

THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY.

LORD DURHAM'S VINDICATION OF HIMSELF.

LORD DURHAM, in a speech at the first dinner of the Reform Society which he patronises, has completely established his adherence to the principles he advocated at Glasgow in 1834; and thereby set at ease the doubts of those who feared they saw a possibility of his falling away from them, in the coldness of his letter to Mr Boulton. For it was the coldness of that letter solely, we conceive, which they charged him with, and not any proof of his having actually so fallen away. At least, this was the only thing that gave apprehension to ourselves; and the reader will do us the justice to remember, that we very unwillingly admitted it, and called to mind, in his Lordship's previous actions, whatever could counteract its alarming tendency in the minds of our brother Reformers, and the too evident joy which it excited in those of the Tories.

Now the fact of the cold tone of that letter has not been noticed by his Lordship; and

No. 383—V.

therefore, while he has successfully vindicated himself from the suspicion of abandoning principles, the Reformers remain vindicated in the right of having unwillingly admitted the fear; since consistency in point of literal conduct surely does not invest a man with the privilege of using any tone he pleases, convenient for the occasion or the circle, and calculated to excite that fear. And we confess, that our objections to that letter, founded as they were on the tone and spirit of it, still exist; for the questions that were begged in it are still unanswered; and the popular benefit of the indiscreet distinctions drawn in it between the different ranks of society still unexplained. His Lordship, we see also, makes a point of still using the terms high and low, in speaking of rich and poor; though he adds the qualifying phrase of "in worldly station;" a phrase nevertheless objectionable, because it is partly a repetition of the question begged, and partly a guarded

Y



37
11 22
48

endeavour to keep up the same injurious delusion in effect, as to what are the real objects of respect, and the reverse. "High and low," we repeat, applied to the different classes of rich and poor, or educated and uneducated, or few and many, is a metaphor of assumption, and nothing else; and a very pernicious metaphor, for *literally* it means nothing; a footman in a garret, or a peasant on a mountain, being as high in point of geometrical height as any man in the land; and *spiritually* it means nothing, or ought to mean nothing, except the moral elevation conferred by wisdom and virtue; and the perniciousness of it consists in tending to confound riches with merit, and power with the inalienable right of holding it; as though a nobleman were a sort of man-mountain in actual dimensions, or the star on his breast as much above us as a star in the firmament. Therefore we maintain (and we would have all our brother Reformers maintain it, and jealously watch the use of the words) that the phrase "high and low" ought finally to give place to that of "rich and poor," or "educated and uneducated," or (according as these phrases are treated) the "few and the many;" these truer words keeping before the public mind the real state of the fact and the question, and unceasingly tending, not to dullen and beat down the thoughts of men into fancies of unalterable relative position, like those of mountains and vallies, or gods

and their worshippers, but to remind them, that, by the progress of knowledge, uneducated men may become educated, poor men richer, and the Many not be so preposterously looked down upon by the assuming and tip-toe Few.

In short, with much gratification at finding that Lord Durham has the same popular views of politics, as far as they go,—with much respect for his talents, and more for some handsome and generous circumstances of conduct that have lately come to our knowledge of his Lordship in private life, we fear we discern, even in the speech now before the public, evidences of that confidence in the final nature of his knowledge, and that tendency to spiritual pride, and a segregation of himself from others and their sympathies, which argues not the widest political wisdom, nor a following out of principles into their most generous results. His Lordship, as we apprehended he would, has shown himself a touchy and scornful member of the "Hospital of Incurables." He has taken occasion to treat the question of an elective Upper House with little more than a contemptuous begging of it; as though twenty syllables from his mouth were to settle it for ever. He mentions Russia and his embassy merely to intimate that we do not think well enough of the Emperor, and to omit all allusion to the Poles. And though he honours Lord Melbourne

with his confidence, and has announced (perhaps more broadly than will please them) that Ministers will do things next session calculated to satisfy "all classes of Reformers," he neither joins their ranks, nor will forego the gratification of wounding the self-love of perhaps every other member of the Cabinet, by scornful allusions to accomplishments, and talents for verse. It is his opinion (so at least the report of the speech makes him argue) that to be an accomplished gentleman, to dance and sing, and to write verses, proves a man to be unpossessed of the qualities necessary to form a statesman; a personage, according to his Lordship, who requires "a greater grasp of intellect!" As if the greater the grasp, the more it did not include! as if the countrymen of Aristotle and Epaminondas (himself a dancer and flute-player) knew nothing about legislation! and as if all the other statesmen, whom we mentioned in our last number, as having written verses, and whose beautiful poetry, or "very pretty verses,"

—we shall exhibit in our next, the Sackvilles, Raleighs, and Charles Foxes,—were a parcel of frivolous and obscure young gentlemen, not fit to stand in intellectual eminence by his Lordship's side.*

By this single indulgence of spleen and want of reflection, his Lordship has probably offended almost every one of his late Ministerial connexions, not seriously indeed (for there is more than one counteraction in the very offence to that), but beyond what a wise man would wish to offend anybody with whom he is at all conversant; for Charles Fox's nephew (Lord Holland), Lord John Russell, Lord Mulgrave, Lord Morpeth, Spring Rice, all write verses, as the Raleighs and Andrew Marvells did before them, and the grave Burleigh himself. A certain "accomplished gentlemen," called Julius Cæsar, wrote verses, and "very pretty verses" too, as may be seen by his lines upon Terence. Does Lord Durham mean to infer from this, that Cæsar had no great "grasp of mind?" or is

* "I will tell you in a few words why I think Mr Liddell is not fitted to be your representative. He is a very accomplished gentleman: he sings well, he dances beautifully, and he writes remarkably pretty verses. (Much laughter.) But, in my conscience, I believe these are not the necessary qualifications you ought to look for in your representative. (Cheers.) I believe you require a person of a greater grasp of intellect: and however qualified he may be to shine in society, were I an elector of this county, I should feel bound to tell him, did he call upon me for my vote, that though nature had qualified him to grace a drawing-room, she had not qualified him to adorn the senate. (Cheers and laughter.)"—*Morning Chronicle*, Monday, Oct. 23. The *assumption* here is, that Mr Liddell is not qualified to adorn the senate; but the *only evidence adduced to make good that assumption*, is that he is an accomplished gentleman, and sings and dances, &c. We know nothing of Mr Liddell (a son of Lord Ravensworth), except the testimony thus borne to his accomplishments by his opponent; but upon the same grounds of disqualification for the senate, most of the greatest statesmen of ancient and modern times would have been disqualified.

the phrase to be given up in his case, and the conclusion only to be drawn, that those statesmen who cannot write

verses, and are not accomplished gentlemen, are merely greater than Cæsar?

AN A B C FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

From the French of the CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS.

WRITTEN UPON THREE LADIES, WHOSE NAMES BEGAN WITH THOSE LETTERS.

ARTS, sciences, philosophie,
A vous suivre j'ai renoncé,
Et je ne veux plus de ma vie
Etudier que l' A B C.

Mais l'étude que je projette,
Vent un travail un peu forcé;
Agathe, Belise, et Colette
Font ensemble mon A B C.

Dans une plus belle science
L'esprit ne peut être exercé;
C'est Amour, Bonheur, et Constance,
Qu'on apprend dans mon A B C.

Vous, Messieurs de l'Académie,
Tout faux orgueil à part laissé,
Ne vous prendroit-il point envie
De vous remettre à l' A B C?

Adieu, my books! Adieu, bay-tree!

Adieu, old dame Philosophy!

I study nought but letters three

Henceforth; to wit, my A B C.

Sweet task! yet not, I fear, quite free

From some impossibility;

Agatha, Bertha, Cecily,

Being, in fact, my A B C.

But then what theme for *bel esprit*!

What studies, void of all ennui!

Ardent, Benign, and Clever, ye

Teach all that's good, dear A B C.

Ah, gentlemen of the Academy!

How proud and happy would you be,

For all your Greek and your glory,

To be sent back to A B C.

THE QUEEN AND THE WORKING CLASSES.

THE mention of the Queen and the Working Classes in the same breath, naturally calls to mind the old comparison of human society with the beehive,—a similitude as remarkably *unlike* in some respects, as it is like in others, and which we here advert to, not for the purpose of begging the question against any class, but of making an observation or two that may be good for all. It may appear superfluous to repeat that we have no ill-will to the Tories, however we may differ with them, or with whatever occasional harshness we may speak of the less reflecting of their party; but we think it is good for a man's self-knowledge and right use of his opposition, as well as for the sake of fair play to those whom he opposes, to keep constantly before him, and proclaim aloud to others, the right that all men have to a consideration of the circumstances that make them respectively what they are. In the midst of our zeal to change or amend what is erroneous in the causes that so make them, we thus remind ourselves of our own liabilities, as fellow-creatures, to the same perversion—prevent will and passion from taking possession of us at the core, to the ceaseless perpetuation of discord—and tend finally to rescue the great human heart from the longest and worst causes of the delay of the general good.

We have shown, in another publication, the general futility of the comparison between bees and men, and the strange blindness with which some writers have turned it into an argument for monarchy being “a thing in nature.” Monarchy undoubtedly is a thing in nature, and so is everything which exists in nature, under whatever circumstances, even those which oppose nature. But if monarchy, being a thing in the nature of bees, is therefore a thing in the nature of men, her present gracious and astonished Majesty, after blindly killing some rival queen, should suddenly awake to a sense that she was (literally) the mother of all the workmen in her kingdom!—the workmen (*Hibernicè*) should also turn out to be all females; the males would do nothing but eat and drink, not even caring to administer the government; and every year, on some fine morning in autumn, the women, in a frenzy of industrious indignation, or out of some blind or lamenting sense of necessity for the removal of a nuisance, should rise in a body, and stab every man drone of them to the heart! Some such effeminate exercise of rage did indeed take place in a human community over the water some forty or fifty years ago, with a strange bee at the head of it, called Robespierre, who wore a nosegay at his bosom, and

had his head covered with farina; and a dominion of despotism took place in consequence, in various shapes, till within a late period, which might never have existed, had the men in that nation been more men from the first, and eschewed the evil likeness of the bee-monarch, and her drones, and stinging workmen; an institution, good doubtless for the *bees*, (so at least we are bound to think till we know otherwise, and out of a general sense of nature's working for the best); but very unfit for the higher and progressive nature of *men*, who are as different from themselves at different periods, as they are always different in their best faculties from the lower orders of creation. It is those faculties we are to cultivate, and not the more brute and violent points, in which the likeness is never called forth but when we have reason to be ashamed of ourselves. The bees were killing drones when our ancestors sat, naked and painted, with their legs in a ditch. The bees are still killing drones; their massacres make no difference in their institutions; but we are now modestly clothed, and prefer a carpet to a ditch; and our working classes are growing fit to instruct their employers, and address papers to the Queen which would very much astonish an apiary.

These very remarks which we are here making, for instance, may appear superfluous to certain spirits whom the habit of exercising power affects with

impatience, and who are not for that salutary clearance of the ground before them on their own sides, which they at once expect from others, and yet would fain scoff at. But the organs of the working classes will understand them; and, we doubt not, turn them to just and kindly edification.

Regarding, then, these organs of the working classes as kindly and thinking men, and being about to lay before the reader the Address which they have lately drawn up to her Majesty, (and we take this opportunity of repeating, that the rejection of the monarchical argument of the bees, is not to be understood as implying on our parts the slightest hostility to a truly maternal government for human beings, for we see even a peculiar beauty in it)—we have two regrets to express; first, that any bitterness of language, however natural and pardonable, was mixed up on so solemn an occasion, with its objections to men over whom the writers of the address have the advantage in argument; and, second, that the royal part of the government, especially in the person of a kindly and popular female, had not been advised so to act upon certain points, as to feel that it could *afford* to make approach to her presence easy, and give the addressers an answer.

We leave to reflecting readers, the framers of the address included, to find out what sentences in it we could have wished unwritten; only observ-

ing more particularly, that the Whigs should not have been lumped with the Tories, if for no other reason than that they *are* Whigs, and therefore less Tory than Tories, and of a dominion less peremptory against the addressers. Individuals among them deserve a far greater discrepancy of treatment, and possess natures, we firmly believe, that wish the very utmost of all that is good and happy for all men; though their breeding and conventional habits may render them slower than is desirable, in their notions of the way in which it is to be brought about. At all events, the better the opinion which the movers on these occasions can entertain of all classes of their fellow-creatures, compatible with an energetic pursuit of their rights (and we hold the charitablest opinion to be most and best compatible), the more they will find that they preclude objection and counteraction, and the better they prove that sense of universal right and justice in their own minds, which no provocation can do away. For an ill opinion of human nature is a Tory feeling; that is to say, one founded in a sense that men are worthy to be trampled on; and if Tories themselves had not corners of better misgivings in their own minds, the chances would be, that no man had them; and there would be some greater show of reason in the Tory pretence, that all men would ill use all other men if they had

the power, and that therefore there is no such thing as a real Tory difference between any classes. The fact is, there are Tories in all classes, as there are Whigs and Radicals in all; men disposed by certain predominant qualities to greater or less sympathies with their fellow-creatures; and in proportion as any class, like any man, is free from violent feelings and the use of violent terms, he is fit for the use and administration of liberty. Let us take care, then, that the sense of wrong does not, however pardonably in the comparison, bring out the lurking spirit of wrong in ourselves, and show us, so far, less worthy of sympathy than we might appear. We have little doubt that the first Address from the Working Classes, which shall succeed in making its way to the throne, will have taken thought and be free from this error. Meantime we assist in putting upon record this *state paper* of that great and growing power—the uneducated classes of the United Kingdom; who if they are not free from mistake, any more than those who have been educated, *have the affecting advantage over them of knowing their own intellectual wants*. Very affecting also is the request which they make to the young mother of their country, that she would be pleased to supply them. We shall follow it with some remarks connected with the other regret we have expressed, *and a sample of such*

answer as might have been given with advantage and glory to all parties. Nor must the letters be omitted that passed between the Working Men's Secretary and the Secretary of State. But first for the Address itself:—

“ TO THE QUEEN OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, AND ITS DEPENDENCIES.

“ *The Address of the undersigned Members of the Working Men's Association of London.*

“ MADAM,—While we approach your Majesty in the spirit of plain men seeking their political and social rights, apart from mere names, forms, or useless ceremonies, we will yield to none in the just fulfilment of our duties, or in the ardent wish that our country may be made to advance to the highest point of prosperity and happiness.

“ The feelings which spring from this desire prompt us to call the attention of your Majesty to the present condition of the people, and to point out a course which we are fully persuaded is calculated to promote our wishes, and to produce that result which every sincere friend to mankind must earnestly anticipate.

“ The country over which your Majesty has been called on to preside has, by the powers and industry of its inhabitants, been made to teem with abundance, and, were all its resources wisely developed and justly distributed, would impart ample means of happiness to all its inhabitants.

“ But by many monstrous anomalies springing out of the

constitution of society, the corruptions of government, AND THE DEFECTIVE EDUCATION OF MANKIND, we find the bulk of the nation toiling slaves from birth till death—thousands wanting food, or subsisting on the scantiest pittance—having neither time nor means to obtain instruction, much less of cultivating the higher faculties and brightest affections, but forced by their situation to engender enmity, jealousy, and contention, and finally to become the victims of intemperance and crime.

“ We find the majority of the middling classes equally the toiling and, by far too many of them, the avaricious pursuers of wealth, often following that which eludes their grasp, or, if attained, fails of imparting happiness; racked with the cares of business, distrust, and suspicion, and with apprehensions of bankruptcy and insolvency, which few in the present state of things are secure from.

“ And even among the exclusive few who possess the fruits of all this toil and anxiety, to nurture whom in idleness and pamper in luxury, all this sacrifice is made by the other classes of society, but a trifling portion can be found free from the diseases of sloth, the cares of idleness and debauchery, and of apprehensions and alarm lest the indignation of the multitude summon them to justice, despite of their wealth, powers, and possessions.

“ Hence the exclusive few have ever been intent on keeping the people ignorant and deluded, have sedulously administered to their vices, and fomented their prejudices—hence the use of their

privileges and distinctions to allure the wealthy and corrupt the innocent—hence their desire to retain within their own circle all the powers of the legislative and executive, all the riches of church and state, of place and emolument, by which they may bribe, coerce, and overawe, and thus perpetuate their own despotic sway.

“To this baneful source of exclusive political power may be traced the persecutions of fanaticism, the feuds of superstition, and most of the wars and carnage, which disgrace our history. To this pernicious origin may be justly attributed the unremitted toil and wretchedness of your Majesty’s industrious people, together with most of the vices and crimes springing from poverty and ignorance; which in a country blessed by nature, enriched by art, and boasting of her progress and knowledge, mock her humanity and degrade her character.

“Your Majesty must be aware that the conscientious and reflecting few have for ages past directed their energies to the removal or reformation of all those social and political evils which have produced the present distressed condition of the people, and that persecution and death have too often been the reward of their benevolent exertions to serve mankind; yet, through their labours and exertions have the fires of intolerance been quenched, and the sword of war and persecution blunted—the moral, social, and political truths they unfolded have not been silenced by the axe, or stifled by the halter. The conscientious reformer

of the present day, equally intent on removing all those obstacles which oppose the progress of humanity, and mar the happiness man would otherwise enjoy, is met by the same opposing interests which characterised the former times of persecution and death; and which, if they do not execute their desires as formerly, refrain for want of power, and not from inclination.

“These exclusive interests, under the name of Whig and Tory, have for many years past succeeded in making royalty a mere puppet of their will. In that name they have plundered at home and desolated abroad, and have executed their atrocious deeds, foreign and domestic. Royalty has been schooled and moulded to their purpose, and been imbued with the spirit and tactics of both, as either party obtained the ascendancy; it has been the impelled or willing instrument to hide their corruptions, plead their excuses, and has too often conspired with them in defrauding and fleecing the nation.

“These factions will still endeavour to surround your Majesty, and have recourse to every stratagem to divide you from the people; and it will require great strength of mind and prudence to resist their influences. They will seek to inspire you with false notions of your own importance; they will endeavour to persuade you that to be powerful you must be terrible; they will strive to dazzle and mislead your understanding with the pomp and gaiety, and false glitter of a court; they will plead the antiquity of abuses for their continuance, and the vene-

ration of absurdities, because by them they live in pride, sloth, and abundance.

“But the superstitious days of arbitrary dominion and holy errors are fast passing away; the chief magistrates of an enlightened people must learn to know and respect their delegated authority—must look for power and fame to the welfare of the people and the exertions they make to diffuse happiness throughout the land.

“We trust that your Majesty will not permit either of the factions, who live on abuses, and profit at the expense of the millions, to persuade you to any course of policy other than that of right and justice. And we respectfully submit to your Majesty, that it is not just, that out of a population of twenty-five millions of people, only eight hundred thousand should have the power of electing what is called the Commons’ House of Parliament; since so small a number, divided as it is, subjects by far the greater portion to be bribed or intimidated by the wealthy and the powerful; but that, in accordance with justice, those who, by their industry, support and defend their country, have the first claim to political rights.

“That it is a flagrant act of injustice that the affairs of a great nation should be made dependent on two factions, each seeking its own exclusive interests, both being opposed to the happiness of the people and the progress of knowledge.

“That it is cruel as well as unjust that our dissenting and Catholic brethren should be compelled to support a church from whose doctrines they dissent,

and whose profligate expenditure they hold in abhorrence.

“That the injustice which the Whig and Tory factions have for a long time past inflicted on our Irish brethren has generated and perpetuated the extremes of want and wretchedness amongst them, and calls for an immediate and radical remedy.

“That the poverty and ignorance which pervade numerous districts of the kingdom justly call for investigation and immediate redress, which can only be effected by a Parliament selected from the wise and the good of every class, to consult all interests, and to protect all just rights.

“To effect, however, these essential reforms, your Majesty must not be persuaded to believe that a Whig or Tory administration is necessary to secure the peace and safety of your government, but must call to your cabinet those who are disposed to render an equality of political rights to the millions, who earnestly desire the progress of knowledge, and a just diffusion of the bounties of heaven. But we entreat your Majesty that whoever may be in your councils, you will instruct them, as a first and essential measure of Reform, to prepare a bill for extending the right of suffrage to embrace all the adult population of the kingdom, excepting such as may be justly incapacitated by crime, or defective of the light of reason, together with such other essential details as shall enable all men to exercise their political rights unmolested.

“Then will the voice of the millions be raised to bless you, their arms to defend you from factions at home or despots

abroad, and they will transmit your name to posterity as the first to break through the trammels of courtly prejudice to render them justice.

“Signed by the Committee:—
“John Danson, clerk; Henry Vincent, compositor; Henry Mitchell, turner; Robert Hartwell, compositor; Richard Cameron, brace-maker; James Lawrence, painter; Arthur Dyson, compositor; William Preece, carpenter; William Cumming, silversmith; James Jenkinson, engraver; Thomas Ireland, warehouseman; William Pearce, brass-worker; Henry Hetherington, printer, Treasurer; William Lovett, cabinet-maker, Secretary, 6 Upper North place, Gray’s inn road.”

The proposal on the part of the Working Men’s Association to carry this address to the Queen, produced the following correspondence:—

“Working Men’s Association,
6 Upper North place, Gray’s inn road, Sept. 1, 1837.

“MY LORD, — The Working Men’s Association of London having prepared an address to her Majesty, they are desirous of having it presented to her personally by a deputation of six persons, whom they have selected for that purpose. They have therefore requested me to ascertain from your lordship when it will please her Majesty that they shall wait on her with the address.—I remain, your most obedient servant,

“WM. LOVETT, Secretary.

“To the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, Secretary of State for the Home Department.”

“Whitehall, Sept. 6, 1837.

“SIR,—I am directed by Lord John Russell to inform you, in reply to your letter of the 1st instant, that the address of the Working Men’s Association cannot be presented till her Majesty holds a levee, when the deputation must attend in Court dress. No time for a levee is yet fixed; but it will be publicly announced in the *Gazette*.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

“F. MAULE.

“Mr Wm. Lovett, 6 Upper North place, Gray’s inn road.”

“Working Men’s Association,
6 Upper North place, Gray’s inn road, Sept. 13, 1837.

“MY LORD, — According to your answer of the 6th instant, we find that we are precluded by those forms which Gothic ignorance has imposed, and custom has sanctified, from personally presenting our address; for with every respect to those forms which make personal cleanliness and respectful behaviour necessary qualifications to approach her Majesty, we have neither the means nor the inclination to indulge in such absurdities as dress-swords, coats, and wigs. We beg, therefore, to request that your lordship, in your official capacity, will, at the earliest opportunity, present our address to her Majesty, in hopes she may chance to read the sentiments of a portion of her *working-class population*, whom the necessity of appearing in Court dress excludes from her presence.

“We hope, my lord, the day is not distant when some better means will be devised for letting the sovereign hear of the ad-

addresses and petitions of the people.—We remain, your lordship's obedient servants,

“THE MEMBERS of the
WORKING MEN'S ASSOCIATION,
(Signed)

“WM. LOVETT, Secretary.

“To the Right Hon. Lord
John Russell, Secretary of
State for the Home Depart-
ment.”

“Whitehall, Sept. 22, 1837.
“SIR,—I am directed by Lord
John Russell to inform you that
he has not failed to lay before
the Queen the address of certain
of ‘the Working Men's Associa-
tion of London,’ which you
transmitted to his lordship for
presentation.—I am, Sir, your
obedient servant,

“F. MAULE.

“Mr Wm. Lovett, 6 Upper
North place, Gray's Inn road.”

Not a word was said of any
remark on the part of her Ma-
jesty. Dignity was in the way.
Difficulty was in the way. It
was not, under the circum-
stances, to be expected. And
nobody, be it observed, is,
under the circumstances, to
blame. The circumstances
themselves are the things to be
remedied and set right. The
truth is not to be concealed:—
*the Queen of twenty-six mil-
lions of British subjects cannot
afford to give an answer to
twenty-five millions of them.*
Lord Durham says that her
Majesty “scorns to be the
sovereign of a faction, or the
ruler of a section of her em-
pire.” The phrases are fine;
and “scorn” has a very grand

sound, but not a very meaning
one. But what is the fact, if
she cannot speak to those whom
she rules? And (waiving the
insidious word “faction”) what
are Whigs and Tories—what
the Lords and Lower House—
what the whole nobility, gentry,
and trading interest, but “sec-
tions” of her Majesty's empire,
compared with the MASSES—the
labourers, the MANY—the pro-
ducers of the wealth of those
contending and ruling Few?

We would have this truth
calmly met and acknowledged
in time, and met by that which
at once admits all the value of
the claim, and would neutralise
all the danger of it,—Educa-
tion. And great is the pity,
that the noble desire for educa-
tion on the part of the toiling
many had not been antici-
pated, and the Queen enabled
to afford an answer to them
by telling them as much.
What a “divinity” would
that have been to “hedge” a
throne with, instead of a *che-
vaux de frise* of swords and
bag-wigs! And how sorry, and
low, in the face of the high in-
terests of millions of human
hearts, sounds the wretched
court exaction of the necessity
of a particular form of dress!
Far are we from wishing to
taunt individuals with that ex-
action, or to pretend to make
them responsible for it. It
arose out of the very instincts of
self-defence, not merely on the
part of power and authority,
but of the education that helps
to give power. But there are
occasions when delicacy itself

is waived in favour of a higher delicacy;—the want that knows itself, and speaks out of that knowledge, has a right to speak face to face with possession; and if possession cannot so meet it, it either knows itself but ill, or is itself under the restrictions of a want which ought not to exist.

How beautiful and how good would it have been for the whole community, if the Queen, instead of seeing that pretence and burlesque of the bag-wig converted into no complimentary bar between herself and her subjects, could have received the deputation of the Working Classes, and given them some such answer as follows:—

“I receive your address with the same good feelings with which I believe you to have meant it. I am very young, but old enough to be deeply sensible of the blessings of education, and to know that without them the burden which Providence has been pleased to lay upon me in the government of this kingdom would be as unaccountable, as I hope to prove it not unbearable, nor without good to us all. And I have the greatest pleasure in informing you, that my advisers have anticipated your reasonable request, and already taken steps to secure to my fellow-creatures in these realms the advantages of cheap and universal instruction.”

A Queen who should speak in this manner would be worshipped wherever she trod the

ground. To be sure, she is so already; but how and why? Only upon trust, and for good-natured manners, and with views of interest, and from the natural propensity of the human mind to admire whatsoever is, or seems, above it, and to sympathise with the show of happiness. But in the case which we have supposed, the woman would be loved out of real, right hearty love and gratitude, “and no mistake!” We would not swear that the ribs and lives of the whole mass of her loving subjects would not be beautifully unsafe in crowding to look at her.

“Oh, but it would be dangerous,” says old conventional policy. “See what good-natured and trusting sovereigns have got by their popularity before, and by meeting the wishes of their subjects. Look (quoth Sir Robert Peel) at Louis the Sixteenth, and at worshipped Marie Antoinette.”

“Oh,” reply we, “but it would not be dangerous, and Louis and poor Marie Antoinette have nothing to do with the matter. The French Queen received only a court worship. The poor mass of the French nation (whom we used to laugh at for their slavery and soup-maigre) knew nothing of her, but her expenses. And as to Louis, he was a good-natured, though perhaps not very good-tempered man, and was a victim, like rich and poor, to circumstances: but it was his insincerity, not his good-nature, that

was his ruin; as it had been the ruin of Charles the First before him. Had those princes kept their words, they would have kept their heads; and if they could have had discernment enough to *anticipate* the wants of the people, their names would have been idolized by the world's gratitude.

But these are among the things which princes require to be told, in order to perfect *their* educations; for, as the Working-men truly and affectingly, and we may add awfully, tell their Sovereign (though in no frightful sense of the word "awe," but only from the newness and magnificence of the fact of the Poor Many instructing in this manner the Rich Few) the whole "education of mankind" is "defective." The poor know this, and have too great reason to feel it. Helplessness has taught it them. Misfortune has taught it them. Strange half-starved labour has taught it them. Strange aristocratical

sights, and silly displays of will, and injustice, and profligate expenditure, have taught it them. But out of extreme suffering, and patient reflection, comes the flower of all knowledge, which is charity; and if this is not as visible as the suffering itself in the address before us, it is implied in the most important part of it, and in these words to which we have just alluded,—the "defective education of mankind;"—and we must say, that in their power to utter these words, and in the unfortunate inability of our young and respected Sovereign to dare to give them an answer, the honest observer, who is anxious for the good of all, cannot but quit the perusal of the address with an impression, that the poor have, on this occasion, *advanced in front of the rich, as teachers and superiors*; and that it is the sworded and bag-wigged who are at fault, and not the heads which declined to dress themselves up like footmen.

INSCRIPTION ON A STATUE OF EPICTETUS.

Δσλος Επικτητος γενομην, και σωμ' αναπηρος,
Και πενιην Ιρος, και φιλος αθανατοις:

A slave was I, a shape uneven,
A pauper, and the friend of heaven.

Another.

A slave was I, with soul and shape at odds,
Poor, and belov'd of the immortal gods.

HINTS TOWARDS AN ESSAY ON THE SUFFERINGS OF TRUTH.

BY G. H. LEWES.

"Truth is the *cry* of *all*, and the *game* of *few*."—BERKELEY.

"The study of truth is ever joined with the love of virtue; for there is no virtue which derives not its origin from truth, as on the contrary there is no vice which has not its beginning in a lie."—CASAUBON.

"All profess to seek truth, and doubtless many desire to find her. We have as yet, as it were, only seen her footsteps in the sand, but charmed with that sight we long to trace the nymph over the difficult mountain passes which she loves to thread, till we shall arrive at her secret abode amongst the rocky holds of nature."—EGERTON WEBBE.

PART I.

SECTION I.

The Nature of Truth.

THE thoughtful and beautiful essay by Mr Webbe, on the 'Sufferings of Truth,' in the 228th No. of this Journal, recalled to my mind a work I had planned some time ago, on the 'History of Opinion,' which would in its scope and tendency have been very similar to the essay proposed by him; truth itself being resolved into opinion, as I shall subsequently endeavour to demonstrate. But works are easier planned than executed, so it struck me that if I could throw together a few "hints" for any philosophical and comprehensive mind that might take up the subject, I should (if they were of any value) answer my proposed end, without disturbing my indolence.

Before proceeding to the Sufferings of Truth, or to the

historical examples which it affords, and a metaphysical analysis of the several causes of these "sufferings," a consideration of the nature of truth is not only indispensable, but will be found to narrow the inquiry. It may be a mortifying feeling for the young student to experience after years of study—with their sleepless nights and the consequent ill health—that he has been pursuing a chimera in his search after truth; that he not only is as far from the attainment as when he first set out, but that the order of his mind, and the "*natura rerum*" will not admit of his ever finding her; yet such he *will* experience, unless perhaps, by some fortuitous circumstance, he is enabled to dream on to the end of the chapter. I felt this. I felt as

ardent after truth as the young mind can, and after shaking off every prejudice,* in the

search, ~~and~~ felt the conviction seize me of truth's impenetrability.

SECTION II.

Is Truth possible; and if possible, is it cognizable?

THIS, to some, may be a startling question, and more startling when I answer "No; truth is not possible for us; and if it be (or if it were) possible for us, it is not cognizable by us." And first, "Is it possible?"

"What is truth, said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer?"† and if he had stayed for an answer, it is impossible that he should have received one. Such is the constitution of man's nature, that all his knowledge must of a necessity be *phenomenal*, and so confined thereto—that if he attempt to step beyond *appearances* he is lost—nay, what is more, even these phenomena, of which he can alone be cognizant, are so *modified in perception* (from the nature of perception) that they are very different from the phenomena really existing. Those who are conversant with the philosophy of Kant will immediately seize my meaning, and for those who are not, the following extract will probably render it more intelligible than I have done:—

"What can we know of external things?"

* Let me not here arrogate being free from prejudice, for probably I have but exchanged those of youth for others, or perhaps even a prejudice against prejudices.

† Bacon's *Essays*.

† Kant, *Critique de la Raison Pure*, traduit par Tissot.

"If we would consider them such as they are in themselves, out of the sphere of our perceptions, of our representations, we neither have, nor can have any knowledge."

"We cannot know what they are, but only such as they appear to us. The matter of our perceptions through the medium of sense (*le matière de nos perceptions sensible*) can be nothing but appearance—it constitutes but *phenomena*."‡

Things may be true to us, and yet not be true. This may be rendered more apparent, by taking the phenomena of colour as an illustration. Every one is aware that the modification of the seven prismatic, or three primary colours, when conjoined in one perception, produces a single sensation which we call "white." Every one is also, perhaps, aware, that though we are irresistibly compelled to regard objects as coloured, or possessing colour, which arises from the modifications of our perception, yet science has proved that these objects do not really possess colour. When then we say the rose has a red colour, we assert a *relative*, but not an

absolute truth. He who is free from prejudice, for probably I have but exchanged those of youth for others, or perhaps even a prejudice against prejudices.

absolute truth. It has a red colour to us ; not in reality.

Here then we may take up our position. We find that we can but be cognizant of *phenomena* ; all philosophers are now agreed that we must ever remain in the profoundest ignorance of *causes* ; when, therefore, Virgil says :—

‘ *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.*’

he is guilty of an absurdity—*quis potuit?* We find that we cannot even know *phenomena* as they really exist. How then can we know *causes*? We come, then, to the conclusion, that truth is not possible for us, and that all the truth we can ever attain must be *relative*, and relative truth can never pass the bound of opinion. Our examination has, apparently, related solely to the physical world ; but in the intellectual, one moment’s consideration will convince us it is the same. We are conscious of certain states, which we may classify as we please, or even analyse into their more elementary states, but do we advance one step further towards the truth? Is not mind as great a problem as matter?

There are, it is true, a certain class of truths which are called *mathematical*, and may be supposed to militate against our conclusion, for they are *immutable*, and cognizable by all. There is, however, a vast difference between the *absolute truth* (or the *real nature and order of existences*) and the

absolute architectonic truth (or the *necessary consequences of certain arbitrary postulates*.) Here then is the difference.

Absolute truth, if cognizable, must be cognizable *à posteriori* ; absolute architectonic truth *à priori*. Mathematical knowledge is *intuitive*, and is not like the absolute truth which is to be sought for and known (on the assumption of its possibility), but arises from the construction and collocation of ideas, already existing, which causes it to be architectonic from the synthesis of intuitions. Truth must consider the particulars in the general, but mathematics must consider the general in the particular. The *objective* and the *subjective* must be faultlessly linked in the one, and in the other the *subjective alone* can participate. To non-metaphysical readers I would state it more broadly by saying, that in the absolute truth the search must be made by the mind working on all *without itself* ; and in mathematical truth, by the mind *working on itself*, in seizing the *relations* which its *ideas bear to each other*.

And secondly, “Is truth cognizable?”

It is not cognizable for us, since we have no standard by which to judge it. Universal consent will not suffice, because there may be universal error ; a thing much more probable than would at first appear, since it would only be the few of the learned whose opinion would be important, the multitude

never judging for themselves, but relying on the judgment of others. We cannot know truth, and could not know that we knew it, if we did:—

What mark does truth, what bright distinction bear?

How do we know that what we know is true?

How shall we falsehood fly, and truth pursue?

POMFRET.

Mr Webbe has noticed our inability to know truth, for near the conclusion of his essay he says, "Here, then, in a few words lies our ultimate misfortune. First, as regards thought; we cannot rise to that point as to survey the entire field of the truth at one glance, but can only see a small part at a time, *and this view is, for ever, the false one.* Secondly, as regards the medium of thought, we cannot handle thoughts in the gross, but only that epitome which

language furnishes; *and this medium is, for ever, the false one.* We can therefore never either, first—possess thoughts wholly just, nor, secondly—deliver justly the thoughts we have. A scheme of philosophy entirely just or consonant to truth is, for these reasons, a mere chimera."

We arrive then at the conclusion that we can never know but *relative truth*, our only medium of knowledge being the senses, and this medium, with regard to *all without us*, being for ever a false one; but being *true to us*, we may put confidence in it *relatively*. If then we can but attain relative truth, it follows that truth *for us*, can never be more than *opinion*, and our inquiries must be turned from the abstract question of *truth* to that of *opinion*.

SECTION III.

Love of Truth and Falsehood.

It may be a paradox, but I am convinced that the love of truth is *acquired*, and that of *fiction natural*. There is a tendency in the human mind to cheat itself with specious illusions—to idealize, abstract, and to personify—a tendency to the supernatural—to have recourse to hyperphysical agencies for the common physical operations—to leave the path of certainty for spe-

culatation. The operations of nature are *too simple* for mankind—they crave after the incomprehensible, and then endeavour to comprehend it.* "There are no absurdities that do not find their champions," says a quaint writer—"He that has a design to deceive the world, shall not fail of persons as ready to be deceived. The little regard and love of truth in men is the

* There would not be so much harm in this, did not men presume to dogmatise in the unknowable; and from dogmatism to persecution, is but a step.

reason they take such little pains to distinguish what is true from what is false. They admit into their bosoms all sorts of tenets and discourses, rather chusing them to be true than examine them. If they understand them not, they are willing to believe others do. And thus they load their memories with an infinite number of falsities, and afterwards argue upon those principles, never considering what they say or think : vanity and presumption also contribute much to this. They think it a shame to doubt and not to know ; and they rather chuse to talk and determine at a venture, than to acknowledge their not being sufficiently informed to judge aright.”*

Bacon has also noticed in several places this tendency, for he says we have “ a natural, though corrupt love of the lie itself ” (*Essay on Truth*) ; and again, “ a mixture of a lie

doth ever add pleasure ; doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men’s minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would and the like,, but it would leave the minds of a number of men, poor shrunken things, full of melancholy, and unpleasing to themselves.”†

It was in this spirit, that a Frenchman once said, with bewitching *naïveté*, “ If facts do not agréé with my system, so much the worse for the facts.” For I fear that whatever love of truth we may possess is not the love of truth as true, but as the triumph of our intellects in discovering it, or as the profound Nicole observes, “ nous n’aimons pas les choses parceque ils sont vraies, mais nous les croyons vraies parceque nous les aimons.”

If it is true that—

“ When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lie—”

CHURCHILL.

it would be necessary, in an essay on truth, to inquire deeply into the cause of this tendency ;

and such might be made the ground of every philosophical, as well as useful speculation.

SECTION IV.

In what way are degrees of Truth attainable ?

Having attempted to show to be to us anything beyond opinion, it will be obvious how impossible it is for truth

* ‘ Port Royal,’ *Art of Thinking* : Dis. I.

† “ If the deity held in his right hand all truth, and in his left only the ever-active impulse, the fond desire and longing after truth, coupled with the condition of constantly erring, and should offer me the choice, I should humbly turn towards the left, and say, ‘ Father, give me this : pure truth is fit for thee alone.’ ” — *Treviranus Biologie*, b. i.

vious that the ground is in some measure shifted from the shadowy, and abstract, to the real, and palpable; and it will also, if our conclusions are correct, considerably narrow the field of inquiry. Nevertheless this distinction is to be borne in mind, that although all truth (to us) can be but opinion, yet it is not all opinions that can be called true; and from this the question arises, "which opinion is true?" As we cannot know truth, it is needless to add that we cannot positively say which opinion is true, but the best definition of truth (for us) I can offer, is, "*That opinion in which is involved the fewest assumptions, and at the same time is best capable of explaining the order of things.*" If we take the scholastic definition of philosophy, viz. "*A system whose whole aim it is to reduce to scientific rules all attainable knowledge, giving it a logical perfection;*" and if we could follow out this noble definition, and attain its end, we should then not only attain the *logical perfection* (in the order of thought) of what we knew, or could know; but we should at the same time attain the highest truth possible. It

will follow from the above, that there are truths of periods, which in succeeding periods become no longer such; Eger-ton Webbe, with his usual acuteness, has not let this pass unnoticed in his essay, although I suspect he has attained that conclusion by a different route; and although he is right in saying that Galileo was *right*, though one, his enemies in the wrong, though a million, yet they were right (*i. e.* they held the *true opinion*) until Galileo appeared, inasmuch as their opinion accorded with the definition before offered; but *after* he had appeared, then their opinion ceased to be true. This consideration of truth will teach us to treat our predecessors with respect, rather than the contempt we bestow on error; and it also affords a noble inducement for us to be unwearied in our search, not after *truth*, but after the "*logical perfection of all we know;*" for I am deeply impressed with the conviction, that if *we could once attain the logical perfection of all we know, we should then pass in easy and obvious gradations to all attainable knowledge;** or arrive at the unknown through

* Hobbes, one of the acutest and deepest thinkers any age has produced, seems to have had a similar opinion, for he defines truth to be a *true proposition* (*Human Nature*, chap. v), which is no more than the logical perfection of our thoughts; and in his *Leviathan* he says "Usus scopusque rationis non est unius vel paucarum consequentiarum à primis nominum definitionibus remotarum inventio: ratio à primis incipit definitionibus, inde ad plurium definitionum consequentiam aliquam procedit, et inde ad aliam. Nam conclusionis ultimæ certitudo nulla est sine certitudine Affirmationum et Negationum à quibus composita et illata est, (chap. v). For the attainment of this logical perfection, unlimited discussion is absolutely necessary, and the inquirer should not leave this point untouched, nor its correlative one, viz. Can the promulgation of truth ever be injurious? My own opinion

the known. Could we but have a few such comprehensive minds as Bacon's, possessing also the same splendid bias, we should then probably attain this, for the whole scope

and tendency of his works was the attainment of this logical perfection. But alas! the craving for the unknowable prevents the few, while the many follow in their wake.

PART II.

On the Causes operating against Truth.

"TRUTH is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam; though this illhap wait on her nativity, that she never comes into the world but like a bastard, to the ignominy of him that brought her forth; till time, the midwife, rather than the mother of Truth, have washed and salted the infant, declared her legitimate, and church'd the father of this young Minerva from the needless causes of his purgation."—*Milton*. The inquiry is of deep interest and importance, How it has ever been the lot of truth to be so abused on its first promulgation? and some acute thinker might find his powers well employed on it. Till that be done, I continue my hints, such as they are, fragmentary and crude, 'tis true,—but I have not time to remodel or polish them.

In a review of the follies and extravagances which have,

from all ages, been pertinaciously adhered to and defended, and that too, frequently, by men of splendid intellects, the delusion may seem strange, and yet, on a slight insight into human nature, the strangeness gives place to the feeling of its perfect compatibility with the human mind, and with the impulses it receives. Of all convictions none are so strong as our opinions, and it is not until we have entirely changed them, that we become sensible of their folly; for how can a man be sensible of the absurdity of that opinion which he believes to be true? For he *must* believe his opinions to be true, or they would no longer be his opinions; and when he is told that he will some day see the folly of what he now holds, and will renounce them, we may forgive the sneer which curls his sceptical lip; nor can I help remarking here,

is that truth itself can never be productive of harm, and that the influence men have dreaded from its promulgation, ought to have been turned to the method of promulgation.

on the presumptuous arrogance of those who would say such a thing, however convinced they were of it. Men so overladen with prejudices that they labour under a kind of mental indigestion, have the impertinence to tell you that your mind is ill stored,—that if you should be fortunate enough ever to arrive at their intellectual apex, you will see how wrong you were! If it was not fitter that such ignorance should be treated with contemptuous silence, I think any retort justifiable after that. To return—Man is scarcely more positive of the truth of his existence, than of that of his opinions, and there is no flattery so potent as that which panders to them. The undue estimation—I may say, the absolute ignorance—of his own mind, or of the nature of reason itself, causes him to place too firm a reliance upon his fancies, and in proportion as this estimation is exaggerated, does he elevate himself above other men, with a *laudable* contempt for their opinions.

Then, again, when a new doctrine is started—setting aside the faith we have in our opinions, and the indignation with which we receive a suspicion of their being false—setting aside this, and the interests and feelings of men—

it is a tacit reproach to all preceding inquirers, that they did not discover it, and it elevates the propounder above their level,—a thing in itself not easily to be forgiven,—and can we then wonder that new doctrines should be oppugned? First, we are convinced that we are *right*, and therefore the attempt to impose other doctrines upon us is an insult; secondly, we draw up in array against it all the prejudices we have perhaps imbibed from childhood upwards—all the interests which clash with this new doctrine, and frequently all the feelings of having maintained and published other opinions for many years, which we are now called on to renounce.* Is it then to be wondered at that Truth gets worsted in so unequal a conflict? No, it is not; and until Time, the smoother of all asperities, shall have drawn away these forces—till a new generation shall arise, who have not the same weapons to fight with—will Truth be kept under. “Truth,” said Sir Philip Sidney, “will be uppermost one day or other, like a cork, though kept down for the present.” The continual disputes of mankind are most admirably delineated, with some very shrewd observations, by M. de Rulhière, in his *Discours sur les Disputes*.

* Dans le monde où nous sommes, chacun se pique d'aimer la vérité, cependant personne ne veut l'entendre, et bien des gens condamnent ceux qui osent l'annoncer.
1. *Marsais sur les Préjugés*.

En parcourant au loin la planète ou nous sommes,
Que verrons nous ? les torts et les travers des hommes !
Ici c'est un Synode, et là c'est un Divan,
Nous verrons le Mufti, le Derviche, l'Iman,
Le Bonze, le Lama, le Talapoin, le Pope,
Les antiques Rabbins, et les Abbés de l'Europe,
Nos Moines, nos Prélats, nos Docteurs agréés,
Etes vous disputeurs, mes amis ? *Voyagez !*

If we consider this passage, then consider human nature, and then ask ourselves, "Can truth ever reign universally ?" we must confess that it is hopeless, and this is strengthened by the fine observation of Dugald Stewart, "that the prejudices of men have less root in their understandings than in their interests and passions,"* which leaves us no hope to convince them by reason, even if we could ever bring reason to the proper pitch, and as the interests and passions of men can never be brought under one head, it leaves us no hope there.

It is a bitter, but pregnant saying of Hobbes, that even the axioms of geometry would be disputed, if men's *interests* were concerned in them ; but he might have added prejudices also, for they have as strong a hold upon the mind as interest or passion, and perhaps have a more intimate connexion with opinions, for

it need scarcely be remarked, that the many who assent to opinions from motives of convenience or interest, do not nevertheless entertain them. But the same cannot be said of prejudices, and they therefore call for a more lengthened notice from whoever shall attempt the subject, and I may perhaps be allowed to suggest, that any essay on the subject must be incomplete, until the author have diligently studied Du Marsais *Sur les Préjugés*, and the *Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions*, both which works stand alone in the philosophical world, as instances of deep thought and delightful exposition.

I may probably return to these "Hints" in the consideration of the causes of error of language, and offer a few historical examples, if some lover of truth do not anticipate me, which I sincerely wish.

* Dugald Stewart's *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, vol. ii. p. 288. Bacon has made a somewhat similar remark. "Intellectus humanus luminis sicci non est ; sed recipit infusionem a voluntate et affectibus." *Nov. Org. lib. i.*

HE QUARREL OF FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

ONCE Faith, Hope, and Charity, traversed the land,
 In sisterhood's uninterrupted embraces,
 Performing their office of love hand in hand,
 Of the Christian world the appropriate graces.

But tiffs since those primitive days have occurred,
 That threaten to sever this friendly relation,
 As may well be surmised when I state, word for word,
 The terms of their latest and worst altercation :

" Sister Charity, prythee allow me to state,"
 Cries Faith, in a tone of contemptuous sneering,
 " That while you affect to be meek and sedate,
 " Your conduct is cunning, your tone domineering.

" In the times that are gone, my world-harassing name,
 " Received some accession of strength ev'ry hour ;
 " St Bartholomew's massacre hallowed my fame,
 " And Sicily's vespers asserted my power.

" When martyrs in multitudes rushed at my call,
 " To peril their lives for Theology's sake,
 " Mine too was the voice that cried, 'Sacrifice all,
 " With gaol and with gibbet, with faggot and stake.'

" When the banner of orthodox slaughter was furl'd,
 " And subjects no more from each other dissented,
 " I set them at war with the rest of the world,
 " And for centuries national struggles fomented.

" What are all the great heroes on history's page,
 " But puppets who figured as I pulled the strings ?
 " Crusades I engendered in every age,
 " And Faith was the leader of armies and kings.

" In those days of my glory Hope followed my track,
 " In warfare a firm and impartial ally,
 " For she constantly patted both sides on the back,
 " And promised them both a reward in the sky."

Here Charity, heaving disconsolate sighs,
 That said, " I admit what I deeply deplore,"
 Uplifted to heaven her tear-suffused eyes,
 Which seemed but to anger her sister the more.

" Nay, none of your cant, hypocritical minx !"
 She cried, in a louder and bitterer tone,
 " If you feel any fancy to whimper, methinks
 " You might weep that the days of my glory are gone.

The Quarrel of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

- “ What wreck of my palmy puissance is left ?
“ What bravos and bullies my greatness declare ?
“ Of the holy and dear Inquisition bereft,
“ All my fierce fulminations are impotent air.
- “ No racks and no pincers—no limbs piecemeal torn ; ;
“ No screams of the tortured my prowess display ;
“ And to crown all these slights, I am shamefully shorn
“ Of my own proper triumph, an *auto da fê*.
- “ The Pope, who could once in my terrible name,
“ Spread warfare and havoc all Christendom round,,
“ Is sunk to such pitiful dotage and shame,
“ That the Vatican thunder 's a ridiculed sound.
- “ Nay, even in England, my latest strong-hold,
“ And the firmest support of my paramount sway
“ (In Gath or in Askelon be it not told),
“ All my orthodox bulwarks are crumbling away.
- “ Dissenters, untested, may now, nothing loth,
“ As municipal officers feast and carouse ;
“ And emancipate Catholics, taking the oath,
“ O horror of horrors ! may sit in the house.
- “ If Erin no longer my altar-flame fann'd,
“ By ceasing to murder for tithe now and then,
“ It might well be surmised that my paralysed hand
“ Had lost all control o'er the actions of men.
- “ And what though each orthodox candidate swears
“ To my thirty-nine articles—'tis but a jest,
“ Since a bishop (proh pudor !), a bishop, declares
“ That such oaths are a form,—never meant as a test
- “ And who is the cause that I'm laid on the shelf,
“ Disowned and deserted by all but a few ?
“ My downfall and ruin I trace to yourself,
“ To you, I repeat, sister Charity—*you* !
- “ Your looks and your whining expressions of ruth,
“ Your appeals—ever urged with insidious wiles,
“ To reason and justice—to love and to truth,
“ Your tears of deceit, and your plausible smiles,
- “ Have inveigled the bulk of my subjects away,
“ And have swelled your own ranks with deserters from
“ Such conduct is base, and from this very day,
“ Hope and I mean to leave you, and take a new life
- With the look of an angel, the voice of a dove,
Thus Charity answered—“ Since Concord alone
“ Can prosper our partnership mission of love,
“ And exalt the attractions that each calls her own,,

- “ I would not, dear sisters, e’en harbour a thought,
 “ That might peril a friendship so truly divine ;
 “ And if in our feelings a change has been wrought,
 “ I humbly submit that the fault is not mine.
- “ Christianity’s attributes, holy and high,
 “ When first you delighted to practise and teach,
 “ And Hope only wafted your words to the sky,
 “ I seconded gladly the labours of each :
- “ But when, sister Faith ! you began to affect
 “ A thousand disguises and masquerades new,
 “ When you dressed yourself up in the badges of sect,
 “ Nay, even of Mussulman, Pagan, and Jew,
- “ And when in each garb, as yourself have just said,
 “ You scatter’d a firebrand wherever you went,
 “ While Hope spent her breath, as she followed or led,
 “ In fanning the flames of religious dissent,
- “ I raised up my voice in a solemn appeal,
 “ Against your whole course of unchristian life,
 “ But its accents were drowned in the clashing of steel,
 “ In the clamour of councils, and schismatic strife.
- “ But now, when men turning from dogmas to deeds,
 “ Bear the scriptural dictum of Jesus in mind,
 “ That salvation depends not on canons and creeds,
 “ But on love of the Lord, and the love of our kind,
- “ My voice can be heard, and my arguments weigh’d,
 “ Which explains why such numerous converts of late
 “ Are under my love-breathing standard array’d,
 “ Who once, beneath yours, were excited to hate.
- “ Superstition must throw off religion’s disguise ;
 “ For men, now enlighten’d, not darkling like owls,
 “ While they reverence priests who are holy and wise,
 “ Will no longer be hood-winked by cassocks or cowls.
- “ If, sisters ! forgetting your primitive troth,
 “ You would still part the world into tyrants and slaves,
 “ What wonder that sages should look on you both,
 “ As the virtues of dupes, for the profit of knaves.
- “ You would separate—do so—I give you full scope ;
 “ But reflect, you are both of you naught when we part ;
 “ While I, ’tis well known, can supply Faith and Hope,
 “ When I choose for my temple an innocent heart.”
-

HIGH AND LOW LIFE IN ITALY,

EXHIBITED IN SUNDRY LETTERS AND MEMOIRS COLLECTED BY THE
LATE J. J. PIDCOCK RAIKES, ESQ.; AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED
BY HIS NEPHEW, SIR RODNEY RAIKES, WITH SEVERAL MATERIAL
ADDITIONS.

No. IV.

REV. PARROCO SPINELLA TO
MR RAIKES.

Illustrissimus !

A SMALL tub, smelling very strong, was sent to me by the noble proprietor of your lordship's late residence in this city, who favoured me also with a billet written by his own hand, informing me that, according to the directions left by your excellency, if anything eatable came into the house in your absence, it should be forwarded to me, for my use.

I found written upon said tub the English words, *Pickled-Sturgeon*; in Italian, *Pesce-Cane-Salato*.

Permit me, Illustrissimus, to return my very humble thanks for this present, supposing it a present from your Lordship. But if your very adorned and valiant secretary, Mr Secretary Stivers, sent it, I am his devoted and grateful servant. My niece Aurora interrupts me, laughing in her innocent little way. I will not transcribe her childish idea. She fancies it was a joke of the most ornate the secretary: But indeed I have often seen the *Pesce-Cane* at our very best tables . . not perhaps salted, for we have

ling, but somewhat fresh. Nevertheless my lord, my teeth, good as they are, are not equal to a *Pesce-Cane's*, and he would have less difficulty to make them enter into my flesh, than I had to make mine enter into his. This reminds me of our mortal state, and of the decay to which the highest as well as the lowest are liable. My teeth, God be thanked, are laudable enough at present. But who can foresee the future ! Our Tuscany has no artist in dentification, as the happy clime of England has. I would prepare against the evil day which cometh like the thief in the night ; I would not be found unprepared. If your lordship could procure me a regular set from some ingenious fabricator, I would amply repay him for the same. In my parish teeth are seeds that sow the ground pretty thick. I would repay him five for one, and take especial care to extract them with my own hand from subjects the most unexceptionable ; that is, from persons under the age of puberty. In others few are quite sound, and hardly any have the set complete.

I kiss &c.

MR STIVERS TO SIGNORA AURORA MADELENA AUGUSTA SPINELLA.

AND so, Signora Aurora, you have a lover, have you? Did not you promise me that you never would have one, or think of one, or dream of one? And did not you kiss the crucifix from top to toe? And did not I introduce Onofrio as your sposo in order to keep you tight and right? And did not my master get him the lottery office, by giving the gold necklace he bought at Venice to the right lady? And did he not pay the abbate, who goes about for a saint and a conjuror, five zecchins to cry up his numbers to all who are his penitents, to make them sure of winning; that is *if it was not their fault*? If you do not remember this, do you remember anything?

Oh my dearest and sweetest Aurora! Much as I always loved you, I never thought I loved you as I do. I would scratch out all I have written, if a gentleman could send a letter to a lady with scratches on it. There is no time to get another sheet before the post goes out: and the ink won't hold, I doubt. It is as thick as Durham mustard: and that fool has mislaid both vinegar and blacking. Curse his stupidity! He thinks of nothing but wenching. Ah, this hot weather! I hope it will not throw me into a fever. It is just such weather as used to make us both so sleepy, after a while, when your uncle went to the

coffee-house, to collect materials for the immortal work. Now, by my soul, Aurora! if you do take him, I'll floor him: I mean if you take him for anything more serious than a husband. We shall certainly return into Tuscany when my master's work comes out, and perhaps before; that is, when he has made his bargain for recommendations and advertisements.

But may be your uncle when he said *lover* meant no harm: for parsons and other learned people don't much mind how they talk; and one can hardly understand half they say upon some subjects. I have no objection to your having him at a proper time. * * * *

But think of me just as soberly and seriously as I am now thinking of you: not one hair's breadth more or less. Think how kind and affectionate I have always been, and that you will soon see me again, and you need not be ashamed of seeing me unless you run out of all bounds and stark-mad; I am not bloody-minded; but I can break a man's bones, if need be, and can write as deep a tragedy on an enemy's scone as the best man living.

I remain,

My dear, dear Aurora,

Your loving and true

JACK JEREMY STIVERS.

P.S. Excuse mistakes, and oh my sweet girl, don't make any.

P.S. Can't you read that little line between the two

others? When I wrote, *I hope it will not throw me into a fever*, I forgot to write, *nor you neither*. So that is the line in the middle.

S⁷² A. M. A. SPINELLA TO MR STIVERS.

SIOR* JACK, my dearest, do not be so very rash and headstrong, your Honour! What lover can you mean? I have been trying to think, all the morning, who it may be: Eternally bound in duty and love, am I to you (crucifix or no crucifix) for my excellent friend Onofrio. The choice was the very best you could have made for me on this side of Paradise: and if you had travelled all the world over, as you have the greater part of it, it would be difficult to have found another so adapted to his place. He lets me do what I like: and I never see his broad grin and short nose, unless when he brings me a polite note. And you may rest assured, my dear, dear, dear Sior Jack, . . . oh, how I could kiss you if I had you here! . . . that I never receive any unless from one or other of the Signors, all Reverendissimi, about the Pope's Nuncio, who are full of *garb*, and all have their ladies, who are full of *garb* also; so that they do not think of me for any harm. If they did, the ladies would complain to the Nuncio; and he would take the thing up with a high hand, and would not drop it quietly, but would make them all stand to their duty. Indeed, I would

tell him myself, for he knows my uncle . . . that is by name. But who could have told you such a very silly story? Malicious and envious people. I know which of them it was; I know, and he shall hear of it again; though I bear him no malice, neither him nor anybody . . . God be praised! If the nuncio knew, woe betide him! He has a peculiar esteem for our house.

I shall not be married until after the Carnival. When I am married, you must not let Onofrio take liberties. What little I allow of the kind, is only for the sake of propriety and decorum; and to keep him quiet and docile: so do not be alarmed. My face and shape are just what they were in the beginning of our acquaintance, and I shall see that they do not suffer. You really make me laugh when you talk about writing deep tragedies. Indeed, now I think of it, I never saw people weep at a tragedy without a hearty laugh at them, or without a wink at the actors and actresses, to shew them that I knew better. Foreigners, who come and see such things, are often affected by them, at least the girls. The Florentines weep when the *minestra* is smoked, or when their names are omitted in a will, after a woodcock is sent to secure a place in it. This, as my cousin said, is enough to make a Christian weep blood, and sigh lava. My kind uncle has just bought for me a fine high comb as

* An abbreviation of the Florentines; who sometimes also say *Gnor* for *Signor*.

good as tortoise shell, and a bracelet that any one would take for gold. They must have cost a great deal, merely in the carriage, for when I asked him where they came from, he said this from Ferrara, and that from Bergamo. I do not want anything now; only they say that there is sea about all England . . . how can that be? how can it get over the mountains? And that pearls are found in oysters Is it true?

Your faithfullest, devotedest,
AURORA.

P.S. I am curious to see whether those are real pearls that are found in oysters.

HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

Collected by the Parroco Spinella.

HIS Highness the Prince Corsini, was this day thrown from his horse on Lung' Arno. Many persons were passing: none assisted: one looked down and said to his companion, "*Let him lie; don't pick up such dirty pasta.*" How unlike the good Samaritan! The Parroco Spinella did everything in his power to alleviate the illustrious sufferer; but fearing to be pelted by the populace for so pious a work, and seeing none to help in it, and moreover, having his newest coat on, and all the Prince's clothes being soiled (which added greatly to the sufferings of his Highness,) the Parroco Spinella, in a courteous and christian-like manner, expressed a hope to his Highness (who groaned bit-

terly) that he was not hurt, and after a second obeisance, went onward and did his duty in his church, it being the Vigil of St Cleophas.

Yesterday the Prince Borghese was reunited to the wife of his bosom, and offered to the consumption of his select friends a splendid and most magnificent dinner, in which was a goose's liver weighing four pounds four ounces. The Parroco Spinella made his inquiries this morning after the health of the illustrious personages, and was informed that his Highness the Prince had suffered from his usual complaints, asthma and indigestion, but that her Highness the Princess had passed the best night possible, having slept uninterruptedly. If things go on thus placidly, there is no danger whatever of a fresh separation.

This evening the granduke Ferdinand, of glorious memory, was conveyed to the church of St Lorenzo for interment. Many were apparently very grieved: the Parroco Spinella would willingly have been as much grieved as any, but was afraid that grief on such an occasion might have been misconstrued, and that if the reigning granduke Prince Leopold should hear of it, he might take it as an ill compliment to himself, and as a want of satisfaction and delight at his accession, which nobody can experience in a greater degree than the Parroco Spinella.

FROM MR STIVERS TO THE
PARROCO SPINELLA.

Parson,

ALL your documents, as you call them, are without dates, which makes me suspicious that you wrote the facts from torn newspapers, only putting your own head through the hole. My master begs that you will write directly to him, and tell him truly whether it is a new affair or an old one which you related of the Prince Corsini. Is he dead, or is he not? If dead, the oil will ooze out from his cellars, and the price will fall. He and the maestro di casa, Mezieres, in the time of the French, made a good thing of it, to the tune of eighty thousand dollars in one year. I offered to become his Highness's partner, but he was not contented with my capital: and yet mine is about as much as his was at his father's death; before the French threw the bones of Italy to their dogs whelped here, dogs wagging the tail and licking the dirt off their boots while any grease was under it, but snarling and snapping from below the chair, when the repast was over.

ANSWER.

It is too true, milord, that His Excellency the Prince Corsini was, on the vigil of Saint Cleophas, thrown from his horse along the pavement of Lung' Arno in this our city of Florence, near his residence the Palazzo Corsini. And I wish I could with my tears blot out

for ever from the records of history the shame incurred by my degenerate countrymen on this melancholy event. Since however I am bound and constrained to speak the truth, I do it, altho' in heaviness of heart, only lightened and supported by the high commands of Your Excellency. It was about twenty-two of the clock when His Excellency was observed to mount his horse in the cortile; and he had not proceeded further than seventy, or, according to others, seventy-five paces, when it was God's pleasure that the same horse should fall, with His Excellency on his back, from the slipperiness, as some say, of the pavement, or, as one vouches, from the peel of a lemon being there projected. The greater part of our Florentines deny the probability of this vouchment, saying that His Excellency has many servants on the look-out, which servants having no wages, and only protections and patronages, would never let a lemon-peel lie by daylight or lamp-light within seventy or seventy-five paces of His Excellency's palace: and that Don Neri his brother, the prime minister, would certainly have tried if something could not be squeezed out of one, had a Turk carried it from the streets of Algiers on the first of the dog-days, and had it lain in the sun until the last. Certain it is, and I shudder to relate it, several well-dressed youths and really Florentines saw the accident, and running up in haste

to assist, stopped suddenly and turned away, saying, *It is only Corsini: his horse was weak; the servants were forced to eat the beans and oats.* There were many such things said without any proof whatever; but nobody dared contradict them. They must have had stony hearts, for such young men. His Excellency was much hurt, but declared with heroic fortitude (altho' he shed tears and groaned most piteously) that he believed all his bones were in their right places, and few if any broken; and that he would wait four-and-twenty hours before he sent for a surgeon, in consideration of his numerous family, which could ill support heavy charges. If any doctor passed, he would not decline an act of courtesy.

FROM MR ISAAC HOMFRAY TO
MR JOHN STIVERS, MILAN.

Rome, Oct. 19.

Dear Jack,

SINCE I broke my leg and can ride no longer, my mistress has made me cook. I thought she was in joke when she said, "Isaac! you must dress our dinners, positively you must. There is no eating all these apothecaries' shops: one cannot swallow Ceylon upon Sumatra." And indeed I myself was sated with clove upon clove, nutmeg upon nutmeg, sugared chicken-claws, ducks' necks trimmed with aniseed, raw ham yellower than saffron, to be gulped only by the slipperiness of figs and to be disguised only by the power of fenugreek; and oil

enough at a single dinner to keep in order our close carriage all the year. It would turn the stomach of some among our squeamish gentlemen in England, if they saw, as we do, the lamp emptied into the stew-pan, and the stew-pan into the lamp. No debts are paid in Italy more regularly than between these parties: whenever one is in want, the other is forthcoming. Show me the like in anything else since you have been here. I replied to our good lady, "Madam shall be served,"—the people's usual phrase, which I learned from the old cook, defunct, defunct I would say in his office; and the words had such an effect upon her appetite (for I cannot hope that my cookery produced it), she ate as if she could have eaten a stuffed stork out of the Museum. On Monday last a youngster came over from Frascati with a couple of as fine cub foxes as ever you set your eyes upon, and asked for "Signor the cook, if he or his adjutant major would condescend to honour him with an audience." "Yes, my honest lad!" said I, "but what have you brought in that basket, beside the two foxes' heads?" He replied, "Dear signor, my dear, for the love of God! what would she wish that I should bring, unless it were the busts and whole persons of the same? which behold here!" "Are they dead?" said I, for there was a gag in the mouth of each, and their eyes were open and red.

of "skin yesterday, after mass." "Well," added I, "and what am I to do with 'em?"

"As she desiderates," he replied.

"Anything but skin them," cried I. To which he answered that in his country nobody would eat a fox without skinning; that the skin was the privilege and *honorary* of the vendor, who had an egg at most honest houses for it, carried to them with the four pads; altho' some of the prelates in Rome kept a store of rotten ones, bought reasonably for the purpose, and sent them to their villas.

"And do you think," said I, "that my master and mistress, as good and great people as any in Rome without one exception..."

"Would you believe it, Jack! the stripling had the boldness, though he never learned to box, to clap his hand before my mouth, looking all the time as frightened as a cat caught in a dairy, and, crying out 'Zitto! Zitto! Signora Cuoco valentissimo!' always excepting out Holy Father, our Lady, the Bambino, and Saint Romolo, my patron.' He then suddenly gave me a kiss upon both whiskers, told me to hope, to be of courage, that he would pray for me, that it was a sin not of contumacy but of blindness, that there was a difference, though I could not know it nor he explain it, and then burst into tears. I was so taken by his tenderness

of heart which after all does one more good than a tickle of the stiletto, that I bought his couple of cubs, though I told him I could not dress them. He said that if I was not sovereignly master of this intricate department in *nostralian* cookery, he would negotiate for me with His Signory, the egregious cook-major of His Eminence the Cardinal Opizoni, a high purpurate; which cook-major, namely, the Signor Fabio Massimo Barnaba Cantagrillo, being a gallant man, would not demand at first for his kind offices more than a leg and loin, and at the close of the conference, after the pleasure of forming my acquaintance, (the glory of his life) no more than a loin, together with liver and lights, and kidney, and heart, and a little of the blood to flavour certain dishes. The residue being well-seasoned with capers and marjoram and tarragon, a few cloves of garlic, the rind of a Seville orange or two, a flask of the white wine of Orvieto, a nutmeg, a pound of bacon cut into small squares, half a pound of sugar candy, half a pound of virgin oil, and garnished with snails and carrots alternately, was a dish that an Emperor might set before James the apostle of the gentiles; nay, the angels themselves might have served it up to Saint Peter in prison.

"And faith! my friend," said I, "it would be likely to increase in quantity, like the loaves and fishes."

“*Davvero!*” cried he . . .
“*anche quello!*”

He took my money, counted it, kissed my hand, counted it again, sorted it, and seemed to be reaking the amount both of the smaller coin and the greater; then he turned his back upon me, and muttered some words to himself. I asked him if the money was not right; and why he mistrusted me so; and what he meant by putting the small coin in his pocket and holding the rest in hand. “Sir!” said he, gravely and sorrowingly, “I have been making a vow, (lest my heart should misgive me, for I am poor) to buy a wax-taper with this silver for the good of your soul, if any good can be done it; in order to expiate the things you said so unadvisedly. And now I entreat and implore you to believe,” cried he with energy as he fell upon his knees, “that not only all the *milordi* in the world, but that likewise all the *Monsignori*, all the Purpurates and Eminences, tossed up together in a frittata, would not weigh the little finger of the Bambino. And then his dear sweet mother!” Here tears rolled down his cheeks . . . he sprang up, crying, “*Ca! Cospetto di Bacco!*” and snapped his fingers, and ran out of the kitchen.

I related the history to my mistress, who was very far from being offended; “but throw the stinking things away,” said she. My fellow servants murmured loudly when they understood the order, and

begged they might dress the game for themselves, and while it was fresh and sweet. Cherubini ran to one of the fountains, which he declared was the very best in Rome, not only to cure the migraine, but to extract the wild flavour from hares, woodcocks, partridges, and all other such animals, only by leaving them a night or two in it. But the rest, although they bowed to his superior lights on the subject, made an exception as to the duration of time, and said that hares indeed and woodcocks and partridges might require more soaking, but tender young foxes did not enter the gates every day, and that these two were *qualche cosa particolare*.

MR STIVERS TO MR HOMFRAY.

Dear Isaac,

IN spite of that confounded name of thine, thou art an honest fellow. And, now I remember, the name is not so bad a one neither. For I heard some learned English folks, at my master's, (a plain gentleman, like yourself) talk of one who was made a knight with it, in spite of his being a philosopher. And you too, my old lad, are a bit of a philosopher, as gentlemen are called who wear worsted stockings and dog-ear cravats. Well, I would not lose a friend by an imprudent action. I hate pressing and plaguing my friends. If you had wanted your money you would have taken it. I never should have said one syllable more about it, had you

not told me that you were now the cook. Let Pitt be Pitt and Perceval be Perceval (arn't they dead tho?) neither of them could ever feather his nest like sensible men of your profession. An old master, an old mistress, full confidence, full larder, ready money, range of market, grocer, butcher, fishmonger . . East and West Indies shrink, as the man in the play says, like a shrivelled scrole, before your blazing fire, blessed Isaac! You desired me, at parting, not to put myself to any inconvenience; and indeed I found not the least in slipping my hand again into my pockets, not to hurt your feelings. My mother used to say, "That child always does as he's bid." I forget whether she said it of me or my brother Ned. I am inclined to think it was of me; and I had always a great regard for my mother, and cherish her memory. She died the other day in the hospital, poor woman, after lingering two or three years . . or more, for what I know. I had not time to look in upon her before I left London; and Lady C. in whose service I was then living, said that such sort of things were very distressing to both parties, and do good to neither. She said that if she could have seen me once more, (I mean my mother . . and perhaps the other may say it too) she could have died happy. I dare say she thought so; but who knows whether she could? and I could not get up from cards in the

evening . . and leave my partner . . and as for the daytime, I had only Sundays to be idle in. At all events, she is just as happy now as if she had seen me . . and so am I. And if such sort of things are very distressing, I should have been very wrong to have thought about it, for my mother was distressed enough all her life. I wish you plenty of fun and foxes, and am,

Honest Isaac,

Your hearty Friend,

J. J. STIVERS.

P. S. A few months ago I was appointed secretary to master . . but upon my honour I am not much richer than I was before, which made me refer to you . . you know what business, fearing that you might have heard more than the fact. In future be pleased to direct to me J. J. Stivers, Esq., Secretary to Milord Raikes, Esq. at Como, where our honest, rosy-faced Queen was. I am come the day after the fair. *Non c'è rimedio!* as master's tailor said, when master cut his bill sheer thro the middle, and asked him which half he chose should be paid.

MR HOMFRAY TO J. J. STIVERS,
ESQRE. &c.

STIVERS,

I CAN no longer be of any service to you. Let me warn you however lest you get into a scrape by offering money for certain places under government. If you do it, do it in

person, not by letter,* and least of all thro me. Places in religion and honour are saleable with us; that is to say, preferment in the church and in the army. But for any place or preferment in diplomacy you must be registered soon after your baptism; and be your abilities great or little, you must take your turn. This is the system established by Lord Vicount Castlereagh; and there has always been a tacit convention between this party and their opponents, that whatever card turn up, you must follow the next; that is, the list must hold good. Our government is hereditary, and, to be consistent, our Lords and Masters, as well as our King must be so too. Men of genius, who might do honour to the country, and men of fortune, who might relieve it in its expenditure, are cast aside, in order to give ignorant adventurers, and importunate beggars, appointments, as representatives of royalty. When royalty is thus represented, who in his senses can much respect it? Bitter thought! It throws truth and reason quite to the side of those troublesome and restless men who ought to have none of either. I am alarmed at all changes; but if any change at all is to take place, I would

gladly see in Italy one sole representative of His Britannic Majesty: a man of fortune, of firmness, of clear-sightedness, and of integrity. Surely there are some such left: one will do: but we seem to be as much afraid of finding him, as of finding a tiger in the islands of the Ganges. I do not deny that, in regard to the abilities, you are as capable of the office as any British Minister on the Continent. I verily believe you are as conscientious as most of them, and that, to use your own expression, *you would do the thing as handsomely and as reasonably as the best, having been used to drive hard bargains, and to deal with acuter blades than old women priests, pheasant-shooting Kings and filigree† Highnesses. And I should think too that you always knew your man before you coped with him*, had not you after a year's acquaintance, taken me for one who would barter in places like a borough monger. I am offended at this, I confess it; but this is not the worst offence. Ought I to be the confident of such feelings as you avow? ought I to be invited to partake in them? I have read in the Bible, while in England, the words *man born of a woman*. I do not remember the rest,

* This letter is not found. It probably was written soon after the preceding, at which Mr Homfray seems to have been indignant, and kept his silence, until he was requested to enter into and promote a very disagreeable and (it seems) illicit negotiation.

† Very indecorous expressions! *Filagree* means a thread of gold or silver, or a shred of paper, turned round a finger or a pin for fancy-work; *fil à gré*.

nor need I. But, Stivers! are *you* that man. Yes, impossible as it seems, born of a tender, a loving, a believing one . . . true woman in woman's deepest truth: whose heart burst under her son's image: Death, and death only, wrung it from her.

O Italy! Italy! thou indeed can'st rear such men; I never thought thou couldst turn us into them.

Adieu, John Stivers!
and for ever.

MR STIVERS TO MR HOMFRAY.

How now, Sir Isaac! on the high horse, aye! Mind you, I am neither cub nor colt, neither fox nor badger; no stewing or roasting me. I thought you told me you were not found fit to be a preacher, though your father was one. But what could I expect? You turned tail against your religion. Catch me at that, if you can, and then say, Jack Stivers is a rascal. You were born a Presbyterian; bad enough: but an honest man never abandons his church, be it what it may be. Anything in the world is better than a turn-coat and a *run-at-gate*.* Let a man stick to his religion, good, bad, or indifferent: let him stick to it to the last rag, tho' the devil run aboard and over haul it.

But if a man gives up his religion, at least let him have the decency not to take another:

Just as if he leaves his wife, let him keep clear of another man's. Can you deny that I have seen you in church? at least *going* in; for I could not bear the sight of such iniquity, and went another way. Cannot you, in God's name, let my poor mother rest in her grave? Do you pretend to be better than I am? Did I ever run away from home, packing off to an old dowager's for protection, because I doubted of this, or doubted of that? Such were your reasons, and not because your father made you read seven hours in the day. They might have been good books; and good books like good wood are hard to saw thro', and have never had much of my goose grease upon 'em: but I would rather read good books than leave my father's roof. Poor man! I pity him.

Prayers thrice a day are sickening things enough in all conscience, but long graces beat them hollow . . . for who the deuce can fall asleep with hot meat before him? Who would? I am fair enough in stating all this. Now, if you could not swallow these at eighteen, when the swallow is limberer, how do you think I am to swallow your preachment at twenty-five? I wash my hands of you, and return you the basin.

Your's, J. J. STIVERS,
Secretary &c. &c.

* So spelled by Mr Stivers, but not by Doctor Johnson.

HAREFIELD COPPER-WORKS.

WITH the return of summer during the last two months—a *second* summer in one English year, wherein summer generally does but once show us an untrustful face—with this unexpected return of warmth and brightness, naturally returned our love of the country, its fine air, its pleasant scenes, and healthy sports. We therefore resolved to go a-fishing, albeit our skill to catch is of a degree that need not alarm the sensibilities of any member of the “Animals’ Friend Society.” But does not even Izaak Walton entitle his great work ‘*The Complete Angler—or Contemplative Man’s Recreation; being a Discourse on Rivers, Fish-ponds,*’ &c. And was not his co-writer and fellow-angler Cotton, the translator of the philosophic Montaigne? Hence, we regard a rod and line as an excellent excuse for meditating in the open air, without incurring the charge of eccentricity and abstraction, while, at the same time, we are able to flatter ourselves with being by no means idle. We are most seriously engaged in watching a jaunty float, and the glitter of the water with its myriad of dancing flies, and we entertain moreover a latent notion that some excessively stupid or excessively accommodating fish will politely perch himself upon our hook to prove our great skill and at-

tention to business. Truth to speak, our experiences in this way, limited as they are, would tend to confirm the possibility of such an occurrence, since we have as often caught a fish by the tail as the head, to say nothing of how frequently he has presented himself hanging by one fin, like a Fakir.

“The trout,” says the inspired Izaak Walton, “is a fish highly valued, both in this, and foreign nations. He may be justly said, as the old poet said of wine, and we English say of venison, to be a generous fish: a fish that is so like the buck, that he also has his seasons; for it is observed that he comes in and goes out of season with the stag and the buck.” We never caught a trout. Thomson, somewhere in his heavy poem of the ‘Seasons,’ designates this generous buck of a fish, as the *quick-eyed* trout.” That, no doubt, is the precise reason why, on our return from what we are pleased to designate “a fishing excursion,” we were never favoured with his company home, nor indeed by a “bite,” when seated at the sport. Some trout-fishers, we are informed, never sit down, nor stick their rod into the bank, to see what good-luck may do for them. But the reader will have perceived from the outset that we use a poetic licence in these matters, which is no doubt anti-piscatory in many of

its modes of thought, as well as of action and tranquillity.

Away to the fresh fields, then, we hastened: the reader may think as he pleases about our fishing. He must at least perceive that we were impelled by the desire of enjoying the country on the second visitation of that season, the single existence of which has been denied by the Italian, who observed that, "we had in England, six months of winter, and six months of very cold weather;" by the Persian, who declared that "we had no fruit here that ever came to be eatably ripe, except the roasted apple;" and by the expression of Coleridge, who, writing to Lamb, commenced his letter with—"Summer has set in with its usual severity." Being informed by a friend—a keen hand at a fish—that there was good sport to be had in the neighbourhood of Harefield, along the banks of the streams supplying the mills of the Mines Royal, Mineral, and Battery Works, and that he had duly obtained permission of the Company to "throw his float" there, it was agreed to proceed to action immediately. He departed at the time appointed. We followed him by the Oxford mail—having lost the Harefield coach by stopping at a print-shop on the way—and getting down at Uxbridge, scrambled across four miles of green lanes, green fields, and equally green ditches, till we reached our friend, who had been hard at work with his rod

some two hours already by his own infernally accurate watch, which he drew forth and tacitly presented at us in all the bitterness of a reproach too big for human utterance.

"Any spo—"—"sport" we were venturing to say," after remaining silent some time; but the bright-eyed sportsman held up one finger from the rod, and said "hush," in a most impressive manner.

"I am bent upon a trout," whispered he, when several minutes had elapsed—"and if I have any luck—hush!—if I have any luck—be silent!—he's good three pounds, if he weighs an ounce—hush!—*do* be silent for God's sake—d'ye think a trout's a fool!"

* * * *

We would fain pass entirely over our disaster, even without the slightest mention of the circumstance. But deeply as it redounds to our discredit, the truth must be told. Our friend lost his trout! He had actually hooked it,—but through our stupidity and misdirected excitement, he actually lost it! The "generous buck" escaped!

We have often ventured to think, in the cooler moments of reflection, that our friend might possibly have lost his intended prize *without* our assistance. Whether, however, the disastrous event was or was not "all our fault"—he certainly made it appear to be so, and has never had the same feeling for us since it occurred, whatever forgiveness he may exert himself to instil into his other-

wise humane bosom. To be brief—the indignant sportsman hinted in terms not to be misunderstood that he would prefer a condition of solitude for the remainder of the day in question, and tendering us a card of introduction to be presented to the Secretary of the Copper Company, assured us we should derive more satisfaction from inspecting the mills, forges, &c., than by remaining with him. This was plain enough to be understood. We therefore wished him “good sport,” and he, with equal politeness, though with something of the calmness of contempt, remarked that, “perhaps we should find our rod and line useful on the way across the fields, as there were plenty of nuts and blackberries in the tall hedges.”

It is not generally known, or rather it is known only to the lovers of poetical topography, that *Harefield*, now famous for the finest, if not the most extensive, Copper and Zinc Works in the kingdom, is highly classic ground. Milton has there laid the scene of his *Arcades*, apparently written by him while residing with his father at Horton, near Colnebrook, which is in the neighbourhood. It was presented at Harefield before Alice, Countess Dowager of Derby, the characters being personated by several members of her family, “who appear on the scene,” as Todd’s Milton informs us, “in pastoral habit.” From the same editor we also learn that the scenery has an

ancient reputation for beauty. Norden, in his *Speculum Britanniae*, under the head of ‘Harefield, in Middlesex,’ says —“There, Sir Edmond Anderson, Knight, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, hath a faire house standing on the edge of the hill. The river Colne passing neare the same, through the pleasant meddows and sweet pastures, yealding both delight and profit.” This house has long since disappeared, but the meadows and pastures still remain in all their early sweetness.

Nor are these rural features of the locality in any degree injured by the presence of the Copper-works in question. The circumstance occasioned us considerable surprise; for, certainly, though the air often resounded with Vulcanian blows, it was not in the least affected beyond the immediate vicinity, by black smoke or ungenial fumes, and “nothing to signify” even when close to the walls of the building itself; which stands with an extensive, solid, and somewhat dark appearance, with a strong river in front, and a canal at the back, running close into the works. The house of the Secretary is, on its right, having a lawn, a court, studded thick with fresh and most healthy-hued flowers; while two fruit gardens extend in front, at a few yards distance across the road, divided by a serpentine branch of the river, which runs round both of the gardens. A green meadow lies on the side of one of them;

and in its centre there is a "preserve" for fish — constructed, no doubt, for the accommodation of such of the Directors as find themselves unable to "catch" elsewhere. Truly it was a pleasant sight to walk round it, and see that fish were actually there, and to acknowledge the familiar nods wherewith they frequently gave us a momentary salutation at the surface.

We obtained admission to see the Works, on presenting our friend's and our own card to the Secretary, who, it seems, is the acting-manager of the whole concern. What a scene presented itself! From green fields, running streams, and flowering gardens, the next moment we found ourselves, on passing through a narrow passage and a single door, in the very thick of all manner of grim and terrible operations. What with the intense furnaces; the glitter of the running metals; the thunder of the mechanical hammers, each weighing nearly a ton; the furious whirling of iron fly-wheels; the deadly calm, yet tremendous revolution of the breaking-down rollers; the passing-by of a gang of men with huge long-handled ladles full of melted copper, in which their red-hot faces, screwed up with an expression to match, might be plainly seen; as also the clear-mirrored, ghastly look of the faces of those who poured out the melted zinc into the moulds; while the pauses in the concussion of the hammers were filled

up by the gabble of the Welch language; what with all these things, we found ourselves fixed to the spot, not daring for several minutes to go a step further. After the effect of the first impression upon the senses had become moderated, we soon perceived that amidst this apparent confusion there was in reality the utmost order and precision in the respective operations. The heat of the furnaces was subject to the most strict and graduated laws, and made as obedient to the thermometer as the chemical conditions required. The prodigious hammers rose and fell in sequences as regular as the pendulum of any little clock; the terrific fly-wheels, which made their rotations with sightless celerity, were still the creatures of calm calculation; the carriers of liquid metal had each his "own spoon" and his particular place in the moving file; and we dare say, if we could but have understood it, we should have found not only that the tongues of the Welchmen meant *something*, but that they really understood each other, and discoursed with marvellous propriety concerning the work in hand.

The greatest novelty in these Works seems to be the fine process of manufacturing sheet zinc, which the Company have been the first to bring to perfection in this country. We do not know who was the original discoverer of the method of producing the material in its present almost universally

useful state; a foreign company, we believe, but they have been surpassed by the Harefield manufacturers, either by an improved chemical process, or by the power and superiority of their machinery and the long experienced judgment and care of their workmen, most of whom were born upon the premises. It is a common case, we were informed, to find sons, fathers, grandfathers, nephews, uncles, and cousins of all removes, employed within a few yards of each other, and many of them upon the same piece of work. This relationship, and the mutual understanding resulting from it, must be productive, we should think, of many advantages. Not only does the labour of various hands become more concentrated and united in purpose, but as there are "secrets in all trades," and particularly in the smelting and rolling of zinc, even so, the said secrets are more likely to be kept "in the family." At all events it would appear that this latter advantage has accrued, since those who are conversant with the subject, and have tested the productions of different manufacturers, all assure us that none of them, at home or abroad, are by any means equal to those of the Harefield Company. This may account for the extensive character of their works and exports.

The use of plates of malleable zinc is now becoming very general; it seems, indeed, to be almost universally introduced in the modern system of

building. It is fast taking the place of copper in many instances, and of lead and tin, in many more, being so much cheaper and lighter than the two former. Thus: copper is about 102*l.* per *ton*; sheet zinc about 25*l.* per *ton*. Lead is the same price as the zinc, but requires to be four times thicker when laid down, which of course makes it three-fourths dearer. So great is consequently the demand, and so very few are the manufacturers who are competent to produce the material in a perfect state for durable use, that although the Mills at this place are at work day and night, with double sets of men for the occasion, and thus produce on the average fifty tons of sheet zinc per week, they are quite unable to satisfy the demand; and no doubt Messrs Mosselman and Devaux, the other great rival manufacturers, are much in the same predicament. But new mills, and arrangements for increased power (which is derived entirely from water) are making at Harefield; then, we suppose, the rival Company will do the same; then other Companies will start up; then they will all under-sell each other; then some of the new-comers will be bankrupts; then the old ones will get stronger; then new-comers will again enter the field, and, being wiser from experience, become by degrees equally strong; and then the zinc-craving public will at last be satisfied.

We cannot find space to no-

tice the many ingenious machines used in the Harefield Copper-works, several of which are, we believe, unknown elsewhere. One only we must mention. There is a machine, which is now beginning to be known and valued accordingly, expressly for making nails. A flat strip of zinc or copper is presented to its mouth: iron lips draw it in; teeth cut it to a four-sided point: another action rounds its upper limb; it is then held fast to receive a blow which makes its head; and it drops out a perfect nail. We hammered one or two into the threshold of the door, and though it was of new oak, they entered up to the very head. They seem to be made at the rate of about thirty in a minute. The Secretary, to whose polite attentions and general information we feel much indebted, informed us that the machine could make them rather more rapidly, but that there was a tendency in that case for some of the nails to be imperfect; and moreover, this machine illustrates the paradox of being equally strong and delicate, and is consequently liable to be broken by the imperfection of the very thing it habitually creates perfect.

We do not know, having forgotten to ask, what the age of this Company may be, or what their civic honours. Both we should conjecture to be considerable. We are informed that it boasts of a Governor, a Deputy-Governor, and a Court of Directors; and have moreover heard it rumoured, that once a-year the Governor in a great barge (probably of embossed copper) attended by all the gentlemen aforesaid, with the Secretary at the helm, and the Clerks standing with zinc rods at the bows, comes down to Harefield, and navigates all the streams in the Company's domains, before the annual dinner given on the occasion.

We do not vouch for the strict authenticity of these particulars, but "something annual" we are assured takes place in the shape of the triumphal dining of the Rulers. We do not know if Milton's 'Mask' be presented upon the occasion; but if so, we should apprehend that no lines would meet with so much applause as those of the first Song. The word "she" would of course be understood to apply to the abstract idea of a Furnace.

"Look, nymphs and shepherds, look!
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry?
Too divine to be mistook!

*This, this is She
To whom our vows and wishes bend,
Here our solemn search hath end."*—

Arcades.

Perhaps also, should these pages meet their eye, they might object to the slight and sketchy manner in which we

have spoken of the "wonders of the place," at Harefield, and quote the following verse:—

"Fame, that, her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise.
Less than half we find exprest,
Envy bid conceal the rest."

Arcades.

Many a horrid Tory will doubtless be found among these "authorities." The whole place has, in fact, a very grave, regular, close-corporative appearance. Unlike, however, to the poverty, discontent, and misery, so commonly found among the poor who dwell in the vicinity of Tory exclusiveness, every poor person appears contented and happy. The reason is plain: there are no

really poor among them. The whole neighbourhood is composed of those who are constantly employed in the Works; where they form a colony—are well paid, well housed, well clothed, and fed—consider themselves as one large family—and all their wants are attended to by the Company, which equally considers itself as their parent.

ON A CULTIVATOR OF THE GROUND.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

Γαῖα φιλή, τον πρεσβυν Αμυντιχον ευθεο κολποις,
Πολλων μνησαμενη των επι σοι καματων.
Και γαρ αει πρεμνον σοι ανεσηριζεν ελαιης,
Πολλακι και Βρομις κλημασιν ηγλαϊσεν,
Και Δησος επλησε, και υδατος αυλακας ελκων,
Θηκε μεν ευλαχανον, θηκε δ' οπωροφορον.
Ανθ' ων συ πρηεια κατα κροταφς πολιοιο
Κεισο, και ιαρινας ανθοκομει βοτανας.

TAKE to thy lap, dear earth, the good old boy,
Who did thy tasks with such a loving joy;
Training thee now an olive, heaping thee
With rustling beauteous bread, and viny glee;
And guiding to thy roots his furrowy showers,
Making thee now all fruit, and now all flowers.
Wherefore lie lightly on his temples grey,
And let the turf that wraps him, flower in May.

THE COLONIZATION OF NEW ZEALAND.*

WHEN England attained her maturity as a nation, in the Augustan age of Elizabeth, she began to produce offspring; and she cannot be said to have intermitted the work of founding or nourishing new colonies during the two centuries that have intervened. Her family, which is spread abroad over the great globe (but more happily than the scattered countrymen of the pious Æneas), re-echoes her language from pole to pole, through the fervour of the Tropics. An English shilling will fetch its worth, and sometimes a trifle more, in every quarter of the world. The energy of the people has overflowed the bounds of its field of employment, and, repressed even to pain by the narrow circle of its sea-beaten cliffs, has traversed the ocean in all directions. It has been found that a country flourishes all the more for a good pruning.

Practice should make perfect, and two hundred years might have sufficed to enable England to learn how to plant a colony in a workman-like manner. Yet, in fact, the art of colonization remains no better

understood, in our own time, that when Raleigh sent out colony after colony to perish through ignorance in a strange land, or when the pedant James I. set his uncouth hand to a code of blundering regulations.

The two great elements of national wealth, labour and its offspring co-adjutor, capital, which seem to possess within themselves the endless seeds of multiplication,† show a tendency to outgo the third, the field of employment, which is more inert in the process of increase. To meet this tendency, which in the case of capital has only been lately recognized, the constant effort will be to enlarge the field of employment. One means of doing so is by colonization. The division of employments, too, so popularly illustrated by Adam Smith in the mode of manufacturing a pin, as much augments the power of production when applied to nations as to individuals; and colonies afford not merely a vent for the surplus population and surplus capital of a mother country, but are caterers for her as well as themselves in the storehouse

* *The British Colonization of New Zealand; being an Account of the Principles, Objects, and Plans of the New Zealand Association; together with Particulars concerning the Position, Extent, Soil and Climate, Natural Productions, and Native Inhabitants of New Zealand. With Charts and Illustrations. Published for the New Zealand Association, London: John W. Parker. 1837. 12mo., pp. xvi, 423.*

† "Seem to possess;" for the subject is yet clothed in a mystery too profound even for conjecture; and the analogies of chemistry, in which apparent multiplication appears resolvable into change, point to one of the most cogent sources of doubt.

of nature. The United States of America, which form one among the great nations of the earth, owe their existence to British emigration, and furnish a wide market for English labour, paying for manufactures with raw material. The commerce of the Australian colonies, which half a century ago were not in existence, is already considerable.

But the price paid for this prosperity has been tremendous. Human life seemed poured in vain upon the fatal shores of Virginia before a colony could be established. Attaching an idea of wealth to the possession of land, from old association at home, the emigrants seized upon the land, which was lavishly granted, with avidity. The appropriated territory was so wide in proportion to numbers, that the settlers were dispersed. Combination for labour, for humanizing intercourse, for defence, became impossible. Each man, settled in the midst of wide domain, was a resourceless, friendless, defenceless solitary. Sickness, peril, and famine seized him unaided. His friends mourned his loss before he died; he perished after his memory was lost, in the grave himself had dug, unknown, unwept, uncared for. Or he rotted where the red man scalped him, or ceded to the bear in the mutual struggle for a dinner. At length slavery was introduced, and the introduction of a portion of the

population who could not hold land counteracted the dispersion caused by lavish granting. America lived upon the blood of Africa.

Peopled by crime, the unprecedented prosperity of the Australian colonies (which is owing to the better apportionment at the first foundation of the population and land, by means of convict slavery), is cursed with a depravity of society truly appalling. Success only makes the misery which is coupled with it the more apparent, and the most humane might almost rejoice to know that a Dead Sea had swallowed up the place.

Without slavery, without convict labour, the Cape is still of good hope, though it has realised little prosperity. Religious enthusiasm supported the New Englanders through strange trials; and they were somewhat kept together by the perils of the surrounding woods, a community of feeling, and the habit of worshipping in large bodies.

Within a few years a theory has been elicited to direct the practice.* The prosperity of nations apparently depends upon the proportion which the three elements of production bear to one another. It is lucky for us that nature is not quite so careless as colonial legislators have been. The same three elements, combined in different proportion, form delicious nutriment or deadly poison,—sugar, for instance, or citric acid. Proportioning the

* See 'England and America.' 2 vols. Bentley.

elements of wealth is the characteristic of the new plan of colonization. The excessive appropriation of land is restricted by the imposition of a land price; the fund which thus results is devoted to the gratuitous transport of emigrants; young couples of the two sexes are selected for the purpose, removing the greatest means of increase from the redundant population of the mother country to the scanty one of the colony; and, at the same time, a sufficiency of capital is secured by confining the appropriation of land to the men of substance. The purchaser has his money returned to him in the shape of labour. The injury which might seem to result to the labourer is but in appearance; he cannot appropriate land quite so soon; but, labouring in a flourishing settlement, his savings will soon enable him to acquire land which possesses a real value.

The last colony founded by England, South Australia, is regulated according to this plan. There are now about 1500 souls in the settlement, and emigrants are continually departing from England. The minimum price set upon the land is 1*l.* per acre, and the land orders sell at a considerable premium. The town allotments of Adelaide, the infant metropolis, fetched from 2*l.* to 10*l.* or 15*l.* upon the spot; and the prosperity of the colony is most promising. As far as it has yet gone, that experiment has fully proved the justness of the theory.

Cook was the first European

that landed on New Zealand, and its exceeding fitness to be the site of a British settlement seems more than once to have crossed the mind of the sagacious circumnavigator. Since then every Englishman who has visited the place has echoed the same opinion. In fact, an English colony, attracted by the amazing fertility, the convenience of the many excellent harbours, and the native disposition to traffic, is already being formed there.

But directed by no government, controlled by no authority, the country is visited by all the abominations of anarchy. The crews of whalers, rude and often brutal, and the followers of sea-port traffic, constitute the bulk of the English residents. About 150 or 200 runaway convicts have carried the vices of that colony over the Australian seas. On the shore at the Bay of Islands only are upwards of twenty grog-shops, and the scenes of our gin-palaces are rehearsed in the face of primitive nature. The sailors, drunken by tens and hundreds, with the masters of the vessels sometimes taking lead in debauchery, are plundered of their property.

The effects of intercourse between such a class and untaught savages may be conceived. Vice, disease, and cold-blooded murder have followed the European to the land. Mercenary ferocity, taking advantage of the resources of civilization, but unchecked by its better knowledge, has delighted in maltreatment, extortion, and

the encouragement of the worst passions. For the sake of paltry facilities, Europeans have lent themselves to betray one tribe of natives to their enemies, and helped to shoot them defenceless from their ships. Corrosive sublimate has been imported for natives to administer to their friends. One ruffian, the master of a vessel, has openly boasted of poisoning troublesome people with laudanum. Heads, bought while the ears were yet alive to overhear the horrible bargain, have been sold in Sidney as curiosities. Within the first few years after the Missionary Society established the first settlement, "a hundred persons at least" were murdered in cold blood in their immediate neighbourhood.* We remember to have read of a villain who kidnapped a bridegroom, and took him to Sidney, careless how he might return, if ever, for a joke! Such is the wanton barbarity with which men from a christian country treat the poor savages.

New Zealand lies to the south east of the insular continent of Australia, at about the same distance from the equator as Spain. The extent of the two large islands which are included under the name is probably 95,000 square miles, or above 60,000,000 acres, about the size of Great Britain. They are long and narrow, and extend nearly north and south, in the form of an irregular bow. There is a vast range of moun-

tains (which have been aptly called the back-bone), traversing the centre of the country: bays and harbours are scattered in profusion along the shores of both islands; and there is a continual succession of rivers and lakes, extensive forests, valleys, open country, and plains, in the utmost variety. The climate is so tempered by the insular position and the mountain range, which in parts attains the height of 14,000 feet above the level of the sea, that, although not so cold in winter as in England, it is not materially hotter in summer. To the geniality of Italy is added the moist and bracing atmosphere of England. The result is the most extraordinary fertility. The timber of the forests is large, well grown, and immensely valuable. A fine kind of flax, already become famous, and many sorts of fern, excellent fodder for cattle, are among the indigenous vegetables. Potatoes and maize are staple articles of the commerce. Wheat, the vine, the hop, and in short, all European vegetables, thrive luxuriantly. Coal, iron, and slate are among the minerals. Among the animal productions are birds of many kinds, hogs, many different seals, various species of whale, and abundant salt-water fish. No country, perhaps, possesses so extensive a line of coastage for its size. The following list of excellent harbours is curious from its length, many of them are of extraordinary capacity:—

* See the *British Colonization of New Zealand*.—p. 257, and elsewhere.

1. *Whangape*. Very capacious, soundings unknown.
2. *Hakianga*. A most noble and capacious basin. Tidal. Bar $8\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms; tide rises 10 to 14. River extends 30 m. Pilot stationed. Receives 20 tributaries.
3. *Kaipara*. Deep, receives 3 large rivers. Entrance has been mistakenly supposed difficult. Vessels of 200 tons burden have been up the Wairoa river 80; the natives report it navigable 30 further.
4. *Manukou*. Channel six miles long; expanse of basin 20 miles; deep; soundings north side of sand bank at the entrance 5 to 10; S. side 9 to 12. Separated from the Frith of Thames, on the other side of the island, by an isthmus 3 miles across.
5. *Waikato*. Bar; has often been entered by vessels of 250 tons for provisions. Might be made to communicate by a river with Manukou on the N. side. Waikato, on the S. is navigable for boats 200 miles.
6. *Waingarua*. Tidal; bar 2 at low water.
7. *Aotea*. Soundings not known; very deep.
8. *Karua*. Bar; but deep.
9. *Port Nicholson*. Capacious and deep.
10. *Thames Frith*. Low rocks make the entrance difficult.
11. *Kaihu*. In the frith; safe and deep.
12. *Bay of Islands*. Very capacious and safe; deep; soundings various.
13. *Wangari*. Extensive; soundings 10 to 6.
14. *Wanagarua*. Capacious; safe; deep; entrance not readily seen by a stranger.
15. *Blind Bay*. Capacious; not surveyed.
16. *Admiralty Bay*. Capacious; not surveyed.
17. *Queen Charlotte's Sound*. Very capacious; with many smaller, inner harbours; very convenient. A favourite resort of Cook's.
18. *Cloudy Bay*. Best fishing station for black whales. Vessels lie in the harbour, while boats watch between the heads. 5 or 6 grog shops.
19. *Lookers-on Bay*. Not well sheltered; but much frequented for flax.
20. *Akerua*. Remarkably fine safe harbour; soundings, outside, shoal from 45 to 30; between heads, 15 to 12; inside, 7 to 5.
21. *Otago Bay*. Bar $3\frac{1}{4}$, at low water; 7 inside. Safe and excellent. Green Talc Lake near it. Natives report coal abundant.
- 22, 23, 24. *Port Preservation, Port Chalky, Dusky Bay*. All adjacent; two latter surveyed. Deep; capacious; land-locked.

Besides these are, *Whara*, roadstead, safe; *Mokou*, river, unexplored; *Taranake*, doubtful; *Knowles Bay*, and *River*, bad (?); *Palliser Bay*, and *Lagoon*, not explored; *Hamhes Bay*, bad; *Taonera* or *Poverty Bay*, bar, open; *Tauranga*, dangerous, for small craft only; *Mercury Bay*, difficult; *Tatuhaka*, *Wanamuma*,

Wangarura, bays and rivers, small craft ; *Sandy Bay* ; *Knowlesly*, or *South Bay*, doubtful ; *Port Pegasus* ; and others between Stewart's and South Island. Of many of these the particulars are not fully known ; and little is known of the western coast of South Island.

In sum, similar in position and natural features, about equal in extent, with a finer climate, New Zealand seems intended by Nature to be the Great Britain of the Southern hemisphere.

There is only one thing which has deterred more regular settlers from so tempting a country, and that is—cannibalism. From the character given of the natives, the respectable farmer or the worthy merchant have believed, that, if they ventured to New Zealand, a country where they “serve their cousin-Germans up in dishes,” he might appear at the table of some great chief, a melancholy play upon Marvell's joke. “And sit, *not* as a guest, but as a meat.” It may be shown, however, that the ferocity of the New Zealander is little more than a bug-bear, so far as the European is concerned.

The origin of the revolting custom of cannibalism is involved in the greatest obscurity. It appears to have prevailed in

the earliest stages of society, in most parts of the world ; and there are traces of the practice throughout Polynesia. Even the mild inhabitants of Tahiti offered human sacrifice, and some parts of the rite on such occasions seemed the relics of a formal cannibalism. A fertile soil, by softening the manners, as well as by supplying abundance of more legitimate food, probably destroyed the custom. More near the Southern extremity of Asia, from which it seems impossible to doubt that the Polynesians derive their origin, and those customs which are not purely local,* a similar ferocity prevails. The Dyak, the inhabitant of Borneo, is obliged to possess a human head before he can be considered qualified for marriage.† This fierce nation shows the same capacity for improvement that is observable in the Polynesians generally, but particularly in the New Zealander. Before we come to conclusions unfavourable to such a capacity,

* See Dr Lang's very able and interesting treatise on the *Language and Migrations of the Polynesian Nation*.

† See *The Eastern Seas, or Voyages and Adventures in the Indian Archipelago, in 1392-93-94, &c.*, by George Windsor Earl, M.R. A.S. 8vo. pp. 461, Allen and Co. We are glad to have an opportunity of testifying to the pleasure and profit we have derived from the perusal of this work. Mr Earl was personally engaged in the busy traffic of the Archipelago, and at one time commanded a vessel manned by natives, himself the only European on board. His writing is characterized by a thorough familiarity with the scenes he describes, by an agreeable vivacity and graphic power, and by a humane and liberal insight into human nature in its most varied aspects. This volume is a valuable addition to our scanty knowledge of those seas.

we must, as Mr Earl advises, take a glance at the ancient history of Great Britain.

“ Their Southern neighbours,” says Gibbon, “ have felt, and perhaps exaggerated, the cruel depredations of the Scots and Picts ; and a valiant tribe of Caledonia, the Attacotti, the enemies and afterwards soldiers of Valentian, are accused, by an eye-witness, of delighting in the taste of human flesh. * * * * If in the neighbourhood of the commercial and literary town of Glasgow, a race of cannibals has really existed, we may contemplate in the period of the Scottish history the opposite extremes of savage and civilised life. Such reflexions tend to enlarge the circle of our ideas, and to encourage the pleasing hope that New Zealand will produce, in some future age, the Hume of the Southern hemisphere,”* Commerce, which binds the interests of men together, just as war separates and opposes them, has already made a step towards the destruction of anthropophagy in New Zealand. The fear of offending the European makes the New Zealander conceal his monstrous repast ; he begins to associate an idea of shame with it ; and the better feeling thus begun will ere long repress the appetite itself. In fact, it never has molested the European, but on very few occasions, when provoked by aggression. It was then at

most no worse than a customary climax to justified warfare. On one occasion, it is related, the master of a vessel undertook to carry home a chief from Sidney. On the passage he obliged this man, a chief, to work like a common sailor ; and even went so far as to have him flogged. On reaching their destination the chief published his wrongs, and his countrymen manifested their indignation. The master made light of their threats, and took no precautions, conciliatory or defensive. The consequence was one of those massacres which have shocked us here in England, where we assumed that the wrong was altogether on the side of the victors. Let us suppose that a Frenchman had undertaken a few years back to convey a Highland chief from Dunkirk to his native coast, and had flogged him by the way ; and that a massacre had ensued. Would the blame have been imputed to the Scot, or to the Frenchman ?

To the peaceable missionaries, and the amicable whalers no violence has been offered. The former sit, and sleep, with their doors and windows unbarred, secure in the faith of their dark neighbours.†

The New Zealander, in fact, is neither so crafty, so inexorable, nor so formidable as the Red Indian of America. His musket is not for ever practised upon game like the rifle of the American, and his implacability

* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* ; quoted in *The British Colonization of New Zealand*, p. 273.

† Pp. 208, 228, 257.

elocutionized into a virtue. On the contrary, intelligent and well disposed, he is anxious to attract traders and settlers to his shores. "There is plenty of spare land at New Zealand," say Honghi and Wykato,* two chiefs, in a memorial praying for miners, blacksmiths, carpenters, and soldiers to protect the emigrants. George, "the most powerful chief of New Zealand," expressed his indignation that Australia, with an inferior race of natives, should be preferred by English settlers. The plough is already used, and at page 230 of *The British Colonization* is a very interesting anecdote, which shows that the value of landed property is becoming known.

There are nearly 2000 persons resident upon the island, attracted, as we have intimated, by the commerce already existing. Among the shipping lists furnished by the resident correspondent of the *Sydney Herald*, the last, in the paper for May 11, 1837, announces as arrived in the Bay of Islands,

From Sydney, 10 vessels, five of which carry sundries for New Zealand. The others are laden with 3700 barrels of whale oil; from America 25 vessels, containing 46,650 barrels of whale oil; from London, 6 vessels containing 5966 barrels.

We subjoin some interesting import and export lists, which show that the amount of trade is far from contemptible. Under a proper government,

what might not be made of it!

From the Sydney Herald, 30th January 1837.

"4. Nimrod, 174 tons; for New Zealand. 10 barrels and 4 casks flour, 2 barrels ale, 3 bags, 1 cask, and 6 baskets sugar, 4 boxes candles, 3 chests tea, 13 boxes apparel, 55 packages ironmongery, 2 cases haberdashery, 19 packages stationery, 11 casks porter, 32 barrels powder, 1 case shoes, 3 cases and 2 hhds. wine, 1 bag rice, 41 packages hardware, 1 keg biscuits, 1 case groceries, 16 packages slops, 5 bales sacks, 1 package, a bell, 1 cask whitening, 18 cases oilman's stores, 8 puncheons and 16 barrels rum, 12 cases and 2 hhds. gin, 2 hhds. and pipe brandy, 25 kegs tobacco, 1 cask medicines, 22 bundles spades, 2 cases pipes, 18 felling axes, 1 piece lead, 12 bundles and 77 bars iron, 72 iron pots, 20 grindstones, 1 pair bellows, 2 bundles mast iron, 12 kegs paint, 6 boxes soap, 10 cases cigars. Passengers,—Gordon A. Thompson, Esq., Mrs Irvine and family, Mrs Harwood and family, and G. Domingo."—p. 349.

In other accounts we observe, 3 packages coopers' tools, 2 tons hoop iron, saws, 48 bars iron, 14 cases books, 32 bags sugar, 11 boxes soap, 13 bags and 10 casks salt, 18 grindstones, 40 tons empty casks, and 100 tons empty casks (!), and similar articles.

From the Sydney Herald, 26th December 1836.

"1. Sir David Ogleby, schooner, 123 tons; from New Zea-

land 6 tons flax, 1800 bushels maize, 2 tons bark, 150 pigs.

“Freights to New Zealand and South Sea Islands, 2*l.* to 2*l.* 10*s.* per ton.

“From the New Zealand fishery, the brig *Parkinson*, with 20 tons black oil and 1 ton whalebone.”

From the Sydney Herald, 23rd January 1837.

“2. Currency Lass, schooner, 90 tons, Edwards, master; from New Zealand. Cargo, 40 pigs, 450 bushels maize, 23 casks pork, 12 casks fat, 11 casks black oil, 8 packages lard, 12 packages dried fish, 5 tons potatoes.

From the Sydney Herald, 30th January 1837.

“3. Martha, brig, 121 tons, from Poverty Bay, New Zealand. 4 cases hams, 2 cases mats, 16 casks pork, 23 bundles whalebone, 2 casks oil, 1 keg 10 calabashes lard, 1130 baskets maize, 37 pigs, 30 casks pork, 1 cask pigs' cheeks, 2 casks ham, 300 baskets maize, 11 calabashes lard. Passengers,—Mr J. W. Harris, and Mr Thomas Ralph.

4. Marian Watson; same port. 46 casks black oil, 9 casks sperm oil, 114 bundles whalebone, 33 bundles rod iron, 16 casks pork, 2 casks lard. Passengers,—Mr and Mrs Wellard, Mr J. Brown, Mr Moore, Miss French.”—p. 351.

“There is before us ‘an account of merchandise expended in barter at New Zealand,’ by one of the traders in a trip in 1829; it consists exclusively of ‘powder, muskets, pistols, bullets, cartouch boxes, flints, lead,’ and some cases of ‘hatchets and nails.’ This is a sample of what the whole trade then was. Com-

pare it with the imports of 1837.”—p. 352.

We have seen how fine a country New Zealand is; we have seen that the fear of native ferocity is erroneous; and that a colony is in actual process of formation there. On the other hand, we have seen how vilely that process is carried on, and to what beneficial results it may be converted, by introducing a better system. For this purpose an Association, similar to that which has already procured the colonization of South Australia, has been formed. The Association consists of heads of families about to emigrate, and of public and influential men, who from motives of philanthropy are interested in the development of a rational system of colonization. The committee is formed entirely of the latter class, and includes all parties in politics. The Association have collected a great fund of information from books, travellers, traders, missionaries, nautical men, and indeed from all who could furnish it. A body of emigrants, including men of property and intelligence, is ready to set forth, only awaiting the sanction of the Imperial government. Their plans are matured with painstaking forethought. They propose to prevent in New Zealand that extermination of the natives, which has been the result of colonization in other quarters. With this view, while they offer the protection of English law to those natives

who join the settlement, they will make certain exceptional relaxations to meet the present capacity of the New Zealander for civilization. On this subject we refer the reader to an admirable article in the *Appendix*, by a reverend member of the Association. Society will be transferred to the new country in the shape it has at home, even to the episcopation of a bishop, whom it is proposed to appoint. Startling as it may be to our Radical readers, we are disposed to consider that such an appointment would be dictated by sound discretion. An intelligent and liberal man might do much good, at the same time that he would neutralize that sectarian intolerance which is apt to prevail in small communities.

Enough may be gathered from what we have already said, to prove our opinion of the future prospects of a colony in New Zealand. A glance at the map will show the position of the island in respect to the markets of India, the Cape, and the western coast of South America, for timber, Australia

for corn, China for provisions, and Polynesia for British manufactures. The trade in whale-oil and bone is in course of being transferred from the failing fishery of the north to the southern hemisphere, and the harbours of New Zealand give it every advantage in such a trade. The only point respecting which we need be anxious, is unnecessary delay. The French are well known to hanker after a settlement in that part of the world; and it would be disgraceful to England to let such a noble country escape her hands through mere delay.

We hope many of our readers will be anxious to know more on this interesting subject than can be crammed into a magazine article. We will refer them to the little volume published by the New Zealand Association. It is full of the most valuable information, and may prove a manual for obtaining all the knowledge that is to be obtained respecting New Zealand and its future colony.

GUY FAWKES AND MODERN CATHOLICISM.

EVERY morning of the fifth of November people's ears at breakfast are startled with the cry of little boys bringing their *Guy Foxes*, and reminding them that Popery was once a formidable thing in England, *and is*

now a joke. The little boys themselves rarely know the meaning of their exhibition, except that it is something to get a few halfpence by. Ask one of them who Guy was, and he will say, "Oh, I don't

know, Sir. It's only old Guy, Sir; only once a year." Another will tell you that it is "something about gunpowder treason, but what he cannot say." A third, more learned, will improve upon the other, by informing you that Guy Fox is "the Pope, and that the Pope once intended to blow up the Parliament."—"And who is the Pope?"—"Oh, I don't know, Sir; the devil, I believe. Father says that in his time they used to say, the Pope and the Devil."—"But if it is the Pope *and* the Devil, how can the Pope be the Devil?"—"Don't know indeed, Sir: a sort of relation, I suppose. *Do*, Sir; only once a year."

So saying, they dance off, delighted with their halfpence, and carrying their scarecrow to some other house, feeling in truth a sort of affection for poor old Guy, who brings them so much money, and is so merrily unintelligible.

The little boys are wiser in their ignorance than the big Tories. Also they are more candid in their money-getting. They know nothing, and do not pretend otherwise, about the matter, except that it is "only once a year," and that they want your halfpence. They feel that Guy Fawkes is no longer anything but a scarecrow; and ask your money, not upon the strength of the tragedy, but the goodness of the jest. But the Tories are now going about with this ghost of a by-gone time, seriously telling us that he is a very formid-

able person, and begging money for subscriptions *to hinder his getting into Parliament!!* The old spirit of Popery, instead of getting weaker every day, or merging into the growing liberality of all other sects, has, according to them, been acquiring strength all the while we were laughing at it, and caricaturing it, and forgetting it by reason of its very harmlessness: till at length, not content with being a jest for its insignificance, and personating a miserable devil who skulked underneath the Parliament-House with a tinder-box, Guy Fawkes is come to life again in the jovial person of Daniel O'Connell, and with a frightful impudence has taken possession of a seat in the House. *There* he sits, frightening Lord Roden and Sir Harcourt Lees, laughing and triumphing, and lighting the tinder-box of his intention as coolly as if it were a cigar, in order to blow Queen, Lords, and Commons to the devil. Nay, old Guy is not content with being one man, however jolly. He is a small number of Catholics besides; and what is very extraordinary, a good many Protestant gentlemen! Nay, if you come to that, he is the whole Treasury Bench, and the new Bishops. Dr Stanley will never be satisfied, till he sees the Smithfield fires renewed. Lord John Russell tears his hair to think, that no Catholic will hasten to take re-possession of Woburn Abbey. The whole Treasury Bench, did we say, and the new

Bishops? He is the whole majority of the Parliament and people of Great Britain! He is whatever is not anti-Tory; whatever is not Orange; whatever differs with Lord Lyndhurst and the King of Hanover. The spirit of the scarecrow, which goes about in a chair on the fifth of November, and gets a laughing penny for the little boys, has taken possession of the people who laugh at him, and is to blow them all up by their own consent! Such is the effect of the "march of mind;"—very different from the progress of things in the time of James the First, when people had no mind to be blown up, and the only march in request was the month that made the beer. But now your intellectual leader is old Guy, and he drags everything into his net. Every caricature of Catholicism is your only personage of importance. The whole or at least the major part of the mind of man is turned into an appetite for Popery, and three kingdoms are going to vindicate the fame of James's grandson, and throw themselves away for a mass. *Mens* has become *Dens*.

"*Dens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.*"

Dens "agitates" his mass, and is mix'd up With all the bodies corporate.

To be serious;—the whole opposition of the Tories to the Catholics at the present moment proceeds upon the monstrous assumption, that Catholicism has not partaken of the liberalizing spirit of advancement,

common to all other creeds; and it is accompanied with the remarkable fact, that in proportion as it affects to differ with Catholic bigotry in Ireland, it agrees with it in every other country, and does its utmost to set it above the existing governments. The Tory has altered the spirit of his own religious creed; at least, generally speaking, his church establishment has, openly; and he, secretly; for what dean or bishop now preaches the damnatory Calvinistical things mixed up with the creed and the thirty-nine articles; and how few are the goers to church, that would not be *shocked*, if you showed them in those articles what they profess to believe? Yet according to the Tories, who have forsaken their literal creed, the Catholics are still to be responsible for theirs; and though Lauds, and Cranmers, and other Protestant persecutors, have gone out of date, Bonners and Gardners abound among the countrymen of Dr Geddes and Father O'Leary! Then with regard to Tory patronage of Popery in other countries,—if O'Connell for instance, were a Spaniard, and fighting in behalf of his church in the Basque provinces, the Tories would be on his side. If he were a Portuguese, fighting in behalf of the Arch-angel Michael, Colonel of the first regiment of Lisbon foot, the Tories would be on his side. If he had been a "Pope and the Devil" man in the last French Revolution, or in the former French Revolution,

praying with Cardinal Latil, or writing with the Abbe Barruel, the Tories would have been on his side. They would have fought twenty years by it; joined a Holy Alliance in its favour; accompanied its struggles and its banishments with the greatest respect, hats off and purses in hand; and identified its cause with that of good government all over the world; to wit, despotism on the throne, and ignorance among the people.

And on what ground would they have defended this policy? "Oh," they would have said, "Catholicism is a very different thing now from what it was. There are no inquisitions and massacres now; no Pope of any consequence. To support it, is a good reaction against infidelity and disobedience." This is what they said when they fought against the first French Revolution. In other words, and upon their own grounds, they would have vindicated that very harmlessness of the creed in France, Spain, Italy, Portugal, and Germany, which they pretend to consider something so dreadfully the reverse in the hands of the poor good-natured Irish, who ask them for permission not to pay two churches.

Most truly is it to be granted, that Catholicism is not the formidable thing it was in those countries. Strange indeed would it be, if after all that has been done by the Voltaires and Rousseaus, the Arandas and Jovellanos, the Beccarias,

Filangieris, Wielands and Goethes, &c. Catholicism should be what it was under Philip the Second or Catharine de Medicis. But granting there is no danger to the civilized world, or to the amenities of Protestantism, in the present condition of ninety-nine hundredths of the Catholic part of it, what is the meaning of the danger to be apprehended from the poor, ragged, half-starved remainder; the hundredth part; to wit,—the Irish part;—living upon potatoes and sea-weed, and paying two churches? Is the mere fact of its asking permission to pay only one, the same thing in amount of horror as the massacres and stakes of old?

Supposing, for the sake of argument, (ridiculous as such suppositions often are) that the dreams of such men as Lords Roden and Kenyon could be true, and that there *were* a danger of reaction on the part of the Irish Catholics, if they got the ascendancy in their own country, is large Great Britain going to be run down all of a sudden by little Ireland, like a ship by a cock-boat? or if it is meant that there could be a sanguinary reaction in Ireland against the Protestants, is there no such thing as a salutary respect for the large ship on the part of the little vessel? and who made the reaction, were it to happen? The Priests? Why the very Priests are made, or their success is made for them, by the policy of the former Protestant governments;

which has been proved (as the *Morning Chronicle* showed the other day) to have diminished its own religious adherents in the country from one-third to one-tenth, in the course of the last seventy years. Ill-treatment has been adding to Catholicism in Ireland, while good treatment has been decreasing it over the rest of Christendom. A gentleman in Ireland sticks ostensibly to the letter of his creed, because his creed is ill-used, and it becomes a generous man to stand by its poorer professors. In France and Italy he can waive the manifestation, and liberalize upon his creed, as gentlemen in other countries do upon theirs; that is to say, he can merge it into the most general and benevolent Christianity,—work out the intentions of its divine Founder in the true Catholicism of charity, or universal brotherly love. Yet even Ireland has produced many a Priest—some eminent instances are living—whom no ill-treatment could deprive of the nobleness of their own natures, or render unchristian denouncers of their worst enemies. What right have the Tories to assume, that the lively, good-natured, and “credulous” Irish people, who took George the Fourth at his word, after all his broken promises, merely because he came to see them and break them again, would not kiss their own hands to-morrow with tears of gratitude, if they would say something handsome of them in

Parliament, and promise to give them an equal chance of education? We have unchristian leaven enough remaining in us, to say, that we *fear* they would.

The truth is, that a Tory does not hate Popery at all, any more than he hates any species of despotism, or the “laying a little blood with dust;” and for this short and simple reason,—that *modern Toryism*, as far as the spirit can exist in compatibility with modern advancement, is *old Popery*; that is to say, it is the assumption of infallibility and the spirit of dictation, making a penalty of difference of opinion. It therefore believes all the ill of others, the existence of which it is compelled to feel in itself. It thinks that others will wrong it, because it has wronged them; and it endeavours to keep its own wrong in perpetual ascendancy and in a false sense of right, by the trick common to all tyranny when opposed,—that of adding complaint to injustice, and assuming, with a stare of imperious and indignant astonishment at our thinking otherwise, that the injustice itself is the justest thing in the world, and full of right reason; a thing, which the ancient philosopher declared to be the most irritating and intolerable of all impudencies.

“New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large,” said Milton, when he saw what the Presbyterians were doing towards restoring the old corruptions. New anti-Catholic, in like

manner, is but old Catholic. He is the same enemy of liberty of opinion in others, out of the same love of particular ascendancy in himself; which he proves by keeping down his *own many*, as well as the few with whom he differs: *for a Tory has no eye to the progress of the world, apart from his perpetual guidance of it, and the eternity of the same amount of poverty and labour in those who come toiling in his train.* This, because it is the disposition of things at present, and convenient to himself, he arrogantly pronounces to be God's ordinance for ever; and "damns" us all, like Lord Peter in the tale, if we "offer to believe otherwise." Such a thing as a

"millennium" he may believe as a part of his creed, and in church-time: for there is an awkward Christian announcement to that effect; but the idea of anything like an approach to the most common-sense notion of it, in a little better distribution of time and means, he scouts equally as an ignorant piece of belief in the capabilities of the human head and heart, and a special blasphemy against that power of his which he presumes to identify with God's desires, and the immortality of the universe! Poor little speck of a Tory! and so he sees the power already changing into other hands, and goes mad upon his atom of dust, called a park and mansion.

TO HELEN.

SWEET Lady, should I tell thee that I love,
 Five joyous hearts, whose life is glad in mine,
 Were broken by that vow: but less divine
 I may not think thee than thy looks approve:
 For never did the Cyprian goddess move
 In more excelling beauty, self-create,
 Than thou, a maiden of earth's low estate,
 In thy meek majesty of quiet love.
 Nor deem this simple homage little worth,
 Because unto ideal virtues given;—
 If in thy face—and be the sin forgiven—
 We trace the soul of some celestial birth,
 Marvel not, Lady; for we know of heaven
 But by the faith we realise on earth.

T. F. TRIEBNER.

CHILDBED.

A PROSE-POEM.

AND is childbed among the graces, with its close room, and its unwilling or idle visitors, and its jesting nurse (the old and indecent stranger), and its unmotherly, and unwifely, and unlovely lamentations? Is pain so unpleasant that love cannot reconcile it? and can pleasures be repeated without shame, which are regretted with hostile cries and resentment!

No. But childbed is among the graces, with the handsome quiet of its preparation, and the smooth pillow sustaining emotion, and the soft steps of love and respect, and the room in which the breath of the universe is gratefully permitted to enter, and mild and venerable aid, and the physician (the urbane security), and the living treasure containing treasure about to live, who looks in the

eyes of him that caused it and seeks energy in the grappling of his hand, and hides her face in the pillow that she may save him a pain by stifling a greater. There is a tear for what may have been done wrong, ever; and for what may never be to be mutually pardoned again; but it is gone, for what needs it? Angelical are their whispers apart; and Pleasure meets Pain the seraph, and knows itself to be noble in the smiling testimony of his severity.

It was on a May evening, in a cottage flowering with the green-gage, in the time of hyacinths and new hopes, when the hand that wrote this, took the hand that had nine times lain thin and delicate on the bed of a mother's endurance; and he kissed it, like a bride's.

L. H., 1827.

DEATH AND GOODNESS.

Τῇδε Εαὼν ὁ Δίκωνος Ακανθίος ἱερὸν ὕπνον
Κοιμάται· δνησκειν μὴ λεγε τὸς ἀγαθός.

Sleeping the sacred sleep, here Saon lies;

For never be it said, the good man dies.

Retrospective Review :

OR,

COMPANION TO THE LOVER OF OLD BOOKS.

"Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to converse with, and old books to read."—ALFONSO, KING OF ARRAGON.

No. III.—*Beneficence of Bookstalls.* "*Galateo, or a Treatise on Politeness.*" *Curious instance of Italian delicacy of reproof.*

GREAT and liberal is the magic of the bookstalls; truly deserved is the title of cheap shops. Your second-hand bookseller is second to none in the worth of the treasure which he dispenses; far superior indeed to most; and infinitely superior in the modest profits he is content with. So much so, that one really feels ashamed, sometimes, to pay him such nothings for his goods. In some instances (for it is not the case with every one) he condescends even to expect to be "beaten down" in the price he charges, petty as it is; and accordingly is good enough to ask more than he will take, as though he did nothing but refine upon the pleasures of the purchaser. Not content with valuing knowledge and delight at a comparative nothing, he takes ingenious steps to make even that nothing less; and under the guise of a pretty struggle to the contrary

(as if to give you an agreeable sense of your energies) seems dissatisfied unless he can send you away thrice blessed,—blessed with the book, blessed with the cheapness of it, and blessed with the advantage you have had over him in making the cheapness cheaper. Truly, we fear that out of a false shame we have too often defrauded our second-hand friend of the generous self-denial he is thus prepared to exercise in our favour; and by giving him the price set down in his catalogue, left him with impressions to our disadvantage.

And yet who can see treasures of wisdom and beauty going for a price which seems utterly unworthy of them, and stand haggling, with any comfort, for a sixpence or three-pence more or less; doubting whether the merits of Shakespeare or Spenser can bear the weight of another four-penny

piece; or whether the volume that Alexander the Great put into a precious casket, has a right to be estimated at the value of a box of wafers?

To be serious;—they who can afford to give a second-hand bookseller what he asks in his catalogue, may in general do it with good reason, as well as a safe conscience. He is of an anxious and industrious class of men, compelled to begin the world with laying out ready money and living very closely: and if he prospers, the commodities and people he is conversant with, encourage the good and intellectual impressions with which he set out, and generally end in procuring him a reputation for liberality as well as acuteness.

Now observe. Not long since, we picked up, within a short interval of each other, and for eighteen-pence, versions of the two most famous books of instruction in polite manners, that Italy, their first Christian teacher, refined the world with;—the ‘Courtier’ of Count Baldassare Castiglione (Raphael’s friend), for a shilling; and the ‘Galateo’ of Giovanni de la Casa, Archbishop of Benevento (who wrote the banter on the name of John, which was translated in our third number) for six-pence. The former we may perhaps give an account of another time. It is a book of greater pretensions, and embracing wider and more general considerations than ‘Galateo;’

which chiefly concerns itself with what is decorous and graceful in points more immediately relating to the person and presence. Some of these would be held of a trifling, and others of a coarse nature in the present day, when we are reaping the benefit of treatises of this kind; and the translator, in his notes, has shown an unseasonable disposition to extract amusement from that which the more gentlemanlike author feels bound but not willing to notice. Della Casa indeed was not always decent in his other works; and it is curious to observe that these public teachers of decorum, who do not avoid, if they do not seek, subjects of an unpleasant nature, have been less nice in their own practice, than they might have been. Chesterfield himself was a man of no very refined imagination, and Swift is proverbially coarse. Swift indeed has said, that “a nice man is a man of nasty ideas;” which may be true of some kinds of nice men, but is certainly not of all. The difference depends upon whether the leading idea of a man’s mind is deformity or beauty. A man undoubtedly may avoid what is unbecoming, from thinking too nicely of it; but in that case, the habitual idea is deformity. On the other hand, he may tend to the becoming out of such an habitual love of the beautiful, that the mind naturally adjusts itself to that side of things, without thinking of the other; just as some people

affect grace, and others are graceful by a certain harmony of nature, moving their limbs properly without endeavouring to do so; or just as some people give money out of ostentation or for fear of being thought stingy, while others do it for the pure delight of giving. Swift might as well have said of these latter, that they were people of *penurious* ideas, as that all who love cleanliness or decorum are people of nasty ones. The next step in logic would be, that a rose was only a rose, because it had an excessive tendency to be a thistle.

Poor, admirable, perplexing Swift, the master-mind of his age! He undid his own excuse, when he talked in this manner; for with all his faults (some of them accountable only from a perplexed brain) and with all which renders his writings in some respects so revolting, it might have been fancied that he made himself a sort of martyr to certain good intentions, if he had not taken these pains to undo the supposition. And perhaps there was something of the kind, after all, in his heroical ventures upon the reader's disgust; though the habits of his contemporaries were not refined in this respect, and are therefore not favourable to the conclusion.

A thorough treatise on good manners would startle the readers of any generation, our own certainly not excepted; and partly for this reason, that out

of the servility of a too great love of money we are always confounding fashion with good breeding; though no two things can in their nature be more different,—fashion going upon the ground of will and exclusiveness, and good breeding on that of a subjection of the will and universal benevolence. A fashionable man may indeed be well bred, though it will go hard with him to be so and preserve his thorough fashionableness. To take an instance out of a hundred:—there came up a *fashion* some time ago of confining the introduction of people at dinner parties to the announcement of their names by a servant, on their entrance into the room; so that unless you came last, everybody else did not know who you were; and if you did, you yourself perhaps were not acquainted with the name of a single other guest! The consequence in a mixed party was obvious. Even the most tragical results might have taken place; and perhaps have so. We were present on one occasion, where some persons of different and warm political opinions were among the company, and it was the merest chance in the world that one of them was not insulted by the person sitting next him, the conversation every instant tending to that special point, and some of the hearers sitting on thorns while it was going on. Now good breeding has been justly defined “the art of making those easy with whom

you converse;" and here was a fashionable violation of it! *

We shall conclude this article, like our former ones, with making an extract of the most striking passage in the book noticed. It is entitled by the author, or his translator, 'Count Richard,' and is given as "an instance of delicate reproof." The reproof is delicate enough in some respects, and of a studied benevolence; but whether the delicacy is perfect, we shall enquire a little when we have repeated it. At all events, the account is singular and interesting, as a specimen of the highest ultra-manners of those times, — the sixteenth century.

"There was, some years ago, a Bishop of Verona, whose name was John Matthew Gilberto; a man deeply read in the Holy Scriptures, and thoroughly versed in all kinds of polite literature. This prelate, amongst many other laudable qualities, was a man of great elegance of manners, and of great generosity; and entertained those many gentlemen and people of fashion, who frequented his house, with the utmost hospitality, and (without transgressing the bounds of moderation) with such a decent magnificence, as became a man of his sacred character.

"It happened then, that a certain nobleman, whom they called *Count Richard*, passing through Verona at that time,

spent several days with this bishop and his family; in which every individual almost was distinguished by his learning and politeness. To whom, as this illustrious guest appeared particularly well-bred, and every way agreeable, they were full of his encomiums; and would have esteemed him a most accomplished person, but that his behaviour was sullied with one trifling imperfection; which the prelate himself also, a man of great penetration, having observed, he communicated the affair, and canvassed it over with some of those with whom he was most intimate. Who, though they were unwilling to offend, on so trifling an occasion, a guest of such consequence, yet at length agreed, that it was worth while to give the Count an hint of it in a friendly manner. When therefore the Count, intending to depart the next day, had, with a *good grace*, taken leave of the family, the Bishop sent for one of his most intimate friends, a man of great prudence and discretion, and gave him a strict charge, that, when the Count was now mounted, and going to enter upon his journey, he should wait on him part of the way, as a mark of respect; and, as they rode along, when he saw a convenient opportunity, he should signify to the Count, in as gentle and friendly a manner as possible, that which had before been agreed upon amongst themselves.

"Now this domestic of the

* If it be too troublesome to the benevolence of fashionable society to introduce people to one another on these occasions, *viva voce*, why not let the card of each person, on entering, be given to a servant, whose business it should be to put it in a rack for the purpose; so that at least it might be known who was in the room, and who not?

Bishop's was a man of advanced age; of singular learning, uncommon politeness, and distinguished eloquence, and also of a sweet and insinuating address; who had himself spent a great part of his life in the courts of great Princes; and was called, and perhaps is at this time called Galateo; at whose request, and by whose encouragement, I first engaged in writing this treatise.

"This gentleman, then, as he rode by the side of the Count, on his departure, insensibly engaged him in a very agreeable conversation on various subjects. After chattering together very pleasantly, upon one thing after another, and it appearing now time for him to return to Verona, the Count began to insist upon his going back to his friends, and for that purpose he himself waited on him some little part of the way.—There, at length, Galateo with an open and free air, and in the most obliging expressions, thus addressed the Count: 'My Lord,' says he, 'the Bishop of Verona, my master, returns you many thanks for the honour which you have done him: particularly that you did not disdain to take up your residence with him, and to make some little stay within the narrow confines of his humble habitation.'

"Moreover, as he is thoroughly sensible of the singular favour you have conferred upon him on this occasion; he has enjoined me, in return, to make you a tender of some favour on his part; and begs you, in a more particular manner, to accept cheerfully, and in good part, his intended kindness.

"Now, my Lord, the favour
No. 383—V.

is this. The Bishop, my master, esteems your Lordship as a person truly noble; so graceful in all your deportment, and so polite in your behaviour, that he hardly ever met with your equal in this respect; on which account, as he studied your Lordship's character with a more than ordinary attention, and minutely scrutinized every part of it, he could not discover a single article, which he did not judge to be extremely agreeable, and deserving of the highest encomiums. Nay, he would have thought your Lordship complete in every respect, without a single exception; but that in one particular action of yours, there appeared some little imperfection: which is, that when you are eating at table, the motion of your lips and mouth causes an uncommon smacking kind of a sound, which is rather offensive to those who have the honour to sit at table with you. This is what the good prelate wished to have your Lordship acquainted with; and entreats you, if it is in your power, carefully to correct this ungraceful habit for the future; and that your Lordship would favourably accept this friendly admonition, as a particular mark of kindness; for the Bishop is thoroughly convinced, that there is not a man in the whole world, besides himself, who would have bestowed on your Lordship a favour of this kind.

"The Count, who had never before been made acquainted with this foible of his, on hearing himself thus taxed, as it were, with a thing of this kind, blushed a little at first, but, soon recollecting himself, like a man

of sense, thus answered: 'Pray, sir, do me the favour to return my compliments to the Bishop; and tell his Lordship, that if the presents, which people generally make to each other, were all of them such as his Lordship has made me, they would really be much richer than they now are. However, sir, I cannot but esteem myself greatly obliged to the Bishop for this polite instance of his kindness and friendship for me; and you may assure his Lordship, I will most undoubtedly use my utmost endeavours to correct this failing of mine for the future. In the meantime, sir, I take my leave of you, and wish you a safe and pleasant ride home.' "

The translator has the following note on this story:—

"It may be questioned, whether the freedom of an English University, where a man would be told of his foibles with an honest laugh, and a thump on the back, would not have shocked Count Richard less than this ceremonious management of the affair." —p. 23.

The virtue of the thump on the back would certainly depend on the honesty of the laugh; that is to say, on the real kindness of it, and the willingness of the laugher to undergo a similar admonition; but motives and results on these occasions are equally problematical; and upon the whole, that sort of *manual* of politeness is not to be commended.

With regard to the exquisite delicacy of the admonisher of Count Richard, exquisite it was to a certain literal extent,

and not without much that is spiritual. It was sought out, and elaborate enough; and above all, the adviser did not forget to dwell upon the good qualities of the person advised, and make the fault as nothing in comparison. For as it has been well observed by a late philosopher (Godwin) that "advice is not disliked for its own sake, but because so few people know how to give it," so the ignorance generally shown by advisers consists in not taking care to do justice to the merits of the other party, and sheathing the wound to the self-love in all the balm possible. And it must be owned, that for the most part advisers are highly in want of advice themselves, and do but thrust their pragmatism in the teeth of the vanity they are hurting. Now, without supposing that the exquisite Bishop and his messenger, who gave the advice to Count Richard, were not men of really good breeding in most respects, or that the latter in particular did not deserve the encomiums bestowed on him by Monsignore della Casa, we venture, with infinite apologies and self-abasements before the elegant ghost of his memory, to think, that on the present occasion, he and his employer failed in one great point; to wit, that of giving the Count to understand, that they themselves were persons who failed, or in the course of their experience had failed, in some nice points of behaviour; otherwise (so we con-

ceive they should have spoken) they would not have presumed to offer the benefit of that experience to so accomplished a gentleman. For we hold, that unless it is a father or mother, or some such person, whose motives are to be counted of superior privilege to all chance of re-action, nobody has a right to advise another, or can give it without presumption, who is not prepared to

consult the common right of all to a considerate treatment of their self-love; and as arrogant people are famous for the reverse of this considerateness, so it was an arrogation, though it did not imply habitual arrogance, in good Signor Galateo, to say not a syllable of his own defects, while pointing out one to his noble and most courteous guest.

NEW BOOKS.

Goethe's Correspondence with a Child. 2 vols. 12mo. Longman.

THIS is a most extraordinary book. It is published in aid of a monument to Goethe; is translated apparently by a German, or some one whose German habits have hurt his English; begins with some verses in German-English, almost unintelligible; is far superior however in the prose, which for the most part is very readable and significant; and amidst topics of all sorts, manifesting a singular precocity of understanding, and a far more singular intensity and eloquence of feeling, contains a series of confessions of love to the great German poet, then in his fifty-eighth year, from a girl of thirteen! This beats Eloisa's love for Abelard, and Miss Vanhomrigh's for Swift; in both which instances, the gentlemen were but twenty years or so older than the ladies; which, majestic as the difference was, was "no-

thing to signify," compared with forty-five. Nor did an interview make a difference in our heroine's feelings; though what effect it had upon those of the poet, who had been seriously experienced in such matters, may be guessed from the nature of it. After giving her, first, a grave, penetrating look, and then a hasty embrace, he placed her opposite him on a sofa, and began talking of a death mentioned in the papers. "Ah!" said his lively friend, "I don't read the papers." "Indeed? I had believed that everything which happens in Weimar would have interested you." "No: nothing interests me but you alone, and I am far too impatient to pore over newspapers." "You are a kind child." A long pause. The lady suddenly exclaimed, "I can't stay here upon the sofa," and sprang up. "Well," said her host, "make yourself at home." She flew to him, was received with another embrace, and—went to sleep. She subsequently explains this, by

saying that she had not slept three nights for thinking of him. It is easy to see the footing on which Goethe would afterwards maintain a correspondence with a nature of this kind; to say nothing of the reasons arising from difference of years. He had led a true poet's life, full of sensation, and thought, and mixed delight and suffering; and by this time was longing for repose: he could not bear what are called "scenes:"—and the consequence was, that the title of the work before us is hardly ingenuous; for it is not 'Goethe's Correspondence with a Child,' in anything like the proportion of the child's correspondence with Goethe. His letters are very few, brief, and quiet; though they exhibit a strong sense of the extraordinary prowess of his little fairy mistress, who resembles the Mignon of his Wilhelm Meister, and overflows with passion and imagination, which she pours forth on all sorts of subjects, music and politics included; on the former of which she mounts into the loftiest metaphysical subtleties, which touch at the very utmost heaven, not indeed of the knowable, but of the *guessable*. The book, besides the interest of her own burning and extraordinary self (who in Catholic times might have been another Saint Teresa), contains highly entertaining notices of Goethe's mother (who was attached to her) and of Wieland, Beethoven, and others; and notwithstanding the startling vehemence of the lady's temperament, it is impossible not to conceive a liking for her, she is so candid as well as eloquent, and for all her profession of seeing nothing in

the world but Goethe, takes such delight in everything else that is great or loveable. Her father was an Italian General of the name of Brentano, probably of German connexions, certainly of French; and though she evidently prides herself on her youthful passion, she appears to have since married, as she writes her present name "Arnheim." The volumes are said to have had a great sale in Germany. A doubt has been expressed of their authenticity; and it is difficult, from various circumstances, not to fancy occasionally that they have been re-touched at a later age; but, for our part, we confess that our faith in the rare powers of nature are almost unbounded, especially if called forth by love; and we know of instances of eloquent passion in young female Italians, that would diminish the coldest unbelief in the extraordinary faculties of Bettina Brentano. Besides, *thirteen* in Italy would be eighteen or twenty in England.

The Love-Chase. A Comedy, in Five Acts. By James Sheridan Knowles. Moxon.

"My son Cartwright writes all like a man," said Ben Jonson; and he would have said so of Sheridan Knowles. It is delightful to see how this manly vein of feeling, at once robust and tender, pervades every production of this *heartly* poet, in spite too of a certain mixture of the obsolete and artificial in style, acquired in the rhetorical school of his excellent father, the author of the 'Dictionary.' Knowles is a robust and beating heart, bred up in the 'Enfield Speaker,' and making its origi-

nal pulsations be felt, through the waistcoat of the old pattern volume. The only fault we find with him, in these unconventional times, is that his sympathies, large as they are, partake a little too much of the retrospectiveness of his style; and stop short of certain wider, and we cannot help thinking, juster notions of right and wrong, especially in the treatment and appreciation of females. Here is one of the heroes of the drama before us, for instance,—Waller, who is a mere conventional gentleman of the most ordinary kind, not free from the most vicious assumptions of a man of the town, in thinking he has a right to the love of a woman whom, according to his own notions, he has attempted to degrade; and the woman is made to love him, for no reason that we can discern; and they are married. Then we have also a sort of Beatrice, who banters and even storms a man into love (a strange process!) and is understood to love the man she thus lords it over and makes ridiculous; which though in nature, after a certain fashion, is, to our taste, not pleasant or womanly nature; though Shakspeare, among his various portraitures, has justifiably given a specimen of it. The other principal characters are a couple of vain old people, who are made absurd, and produce an old theatrical surprise, by assuming that the younger ones are enamoured of them. In short, we do not think this comedy one of the newest or most agreeable of Mr Knowles's productions, though there are many passages in it full of his usual beauty and truthfulness.

The Death of Marlowe. A Tragedy, in One Act. By R. H. Horne, Author of 'Cosmo de' Medici.' Saunders and Otley.

WE need not tell the readers of the MONTHLY REPOSITORY, that this is a reprint; nor what a masterly specimen it is of the concentration of a world of life, passion, and sympathy. If the old Globe, or Blackfriars Theatre, could suddenly be raised out of the ground, with those who just remembered the days of Marlowe for spectators, this were a piece to fill up an hour for them, to the content of their stout and truly refined souls;—souls, that minced no matters in which humanity was discernible. But who shall dare now-a-days to bring a courtesan on the stage, and find that she retains a heart in her bosom? Extremes meet; and the new sense of a doubt of our moral perfection, falling upon a mechanical age, renders conventionality doubly sore and suspicious, and rebukes its want of courage and real innocence. We have to thank Mr Horne for a great honour done us, by the inscription of the work to our name.

Sketches in the Pyrenees, &c. By the Author of 'Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine,' and the 'Gossip's Week.'
(Second Notice.)

AN objection, which grieves us, has been made to the use of the word "fine-ladyism" in our first article on this charming book. We are thought to have meant a great deal more by it than we did, and to imply that the highly intelligent and feeling authoress is but a sophisticate person after all, and a dealer in

nothing but landscapes! We lament, but we cannot understand, how the word could have occasioned a mistake so contradicted by all the rest of our context. We spoke, after all, of only "*a little bit* of fine-ladyism," and merely meant even that as one of a negative kind, originating in sympathies which she could not omit with her own circle, and exhibiting itself only in little lurking apologies for such handsome propensities as a love of fairy tales, and an inclination to stop and look at book-shops. The fair author is unquestionably one of the most graceful, facile, and feeling writers of the day, whether females or male; and can touch the heart no less than the eye-sight; as may be seen in some of the exquisite stories in her '*Gossip's Week*.'

Helena. A Poem. By Thomas Wade. *The Shadow Seeker.* Ditto. Moxon.

WE notice these poems again, partly to correct a preposterous mistake of the press, and partly to express a hope, and indeed a *certainly*, that the gifted author has not lost his contributory good-will towards us on account of a sincerity, issuing out of our very regard and admiration. Instead of the word "*vanity*," the reader will substitute the one marked in italics in the exordium of the criticism; which we here repeat, corrected:—

"Thomas Wade, our esteemed contributor, is a poet; and may go on his way, rejoicing in the dignity and *rarity* of that appellation."

As to the rest, we should not have thought it becoming in us to exercise the critical right of a

senior over a junior to the extent we ventured upon, had our opinion of Mr Wade's genius been less, or had we not thought him precisely one of the men qualified to extend among his fellow-creatures the beauty of hope, and the union of cheerfulness with endeavour. He has done the one often, and he is healthy and admired enough to do the other always; and why should he forego his privilege ever? "A poet," says Plato, "is a light, a winged, and a sacred thing;" sacred, not indeed in its superiority to any sympathy,—for that would be an inhumanity and a foppery,—but sacred in its power to sympathize without restriction; but then its sympathy should be really powerful; that is to say, powerful to help, and not merely able to complain. Mr Wade sometimes says as beautiful things as any man living: and all we should beg of him is, that he would never show himself inferior to that loving faith which is the only creator of the beautiful.

Lyrics. By John Lee Stevens.

THIS volume is bound in the most beautiful green cloth that ever rejoiced our eyes. It is as vivid as moss in spring, or an apple in sunny rain. And there is a song behind the green too, albeit the bird is of the mocking species, and reminds us too often of notes not its own,—often inferior ones. In short, if Mr Stevens values a true bit of reputation, as we hope he will (and the smallest poetical bit is surely a gem,—an emerald, like his green), he will bear to be told, that four-fifths of his book are

“naught;” but the rest has a real vein of feeling and melody, truly lyrical,—fit to sing after supper to good souls, and evincing both a cheerful and tender spirit,—

“A tear in its eye, and a smile on its lip.”

Lyric the twenty-sixth is beautiful.

Bibliotheca Cantiana: a Bibliographical Account of what has been published on the History, Topography, Antiquities, Customs, and Family History, of the County of Kent. By John Russell Smith. 8vo. pp. 360. Smith.

THIS is a work by the publisher, our good friend in Compton street, who, next to Mr Miller of Oxford street, has been the first to patronize our catalogue-publishing aspirations, and therefore has our cordial good wishes for his own sake, as well as for the merit of what he publishes. No lover, that can afford it, of fertile, manly, sea-breathing Kent, the unconquered county, the bough-carrying bargainer with William the First, will be without the volume now before us; the merit of compiling which, in the way in which Mr Smith has done it, is not to be easily appreciated by those who do not know what it is to be obliged to consult a multitude of books, and to have a conscience in doing it. It contains much original information, and matter interesting to the Historian, Biographer, Localist, and Politician, including a list of acts of Parliament.

EMBELLISHED WORKS OF THE
SEASON.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell. London: Edward Moxon. 1837. 8vo. pp. 306.

A BEAUTIFUL reprint of the works of one of our most classical and admired poets. The letter-press is interspersed with twenty designs after Turner, which are some of his best. ‘The Soldier’s Dream’ is an ingenious blending of a real scene, the battle field at night, during a truce, with the scene the dreamer sees with his mind’s eye, his sunny home. The soldier is gazing on the ground, which seems to open, and reveal the treasures he is thinking of. Ehrenbreitstein is a curious little miniature of a giant.

Syria, the Holy Land, Asia Minor, &c., Illustrated. In a series of Plates, drawn from nature by W. H. Bartlett, W. Purser, &c. With Descriptions of the Plates, by John Carne, Esq. London: Fisher, Son, and Co. 4to. pl. 37, pp. 76.

THIS is one of that class of *annuals*, which, treating of matters of fact, possesses a kind of perennial interest, though no less handsomely got up than its fellows. The views in the present volume are all by Mr Bartlett, whose improvement in the art of view-taking we have watched with pleasure; they include some of the most striking scenes in the romantic region from which they are taken. The descriptive letter-press is pertinent and interesting. It appears to be partially composed of the notes of the intelligent artist.

[Robert Owen’s *Six Lectures*, and several other books, including *Annuals*, are unavoidably delayed till our next. Works, intended for notice in the coming month, should be sent not later than a fortnight previous.

TO THE READER.

THE Address to the Reader has been transferred to this place, for a reason connected with the Advertisements.

A rogue of a friend, who knows our dislike of making alterations in the manuscripts of our correspondents, has stolen a march upon us in his visit to the Copper Works at Harefield, and absolutely taken advantage of our ultra-beneficent pages to encourage the gentle ungentleness of angling! However, we can assure the reader, that he is to be taken at his word as to his unskillfulness in the craft. *Videri vult* bad angler, *et est*. (He wishes to be thought a bad angler, and *he is one*; as Martial said of the pauper, who affected to be able to afford a show of his poverty.) Our friend is too good a poet to be a proper dilacerator of jaws. He only affects it out of an ultra-sympathy with the universal,—with the *quicquid agunt homines* (whatever other men do); a very good principle, but in practice not thoroughly needful to a teacher of men; otherwise such an one ought occasionally to steal a little, or stick people with bayonets, in order to keep alive a sense of his common humanity.

Since writing our article on the Queen and the Working Classes, we rejoice to see that O'Connell has been invited to dine with a meeting of the latter; and that he has accepted the invitation, in a letter full of his usual energy and sound sense. The lovers of justice and thorough public spirit have also been delighted at seeing the part taken with the many by the current number of the *London and Westminster Review*,—a publication that has lately shewn itself more than ever full of materials for eloquent and masterly influence on the social mind. L. H.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have unfortunately been obliged to delay Mr Scott's poem, 'A Dream of Love,' till our next.

We have no recollection of the MS. mentioned by Mr G. H.; but will inquire about it.

We are obliged to Mr G., and doubt not that he expresses his real opinion; but we do not feel authorised to give the world a criticism on a book which we have not seen.

Lines on the "Protestant Burial Ground at Rome," the first opportunity.

It is only by one of those repeated accidents which baffle the will, that the metaphysical paper of our correspondent, L. D., has been delayed. It will appear next month. We have great respect for his powers of mind, and from what we see of him by letter, for his temper and disposition; and should be sorry if he thought us negligent.

B ~~is~~ has undoubtedly a genuine poetical feeling, which only wants cultivation; but we exhort him by no means to let the "course of his life" depend upon it. Poetry cannot command the necessities of life, though it may add a million-fold to its comforts.

We are not able to avail ourselves of the communications of our fair correspondent, L. E., or of the entertaining story of A. C.

Our friend, W. A. W., is a thinking man, but he will not take pains to write a publishable style.

Echion's paper on *Cemeteries* will be inserted with great pleasure in our next.

The feelings of A. B. are touching; but may there not be a little more danger than he suspects in dwelling upon them?

If our esteemed friend, M. C., of Devonport, had cultivated writing as much as he has done the affections, and his love of the writings of others, his pen would have been of no mean order. We doubt whether we ought to say this publicly, as his letter is marked private; but we have reasons for it that he would pardon. Will he write to us again, and say that he does so? We were delighted to hear of him and his, though sorry to come upon the passage which so beautifully speaks of the little "shadow that steals between them and their prayers."

TO READERS OF THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY.—In consequence of No. I of the New Series being out of print, the publisher will feel obliged to subscribers who will exchange No. I of the New Series for the current Number.