relative things in their proper light, and coming from the stage, will do much towards the political education of the people. How such a passage came to pass the ordeal of the Licenser, we can only account for in the difference between the *new* Licenser and the canting rake who preceded him. How it came to pass the managerial authorities, may be accounted for on the probability that they did not understand its force, being quite indifferent to all such matters. We quite agree with the *Examiner*, that "Mr Macready's delivery of it chilled every heart in the theatre, as a sudden touch of the coldest marble would have chilled every hand. His form seemed distending beyond its natural dimensions as he spoke, and long after he left the stage his voice continued to linger there, big with fate and death!"

"*Louis (aside).* He speaks as one inspired!
Bragelone. Awake!—awake!
Great though thou art, awake thee from the dream
That earth was made for kings—mankind for slaughter—

Woman for lust—the People for the Palace!
Dark warnings have gone forth; along the air
Lingers the crash of the first Charles's throne!
Behold the young, the fair, the haughty king!
The kneeling courtiers, and the flattering priests;
Lo! where the palace rose, behold the scaffold—
The crowd—the axe—the headsman—and the Victim!
Lord of the silver lilies, can'st thou tell
If the same fate await not thy descendant!
If some meek son of thine imperial line
May make no brother to yon headless spectre!
And when the sage who saddens o'er the end
Tracks back the causes, tremble lest he find
The seeds—thy wars, thy pomp, and thy profusion
Sowed in a heartless court and breadless people,
Grew to the tree from which men shaped the scaffold,—
And the long glare of thy funereal glories
Light unborn monarchs to a ghastly grave!
Beware, proud King! the Present cries aloud.
A prophet to the Future! Wake!—beware! [*Exit Bragelone.*

Louis. Gone! Most ill-omened voice and fearful shape!
Scarce seemed it of the earth; a thing that breathed
But to fulfil some dark and dire behest;
To appal us, and to vanish."

To a man of Mr Macready's qualities of mind and feeling, it must have been a great satisfaction to utter such towering truths in public with due force, which, added to the manner in which they were received, must have been a compensation to him for having had to repeat many a length of classic trash to many a thin and unresponsive house.

We cannot say we admire the Preface, which has the effect of showing how far the author has *not* realized his conceptions of the characters. Except *La Vallière*, and perhaps *Bragelone*, they are all mere sketches; *Louis* and *Lauzun* in particular, are very poor sketches, as we think. The Prologue and Epilogue we must dislike for their servility and their petitionary and deprecatory pre-arrangement. Mr Bulwer's reputation is beyond this, and were he lower in the scale, we object to any return to the old adulatory style of the time of Dryden.

We now come to the morality of the piece,—and here we are sorry to find ourselves directly opposed to the principle the author inculcates, according to one of the most cruel errors of the present social philosophy. Far be it from us to trouble our readers with the old vulgar nonsense about *the* moral and *a* moral, which, even at the present day, many of the critics so gravely discuss, though we had hoped it was at length generally exploded from all discussion on works of Art. The moral *tendency*, the broad abstract principles of humanity, constitute

the only true morality of such works; and in this we consider the author of 'The Duchess de la Vallière' has quite mistaken his ground, and unwittingly ranged himself on the side of the remorseless stupidity of conventional selfishness. "The 'immoral' is much more conspicuous in this piece," says the *Athenæum*, "than the moral; the punishment falls heaviest upon her with whom we feel most inclined to sympathize." Certainly; the criminality is with the King; his victim is innocent. Her refined and delicate conduct throughout the story, and everything said about her by the other characters, all prove her purity of soul. The crime of love is all that can be brought against her.

> "Thy very sin, the overflow of thoughts
> From wells whose source was innocence." p. 136.

See also pages 22, 28, 49, 71, 72, 126, &c. And yet, amidst all the heartless licentiousness of the Court of this fourteenth King Louis, the very victim of its vices is made the black lamb of society,—albeit in the eye of heaven she must be comparatively white as the unsunned snow. But times and opinions have really moved on a little more than even Mr Bulwer seems to be aware; for, whatever a Court Journal of the period of the virtuous George the Fourth might have said, our present *Court Journal* speaks with respect of the *morality* of the life of the injured La Vallière. In short, the tenour of her conduct was real morality; her only immorality resulted from weakness of intellect. If she had married *Bragelone*, whom she never loved, she would have been made "an honest woman," according to the moral of this play—but in reality a prostituted, instead of a betrayed, victim. The erroneous philosophy on this point is manifest, even by the different states of *Bragelone's* mind with regard to the King. In the early part of the play he is all loyalty and combativeness for his *Grand Monarque;* as soon as he is rivalled by him, the King is considered as a pattern of vice. Did La Vallière make him vicious? Alluding to the affection of La Vallière for the *now* vicious King, he says, in answer to her question of "What crime have I committed?"

> "No crime at courts! 'Tis only Heaven and Honour
> That deem it aught but—most admired good fortune." p. 46.

If only Heaven and Honour consider it thus, then the private practices of all classes, in and out of Court, are pretty plainly implicated in the satire. But where one individual feels a particular interest in an object, and when the loss to himself and the gain to another is at stake, it is very certain that he then becomes an exception, and sides with heaven and honour. If this be meant for satire, it is as broad as it is searching. Is it anything, we may argue from this, but "most admired good

fortune," where a man's own feelings obtain a given result! And are not Heaven and Honour in that case either forgotten,—or quoted to enhance the delirium and as witnesses of the vows of constancy in the same! *Bragelone's* apology to himself for kissing *La Vallière* while she is in a swoon, and his horror at the "sinfulness" of preserving her glove as a love-relict, are miraculous aberrations, which must have been very amusing to the author to indite. The confusion of the whole of this philosophy is apparent even in the remorse and retirement of *La Vallière* from the scene. Her repentance (see p. 147) is only because there is no further hope of continuing her intimacy with the King. That she firmly resists all his entreaties at last, is evidently a most painfully intense struggle against her nature; and when the poor devoted victim of pure affection has taken the veil; when the dark convent walls are just closing in upon her very heart and soul and all their mortal hopes; when at this moment *Bragelone* asks her emphatically, "*Art* thou happy?" and she answers, "Yes!" we pass, with a deep sigh, over the confusion of her brain, and sympathizing at once with her real sensations, declare that—it is not true! Most of the Magdalens of Correggio, Guido, or Lodovico Carracci, might have made the same reply; but we have the desolate divinity of their impassioned faces to prove the inward agony of their hearts.

Mr Knowles is not only a truly dramatic writer, but he also combines more dramatic excellences than any of his contemporaries, or perhaps than any that have preceded him since the time of Sheridan and Holcroft. He has not the refined pathos and classicality of Barry Cornwall, or Mr Serjeant Talfourd,—the fine poetry contained in the dramas of Shelley, Byron, nor in those of the authors of 'Joseph and his Brethren,' 'The Jew of Arragon,' and 'The Bride's Tragedy:' in some respects he is inferior to Jerrold; but as one who can write good sterling poetry of nature, originating in action, and suited to the physical cravings of a theatrical audience, he has no equal. The unaffected sweetness which is the chief merit in the plays of Mr Knowles, as intellectual compositions, is not the merit that renders them popular on the stage. Their success is attributable solely to their dramatic and melo-dramatic construction; and precisely the same may be said of all other permanently successful dramas, taking those of Shakspeare as the prime instances, all of whose acted plays are cut down to fit the required continuity of vivid action. It would hence appear that a man should be an actor—at least he must have been accustomed to the stage—in order to produce an acting play; or else, that a play containing the elements of action should be patiently, and we think wisely, submitted to be reduced to the

appearance of what boys term *hop-scotch*, by "some experienced hand." Mr Knowles does not need to have this done for him, nor is it probable that his plays need it, but that he writes them at once on that principle with an actor's "eye to the stage." As a tragic writer we do not think so highly of Mr Knowles as the majority of his admirers. The very circumstance that has made his productions so effective on the stage, is one reason, were there no other, to account for what we must consider a partial failure in delineating powerful passions with their correlative results. He knows the stage; the actors; and—the respectable public. His Prefaces are full of misgivings and short-comings, and thanks to all sorts of friends for helping him write. He actually tells you, in the Preface to 'Virginius,' that he has compromised the tragic principle (that is, passion—and not circumstance or accident—which admits of no final compromise of any kind) to the proprieties of modern society! Nothing great can come of this; that it may conduce to considerable success for a certain period, there can be no doubt. We can very well understand that immediate success is necessary to many an individual; but this forms no part of the abstract question.

The play of the 'Daughter' is essentially an acting play; all its poetry—and much of this is beautiful—tends directly to stage representation. There is originality in the plot; but the conduct of it, being well contrived and executed, gives it an appearance of still greater novelty. Its finer dramatic scenes are full of touching pathos; its melodramatic situations and dialogues are fearful and effective. Of the frequent sweetness of its poetry we could give ample proofs; a few will suffice.

"*Marian.* Absence, that gives to lovers taste of death!
And long protracted makes them wish for death!
So wearisome to bear! When last you left,
So long you stay'd,—life, from a precious gift
Became a load methought I could lay down,
Nor deem it loss, but gain!—*my constant thought,*
How time did break his promise, day by day,
To bring thee back to me. O! of the sighs
I have heav'd in an hour I could have found a wind,
Had I the cunning to make store of them,
Would cause thy ship to heel! There have I sat,
From coming in to going out of light,
Perch'd like a lonely beacon, on the cliff,
Watching for thee;—and if I saw a speck
I thought thee there—and, *when it pass'd away,*
I felt the pangs of parting o'er again!
How long wilt be away?
Edward. A month.
Marian. Say two!

I'll make my mind up to two months—and then
If thou return'st before the time, thou know'st
It will be usury of happiness!
Thou'lt stay two months!—Two months is a long time!
Edward. I tell thee but a month!
Marian. I'll not believe it;
For, if I should, and thou beyond should'st stay,
Each hour beyond will be another month:
So, for my two months, may I pine two score!
Nay, for two months I will not look for thee!"

Act 1, *Scene* 2.

The passages marked in italics, and indeed the whole of the quotation, closely resemble the winning sweetness which gives such a charm to Shakspeare's comedies over those of all other writers. The next is of similar character, and full of earnest truthfulness.

"*Edward.* Nay, here
We'll part—my messmates, girl, will laugh at thee.
Marian. Let them! What! lose a minute—with an age
To come of absence! I, that would brave the sea
To go with thee, heed those the sea doth toss!
I'll go with thee e'en to the water's edge!
And then mine eyes shall go along with thee!"

Act 1, *Scene* 2, *p.* 12.

The following passage, though it does not contain any new thought, shows the hand of a true dramatist:—

"*Marian.* I cannot light on him, and not a soul
I pass'd but I did question!—Where is he?
My brain will burst!—a horrible oppression
Hangs on me; and my senses do discharge
More than their proper parts!—I see—I hear—
Things that I should not.—Forms are flitting by me!
Voices are in mine ears, as if of things
That are—and yet I know are not!—Each step
I fear to tumble o'er the body of
Some drowned man! There's one!—A heap of weeds!
O what wild work do fear and fancy make!"

Act 2, *Scene* 2, *p.* 29.

We have ventured to call in question the tragic power of Mr Knowles in comparison with his productions of a less imperial walk; let us here give a passage in conclusion, the tragic strength of which, if any single passage could do it, would tend to refute our opinion. Norris, one of a gang of Wreckers, is describing a man about to be executed:—

"*Norris.* Yet what I tell, thou know'st! What must it be
When a reprieve at the last point has kill'd.
I knew a man who narrowly escap'd.
To think of what he told me, even now
Makes me breathe thick, and from my crown to my sole,

Sets my flesh tingling; and all o'er my skin
Spreads the chill, clammy, heavy dew of death!—
What at the sight of the huge living mass
Of human faces all upturn'd, he felt;
How he did freeze,
At the heat of the sun, with the thought of the grave! How life
Did stare on him from every thing around him.
Fields, houses, walls, stones—yea, the grisly frame
He stood on, his last footing place in the world!
And he alone a spectacle of death!"

Act 3, *Scene* 1, *p.* 48.

All this is equally true and terrific, and is expressed with the consummate force of the old dramatists. A few of such passages are well nigh enough to make a critic forget his office and his duty, and mistake a part for the whole; at all events they are quite sufficient to redeem many a page of poor stuff written to meet an emergency, and to please the players.

While public writers all agree in the degeneracy of dramatic writers, it is as well that we should just place a few unknown men beside the popularity enjoyed by such concocters and translators of nonsense as Messrs Peake, Poole, Planche, Bunn, and Fitzball!

We shall next month have to speak of Mr Beddoes, the author of the 'Bride's Tragedy,' and of certain other modern dramatic works, scarcely known, which contain such proofs of the finest *dramatic* poetry as may convince our readers that nothing but the want of encouragement has prevented their authors from prosecuting such studies, and giving a high order of Dramatic Literature to the present time.

R. H. H.

REFORM IN THE MEDICAL EDUCATION AND PRACTICE.

Being a Synopsis (by permission) of an article on the subject which appeared in No. VII of the 'London and Westminster Review.'

AMONG the various important questions which must shortly engage the attention of the Legislature, there are not any which involve more important interests than those of the reform of the medical education and practice; nor any of more general concern. All are subject to physical disease, and all are likely sooner or later to be forced to apply for aid to the science of medicine. It may be truly said that the power of an able and skilful physician to bring comfort in some of the severest

trials and sufferings of humanity, is only equalled by the baleful influence of one who is ignorant, and inadequate to the work he professes to understand, and which he is constantly called upon to perform. Bodily pain is hard to bear at any time, and when it is acute, it generally masters all other feelings, and renders life itself a weary load. But there is more than self-interest at stake. Who that lives and feels, does not look round him at times with something like terror at the strength of his sympathy with others; and as he is conscious of the power of the affections to sweeten his existence, does he not, even during their most perfect health, rejoice with trembling, while he thinks of the frail tenure by which he holds the objects most dear to him. Who would not feel a heavy load removed from his heart, if he could be made sure that, as long as human skill can avert the inevitable doom, so long he was certain he had it at command; or suffer something like agony if he knew that when the trial should come, he must trust to chance, and might possibly see misdirected or inefficient efforts to save, blast his hopes and happiness for ever. But we need not suppose a case. There are few who have not gone through the experience; few who have not at some time or other watched the bed of sickness and suffering. And those who know what it is to witness the gradual yielding of disease to the skilful remedies of real science, best know what it must be to find too late that fatal mistakes have been made; and while utterly unable to aid, or even to advise, to feel that nothing is left them, but to watch the life they would give their own to save, fade away before their eyes.

Such thoughts as these—thoughts which lead into the "Valley of the Shadow of Death" will press upon the mind at times. They have been forced upon us at the present moment by the able article on 'Medical Reform' in the 'London and Westminster Review,' and we feel that to circulate the information it contains, is to render, according to our means, a good service to the community. We therefore intend to give those of our readers who may not have seen the article itself, the power of appreciating the importance of its principles.

It is a painful reflection that, in the present state of the medical profession, the instances of unnecessary bereavement to which we have alluded, must be of frequent occurrence, and must continue to be so until the Legislature defend the community from incompetent medical practitioners. It is clear that it is the duty of the Legislature to protect the public in this instance, because it is one in which the public is not capable of protecting itself. No man can attempt to practise medicine, without inflicting dreadful evil, who has not acquired the requisite knowledge by going through the requisite discipline. No

unprofessional person is capable of judging whether this knowledge has been acquired, but the Legislature can provide for it with ease, "by investing competent persons with the requisite authority for the control of the schools of medicine and the government of the medical body." The Legislature has already interfered by appointing chartered bodies for the regulation of the faculty, but the spirit in which they have executed their trust has now become so notoriously bad, that a loud and increasing demand for their reformation has induced the appointment of a committee to examine into the manner in which the authority intrusted to them has been exercised, and to investigate the state of medical education. This demand for inquiry and improvement has originated in the profession itself; a circumstance highly honourable to it; for, except in that enlarged sense, whereby self-interest is understood to mean the real advance of individuals in truth and knowledge, it is the community only which is interested in medical reform. Considered as a body, the profession is sure of employment, whether it advance in science or not. Indeed, on the principle of Dr Sangrado, when he prayed God "for a sickly season," they would be more cunning to leave things as they are; or still better, to resort, like him, to "bleeding and warm water," with the additional manœuvre of giving the latter *a colour* to match the 'patient' pocket of the sufferer.

The report of the evidence given before the Committee of the House of Commons has been printed, and contains a full account of the proceedings of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, and the Society of Apothecaries, the three chartered bodies which have been appointed at different periods for the government of the medical faculty. The witnesses examined comprise all the names most eminent in the profession, and they are agreed, without a single exception, upon the nature and extent of the education necessary as a qualification for its successful practice. They unanimously assert that the study of physiology, or the science of the fabric of life, must be based on a knowledge of physics, and enlarged by a most serious consideration of the nature and properties of mind. The grounds on which this opinion rests are condensed into a few lines by the writer in the 'London Review:'—

"To obtain a real practical knowledge of the structure and functions of the body, requires a larger range of information than is obvious at first view. The human body is a complex machine, in the construction of which physical, chemical, and vital principles are so combined and blended, that it is utterly impossible to obtain even so much as a glimpse of the real nature of one set of functions (the vital, for example) without a previous knowledge of the other set, the chemical; nor can the chemical processes be understood without a precise and accurate acquaint-

ance with the mechanical. * * * A single consideration is sufficient to illustrate the paramount importance of an acquaintance with the philosophy of mind. By far the greater number of maladies to which the human body is incident, and which come under the treatment of the physician, have their seat in organs placed in the interior of the body, far from the reach of sense; the detection of the very existence of such diseases depends on the observation of signs, and the perception of the exact nature of those diseases, on a comparison of these signs with morbid changes of structure visible in the organs after death; that is, on mental processes, to which accurate observation and logical deduction are indispensable. It may be added, as placing in a strong light the necessity of mental philosophy to the medical practitioner, that, as the mind acts upon the body so the body re-acts upon the mind; and this mutual action modifies the states both of physical and mental disease in a manner which of course must be understood before the management of such morbid conditions can be undertaken with the slightest prospect of success, while they cannot possibly be understood without an acquaintance with the physical and the psychological conditions on which sound thought and feeling depend."—*London Review*, No. vii, p. 60.

While we find an unanimity of opinion in the members of the profession as to what medical education should be, many of them, and those among the most distinguished for talent and judgment, express in strong terms their sense of its present deficiency. They reprobate as pernicious the existing divisions or grades of rank in the profession, observing, with self-evident truth, that the only just foundation for such diversities of rank is difference of education, but that the education necessary for one medical man is necessary for all. Different kinds of practice may require different applications of science, but all must be based on the same foundation of knowledge. The surgeon must acquire a degree of manual dexterity unnecessary to the physician; but his acquaintance with internal structure must be the same. There cannot be a stronger proof of the importance of this truth than the following well-known fact contained in the evidence of Dr J. Sims:—

"In proportion as internal treatment is improved by the attention of surgeons to the study of medicine, the necessity of performing operations, or of acquiring manual dexterity, becomes less and less. Very much fewer operations are performed at the London hospitals now than some years ago."—*London Review*, No. vii, p. 64.

All the witnesses are agreed on this point. It is even more difficult to conceive on what plea the difference of education between *apothecaries* and physicians can be justified. The present distinction creates a grade of practitioners less qualified; whose services can be obtained at a cheaper rate; whose practice, consequently, is far more extensive; whose extent of mischief is a corresponding consequent. But as the writer in the 'London Review' observes, with force and truth:—

"Disease is not aristocratic and plebeian; not to be cured in the gorgeous apartments of the noble and the rich by a refined, elaborate and recondite skill, inapplicable to the chambers of the ignoble and the poor." —*London Review*, No. vii, p. 66.

That the poor should be attended by incompetent practitioners is an evil sufficiently monstrous, but there is still more to be considered:—

"Even the rich will not always pay highly for medical attendance when they can get it at a low rate. For what may appear slight diseases they will in general employ the practitioner in the lower grade. During the first days of sickness, which are commonly unattended with alarming symptoms, they will seldom call in the practitioner paid at the highest rate. The rate of pay when the disease assumes a formidable aspect is not considered; the highest skill obtainable is then earnestly sought for at whatever cost. But skill may now be unavailing; the disease may have made such progress as to be beyond human control."—*London Review*, No. vii, p. 67.

The Royal College of Physicians was established in the reign of Henry the Eighth, "for the advancement of medical science, and for the protection of the public against the temerity of wicked men and the practice of the ignorant." Its mode of accomplishing these objects, is highly curious. By a certain bye-law, it has divided all physicians practising in London into two orders—Fellows and Licentiates; the Fellows engrossing all the power, privileges, and emoluments attached to it as a corporate body, and taking care to limit their numbers by means of other bye-laws; one of which enacts that no man can be elected who has not graduated at Oxford or Cambridge! No medical education is provided at *either* University. The embryo fellows, according to the President of the College of Physicians, "go and find physic wherever they can, afterwards." No curriculum of study whatever is enforced by the College. Several of these learned "Fellows," examined before the recent Committee, endeavoured to explain the advantages of this system. The President himself declared that "the members of Oxford and Cambridge are people who have undergone a moral and intellectual trial." Dr Macmichael followed, with the assertion, that "the discipline of the English Universities is such as to be, in every sense, a security of the moral character of the candidate." He appeared to consider it highly improper to entertain so much as a doubt as to the perfection of any character which had passed through so purifying a process! "It would be very impertinent in the officer of the college to ask a candidate how he had kept his terms if he had the document; it would be impertinent to ask how they passed their studies; it would be very unusual; it is not required by the charter nor practised by the College."

The Fellows, thus morally trained, and having "found physic wherever they can," have had sufficient power to usurp many important advantages. The physicians of nearly all the hospitals in London belong to their body; out of about thirty, only from four to six are Licentiates. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that incompetent persons are appointed to these most important stations. Experienced physicians, not Fellows, have latterly been unwilling even to appear in the canvass, knowing the influence and power of the College. Nor is it surprising to learn that "the contrast between the knowledge afforded by the hospitals in London, and that accumulated and recorded by the great hospitals in the other capitals of Europe, is truly humiliating;" nor, that, "as schools of medicine, with all their capabilities, the London Hospitals are most defective." The College, as it appears, has done nothing for science. Since its incorporation it has published but six volumes of 'Transactions,' while in thirty years the Medico-Chirurgical Society has published eighteen, and those highly valuable. In its Pharmacopœia, many of the most powerful medicines, long since introduced, are not to be found! It has *opposed* all efforts at improvement by others; such as the institution of the Apothecaries' Company, the Medico-Chirurgical Society, and the London University. When consulted by Government on important medical questions, it has sometimes given bad advice, sometimes none, and it has never moved in any great object for the improvement of knowledge. As an instance, it made no efforts towards carrying the Anatomy Bill. To all this it may be added, that the College takes large sums of money from physicians practising in London, under pretence of protecting them in the exercise of their profession—an object which it has no means of accomplishing.

The College of Surgeons has not hesitated to follow the dull march of its more antiquated prototype. Its affairs are under the control of a Council, twenty-one in number; and it would be difficult to find a more complete exemplification of the spirit of monopoly than they have displayed. The members of the College of Surgeons amounted in 1834 to 9,270. All but 100 are disqualified as members of Council by certain bye-laws passed at different periods; and, owing to the mode of election, even this small number is so much reduced, that the late President of the College, in answer to a question of the Committee, stated that "he believed, at the present moment, eight or ten gentlemen were qualified to be elected." Out of 9,270! Yet this witness added, "he did not think the bye-laws and customs *practically* tended very much to limit the number of members out of whom a new member can be chosen!"

The students in surgery have to pass their examination before ten members of Council, selected according to seniority, and as they are appointed for life, it has actually happened that some of the examiners have been eighty and even ninety years of age. It would be unreasonable to expect that they should encounter the labour of keeping up with the progress of science. Accordingly,—

"Some facts have come out in evidence sufficiently illustrative of the consequences of imposing this task on these 'ancient gentlemen;' for example, the details are given of the case of a young man of exemplary diligence and high talent, who suffered the stigma of rejection in consequence of the examiner's ignorance of the principles of modern surgery. That student was rejected for giving an answer in accordance with the received doctrine of modern surgery. 'He stated the circumstance to me,' says the witness (R. D. Grainger, Esq.), and I recommended him to go to the President of the Council, at that time Mr Abernethy, which he did the next morning. Mr Abernethy told him that his answer was perfectly right; but that since he (the student) had acquiesced in the judgment of the court by not appealing, there was no remedy."—*London Review*, No. vii, p. 82.

To detail the sins of omission and commission of the College of Surgeons would be very like repetition of those of the College of Physicians. Our limits will only permit us to allude to a late instance of its neglect, truly characterized by the writer in the 'London Review' as a "flagrant and deplorable" breach of trust. We mean, the destruction of the manuscripts of John Hunter. These valuable papers, amounting to ten folio volumes, which, together with his splendid museum, were purchased by Government, and given in trust for the country to the College of Surgeons, *were burnt by Sir Everard Home.*

"An opinion may be formed of the mode in which this transaction was viewed by the Council from the recent observations upon it by the late President:—

"'I believe Sir Everard Home (*if we must make a culprit of him after he is dead*), destroyed little which was valuable. *I believe he made use of it, and did not wish the record to remain behind him after he had made such use of it.* I do not think there was much of very essential matter destroyed; at least if there was, we have no positive knowledge of it, and it is now too late to rectify it."—*London Review*, No. vii, p. 86.

Sir Everard Home remained a member of Council till near the day of his death; and he died a *Trustee* of the Museum, where the College placed his bust, and where it still remains!

The formation of the 'Society of Apothecaries' was an improvement in that class of practitioners. It has been steadily progressing ever since. But it is needless to say, that so important a task as the government of any portion of the medical body cannot safely be trusted in its hands.

The authority must be derived from some broad and responsible principle, and vested in a body as far removed from a close corporation as possible. It is evident that no effectual remedy can be applied to evils so deeply rooted, except by the interference of the Legislature. The plan proposed for its consideration by the writer in the 'London Review' appears to us highly judicious. It is based on the principles that "there should be only one body comprehending the whole profession, in which should be vested the power of controlling everything which requires regulation;" and that "the whole medical profession be considered as one faculty," the controlling body being a senate seated in London, formed and regulated according to certain rules, the object of which is to secure "a pure and efficient governing body containing the *élite* of the profession," and elected every three years. Any attempt to deprive the present established corporations of their power would probably be unnecessary; they would simply be "superseded."

The adoption of such a plan as this would be the means of averting evil and promoting good in the highest degree, by raising the standard of medical knowledge and character. The way has been cleared for it by the full investigation which has already taken place, and the community has a right to expect that this investigation should promptly be followed by efficient measures for the reform of the lamentable abuses which it has dragged into light. M.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE MODERN EGYPTIANS.

Written in Egypt during the years 1833, 34, and 35. By Edward William Lane. 2 *vols.* *London: C. Knight.* 1836.

THE descendants of the celebrated people who in ancient days possessed the fertile soil of Egypt now compose but a fraction of its population. Known by the name of *Copts*, and mostly professing a form of Christianity, they must be considered as a distinct race. The modern Egyptians, to whom the present work relates, are of Arab origin; successors to the Moslem conquerors of the country. So much of the original character of both people still remains, that they often present curious coincidences with the most ancient records we possess. Some of their customs and habits seem like illustrations of the Bible; others accord with the descriptions of Herodotus; and altogether they strikingly resemble the pictures of society given in the 'Arabian Night's

Entertainments;' of which work Mr Lane observes in his introduction:—

"If the English reader possessed a close translation with sufficient illustrative notes, I might almost have spared myself the labour of the present undertaking."—Introduction, p. vi.

A faithful account of such a condition of social life cannot fail to be highly interesting, and Mr Lane has collected his materials with such laborious care, and presented them to his readers with such elaborate minuteness, that his work is a truly valuable one. It is the result of several years' residence in Cairo, during which period he associated almost exclusively with Moslems, adopting their dress and general habits, and carefully avoiding all that might give offence; such as the use of wine or forbidden meats, or the luxury of a knife and fork. He also acquainted himself with their forms of worship sufficiently to be able to join in them without exciting observation, and by the use of a little evasion avoided any collision with them on matters of opinion. Under such circumstances he found them very ready to give him information on all points. Not satisfied even with all this, he employed two regular salaried tutors, professors of the Arabic and Mahommedan religion and law, whose instructions completed and corrected all he learned in other quarters:—

"'Occasionally,' he adds, 'I have applied to higher authorities; having the happiness to number among my friends in this city some persons of the highest attainments in Eastern learning.'"—Introduction, p. ix.

All this is very unlike the hasty and superficial glance, after which many a tourist thinks himself entitled to announce his decisions about countries and people, and the work itself is of an uncommon class. It is a complete store-house of literal facts. There would probably be much difficulty in suggesting a single point of inquiry within the range of the subjects it includes, which might not be satisfactorily answered by consulting his volumes, and by referring to the excellent wood-cuts by which they are amply illustrated. They will become a standard work for reference. This is their true position in literature. If read continuously, it is difficult to retain much in the memory, from the literal and minute character of the descriptions, which are the reverse of graphic or effective. The style is clear and singularly simple. Before making any extracts it is necessary to explain that Mr Lane's mode of spelling Arabic words is one peculiar to himself. Every traveller in the East adopts some new style of orthography, but we think Mr Lane shows good cause for his:

"'Since I have been obliged,' he says, 'to employ a great number of

Arabic words, and many which I have never seen in European characters in any former work, I have thought it better to write all of them according to a particular system that appears to me best calculated to enable an English reader to pronounce them with tolerable correctness.'" —Introduction, p. xviii.

A very clear exposition of the sounds, represented by the form of letters he uses, follows this explanation.

Every one knows that the political condition of Egypt is considerably altered of late years, and that the present Ba'sha, Mohham'mad 'Al'ee (Mahommed Ali) has nearly attained the rank of an independent Prince; but Mr Lane's account bears testimony to very little improvement in the state of the people, and clearly shows that exaggerated reports on that head have gone abroad. He predicts, however, that important changes will shortly take place; for, though the government remains much as it has been for centuries, the new customs introduced by Mohham'mad 'Al'ee are indirectly sapping the foundations of Islamism; a necessary prelude to all improvement, because, as the laws are all derived from the Ckoor-a'n (Al Koran) its supposed Divine origin must present a barrier to their reformation. The Ba'sha, for instance, lately decreed that the study of Anatomy was lawful, in direct opposition to the letter and spirit of the law. An indifference to their religious forms is gradually spreading among the best-informed classes, and the drinking of wine is becoming common. The more devout think (as they do here) in consequence of these things, that the end of the world is at hand. The successful adoption of the European system of warfare by the Ba'sha has shaken the faith of the people in their own superiority to all other nations, and will probably make them less averse to learning other and more useful sciences from them. At present their state of ignorance is extreme. The regular course of study pursued by the best educated Egyptians is quite sufficient to prove the truth of this assertion. Having previously learned in the schools to read, write, and recite the Ckoor-a'n, they nearly all attend the lectures in the great mosque, El-Az'har, at Cairo, answering very much to our Universities. Here—

"The regular subjects of study are grammatical inflection and syntax, rhetoric, versification, logic, theology, the exposition of the Ckoor-a'n, the Traditions of the Prophet, the complete science of jurisprudence, or rather of religious, moral, civil, and criminal law, which is chiefly founded on the Ckoor-a'n and the Traditions; together with arithmetic as far as it is useful in matters of law. Lectures are also given on algebra, and on the calculations of the Mohhammadan calendar, the times of prayer, &c."—Vol. I. p. 267.

All this is perhaps nearly as useful for practical purposes, and as elevating to the mind, as the course of studies pursued

by the "well educated" young men in this country; but the Egyptians have not, like us, bodies of men devoted to real science, literature, and useful arts, who are the truly educated classes of the country. On physics, the science at the basis of nearly all the rest, they have the most erroneous notions:—

"Some few of the learned venture to assert that the earth is a globe; but they are opposed by a great majority of the 'Ool'ama. The common opinion of all classes of Moos'lims is, that the earth is an almost plane expanse, surrounded by the ocean, which, they say, is encompassed by a chain of mountains called Cka'f."—Vol. I. p. 281.

Their astronomy should be more properly called astrology; their chemistry, alchymy. Of geography they are almost totally ignorant. Medicine is neither studied nor practised as a science. Ignorant barbers are their practitioners; but the more usual resource in illness is the use of charms and incantations. This fact should not be forgotten in any calculations of the length of life in Egypt, or the salubrity of the climate. No statistical comparison on these subjects can be instituted with countries in a more advanced state of knowledge, without reference to the certainty that acute diseases must necessarily prove mortal in almost every case among the Egyptian people. Music and dancing are cultivated by them. There seem to be nothing like dramatic representations. Painting and sculpture are prohibited by the laws of the Ckoor-a'n! Of their poetry several specimens are given in the present work, consisting chiefly of love songs, and of no great merit. It will be conjectured that people in such a state of ignorance are the victims of all sorts of superstitions, and this we find to be the case. The Ba'sha, however, among his other innovations, has lately established a printing-press; as yet it is chiefly used to promote his military plans, but it will do its work in time.

The condition of the peasantry, who are chiefly agriculturists, appears to be extremely wretched. The following anecdote may serve as a specimen of the kind of tyranny to which they are subject:—

"A Turk, infamous for many barbarous acts, presiding at the town of Tun'ta, in the Delta, went one night to the government granary of that town, and finding two peasants sleeping there, asked them who they were, and what was their business in that place. One of them said that he had brought 130 ardeb'bs of corn from a village of the district; and the other, that he had brought 60 ardeb'bs from the land belonging to the town. 'You rascal!' said the governor to the latter; 'this man brings 130 ardeb'bs from the lands of a small village; and you, but 60 from the lands of the town.'—'This man,' answered the peasant of Tun'ta, 'brings corn but once a week; and I am now bringing it every day.'—'Be silent!' said the governor; and, pointing to a neighbouring tree, ordered one of the servants of the granary to

hang the peasant to one of its branches. The order was obeyed, and the governor returned to his house. The next morning he went again to the granary, and saw a man bringing in a large quantity of corn. He asked who he was, and what quantity he had brought; and was answered, by the hangman of the preceding night, 'This is the man, Sir, whom I hanged by your orders last night; and he has brought 160 ardeb'bs.' 'What!' exclaimed the governor; 'has he risen from the dead?' He was answered, 'No, Sir: I hanged him so that his toes touched the ground: and when you were gone I *untied the rope*: you did *not order* me to *kill* him.' The Turk muttered, 'Aha! hanging and killing are different things: Arabic is copious: next time I will say kill. Take care of A'boo Da'-oo'd.' This is his nick-name."—Vol. I. p. 152.

This is exactly such an adventure as might have befallen one of the barber's brothers in the 'Arabian Nights.'

The will of the Ba'sha is still absolute. He can sentence any of his subjects to death by a motion of his hand, without any trial whatever; but, though severe, he does not seem to be wantonly cruel. Ambition is his ruling passion; and to gratify his thirst for conquest his people are severely oppressed for an exorbitant tribute. They will frequently endure severe torture from the bastinado before they give up their money, having found out that the more they give the more is demanded of them; and this method of collecting the revenue is not practised on the peasantry alone.

"The office of sheykh of a village is far from being a sinecure: at the period when the taxes are demanded of him he frequently receives a more severe bastinading than any of his inferiors; for when the population of a village does not yield the sum required, their sheykh is often beaten for their default; and not always does he produce his own proportion until he has been well thrashed."—Vol. I. p. 156, 7.

The mode of life of the middle and upper classes is represented as easy and indolent, and not without enjoyment in a quiet kind of way. Housekeeping is very unexpensive; and the men frequently pay and receive visits, particularly at or after supper. The women also visit each other in their *Hharee'ms* (Harems). The Egyptians seldom avail themselves of their privilege of having four wives at a time, many anecdotes being here related to show that even *two* prove very troublesome. This we can easily believe. However, as they can divorce their wives for any cause, according to the Jewish law in the time of Christ, simply by saying, "Thou art divorced," and giving back a third of their dowry, they generally have several in the course of their lives. The women, on the other hand, as is commonly the case, have very great difficulty in obtaining a separation, even under the most cruel treatment. Their law of divorce is truly extraordinary in some particulars.

A man may put away his wife twice, and take her back again without any ceremony or trouble; but the third time a most singular custom must be adopted. She must first be married to *another* man, and divorced from him. It is usual in such cases to employ *an agent* to make the marriage, under condition of his giving up the woman afterwards. A very poor, ugly, and, if possible, blind man, is usually chosen; but it will unfortunately happen occasionally that he is so pleased with his wife as to refuse to fulfil his bargain by parting with her. The women are kept very close, and guarded with all possible care; but it appears this vigilance is to very little purpose. The manners of both sexes are very licentious. The women themselves think they are slighted and little cared for, if they are not jealously watched by their husbands, and regard any freedom granted to them as an insult! Some analogy might be found for this taste of theirs even among our own ladies. They have no education, seldom being taught even the routine of prayers, which is the universal accomplishment of the men; but they are good cooks, and very fond of dress and ornament. They contrive, it would appear, to be very merry among themselves, passing much of their time in noisy amusements; and they do not like to be troubled with much of their husband's company, for before him they must be respectful and sedate. The description of the mode of match-making among them is very amusing. As a man cannot see a woman before marriage, he employs a female relation, or perhaps an old woman, hired for the purpose, to go round visiting different Hharee'ms, till she sees some one she supposes to his taste. She then returns and reports to her employer; upon which, if he likes the description of her 'points,' he sends the old harridan back with a present, and she opens the attack with some such speeches as the following, about the truth of which she is by no means particular:—

"My daughter, the youth who wishes to marry you is young, graceful, elegant, beardless, has plenty of money, dresses handsomely, is fond of delicacies, but cannot enjoy his luxuries alone; he wants you as his companion; he will give you every thing that money can procure; he is a stayer at home, and will spend his whole time with you, caressing and fondling you."—Vol. I. p. 197.

A woman, as this account shows, has the right of a *descriptive* choice in a husband, but a child may be given in marriage by her parents without her consent.

There is an extraordinary account of some magical performances witnessed by the author, for the insertion of which he makes something like an apology:—

"Neither I nor others," he says, "have been able to discover any

clue by which to penetrate the mystery; and if the reader be alike unable to give the solution, I hope that he will not allow the account to induce in his mind any degree of scepticism with respect to other portions of this work."—Vol. I. p. 357.

The integral marks of truth are so strongly stamped on the work, that this caution was scarcely necessary, though our metaphysics are put upon their mettle to understand this portion of it. The experiments in question were performed by a celebrated "magician" of Cairo, in presence of Mr Lane, and consisted in bringmg before the eyes of a boy employed for the purpose the likeness of certain individuals called for by the author. In order to guard against any collusion between the magician and the boy, Mr Lane chose the latter from a number of children passing by chance from a manufactory. After various ceremonies, and much burning of incense until the fumes became painful *to the eyes,* a magic square was drawn on the boy's hand, and a pool of ink poured into it. Into this ink the boy was ordered to look with intentness, the magician all the while holding his hand. Various objects were declared by the boy to appear to him mirrored in the ink, till at length the Soolta'n (Sultan) and a whole encampment of soldiers were said by him to be there present; but the magician's questions led to each appearance. But now for the inexplicable part of the performance:—

"He now addressed himself to me, and asked me if I wished the boy to see any person who was absent or dead. I named Lord Nelson, of whom the boy had evidently never heard, for it was with much difficulty that he pronounced the name after several trials. The magician desired the boy to say to the Soolta'n—'My master salutes thee, and desires thee to bring Lord Nelson: bring him before my eyes, that I may see him speedily.' The boy then said so, and almost immediately added, 'A messenger is gone, and has returned, and brought a man dressed in a black * suit of European clothes: the man has lost his left arm.' He then paused for a moment or two; and, looking more intently, and more closely, into the ink, said, 'No, he has not lost his left arm; but it is placed to his breast.' This correction made his description more striking than it had been without it; since Lord Nelson generally had his empty sleeve attached to the breast of his coat: but it was the *right* arm that he had lost. Without saying that I suspected the boy had made a mistake, I asked the magician whether the objects appeared in the ink as if actually before the eyes, or as if in a glass, which makes the right appear left. He answered, that they appeared as in a mirror. This rendered the boy's description faultless."—Vol. I. p. 354.

It may possibly be conjectured that Lord Nelson's appearance was known to the magician, who was able to convey it to

* Dark blue is called, by the modern Egyptians, *es'wed,* which properly signifies *black,* and is therefore so translated here.

the boy. The following instance describes a more difficult case :—

"The next person I called for was a native of Egypt, who has been for many years resident in England, where he has adopted our dress; and who had been long confined to his bed by illness before I embarked for this country. I thought that his name, one not very uncommon in Egypt, might make the boy describe him incorrectly; though another boy, on the former visit of the magician, had described this same person as wearing a European dress, like that in which I last saw him. In the present case the boy said, 'Here is a man brought on a kind of bier, and wrapped up in a sheet.' This description would suit, supposing the person in question to be still confined to his bed, or if he be dead. The boy described his face as covered; and was told to order that it should be uncovered. This he did, and then said, 'His face is pale; and he has mustaches, but no beard;' which is correct."—Vol. I. p. 355.

A note adds that the author heard some months after of the person in question being better, but that he has not ascertained whether at the time mentioned he was confined to bed or not. The following was not witnessed by Mr Lane, but reported to him by some of his friends :—

"On one of these occasions an Englishman present ridiculed the performance, and said that nothing would satisfy him but a correct description of the appearance of his own father, of whom, he was sure, no one of the company had any knowledge. The boy, accordingly, having called by name for the person alluded to, described a man in a Frank dress, of course, with his hand placed to his head, wearing spectacles, and with one foot on the ground, and the other raised behind him, as if he were stepping down from a seat. The description was exactly true in every respect: the peculiar position of the hand was occasioned by an almost constant head-ache; and that of the foot or leg by a stiff knee, caused by a fall from a horse in hunting. I am assured that, on this occasion, the boy accurately described each person and thing that was called for. On another occasion, Shakspeare was described with the most minute correctness, both as to person and dress; and I might add several other cases in which the same magician has excited astonishment in the sober minds of Englishmen of my acquaintance. A short time since, after performing in the usual manner, by means of a boy, he prepared the magic mirror in the hand of a young English lady, who, on looking into it for a little while, said that she saw a broom sweeping the ground without anybody holding it, and was so much frightened that she would look no longer."—Vol. I. p. 356.

The experiments sometimes entirely fail, in which case the magician dismisses the boy with an excuse, such as—that he is too old, &c.

There are three different points in which these extraordinary stories are to be considered, and without impugning the veracity of the narrators, especially when of so careful and matter-of-fact a character as the present author: *First*, That the result

is produced by a wonderful degree of penetration and adroitness in the magician; sometimes assisted by the coincidence of a confederate boy; sometimes by a more than usual simplicity, unsuspiciousness, or slowness of perception in the magician's client. *Secondly*, That the magician, having a shrewd eye at a guess, after the almanack fashion, or else being previously and surreptitiously apprised of the question and of his man, shall also possess a great power of influencing the imagination either of the boy, or the querist, or both simultaneously. *Lastly*, That the countless failures not being recorded, the few wonderful and startling coincidences of truth are taken as general effects, these same coincidences being solvable by no known laws, and to be considered as the wandering gleams of equally profound yet vague revelations of man's elemental nature. It is easy to settle the matter off-hand by saying that the whole affair is absurd or false, and to wonder that anybody in his senses should listen to it for a moment! We do not wish to attempt seeing farther into a millstone than other people, but we do say that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in *any* philosophy," and that we are very far from having mastered all the mysteries of the five senses.

IS THERE A STANDARD OF TASTE?

[*Continued from the Last Number.*]

The grand division of the emotions of imagination is into those of beauty and its varieties, as prettiness, picturesqueness, gracefulness, elegance, &c., which are produced by, or rather consist in, associations of ideas of pleasure; and the pleasures of sublimity, arising from associations of ideas of pain—their pungency being modified by the absence of any apprehension of occurrence.*

Now it must result in theory, from the subordination which we have seen of the associations of imagination to those of passion, and it will be found actually to obtain,—that the charac-

* But in this grand division we ought not to forget the pleasurable emotions derived from the exquisitely "ridiculous," which must also be included in the standard, not even omitting the peculiarly ugly, which, under given modifications, produces pleasure. Otherwise, what would become of many of the admirable characters of Butler, Swift, Shakspeare, Rabelais, Molière, &c.; how would Hudibras and Caliban exclaim against the unjust exclusion, while some of the heads of Rembrandt, and other Dutch masters, looked unutterable things!—*Ed.*

ter of the pleasures of imagination associated with an object in nature, or an artificial representation of such, cannot permanently be at variance with the positive character of the object in point of utility. This I conceive to be the key and clue of the whole matter; it is this principle which, where it does not decide, must have a constant tendency to decide the character of our associations of emotion.

Though the understanding may not distinctly take cognizance of the fitness of an object for its main purpose, still, by our constant exposure practically to the effects of such fitness or unfitness, the impression left upon our minds, the resultant association of feeling will have a constant tendency to correspond with the actual efficiency. The diversities arising from defective susceptibility of emotion, or insufficient information, are thus subject to a constant rule from which no permanent result can differ.

The Grecian sculptors are found to have given to their heads those forms which phrenological observation shows to be most commonly the accompaniments, or rather causes,* of the several modes of character to which they have been respectively assigned. The peculiarity in the width of the head, which is found by phrenologists to favour the poetic temperament, is discovered accurately marked in the antique Apollo—not, there is reason to suppose, from scientific skill in cranioscopy—but more probably from an insensible association of the mental and material phenomena, arising from their frequent occurrence in synchrony, and favoured by the peculiar sensibility of the Athenian temperament. This peculiarity of form still suggests to us the impression of the same characteristic, and this expressive power will remain so long as men shall be constructed on a similar model.

It is thus that we find the greater latitude of Taste with respect to those objects which have no obvious or prominent end and purpose. Opinion or Taste may be regarded as unanimous on the deformity of a wry neck or a crooked leg, or, if there be a controversy, there can be little doubt of the influence which the positive inconvenience of these misfortunes will exercise over the decision. And thus, from the permanence of the constitution of external nature, and of its relation to the universal similarity of human constitution, in structure of body and laws of mind, arise the permanent canons of Philosophical Criticism.

Among these the first place in importance is due to the rule of Taste, which immediately follows from the principles I have just stated;—that no object can possess a permanent or gene-

* Query: External *effects*, or developments, of internal organization?—*Ed.*

ral power of pleasing, of which the beauty depends on circumstances at variance with utility. This is the rule argued by Pope, that the ornaments of a scene must result from it, and not be forced into it; that,—

> " 'Tis *use* alone that sanctifies expense,
> And splendour borrows half its rays from *sense*."

For the feelings of beauty to reign securely, they must be in alliance with the feelings of utility; not that every single ornament must have a decided use beyond its beauty, but at least that its beauty shall not be in *contradiction* to what feelings of use it may suggest. Where this alliance exists, beauty may obtain a footing under many disadvantages. To prove that utility had nothing to do with beauty, Burke instanced the head of a pig, admirably adapted, with the small eyes and strong nozzle, for the purpose it is applied to by its owner. Here, he asserted, is the perfection of utility, but no beauty. As little, perhaps, would Hogarth, with his theory of waved lines, have acknowledged the beauty of Watt's governor of the steam-engine.

The first emotions excited by visible objects are generally those of former sensations, and accordingly, as they are pleasurable or otherwise, we call them beautiful or ugly; and the governor of Watt, with its angular rods and straight lines, might excite associations of stiffness and restraint, as to a fastidious taste, the comparative anatomy of the pig would be very ugliness, by suggesting the ideas of coarse sensations. But when by knowledge the range of ideas suggestible by these objects is enlarged, and their more extended relations more readily occur, a new inlet of emotion is opened, another spring of purer pleasure is unsealed, and the beauty introduced by the discovery of a higher utility, is as superior to that which is the immediate result of mere sensations, as the happiness of a successful philosopher or enlightened patriot is superior to the content of the rustic, indulging to his heart's desire in what is his highest conception of enjoyment—fat bacon, and a swing on a gate.

The triumphal arch and the monumental pillar, contemplated merely as masses of stone, may delight us by the delicacy of their ornaments or the beauty of their proportions; but when the pillar is diverted from its appropriate purpose of supporting a heavy superstructure, with reference to which purpose all its proportions were arranged by its inventors, to the anomalous purpose of sustaining a statue just out of sight, and that statue the effigy of a worthless profligate!—when the arch of triumph is turned to a garden gate, and introduced against all harmony, ideas of Roman enormity and obsolete barbarism, among scenes

of modern improvement and peaceable civilization, our sense of fitness revolts, the attainment of a higher intellectual stand dissipates the flimsy beauty which hung about them, and deceived us from a lower point of view—not, however, dispossessing us of the capability of a superior sensibility, as superior in refinement as in permanence. And this theory, that the emotions of beauty can only permanently subsist by harmonising with the principles of utility, conducts us to another, or rather to an extention of the same,—viz. the principle, that degrees of the pleasures of imagination graduate in value according to the degrees of value of the utility with which they harmonise.

The full theoretical exposition of this principle would lead us too far from the immediate subject of the essay; but I believe it may be made sufficiently clear by an example. What is it which elevates historical painting as a class above landscape? It is the greater intensity of the passions of which our fellow-creatures are the objects, above those of which inanimate nature is the object, in consequence of the superior potency of human beings in influencing happiness or misery. The higher the intensity of which a passion is capable, the richer is the field it affords for the exercise of imagination. It is this which places a play of Shakspeare's above the spectacle of King Arthur; one appealing to our sympathies with "scenery, dresses, and decorations;" the other to the interest we feel in the workings of the human heart; and the superiority of this latter interest is founded on our experience of the higher utility of the subject.

This case affords a very clear view of the meaning of a Standard of Taste, and of the state of things with respect to it. What is it which makes the character of Hermione or Cordelia more interesting in works of fiction than such characters as those of Beatrice or Juliet *—supposing the skill of delineation equal? It is the experience of the greater importance to human happiness of that high order of moral cultivation, which *implies* intellectual, above the quickness of wit which may exist either with or without more essential qualities, and above that vividness of passion and imagination which may, or may not, † be still more superficially and transiently delightful. We estimate, on the same principle, a character drawn, or rather sculptured, by Godwin, above a sketch by Smollett,‡ because one presents to us a view of the profoundest combinations of the elements of human passion, while the other depends for its interest chiefly

* We do not at all admire this "pitting" of fine and noble characters against each other. Besides, granting circumstances, "who knows?" &c.—*Ed.*

† 'Ay, *there's* the rub, that makes calamity' or happiness 'of so long life.'—*Ed.*

‡ Rather say, Washington Irving, or Marryat.—*Ed.*

on its striking display of the trivial peculiarities of particular classes.

That the degrees of intensity of desires and fears connected with various modes of existence, mental and material, must have a tendency to correspond with the utility of these various modes, whatever irregularities may occur in particular instances, or for limited periods, I may be allowed to assume. And comparing with this the universality of the laws of human nature, and the subjection, in spite of apparent irregularities, of the emotions of imagination, to the same general laws which regulate in all mankind the order of various passions and pleasures as sources of happiness, I think it may be safely concluded that it is possible to form an estimate of the power of a work of art to produce the emotions of beauty or sublimity, on such general principles that the result shall express not only the feelings of the individual critic, but a fixed relation of the object to general humanity. This decision, I think, would have been more generally arrived at, had philosophers, who have treated of the imagination, pursued a different course in their analysis of its phenomena.

Mr Alison, after tracing the feeling of beauty to the association of pleasure, follows out the principle by analysing in detail the beauty of form, of colours, of sounds, and so on. This plan may be called the objective; and for this I could wish substituted an analysis of beauty, divided—not according to the varieties of beautiful objects, but according to the varieties in the composition of the feelings of beauty excited—a subjective classification.

The principle of a Standard of Taste would, I think, appear very clear, were this process followed out through every group of associated pleasures. First; this view of the subject would present the beauty which arises merely from associations of the pleasures of sense, whatever the object by which excited, whether by words or visible objects. Such is the origin of the beauty of waved lines, where their introduction does not infringe the rule of utility; with such lines the pleasure of the sensation of easy motion is strongly associated, from being frequently experienced in conjunction with them. These associations must also enter largely into the sense of beauty produced by graceful dancing. And thus the various occasions might be displayed on which the pleasing sensations of colour and sound contribute to our feelings of beauty. This is not only the case with visible objects, but in reading descriptions of scenery or of costume these associations still contribute.

I confess that, friend as I am to that theory of the human mind which adopts to the full extent the influence of the associations of ideas, I think some of its advocates have pushed the

application of the principle to an extent which borders on the ridiculous. Mr Alison explains the pleasure we feel at the sight of lively colours by the associations of riches and power, with which they are generally in company. This appears to me to be a resolving of one simple phenomenon into several complicated ones, and calling that an explanation. I see no reason for denying that the eye should be an organ of pleasure as original as the palate, or the muscular system generally. Every organ of sense, moderately exercised, produces sensations of pleasure; and if the pleasures of colour are to be resolved into associations of ideas, I know no reason why the same explanation should not be given for the pains of hunger. *

The beauty arising from associations of the pleasures of knowledge; the beauty arising from associations of the domestic affections; from those of the public affections; from those of veneration and the moral sentiments;—each of these classes of beauty, separately analysed, and shown to arise with every variety of object, and compared with each of the other classes in the intensity of the enjoyment of which it is capable, and the causes of this graduation of capabilities, would form a system of which the whole force would go in support of the principle of the subordination of the human imagination to general laws, and the consequent reality of a general Standard of Taste.

L. D.

FROM A MAGDALEN, BY GUIDO.

WHAT vision hover'd o'er thy nightly couch,
Oh Painter of ecstatic beauty's forms,
When this sweet image thou did'st trembling bring
From thy deep heart, thus palpably inspir'd!
Those fair, angelic locks, like saffron pale,
Hang all neglected down her gentle cheek,
Where tears divine have burn'd, and left their stains.
Those dove-like eyes that upward gaze, and beam
With sensibility and soul intense,
Are fix'd entranc'd with vision of some Form
Which ever lives in her full bosom's shrine,
And glows with intermittent rapture there!
Her passion an immortal bourne aspires,
Yet bears enough of earthliness to claim
A human sympathy—a love profound
As that which thus absorbs her heart, and steeps
Her present life in deep eternity.

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* Except that the imagination has little to do with it.—*Ed.*

OCCUPATION.

AMUSEMENT is modified occupation, therefore, though the present paper be in substance a continuation of my last, I adopt a new name as more appropriate to this branch of my subject. The tasked or overtasked adult demands *amusement*—some light, pleasant, easy relaxation, in which the mind may find repose as well as relief; while the desultory child, with all his fresh faculties untouched or untired, requires *employment*, and can literally find pleasure in anything which is at all calculated to interest his feelings or reach his understanding.

It has been said (and among the assertors was the amiable Dr Spurzheim), that "man is naturally idle;" an idea from which I so much dissent that I should maintain the direct reverse. Occupation is one of the great demands of the human mind; and the privation of employment is, as has been proved, a great punishment, and yet to this punishment are young children continually subjected. There is no such thing as idleness (for any continuance) unless by that term be meant useless or mischievous occupation. Positive sloth is a disease, which the friend and physician may never cure; the one would consult the state of the patient's mind,—the other the state of his body, and the appetite of industry would soon be awakened. When I observe how little regard is paid to the preservation and direction of the industry natural to children, it only proves to me how irrepressible—how inextinguishable is the active principle with which the Deity has endowed us. Vainly shall it be alleged that the savage is ever disposed to indolence—that he must hunger before he will hunt, and that when he has satisfied nature he flings him down and sleeps till hunger urges him to the chase again. There is scarcely more argument regarding human nature to be drawn from the savage state than from the infant state. The savage is a crude, undeveloped being, a moral and intellectual embryo, his capabilities lie folded up within him,—industry among the rest; give him motives, which are the springs of action, and he will not remain inert; let the finger of knowledge point out to him the wonders of the skies, the waters and the earth, and he will not lie supine and insensate like a clod of the valley; let knowledge inform him of the various gifts of nature, teach him their use and best modes of application, and he will not hunger till ravenous as the bird of prey, and then gorge himself like the boa-constrictor. Many minds, caught by the elements of poetry, which the savage state embraces, have given it an undue preference; they have most unfairly placed

the charms of a wild life in juxta-position with the abuses of civilization; if the savage have the advantage of freedom and familiarity with the surface of primary nature, ere art has touched and tamed it, he wants the comprehensive regulating mind which can alone turn power to purpose. He has a fleet foot in the forest, on the hill side, or the mountain top; his eye is keen as the eagle's, his ear is quick as the hare's, and his breath is unbroken as the hound's; his limbs (while young) are singularly flexile, his expression (of the passions) singularly vivid,—all this is beautiful, all consistent with the physical education to which he is subjected. He is not insulted by the insolence of exclusive power or possession,—neither the palace nor the prison frown upon his path, no inclosures circumscribe his footsteps, no superior bids him bow the head or bend the knee; but how little does the savage know of sympathy—how he shuns the sick and sacrifices the infirm, how he tyrannizes over woman; in short, how entirely he is animal, how little moral or mental. The savage who has awakened interest and admiration is ever one of the tribe which has made some advancement in the social state—who has, moreover, sat to a Cooper, a Mrs Child, a Washington Irving—*they* know how to seize the best attitudes which he presents in the hunting field, the council hut, and the conflict: but let us turn from the splendid pictures which owe so much to the pencil of genius—from these idealized likenesses, which derive their Titian tints from the artists of the new world, and turn to the helpless, naked savage of Van Dieman's Land, and we shall allow that man is a progressive being, and that it is only in proportion as he advances to the harmonious development and happy exercise of *all* his powers that he is really admirable. Savage man is the creature of passion, and passion has always power—always poetry; but its beauty, its sublimity, is abrupt and transient,—a lightning flash—a thunderburst—oft-times a grace, "which flits ere we can point the place:" civilized man is a creature of power, because he is a creature of knowledge; this power, though often perverted, though continually pausing and perishing in individuals, is flowing on for ever with the species—who can say to what it may lead!

To return from this digression. Some of the greatest miseries incident to the state of childhood—some of the worst faults with which, in after life, adult character is blotched and debased—may be traced to the neglect of affording, during childhood and youth, sufficient and suitable occupation. A creature so variously and beautifully endowed as the human creature, demands employment consistent with its various powers and their progressive development, as much as it demands nourishment and rest. But children are continually left to a barren

leisure, in which weariness and vapidity seize them, and they become mischievous in self-defence. From the same cause they often become greedy and gluttonous; how natural for the victim of vacuity to long for dinner, and to delay over it; it is not only a gratification to his appetite, but it affords employment, and breaks the dull succession of unoccupied hours. Compare with him the joyous urchin, just broke forth from some plebeian school, who, having been busy all the morning (to what purpose we will not say) falls to, to busy himself again with stones, straws, snow-balls, or any game of riot and revelry that the rest of his little fellow-emancipists may propose. Dinner is with him dispatched in a parenthesis, and he rushes once more to gay employment, ere the graver work of school begins again. Compare this lifesome, eager, noisy, breathless being, with arms, legs, lungs, all in exercise, with the poor little patrician (of whatever class), who, having had a morning saunter, with, perhaps, a stupid, silly, and certainly ignorant nursemaid, peeps, for the rest of the day, through the bars of his prison, on the second or third floor of his father's house.

I know, vagrant as is the attention of children in general, that to find them employment, or, what is better, to put them in a way of finding it for themselves, is difficult, and, under the circumstances in which many are placed, particularly so; but it is an imperative duty, and there is this encouragement, that in setting a human creature properly to work, we are putting in action a machine which generates its own power, and therefore almost all the trouble consists in the beginning: let us remember also that a stream for which a channel is made will flow on easily and freely, whereas one which, instead of a channel, finds a check, will refuse to flow at all, but stagnate and engender all the consequences of stagnation.

"It is," says Dr Arnott, "one of the improvements yet to be made in our systems of education for various professions, to cultivate more methodically the use of the hands. Children and young people, in obtaining practical familiarity with ingenious toys, tools of carpentry, games of address, musical instruments, &c. &c., are often fitting themselves for the important business of their future life."

But not merely does the want of employment produce in children mischief and gluttony, but evils even yet more fatal to their after-chance of happiness and usefulness. The weary waste of time, amid broken or inanimate toys, produces a feeling of misery, which, if resisted and bewailed, spoils the temper, as a bird beating against the bars of its cage spoils its wing. If the dull wretchedness be quietly submitted to, the child sinks gradually into slothfulness, from which it will be equally painful and difficult to arouse him. Days spent in lounging about

in objectless vacuity, with snatches, perhaps, of purposeless, desultory reading, I have seen the course of many a youth just preceding the period which was to place him as an apprentice to a trade, or pupil to a profession; and what an ill preparation must he ever find such a course for the conflict of life in which he thenceforth engages; how is it reversing the admirable plan of the Romans, whose soldiers exercised with arms much heavier than they would use in battle. It has been well said, 'that rust will eat what use does not wear.' And woe to him whose youth has been subjected to the rust and corrosion of indolence and indifference! At the call of the passions he will perhaps wake into temporary activity, and in those brief and inebriated intervals sow the fallow fields of his life with sorrows which he will probably reap in anguish and dishonour.

I knew a Frenchman who, in speaking of his childhood, said, that whenever he asked his father for anything, he would reply, "I have not got it—let us try to make it;" and to work they went. The individual in question, in after-life, though professionally a chemist and assayer of metals, was a most ingenious mechanic, and one of those who, in the many cases of accident and momentary privation which so often occur, could ever render the most ready and efficient aid, and always with great satisfaction to himself and others. This *handiness* is, in its way, the ready change which is valuable and current everywhere. Few are allowed the means (however much they may have the will) to found an hospital or endow a college, but every one may be made capable of those small social services, of which it may be said, as of small rather than large benefactions, that if they command less admiration they ensure more gratitude, and wonderfully assist in cementing human relationship. I fancy, when Burchell helped the vicar's family in making their hay, he in no small degree secured himself the future harvest of Sophia's heart; and the pieces of gingerbread with which he so often kindly stored his pockets were ever after *sweet* recollections to his future brothers-in-law, Dick and Bill, outvying, probably, more important services rendered to their fortune.

I remember a little fellow who, as soon as he could walk, used to be summoned every day to the store-room with "Come, Arthur, come and be useful!" and the duty assigned him was to carry some trifle, such as a nutmeg, to the cook. Hence, whenever he felt weary of himself, his cry was, "Want to be useful!" and any employment, such as filling or emptying a box, made him happy. It appeared to me that the perception of an ultimate aim increased his pleasure—the conciousness of having done service, or helped to do it, appealed to his self-respect, and gave him a feeling of sterling satisfaction.

I hope it will not be imagined that I propose any Utopian plan of infant Utilitarianism. I am engaging in no crusade against "Hoop," "Hunt the Hare," "Blindman's Buff," &c. &c. &c. Nay, every sport of happy childhood is sacred with me, and I consider it a privilege to be permitted to join in any of them, so far as my foolishly sedentary adult habits will allow. But certainly I would as soon as possible make a child useful, and inspire him with the *desire* to be useful.

I do not expect one mother, aunt, or grandmother, except those belonging to the working classes, and not all among them, to agree in what I am about to propose—nay, I expect to be denounced as a barbarian, who, in a rude search after utility, would trample down the fair flowers of elegance and beauty—would make sons *snobs* ("I thank thee, '*Times*,' for teaching me that word"), and daughters *scrubbinas*, instead of beaux and belles. I am sorry for this—for though I never write merely to please, I am very much delighted whenever I happen so to do. But there are some matters, which, like some medicines, cannot be made palatable, and of course those who administer them must expect to meet wry faces.

To begin then—I would have a child (of whatever class) learn as soon as possible to dress himself, for which purpose I would have his clothes made upon the most convenient plan—I would have him clean his own shoes, brush his own clothes, put his room in order, at least restore things to their proper places, and if he had a horse, do all that might be necessary for the creature. In the outset all this would be troublesome—infinitely more so than making the boy an automaton, incapable of doing anything for himself, and unconscious how much was done for him. Those who consider degradation incurred in such a plan may be reminded that Sir Walter Scott used to light his own fire, and an Emperor of Austria had in his youth been habituated to clean his regimentals and do all the duties of a common soldier. A being thus self-dependent is prepared to meet the contingencies of fortune and circumstances, under which the puppet of attendance sinks. As soon as talent and mental or mechanical industry developed itself, I would have the boy relieved of these personal offices, but upon an express understanding that his time had become valuable, and that, as he knew what was required to be done for him, he would be thankful to those who did it, and give them as little trouble as possible. Most young gentlemen of the present day do just the reverse of this, and are troublesome and ungrateful just in the proportion that they are ignorantly helpless.

The mode I advocate for a boy I would recommend for a girl, and in the same time and on the same terms I would relieve her from the personal performance of common duties; not but that

I would recommend that, throughout her girlhood, she should frequently be an active assistant in household occupation. "What!" exclaims some mother, by this time on the threshold of hysterics, "doom my daughter to red hands and round shoulders!" Fair and softly, good madam, such will not be the consequences of the light and occasional labour which I recommend, if her habits be good and her mind elevated. No labour debases either manner, mind, or person, unless it be excessive, and associated with moral circumstances *in themselves degrading*.

I knew a lady in Hobart Town, and I am happy to pay a tribute to her merit, who kept a boarding-school for young ladies; each pupil in turn held the household keys for a week, during which she attended to the domestic concerns, made the pastry, and attended to all the details of the laundry, &c. when requisite. Many of these hebdomadal housekeepers are now no doubt, wives, mothers, and mistresses of families, and perhaps quite as elegant and accomplished as the English boarding-school miss—a name synonymous with the most helpless superficial thing in existence.

How I should rejoice to see *good* day-schools everywhere supersede boarding-schools, which infringe home affections, and never inculcate universal ones, where, beyond all other places, a frosty, affected conventionalism prevails. "*Day*-schools!" again exclaims the hysteric mother. "What! for our daughters to go to and fro through the common streets, and in our changeful climate. How could *they* endure such exposure!"

I know not whether most to smile or sigh at the distinction made between *a lady* and a woman, or (to use the medium phrase of those who fear no incorrectness but that which regards rank) a *female*. The old story of a general officer drinking to one of his company, with "Here's to you, soldier," to which the other replied that he was a captain; when the commander filled his glass again, and nodding to the stickler for station, said, "Here's to you, *captain*, who are *no soldier*," might be applied, humorously enough, in the present case. There are many ladies who are not women, in *their* vulgar sense of that word, or in the *high* sense it bears. If nature had made one class of wood and another of wax, and if religion recognised this difference, a greater disparity as to what privileged people will inflict, and what they will endure, could not exist. Let us only instance the wholesale suffocation, at the hottest time of the year, which takes place annually at St Paul's. Were the little ones patricians, in place of plebeians, they would be permitted to offer prayer and praise in rational numbers on *several* days, instead of being amassed into an insupportable crowd on

one day: the display would be less imposing, national ostentation would be less gratified, but every purpose for which such an assemblage *ought* to be convened would be better fulfilled.

"What courage of heart! what energy of affection must have animated and sustained the women of the British Legion," says a recent writer, who describes them as "trudging in the rear with a pyramid of babes upon their backs, and a couple trotting at each side! * * * As their presence in the troop was contrary to orders, they were allowed no rations, and were totally without money, having no opportunity of receiving any from their husbands for the last six weeks; yet they trudged along through fair weather and foul for many a weary league, with light hearts and red cheeks, bidding defiance alike to the orders of the general and the accumulated hardships of the road, until they had the satisfaction of passing the gates of Vittoria."

Comparing the women here described, with all their misfortunes and with all their inevitable faults to boot, with the useless daughters of fashion and fortune, how do we perceive both the energy and enervation of which humanity is capable; and who can forbear to sorrow to see feebleness and folly engendered in one rank, while constancy, courage, and endurance goes not merely unrewarded, but unsupported, in another. Parental tenderness, like all the gentler humanities, is beautiful, but when excessive and exclusive it is disgusting, and is in its consequences fatal to the very creature it would foster. This overweening and unjust partiality may find a type of its own fatal absurdity in the owl, who, having formed an amicable league with an eagle, they came to a mutual agreement to spare each other's young. The eagle required a description of the owlets, that no mistake might occur, and forthwith the owl gave such a florid picture of her *prodigies*, that the eagle, pouncing upon them some time after, exclaimed, "'Tis impossible these little frights can be the offspring of my friend!" and so breakfasted upon them without any compunction.

"Of a truth," says the writer I have just quoted, "when Ireland loses her men, the women may stand up and fight for the good cause of her freedom, against the tyranny which proclaims them 'aliens in blood—aliens in religion.'" I hope, long ere then, they will do something better than to fight—sustain those now astir against oppression, and instruct and animate their children as regards human rights and human duties; if, to gain the one and fulfil the other, the social state should be compelled to pass the gulf of revolution, the crime will lie with those who impiously and impotently shall attempt to oppose the determined set which the currents of humanity are now making towards their proper and natural channels.

But to come back to my little friends. Though I think that for *them* amusement may always be found in occupation, I am ever delighted to see them furnished with amusement in the purest sense of the word; but I would give the preference to such as promoted sympathetic rather than emulative feeling, and active rather than sedentary entertainment. Thus, I would say a word in favour of the old English country-dance; and when the alternation, or other circumstances, render a quiet amusement desirable, I would also say a word in behalf of Chess. This will be very startling to many, but I would have them remember, that in chess, as in "violin-playing, there are three degrees: play not at all—play very well—play very bad;" and that those players who have attained but the last degree may feel both pleasure and interest in the game. It is not the Phillidores alone who enjoy chess. I have known very young children who enjoyed a game of chess excessively, and there are few better opportunities than it affords of pointing out to them the danger of precipitation—the necessity of forethought—the moral dignity of losing a game with temper, and gaining one without triumph—and the folly of despair, since a very hopeless state of affairs may be retrieved by circumspection.

M. L. G.

ROMAN FUNERALS AND BRITISH BURYING GROUNDS.

(From the Note-book of a Tourist.)

'WHAT is that wild and flickering light, flashing over the long line of palaces of the Corso, from St Carlo to the Colonna?—that train of torches, and the loud and solemn chant of the masked procession?'—would be the anxious questions of a stranger. It is a Roman funeral; a distinguished citizen of the eternal city is going to mingle his dust with "the illustrious dead." All is wrapt in the stillness of night, save the chant and responses of the long line of friars, who advance with measured tread, each bearing a taper, and joining with deep-toned voice in the loud "*misericordia*"! Now the coffin passes, covered with an ample pall of black velvet, embroidered in silver with the emblems of death and fleeting time; upon the top lie a hat and sword, how lately borne in the gay saloon, now the appanage of the grave!—The procession arrives at the church, the coffin is placed beneath a canopy in the centre, and the friars as they enter place their tapers around, till all is one blaze of light; then rises, vibrating

through the lofty aisles, the loud peals of the mass for the dead. It is certainly an imposing moment.

" Misericordia for his soul! misericordia for his soul!
He knew not that this midnight hour
Would hear his mass ring in the tower,
He knew not that the day was come
To summon him to death's dark home,—
And every monk from beneath his cowl
Chants, ' Misericordia for his soul!'

Mortality's brief deeds are done,
The trial course is lost or won,
And as it falls, the tree must lie
To rise but in eternity,—
And every monk from beneath his cowl
Cries, ' Misericordia for his soul!' "

The temptation to commit verses was too great to resist, and many less enthusiastic might have been impelled to sin in a similar way, for it was an impressive and picturesque ceremony, and one which at that hour (midnight) might have reduced the most matter of fact into a little flight of imagination.

The funeral was that of the Cavaliere Mingaccio, who, although he died in the ranks of the equestrian order, was born a simple plebeian, but, luckily for his fortunes, with full faith in the Santo Padre; in short, a stanch Catholic, a thick and thin thorough-going papist. When Napoleon had finally determined upon the destruction of the temporal power of the Popes, and making the *departement de Rome* as much a component part of the empire as the *departement du pas de Calais*, or the *departement de Seine*, the military Governor of Rome received directions to publish a preparatory edict. The *avant courier* of his fall was but too well understood by Pius VII, who emphatically exclaimed, upon its perusal, " Consumatum est!" but, with a rare courage and devotion, determined upon using the only means left to him, the thunders of the Church. He decided, in conjunction with his principal secretary Pacca, upon fulminating a bull of excommunication against Napoleon and all his advisers and adherents in the spoliation of the church. But how was it to be published? The French, in expectation of some such measure, had piquets of observation at every point, and consequently the means of preventing, or at all events instantly suppressing, any public proclamation whatsoever. His Holiness was, however, determined to speak Latin to them: the bull was prepared and privately printed in the Quirina itself, and Mingaccio, a poor *vitturino*, was the man who, in face of almost certain death, devoted himself to

the service of the church, affixed the document to the doors of St Peter's, Santa Maria Maggiore, and St Giovanni Laterano, as well as some of the gates of the city, and managed so well, that he not only escaped himself, but the excommunication became known to half Rome before the proclamations were discovered by the French.

For this service, upon the fall of Napoleon and the triumphal return of Pius VII, Mingaccio was rewarded by being raised to the equestrian order, and receiving, for a term of years, the patent monopoly of the mills upon the Tiber and *Monte Gianicolo*. He died the other day suddenly, but full of years and riches, and his family have performed the last rites to his remains in a way that a name now belonging to history seemed entitled to. More than three hundred monks, of different convents, assisted, each of whom received a handsome fee, besides an enormous wax taper; and fees for masses, to the amount of several thousand *scudi*, were 'confided' to the church. These Romans, who have no idea of giving eight guineas for a dress-coat or 200*l.* for a nag, are very profuse in their mortuary ceremonials, and would be much shocked at the set out of two black coaches and four, with a hearse and six, and a train of *empty* carriages, which we think so genteel. In many cases, particularly if the body be that of a child or a very young person of distinction, the coffin is not closed till after the church ceremony. A funeral passed my windows the other day, of the daughter of a noble Roman family, whose name I forget; the coffin, borne upon a superb bier, was open, and its tenant, the corpse of a lovely child of eleven or twelve years of age, was richly dressed, leaving the hands and face exposed; and as it moved along the street, preceded and followed by its funeral train, flowers were scattered upon the bier from most of the windows beneath which it passed. This might shock an English public, to whom an unrelieved morbidity and heaviness of gloom seem so necessary an attendant on the last scene, expressly that it may leave the most painful impression possible on the memory. But I do not see why the shedding of some gleams of beauty, sad though they be, around the dead, should excite such antipathy, except upon grounds of prejudice and custom; for there is something in the aspect of,—

> ——— "beauty dead
> Ere the first day of death has fled,"—

that elevates the mind, and fills the heart with purer and better feelings; compelling even the worldling to a momentary sense of higher things than the hollow phantasms he has been pursuing.

All bend the knee or remove the hat as a funeral passes, and it will be readily confessed that, whether desirable or not, a procession on foot, followed by the officials of the church in their rich and massive robes, lowly repeating the service for the dead, has a more solemn aspect than the snug "turn out" of a London undertaker. The bended knee is not only in respect to the departed, but also to the prayers of the church, whose functionaries form part of the procession; but with us it is merely the affair of the undertaker, and as the mutes and other attendants trudge briskly along, discussing, perhaps, the profits of "the job," or wrangling with the coachmen and footmen of the attendant carriages about the perquisites of gloves and hatbands, it is certainly not a cavalcade best calculated to command respect or elevate the feelings. I always force myself to these parallels between foreign customs and our own, that I may avoid ever exclaiming, "how absurd!" or, "ridiculous!" when witnessing foreign ceremonies; and not with the mere view of disparaging our own, but to loosen the obstinate roots of prejudice sufficiently to enable me to form a fair judgment. In England there are no uncovered heads or bended knees as the funeral train passes; under similar circumstances the Englishman would not be more devoid of feeling than the Romans, but there is nothing in our funeral processions to command the same momentary suspension of the affairs of life to pay a last tribute to the dead.

When we approach the church the case is different; none would stand unmoved in a village churchyard during the performance of our last solemn and impressive service, whose severe simplicity goes more directly to the heart than the pealing organ and the glare of tapers, and all the gauds of the Romish ritual.

The following day I visited the Protestant cemetery of Rome, for the Santo Padre has accorded to the heretics a burial-place even within the walls of the holy city. There is not to me a more painful reflection than that of dying in a foreign land, and I don't know a more melancholy occupation than reading upon tombs the names of the young and beautiful, who have travelled forth, full of health and strength and gaiety, in search of pleasure, and found a grave. This brief but sad story is told by many inscriptions in the burial-ground at Rome. The young artist, full of hope and ambition, and perhaps about to return to his native land, whither his brightening name had travelled back before him, lies beneath that stone. A youthful architect, martyr to his devotion to his art, pushing his researches among the valuable ruins of an unwholesome district, met his death, which has given his name a place in this melancholy spot. The beautiful girl, whose name so

lately terminated the perfumed and tiny note, or stood conspicuous in the flattering verses of the gaudy album, which her fond and foolish friends regarded as a kind of graceful result to her "finished" education, now stands coldly lettered on that marble slab, whilst those most dear are yet expecting her return to her far native land. Here lies the young poet, whose lays were withered, and whose full heart was broken, by the blighting hand of the anonymous critic. Upon an humble tomb, beneath a broken lyre, are inscribed the few but painful words, descriptive of the desolate feeling wherewith Keats, "the poet of all sweet beauty," rendered up his last sigh. Here too are deposited the remains of Shelley, who, as is well known, perished in a storm in the Mediterranean whilst out on a sailing excursion, thus depriving the world of a rich harvest of the richest fruits of genius, of which a brilliant summer of blossom had given such abundant promise. His ashes, which were preserved from the funeral pile whereon his remains were burnt, lie beneath a simple stone, with the following inscription:—

"Percy Bysshe Shelley,
Cor cordium.
Natus in Aug. 1792
Obiit 8 Jul. 1822.
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

Such are now the perishable monuments erected to genius or worth, many of which are already decaying, and the names they record already partly obliterated; whilst the Roman tomb around whose base the pigmy tributes are reared, the pyramid of Caius Curtius, stands in defying and conscious strength, displaying the name of the Roman citizen it commemorates as sharply as though chiseled yesterday. But who he was, what were his virtues or his vices, his honours or his exploits, does not appear; so that even this perennial mausoleum, apparently destined still to endure for ages, commemorates nothing but a name.

"Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops."

I forget who it is that has observed upon this pyramid, which is but small in comparison to those of Egypt, being only 113 feet high, that, "it is singular to observe how Time, disappointed of his usual means of destruction by the pyramidal shape, goes to work in another way;—that very shape affording a better hold for plants which have, by degrees, inserted their roots, and, acting like wedges, have lifted and thrown

aside large blocks, and threaten eventually the entire mass with destruction." These excrescences have all been removed, and the pyramid is now as perfect as the day on which it was finished. In Egypt, however, Time is defeated in this contrivance, for the extreme heat and want of moisture during great part of the year hinders the growth of plants in such situations. In Africa alone are pyramids eternal.

But I must quit the place of tombs; I must not let such a subject occupy too much room in my note-book, lest it should communicate a gloomy tinge to the rest of my lucubrations. In the "Bazaar burying-ground" of Pere la Chaise, among the willow-shaded walks and garlanded crosses, one might sentimentalize without getting melancholy, and write verses upon the effigies of Abelard and his Heloise, without growing hippish. But a visit to the graves of our countrymen in a far distant land brings a cloud of melancholy over the spirit, which has no expression but silence, and from which the lightest heart makes vain efforts to break away. And yet we should, and must, break from such feelings, for there is always enough of bitterness in the cup of life to warrant our rejection of useless causes of depression as long as we can. I could never bear to obtrude a gloomy thought upon the buoyant spirits of youth.

H. N. H.

JOINT-STOCK BANKS.

We do not recollect any speech on the subject of the money affairs of this country which produced so great and extensive an effect as did that of Mr Clay. We speak now, not so much of its effects within the walls of St Stephens, as when circulated in London and the provinces through the daily papers; for we consider that speeches on all practical questions are more valuable for the good they produce out of the House than within it. Amongst the members of the House of Commons, so many are sent there to represent particular interests, and with so strong a bias, that their arguments do not address themselves to an unprejudiced tribunal; and although unquestionably there is much of prejudice and interest influencing the represented and the unrepresented, as well as the representatives, yet, amongst the immense number who read the speeches in a daily paper, there is a large proportion who are able to estimate arguments correctly, allowing them their due weight, and no more.

Such persons will have been pleased with the speech of Mr Clay, and will be glad to see it presented to them in a more con-

venient form than that of the *Times* or the *Chronicle*, especially as there are some valuable additions. A powerful writer in the *Edinburgh Review* having taken Mr Clay's speech for a text, and endeavoured to controvert some of his arguments, Mr Clay has replied to that writer, and we think successfully grappled with the attack.

The repeated embarrassments into which the country had been placed at various times, between 1792 and 1826, from the imperfect system of banking which existed, had caused the public to hail with pleasure the introduction of a new system, that of Joint-stock Banking Companies,—associations composed of united bodies of several hundred persons, instead of one, two, and not exceeding six persons, to which each bank was by law limited, previously to what is called the panic of December, 1825.

The new system seemed to work well; Joint-stock Banks were formed, and spread their branches far and wide; and as Adam Smith showed, so long as the currency kept increasing, there was a tendency in prices to advance, and a period of national prosperity.

In this state of things, the attention of the public was fixed on the advantages, and had not suffered itself to examine whether or not the new arrangement was based on a good foundation. Mr Clay endeavoured to shew, and we think was successful in showing, that unless Joint-stock Banks were established on sound principles, they might, from their extensive credit, bring on a state of things more disastrous even than such as existed in, and previously to, 1825. He brought forward the statement of the case in a manner as cautious as the circumstances would admit — he strove not to paint a dark imaginary picture to alarm the timid. He did not tell the House that any thing very alarming had yet arisen, but he temperately and calmly showed that the law on which the new system of banking was founded did not sufficiently provide against over-issues. He showed that if individuals, few or many, associated together to form a company, and obtained very extensive credit, from the circumstance of every shareholder being answerable to the full extent of his property; yet the amount of paid-up capital being very small, and the public in ignorance of the real state of the affairs, such an establishment might in adverse times be as unable to control its operations or meet its engagements as a private banker.

His prediction was fully verified in November last, by the fact of the Agricultural Bank of Ireland, though consisting of many thousand shareholders, being compelled to suspend its payments, thus drawing a chain of evil consequences round the shareholders, the customers of the bank, and the public

at large, however extensive may be the property possessed by the respective partners. Nor has this been a solitary instance; for one Joint-stock Banking Company has still more recently been in the situation to be unable to fulfil its engagements, and it is understood must have suspended payments, had not the Bank of England taken up the affair and afforded relief to ward off the evil to the public, until the affairs of the Banking Company can be finally wound up.

Mr Clay's chief remedy may at first sight appear rather paradoxical, but we believe it will bear the test of examination. He proposes that, instead of each shareholder being answerable to the full extent of his property, he should be merely answerable for the amount of his particular share. Coupling this with publicity of the affairs of the Company, would, he conceived, cause Banking Companies to be formed, which would owe their solidity to the real capital they embarked and not to their credit; which, as he justly observes, might be already sufficiently mortgaged individually, without being again mortgaged collectively.

No one forms a worse opinion of the solidity of the Bank of England because each shareholder is merely liable for his individual share. Yet this is a case in point, for it is precisely on that foundation that it rests; namely, the amount of paid-up capital.

The *Edinburgh Review* starts the objection;—If associations of limited liability are admitted for the purposes of banking, why not for other commercial purposes? Mr Clay avoids meeting the full force of that, by saying that banking should be an exception; but really we think he might have echoed the question—Why not? Under wise and judicious regulations we do not see why associations might not be formed for a variety of manufacturing and commercial purposes, limiting the liability of the undertakers to their individual subscriptions. The great mass of consumers might thus participate in the profits of production. The dowager sipping her souchong might have her spare four or five hundred pounds employed in cultivating the plains of China, or in transporting the produce of the Southern climes to the shores of England. Commerce might be divested of its aggravated vicissitudes, which plunge individuals and families into sudden ruin; and gigantic undertakings, far beyond the power of individuals or companies, constituted as they now are, might be successfully carried through.

From the day of the publication of Mr Clay's speech, a check was given to the formation of ill-digested companies, the rage for bank shares cooled down from fever heat to temperate, and a more cautious system was introduced by the Managers and Directors of the existing Companies. Mr Clay

did not move that the House should proceed to legislate hastily and without evidence. A Committee was appointed to receive evidence from directors, managers and partners of private and Joint-stock Banks, and from others extensively connected with the monetary system. Circulars, with a series of questions, were issued to the banks throughout the country. The anwers to these questions, it was deemed just towards the parties should not be published; but the evidence given *viva voce* has been published. And whilst it serves to shew that no evils may yet have arisen but such as are remediable, it clearly manifests the liability to abuse which the present law affords.

It was distinctly proved that the shares in the Norwich Joint-stock Banking Company, on which 30*l.* per share had been paid up, were selling at a premium of 10*l.*, being 40*l.* per share when every shilling of the capital had been lost. If it be alledged that neither in the case of the Agricultural Bank of Ireland, the Northern and Central Bank of England, nor the Norwich Joint-stock Company, are the creditors likely to be losers (touching which we decline to give an opinion) we submit that probably it was mainly owing to the exposition of Mr Clay that the public attention was directed to the general insecurity of the new arrangement before the evil had attained a magnitude to be uncontrollable. Neither the Irish nor the English Joint-stock Banking Company referred to, had been in operation two years. Had the system they pursued been acted upon two years longer, with rival Companies certainly arising, who can say to what a formidable extent the injury would have increased?

The additional caution and prudence which Mr Clay's speech called into exercise some few months since will have enabled the Banking establishments the better to meet the present feverish state of the Money Market, and deprive the disease of part of its virulence; and we make no doubt but the attention of Government and the Legislature will be drawn early in the coming session to the subject of Banking. Those who wish to make themselves acquainted with the subject, and have not read Mr Clay's pamphlet, should do so without loss of time. As to the 'Answer' by Vindex, he has not met the question with any decided argument.

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ANALYTICAL DISQUISITION

On Punch and Judy.

Found among the Papers of the late Charles Lamb.

[*Concluded from the Last Number.*]

I SHALL now return to the hero of this extraordinary and high farcical Tragi-comedy. The various characters we have previously discussed, of however classical an interest in themselves, are all completely subservient to the development of the idiosyncrasy, or rather syncrasy, of the prime Villain of the drama. We shall now, therefore, treat of them all under this head—if head indeed we may be allowed to designate that tall cone of matted hair and impudence.

The personal appearance of Mr Punch is singularly characteristic of the inward fellow. His features are all large, extravagant, preposterous, and mask-like; the expression, a rich mixture of the Italian bravo and buffoon. The Knave of Clubs is nothing to it. There is something heraldic in his outrageous nonconformity to any known living being. He is the dwarf-abortion of a deformed giant. His strength of physical endurance, awkwardness, and mistaken estimate of his powers, all go to prove this. As the mystical and no less gifted artist Blake made a microscopic drawing of a flea, and thereunto a calculation of what would be its powers of mischief if it were as big as a horse, so we may all bless our stars that Punch, who seems of the family of Brobdignags, was thus thwarted of his germinant proportions. (Possibly had not this been the case, his character might have been different, but regarding him as he *is*, we should be sorry to see Nature try the experiment.) He always expects to carry everything by a *coup-de-main*, as if he had to deal with mere shrimps, and though he invariably conquers in the end, it is chiefly by dint of being able to take more than his antagonist has strength to administer. Then comes his turn, and he uses it with most destructive remorselessness. His dress is always a mixture of red and yellow, and the tints of his inflamed visage harmonize with the former, and seem to exude from the whole man. Of his most characteristic voice what words can convey an idea that shall at all do justice to its rascally quality,—its shrill, abrupt, intermittent fits of cracked crowing over all possible arrangements of society, and over all the decencies of our common nature!

Punch is, in his own person, the embodiment of sheer animal spirits. There is no repose in him whatever. He is utterly without wit; he has not an atom; everything he does results from humour and temperament—an outrageous eccentricity of comic action. So single, individualized, and unique is his character as thus seen, that it will be found to exclude almost all ordinary human passions, and even appetites. In his dance with Miss Poll—the only hint at the sensual which occurs throughout the play—there is nothing worth mentioning, except his impudent suggestions to the spectators for the mere purpose of outraging the face of society. As to the *gourmand* and the bacchanalian—the common adjuncts of ordinary comic characters—you see no signs of either in Punch. And yet the fellow is a staring and roistering type of undisguised and audacious selfishness. One passion only he possesses, and that so strong as to keep out all others—viz. a passion for practical fun, provided always that it be mischievous and provocative in the last degree.

I showed this essay to my friend Mr Hazlitt some time since, who interpolated the following passage, which I shall take the liberty of retaining. "Punch is a fellow possessing as little of the faculty of reason as possible without being ideotic. Many madmen have much more, even when not in lucid intervals. His actions denote no 'foregone conclusions,' and he has no sense of consequences. He is a striking instance (and a stricken one, as often) of a person who learns nothing from experience. It only serves as an irritation to his will. With all his extravagance, he is also very deficient in imagination. There is nothing at all romantic about him. Nor is there anything romantic in the play. It is entirely of the domestic kind—a broad caricature, I admit;—the actors being every-day folks, nor can we be certain that the devil is an exception. Each character, however, according to a fine dramatic principle, represents a class, as I think C. L. has fully elucidated. We are all delighted with the exhibition—'as pleased as Punch'—chiefly from its unrestrained, irresponsible excitement, which has the full force of contrast and relief to conventional restrictions, and encourages us in our vices."

I am not much disposed to dissent from the causticity of the latter remark; I think, however, that we also find pleasure in the exhibition for the same reason that we chuckle at caricature prints, and without any self-reference, unless it be a self-complacent one. The writer whose words I have just cited, would no doubt say that this was only a branch of his theory, and go on to show that it was the mere working out of the same fundamental principle. I know his way, and shall not let this essay go into his hands again, having a mind to keep my

originalities more to myself in future, or only to be given out before a sufficient number of respectable witnesses.

To the proposition that Punch is a being wondrously deficient in reason, it will not be difficult to give sufficient illustration. He roundly asserts the most manifest falsehood or absurdity to be a literal fact, and attempts to prove it upon his astonished auditor by a terrible blow on the back of the head from his embraced quarter staff. For instance, what a 'terrific combat' ensues,—as the managers of the great National Theatres express it,—in consequence of Punch alarming the neighbourhood by means of a tin box with a stone in it, which he ludicrously calls an "organ," not played upon by keys or by winding, but by his bashing it against the Doric columns at the side of the stage, and upon the proscenium. Still, the fight takes place, not so much on account of the disturbance Punch creates, as from his perversity when a respectable housekeeper (who rather oddly designates it a bell,) remonstrates with him as to "that nasty bell." To this Punch replies, patting him in a most provokingly soothing manner—"My friend—it is a very fine organ!"—"An organ!" ejaculates the respectable housekeeper—"ha! ha! ha!" But Punch persists—high words ensue—assertion meets assertion—"I say 'tis an organ!"—"I say 'tis a bell!"—"I say you're a liar!"—and forthwith, in order to prove it, Punch dashes the tin box against his head, and down goes the respectable housekeeper!

I must here observe, though the fact is too evident to render it very necessary, that Mr Punch is a mere physical humourist, albeit of a supreme degree. His fun is entirely supported by the phrenological development at the back of his head, or rather behind the ears. His blows are almost always directed at this quarter. He seldom strikes an individual on the forehead. Others strike him also at the back of the head, or ears, being instinctively conscious that he has no mind, and can only understand a blow on his best development.

But his deficiency of reason (as of natural feelings and affections) is curiously characterized by a ludicrous assumption of the reasonable in his manner. Thus, after insisting upon nursing his child, he towzles it like a brute, and then throws it out of the window. When Judy finds what he has done, she weeps "*wub! wub!*" very bitterly, and then suddenly asks *him*, why he did so?—"What for?" Whereunto,—patting her shoulder in his impudent, aggravating, pacificatory way, as though he was the most reasonable man in the world, recommending others to be equally so—he answers, "It was a cross child,—*therefore*,"—and he ducks his pointed cap, and strikes his hand upon the proscenium, as he briskly adds,—"I chuck'd it out o'the window!"

Punch is exactly in the moral position of many a hero of a

poem, especially of the Byron school. He is admired only at a distance; his associates have a different notion of the matter, as would his admirers, were they his associates. Punch has no friends. Even his dog Toby—the moral and respectable Chorus of the Drama—bites his nose dreadfully. And why? Because Punch has boxed his ears for nothing, and as hard as he could! Be it, however, remembered, that this nothing—*i. e.* quietude, or repose of manner,—is something to Punch, who resents it as an unbearable antithesis to his own character.

Punch's hump shows plainly that he is an abortion of some huge and unnatural parentage. He should have been put in spirits of wine directly he was born, and exhibited in a bottle in some College of Surgeons, instead of crowing and boxing and trumpeting about the streets of the civilized world. As to his legs, they are very seldom seen,—and no wonder. He may well be ashamed of them, "Sure such a pair were never seen!" Lean, limp, and crooked, they seem to have been drained of all their juices in order to supply a preponderating strength to his upper and combative members.

I used to fancy in my youth that Punch was not unlike Falstaff. 'Twas a youthful fancy of the eye only. Punch has not a jot of that wit which redeems the worst qualities of Falstaff to the imagination. I next fancied him a living satire upon the hero-character and its vain-glory; but, no:—he has no excuse for the enormity of his actions. In him, perversity usurps the organ meant for reason. Witness his ostentatious and absurd performance on the French-horn, whereof he is vain in proportion to the extent of the damnable nuisance he creates. He is no representative of any headlong, commanding impulse; he has no singleness of purpose; no object of ambition or pride; no decency, and no shame. He is a thoroughly unredeemed coxcomb of humorous animal caprices. He has more points in common with Christopher North than anybody else, who apes Punch continually, and lays about him in just the same indiscriminating way. Both are Professors of Moral Depravity, and rare practitioners withal.

Christopher Punch may be considered as the antithesis of real civilization. Indians are refined when compared with him in his worst state. They do not knock people on the head for fun; neither would they laugh at it, as we do. What would Don Quixote have said to such goings on?—he who subjected kings, queens, and conjurors, to such fine-drawn distinctions touching nature, history, and justice? Even the Duke of Wellington—even that hard man—what must be his feelings on witnessing this audacious exhibition? No money or lands at stake; nothing gained by the slaughter. All for fun!

But here we must admit one salvo in favour of our general humanity, the which I have brought into a serious dilemma

by this disquisition. Punch knocks all his scenic associates on the head, it is true, but then we do not believe in the reality even for a moment, as we continually do with very fine acting on the stage. Besides being too ludicrous in its circumstances, we also know they will all rise again in the next street. And the foregoing reflection causes me to relent a little, as the conscientious recollection of how often I have been amused, in spite of myself, by this unique fellow, compels me also to relax something of my severity, at parting. Although Punch has no wit, no reason, no imagination, and no friends; although he is always vicious, and his vice always triumphant; although at the very last, he thrusts his quarter-staff up the black calamanco petticoat of the Devil—twirls her about his head—flings her into 'thin air,'—and then advances complacently and bows to the applauding audience; still it must be admitted that some sort of poetical justice is rendered in the progress of the piece, which sets one's scruples at rest at the time; for certainly if he is always doing wrong and knocking folks on the head, there is a fine running commentary throughout in the ringing blows received by his own tall pate in return.

Instead of abolition, therefore, we have to propose a reform in the play. We shall duly submit our view of the measure to one of the least liberal members of the House of Commons, who may wish to get up a name for liberality in reforms at the least expense of more enlarged abuses. My plan will not at all turn upon making Punch 'respectable,' for that would be to put an end to him altogether. Going on just as usual—with the omission of killing his wife and child—I shall merely propose that in the final result his vices shall not be seen to triumph so joyously over both man and devil. And thus the moral world need not fear any circumscription of pleasure in its progress towards enlightenment, and may be permitted to enjoy a 'well-regulated' Punch, according to a strong and enlarged philosophy of Art, so that we may philanthropically coincide with Milton, that—

"He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft—is not unwise."

FOURTEEN DAYS AT SCHOOL.

SOME weeks have now elapsed since I said "good bye" to a host of youngsters after a visit to them of fourteen days' duration. That my "good bye" was sorrowful in its tone may be conjectured from the fact that, at that moment I thought I never had passed fourteen consecutive days in so much plea-

sure and happiness—in such charming society. I felt so then, and I have many times since passed in review the times, places, and incidents of my whole life; from that backward remoteness in the composition, in which I was first conscious of having life, on to the central moment in the foreground—the instant of the present hour; the examination and comparison fully confirm the impression I held in the minutes of preparation for that "good bye." I had never beheld any domestic circle for that length of time, which was so beautifully, ay, so delightfully free from all harshness of feeling in gesture and word, glance and tone; never such an absence of querrulousness and discontent, petulance and impatience. Never before had I seen such bounding glee and elastic spirit and frankness of a community of children in association with their elders, guides and instructors—such freedom from selfishness—such utter absence of domineering temper—of bullying and tyranny of the big over the little, or of fear in the little for the big. Never did I see such a movement of generosity and gentleness in all affections and sympathies, and aims and objects, as these children evinced to each other and to their guardians, to the authority which governed and guided them; and never did I see guardians, unconnected by the ties of blood, so honestly affectionate, sympathising and frank in exchange, as were these guardians; never did I see a number of children return affection and frankness with such fullness and freedom, as did these. I never before found in a collection of children of their ages so much vivacity of intellect, readiness of perception, eagerness to know and willingness to learn, and pleasure in being taught. I never saw manly spirit in boyhood so beautifully directed by clearness and amiableness of thought, so flashing with impulses of generosity and love of truth.

The reader suddenly recollecting the title of the present article, may suddenly set up a laugh of anticipation, foreseeing where this *Oasis*, this earthly paradise, is about to be found. But do I not wrong the readers of the 'Monthly Repository' to say they will laugh? Will they not rather smile with delight, which will not be a mere passing gleam; it will settle into a fixed and steady flame, shot out from their thoughts and fanned by the approving pulsations of their hearts. Those worldly wise and practical *par excellence;* the millions of sober English whose brains are muddled by "experience," as they call it; that is, wading through the long dykes of established usage, those who *will not* read these pages, are the parties who would laugh in derision if they could but condescend to read the present paper. And what a side-shaking merriment they lose by their wilfulness! Why, such a laugh as they would get—from reading what is here written, would drive influenza out of

their frames. It was at a school, a boys' school, that I passed this happy fortnight, and saw all these wonders! Aye, among thirty-six boys of all ages, from five to sixteen years. It was from first to last and on every side, in all regulations; and every result of regulation was a contribution to domestic happiness and enjoyment; the least dimmed by cloudy thoughts, the least ruffled by frowns of reproof or inquietude; the most cheerful continued domestic happiness and enjoyment it has been my lot to witness during my whole life. Nor was I in the least surprised, by what I saw, and by the gladness it gave me. I was delighted, indeed, but nothing astonished to find it was really true; that a number of boys at school could be rendered thus happy, thus docile, frank, quick of perception, delighted with lessons, affectionate and confident with their teachers, and kind, gleeful and generous in impulse, habit and character; that through all the gradations, and shades of difference, these pleasant features could be made visible in fact and existence, not in mere form. No; I knew nothing more was required to develope and expand these moral and mental beauties, in any congregated number of school boys, than ability in the instructors; the union of capacious intellect, clearness of discrimination and sound judgment, with a heart of kindly affections, and an ever unruffled patience of temper, and fatigueless perseverence. Such a union I found here, and such were the delightful spirit-stirring results. I cannot but feel somewhat egotistical on this subject, and I think such a feeling is more laudable than blameable; I seem to regard it as a triumph of my own; I am confirmed in the truth of what I had often asserted, that a school governed on such and such principles, and conducted by such and such feelings and capabilities, could not fail of producing such results every where and any where; and now, to the doubts and sneers of pity and ridicule of my visionary Utopia, and my dreamy enthusiasms, and the laughs at my preposterous folly, I can reply by pointing triumphantly to Mr Heldenmaier's establishment at Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, as a joyous and brilliant refutation. I am now assured of what I have thought, and have had the effrontery to say too, in the face of some "education" professors, who have "tried the plan and found it would not answer;" viz., that *they* were deficient in the necessary patient firmness, that they had taken upon themselves an office for which they were unfitted either in head or in heart, or they had not courage to resist the demands of the silly vanity, and greed of mere show in the parents. And, to my thinking, it is not the least of its beauties that this establishment is, in all its divisions and arrangements, its particulars, prominences, and recesses, honest and utterly free from any glimmer of inflated

pretension, display, puff or charlataneries; while, in fact, here is material sufficient to furnish stock in trade of all these articles to fifty schools on the customary puff and humbug sustem. Here too, are none of the disgusting tricks of what is nicknamed "emulation;" no exhibitions to gratify the contemptible and heart-corrupting selfishness of the boy, and the demoralising and pitiable vanity of his parents, nor to excite splenetic envy to conceal itself under hypocritical praises and compliments, in "friends," whose foolish pride has been stung by a failure in their pets or darlings; no prizes to bribe and to lure the generous-natured boy into an arrogant notion of another's inferiority to himself; or when, as is so often the case, he succeeds in the display, only because others are too sensitive, too conscious of error, while he is as nerveless as the spoke of a cart-wheel. Instruction in all its branches, aye, *Education* in the true sense of the glorious word, in feelings and in mind, is given and received with gladness and gentleness. No canings, no scourgings, no raps nor taps and slaps, are dreamt of; it is designed that they should be men, not brute-human machines; here are no drivings, taskings and "impositions," as there are every where, *and only because* the master is too indolent to tax his brain to the labour of devising other means of excitement, or too stupid to discover them. Never is here heard the stout voice of command, the give-the-word of the drill-sergeant, with an echo of the rattan on the knuckles or the shoulders; no austere authority blurts forth its harsh tones in impotence of intellect, or with power only to counteract the will of the utterer; no attempt at beating obstinacy out by thrashing the devil of resistance in; a threat cannot be heard, for a threat is never given, in word or in look. Whatever is to be done for the purpose of correcting error, is done, and done without a threat that it shall be done. "Sit down," or "be quiet, sir," is never blown through a teacher's scraggy and screaching trumpet of anger and petulant impatience. None of these boys shrink into dumb sulkiness, or pitiful stillness of fear, when the step of "the Master," who is generally called 'Old So and So;' is heard at the door of the room in which they are pealing forth their clarions of merriment; his presence is no restraint; they have nothing to conceal from him. Their natures are taught to be honest again, up to the angelic standard of infancy; however twisted they may have been by other training before they came there, to him; yet more orderly, docile, and delicate-thoughted boys never were assembled together; the small "hush!" from him, or his elevated finger, instantly produces quiet and eye-glistening attention. A like affectionate respect is yielded to all the teachers, of whom there are seven; and, strange as it is true, these

teachers have hearts for the work to give the best efficacy to the use of their well stored intellects; there is not a jot of cut-and-dried mummery among them. I have observed them day after day, hour after hour; now with the mathematical class, or Greek and Latin, French and German; no leaping to satisfactory conclusions because memory has laid hold of words; things are taught and understood. In the Anatomical museum, now at Botany, Geography (the mode of teaching which is the most fascinating and advantageous of any I ever heard of) Drawing, Music, Gymnastics, Dancing; and in the Chemical laboratory, which does not consist of a mere glass-cased show of apparatus to dazzle a visitor with, "You see how philosophic and scientific we are here;" but is a substantial building apart from all other rooms, with furnace, forge, retorts, alembics, &c. &c., all complete; the science is practically taught by an adept and a true lover. In all I observed (for I could not resist, it was my greatest pleasure to be with the boys at their lessons and lectures, while fifty miles barefoot through ancle-deep mud, with the driving sleet in my teeth, would be a race of ecstacy to get away from most school-rooms) in no instance did I see a frown of impatience, or hear a tone of irritation at carelessness or inattention, from the instructor. Especially, in every department, and on all occasions, the most delicate and wise care is taken that no boy shall feel himself degraded by an exposure to invidious comparison, or reproof before his fellow-students or companions; the censuring lecture is given without a witness, the offender is himself sole audience; what is the consequence? All is happiness, in school, at board (where there is neither stinting in quantity nor stingy meanness of quality, and a man of fastidious appetite would drop in accidentally to a dinner which he would congratulate himself on finding) in rambles and in playground, every different and successive lesson and occupation is a change and renewal of comfort, satisfaction and pleasure. It is an harmonious blending of the music of all the nobler and gentler feelings and brighter affections, with the varied processes of intellectual training into vigour of thought and mental power. A true manly beauty of spirit is cultured into a flourishing and self-sustaining strength; deformities and weakness are thus made to die, or rot innocuously in the soil, as soon as the smallest shoot is seen to force itself to the surface. Under the wise but gentle, the firm but tender, touch of such a modeller's hand, the ductile metal is formed into a glorious shapeliness, which holds its adhesive force while it retains its power of expansion into the fullness of maturity, without fear of flaws from rough handling, undangered by the dread of fractures, but certain of completion into soundness, substan-

tiality and unshakeable solidity; provided, after the vessel has left this house, this school, this birth-place and garden of its moral, physical and intellectual beauty, no jolter-headed pedagogue, no cold-blooded, narrow-souled, idolatrous conventionalist, in a malignity of hatred of truthful sweetness, or a callosity of folly, try upon it his miserable and mischievous games of grinding see-saw; his disgusting and odious tuggings at opposing ends of his established education ropes; *for if he* does, the vessel stands an ugly chance of being shivered to his satisfaction, and the knave-fool will raise his solemn hand in ecstacy, grin his foulest grin of bliss, triumphantly point to the fragment and the ruins which he has made, and chaunt his pre-concocted pæan, in "I told you the scheme would not do!"

Still there is balm in Gilead for the literal disciple of "spare the rod and spoil the child,"—the propounder of rewards and punishments must not be left to despair, though we cannot offer much consolation to the advocates of the birch and the ferule, and solitary confinement. He insists that such agreeable aids are indispensable in the education of children,—as necessary as the handle to the besom of birch, as the stick to the mop, or the moon for moonlight! Punishments are awarded even in the system of education at Worksop; but what are they? the privation of a pleasure; such a privation as would be hailed with a shout of joy by ninety-nine hundreds of the boys, in ninety-hundreds of the schools in Britain, as the best *reward* the masters could offer them. Here it is felt as a punishment—keenly felt—felt in the mind; though it makes no impression on the back, it does not fail to produce the remedy, the correction of the fault for which the punishment is inflicted. I have said it is the privation of a pleasure. What is the pleasure thus withheld? Hear it, O ye wise breeders of tyrant and servile in the same soil, in the same head and heart!—ye obstinately reverent of the stupid practices of austere authority, admirers of the birch and *lignum vitæ*, coercers of the young fructile brains and ductile hearts; ye sticklers for grinding the memory, and hardening the brain into woodenness by tasks and "impositions." Fie on you, teachers of "morals!" These boys are punished by not being permitted to join in the lesson which is in course when the offence is committed! "A punishment, do you call that?" ejaculate the army of pedagogues, echoed by the flocks of papas and mammas! Ask any one of these boys what he thinks it is? His answer is better than any my words can give. Look in his eyes, and listen to his honest, natural tone of voice. You will hence learn, that it is possible to make children "take to their larning" with as much pleasure as they

take to marbles, a peg-top, a hoop, any game; ay, with as much pleasure as some of our aspirants for a fat rectory, a prebendary stall, or even a bishop's crosier, or an archbishop's mitre, take to dice and drinking, horse-racing, fox-hunting, a steeple-chase, cock-fighting, or badger-baiting.

Happy, indeed, are these boys in the fortunate position for rambles among the charming, rich, and varied scenery which the immediate neighbourhood of Worksop presents. Within less than a quarter of a mile from their own door, they have entrance to the beautiful grounds of Worksop Manor, in all the variety of a scarcely undulated turfy plain and rising mounds and ridges,—too little elevated to be honoured with the distinction of the name of hills, indeed, but so graciously formed; rich in light and shadow, and lavishly decorated with a perfect luxury of colour from the assembled, separated, and commingled birch, oak, larch, spruce, fir, laurel, acacia, and a host of solemn poems in the shape of cedar trees. Within their limits are lovely turf dells, scooped out, as it were, for cradles for the sunlight by day, and the moonbeams by night. Here and there are platts of fern, gorse, heath, and moss, that would make Titania chirrup with delight.

Adjoining Worksop Manor is another triumph of scene—Welbeck Abbey and park. On the other hand, the public road divides Worksop Manor from the magnificent domain of Clumber, the Duke of Newcastle's seat, which is in turn separated, by a road only, from that park of parks (to me the most exciting example of park scenery in the kingdom) Thoresby, belonging to Earl Manvers; and to crown the whole, eight miles from Worksop, out of Thoresby park at once into its deep and intense heart, is the mightiest of the mighty, the soul-enthraller, Birkland Billagh, the beloved, the mingler with millions of thoughts, the sole vestage of ancient Sherwood's vast glories. I must stay the thoughts which the memory's picture of that place, that bit of Sherwood, rolls up in the rushing tide of pleasure. I took up my pen to speak of my visit to schoolboys—I throw it down, because my memory and senses have flown to Birkland Billagh.

PEL. VERJUCE.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Goethe's Novel. Translated from the German. London. 1837.

A spirit strung to conquer the world's woes, and win Nature's rich and incorruptible delights, must be brought to the enjoyment of this novel—a novel compressed into a few pages, composed by Goethe, in his 78th year, upon the plan of a story

which he had cherished for thirty years. The translator's part is excellently done, and his preface, with its fine exposition of the true end of poetry, is a worthy appendage to the work of the veteran poet.

A History of British Quadrupeds. By Thomas Bell, F.R.S. F.L.S., &c. London. 1837.

This work maintains its high and well-merited reputation. The clearness of its scientific arrangement, and the interesting information on the habits of animals it describes, render it very delightful reading. It is full of amusing anecdote and original remark. In Part VII. the wood-cuts of the different species of mice are most felicitously executed, particularly that of the harvest mouse, and the exquisite vignette of its nest. A most curious history is given of their relations, the rats. But why does Mr Bell clip all their whiskers so close?

Introduction to the Literature of Europe, in the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries. By Henry Hallam, F.R.A.S.

A learned work, the result of much research, but too concise on many points, and too diffuse in its dryness with respect to others. We admire the execution of the Fifteenth Century more than most other portions of the work. With various opinions of men and things we do not at all coincide; the literal details, however, may be considered, in general, perfectly authentic.

A Letter to Archdeacon Singleton on the Ecclesiastical Commission. By the Rev. Sydney Smith. *London:* 1837. Longman.

Whether the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, or their employers, the Whig Ministers,—the Bench of Bishops, or the Deans and Chapters, will be most obliged to the Rev. Sydney Smith for this pamphlet, we do not know. But, for ourselves, we like his wit exceedingly. He sees clearly enough that the palmy days of the Church are over; but he makes no pretence of having any wish to be a martyr, and would fain live and die in peaceable possession of the good things he enjoys. If, however, he must give them up, he protests against giving them to the Bishops:—

"We are told, if you agitate these questions among yourselves, you will have the democratic Philistines come down upon you, and sweep you all away together. Be it so; I am quite ready to be swept when the time comes. Every body has their favourite death: some delight in apoplexy, and others prefer marasmus. I would infinitely rather be crushed by democrats, than, under the plea of the public good, be mildly and blandly absorbed by Bishops."—p. 34.

What he means by talking about the risks of reform, and advising all honest men to "hold back as firmly down hill as they pulled vigorously up hill," is not so manifest, coming from *his* pen. The advice, however, is very harmless. "Honest men" so far from thinking they are going down the hill, do not even see the top yet—nay, most of them think they never shall see it, for that each step onwards will but open to them a wider prospect and greater heights to be attained. Should we ever arrive at so perfect a state of things as to make every change a change for the worse, the Rev. Sydney Smith may hold back if he will. At present, if he thinks our tide is running too fast, he cannot do better than engage for us the services of his own Mrs Partington.

The Student of Padua. A Domestic Tragedy.

This play has been considerably abused; we do not think the worse of it on that account. The author's view of nature and society is morbid and cynical; but there is evidently "stuff" in him that, either in prose or verse, may eventually find its way to success. Literature has great need of men "who can, and will."

The Policy of England towards Spain.

In this able pamphlet the reader will find the political relations of Spain with England and France, fully and fairly stated, and some of the main questions at issue as satisfactorily answered.

Micrographia. By C. R. Goring, M.D.; and Mr Pritchard, M.R.I.

Those who are curious in microscopes, will here find an accurate account of the most complicated of those instruments. Cuvier's method of dissecting microscopic subjects under fluid, will be found interesting.

Oliver and Boyd's New Edinburgh Almanack for 1837.

Contains not only very minute information, but on a great variety of subjects.

The Romance of Nature. By Louisa Ann Twamley.

Miss Twamley need scarcely have informed us that all her beautiful flowers were drawn from nature, the fact being evident from the freshness and truth of their design and colouring. We think the water-lily a failure in its effect; but was it possible to give a correct image of its floating purity?

Guidone. A Dramatic Poem. By W. Smith. Esq.

The author seems fully aware that his production is the reverse of an acting drama; we are equally aware both of the develop-

ment of character and high degree of genuine poetry it contains, some specimens of which we shall take an early opportunity of transferring to our pages.

Contributions to Modern History, from the British Museum and State Paper Office. By F. Von Raumer. *Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots.* 1 vol. C. Knight.

Collections from hitherto unexplored records must be received with gratitude, since we are enabled by such means to reap the fruits of long and patient labour, with small cost and trouble. M. Von Raumer's work would be more valuable if it were written in a spirit of perfect impartiality; but he is too apt to assume the position of a panegyrist of Queen Elizabeth. We do not see that he has adduced new and decisive proof of Mary's guilt; but he has elicited some highly interesting particulars concerning her, to which we shall allude on a future occasion.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

1. Peels' Grace at Dinner.—This candid owner and frank confessor of all the best Scotch qualities added to his own, has recently been raking up the poetical odds and ends of his readings of Walter Scott, Blackwood, Hogg, and Cunningham, in order to fillip the national ears of the Glasgow folks till their voices uttered a rhyming echo to all his other 'measures.' If his sing-song "grace" and "faithful steed" have done nothing else, they have at least inspired a Pegasus in various quarters. The *Constitutional* humorously compliments him, as being—

"The finest of speakers, the deepest of drinkers
At fountains that quench the thirst of the thinkers!"

And the *Morning Chronicle* chaunts forth a capital paraphrastic ditty, to the tune of 'I've been roaming.' We regret we have no time to offer our mite in this way. Could we do so, we think we should choose the passage in his speech where he says,—"What has this meeting to benefit by corruption?—this meeting which has assembled for *one* object—to mark its esteem for *me*—and to extract *public good* by spreading the *spirit* which animates *us!*" Taking the rectified spirits of Toryism, balsam of hoax, and extract of public good, as our text, we would fain have given a few stanzas commencing with—

"Where the leech sucks, there suck I;
In a Glasgow Speech I lie," &c.

2. A New Joke.—The *Morning Post*, of Jan. 24th, excites the risible faculties of its readers by the following excellent original joke communicated to its Editor:—"A story *has been told us* of an old lady —*who shall be nameless*—at Bristol, who happening to fall asleep during

Divine Service, *a week or two since*, let her Bible (which had large massive clasps) fall in her pew. The noise awaking her, the congregation were considerably surprised by hearing her exclaim loudly—"What, Jane, you have broken another jug, have you!" This exclusive joke, which everybody but such an old 'Post,' recollects to have read in Joe-Miller-compilations, of all kinds, during the last twenty years, is laughably illustrative of the stationary position of the Tory understanding, and of the veracious manœuvres of this blind-tooling organ of its fashionable *circle*. What a rod of extirminating power the Editor uplifts in the dark insinuation of "who shall be nameless!" *Who* indeed! With what chronological acumen he designates the period of occurrence;—with what sincere piety he identifies the Bible and Jug, insinuating with equal reverence, that the snoring dream of this well-known landlady of the jest-books, had broken the Commandments and the delph, at the same inauspicious moment! Oh thou inspiring 'Post' thou art "not only witty in thyself" but the cause of equally new wit in every one of thy unparalleled correspondents.

3. MAILS IN THE SNOW.—The *Courier* recently gave a diagram, together with an explanatory letter, concerning the means of speedily manufacturing a 'Snow Plough,' by the precursive aid of which the mails might be able to proceed on their journeys with only a few hours' delay, however great the fall of snow might have been. We would further suggest that on such occasions the guards should be provided with 'snow shoes,' so that taking the mail-bags with them, they might proceed on foot to the next town without any delay at all, though the snow were as deep as the sea. These shoes are made with exceedingly broad and long soles, of a light manufacture, not unlike the palm of a racket. By means of them Benjamin Franklin, and two or three companions, contrived to journey on foot from New York all the way to the Columbia river. After sufficient practice he found that he could progress at the rate of upwards of four miles an hour. Surely our guards might lift their feet at the rate of two or three miles an hour, without any great difficulty. It would, at least, be the means of procuring assistance, and often of preserving life.

4. LOCKE AND LAW.—The *Standard* of Jan. 25th, contains this fine piece of logic—"As the law of England requires that the family of the British Sovereign shall be of the religion of the majority, justice to Ireland requires that the King of that country be a Roman Catholic, consequently that he be not the King of England." John Locke is the authority and class-book of our universities, and John Locke saith that, "belief does not belong to the will." 'Never mind!' quoth the *Standard* 'we have provided against that objection; the law settles all scruples. Education may teach men to believe any given religion, the infant mind being of waxen quality and equally susceptible of the impression of a cross, a cow's head, or St Peter's key. But all this trouble is unnecessary with royalty, for the *law* chalks out the particular angle in which a crowned client's thoughts must ascend to heaven.' But does not the *Standard*, by placing the king of one religion against the king of another religion, and then snatching away the first, after the fashion of the Sophists of old; does it not really suggest, with unintentional comicality, that the king

of both countries should be of both religions? And why not? It is as easy to effect this, as any other moral absurdity. The same article also contains this choice sentence. "The clamourers for justice to Ireland" *once taught to feel what justice is*, would soon learn to control their *vaulting ambition.*" How high and romantic the leap up to such a thing as 'justice' appears to the Tory mind! Thus the clamourers, once taught to feel what a bayonet is, will soon learn to control their upward leapings according to the English law, both in religion and politics!

5. MIDDLESEX REFORM DINNER.—"There can be no better evidence," says the *Globe*, "of the contrast between the spirit of opposite parties than the very different way in which they deal with *facts* in describing the proceedings of their party opponents. The Liberals never show the slightest wish to detract from the "imposing array" at Conservative festivals. The *Standard*, of course, endorses the flat lie of the *Times*, that the numbers at the Drury Lane dinner did not exceed 800, and exults greatly that the covers were not laid for more than the place would hold." The *Herald*, it seems, was disposed to be over-liberal, for it placed the number at 1,500, which much exceeded the estimates of the *Chronicle* and other Whig papers. The whole affair went off in very satisfactory style, public spirit being demonstrated rather than the Bacchanalian spirit in which the Tories rejoice. But mark this difference of opinion and the cause!—"The dinner," says the Zeta (not *eater*) of the *Morning Post*, "may have been good; upon this point I am not competent to speak, *not having been one of the fortunate holders of a gratis ticket;*" and Zeta then revengefully adds—"but I say again, that the Grand Middlesex Reform Meeting was a decided and most miserable failure." How hungry this man must have been! The *Morning Advertiser* gives a good reason why such gentry as Zeta are not presented with a ticket for Radical dinners; "the Tories never could eat and drink like other people,—in moderation." But Zeta's will was good, and his disappointment and envy have thus made his gnawing party spirit as rabid as his gastric demon.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr *T. K. Edmonds*, forgetful of the mathematical "hearing" he received in 1831 from the 'Philosophical Magazine,' has again shone forth in similar illiberalities and errors. We shall attend to him next month.

An *Old Subscriber* is informed that the practical advantage gained by the Queen of Spain in the recent affair at Bilboa is far less than he conjectures. But ere long there will probably be another conflict, equally favourable to the Christinos. These small successes have at least a good effect upon the spirits of those gallant unfortunates who are engaged in this wretched civil war.

We are much obliged by J. R.'s kind letter; and also by our friend *Tait's* communication, which, however, arrived too late.

The article by the author of '*Jerningham*' next month; the poetry signed V.; the Sonnets by A. W.; and the "Militant Church," if possible.

The translation from the German by B. W. is declined with thanks.

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