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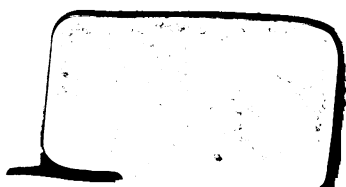
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THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW,
OR
CRITICAL JOURNAL:

FOR
JULY, 1834, ... JANUARY, 1835.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

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THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1834.

№. CXXI.

ART. I.—*Philip Van Artevelde; a Dramatic Romance.* By
HENRY TAYLOR. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1834.

READERS of poetry are indebted to the author of ‘Philip Van Artevelde’ for something more than temporary amusement. He is entitled to their acknowledgments, not only as a good poet, but as a useful experimentalist. In a period of marked indifference to poetical productions, he has brought forward a work which is at once a test whereby to prove whether a taste for poetry is dead or only dormant,—and a remedy for that over-excited and unhealthy tone of feeling of which this marked indifference is the result. It is such a work as the public needed—such a work as he who would ‘minister to a *taste* diseased’ should be anxious to recommend. At the same time it is not such a work as is likely to be hailed with acclamations of astonishment and pleasure. To some it may appear that the languid indifference of a satiated public requires the stimulus of novelties more attractive, of originality more startling, of a style more brilliant and exciting than Mr Taylor’s work can offer. But such judgments would be founded on a misconception not less of the causes of the present indifference towards poetry, and of the remedy which that indifference requires, than of the peculiar species of merit in relation to that state of public feeling, which the author of ‘Philip Van Artevelde’ has brought into the literary field. That he has been the brilliant originator of something novel and startling in poetry, is not the praise that we are either able, or should, *a priori*, have been most anxious to accord. To open a new field in literature is not always the best and safest attribute in a

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A

writer. In literature, as in navigation, he who detects a rock and erects a lighthouse, deserves our thanks perhaps as much as the more daring discoverer of a north-west passage. Mr Taylor has, both directly and indirectly, both by precept and example, in his preface and in his drama, succeeded in rendering apparent those rocks and shallows on which the poetical taste of the public has been stranded, and he has held forth a steady light which may tend to guide it in a safer course.

Since the commencement of the present century, our poetical annals have exhibited the extremes of wealth and poverty, of enthusiasm and indifference. In the former half of that period the supply and the demand for poetry were exuberant and eager in an unusual degree,—during the latter half they have dwindled down to the present state of barrenness and apathy. The fact is notorious,—but where lies the fault? The cause, it is true, may be briefly stated in one word—*satiety*. But it may still be asked—whence this satiety? Does it arise from some imperfection in the public taste? or from the nature of that poetical aliment with which the public has been fed? Be the cause what it may, we may, in the first place, be assured that in that cause there must be something wrong. Prolonged satiety is not a natural effect of the enjoyment of any thing that is profitable for our minds or bodies. If a zest for poetry were akin to a desire for useful knowledge, satiety could not be the consequence; for, by a happy constitution of our nature, the love of knowledge is progressive. It is a thirst which knowledge never slakes. It increases in proportion as the necessity for it would seem to be diminished; and while the ignorant, to whom information is most needful, remain incurious, the well-informed, to whom it appears least needful, are most eager to increase their store; a circumstance which tends to show that while there is a limit to the wants of our bodies, there is no assignable limit to the wants and capacities of our minds.

If the love of poetry had resembled the love of knowledge, satiety could not have occurred. But it has occurred, because the pleasure derived from much of the most attractive poetry of the present century was not akin to that which we derive from the acquisition of knowledge—and because true knowledge was not conveyed by that poetry. It resembled a luscious delicacy rather than a wholesome food. The pleasure which it afforded was rather a feverish and unhealthy excitement, than that serene, but intense and durable satisfaction, which is experienced by a well-ordered mind in the acquisition of a valuable truth. It was produced by an appeal rather to the passions and the senses than to the higher qualities of the intellect,—rather to that which is

animal in our nature, and belongs in common to the uneducated and the educated,—than to those mental qualities which distinguish the educated and intelligent above their fellows. Its attractions certainly were numerous. It had exuberant and brilliant imagery, striking appeals to sensibility and passion, energy, sweetness,—all that was felicitous in language, and all that was melodious in versification. But these attractive qualities were unsubstantial and evanescent; partly because they were too exclusively addressed to the excitabilities (if we may so speak) of our nature; partly because they were not sufficiently founded on truth. They seem to have been the work of writers, in whom feeling greatly predominated over thought. ‘They adopted,’ as Mr Taylor justly says, ‘a tone of language which is hardly consistent with the state of mind in which a man makes use of his understanding. The realities of nature, and the truth which they suggest, would have seemed cold and incongruous, if suffered to mix with the strains of impassioned sentiment and glowing imagery in which they poured themselves forth. Spirit was not to be debased by any union with matter, in their effusions; dwelling as they did in a region of poetical sentiment which did not permit them to walk upon the common earth, or to breathe the common air.’—‘They were writers who either did not look upon mankind with observant eyes, or did not feel it to be any part of their vocation to turn what they saw to account. It did not belong to poetry, in their apprehension, to thread the mazes of life in all its classes, and under all its circumstances, common as well as romantic, and seeing all things, to infer and to instruct; on the contrary, it was to stand aloof from every thing that is plain and true; to have little concern with what is rational or wise; it was to be, like music, a moving and enchanting art, acting upon the fancy, the affections, the passions, but scarcely connected with the exercise of the intellectual faculties.’ To write poetry of this description was to sacrifice permanent ascendancy for temporary effect. It is truly said by Mr Taylor, that ‘poetry, of which sense or truth is not the basis, though it may be excellent of its kind, will not long be reputed to be poetry of the highest order. It may move the feelings and charm the fancy; but, failing to satisfy the understanding, it will not take permanent possession of the strongholds of fame.’—‘That predominance of the imaginative faculty, or of impassioned temperament, which is incompatible with the attributes of a sound understanding and a just judgment, may make a rhapsodist, a melodist, or a visionary, each of whom may produce what may be admired for the particular talent and beauty belonging to it: but imagination and passion, thus un-

‘supported, will never make a poet in the largest and highest sense of the appellation.’

Let it not be thought that the soundest judgment is incompatible with the loftiest exercise of poetical genius. Let it not be thought a startling proposition, that the only sound basis of poetry is truth. Poetry is not lowered by an association with good sense; nor is imagination unwarrantably restricted in its flight by limitation within the realms of truth. Shakspeare and Milton, the loftiest of our poets, are perhaps those in whom good sense is most apparent—those in whose most imaginative flights truth is ever most rigidly regarded. It would be an error to suppose that a regard for this quality may not attend the poet in his widest excursions, even among personages and situations purely fictitious—even in the dreamy land of spirits. Let it be remembered that wheresoever the poet's fancy may lead him, he can, strictly speaking, create nothing. Johnson, in a tone of venial exaggeration, said of Shakspeare, that he ‘exhausted worlds, and then ‘created new;’ but this rhetorical flourish is to be taken only as an illustration. The finite faculties of man can add nothing to the materials of nature. He can only arrange and combine the existing phenomena of mind and matter; and this he can do, either in accordance with those immutable principles of analogy and congruity, of which our minds have cognizance, or in violation of those principles. But it would be an error to suppose, that those principles will not reach wherever the imagination of man can soar, and that a violation of them will enable us to take a loftier or a wider flight. They are essential ingredients of all that we can conceive—and let our fancy travel where it will, we cannot disembarass ourselves of a sense of their being either violated or observed. An observance of them is *that truth*, an adherence to which we advocate in poetical writings, and which is perfectly applicable, even to the supernatural. When Shakspeare's pre-eminence in the exhibition of fairies and other supernatural productions of his fancy was extolled in the assertion, that he makes us feel that if there were such beings, they would resemble his descriptions—what is this but to say, that in this most fanciful department of his art he is guided by an adherence to truth? Even here, that homely quality ‘good sense’ does not desert him, and he charms our imaginations most, when at the same time he satisfies our reason.

The poetry which will produce the most permanent effect is that, in reading which, we mentally exclaim, not only ‘how beautiful!’ but ‘how true!’ and the highest and most enduring species is that which is not only felt to be true, but which is rendered the vehicle of knowledge. In saying this we do not

mean to advocate what has been often called 'didactic poetry.' We do not desire that it should convey what is termed 'information.' We do not wish that other Darwins, or Dyers, or Graingers, should bring botany, or chemistry, or the processes of agriculture, or the mysteries of sugar-making before us in a rhythmical form. Science and the details of art are foreign from the legitimate province of poetry; and foreign too are all such circumstances as produce no gratification or emotion. Yet the knowledge which poetry may and should impart is sufficiently various and extensive. It should impart a knowledge of ourselves—it should unfold to us the great book of human nature—it should quicken and make clear our perception of the phenomena of thought and feeling—should teach us to trace the workings of our own minds, and comprehend more perfectly our relation to others. The soundest philosophy may be conveyed in a poetical garb, and may be rendered attractive, if the requisite skill be not wanting in the writer. Again, a more extensive and accurate acquaintance with the phenomena of external nature, is another kind of knowledge which poetry may impart; and although this is less useful than a knowledge of our own nature, yet the poetry which conveys it has, like the other, this advantage—it opens to us sources of pleasure which can spring into action when the page is closed. The intelligent reader of descriptive poetry cannot look forth upon the face of nature, without a gratifying recognition of those beauties, to which the writer had directed his attention; and the reader of moral and philosophical poetry may ever carry with him the pleasing power of comparing, with the written page, the workings of his own mind, and the characters and actions of his fellow-beings. The descriptive poetry of the present century is for the most part greatly to be admired. Our censures are to be applied, not to this, but, almost exclusively, to that other great department which comprehends as its subject-matter, human passions, thoughts, and actions. It is in this department that an extensive class of modern writers, at the head of whom we may place Lord Byron, are censurable both for an excess of what is wanting, and a deficiency of what is true. Writings of this class cannot be said to contribute any thing either to our self-knowledge, or to our knowledge of mankind in general. Their representations are striking, not from their likeness, but from their exaggeration; and they have sometimes a dreamy vagueness which seems philosophically profound, when in fact it is only obscure. They excite no thoughts that we can carry with us into the commerce of everyday life; they rather seem to unfit us for it. They not only absorb, they *disturb* our minds. The mental vision becomes familiarized with false glare,

till, like the dazzled eye, it sees a coloured *spectrum* mingled with the image of all that it beholds. It is true that the temporary pleasure derived from poetry of this kind is great—that it transports us into another sphere, and we feel a glad sense of emancipation in quitting for a while, in fancy, the dull realities of common life. But this mental intoxication, though it gratifies for a time, can no more increase our permanent stock of pleasurable resources, than can the degrading vice to which it is in some sort analogous. In producing distaste for the affairs of life, and for mental aliment of a more useful and invigorating kind—it diminishes rather than augments our pleasures—it renders us dissatisfied with a position from which we cannot escape, and with duties which we may not neglect—and it offers, as a substitute, only an excitement of which the pleasurable effect is progressively weakened, and ends in satiety and disappointment.

With Mr Taylor's estimate of Lord Byron's poetry we cordially concur; and equally, with his opinion of the poetry which may be considered to have sprung from the example of that brilliant prototype. It consists, as he truly says, of little more than a poetical diction, implying a sensitive state of mind, and therefore calculated to excite corresponding associations; but addressing itself to the sentient rather than to the percipient qualities of the mind, and displaying, for the most part, merely types of feelings which might exist with equal force in beings barren of understanding. In truth, Lord Byron has added little or nothing to our knowledge of the human heart. What he has introduced, is a more extensive and familiar use of the vocabulary of passion. He has enlarged this portion of our poetical diction; he has furnished abundant formulas for the expression of strong emotions; and has rendered it comparatively easy for inferior writers to convey in words what they cannot feel. But the public is at length satiated with the counterfeit language of extravagant emotions. Even the transcendent energy of Lord Byron's verse would have palled with repetition—and how then is it to be expected that we should receive with favour such poor substitutes as can be offered by inferior writers of the same school? That which the public now requires to give a new impulse to its taste for poetry, and to establish that taste upon a more substantial basis, is, not a poetry which shall still address itself, though by some novel mode, exclusively to our sensibilities; but a species of poetry which, while it affects our sensibilities, shall at the same time address itself chiefly to the understanding. Of such a species is 'Philip Van Artevelde;' and we congratulate the author and the public on the success of this *coup d'essai*.

When we consider this work as an experiment, we do not like

it the less, on account of some qualities which, in any other light, may be viewed as imperfections. We mean its unattractive air—its form—its subject—its disregard of ornament and effect—an apparent disdain to humour the conventional tastes of the great bulk of the readers of poetry, and a certain sturdy reliance for success (even at the risk of unpopularity) on the more essential ingredients of poetical excellence.

Among the difficulties which Mr Taylor has voluntarily encountered, is the form which he has given to his production. A Dramatic Poem is a literary hybrid, combining in one both play and poem, without possessing the completeness, or fulfilling the purposes of either. Unlike the play, it cannot be represented on the stage—unlike the poem, it excludes all description and sentiment, except such as may be conveniently placed in the mouth of some of the *dramatis personæ*. Philip Van Artevelde, as Mr Taylor tells us, 'is properly an historical romance, cast in a 'dramatic and rhythmical form.' To the elevation which metre affords, there can be no objection; but in the dramatic form, with its exclusion of all save dialogue and soliloquy, and its division into acts and scenes, we see no advantage, independent of its applicability to scenic representation. One generally deviates from good sense when one loses sight of an original intention. Now, the original intention with which the dramatic poem was devised, had reference solely to the stage. Among the ancients, and in our Elizabethan age, plays were no more composed for mere perusal, than essays are written to be acted. It is only in these later times, when the spectacle-loving public of the seventeenth century has been succeeded by a reading public, that the drama has been not unfrequently accommodated to the altered habits of the community. But the authors of such works, influenced, we suppose, by associations, and reverence for precedent, have omitted to disenthral them from forms, of which, when the destination was altered, the utility ceased. 'Dramatica Poesis,' says Bacon, in a passage which Mr Taylor has placed as a motto in his titlepage, 'est veluti Historia spectabilis.' The dramatic poetry which Bacon had in his mind when he wrote these words, must have been very different from 'Philip Van Artevelde;' for, with no propriety could the epithet '*spectabilis*' be applied to a work, of which, according to its author, 'it is almost unnecessary to say, that it 'was not intended for the stage.' Its length, which, as the author tells us, is equal to 'about six such plays as are adapted to representation,' is alone a sufficient obstacle; but length is not the only cause of its unfitness. Though it bears much evidence of dramatic talent, and contains some scenes which would be highly effective, yet it is too slow in its development, and often too

precise in its details for the impatient humour of a playhouse audience. They would not listen to the herald's summons.

' Thus saith the puissant and mighty lord,
The earl's affectionate kinsman, Charles of France ;
Thou from before this town of Oudenarde
With all thy host shalt vanish like a mist ;
Thou shalt surrender to their rightful lord
The towns of Ghent, and Ypres, Cassel, Bruges,
Of Thorout, Rousselart, Damme, Sluys, and Bergues,
Of Harlebecque, Poperinguen, Dendermonde,
Alost, and Grammont ; and with them all towns
Of lesser name, all castles and strong houses,
Shalt thou deliver up before the Feast
Of Corpus Christi coming ; which undone,
He the said puissant king, Sir Charles of France,
With all attendance of his chivalry,
Will raise his banner and his kingdom's force.'

They would scarcely tolerate Sir Fleureant telling them,

' With my own eyes I have not viewed the Scheldt
Higher than Oudenarde ; yet what I know
More sure than common rumour I may tell,
That reach by reach from Elsegem to Kam,
At sundry stations, say Kerckhoven first,
'Twixt Berkhem and Avelghem, where the Ronne
Its tide contributes elbowing Escanaffe,
At Pontespieres and Pecq, and divers points
Betwixt them interposed, strong piles are driven
Deep in the belly of the stream athwart.
Thus neither up nor down can make their way
Boat, raft, nor caravel.'

Nor would they show a due appreciation of the admirable discussions of the Council Chamber. The uncouth names which, even now, are probably a stumblingblock to many readers who attach to sound an undue importance, would be almost fatal at the theatre ; and box, pit, and gallery, would alike rebel against such cacophonous appellations as Van Muck, Van Ryk, Van Whelk, Sir Simon Bette, and Sir Guisebert Grutt.

Among other difficulties which Mr Taylor has encountered, we also consider his choice of a subject. The event on which this drama is founded, is undoubtedly an important portion of history, when viewed, not as an isolated fact, but in connexion with the contemporaneous spirit of resistance to feudal tyranny which displayed itself in France and England. But this connexion is not obvious or notorious. Froissart is less read than he deserves to be ; and few know or care any thing about Jacques Van Arte-

velde the Flemish brewer, his son Philip, and the Whitehoods of Ghent. If Mr Taylor had dramatized any well-known portion of our own history, or even any portion of foreign history with which the public is better acquainted, we have no doubt that the success of his work would have been more immediate and unqualified. But at present it is certain, that to the majority of those who look at the titlepage, and the '*dramatis personæ*,' the effect will be repulsive; and unless they hear the very high character which the book deserves, they will not be invited to proceed further.

Though the disadvantageous circumstances above mentioned are not to be counted as merits, they may reasonably enhance the author's satisfaction in the approbation which his work has gained. They also enhance its value as an experimental work, in which is tried how far good poetry, of a different kind from that with which the world has long been pampered, may hope to win the public favour, even when not presented in an attractive form.

It is not our intention to offer any analysis of the story of '*Philip Van Artevelde*;' but, merely premising that the work consists of a drama in two parts, a poetical interlude, an historical introduction, and a critical preface, (in which we find no fault but its brevity,) shall proceed to remark upon the general characteristics.

'*Philip Van Artevelde*' belongs to that class of poetry, which, to use the author's words, addresses itself to the '*percipient*,' rather than to the '*sentient properties of the mind*.' Among its most conspicuous merits, is the vein of thought which runs through it. Reflections frequently occur, not startlingly singular, nor yet trite—reflections to which we instantly assent, although we feel that, till expressed, they were not obvious. They may—we think they *must*—have already passed through the minds of thousands; yet, when we see them clothed in words, we call them '*original*' at once. We call them so, though they are perhaps familiar truths which floated undistinguished in our minds till, like the burning-glass collecting sunbeams into one brilliant spot, the pen of the writer arranges and concentrates, and gives them a vivid and indelible existence. The following detached passages are among those which seem to justify our commendation:—

‘ He was one
Of many thousand such that die betimes,
Whose story is a fragment known to few.
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
And he's a prodigy. Compute the chances,
And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times
Who wins the race of glory, but than him
A thousand men more gloriously endowed

Have fallen upon the course ; a thousand others
 Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,
 Whilst lighter barks pushed past them ; to whom add
 A smaller tally, of the singular few,
 Who, gifted with predominating powers,
 Bear yet a temperate will and keep the peace.
 The world knows nothing of its greatest men.'

* * * *

' Lightly is life laid down amongst us now,
 And lightly is death mourned : a dusk star blinks
 As fleets the rack, but look again, and lo !
 In a wide solitude of wintry sky
 Twinkles the re-illuminated star,
 And all is out of sight that smirch'd the ray.
 We have not time to mourn.

FATHER JOHN.

The worse for us !

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
 Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
 For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
 Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,
 There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
 Nor aught that dignifies humanity.
 Yet such the barrenness of busy life !
 From shelf to shelf Ambition clammers up,
 To reach the naked'st pinnacle of all,
 Whilst Magnanimity, absolved from toil,
 Reposes self-included at the base.'

* * * *

' The heart of man, walk it which way it will,
 Sequestered or frequented, smooth or rough,
 Down the deep valley amongst tinkling flocks,
 Or 'mid the clang of trumpets and the march
 Of clattering ordnance, still must have its halt,
 Its hour of truce, its instant of repose,
 Its inn of rest ; and craving still must seek
 The food of its affections—still must slake
 Its constant thirst of what is fresh and pure,
 And pleasant to behold.'

* * * *

' Life—life, my friend,

May hold a not unornamented course
 Wherever it shall flow ; be the bed rocky,
 Yet are there flowers, and none of brighter hue,
 That to the rock are native. War itself
 Deals in adornments, and the blade it wields
 Is curiously carved and gaily gilt.
 For me, let what is left of life, if brief,
 Be bright, and let me kindle all its fires ;
 For I am as a rocket hurled on high

But a few moments to be visible ;
Which ended, all is dark.'

* * * * *

' That Providence which makes the good take heed
To safety and success, contrariwise
Makes villains mostly reckless. Look on life,
And you shall see the crimes of blackest dye
So clumsily committed, by such sots,
So lost to thought, so scant of circumspection,
As shall constrain you to pronounce that guilt
Bedarkens and confounds the mind of man.
Human intelligence on murders bent
Becomes a midnight fumbler ; human will
Of God abandoned, in its web of snares
Strangles its own intent.'

* * * * *

' The wonder lies
In the mind merely of the wondering man.
Treading the steps of common life with eyes
Of curious inquisition, some will stare
At each discovery of nature's ways,
As it were new to find that God contrives.
The contrary were marvellous to me,
And till I find it I shall marvel not.
Or all is wonderful, or nothing is.'

* * * * *

' 'Tis time and circumstance that tries us all ;
And they that temperately take their start,
And keep their souls indifferently sedate
Through much of good and evil, at the last
May find the weakness of their hearts thus tried.
My cause appears more precious than it did
In its triumphant days.

ELENA.

You prize it more
The more it is endangered.

ARTEVELDE.

Even so.

A mother dotes upon the reckling child
More than the strong ; solicitous cares, sad watchings,
Rallies, reverses, all vicissitudes,
Give the affection exercise and growth.
So is it in the nursing a sick hope.'

These passages are quoted not as the gems of the work, but as good average specimens, which may serve to afford a fair idea of that reflective character which forms, in our opinion, one of its distinctive merits.

We must, at the same time, not fail to notice its poetical beau-

ties of a descriptive nature. There are, however, few long descriptive passages. This faculty shows itself, for the most part, in short incidental touches—in a single line—perhaps a word—and there is not much unmixed description. Among the little that can be cited, we find such passages as the following :—

‘ The gibbous moon was in a wan decline,
And all was silent as a sick man’s chamber.
Mixing its small beginnings with the dregs
Of the pale moonshine and a few faint stars,
The cold uncomfortable daylight dawned ;
And the white tents, topping a low ground-fog,
Showed like a fleet becalmed.’

Or this other short picture of approaching day :—

‘ The night is far advanced upon the morrow,
And but for that conglomerated mass
Of cloud with ragged edges, like a mound
Or black pine-forest on a mountain’s top,
Wherein the light lies ambushed, dawn were near.’

More frequent are those passages in which description and reflection are so blended, that we scarcely know in which class to place them, and which sometimes contain allusions and illustrations of great poetical excellence. Such is Artevelde’s description of his departed wife :—

‘ She was a creature framed by love divine
For mortal love to muse a life away
In pondering her perfections ; so unmoved
Amidst the world’s contentions, if they touched
No vital chord nor troubled what she loved,
Philosophy might look her in the face,
And like a hermit stooping to the well
That yields him sweet refreshment, might therein
See but his own serenity reflected
With a more heavenly tenderness of hue !
Yet whilst the world’s ambitious empty cares,
Its small disquietudes and insect stings
Disturbed her never, she was one made up
Of feminine affections, and her life
Was one full stream of love from fount to sea.’

Such, too, is this,—

‘ These hands are spotless yet,
Yea, white as when in infancy they stray’d
Unconscious o’er my mother’s face, or closed
With that small grasp which mothers love to feel.’

But perhaps the most satisfactory specimen of the author’s power is the following, in which the foregoing beauties are strikingly mingled in a narrative of considerable pathos. Even

Dante's well-known scene in the Tower of Famine, finds no mean competitor in the following description of a famishing family in a besieged city :—

‘ I paid a visit first to Ukenheim,
The man who whilom saved our father's life,
When certain Clementists and ribald folk
Assail'd him at Malines. He came last night,
And said he knew not if we owed him aught,
But if we did, a peck of oatmeal now
Would pay the debt, and save more lives than one.
I went. It seem'd a wealthy man's abode ;
The costly drapery and good house-gear
Had, in an ordinary time, betokened
That with the occupant the world went well.
By a low couch, curtain'd with cloth of frieze,
Sat Ukenheim, a famine-stricken man,
With either bony fist upon his knees,
And his long back upright. His eyes were fix'd,
And moved not, though some gentle words I spake :
Until a little urchin of a child
That call'd him father, crept to where he sat
And pluck'd him by the sleeve, and with its small
And skinny finger pointed : then he rose,
And with a low obeisance, and a smile
That look'd like watery moonlight on his face,
So weak and pale a smile, he bade me welcome.
I told him that a lading of wheat-flour
Was on its way, whereat, to my surprise,
His countenance fell, and he had almost wept.

ARTEVELDE.

Poor soul ! and wherefore ?

CLARA.

That I soon perceived.

He pluck'd aside the curtain of the couch,
And there two children's bodies lay composed.
They seem'd like twins of some ten years of age,
And they had died so nearly both together
He scarce could say which first : and being dead,
He put them, for some fanciful affection,
Each with its arm about the other's neck,
So that a fairer sight I had not seen
Than those two children, with their little faces
So thin and wan, so calm, and sad, and sweet.
I look'd upon them long, and for awhile
I wish'd myself their sister, and to lie
With them in death, as they did with each other :
I thought that there was nothing in the world
I could have loved so much ; and then I wept ;
And when he saw I wept, his own tears fell,

And he was sorely shaken and convulsed,
Through weakness of his frame and his great grief.

ARTEVELDE.

It was a thousand pities he deferred
So long to ask our aid.

CLARA.

It was indeed.

But whatsoe'er had been his former pride,
He seem'd a humbled and heart-broken man.
He thank'd me much for what I said was sent;
But I knew well his thanks were for my tears.
He look'd again upon the children's couch,
And said, low down, they wanted nothing now.
So, to turn off his eyes,
I drew the small survivor of the three
Before him, and he snatched it up, and soon
Seemed quite forgetful and absorbed. With that
I stole away.

ARTEVELDE.

There is a man by fate

Fitted for any enterprise of danger.

Alas! of many such I have the choice.'

The principal merits of this dramatic poem are not strictly of a dramatic kind; yet there are some parts which are entitled to this praise. The dialogue is frequently eloquent and impressive, and, without being epigrammatic, is terse and pointed. When action is introduced, the words which accompany it are short, strong, and appropriate, suitable to the situation, and equally to the character of the speaker. The shades of character are cleverly discriminated, and many personages who say little, and of whom scarcely any thing is said, are made to display themselves by a few dexterous touches, and render us familiar with their habits and nature. How admirably does the following plain, concise, unexaggerated dialogue, unfold to us the venomous influence of a tyrant's confidential tool and adviser!—

' GILBERT MATTHEW.

No sooner had his highness reach'd the palace
Than he sends back for me.

D'ARLON.

And me the same.

GILBERT MATTHEW.

His highness is not happy.

D'ARLON.

That is likely,
But have you any private cause to think it?

GILBERT MATTHEW.

I have observed that when he is not happy
He sends for me.

D'ARLON.

And do you mend his mood?

GILBERT MATTHEW.

Nay, what I can. His highness at such times
Is wishful to be counsell'd to shed blood.

D'ARLON.

'Tis said that he is counsell'd oft to that.

GILBERT MATTHEW.

It is my duty to advise his highness
With neither fear nor favour. As I came,
The bodies of three citizens lay stretch'd
Upon the causeway.

D'ARLON.

How had they been killed?

GILBERT MATTHEW.

By knocking on the head.

D'ARLON.

And who had done it?

GILBERT MATTHEW.

The officers that walk'd before the Earl
To make him room to pass. The streets were full,
And many of the mean-crafts roamed about,
Discoursing of the news they heard from Ghent;
And as his highness pass'd they misbehaved,
And three were knocked upon the head with staves.
I knew by that his highness was not happy.
I knew I should be sent for.

Enter an USHER from an Inner Chamber.

USHER.

Ho! Master Gilbert Matthew to his highness.

(Re-enters the chamber, followed by GILBERT MATTHEW.)

D'ARLON.

There's some men of their bloody counsels boast,
As though the heart were difficult to harden.'

Admirable, too, is Mr Taylor's sketch of the boy-king, Charles VI. of France—very slight, but most felicitously conceived and executed. The following short scene will furnish an amusing specimen:—

THE KING.

Well, uncle, here we are! Get supper ready.
How fast you rode! I galloped half a mile—
But then St Poule, he blew—oh, he's too fat;
Is not the bastard of St Poule too fat?

THE LORD OF SAIMPI.

May't please your majesty he's grossly fat.

THE KING.

I galloped—uncle, what is this? Lo me!
A span-new sword—by God, of Spanish steel,

And longer than mine own—uncle, by God,
A king's sword should be longer than a duke's ;
I must have this ; this is a royal sword.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Cousin, you are not tall enough to wear it.

THE KING.

Not tall enough, indeed ! Is supper ready ?
When shall we get to Rosebecque ? Here's St Poule.

Enter ST POULE.

So, here you come, you broken-winded bastard,
You're always left behind. How far to Rosebecque ?
Tell me, my lords, shall we be there to-morrow ?

SIR OLIVER OF CLISSON.

Your majesty, with weather to your wish,
Might lodge at Rosebecque with your vanguard force
To-morrow night.

THE KING.

And when shall come the rear ?

SIR OLIVER OF CLISSON.

On Wednesday morning.

THE KING.

And on Thursday night
The bastard of St Poule. Hurrah for Rosebecque !
Remember, uncle, when the armies meet,
I am to make the knights ; four hundred of them,
The constable himself will tell you so.
Four hundred fire-new knights there should be made
Before the battle joins, and I'm to make them ;
My lord of Clisson am I not ? Thwack, thwack,
Thwack, thwack, thwack, thwack, will go my sword,
thwack, thwack.

You, Tristram of Lestovet, kneel you down,
And I will—thwack—I'll try my hand—thwack, thwack.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

Come, cousin, come, you're wanton. Go within
And eat your supper.

THE KING.

What, is supper ready ?

Lights, lights here, ho ! Come, bastard, come along.

The first of a feast and the last of a fray

Has been a wise word for this many a day !

We are also frequently reminded of the caustic sardonic humour of our old English comedy. Van Stockenstrom's story of the craw-fish is an instance of this kind ; and so too is the following dramatic sketch of an interrupted bargain about blood-money.

' Van Artevelde must die, you understand me.

(*A pause.*)

VAN RYK.

Why, if he must, he must, and there's an end.

OCCO.

The earl must have his life; who hath the guerdon
Is not material save to them that get it.
But truly, were the money on my head,
And I as sure to die as Artevelde,
I'd rather that such men as you should have it,
Than see it snatch'd by luck. When die we must,
'Tis better that thereby good men should thrive
Than snatchers.

VAN RYK.

Saving your displeasure, sir,
'Tis said good men ne'er thrive but by good deeds.
Now, were it but the slaying Van den Bosch,
Or Peter Nuitre, or Frans Ackerman,
There's husbands, widows, orphans, all through Ghent,
Would say the deed was good; but Artevelde
Has, as it were, a creditable name,
And men would say we struck not for revenge,
But only lucre, which were scandalous;
And also, sir—

OCCO (*to a SERVING-MAN, who enters.*)

What, sirrah?—speak—what now?

The SERVING-MAN whispers him.)

Van Artevelde! he is not coming here?
Not now, not now?

SERVING-MAN.

Now, instantly, my lord.

OCCO.

Masters, I wish you both good-day—good-day.
God prosper thee, Van Ryk—Van Muck, farewell.
Why op'st thou not the door, thou villain groom?
Think'st thou the burgesses have time to lose?
Farewell at once, sirs, not to keep you longer
When things are all so stirring in the town.
You're needed at your posts, I know; farewell.

VAN RYK.

My lord, as touching these five hundred florins—

OCCO.

Just as ye will, sirs,—any way ye please;
I bid God speed you, and so fare you well.

VAN RYK.

If you would take four hundred from the five,
And set the residue on Van den Bosch,
His head I'd bring you in for that much money,
And Ackerman's for love and pure good-will.

VAN MUCK.

And, sir, as touching Artevelde—

OCCO.

Nay, nay,

I will not press it further.

VAN MUCK.

If the florins—

occo.

Peace, on your lives, he's here !'

The style of this work, though severe and plain, is not slovenly and unpolished ; but, on the contrary, bears abundant evidence of judicious care. The versification is easy, varied, and melodious. The language is an admirable specimen of pure, unaffected, nervous English. It is neither antiquated nor modern, but seems a stream from that deep well which fed the fluent pen of Dryden.

We have some objections to offer ; and we will make them unsparingly ; for Mr Taylor's work is not of that fragile nature that can be blown away by the rude breath of a much severer criticism than ours. We complain of the coarse expressions and disagreeable images which he too frequently admits, and which he has sometimes rendered even more unseemly by giving them utterance from female mouths. Many of Clara's bantering speeches are coarsely flippant, unfeminine, indecorous, and we may even say, indelicate. Her description of the mind and person of the Lord of Occo, is especially full of such words and images, as, when attributed to a woman, can inspire the modern reader only with disgust. The men also talk with unnecessary coarseness ; and though the coarseness may, in some cases, be suitable to the character, yet, if not necessary to the display of that character, it had better be avoided. For instance, when Artevelde, addressing one of the deputation from Bruges, says,—

‘ Well, worthy sir,

Hast aught to say, or hast not got thy priming,
That thus thou gaspest like a drouthy pump ?’

and the bluff Van den Bosch adds,

‘ Nay, ’tis black bile that chokes him—Come, up with it !
Be't but a gallon, it shall ease thy stomach.’

—the author needlessly obtrudes upon us a nasty image, which can neither give pleasure to the reader, nor place Van den Bosch's character in a clearer light. In the description of the pestilence which rages in Ghent, we find passages which sound too much like versified extracts from a medical report.

‘ The patient's head is seized with racking pains ;
Then shift they to his chest, with change as quick,
Then to his loins, and strangury succeeds,
With clammy sweat, hard breathing, and hot thirst.
Then comes a thick dark crust upon the lips,
And tongue, and teeth ; the fatal hiccough next.’

It is not more the province of poetry to give these unpleasant details, than to describe the construction of a steam-engine ; and

though information might be given in each case, that essential object in poetry, the gratification of the reader, is quite as much neglected in the one as it would be in the other.

We have another objection to make, wherein the fault, though less obtrusive, lies somewhat deeper. We read a beautiful description, uttered by Artevelde, of Adriana, his dead wife, part of which has been already quoted. Then comes the following passage :—

‘What is gone,

Nor plaints, nor prayers, nor yearnings of the soul,
 Nor memory's tricks nor fancy's invocations,—
 Though tears went with them frequent as the rain
 In dusk November, sighs more sadly breathed
 Than winter's o'er the vegetable dead,—
 Can bring again : and should this living hope,
 That like a violet from the other's grave
 Grew sweetly, in the tear-besprinkled soil
 Finding moist nourishment—this seedling sprung
 Where recent grief had like a ploughshare passed
 Through the soft soul, and loosened its affections—
 Should this new-blossomed hope be coldly nipped,
 Then were I desolate indeed ! a man
 Whom heaven would wean from earth, and nothing leaves
 But cares and quarrels, trouble and distraction,
 The heavy burdens and the broils of life.
 Is such my doom ? Nay, speak it, if it be.

ELENA.

I said I feared another could not fill
 The place of her you lost, being so fair
 And perfect as you give her out.

ARTEVELDE.

'Tis true,
 A perfect woman is not as a coin,
 Which being gone, its very duplicate
 Is counted in its place. Yet waste so great
 Might you repair, such wealth you have of charms
 Luxuriant, albeit of what were hers
 Rather the contrast than the counterpart.
 Colour, to wit—complexion ;—hers was light
 And gladdening : a roseate tincture shone
 Transparent in its place, her skin elsewhere
 White as the foam from which in happy hour
 Sprang the Thalassian Venus : yours is clear
 But bloodless, and though beautiful as night
 In cloudless ether clad, not frank as day ;
 Such is the tinct of your diversity ;
 Serenely radiant she, you darkly fair.'

This, and the foregoing description of one whose memory seems so sacred, is addressed by Artevelde to his mistress. It is not

improbable that the widowed Artevelde should love Elena, and that he should try to supply by her affection the melancholy void which his great loss had left. But better, and more probable would it have been, if he had abstained from speaking on such a theme to such a person. Scarcely in thought, much less in words, should he institute a comparison between the pure being whom he mourned, and the fallen creature he was then addressing. However impressed he might be with the manifold attractions of Elena, he could not forget that she was his paramour, and had been the paramour of others. He could not forget that there was this one great and unalterable difference between her and Adriana. It was even scarcely generous, scarcely consistent with consideration for the feelings of the mistress, thus to suggest this humiliating difference, which, though he might abstain from actually mentioning it, must have rushed into her mind at once. Nothing but a callous obliviousness, which does not belong to the character of Artevelde, can account for words which at once insult the memory of the dead, and wound the stricken conscience of the living. We believe that by this dialogue, beautiful as it is, the author will have offended the moral sense of many of his readers. We comment upon this more strongly, because we see no other similar blot in his right-headed and right-hearted work.

There is a beautiful short poem, called 'The Lay of Elena,' which intervenes between the first and second parts of this drama, and which deserves especial notice. It is in a style less severe than the drama, and exhibiting more of those graces which tend to secure an immediate popularity. The poem, after opening with a beautiful picture of the scenery of Como, proceeds to describe in eloquent verse the early girlhood of an imaginative being, whose romantic disposition at length found an object for that vague passion which had long possessed it.

' First love the world is wont to call
The passion which was now her all.
So be it called ; but be it known
The feeling which possessed her now
Was novel in degree alone ;
Love early marked her for his own ;
Soon as the winds of Heaven had blown
Upon her, had the seed been sown
In soil which needed not the plough ;
And passion with her growth had grown,
And strengthened with her strength, and how
Could love be new, unless in name,
Degree, and singleness of aim ?
A tenderness had filled her mind
Pervasive, viewless, undefined :

As keeps the subtle fluid oft
 Its secret, gathering in the soft
 And sultry air, till felt at length
 In all its desolating strength,
 So silent, so devoid of dread,
 Her objectless affections spread;
 Not wholly unemployed, but squandered
 At large where'er her fancy wandered;
 Till one attraction, one desire
 Concentred all the scattered fire;
 It broke, it burst, it blazed amain,
 It flashed its light o'er hill and plain,
 O'er Earth below and Heaven above,—
 And then it took the name of love.'

This love was returned, but not with all the warmth it merited.

' So long as light affections played
 Around their path, he loved the maid;
 Loved in half gay, half tender mood,
 By passion touched, but not subdued;
 Laughed at the flame he felt or lit;
 Replied to tenderness with wit;
 Sometimes when passion brightlier burned,
 Its tokens eagerly returned,
 Then calm, supine, but pleased no less,
 Softly sustained each soft caress.
 She, watching with delight the while
 His half-closed eyes and gradual smile,
 (Slow pleasure's smile, how far more worth,
 More beautiful than smiles of mirth!)
 Seemed to herself when back she cast
 A hurried look upon the past,
 As changed from what she then had been,
 As was the moon, who having run
 Her orbit through since this begun,
 Now shone "apparent Queen."

But disappointment was at hand, and this happy dream was soon dispelled. She was deceived in him she loved.

' The goddess, that with cruel mirth
 The daughters and the sons of earth
 Mismatches, hath a cunning eye
 In twisting of a treacherous tie;
 Nor is she backward to perceive
 That loftier minds to lower cleave
 With ampler love (as that which flows
 From a rich source) than these to those;
 For still the source, not object, gives
 The daily food whereon love lives.
 The well-spring of his love was poor
 Compared to hers; his gifts were fewer;

The total light that was in him
 Before a spark of hers grew dim ;
 Too high, too grave, too large, too deep,
 Her love could neither laugh nor sleep ;
 And thus it tired him ; his desire
 Was for a less consuming fire :
 He wished that she should love him well,
 Not wildly ; wished her passion's spell
 To charm her heart, but leave her fancy free ;
 To quicken converse, not to quell ;
 He granted her to sigh, for so could he ;
 But when she wept, why should it be ?
 'Twas irksome, for it stole away
 The joy of his love-holiday.
 Bred of such uncongenial mood
 At length would some dim doubt intrude
 If what he felt, so far below
 Her passion's pitch, were love or no.
 With that the common daylight's beam
 Broke in upon his morning dream,
 And as that common day advanced,
 His heart was wholly unentranced.'

The blighting effect of this disappointment—the sequel of

‘ That worst adieu,

Which parts with love and honour too,’

is picturesquely and pathetically described in one of the most poetical passages in these volumes.

‘ Till then her heart was as a mound,
 Or simple plot of garden-ground
 Far in a forest wild,
 Where many a seedling had been sown,
 And many a bright-eyed floweret grown
 To please a favourite child.
 Delighted was the child to call
 The plot of garden-ground her own ;
 Delighted was she at the fall
 Of evening mild when shadows tall
 Cross-barred the mound and cottage wall,
 To linger there alone.
 Nor seemed the garden flowers less fair,
 Nor loved she less to linger there,
 When glistened in the morning dew
 Each lip of red and eye of blue ;
 And when the sun too brightly burned,
 Towards the forest's verge she turned,
 Where stretched away from glade to glade
 A green interminable shade ;
 And in the skirts thereof a bower.

Was built with many a creeping flower,
 For shelter at the noon-tide hour ;
 And from the forest walks was heard
 The voice of many a singing bird,
 With murmurs of the cushat-dove,
 That tell the secret of her love :
 And pleasant therefore all day long,
 From earliest dawn to even-song,—
 Supremely pleasant was this wild
 Sweet garden to the woodsman's child.—
 The whirlwind came with fire and flood
 And smote the garden in the wood ;
 All that was formed to give delight
 Destruction levelled in a night ;
 The morning broke, the child awoke,
 And when she saw what sudden stroke
 The garden which she loved had swept
 To ruin, she sat down and wept.
 Her grief was great, but it had vent ;
 Its force, not spared, was sooner spent ;
 And she bethought her to repair
 The garden which had been so fair.
 Then roamed she through the forest walks,
 Cropping the wild flowers by their stalks,
 And divers full-blown blossoms gay
 She gathered, and in fair array
 Disposed, and stuck them in the mound
 Which had been once her garden ground.
 They seem'd to flourish for a while,
 A moment's space she seemed to smile ;
 But brief the bloom, and vain the toil,
 They were not native to the soil.

That other child, beneath whose zone
 Were passions fearfully full-grown,—
 She too essayed to deck the waste
 Where love had grown, which love had graced,
 With false adornments, flowers, not fruit,
 Fast-fading flowers, that strike no root,—
 With pleasures alien to her breast,
 That bloom but briefly at the best,
 The world's sad substitutes for joys
 To minds that lose their equipoise.'

The equipoise is lost, and she abandons the virtuous station
 she had ostensibly held.

' A foreign land is now her choice,
 A foreign sky above her,
 And unfamiliar is each voice
 Of those that say they love her.

A prince's palace is her home;
 And marble floor and gilded dome,
 Where festive myriads nightly meet,
 Quick echoes of her steps repeat.
 And she is gay at times, and light
 From her makes many faces bright;
 And circling flatterers hem her in
 Assiduous each a word to win,
 And smooth as mirrors each the while
 Reflects and multiplies her smile.
 But fitful were her smiles, nor long
 She cast them to that courtly throng;
 And should the sound of music fall
 Upon her ear in that high hall,
 The smile was gone, the eye that shone
 So brightly, would be dimmed anon,
 And objectless would then appear
 As stretched to check the starting tear.
 The chords within responsive rung,
 For music spoke her native tongue.

With this extract we must close our review of a book, in which we have found more to praise and less to blame, than in any poetical work of imagination that has fallen under our notice for a considerable time.

ART. II.—*A Letter to the Duke of Wellington, on the propriety and legality of creating Peers for life; with Precedents.* 8vo. London: 1830.

THE House of Lords has three distinct offices to discharge. It is a Court of Judicature, a Branch of the Legislature, and a Council of Advice to the King in his administration of the Government. We shall make a few remarks on each of these functions before we proceed to the pamphlet before us.

When acting as a Court of Judicature in criminal causes, whether they be impeachments at the instance of the Commons, or trials for private offences, it is usual for the Lords who attend, to take part in the proceedings, and give their votes individually. But in civil causes the judicial functions of the House have been long delegated in practice to the Lord Chancellor, and to the other law lords who have seats in that assembly. The chief, if not the only, exceptions to this rule are claims to peerages, which in all doubtful cases are practically and substantially, as well as nominally, heard in a Committee of the whole House, and decided by the House when resumed. In other questions, the

judgment of the Lords, though technically and formally that of the whole House, is practically and substantially nothing more than the judgment of the Lord Chancellor; or of the Lord Chancellor and other law lords who have been raised to the peerage. An expedient, resorted to some years ago, places in a striking point of view the sense which the Lords themselves entertain of their unfitness for the exercise of the judicial functions with which they are invested. The accumulation of undecided appeals under Lord Eldon, had become so large that it amounted nearly to a denial of justice to the parties involved in litigation. Some expedient became necessary to remedy a grievance universally felt and loudly complained of. A device was fallen upon, which in some degree answered the purpose, but exposed to the dullest capacity the fallacy of considering the Lords as a body of men competent to judge and decide the intricate questions of law or fact brought before them. It was agreed that the House should meet on certain days at ten o'clock in the morning, and continue sitting till four o'clock, to hear appeals. To obtain a quorum for the despatch of business, it was necessary that three members should be constantly present in the House. It was hopeless to trust for this attendance to accident or to a vague and general sense of duty. Some specific compulsion was thought necessary. To form a House at a certain hour, and to retain a sufficient number of members while counsel were pleading at the bar, was the object to be obtained. Whether the Lords in attendance listened to or understood the case, was universally felt to be a matter of no importance whatever. Nothing more was required than that there should be constantly three members present to constitute a House. To secure this point, it was agreed, that every lord should bind himself by a penalty to attend one whole morning during the Session, and that it should be settled by lot on what particular day he was to be present, or find a substitute. By this contrivance, a House was secured for hearing appeals; but as no one, except the Chancellor, attended more than once, it continually happened, in Scotch appeals, and in other causes where the pleadings lasted for several days, that one set of Lords heard the beginning, and another set the end of the plaintiff's case, while a third set heard the commencement, and a fourth set the conclusion of the defendant's reply; after which, the Lord Chancellor rose and decided the cause, the Lords, who sat with him, and without whose presence and concurrence he could have pronounced no judgment at all, knowing as much of the matter in litigation as the Woolsack he had quitted.

Sometimes it happened that the Chancellor had other avoca-

tions, and deputed some lawyer, not a member of the House, to supply his place. The modest deputy took his seat behind the trio, who in the contemplation of law were the judges of the cause, and while *they* amused themselves with reading newspapers or writing letters, *he* listened to the pleadings, and when the lawyers had finished, one of the three called on him, as assistant of the House, to state his opinion of the case. Having received this invitation, and not before, he imparted to their Lordships the view he had taken of the matter, and suggested to them the judgment, which, in his opinion, they ought to give. A motion to that effect was then made by one of the trio; and the question having been put with becoming gravity from the Woolsack, the motion was carried without a dissenting voice or a word said on the subject. It might, however, have been otherwise. We recollect one of the Lords, who was unwilling to sacrifice a whole morning to this irksome and disagreeable duty, threatening the projectors of the plan that, if they forced him to attend, he would speak and vote against the assistant, who had no right of reply; and as he was a clever man, he might possibly have converted some brother Peer to his opinion, and obtained a judgment, most probably wrong, but certainly final.

It may be asked, why did a farce of this sort continue to be acted? Why were not means devised to render it unnecessary? Why are judicial functions attributed to persons, who must of necessity be unfit to exercise them? Why have we not, like other nations, a supreme tribunal composed of men trained and practised in the courts of law? In every judicature, except the highest, we have judges specially named and designated to hear and determine causes. Why is there a different constitution in the highest court of all? We complain not of the judgments given by the House of Lords; but why is such a cumbrous and useless apparatus necessary to obtain them?

As a Branch of the Legislature, the consent of the House of Lords is necessary for every act of Parliament; and in the performance of the duties which this privilege implies, it cannot be denied, that the services of the Lords are, in many respects, of the highest value. Local and private bills, introduced by members of the House of Commons, to please or to serve their constituents, and passed without examination, or carried by cabal in that assembly, are sure to meet with a rigid scrutiny in the House of Lords; and, if unjust in their principle, or injurious in their details, it is the fault of those who are to suffer by them if they are not corrected or thrown out. There is nothing for which the House of Lords is more deserving of credit, than for its vigilant attention and scrupulous regard to private rights. If any

one fails to obtain justice from them, it must arise from his own negligence. No private bill is taken into consideration till the preamble to it has been proved,—that is, till the grounds on which it is proposed have been established on full and satisfactory evidence; and in the Committee, where its clauses are examined, all the parties interested in its provisions are calmly and deliberately heard, and justice done to every one, as far as human wisdom can provide.

But it is not on private bills only that the superintendence of the House of Lords is exerted in a beneficial manner to the public. In the passage of public Acts of Parliament through the House, the same care and precautions are observed. The slovenly bills transmitted from the Commons, badly drawn up at first, and loaded with inconsistent and contradictory amendments, arising, not from design, but from partial and imperfect views of the subject, undergo a most useful revision in the House of Lords, and, when cleared from the dross they had contracted, they generally come out of the discussion in a more intelligible and practicable form. Nothing shows more clearly than the proceedings of the two Houses of Parliament, what experience has every where taught, that two deliberative Assemblies, composed of different elements, influenced by different opinions, and enlightened by different minds, are preferable to one. Legislation proceeds more slowly, and with greater difficulties; but time is given for the mature consideration and discussion of every measure, before it acquires the force of law.

In several respects, the Lords are well qualified for the discharge of their legislative functions. They are, in general, men of cultivated minds; and some of them are eminently distinguished for their talents and acquirements. Many of them have been practised in affairs, and most of them are conversant in the internal administration of their country. Their debates, imperfectly reported as they are, show how carefully they have studied the subjects that come before them. But, with all these merits, it may be questioned, whether the House of Lords be so constituted at present as to afford the best of legislative assemblies. Society is in continual progress, either to good or evil; and they who lag far behind, must be unfit to regulate and direct its movements. But, from their education and habits—the pursuits and amusements that employ their time—the limited intercourse they maintain with the more active and industrious classes—it must always happen, that a great majority of the Lords, who sit by hereditary right, are behind the age in which they live. How many evils have been, for years, obvious to every eye, before the Lords could be brought to acknowledge their existence! and how many

years have been afterwards suffered to elapse, before they could be prevailed upon to apply the remedial measures in their power ! They may, at times, have prevented rash and improvident innovation ; but, more frequently, the delays they interposed, have led to more extensive changes, or retarded the remedy, till it was too late to produce the desired effect. They defended with pertinacity every corrupt and rotten borough brought before them, till the torrent of Reform swept away at once all they had for years been contending for. They resisted Catholic Emancipation, till Ireland had been arrayed against England by the agitators. They refused to abolish the Slave Trade, till the extension of sugar cultivation, by the introduction of fresh negroes from Africa, had ruined the Colonies. When they passed the *Nullum Tempus* Act against the Crown, nothing could induce them to extend its provisions to the Church ; and when they yielded at length, they inserted a mischievous, though plausible, clause, which has tempted many a parson into an unprofitable and unpopular warfare with his parishioners. It was but the other day that they rejected an ample provision for the Irish Clergy, at the risk of leaving those venerable persons to starve, or of being compelled to provide for their necessities. Yet, with all these faults and deficiencies, it must, in candour, be owned, that, as a legislative body, the House of Lords has been, on the whole, a faithful and useful servant of the public. It remains for us to consider, what has been the conduct of the Peers, and what weight belongs to them as Hereditary Counsellors of the Crown.

In ancient times, the Barons of England are honourably distinguished for the services they rendered to public freedom. In the contests with prerogative, their names are usually conspicuous on the popular side. They were the chief instruments in extorting from King John the great charter of our liberties. Under his fickle and unprincipled son, they maintained a constant, and, on the whole, not an unsuccessful opposition to the foreign minions, who engrossed and abused his favour. From his able and imperious grandson they obtained those confirmations of the Charters, which served in all future times as a beacon to direct the people in their struggles for constitutional freedom. It would be endless to recapitulate the services of the great lords in the subsequent periods of our history. Till the extinction of the ancient nobility, in the civil wars of York and Lancaster, they took a leading part in all the political revolutions of the state. As a council of advice in the administration of the kingdom, the House of Lords was of paramount importance. During the calamitous reign of Henry VI., it was repeatedly admitted in Par-

liament, that in case of a suspension of the royal functions by the nonage or imbecility of the King, it was the right and duty of the Lords to assume his authority, and make provision for the politic rule and governance of the land.

But, though the English baronage was distinguished from the nobility of France by the support its members gave to public liberty, it must not be supposed, that in character and disposition they were altogether dissimilar from their brethren on the continent. We have only to consult the annals of Stephen to learn the horrible excesses of which they were capable. But, holding less extensive regalities, and having less inherent power than the Peers of France, they were compelled, in their contests with the crown, to look to the people for assistance. The French nobles fell, one after another, unsupported by their fellows, and unpitied by their countrymen, whom they slighted and oppressed. The English nobility, less confident in their strength, were induced to confederate together, and by espousing the cause of the people, to engage the people on their side. It was no respect for the rights of their inferiors, but the want of power to do otherwise, that inspired them with moderation and regard to others. When successful, they were not indisposed to abuse the advantages they had gained; but in their wildest schemes of ambition, they acted with such respect for popular opinion, that when vanquished, they were lamented by their countrymen as the martyrs of public freedom. Ballads were composed in honour of the Earl of Leicester, after his fall; and Thomas of Lancaster, though a more ambiguous character, was venerated as a saint, and miracles were long performed at his tomb.

Under the Tudors, a new nobility started into life. Favourites or servants of the crown, and indebted for their existence to its bounty, they were ever ready to obey its orders; and unless when spirited to resistance by religious zeal, or entangled in dangerous machinations by their mutual rivalries and ambition, they were as submissive to their prince as the lowest and humblest of his subjects. Towards the end of Elizabeth, the Commons began to rise into permanent importance; and in the memorable civil war that followed, though some of the great nobility espoused the popular cause, the struggle for liberty was chiefly maintained by the Commons. The ingratitude of Charles II., and the bigotry of James, alienated many noble families from the House of Stuart; and for some time after the revolution, the principal strength of the Whig party lay in the House of Lords. The Church of England had, in self-defence, taken part against James; but, when secured from immediate danger, the Clergy relapsed into their ancient Tory prejudices and

hatred of Presbyterians and other Dissenters. Haunted by their recollections of the Commonwealth, and priding themselves on the consistency of their opinions, they became the bitter enemies of the settlement effected by the Revolution, and drew after them the more ignorant and prejudiced of the country gentry—the Squire Westerns of those days. It required all the weight of the great Lords, and of the commercial and monied interest, to withstand this combination. The principles of liberty were sufficiently understood to make it impossible to govern by mere prerogative, but were not sufficiently disseminated among the middling classes of society, to enable ministers to govern by a just confidence in the strength and soundness of public opinion. It was found necessary to gain the electoral body by bribes to support the friends of their liberties and religion, and corruption became, in this manner, the auxiliary of freedom. The result was, the preservation of the Protestant succession, under an oligarchy composed of great Lords and trading politicians.

The accession of George III. opened a new scene. It was resolved to emancipate the King from what was called aristocratic thralldom. The clergy and gentry, in hatred of their ancient enemies, lent their aid as soon as they perceived the drift of the court. The scheme was conducted with art, and pursued with perseverance. Advantage was taken of jealousies and divisions in the ministry, to discard some and seduce others from their former connexions. Some persons were gained, others were dismissed, and new men introduced in their place. Repeated changes and desertions destroyed all confidence among public men—never was a period more disgraceful to politicians, nor more injurious to the country. The court obtained at length an inglorious victory, followed by a most calamitous war. In the political struggles that ensued, both parties were alternately successful; but the court, pursuing its course with steadiness and dexterity, and occasionally yielding to adverse circumstances, triumphed in the end. From 1784 to 1792, it resisted the most powerful combination of wealth and talent ever arrayed in opposition.

In this state of things, the French revolution came like a thunder-storm, to terrify the timid, and purify the atmosphere. The real or feigned alarmists crowded to court, and in return for the support they gave, had peerages showered on them to allay their fears; as if coronets were a protection against popular violence. The consequence has been an entire change in the character of the House of Lords. It no longer consists of a small number of persons, possessed in general of large fortunes, and either attracted to the court by the allurements of interest and gewgaws of vanity, or attached to the people by family recol-

lections and popular principles. It is now composed of a vast multitude, recently ennobled, with estates not superior to the country gentlemen who surround them, with no ancient prejudices in favour of the crown, and no recollections of ancestry to connect them with the people. Having little to expect from the court, and nothing to ask from the people, they are independent of both. The people have no direct influence over them, and the crown cannot add to their number without increasing the chances of future opposition to its measures.

If the Lords, independent alike of prince and people, retained the political weight which they enjoyed in the early periods of our history, they would be the masters of the State. To say that they have no longer any political influence would be incorrect. They derive authority from their rank, and from the respect which all classes are disposed to extend to them. They have more legitimate claims to consideration from the talents many of them possess—the experience they have acquired—the services they have rendered their country—the knowledge and ability they exhibit in debate ; but the sinews of their power are gone. The ancient Barons drew their importance from their immense landed possessions, and from the numerous retainers and dependents at their beck. A large portion of the territorial surface of England was in their hands. Their estates were vast, and all who lived on their lands were attached to them from kindness, or obedient to them from fear. The landed property held by the present House of Lords, though considerable, is comparatively small. Some ten or twelve of the Peers have large estates, but the greater part of them are gentlemen of small or moderate fortunes, with no influence beyond the farmers and labourers who cultivate their lands. Not only is the landed property of the Lords much less considerable, and much more minutely subdivided than it was in former times, but it is encumbered with debts and mortgages which take from its value. Nor is this all. The landed property of England was formerly the chief part of its wealth. At present, it is far exceeded in amount by the personal property embarked in trade, manufactures, and agriculture, or vested in the funds. Of personal property, the Lords have wondrous little, in comparison with the other members of the community ; and it so happens, that a large portion of this newly created property has accumulated in remote villages and distant parts of the kingdom, where the aristocracy seldom reside, and have therefore no means of acquiring personal influence to counterbalance their deficiency in wealth. But property either gives power, or power plunders property ; and as the latter is not yet the condition of England, the distribution of property, as it exists amongst us at

present, shows how little political weight can belong to the House of Lords.

The declension of the Lords in wealth is irremediable, and must go on increasing every day. Their position in society precludes them from adding to their fortunes by their industry, and every succeeding generation must lessen the means they at present possess. The economical reforms in the state must leave their younger children burdens on the heirs to their title. The time is gone by when a father could bequeath to one of his younger sons an annuity, to determine when his elder brother could procure for him an equivalent place or pension from the Government. Few fields of adventure are left open to the younger sons of the nobility. The church, which was their richest harvest, is about to be reformed. The army and navy are honourable professions; but to those who have been educated in luxury they afford a slender resource without some other means of subsistence. Diplomacy creates habits of expense and indulgence, and then leaves the unhappy victim to vegetate on some miserable pension, if he is fortunate enough to obtain one. The law indeed is accessible to all, but how few are the children of the aristocracy who have risen to eminence at the bar. Some splendid exceptions might indeed be cited, and several instances of moderate success might be adduced; but, compared with the number of miscarriages, they are not many. Sundry attempts we have witnessed that ultimately failed of success, not from defect of talents or application in the parties, but from the distrust of attorneys in the diligence of persons who frequented fashionable assemblies, or from want of patience and perseverance of the young men themselves in what they found for years to be unprofitable labour. The only resource left for aristocratic youth is some mercenary marriage with a city heiress, whose parents are willing to exchange their wealth for the appellation of honourable, or the title of my lady, obtained for their daughter.

In this state of the House of Lords, a learned gentleman proposed some years ago to the Duke of Wellington, then First Commissioner of the Treasury, to revive the ancient practice of creating Peers for Life. Less attention has been given to this suggestion than it deserved. All persons confess that the peerage is too numerous, and all must admit that it is necessary at times to add to its number. All persons must agree with the author of the pamphlet before us, that, while the judicial business of the Lords is conducted on its present footing, 'it is desirable that the country should have the benefit of every description of talent in that assembly calculated to ensure the

‘administration of justice in all the various cases brought before it;’ and all must acknowledge ‘that the impolicy of multiplying hereditary peerages prevents the Crown from placing in the House persons whose peculiar talents and acquirements would be extremely beneficial to the country.’ Not to speak of the advantage to be derived from men of experience and practical wisdom in originating, revising, and amending legislative acts, it is manifest that the judicial business of the country cannot be transacted without the introduction of lawyers, whose fortunes are often insufficient to found a family competent to maintain the dignity and independence of the peerage. We have seen the premature death of an eminent lawyer, who had been forced into the House of Lords, leave his son in entire dependence on the bounty of the Crown. We have seen others, whose chief inheritance has lain in sinecure offices, now abolished, in their fathers’ gift. Diplomatic peerages in such circumstances have been less common, yet we have known them conferred on persons who merited the honour, but left it as a burden to their posterity.

The chief objection to peerages for life has been the facility it would afford to ministers of securing a majority in the House of Lords, when not deterred, as at present, from creating peers by the salutary dread of making permanent additions to the peerage. But in proportion as the political weight of the Lords is diminished, that objection vanishes. There can be no motive for creating a majority where no strength is to be gained by it. But the political importance of the Lords has been long on the wane, and recent events have exposed, in the clearest light, their weakness. The chief power of the state has been gradually transferred to the House of Commons, and while the administration of the Government continues to depend on the annual grants of that assembly, *there* it must abide. Since the accession of the House of Hanover, the influence exercised by the Lords has been chiefly derived from the members they were able to return to the House of Commons. That source of authority is taken away. As proprietors, the Peers will still have weight in elections, but the days of nomination have passed away. Left to their own resources, they may harass and disturb, but they cannot overturn an administration which has the confidence of the King, and is supported by the country and the House of Commons. Many symptoms indeed indicate that they are sensible of their own political weakness. Though violent in their hostility to the Reform Bill, they withdrew their opposition to it at the last moment, and, in an agony of dismay and disappointment, suffered it to pass. In the last session of Parliament their conduct manifested the same conviction. The Administration was broken

up—the opposition had three-fifths of the House of Lords on their side—but fear of a collision with the Commons prevailed, and, with anguish and regret, they saw the Government reconstructed on its former basis without an effort to prevent it. They have since rejected the Irish Tithe Bill; and if their present humour lasts, they may throw out every bill of reform sent up to them from the Commons. But what political consequences have followed from the line of conduct they have chosen to adopt? Have the Ministers resigned on the loss of their bill? Has the King sent to them for their seals of office? Nothing of the kind has happened. Many have lamented the loss of the bill and anticipated the most fatal consequences from its rejection. But no one ever dreamed that the rejection of the bill would be followed by a change of Ministry. Every one felt that the Lords alone could not form an administration. The Lords themselves seem to have had the same impression. They rejected the bill, but proposed no address for the dismissal of Ministers; and if they had, would it not have been a sufficient answer, in the emphatic language of our forefathers, ‘that God ne reson wol that this ‘lande stande withouten governaunce;’ and that, without the concurrence of the Commons, to form another ministry was impracticable?

We see little probability of the House of Lords regaining the political importance it has lost. The ancient feudal aristocracy was powerful, because it had enormous wealth, and because it cultivated popular principles, and had the support of the democracy in its contests with the Crown. After the accession of the House of Hanover, the Whig Lords acquired an ascendancy by the profuseness and magnificence of their expenditure, and by the resources they were enabled to draw from the public purse, in a country advancing steadily in wealth and commerce. The present Lords are, with some few exceptions, too poor and too much embarrassed in their circumstances to spend much money of their own; and the Commons and people are too vigilant to permit the former drafts on the public purse to be continued. Popularity the Lords of the present day are not in general much disposed to cultivate. Too many of them, we lament the fact, seem to have abjured and to hold in detestation the popular principles of their predecessors. Educated and receiving their first impressions during the horrors of the French Revolution, or in the frenzy that succeeded the restoration—impregnated with the fears and resentments which for many years pervaded the aristocracy of Europe, so dissimilar from the feelings and inclinations of the Whig Lords in 1688 and 1715—they have no sympathy with the people, and the people have no sympathy or

regard for them. The prejudices of the ancient French noblesse, which the English nobility used formerly to deride, are unhappily rooted in the minds of too many of the present generation. If a measure be popular, they regard it with aversion. If it tend to curb or limit any liberty of the subject, they hail it with approbation. If it be directed to the diffusion of general knowledge, they view it with scorn, and oppose it with bitterness. Whatever adds to the enjoyments of their inferiors, appears to them to be so much taken from themselves. They cannot bear that streets should be lighted with gas, that communications should be facilitated by railroads, or that stage-coaches should be rendered as commodious for travelling as private carriages. So small a matter as the act to legalize the sale of game was not wrung from them without difficulty. To have something exclusive is their delight. Almack we excuse. They have a right to select the society in which they live; but, let them not grudge to others the advantages which nature and art have provided for all.

None who are acquainted with the feelings and impressions but too prevalent in the higher classes of society, will consider the picture we have drawn overcharged or exaggerated. There are many exceptions, it is true. Some have never swerved from their popular principles. Some, after temporary deviations during the excesses of the French Revolution, have reverted to more liberal opinions. Some, taught by their good sense and observation of what was passing around them, have caught the spirit and adopted the sentiments of their age. But the majority, and, we are sorry to add, the majority of the younger members of the aristocracy, are adverse to the extension of popular rights. Youth, which used to be the season of generous illusions, is enlisted on the side of selfish interests and antiquated prejudices. The consequences to public liberty might be fatal, if the democracy were not too powerful and too intelligent to be baffled or divided by such opponents.

Without fortune to command, or disposition to conciliate, how can the Aristocracy recover the ground they have lost? The Church, which used to be their best ally, instead of lending them assistance, is reduced, like Prior Aylmer in 'Ivanhoe,' to call out lustily for aid. An ardent spirit of religion has gone forth, which is unfriendly to establishments. The puritanism of the seventeenth century is revived, with no predominant sect ready to vault into the saddle of the Church.

The present state of the House of Lords removes, as we have said, the chief objection to the creation of Peers for life. Where no political object is to be obtained, no political Peerages will be created. When a Minister not only *may*, but *must*, continue

in office, though a majority of the Lords are opposed to his government, so long as he has the approbation of the King, the support of the Commons, and the confidence of the country, he is under no necessity, and can have no political motive, for adding to the Peerage. The only case that could justify him for advising such an exercise of prerogative, would be the existence of a majority in the Lords, who, from temper, spleen, or invincible prejudice, had shown a determination to reject every bill for national improvement, that came to them from the Commons, though sanctioned by public opinion, and called for by the general sense of the country. But, if such obstinacy and waspishness appeared, who will say there ought not to be some remedy found against them? With the exception of such an extraordinary and hardly supposable case, the Lords, we may be assured, convinced by experience of their political weakness, will cease in future to embarrass the government by their political opposition. The Lords, convinced of their political weakness, will cease to embarrass the Government by their opposition, and confine themselves to the useful office of preparing and amending Legislative Acts. The crude, violent, impracticable Bills of the Commons, hurried away, as they often are, by partial clamour and delusion, or biassed by the private interests and prejudices of their constituents, will be revised and corrected by an Assembly, free from political passions and agitations, and anxious only to acquire reputation and authority, by the calm, just, and deliberate discharge of its duty.

The advantages of this scheme to the present race of hereditary Peers, are sufficiently obvious. It will raise the consequence and dignity of their families. It will enable the Crown to supply deficiencies in the Lords, without adding permanently to their numbers. A lawyer may be wanted for the despatch of judicial business;—a foreign minister who returns from abroad, may be useful in Parliament;—a general or admiral may gain a victory, who has not fortune to sustain his family in the Peerage;—a member of the House of Commons, who has grown gray in the service of his country, may be no longer equal to the fatigue of an assembly, which none but the young and robust can long endure:—let these men have seats for life in the House of Lords, without encumbering the Exchequer with pensions for three generations, or calling into existence a race of noble paupers, who must in time bring nobility into contempt. That this plan is consistent with, and is, in fact, a renovation of ancient practice, is proved to demonstration in the pamphlet before us; and that it has analogies in the present constitution of the House of Lords, is shown in the Bishops, and, to a certain degree, in the Scotch and Irish representative Peers.

It has been objected to this plan, that if peerages were conferred for life, they would be granted with too lavish a hand—yielded to importunity or bestowed from favour and caprice—by which the peerage would be degraded in public estimation as other dignities and titles of honour have become. That peerages will be more easily obtained when they are granted for life, may be admitted; and yet the consequences apprehended from this laxity, may not follow. To be a member of the legislature is not an empty honour, but a real acquisition of power. It is a seat for life in an assembly, which, though shorn of its preponderance in affairs of state, has still important vocations to fulfil. To have the right to discuss, amend, and decide on every act of parliament, is a privilege that must ever draw after it consideration and respect.

It might, on the contrary, be argued, that peers for life, selected for the services they have done, or for the services they are expected to perform, would add weight and lustre to the House of Lords, and in some degree restore it to the political importance it once enjoyed. Power must be founded either on property or on ability. If we cannot give the one, we may furnish the other. That assembly, which contains the men of greatest name and reputation, cannot fail to acquire authority by the influence it must exert on public opinion.

It is not necessary that an entire stop should be put to the creation of hereditary peerages, or that any limits in that respect should be set to the present prerogative of the Crown. It will be sufficient, if the introduction of peers for life enables the King to reward merit, supply inevitable deficiencies in the House of Lords, and qualify it for the perfect discharge of its legislative duties, without permanently adding to an overgrown body, which, if it ever came to be factious, might become troublesome and unmanageable.

ART. III.—*Lives of the Necromancers ; or an Account of the most Eminent Persons, in successive Ages, who have claimed for themselves, or to whom has been imputed by others, the exercise of Magical Power.* By WILLIAM GODWIN. 8vo. London : 1834.

THE interest which has lately been excited by the Letters of Sir Walter Scott on ‘Demonology and Witchcraft,’ has drawn the public attention to the kindred subject of Magic and Necromancy, and various works have been published to gratify this appetite for the marvellous. In the work on the ‘Occult

'Sciences,' by M. Eusebe Salverte, and in the 'Letters on Natural Magic,' by Sir David Brewster, an attempt has been made to break the rod of the magician, to desecrate his implements and his processes, and to admit the uninitiated footstep within the verge of his mystic circle. Those who were formerly defrauded by his impostures, might now enrich themselves by his art; and those who once dreaded his power, might now wield his sceptre.

But though the physics of necromancy were thus unmasked, its ethics still remained to be explored. In the history of human irrationality, two classes of impostors of very different characters present themselves to our notice,—those who wilfully deluded their species, and those who permitted their species to delude themselves. The *first* of these classes consisted of the selfish tyrants who upheld their unnatural power by systematic delusion; and of the grovelling mountebanks who quenched their avaricious thirst at the fountains of credulity and ignorance. The second class comprehended spirits of a nobler mould. It embraced the fanciful speculators whom the love of fame and of truth urged onward in a fruitless research; and those great lights of knowledge and of virtue, who, while they stood forward as the landmarks of the age in which they lived, had neither the intellectual nor the moral courage to divest themselves of the supernatural lustre with which the ignorance of the vulgar had encircled them.

The thrones and shrines which delusion once sustained, even in the civilized quarter of the globe, are for ever fallen; and that civil and religious liberty which in past ages was kept down by the marvellous exhibitions of science to the senses, is now maintained by its application to the reason of man. The charlatans, whether they be moral or physical, form a race which is never extinct. They migrate to the different zones of the social system; and though they change their place, and their object, and their victims, yet their character and their motives remain the same. The philosophical mind, therefore, is not disposed to study either of these varieties of impostors;—but the other two families, who compose the second class, are objects of paramount interest. The eccentricities, and even the obliquities of great minds, merit the scrutiny of the metaphysician and the moralist; and they derive a peculiar interest from the state of society in which they are exhibited. Had Cardan and Cornelius Agrippa lived in modern times, their vanity and self-importance would have been checked by the forms of society; and their innocent pretensions would have disappeared, even if they were displayed, amid the blaze of their genius and knowledge. But educated in dark times, and nurtured in the midst of ignorance and supersti-

tion, their genius and their character bore the impress of their age. The dampness of a Bœotian climate must have tarnished the most polished mind, and the foul precipitate of so malarious an atmosphere, must have infected every thing upon which it fell.

Had history transmitted to us correct details of the conduct of the leading alchymists and scientific magicians of the dark ages, or had we possessed biographical accounts of them written by themselves, we should have been able to analyze their actions and their opinions, and trace them to the ordinary principles by which the human mind is in every age influenced and directed ; but when a great man has once become an object either of interest or of wonder, and, still more, when he is considered as the possessor of knowledge and skill which transcend the capacity of the age, he is soon transformed into the hero of romance. His deeds are exaggerated,—his powers overrated ; and he becomes the subject of idle legends, which acquire a firmer hold on credulity from the slight sprinkling of truth with which they are seasoned. To disclaim the possession of lofty attributes, is not the practice of great men. But even this species of humility, when it is exercised, would defeat its object. It would call forth a deeper homage, and would only establish the demigod more firmly on his shrine.

The history of learning furnishes us with many examples of this species of delusion, in which a great mind submits itself to vulgar adulation, and renounces unwillingly, if it renounces at all, the unenviable reputation of supernatural agency. In cases where self-interest and ambition are the basis of this peculiarity of temperament, and in an age when the conjurer and the alchymist were the companions, and even the idols of princes, it is easy to follow out the process by which a gifted sage retains his ascendancy among the ignorant. The hecatomb which is sacrificed to the magician, he receives as an oblation to his science ; and, conscious of possessing real endowments, the idol devours the meats that are offered him, without analyzing the motives and expectations under which he is fed.

But even when the idolater and his god are not placed in this transverse relation, the love of power or of notoriety is sufficient to induce good men to lend a too willing ear to vulgar testimony in favour of themselves ; and in our own times it is not common to repudiate the unmerited cheers of a popular assembly, or to offer a contradiction to fictitious tales, which record our talents or our courage, our charity or our piety.

The conduct of the scientific alchymists of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, presents to the metaphysician and the moralist a problem of very difficult solution. When we consider that

a gas, a fluid, or a solid, may consist of the very same ingredients in different proportions ;—that a virulent poison may differ from the most wholesome food, only in the difference of quantity of the very same elements ;—that gold and silver, and lead and mercury, and indeed all the metals, may be extracted from transparent crystals, which scarcely differ in their appearance from a piece of common salt or a bit of sugarcandy ;—and that diamond is nothing more than charcoal ;—we need not greatly wonder at the extravagance of the expectations that the precious metals, and the noblest gems, may be procured from the basest materials. These expectations, too, must have been often raised by the strange results of their unremitted experiments. The most ignorant compounder of simples could not fail to witness the magical transformation of chemical actions ; and every new product must have added to the probability that the tempting doublets of gold and silver might be thrown from the dice-box with which he was gambling.

But when these precious metals were actually found in lead and copper, which are often alloyed with them, by the action of powerful reagents, it was natural to suppose that they had been actually formed during the process ; and men of well-regulated minds even might have thus been led to embark in new adventures to procure a more copious supply, without any insult having been offered to sober reason, or any injury inflicted on sound morality.

When an ardent and ambitious mind, however, is once dazzled with the fascination of some lofty pursuit, where gold is the object, or fame the impulse, it is by no means an easy step to pause in a doubtful career, and to make a voluntary shipwreck of the reputation which has been staked. Hope still cheers the aspirant from failure to failure, till the loss of fortune, and the decay of credit, disturb the serenity of his mind, and hurry him on to the last resource of baffled ingenuity and disappointed ambition. The philosopher thus becomes an impostor ; he abandons himself to dissimulation ; and by the pretended transmutation of the baser metals into gold, or the discovery of the philosopher's stone, he attempts to sustain his sinking reputation, and recover the fortune he has lost. The communication of the Great Secret is now the staple commodity with which he is to barter, and the grand talisman with which he is to conjure. It can be imparted only to a chosen few,—to those among the opulent who merit it by their virtues, and can acquire it by their diligence ; and the divine vengeance is threatened against its disclosure. A process commencing in fraud, and terminating in mysticism, is conveyed to the wealthy aspirant ; and the grand mystery passes from rogue

to fool, till its base coin is nailed to the counter of some honest purchaser.

Another extravagance of the alchymists was the art of forming the Universal Medicine, by which all diseases could be healed, and longevity secured. The great success of the Arabian physicians in the application of mercurial preparations to diseases which had resisted every other medicine, naturally led men of ardent minds to entertain the most sanguine expectations of discovering other medicines which might be still more efficacious. If the course of a violent complaint was instantly arrested by the power of mercury, it was not absolutely impossible that a more powerful and universal restorative might present itself to the diligent enquirer. Such an expectation, however extravagant, was calculated to advance rather than to retard the healing art; and there can be no doubt that it led to many beneficial results. Availing himself of these substantial discoveries, the daring empiric actually maintained that he possessed the universal medicine, and promised to confer longevity upon his patients. Were Paracelsus, the celebrated assertor of these dogmas, to reappear in the present age, he would probably defend himself by the declaration that his Universal Medicine was mercury, and that the longevity which he promised was the diminished mortality of our species.

Entertaining these views of the alchymy and magic of former times, and regarding the subject as one of curious enquiry, we looked forward with some interest to the perusal of Mr Godwin's volume. We did not expect that he would give us any insight into the science of the necromancers, but we did anticipate accurate and amusing details of their lives and achievements, and counted upon finding much sagacious, though not very sound speculation respecting those principles of human nature, in which such a system of delusion had its origin, and that extraordinary combination of sincerity and fraud by which it was so long maintained.

In this expectation, however, we have been greatly disappointed. Though Mr Godwin's volume is well written, and to a certain extent interesting, yet it is neither a work of learning nor of judicious compilation; and still less is it a work exhibiting any philosophical sagacity, or furnishing us with any clue through the intellectual labyrinths of Necromancy. He acknowledges, indeed, that 'to show the modes in which the delusion acts upon the person through whom it operates, is not properly the scope of his book;' and that its main purpose is to exhibit a fair delineation of the credulity of the human mind. In order to get up such an exhibition, we need scarcely travel backward into antiquity. The briefest experience, and the narrowest circle, will

furnish us, on better evidence than that of history, with ample specimens of human credulity; and the panel—Man—may in our own day, and even in our own country, be convicted of this felony against reason, before a unanimous jury and an approving judge. But such evidence did not suit Mr Godwin's purpose. His object was to associate extreme credulity, and deplorable ignorance, and reckless villany, with all that is admirable in talent and elevated in piety; to assimilate necromancy and magic with the miracles of the Old and New Testament; and to link the disgusting details of sorcery and witchcraft with the history and propagation of the Christian faith. That these are the objects which our author has in view, will appear from various parts of his work; but the following extract from the preface, which is very explicit, will furnish sufficient evidence of our assertions.

‘ If we would know man in all his subtleties, we must deviate into the world of miracles and sorcery. To know the things that are not, and cannot be, but have been imagined and believed, is the most curious chapter in the annals of man. To observe the actual results of these imaginary phenomena, and the crimes and cruelties they have caused us to commit, is one of the most instructive studies in which we can possibly be engaged. It is here that man is most astonishing, and that we contemplate with most admiration the discursive and unbounded nature of his faculties.

‘ But, if a recollection of the examples of the credulity of the human mind may in one view supply nourishment to our pride, it still more obviously tends to teach us sobriety and humiliation. Man, in his genuine and direct sphere, is the disciple of reason; it is by this faculty that he draws inferences, exerts his prudence, and displays the ingenuity of machinery, and the subtlety of system both in natural and moral philosophy. Yet what so irrational as man? Not contented with making use of the powers we possess, for the purpose of conducting to our accommodation and well-being, we with a daring spirit enquire into the invisible causes of what we see, and people all nature with gods “of every shape and size” and angels, with principalities and powers, with beneficent beings, who “take charge concerning us, lest at any time we dash our foot against a stone;” and with devils, who are perpetually on the watch to perplex us and do us injury. And, having familiarized our minds with the conceptions of these beings, we immediately aspire to hold communion with them. We represent to ourselves God, as “walking in the garden with us in the cool of the day,” and teach ourselves “not to forget to entertain strangers, lest by so doing we should repel angels unawares.”

‘ No sooner are we, even in a slight degree, acquainted with the laws of nature, than we frame to ourselves the idea, by the aid of some invisible ally, of suspending their operation, of calling out meteors in the sky, of commanding storms and tempests, of arresting the motion of the

heavenly bodies, of producing miraculous cures upon the bodies of our fellow-men, or afflicting them with disease and death, of calling up the deceased from the silence of the grave, and compelling them to disclose "the secrets of the world unknown."

Having put our readers on their guard respecting the drift of the work before us, we shall proceed to give them some idea of its substance and character, and of the kind of amusement which they may expect from the history of Necromancy.

After a well-written introduction containing many excellent observations, Mr Godwin proceeds to treat of the ambitious nature of man, as evinced in his desire to penetrate into futurity, and even to command and control future events. He is thus led to treat of Divination, Dreams, Astrology, Oracles, Necromancy, Alchymy, Sorcery and Witchcraft, and various analogous subjects. He then gives what he calls 'Examples of Necromancy and Witchcraft from the Bible,' and treats in succession of the Necromancers of Greece and Rome. The next topics of discussion are the 'Revolution produced in the history of Necromancy and Witchcraft upon the establishment of Christianity;' the history of Necromancy in the East—during the dark ages—during the 'Communication of Europe and the Saracens'—and during the Revival of Letters. He then terminates his work with an account of the 'Sanguinary Proceedings against Witchcraft,' and of the 'Quacks who in cool blood undertook to 'overreach mankind.' Under these various heads, an immense diversity of subjects pass before our author's notice; and hence all of them are treated very superficially, and without any of that fulness of detail which can alone gratify curiosity. But beside this defect in the work, there is another, which we cannot reprobate too severely. In his account of individual necromancers, he records the most silly and unfounded stories, which he himself believes to have been mere inventions of the vulgar; and the reason which he assigns for perpetuating such absurdities, is, that they present us with a striking picture of the temper and credulity of the times in which the necromancer lived.

In order that our readers may judge of the nature and force of this criticism, we shall extract the principal portion of the account of Cornelius Agrippa, a man of extraordinary genius and learning, and distinguished by the vast variety of his accomplishments. After a brief notice of his life, Mr Godwin proceeds as follows:—

'He enters, however, into the work I am writing, principally on account of the extraordinary stories that have been told of him on the subject of magic. He says of himself, in his Treatise on the Vanity of

Sciences, "Being then a very young man, I wrote, in three books, of a considerable size, *Disquisitions concerning Magic.*"

'The first of the stories I am about to relate is chiefly interesting, inasmuch as it is connected with the history of one of the most illustrious ornaments of our early English poetry, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who suffered death at the close of the reign of King Henry VIII. The Earl of Surrey, we are told, became acquainted with Cornelius Agrippa at the court of John George, elector of Saxony. On this occasion were present, beside the English nobleman, Erasmus, and many other persons eminent in the republic of letters. These persons showed themselves enamoured of the reports that had been spread of Agrippa, and desired him before the Elector to exhibit something memorable. One entreated him to call up Plautus, and show him as he appeared in garb and countenance when he ground corn in the mill. Another before all things desired to see Ovid. But Erasmus earnestly requested to behold Tully in the act of delivering his oration for Roscius. This proposal carried the most votes. And, after marshalling the concourse of spectators, Tully appeared, at the command of Agrippa, and from the rostrum pronounced the oration, precisely in the words in which it has been handed down to us, "with such astonishing animation, so fervent an exaltation of spirit, and such soul-stirring gestures, that all the persons present were ready, like the Romans of old, to pronounce his client innocent of every charge that had been brought against him." The story adds, that, when Sir Thomas More was at the same place, Agrippa showed him the whole destruction of Troy in a dream. To Thomas, Lord Cromwell, he exhibited, in a perspective glass, King Henry VIII. and all his lords hunting in his forest at Windsor. To Charles V. he showed David, Solomon, Gideon, and the rest, with the Nine Worthies, in their habits and similitude, as they had lived.'—Pp. 323-5.

If the preceding story about Cicero has the slightest truth in it, Agrippa must have himself personated the Roman orator; and as he had filled the situation of advocate and orator to the city of Metz, it is probable that he possessed the powers of public speaking which the story ascribes to him. With regard to Sir Thomas More's dream, nothing is more likely than that he should have dreamt of the destruction of Troy, without the exercise of any other magical art than that of Agrippa having made it the subject of conversation on the preceding day. The exhibitions which are said to have been made to Lord Cromwell, Charles V., and of the Fair Geraldine to Lord Surrey (a story which we have not extracted), are said to have been done with a perspective and magic glass; and if they ever were made, they must have been only images obtained from pictures by the optical contrivances of the day.

We cannot pass by the story related by our author, on the authority of Jovius, respecting the attendant devil who is said to have accompanied Agrippa in all his travels, in the shape of a

black dog:—‘ When he lay on his deathbed, he was earnestly exhorted to repent of his sins. Being in consequence struck with a deep contrition, he took hold of the dog, and removed from him a collar studded with nails, which formed a necromantic inscription; at the same time saying to him,—“ Begone, wretched animal, which has been the cause of my entire destruction.” It is added, that the dog immediately ran away, and plunged itself in the river Soane, after which it was seen no more.’

The most perfect specimen of necromancy with which we are acquainted, and the most arrant and groundless falsehood that ever was published, is given by Mr Godwin, as told of Agrippa by Delrio, in his ‘ Disquisitions on Magic.’

‘ Agrippa had occasion one time to be absent for a few days from his residence at Louvain. During his absence he intrusted his wife with the key of his museum, but with an earnest injunction that no one on any account should be allowed to enter. Agrippa happened at that time to have a boarder in his house, a young fellow of insatiable curiosity, who would never give over importuning his hostess, till at length he obtained from her the forbidden key. The first thing that attracted his attention was a book of spells and incantations. He spread this book upon a desk, and thinking no harm, began to read aloud. He had not long continued this occupation, when a knock was heard at the door of the chamber. The youth took no notice, but continued reading. Presently followed a second knock, which somewhat alarmed the reader. The space of a minute having elapsed, and no answer made, the door was opened, and a demon entered. “ For what purpose am I called ? ” said the stranger, sternly. “ What is it you demand to have done ? ” The youth was seized with the greatest alarm, and struck speechless. The demon advanced towards him, seized him by the throat, and strangled him, indignant that his presence should thus be invoked from pure thoughtlessness and presumption.

‘ At the expected time, Agrippa came home, and, to his great surprise, found a number of devils capering and playing strange antics about, and on the roof of his house. By his art, he caused them to desist from their sport, and with authority demanded what was the cause of this novel appearance. The chief of them answered. He told how they had been invoked and insulted, and what revenge they had taken. Agrippa became exceedingly alarmed for the consequences to himself of this unfortunate adventure. He ordered the demon, without loss of time, to reanimate the body of his victim, then to go forth, and to walk the boarder three or four times up and down the market-place, in the sight of the people. The infernal spirit did as he was ordered, showed the student publicly alive, and, having done this, suffered the body to fall down—the marks of conscious existence being plainly no more. For a time it was thought that the student had been killed by a sudden attack of disease; but presently after, the marks of strangulation were plainly discerned, and the truth came out. Agrippa was then obliged suddenly to withdraw himself, and to take up his residence in a distant province.’
—Pp. 326–7.

That this and all the preceding stories about Agrippa are fabrications most injurious to his memory, cannot be doubted. Wierus, who lived for many years in constant attendance upon Agrippa, tells us in his book *De Prestigiis Demonum*, that the formidable black dog, already mentioned, was an innocent animal which he had often led by a string, and which was sometimes permitted to eat and sleep with his master. He also adds, that the extensive correspondence of Agrippa with every quarter of the globe, was the true source of that extraordinary intelligence which the vulgar imputed to supernatural power. Naudé, too, in his *Apology for Great Men* accused of Magic, states it to be his firm conviction, that the fact of Agrippa having written a book on the Rules of Magic, is 'the only ground for fastening the imputation of being a magician, upon that illustrious character.'

Mr Godwin, who states these facts himself, is compelled to add his own doubts of the truth of the stories which he has contributed to perpetuate.

'Without believing, however, any of the tales of the magic practices of Cornelius Agrippa, and even perhaps without supposing that he seriously pretended to such arts, we are here presented with a striking picture of the temper and credulity of the times in which he lived. We plainly see, from the contemporary evidence of Wierus, that such things were believed of him by his neighbours; and at that period it was sufficiently common for any man of deep study, of recluse habits, and a certain sententious and magisterial air, to undergo these imputations. It is more than probable, that Agrippa, by a general silence and mystery, gave encouragement to the wonder of the vulgar mind. He was flattered by the terror and awe which his appearance inspired. He did not wish to come down to the ordinary level; and if to this we add his pursuits of alchymy and astrology, with the formidable and various apparatus supposed to be required in these pursuits, we shall no longer wonder at the results which followed. He loved to wander on the brink of danger, and was contented to take his chance of being molested, rather than not possess that ascendancy over the ordinary race of mankind, which was evidently gratifying to his vanity.'—P. 329.

With regard to the alchymy and astrology alluded to in the preceding passage, and 'the formidable and various apparatus supposed to be required in these pursuits,' they will assuredly not help him in fixing upon Agrippa the character of a necromancer. Agrippa was certainly an alchymist. He was a skilful chemist, who occasionally went astray in search of the art of transmuting the baser metals into gold. He did not try to conjure silver from lead, or gold from copper; nor did he attempt, with the wand of his sorcery, to smite the brilliant diamond from the lugubrious

charcoal. He was guided in his researches by the principles of science, however rashly and hopelessly they might be applied. The torch which conducted him was a ray of the purest light, but it was unfortunately part of 'a sunbeam that had lost its way.'

We are at a loss to understand what Mr Godwin means by the '*formidable* apparatus' by which the alchymist and the astrologer inspired the vulgar with awe and terror. The alchymist must certainly be supplied with a furnace and a few crucibles, and perchance with a pair of bellows, none of which are very awe-inspiring articles. What apparatus the astrologer could have had, we cannot even conjecture; unless it be the scale and compasses with which he projected his horoscopes.

That Agrippa was an astrologer, has been very rashly inferred from his having calculated the nativity of the Constable Bourbon. Had Sir Isaac Newton calculated the nativity of Queen Caroline, which he would, no doubt, have done to gratify her majesty, it would have been an unjust accusation to have charged him with necromancy, or even a belief in astrology; but we have positive evidence that Agrippa did not believe in astrology. When he was residing at Lyons, as physician to Louisa of Savoy, mother of Francis I., she requested him to predict, on astrological principles, the issue of the war which was then carrying on between her son and the Constable Bourbon. Agrippa not only did not comply with this harmless request, but, to use the words of one of his biographers, 'he reprobated the curiosity of the lady as idle and impertinent, and refused to debase his understanding on so ignoble a subject.' When his mistress was informed that Agrippa had actually calculated the nativity of her enemy, and refused the same courtesy to her son, she dismissed him from her service, and stopped his pension. Had Mr Godwin been aware of these facts, he could never have maintained that Agrippa was an astrologer. He might as well have asserted that a martyr to Christianity was an infidel, because he was once a heathen; or that a pious logician was an atheist, because he had once questioned the *a priori* argument.

The celebrated Roger Bacon is treated nearly in the same manner as Agrippa; although Mr Godwin acknowledges him to have been 'one of the rarest geniuses that have existed on earth.' He is dismissed, however, in two pages and a half, but not without receiving the necromantic brand; and this mark is fixed upon him, on the authority of the following slanderous tale of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungy, which, as Mr Godwin himself seems to admit, has no other foundation than the fact of Bacon's having attempted to make a speaking head.

‘ These two persons are said to have entertained the project of enclosing England with a wall, so as to render it inaccessible to any invader. They accordingly raised the devil, as the person best able to inform them how this was to be done. The devil advised them to make a brazen head, with all the internal structure and organs of a human head. The construction would cost them much time, and they must then wait with patience till the faculty of speech descended upon it. It would finally, however, become an oracle, and if the question were propounded to it, would teach them the solution of their problem. The friars spent seven years in bringing the structure to perfection, and then waited day after day in expectation that it would utter articulate sounds. At length nature became exhausted in them, and they lay down to sleep, having first given it strictly in charge to a servant of theirs, clownish in nature, but of strict fidelity, that he should awaken them the moment the image began to speak. That period arrived. The head uttered sounds, but such as the clown judged unworthy of notice. “ Time is ! ” it said. No notice was taken, and a long pause ensued. “ Time was ! ” a similar pause, and no notice. “ Time is passed ! ” And the moment these words were uttered, a tremendous storm ensued, with thunder and lightning, and the head was shivered into a thousand pieces. Thus the experiment of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungy came to nothing.’—Pp. 265-6.

This fictitious expansion of Bacon’s acoustic experiment with a brazen head, is the only trace of necromancy which Mr Godwin has fixed upon the Friar. He has omitted to give any account of his studies as an alchymist, and of his pretensions to the magical art of making boys appear like giants, of multiplying armies, and bringing the sun, moon, and stars down to the earth. The optical combinations, by which he was able to perform such feats, are well known ; and he himself uses the language of mystery in announcing the effects they would produce :—‘ And thus ‘ a boy may appear to be a giant, and a man as big as a mountain, for as much as we may see the man under as great an angle ‘ as the mountain, and as near as we please ; and thus a small ‘ army may appear a very great one, and though very far off, ‘ yet very near us, and on the contrary. Thus also the sun, ‘ moon, and stars, may be made to descend hither in appearance, ‘ and to appear over the heads of our enemies, and many things ‘ of the like sort, which would astonish unskilful persons.’

In the two cases of Agrippa and Roger Bacon, Mr Godwin has entertained his readers with narratives which he himself acknowledges to be fictitious, in order that he may associate great names with his history ; and ‘ infer the temper and credulity of ‘ the times’ from the ‘ things that were believed of them by their ‘ neighbours.’ In the absence of all authentic information, a philosopher would have recourse, with great reluctance, to such sources of intelligence ; but he would have carefully separated

what was true from what was fictitious, and in making use of the latter, he would have made a marked distinction between *what was believed* and *what was wilfully fabricated*. The records of credulity differ essentially from those of fiction. The study of the one must instruct,—the perusal of the other may amuse us; but when the instruction and the amusement are blended together, the mass of rubbish which they form is intellectually useless, and morally unprofitable.

Mr Godwin has never attempted to separate these two conditions of the marvellous. He takes either or both, just as they come to his hand; and, as we shall presently see, he puts as much value on acknowledged fiction as he does upon the legends of credulity. This great mistake is shown in a remarkable manner in his account of the notorious Dr Faustus.

‘Little, in point of fact, is known respecting this eminent personage in the annals of necromancy. His pretended history does not seem to have been written till about the year 1587, perhaps half a century after his death. This work is apparently, in its principal features, altogether fictitious. * * * * He was probably nothing more than an accomplished juggler, who appears to have practised his art with great success in several towns of Germany. He was also, no doubt, a pretender to necromancy. * * * * On this basis, the well-known History of his Life has been built. The author has, with art, expanded very slender materials, and rendered his work, in a striking degree, a code and receptacle of all the most approved ideas respecting necromancy, and a profane and sacrilegious dealing with the devil. He has woven into it, with much skill, the pretended arts of the sorcerers; and has transcribed, or closely imitated, the stories that have been handed down to us of many of the extraordinary feats they were said to have performed. It is therefore suitable to our purpose to dwell at some length upon the successive features of this history.’—Pp. 330–1.

This rash promise is amply fulfilled by our author; for he deals out to us twenty-eight pages of ‘the Devil and Dr Faustus.’

Having thus given our readers a correct idea of the information which Mr Godwin has conveyed to us, in his lives of Cornelius Agrippa, Roger Bacon, and Dr Faustus, we cannot refrain from quoting an earlier part of his work, ‘on the General Silence of ‘the East respecting Individual Necromancers:’—

‘Asia has been more notorious than perhaps any other division of the globe for the vast multiplicity and variety of its narratives of sorcery and magic. I have, however, been much disappointed in the thing I looked for, in the first place; and that is, in the individual adventures of such persons as might be supposed to have gained a high degree of credit and reputation for their skill in exploits of magic. Where the professors are many (and they have been perhaps nowhere so numerous as those of

magic in the East), it is unavoidable but that some should have been more dexterous than others, more eminently gifted by nature, more enthusiastic and persevering in the prosecution of their purpose, and more fortunate in awakening popularity and admiration among their contemporaries. In the instances of Apollonius Tyanæus, and others among the ancients, and of Cornelius Agrippa, Roger Bacon, and Faustus, among the moderns, we are acquainted with many biographical particulars of their lives, and can trace, with some degree of accuracy, their peculiarities of disposition, and observe how they were led gradually from one study and one mode of action to another. But the magicians of the East, so to speak, are mere abstractions, not characterised by any of those habits which distinguish one individual of the human race from another, and having those marking traits and petty lineaments which make the person, as it were, start up into life while he passes before our eyes. They are merely reported to us as men prone to the producing great signs and wonders, and nothing more.'—Pp. 185–6.

This passage seems to have been written before its author had acquired any knowledge either of Agrippa, Bacon, or Faustus. He here treats these personages as *Professors* of Necromancy, of whom we know so much, that we can trace their peculiarities, and observe how they were led from one study to another. Now, we know for certain, and Mr Godwin knows it also, that neither Agrippa nor Bacon were professors of necromancy; and we have already seen that he knows nothing whatever of Faustus. 'He 'was also,' says he, in a future passage, 'no doubt a pretender 'to necromancy'—an admission, that he possessed no authentic information respecting this part of his character.

A brief account of the Lives of Paracelsus and Cardan, in their capacity of necromancers, concludes the section entitled 'Sanguinary Proceedings against Witchcraft'—a section which contains also the venerable name of Luther. The only circumstances in the lives of the chemist and the mathematician, upon which the charge of necromancy is founded, is a rumour, that they had each a genius or demon in attendance upon them. Paracelsus was, no doubt, an alchemist and a quack; but he was a man of high genius, who gave a vigorous impulse to the science of the times. It is to him that we owe the invaluable connexion between chemistry and medicine; and the introduction into the *materia medica* of many chemical remedies, which have contributed, in the most essential degree, to diminish human suffering, and extend the period of human life. It was to the Arabians, indeed, that we owe the first introduction of metallic remedies; but it was to Paracelsus, and his successors in the art of alchymy, that we are indebted for the greatest number of these powerful medicines. The following paragraph contains the amount of his necromancy, according to Mr Godwin:—

‘He therefore carefully cherished in those about him the idea, that there was in him a kind of supernatural virtue, and that he had the agents of an invisible world at his command. In particular, he gave out that he held conferences with a familiar or demon, whom, for the convenience of consulting, he was in the habit of carrying about with him in the hilt of his sword.’—P. 361.

Jerome Cardan, as our readers know, was a celebrated mathematician, and the author of some fine discoveries in Algebra,—a part of his character which Mr Godwin has omitted to record. He was a person of a quick and susceptible temperament, and united the possession of high imaginative, and profound intellectual powers. The combination of these antagonist attainments must necessarily have formed a singular character; and there may be some foundation for Mr Godwin’s remark, ‘that there was a considerable spice of madness in his composition.’

‘Cardan describes three things of himself, which he habitually experienced, but respecting which he had never unbosomed himself to any of his friends. The first was, a capacity which he felt in himself of abandoning his body in a sort of ecstasy whenever he pleased. He felt in these cases a sort of splitting of the heart, as if his soul was about to withdraw; the sensation spreading over his whole frame, like the opening of a door for the dismissal of a guest. His apprehension was, that he was out of his body, and that by an energetic exertion he still retained a small hold of his corporeal figure. The second of his peculiarities was, that he saw, when he pleased, whatever he desired to see, not through the force of imagination, but with his material organs; he saw groves, animals, orbs, as he willed. When he was a child, he saw these things, as they occurred, without any previous volition or anticipation that such a thing was about to happen. But, after he had arrived at years of maturity, he saw them only when he desired, and such things as he desired. These images were in perpetual succession, one after another. The thing incidental to him which he mentioned in the third place was, that he could not recollect any thing that had ever happened to him, whether good, ill, or indifferent, of which he had not been admonished, and that a very short time before, in a dream. These things serve to show of what importance he was in his own eyes, and also, which is the matter he principally brings to prove, the subtlety and delicacy of his animal nature. Cardan speaks uncertainly and contradictorily as to his having a genius or demon perpetually attending him, advising him of what was to happen, and forewarning him of sinister events. He concludes, however, that he had no such attendant; but that it was the excellence of his nature, approaching to immortality. He was much addicted to the study of astrology, and laid claim to great skill as a physician.’—Pp. 362-4.

The mental phenomena recorded in the preceding passage, were, no doubt, real; and from, we are persuaded, interesting cases of the power of the optic nerve and the retina, to give an

external locality to the records of memory and the creations of the imagination. Those who have studied the cases of Nicolai, of Mrs A——, described in the 'Edinburgh Journal of Science,' and of others, published by Dr Abercrombie, cannot fail to observe that the temperament of Cardan was of an analogous kind; and that all his visions and mental peculiarities were the result of an extraordinary power of withdrawing his mind from the influence of present objects, and of an excessive sensibility of the retina to internal impressions. The 'subtlety and delicacy of his animal 'nature' was a logical inference from these phenomena, however ill expressed; and when his powers of abstraction, and his quickness of fancy, enabled him to embody in phantasms his own hopes and fears, and see them in all the reality of direct vision, it was within the limits of poetical expression to ascribe such vivid intelligence to the premonitions of a guardian genius.

The great tribe of ancient and modern Necromancers, of which Mr Godwin has attempted to write the natural history, is divided into two families; namely, those who were 'partly the victims of 'their own delusions,' and those 'quacks who in cool blood undertook to overreach mankind.' The account of the first of these families terminates with Cardan, in the 364th page of the work; and the second class, whose lives occupy scarcely 100 pages, begins with Benvenuto Cellini,* and ends with the hackneyed and disgusting details of witchcraft. Dr Faustus stands pre-eminent as the type of the first tribe, and, enthroned in the clouds of fable and mystery, he is the centre of the wizard system, round which all the lesser spirits wheel their mystic course. Doctor John Dee, whose life occupies twenty-five pages, is, in like manner, the High Priest of modern sorcery, and outshines with his primary lustre the tiny satellites that attend him. Dr Dee and Mr Edward Kelly form a double star of exceeding brilliancy, but we cannot venture to describe its phases or to trace its orbit. As we have given our readers, however, a specimen of the 'self-deluded magicians,' we must not omit to present them with a sample of the 'cold-blooded quacks' of the second family; and we shall select the case which Mr Godwin himself considers as 'eminently to the purpose' of his work to describe.

'Urbain Grandier, a canon of the church, and a popular preacher of the town of Loudun, in the district of Poitiers, was in the year 1634 brought to trial upon the accusation of magic. The first cause of his being thus

* Although Benvenuto Cellini appears to be the necromancer in Mr Godwin's book, yet he is only the narrator of the story, and was himself imposed upon by the Sicilian priest.

called in question was the envy of his rival preachers, whose fame was eclipsed by his superior talents. The second cause was a libel falsely imputed to him upon Cardinal Richelieu, who, with all his eminent qualities, had the infirmity of being inexorable upon the question of any personal attack that was made upon him. Grandier, besides his eloquence, was distinguished for his courage and resolution, for the gracefulness of his figure, and the extraordinary attention he paid to the neatness of his dress and the decoration of his person, which last circumstance brought upon him the imputation of being too much devoted to the service of the fair.

‘About this time, certain nuns of the Convent of Ursulines at Loudun were attacked with a disease, which manifested itself by very extraordinary symptoms, suggesting to many the idea that they were possessed with devils. A rumour was immediately spread that Grandier, urged by some offence he had conceived against these nuns, was the author, by the skill he had in the arts of sorcery, of these possessions. It unfortunately happened, that the same capuchin friar who assured Cardinal Richelieu that Grandier was the writer of the libel against him, also communicated to him the story of the possessed nuns, and the suspicion that had fallen on the priest on their account. The cardinal seized with avidity on this occasion of private vengeance, wrote to a counsellor of state at Loudun, one of his creatures, to cause a strict investigation to be made into the charge, and in such terms as plainly implied that what he aimed at was the destruction of Grandier.

‘The trial took place in the month of August, 1634; and, according to the authorized copy of the trial, Grandier was convicted upon the evidence of Astaroth, a devil of the order of seraphims, and chief of the possessing devils, of Easas, of Celsus, of Acaos, of Cedon, of Asmodeus of the order of thrones, of Alex, of Zabulon, of Naphthalim, of Cham, of Uriel and of Achas of the order of principalities, and sentenced to be burned alive. In other words, he was convicted upon the evidence of twelve nuns, who, being asked who they were, gave in these names, and professed to be devils, that, compelled by the order of the court, delivered a constrained testimony. The sentence was accordingly executed, and Grandier met his fate with heroic constancy. At his death, an enormous drone fly was seen buzzing about his head; and a monk, who was present at the execution, attested that, whereas the devils are accustomed to present themselves in the article of death to tempt men to deny God their Saviour, this was Beelzebub, which in Hebrew signifies the God of flies, come to carry away to hell the soul of the victim.’—Pp. 421–3.

Such of our readers as have perused Mr Godwin's book, must already have asked themselves the question, why this story is so eminently suited to the purpose of our author. We cannot pretend to solve the difficulty, unless by supposing that he considers it as reflecting disgrace upon the clergy, and bringing the Scriptures into contempt.

The extracts which we have made, will convey to our readers a tolerable idea of the nature of Mr Godwin's work,

and of the manner in which it is executed. With every disposition to speak favourably of this production, we must acknowledge that an authentic history of Necromancy, and a faithful biography of its votaries, still remain a desideratum in our literature. A writer of patient research, and possessed of a competent knowledge of physics and chemistry, is alone capable of doing justice to the subject. The absolute exclusion of vulgar fiction is an essential requisite in such a production: the mind can receive no gratification in its rational enquiries, if its progress is continually obstructed with legend and fable. Mr Godwin's avowed object was to expose the credulity of former times to the odium and contempt of a more enlightened age; and in order to add to the splendour of his pageant, he has, on the evidence of vulgar tradition, placed in the pillory of his book venerable and immortal names, and hung upon their breasts the badge of *Necromancer* and *Sorcerer*.

On the first perusal of Mr Godwin's volume, we were disposed to quarrel with him on account of its irreligious character. It is enough, however, to have guarded our young readers against the snare which is laid for them. Religion is founded on too secure a basis to be thus shaken; and we might as well assail the truths of modern science, by charging some of its votaries with the follies of Animal Magnetism, as attempt to discredit Christianity, because some of its professors believed in sorcery, and practised magic.

ART. IV.—*Journey to the North of India, overland from England, through Russia, Persia, and Afghanistan.* By LIEUT. ARTHUR CONOLLY. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1834.

THESE are lively and amusing volumes; and the author, an officer belonging to our Indian army, has the farther merit of having, for part of his journey, followed a route never before trodden, or at least never before described, by any European traveller. When leaving England to rejoin his regiment in Bengal, instead of proceeding by sea, he resolved to follow the overland route as far as Bushire, and accordingly travelled by St Petersburg and Moscow over the Caucasus to Teflis and Tabreez. Here he altered his plan, and resolved either to attempt the adventure of Bokhara, reserved for a more fortunate knight, or to seek his way through the Afghan country, to our possessions in Upper India. With this view he directed his

course by Tehraun, and through the beautiful but unhealthy province of Mazenderan, to Asterabad on the south-east of the Black Sea. At this place he engaged a Turkoman to conduct him and his companion, an Indian Syed, as far as Khiva by a caravan that was going to that place. Having set out in order to overtake the caravan, they were led far into the desert of the Turkomans; when the arrival of messengers from Asterabad induced their guides mysteriously to alter their course, and the travellers, who were not let into the real causes of this change of route, (which would appear to have been suspicions entertained of them as spies,) were conducted about from place to place, all encampments of the wandering tribes, and all intercourse with casual travellers being carefully avoided. They were not even permitted to join the Khiva caravan, when at last it was descried at a distance. Their apprehensions of death or slavery, while thus led about as a property, and defrauded in various ways as a fair object of plunder, as well as the efforts which they made, in the issue, with success, to escape from the grasp of their oppressors, are related with no small interest. The jealousy of a different tribe, and the selfish views of some of its chiefs, were the engines employed to accomplish their object. The painful period of three or four weeks passed among the Turkomans, has enabled Mr Conolly to furnish a picture of the manners, and to form some estimate of the character and morals of that wandering people. Like that of the Arabs, their simplicity seems to be only ignorance, their famed hospitality only a national fashion that costs them little, and binds them to no benevolence beyond the limits of their camp. Like other barbarians, they are false and treacherous, and, even where not actively cruel, indifferent to human life or suffering.

Finding the route to Khiva and Bokhara impracticable in his circumstances, he next set out to pursue his journey by Herat, through Afghanistan. He was detained for a long time at Meshed, the city of pilgrims, and syeds, and moollas, by difficulties chiefly arising from the want of pecuniary means; but the situation into which he was thrown from being compelled to live familiarly with the natives, brought him into closer contact with them, and gave him the opportunity of seeing much of the Persian character, on which more light is thrown by the minute incidents of his narrative, than could be given by any professed attempt to describe it in general terms. The bustle and uproar of the holy city, the mixture of trade and piety, the union of worldly passions with occasional bursts of religious feeling and even of enthusiasm, are well exhibited; and every thing proves, were such proof needed, how much a bad government, and the unnatural

state of society resulting from it, can degrade the finest natural talents. But it is needless to dwell on this part of his route, which has been nearly exhausted by Mr Fraser, to the accuracy of whose representations, both of the Turkomans and of Khorasan, our author bears repeated and generous testimony.

Before leaving Meshed he had an audience of the Viceroy, a son of the King of Persia. 'The residence of the prince,' says he, 'was in the citadel, a place of no strength, the interior of which was in a state of ruin, exhibiting fallen walls and rubbishy courts' (vol. i., p. 285); a fit emblem of the condition of the province which he ruled, than which it should seem that hardly any country under any thing called government can be more wretched. The power of the prince (and the remark is true of the Afghan as well as of the Persian portion) is shown only in rapacity and oppression. Even the natural return of security from at least foreign violence is not rendered. From without, the country is on every side open to the inroads of the tribes of the desert, Turkomans, Koords, Hazaras, and even Usbeks, who not only ravage the fields, but carry off the inhabitants and travellers into slavery, almost with impunity. Nor is this all. The province itself is broken down into a variety of little local chiefships, nearly independent, and always in a state of hostility with each other; the heads of which employ their domestic leisure in acts of the most grinding extortion. The consequence is what might be expected—deserted cultivation, ruined villages, peasants hiding their grain, and traders their money. The traveller meets a line of forts instead of villages. The little trade that can exist struggles under every disadvantage; credit can hardly have any visible existence. Every man attempts to look miserable, and to conceal the property or comfort he may possess. Each regards his neighbour as a spy. 'We made the acquaintance of a Caubul merchant,' says our author, 'who, when the time of his departure from Meshed drew near, actually wept in our presence, lamenting his poverty, and went about openly begging small loans to help him on his journey, though he had several hundred ducats sewed up in his clothes, as we learned, when, on an after occasion, he offered to lend us more than three hundred. The state of society in this part of the world renders such shifts almost necessary, and men who act uprightly and tell the truth, if there be any such, really deserve great credit. Commerce under such discouraging circumstances must necessarily be very uncertain; traders both fear the unavoidable dangers of the roads, and want confidence in each other.'—'Few traders requiring a sudden advance of money could obtain it, otherwise than at a ruinously extravagant rate of interest.' (Vol. i., pp. 346, 347.)

It is the inevitable tendency of so unnatural a state of things to give barbarism the ascendancy over the little civilisation that is left. Yet in the midst of all this, the wonderful accommodation of man even to the worst circumstances is visible. Where things appear desperate, he begins, from long endurance, to think them, like the sunshine and rain, the course of nature; his ingenuity is exerted to make the best of his lot, to evade and overreach his oppressors, and a new but degraded state of society rises from the ruins of the old. Undeterred by the evils, the extent of which he knows, and terrified by those which he has never experienced, the native clings to his place of birth, repays tyranny by artifice, and takes up a sort of double character, one for the world and his ruler, and another for the secret recesses of his own family. It is in this way that even in such countries the seeds of kindly and generous feelings are often preserved, and sometimes even brought to maturity.

From Meshed, Mr Conolly, in order to avoid the danger of the roads, took advantage of the march of a detachment of Afghan troops, to advance to Herat, the capital of the Afghans in Khorasan. This city, once the seat of government of Sultan Hussein Mirza, the greatest prince of his age, the patron of arts and of letters,—the city of mosques, colleges, and palaces,—is now, like all the rest, in a state of decay and ruin. It is situated in a delightful climate and a rich country. The political condition of Afghanistan is represented as equally wretched with that of Khorasan. While Kamran, the nominal king, holds Herat and a considerable extent of country around it, the kinsmen of Futeh Khan, an able minister put to death by the king's father, are in possession of nearly all the rest of the kingdom, one of them occupying Kandahar, another Caubul, a third Peshawar—while the countries beyond the Indus, Cashmire and the Penjab, now own the authority of Runjeet Sing and the Seiks. Fresh revolutions probably await the kingdom of the Afghans.

At Herat our traveller was again detained by a deficiency of funds, a consequence of the wretched state of internal communication, and of want of mutual confidence in these countries, and suffered many of the evils of poverty. In vain did he try various means to enable him to renew his journey. He found only repulse and discouragement; when in the depth of his distress it was his good fortune to meet with syed Muheen Shah, one of those men confined to no country, who reconcile us to our species. He was one of the syeds or holy men of Pisheen, who are supposed to have the power of healing diseases, of charming the elements, and of blessing or cursing with sure effect. This man, at once a saint and a merchant, had come to Herat to recover a

debt; and was about to return immediately home, to convey to India thirty horses which he had purchased for that market,

—‘when his partner told him of a foreigner’s being in the city in distress, and brought him to see us.’—‘He had lately returned from India, and it was a great satisfaction to hear him run over the names of Mr Elphinstone, Sir John Malcolm, and other gentlemen, known for the high offices they held in India. Mr E. had given his brother’s son a handful of money for answering a few questions; Mr Cole of Mysore had bought a horse from him; Hunter Sahib of Mutchleebunder had given him a rifle; we were a most excellent tribe, who never gave our words falsely, and please God, he would take my debts upon his head and shoulders, and convey me safely to Hindostan.’—‘Having engaged to serve us, he would listen to none of his friend’s remonstrances, but calling upon our creditors, struck hands with them for our debts, and sought for one who would give us money on the best terms.’—‘With Syed Muheen Shah we travelled safely from Herat to Dehlee. I could not, in words, express the kindness and delicacy of this man’s conduct towards us during the whole of the journey. Wherever he met friends, they laboured to convince him that I was an impostor; and he was exposed to extreme vexation and danger on our account; yet he never relaxed in his endeavours to promote my safety and comfort; he paid all our expenses, and avoided alluding to my debt to him.’—Vol. ii., pp. 40, 42.

Under the guidance of this worthy man, he proceeded by Girishk, through the Afghan country, to the neighbourhood of Candahar.

‘The route by which we came from Herat to Candahar,’ says he, ‘has not, I believe, been travelled by any other European. It is reputed to be the most difficult, because the most hilly of the three roads, but a little labour would make it an easy one.’—‘During our journey we met very few of the inhabitants of the country, and were able to form but an imperfect notion of the extent of the population; in the day time we scarcely saw any body, but at night lights would shine out all round us from distant khails, or sheep folds; near some of the usual halting places are found khails, from which travellers obtain flour or bread, and grain for their horses; but the body of the people, divided into small pastoral societies, wander with their flocks in the broad valleys away from the road. Still, however, judging from the barren appearance of the country, and from the circumstance of so little of it being cultivated, and also from the general result of our enquiries, I should say that the country between Herat and Candahar is but scantily populated.’—‘The Afghans are all for a *far niente* life, and dwelling under rude felt tents, they are content to live poorly, so that they may live idly and independently. They are clothed coarsely; gaily when they can afford it, but always dirtily, and their fare is very simple. The common food of the Afghans is kooroot, hard pressed salted curds, which are scraped and boiled up with butter, and eaten with unleavened bread. They never tire of this food; and it is amusing to see the eagerness with which a party will get

round a bowl, break their bread into it, and then thrust their huge fingers into the mess. I heard a man, who had been eating little else all his life, exclaim with a sigh of sincerity, after licking his fingers, "Hei kooroot ! by Heaven it is a good thing, kooroot !"

On leaving the neighbourhood of Candahar, where he was much reduced by sickness, the route which he followed as far as the Indus, and on even to Buhawulpoor, was one yet untrodden by any of our travellers. Instead of following the usual eastern road by Ghaazni and Caubul, the syed's way led him to the south-east. Crossing the Khojeh Amran hills, he descended into the valley of Pisheen, where he found himself at home in the midst of his tribe and family. The strangers were here hospitably entertained for several days, when their pleasure was interrupted by the arrival of a party of four men, sent by Abdoolla Khan, the hakim or governor of the country, whose stronghold they had passed, to demand that the strangers, who were of course considered by him as a fair object of extortion, should be given up, as being Jews. The travellers were hid in the interior of the house ; instant preparations were made for resuming the journey ; the messengers were cajoled with fair words, and the holy syed

—'swore, and I believe got a friend or two to back his oath, that we were Indian Hajeess who had gone on to Quetta, and assuring the myrmidons that they might tell their master he had also marched that way, since he certainly would do so on the morrow, he bribed, blessed, and dismissed them, esteeming a false oath in such a case no more perjury, than justifiable homicide murder.'—'The state of society in these countries is such that, however much virtue may be admired in the abstract, it is thought imprudent generally to practise it. A wise parent gives his son a sort of Janus education, telling him of a few virtues, but initiating him into the mysteries of every vice, in order that he may be a match for his demoralized neighbours ; and thus nearly every person commences life, prepared to be faithful to his friends, and an honest man or a rogue to the world, as it may be.'—Vol. ii., pp. 177–9.

It is impossible to accompany the party minutely on their route. Suffice it to say that they now hastened forward on their way, and in the course of their journey crossed several ranges of hills ; the first of them, such as the ranges of Ajrum and Musailaigh, parallel to those of Khojeh Amran, and separated from each other, some by narrow valleys, others by wider and barren plains. On arriving at Quetta, the capital of the Belooche province of Shaul, they halted nine days, waiting for more force to protect them on the road. Meanwhile they were introduced to the governor, who had been in India,

—'and gave the most sensible proof of his knowledge of English customs, by inviting me to cement our friendship by eating a meal together. Our repast consisted of fowl-soup, which was served in a large

pewter bowl: we partook of the liquid portion by making temporary spoons of bits of bread as thin as pancakes, which were sent out to us hot and hot from "the within." I have been particular in noticing occasions on which we got any thing very good to eat, because they were of sufficiently rare occurrence to make us consider them *dies festi*. Occasionally we got meat, but our usual fare was boiled rice or vetch, which we ate with cakes of heavy unleavened bread, and if we thought of breakfast for the morrow, we put a flap of the latter into our holsters or breeches-pocket. However, we generally contrived to cook a kettleful of tea, which made amends for the badness of a dinner, and was most refreshing after a long march.—P. 205.

Soon after leaving Quetta, the chains of hills became more complicated, though most of them, it seems, easy to pass or march round. The most difficult is that of the Kurklekkee hills, about thirty miles off, where begins the formidable pass of Bolaun, rendered dangerous by the vicinity of the adjoining tribe of Cawkers. At the entrance of the valley a careful watch was kept during the night.

'Before it was light next morning the whole camp was astir, and when all were ready, the order of march was arranged. The riders who had firearms forming an advance and rearguard, while the grooms, leading the horses and camels, walked together in a body on foot. From the valley in which we had slept, we at once entered the close defile of Bolaun. At first there was but breadth for a dozen horsemen between the rocks, which rose like walls on either side to a great height. Afterwards the road lay broadly between the mountains, occasionally opening out. It was like the beach of a sea formed of loose pebbly stones and sand, and it ran in sharp angles from one hundred to two hundred yards in length. This was the style of the pass for ten miles to Ser-e-khujoor. The minutest description could hardly convey a just idea of its strength; it is a defile which a regiment of brave men could defend against an army.'—'At Ser-e-khujoor the hills broke off from the road, but they still commanded it for nineteen more miles, and the same beach-like road lay between steep banks, as if it were the bed of a deep but dried river.'—'At Beebeenaunee the mountains parted off to the right and left, and here ended the defile of Bolaun. When we were safely at the end of the dreaded pass, Muheen Shah called a halt, and recited a short prayer, which was answered by two shouts that made the hills ring again.'—P. 219.

But a more dangerous obstacle presents itself farther on, at the Pass of Cundye, when, after crossing numerous ponds of clear water, the road is blocked up by a lake, only to be passed after a circuit amidst the craggy path in the rocks. In summer the sun, acting on these pent up waters causes so pestilent an air, that the road between Quetta and Dauder is shut. It is then necessary to take the road by Moostung and Kelate Naseer. The

travellers having continued their course to Dauder and Bagh, after some marches, entered the province of Sind, and reached Shikarpoor, a distance of about three hundred and ninety miles from Candahar.

About fifteen miles from Shikarpoor, they were ferried across the noble stream of the Indus, which, with its numerous navigable tributary rivers, though they now flow desolate and waste through barbarous lands, may one day be destined to convey wealth, and plenty, and civilisation into the heart of Asia, as nature seems to have intended. On reaching the farther shore they proceeded by Khirepoor and Rohree, passing in sight of the ruins of Bukker, so celebrated in Indian history, and travelled on by Cawnpore, Ahmedpore, and Buhawulpore, a distance of nearly three hundred miles, where they fell into the route of Mr Elphinstone. The road from that place to Hissar, where the volumes close, is sufficiently known.

It may be observed, that the whole tract of country from Candahar, wild and uncultivated and hilly as it is, is one through which it would seem that an army, lightly equipped, could march during a great part of the year, supposing that they carried with them their provisions and stores. But this in reality is saying little. The road presents, in a military point of view, many difficulties, and particular defiles where a small force could, for a time, check the largest army. To cross the Indus without preserving the command of the navigation of the river would be a desperate enterprise. It is not indeed such obstacles that can check an intelligent and determined invader on the one hand; nor on the other will a sagacious general opposed to him entirely rely on natural barriers, however useful, in a military point of view, they may be. No country ever was, or ever will be, successfully defended by rivers, or mountains, or walls, but by the bold and hardy spirit behind them, that renders these obstacles, dead and worthless of themselves, living and effectual.

Mr Conolly's reflections and observations on his long route, very naturally turned his thoughts to the subject of the overland invasion of India, and he examines the route by Khiva and Balkh, and that by Asterabad and Candahar at some length. He thinks the latter the more probable, with the assistance of Persia; but justly concludes that though the undertaking is practicable, so far as regards the natural obstacles of the country,—the difficulties in the supply of provisions for the army, and its beasts of burden, would be excessive; that the mortality of a northern army, on descending into the hot plains on the Indus, would be extreme; and that the army in advance must always run the most imminent risk of being cut off from its reserve.

We have already given our opinion on the subject of the overland invasion of India, oftener perhaps than the feasibility of the project seemed to demand; but the scheme itself has been presented at various times, and under various points of view. It is generally brought forward at some moment of temporary alarm, to add to our confusion and embarrassment. The truth is, that it is a project addressed to our timidity, and the details of which never have been presented in a tangible shape, so as to justify our fears, and the unmeasured expense into which they have led us. The most permanently dangerous plan might be the possession by an enemy of some rich provinces on or near the Oxus; but this supposes the labour and policy of years. Indeed the plan can never, as seems vainly to have been supposed, be effected by any thing in the nature of a *coup de main*. A march of some thousand miles, through a foreign country, is fatal to such a supposition. The plan, the preparations, the march, are works of time, and must be known long beforehand, and may be guarded against. All that has ever been attempted to be shown to justify alarm, is, that the physical difficulties of the march could, under the most favourable circumstances, be overcome. But the moral and political impediments, more unsurmountable still, are left untouched. We must not suppose our enemy to be divested of reason. He too must have his fears and misgivings, and will not be blind to evident danger. He must see difficulties of every description; a march of unparalleled length and labour, through the country of barbarians, who, however ready they may have been at the outset to promise every thing to a powerful neighbour, are always broken into parties and factions, and in case of any serious reverse, would unite with pleasure to plunder and extirpate their unsuccessful allies. This description applies alike to every step of the journey, whether through Persia, or through the country of the Usbeks, the Afghans, or Seiks: the army cannot be a small one, it must be the grand army of Russia, first to furnish men for the concentrated moving force, and next to keep up a communication of posts, and to overawe the country through which it has passed, so as to secure a supply of provisions in a region of hills and desert, and, if required, to make retreat possible. Where there are so many pretenders to the crown as in Persia and in Afghanistan, a diversion in the rear of the moving force, so as at least to harass outposts, and to cut off supplies, may always be secured with very little exertion; and after all the risks and toils of this unheard of route, supposing it accomplished, a regular army and an organized resistance awaits them, conducted by officers of skill, who would be possessed of all the resources that national wealth and intel-

ligence can bestow, and, what the invader must be supposed to want, artillery, stores, fortresses, and the command not only of the sea, but probably of the navigation of the Indus and Ganges, between which they are to move. Russian discipline, valour, and genius, never were supposed so much to excel the British, as to render all those advantages insignificant. An army sent on such an expedition must, at the moment of its setting out, be considered as sent on a forlorn hope. The probability is that not a man would return, except those who were fortunate enough to be made prisoners by a civilized enemy. We have said that the force sent to achieve such a conquest could not be a mere detachment, but must be a mighty army. Great as the military power of Russia is by some supposed to be, even that irresponsible government would pause before it would venture to incur such a loss; and while Europe is divided, and France and England act in concert, and Austria is jealous of her success, she would never dare to run such a hazard. The plan was Bonaparte's, who having, in one sense, subdued the continent of Europe, wished to direct a blow against the distant possessions of England, his only enemy, with whom her insular situation prevented his grappling. He trusted to the neutrality of Europe, and the cooperation of Russia, Turkey, and Persia. Those times are changed. The very attempt supposes a general war in Europe; and in that case the defence of Poland, or the ambition of wresting new provinces from Turkey, would find Russia sufficient employment, and fall in much better with her cautious policy, than desperate efforts against distant and insulated provinces, which, if by any miracle she possessed to-morrow, she well knows, considering the long line of detached posts that she must occupy, she could not hope to maintain for one twelvemonth. Failure would not only exhaust her strength, but, what is of equal consequence, tarnish her reputation.

It may be added, that the whole conception of the plan is contrary to Russian policy. Russia did indeed send her troops into Italy and Switzerland, through the territories of civilized allies. But what has been her policy on the side of her semi-barbarous neighbours? Though for upwards of a century a conquering power, her conquests have been slow and gradual; even against such powers as Persia and Turkey, they have been as much the result of her diplomacy as of her arms, and all employed in rounding and extending her frontier. She has, after every effort, halted in the midst of her career, anxious to consolidate and amalgamate her new acquisitions before she moved on. Even in Persia, where the natives never could stand against the Russians in the field, they have advanced, but not with the pomp and dis-

play of conquerors. They have crept on, seemingly prouder of artifice than of warlike daring. The Russians have indeed added cities and provinces to their empire; but, except in the last Turkish campaign, they have never aimed a blow at the vitals of their enemy. What they have gained, they seem to have filched rather than conquered. It is difficult to set limits to what a warrior and politician like Bonaparte could have achieved. Perhaps the attempt on India might only have changed the scene of his final disaster. But Russia has never shown his active daring, and the enterprise is beyond its power.

A curious part of the volumes before us, is the vivid picture which they casually exhibit of the internal disorganisation, the demoralized state, and want of social security in every country of Asia in which the author travelled. All other accounts tend to the same conclusion. It should seem that at this moment the Mahommedan states all over the world, are in a worse condition than at any former period; and not only worse, but more hopeless. They not only have no prospect of any favourable internal change, but have given up all expectation of it. They are all suffering a visible and rapid decay. They are ill-governed and wretched within, and weak without. The star of the Moslem is visibly on the descent. They are now arrived at a great crisis. Turkey, so long the stronghold of the Faith, and the terror of Europe, exhibits every symptom of imbecility. The states of Barbary, Egypt, Syria, Greece, the country beyond the Danube, and large provinces on the Black Sea, have been virtually or really wrested from her. The other Mahommedan states are in a similar condition. India, another bulwark of the Faith, can no longer yield it any support. Persia is a prey to divisions, and if it ever was as weak before, never was placed near so dangerous a foe. The progress of Europe has made it impossible for Asia and Africa to stand still and exist on their present footing. This truth, urged on them by the enterprise of European artists and adventurers, and the success of European arms, has forced its way even into the impassive minds of their rulers; and a conviction of the necessity of reform by foreigners and by foreign arts, has reached the courts of Cairo and Constantinople. To change the laws and maxims of government of a people, especially where they are founded on its religion, is always a difficult and dangerous task. To do so successfully in the face of an enemy, is next to impossible. Even in the most favoured countries and ages, quiet, reflection, time, preparation, a superior overruling intelligence, and the power of directing all the resources of the state to repress internal discontent, are essentially necessary. In the present instance, the extreme ignorance of the people, the ex-

treme ignorance of the government, a pernicious religion which contracts the mind of its followers, and many other causes, present formidable obstacles to a reform made by the government itself, and one from without can only be made by conquest. It seems as if Turkey could be saved from the jaws of Russia only by an odious partition, or by an armed confederation for preserving her existence, and maintaining the balance of power,—a kind of alliance, which, however necessary it may sometimes be, has always hitherto proved the interminable source of wars.

But, what is the consequence of all this, so far as regards an expedition to India? Is it not, that, while the disorganized state of the intermediate countries affords facilities, in one sense, for armies passing through them by force, it offers, on the other, the greatest inducement to shun all distant and dangerous enterprises? While great prospects open near home, on the very frontier,—objects that have long been the leading-star of Russian ambition and policy,—uncertain and distant plans that might precipitate or ruin the others will not be thought of. Constantinople, or the delightful regions of Asia Minor, will never be sacrificed for any plans on India; to the ultimate execution of which, if seriously entertained, the others, greater in themselves, might justly be considered as the first and most important step.

It would seem as if we had never recovered from the panic which the original prospect of such an invasion excited. In the state of excitement into which we were thrown by the apprehensions of Bonaparte's enterprise, perhaps the only one from which much danger was to be apprehended, no plan seemed too chimerical for execution. We dreaded the march of a French army to Bussora, whence a pinnace or a dow could not reach India when our ships commanded the gulf, where there was not a tree fit for ship-building, and hardly stores to furnish a sloop: we were told of marches by Kerman and Mekran, through deserts, where the army of Alexander nearly all perished with hunger, thirst, and fatigue, and where a trifling caravan can with difficulty force its way. Our terrors made us generous, and seemed to justify every folly and every expense. The Court of Tehran became the seat of European negotiations—and not satisfied with counteracting the influence of our enemies, the King's and the Company's ambassadors vied in outbidding each other, at the expense of one common purse, to gain the favour of a prince and his nobles, who took what they received as a tribute, which bound them to nothing. The artful Jones, the brave and frank Malcolm, the cautious Ouseley, were all sent together or in turns, to pursue shadows, and to humble England at the feet of barbarians, who wondered at their own importance. In one thing only did they all agree—

in the enormous sums which they squandered in doing nothing, because nothing was to be done. A small mission of judicious men, supported at a moderate expense, and backed by our known weight in Europe and in India, is all that our interests can ever require in such a country. In the present state of our concerns in the East, the researches made with the least parade, are likely, among a people so jealous, to yield the most instruction and the best return.

Upon the whole then, in the present state of European and Asiatic politics, we may consider the overland invasion of India as next thing to chimerical. There is no railroad between Moscow and Delhi, by which stores and troops can be conveyed at will and with speed. India cannot be taken by surprise, as an enemy ten miles off might, by a night march, seize an ill-defended town. All confidence that blinds is dangerous; but it may safely be affirmed that no European army can reach India by land, but by long, tedious, and toilsome marches, after long preparation and negotiation, and with little prospect of success, if we have an able Governor-General, and an able head to our army. This we say, because though everyday men, even of talent, who have passed through the service with credit, may act their part well, and leave little to be wished for in most of our other foreign possessions, the chief power in India must always be considered as an exception. The government there, after all the modifications it has received, is in its nature despotic; and a despotic or absolute government must always take its colour from the prince at its head. Where there is no deliberative public body, and hardly any public opinion, the whole must depend on the vigour and genius of one man, who must every day have a thousand difficult questions of internal and external policy to determine. India therefore, though distant, or rather perhaps because distant, can never safely be made one of the grand prizes of political patronage. It must be reserved for some enlightened and vigorous mind, where such a one can be found, to whom the safety of our wide empire, and the happiness of its millions of inhabitants can conscientiously be consigned.

If we were disposed to add any thing on a subject on which we have probably already run into excess, it would be, that after all, it is not in India, but in Europe, or at least not to the east but to the west of the Euphrates, that the battle is to be fought, that so far as European enemies are concerned, is to decide the fate of India.

ART. V.—*Corn Law Rhymes—The Splendid Village—The Village Patriarch—Love, and other Poems.* By EBENEZER ELLIOTT. 2 vols. 8vo. London : 1834.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, the Corn-Law Rhymer, has made good his way to a distinguished place among those, whom, out of compliment to Latin and Greek, it is the fashion to consider *uneducated* poets. Whatever school-instruction he received, he got at Rotherham before he was sixteen, at a small school connected with the Presbyterian chapel, and affecting to teach nothing beyond English and accounts. His education was not only scanty, but interrupted. For he had already worked during an interval of two years as a moulder, in a foundery of which his father was overlooker, when that early age transferred him to a shop for retailing steel and iron. He has since been engaged in the latter business. The breaking and weighing the heavy bars of iron is severe labour, which the Poet performs at present, assisted by his sons. Notwithstanding the pious tribute, offered in his 'Withered Wild Flowers' to the memory of his humble schoolmaster, he is understood to have disliked school, and to have learned but little there. It was a visit, while yet a boy, to a cousin, who was taking in Sowerby's 'Botany,' which was the forerunner of the Muses' call. The sight of the plates and of his cousin's plants called out in him a new sensation, and changed the character of his life. What a blessing are innocent pleasures ! Vulgar and vicious habits are put to shame by a rose in a cottage garden ; and a polyanthus, 'the poor man's flower,' with its 'verge of wiry gold' beaming from his window, is at once a presumption of its owner's taste, and a security for his virtue. The passion for flowers which is breathed into the writings of Mr Elliott, is a passion for nature, and not for botany. It is a love of the beauty of free creation, not of the chains of science ;—the worship of the garden of God, not of the Herbal of Linnæus. His elder brother was a good reader of poetry ; and we have heard that the description of a thunderstorm in Thomson's 'Seasons' first communicated to the youthful artisan the mysterious secret that he also was a poet. He lost no time in trying and cultivating his powers. At eighteen he published some juvenile attempt, under the title, we believe, of 'A Vernal Picture ;' and his works, as they now lie before us, make two handsome volumes. The anxiety of providing for a family of ten children can leave but few holidays for an affectionate father in humble life. These few appear to be divided between politics and literature. Strong

whig principles,—an ardent, independent spirit,—and a hatred of the Corn Laws, amounting to a disease, take him occasionally to public meetings. But poetry and nature get the larger share ; carrying him, for the greater part of whatever leisure can be stolen from his daily drudgery, to walks into the country. His country is chiefly the neighbourhood of Sheffield—a fact of which the poet's passionate apostrophes to his favourite localities constantly remind his reader.

We have taken the liberty of giving this brief outline of Mr Elliott's history, in order that a stranger may at once enter into the character of his poems, and understand the circumstances and the spirit in which they have been composed. A little knowledge of an author is often the best commentary upon his works. This will be the case, just in proportion as he is original—thinking and feeling for himself. Mr Elliott could have nothing of the poet in him, if, in his position, the breeze from Crabbe and Wordsworth had passed over him in vain. But he is no apprentice in the Cuckoo's School—no second-hand dependent on the poetical wardrobe of another—no turner over of books to find authority for his facts or feelings. 'He hath not eat paper, as 'it were; he hath not drunk ink.' There is a reality about his writings, at times almost too intense and painful. His own individual circumstances and nature are evidently fused into his numbers ; so that when we once have succeeded in putting ourselves in his place, (a thing, it must be allowed, much easier said than done,) we seem, as in the pilgrimage of Dante, to be moving along with a personal companion through the scenes which he describes. A grateful acknowledgment to 'Robert Southey, my 'great master, who condescended to teach me the art of poetry,' is prefixed to a dramatic scene called 'Bothwell.' Yet so little is he disposed to write after any master, that his different poems contain fewer traces of resemblance to 'wild Southey flying, 'like the heron, alone,' than perhaps to any other name in the 'catalogue of the true bards who please not Enoch Wray,' his village patriarch. Nobody would guess that Shenstone, the bucolical mannerist, had been once the favourite of his rambles. An early admiration of Schiller's 'Robbers' is more apparent, and not always to advantage. Crabbe and Wordsworth are, however, the two missionaries of song, who can alone be said to have become his masters by their mastery over his mind. It is scarcely possible, that the finest and most characteristic parts of these volumes could have existed in their present state, unless those great writers had first discovered the existence of the new world of poetry, planted it with their own bright issue, and brought it into immortal communication with the wants and feelings of man-

kind. Widely and strikingly as those writers differ, Mr Elliott combines to a certain degree the qualities of both. Greatly inferior to each, where each is without a rival, you feel sure that Crabbe did not know his village better, nor Wordsworth enjoy his mountains more. His poor are the poor of the former, not the latter—portraits from observation, not creatures of imagination. Since he complains expressly that the latter, in his descriptions of the poor, only ‘meets his subject half way, and with ‘his back turned towards it,’ it is not from the similarity of their view of the humbler classes of society, but from the congeniality of their moral and intellectual intercourse with the material world, that Mr Elliott finds in Wordsworth, the poet ‘whose thoughts ‘acquaint us with our own.’

There are parts of the varied game of life which can never be thoroughly known by lookers on. ‘Expose ourselves to feel ‘what wretches feel,’ and many things will soon appear to us very different from before. With equal endowments, a member of the working classes must therefore be the most faithful and picturesque expositor of their feelings. The distinction has more than a literary importance. It is not merely for the sake of the new materials and associations with which the empire of poetical imagination will be thus extended and enriched, that a society, provident of its graver interests, ought to be grateful to a mechanic, who comes forward on important questions, as the honest plain-spoken interpreter of the opinions and sentiments of his order. If his station is the source of some of Mr Elliott’s characteristic excellences, it appears in his case to be closely connected with defects of a very serious nature. There are other faults, occasional ones, especially of style, which he must probably have had, and have retained, although he had been born a Lord. Familiarity with rich people, and with Greek chorusses, would not have preserved him from declamatory exaggerations—from giving a Fuseli-attitude to his passions—from an excess of compound epithets (in which he now and then abuses a Samson strength)—or from the offence of interrupting his narrative by too frequent personifications. It would probably have even multiplied the few *kaleidoscope* passages, where ambitious words and crowded figures are so richly embroidered in, as to make the want of staple in the gorgeous texture only more transparent. Whatever had been our Poet’s habits, the same inferiority which now exists might have still continued between his home views—that are evidently a part of his very self—and his attempts to dramatize outlying masses of general history, or to scatter over a romance the lights and shadows of poetical invention. Experience seems to have established that the purely literary advantages,

appertaining to rank and leisure, lie, in the case of poets, within a narrow compass. More ample means of study would have placed a greater range of literature within his reach; and more leisure would have removed from his writings much of the inequality which is their most striking deformity at present. That is all. But the specific mischiefs which we attribute to Mr Elliott's position, affect, unfortunately, higher points,—his right-mindedness and justice, the charity of his feelings, and the truth of his impressions. Partiality, bitterness, and misrepresentation, are offences against which his character and his intelligence must, under more favourable circumstances, have been an ample guarantee. If Mr Elliott had lived in another class, his temper would not have been soured, and reason clouded, by a morbid sense of neglect and injury. He would not have hated the landowners with a deadly hatred, owing to the belief that 'suicidal anti-profit laws' were speaking to his heart from the trenchers of his ten children. He would not have mistaken a sentiment for a reason, imagination for knowledge, the movements of passion for the truths of political economy. In that case, before combining poetry and politics (and the more they are properly combined the better), he would have thought more on the argument in Malthus's 'Essay on Population,' and less on the moral of Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village.' Knowing the gentlemen of England personally, he would have known that many of them were men of liberal information, honour, and humanity; and that, whether Corn Laws were right or wrong, the problem of the existence of laws of this description might be solvable some other way than by accounting for them at once and solely by the selfishness of the higher orders. Some of the most philosophical thinkers in Europe, who never had, and never expect to have, an acre of their own, believe that the abolition of the Corn Laws would be principally felt by the labouring classes, in the transfer of an additional portion of our population from agriculture to manufactures, but scarcely at all in the permanent improvement of their condition. While this is known to be the case, it is most unfair and uncandid to assume, that no landlord can honestly be of the same opinion; and that Mr Peyronet Thompson's 'Catechism' is the test which reduces the corn growers to the short alternative of a corrupt heart or stultified understanding. Mr Elliott admits, that, as a class, the peasant is at present much worse off than the mechanic. The peasant would be worse off still, were a repeal of the Corn Laws, by lessening the demand for his labour, to lower his wages, or throw him out of employment. To whatever other objections Corn Laws may be exposed, our temporary facilities for the production of manufactures have been so vast, that

it may be doubted whether our manufacturing population has hitherto lost any thing in real wages, or in employment, from the addition made by the Corn Laws to the price of corn; while, on the other hand, there can be no doubt, that as far as Corn Laws have mitigated the crisis of agricultural depression, they must have tended to relieve the agricultural poor, the very portion of our labouring classes which is at present suffering the most. Farmers' boys cannot become mechanics at a moment's notice. We are not saying a word here on the national policy of the question. We are confining ourselves to Mr Elliott's single (and we agree, were it correct, overwhelming) argument, the remuneration and the comfort of the industrious poor. In exclamations on 'alms-taking wealth, alms-giving poverty,' and in reprobation of 'paupers who feed on plate,' we fully share. But to confound every man who grows a bushel of corn in the three kingdoms with the unworthy mendicants quartered on the Pension List, has all the effect of crying Wolf for nothing, and of dividing and misplacing the public scorn.

The element of poetry is universal as the air. Mechanics' institutes are as likely to have a Chatterton as a Watt among their members. When this happens, the inventions of the poet, like those of the philosopher, speak to all classes, and become the common property of mankind. On this point Mr Elliott takes high ground, and has a right to take it. So far from suing for favour on account of his birth and education, he declines, with some disdain, such compliments as he thinks are paid him upon that supposition. He knows that extremity is the trier of noble spirits; and that when poverty is the home of love and the cradle of genius, it has advantages of its own.

' Let luxury, sickening in profusion's chair,
Unwisely pamper his unworthy heir.
And, while he feeds him, blush, and tremble, too!
But, love and labour, blush not, fear not, you!
Your children, (splinters from the mountain's side,)
With rugged hands, shall for themselves provide.
Parent of valour, cast away thy fear!
Mother of men, be proud without a tear!
While round your hearth the woe-nursed virtues move,
And all that manliness can ask of love;
Remember Hogarth, and abjure despair,
Remember Arkwright, and the peasant Clare.
Burns, o'er the plough, sung sweet his wood-notes wild,
And richest Shakspeare was a poor man's child.'

(Vol. ii. p. 169.)

The poet proudly appeals to his townsmen to verify his song. His generous feelings of good fellowship probably deceive him.

when he says that 'there are many mechanics in Sheffield who can write better than the author of the Corn-Law Rhymes.' In that case they ought to take some shame to themselves for not having followed his example. Any compliment he may choose to pay to others is from no want of confidence in himself. The general air of his prose is indeed any thing but agreeable. The comments he occasionally subjoins, (like those of Byron,) are generally so sarcastic and presuming, that we turn with greater pleasure to the poetical expression of his consciousness of his powers.

'Self-taught and ill, my notes uncouth I try,
And chant my rugged English ruggedly,
To gloomy themes. Yet, sick with hope deferr'd,
I hear a voice, though mournful, proudly heard;
And I have planted on my destined tomb
A pensive tree, that bends in storm and gloom,
Unseen, unknown.'—(Vol. ii. p. 188.)

It is a melancholy reflection, to think how often the gifts of genius are poisoned to their possessor. The mind becomes more susceptible; and if adverse circumstances force it into strong and incessant contrasts, the heart and the brain are too likely to sink together under the pressure. Notwithstanding the excitement belonging to the successful pursuit of knowledge under difficulties—notwithstanding that Mr Elliott elsewhere dwells with honourable pride on its great examples—he has found the steep to 'Fame's proud temple' so hard to climb, that he fancies the malignant hand of man is visible in the chasms crossing his ascent. He is become incredulous in the existence of any possible sympathy between a writer in his station, and one clothed in the aristocratical dignity of a periodical writer by profession;—so much so, that the circumstance of a reviewer, in the land of castes and cant, taking 'a poor self-educated man by the hand, and declaring to the world that *his* book was worth reading,' has been an event, which has almost compelled him, he says, to doubt whether he still lived in England. Before it could have come to this, what agonies must not his soul have suffered, through all the complicated energies, feelings, and refinements, out of which imagination draws its strength! A heart intended by nature for the seat of noble sentiments, confiding sympathies, and sweet affections, could not conceive for itself the Promethean destiny—the vulture and the rock—without many a desperate revulsion. Burns has not thrown so deep a scowl over the brow of his Highland Muse. But it could only have been under the self-same spirit of a hopeless collision with society that he declares he was striving to form himself on the character of Milton's Satan. Mr Elliott admits he may truly be called an unfortunate imitator of Crabbe, 'that most British of Poets, who

'has long been bosomed with him.' Assuredly, had he been calm enough for reflection, the popularity of Crabbe must have convinced him, that the aristocracy of cant or caste would make no objection to either his subject or its author, on the ground of their belonging to the body of the people. Their subjects are the same; and with respect to their persons, the only difference between Crabbe and himself is the fact, that the one was raised from the ranks, while the other is still remaining in them with at least equal independence. By this time, we trust that the reception of his poems has agreeably contradicted the apprehension which is so beautifully and sternly expressed in the following passage. At all events, we entreat him for the sake of his own peace, not to limit and degrade his faith in human sympathy within such narrow bounds. The enviers of the rich are not the only possible admirers of pauper poets; and were a want of sympathy at the bottom of those social sufferings, of which Mr Elliott is the Tyræus, we are satisfied that they would have been long ago at an end :—

' But who will listen when the poor complain ?
 Who read, or hear, a tale of woe, if true ?
 Ill fares the friendless muse of want and pain.
 Fool ! wouldst thou prosper, and be honest, too ?
 Fool ! wouldst thou prosper ?—flatter those who do.
 If, not unmindful of the all-shunn'd poor,
 Thou write on tablets frail their troubles deep,
 The proud, the vain, will scorn thy theme obscure.
 What wilt thou earn, though lowly hearts may steep
 With tears the page in which their sorrows weep ?
 Growl, if thou wilt, in vulgar sympathy
 With plunder'd labour ; pour thy honest bile
 In satire, hiss'd at base prosperity ;
 And let his enviers, from their pittance vile,
 Reward the pauper virtues of thy style.
 But hark ! what accents, of what slave, enquire
 Why rude mechanics dare to wield the quill ?
 He bids me from the scribbler's desk retire,
 Rehoof my fingers, and forget my skill
 In railing foully, and in writing ill.
 Oh, that my poesy were like the child
 That gathers daisies from the lap of May,
 With prattle sweeter than the bloomy wild !
 It then might teach poor Wisdom to be gay
 As flowers, and birds, and rivers, all at play,
 And winds, that make the voiceless clouds of morn
 Harmonious. But distemper'd, if not mad,
 I feed on Nature's bane, and mess with scorn.
 I would not, could not, if I would, be glad,
 But, like shade-loving plants, am happiest sad.
 My heart, once soft as woman's tear, is gnarl'd,

With gloating on the ills I cannot cure.
 Like Arno's exil'd bard, whose music snarl'd,
 I gird my loins to suffer and endure,
 And woo contention, for her dower is sure.
 Tear not thy gauze, thou garden-seeking fly,
 On thorny flowers, that love the dangerous storm,
 And flourish most beneath the coldest sky !
 But ye who honour truth's enduring form,
 Come ! there are heath-flowers, and the fanged worm,
 Clouds, gorse, and whirlwind, on the gorgeous moor.'

Mr Elliott has three distinct poetical characters. Vehement as Churchill, concise and pointed as Beranger, he possesses all the talents of a party song-writer. A faculty for observation, a skill in selection, boldness of outline, and transparency of colours, are ample qualifications for a descriptive poet. His susceptibility and imagination make him a great deal more.

The 'Corn-Law Rhymes' are written in the first character. There the political satirist is busy handing round the market-place the dagger of sharpened invective to the bread-taxed multitude—

'With his children vilely led,
 Singing hymns for shameful bread,
 Till the stones of every street
 Know their little naked feet.'

To what a state must a soul like that of Mr Elliott have been hunger-stung, before he could throw the following firebrand, and other combustibles of the like sulphurous material, among his countrymen, under the sanction of his respected name !

HOW DIFFERENT !

'Poor weaver, with the hopeless brow,
 And bare woe-whiten'd head ;
 Thou art a pauper, all allow,
 All see thou begg'st thy bread ;
 And yet thou dost not plunder slaves,
 Then tell them they are free ;
 Nor hast thou join'd with tax-fed knaves
 To corn-bill mine and me.

'What borough dost thou represent ?
 Whom bid'st thou toil and pay ?
 Why sit'st not thou in pauperment,
 If baser beggars may ?
 Where are thy hounds, thy palaced w—e,
 To feed on mine and me ?
 Thy reverend pimp, thy coach and four,
 Thy thieves in livery ?

' No house hast thou, no food, no fire ;
 None bow to thee, alas !
 A beggar ! yet nor lord, nor squire ?
 Say how comes this to pass ?
 While yon proud pauper, dead to shame,
 Is fed by mine and me ?
 And yet behind the rascal's name
 The scoundrel writes M.P. !'

The impressive imagery with which *the Recording Angel* appeals to George the Fourth, by the new title of King of the Bread-tax, is conceived in a mood of darker splendour, but it is dictated and uttered in the same conscientious hatred of unfor-given wrongs. Johnson once foolishly said, he liked a *good hater*. He might have liked Mr Elliott, we are happy to say, for better things.

' To-morrow, and the Sultan is forgot
 E'en in the harem ; but on realms oppress'd
 The scar remains, where pass'd the iron hot
 With which he sear'd them ; and wrongs unredress'd
 Cry to the hopeless dead, " Ye shall not rest !"
 Wouldst thou be mourn'd with curses, or with tears ?
 As Angels mourn the blow that casts aside
 The axle of a world, for years and years
 Turning the seasons back and all their pride ?
 Or as men mourn a godlike friend who died ?
 Thou hast, men say, for misery's tear a sigh ;
 But if thy heart is warm, 'tis warm in vain.
 King of the bread-tax ! dearly didst thou buy
 That title. Shall it evermore remain,
 To mock thy virtues, an eternal stain ?

' No answer ?—Oft the meanest of mankind,
 Gay as " The Tenth," and polish'd as their swords,
 Have rivall'd Nash in etiquette of mind,
 And all the littleness of forms and words ;
 But thou art King of Squires, and reign'st for Lords
 King of dear Corn ! Time hears with ceaseless groan,
 Time ever hears, sad names of hate and dread :
 But thou, thou only, of all monarchs known,
 Didst legislate *against* thy people's bread.'

Afterwards, the King is supposed to be dead, and his Majesty is introduced, in the shades below, to a figure like that of Dido, probably to the full as unacceptable to George the Fourth as the plebeian crowds.

' What cloud swings there ? A world that turns from day
 Her mountains. Death drives well—Away ! Away !

As when to ships, which mists at sea surround,
 The dangerous fog assumes a golden hue,
 While rocks draw near with sudden breakers bound,
 And distant mountains, reeling into view,
 Lift o'er the clouds their cliffs of airy blue;
 So, to thy soul, releas'd from mortal ties,
 Scenes grand and wild, and terrible and new,
 Strange lands, strange seas, the stars of unknown skies—
 The realms of death with all their hosts, arise.
 King of dear Corn! the dead have heard that name;
 They come—imperial spectres throng to meet
 Him, who, at once, eclips'd their dismal fame.
 But why should despots long to kiss thy feet?
 Did Nero starve his people? No—Oh shame!
 He only hymn'd the flames, that, street by street,
 Swept Rome, no longer Roman:—it is meet
 That greatness bow to greatness. Famine's lord!
 What pallid crowds plebeian round thee rise!
 Sent to sad graves by human fiends abhorr'd,
 They come to thank thee with their tears and sighs:—
 Nay, shrink not from the cloud of hollow eyes!
 Thou know'st their children live to toil and pine,
 And that eternity's long roll supplies
 No nickname, deathless, grand, and just as thine.
 But who is she, of aspect masculine,
 Amid the silent moving silently,
 With saddest step, but not unroyal air,
 And gazing like an injured friend on thee?

It is a part of Mr Elliott's mania to believe that the Corn-Laws, by destroying our trade, will bring us into subjection to Russia; and that, in consequence, the battle of the people of England will some day have to be fought on English ground, either against Nicholas in his own person, or against the Corn-Law lords, the virtual representatives of his cause. That is the moral of his 'Battle-Song;' otherwise its place would be rather enigmatical among Corn-Law Rhymes.

' Day, like our souls, is fiercely dark,
 What then? 'Tis day!
 We sleep no more; the cock crows—hark!
 To arms! Away!
 They come! they come! The knell is rung
 Of us or them,
 Wide o'er their march the pomp is flung
 Of gold and gem.
 What collar'd hound of lawless sway,
 To famine dear—
 What pension'd slave of Attila,
 Leads in the rear?

Come they from Scythian wilds afar,
 Our blood to spill?
 Wear they the livery of the Czar?
 They do his will.
 Nor tassell'd silk, nor epaulet,
 Nor plume nor torse—
 No splendour gilds, all sternly met,
 Our foot and horse.
 But, dark and still, we inly glow,
 Condens'd in ire!
 Strike, stave! and ye shall know
 Our gloom is fire.
 In vain your pomp, ye evil powers,
 Insults the land;
 Wrongs, vengeance, and *the cause* are ours,
 And God's right hand!
 Madmen! they trample into snakes
 The wormy clod!
 Like fire, beneath their feet awakes
 The sword of God!
 Behind, before, above, below,
 They rouse the brave;
 Where'er they go, they make a foe,
 Or find a grave.

The 'Creed o' the Canny,' and 'Judas,' have a good deal of the manner of Beranger. The matter of the first belongs to the foreign policy of Lords Londonderry and Aberdeen; while Lord Ellenborough's sudden conversion to Reform, the union of Sir Robert Peel and Sir George Murray with Mr O'Connell in the call for Lord Wellesley's letter, and the hustings' speeches of the Tory candidates to the new constituencies, are Judas all over. The Tories delight in exaggerating whatever possible danger or embarrassment may be connected with the working of the Reform Bill. That reform granted opens a door to certain risks, is true enough. What then? The poet of the manufacturing towns, and of the working classes, can tell these alarmists the risks from which reform has saved them. 'The Triumph of Reform,' written for the Sheffield Political Union, places its reliance not on numbers, but on mind, as much as that which was 'written for the Printers.' The first opens well.

'When woe-worn France first sternly spread
 Her banner'd rainbow on the wind;
 To smite rebellious Reason dead,
 The kings of many lands combined.
 Did they triumph! So they deem'd:
 Could they triumph? No! they dream'd.

‘ From Freedom’s ashes at their call
 A form of might arose, and blazed ;
 ’Tis true, they saw the phantom fall ;
 ’Tis true, they crush’d the power they raised ;
 But in conflict with the wise,
 Vain are armies, leagues, and lies.’—(Vol. i., p. 119.)

The second is a beautiful comparison of the outward and visible glories of the creation, with the prospects which are opening on society from the light of knowledge communicated by the press.

‘ God said, “ Let there be light ! ”
 Grim darkness felt his might,
 And fled away ;
 Then, startled seas, and mountains cold
 Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
 And cried, “ ’Tis day ! ’tis day ! ”
 “ Hail, holy Light ! ” exclaim’d
 The thund’rous cloud that flamed
 O’er daisies white ;
 And lo, the rose, in crimson dress’d,
 Lean’d sweetly on the lily’s breast,
 And, blushing, murmur’d, “ Light ! ”
 Then was the skylark born ;
 Then rose the embattled corn ;
 Then floods of praise
 Flow’d o’er the sunny hills of noon ;
 And then, in stillest night, the moon
 Pour’d forth her pensive lays.
 Lo, heav’n’s bright bow is glad !
 Lo, trees and flowers, all clad
 In glory, bloom !
 And shall the mortal sons of God
 Be senseless as the trodden clod,
 And darker than the tomb ?
 No, by the *mind* of man !
 By the swart artisan !
 By God, our sire !
 Our souls have holy light within,
 And every form of grief and sin
 Shall see and feel its fire.
 By earth, and hell, and heav’n,
 The shroud of souls is riven !
 Mind, mind alone,
 Is light, and hope, and life, and power !
 Earth’s deepest night, from this bless’d hour,
 The night of minds, is gone ! ’

‘ The Revolution of 1832’ contains the contrast between what is and what might have been ; it is one which honest anti-reformers ought never to forget.

' See, the slow Angel writhes in dreams of pain !
 His cheek indignant glows !
 Like Stanedge, shaking thunder from his mane,
 He starts from his repose.
 Wide, wide, his earthquake-voice is felt and heard ;
 " Arise, ye brave and just !"
 The living sea is to its centre stirr'd—
 And, lo ! our foes are dust !
 The earth beneath the feet of millions quakes ;
 The whirlwind-cloud is riv'n ;
 As midnight, smitten into lightning, wakes,
 So waked the sword of Heav'n.
 The Angel drew not from its sheath that sword ;
 He spake, and all was done !
 Night fled away before the Almighty word,
 And, lo !—the sun ! the sun !

Mr Elliott's second style has the advantage of subjects of greater compass. It appears more or less in almost all the poems ; but it is the principle both of the spirit and the execution of his poem entitled the ' Splendid Village.' The village which, ' happy once, is ' splendid now,' is another aspect of ' sweet Auburn.' Only, that Auburn has here risen from its ruins ; risen, however unluckily, to a sudden assumption of suburban airs ; and with dwellings which are rebuilt much more under the auspices of Crabbe than Goldsmith. Goldsmith would have charged the transformation upon ' trade's unfeeling train.' But Mr Elliott's quarrel is with squires, and not with master manufacturers. He glances a reproach, ' to be sure, against the avarice of capitalists and the competition of Irish labour. He has a sigh for the immediate results of machinery and of steam—' the vapoury lever which will lift the world !' But he does not attribute them to legislation. They are griefs, not grievances. It is in the scandal of poor laws, game laws, corn laws,—it is on the enclosure of ' the poor man's common' by act of Parliament,—it is against the shutting up of ' the poor ' man's footpath' by order of the parson-justice, that his indignant verse trembles with the passion of his feelings. In respect of the first, he is content with saying,—

' Yes, splendid mansions now these shades adorn,
 But wretched children in those huts are born !
 There dwell the heirs of unremitting toil,
 Who till, but not in hope, a teeming soil ;
 While Erin's hordes contest with them the plain,
 And competition lowers the price of pain.
 What though proud homes their lofty roofs uprear,
 If humble homes and comfort disappear ?
 Oh, baneful splendour ! that but glitters o'er
 What may be ruin, and is bliss no more !'

On the last he turns his back. 'Oh, welcome once again black
'ocean's foam!' rather than a country,

'Where, cropp'd with every crime, the tax-plough'd moor,
And footpaths, stolen from the trampled poor,
And commons, sown with curses loud and deep,
Proclaim a harvest which the rich shall reap.
Call up the iron men of Runnymede,
And bid them look on lords whom peasants feed!'

The 'Village Patriarch' is the longest, and, on the whole, the most perfect of these poems. There are many sketches, both of incident and feeling, in it, of all the three characters which we have mentioned. Hogarth might be conducting old Enoch Wray, the blind mason, the virtuous and intelligent hero of the suburbs, into the town, and might have assisted him in the anatomy of the congregation on their coming out of church. There is much, however, of a higher order. The love Mr Elliott bears towards Sheffield seems to be as warm as the attachment which, in Italy, the poets and antiquarians of the middle ages were wont to feel for their native town.

'Ere Bedford's loaf, or Erin's sty be thine,
Cloud-rolling Sheffield! want shall humble all.
Town of the unbow'd poor! thou shalt not pine
Like the fall'n rustic, licensed Rapine's thrall,
But, first to rise, wilt be the last to fall!
Slow are thy sons the pauper's trade to learn.
Though, in the land that blossoms like the rose,
The English peasant, and the Irish kerne,
Fight for potatoes, thy proud labourer knows
Nor workhouse wages, nor the exile's woes.
Nor yet thy bit of beef, thy pint of ale,
Thy toil-strung heart, which toil could ne'er dismay,
Nor yet thy honest, skill'd right hand shall fail;
Last, from thy hearths the poor man's pride shall stray;
And still shall come thy well-paid Saturday,
And still thy morn of rest be near and sure.'

Most devoutly do we say Amen! Secure but the 'well-paid Saturday,' and society can have no other interest, which deserves to be put in comparison with this single object for a single moment. It is the prospect of ill-paid Saturdays which alarms us. The cutlery of Sheffield is said to be in some danger from the cutlery of the Rhine. The competition of low wages is one, on which it is to be hoped, for the sake of the working classes themselves, that England will never enter. A foreign market which can be only kept possession of upon those terms, had far better not be kept at all. It is impossible to contemplate the following picture without a crowd of mixed emotions; but a sentiment of

deep and awed commiseration for its author predominates over all. The reader must wait a little to hear who Miles Gordon is.

• Why, Enoch, dost thou start, as if in pain ?

The sound thou hear'st the blind alone could hear :

Alas ! Miles Gordon ne'er will walk again ;

But his poor grandson's footstep wakes thy tear,

As if indeed thy long-lost friend were near.

Here oft, with fading cheek, and thoughtful brow,

Wanders the youth—town-bred, but desert-born.

Too early taught life's deepening woes to know,

He wakes in sorrow with the weeping morn,

And gives much labour for a little corn.

In smoke and dust, from hopeless day to day,

He sweats, to bloat the harpies of the soil,

Who jail no victim, while his pangs can pay.

Untaxing rent, and trebly taxing toil,

They make the labour of his hands their spoil,

And grind him fiercely ; but he still can get

A crust of wheaten bread, despite their frowns ;

They have not sent him like a pauper yet

For workhouse wages, as they send their clowns :

Such tactics do not answer yet in towns.

Nor have they gorged his soul. Thrall though he be

Of brutes who bite him while he feeds them, still

He feels his intellectual dignity,

Works hard, reads usefully, with no mean skill

Writes, and can reason well of good and ill.

He hoards his weekly groat. His tear is shed

For sorrows which his hard-worn hand relieves.

Too poor, too proud, too just, too wise to wed,

(For slaves enough already toil for thieves,)

How gratefully his growing mind receives

The food which tyrants struggle to withhold !

Though hourly ills his every sense invade

Beneath the cloud that o'er his home is roll'd,

He yet respects the power which man hath made,

Nor loathes the despot-humbling sons of trade.

But, when the silent Sabbath-day arrives,

He seeks the cottage, bordering on the moor,

Where his forefathers pass'd their lowly lives,

Where still his mother dwells, content, though poor,

And ever glad to meet him at the door.

Oh, with what rapture he prepares to fly

From streets and courts, with crime and sorrow strew'd,

And bids the mountain lift him to the sky !

How proud, to feel his heart not all subdu'd !

How happy to shake hands with Solitude !

Still, Nature, still he loves thy uplands brown,

The rock, that o'er his father's freehold towers !

And strangers, hurrying through the dingy town,
 May know his workshop by its sweet wild flowers.
 Cropp'd on the Sabbath from the hedge-side bowers,
 The hawthorn blossom in his window droops;
 Far from the headlong stream and lucid air,
 The pallid Alpine rose to meet him stoops,
 As if to soothe a brother in despair,
 Exiled from Nature and her pictures fair.
 E'en winter sends a posy to his jail,
 Wreath'd of the sunny celandine—the brief
 Courageous wind-flower, loveliest of the frail—
 The hazel-crimson star—the woodbine's leaf—
 The daisy with its half-clos'd eye of grief—
 Prophets of fragrance, beauty, joy, and song !'

The solemnity and tenderness of his Sunday pleasures are quite affecting. The exclamations of the poet-artisan in his brief communion with nature,

' Bird ! who would swelter with the laden throng,
 That had thy wings ? Earth spurners, you are free !'

must come home to every bosom. After reading them, (and, like his gentle brooding over and fondling of his flowers, their vision is constantly recurring,) what shall we say to the bigotry and selfishness which would grudge the poor man his Sunday walk, or dare to enclose a footpath in the neighbourhood of a town ? Society punishes as crimes many things, which are far less serious encroachments on the happiness of our fellow-creatures.

' Hail, Sabbath ! day of mercy, peace, and rest !
 Thou o'er loud cities throw'st a noiseless spell.
 The hammer there, the wheel, the saw, molest
 Pale thought no more. O'er trade's contentious hell
 Meek Quiet spreads her wings invisible.
 But, when thou com'st, less silent are the fields
 Through whose sweet paths the toil-freed townsman steals.
 To him the very air a banquet yields.
 Envious, he watches the pois'd hawk, that wheels
 His flight on chainless winds. Each cloud reveals
 A paradise of beauty to his eye.
 His little boys are with him, seeking flowers,
 Or chasing the too venturous gilded fly.
 So by the daisy's side, he spends the hours,
 Renewing friendship with the budding bowers :
 And—while might, beauty, good, without alloy,
 Are mirror'd in his children's happy eyes—
 In His great temple, offering thankful joy
 To Him, the infinitely Great and Wise,
 With soul attuned to Nature's harmonies,

Serene and cheerful, as a sporting child,
 His *heart* refuses to believe, that man
 Could turn into a hell the bloomy wild,
 The blissful country, where his childhood ran
 A race with infant rivers, ere began
 King-humbling blind misrule his wolfish sway.'

The last line, as we apprehend it, contains a long neglected moral. If Mr Slaney and his committee could recover for our metropolis and our manufacturing cities, a small fragment of open space—something to feel and look like country—it would be the better not only for the poor alone, but for society at large. Misgovernment, which should brutalize the lower orders, by refusing them the leisure, the knowledge, and the physical means of innocent recreation, whilst it in truth would be unfitting them for republican institutions, is the one cause, above all others, most likely to break up society by some desperate revolution. Even our poet's eye seems at times to be following 'the Washington eagle' on its flight.

Mr Elliott's pauper poetry is evidently taken from the life. It looks, like a painful cast, so recent and severe, that it must be safe from the ordinary charge by which works of imagination are made responsible for withdrawing our active sympathies from real to imaginary sorrows. The fault, in the present instance, is the other way. Their reality is too unrelieved. But then, the moment that he escapes from out the 'town of the cloud,' to his hill-tops and his gleaming waterfalls, what a change comes over him!

' His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
 And the resplendent rivers. His t' enjoy
 With a propriety that none can feel,
 But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,
 Can lift to heav'n an unpresumptuous eye,
 And smiling say—" My Father made them all ! " '

What rapture in his panoramic views of nature! how vivid the flashes of light which his electric eye throws over the aspect of a scene! yet how minute and tender are the touches with which an earnest pencil finishes, one by one, the living details of his domestic foregrounds! For ourselves, we confess that we like Mr Elliott best, when, thus emerging into the light of day, he traverses moor or mountain, lingers by the side of the river or the ocean, listens to the wind or torrent, and looks on nature, as Cowper and Wordsworth look upon it, till he brings out over its features, as vividly almost as on the human countenance, the sympathies of man. We select, almost at random, a few specimens,

in which his descriptive powers take their colour, and almost their standard, from the glow of his feelings and the elevation of his mind. The poet invites Enoch Wray to make an excursion with him to the mountains.

‘Come, Father of the Hamlet! grasp again
Thy stern ash plant, cut when the woods were young;
Come, let us leave the plough-subjected plain,
And rise, with freshen’d hearts, and nerves re-strung,
Into the azure dome, that, haply, hung
O’er thoughtful power, ere suffering had begun.

‘Five rivers, like the fingers of a hand,
Flung from black mountains, mingle, and are one
Where sweetest valleys quit the wild and grand,
And eldest forests, o’er the silvan Don,
Bid their immortal brother journey on,
A stately pilgrim, watch’d by all the hills.
Say, shall we wander where, through warriors’ graves,
The infant Yewden, mountain-cradled, trills
Her Doric notes? Or, where the Locksley raves
Of broil and battle, and the rocks and caves
Dream yet of ancient days? Or, where the sky
Darkens o’er Rivelin, the clear and cold,
That throws his blue length, like a snake, from high?
Or, where deep azure brightens into gold
O’er Sheaf, that mourns in Eden? Or, where, roll’d
On tawny sands, through regions passion-wild,
And groves of love, in jealous beauty dark,
Complains the Porter, Nature’s thwarted child,
Born in the waste, like headlong Wiming? Hark!
The pois’d hawk calls thee, Village Patriarch!
He calls thee to his mountains! Up, away!
Up, up, to Stanedge! higher still ascend,
Till kindred rivers, from the summit gray,
To distant seas their course in beauty bend,
And, like the lives of human millions, blend
Disparted waves in one immensity!’

They pass forward to the moor:

‘I thank ye, billows of a granite sea,
That the brib’d plough, defeated, halts below!
And thanks, majestic Barrenness, to thee,
For one grim region in a land of woe,
Where tax-sown wheat, and paupers, will not grow!
Here pause, old man, the Alpine air to taste:
Drink it from Nature’s goblet, while the morn
Speaks like a fiery trumpet to the waste.’

‘Hark, how the coming wind
Booms like the funeral dirge of woe, and bliss,

And life, and form, and mind, and all that is !
 How like the wafture of a world-wide wing
 It sounds and sinks—and all is hush'd again !
 But are our spirits humbled ? No ! we string
 The lyre of death with mystery and pain,
 And proudly hear the dreadful notes complain
 That man is not the whirlwind, but the leaf,
 Torn from the tree to soar and disappear.
 Grand is our weakness, and sublime our grief.
 Lo, on this rock, I shake off hope and fear,
 And stand releas'd from clay !—yet am I here,
 And at my side are blindness, age, and woe.'

' Hail, silence of the desert !—I speak low
 In reverence.—Here the falcon's wing is aw'd,
 As o'er the deep repose, sublimely slow,
 He wheels in conscious majesty abroad.
 Spirits should make the desert their abode.
 The meekest, purest, mightiest, that e'er wore
 Dust as a garment, stole from crowds unblest'd
 To sea-like forests, or the sea-beat shore,
 And utter'd, on the star-sought mountain's breast,
 The holiest precepts e'er to dust address'd.'

' Man never is, but always to be, blest.' The antiquarians have a corresponding millennium for the past, where man also has been blest at some former period. Mr Elliott will perhaps accept the solution by which the theory of early Irish civilisation is happily explained, on the supposition that Ireland is only one of the hundred localities consecrated by the wandering legend of a happy island in the west. It will be a more difficult task to dispossess him of his hypothesis in behalf of the ancient happy state of the English peasant. In case he could find time to read Mr Malthus's chapter upon this point, he would, we think, find himself compelled to allow, that history, by a simple comparison of the rate of wages and the price of corn in different centuries, destroys the illusion which would send us back to antiquity for the golden age of the lower orders. But a golden age of domestic and ecclesiastical architecture there certainly was. Mr Nash, and our Church-building Committee, prove the taste and talent of to-day. Mr Elliott is sensible to the beauty of former times.

The mansion of the old yeoman, who ' damn'd the French, yet
 ' loved all human-kind,' is a proper *pendant* to the village church.

' Near yonder archer yews—that solemnly
 Keep aye uprais'd their desolate hands, in praise
 Of the old Heav'ns, and hoar antiquity—
 Behold the Hall ! There once dwelt Matthew Hayes,
 A trading yeoman of the bygone days.

* * * * *

Behold his home, that sternly could withstand
 The storms of more than twice a hundred years !
 In such a home was Shakspeare's Hamlet plann'd,
 And Raleigh's boyhood shed ambitious tears
 O'er Colon's wrongs. How proudly it uprears
 Its tower of cluster'd chimneys, tufted o'er
 With ivy, ever green amid the gray,
 Yet envy-stung, and muttering evermore
 To yon red villa, on the king's highway,
 "Thou dandy ! I am *not* of yesterday."
 Time seems to reverence these fantastic walls :
 Behold the gables quaint, the cornice strong,
 The chambers, bellying over latticed halls,
 The oaken tracery, outlasting long
 The carven stone : nor do their old age wrong
 With laughter vile, or heartless jest profane !

'From yonder tower, time-darken'd, thunder-scar'd,
 Still the deep toll is floating on the air ;
 It calls our Father to the lone churchyard ;
 Oh, many, many of his friends are there !
 And Age, at five-score years, hath few to spare !
 Thou antique fane ! that in thy solemn suit
 Of carven flowers, and stone-embroidery grand,
 (Old, yet unshaken, eloquent, though mute,)
 Tower'st, like the sculptur'd guardian of the land.'

* * * * *

'Grey Enoch is a child compared with thee ;
 Yet man like him thou ne'er again shalt see !
 How would it gladden thy bewilder'd eyes,
 (Dusk'd with cobweb films, and colours old,
 And with long gazing on dim blazonries,)
 Couldst thou, in these degenerate times behold
 A pair like Enoch Wray and Mary Gould,
 As to the altar in their youth they came ;
 He—like a warrior to the battle feast,
 With cheek of downy light and umber'd flame,
 A presence glorious as the bright'ning east ;
 She—bending at his side, with charms increas'd,
 Like chaste Andromache by Hector led ;
 Her arm in his, her gentle eyes depress'd,
 Her neck and face with burning crimson spread,
 And lovely as maternal beauty's breast,
 Beneath the soft cheek of her child caress'd,
 Returning love for love, and smile for smile !'

We must pass over numerous other passages of great power and beauty. The descriptions of the blind man on his wife's death, his winter walk, the farewell to his favourite haunts, and the sketch of his death during the execution of a warrant of distress, are all very striking. Parts of the vision of Bradshaw, the

Regicide, in Enoch's dream, are as *Dantesque* as any thing we ever read out of Dante. The whole of it is crowded with passionate appeals and the wildest imagery.

' Oh, Time ! is this the island of the just
And the immortal, in her virtues strong ?
The land of Shakspeare ? Worthy of our dust,
Because she guards the right, and loathes the wrong—
The land of Ireton's bones and Milton's song ?
Rise, Bard of our Republic ! wherefore rise,
Like Samuel to the troubled King of old ?
Couldst thou flash living fire in Britons' eyes,
Would pigmy souls be minds of giant mould ?
Oh, what could wake these worse than dead and cold ?
But thou, Oh, Rock, that watchest freemen's graves !
Well mayst thou veil thy lofty brow in shade,
Scorning to look on boroughmongering knaves,
And game-law'd, corn-law'd, war-worn, parish-paid,
Rag-moned, crawling wretches, reptile-flay'd !
What nameless curse comes next ? Degraded Rome !
How like a Cæsar of thy days of shame,
He lolls behind his steeds, that ramp and foam
Through crowds of slaves, with long submission tame,
Hacks, not worth harness, void of tail and mane !'

* * * * *

' What saw I next ? A temple paved with graves.
Lo, on the floor a giant corpse lay bare !
And thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand slaves,
All dead and ghastly, kneel'd for ever there,
Statues of baseness ; worshipping despair !
From many a battle-field, and many a sea,
Cast forth by outrag'd earth, and loathing tide,
They made a winter for eternity,
And seem'd like suppliant demons side by side,
For in their looks their crimes were petrified.
Bound by a spell, which ne'er methought would break,
Amid the dead I stood, the living one !
And, lo, the tears were froz'n on every cheek !
Ah, ne'er in solitude felt I so lone,
As in that crowd, whose tears were turn'd to stone !
The Titan corse, sublime in stillness lay,
With marble looks, like power and pride asleep ;
Oh, God ! its dreadful silence could dismay
More than the shriek of shipwreck o'er the deep !'

* * * * *

' Then, lo ! what, distant, seem'd the ocean's flood,
Smote on my heart, with clamour fierce and foul.
Wave shouldering wave, they shook me where I stood.
No winds urged on the billowy, living roll,
But whirlwind dwelt within it, like a soul,
Heaving the foamy, roaring surges high,

While all beside was voiceless, breathless fear ;
And, lo, the foam was human agony,
Alive with curses, horrible to hear !
The waves were men ! a deluge wide and drear !
And while, all raving, all at once, they came,
Heap'd on each other, to devour the shore,
The flash of eyes made heaven's red vengeance tame !
The thunder dared not whisper to the roar ;
When, with their multitudinous hands, they tore
The rocks, that seem'd to live in bestial forms.'

The miscellaneous poems are on the whole inferior, and of more unequal execution. Mr Elliott appears, by a note to 'The Letter,' to be of opinion, that it is only the pedantic insignificance of genteel poetics, which supposes that general or accidental associations, whether influencing thought, style, or particular words, may require to be consulted, before a poet can be said to be dealing fully and fairly with the universal capabilities which belong to whatever is true in nature. We had marked some offences of this kind for observation. They are sometimes committed on principle ; at other times apparently from the necessities of rhyme : yet his versification is so rich and flowing, that we should not wonder, if, on the whole, he found, like Dryden, rhyme rather an assistance than a restraint. His extensive intermingling of the couplet with alternate rhymes is almost the invention of a new measure ; in which the breadth and diversified pauses of blank verse are combined with the satisfied expectation of the returning cadences of rhyme. The effect is often very visible in greater freedom of movement and fulness of expression. We need hardly assure Mr Elliott, that we are none of those who expect more vulgarity (meaning, by vulgarity, paltry and commonplace associations) from the writings of cobbler poets 'and inspired ploughmen,' than from the automatons of artificial and conventional existence, waiting for inspiration in the drawingrooms of London. Our sympathies are not with the exotics of the hothouse. They are all with his hawthorn hedgerows and his cottage gardens.

We promised to return to Miles Gordon ; and will keep our word. He is the hero of a poem called 'The Ranter.' If our readers, after perusing it, feel as we did, they will think that Ranter parsons may be very different persons from what, it is probable, it hitherto has occurred to them as possible that they could be. A long continuous extract is necessary to show the Ranter's portrait. At the same time it will show what is the nature of the defects which strike like a flaw across the whiteness of the marble on which Mr Elliott works.

' Miles Gordon sleeps ; his six days' labour done,
 He dreams of Sunday, verdant fields, and prayer :
 Oh, rise, blest morn, unclouded ! Let thy sun
 Shine on the artisan,—thy purest air
 Breathe on the bread-tax'd labourer's deep despair !
 Poor sons of toil ! I grudge them not the breeze
 That plays with Sabbath flowers, the clouds that play
 With Sabbath winds, the hum of Sabbath bees,
 The Sabbath walk, the skylark's Sabbath lay,
 The silent sunshine of the Sabbath day.
 The stars wax pale, the moon is cold and dim :
 Miles Gordon wakes, and grey dawn tints the skies :
 The many-childed widow, who to him
 Is as a mother, hears her lodger rise,
 And listens to his prayer with swimming eyes.
 For her, and for her orphans poor, he prays,
 For all who earn the bread they daily eat :—
 " Bless them, O God, with useful happy days,
 With hearts that scorn all meanness and deceit ;
 And round their lowly hearths let freemen meet !"
 This morn, betimes, she hastes to leave her bed,
 For he must preach beneath th' autumnal tree :
 She lights her fire, and soon the board is spread
 With Sabbath coffee, toast, and cups for three.
 Pale he descends ; again she starts to see
 His hollow cheek, and feels they soon must part ;
 But they shall meet again—that hope is sure ;
 And, oh ! she venerates his mind and heart,
 For he is pure, if mortal e'er was pure !
 His words, his silence, teach her to endure ;
 And then, he helps to feed her orphan'd five.
 O God ! thy judgments cruel seem to be !
 While bad men biggen long, and cursing thrive,
 The good, like wintry sunbeams, fade and flee—
 That we may follow *them*, and come to Thee.

' In haste she turns, and climbs the narrow stair,
 To wake her eldest born, but pausing stands,
 Bent o'er his bed ; for on his forehead bare,
 Like jewels ring'd on sleeping beauty's hands,
 Tired labour's gems are set in beaded bands ;
 And none, none, none, like bread-tax'd labour know'th
 How more than grateful are his slumbers brief.
 Thou dost not know, thou pamper'd son of sloth !—
 Thou canst not tell, thou bread-tax eating thief !—
 How sweet is rest to bread-tax'd toil and grief !
 Like sculpture, or like death, serene he lies.
 -But no—that tear is not a marble tear—

He names, in sleep, his father's injuries,
And now, in silence, wears a smile severe.

* * * *

And must she wake that poor, o'erlabour'd youth ?
Oh, yes ! or Edmund will his mother chide ;
For he this morn would hear the words of truth
From lips inspired, on Shirecliffe's lofty side,
Gazing o'er tree and tower on Hallam wide.—
Up, sluggards, up ! the mountains one by one
Ascend in light ; and slow the mists retire
From vale and plain. The cloud on Stanington
Beholds a rocket—no, 'tis Morthen spire !
The sun is risen ! cries Stanedge, tipp'd with fire ;
On Norwood's flowers the dewdrops shine and shake ;
Up, sluggards, up ! and drink the morning breeze ;
The birds on cloud-left Osgathorpe awake ;
And Wincobank is waving all his trees
O'er subject towns, and farms, and villages,
And gleaming streams, and woods, and waterfalls.
Up, climb the oak-crown'd summit ! Hooverstand,
And Keppel's Pillar, gaze on Wentworth's Halls,
And misty lakes, that brighten and expand,
And distant hills, that watch the western strand.
Up ! trace God's foot-prints, where they paint the mould
With heavenly green, and hues that blush and glow
Like angel's wings ; while skies of blue and gold
Stoop to Miles Gordon on the mountain's brow.
Behold the Great Unpaid ! the prophet, lo !
Sublime he stands beneath the gospel tree,
And Edmund stands on Shirecliffe at his side ;
Behind him sinks, and swells, and spreads a sea
Of hills, and vales, and groves ; before him glide
Don, Rivelin, Loxley, wandering in their pride
From heights that mix their azure with the cloud ;
Beneath him, spire and dome are glittering ;
And round him press his flock, a woe-worn crowd.
To other words, while forest echoes ring,
" Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon," they sing ;
And far below, the drover, with a start
Awaking, listens to the well-known strain,
Which brings Shihallion's shadow to his heart,
And Scotia's loneliest vales ; then sleeps again,
And dreams, on Loxley's banks, of Dunsinane.
The hymn they sing is to their preacher dear ;
It breathes of hopes and glories grand and vast,
While on his face they look, with grief and fear ;
Full well they know his sands are ebbing fast ;
But, hark ! he speaks, and feels he speaks his last !—

"Woe be unto you, Scribes and Pharisees,
 Who eat the widow's and the orphan's bread,
 And make long prayers to hide your villanies,"
 Said He who had not where to lay his head,
 And wandering forth, while blew the Sabbath breeze,
 Pluck'd ears of corn, with humble men, like these.
 God blames not him who toils six days in seven,
 Where smoke and dust bedim the golden day,
 If he delight, beneath the dome of heaven,
 To hear the winds, and see the clouds at play,
 Or climb his hills, amid their flowers to pray.
 Ask ye, if I, of Wesley's followers one,
 Abjure the house where Wesleyans bend the knee?
 I do—because the *spirit* thence is gone;
 And truth, and faith, and grace, are not, with me,
 The Hundred Popes of England's Jesuistry.
 We hate not the religion of bare walls;
 We scorn not the *cathedral'd* pomp of prayer;
 For sweet are all our Father's festivals,
 If contrite hearts the heavenly banquet share,
 In field or temple: God is everywhere!
 But we hate arrogance and selfishness,
 Come where they may—and most beneath the roof
 Sacred to public worship.
 What are the *deeds* of men call'd Christian, now?
 They roll themselves in dust before the great;
 Wherever Mammon builds a shrine, they bow,
 And would nail Jesus to their cross of hate,
 Should he again appear in *mean* estate.
 Their Bibles for the heathen load our fleets;
 Lo, gloating eastward, they enquire, "What news?"
 We die, we answer, foodless, in the streets.
 And what reply your men of gospel-views?
 Oh, they are sending bacon to the Jews!
 Oh, for a saint, like those who sought and found,
 For conscience' sake, sad homes beyond the main!—
 The Fathers of New England, who unbound,
 In wild Columbia, Europe's double chain;
 The men whose dust cries, "Sparta, live again!"
 The slander'd Calvinists of Charles's time
 Fought, and they won it, Freedom's holy fight.
 Like prophet-bards, although they hated rhyme,
 All incorruptible as heaven's own light,
 Spoke each devoted preacher for the right.
 With zeal they preach'd, with reverence they heard;
 For in their daring creed, sublime, sincere,
 Danger was found, that parson-hated word!
 They flatter'd none—they knew nor hate nor fear,
 But taught the will of God—and *did it* here.

Even as the fire-wing'd thunder rends the cloud,
 Their spoken lightnings, dazzling all the land,
 Abash'd the foreheads of the great and proud,
 Still'd faction's roar, as by a God's command,
 And meeken'd Cromwell of the iron hand.'

The men of Sheffield were not more wanting in discernment than in a proper pride in their townsman, when they preferred, at the last election, the speeches of Mr Buckingham to the sterling merits of 'the Bentham of Hallamshire.' For the sake of Montgomery and Elliott, we trust that its poets have a better chance than its metaphysicians and political economists of being prophets in their own country. Mr Elliott's picture of his home is a proof that Sheffield is under obligations to him for prose as well as poetry, for actions as well as words. The example of domestic virtues, especially in men of masculine and commanding character, is perhaps the most valuable of all examples. It is one which genius, under a variety of excuses, sometimes appears to think it is not called upon to give.

' Bless'd is the hearth, when daughters gird the fire,
 And sons, that shall be happier than their sire,
 Who sees them crowd around his evening chair,
 While Love and Hope inspire his wordless pray'r.
 Oh, from their home paternal may they go,
 With little to unlearn, though much to know !
 Them may no poison'd tongue, no evil eye
 Curse for the virtues that refuse to die ;
 The generous heart, the independent mind,
 Till truth, like falsehood, leaves a sting behind !
 May temperance crown their feast, and friendship share !
 May pity come, Love's sister spirit, there !
 May they shun baseness, as they shun the grave !
 May they be frugal, pious, humble, brave !
 Sweet peace be theirs, the moonlight of the breast,
 And occupation, and alternate rest,
 And, dear to care and thought, the rural walk !
 Theirs be no flower that withers on the stalk,
 But roses cropp'd, that shall not bloom in vain,
 And hope's bless'd sun, that sets to rise again !
 Be chaste their nuptial bed, their home be sweet,
 Their floor resound the tread of little feet ;
 Bless'd beyond fear and fate, if bless'd by thee,
 And heirs, oh, Love, of thine eternity !'

We cannot take leave of Mr Elliott without repeating our protest, (made both in sorrow and in anger, but most in sorrow,) at the temper of fierce hostility with which he has brought himself to regard great portions of his countrymen. The habit appears

to be almost engrained into his nature, and to be in painful inconsistency with its better elements :

‘ Like that relentless soul—a shaded flame—
That, in Elysium, darkens at the name
Of thankless Florence.’

We hope that he is still in time to wrestle with the foul fiend of such evil thoughts, and overcome it. What is to become of a society, whose different classes are extreme to mark what is done amiss, and to fly to arms in jealous hatred of each other ;—where the very men who by their talents and virtues ought to be the peacemakers, think it a duty to blow into a flame the sparks, which, more or less, must always be at hand ? Suppose that the higher and middling orders were to take Mr Elliott’s intense antipathy to be a correct representation of the sentiments of the lower, and were to be provoked into something of re-action. At present, we are certain, that if any one were to venture to give the public a picture of the poor, as distorted in its outline and as false in its colouring, as Mr Elliott has here given us of the rich, no poetical merit could protect it from being put down by general indignation and contempt. These feelings on our part, strong as they are, do not prevent us from making those allowances for Mr Elliott, which a poet of ‘ caste and cant’ certainly would not receive from us. We honestly think that his works will stand this double test. The more carefully they are read, the more will their poetical merit be recognised, and the more will the personal character, which is exhibited in them, be admired. Every Englishman that takes an interest in a mechanic, who, leading a humble and laborious life, has yet impressed upon it the several distinct excellences of a beautiful poet, a patriotic citizen, and a virtuous parent, must heartily join in ‘ *the Poet’s prayer*.’

‘ Almighty Father ! let thy lowly child,
Strong in his love of truth, be wisely bold,—
A patriot bard, by sycophants revil’d,
Let him live usefully, and not die old !
Let poor men’s children, pleas’d to read his lays,
Love, for his sake, the scenes where he hath been ;
And when he ends his pilgrimage of days,
Let him be buried where the grass is green ;
Where daisies, blooming earliest, linger late
To hear the bee his busy note prolong :—
There let him slumber, and in peace await
The dawning morn, far from the sensual throng,
Who scorn the windflower’s blush, the red-breast’s lonely song.’

ART. VI.—1. *Minutes of Evidence before a Select Committee of the House of Commons on the London and Birmingham Railway Bill.* London : 1833.

2. *On the Importance and advantages of Railways.* London : 1833.

3. *Seven Annual Reports of the President and Directors to the Stockholders of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company.* Baltimore : 1833.

4. *The American Railroad Journal.* New York : 1832, 1834.

IT is now two years since we called the attention of our readers to the great advancement which had been made in the art of applying steam-power to the important purposes of inland transport. We then foretold the rapid extension of this great instrument of social improvement; and subsequent events have amply verified our predictions. Railroad undertakings have been entered into with an avidity to satisfy the most ardent, and to create alarm in the more timid and cautious. In our own country, however, the number of checks on such schemes are sufficient to prevent the public from rushing into them with undue precipitation; and the danger rather is, that private and local interests may act as too great a drag on public enterprise, than that the latter principle should receive undue scope. A considerable portion of the property of the country, and more especially of that in land, has, in many instances, opposed serious obstructions to parties seeking legislative sanction for projected lines of railroad; and although, in some cases, such opposition has proceeded from sinister motives, or such as would not bear an open avowal, yet we must suppose that in the majority, the ostensible objections have been seriously and sincerely, though erroneously, entertained. In the present article, we shall endeavour to show, not only that the principal objections so urged are unfounded in themselves, but that they are in direct opposition to the results of experience, and as much opposed to the real interests of the objectors as to the public good. We shall also briefly advert to the principal lines of communication recently undertaken, and to those which are in progress in other parts of Europe, and in America.

The opposition which railway companies experience in obtaining the necessary legislative sanction, proceeds, in the majority of cases, from the landholders, through whose lands the projected lines are to pass. Nevertheless it is demonstrable, that

there exists no class of persons whose interests are more likely to be promoted by such improvements than those of the local proprietors. One ground of objection assumed by proprietors resident in the vicinity of projected lines of railroad, is the apprehended nuisance of the noise and smoke of the engines, and of the exposure of their premises to the intrusion of large numbers of passengers. The evidence produced before the Committee of the House of Commons, on the London and Birmingham railroad, will show how unfounded are such objections.

Mr Hardman Earle, a Liverpool merchant, was one of the most determined opponents of the Liverpool and Manchester railroad. His family had, at the cost of above L.12,000, built a house, and laid out pleasure-grounds, through which the line of railway passes; and their opposition was founded partly on the apprehended injury and inconvenience arising from this circumstance. Mr Earle, therefore, was very properly summoned as a witness before this Committee, and the following is a part of his testimony.

‘Have you experienced any inconvenience since the railway was constructed?—No inconvenience whatever has been experienced.

‘Are the grounds infested by the people in consequence of the passage of the locomotive engine?—No.

‘Is there any thing offensive in it?—Nothing whatever.

‘Is there any smoke?—None whatever.

‘Is there any noise?—No; it is rather an object of interest to persons residing there.

‘Are you able to say whether the inhabitants of other houses are annoyed?—I am enabled to say they do not consider them a nuisance.

‘At the commencement of the undertaking were you a determined opponent to the measure?—Yes; my mother was a petitioner against the bill, and I appeared as evidence against it.

‘From all that you have since seen you would no longer oppose the construction of railroads?—Certainly not; from what I have seen my opinion is entirely changed.’

In fact the fuel burned is coke, which produces no smoke. The smoothness of the road, and its freedom from those asperities which exist on the best constructed turnpike roads, are such that the wheels move with comparatively little noise. But, in addition to this, the speed being almost three times that of common coaches, and more than seven times that of waggons, the noise is almost momentary. A train of waggons or coaches shoots past with the speed of the wind, and the noise is scarcely perceived before it ceases; it cannot be heard on a still day at a greater distance than one hundred yards.

Another ground of objection, urged by landlords, is the appre-

hended depreciation of the value of the adjacent land. The facility of communication with the metropolis and populous towns is so obvious an advantage, that we cannot help expressing our astonishment that such an apprehension should for a moment be entertained. As those who could entertain an objection so unfounded are little likely to be accessible to the reasoning by which it might be refuted, we shall here confine ourselves to facts, and show that in every case, without a single exception, which has come under enquiry, the value of land adjacent to a successful line of railway has been considerably increased.

Mr Pease, M. P., a director of the Stockton and Darlington railway, stated, in his evidence, that he had been for ten years a director of that company, during seven years of which the railroad had been in practical operation; that he had closely observed its effects on landed property through which it passed, or which was adjacent to it, and that he had been privy to all the negotiations which had taken place between the railroad company and the proprietors from whom they had made purchases.

‘Do you know whether the advertisements for letting farms or selling estates, contain any thing relating to the railroad?—It is invariably stated, either that the railroad passes through the estate or near to it; they consider it as an enhancement of the value of the property.

‘Are you a landholder yourself in the neighbourhood of the railroad?—I have one small estate, which it intersects into two equal parts nearly. It passes through the enclosure in which the homestead stands.

‘Have you been benefited by the railroad passing through it?—I have; the cuttings are available as drains; the rent of the property is increased one-fifth. I let the farm, subject to its being given up on the railroad being made, and I have since received one-fifth additional rent.

‘Do you know any instance of the reduction of rent, in consequence of a railroad passing through a farm?—I have made enquiries, but have not been able to meet with such an instance.’

The Stockton and Darlington railway was originally intended to be a single line; but after its formation the company found, from the extent of traffic upon it, that a double line would be necessary. Having originally purchased no more land than was necessary for the single line, they were obliged to treat with the same proprietors for an additional tract to widen the road, so as to receive the second line of railway. Nothing can more conclusively decide the question of the effect of the railway on the value of land than this circumstance. Here was a portion of land, purchased before any railway had been constructed; and

an equal quantity, in precisely the same place, was subsequently purchased from the same parties by the same company, after the formation of the single line of railway. Mr Pease was examined as to the terms on which the second portion of land was purchased.

‘Have you paid on those (second) treaties, an increased value upon the land beyond what you paid before the line was established?—Invariably.

‘Can you say to what amount?—I should say that we have never objected to pay an advanced price of 50 per cent.

‘Was this in consequence of the increase of value arising from the railroad?—We were quite aware of the increased value to the owner, and made no objection to the advance.’

Mr Thomas Lee, a surveyor and agent to several landed gentlemen in the neighbourhood of the Liverpool and Manchester railroad, was examined as to the effect of the railroad upon the value of land in that neighbourhood.

‘Can you tell the committee whether in an agricultural point of view, property has been improved or deteriorated by the railroad passing through it?—It has been improved.

‘Have the farmers been benefited by it?—They have.

‘Have Colonel Lee and Mr Trafford obtained higher rents in consequence of it?—They have.

‘Have you taken land yourself at an increased rent?—At double the original rent.’

Mr Hardman Earle, before mentioned, was examined to the same point.

‘Do you know any instance in which the value of land has been affected by the railway?—I think the Chat Moss was an instance of that kind. They bring manure from Manchester to Chat Moss; and wherever a station is formed, the value of the land is improved. You see advertisements recommending a site, because the railroad runs near or through it.

‘Do you know of any instances by which land has been depreciated by it?—I think I can say positively that there is not an instance on the Manchester line.

‘Do you know of any persons quitting their dwelling-houses in consequence of it?—I do not know of one. I should be glad to purchase land on the line, to build for myself.’

We may here state that the Chat Moss is an extensive district of bog and morass, over which the railroad was carried at incredible labour and expense. It was of course previously altogether

unproductive. We now, however, see on each side of the road extensive systems of drains gradually carrying off the water, and leaving tracts of considerable fertility. There is no doubt that within a very short period the whole of this morass will be transformed into a fertile tract of arable land.

Another ground of objection, is the injury likely to be produced to turnpike trusts. Even if the truth of this objection be admitted, it is not one of sufficient force to warrant the sacrifice of public benefit. A turnpike trust is, or ought to be, held only for the public good; and if it should be affected by the establishment of a railroad, this would only prove that the one was found more beneficial than the other. But it is a curious fact, that this apprehended injury has not (at least in every instance) ensued. The Stockton and Darlington railway furnishes a remarkable example to the contrary.

Mr Pease states in his evidence that the turnpike roads in the neighbourhood of that railway have been improved since its construction.

‘Has there been any advantage derived to the roads in the neighbourhood?—I consider that they are all of them in a much better state of repair, and that their funds are improved: I do not know a single exception.

‘Do you know the road from Stockton to Barnard Castle?—Perfectly well; I have been a commissioner. In that trust there are two roads running nearly parallel with the railroad, and a third intersected by it.

‘Were the trustees of these roads petitioners against the bill?—All of them.

‘On what grounds did they oppose it?—That the money borrowed on mortgage was hazarded by the railroad.

‘Have their fears been realized?—No; the funds in all cases are improved.

‘You state that of your own knowledge?—Yes, as an acting commissioner.’

The advantages likely to arise to agricultural producers from the facilities of conveying their produce to market, as well as the reciprocal advantages derived by the consumers, were rendered apparent by the evidence of several farmers and graziers, and also of metropolitan butchers.

Mr W. Meade Warner, an extensive farmer residing in Oxfordshire, stated, that he considered that if the railroad now proposed to be carried from London to Birmingham had been formed ten or fifteen years ago, it would have produced him an advantage of not less than fifty pounds a-year. He considered that the whole system of farming grass land would undergo a change, owing to the new capabilities which would be conferred

upon it, by the speed, certainty, and cheapness of the communication with the market. A different kind of produce, of a much better and more profitable quality, would be obtained from it.

‘Are lambs sent to London from your neighbourhood?—They are, principally on the road; but when too young to leave the mother for so many days as the road requires, they are sent by waggons. Not many, however, are sent by this way.

‘Are you prevented from sending many lambs to market by the difficulties of the road?—We cannot send them so young as we would otherwise send them. It is of importance to send them early in the season, as the ewe would feed off earlier.

‘If a railroad were established, would they be sent by you and the other farmers by that means?—No doubt of it.

‘Do the same observations apply to calves as to lambs?—Exactly.

‘Are the cattle much injured by being driven up?—Very much; incalculably.’

It is not merely views of policy that should lead us to seek for some improvement in the transport of cattle to the markets. The following evidence is addressed to the feelings of common humanity.

‘Supposing that even the cost was increased of sending them by the railroad, would it be of advantage to the farmer to have them conveyed by that means, nevertheless, instead of driving them in the ordinary way?—Certainly; it would be a great advantage. Sometimes the poor things are driven till their feet are sore; and the effect of that is, that they are sold on the road for what they can get. It is often the case, that they drive many of them till they have not a foot to stand on.

‘What price, in your opinion, would the farmer be willing to pay for the conveyance of his cattle to London by the railroad, instead of the present way?—If I paid double, I should still be a very great gainer. It is a very important thing in the saving of beasts and sheep, both as to the exposure and the nuisance they create on the public roads. Besides that, the cruelty and injury to the animals is beyond all belief.

‘Do I understand you rightly, that you would prefer to pay fourteen shillings for transmitting your cattle by railroad, to paying seven shillings for the ordinary means of conveyance?—To be sure I should.’

Mr Charles Whitworth, a very extensive farmer in Northamptonshire, was examined on the same points. He had seen cattle conveyed on the Manchester railroad, and stated that they came from the journey ‘as fresh as if they were just off the ‘field.’ He stated, that in order to send the lambs to market, it was necessary to send the ewes a part of the way with them; and ‘even then they were much injured before they reached London.’

The injury sustained by cattle coming to the London market, was further proved by Mr John Sharp, an extensive butcher,

residing in Mary-le-bone. He stated that he has been for forty years established as a butcher, and that he never failed to observe more or less injury sustained by cattle driven from a distance to London; that their value was considerably lessened, owing to the inferior quality of the meat, arising from the animal being slaughtered in a diseased state; that the animal being fatigued and over-driven, 'becomes feverish, and his looks 'become not so good, and he loses weight by the length of the 'journey and the fatigue.' He stated further, that even steam-vessels, where they could be resorted to, did not altogether remove this objection. Cattle come from Scotland by steam-vessels, and they are found in London to be in an unnatural state: 'they seem stupified, and in a state of suffering from 'fatigue.'

It is not merely the fatigue of travelling which injures the animal, but also the absence from its accustomed pasture. Mr Sharp stated that the injury from this cause was more or less under different circumstances, but always considerable. In order to obviate this, a considerable portion of the meat supplied to the London market is slaughtered in the country, and it comes in this state, in winter, from distances round London to the extent of one hundred miles. In warm weather a large quantity of it is spoiled, and a still greater quantity is deteriorated by this mode of conveyance. The transport of calves and lambs from a distance greater than thirty miles, is altogether impracticable; and even from that distance is attended with difficulty and injury. To convey these and other live cattle from a great distance, not only speed, but evenness of motion, is indispensable. Now these two requisites cannot be combined by any other means than the application of steam-engines upon a railroad.

From the whole of the evidence, the fact appears to be indisputably established, that the supply of animal food to the metropolis is not only defective in quantity, but that it is of unwholesome quality,—comparatively, at least, with what it might be, if the tract from which it could be supplied were rendered more extensive. But forcibly as the evidence bears on this species of agricultural produce, it is still stronger respecting the produce of the dairy and the garden. Milk, cream, and fresh butter, vegetables of every denomination, and certain descriptions of fruit, are supplied exclusively from a narrow annulus of soil, which circumscribes the skirts of the metropolis. Every artificial expedient is resorted to, in order to extort from this limited portion of land the necessary supplies for a million and a half of people. The milk is of a quality so artificial, that we know not whether, in strict propriety of language, the name milk can

be at all applied to it: the animals that yield it are fed not upon wholesome and natural pasturage, but in a great degree on grain and other articles. It will not be supposed that the milk which they yield is identical in wholesome and nutritious qualities with the article which would be supplied, if a tract of land of sufficient extent for the pasturage of cattle was made subservient to the wants of the metropolis. Add to this, that inferior as must be, under such circumstances, the quality of the milk, there exists the strongest temptations to the seller who retails it, to adulterate it still further, before it finds its way to the table of the consumer.

Mr Warner, already mentioned, stated that, great as the advantage of a railroad would be to graziers who supplied the London butchers, it would be of still greater advantage to dairy farmers.

‘Have you ever had offers made to you to supply any part of London with milk?—I have; but have never been able to comply with them on account of the want of a conveyance.

‘If there was a railroad, by which you could transmit milk, and thus avail yourself of such an offer, would it add materially to the profits of your farm?—There is no question that it would increase the profit at least 400 or 500 per cent. *I have no doubt of it, on milk and butter.**

In the produce of the dairy and the garden, it is not merely by smoothness and ease of transport that a railroad would offer facilities. Articles of a perishable nature must be supplied to the consumer within a short period after they are taken from the soil. The speed of railroad conveyance being six or seven times that by cart or waggon, the consequence would be, that such articles would be supplied to the metropolis from a circuit with a radius six or seven times the length of that which now supplies them; and consequently the land which would become available for the metropolitan markets, would be from thirty-six to forty-nine times the present extent; supposing railroads to diverge in all directions from the metropolis, and to be furnished with their usual ramifications.

In our former article on this subject, we attempted to show, by general reasoning, the immense benefits which would accrue, both to farmers and landlords, as well as to the inhabitants of towns, by carrying extensive lines of railroad through populous districts, connecting them with those places from which

* This enormous estimate of the advantage is no doubt founded on the supposition that dairy produce would maintain its present price;—an obvious error, but still the advantage would be very considerable.

supplies of food and other necessities might be obtained. We showed that the factitious value which tracts of land immediately surrounding the metropolis and large towns acquire from the proximity of the markets, would be moderated, and a portion of their advantages transferred to the more remote districts; thus equalizing the value of agricultural property, and rendering it in a great measure independent of local circumstances. We showed, further, that the profit of the farmer, and the rent of the landlord, would be benefited by the reduced cost of transport, and that such benefit would be likewise shared by the consumer;—in fact, that the advantages of centralization would be realized without incurring the inconvenience of crowding together masses of people within small spaces; and that the whole face of the country would be brought to the condition, and made to share the opportunities of improvement which are afforded by a metropolis, and by towns of the larger class. At that time, however, we had no specific evidence to adduce in support of our reasonings, so as to reach those minds which can only be influenced by a direct appeal to facts. The subsequent extension of railways has brought to light a body of evidence, so extensive, that our only difficulty lies in the selection of such parts of it as may not exceed our necessary limits.

The beneficial effects of the Liverpool and Manchester railway on the value of land in the district through which it passes, have forced conviction upon the minds of those who were the most conspicuous opponents to that project.

Mr J. Moss, a director of the Manchester railway, gave the following testimony :—

‘Is it contemplated to have a railroad between Birmingham and Liverpool?—It is quite arranged.

‘Have you made application to the owners of land for their consent?—As far as our half goes.

‘Have you found owners, on the line between Liverpool and Birmingham, to consent to the railroad there, who, nevertheless, opposed the Liverpool and Manchester line?—Several; among others, Lords Derby and Sefton.

‘Did Mr Heywood of Manchester oppose the Manchester railroad?—Yes.

‘Did he afterwards complain of its *not passing through his lands*?—He *complained very much of it.*

If the ill effects of the opposition, on the part of landed proprietors, to projected railroads were limited to the injury which they inflict upon themselves, the public would have less reason to complain of it; but unfortunately other extensive injuries have been thus produced. The opposition by Lords Derby and Sefton

to the Manchester railway bill, compelled the company to deviate from the line of road which they first proposed, and which Mr Stephenson, their engineer, pronounced to be the best. That line must have passed through a part of the property of these noblemen, whose opposition would at that time have defeated the bill. The company were therefore compelled to select another line, which was not only much more expensive in the formation, but which has been since productive of consequences most injurious to the road, and to the interests of the company and the public.

The line which the engineer was compelled to adopt, imposed upon him the formidable enterprise of crossing Chat Moss; and involved the company in an enormous expense in forming a solid road over that extensive morass. This, however, was not the only or the most extensively injurious effect: it became necessary to carry the line of road over an elevation, so that the moving power had to overcome a slope rising at the rate of one in ninety-six in both directions, and extending through more than a mile and a half in each case. We explained in our former article the injury which such an ascent produces: to draw a load up a slope of this degree of acclivity requires an impelling power, amounting to nearly four times the power necessary to draw the same load upon a level; the consequence is, that either auxiliary engines must be kept constantly at the foot of the slope, or else the impelling engine must be constructed with four times the power necessary on the level, and with a proportionate increase of strength and weight. We may safely assert, that no circumstance connected with the Manchester railway has been a more fertile source of expense and inconvenience than this occurrence. But if any thing be wanting to demonstrate the mischief of the proceeding out of which this has arisen, it is the fact detailed in the evidence of Mr Moss, that a second line of railway has been in contemplation, connecting Liverpool with Manchester; that this second line is countenanced and encouraged by these very noblemen, Lords Derby and Sefton; that it is to pass through their grounds, and, we presume, to take the very course which was originally contemplated by the present railway company, and from which they were driven by opposition.

‘Has there not been a scheme for another railroad?—Yes.

‘Is it to pass through Lords Derby and Sefton’s land?—Yes; they both consented. They threw us back the first year by the opposition to our road, and we then lost such a line as we never could obtain again. Since this, they have both consented that the other line shall pass through their property.’

Other proprietors, however, more speedily learned their error,

and actually made interest to get the line through their property.

‘Do you know Bold Hall?—Very well; it is a fine house.

‘Is it near Liverpool and Manchester?—Yes; the proprietor complained very much, that we made a complete bend, to avoid his property.

‘Did he afterwards wish you to cut off the bend, and go nearer by a straight line?—Yes; and we agreed to go much nearer to his house.’

Besides the permanent advantages to land by opening large markets for every species of vegetable, animal, and mineral production, railways are attended with a variety of subordinate benefits, which, though they may appear inconsiderable, when compared with those already mentioned, yet ought not to be wholly disregarded. Among these may be mentioned the extensive employment of the local population, in a work in which by far the greater proportion of the labour is of a rude kind; likewise the purchase of materials of various kinds from the adjacent landowners. It was proved that on the Stockton and Darlington railway, as well as on other similar works, large sums were paid to the landowners for gravel, timber, and stone, for materials for bricks, and for various other purposes, independently of the land purchased from them. It was also proved that a very large proportion of the poor rates of the parishes through which railways pass are paid by the railway company. The Manchester railway company, for example, contribute not less than L.4000 per annum to the poor rates of their parishes.

Mr Pease stated that more than half the entire rates of several of the parishes through which the Stockton and Darlington railway passes, are paid by the railway company. But in addition to this, the actual amount of rates is lessened by the extensive employment afforded for labour on the railway. Mr Lee stated, that of the poor rates in the parish of Newton, one-fourth part was paid by the Manchester railway company.

The speed of transit, and the consequent frequency of communication between places of great commercial intercourse, are matters, the importance of which can scarcely be overrated in this country. The *time* between Liverpool and Manchester, being a distance of about thirty-one miles, is now about an hour and a half; there are three deliveries of letters by post daily between these two places; so that two letters may be written and one answer received by the same correspondents in the course of a day. The frequency of communication might be still greater: nine trains of coaches start daily from each place, and if it were necessary, there might be nine deliveries in each town. When the lines of railway from London to Birmingham, and from Birmingham to Manchester, shall have been completed, the *time*

from London to Liverpool will be about eleven hours; the mail which leaves London at eight o'clock in the evening, will therefore be delivered in Liverpool before nine the following morning. The *time* between London and Birmingham will be five hours and a half; there will probably, therefore, be two mails daily. The letters despatched from London at eight o'clock in the evening would be delivered in Dublin the following evening. From some improvements which are in progress in the steam-packets, it appears that, under average circumstances, they may be depended on to make the voyage from Liverpool to Kingston (near Dublin) in ten hours: the mail which would arrive at Liverpool at seven in the morning would therefore be at Dublin at six in the evening, so that the Dublin merchants could answer their London letters the same night. It would, therefore, be possible that an answer to a letter from London to Dublin could arrive in London in about fifty hours after the despatch of the letter.

In the evidence of Mr Moss we find a striking instance of the preference given by the public to railroad conveyance.

‘Do you know whether there are some places on the line from Liverpool to Manchester where persons go down a considerable distance to come to the rail?—Yes; Southport is an example. This town is 38 miles from Manchester, and 25 from Liverpool. Persons going to Manchester prefer to come the 25 miles to Liverpool, and 30 along the railroad, making 55 miles, to going 38 miles by the direct road to Manchester.

‘Do they do that with a saving of time and expense?—They save both time and expense.

‘Being aware of these facts, and knowing the projected line between London and Liverpool, are there many places from which persons would come to the railroad, for the purpose of going to London, rather than take the direct turnpike-road?—Yes; all places in the manufacturing part of Yorkshire, such as Bradford, Halifax, and Leeds; they would come to Manchester, and there take the railroad.

‘What would be the saving from Leeds?—It would be 40 miles round; but it would save four hours in time, and L.1 in money.

‘What would be the saving from Rochdale?—Ten hours in time, and 30s. in money.’

A large portion of the time of those farmers and graziers, living at a distance from London, who are obliged to attend the London markets, is consumed in making the journey. Mr Robert Attenborough, a farmer and grazier residing at Braybrook, eighty miles from London, stated that his business obliged him to attend once a-week at Smithfield market; that it takes him three days and a night, travelling at night, to go up to London, do his business, and return; that he seldom gets home till four o'clock

on Sunday morning; and that a like inconvenience is sustained by the other farmers and graziers in his neighbourhood: that besides the expenses on the way, the fare of the coach is L.3, 4s., and that the sacrifice of his business at home is the consequence of his journeys to London. A railroad would take him to London in about four hours, and starting in the morning he could arrive at home at a reasonable hour the same night.

By the evidence of other witnesses it appeared that a saving to a very large amount has been made by houses of business in Manchester, since the establishment of the railway, in their agencies alone. Some notion of the extent of this may be formed, when we state that several houses have saved L.500 a-year in this item of expenditure.

The advantage of the increased speed and cheapness of communication obtained by railways, worked by steam-engines, is not confined to the saving of the time and money of those who are compelled by business, or induced by pleasure, to travel. Vast numbers, who, under other circumstances, would remain stationary, find it for their advantage to avail themselves of the opportunities of intercourse with distant places thus opened to them. It appears by the evidence of Mr Booth, that before the establishment of the railway between Manchester and Liverpool, there were about twenty-two regular coaches running between these places; these coaches were licensed to carry about 700 persons; and taking them at their average number, they may be estimated as having transported 450 persons daily between these two towns. The inside fare was ten shillings, the outside six; and the time of the journey varied from four hours to four hours and a half. The fare at present, on the railroad, by the first class train, is five shillings and sixpence, and by the second class, three shillings and sixpence; being about half the fare by the coaches; and the time of the first class an hour and a half, and of the second class two hours; being less than half the time occupied on the turnpike road. The number of passengers between the two places in the six months ending in December 1833, was 215,071 booked; to which if we add 5000 for the passengers taken up on the road and not booked, we shall have a total of about 220,000: if we divide this by the number of days in the half-year, we shall find that the average daily, including Sundays, was 1209. It appears, therefore, that the number of passengers between these towns has been tripled since the establishment of the railroad;—in other words, about 800 persons daily, who have occasion to pass between the two places, but who were before prevented from doing so, either by reason of the time or expense of the turnpike road, are now enabled to perform the journey.

Among the railroads now in progress, those by which it is proposed to connect the metropolis with Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, are in every point of view the most interesting and important. This line has been undertaken by two distinct companies, under the sanction of different acts of Parliament. That part which connects London with Birmingham has been undertaken by a joint-stock company, under the title of the 'London and Birmingham Railway Company:' the continuation of the line is carried from Birmingham to Warrington, where it unites with a branch of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, which runs from Warrington to Newton, a point of the main line just midway between Liverpool and Manchester. This line from Birmingham to Warrington is incorporated under the title of the 'Grand Junction Railway Company.' The acts of incorporation, like others of the same kind, have been opposed in Parliament by many landed proprietors. The act for the Birmingham and London Company was, in the first instance, thrown out of the House of Lords through the influence of a single peer, because he apprehended some annoyance to a mansion of his, in the neighbourhood of which the railway must have passed; although it appeared that this mansion was one which he was not in the habit of occupying. The noble proprietor and his friends on the committee did not attend to hear the evidence: they came, however, to the division, and threw out the bill. How the Company was able to remove this opposition in the subsequent session of Parliament we do not know; but removed it was, and the bill passed.

The ill effects of the slopes on the Manchester and Liverpool railway have impressed on engineers the indispensable necessity of avoiding them, or rendering them as gentle as possible in future undertakings. This object will be attained in a great degree on the Birmingham and London line, but at an enormous expense. The country through which it will pass is of an undulating character, so that there is scarcely a mile of the road in which either cuttings or embankments will not be necessary. Where the elevations to be encountered are inconsiderable, a level is obtained by forming a chasm in the crest of the hill, and using the stuff removed from it to form an embankment in the valley; but there are numerous elevations along the proposed line of road, which either from their great height or other causes render this method impracticable. In such cases the level of the road will be maintained by penetrating the elevations by tunnels. Of these structures eleven were proposed in the Parliamentary plan; but it is probable that cuttings will be substituted for some of them as the work proceeds, and that the actual number will not exceed eight: the largest will be constructed at

Kilsby, near Daventry, seventy-seven miles from London ; it will be about a mile and a half in length. Another, situate about two miles beyond Watford, will be a mile in length. That which will pass under Primrose Hill, and under the roads leading from the Regent's Park, and from St John's Wood to Finchley, will be half a mile in length : one near Weedon will be three quarters of a mile long, but none of the others will exceed a quarter of a mile in length.

The principal obstacle to the adoption of tunnels on railways, worked by steam power, has been the want of sufficient ventilation. The furnace of the engine soon renders the air unfit for breathing, and the impurity produced by the passage of one engine might continue until the arrival of the next. It is proposed, in the longer tunnels, to overcome this difficulty by providing shafts or chimneys at short intervals, carried from the roof of the tunnel to the surface of the ground above. In the case of the long tunnel at Kilsby, some of these shafts will be one hundred feet high ; in the other tunnels they will vary from thirty to seventy feet ; all of them will be eight feet in diameter. We are not aware whether the sufficiency of such an expedient for the purposes of ventilation has yet been ascertained by experiment. It has been stated that the speed with which the engines will traverse the tunnels will be so great, that very little ventilation will suffice. But the ventilation necessary for the tunnel will be the same, at whatever speed the engine may proceed ; for the air drawn through the fire during the passage of the engine will be the same whatever the speed may be. Each stroke of the piston will draw through the fire the same quantity of atmospheric air ; and it is obvious that the same number of strokes of the piston will produce the same number of revolutions of the wheels, and therefore the same progressive advance of the engine at whatever rate the piston may move. If the engine moves rapidly through the tunnel, it will, therefore, still vitiate the same quantity of atmospheric air ; but there will be this convenience, that the passengers will not be detained in the air so vitiated any considerable length of time. The longest tunnel upon the projected line will be traversed in less than five minutes, and the shafts will subsequently remove, though perhaps not very speedily, the impure air.

In cases where it is not found practicable to traverse the valleys by embankments, bridges to support the railroad, of great extent, have been projected, by which the valleys may be arched over. One of the most stupendous of these works is the viaduct intended to bestride the valley of the Ouse. This work, which will be situate between Newport Pagnel, and Stony Stratford,

will cross the valley of the Ouse about a mile and a half eastward of the latter town; its extreme length will be a mile and a quarter, and the height of the level of the rails at the centre arch above that of the water will be nearly fifty feet; the centre portion will be supported on seven magnificent arches, each of fifty feet water way; the key-stone of each arch not to be less than twenty-five feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme ends of the viaduct will be formed by embankments. By such gigantic efforts of labour and skill, the inequalities of the ground will be greatly diminished, though not absolutely overcome.

Between the extremities of the line at London and Birmingham, there will remain five ridges of different elevations, separating six valleys varying in depth; so that the line undulates throughout nearly its whole extent. The entire length will be $111\frac{1}{4}$ miles: of this there will only be nine and a quarter miles absolutely level. Proceeding from the *Depôt* near Primrose Hill there is a gentle descent of eight feet in two miles to the valley of the Brent; there is then a gradual ascent amounting to 128 feet in eleven miles, by which the line is conducted to the crest of the first ridge at Olney; the road then descends eleven perpendicular feet, and crosses the valley of the Colne; it next encounters the second ridge which it ascends for fifteen miles, at the average rate of about fourteen feet in a mile. From the summit of this ridge, situate at Tring, thirty miles from the *Depôt*, it will descend for twenty-three miles, falling 160 feet; here it will be conducted by the great viaduct over the valley of the Ouse, and again ascend a ridge at Blisworth, between Northampton and Towcester: from the viaduct to the summit of this ridge the road ascends 100 perpendicular feet in six miles, being at the rate of about sixteen feet in a mile; it then again falls forty feet in five miles, and crosses the valley of the Ahen near Weedon, sixty-four miles from the *Depôt*. It next crosses a ridge which intersects the line between Daventry and Northampton at Kilsby: this ridge is ascended by a slope twelve miles in length, and rising seventy-six feet. From Kilsby summit the road descends into the valley of the Avon by a slope of fourteen miles, descending 132 perpendicular feet; the line here, after crossing the Avon, passes through Coventry, and ascends the last ridge at Berkswell summit, by a slope of seven miles and a half, rising 115 perpendicular feet: from this summit it again descends into the valley of the Blyth, by a slope of three miles and a half, falling fifty-seven perpendicular feet; from which it ascends by another slope of ten miles, rising forty-eight feet to the station at Birmingham.

On the whole line there are twenty-five miles and a half, pro-

ceeding from London to Birmingham, in which there is an ascending slope at the average rate of fifteen feet in a mile ; and there are eighteen miles and a half in which there is a descending slope of the same inclination. The extreme gentleness of these slopes is such, that in descending, the train may be safely permitted to move by gravity, so that during the descent the whole of the moving power may be saved. The power saved on the descending slopes may, therefore, be considered as nearly proportional to the additional power required in the ascending ones ; and as no part of the road will require a greater addition to the power requisite on the level than two-thirds, the locomotive engines at present used, imperfect though they be, will be fully equal to the exigencies of the line. The expenditure of power from London to Birmingham will be greater than in returning ; because the station at Birmingham is about 350 perpendicular feet above the station at London.

The width of this magnificent road on the embankments will be twenty-eight feet ; the rails of each line will be five feet asunder, and the line will be separated by a space of six feet ; an additional space of six feet will be left on each side between the outer rails and the edge of the embankment. Where the road is cut through, elevations an additional foot in width will be allowed to each side for drains : the deepest chasms by which the road penetrates the elevations will not exceed fifty-five feet,—the greater number, of course, being considerably less ; and the highest embankments by which valleys are crossed will not exceed 45 perpendicular feet. The width of the road in the tunnels will be six feet less than on the embankments ; there being only a space of three feet left between the outer rails on each side, and the walls of the tunnel. The sides of the embankment will slope downwards by a more gentle inclination than that used on the embankments of the Manchester railway ; being at the rate of two horizontal feet to one foot perpendicular.

Supposing—what, consistently with the results of the whole history of human invention, is in the last degree improbable—that the locomotive engines, though now only in their infancy, shall not receive any farther improvements, the *time* of a first-class train from London to Birmingham would be only five hours and a half. The gentleness of the slopes will render their motion almost as uniform and punctual as that of the hands of a time-piece ; so that the passage of the successive trains from hour to hour through the different parts of the country will almost serve the purposes of a clock.

It appears from documents obtained from the public offices, that the present number of passengers between Liverpool and

London annually amounts to about half a million. If we may apply to this railroad results proportionate to those with which we are furnished by that of Manchester, we should expect that the number of passengers between the two towns would be increased in a threefold proportion. But there are obvious reasons which lead us to expect a much larger increase of intercourse, in proportion to the population of the two towns, than in the case of Manchester and Liverpool. Between these two places, the railroad passes through not a single town or even village; the intercourse is, therefore, in a great degree confined to the population of Manchester and Liverpool themselves. Now, a large portion of the intercourse on the Birmingham and London railway will be supplied from the populous towns which skirt its course on either side. These tributary streams may be expected to swell the main current to at least double its magnitude. The distances of the principal places adjacent to the line, *in time*, from London, supposing branch railways to be formed, would be as follows:—

	Hours.	Minutes.
Aylesbury, ...	2	30
Bedford, ...	3	30
Birmingham, ...	5	30
Dudley, ...	6	—
Kettering, ...	4	15
Kidderminster, ...	6	30
Leamington, ...	5	—
Northampton, ...	3	—
Rugby, ...	4	—

The Grand Junction railroad, from Birmingham to Warrington, will be a work presenting less difficulties, and attended with a more limited investment of capital. The country through which it passes is less intersected by ridges and other inequalities; although here also a considerable extent of cuttings and embankments must necessarily be made. As a commercial speculation, it is needless to say that it presents the fairest prospects of a successful issue; indeed, the formation of the Birmingham and London line rendered the Grand Junction line inevitable. Thus, the whole kingdom from London, in a north-westerly direction to Liverpool, will be traversed by this great artery of communication; producing an interchange of benefits, physical, and moral, commercial, social, and political, the importance and amount of which it would be impossible to estimate or predict.

The formation of this great line of cheap and rapid communication has rendered the construction of similar means of intercourse in other directions inevitable; otherwise the benefits of the metropolitan market would be almost exclusively conferred

upon those agricultural and manufacturing producers whose good fortune might place them in its neighbourhood. In their own defence, therefore, landed proprietors and capitalists in every part of the country must exert themselves ; for whatever doubts they may have formerly entertained as to the expediency of constructing such means of communication with the metropolis, they can hardly any longer hesitate as to what they should now do ; unless they desire to see themselves cut off from the benefits arising from the production of articles which cannot be transported on turnpike roads or canals in competition with railroads. We find, accordingly, that various undertakings have already been set on foot for the construction of extensive lines of communication, in other directions from the metropolis. An act of Parliament was passed, during the last Session, for the construction of a line connecting London with Southampton and Portsmouth, passing through Esher, Basingstoke, and Winchester. As this project was countenanced by the principal landed proprietors through whose property it will pass, the act passed the legislature without difficulty or expense.

The projectors of another line were not, however, so fortunate. It was proposed to cross the kingdom by a railroad in a direction due west from the metropolis, extending to Bristol, and passing through Maidenhead, Reading, and Bath, and in the immediate vicinity of Windsor, Oxford, Gloucester, Cheltenham, and Devizes. The company who applied for this act experienced, during the last session, the most vexatious and determined opposition on the part of some of the landed proprietors ; and, after having been driven to an expenditure of above L.30,000, in the production of evidence, and in other parliamentary charges, the bill, though it passed the Commons, was thrown out in the Committee in the Lords, through the influence, it has been said, of a single Peer ! The Company will find means to remove the opposition, and the Bill will probably pass in the next session. This railway would facilitate the communication of the metropolis with Wilts, Somerset, Gloucester, Wells, Bridgewater, Taunton, Exeter, Plymouth, Devonport, Falmouth, and many other places. It would also, in conjunction with steam navigation, connect the metropolis with the ports of the Bristol channel, with South Wales, and with the south-western coast of Ireland.

The Southampton line will open an easy communication with the coast of Hampshire, and, by the Southampton steam-packets, with the Isle of Wight, and the Channel Islands ; also with the ports of St Malo, Havre, and Cherbourg. If the railway contemplated between Havre and Paris, should be constructed, a communication would be thus opened between London and Paris,

which would reduce the time of transit between those capitals to about twenty-four hours, allowing twelve hours for the voyage by steam from Southampton to Havre.

To form an estimate of the effects which these vast undertakings are likely to produce on the intercourse of the country, it will be necessary to consider the travelling which at present exists on these lines, and to compare it with the effects produced on the intercourse between Manchester and Liverpool. It appears from evidence given before parliamentary committees, that the annual number of passengers between London and Birmingham amounts to 488,342. By the stamp-office returns, it appears that the income produced from coaches passing along the proposed route of the Southampton railroad, at the present charge for travelling, amounts to four hundred and forty-six thousand one hundred and ninety-three pounds annually. Now, if we assume that the average cost of travelling the whole distance to Southampton is one pound, it will follow that the travelling along that line is equivalent to 446,193 travellers annually, the whole distance. It appears also from similar returns, that the number of travellers along the proposed line of the Great Western Railway at present may be estimated at 302,118. Thus, along these three lines, the present intercourse would stand as follows:—

Birmingham,	.	.	.	.	488,342
Bristol,	.	.	.	.	302,118
Southampton,	.	.	.	.	446,193

Total, 1,236,653

Now, we have already stated that the number of passengers between Manchester and Liverpool, before the establishment of the railroad, was at the rate of 450 daily; and that it was during the half year ending 31st December, 1833, at the rate of 1210 daily; being an increase in the ratio of eight to three, very nearly. Supposing, then, that the three railroads now contemplated produce a like increase of intercourse, we shall obtain the probable number of passengers upon them by increasing the above estimate in the ratio of eight to three: the results would be as follows:—

Birmingham,	.	.	.	.	1,302,244
Bristol,	.	.	.	.	805,642
Southampton,	.	.	.	.	1,189,848

Total, 3,297,734

Thus, the number of persons who would pass annually to and

from the metropolis along these three lines of road, would be nearly equal to a fourth of the whole population of Great Britain.

Our limits compel us to omit the notice of numerous important railways which are in contemplation, and some of which are in a state of very forward preparation: among these, there is one entitled to more especial notice, being not much less in extent than the Liverpool and Manchester railway, and passing through a district of great commercial importance. The line we allude to will be carried from the town of Preston in a southern direction through Wigan, to the Manchester railway; on which it will enter at a point equally distant between Manchester and Liverpool; thus connecting the whole district, for a distance of twenty-two miles from Preston to Newton, with Manchester and Liverpool. The act for this railway has passed the legislature, and it is now constructing under the direction of Mr Charles Vignoles, civil engineer.

A line of railroad is already in an advanced state, by which it is proposed to connect Leeds and Selby, and thus open a more easy and rapid communication between that important mart and the port of Hull. Another line is in preparation, by which to cross the neck of the island, and to connect the Irish Channel with the German Ocean, extending from Carlisle to Newcastle.

Of the shorter railroads in progress, may be mentioned that proposed to be carried from London Bridge to Greenwich. This work ought perhaps more properly to be called a *viaduct*, since it will be sustained by masonry, supported by a series of arches for nearly the whole distance: its length will be three miles and three quarters, and the *time* will be twelve minutes.

The only railroad yet undertaken in Ireland is that which connects Dublin with King's Town, a distance of about seven miles. This road, which is now completed, has been executed under the superintendence of Mr Vignoles. King's Town and its neighbourhood is the most populous district around Dublin; and besides being the most favourite watering-place, is at present the place of residence of the families of most of the wealthier mercantile and professional classes. By a recent arrangement, the post-office steam-packets from Liverpool and Holyhead land at King's Town harbour, instead of Howth. These circumstances, combined with other local advantages, present a fair probability of the success of this railway.

Notwithstanding the unquestionable commercial advantages which have resulted to the joint-stock company which established the Manchester railroad, it is certain that these advantages are considerably less than they would have been, had there been sufficient previous experience in the working of rail-

roads, under the circumstances of so vast an amount of rapid transport as the company have found it necessary to undertake. Much still remains to be learned, not only with respect to the construction of the locomotive power, but likewise respecting the construction of the railroad itself. The cost of the locomotive power has been so great, that the directors lately thought it advisable to appoint a sub-committee of their own body, assisted by Mr Booth their treasurer, to enquire and report respecting the causes of the amount of this item of their expenditure, and to ascertain whether any and what measures could be devised for the attainment of greater economy. A very able and satisfactory report was made by this committee, or, to speak more correctly, by Mr Booth, who was the only individual connected with it who really had a competent knowledge of the subject of enquiry.

It appears that previous to the establishment of the railway, Messrs Walker and Rastrick, engineers, were employed by the Company to visit various places where steam-power was applied on railways; for the purpose of forming an estimate of the probable expense of working the railway by locomotive and by fixed power. These engineers recommended the adoption of locomotive power, and their estimate was, that the transport might be effected at the rate of .278 of a penny, or very little more than a farthing per ton per mile. In the year 1833, five years after this investigation took place, it was found that the actual cost was .625 of a penny, or something more than a halfpenny per ton per mile; being considerably above double the estimated rate. Mr Booth very properly directed his enquiries to ascertain the cause of this discrepancy, by comparing the various circumstances assumed by Messrs Walker and Rastrick in making their estimate, with those under which the transport was actually effected. The first point of difference which he observed was the *speed* of transport: the estimate was founded on an assumed speed of ten miles an hour, and it was stated that a four-fold speed would require an addition of 50 per cent to the power, without taking into account wear and tear. Now the actual speed of transport being double the speed assumed in the statement, Mr Booth holds it to be necessary to add 25 per cent on that score.

The next point of difference is in the amount of the loads: the statement is founded upon the assumption, that every engine shall start with its full complement of load, and that with this it shall go the whole distance. The facts, however, are, says Mr Booth, that instead of a *full load* of profitable carriage *from* Manchester, about half the waggons *come back empty*; and instead of the tonnage being conveyed the whole way, many thousand tons are conveyed only half the way: also, instead of the daily work

being uniform, it is extremely fluctuating. It is further remarked, that in order to accomplish the transport of goods from the branches, and from intermediate places, engines are despatched several times a-day, from both ends of the line, to *clear the road*; the object of this arrangement being rather to lay the foundation of a beneficial intercourse in future, than with a view to any immediate profit. Mr Booth makes a rough estimate of the disadvantages arising from these circumstances, by stating them at 33 per cent in addition to the original estimate.

The next point of difference is the fuel. In the original estimate, *coal* is assumed as the fuel, and it is taken at the price of five shillings and tenpence per ton: now the Act of Parliament forbids the use of coal, which would produce smoke; the company have, therefore, been obliged to use *coke*, at seventeen shillings and sixpence a-ton. Taking coke, then, to be equivalent to coal, ton for ton, this would add .162 to the original estimate.

These several discrepancies being allowed for, and a proportional amount being added to the original estimate, the amount would be raised to .601 of a penny per ton per mile; which is within one-fortieth of a penny of the actual cost. This difference is considered to be sufficiently accounted for by the wear and tear produced by the very rapid motion; more especially when it is considered that many of the engines were constructed before the engineer was aware of the great speed that would be required.

When we formerly called the attention of our readers to this subject, we stated that the proceedings on this railway ought to be regarded as merely experimental; that the engines must be consequently varied in weight and proportion; that each quarter would produce new ones of increased power and efficiency; and that, consequently, the expenses thus incurred for a given amount of traffic ought not to be regarded as the permanent and regular expenses of the road, but rather as the price paid for that knowledge which could be obtained by no other means than by experiments on the same vast scale. We find that subsequent events have fully confirmed our opinions.

‘What then,’ says Mr Booth, in the Report already alluded to, ‘is the result of these opposite and mutually counteracting circumstances? and what is the present position of the Company in respect of their moving power? Simply, that they are still in a course of experiment, to ascertain practically the best construction, and the most durable materials, for engines required to transport greater weights, and at greater velocities, than had till very recently been considered possible; and which, a few years ago, it had not entered into the imagination of the most daring and sanguine inventor to conceive; and farther, that these experiments

have necessarily been made, not with the calm deliberation and quiet pace which a salutary caution recommend, making good each step in the progress of discovery before advancing another stage, but amidst the bustle and responsibilities of, and large and increasing, traffic; the directors being altogether ignorant of the time each engine would last, before it would be laid up as inefficient, but compelled to have engines, whether good or bad; being aware of various defects and imperfections, which it was impossible at the time to remedy, yet obliged to keep the machines in motion, under all the disadvantages of heavy repairs, constantly going on during the night, in order that the requisite number of engines might be ready for the morning's work. Neither is this great experiment yet complete; it is still going forward. But the most prominent difficulties have been in a great measure surmounted, and your committee conceive, that they are warranted in expecting that the expenditure in this department will, ere long, be materially reduced, more especially when they consider the relative performances of the engines at the *present time*, compared with what it was two years ago.'

We must not conclude these observations on the Manchester railroad without noticing what appears to us of scarcely less importance than the subject to which the Committee have directed their enquiries,—we mean the state of the road itself. No one who has recently travelled on it can be ignorant to what a great extent the rocking and swinging of the carriages from side to side is increased. We are quite aware of the impossibility, under the circumstances, to obviate entirely an effect of this kind; but it now amounts to a degree which is not only inconvenient to travellers, but which cannot fail to be highly detrimental both to the carriages and to the road. This effect will doubtless be traced to the inequalities which have been produced in the joinings of the rails. On examining the rails in various parts of the road, we found a very small proportion of them in which the joinings had maintained that degree of exactness which is indispensable to safety and stability, when great speed is attempted. In most cases the surface of one rail at the joint is more or less depressed below the surface of the other, and in some cases this depression amounts to a serious fraction of an inch. The consequence is, that the passage of the wheels over the rails can be distinctly felt in the carriages, and wherever two inequalities do not occur together at corresponding joints, and in the same direction, the carriage receives a lurch more or less violent according to the amount of the inequality. The effect of the collision of the wheels on the rails at the joints is, in many cases, rendered quite perceptible. We have ourselves taken from the road pieces of iron of considerable magnitude, detached from the rails at those joints by the succession of blows which they receive as the wheels pass over them. The remedy for these defects must be sought

in giving greater stability to the sleepers and chairs which sustain the rails. It would be also extremely desirable to keep an exact register of the breakages of rails in different parts of the road,—specifying in every case the part of the rail where the fracture takes place. By this means we should be enabled to trace, with some degree of certainty, the causes of this source of wear. For example, it is at present doubtful on what part of the road fractures most frequently take place; it is said to be on the descending planes; but we apprehend that this statement depends more on conjecture than on ascertained facts. It would be also useful to ascertain whether the fractures take place more frequently *over* the chairs or *between* them; also, whether they happen oftener at the extremities of the rails, or in some intermediate part. The surface of the fractures should also, in every case, be carefully examined, to determine whether any accidental flaw has existed in the structure of the metal. Such a body of facts as it is in the power of the Directors to collect, at no cost to the Company, but by giving the necessary directions to their subordinate agents, would form an invaluable storehouse of knowledge for the guidance of their future operations, and those of other railroad companies.

We believe that one source of extraordinary expense, to which the Company have been subjected, may be traced to the adoption of *fish-bellied* instead of parallel rails, and to the insufficient weight of metal in them. The theory of the fish-bellied rail is doubtless seductive; and if the sleepers and blocks were absolutely immovable, they would, with a given weight of metal, have the advantage over the parallel rail; but in a rail of this form, on the slightest subsidence of the sleeper, or shifting of the chair, the rail being deserted by its support, its weakest point is immediately exposed to the incumbent weight of the waggons under the most disadvantageous mechanical conditions. In a word, the very circumstances which constitute the advantage of the fish-bellied rail are here reversed, and produce a proportionate liability to fracture. Independently of this, the weight of the rails (35 lbs. per yard) was quite insufficient; and we believe that where fractures take place, the Company have deemed it advisable to replace them by rails at 50 lbs. to the yard.

The Leeds and Selby Railroad Company have profited by this experience, and have rejected the fish-bellied rail; laying down a durable road of parallel rails at 50 lbs. per yard.

The advantages of railroads have of late years become so apparent, that their construction has been undertaken to a certain extent on the Continent. In France, a double line of railroad

has been constructed, extending from St Etienne to Lyons, a distance of thirty-four miles. This road is not adapted for very heavy transport, the rails weighing only 26 lbs. per yard. To obtain a sufficient level, fourteen tunnels were constructed; one of these is a mile in length; another, more than half a mile, is carried under the river Gier. The road is carried by a viaduct over the Soane. In the cost of this road we have a notable example of the commercial wisdom of our neighbours, who paid for the iron used on it four times the price at which they could have obtained it from us! A part of this road is a self-acting plane, on which the loads are moved by their own weight; on the other parts of it locomotive engines have been used.

A continuation of this road has been constructed from St Etienne to Roanne, extending about fifty-five miles. It consists of a single track; the first thirteen miles being formed of cast-iron rails of 43 lbs. to the yard, and the last forty-two miles of rolled iron, 26 lbs. to the yard.

Among the enterprises of this kind undertaken in Germany, the railroad from Budweis to Lintz merits notice. The extent of this line is about eighty English miles; it was commenced under the direction of Gerstner in 1825, and is composed of wooden beams, bearing flat rails of iron, six yards in length, two inches in width, and one-third of an inch in thickness. It is intended for the purposes of general commerce, but more especially for the transport of salt.

But the country, which surpasses all others in the spirit and rapidity by which its means of inland transport have been improved, is the United States. The number and extent of railroads completed, in progress, or projected throughout the union, must surprise all who have not attended to the advances made by this country in the arts of life. We extract from a tabular view, published under the direction of Congress in 1833, the following list of railroads then executed and projected in different States:—

	Completed.	Projected.
Massachussets, ...	5	4
Rhode Island, ...	—	2
New York, ...	6	25
New Jersey, ...	5	1
Pennsylvania, ...	15	67
Delaware, ...	2	—
Maryland, ...	2	2
Virginia, ...	2	5
North Carolina, ...	3	3
South Carolina, ...	1	—
Carried forward,	41	109

		Brought forward,	41	109
Georgia,	.	.	1	2
Alabama,	.	.	2	1
Mississippi,	.	.	—	2
Louisiana,	.	.	1	1
Kentucky,	.	.	1	—
Ohio,	.	.	0	12
Indiana,	.	.	—	8
Illinois,	.	.	—	1
D. of Columbia,	.	.	—	1
		Total,	46	137

From the above statement, it will be seen that the State of Pennsylvania takes the lead in the construction of inland communications. The earliest and most extensive railroad constructed in this State was undertaken by the Government, and forms a continuation of the Union Canal; stretching from the eastern to the western extremity of the State, and connecting the city of Philadelphia with the banks of the Alleghany and the Ohio. This great line of communication consists of three divisions; the first extending from Philadelphia to Columbia, which consists of a railroad constructed in a manner nearly similar to, and in some respects with a greater degree of stability than the Liverpool and Manchester road. Nearly the whole of it is formed of what is called the edge rail of rolled iron, similar to that used on the Wigan road; the weight of iron being $41\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. per yard, which is $6\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. more than the weight of the Manchester rails. The line is conducted very nearly level; the slopes being such that the effect of the power of traction upon the line is 71 per cent of what it would be on a dead level of equal length. The road is conducted over several rivers, which it intersects nearly at right angles; the valleys, where embankments could not conveniently be constructed, are crossed by thirty-one viaducts, the aggregate length of which is about a mile and a half. There are seventy-three stone culverts, from 3 to 25 feet span; five hundred stone drains, 2 feet wide, and 3 feet high; eighteen road and farm bridges, eight of which have stone arches of 25 feet span, and the remainder stone abutments, with wooden superstructures of 31 to 54 feet span. The excavations are frequently deep, and the embankments lofty; in one place the road is elevated 80 perpendicular feet above the bottom of the ravine, and, in other places, cuttings of 40 feet deep occur.

* *Continuation of the Tabular and Statistical Views of the United States.* By G. Watterston and N. B. Van Lant, p. 206 : Washington, 1833.

From the extremity of this road at Columbia to Hollidaysburg, on the Juniata, extends the Union Canal, by which the communication is continued. From Hollidaysburg to Johnstown, on the Conemaugh river, the railroad is resumed for a distance of thirty-six and a half miles. This line of road crosses the Alleghany mountains by a series of slopes, and by a tunnel 900 feet long, 19 feet high, and 22 feet wide. There are 400 askew viaducts, besides seventy-two culverts and other structures of masonry; the rails are similar to those on the Manchester railway, but are $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. heavier, weighing $39\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. per yard: the rails are constructed upon stone sleepers in the same manner as on the Manchester line, except on embankments, where wooden string pieces are used.

One of the principal branches of this line of communication connects it with the town of West Chester, and is about nine miles in length.

Another railroad is in process of construction to connect Philadelphia with Germantown and Norristown, extending, first in a northern, and then in a north-western direction from that city. The length of this road will be about nineteen miles; the rails similar to those used on our best railways.

The little Schuylkill railroad extends from Port Clinton to the town of Tamaqua, a distance of about twenty-three miles. It is formed, like many other railroads in the States intended for light traffic, of wooden rails, shod with iron bars. Although the chief design was the transport of coals, it has been executed with a view to general trade, and stage-coaches worked by horses, already ply on it.

One of the most important of the Pennsylvania railroads is that which extends from Carbondale to Honesdale, connecting the whole country, watered by the great branch of the Susquehanna, with the Hudson, and by that river with the city of New York. A canal commences on the Roundont, near its junction with the Hudson, and terminates at Honesdale, 106 miles from the town of Eddyville, on the Roundont, and ninety miles from New York. The railroad continues the line from thence to the coal mines near Carbondale, on the Lackawanna. An act, authorizing a railroad from the Lackawanna to the Susquehanna, has passed the Legislature of Pennsylvania; and if that line be executed, an immense amount of merchandise will be conveyed along the Carbondale and Honesdale line.

The railroads of Pennsylvania are chiefly constructed in those districts which produce anthracite and bituminous coal. The greater number of these being adapted for low velocities, and light transport, are formed of wooden string pieces, which are some-

times shod with iron bars. In many cases the road follows the natural surface of the ground, and their construction is therefore attended with but small expense, especially in a country where the expense even of the best timber scarcely exceeds the labour of cutting it.

Another important railroad is that by which the cities of Philadelphia and New York are connected. This road commences at Camden, a town on the bank of the Delaware, opposite Philadelphia, and from thence it is carried nearly in a straight line to Amboy, at the mouth of the Hudson. The length of this road is about sixty miles; the rails are of rolled iron, similar to our best railroads, and $4\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. heavier than the Manchester rails, being $39\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. per yard: they are attached to stone sleepers, by pins at the sides, without chairs.

The Newcastle and Frenchtown railroad connects the Delaware with the Chesapeake, and forms the great line of communication between Philadelphia and Baltimore. This road is formed of wooden rails, shod with iron bars; the former are of Georgian pitch pine, 6 inches square in the section, and the latter 2 inches and a quarter wide, and five-eighths of an inch thick, attached to the timber by iron nails. The entire length of this line is sixteen miles.

A line of road, one part of which is called the Hudson and Mohawk, and the other the Schenectady and Saratoga railroad, continues the line of transport from New York by the Hudson, in a direction northward from Albany. A prodigious intercourse by steam-boats takes place between New York and Albany, on the Hudson. The line of railroad from Albany to Schenectady, a distance of sixteen miles, has been constructed to connect this line of communication with the grand canal at Shenectady, by which it is carried from thence in a westward direction, a distance of about 250 miles, to the town of Buffalo on Lake Erie. From Schenectady the second branch of the railroad continues the line of communication in a northern direction, a distance of about twenty miles, to the shores of Lake George; from which, by Lake Champlain, there is a continuous water communication with the river St Lawrence.

One of the most magnificent American railroad projects is that which has been entitled the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. This splendid line of communication will commence at the city of Baltimore and cross the state of Maryland in a westerly direction, passing south of Frederick Town and the city of Washington, to each of which, branches have been constructed. It will thence proceed to some point on the Ohio river, between Pittsburg and the mouth of the little Kennoway river.

The whole length of the road, from Baltimore to Pittsburg, will be about 330 miles. The most difficult and expensive portion of this railroad has, we believe, been already completed : it extends from Baltimore to a place on the Potomac river called the Point of Rocks, a distance of seventy miles. It consists of a double track ; and it appears, by the reports quoted at the head of this article, that on the 1st December, 1831, the communication was opened between Baltimore and the city of Frederick, and has been continued without interruption since that time. The communication between the Point of Rocks and Baltimore commenced on the 1st April, 1832. The directors state, in their seventh report, dated in October 1833, that they are justified in assuring the stockholders of their entire confidence in the final success of the work ; that the practicability of applying steam power upon it had been satisfactorily ascertained ; and that new sources of revenue, not contemplated by the original projectors, had been developed, by the opening of adjacent quarries, and the felling of forests, the products of which have become objects of transport upon the railroad. They had entered into a compromise with the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, to carry the railway along the bank of that canal, to a place called Harper's Ferry ; which distance, it was calculated, would be completed by the 1st of January, 1835. This section of the road, communicating with the Winchester and Potomac railroad, which likewise terminates at Harper's Ferry, opens a continued railroad communication between Baltimore and the rich valley of Virginia. The thriving and enterprising town of Winchester would thus be likewise connected with Baltimore ; nor would it be too much to anticipate that the line of communication would be continued by Stanton, in a south-west-erly direction, to the cotton districts of Tennessee ; finding its way to the tributaries of the Ohio, and connecting, by a grand line of communication, the waters of the Atlantic with those which empty themselves through the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico.

In the autumn of 1830 was commenced a line of railroad, extending from Baltimore to the town of York, in Pennsylvania, a distance of seventy miles. This road is formed of wooden string pieces, shod with iron rails, two inches broad, and half an inch thick.

In 1831 was commenced a line of railroad to connect the northern and southern states, commencing at Petersburg, in Virginia, and terminating at Wolden, on the Roanoke. The structure is similar to that of the last-mentioned line.

The South Carolina railroad was commenced in the autumn of 1830, and nearly 100 miles of the line were completed in 1833. The road extends from the city of Charleston to the town of

Hamburg, situate on the Savannah, opposite to Augusta. This is a single line of road $135\frac{1}{4}$ miles in length. The plan is nearly straight, and the undulations extremely gentle; no slope exceeding thirty feet in a mile, with the exception of one inclined plane, which is worked by a stationary engine. The rails are flat iron bars, attached to strong wooden beams. These beams are supported throughout almost the whole length of the road on piles driven into the ground, secured also by strong ties. In some of the marshes which are crossed by the road, these piles are driven to a great depth. On this road there are but few embankments; the valleys being almost invariably crossed by viaducts supported by piles and carpentry. In fact, the railway is described as resembling a continuous bridge. Locomotive engines have been for some time worked on this road. It is intended that this great line of communication shall be continued from Augusta to the Tennessee river, a distance of about 230 miles.

In our enquiries regarding the American Railroad Companies, we have been struck by the public spirit and candour which characterise the proceedings of our Transatlantic countrymen. This is especially conspicuous when we compare the meagre statements put forth by the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad Directors, with the copious and satisfactory reports published by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. The reports now before us, published between the years 1828 and 1833, occupy upwards of a thousand octavo pages, illustrated with numerous plans and tables. In these we find not merely the formal reports of the directors, but also the detailed reports of the engineers, and of the subordinate engineers to the engineers in chief. We find also the most minute details of the various contracts, with the names of the contractors. These details are not merely submitted to the stockholders themselves, but are laid before the public. The volumes in which they are recorded form a rich storehouse of knowledge for guidance in other similar enterprises; whilst the publicity thus given to every particular, operates as a check upon the spirit of jobbing. It is only by this carefully recorded experience, that we can hope to see this new and powerful means of transport brought to perfection. In the absence of such information, every new undertaking will have to work its way, in a great measure, in the dark, reproducing, at infinite labour and expense, the precious fruits of that experience which are withheld by those who have already obtained them.

ART. VII.—*Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine, Switzerland, and a Corner of Italy.* 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1834.

IF Sterne had extended his amusing notice from travellers to books of travels, he would have found variety quite as great, and classification rather more difficult. There is in them as much diversity as in works of imagination; and we cannot take up a new poem or novel with more uncertainty as to the character of its contents, than the last new record of a foreign tour. Between the best and the worst in every class of literature there is of course a vast difference; but we are speaking of the varieties, not of excellence, but of style. Exclude the bad—take only the good, and what dissimilarity do we still find! The same compartment of a classified library comprises Humboldt's 'Personal Narrative,' and 'Matthew's Diary of an Invalid'—both good of their kind—yet how unlike! A person who professed a preference for Travels, and was equally pleased with these two excellent productions, could scarcely be accused of an exclusive taste. These works, it is true, do not belong to the same class—but, even in the same, what dissimilarity! Look at two journalizing tourists in the same country. How compare the light and easy fluency of Matthews, with the terse epigrammatic pedantry of Forsyth! and which again of these can we place in the same category with the diffuse and languid Eustace? As well could we match the attractive inaccuracies of the enthusiastic and eloquent Clarke with the dull fidelity of Coxe; or the sententious wisdom of Johnson's 'Tour to the Hebrides,' with the froth of Carr's 'Caledonian Sketches.' In attempting to classify books of travels, we shall find that in all of them one of two styles prevails—the historical, or the personal. They are either descriptions of the visited country, in which the author himself is little prominent; or they are records of his feelings and adventures. Of these two kinds the latter is generally to be preferred. It is to be preferred, not on account of its egotism—for nothing that deserves that obnoxious name is necessarily inherent in a personal narrative—but for the sake of the stricter fidelity and vividness of effect which such a narrative is likely to insure. A model among works of this kind was the Journal of the lamented Bishop Heber—a free current of unlaboured truth, flowing, sparklingly and unostentatiously,—adorned in its course by the candour, the benevolence, the acuteness, the sound judgment, and the poetical fancy of that distinguished writer. To

rival in every respect its unstudied merits would demand an equality of talent. To attain excellences similar in *degree* may not be possible; yet may it serve to show what they should be in *kind*. Works of this description do not always sufficiently possess the distinctive qualities of their class. When the Journal borrows from the commonplace-book, and is prodigal in quotations—when it evinces an ambition to display rather what the traveller has read than what he has observed—when instead of the brief and apposite reflection naturally suggested by the passing occurrence, it includes elaborate disquisitions—when the *limæ labor* is apparent,—then has it deviated from its true province, and it is no longer good of its kind. A Journal should be, what that name implies—a record of daily impressions. It should convey to us the sight that was seen, the tale that was heard, the emotion that was felt, the reflection that was suggested—set down at once in all their freshness—and even, (if it so be,) in all their inaccuracy. The impression of the moment will have a bloom and vividness which tardy recollections hardly ever can bestow. As for their inaccuracy—even if they are hasty opinions, which the writer afterwards finds cause to change, yet will they still possess one species of accuracy. They will be genuine records of the actual effect produced at the time on the mind of the traveller. The impression may be erroneous; yet that it was produced is a positive fact, which, though less valuable than many others, is not unimportant, and far from being uninteresting.

If we could imagine ourselves sitting in judgment upon a foreign nation, or writing the history of a country or people, we ought to desire a careful and impartial deduction from the well-sifted evidence of numerous pens. We should want, rather the average truth than the best statement of a single case. But if we eschew the painful process of investigation and comparison, and desire only the immediate gratification derived from the reception of new ideas, give us the single narrative fresh from the pen of an intelligent witness, who possesses the art of communicating his impressions, of placing us in his position, and making us see, hear, and feel in fancy, what he saw, heard, and felt in reality. Such narratives, compared with general statements, are what pictures are to plans. In each instance what the former gains in individuality, it also gains in vividness and force. It conveys less knowledge of the whole, but a more lively comprehension of a particular part. It is interesting, for instance, to examine a plan of Rome, or designs and measurements of its architectural remains. But for our pleasure, give us rather a single picture which should make us feel that we are

seeing all that was seen from that one spot by the artist who painted it—that even so looked that deep blue line of distant hills—that even so rose that stately ruin, distinct and clear against an azure sky—that even so emerged that identical fragment of a marble shaft from amidst that graceful cluster of acanthus.

The knowledge of all that may be learned through the generalities of comprehensive description, comes to us not with half the pleasure which we derive from being able to station ourselves in imagination by the side of the traveller, and witness the identical scene and circumstance which is called into being by his pen or pencil. The present year has been fertile in works which, in a greater or less degree, have afforded this gratification. Some are recommended principally by the information they convey; others less by what they tell than by the manner in which they tell it. Such is that agreeable volume, ‘Bubbles from the ‘Brunnens of Nassau,’ by Sir Francis Head; such, too, is the very entertaining work before us, modestly entitled ‘Slight Reminiscences.’ We learn from the preface that an incorrect edition of all, except the supplementary chapters, was printed at Paris for private distribution in 1830. The authoress (for it is by a female hand) also thus apologizes for its supposed deficiencies.

‘If it has any merit, it is that of truth; for I am not conscious of having noted down any thing which I have not looked at with my own eyes; though I may perhaps have seen sunbeams, where others saw shadows,—or the contrary.

‘I have had no advantage of encouragement or advice, no literary friend or counsellor, none to interest themselves in my success, or to be mortified by my failure, beyond the precincts of my own fireside. My notes have never been submitted to any other eyes than those too partial to be critical; they are probably full of inaccuracies, and perhaps of repetitions. I have no skill in composition, nor opportunity of referring to any judgment but one which affection renders fallible; if I had, they might be better. As it is, I must trust to the gentle virtue of indulgence, without venturing to count upon the more encouraging sentiment of approbation.’

The humility of these apologies will be thought overweening; and the authoress is deprecating a severity of criticism which she is not likely to incur. Rarely have we seen a work, which, without either interesting the feelings, or augmenting our knowledge, renders itself so acceptable as a companion. It is not much easier to describe what constitutes an agreeable book—a book which we treat as *society*, and take up by way of relaxation to while away a vacant hour—than to define that felicitous combination of social qualities which constitute an agreeable companion. One may enumerate good-humour, tact, wit,

information, the alternating lights and shadows of the serious and the sportive vein—of trifles and learning—of imagination and reflection ; but when one has summoned up all these elements, one finds that it is but a cold inexpressive catalogue, and that the subtle essence, the general effect of all combined, is that which, however felt, can scarcely be described. So is there in this work a charm, of which an enumeration of its component qualities will not afford an adequate idea. Yet the existence of this charm must not be taken upon trust, without some attempt being made to show in what it consists. Vivacity, variety, a felicitous command of descriptive language—a power of painting by a well-chosen epithet, and of vividly illustrating by a pointed allusion—an ever-lively interest in the passing scene—a graceful enthusiasm, not so intense and absorbing as to tax our sympathies too severely—a happy tact in never dwelling too long on any circumstance, though always seeming to describe it fully—much pleasantry introduced, not as if it was meant for wit, but naturally interwoven with the thread of the discourse—and, to shade and relieve these lighter qualities, a frequent vein of grave reflection—these are among the attractive qualities which give this work a high place among agreeable specimens of *light reading*. The style is negligent, and not always grammatical ; but it is always sparkling and expressive. It has faults which care and experience could remove, and merits which mere care and experience could never give. One great source of our pleasure in reading it is, we believe, a sense of its sincerity. It seems to be the genuine expression of what the writer saw and thought, and written not under the influence of that chilling interval which the ill-chosen word ‘reminiscences’ implies, but as if at once committed to paper with all the glow of the immediate impression ; ere the excited feeling had subsided, or the scene vanished from the mental eye. It has also, if it is not the result of recollection, the advantage of awakening recollections in others. It is, fortunately for its popularity in this locomotive age, addressed rather to the travelled many, than to the untravelled few ; and gratifies, by laying before us, not scenes which the reader has never witnessed, but by reproducing, in all their freshness, those which lay dormant in the memory until awakened into life by a graphic description. Who that has ever been at Genoa will fail to recognise the following picture, and to feel assured that the eye of the writer has dwelt on all that she describes ?

‘ A hum and bustle (indications of the vicinity of a great city rather unusual in this lovely country) tell us that we approach Genoa. It is not indeed a bustle of equipages, nor even of stage coaches, but a

coming and going of carts laden with merchandise, of muleteers with loose jackets into which the arms seldom enter, and hats thrown on one side of the head over the gay coloured night-cap, trudging slowly after their fine animals, or riding sideways on the least heavily laden of the file; of peasant girls (very fine creatures sometimes), with natural flowers placed carelessly in the hair, and a dash of powder occasionally thrown in with them; and nearer to the town, plying carriages with three windows at each side, full of gay girls fanning themselves violently in their charming white veils, which make even the plain look pretty, and swarthy men less smartly dressed than their brisk companions; boys playing at mora, soldiers looking on, and sandalled friars with nothing symptomatic of contrition about them but the hempen girdle,—jolly full-blown souls, whose very looks carry absolution with them, and testify to the fidelity of some at least of Boccaccio's sketches. At last comes Genoa, bursting at once upon the sight, and most magnificently,—with a gay dazzle about its white palaces and glittering basin, original and splendid: I do not know why it should be compared to Naples; it appears to me to have quite another character; it has not Capri, nor Ischia, nor Procida,—the purple islands of that beautiful bay,—nor the great Vesuvius, nor the classical recollections that hang upon Baia and Puzzuoli, Missena, and Sorrentum, but it has a strong and striking character of its own. A noble amphitheatre proudly decorated, a sweeping bay full of movement, where ships from all parts of the Levant, from the Ionian isles, from the shores of Sicily and Greece, from countries whose very name has witchcraft in them, lie at anchor, sending their busy hum into the streets of the city; boats gliding between the larger vessels, villas rising upon terraces, fortresses upon the hills, and life every where.

‘So far, so good; but when we desired to be driven to the Hôtel des Quatre Nations, we were told that we could not get up to it in a carriage. We unpacked ourselves grumblingly, in the middle of a lane, as full of mire and oranges as Lower Thames Street; and after dabbling through one or two passages of most forbidding aspect, reached the hotel. The first peep was highly characteristic. A saloon of handsome dimensions, with gilding and mirrors, hangings of light-blue satin damask, and a brick floor encrusted with dirt, looking down upon a sort of terrace projecting sufficiently to shut out the street, and furnished with mutilated statues, and boxes filled with scrubby orange-trees. Beyond this terrace a narrow rampart, with idle sailors in the red cap of the Levant and jackets of all shades, from chocolate to saffron, lounging as sailors always lounge, from Blackwall to the Mola at Naples, with their hands stuck in their sides and their backs against the parapet, looking out for spots in the horizon.’

A sketch of the town of Novi is also a good specimen of that union of fidelity and spirit which gives such value to the descriptive portions.

‘Novi itself is like every town of the same modest calibre in this part of Italy. Thin long streets, slanting roofs, coffee-houses

with wide curtains drawn before the sashless windows (a fashion shared with the barber and some other small crafts), poor shops, meagrely furnished with the minor articles of fashionable life, and profusely with fruit, macaroni, flax, Parmesan cheese, aquavitæ, rosolio, and vino d'ogni qualità; and, jammed in between every five or six of high pretensions, the little indispensable one, where pease, flour, and grain of various kinds, heaped on plates, or piled up in wooden bowls, are retailed to the humble purchaser. But here too is a piazza painted all over, houses covered with angels and cherubs, fruit and flowers, pilasters and balconies, mixed up with allegorical subjects rather laboriously executed, and headed by a church splashed and dotted with yellow and green paint, in coarse imitation of the green and yellow *anticos*. Every roof is clustered with chimneys of various and graceful forms (chimneys in Italy are a picturesque feature), and in the centre of the place is a marble fountain, round which are gathered women in white veils, cheapening melons, nuts, tomatos, figs, and the red unnatural looking mushroom, which the people here have the courage to eat, though it smells like soap and looks like a mouldy toad. In one corner is a peasant with naked legs, stained deeply with the red juice of the vintage grape, buying long stripes of something looking like an omelet, fried on a tin plate as large as a millstone. In another, an old woman with saucer eyes and a witch's headgear, cowers over a pan of smoking chestnuts, while three or four of his Sardinian majesty's liveried loungers keep an eye on the noisy squabblers who are unloading their donkeys on the pavement, and battling for precedence for their capicum pods and cabbages.'

The following is similar in character; but the scene is in another region; and the concluding passage affords an instance of agreeable transition from description to reflection, and the apt introduction of appropriate thoughts:—

'Passed through Offenberg triumphantly, steeds flying, whips crackling, post-boys with large bunches of artificial roses spread out in their hats. But alas! for the evanescence of human glory;—snap went a spring when we were a mile from the town, and here we are back again for the day, and the night too, getting all that we can in the way of entertainment out of a market (the markets are a benediction to us to-day), rich in costumes, grotesque and gorgeous as eye can desire—the women ugly, in velvet caps, so arranged as to produce the same effect as the nets worn by the *Trasteverine* at Rome, but the men incomparable. Wide skirted coats of some dark colour (occasionally black velvet), lined with white or scarlet, thrown open so as to display a red, or very bright green waistcoat, with embroidered braces (white or black) worn outside the splendid vest; a large cocked hat, gallantly thrown off from the front of the head, or soberly flapped before, and the toilet finished by a spruce nosegay in the button-hole. The younger beaux sometimes adopt the flat, low-crowned beaver, with a few flowers, or a peacock's feather, or a velvet band and silver buckle. We were amused at seeing

the carters driving from the saddle,—three-cornered hats, flowing skirts and all, looking like the worthy burghers of Quidlenburg, or Sir Walter Raleigh in the Critic, degraded to the management of a dray-horse.

‘The road as we left Offenberg was brimful of life, and sabbath finery. Every hive pouring out its swarm, all with prayer-books in their hands, and nosegays in their bosoms. Many of the young men were very handsome; bold, but not vulgar; but the females have no longer the finely developed shapes of the Rhenish nymphs. The narrow shoulders, thick waist, and squat proportions of Switzerland already proclaim its vicinity. However, they looked clear and shining; no economy of soap either on linen or faces, and much sobriety of deportment. No straggling curl,—every hair alive with the spirit of premeditated mischief, or glance shot slyly in the incarnate thirst of conquest; but all trim and straight-forward, with that kind of coarse pre-concerted primness easily (time and season permitting) converted into heavy mirth. Much of Teniers, but nothing of Albano.

‘But even without the colouring of poetry, there is something delightful in the repose of a village sabbath. Its chastened gaiety affects and soothes the heart; duties performed and comfort received, prepare the mind for gladness; and the very feeling of liberty and quiet after six days’ labour, is in itself positive enjoyment. The stated occurrence too of duly anticipated recreation, counted upon with certainty and enjoyed with confidence in its assured return, has a charm that monotony cannot destroy, and which to a mind unaccustomed to strong excitement, is, perhaps, as powerful as that of novelty itself.’

The wild and wonderful scenery of the Handeck is thus treated :—

‘At every step as we advanced towards the Handeck the scene blackened, and the road, or rather track, always alarmingly bad, became almost awfully so. At length the roaring of the cataract made itself heard above the surrounding torrents; we alighted from our horses, and a few minutes’ walk brought us within view of this sublime exuberance of nature. But the front view is not the finest; it is from the upper ledge, where the eye takes in at once both the headlong Aar, leaping exultingly from its rocky bondage, and burying itself in the vanishing depths below, and the mountain torrent that comes down laughing and sparkling, and throwing about its shower of pulverized diamonds, mixing and contrasting their whiteness with the troubled foam of the great waters, that the scene is developed in all its lonely glory. I have heard it said that the accompaniments are defective, but I cannot think so; surely the stern defile, the awful depth of perpendicular rock, the scathed pine, and the eternal glacier, become it well; like the desolation that frames in Rome, and accords so finely with its ruins and its recollections. No pastoral valley, no peopled glen, or sunny upland, however lovely in its brightness, could combine so *feelingly* with the lonely Handeck, as the stony desert in which nothing but itself has life, or the stern chaos

of rocks that crowd about it, like the unshapen elements of a just-awakened world.'

The descriptions are sometimes rendered at once more vivid and more amusing, by the playfulness with which they are touched; as in this moonlight scene on the Simplon:—

'We did not reach the village of Simplon till two hours after night-fall. Fortunately we were guided by a bright moon—harvest or hunter's, I know not which;—but its melancholy, beautiful light lay upon the cold snow mountains, and transformed all the uprooted trunks and half prostrate trees into forms which St Anthony would have called temptations, (we have other notions on that subject now,) horns, hoofs and all, famously got up. I think I recognised Mephistopheles, and saw a score or two of saucer eyes glaring through the branches; but I am sure of a griffin, and an army of long-horned chimeras, with a white woman standing by the side of a torrent, and pointing upwards.'

In the following passages the authoress displays, both her command of descriptive language, and her correct sense of the insufficiency of words, to do full justice to the magnificence of nature:—

'It were endless to dwell on the scenery of the Lucerne lake. Its superb gulfs, its bays of gentler beauty, magnificent outlines, and soft details, cannot be brought by words to the mind's eye. The best descriptive painter raises but a vague and unidentified idea, even when he delineates objects similar in their general character to those with which we are habitually familiar. What then can words do for a scene that looks like a fragment of a world, made for something more exalted than man? For notwithstanding all which the most philosophic of princes has said, touching the "paragon of animals," he looks but punily here, contrasted with the colossal bearing of inanimate nature.

'Poor little Gersau! it can no longer boast its unsapped republic; but it has woods and mountains which the higher powers of the canton of Schwytz cannot take from it,—and quiet homes (the word *home* ought to be Swiss, as well as English), and sunny creeks, with boats drawn up into them, and trees, and chalets, falling just in the right places, and making sweet miniatures, each in its own appropriate setting.

'But above all, the sunset!—our young party will, I think, never forget it. The gloom of the mountain background, on which the purple twilight was already gathering,—the radiance of the nearer scene,—rocks catching the red light, which, as it fell upon their kindling masses, seemed to force them out from their clinging drapery of pines,—the lake glittering like liquid fire, and the sky like a temple in which angels might hold their jubilees. As darkness came on, the promontories seemed to detach themselves from the main land, and to advance into the lake, where they stood darkly and firmly, taking the form of islands as the back screen gradually receded from them, and was lost in the shroud of night.

'But again I feel how meagre is the gorgeousness of words, when we

would embody the bright casualties of nature in her moments of glory ! Poor cobweb,—at least in common hands,—yet I have it in my heart, and in my fancy ; but when I try to fix it, it flies off, and will not be whistled back again.’

‘ No words can arrest the shifting aspects, or present a living likeness of the exquisite combinations of nature. We say “ this is beautiful, that is superb,” we exhaust the vocabulary of superlatives, without conveying to others the image with which we are ourselves impressed, even in its faintest tracings. The pencil is more effective than the pen. While the most laborious details and the truest local colouring fail in giving individuality to a description, the scenery of the Mediterranean ports, and the ineffable colouring of Italian skies have been thrown with such bright fidelity upon canvass, that the eye at once acknowledges the living originals of all which the pencil of Claude has imbedded in the memory. The same light dances on the waters, the same delicious coast brightens in the same golden sunbeams. It is not that objects are recalled, they are recognised, just as at Venice, where one finds that to be familiar with Canaletti’s views, is almost to have seen the thing itself. In short, painted scenery, if faithful, is like a well-executed portrait, and description like a black profile ; it may serve to recall a well-known face, but can convey no idea of one to which we are strangers.’

One of the captivating qualities of this work, is the hearty spirit of enjoyment with which the writer enters into the pleasures of travelling ; and especially of that elevated species of pleasure which springs from the contemplation of natural scenery. There is an acute sense of the ridiculous and the disagreeable, but there is also an intense appreciation of the grand and beautiful. If we do not always agree with the authoress on points of taste, we can never accuse her of morbid fastidiousness ; nor do we find that she ever seems ashamed of admitting how thoroughly she has been pleased. See, for example, this glowing narrative of a day passed in one of the most enchanting spots that even Italy can produce :—

‘ Passed the whole day—and such a day!—in the Serbelloni gardens. My brother brought up his sunny mind and charming susceptibility of enjoyment, Mr M—— his store of thought and knowledge, and we our happy hearts and joyous feelings. Our host of Belaggio, too, brought up something rarely overlooked, even in the most sentimental moments ; an excellent dinner, which we were kindly allowed to place in a saloon looking on both branches of the lake, and all the necromancy of its shores. Three large windows open upon beds of flowers, and arcades covered with the foliage of plants that are exotics with us ; beyond these gay parterres a bank swells upward, hung with the contrasting verdure of the oak, the olive, the tall spare cypress, and the softer green of many summer trees ; and higher than all, the feathery outline of the Scotch fir, appears firmly traced on a clear blue sky, while its bark glows and reddens in the evening sun.

‘A door opens from this charming saloon on a truly Italian vista. Stone steps rising in perspective, and shaded by broad laurels, through which the sunbeams dart slantingly, chequering at intervals the grassy openings. Large vases, from which cape jessamine and heliotrope diffuse their foreign odours, are placed at regular distances. Aloes grow as weeds do with us, and many of the sharp and broad-leaved things, which we cherish in our hot-houses, shoot out or trail along here with an untutored luxuriance that shows them indigenous. Indeed all rare and beautiful things seem to be so in this soft Arcadia.

‘What a spot to sit in, and talk over happy subjects, as we did. Mr M—— dwelt on our village ramble with delight; it had interested him, as simple scenes of strong character always interest highly intellectual minds. All the fine things about us had sharpened our appetites; we found our carp and beccaficos, our grapes and truffles, figs and coffee, the most delicious that we had ever tasted, and sat talking down the sun until the sweet evening air tempted us out again,—and then we lingered amongst the vineyards, and on the platform before the old castle, till the bats came wheeling round us, and the red lights had faded entirely from the tops of the mountains;—when we descended to our sleeping quarters, some running, others lagging, but all agreeing that we had passed a day not soon to be forgotten.

‘While the scenes of this morning are yet impressed in all their living sweetness on my memory, I sit at my window and think what a summer paradise this would be to live in. Better even than Interlaken,—more uninterrupted quiet, and a softer colouring. Nothing ever approached the colouring of the hill countries in Italy. In Switzerland, nature cuts with a harder chisel,—grandly,—magnificently,—but perhaps too distinctly. Here the undefined outline melting into the sky and mingling with it, takes the vague shading which may be called the sentiment of landscape,—the poetic distance, that gives an impulse to the mind, and sends it bounding forward far beyond the narrow sphere of actual vision. How delightful it would be to live like sea gipsies, floating all day long upon the lake,—steering up to Gravedona, and growing poetical amongst the mountains,—cheating the hot hours in the shades of Luchino, where the sun never shines, or under the fig-trees of Cavagnola, or loitering out the cooler ones on some of those balmy terraces “où les citronniers fleurissent.” Then, if the gay fit prompt, or the musical one, dropping down to Como, and passing the evening with Tancredi, or the gentle Desdemona; and should this whet the appetite for finer things, driving on to Milan, to meet them again on higher ground, or to shudder with La Pallarina, or sit down before the Hagar of the Brera, and think what hard hearts they had in Canaan. Delightful it would be, with health to enjoy and friends to share it;—with such blessings, O, what a gift is life! when we are wise and grateful enough not to abuse it.’

We have mentioned with commendation the occurrence of passages interspersed with reflections arising naturally from the circumstances narrated, and giving at once elevation and variety to

the general character of the narrative. Take, for example, the following on the love of nature :—

‘I always find the rhetoric of nature more heart-stirring than that of the schools, and I believe the love of nature is one of the affections which lingers longest in the heart. How strongly, as we advance in life, is the vanity of those things which we most prized in youth made manifest ; what importance have we given to untried joys and distinctions, and even to the lightest trifles,—a little while, and the most solid amongst them seem like old toys not worth playing with. We find that feelings, opinions, modes, and even hearts change,—every thing but nature ; she alone is immutable, and for that reason her spells are often the last broken. We confide in her promises, and know that she will never deceive us ; every thing may be false—hope, love, beauty, friendship, fame,—but nature never. If we sow an acorn by the side of a grave, we are sure that an oak will overshadow it ; if we return to the country of our birth, changed and forgotten, we find the same hills and streams, and even the same flowers—if man has not disturbed them—which we loved in childhood. Pæstum has still its roses, though its tombs have long been swallowed up in the general oblivion. These are the reasons why the love of nature has been known to ripen in the heart amidst the ashes of other, and once warmer, feelings. We love, and lean on things that we know will not break down, or forsake us. Of others—even those which flatter us most—we can too often spell the duration ; but we are sure of nature, for she must outlive ourselves.’

Such, too, are these brief comments upon natural scenery :—

‘Light is the physiognomy of scenery ; a landscape is like a regular set of features, both may be good, but neither speak, unless the light of nature or of the mind brighten on them.’

* * * * *

‘Montesquieu was right: the monotony of contrasts becomes at the long run as fatiguing as that of symmetry. The power of contrast consists in the shock, or charm, of opposition, and the excitement of surprise ; but when its effects are too regularly repeated, they weary like the voice of an echo, which at first astonishes and delights, but soon loses its charm when we become aware of its unfailing return. It seems ungrateful to find fault with nature in this divine country, but the oppositions of colouring (for instance) fatigue like sameness, and in the end become so.’

An incident witnessed in an Italian church, introduces remarks which, if not original, are at least just and well expressed :—

‘I love the Italian churches, with their broad aisles, vast and unfrittered, —no pews, no divisions, no aristocratical screenings ; all kneeling together, the high and mighty and the lowly, on the same pavement ; all sending up their thanksgiving, or their prayer, to the same great being in whose eyes all are equal. No dread of vulgar contact, no elbowing of the tattered penitent. I shall never forget the impression made upon

me, on my first visit to St Peter's at Rome, by a young lady who came into the church, folded up in a cachemere, and followed by a servant in gorgeous livery: her appearance was that of a *petite maitresse*, as far as dress was concerned, but her air was devout and collected; she passed on slowly to the illuminated shrine of the saint, and inserted herself amidst a group of masons in their working dresses, kneeling with them on the pavement, and praying earnestly. This was beautiful, and similar acts of humility are performed every hour in the day in every church in Italy.

'Principles are better things than impulses, even when both are good. Religion in this country seems less a principle than a feeling; it does not appear to influence the moral conduct,—but for the period during which its forms are exercised, the abstraction seems deep and real. Whether the visible image of the Saint or Virgin then implored be not the paramount object of adoration, may be questioned, and probably the zeal awakened through the medium of the imagination can only be sustained by the same means. The interceding Saint, protecting Madonna, or familiar image, long known, and long revered,—implored in sorrow, and relied upon in repentance, receives the fervent homage of the tender and devout. The enlightened may see in these palpable forms only a memorial, and while kneeling before a terrible crucifix, may lift up their souls to the Divine Nature, triumphing over sin and death, or send out their thoughts from the foot of the decorated altar to him whose "way" is on the sea, and his path on the great waters." But the vulgar,—"the great vulgar and the small,"—do they look beyond the identical picture or statue (always invested with miraculous powers)?—I should doubt it.'

She has been alarmed by a false report, and says,—

'All well to-day, "*pas un mot de Caron*," the canon died of an old invincible phthisic, and the raging fever was the invention of our show-man. The vulgar in all countries love to frighten the credulous. It is an exercise of power,—an indulgence prohibited in general by their position in society,—and they particularly love to exert it over minds, to whose will they are by their condition subservient.'

The three principal personages in the *Nouvelle Heloise*, are well characterised as 'that philosophical, rhapsodical, unnatural, and 'most eloquent trio, who discussed virtue as a problem, and 'found that its solution was a vice;' and Rousseau's eloquent exaggerations are thus amusingly noticed:—

'When that illustrious visionary, Jean Jacques, got hold of an idea, how he hugged and fondled it, and dressed it up in colours snatched from that palette which now lies buried, with all its dewy freshness, in his tomb. No one since has found it; other writers use live tints, and bright ones too,—but his touch was magical. The poor Valaisannes on whom he lavished his delicious colouring, are wretched realities, and may take rank amongst the least dangerous of the fair sex. One comes amongst them, seeking under every little hat for the charming

face; and peering at every tinselled jacket for the light shape, which St Preux, even while the fair form of the impassioned Julia floated before his mind's eye, found so perplexingly lovely, and a squalid half-awake race, disfigured by goîtres which they show off as our women do white teeth or ivory fingers, presents itself. I should think the most fire-and-tow *garde-du-corps* in the service of his majesty Charles Dix, might dine in perfect tranquillity of heart, though waited upon by a legion of such damsels as the leaden-eyed she, who is at this moment laying a log of wood upon the fire.'

National characteristics appear to have been acutely observed; and we find the following lively and sensible remarks upon the difficulty of estimating them correctly:—

'Joined the table d'hôte party to-day upon principle, wishing to see a little of the manners of Heidelberg, though it must be confessed that its usually mixed society can afford but an imperfect criterion. However, if it does not give us the Corinthian capitals, it at least offers flying sketches of men and manners, and those are all that a stranger can ever hope to seize. In fact, we birds of passage can form no positive judgment on any point susceptible of fluctuation. We look at society through a kaleidoscope; a jog to the right or to the left scatters our materials just as we are preparing to sketch from them, and no twisting or turning can bring back the same pattern again; while stationary people fix their microscopes firmly, fasten their subject before them, and dissect it at their leisure. After all, our grand error is, that, instead of looking through our own eyes and judging by our own impressions, we run to our books of reference, pinning our faith on other men's sleeves, without considering how time and season, sunshine and rain, bile and blue devils, alter matters. It is like judging of a nation by an individual, a thing so often done dictatorially and senselessly too. "He's knight o' the shire, and represents them all," is a common presumption, and always goes down.'

Here follows a sketch of German students, and a comparison of them with the same class in France,—

'An eye of defiance, an exulting step, an intrepid carriage, are the marks and tokens of a German student. This audacious bearing is strengthened and set off by the open collar, short frock (generally of Lincoln green, and of Robin Hood's own cut), small casquette, the point pressing flatly on the forehead, and hair cropped like Giotto's or Cimabue's apostles, floating or bristling at each side of the face. These "chartered libertines," for such they are during their collegiate life, run a course of unbridled riot, mastering the quieter classes of society by their force and number: to be formidable seems their point of honour, and they sustain it fiercely. Many of these swaggerers are certainly of an age to have long since finished their studies, and others curl their angry mustaches as if they had already smelt powder, and were "fit for treason, stratagem, or strife." Indeed, their general appearance is more that of lawless desperadoes, robbers of the cave and forest, than of

dwellers in the quiet groves of *Academus*; and yet these same students, when absent from their universities, appear to be persons of peaceful and respectable habits, earnest in the pursuit of knowledge, and often battling courageously for its attainment in the very teeth of poverty and its concomitant disadvantages.'

* * * *

'The fearless, lawless air of a German student bespeaks a man who dreams of equality of station and unlimited license, and who will bluster about his rights and expectancies boldly and fiercely, at least while the hey-day of youth lasts. His mind is like his dress, manly and fanciful, but the black cravated student of the *pays latin* shows in his thoughtful eye, and abstracted yet ardent look, the spirit that never dies, the absorbing hope which clings to the heart through life, and never loses sight of the indemnifying moment. Perhaps the cause of an observation frequently made, that a German youth, on quitting college, soon forgets the day-dream of liberty, the projected efforts of patriotism which have amused his boyhood, and quietly settles into the peaceful subject of some petty prince, while a Frenchman who has once taken a political bias, rarely sobers down into the pliant and contented citizen of a government inimical to his early opinions and feelings, may be traced to the different positions of their respective countries. The one, a member of a vast empire divided into many states, more or less powerful, can never hope to see the different portions of his variously ruled country united under one enlightened and paternal system of government, while from the still and unpartitioned state of France, every Frenchman looks to one central point, from which a constitution, inspired by the love of liberty, and matured by wisdom,—a constitution, affording equal protection and equal advantages to all, may emanate.'

Of the Italians, she says,—

'The Italian character has great breadth and raciness, and a fine natural colouring, never sullied by affectation; not but they are tricking too in their way, but their cunning goes straight forward to its aim, and is never wasted on points of display or vanity,—things which rarely enter into an Italian head. Fashion, whose laws are in England a kind of interior police, by which our most domestic concerns are regulated, has little influence here; the Italians, as Madame de Staël has observed with her usual skill in character, "*ne font rien, parce qu'on les regarde, et ne s'abstiennent de rien, parce qu'on les regarde.*"'

* * * *

'Unquestionably the Italians are the noisiest people in Europe,—singing like angels, and talking (as far as voice is concerned) like traffickers in fish or charcoal, the ear knows not whether it seizes the notes of a *prima donna*, or of a *macaroni vender*. Last night, a party from Milan, (capital gentry, our hostess said,) who were either convivial or quarrelsome till an unreasonably late hour, put sleep quite out of the question,—such shouting,—such screaming,—a dozen voices raised together, and sustained with incredible power of lungs,—each striving to maintain the upper key, but a sharp female treble always *lady* of the ascendant. And then the hostess, with soft, sweet eyes, and a delicate

outline, raving like an infuriated bacchante, and even the little girl of the bodkins throwing in a note. It is extraordinary that a people whose song is all passionate tenderness,—all soul,—all sweetness,—should have frequently the speaking voices of porters and oyster women. Yet they are a kind, good tempered people,—not rough, I think, in any thing but their voices. I have seen instances of flexible mildness in Italy, that were really edifying.’

What is said on the unpoetical temperament of the Swiss, is not new; but it is well expressed:—

‘The Swiss are an excellent people,—calm, religious, lovers of order, good citizens, worthy of liberty, and strong to maintain it. But they are neither poets nor painters. A country that might

“ Create a soul,
Under the ribs of death,”

seems to act like a wet blanket on the fancy. A man naturally imaginative, but who has always lived in the world, may perhaps be more sensible of the soul-stirring marvels of nature when they suddenly open on him, than one who has grown up in the midst of her familiar and unheeded riches, though he may not prize or love them with such home feelings. But I am surprised that the constant intimacy with scenes and objects of infinite beauty and splendour, does not give an habitual colouring of poetry to the mind. I can comprehend why a man of acute understanding, liberal education, and studious habits, but unaccustomed to society or the intercourse of the world, may fail in the development of the passions. Man’s nature is intricate, and must be studied intensely. He who would lay open the magnificent structure of the human mind, must watch it through the changeful phases of active life, and meditate what he has there marked, in the stillness of solitude, with the door barred upon the world and its distractions. But nature is more communicative than man; she spreads open her page, and he who will may read its ample characters, and catch light and inspiration from them. But light comes not here, nor inspiration either. Why it does not is a problem, the solution of which I leave to others.’

There is not much allusion to works of art; but there is enough to show an appreciation of their merits, unmixed with the cant of connoisseurship. Michael Angelo and Caravaggio are well distinguished:—

‘In the chapel is a *Pieta* (basso relievo) by Michael Angelo, full of beauty and expression. This powerful master was not often tender, but he could be so; the proof is here. I once knew a clever man who greatly admired Caravaggio, and used to place him on a line with Michael Angelo. Caravaggio, too, was a genius, one full of strong, broad-shouldered ideas; a perturbed and gloomy spirit, throwing his dark soul out upon his canvass with startling effect; but he did not think or feel like Michael Angelo, his genius was not sublime; he painted

like a coarse bad man, of monstrous capacity, but not like one who had unsealed the book of judgment, or lifted up the Pantheon and hung it in the air.'

The following remarks on the works of two celebrated portrait-painters are equally just:—

'Genoa is rich in living portraits,—portraits that one dares not trust with a secret. I should as soon think of conspiring against the state, before the "reverend signiors" of the assembled senate, as in the presence of those lofty Dorias or Durazzi, or even of their gentle wives, who look and listen till you feel almost confused at having discussed their charms as it were in their hearing. Vandyke was a powerful master; few have possessed in a higher degree the art of giving vitality to their portraits. Unlike the glossy monotony of Sir Peter Lely, (whose courtly shepherdesses are all as like each other as the fifty daughters of Danaus, in the melodrame,) his personages have the air of life so freshly on them, that when we see the same portraits a second time, it is like meeting old acquaintances, family people with whom one has lived in friendly intercourse. We contract an intimacy with them, as we do with the dramatis personæ of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Who that has ever contemplated Vandyke's portrait of Charles I., but fancies he has seen and known that melancholy visage? or read Rob Roy, without the conviction of having been personally acquainted with Bailie Jarvie?'

We are tempted to extend our quotations to some of the many short anecdotes and lively sketches which meet our eye at every turn; but we should mar their effect, if we were to take them out of their setting. We differ from the authoress on some subjects; but they are either not sufficiently important to demand discussion, or too extensive for the slight notice which our limits will afford. As an instance of the former, we would say that she has not done justice to the beauties of Heidelberg; of the latter, that she over-rates the beneficence of Napoleon's sway in Italy. We complain, too, of occasional sentimental deviations from that good sense which characterises the greater part of the work. To be shocked at finding a spacious comfortable boarding-house at Nonnenwerth, and a steam-boat on the Lake of Como, is neither sensible nor original. Any mawkish twaddler, can put in a claim to fine feeling by such fastidious agonies as these. Nor is there much of either wisdom or taste in the following passage:—

'What a country for the geologist!—but to me who know nothing of the *ologies*; who am altogether ignorant of the sweet science and mystery of lichens; to whom gypsum is Hebrew, and who can hardly tell limestone from sandstone; to me, in short, who dare not mention the word strata, and have no other name for the starved yellow flower that represents Flora in this bleak region, than mere marigold; it is only

a grey desert, long, and drear, and uniform, but solemn and original,—a chaotic and forgotten nature, made and left in anger.’

This is too much like that tone of mock humility, in which persons immeasurably inferior to this writer, try to avert the imputation of some species of knowledge of which they have no chance of being accused, and of which, could the charge be proved, they would have reason to be proud. Neither geology nor botany are such despicable sciences, that, to possess a knowledge of the one or the other, need lower the authoress in her own estimation, or in that of any rational person. We must also observe that the fertility of her fancy, while indulging in simile and illustration, sometimes leads her into those prettinesses which are best expressed by the Italian word ‘concetti;’ and sometimes, to use the words of Sheridan, we have tropes and metaphors almost as plentiful as nouns-substantive. We may farther notice, among minor errors, the unusual employment of certain words—such as ‘original,’ and ‘benediction.’ The former is more than once oddly applied to natural scenery; and the latter still more strangely. ‘A little gunpowder,’ she says, ‘judiciously applied to a few of the flaming red, red houses, that stare at one everywhere, and put out the eyes with their effrontery of brick-dust, would be a benediction.’ There are benedictions for the ears, too. At an opera at Lucerne, she says, ‘never was noise as loud, yet so merciless;—a dozen kettle-drums would have been a benediction.’ The same serviceable word may be found masquerading in other places, and with the same disregard of its everyday meaning. We notice this, because an inclination to disregard the usual import of words is too observable in other instances. Here end our censures—and we conclude with a cordial recommendation of this work as one that will animate the untravelled by its promises, and gratify the travelled by the recollections it awakens.

ART. VIII.—*Animal and Vegetable Physiology considered with reference to Natural Theology.* By PETER MARK ROGET, M.D., Secretary to the Royal Society. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1834.

THE ideas which are excited in the mind by the contemplation of the planets of our system, and by the study of the sidereal universe, are at once impressive and sublime. The most gigantic intellect stands awe-struck amid the miracles of revolving worlds; and it is only when the transports of veneration are subdued, and the reaction of self-abasement is past, that the mind recovers its wonted serenity. This tumult of mental excitation, however, is not calculated to produce permanent and useful impressions. A slight portion of unbelief, or, at least, of scepticism, mingles itself with the piety of our astronomical reasonings; and, however unwilling we may be to confess the venial heresy, yet its truth may be inferred from the existence of ‘indevout astronomers,’ and the transitory influence of all objects whose real phenomena are not visible to the eye, and whose attributes of magnitude and of distance are inferred, and not apprehended by the senses.

The evidence of Divine power and wisdom, as exhibited in the mechanism of the heavens, varies in its intensity with the knowledge of the individual, with his habits of thought, and with his mental docility, or disposition to rely on the testimony of others. It is impossible to apprehend the magnificence, and order, and beauty of the system of the universe, unless we know the facts, and understand the laws, from which the magnitude, and arrangement, and motions of its constituent parts have been determined; and unless we are thoroughly convinced that such a system is the legitimate consequence of the facts and laws upon which it is founded. Such profound and varied knowledge, however, is the portion of but a few gifted individuals; and hence the great body of educated men, and all those who have not received the advantage of a scientific education, must rest their conviction on the testimony of the chosen few who have been permitted to explore the mysteries of the inanimate universe. But this species of conviction is feeble in its intensity, and unsettled in its influence. We naturally rely on the testimony of good men in favour of facts which they have witnessed; but the reasonings and deductions of the same persons are received always with distrust, sometimes with unbelief, and never with absolute confidence. We place to the credit of our disbelief their mistakes and failures

in the ordinary concerns and calculations of life ; and we increase the balance in its favour, by marshalling the errors and presumptions which have marked the history even of scientific discovery.

Those who have devoted much of their time to the general study of the heavens, and who have the most unflinching conviction of the truth of many of the steps which conduct us to the leading doctrines of astronomy, must still draw a tribute from human testimony ; but with an auxiliary who speaks a different language, and often combats for a different interest, they may be finally dispossessed of a stronghold of which they have obtained only a temporary occupation.

But even when knowledge, and habits of sober thought, and a disposition to rely upon the testimony and judgments of others, are all happily combined, the devotional sentiment which is inspired by the phenomena and laws of inorganic nature is feeble and transient. A deep swell of veneration, and even pious emotion, often passes over the mind ; but the feelings of love and gratitude, if they exist at all, circulate in under-currents, which exercise no influence on the ebbing and flowing tide of our religious convictions.

The same observations are applicable, with but little variation, to the phenomena of sublunary matter, which is more within the reach of our senses. In the wonderful exhibitions of chemistry, light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, we recognise the exercise of the same inscrutable power ; but, brilliant as their phenomena are, and simple and beautiful as are the general laws by which they are regulated, yet the theological sentiment which they inspire is less vivid, and more transitory than that which is the result of astronomical study.

It is only in the organic structures of our own globe that the mind experiences in its full force the strong and united impulse of admiration, gratitude, and love. In the mechanism of life and of living nature,—in the forms which compose the breathing and reproductive world, our senses are enchanted with the variety of their loveliness, and our sympathies are roused by the study of sentient natures sustained by the same vital functions, urged by the same impulses, and subjected to the same decree of enjoyment, of suffering, and of death : But the enthusiasm of our wonder rises still higher when we explore the minute structures, and study the curious instincts of animals,—when we trace the almost invisible germ of life through its ever-varying developements, till it attains the elaborate perfection of its nature,—and when we witness the transmutation of the same individual into a new form of being, and recognise in this wonderful metamorphosis the

rehearsal of that glorious renovation which awaits our own disintegrated frame.

In these interesting studies, the mind is arrested at every step by new combinations of matchless skill and beneficent design, and it willingly surrenders itself to the predominant feeling of profound awe and boundless astonishment. But when we pursue these enquiries, and ask ourselves the question, for what purpose, and for whose use, our globe is thus peopled with animated beings, and thus teems with an exuberance of organic wealth?—when we see MAN the principal guest at this wide-spread and plentiful board, with the tenants of the earth, the air, and the deep ministering to his appetites and desires; and when we discover that we ourselves have been joyous partakers of the luxurious and never-failing meal, and still depend on the continuance of this splendid hospitality;—when all this is seen and felt as it ought, our admiration of Divine skill cannot fail to be succeeded by the more personal emotions of a full and overflowing heart.

When gratitude and love are not thus the spontaneous results of the study of animal and vegetable nature, the judgment must have been perverted by some fatal error, and the heart rendered callous by some morbid induration. In the ardour of original enquiry, the mind is often absorbed in the love of fame or of wealth, and the theological feeling, when it does present itself, is feeble and transient; and hence it is a melancholy fact, that those who have done most in the field of natural science, have learned the least of the sacred lesson which it conveys. There are many exceptions, however, to this observation; and men of talent and piety have been found in every age, who have felt it a duty and a pleasure to establish the important doctrines of natural theology, by exhibiting the evidence of the power, wisdom, and goodness which are manifested in the creation. One of the most celebrated of these individuals is the late Earl of Bridgewater, whose munificent bequest for this useful purpose has been sufficiently referred to in a former article.

The subject of Animal and Vegetable Physiology, which was justly considered as one of the most important chapters of Natural Theology, was assigned to Dr Roget, whose knowledge of general physics, as well as of natural history, qualified him in an especial manner for the task. The views with which he entered upon this arduous undertaking, and the plan which he has pursued in executing it, will be best seen in the following extract from his preface:—

‘The object of this treatise is to enforce the great truths of Natural Theology, by adducing those evidences of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, which are manifested in the living creation. The scientific

knowledge of the phenomena of life, as they are exhibited under the infinitely varied forms of organization, constitutes what is usually termed Physiology, a science of vast and almost boundless extent, since it comprehends within its range all the animal and vegetable beings on the globe. This ample field of enquiry has, of late years, been cultivated with extraordinary diligence and success by the naturalists of every country; and from their collective labours there has now been amassed an immense store of facts, and a rich harvest of valuable discoveries. But in the execution of my task, this exuberance of materials was rather a source of difficulty; for it created the necessity of more careful selection and of a more extended plan.

‘In conformity with the original purpose of the work, which I have all along endeavoured to keep steadfastly in view, I have excluded from it all those particulars of the natural history, both of animals and of plants, and all description of those structures, of which the relation to final causes cannot be distinctly traced: and have admitted only such facts as afford manifest evidences of design. These facts I have studied to arrange in that methodized order, and to unite in those comprehensive generalizations, which not only conduce to their more ready acquisition and retention in the memory, but tend also to enlarge our views of their mutual connexions, and of their subordination to the general plan of creation. My endeavours have been directed to give to the subject that unity of design, and that scientific form, which are generally wanting in books professedly treating of Natural Theology, published prior to the present series; not excepting even the unrivalled and immortal work of Paley. By furnishing those general principles, on which all accurate and extensive knowledge must substantially be founded, I am not without a hope that this compendium may prove a useful introduction to the study of Natural History; the pursuit of which will be found not only to supply inexhaustible sources of intellectual gratification, but also to furnish, to contemplative minds, a rich fountain of religious instruction.’

In carrying these views into effect, and particularly in executing the happy idea of making his work so systematic, as to render it a useful introduction to Natural History, Dr Roget has adopted the following arrangement: After two admirable introductory chapters on Final Causes and on the Functions of Life, he treats successively, in *four* separate *parts*, of the Mechanical Functions—the Vital Functions—the Sensorial Functions—and the Reproductive Functions of Plants and Animals. Although the functions of plants and animals are thus nominally combined, yet the work is substantially a treatise on Animal Physiology; for, in the first volume, we have only two short sections on Vegetable Organization and the Developement of Vegetables, and in the second volume only a single chapter, of thirty-five pages, on Vegetable Nutrition. The botanical reader will no doubt be greatly disappointed at finding his favourite science thus slightly appreciated;

and the fair philosopher of the greenhouse, as well as the green grocer himself, will stand aghast at the animals having thus devoured the vegetables. The small dish of herbs, however, which our learned physician has served up along with so large a portion of animal food, has been prepared according to the most recent modes of the *Cuisine*, and has only whetted our appetite for a more copious meal. The want of this luxury, indeed, we must not impute to Dr Roget, but to the untoward allotment of treatises which characterises the Bridgewater plan. The subject of animal physiology alone affords materials for the largest chapter in Natural Theology; and the curious subject of Vegetable Physiology would have formed an interesting volume from the pen of Mr Brown, Dr Hooker, or Dr Greville.

The Natural Theology of Animal Life, as Dr Roget has treated it under the four divisions already mentioned, forms the plainest and most striking appeal in favour of a wise and a beneficent Creator that has ever been made to the judgment of man. In place of selecting those instances of design that appear to himself most remarkable, he introduces the reader to all the varied functions of living beings, so that minds of different degrees of culture, and of various temperaments and tastes, cannot fail to find, among such multifarious descriptions, numerous facts which will rouse and interest them. In these details, above four hundred and fifty well executed diagrams are employed for the purpose of illustration; and by his simple and forcible style, which, in the introductory and some other chapters, rises to a chaste and glowing eloquence, Dr Roget has produced a work which will bear a comparison with any of the Bridgewater treatises which we have perused, whether we consider them in reference to the science and learning which they display—to the acuteness and sobriety of their argument, or to the tone of piety and religious feeling in which they are composed. Owing to this last quality, indeed, the work of Dr Roget is pre-eminently delightful. The great lesson which he has to teach, though at no time needlessly obtruded, is never overlooked. It is interwoven in an under tissue, with the whole chain-work of his discourse, and reappears only when it is necessary to display the embroidery of the fabric. Nor does our author content himself with chanting the hymn which the living world, in the rich drape of its loveliness, raises to its sovereign king. His harp is strung to softer and higher strains; and amid the full diapason of created grandeur, there often falls upon the ear, in faint but truly harmonic numbers, the occupation of the blest abodes—the relief of them that are bound—the perfection of earth-born wisdom—the healing of broken, and the union of severed hearts.

Having made these general remarks on Dr Roget's book, we

shall now proceed to give our readers some idea of its contents ; and in doing this we shall follow as much as possible the arrangement adopted by our author, and omitting the more technical and scientific discussions, we shall select chiefly those details which are most amusing and instructive.

The whole of the first volume is occupied with an account of the mechanical functions of animal and vegetable bodies—functions which depend on the more simple properties of matter, and on the ordinary laws of mechanism. He is thus led to describe, in succession, the framework, as it were, of these bodies, or that arrangement of solids and fluids which constitute their general fabric or organic structure. The parts thus described form the workshop, so to speak, and the apparatus and machinery by which the vital, the sensorial, and the reproductive functions are performed.

The Zoophytes, or animated plants, seem to be the lowest in the scale of living beings, and it is to our distinguished countryman, Professor Grant, of the London University, that we owe all the accurate information we possess respecting these anomalous bodies. They are found in the sheltered recesses of the deep, and they form a covering to naked rocks, lining the walls of submarine caverns, and hanging in stalactites from their roof. Through the myriads of its minute pores, the materials necessary for the subsistence of the *sponge* are conveyed, along with the water, into its interior ; and after the fluid has percolated through the numerous channels of the body, it is collected into wider passages terminating in fæcial orifices, from which, by a mechanism not yet discovered, the water is discharged, along with the fæcal particles it contains.

Although adult sponges are permanently attached to rocks and other bodies, yet the young are provided with the power of locomotion for the purpose of seeking a habitation at some distance from their birthplace ; and when they have thus made their choice of a home, they become a fixture during the rest of their lives. The process by which this more remarkable effect is produced, is so well described by Dr Roget, and so extremely interesting, that we shall extract it with as little abridgement as possible.

‘ The parts of the *Spongia panicea*, which are naturally transparent, contain at certain seasons a multitude of opaque yellow spots, visible to the naked eye, and which, when examined by means of a microscope, are found to consist of groups of ova, or more properly *gemmules*, since we cannot discover that they are furnished with any envelope. In the course of a few months these gemmules enlarge in size, each assuming an oval or pear-like shape, and are then seen projecting from the sides of the in-

ternal canals of the parent, to which they adhere by their narrow extremities. In process of time, they become detached, one after the other, and are swept along by the currents of fluid, which are rapidly passing out of the larger orifices. When thus set at liberty, they do not sink by their gravity to the bottom of the water, as would have happened had they been devoid of life; but they continue to swim, by their own spontaneous motions, for two or three days after their separation from the parent. In their progression through the fluid, they are observed always to carry their rounded, broad extremity forwards. On examining this part with a microscope, we find that it is covered with short filaments, or *cilia*, which are in constant and rapid vibration. These cilia are spread over about two thirds of the surface of the body, leaving the narrower portion, which has a whiter and more pellucid appearance, uncovered. They are very minute transparent filaments, broadest at their base, and tapering to invisible points at their extremities: they strike the water by a rapid succession of inflexions, apparently made without any regular order, but conspiring to give an impulse in a particular direction. When the body is attached by its tail, or narrow end, to some fixed object, the motion of the cilia on the fore part of the body determines a current of fluid to pass in a direction backwards, or towards the tail; but when they are floating in the water, the same action propels them forwards in the opposite direction, that is, with the broad ciliated extremity foremost. They thus advance, without appearing to have any definite object, by a slow gliding motion, totally unlike the zig-zag course of animalcules in search of prey. Yet they appear to have a consciousness of impressions made on them; for on striking against each other, or meeting any obstacle, they retard a little the motion of their cilia, wheel for a few seconds round the spot, and then, renewing the vibrations, proceed in their former course.

‘ In about two or three days after these gemmules have quitted the body of the parent, they are observed to fix themselves on the sides or bottom of the vessel in which they are contained; and some of them are found spread out, like a thin circular membrane, on the surface of the water. In the former case, they adhere firmly by their narrow extremity, which is seen gradually to expand itself laterally, so as to form a broad base of attachment. While this is going on, the cilia are still kept in rapid motion on the upper part, scattering the opaque particles, which may happen to be in the fluid, to a certain distance around. But these motions soon become languid, and, in the course of a few hours, cease; and the cilia, being no longer wanted, disappear. The gemmule then presents the appearance of a flattened disk, containing granules, like the flesh of the parent sponge; and also several spicula interspersed through the central part. In less than twenty-four hours, a transparent colourless margin has extended round the whole gemmule, and continues to surround it during its future growth. The spicula, which were at first small, confined to the central part, and not exceeding twenty in number, now become much larger and more numerous; and some of them shoot into the thin homogeneous margin. It is a remarkable circumstance, that the spicula make their appearance completely formed, as if by a sud-

den act of crystallization, and never afterwards increase their dimensions.

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‘ In the course of a few weeks, the spicula are assembled in groups, similar to those of the parent sponge ; assuming circular arrangements, and presenting distinct openings at the points they enclose. The young animal now rapidly spreads and enlarges in every direction, becoming more convex, and at the same time more opaque, and more compact in its texture ; and before it has attained the tenth of an inch in diameter, it presents, through the microscope, a miniature representation of its parent.’

The polypiferous animals, such as the corals and madrepores, form the next step in animal life. If we conceive the orifices of the sponges to be drawn out into a tube, and provided with cilia, and if beside this a circular row of larger and very flexible filaments is placed round the margin of the tube, so as to twine round any object and convey it into the tube or mouth, each tube thus formed is denominated a *Polype*, the term *Polypus* being applied to the general animal mass composed of the aggravated polypes. These polypes are generally attached to some inorganic shell or base, and in many cases they are multiplied by the detachment of gemmules, which seek a fixed habitation like the sponges. They revolve rapidly round their longer axis while they swim, and they generally finish their voyage between a few hours and three days. These tentacula on which the cilia are placed, are exquisitely sensible, and in the *Flustra carbasea*, they are twenty-two in number, there being about fifty cilia on each, or 2200 in each polype ; but as there are above 18,000 cells in each square inch, and ten square inches in an ordinary specimen, the number of polypes in each will be 18,000, the number of tentacula 396,000, and the number of cilia *thirty-nine millions* and upwards. On a single flustra foliacea, Professor Grant has computed the number of polypes to be 400 millions.

Another of these curious animals is the *Hydra*, discovered by Trembley in aquatic plants. It consists of a fleshy tube, open at both ends, the largest of which is furnished with a single row of six or eight tentacula. It has the singular power of contracting its body into a mere globule, or of giving it a considerable elongation. The tentacula are tubular filaments, which can be extended to a great length, and bent in all directions. With these they grasp small objects, and convey them to the mouth, where they are quickly swallowed. When irritated or alarmed, the whole animal contracts itself into a small and almost invisible globe. In order to move, it fixes its foot, no doubt by the power

of suction, and advances its head as far as possible. The foot being then detached, it is brought near the head, and the head again raised and advanced as before. Even in summer, a day's journey is no longer than about seven or eight inches ; but when the hydra is in a hurry, it advances by a series of somersets, throwing its foot over its head when fixed, and then fixing its foot. The head is in like manner thrown over its foot. This curious animal is reproduced by tubercles or buds on the surface of the parent. In this state, it grows and stretches out its tentacula, learning the art of catching and swallowing its prey. The tube which connects it with its parent gradually closes, and the young hydra commences its separate existence. The hydra can also be multiplied indefinitely by simple division. If it is cut asunder transversely, the part containing the head supplies itself with a new tail, and the tail sends forth a new head, with a new set of tentacula. A mutilated tentaculum is in like manner soon repaired ; and if the whole animal is divided into a great number of pieces, each fragment soon acquires all the parts which are necessary to make it a complete hydra.

Dr Roget next treats of the infusory animalcula, which swarm in all infusions of vegetable and animal substances that have stood for a sufficient time ; and we are happy to state that the curious and important information which he has given us on this subject furnishes the most demonstrative confirmation of the views which we submitted to the philosophical naturalist in our review of Mr Whewell's *Bridgewater Treatise*.

The smallest of the *infusoria*, namely the monads, had been considered as the 'ultimate term of animality,' and Mr Whewell not only considers them as 'at the boundaries of the animal world,' but regards their homogeneity and simplicity of composition as 'almost excluding them from the domain of animal life.' Upon the assumption that, because the organs of an animal are not visible, they are therefore not in existence, Mr Whewell has propounded the extraordinary theory of the finity of animal life ; and so decided is his conviction on this subject, that he seems to hesitate in the decision whether the monads of Muller and Cuvier constitute the unit *above* or *below* the termination of animal life. The difficulty, however, is easily solved. According to his views, a living monad may be included as the lowest link of the chain of animal life, but excluded entirely from the chain of organic life. We have no doubt that our philosophical readers have readily adopted the views upon which we combated these opinions ; but it is more useful to science, and to the dissemination of those theological feelings which the *Bridgewater Treatises* were intended to cherish, that a heresy, which

appears unfavourable to such views, should be overturned by facts published in the series of works in which it occurs.

Professor Ehrenberg has proved that there are monads not larger than the 24,000th part of an inch, and that they are so thickly crowded in the fluid, as to leave intervals not greater than their own diameter. Hence each cubic line, or a single drop of the fluid, contains five hundred million of monads; a number equal to all the human beings on our globe. This able naturalist has proved that even the *Monas termo* possesses *internal cavities for the reception and digestion of its food*; and has rendered it probable that they have an organization as complete as that of the larger infusoria, such as the Rotifera, in which he has distinguished traces of *a muscular, a nervous, and even a vascular system*. This animal is so curious, that we must extract Dr Roget's description of it, and his observations which bear on the question of the finitude of animal life.

‘But this problem has at length been solved by the discoveries of Ehrenberg, who, in his observations of the larger and more highly organized species belonging to the order of *Rotifera*, has, with a magnifying power of 380, distinctly seen muscular bands running in pairs between the two layers of transparent membrane which envelope the body. When the animalcule throws itself into its violent lateral contortions, these fibrous bands are observed to become broader and thicker, as well as shorter, on the side towards which the contractions take place. There can, therefore, be no doubt that these are muscular organs, and that they are the real agents by which the motions witnessed are effected.

‘These *Rotifera*, or wheel animalcules, are so named from their being provided with an apparatus for creating a perpetual eddy, or circular current in the surrounding fluid. The remarkable organs, by which this effect is produced, are generally two in number, and are situated on the head, but do not surround the opening of the mouth, as is the case with the tentacula of polypes. They consist of circular disks, the margins of which are fringed with rows of cilia, bearing a great resemblance to a crown wheel. This wheel appears to be incessantly revolving, and generally in one constant direction; giving to the fluid a rotatory impulse, which carries it round in a continual vortex. The constancy of this motion would seem to indicate that it is related to some function of vital importance, such as respiration. But even considered as a mechanical action, which is the view we have now to take of it, this phenomenon is of a nature to excite much curiosity; for the continued revolution round an axis of any part or appendage to the body, is quite inconsistent with any notion we can form of the solid organic attachment of such appendage; and we can have no conception of organization extending through the medium of a fluid, or of any substance, which, like a fluid, admits of the continual displacement of its parts. Mr Dutrochet has offered an ingenious solution of this difficulty. He suggests that the revolution of the wheels of the Rotifera may not be real, but apparent only. The indented margin of each wheel being

composed of a material so exceedingly flexible as to be capable of assuming quickly all kinds of curvatures, may be conceived to be thrown into undulations, which follow one another round the circumference; each part, in succession, becoming alternately convex and concave, and thus producing the appearance of the actual advance of the portions that are raised; while their real motions are only those of elevation and depression, by the elongation and contraction of their perpendicular fibres.

‘ Besides possessing extensive powers of locomotion, the infusoria manifest in several of the vital functions, as we shall hereafter find, a degree of complication, which appears to entitle them to a higher station in the animal scale, than that which most naturalists have assigned to them. They are certainly superior to the sponges or the polypi, doomed by nature to be permanently fixed, like plants, to the same spot; and of which, if we consider them as compound beings, the individual animals are often so minute as to be scarcely visible without the aid of the microscope. Mere size, indeed, is, of all the circumstances attendant on organised beings, that which should least be assumed as the criterion of complication or refinement of structure. An object is great or small, only in relation to the standard of our own limited and imperfect senses; but with reference to the operations of creative power, all such distinctions must vanish. There is not, as far as we have the means of judging, in the colossal fabric of the elephant, any structure more complicated than exists in the minutest insect that crawls unheeded at our feet.’

In examining the nutritive and reproductive functions of the infusoria, Professor Ehrenberg has been equally successful. In order to display their digestive organs, he conceived the happy idea of supplying them with coloured food, which tinged the cavities through which it passed. For this purpose he employed a highly attenuated solution of pure indigo, and disclosed the existence of a system of digestive cavities in all the known genera of this tribe of animals. These organs exhibit great variety in their form, situation, and arrangement; and though they differ in their degree of complication, yet *this difference has no relation to the size of the animalcules*. In the *Monas atomus*, the minutest of animals, there are ‘ a number of sacs opening by ‘ as many separate orifices from a circumscribed part of the surface.’ The *Leucophra patula* has a long alimentary canal traversing the greater part of the body, taking several spiral turns, and furnished with from one to two hundred blind pouches or cæca, which are regarded as separate stomachs; and hence these animals, which Lamarck and others called AGASTRICA, from their having no stomach, are actually called POLYGASTRICA by EHRENBURG, from their having more than a hundred stomachs! In some *Vorticellæ* one intestine furnished with numerous cæca makes a complete circular turn, ending where it began; and ‘ Thus,’ says

Dr Roget, 'do we discover the same diversity in the structure of the digestive organs of the several races of these diminutive beings as is found in the other classes of animals.'

The manner in which the monads and other infusory animalcules are reproduced, is little known. The spherical monad is propagated by fissiparous generation. A slight groove appears round its equator, and becomes deeper and deeper till it resembles an hour-glass. The two halves then appear, like the Siamese twins, united by a single ligament, which is quickly broken when the two animals swim about with antagonist volitions. In many of the Rotifera, Professor Ehrenberg has seen globular ova the 12,000th of an inch in size, and when they had grown to the 1700th of an inch, they excited currents, and swallowed food. Nay, he detected the young perfectly formed, in the interior of the *rotifera vulgaris*, moving, and then excluded in a living state, thus showing them to be viviparous, and on a level, both in structure and functions, with the largest animals.

Passing over the *Medusæ*, which, by decomposition or heat, may be reduced from 20 or 30 lbs. of transparent gelatine to a few grains of solid matter, and which float passively on the deep, the unresisting prey of innumerable enemies;—the melon-shaped *Beroë*, which moves upwards and downwards by its meridional fins, extending from pole to pole, and which swims and lives even when cut into separate pieces;—the *Physalia*, or *Portuguese Man of War*, which unfurls, for the purposes of navigation, a beautiful purple sail, and which floats itself by an oval air-bladder, the air in which it has the power of absorbing and reproducing, to enable it to dive or to swim; *—the *Actinæ*, or animal flowers, which, though generally fixed to rocks, have yet the power of changing their abode by a slow progressive motion;—the *Echinodermata*, with their singularly diversified forms, all passing into one another by the most gradual transition;—and the Mollusca, which derive their support and protection from the shells which contain them, in place of an internal skeleton,—we come to the class of articulated animals, the families of which are the *Annelida*, or *Worms*; the *Arachnida*, or *Spiders*; the *Crustacea*, or *Crabs*; and the *Insecta*, or *Insects*.

The Natural History of the spider is, in many respects, highly interesting, not only from its organic developement, but from its wonderful instincts, in constructing its web, in watching over its young, and in surprising and destroying its victims.

* Numerous fleets of these animals are seen quietly sailing in the tropical seas in calm weather; and they are distinguishable by the vivid hues of the tentacula which hang down beneath them.

‘In common with all articulated animals, spiders, in the progress of their growth, cast off their outer skin several times, and at regular periods. In the earlier stages of their existence, although they have the general form of the mature insect, yet they have a smaller number of legs: the last pair not making their appearance till after the spider has attained a certain size. We may here trace the commencement of that system of metamorphosis, which, as we shall afterwards find, is carried to so great a length in winged insects.

‘Spiders are endowed with extensive powers of progressive motion, and display great activity and energy in all their movements. The long and elastic limbs on which the body is suspended, being firmly braced by their articulations, enable the muscles to act with great mechanical advantages in accelerating the progression of the body. Hence these animals are enabled to run with great swiftness, and to spring from a considerable distance on their prey; powers which were necessary to those tribes that live altogether by the chase. The greater number of species, however, as is well known, are provided with a curious apparatus for spinning threads, and for constructing webs to entangle flies and other small insects. Every species of spider weaves its web in a manner peculiar to itself: and, besides the principal web, they often construct in the neighbourhood a smaller one, in the form of a cell, in which they conceal themselves, and lie in ambush for their prey. Between this cell and the principal web they extend a thread of communication, and by the vibrations into which this thread is thrown, on the contact of any solid body, the spider is immediately acquainted with the event, and passes quickly to the spot, by the assistance of the same thread.

‘Some species have the power of conveying themselves to considerable distances through the air by means of threads which they dart out, and which are borne onwards by the wind, while the spider is clinging to the end of the thread which is next to it. In this manner these spiders are often carried to a great height in the air: and it has been supposed that during their flight they often seize upon gnats and other flies; because the mutilated remains of these insects are often seen adhering to the threads: this point, however, is still open to much doubt.’

As the arachnida present a higher organic developement than the annelida, so the crustacea have a more consolidated framework than the spiders. The bodies of crabs are encased in tubes of solid carbonate of lime, and these tubes are carefully articulated, and almost always compose large joints. The following account, given by Dr Roget, of the periodical casting of the shell of the lobster is very interesting:

‘The process by which this periodical casting and renewal of the shell are effected, has been very satisfactorily investigated by Reaumur. The tendency in the body and in the limbs to expand during growth is restrained by the limited dimensions of the shell, which resists the efforts to enlarge its diameter. But this force of expansion goes on increasing, till at length it is productive of much uneasiness to the animal, which is,

in consequence, prompted to make a violent effort to relieve itself; by this means it generally succeeds in bursting the shell; and then, by dint of repeated struggles, extricates its body and its limbs. The lobster first withdraws its claws, and then its feet, as if it were pulling them out of a pair of boots: the head next throws off its case, together with its antennæ; and the two eyes are disengaged from their horny pedicles. In this operation, not only the complex apparatus of the jaws, but even the horny cuticle and teeth of the stomach, are all cast off along with the shell: and, last of all, the tail is extricated. But the whole process is not accomplished without long continued efforts. Sometimes the legs are lacerated or torn off, in the attempt to withdraw them from the shell; and in the younger crustacea the operation is not unfrequently fatal. Even when successfully accomplished it leaves the animal in a most languid state: the limbs, being soft and pliant, are scarcely able to drag the body along. They are not, however, left altogether without defence. For some time before the old shell was cast off, preparations had been making for forming a new one. The membrane which lined the shell had been acquiring greater density, and had already collected a quantity of liquid materials proper for the consolidation of the new shell. These materials are mixed with a large proportion of colouring matter, of a bright scarlet hue, giving it the appearance of red blood, though it differs totally from blood in all its other properties. As soon as the shell is cast off, this membrane, by the pressure from within, is suddenly expanded, and by the rapid growth of the soft parts, soon acquires a much larger size than the former shell. Then the process of hardening the calcareous ingredient commences, and is rapidly completed; while an abundant supply of fresh matter is added to increase the strength of the solid walls which are thus constructing for the support of the animal. Reaumur estimates that the lobster gains, during each change of its covering, an increase of one-fifth of its former dimensions. When the animal has attained its full size, no operation of this kind is required, and the same shell is permanently retained.

‘A provision appears to be made, in the interior of the animal, for the supply of the large quantity of calcareous matter required for the construction of the shell at the proper time. A magazine of carbonate of lime is collected, previous to each change of shell, in the form of two rounded masses, one on each side of the stomach. In the crab these balls have received the absurd name of crab’s eyes; and during the formation of the shell they disappear.

‘It is well known that when an animal of this class has been deprived of one of the claws, that part is in a short time replaced by a new claw, which grows from the stump of the one which had been lost. It appears from the investigations of Reaumur, that this new growth takes place more readily at particular parts of the limb, and especially at the joints; and the animal seems to be aware of the greater facility with which a renewal of the claw can be effected at these parts; for if it chance to receive an injury at the extremity of the limb, it often, by a spontaneous effort, breaks off the whole limb at its junction with the trunk, which is the point where the growth more speedily commences. The wound soon

becomes covered with a delicate white membrane, which presents at first a convex surface : this gradually rises to a point, and is found, on examination, to conceal the rudiment of a new claw. At first this new claw enlarges, but slowly, as if collecting strength for the more vigorous effort of expansion which afterwards takes place. As it grows, the membrane is pushed forwards, becoming thinner in proportion as it is stretched ; till at length it gives way, and the soft claw is exposed to view. The claw now enlarges rapidly, and in a few days more acquires a shell as hard as that which had preceded it. Usually, however, it does not attain the same size ; a circumstance which accounts for our frequently meeting with lobsters and crabs which have one claw much smaller than the other. In the course of the subsequent castings this disparity gradually disappears. The same power of restoration is found to reside in the legs, the antennæ, and the jaws.'

The curious subject of insect life next occupies the attention of Dr Roget ; but its vast extent compels him to be general in his views, and brief in his details. Among the apterous or wingless insects, the *Pulex*, or flea, is the only one which undergoes complete metamorphosis during its developement. It has at first the form of a long worm without feet, and having thirteen segments, each provided with a tuft of hair ; but in its mature stage, it has six articulated legs, by the hindmost of which, which are of great size, it takes those prodigious leaps which astonish the observer, and which can be effected only by the most exquisite mechanism. The *Podura*, or spring-tail, leaps into the air by means of a long, forked, and articulated tail, which lies concealed in a groove under its abdomen, and which, by being rapidly unbent by the action of its muscles, acts like a powerful spring in propelling it forward to a considerable distance. In some species, the tail is flattened, to enable the insect to leap from the surface of the water, as from a solid plane. The *Julus* and the *Scolopendra*, experience a partial metamorphosis during their developement, resembling the simpler worms. They have no feet whatever when hatched. Legs, however, arise in succession, and it is not till the later periods of their growth, that they acquire the whole of their segments, with their accompanying legs. The *Julus terrestris*, for instance, has only eight segments, and six feet at its birth, but finally acquires *fifty segments, and about two hundred feet*.

From the structure of insects, our author proceeds to give an account of their developement in the following interesting passage.

' The progress of the metamorphoses of insects is most strikingly displayed in the history of the *Lepidopterous*, or butterfly and moth tribe. The egg, which is deposited by the butterfly, gives birth to a

caterpillar; an animal, which, in outward shape, bears not the slightest resemblance to its parent, or to the form it is itself afterwards to assume. It has, in fact, both the external appearance and the mechanical structure of a worm. The same elongated cylindric shape, the same annular structure of the denser parts of its integument, the same arrangements of longitudinal and oblique muscles connecting these rings, the same apparatus of short feet, with claws, or bristles, or tufts of hairs, for facilitating progression; in short, all the circumstances most characteristic of the vermiform type are equally exemplified in the different tribes of caterpillars, as in the proper Annelida.

‘But these vermiform insects have this peculiarity, that they contain in their interior the rudiments of all the organs of the perfect insect. These organs, however, are concealed from view by a great number of membranous coverings, which successively invest one another, like the coats of an onion, and are thrown off, one after another, as the internal parts are gradually developed. These external investments, which hide the real form of the future animal, have been compared to a mask; so that the insect, while wearing this disguise, has been termed *larva*, which is the Latin name for a mask.

‘This operose mode of developement is rendered necessary in consequence of the greater compactness of the integuments of insects, as compared with those of the annelida. In proportion as they acquire density, they are less capable of being further stretched, and at length arrive at the limit of their possible growth. Then it is that they obstruct the dilatation of the internal organs, and must be thrown off to make way for the farther growth of the insect. In the meantime a new skin has been preparing underneath, moulded on a larger model, and admitting of greater extension than the one which preceded it. This new skin, at first, readily yields to the distending force from within, and a new impulse is given to the powers of developement; until, becoming itself too rigid to be further stretched, it must, in its turn, be cast off in order to give place to another skin. Such is the process which is repeated periodically, for a great number of times, before the larva has attained its full size.

‘These successive peelings of the skin are but so many steps in preparation for a more important change. A time comes when the whole of the coverings of the body are at once cast off, and the insect assumes the form of a *pupa*, or *chrysalis*; being wrapt as in a shroud, presenting no appearance of external members, and retaining but feeble indications of life. In this condition it remains for a certain period: its internal system continuing in secret the farther consolidation of the organs; until the period arrives when it is qualified to emerge into the world, by bursting asunder the fetters which had confined it, and to commence a new career of existence. The worm, which so lately crawled with a slow and tedious pace along the surface of the ground, now ranks among the sportive inhabitants of the air; and expanding its newly acquired wings, launches forward into the element on which its powers can be freely exerted, and which is to waft it to the objects of its gratification, and to new scenes of pleasure and delight.

‘ Thus do the earlier stages of the developement of insects exhibit a recurrence of those structures which are found in the lowest department of this series of animals. The larva, or infantile stage of the life of an insect, is, in all its mechanical relations, a mere worm. The *imago*, or perfect state, on the other hand, exhibits strong analogies with the crustaceous tribes, not only in the general form of the body, but also in the consolidated texture of its organs, (especially of those which compose its skeleton,) and in the possession of rigid levers, shaped into articulated limbs, and furnished with large and powerful muscles, from all which circumstances great freedom and extent of motion are derived. To this elaborate frame, nature has added wings, those refined instruments of a higher order of movements, subservient to a more expanded range of existence, and entitling the beings on which they have been conferred to the most elevated rank among the lesser inhabitants of the globe.’

The mechanism by which insects move, varies in their several states of *larva*, *pupa*, and *imago*. In the larva of the *Libellula*, or dragonfly, nature has adopted a remarkable contrivance for giving it motion, by alternately absorbing water into a cavity in the hinder part of its body, and suddenly propelling it from the same cavity in a continued stream; so that the animal is impelled in a contrary direction to that of the issuing current, like the revolving arms in Barker's mill, or upon the same principle as a rocket. The larvæ of the *Stratiomys*, and other insects, collect a bubble of air within a tuft of hair at the end of the tail, in order to diminish their specific gravity, and aid their muscular action in advancing them through the water. The same tufts of hair, by repelling the water, allow the insect to suspend itself from the surface of the fluid, in the same manner as a dry needle is supported upon water. Terrestrial larvæ have the annular segments of their body moved like those of worms, by muscles, exceedingly numerous and beautifully arranged. In the body and limbs of the *Bombyx Cossus*, Lyonet reckoned about 4000 separate muscular bands, arranged with the most perfect symmetry, and fitted to perform their office with the most exquisite precision.

‘ There is one tribe of caterpillars,’ says Dr Roget, ‘ called *Surveyors*, or *Geometers*, which walk by first fixing the fore feet, and then doubling the body into a vertical arch; this action brings up the hind part of the caterpillar, which is furnished with prolegs, close to the head. The hind extremity being then fixed by means of the prolegs situated at that part, the body is again extended into a straight line; and this process being repeated, the caterpillar advances by a succession of paces, as if it were measuring the distance, by converting its body into a pair of compasses. At the same time that they employ this process, they further provide for their security by spinning a thread, which they fasten to different points of the ground as they go along.’

‘Many other species of caterpillar practise the same art of spinning fine silken threads, which especially assist them in their progression over smooth surfaces, and also in descending from a height through the air. The caterpillar of the cabbage butterfly is thus enabled to climb up and down a pane of glass, for which purpose it fixes the threads that it spins in a zigzag line, forming so many steps of a rope-ladder. The material of which these threads are made is a glutinous secretion, which, on being deposited on glass, adheres firmly to it, and very soon acquires consistence and hardness by the action of the air.

‘Other caterpillars, which feed on trees, and have often occasion to descend from one branch to another, send out a rope made with the same material, which they can prolong indefinitely; and thus either suspend themselves at pleasure in the air, or let themselves down to the ground. They continue, while walking, to spin a thread as they advance, so that they can always easily retrace their steps, by gathering up the clue they have left, and reascend to the height from which they had allowed themselves to drop.’

In the developement of the imago, or perfect insect, the organs are gradually hardened and consolidated in their texture, and all united and concentrated. The hardness of their integuments is not produced like that of shells by carbonate of lime, but by the phosphate. Their texture is liker that of horn than of any other animal substance. The peculiar substance which enters into their composition has been called *Chitine* and *Entomoline*, and occurs in large quantities in the wings and elytra of the Coleoptera. As it does not melt by heat like horn, the integuments which it composes retain their original form, even when reduced to a cinder by a red heat. Colouring matter, usually of a dark brown or black hue, is blended with the Entomoline, but the colour of the external surface is produced by the same matter in the form of a varnish, which is soluble in alcohol or ether. The gorgeous colours which distinguish some of the tropical insects, are, we are persuaded from several experiments, not the result of the action of their transparent plates, but of the absorption of specific rays of the spectrum, by the colouring matter above described.

In the formation of insects, M. Audouin has discovered a very interesting law. Notwithstanding the endless diversity of forms which they exhibit in their skeletons, they are always composed of the same number of elements, having the same relative positions and order of arrangement; the only source of difference being a variation in the proportional developement of these elements—a great expansion of one part being generally accompanied by a corresponding diminution of others. Insects in their perfect state have constantly six legs, which are the expansion

of the six proper legs of the larva ; the spurious legs of the latter having disappeared during the metamorphosis.

The structure of the feet of insects, by which they can walk on the smoothest surfaces, and even on the most polished ceilings, is thus described by Dr Roget.

‘ Many insects are provided with cushions at the extremity of the feet, evidently for the purpose of breaking the force of falls, and preventing the jar which the frame would otherwise have to sustain. These cushions are formed of dense velvety tufts of hair, lining the underside of the tarsi, but leaving the claw uncovered ; and the filaments, by insinuating themselves among the irregularities of the surfaces to which they are applied, produce a considerable degree of adhesion. Cushions are met with chiefly in large insects which suddenly alight on the ground after having leaped from a considerable height : in the smaller species they appear to be unnecessary, because the lightness of their bodies sufficiently secures them from any danger arising from falls.

‘ Some insects are furnished with a still more refined and effectual apparatus for adhesion, and one which even enables them to suspend themselves in an inverted position from the under surfaces of bodies. It consists of suckers, the arrangement and construction of which are exceedingly beautiful ; and of which the common house-fly presents us with an example. In this insect that part of the last joint of the tarsus which is immediately under the root of the claw, has two suckers appended to it by a narrow funnel-shaped neck, movable by muscles in all directions. The sucking part of the apparatus consists of a membrane, capable of contraction or extension, and the edges of which are serrated, so as to fit them for the closest application to any kind of surface. In the *Tabanus*, or horse-fly, each foot is furnished with three suckers. In the *Cimex lutea*, or yellow saw-fly, there are four, of which one is placed upon the under surface of each of the four first joints of the toes ; and all the six feet are provided with these suckers. In the *Dytiscus marginalis*, suckers are furnished to the feet of the male insect only. The three first joints of the feet of the fore-legs of that insect have the form of a shield, the under surface of which is covered with suckers having long tubular necks ; there is one of these suckers very large, another of a smaller size, and a great number of others exceedingly small. In the second pair of feet, the corresponding joints are proportionally much narrower, and are covered on their under surface with a multitude of very minute suckers. The *Acridium biguttulum*, which is a species of grasshopper, has one large oval sucker, under the last joint of the foot, immediately between the claws. On the under surface of the first joint are three pair of globular cushions, and another pair under the second joint. The cushions are filled with an elastic fibrous substance ; which, in order to increase the elasticity of the whole structure, is looser in its texture towards the circumference.

‘ The mode in which these suckers operate may be distinctly seen, by observing with a magnifying glass the actions of a large bluebottle-fly in

the inside of a glass tumbler. A fly will, by the application of this apparatus, remain suspended from the ceiling for any length of time without the least exertion; for the weight of the body pulling against the suckers serves but to strengtben their adhesion: hence we find flies preferring the ceiling to the floor as a place of rest.

‘Insects which, like the gnat, walk much upon the surface of water, have at the ends of their feet a brush of fine hair, the dry points of which appear to repel the fluid, and prevent the leg from being wetted. If these brushes be moistened with spirit of wine, this apparent repulsion no longer takes place, and the insect immediately sinks and is drowned.’

The progressive motion and flight of insects, is another subject in which the skill of the Creator is eminently apparent. Those which move upon water have either one pair of their legs, or all of them, lengthened and expanded into broad triangular surfaces, like oars; and these surfaces are enlarged by fringes of hair round their margin, which project and act upon the water at each impulse, and again bend down when the leg is drawn up, as in the feathering of an oar. The *dytiscus*, or water beetle, has its body flattened, and shaped like a boat, without any projecting parts. It thus glides under the water with the least possible friction, and it again rises to the surface by its own buoyancy, merely by stopping its paddles. The *notonecta*, or water-boatman, always swims on its back. It is of a semicylindrical shape, with its legs, and a pair of long paddles which perform the office of oars, fixed to the flat surface, so that the centre of gravity is below the centre of figure; and if the insect were placed on its belly, with its legs undermost, it would tilt over into its right position.

Dr Roget has described, without a diagram, and too technically to be understood by the general reader, the unique and extraordinary provision by which the *elater* makes a somerset in the air. Its legs are so short, that when laid on its back, it cannot possibly turn itself, from its feet being unable to reach the place on which it lies, and thus procure a fulcrum for the action of its muscles. By means of an elastic spine, however, which acts like a spring, it is enabled to throw itself to a considerable height in the air, and recover its proper position. We regret that the want of a diagram prevents us from explaining the fine burrowing implements which Dr Kidd has described in the *mole cricket*. It is singularly formed for the purposes of burrowing, and can move either backwards or forwards. The fine down of its skin keeps the moist earth, through which it excavates its passage, from adhering to it. Compared with the other legs, and the general size of the animal, Dr Kidd observes, that the burrowing imple-

ments are as if the brawny hands and arms of a robust dwarf were set on the body of a delicate infant.

The flight of insects forms a pleasing chapter in our natural theology. The flight of a living body through the air, by its own internal mechanism, has baffled the repeated efforts of human ingenuity. The wings of insects, by which they perform this feat, consist of delicate fibres, giving strength to a fine light and transparent membrane. To unite lightness with strength, these fibres are tubular, and contain air; and it is believed that the insect is able during its flight to direct air into these tubes, in order to dilate and stiffen them. The *libellule* and *æschneæ* never close their wings; and when not flying, they keep them constantly expanded, and ready for action. They fly with the greatest facility in all directions, backwards as well as forwards, and even sideways, and they can instantly take a new direction without ever turning their bodies—a power which is of great avail in chasing their prey, and in escaping from their enemies. Bees move with a velocity generally much greater than that of a bird in reference to their comparative size. The silk-worm moths have been known to travel more than 100 miles in a short time.

The agility and strength of insects are well known; and in our own day, the feats of the *pulex* are performed before crowded audiences. Ants can carry loads forty or fifty times heavier than themselves. Linnæus has calculated that the *melolontha* is, relatively for its size, six times stronger than the horse; and he asserts, that if the proportional strength of the *lucanus*, or stag-beetle, had been given to the elephant, it could have torn up the largest trees by the roots, and, like the giants of mythology, could have hurled huge rocks against his assailants.

From the lower classes of animals, Dr Roget proceeds to those higher efforts of divine skill, which are displayed in the extensive series of vertebrated animals,—embracing all the larger varieties of living beings, and including man. One general principle of organization runs through all these various tribes; and however much they may deviate in minor details, yet one perfect example of an insulated structure never occurs. Interesting as this part of Dr Roget's work is, yet the structures of quadrupeds, fishes, and birds, are so familiar to us as to lose in a great measure their miraculous character; and our brief limits will not permit us to dwell upon any thing that has not the character of novelty, and the power of surprise. With regard to our own organization, we must be sufficiently familiar with its obvious wonders; and we have only to stretch out our hand, to look, to listen, or to think, in order to obtain materials for our astonishment and our gratitude.

In treating of the subject of ossification in vertebrated animals, Dr Roget mentions a curious fact, which we cannot pass over.

‘ It has been found that by mixing certain colouring substances with the food of animals, the bones will soon become deeply tinged by them. This fact was discovered accidentally by Mr Belchier, who gives the following account of the circumstances that led him to notice it. Happening to be dining with a calico printer on a leg of fresh pork, he was surprised to observe that the bones, instead of being white as usual, were of a deep red colour ; and on enquiring into the circumstances, he learned that the pig had been fed upon the refuse of the dyeing-vats, which contained a large quantity of the colouring substance of madder. So curious a fact naturally attracted a good deal of attention among physiologists, and many experiments were undertaken to ascertain the time required to produce this change, and to determine whether the effect was permanent, or only temporary. The red tinge was found to be communicated much more quickly to the bones of growing animals than to those which had already attained their full size. Thus the bones of a young pigeon were tinged of a rose colour in twenty-four hours, and of a deep scarlet in three days ; while in the adult bird, fifteen days were required merely to produce the rose colour. The dye was more intense in the solid parts of those bones which were nearest to the centre of circulation, while in bones of equal solidity, but more remote from the heart, the tinge was fainter. The bone was of a deeper dye in proportion to the length of time the animal had been fed upon the madder. When this diet was discontinued, the colour became gradually more faint, till it entirely disappeared.’

Passing over the interesting chapters on the structure, composition, and developement of the osseous fabric of vertebrated animals, and those on fishes, reptiles, and the mammalia, we come to the chapter on birds, which, though brief, contains many curious facts. In the structure of animals intended to fly, the union of strength and lightness becomes necessary. The bony substance has, with this view, been rendered very dense, and most of the bones have been made hollow, and their cavities filled with air in place of marrow. The stems of the feathers too are fastened into hollow cylinders, which are very strong in relation to their weight. By these means, the skeleton has become very light—that of the white pelican, for example, which is five feet long, weighing only twenty-three ounces, while the bird itself weighed twenty-five pounds. Large air-cells are placed in various parts of the body, in order to supply the cavities of the bones with air ; and this air, when rarified by the ascent of the bird into the upper or lighter atmosphere, finds an exit by means of canals into the air passages of the lungs. Notwithstanding this great lightness and delicacy of structure, birds are capable of exerting much strength. The leg of a man may be broken by the flap of

a swan's wing ; and a blow of the same kind from an eagle has been known to be immediately fatal.

In the structure of the feathers of birds, there is much to surprise and instruct us. Feathers consist of two parts—the stem, terminating in the quill, and the vane or feathery appendages on each side of the stem. The horny portion is tough and elastic, and is formed into a hollow cylinder, to combine the opposite qualities of lightness and strength ; but it is in the construction of the vane that the most singular skill is displayed, and we have no hesitation in saying, that it exhibits the most striking proofs of design that we have had occasion to witness in any other animal fabric. Many years ago, we had occasion to investigate with the microscope this curious structure ; but never having found leisure to publish the results, Dr Roget has the merit of having first disclosed the peculiarities of this unique fabric ;—completing, by his own observations with the microscope, the general account of the mechanism which had been given by Paley.

‘ The vane of the feather is still more artificially constructed ; being composed of a number of flat threads, or filaments, so arranged as to oppose a much greater resistance to a force striking perpendicularly against their surface, than to one which is directed laterally ; that is, in the plane of the stem. They derive this power of resistance from their flattened shape, which allows them to bend less easily in the direction of their flat surfaces than in any other ; in the same way that a slip of card cannot easily be bent by a force acting in its own plane, though it easily yields to one at right angles to it. Now it is exactly in the direction in which they do not bend that the filaments of the feather have to encounter the resistance and impulse of the air. It is here that strength is wanted, and it is here that strength has been bestowed.

‘ On examining the assemblage of these laminated filaments still more minutely, we find that they appear to adhere to one another. As we cannot perceive that they are united by any glutinous matter, it is evident that their connexion must be effected by some mechanism invisible to the unassisted eye. By the aid of the microscope the mystery is unravelled, and we discover the presence of a number of minute fibrils, arranged along the margin of the laminæ, and fitted to catch upon and clasp one another, whenever the laminæ are brought within a certain distance. The fibrils of a feather from the wing of a goose are exceedingly numerous, above a thousand being contained in the space of an inch ; and they are of two kinds, each kind having a different form and curvature. Those which arise from the side next to the extremity of the feather are branched or tufted, and bend downwards, while those proceeding from the other side of the lamina, or that nearest the root of the feather, are shorter and firmer, and do not divide into branches, but are hooked at the extremities, and are directed upwards. When the two laminæ are brought close to one another, the long, curved fibrils of the one being carried over the short and straight fibrils of the other, both

sets become entangled together; their crooked ends fastening into one another, just as the latch of a door falls into the cavity of the catch which is fixed in the door-post to receive it. The way in which this takes place will be readily perceived by making a section of the vane of a feather across the laminae, and examining with a good microscope their cut edges, while they are gently separated from one another. This mechanism is repeated over every part of the feather, and constitutes a closely reticulated surface of great extent, admirably calculated to prevent the passage of the air through it, and to create by its motion that degree of resistance which it is intended the wing should encounter. In feathers not intended for flight, as in those of the ostrich, the fibrils are altogether wanting: in those of the peacock's tail, the fibrils, though large, have not the construction which fits them for clasping those of the contiguous lamina; and in other instances they do so very imperfectly.

This description, though, generally speaking, correct, is in many points defective, and the structure is much more complicated and beautiful than that which is above explained. The following observations were made on the feathers from the wing of the vulture:—The fibrils on the side of the lamina next the end of the feather, and marked *a, a*, in Dr Roget's figure, are not, properly speaking, branches or tufts; they are rather one main fibre from the middle of the length, of which there hang down, like the legs of the letter *m*, other smaller fibrils. The root of the fibril is plain for the first third of its length; the middle, or second third, is like the letter *m*, with several depending fibrils, and the last third, or extremity, is plain like the root. These fibres are all nearly cylindrical. The fibres marked *b b*, in the same figure, are like the blade of a pen-knife, thin and deep, being concave towards the extremity of the cutting edge, and having several teeth in this concavity. From the front of the fibril there proceeds a long slender filament, very flexible, so as to apply itself along the terminations of all the adjacent fibres before it; and a margin is formed by these filaments along the whole of the edge, which, in place of being open like the teeth of a comb, has all the openings closed by the overlapping filaments. Hence, if we were to insert a fine needle between two of the fibrils, we could not draw it out in the direction of the length of the fibril, without bending and pulling back the filaments which close the openings, and form a beautiful rim, or margin, to the system of fibrils. Now, in the perfect state of the feather, the *m*-like fibrils hanging from the middle of the fibrils *a a*, fall into the openings between the fibrils *b b*, and are detained there by adhesion and friction, and when these are overcome, by the resistance of the marginal filaments above described, which at last give way on the application of a sufficiently powerful force.

But the curious fact is, that the adjacent laminæ, where fibrils are thus drawn out from one another, again approximate, and the *m*-like fibrils of *a* again enter into the openings between the fibrils *b*, so as to heal the rupture in the surface of the vane. The plain roots of the fibrils *a*, form the beautiful systems of short and equidistant parallel lines which are seen in looking through the feather, and which produce the well-known colours of grooved surfaces; and the plain extremities of the same fibrils extend themselves towards, or over the edge, of the next laminæ, to form the fibrous surface of the vane. Towards the root of the stem, the laminæ are entirely separate, and form *down*; and farther up the stem, the ends of some of the laminæ only are separated and converted into down. The fibrils of the downy laminæ are larger than the others, and have only small short spines projecting from them; being, no doubt, the rudiments of the *m*-like fibres above mentioned. It is difficult to understand the process by which the one set of fibrils lays hold of the other set, to restore the rupture of the vane; to say that they become entangled together is the fact, but the entanglement is so regular, and the broken surface of the vane is so perfectly restored, that it must arise from some regular cause,—such as the attraction of the minute fibrils, or a slight electrical action excited by the friction of bringing the two laminæ together.* The difference between *Down* and *Feather*, and the perfect transition of the one into the other in the same laminæ, is very curious. As down is not intended to resist the action of the air, the laminæ become cylindrical, and the fibrils, for the same reason, become round also; and the *m*-like fibres of the one class of fibrils being no longer wanted to form an extended surface, are only rudimental. In the beautiful and variegated feathery fur of the pelican's neck, we have observed a curious union of down and hair in each of the small feathers which are set into the skin. The lower part of each feather is *down*, and the upper part hair. The slender fibrils have, in this case, their minute spines more than rudimental; but the extremities of the upper laminæ, or rather cylindrical stems, have no fibres, and resemble the hairs of fur.

If our wonder has been excited by the lovely forms, the exquisite organization, and the unrivalled mechanism of the animal frame, how great must be our astonishment when we study the phenomena of nutrition, reproduction, and sensation? In works of

* Several accurate drawings would be necessary to render this description perspicuous; but those who possess Dr Roget's work will have no difficulty in understanding it.

human ingenuity, partial and ignorant man may descry some remote resemblance to the mechanical structures of the natural world ; but who has been bold enough to imitate the phenomena, or sufficiently presumptuous to scan the mysteries of LIFE ? The most exalted philosophy, and the most profound science, stand convicted of incapacity before the minutest monad, or the most dwarfish plant.

In the brief, though interesting, view which Dr Roget has given of vegetable physiology, he treats of the *food* of plants, which consists of water, conveying along with it a certain portion of air, and carbonic acid gas, and the earthy, saline, and metallic ingredients which it holds in solution ; of the *absorption* of this aqueous nutriment by the spongioles of the roots, and sometimes by every part of the surface of the plant ; of the *ascent of this food*, or *sap*, in a crude state, along the stem and into the leaves, traversing the ligneous substance of the stem chiefly, and in trees the alburnum, or recently-formed wood, and passing along the inter-cellular spaces ; of the *exhalation* of the purely aqueous part of the sap, and the stomata, or pores of the leaves ; of the *aeration of the sap* by the action of solar light upon the leaves, which disengages its oxygen in the form of gas, leaving in the sap the carbon, one of the principal elements of vegetable structures ; of the *return of the sap*, highly charged with nutriment, (oxygen and hydrogen having been obtained from its water, and combined with carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and various earths, metals, and salts, so as to form the proximate vegetable products, the most abundant of which is *gum*,) along the lobes, or innermost layer of bark, and the alburnum, or outermost layer of wood,—depositing the different materials which are necessary for the growth and health of those parts of the plant ; of the *secretion* by the glands of the cells of gummy, saccharine, amylaceous, or ligneous products ; of the *cyclosis*, or circular movement of the globular particles of sap in the *chelidonium* ; in the cells of the *chara* and *caulinia fragilis* ; and in the jointed hairs projecting from the cuticle of the calyx of the *tradescantia virginica* ; and of the excretion of the superfluous, or noxious particles which are left in the returning sap.

Our limits will not permit us to enlarge upon any of these curious processes of vegetable life ; but the facts which have been detailed by Dr Roget respecting the excretory function, are so new and important as to require special notice. If noxious matter is thrown out by the roots of vegetables as unfitted for the purposes of their growth, the soil where any plant has been long cultivated, is less fitted for its continued growth than it originally

was ; but the excretory matter thus thrown out as useless for the nourishment of one plant, may be excellent food for another. Hence it will be easy to explain the principle of the rotation of crops in agriculture, and to determine, by observation, the precise plants which ought to be cultivated in succession,—selecting those whose excretory matter becomes wholesome nutriment for its successor. These important results have been satisfactorily established by M. Macaire, and we are greatly indebted to Dr Roget for the first account of them in our language.

‘ The roots of the *Chondrilla muralis* were carefully cleaned, and immersed in filtered rain water : the water was changed every two days, and the plant continued to flourish, and put forth its blossoms ; at the end of eight days, the water had acquired a yellow tinge, and indicated both by the smell and taste, the presence of a bitter narcotic substance, analogous to that of opium ; a result which was farther confirmed by the application of chemical tests, and by the reddish brown residuum obtained from the water by evaporation. M. Macaire ascertained that neither the roots nor the stems of the same plants, when completely detached, and immersed in water, could produce this effect, which he therefore concludes is the result of an exudation from the roots, continually going on while the plant is in a state of healthy vegetation. By comparative experiments on the quantity of matter thus excreted by the roots of the French bean (*Phaseolus vulgaris*) during the night and the day, he found it to be much more considerable at night ; an effect which it is natural to ascribe to the interruption in the action of the leaves when they are deprived of light, and when the corresponding absorption by the roots is also suspended. This was confirmed by the result of some experiments he made on the same plants by placing them, during day-time, in the dark, under which circumstances the excretion from the roots was found to be immediately much augmented : but even when exposed to the light, there is always some exudation, though in small quantity, going on from the roots.

‘ That plants are able to free themselves, by means of this excretory process, from noxious materials, which they may happen to have imbibed through the roots, was also proved by another set of experiments on the *Mercurialis annua*, the *Senecio vulgaris*, and *Brassica campestris*, or common cabbage. The roots of each specimen, after being thoroughly washed and cleaned, were separated into two bunches, one of which was put into a diluted solution of acetate of lead, and the other into pure water, contained in a separate vessel. After some days, during which the plants continued to vegetate tolerably well, the water in the latter vessel being examined, was found to contain a very perceptible quantity of the acetate of lead. The experiment was varied by first allowing the plant to remain with its roots immersed in a similar solution, and then removing it, after careful washing, in order to free the roots from any portion of the salt that might have adhered to their surface, into a vessel with rain water ; after two days, distinct traces of the acetate of lead

were afforded by the water. Similar experiments were made with lime-water, and with a solution of common salt, instead of the acetate of lead, and were attended with the like results. De Candolle has ascertained, that certain maritime plants which yield soda, and which flourish in situations very distant from the coast, provided they occasionally receive breezes from the sea, communicate a saline impregnation to the soil in their immediate vicinity, derived from the salt which they doubtless had imbibed by the leaves.

‘Although the materials which are thus excreted by the roots are noxious to the plant which rejects them, and would consequently be injurious to other individuals of the same species, it does not therefore follow that they are incapable of supplying salutary nourishment to other kinds of plants; thus it has been observed that the *Salicaria* flourishes particularly in the vicinity of the willow, and the *Orobanche*, or broom-rape, in that of hemp. This fact has also been established experimentally by M. Macaire, who found that the water in which certain plants had been kept was noxious to other specimens of the same species, while, on the other hand, it produced a more luxuriant vegetation in plants of a different kind.’

These interesting facts afford a satisfactory explanation of the remarkable natural phenomenon called *Fairy-rings*, or *Circles*. This name has been given to rings in old grass pastures, which are covered with dark green grass, or are barer than the rest of the field. Dr Hutton described these rings very minutely, as occurring on Arthur’s Seat, and concurred in the general opinion, that they were formed by lightning. Dr Withering accounted for them by the growth of fungi, the spawn of which he actually found below the bare circles, while he could not discover any spawn beneath the green grass. Dr Wollaston, however, was the first person to study the phenomenon with success. He found the rings to extend themselves gradually from a central point; and he has proved that the fungi absorb so completely all the nutriment from the soil, that a second crop cannot grow upon it. Hence the second year’s crop of fungi will appear in a small ring surrounding the original and now decayed centre; the defect of nutriment, on one side, causing the new roots to extend themselves in the opposite direction outwards. The luxuriance of the grass, Dr Wollaston regards as the necessary consequences of the decay of the fungi; the soil of every exterior circle being enriched by the decayed roots of the fungi of the preceding year, and therefore manured, as it were, for the next year’s grass. When two adjacent circles of fungi interfere with one another in the course of their progress, both circles are invariably obliterated between the points of contact; at least, in more than twenty cases, the exhaustion of the soil produced by each circle obstructing the progress of the other, and causing

both to be starved. Dr Wollaston likewise observes, that different species of fungi require the same kind of nutriment, for when a circle of puff-balls interfered with one of mushrooms, they did not intersect each other; the exhaustion occasioned by the one being as injurious to the progress of the other, as if it had been produced by the previous vegetation of its own species.

From the phenomena of nutrition in vegetables, Dr Roget proceeds to treat of animal nutrition; and he explains, in successive chapters, the preparation of liquid and of solid food by mastication, trituration, and deglutition, the processes of digestion, chylication, lacteal absorption, circulation, respiration, secretion, absorption and nervous power. These various topics are discussed with Dr Roget's usual ability, and the details are not only perfectly intelligible, but highly interesting to the general reader. Among the many contrivances by which animals seize their food, there are several beautiful adaptations which are peculiarly striking. The tongue of the frog, for example, is singularly fitted for the rapid seizure of its prey. The root of it is fixed close to the fore part of the lower jaw, while its cloven point is turned backwards into the throat, so as to act like a valve in closing the passage into the lungs. When the frog is very near the insect which it is about to devour, the *insect is seen to disappear before we can perceive what has become of it*; the tongue, with the force of a spring, and impelled probably by the air in the lungs, having been darted out and withdrawn with such extreme quickness that the eye cannot follow its motions. The cameleon, with its club or spoon-shaped tongue, tipped with glutinous matter, practises a similar stratagem in seizing its insect prey. In order to enable the wolf-fish (*Anarrhichas Lupus*) to break the strong shells which enclose its food, its mouth is almost paved with teeth, a triple row being implanted on each side of it. The mechanism of the bill of the *Loxia Curvirostra*, or cross-bill, as detected by Mr Yarrel, is equally adapted to the peculiar nature of its food. When its mouth is closed, its upper and lower mandibles cross each other; a structure which enables it to split cherry-stones with the utmost ease, and to tear open the pine and fir cones, by insinuating its bill between the scales in order to reach the seeds. The apparatus by which the woodpecker darts out with inconceivable velocity its long pointed and barbed tongue, in order to transfix the insects which form its chief food, is singularly ingenious and beautiful; but we cannot, without Dr Roget's diagram, make it intelligible. The motions of the tongue, which the eye can scarcely follow, are effected by long and slender muscles, combined with long and tortuous arched cartilages, which are nearly as elastic as steel

springs ; owing to the saving of muscular power by these cartilaginous processes, the bird is enabled to repeat these motions almost incessantly, perforating the bark, and picking up the smallest insects with the utmost accuracy and despatch. When it falls in with an ant hill, it speedily lays it open by the aid of its feet and its bill, and makes a copious meal of the ants and their eggs.

Among quadrupeds which have no teeth, the ant-eater is supplied with a curious tongue for deceiving and catching its prey. It is a long and slender cylinder, *very like an earthworm* ; that of the two-toed ant-eater being almost one-third the length of its body, and about the thickness of a crow-quill at its base. When this tongue is stretched out on the ground on the track of the ants, it is soon covered with these insects ; and being quickly retracted by means of a long and powerful muscle, it transfers the ants to its mouth, swallowing them whole, so that the animal has no occasion for teeth.

Various other animals exhibit curious contrivances for seizing their food ; but one of the most truly wonderful is that which we may call the *Filter of the Whale*. From the cupola of its enormous palate there descend into the mouth a multitude of thin plates, lying parallel to each other, one of their edges being directed towards the circumference, and the other to the middle of the palate.

‘ They are connected to the bone by means of a white ligamentous substance, to which they are immediately attached, and from which they appear to grow ; at their inner margins, the fibres, of which their texture is throughout composed, cease to adhere together ; but, being loose and detached, form a kind of fringe, calculated to intercept, as in a sieve, all solid or even gelatinous substances that may have been admitted into the cavity of the mouth, which is exceedingly capacious ; for as the plates of whalebone grow only from the margins of the upper jaw, they leave a large space within, which though narrow anteriorly is wider as it extends backwards, and is capable of holding a large quantity of water. Thus the whale is enabled to collect a whole shoal of mollusca, and other small prey, by taking into its mouth the sea water which contains these animals, and allowing it to drain off through the sides, after passing through the interstices of the net work formed by the filaments of the whalebone. Some contrivance of this kind was even necessary to this animal, because the entrance into its œsophagus is too narrow to admit of the passage of any prey of considerable size ; and it is not furnished with teeth to reduce the food into smaller parts. The principle food of the *Balæna Mysticetus*, or great whalebone whale of the Arctic Seas, is the small *Clio Borealis*, which swarms in immense numbers in those regions of the ocean.’

In the formation, developement, and structure of the teeth of

animals, and in the structure and movements of the jaw for the purposes of mastication, the same examples occur of skilful and provident design. The structure of the poison-fangs of serpents is particularly curious. These fangs, like the stings of nettles,* are furnished with a receptacle at their base for holding a poisonous liquor, which is forced out by the pressure of the tooth the instant it makes the wound, and carried through a canal opening near the end of the tooth. The bite through which the poison is conveyed is formed by the folding in of the edges of a deep longitudinal groove, extending along the tooth; and no trace of these grooves is found in serpents that are not venomous.

The trituration of the harder kinds of food in the internal cavities of many animals, is a curious and little known operation. In the stomach of the lobster there is a cartilaginous framework, carrying hard calcareous bodies like teeth, which grind and pulverize the shells of the mollusca swallowed by the lobster. In the craw-fish, the same teeth are more adapted to divide than to grind the food. In the stomach of the *Bulla aperta*, a molluscous animal, there are three calcareous plates, which cut and grind the food; and similar organs are found in many others of these animals.

In most of the insects of the order Orthoptera, a still more complicated kind of apparatus is inserted in their alimentary canal. In that of a kind of grasshopper called *Acrida aptera*, which feeds chiefly on the dewberry, there is a round or heart-shaped gizzard, of a very singular kind. It has six longitudinal rows of large teeth, and six intermediate double rows of smaller teeth, making in all 270 teeth. Each row of large teeth has at one end five small hooked teeth, succeeded by four broad teeth consisting of quadrangular plates, and twelve teeth having three cusps or points at their edges. All these teeth are of a brown colour, and horny texture like tortoiseshell.

The most curious grinding machinery, however, is met with in the gizzards of granivorous birds. The gizzard in the swan consists of two powerful hemispherical muscles, having their flat sides applied to each other, and covered with a thick and dense horny substance. These two surfaces are the two mill-stones between which the grain is dropped in small quantities from the

* When the hand is slightly pressed on the hairs of the nettle leaves, the fluid in the vesicles at their base passes out at their points, so as to enter the skin and produce the irritation which ensues. M. De Candolle, junior, has found that the stinging fluid is of an *alkaline* nature, and hence an *acid* should be rubbed upon the irritated part.

sac or hopper called the craw. In opening the gizzards of birds, numerous small pebbles are generally found. Several hundred were found in that of a turkey, and *two thousand* in that of a goose. Spallanzani supposed that these stones were taken in accidentally and ignorantly by the bird along with its food; but this opinion is exploded, and the gizzard is regarded by Dr Hunter as a pair of jaws, into which stones are occasionally taken in for teeth to assist in the grinding process. Dr Hunter has also shown, that the great muscular force in the gizzard is directed in the plane of the grinding surfaces; and hence he accounts for its singular power in grinding to powder balls of glass, flattening and bending tin tubes, and blunting and breaking off the points of needles and lancets. It is probable, however, that, in producing these powerful effects, it is aided by the pebbles which are swallowed by the bird.

In following Dr Roget through the very interesting chapter of his work on deglutition, and the subsequent processes, our limits will not permit us to attempt even the slightest analysis of his admirable observations and details. We are indeed so familiar with many of these processes, that some of our readers will scarcely thank us for giving them a more profound acquaintance with themselves; and in our capacity of reviewers, whether we rank ourselves among the *ruminantia* of literature, who convert to our own and to general use the fine herbage of cultivated minds, or are placed by others among the omnivorous *rodentia* that subsist on tough bark and dry fibres, we are not disposed to analyze the process of our mental assimilation, or to explain the reaction of anti-nutritives upon those biliary ducts which we are sometimes forced to open upon our prey. There is only one reference which we shall make to the human stomach, which is too important to be omitted, and too recent to have found a place in Dr Roget's work.

In 1822, Alexis Martin, employed by the American Fur Company, was wounded in the side by the discharge of a musket. The contents of the gun blew from his left side integuments and muscles the size of a man's hand, so as to leave, when the wound had healed, a perforation in his stomach about two and a half inches in circumference. Hence the cavity of his stomach is exposed to view; its surface, and secretions from it, can be readily examined, and different articles of food can be introduced and taken out at pleasure, to study the changes which they have undergone. Since the recovery of Martin, he has enjoyed the best health. He has performed the duties of a labourer—has married, and become the father of a family; and Dr Beaumont, a physician stationed at the place where the accident happened,

has retained Martin several years in his service, for the express purpose of examining the functions of an organ which was so accidentally thrown open for his inspection and study. The results of this laborious enquiry have been published* by Dr Beaumont, and he has added much important information to Animal Physiology. He found the inner coat of the stomach to be of a light or pale pink colour, varying in its hues according as it was full or empty. It had a soft or velvet-like appearance, and was constantly covered with a thin transparent viscid mucus, secreted from small oval-shaped glandular bodies beneath the mucous coat. When aliment or other irritants were applied to the inner coat of the stomach, there were seen, with a magnifying glass, innumerable minute lucid points, and very fine nervous and vascular papillæ, arising from the villous membrane, and protruding through the mucous coat, and from which distilled a pure, limpid, colourless, and slightly viscid fluid. This fluid is always distinctly acid, and is the gastric juice, which converts the food into chyme. Dr Beaumont regards, with much probability, the sensation of hunger as occasioned by a distension or repletion of the gastric vessels, which cannot discharge their contents till the stomach is irritated with food. When food was placed in the gastric juice taken out of the stomach, the same chemical result was obtained, as when it was kept at the temperature of 100° Fahrenheit, which Dr Beaumont found to be that of the stomach. This artificial digestion, however, occupied a period two or three times longer than when the gastric juice acted upon the same materials in the stomach.

Dr Beaumont has published the times in which various articles of food are digested. A full meal of various articles of food was digested in from three to three and a half hours; but when the stomach was diseased, or affected by narcotics, or when the mind was agitated by anger or other strong emotions, or when the food was taken in large masses, the time of digestion was prolonged, while, on the contrary, it was shortened when the food had been minutely divided and mingled with saliva, and when the temperature of the stomach, and the rest of the body, had been elevated by moderate exercise. Among vegetable substances, rice was the soonest converted into chyme, viz. in one hour; and of all animal substances, broiled venison, which was converted into chyme in *one hour and thirty-five minutes*; while

* Experiments and Observations on the Gastric Juice, and the Physiology of Digestion. By WILLIAM BEAUMONT, M.D., Surgeon in the United States Army.

beef, roasted or broiled, required *three hours* ; broiled veal and fowls four hours, and roasted pork five and a quarter hours.

Beside the vulgar stomachs for digestion and rumination, the camel, dromedary, and horse have a stomach which is employed solely as a reservoir of water. Dr Roget gives the following account of this stomach in the camel, and of an analogous cavity in the elephant for a different purpose.

‘ The remarkable provision above alluded to in the *Camel*, an animal which nature has evidently intended as the inhabitant of the sterile and arid regions of the East, is that of reservoirs of water, which, when once filled, retain their contents for a very long time, and may minister not only to the wants of the animal that possesses it, but also to those of man. The second stomach of the Camel has a separate compartment, to which is attached a series of cellular appendages ; in those the water is retained by strong muscular bands, which close the orifices of the cells, while the other portions of the stomach are performing their usual functions. By the relaxation of these muscles, the water is gradually allowed to mix with the contents of the stomach, and thus the Camel is enabled to support long marches across the desert without receiving any fresh supply. The Arabs, who traverse those extensive plains, accompanied by these useful animals, are, it is said, sometimes obliged, when faint, and in danger of perishing from thirst, to kill one of their camels, for the sake of the water contained in these reservoirs, which they always find to be pure and wholesome. It is stated by those who have travelled in Egypt, that camels, when accustomed to go journeys, during which they are for a long time deprived of water, acquire the power of dilating the cells, so as to make them contain a more than ordinary quantity, as a supply for their journey.

‘ When the elephant, while travelling in very hot weather, is tormented by insects, it has been observed to throw out from its proboscis, directly upon the part on which the flies fix themselves, a quantity of water, with such force as to dislodge them. The quantity of water thrown out, is in proportion to the distance of the part attacked, and is commonly half a pint at a time : and this Mr. Pierard, who resided many years in India, has known the elephant repeat eight or ten times within the hour. The quantity of water at the animal’s command for this purpose, observes Sir E. Home, cannot therefore be less than six quarts. This water is not only ejected immediately after drinking, but six or eight hours afterwards. Upon receiving this information, Sir E. Home examined the structure of the stomach of that animal, and found in it a cavity, like that of the camel, perfectly well adapted to afford this occasional supply of water, which may, at other times, be employed in moistening dry food for the purposes of digestion.’

The conversion of the food into blood, and its circulation through the body in arteries, for the purpose of carrying to each part of the animal frame its requisite supply of nourishment, and the return of the vitiated blood to the heart by the veins, in order

to be purified by the influence of the air in the lungs, previous to its again setting out on its beneficent errand, afford most exquisite examples of transcendent skill and benignant design. The tender vessels of this fine hydraulic apparatus are every where conducted in safe courses; the arteries which go to the foot of the horse pass through a perforation in the coffin-bone, in order to protect them from injury; and in the fore leg of the lion, which is required for prodigious exertion of strength, the artery passes through a perforation in the bone itself in order to defend it from the violent contraction of the muscles.

The construction of the heart, and its power of propelling the blood through the arterial system, by its successive contractions, is an object of never-ceasing wonder. The prodigious force with which the blood is drawn into the aorta may be inferred from the fact mentioned by Dr Roget, that 'when we sit cross-legged the pulsation of the artery in the ham, which is pressed upon the knee of the other leg, is sufficiently strong to raise the whole leg and foot at each beat of the pulse.' 'The ventricle of the human heart,' he adds, 'does not contain more than an ounce of blood, and it contracts at least seventy times in a minute, so that above 300 lbs. of blood are passing through the organ every hour that we live.' 'The aorta of a whale,' says Dr Paley, 'is larger in the bore than the main pipe of the water-works of London Bridge, and the water roaring in its passage through that pipe is inferior in impetus and velocity to the blood gushing through the whale's heart.'

The local rotatory circulation, or *cyclosis*, which we have already noticed, as existing in certain plants, has been recently found by Mr Lister to exist in a great number of polypiferous zoophytes. The following is Dr Roget's account of the principal results of these experiments:

'In a specimen of the *Tubularia indivisa*, when magnified one hundred times, a current of particles was seen within the tubular stem of a polype, strikingly resembling, in the steadiness and continuity of its stream, the vegetable circulation in the *Chara*. Its general course was parallel to the slightly spiral lines of irregular spots on the surface of the tube, ascending on the one side, and descending on the other; each of the opposite currents occupying one-half of the circumference of the cylindric cavity. At the knots, or contracted parts of the tube, slight eddies were noticed in the currents; and at each end of the tube the particles were seen to turn round, and pass over to the other side. In various species of *Sertulariæ* the stream does not flow in the same constant direction; but, after a time, its velocity is retarded, and it then either stops, or exhibits irregular eddies, previous to its return in an opposite course; and so on alternately, like the ebb and flow of the tide. If the currents be designedly obstructed in any part of the stem, those in

the branches go on without interruption, and independently like the rest. The most remarkable circumstance attending these streams of fluid is that they appear to traverse the cavity of the stomach itself, flowing from the axis of the stem into that organ, and returning into the stem without any visible cause determining these movements. Similar phenomena were observed by Mr. Lister in *Campanulariæ* and *Plumulariæ*.

‘In some of the minuter species of Crustacea, the fluids have been seen, by the aid of the microscope, moving within the cavities of the body, as if by a spontaneous impulse, without the aid of a propelling organ, and apparently without being confined in membranous channels, or tubes of any sort. This kind of diffused circulation is also seen in the embryos of various animals, at the earliest periods of their development, and before any vessels are formed.’

In the phenomena of respiration, whether it is effected in water, as in fishes, or in air, as in most other animals, the skill and provident arrangement of the Creator are highly conspicuous. In fishes, the blood is exposed to the oxygen absorbed by the water, when it passes through the myriads of minute blood-vessels spread like a delicate net-work over every part of the surface of the gills. These blood-vessels, which are thickly set, like one pile of velvet, present an extensive surface to the aerated water; and in the case of the skate, Dr Monro has computed that the surface of the gills is at least equal to the whole surface of the human body. When the fish is taken out of water, the minute filaments collapse and adhere together in a mass, so that they cannot receive the vivifying influence of the oxygen of the atmosphere, and therefore they die. A few fishes, such as the *perca scandens*, which can travel to a considerable distance on land, the *ophicephalus*, the eel, and the *silurus costatus*, which makes long marches over land in search of water, have a particular provision to enable them to live out of their native fluid. This provision consists in the gills being constructed to retain the water for a considerable time, either, in one case, from the narrowness of the aperture for the exit of the water from the bronchial cavity, or from the spongy structure of the pharyngeal bones. River water contains about one per cent of oxygen, measured in volumes, but when the oxygen has been consumed by the fish in a pond frozen over, they soon perish, although they require only a small quantity of air, for a tench is able to breathe when the quantity of oxygen is reduced to the 5000dth part of the bulk of the water.

In the act of atmospheric respiration, the venous blood parts with its superabundant carbon, which escapes in the form of carbonic acid gas, and having thus recovered its natural vermilion colour, it is fit to renew its journey through the arterial system. The carbonic acid gas is of course formed by the union of the carbon with the oxygen, inhaled from the atmosphere, but it is

still uncertain whether the whole of the oxygen is employed in the formation of the carbonic acid gas, or whether a part is permanently absorbed by the blood.

From the mechanical and chemical functions of the animal world, Dr Roget's plan leads him to the Third Part of his Treatise, '*on the Sensorial Functions.*' In adding to the mere physical existence of animals, the functions of sensation, perception, and voluntary motion, the medullary substance composing the greater part of the brain, the spinal marrow, and the nerves, has been organized and endowed with strange and mysterious properties. This substance in the brain enables it to receive through the medium of the senses impressions from external objects, and thus to furnish the mind with the materials of thought. What the mind is, and how the brain acts as its organ, it is in vain to enquire. The all-wise Creator has placed here a barrier to human genius, and man exhibits only his weakness when he presumptuously attempts to surmount it. Dr Roget confines himself to the legitimate objects of philosophical inquiry; and treats successively of the senses of Touch, Taste, Smell, Hearing, and Vision. The four chapters in which he discusses these subjects evince great learning and science; and we would particularly distinguish the chapter on Vision as an able and accurate dissertation, which very few of his contemporaries could have composed. The section on the '*Comparative Physiology of Vision*' contains much curious information on the compound Eyes of Insects, which consist of a great number of separate cylinders, closely packed together on the surface of a central bulb, which may be regarded as a part of the optic nerve, while the outer ends of the cylinders form a hemispherical convex surface corresponding to the cornea of common eyes. Each cylinder consists of a transparent horny substance, convex externally, and the form of each is hexagonal, like the cells of a honeycomb. Each of these cylinders performs the part of a convex lens, and converges the rays of light upon the retina; and hence each point of an object is seen through the cylinder which is opposite to it. In some of the crustacea, these horny eyes are placed at the end of movable pedicles; and there is a species of crab in the Mediterranean, which has its eyes supported on a long jointed tube, having two articulations, enabling the animal to direct them like the arms of a telegraph to different quarters.

We would willingly detain our readers a little longer in giving them some account of the last part of Dr Roget's work, on the Reproductive Functions, and the Organic Development of Animal Bodies; but the nature of the subject, as well as our limits, compel us to bring our observations to a close. We

cannot do this, however, without recommending, in the strongest manner, the perusal of Dr Roget's work to all classes of readers, and earnestly requesting its author to publish a popular abridgement of it for the benefit of those who are either unable to purchase the original work, or whose attention could not be sustained during the perusal of two volumes. The knowledge which fits us for the world must always be deemed worthy of acquisition; but that which prepares us for quitting it is still more deserving of our anxious study. Science, like the thread of the spider, enables us to maintain a communication with regions otherwise inaccessible. It connects us with what is remote in the past, and interests us in what is distant in the future. While the vulgar gaze in mysterious wonder at the results of creative power, the student of nature perceives the unity of design and of purpose which pervades the whole; and he is permitted to trace the steps and pursue the laws by which the Omniscient Spirit has accomplished his Work. Had the stately tree or the perfect animal stood before us at the instant of its creation, our wonder would doubtless have been raised by their beauty and their grandeur; but when we see the one gradually unfolding itself from the tiny seed, and the other developing the organs of life, and motion, and sensation, till it passes from a gelatinous molecule to a living, a moving, and a thinking being, we recognise the continued exercise of unparalleled skill and unlimited power. When the mind has been trained to such humbling enquiries, and has been thoroughly imbued with the precious knowledge which they bring, the doubts and fears which have darkened its path gradually disappear. The reconstruction of the body from its mouldered elements becomes more easy of belief than its known developement from a transparent grain; and we at last learn the important lesson, that if ignorance was the cause of our early scepticism, 'Knowledge is the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven.'

ART. IX.—1. *Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical*. By MRS JAMESON. 2 Vols. 8vo. London: 1832.

2. *Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad*. By MRS JAMESON. 4 Vols. 8vo. London: 1834.

IF it be true, as some Catholic divine maintained, that the streets *below* are 'paved with good intentions,' we fear we have ourselves, in the case of Mrs Jameson and some others, contributed a few stones to the causeway. We plead guilty to the fact of having only lately become acquainted with her 'Diary of an Ennuyée;' we have yet to make our acquaintance with her 'Female Sovereigns;' but her striking and eloquent 'Characteristics of Women,' which we *did* peruse immediately on their publication, impressed us at once with a high idea of her powers, and a wish to express in a more public form the pleasure they had afforded us. But our intention of noticing them, though honestly entertained, was never executed,—forgotten, we confess, among the many topics of immediate interest, which in the last two stirring years have solicited attention. Now, however, the appearance of another work from the same pen at once reminds us of our omission, and enables us, though tardily, in some measure to redeem our error.

In no point, we think, is Mrs Jameson's talent more conspicuous, than in her correct appreciation of the bent of her own powers, and the department in which they might most efficiently and conspicuously be exercised. Minds of less discernment follow in the track of some popular fashion,—adding their historical romance, novel, play, or poem, as the case may be, to the multitude which already loads the table of the reading public, or piles the groaning shelves of the publisher. In such a crowd, even persons of some note can hardly expect to attract observation; the uniformity of garb seems to place all upon a level; and if some individual by his grotesque manner, or more eccentric movements, succeeds for a moment in fixing the public eye, he is sure in a short time to be surrounded with imitators, who copy his strange raiment and evolutions so exactly, that we are ready to swear 'there be six Richmonds in the field,' and no possibility of knowing 'the true prince.'

Whether Mrs Jameson could have written a good romance, or a popular poem, we can hardly say; but we are quite sure she has acted more wisely in choosing a different department,—one of the few in which there really existed an opening for female talent in English literature. As a novelist or a poet, she

would have been surrounded by female rivals, not to mention the numbers beyond number of the ruder sex, who haunt those walks of literature,—jostling with little ceremony every new intruder,—and who, worse even than the Turk, will not bear a *sister* near the throne. In poetry, what corner is not at the present day illustrated by female genius,—from stately tragedy or not less stately lyric, to the most simple strain of domestic tenderness, or artless expression of feeling; from ‘scene undividable,’—to use Polonius’ comprehensive classification—to ‘poetry unlimited?’ In the novel or romance, may they not say with just pride, as they point to the circulating libraries, *Quæ terra nostri non plena laboris?* What remains to be gleaned where Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austin, Miss Ferrier, Mrs Shelley—(we stop here, because we perceive the line might lengthen inconveniently,) have reaped already? We must now wait till the changes that are going on without and within us have created new manners, have brought into play new opinions, or motives of action; have created, in short, a new mine of fiction—before the prospects which that department of literature holds out, will be flattering enough to tempt the possessor of high talent into that all but exhausted field.

But in the path of eloquent and philosophic *female* criticism, there has certainly existed a great gap in literature since the death of Madame de Staël. The quick observation and discrimination, the lively sensibility and warmth of imagination, the command of eloquent expression and illustration requisite for philosophic criticism—for any criticism indeed, of a high and original character,—found a vent so much more popular and attractive in poetry or novel writing, that the void left by the death of Madame de Staël seemed likely to remain not only unfilled up—(for with all our admiration for Mrs Jameson’s fine talents, it would be absurd to represent her as a fit successor to that remarkable woman)—but absolutely untouched, yawning in all its original length, breadth, and depth: no female Curtius being to be found self-devoted enough to sacrifice her popularity in such a cause. But Mrs Jameson had sufficient faith in herself, and the public, to think that the experiment might be made, and that too on a theme at first sight the most threadbare and unpromising—the characters of Shakspeare. Not that profit and popularity were in this way the most likely to be obtained; but that she felt that if she could, from her own resources, her own thoughts and feelings, contribute any thing towards the better elucidation of those immortal creations—if, by studying them in the spirit of love and veneration, she could find the clue to any of the enigmatic appearances they present, or call forth any of their

hidden beauties,—‘ the world would not willingly let it die ;’ and that her fame, connected even by this remote affinity with that of Shakspeare, might be remembered when many of the popular Romancers of the day were forgotten. ‘ Not now nor ever,’ she says, in her lively introduction, ‘ have I written to flatter any prevailing fashion of the day, for the sake of profit, though this is done by many who have less excuse for thus coining their brains. This little book was undertaken without a thought of fame or money : Out of the fulness of my own heart and soul have I written it. In the pleasure it gave me—in the new and varied forms of human nature it has opened to me—in the beautiful and soothing images it has placed before me—in the exercise and improvement of my own faculties—I have already been repaid.’

To say any thing new on the subject of Shakspeare's characters, is not an easy task—to say any thing both new and true is indeed most difficult—and yet Mrs Jameson has done both ; simply because she has viewed them from a point from which they have not been contemplated before, and brought to bear upon them a light to which they have not hitherto been exposed.

The critics of Shakspeare hitherto have been men. For though we have a great respect for Mrs Montagu, we really cannot consider her lucubrations as an exception. She deals more in generalities, in defences of what nobody would now think of attacking—such as Shakspeare's violation of the unities, or his blending of the comic with the tragic—than in the criticism of character ; and her opinions are much more those of the literary men with whom she mingled in society, than the reflections of her own breast, or the expression of her feelings as a woman. Shakspeare's characters therefore, we say, have hitherto been viewed and criticised only on the male side. All that could be seen from that point of view, and by the light of masculine genius or reasoning, has been noted with singular sagacity, and portrayed with the most forcible colours. What man could say of man, ‘ or woman either,’ has been said, and said well a hundred times. What escaped the strong grasp of Johnson's powerful reasoning and knowledge of life—seldom erring save where it dealt with creations beyond the visible diurnal sphere—could scarcely fail to be gathered up by such followers as Schlegel, with his imaginative and elevated principles of criticism—Tieck, with his genial and glowing sensibility—and Goëthe, with his intuitive poetical perception, and comprehensive sympathies.

But a wide field still remained unexplored—a cloudy and perilous limbo, in which masculine sagacity was at fault—a labyrinth that could only be traversed with assurance, by those to whom was given the clue of a congenial nature,—the same weaknesses,

the same strength. It remained to be seen how these wonderful creations of the imagination would present themselves to a female eye—how, in particular, the female characters of Shakspeare would be judged of by one of their own sex, possessed of the secrets of that freemasonry which man strives after in vain. Great poets, or rather only the greatest, overleap this barrier; and, as Lady Macbeth wished to do, ‘unsex’ themselves, or become, as it were, androgynous. But this perfect transference of one’s self into another nature, is only possible to those who, like Shakspeare, can rise, even above human nature itself, into regions of pure and serene air—who, having ‘exhausted worlds, can imagine ‘new,’ and people them too with congenial inhabitants. It is only the creative spirit which could form a Caliban, an Ariel, the Witches of Macbeth, or the Elves of the *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, and give life and consistency to these airy shadows—which could with equal certainty, and, as if by intuition (for assuredly Shakspeare’s acquaintance with the female world was hardly likely to have furnished him with many archetypes of his dramatic characters), catch the shifting impulses, and lay open the undiscovered depths of the female heart—which could invest with an equal halo of innocence and truth a divine Miranda, seated in ‘maiden meditation,’ though not ‘fancy-free,’ on the rocky shore of the still vex’d Bermoothes—or an enamoured but innocent Juliet, leaning from her balcony in luxurious Mantua, and listening ‘for the far footsteps of her mortal lover;’—alike in one point—for both abandon themselves to the irresistible sweep of a first love, at once and for ever; but in all else how different—yet in every feature how true to nature, how self-consistent, ‘how express and admirable!’

To the critic,—the calm, reasoning, uncreative critic,—such insight, which is a revelation rather than a result of observation, or a deduction of reason, is not given. Even of men, and their motives and actions, we generally judge mainly by the study of our own minds. It is from our own heart we draw our microcosm. A blind guide in many cases, even when applied to characters whose elements resemble our own, but how bewildering or imperfect when we reason from it to the thoughts and actions of beings whose clay seems of another temper; and who are acted on by many secret and complex influences which we cannot see, or with which we cannot sympathize. Study and observation may afford a sufficient glimmer of light to illuminate the common apartments and familiar passages, as it were, in the labyrinth of the female heart, but they desert us entirely, or only lead us astray, when we endeavour, by their fitful ray, to thread our way through the more mysterious recesses of the edifice;—

its sacred retirements, its 'chambers of imagery,' its wells of feeling, its vaults of secrecy, suffering, or crime. The torch that would guide us surely through these must be held by a female hand.

With truth, therefore, we think it may be said that the female characters of Shakspeare have never yet had justice done them; not that their mere outward and visible attributes have not been forcibly and correctly set forth; for in our own country, as well as in Germany, much has been written eloquently, and truly—as far as it goes—upon this subject; but that after all it is *but* the outward and visible show that is presented to us,—the broad meridians, as it were, which could not be mistaken, on the map-of character,—while the nicer shades and gradations, the feelings and impulses, that lie too deep for the external manifestation either of tears or smiles, wit, eloquence, or passionate invective,—nay, sometimes the very points which give the key to the apparent difficulties or inconsistencies of the character, if they are of a subtile or unobtrusive kind, have been neglected, because unperceived. What but the want of this delicacy of perception could account for Hazlitt's confession that Portia is no favourite of his, and that her character seems to him pedantic and affected? What but this incapacity of comprehending her character, in which the real vastness of the conception is only concealed by the admirable harmony in which its elements are proportioned, could ever have induced a greater than Hazlitt, William Schlegel, in the midst of a rapturous eulogy on the Merchant of Venice, to dismiss her with the brief character of being a 'rich, beautiful, *clever* heiress.' Portia *clever*! in whose character the moral, intellectual, and sentient faculties—feeling, wisdom, beauty, gentleness, energy, and faith, are blended like the tints in the sunbeam;—whose suitors are princes thronging 'from the four quarters of the earth,' crossing seas and lands 'as o'er a brook, to see fair Portia,'—beside whom the grave Antonio, the quick-tongued Gratiano, the noble Bassanio, nay, the inexorable, able, terrible Shylock, sink into comparative inferiority! What an epithet! He might as well have called Shakspeare a *clever* poet. What shall we say of the manner in which another of Shakspeare's noblest characters, Isabella, in 'Measure for Measure,' has been treated by his commentators—passed over by the black-letter school of criticism, and even by Johnson—who was no black-letter man, but viewed life and human character in general in a learned spirit—without a word; and dismissed by Hazlitt, with the dry and somewhat caustic observation, that 'we are not greatly 'enamoured of her rigid chastity, nor can feel much confidence in

‘the virtue that is sublimely good at another’s expense?’ In this most assuredly we cannot ‘say *ditto*’ to Mr Hazlitt. *We are* greatly enamoured of the rigid chastity of Isabella, and can only express our special wonder that any one with Hazlitt’s great acuteness and general rectitude of poetical feeling—any one who had traced the character of Isabella from the commencement of the play to its close,—who had read and recollected the scenes with Claudio and Angelo,—could for a moment be so insensible to the sublimity of the character of Isabella;—could suspect her of a mere assumption of generosity and self-devotion, or doubt that she would have readily encountered death to save her brother, though she shrinks from what she deems worse than death, the commission of crime, and expresses in burning words her contempt for his cowardly weakness and selfishness, which, to escape a brief pang for himself, would entail the lasting misery of disgrace and remorse upon his sister.

These are but two, out of many instances that might be selected, of this insensibility to the beauty and true meaning of Shakspeare’s female characters to be found among his male critics. Perhaps in such extreme cases as these, it may be said, the error lay not in the sex in general, but in the bluntness of perception of the individuals; it did not require a female’s quick tact and knowledge of her sex’s character to perceive that they had been strangely misapprehended. But many cases occur where the matter lies not so obviously on the surface. And it is in these, the debateable land, as it were, of character, that the criticism of a woman of genius may so often throw light on the singularities or moral enigmas of the part; while even in those where there are no inconsistencies or difficulties to solve, a thousand little shades of meaning, and delicacies of feeling, and traits of character, are made palpable by her delicacy of analysis, which have escaped the notice of others, who have occupied themselves only with the mere marked lines of character, and to whose duller vision their microscopic features have been either invisible or meaningless. This is the service which in many particulars Mrs Jameson has rendered to the female characters of Shakspeare;—in some cases placing the whole character in a new light, in almost all, elucidating and bringing out, unsuspected beauties in individual situations or speeches;—in looks, in actions, in smiles or sighs, in half sentences, in silence—meaning is seen to lurk, intimations of character are detected; and all these little traits are woven together with so much art into a consistent whole, and so set off by the graces of language and illustration, that it is hardly too much to say that in these *Characteristics* the full beauties of Shakspeare’s female characters have been for the

first time understood or portrayed. Nor is the service thus rendered to Shakspeare confined merely to the better understanding of his heroines; for often, from the new or clearer light thrown over these, a light is reflected back even on all the other personages of the play, and much that was startling or embarrassing in the construction of their characters, rendered consistent and intelligible.

But we are detaining our readers too long from judging for themselves as to the originality, and truth, or value of Mrs Jameson's criticisms. She has classified her heroines into characters of intellect, characters of passion and imagination, characters of the affections, and historical characters. It is evident such an arrangement must not be taken *au pied de la lettre*, but simply as indicating the *preponderance* of the one quality over others in the character. In this way the classification is in general sufficiently correct. Portia, Isabella, Beatrice, Rosalind, who are ranged under the head of characters of intellect, are sufficiently connected by that common tie; and sufficiently distinct from Juliet, Perdita, Ophelia, Miranda, Imogen, or Desdemona, in whom the gentler affections clearly predominate over the intellectual qualities; and who are ranged under the class of characters of passion and imagination. Occasionally, however, there must, in the infinite variety of Shakspeare, occur cases in which the affections and the intellectual powers are so balanced, as to render it difficult to say which gives the tone to the character. Such, we think, is Hermione, whom Mrs Jameson has placed in the class of characters of the affections. Powerful and deep as her feelings undoubtedly are, we confess that, to our minds, her superiority of intellect, her calm confidence in herself, her 'dignity without pride, love without passion, and tenderness without weakness;'—the matron pride and eloquence of her defence on her trial, worthy to be placed beside that of Catharine of Arragon;—all these, we say, leave on our minds an impression of intellectual power, which would have induced us rather to place her beside the Portias and Isabellas, than the Imogens or Desdemonas of the scene.

As we alluded to the very superficial manner in which the character of Portia had been treated by Hazlitt and Schlegel, we may as well begin with some of Mrs Jameson's observations on that striking portrait; hanging, as she finely says, beside that of the inexorable Jew, 'like a beauty-breathing Titian 'by the side of a gorgeous Rembrandt;' and, in particular, her commentary on Portia's conduct during the trial scene; where she

combats the objection that Portia, unnecessarily and melo-dramatically as it were, prolongs the suspense and agony of the trial, when she might have cut short the proceeding at once by her famous quibble (for, after all, such it is, and we have little doubt that Portia's construction would not have been sustained in Westminster Hall) upon the terms of the bond.

Portia maintains at first a calm self-command, as one sure of carrying her point in the end, yet the painful heart-thrilling uncertainty in which she keeps the whole court, until suspense verges upon agony, is not contrived for effect merely, it is necessary and inevitable. She has two objects in view,—to deliver her husband's friend, and to maintain her husband's honour by the discharge of his just debt, though paid out of her own wealth, ten times over. It is evident that she would owe the safety of Antonio to any thing rather than the legal quibble with which her cousin Bellario has armed her, and which she reserves as a last resource. Thus all the speeches addressed to Shylock, in the first instance, are either direct, or indirect experiments on his temper and feelings. She must be understood, from the beginning to the end, as examining with intense anxiety the effect of her own words on his mind and countenance, as watching for that relenting spirit, which she hopes to awaken either by reason or persuasion. She begins by an appeal to his mercy, in that matchless piece of eloquence, which, with an irresistible and solemn pathos, falls upon the heart like gentle dew from heaven—but in vain; for that blessed dew drops not more fruitless and unfelt on the parched sand of the desert, than these heavenly words upon the ear of Shylock. She next attacks his avarice.—

“Shylock there's *thrice* thy money offered thee.”

Then she appeals, in the same breath, *both* to his avarice and his pity :—

“Be merciful !

Take *thrice* thy money. Bid me tear the bond.”

All that she says afterwards—her strong expressions, which are calculated to strike a shuddering horror through the nerves—the reflections she interposes—her delays and circumlocution to give time for any latent feeling of commiseration to display itself—all are premeditated, and tend in the same manner to the object she has in view. Thus,—

“You must prepare your bosom for the knife ;
Therefore lay bare your bosom.”

These two speeches, though addressed apparently to Antonio, are spoken *at* Shylock, and are evidently intended to penetrate *his* bosom. In the same spirit, she asks for the balance to weigh the pound of flesh, and entreats of Shylock to have a surgeon ready,—

“Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

SHYLOCK.

“Is it so nominated in the bond ?

PORTIA.

"It is not so expressed—but what of that?

"Twere good you do so much for charity."

' So unwilling is her sanguine and generous spirit to resign all hope, or to believe that humanity is absolutely extinct in the bosom of the Jew, that she calls on Antonio, as a last resource, to speak for himself. His gentle, yet manly resignation—the deep pathos of his farewell, and the affectionate allusion to herself, in his last address to Bassanio,—

"Commend me to your honourable wife :

Say how I loved you. Speak me fair in death,"

are well calculated to swell that emotion which, through the whole scene, must have been labouring suppressed within her heart.

' At length the crisis arrives—for patience and womankind can endure no longer—and when Shylock, carrying his savage bent "to the last hour of act," springs on his victim—"a sentence, come prepare!"—then the smothered scorn, indignation, and disgust broke forth with an impetuosity which interferes with the judicial solemnity she had at first affected, particularly in the speech,—

"Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no *blood* ; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just the pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple ; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate."

' But she afterwards recovers her propriety, and triumphs with a cooler scorn and a more self-possessed exultation.

' It is clear, that to feel the full force and dramatic beauty of this marvellous scene, we must go along with Portia as well as Shylock ; we must understand her concealed purpose, keep in mind her noble motives, and pursue in our fancy the under current of feeling working in her mind throughout. The terror and the power of Shylock's character—his deadly and inexorable malice would be too oppressive ; the pain and pity too intolerable, and the horror of the possible issue too overwhelming, but for the intellectual relief afforded by this double source of interest and contemplation.—Vol. i. p. 17.

In the trial scene, the intellectual resources of Portia, her acuteness, her eloquence, are displayed ; it is in the casket scene that the feelings of her heart are most prominently brought forward. Like Miranda and Juliet, she is yielding her hand where she has given her heart, but her knowledge of life prevents her from doing so, with the unconsciousness of the first ;—her clear and self-balanced intellect, from imitating the passionate abandonment of the latter. She knows what life and mankind are ; she knows the va-

lue of what she gives, though she estimates, with the generosity of an affectionate woman, what she receives in return ; she gives her hand trustfully, without fear, yet with the earnestness, the solemnity of one who feels that she has set life, and more than life, upon the cast, and that now, come what will, she must stand ' the hazard of the die.' Mrs Jameson's observations on the close of this scene, are distinguished, we think, by equal truth and felicity of expression. After adverting to the joyous burst with which Portia welcomes the successful choice of the casket by Bassanio, she proceeds,—

' Her subsequent surrender of herself, in heart and soul,—of her maiden freedom and her vast possessions, can never be read without deep emotion ; for not only all the tenderness and delicacy of a devoted woman are here blended with all the dignity which becomes the princely heiress of Belmont, but the serious, measured, self-possession of her address to her lover, when all suspense is over, and all concealment superfluous, is most beautifully consistent with the character. It is in truth an awful moment that in which a gifted woman first discovers that, besides talents and powers, she has also passions and affections ; when she first begins to suspect their vast importance in the sum of her existence ; when she first confesses, that her happiness is no longer in her own keeping, but is surrendered for ever and for ever into the dominion of another ! The possession of uncommon powers of mind are so far from affording relief or resource in the first intoxicating surprise—I had almost said terror—of such a revolution, that they render it more intense. The sources of thought multiply beyond calculation the sources of feeling, and, mingled, they rush together, a torrent deep as strong. Because Portia is endued with that enlarged comprehension which looks before and after, she does not feel the less but the more ; because from the height of her commanding intellect she can contemplate the force, the tendency, the consequences of her own sentiments ; because she is fully sensible of her own situation and the value of all she concedes—the concession is not made with less tenderness and devotion of heart, less confidence in the truth and worth of her lover, than when Juliet, in a similar moment, but without any such intrusive reflections, any check but the instinctive delicacy of her sex, flings herself and her fortunes at the feet of her lover.

" And all my fortunes at thy feet I'll lay,

And follow thee, my lord, through all the world."—P. 26.

We wish we could spare room for her vindication of Isabella, which, could poor Hazlitt have read, he would, we think, have recanted his poetical heresies ; or her remarks on Rosalind and Beatrice, which could only have been written by a woman ; but our quotations are lengthening, and we *must* find a place for some of her fine reflections on the characters of Juliet and Miranda. ' Romeo and Juliet' is the only play of Shakspeare founded entirely on a love-story, and it seems written with his whole heart, steeped in the ' bloom of young desire and purple light of love.'

Never was there a more beautiful creation of fancy than Juliet,—enamoured but not love-sick, passionate yet pure ; almost a child in years, but by the strength of her feelings elevated into woman ; nay, in her power of sufferance and energy, emulating at times the courage of man,—exchanging her luxurious and tapestried chambers for the terrors of a charnel house, ‘ to live an unstained wife to my sweet love !’ Mrs Jameson compares it, for singleness of purpose, and devotion of heart and soul, to the Thekla of Schiller’s ‘ Wallenstein ;’ and so far certainly they do resemble each other, but she scarcely does justice, we think, to Thekla’s character. True, ‘ the colouring in which Schiller has arrayed his Thekla is pale, sombre, vague, compared with the strong individual marking, the rich glow of life and reality which distinguish Juliet.’ It could not be otherwise without a violation of propriety and truth. The one is a conception in the German, the other in the Italian taste ; the one portrays the course of an overpowering attachment in the breast of a fiery daughter of the South ; the other paints its calmer but not less engrossing progress in the native of a colder clime,—a being of a more dreamy, enthusiastic temperament. Thekla’s position, in truth, more resembles Miranda’s than Juliet ; the cloister had been to the one what the enchanted isle had been to the other,—a screen interposed between her and the world. Max Piccolomini presents himself to Thekla when he is sent to escort her to the camp at Pilsen, as Ferdinand does to Miranda ; he is the angel, as she says herself in the beautiful monologue after his death, sent to greet her on the threshold of the world. From the first her attachment to him seems to her like a divine destiny ; she feels that ‘ the heart’s inclining is the voice of fate.’ The very essence of her character is involved in this dreamy and sombre cast of her imagination ; it is the absence of the ‘ rich glow of life’ that gives to it ‘ the reality.’ Juliet might have a thousand bonds of connexion with the world about her beside her love ; we feel that Thekla could have none. She moves among the iron-handed and iron-hearted warriors by whom she is surrounded,—among them but not of them ; her own imagination is the true world she lives in ; the world about her but a vision, to which her attachment to Piccolomini gives a temporary reality. Thekla is, in her way, as true a portrait, that is, true to the elevated principle on which her character is constructed, as Juliet herself. Every trait of her character is marked with sufficient individuality for the effect intended to be produced. Innocence and angelic candour characterize her opening scenes ; and when the prospect darkens, she develops, naturally and calmly, unsuspected energies which had

lain deep within the cistern of the heart, till they are drawn up by the strong cord of misfortune.

But comparisons are odious ; and, leaving *Thekla* and *Schiller*, let us see what *Mrs Jameson* says of *Juliet* herself, when we go along with her more cordially.

‘ *Juliet*, like *Portia*, is the foster-child of opulence and splendour ; she dwells in a fair city—she has been nurtured in a palace—she clasps her robe with jewels—she braids her hair with rainbow-tinted pearls ; but in herself she has no more connexion with the trappings around her, than the lovely exotic transplanted from some Eden-like climate has with the carved and gilded conservatory which has reared and sheltered its luxuriant beauty.

‘ But in this vivid impression of contrast there is nothing abrupt or harsh. A tissue of beautiful poetry weaves together the principal figures and the subordinate personages. The consistent truth of the costume, and the exquisite gradations of relief with which the most opposite hues are approximated, blend all into harmony. *Romeo* and *Juliet* are not poetical beings placed on a prosaic background, nor are they like *Thekla* and *Max* in the *Wallenstein*, two angels of light amid the darkest and harshest, the most debased and revolting aspects of humanity ; but every circumstance, and every personage, and every shade of character in each tends to the development of the sentiment which is the subject of the drama. It is flushed with the genial spirit of the South, it tastes of youth, and of the essence of youth, of life, and of the very sap of life. We have, indeed, the struggle of love against evil destinies and a thorny world, the pain, the grief, the anguish, the terror, the despair, the aching adieu, the pang unutterable of parted affection, and rapture, truth, and tenderness trampled into an early grave,—but still an *Élysian* grace lingers round the whole,—and the blue sky of Italy bends over all.

‘ In the delineation of that sentiment which forms the ground-work of the drama, nothing in fact can equal the power of the picture, but its inexpressible sweetness and perfect grace ; the passion which has taken possession of *Juliet*’s soul, has the force, the rapidity, the resistless violence of the torrent ; but she is herself as “ moving delicate,” as fair, as soft, as flexible as the willow that bends over it, whose light leaves tremble even with the motion of the current, which hurries beneath them. But at the same time that the pervading sentiment is never lost sight of, and is one and the same throughout, the individual part of the character in all its variety, is developed and marked with the nicest discrimination. For instance, the simplicity of *Juliet* is very different from the simplicity of *Miranda* ; her innocence is not the innocence of a desert island. The energy she displays does not remind us of the moral grandeur of *Isabel*, or the intellectual power of *Portia* ; it is founded in the strength of passion, not in the strength of character ; it is accidental rather than inherent, rising with the tide of feeling and temper, and with it subsiding. Her romance is not the pastoral romance of *Perdita*, nor the fanciful romance of *Viola*, it is the romance of a tender heart, and a poetical imagination. Her inexperience is not igno-

rance; she has heard that there is such a thing as falsehood, though she can scarcely conceive it. Her mother and her nurse have perhaps warned her against flattering vows and man's inconstancy; or she has even

" Turned the tale, by Ariosto told,
Of fair Olympia loved and left of old."

Hence that bashful doubt, dispelled almost as soon as felt—

" Ah ! gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it *faithfully*."

That conscious shrinking from her own confession—

" Fain would I dwell on form ; fain, fain, deny
What I have spoke."

The ingenuous simplicity of her avowal—

" Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo—but else, not for the world."

And the touching-timed delicacy with which she throws herself for forbearance and pardon upon the tenderness of him she loves, even for the love she bears him—

" Therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered."—P. 98.

Some critics have objected that the previous passion of Romeo for Rosaline,—a feeling by which he is still represented as influenced at the commencement of the play,—impresses us with a feeling of inconstancy on his part when he transfers his affections so instantaneously to Juliet, and of a want of delicacy on the part of the lady. This is exactly a question, we think, for a lady to decide; and after hearing both sides, we are disposed to take Mrs Jameson's word ' for a thousand pounds.'

' The incident which is found in the original story, has been retained by Shakspeare with equal feeling and judgment, and far from being a fault in taste and sentiment, far from prejudicing us against Romeo, by casting on him at the outset of the piece the stigma of inconstancy, it becomes, if properly considered, a beauty in the drama, and adds a fresh stroke of truth to the portrait of the lover. Why, after all, should we be offended at what does not offend Juliet herself? for in the original story we find that her attention is first attracted towards Romeo by seeing him " fancy sick and pale of cheer," for love of a cold beauty. We must remember that in those times every young cavalier of any distinction devoted himself, at his first entrance into the world, to the service of some fair lady, who was selected to be his fancy's queen, and the more rigorous the beauty, and the more hopeless the love, the more honourable the slavery. To go about " metamorphosed by a mistress," as Speed humorously expresses it; to maintain her supremacy in charms

at the sword's point; to sigh, to walk with folded arms, to be negligent and melancholy, and to show a careless desolation, was the fashion of the day. The Surreys, the Sidneys, the Bayards, the Herberts of the time, all those who were the mirrors "in which the noble youth did dress themselves," were of this fantastic school of gallantry, the last remains of the age of chivalry; and it was especially prevalent in Italy. Shakspeare has ridiculed it in many places with exquisite humour, but he wished to show us that it has its serious as well as its comic aspect. Romeo then is introduced to us with perfect truth of costume as the thrall of a dreaming fanciful passion, for the scornful Rosaline who had forsworn to love; and on her charms, and coldness, and on the power of love generally, he descants to his companions in pretty phrases and quite in the style and taste of the day. But when once he has beheld Juliet, and quaffed intoxicating draughts of love and hope from her soft glance, how all these airy fancies fade before the soul-absorbing reality! The lambent fire that played round his heart, now burns to that heart's very core. We no longer find him adorning his lamentations, in picked phrases, or making a confidant of his gay companions; he is no longer "for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in," but all is concentrated, earnest, rapturous, in the feeling and in the expression. . . . His first passion is indulged as a waking dream, a reverie of the fancy; it is depressing, indolent, fantastic; his second elevates him to the third heaven, or hurries him to despair. It rushes to its object through all impediments, defies all dangers, and seeks at last a triumphant grave in the arms of her he so loved. Thus Romeo's previous attachment to Rosaline is so contrived as to exhibit to us another variety in that passion which is the subject of the poem, by showing us the distinction between the fancied and the real sentiment. It adds a deeper effect to the beauty of Juliet, it interests us in the commencement for the tender and romantic Romeo, and gives an individual reality to his character, by stamping him like a historical as well as a dramatic portrait with the very spirit of the age in which he lived.

'*Solvuntur tabulae*,'—there is no more to be said; and Romeo leaves the bar with a triumphant verdict of acquittal. Mrs Jameson considers at some length the much contested question, whether Shakspeare has done wisely in altering the catastrophe of the story as given by Da Portā—who makes Juliet waken from her trance while Romeo still lives, and closes his tale with a harrowing scene between the lovers, as is now done in our stage version of the play—and she decides, as indeed Schlegel had done before, in favour of Shakspeare and dramatic truth. She says justly, that if Shakspeare's object had been to terrify and agonize, we cannot doubt how easily he who had formed the catastrophe of Othello, and the tempest scene in Lear, might have accomplished his object.

'But it is in truth a tale of love and sorrow, not of anguish and terror. We behold the catastrophe far off, with scarcely a wish to avert it.

Romeo and Juliet *must* die, their destiny is fulfilled; they have quaffed off the cup of life, with all its infinite of joys and agonies, in one intoxicating draught. What have they to do more upon this earth? Young, innocent, loving, and beloved, they descend together into the tomb; but Shakspeare has made that tomb a shrine of martyred and sainted affection, consecrated for the worship of all hearts, not a dark charnel vault, haunted by spectres of pain, rage, and desperation. Romeo and Juliet are pictured lovely in death as in life; the sympathy they inspire does not oppress us with that suffocating sense of horror which in the altered tragedy makes the fall of the curtain a relief, but all pain is lost in the tenderness and poetic beauty of the picture. Romeo's last speech over his bride, is not like the raving of a disappointed boy; on its deep pathos, its rapturous despair, its glowing imagery, there is the very luxury of life and love. Juliet, who had drunk off the sleeping potion in a fit of frenzy, wakes calm and collected.

“ I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am—where is my Romeo?”

‘ The profound slumber in which her senses have been steeped for so many hours, has tranquillized her nerves and stilled the fever in her blood. She wakes “ like a sweet child who has been dreaming of something promised to it by its mother,” and opens her eyes to ask for it—

“ Where is my Romeo?”

‘ She is answered at once,—

“ Thy husband in thy bosom here lies dead.”

This is enough; she sees at once the whole horror of her situation—she sees it with a quiet and resolved despair—she utters no reproach against the Friar—makes no enquiries, no complaints, except that affecting remonstrance—

“ O churl—drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after!”

All that is left to her is to die, and she dies. The poem, which opened with the enmity of the two families, closes with their reconciliation over the breathless remains of their children; and no violent, frightful, or discordant feeling, is suffered to mingle with that soft impression of melancholy left within the heart, and which Schlegel compares to one long endless sigh.’

This is finely thought and beautifully expressed: now let us turn to her portrait of a kindred, but a more ideal being,—a more ethereal temper; from Mantua to the magic isle, where sits—Miranda.

‘ Had Shakspeare never created a Miranda, we should never have been made to feel how completely the purely natural, and the purely ideal can blend into each other.

‘The character of Miranda resolves itself into the very elements of womanhood. She is beautiful, modest, and tender, and she is these only. They comprise her whole being, external and internal. She is so perfectly unsophisticated, so delicately refined, that she is all but ethereal. Let us imagine any other woman placed beside Miranda—even one of Shakspeare’s own loveliest and sweetest creations—there is not one of them that could sustain the comparison for a moment, not one that would not appear somewhat coarse and artificial when brought into immediate contact with this pure child of nature, “this Eve of an enchanted paradise.”

‘What then has Shakspeare done? “Oh, wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man,”—he has removed Miranda far from all comparison with her own sex; he has placed her between the demi-demon of earth and the delicate spirit of air. The next step is into the ideal and supernatural, and the only being who approaches Miranda, with whom she can be contrasted, is Ariel. Beside the subtle essence of this ethereal sprite, this creature of elemental light and air, that “ran upon the winds, rode the curl’d clouds, and in the colours of the rainbow lived,” Miranda herself appears a palpable reality, a woman “breathing thoughtful breath,” a woman walking the earth in her mortal loveliness, with a heart as frail-strung, as passion-touched, as ever fluttered in a female bosom.

‘I have said that Miranda possesses merely the elementary attributes of womanhood, but each of these stands in her with a distinct and peculiar grace. She resembles nothing upon earth; but do we therefore compare her in our own minds with any of the fabled beings with which the fancy of ancient poets peopled the forest depths, the fountain, or the ocean? Oread or Dryad fleet, sea maid, or naiad of the stream? We cannot think of them together. Miranda is a consistent, natural human being. Our impression of her nymph-like beauty, her peerless grace and purity of soul, has a distinct and individual character. Not only is she exquisitely lovely being what she is, but we are made to feel that she *could* not possibly be otherwise than as she is portrayed. She has never beheld one of her own sex; she has never caught from society one imitated or artificial grace. The impulses which have come to her in her enchanted solitude, are of heaven and nature—not of the world and its vanities. She has sprung up into beauty beneath the eye of her father, the Princely Magician; her companions have been the rocks and woods, and the many shaped, many tinted clouds, and the silent stars; her playmates the ocean billows, that stooped their foamy crests, and ran rippling to kiss her feet. Ariel and his attendant sprites hovered over her head, ministered duteous to her every wish, and presented before her pageants of beauty and grandeur. The very air, made vocal by her father’s art, floated in music round her. If we can suppose such a situation, with all its circumstances, do we not behold, in the character of Miranda, not only the credible, but the natural—the necessary results of such a situation? She retains her woman’s heart, for that is unalterable and unalienable as a part of her being; but her deportment, her looks, her language, her thoughts—all these, from the supernatural and poetical circumstances round her, assume a cast of the pure ideal, and

to us, who are in the secret of her human and pitying nature, nothing can be more charming and consistent than the effect which she produces on others, who, never having beheld any thing resembling her, approach her as a wonder, as something celestial!

‘Contrasted with the impression of her refined and dignified beauty, and its effect on all beholders, is Miranda’s own soft simplicity, her virgin innocence, her total ignorance of the conventional forms and language of society. It is most natural, that in a being thus constituted, the first tears should spring from compassion, “suffering with those that she saw suffer,” and that her first sigh should be offered to a love at once fearless and submissive, delicate and fond. She has no taught scruples of honour like Juliet, no coy concealments like Viola, no assumed dignity standing on its own defence. Her bashfulness is less a quality than instinct; it is like the self-folding of a flower, spontaneous and unconscious. I suppose there is nothing of the kind in poetry equal to the scene between Ferdinand and Miranda. In Ferdinand, who is a noble creature, we have all the chivalrous magnanimity with which man in a high state of civilisation disguises his real superiority, and does humble homage to the being of whose destiny he disposes; while Miranda, the mere child of nature, is struck with wonder at her own new emotions. Only conscious of her own weakness as a woman, and ignorant of those usages of society which teach us to dissemble the real passion, and assume (and sometimes abuse) an unreal and transient power, she is equally ready to place her life, her love, her service, beneath his feet.’

‘The characters which I have classed together, as principally distinguished by the predominance of passion and fancy,* appear to me to rise in the scale of ideality and simplicity, from Juliet to Miranda; the last being in comparison so refined, so elevated above all stain of earth, that we can only acknowledge her in connexion with it through the emotions of sympathy she feels and inspires.

‘I remember when I was in Italy, standing “at evening on the top of Fesole,” and at my feet I beheld the city of Florence, and the Val d’Arno with its villas, its luxuriant gardens, groves, and olive grounds, all bathed in crimson light. A transparent vapour or exhalation, which in its tint was almost as rich as the pomegranate flower, moving with soft undulation, rolled through the valley, and the very earth seemed to pant with warm life beneath its rosy veil. A dark purple shade, the forerunner of night, was already stealing over the east; in the western sky still lingered the blaze of the sunset, while the faint perfume of trees and flowers, and now and then a strain of music wafted upwards, completed the intoxication of the senses. But I looked from the earth to the sky, and immediately above this scene hung the soft crescent moon—alone with all the bright heaven to herself; and as that sweet moon to the glowing landscape beneath it, such is the character of Miranda compared to that of Juliet.’

* Juliet, Helena, Perdita, Viola, Ophelia, Miranda.

Here we must bid adieu to the 'Characteristics,' from which we have quoted largely enough, we think, to justify the opinion of the powers of the authoress which we expressed in the outset;—to show that they are a substantial and original contribution to the criticism of Shakspeare; and to satisfy our readers how large a field of interest remains for them in the book itself; since our extracts have been taken only from three characters out of three-and-twenty; and among those we have not touched on are Rosalind and Beatrice, Imogen and Desdemona, Cordelia and Hermione, Constance and Lady Macbeth! Her remarks on the last of these characters, and her pleading against the supposition that Lady Macbeth is to be viewed as a mere impersonation of evil, are particularly worthy of attention. They may not, and probably will not, convince, at least not to the extent she carries her theory of the character; and, indeed, to say the truth, we rather adopt the view of Mr Campbell, who has been at some pains to controvert her positions in his recent *Life of Mrs Siddons*; but even those who doubt their soundness will hardly deny their novelty and beauty.

We have left ourselves but little space to advert to Mrs Jameson's last publication, entitled 'Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad.' It consists, in a great measure, of a reprint of the 'Diary of an Ennuyée,' and of reprints of some smaller pieces. There were too things unfavourable to the effect of the 'Diary;' first, the title was a bad one; and, next, the whole of its sentimental and pathetic machinery was in the most questionable taste. The plan of killing the heroine by way of giving piquancy to a continental tour, was one which, the moment the *ruse* was detected, was sure to recoil on the head of the luckless author—for the public do not like to be cheated out of their sympathies—and to this we are disposed mainly to attribute the fact, that until attention had been again directed to this work by her later publications, it reached no second edition. Its desultory nature, of course, deprives it of any connected interest; but many of the observations it contains, particularly on works of art, are full of truth and correct feeling. The travelling 'Sketches' which compose the rest of this publication, possess many of the merits of the 'Characteristics;'—a delicate sensibility to beauty, whether in character, scenery, art, or literature, and the same power of varied, discriminating, and eloquent expression. The authoress seems to have travelled under the most favourable circumstances; to have seen every thing and every one worth seeing and knowing; and to have enjoyed the intimate and familiar acquaintance of some, to whom our English travellers in general appear to be strangers. Her remarks on Tieck,

on the German stage, and on the distinguished actors of Germany, are interesting; and she gives the best and most satisfactory account of modern German art, both in sculpture and painting, we have yet met with. As a specimen of the sort of amusement the reader is likely to meet with in these 'Sketches,' we shall conclude with her account of an artist whose name has become familiar in England, both by his illustrations of Goëthe and Schiller, and by his work now in (slow) progress on our own Shakspeare—Moritz Retzsch.

' This extraordinary genius, who is almost as popular and interesting in England as in his own country, seems to have received from Nature a double portion of the inventive faculty—that rarest of all her good gifts, even to those who are her especial favourites. As his published works, by which he is principally known in England (the *Outlines to the Faust*, to Shakspeare, to Schiller's *Song of the Bell*, &c.) are illustrations of the ideas of others, few but those who may possess some of his original drawings are aware, that Retzsch is himself a poet of the first order, using his glorious power of graphic delineation to throw into form the conceptions, thoughts, aspirations, of his own glowing imagination and fertile fancy. Retzsch was born at Dresden in 1779, and has never, I believe, been far from his native place. From childhood he was a singular being, giving early indications of his imitative power by drawing or carving in wood, resemblances of the objects which struck his attention, without the slightest idea in himself or others of becoming eventually an artist; and I have even heard that, when he was quite a youth, his enthusiastic mind, labouring with a power which he felt rather than knew, his love of the wilder aspects of nature, and impatience of the restraints of artificial life, had nearly induced him to become a huntsman or forester (*Jäger*) in the royal service. However, at the age of twenty, his love of art became a decided vocation. The little property he had inherited or accumulated was dissipated during that war, which swept like a whirlwind over all Germany, overwhelming prince and peasant, artist, mechanic, in one wide-spreading desolation. Since that time, Retzsch has depended on his talents alone—content to live poor in a poor country. He has, by the exertion of his talents, achieved for himself a small independence, and contributed to the support of a large family of relations, also ruined by the casualties of war. His usual residence is at his own pretty little farm or vineyard a few miles from Dresden. When in the town, where his duties as professor of the Academy frequently call him, he lodges in a small house in the Neustadt, close upon the banks of the Elbe, in a retired and beautiful situation. Thither I was conducted by our mutual friend N——, whose appreciation of Retzsch's talents, and knowledge of his peculiarities, rendered him the best possible intermediary on this occasion.

' The professor received us in a room which appeared to answer many purposes, being obviously a sleeping as well as a sitting-room, but perfectly neat. I saw at once that there was everywhere a woman's superintending eye and thoughtful care; but did not know at the moment

that he was married. He received us with open-hearted frankness, at the same time throwing on the stranger one of those quick glances which seemed to look through me : in return, I contemplated him with inexpressible interest. His figure is rather larger, and more portly than I had expected ; but I admired his fine Titanic head, so large, and so sublime in its expression ; his light blue eye, wild and wide, which seemed to drink in meaning and flash out light ; his hair, profuse, grizzled, and flowing in masses round his head ; and his expanded brow, full of poetry and power. In his deportment he is a mere child of nature, simple, careless, saying just what he feels and thinks at the moment, without regard to forms ; yet pleasing from the benevolent earnestness of his manner, and intuitively polite without being polished.

‘ After some conversation, he took us into his painting room. As a colourist, I believe his style is criticised, and open to criticism ; it is at least singular ; but I must confess that while I was looking over his things I was engrossed by the one conviction—that while his peculiar merits, and the preference of one manner to another may be a matter of argument or taste, it is certain, and indisputable, that no one paints *like* Retzsch, and that, in the original power and fertility of *conception*, in the quantity of *mind* which he brings to bear upon his subject, he is in his own style unequalled and inimitable. I was rather surprised to see in some of his designs and pencil drawings, the most elaborate delicacy of touch, and most finished execution of parts, combined with a fancy which seems to run wild over his paper or his canvas ; but only *seems*—for it must be remarked, that with all this luxuriance of imagination, there is no exaggeration, either of form or feeling ; he is peculiar, fantastic, even extravagant—but never false in sentiment or expression. The reason is, that in Retzsch’s character the moral sentiments are strongly developed ; where *they* are deficient, let the artist who aims at the highest poetical department of excellence, despair ; for no possession of creative talent, nor professional skill, nor conventional taste, will supply that main deficiency.

‘ I saw in Retzsch’s atelier many things novel, beautiful, and interesting ; but will note only a few, which have dwelt upon my memory, as being characteristic of the man as well as the artist.

‘ There was, on a small panel, the head of an angel smiling. He said he was often pursued by dark fancies, haunted by melancholy forebodings, desponding over himself and his art, “ and he resolved to create an angel for himself, which should smile upon him out of heaven.” So he painted this most lovely head, in which the radiant spirit of joy seems to beam from every feature at once ; and I thought while I looked upon it, that it were enough to exorcise a whole legion of blue devils. It is rarely that we can associate the mirthful with the beautiful and sublime—even I could have deemed it next to impossible ; but the effulgent cheerfulness of this divine face corrected that idea, which, after all, is not in bright lovely Nature, but in the shadow which the mighty spirit of Humanity casts from his wings, as he hangs brooding over her between heaven and earth.

‘ Afterwards he placed upon his easel a wondrous face, which made

me shrink back—not with terror, for it was perfectly beautiful—but with awe, for it was unspeakably fearful: the hair streamed back from the pale brow—the orbs of sight appeared at first two dark, hollow, unfathomable spaces, like those in a skull; but when I drew nearer, and looked attentively, two lovely living eyes looked at me again out of the depth of shadow, as if from the bottom of an abyss. The mouth was divinely sweet, but sad, and the softest repose rested on every feature. This, he told me, was the ANGEL OF DEATH: it was the original conception of a head for the large picture now at Vienna, representing the Angel of Death bearing aloft two children into the regions of the blessed: the heavens opening above, and the earth and stars sinking beneath his feet.

‘The next thing which struck me was a small picture—two satyrs butting at each other, while a shepherd carries off the nymph for whom they are contending. This was most admirable for its grotesque power and spirit, and, moreover, extremely well coloured. Another in the same style represented a satyr sitting on a wine-skin, out of which he drinks; two arch-looking nymphs are stealing on him from behind, and one of them pierces the wine-skin with her hunting-spear.

‘There was a portrait of himself, but I would not laud it—in fact, he has not done himself justice. Only a colossal bust, in the same style, and wrought with the same feeling, as Dannecker’s bust of Schiller, could convey to posterity an adequate idea of the head and countenance of Retzsch. I complimented him on the effect which his Hamlet had produced in England; he told me, that it had been his wish to illustrate the *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, or the *Tempest*, rather than *Macbeth*: the former he will still undertake, and, in truth, if any one succeeds in embodying a just idea of a Miranda, a Caliban, a Titania, and the poetical burlesque of the Athenian clowns, it will be Retzsch, whose genius embraces at once the grotesque, the comic, the wild, the wonderful, the fanciful, the elegant!

‘A few days afterwards we accepted Retzsch’s invitation to visit him at his *campagna*—for whether it were farm-house, villa, or vineyard, or all together, I could not well decide. The drive was delicious. The road wound along the banks of the magnificent Elbe, the gently-swelling hills, all laid out in vineyards, rising on our right; and though it was in November, the air was soft as summer. Retzsch, who had perceived our approach from his window, came out to meet us—took me under his arm as if we had been friends of twenty years standing, and leading me into his picturesque *domicile*, introduced me to his wife—as pretty a piece of domestic poetry as one shall see in a summer’s day. She was the daughter of a vine-dresser, whom Retzsch fell in love with while she was yet almost a child, and educated for his wife—at least so runs the tale. At the first glance I detected the original of that countenance which, more or less idealized, runs through all his representations of female youth and beauty: here was the model, both in feature and expression; she smiled upon us a most cordial welcome, regaled us with delicious coffee and cakes prepared by herself, then, taking up her knitting, sat down beside us; and while I turned over admiringly the beau-

tiful designs with which her husband had decorated her album, the looks of veneration and love with which she regarded him, and the expression of kindly, delighted sympathy with which she smiled upon me, I shall not easily forget. As for the album itself, queens might have envied her such homage : and what would not a dilettante collector have given for such a possession !

‘ After spending three or four hours delightfully, we drove home in silence by the gleaming, murmuring river, and beneath the light of the silent stars. On a subsequent visit, Retzsch showed me many more of these delicious *phantasie*, or fancies, as he termed them,—or more truly, little pieces of moral and lyrical poetry, thrown into palpable form, speaking in the universal language of the eye to the universal heart of man. I remember, in particular, one of striking and even of appalling interest. The Genius of Humanity and the Spirit of Evil are playing at chess for the souls of men : the Genius of Humanity has lost to his infernal adversary some of his principal pieces,—love, humility, innocence, and lastly, peace of mind ;—but he still retains faith, truth, and fortitude ; and is sitting in a contemplative attitude, considering his next move ; his adversary, who opposes him with pride, avarice, irreligion, luxury, and a host of evil passions, looks at him with a *Mephistophiles* expression, anticipating his devilish triumph. The pawns on the one side are prayers—on the other, doubts. A little behind stands the Angel of conscience as arbitrator. In this most exquisite allegory, so beautifully, so clearly conveyed to the heart, there lurked a deeper moral than in many a sermon.

‘ There was another beautiful little allegory of Love in the character of a Picklock, opening, or trying to open, a variety of albums, lettered, the “ Human Heart, No. 1 ; Human Heart, No. 2 ; ” while Philosophy lights him with her lanthorn. There were besides many other designs of equal poetry, beauty, and moral interest—I think, a whole portfolio full of them.

‘ I endeavoured to persuade Retzsch that he could not do better than publish some of these exquisite *Fancies*, and when I left him he entertained the idea of doing so at some future period. To adopt his own language, the Genius of Art could not present to the Genius of Humanity a more delightful and a more profitable gift.*

* Since the appearance of Mrs Jameson's ‘ Sketches,’ Retzsch, we believe, has sent over to England a series of these Fancies for publication.

ART. X.—*A Bill to remove certain Disabilities which prevent some classes of his Majesty's Subjects from resorting to the Universities of England, and proceeding to Degrees therein.* 21st April, 1834.

THE whole difficulty of the question, in regard to the admission of Dissenters into the English Universities, lies in the present anomalous state—we do not say *constitution*—of these establishments. In them the University so called, *i. e.* the necessary national establishment for General Education, is now illegally suspended, and its function usurped, but not performed, by a number of private institutions which had sprung up in accidental connexion with it, named Colleges.

Now, the claim of the Dissenters to admission into the public university cannot justly be refused; nor, were the university what it ought in law to be, would the slightest difficulty or inconvenience be experienced in rendering that right available. But the university has been allowed to disappear—the colleges to occupy its place; and, while the actual right of the colleges, as private establishments, to close their gates on all but members of their own foundations cannot be denied; independently of this right, the expediency is worse than doubtful, either of forcing a college to receive inmates not bound to accommodate themselves to its religious observances, or of exacting from those entitled to admission, conformity to religious observances, in opposition to their faith. Now, neither in the bill itself, nor in any of the pamphlets and speeches in favour of the Dissenters, or against them, is there any attempt made to grapple with the real difficulties of the question; and the opponents of the measure are left to triumph on untenable ground, in objections which might be retorted with tenfold effect upon themselves.

The sum of all the arguments for exclusion amounts to this: The admission of the Dissenters is *inexpedient*, as inconsistent with the present state of education in the universities, which is assumed to be all that it ought to be; and *unjust*, as tending to deprive those of their influence who are assumed to have most worthily discharged their trust. In reply to this, it is feebly attempted, admitting the assumptions, to evade the right, and to palliate the inconveniences, instead of contending boldly—in the first place, that the actual state of education in these schools is entitled to no respect, as contrary at once to law and reason; and that all inconveniences disappear the moment that the universities are in the state to which law and reason demand that they

be restored ; and, in the second, that so far from unjustly degrading upright and able trustees, these trustees have, for their proper interest, violated their public duty ; and, for the petty ends of their own private institutions, abolished the great national establishment, of whose progressive improvement they had solemnly vowed to be the faithful guardians.

In attempting any reform of an ancient institution like the English Universities, it should be laid down as a fundamental principle, that the changes introduced be, as far as possible, in conformity with the spirit and even the mechanism of these institutions themselves. The English Universities, as spontaneously developed and as legally established, consist of two elements ; and the separate perfection, and mutual cooperation and counterpoise of these elements, determine the perfection of the constituted whole. The one of these, principal and necessary, is the public instruction and examination in the several faculties afforded by the University Proper ; the other, subordinate and accidental, is the private superintendence exercised in the Licensed House, which the under-graduate must inhabit ; and the private tuition afforded by the licensed tutor, under whose guidance he must place himself. We are no enemies to this constitution. On the contrary, we hold that it affords the condition of an absolutely perfect university. The English universities, however, afford a melancholy illustration of the axiom, *corruptio optimi pessima*. In them the principles of health are converted into the causes of disease.

In two former articles,* we showed (especially in regard to Oxford, but in all essential circumstances our statements apply equally to Cambridge) that in the English universities there is organized, *by Statute*, an extensive system of Public instruction, through a competent body of Professors constantly Lecturing in all the Faculties ; but that, *de facto*, this statutory system has now no practical existence. We showed that, besides this original and principal system—through which, in fact, alone other universities accomplish their end—the English universities came subsequently to employ two other subordinate means—means intended more to ensure order than to bestow instruction. In the first place, they required, from a remote period, that every member of the university should belong to some house governed by a graduate, licensed by the academical authorities, and responsible to them for the conduct of the other members of the establishment ; and in the second they have, for above two centuries, enjoined that all un-

* Vol. liii., Art. vi.—Vol. liv., Art. ix.

der-graduates, who were then generally four years younger than at present, should be likewise under the special discipline of a *tutor*, whose principal office it was, privately to do what the University could not constitutionally, in its lay faculty of arts, *publicly* attempt, to 'institute his pupil in the rudiments of religion and 'the doctrine of the Thirty-nine Articles;' but so little was expected from this subsidiary instructor, that by statute any one is competent to the office who has proceeded to his Bachelors' degree in Arts, (a degree formerly taken by the age at which the University is now entered,) and whose moral and religious character is approved by the head of the house to which he belongs,* or, in the event of a dispute on this point, by the Vice-Chancellor. We also showed how all these parts of the public academical constitution had been illegally annihilated, or perverted by the influence and for the behoof of a private interest in the university. This interest was the collegial. We traced how, through the unconstitutional elevation (by Laud) of the College Heads to a public academical body, intrusted with the exclusive guardianship of the statutes, and the initiative of every legislative measure, the collegial interest had contrived, through 'the broken faith and perjury' of its heads, to effect the following exploits: 1. To obtain the monopoly of board and lodging, by frustrating the former easy establishment of Halls, (authorized, but unincorporated houses;) and by preventing, through every disastrous mean, an influx of students to the university beyond their own limits of accommodation. 2. To usurp the monopoly of the tutorial office for their fellows, although fellowships are in few instances (especially in Oxford) the rewards of merit, but usually the gifts of accident and caprice. 3. To abolish the whole statutory system of public or professorial instruction in all the faculties; and thus to render the wretched scantling of preliminary instruction afforded by the college fellows, the sum of necessary education for all professions which the university ~~was~~ permitted to supply.—We have recapitulated these things, because, in considering the consequences of the proposed measure, it is requisite to bear in mind, not only what is the actual, but what the legal system of these institutions.

With the view of simplifying the question, and removing all unnecessary confusion, we shall make at once certain preliminary admissions.

In the first place, we admit that the colleges are foundations

* It does not appear from the statutes that the *tutor must be of the same house with the pupil.*

private to their incorporated members; that their admission of *extranei*, or independent members, is wholly optional; and that, as they may exclude all, they consequently may exclude any. The legislature cannot, therefore, without a subversion of their constitution, deprive them of this fundamental right.

In the second place, we admit that, whether the religious observances of the colleges be imposed by their statutes or by the members themselves of the foundation, that it would be an unwarrantable exercise of legislative interference, either on the one hand to compel them to accommodate these observances to the taste of those intruded into their society; or, on the other, to subvert the discipline of the house, by emancipating any part of its inmates from the rules established for the conduct of the whole.

In the third place, we admit, that compelling the college to receive dissenters, it would be wholly impossible to compel, for a continuance at least, the dissenters to the religious observances of the college.

We admit, in the fourth place, that if to the colleges were left the right of optional exclusion, few dissenters in the present state of the universities would either condescend to enter, or be able, if so inclined, to accomplish their desire. On the one side the dissenter would be thus exposed to the humiliation of refusal; constrained, if admitted, to compliance with religious exercises to which he is adverse; and exposed to all the indignities through which a baffled bigotry might delight to avenge itself. On the other hand, the accommodation in the colleges, even at present, is quite inadequate to the demand for admission; the colleges cannot, therefore, hereafter be expected to exclude their brethren of the church to admit their cousins of the meeting-house—supposing even the irritation to have subsided, which the victory of the dissenters would at first, at least, inevitably occasion.

In the fifth place, we admit that *in the actual state* of the English universities they exist only in and through the colleges; that as these colleges are private foundations, the universities, *in their actual state*, are not national establishments; and that as it is unjust to force the dissenters on the colleges, consequently either unjust or idle, *as things at present stand*, to bestow on dissenters the right of entering the universities.

These admissions, though the points mainly contended for by the opponents of the bill, do not, however, determine the question. On the contrary, they only manifest the present preposterous state of the universities, and the utter ignorance that prevails in regard to their natural condition. It is certainly true, that if in Oxford and Cambridge the colleges constitute the university, the dissenters have no claim to admission; because in that case the

university is not a national foundation. But, that the university exists only through the colleges, the former being a great incorporation, of which the latter form the constituent parts, is a proposition so utterly false, and is founded on so radical an ignorance of the history and constitution of the schools in question, that we should have deemed it wholly unworthy of refutation, were it not maintained by so respectable an authority as Bishop Coplestone; and assumed with impunity,—nay, acquiescence,—as a basis for their argument, by Mr Goulburn and Sir Robert Inglis, the representatives of either English University, in the recent debates in the House of Commons upon the question. Mr Goulburn, in his speech against, and Mr Baynes, in his speech in favour of, the bill, asserted that when Edward I. visited Cambridge, Peter-House, being then the only college in existence, constituted the University. ‘*Peter-House College*’ (interrupts the latter) ‘*was at that time the whole University.*’ ‘*I know it was,*’ resumes the learned representative of the University, of whose history he is so well informed. At the date in question, the scholars of the University of Cambridge were certainly above five thousand—the inmates of Peter-House probably under fifty! We had formerly occasion (vol. liii. p. 394, note) to animadvert on this mistake; and shall at present only say, that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were incorporated and privileged before, in either place, *there was a college in existence*; that they flourished as *general studies* long before a single college was established; and that they owe their downfall in these latter ages to the corrupt and unconstitutional subjection of the Academical legislature to the control or influence of the College heads. To say, in fact, that the English Universities are national foundations, is saying far too little. Those at all acquainted with the rise of the more ancient Universities, and in particular of Oxford and Cambridge, know that they were literally *cosmopolite corporations*; and if in their privileges a preference were betrayed at all, it was not generally in favour of the native.

But admitting (what cannot be denied) the natural right of the dissenters to the privileges of the Public University, and on the hypothesis that special grounds cannot be alleged to warrant its suspension; how, it may be asked, can they make their right available?

In the *first* place, howsoever it has been brought about, the result is unfortunately certain, that neither University now affords any public education worthy of the name: if, therefore, the dissenters obtain a right of entrance to the University, without also obtaining a right of admission to the Colleges, they will be foiled of all benefit from the concession.—To this we answer,

that the dissenters and all other citizens are entitled to demand that the Universities be restored to an efficient,—to a legal state; and that the guardianship of the reformed school be confided to worthier trustees than those who have hitherto employed their authority only to frustrate its end. We gladly join issue with the Bishop of Exeter and Sir Robert Inglis on this point.

In the *second* place, it may be said—you admit that dissenters have no title to demand admission to the colleges; the university requires that all students should belong to a privileged house; there are no privileged houses but the colleges and their dependent halls; the only gates to the university are therefore closed—How are they to get in? Various expedients may be proposed. But before attempting an answer, let us take a review of the rise and progress of the system of domestic superintendence in the universities; and we shall avail ourselves of the observations on this subject made by us in a former article.

During the middle ages, the vast concourse of students of every country to the greater universities made it necessary to employ various methods of academical police. In the English Universities, the chancellor and his deputy combined the powers of the rector and the two chancellors in Paris; and the inspection and control, chiefly exercised in the latter, through the distribution of the scholars of the university into nations and tribes, under the government of rector, procurators, and deans, was, in the former, more especially accomplished by collecting the students into certain privileged houses, under the control of a principal, responsible for the conduct of the members. This subordination was not indeed established at once; and the scholars at first lodged, without domestic superintendence, in the houses of the citizens. In the year 1231, we find it only ordained, by royal edict, ‘that every clerk or scholar [resident in Oxford or Cambridge] should subject himself to the discipline and tuition of ‘some master of the schools;’ *i. e.*, we presume, enter himself as the peculiar disciple of one or other of the actual regents in the public schools. And in the same year, the academical *taxators* are instituted, in imitation of the foreign universities, in order to check the exorbitant charge for lodging usually practised on the part of the townsmen. (Wood. Fuller.) By the commencement of the fifteenth century, it appears, however, to have become established law, that all scholars should be members of some college, hall, or entry, under a responsible head. (Wood, a. 1408.) And in the subsequent history of the university, we find more frequent and decisive measures taken in Oxford against the *Chamberdekyns*, or scholars haunting the public lectures, but of no authorized house, than in

Paris were ever employed against the *Martinets*. (Wood, an. 1413, 1422, 1512.) In the foreign universities none but students of the Faculty of Arts were subjected to collegial or bursal superintendence; in the English universities, the graduates and under-graduates of every faculty were equally required to be members of a privileged house.

By this regulation, the students were compelled to collect themselves into houses of community, variously denominated Halls, Hostels, Inns, Entries, Chambers. (*Aulae, Hospitia, Introitus, Cameræ.*) These halls were governed by peculiar statutes, established by the University, by whom they were also visited and reformed; and they were administered by a principal, elected by the scholars themselves, but admitted to his office by the chancellor or his deputy, on finding caution for payment of the rent. The halls were in general held only on lease; but by a privilege common to most Universities, houses once occupied by clerks or students could not again be taken from the gown, if the rent were punctually discharged; the rate of which was quinquennially fixed by the academical taxators. The great majority of the scholars who inhabited these halls lived at their own expense; but the benevolent motives which, in other countries, determined the establishment of colleges and private *bursæ*, nowhere operated more powerfully than in England. In a few houses, foundations were made for the support of a certain number of indigent scholars, who were incorporated as fellows, (or joint participators in the endowment,) under the government of a head. But with an unenlightened liberality, these benefactions were not, as elsewhere, exclusively limited to *learners*, during their academical studies, and to *instructors*; neither was merit often the condition of their election; while the subjection of the colleges to private statutes, and their emancipation from the control of the academical authorities, gave them interests apart from those of the public; and not only disqualified them from cooperating towards the general ends of the university, but rendered them, instead of powerful aids, the worst impediments to its utility.

The Colleges, into which commoners, or members not on the foundation, were, until a comparatively modern date, rarely admitted, remained also for many centuries few in comparison with the Halls. The latter were counted by hundreds; the former, even at the present day, extend only to nineteen.

In Oxford, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, the number of the halls was about three hundred, (Wood, a 1307)—the number of the secular colleges at the highest, only *three*. At the commencement of the fifteenth century, when the colleges had risen to seven, a Fellow of Queen's laments, that the students

had diminished as the foundations had increased. (Ullerston, *Defensorium*, &c. written 1401.) At the commencement of the sixteenth century, the number of halls had fallen to *fifty-five*, (Wood, a. 1503,) while the secular colleges had, before 1516, been multiplied to *twelve*.

From causes, which in our former article we fully stated, the universities during the period of the Reformation were almost literally deserted. The halls, whose existence solely depended on the confluence of students, thus fell; and none, it is probable, would have survived the crisis, had not several chanced to be the property of certain colleges, which had thus an interest in their support.

The circumstances which occasioned the ruin of the halls, and the dissolution of the cloisters and colleges of the monastic orders in Oxford, not only gave to the secular colleges, which all remained, a preponderant weight in the university for the juncture, but allowed them so to extend their circuit and to increase their numbers, that they were subsequently enabled to comprehend within their walls nearly the whole of the academical population; though, previously to the sixteenth century, they appear to have rarely, if ever, admitted independent members at all. As the students fell off, the rents of the halls were taxed at a lower rate; and they became, at last, of so insignificant a value to the landlords, that they were always willing to dispose of this fallen and falling property for a trifling consideration. In Oxford, land and houses became a drug. The old colleges thus extended their limits, by easy purchase, from the impoverished burghers; and the new colleges, of which there were *four*, established within half a century subsequent to the Reformation, and altogether *six* during the sixteenth century, were built on sites either obtained gratuitously or for an insignificant price. After this period only *one* college was founded—in 1610; and three of the eight halls transmuted into colleges, in 1610, 1702, and 1740; but of these one is now extinct.

These circumstances explain in what manner the halls declined; it remains to tell, why, in the most crowded state of the university, not one has been subsequently restored. Before the era of their downfall, the establishment of a hall was easy. It required only that a few scholars should hire a house, find caution for a year's rent, and choose for principal a graduate of respectable character. The chancellor, or his deputy, could not refuse to sanction the establishment. An act of usurpation abolished this facility. The general right of nomination to the principality, and consequently to the institution of halls, was, 'through the absolute potency he had, procured by the Earl of Leicester,'

chancellor of the university, about 1570 ; and it is now, by statute, vested in his successors. In surrendering this privilege to the chancellor, the colleges were not blind to their peculiar interest. From his situation, that magistrate was sure to be guided by their heads : no hall has since arisen to interfere with their monopoly ; and the collegial interest, thus left without a counterpoise, and concentrated in a few hands, was soon able to establish an absolute supremacy in the university.

Having thus, in obedience to Bacon's precept, 'reduced things to their first institution, and observed how they had degenerated,' we are in a condition 'to take counsel of both times—of the ancients what is best, and of the later times what is fittest ; to reform without bravery or scandal of former times, but yet to set it down to ourselves as well to create good precedents as to follow them.'

Were the system of public education in the English Universities recalled into being and raised to the perfection which it ought to possess ; and were access to its benefits again opened to all—a greatly increased resort to Oxford and Cambridge would be the inevitable result. The colleges and halls hardly suffice at present—how then are the great additional numbers, without detriment, if not with advantage, to the established discipline, to be accommodated ? Now, in answering this question we may do so generally,—or in special reference to the Dissenters ; but it is evident that an expedient mode is, if possible, to be devised, of solving the problem without taking religious differences into account.

The only plan that has been proposed to obviate the difficulties which the actual though illegal merging of the Public University in the private colleges presents to the admission of dissenters, is to allow them to found a college or colleges for themselves. We strongly deprecate this plan. We do not, of course, question the right of the Dissenters, if admitted to the university, of founding colleges, and of imposing what religious conditions they may choose either to a participation in their endowments or to admission within their walls. But we regard the exercise of this right as inexpedient—nay, detrimental in the highest degree. To say nothing of its expense, and supposing always that such a measure might be carried into effect with far better means of furthering the ends of education than the old foundations, through their fellows generally supply ; still it would accomplish nothing which may not be effected by much easier methods ; and would contribute to entail a continuance of that sectarian bigotry and intolerance which, in this country, at present equally disgraces the established and dissenting divisions of our common faith. The exclusive

spirit of the present colleges would be imitated, justified, exacerbated, and perpetuated; and in the old and new colleges together, the university would become little else than the nurseries and camps and battle fields of a ferocious and contemptible polemic: whereas, left to themselves, and to the influence of a more enlightened spirit, the ancient foundations will be gradually won over by the liberality of the age, and the charities of a common Christianity. We are confident, their disabilities being removed, and the means offered to the dissenters of a university education, without any forced religious compliances, that they would never think of establishing for themselves collegiate foundations of a sectarian character; and we are equally confident, that if this were not attempted by them, and did the accommodation in the authorized houses of the university once exceed in a degree the demand for admission, that the colleges would be equally patent to such dissenters as were not averse from their observances, as to members of the Established Church. And that such means may be easily afforded, without violating the constitutional discipline of the university, is manifest from the history we have previously given of the system of their domestic superintendence.

Without therefore proposing to dispense with domestic superintendence altogether, as was originally the case in Oxford and Cambridge, and as has been always generally practised in other universities; and without supposing the necessity of any expensive foundations, or even of establishments that will not easily support themselves;—we think the difficulty may be overcome, by simply returning to the ancient practice of the universities, in regard to the easy establishment of Halls or Hostels; under any new restrictions, however, that may be found proper to enhance their character and utility. These halls may be established under a double form. Either the hall shall consist only of a single house, in which its head or principal (necessarily a graduate) resides; or of a number of separate houses, each under the care of an inferior officer, bound to report to the principal all violations of rule. The advantage of the latter form would be its more moderate expense. The great benefits which this return to the natural system of the university would afford, in breaking the detestable monopoly of the fellow-tutors,—in presenting to merit a free and honourable field of competition,—in retaining in the universities men of distinguished learning and ability,—in determining an improvement both of the public and private education,—and in raising to a high pitch the standard of academic accomplishment;—these, and other advantages, we may probably take a more fitting opportunity of discussing. In reference to our present question, this restoration of the halls would, we think, obviate

all difficulties in regard to the dissenters, were the routine of morning and evening prayers simply not rendered imperative in the new establishments, of which, indeed, for the sake of religion itself, the old ought to be relieved. But on details we cannot now enter; and hasten to consider the objections by which the measure for the admission of dissenters has been principally opposed.

It is objected, that universities in general, and the English universities in particular, are not more places of literary and scientific instruction than places of religious education; that religion can be only taught on the doctrine of a single sect; that the dominant sect in the state must remain the dominant sect in the university; consequently, universities, and especially the English universities, are not places into which dissenters from the established faith ought either to wish, or should be allowed, to enter.

This objection is of any cogency only from the miserable confusion in which it is involved. We must make two distinctions—distinguish, first, the religious education given in the Public University from the religious education afforded in the private colleges; and, secondly, in the former, the *professional* instructions in religion given to the future divine in the faculty of theology, from the *liberal* instruction in religion which may be given to all in the preliminary or general faculty of arts.

In so far as regards the University Proper, there is no difficulty whatever. We shall suppose this restored to life,—to be as it has been, and ought to be. It will not be contended that, either in the English universities, or in any university whatever, it was ever required or expected, if indeed allowed, that persons admitted for general education in arts, or for professional education in law or medicine, should attend the professional lectures delivered in the theological faculty. The theological faculty will always teach the doctrine of the establishment; but none need attend its instructions beside those destined for the church:—nay, to the ineffable disgrace of the establishment and universities, so far are Oxford and Cambridge from being preeminently religious schools, that the English is the one example in Christendom of a church, whose members are not prepared for their holy calling, by a long academical course of education in the different branches of theology; and the English the only universities in the world in which such a course cannot actually be obtained. The English clergyman is perhaps destitute of academical education altogether; but if he enjoys this advantage ‘one fortnight,’ (to use the words of Professor Pusey,) ‘comprises the beginning and end of all the public instruction which any candidate for holy orders is required to attend, previously to enter-

‘ing upon his profession.’ Yet, though the London University only omits what the Church of England does not think it necessary to require of its ministers—a course of professional education in divinity—and though the London University *actually* teaches what Oxford and Cambridge teach only *in statute*, yet the members of this church and of these universities clamour against the incorporation of the London University, because, forsooth, it does not fulfil the conditions which its name implies!

We may take this opportunity, by way of parenthesis, of saying a few words in exposition of the very general mistake in regard to the name and nature of a University;—a mistake which threatens to become of serious practical importance from the consequences that are now in the course of being deduced from it. *University*, in its academical application, is supposed to mean a *university of sciences or faculties* (*scientiarum, facultatum universitas*.)

Pleased as we are with the candour of Mr Sewell’s confessions—‘that the University of Oxford is not an enlightened body,’—that ‘we (its members) have little liberality in religion,’—and ‘study logic in a very humble way;’ we should hardly have been moved to an open dissent from his decision, (founded on this interpretation of the word,) that the ‘University of London,’ as excluding theology from its course of studies, is unentitled to the name it has usurped. But when it has been seriously argued before the Privy Council by Sir Charles Wetherell, on behalf of the English universities, as a ground for denying a charter to this institution, that the simple fact of the Crown incorporating an academy under the name of *university*, necessarily, and in spite of reservations, concedes to that academy the right of granting all possible degrees; nay, when (as we are informed) the case itself has actually occurred,—the Durham University, inadvertently, it seems, incorporated under that title,—being in the course of claiming the exercise of this very privilege as a right, necessarily involved in the public recognition of the name;—in these circumstances, we shall be pardoned a short *excursus*, in order to expose the futility of the basis on which this mighty edifice is erected.

Sir Charles Wetherell, after quoting the argument of Mr Attorney-General Yorke, in the case of Dr Bentley—(‘The power of granting degrees flows from the Crown. If the Crown erects a university, the power of conferring degrees is incident to the grant. Some old degrees the universities have abrogated, some new they have erected,’ &c.) *inter alia*, contends—‘The second point stated in Mr Yorke’s argument is equally material to be kept in view; namely, that the power of conferring degrees is incident to a university, and some particular remarks must be

'borrowed from it. Allusion was made the other day by Dr
 'Lushington to a passage stated in the Oxford petition,
 'importing that they had been advised that it was matter of
 'great doubt whether a proviso in the charter, restricting this
 'institution from conferring degrees in divinity, would be binding
 'and effectual, and some surprise was expressed at it. That
 'advice I gave, and I considered Mr Attorney-General Yorke
 'as my coadjutor in giving it, for it is founded upon his opi-
 'nion. I understand that a charter is now asked for to make a
 'university, who are not to grant theological degrees. There is
 'something very whimsical in this: for theological learning is,
 'beyond all doubt, one of the main purposes and characteristics
 'of a university. But, say these gentlemen, (and their friends
 'and advocates, at the Common-Council at Guildhall, said the
 'same thing,) to be sure it will be too bad to have a university
 'pretending to give degrees in theology, for we have neither Θεός
 'in the place, nor Λόγος. The Deity and Revelation we intend
 'not ourselves to recognise—we shall ask only for degrees in
 'arts, law, surgery, and medicine. But even the surgical or
 'medicinal degree is likely to be amputated; at present, at least,
 'they have no means to confer it. In this state of things, (in-
 'dependently of the general legal argument with which I have
 'troubled your Lordships, to show that theology, according to
 'the doctrines of the Church of England, must form a part of
 'the instruction given in an institution which is to be established
 'as a university) this question of law arises—How can this
 'anomalous and strange body be constituted in the manner pro-
 'fessed? It is to be a "University," but degrees in theology
 'it is not to give. But Mr Attorney-General Yorke tells us,
 'that the power of giving degrees is incidental to the grant. If
 'this be law, is not the power of conferring theological degrees,
 'equally incidental to the grant, as other degrees; and if this be
 'so, how can you constitute a university without the power of
 'giving "all" degrees? The general rule of law undoubtedly
 'is, that where a subject-matter is granted which has legal inci-
 'dents belonging to it, the incidents must follow the subject
 'granted; and this is the general rule as to corporations; and it
 'has been decided upon that principle, that as a corporation, as
 'an incident to its corporate character, has a right to dispose of
 'its property, a proviso against alienation is void.*

* Substance of the speech of Sir Charles Wetherell before the Lords
 of the Privy Council, on the subject of incorporating the London Uni-
 versity. London: 1834, pp. 79-81.

We entertain great respect for the professional authority of Mr Yorke and Sir Charles Wetherell; and should not certainly have ventured to controvert that authority on any question of *English law*. But this is no such question. Here the cardinal point is the meaning of the word *universitas*, in its proper academical signification. But as the word was originally not of English, but of European consuetude, and as it will not be pretended that it had a different meaning as applied to Oxford and Cambridge, (in which sense, the Crown in this country must be supposed in any new erection to employ the word,) from what it expressed as applied to Paris or Bologna; consequently, the whole question resolves itself into one, to be determined, not by English law, (for there can be neither rule nor precedent in the case,) but by the analogies to be drawn from the history and charters of the ancient European universities. And without research, dipping only into the academical documents nearest at hand, we shall find no difficulty in proving that *University*, in its proper and original meaning, denotes simply the whole members of a body (generally, incorporated body) of persons teaching and learning one or more departments of knowledge; and not an institution privileged to teach a determinate circle of sciences, and to grant certificates of proficiency (degrees) in certain fixed departments of that circle (faculties).

The oldest word for an unexclusive institution of higher education, was *studium*, and *studium generale*—terms employed in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and retained in those which followed. The word *Universitas*, in the common language of Rome, is equally applicable to persons and things. In the technical language of the civil law, it was, in like manner, applied to both. In the former signification, (convertible with *collegium*,) it denoted a plurality of persons associated for a continued purpose, and may be inadequately rendered by *society*, *company*, *corporation*; in the latter, it denoted a certain totality of individual things, constituted either by their mutual relation to a certain common end, (*universitas facti*,) or by a mere legal fiction, (*universitas juris*). In the language of the middle ages, it was applied either loosely to any understood class of persons;*

* For instance, in 1212, *universitas vestra*, applied by municipality of Oxford to *omnibus Christi fidelibus*; and four years after, by the Papal Legate, to *omnibus Magistris et Scholaribus Oxonii commorantibus*. In 1276, *universitas vestra*, applied, in same deed, by Bishop of Ely, to *universis Christi fidelibus*, and *universitas*, used as convertible with *universitas Regentium et Scholarium studentium Cantabrigiæ*.

or strictly (in the acceptance of the Roman law) to a public incorporation, more especially (as equivalent with *communitas*) to the members of a municipality,* or to the members of a *general study*. In this last application it was, however, not uniformly of the same amount; and its meaning was, for a considerable period, determined by the words with which it was connected. Thus, it was used to denote either (and this was its more usual meaning) the whole body of teachers and learners,† or the whole body of learners,‡ or the whole body of teachers and learners, divided either by faculty§ or by country,¶ or by both together.‖ But no one instance can, we are confident, be adduced, in which (we mean until its original and proper signification had been forgotten**) it is employed for a school teaching, or privileged to teach, and grant degrees, in all the faculties. As *communitas*, which originally was employed only with the addition of *incolarum civitatis*, or the like, came latterly, absolutely and by itself, to denote the whole members of a civic incorporation;—so *universitas*,

* See Du Cange and Carpentier in voce; add Bulaeus, iv., p. 27. Fattorini, ii. p. 57-58. It was frequently applied to the college of canons in a cathedral.

† Paris.—Bull, in 1209, *Doctorum et Scholarium Universitas*. Bull, 1218, *Doctorum et discipulorum U.* University itself, 1221, *U. Magistrorum et Scholarium*; Henry III. of England, *U. Scholarium*; a history, 1225, *U. Scholarium*. So Thoulouse in 1233; Montpellier, 1289; Lisbon, 1290; Bologna, 1235. Oxford.—Matthew Paris, c. 1250, *U. Scholarium*, and *passim*; Royal Charter, 1255, *U. Scholarium*; Royal Letter, 1255, same; Royal letters, 1286, same; Bull, 1300, *U. Magistrorum Doctorum et Scholarium*; University itself, 1312, *U. Magistrorum et Scholarium*. Cambridge.—Royal letter, 1268, *U. Scholarium*; Decree, 1276, *U. Regentium et Scholarium. Universitas Studentium*, occurs in Ross, c. 1486.

‡ In Bologna and Padua, the whole body of students were styled *U. Scholarium*, (though at an ancient date, the term *scholaris* includes both teacher and learner).

§ In Bologna and Padua the students, according to faculty, were divided into the *U. Juristarum*, and *Artistarum*. We have before us the *Statuta Almae Universitatis Juristarum Patavinorum*. 4, 1550.

¶ In Bologna and Padua, the students, according to nations, were divided into *U. Ultramontanorum*, and *U. Cismontanorum*.

‖ In Padua, we have *U. Juristarum Ultramontanorum*, and *U. Juristarum Cismontanorum*; the *U. Artistarum Ultramontanorum*, and *U. Artistarum Cismontanorum*.

** Thus Halle, (founded 1694,) was styled *Studiorum Universitas*, a phrase equally erroneous as that applied to the new university of Frankfurt—*publica universitas*.

at first currently employed as a convertible expression for *communitas*, and in its academic application, always joined with *magistrorum et scholarium*, or some such complimentary term, came, during the fourteenth century, to be less frequently employed in the former signification; and in the latter, to be used either simply by itself, or, for a time, frequently in combination with *studium*, or *studium generale*, the other, and more ancient denomination,*—as *universitas studii*, Oxoniensis, Parisiensis, &c.† The oldest universities arose spontaneously during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The mighty crowds drawn from every country of Europe by an Irnerius to Bologna, or by an Abelard or a Lombardus to Paris, received at first local immunities, in order to fix the teachers and students in the towns, which well appreciated the advantages of this great resort; and the papal and royal privileges subsequently conceded, did not create the faculties which they then publicly protected. But by this public protection, the universities became from that moment integral parts of the Church and State; and, consequently could not, of

* For example—*Paris* Bull, 1358; the University itself, in a letter, 1406. *Vienna*—a Charter, 1366; a Bull, 1384. *Prague*—a Bull, 1347 and 1398. *Oxford*—a Bull, 1300. *Louvain*—Bull, 1425. *Aberdeen*—Bull, 1526, *universitas studii generalis*.

† The term *studium generale*, in like manner, did not mean originally that *all was taught*, but that *what was taught, was taught to all*. Oxford and Cambridge will thus only, by the abolition of the test, be restored to the rank of universities. ‘*Studia generalia*,’ (says a great jurist of the sixteenth century, the dean of the juridical faculties in three universities,)—‘*Studia generalia*, hodie, seu publica dicuntur, scholae, in quibus publice ex privilegio pontificis summi vel principis, vel antiqua consuetudine, cujus initii non extat memoria, studium est privilegiatum, et permissa societas et concursus scholasticorum et doctum; continens pro contento. Potest dici *studium generale* et *universitas* ratione eadem, quod studia que ibi tractantur *universis proposita sint* et sint publica, et gratis, volentibus discere, proponantur ab institutis preceptoribus, sintque privilegia universis studentibus concessa. Neque ideo minus studia generalia dicuntur aut universitates, quod non omnes scientiae ibi, sed certae tantum tractentur et doceantur. Nam generalitas ad universitatem non pertinet scientiarum sed ad publicam causam docendi: prout enim placuit iis qui instituerunt et erexerunt et privilegiarunt studia, scientiae et artes ibidem legi publice tantum debent, et si aliae legantur, non utuntur privilegiis quibus praescriptae docendae, et earum doctores et auditores utuntur et potiuntur. Non enim actus agentium operantur ultra illorum intentionem. (L. non omnis numeratio, de reb. credit. P.) Petri Gregorii Tholosani *De Republica*, Lib. xviii. c. 1, § 87.

their own authority, organize new faculties,* not in existence at the date of their privileges.

The University of Paris, like Oxford and Cambridge, at first existed only in the lay Faculty of Arts. On this faculty, these great universities are founded, as in it alone they once existed; and in the two latter, the higher faculties never, in fact, were separated, as in the continental schools, into independent corporations. In Paris, the faculties of Divinity, Canon Law, and Medicine subsequently arose; but there was no faculty of Civil Law when Paris received its privileges; and it consequently neither could of itself create that faculty, nor, for certain reasons, was it able to obtain papal authorization so to do. But Paris, though thus without a principal faculty, was acknowledged over Europe, not only as a university, or general study, but the school above all others entitled to the name. Its title was, '*the first school of the Church*'; and so little did the term *universitas* imply an academical encyclopedia, and a full compliment of faculties, that several of the most venerable Universities possessed, while in the zenith of their European fame, only a single faculty—as Salerno and Montpellier, the single faculty of medicine.

Mr Yorke is mistaken when he says, '*some old degrees the Universities (of Oxford and Cambridge) have abrogated, some new they have created.*' The former clause of the sentence is true, in so far as these seminaries have allowed some (*e.g.*, the degree in grammar) to fall into desuetude; and the degrees in canon law, at the command of the Crown, were discontinued at the Reformation; but no new degree have they introduced, or attempted so to do. The precedent thus alleged, in illustration of his principle, does not exist.

In like manner, in all the Universities throughout Europe, which were not merely privileged, but created by bull and charter, every liberty conferred was conferred not as an *incident* through implication, but by explicit and articulate concession;

* To understand the meaning of the word *faculty*, it must be remembered that originally, in all the older universities, a Degree conferred the right, nay, obligation, of teaching in the university; and a faculty was, after universities had become public, the body of teachers or graduates, who not only had the privilege of lecturing on a certain department of knowledge, of examining and admitting candidates for degrees into their body, but also the right of making statutes, choosing officers, employing a seal, and of doing all that pertains to a privileged corporation. In the Italian universities, the faculty was composed of the teachers and students together. There, indeed, the students were all in all.

and this in two ways,—either by a grant of certain enumerated rights, or by bestowing in the slump the known privileges enjoyed by certain other pattern Universities. These modes were frequently conjoined; but we make bold to say, that there is not to be found, throughout Europe, one example of a University erected without the grant of determinate privileges—far less of a University, thus erected, enjoying, through this omission, privileges of any—least of all, of every other. In particular, the right of granting degrees, and that in how many faculties, must (in either way we have mentioned) be expressly conferred. The number of the faculties themselves is extremely indeterminate; and, to many universities and faculties, the right of conferring certain special degrees has been allowed, the possessors of which did not constitute a faculty at all. For example, the degrees in Grammar, Logic, Poetry, Music, &c. It was the common custom to erect a university in only certain faculties, and not unfrequently an additional concession of the others was subsequently made.

Thus, during the thirteenth century, Innocent IV. founded in, and migratory with, the court of Rome, a university of only two faculties,—Theology and the two Laws—but with all the privileges of a *generale studium*. This was amplified during the fourteenth century, with professorships of Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic; and, finally, Eugenius IV. bestowed on it a compliment of all the faculties. For this case we rely on Tholosanus.

Pope Martin V. erected, in 1425, the great university of Louvaine, as a *studium generale*, or *universitas studii*, in the three faculties, of Arts, the two Laws, (forming one faculty,) and Medicine; nor was it until some years thereafter that Eugenius IV. conceded to it the privilege of a Theological faculty and promotions. This case we take from the *Diplomata* themselves.

Altdorf was, in 1578, erected by the Emperor, in favour of the city of Nuremberg, into an academy of one faculty, that of Arts or Philosophy, with the right to that faculty of conferring its ordinary degrees of Bachelor and Master, but without the general rights and privileges of a University. In 1622, the Faculties of Law and Medicine were conceded, with all privileges; and the faculty of Arts also received the right almost peculiar to the University of Vienna, of creating *poets laureate*.

Altdorf was now a privileged university, (*academia universalis*, *studium universale*), and her graduates endowed with all the rights enjoyed by those of other universities; Cologne, Vienna, Tübingen, Kreibitz, Ingolstadt, and Strasburg, are specially referred to. Her new diploma spoke only of promotions in the Medical and Juridical faculties, but did not prohibit them in

Divinity. The notion, however, that the senate of Nuremberg could, on such a charter, authorize a theological faculty in their University, was found 'wholly groundless; as no state of the 'empire' (we quote the historian of the school) '*was entitled to stretch the imperial privileges beyond the clear letter of the deed of incorporation, and its immediate and necessary consequences.*' Accordingly, it was not until 1697 that the senate succeeded in obtaining from the Emperor a confirmation of the privileges previously conceded, and their extension to a Theological faculty. Without entering on details, we may also add that Bamberg and Grätz had only two faculties, the Philosophical and Theological, until 1739 and 1788, respectively; when the Medical and Juridical were conceded; while Duisburg has never, we believe, possessed more than the two former. A slight research would accumulate many additional examples.

To return from our digression:—The religion taught in its *Professional* Faculty cannot thus interfere with the dissenters; but in the faculty of Arts or Philosophy—in that fundamental faculty in which the individual, as an end unto himself, is liberally educated to the general developement of his various capacities, as *man* and *gentleman*, and not as in the others, viewed as a mean, merely towards an end, ulterior to himself, and trained to certain special dexterities as a *professional* man;—in this fundamental faculty is there no religion taught?—We are far from holding, that if this were possible, it ought not to be accomplished; but we assert, and fear no contradiction, that *it has never yet been attempted by any university.* After all the bigoted or hypocritical railing against the London University, for omitting religion in its course of general education, in point of fact, that school omitted only from necessity, what *all universities* had previously omitted, without so valid an excuse. Let those who stand astounded at this assertion adduce a single instance of a university in which religious information constituted, or constitutes, an essential element of its course of instruction in the faculty of Arts. We are certain such an instance will not be found in England. The slightest acquaintance with the constitution and history of the European universities supplies the reason. At present, we are satisfied with stating the fact. And as the sphere of examination for its degrees was necessarily correlative to the sphere of instruction by a faculty; so in no European faculty of Arts was Theology a subject on which its examiners had a right to question the candidate. The only exception is afforded by the English universities; an exception but of yesterday; after the constitution of the university had been subverted; its public instruction quashed; and the pri-

vate tutor left to supply the place of the professorial body. In consequence of this revolution, some thirty years ago, candidates for the first degree were, in Oxford, subjected to an examination in the rudiments of religion and the contents of the Thirty-nine Articles; and we believe in Cambridge a certain acquaintance is required with Paley's 'Evidences' and Butler's 'Analogy.' Though contrary to all academical precedent, we have certainly no objection to the innovation. And when dissenters are admitted, the only change required will be, not to make the Thirty-nine Articles a necessary subject of examination in Oxford.

In so far, therefore, as the University Proper is concerned, the objection does not apply; if it be relevant at all, it has reference only to the domestic education in the colleges. And in this application we are not disposed to deny it force. Estimated indeed, by any but the lowest standard, the religious instruction afforded in the colleges of either university is scanty and superficial in the extreme; and the men, who, from their acquaintance with the theology of foreign universities, are the best qualified to estimate at its proper value what is accomplished in their own, are precisely those (we refer to Mr Thirlwall and Mr Pusey) who speak of it with the most contempt. But indifferent as it now is, we are confident that a forcible introduction of the dissenters would not only prevent its improvement, but tend to annihilate it altogether.

But again, it is clamoured,—that by the removal of academic tests, the most influential situations in the universities may be filled with men, enemies not only of the established religion, but of religion altogether. Look to the universities of Germany: there we have 'the *practical effects*,' (says the Christian Advocate of Cambridge, who, not merely in honour of his office, must be allowed to lead the battle,*)—'the *practical effects* of the sys-

* 'The Danger of Abrogating the Religious Tests and Subscriptions which are at present required from persons proceeding to Degrees in the Universities, considered, in a Letter to His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, K.G., Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. By George Pearson, B.D., Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge. Cambridge: 1834.' The same argument forms the principal staple of the pamphlet entitled, 'The Cambridge Petition Examined; or reasons against admitting the Dissenters to Graduate in the Universities: With remarks on Clerical subscription, and the necessity of a Church Establishment. London: 1834.' This argument was strongly insisted on, among others, by the Earl Caernarvon and Mr Goulburn in their speeches on the question in either House of Parliament.

tem, where religious tests have been either *virtually* or *actually* abolished, or dispensed with altogether.—‘ In these learned institutions, I am not aware that any religious test is exacted before admission to degrees and professorships ; and before admission to holy orders and degrees in divinity, nothing more is required than a subscription to what are called the symbolical books of the Lutheran Church, and even to these, with this convenient qualification, *as far as they agree with Holy Scripture* ; “ a qualification,” as it has been observed, “ which obviously bestows on the ministry the most perfect liberty of believing or teaching whatever their own fancy may suggest.” And the consequences of this latitude have been most fatal in their influence on the German universities and the Lutheran church. Opinions have not only been maintained by the most eminent persons in these learned bodies, but have been *openly propounded even from the Professorial chairs*, which are entirely at variance with our belief of the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.’—Does Mr Pearson, or his informant, Mr Rose, imagine that subscription to the symbolical books (never, by the by, generally received even in *Lutheran* Germany) was proposed ‘ with this convenient qualification ’ of a *quatenus*, &c.? This is merely the sense in which acquiescence to their doctrine is understood by the person subscribing ;—a sense which it is contended by the most pious and orthodox divines, must by its very nature be involved in every *Protestant* obligation to religious conformity. We need only mention two,—Spener the Pietist, and Reinhard, the most powerful champion of Supernaturalism. Melancthon, himself the author of the two principal symbolical books, maintains that ‘ articles of faith should be frequently changed, in conformity to times and circumstances.’ The German doctrine of Protestant subscription is not less applicable to the Thirty-nine Articles than to the symbolical books ; and what is universal in the one country, may soon become no less prevalent in the other. This of itself is a powerful argument for the abolition of so frail a barrier,—were that barrier in itself expedient. Nay, in point of fact, this theory of subscription is the one virtually maintained by the most distinguished divines of the English church and universities. *Instar omnium*—Bishop Marsh, Margaret Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, and whom no one assuredly will suspect of hostility to the Church of England and her Articles, thus expounds the obligation of those who have not only subscribed these articles, but devoted themselves to minister at the altar : ‘ As our Liturgy and Articles are avowedly *founded* on the Bible, it is the special duty of those, who are set apart for the ministry, to *compare* them

‘with the Bible, and see that their pretensions are *well* founded. But then our *interpretation* of the Bible must be conducted *independently* of that, of which the truth is to be *ascertained* by it. Our interpretation of the Bible, therefore, must not be determined by *religious system*: and we must follow the example of our reformers, who supplied the place of Tradition by *Reason and Learning*.’ The italics are not ours.

But to return to Mr Pearson: ‘For instance,’ says he, ‘Rosenmuller in the first edition of his “Commentary on the Old Testament,” the most valuable in existence, perhaps, considered as a critical and philological commentary on the Hebrew text, speaks of the Creation, the Fall, and the Deluge, as Fables; [fable is a most unfair or a most ignorant conversion of *Mythus*;] he describes the history of Jonah to be a mere repetition of the *Mythus* of Hercules, swallowed by a sea-serpent; and he says that it was not written by Jonah, but by some one contemporary with Jeremiah; and he considers the prophecy of Isaiah as made up by one writer out of the minor works of several others. Gesenius, the Professor of Theology at Halle, maintains after Paulus, Professor at Wurtzburgh, that the Pentateuch was composed *after the time of Solomon*, out of different fragments which were collected together. [Not Paulus, but Vater and De Wette, were the first and contemporaneous promulgators of the theory in regard to the compilation of the Pentateuch subsequently to the kings of Israel; and Eichhorn, after Astruc, was the first to maintain (what even Catholic divines, e. g. Jahn, admit that he has made out) the fragmentary composition of Genesis, &c.] ‘Bauer, in his introduction to the Old Testament, has a chapter on what he calls the *Mythi* or *fables* [fables again] of the Old Testament.’ [Bauer has not only a Chapter, but a famous Book in two volumes, now more than thirty years old, entitled, ‘*Hebrew Mythology of the Old and New Testaments*,’ &c.] ‘Bretschneider rejects the Gospel of St John, as the work of a Gentile Christian of the second century;’ [Bretschneider did not reject, but only proposed for discussion, *Probabilia* against it; and he has since candidly admitted his tentative to have been satisfactorily refuted.] ‘Eichhorn pronounces the Revelations to be a drama representing the fall of Judaism and Paganism, while Semler condemned it entirely as the work of a fanatic.’

Our present argument does not require us to enter on the merits or demerits of the German Theology; on his knowledge of which we certainly cannot compliment the Christian Advocate of Cambridge. But we have no objection whatever that he should make his bugbear look as black and grisly as he can; we

shall even hold it to be a veritable Goblin. Still, admitting his premises, we shall show that there is no consequence in his conclusion.

In the first place, Mr Pearson assumes the whole matter in dispute, and that not only without, but against experience. Admitting all that he asserts in regard to the character of German theology, yet to render this admission available to him, he was bound to show that this character was the natural, at least ordinary, consequence of the removal of ordinary tests; by proving,—first, that there was no other cause in the circumstances of Germany which might account for the phenomenon; and secondly, that the same phenomenon had occurred in all other countries where the same academic liberty had been permitted. He attempts to prove neither, but assumes both. Yet in regard to the first, it could easily be established, by demonstrating the real causes of the theological revolution in Protestant Germany, that the relaxation of academic tests had no influence whatever in its production. And in regard to the second, it is sufficient to say, that no universities, except the English, have ever denied their education and degrees to the members of every sect; and that in many, even Catholic universities, professorships in all the faculties, except the theological, have been open to the partisans of different faiths; and this too for centuries before such liberality was even dreamt of in the universities of the empire. But has the alleged consequence ensued? That, no one can maintain; indeed the exclusive reference to the German universities, is of itself an implicit admission, that the experience of the other European universities, equally emancipated from religious restrictions, is in contradiction to the line of argument attempted. We may mention, that so little has Holland, a country at once intelligent and orthodox, been convinced of the evil consequence of academic freedom, that it has recently dispensed with the signature of the Confession of Dordrecht, to which all public teachers were hitherto obliged; and Leyden now actually boasts of Catholic Professors as ornaments of her Protestant School.

In the second place, all the examples of dangerous doctrine which Mr Pearson alleges are from the works of members of the theological faculty in the German universities; but admission into that faculty was never proposed, or dreamt of, in the English universities, without the former test. The instances have, therefore, no relevancy. In point of fact, those who know any thing of the progress of philosophy and theology in Germany, know this—that the rationalism of the theologians has been not a little checked and scandalized by the supernaturalism of the philo-

sophers. Were we logicians like the Advocate, we might, from this curious phenomenon, contend that religious tests are the very means of frustrating their proposed end; the German theologians being alone compelled to subscribe to the confessions of the Lutheran and Calvinistic churches.

But, in the third place, to bear upon the question, it is, and must be, presumed, that the alleged licentious speculation is the effect of the removal of all imposed fetters on the exercise of religious enquiry. That this is the natural result of a vigorous and unimpeded Protestantism, Mr Pearson does not admit. 'Such opinions as these are not the natural produce of the German universities—the cradle of the Reformation—spots consecrated by the recollections of men, "whose praise is in all the churches," and whose names live in the pages of history amongst the greatest benefactors of mankind! But in *these very* places have we seen opinions advanced, which are opposed to the fundamental doctrines of the revealed will of God!' And, in a subsequent page, he actually makes it a weighty matter of reproach against the London University, that Professor Mühlenfels, in an 'Introduction to a Course of German Literature,' should 'speak of (Luther) the *champion of our faith*,' merely as '*an historical and literary personage*.'

We are afraid, however, that the Christian Advocate is hardly better versed in the works of the 'champion of our faith,' than in those whom he boldly represents as its formidable antagonists. We can easily show, even to Mr Pearson's own contentment, that there is hardly an obnoxious doctrine to be found among the modern Lutherans, which has not its warrant and example in the writings of Luther himself; and admitting this, even the Advocate, we think, would deem it idle to explain, by so far-fetched and inadequate an hypothesis as the want of academic tests, what is nothing more than the natural exercise of that license, vindicated, not surely to himself exclusively, by the 'great champion of *our* (we trust not) faith.' 'Idemne licuit,' says Tertullian, 'Valentinianis quod Valentino; idemne Marcionitis quod Marcioni—de arbitrio suo fidem innovare?' The following hasty anthology of some of Luther's opinions, and, in his own words, literally translated, will probably make it doubtful whether the heresies of his followers are to be traced no higher than to the relaxation (not a century old) of religious tests.

Speculative Theology.—'God pleaseth you when he crowns the unworthy; he ought not to displease you when he damns the innocent. All things take place by the eternal and invariable will of God, who blasts and shatters in pieces the freedom of the will. God creates in us the evil, in like manner as the good. The high

‘perfection of faith, is to believe that God is just, notwithstanding that, by his will, he renders us necessarily damnable, and seemeth to find pleasure in the torments of the miserable.’

Practical Theology.—‘We [Luther, Melancthon, Bucer, Melander, Corvinus, Adam, Leningus, Winteferte] cannot advise that the license of marrying more wives than one be publicly introduced, and, as it were, ratified by law. If any thing were allowed to get into print on this head, your Highness [Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, champion of the Reformation, who,—having lost, as he pleads, conceit of his wife, being touched with scruples of conscience at his adultery, which, however, he admits ‘*he does not wish to abstain from,*’ and ‘knowing’ (as he tells themselves) of Luther and Melancthon having exhorted the King of England not to divorce his first queen, but to marry a second over and above,—had applied to the leading doctors of the Reformation for license to have a second wife]—your Highness easily comprehends that it would be understood and received as a precept, whence much scandal and many difficulties would arise.—Your Highness should be pleased to consider the excessive scandal; that the enemies of the Gospel would exclaim that we are like the Anabaptists who have adopted the practice of polygamy, and that the Evangelicals, as the Turks, allow themselves the license of a plurality of wives. — — — But in certain cases there is room for dispensation. If any one (for example) detained captive in a foreign country, should there take to himself a second wife for the good of his body and health, &c. — — — in these cases, we do not know by what reason a man could be condemned who marries an additional wife with the advice of his pastor, not with the purpose of introducing a new law, but of satisfying his own necessity. — — — In fine, if your Highness be fully and finally resolved to marry yet another wife, we judge that this ought to be done secretly, as has been said above, in speaking of the dispensation, so that it be known only to your highness, to the lady, and to a few faithful persons obliged to silence, under the seal of confession; hence no attacks or scandal of any moment would ensue. For there is nothing unusual in princes keeping concubines; and although the lower orders may not perceive the excuses of the thing, the more intelligent know how to make allowance.’*

* The nuptials were performed in presence of these witnesses, Melancthon, Bucer, (himself accused of polygamy, like his friend Cranmer,) Melander, &c., and *privately*; in order, as the marriage-contract bears, ‘to avoid scandal, seeing that, in modern times, it has been unusual to have

Biblical Criticism.—‘The books of the *Kings* are more worthy of credit than the books of the *Chronicles*. — *Job* spake not, therefore, as it stands written in his book, but hath had such cogitations. It is a sheer *argumentum fabulæ*. It is probable that Solomon made and wrote this book.—This book (*Ecclesiastes*) ought to have been more full; there is too much of broken matter in it; it has neither boots nor spurs, but rides only in socks, as I myself when in the cloister. Solomon hath not therefore written this book, which hath been made in the days of the Maccabees by Sirach. It is like a Talmud compiled from many books, perhaps in Egypt, at the desire of King Ptolemy Eurgetes. So also have the *Proverbs of Solomon* been collected by others.—The book of *Esther*, I toss into the Elbe.—I am so an enemy to the book of *Esther* that I would it did not exist; for it Judaizes too much, and hath in it a great deal of heathenish naughtiness. *Isaiah* hath borrowed his art and knowledge from the Psalter. —The history of *Jonah* is so monstrous, that it is absolutely incredible.—That the *Epistle to the Hebrews* is not by Saint Paul; nor by any apostle at all, is shown by chap. ii. 3. It is by an excellently learned man, a disciple of the apostles. It should be no stumbling-block if there be found in it a mixture of wood, straw, hay. The *Epistle of James*, I account the writing of no apostle. It is an epistle of straw.—The *Epistle of Jude* is a copy of St Peter’s, and allegeth stories which have no

‘two wives at once, although *in this case it be Christian and lawful*.’ The Landgrave marvellously contrived to live in harmony with both his wives, and had a large family by each. The date of the transaction is 1539. The relative documents were published in 1679, by the Elector Palatine Charles Lewis, and are said to have converted, among others, a descendant of Philip, Prince Ernest of Hesse, to the Catholic Church.—A corresponding opinion of Dr Henke, late Primarius Professor of Theology in Helmstadt, would have figured, had he known it, with admirable effect, in Mr Pearson’s Catalogue of modern Teutonic heresies. ‘Monogamy’ (says this celebrated divine) ‘and the prohibition of extra-matrimonial connexions, are to be viewed as remnants of monachism and an unenquiring faith.’ However detestable this doctrine, the bold avowal of the rationalist is honourable, when contrasted with the skulking compromise of all professed principle, by men calling themselves *The Evangelicals*. Renouncing the Pope, they arrogate the power of the Keys to an extent never pretended to by any successor of St Peter; and proclaiming themselves to the world as the apostles of a purified faith, they can secretly, trembling only at discovery, authorize, in name of the Gospel, a dispensation of the moral law. Compared with Luther or Cranmer, how respectable is the character of Knox!

‘place in scripture.—In the *Revelation of John* much is wanting to let me deem it apostolical. I can discover no trace that it is established by the Spirit.’—Παῦρα μὲν, ἀλλὰ μάλα λεγέως.

As to this last, how could Mr Pearson make any opinion touching the Apocalypse matter of crimination against Semler and Eichhorn? Is the Christian Advocate unaware, that the most learned and intelligent of Protestant divines have almost all doubted or denied the canonicity of the Revelations? The following rise the first to our recollection. Erasmus, who may, in part, be claimed by the Reformation, doubted its authenticity. Calvin and Beza denounced the book as unintelligible; and prohibited the pastors of Geneva from all attempt at interpretation; for which they were applauded by Joseph Scaliger, and Isaac Casaubon. Joseph Scaliger, who also rejected the Epistle of St James, did not believe the Apocalypse to be the writing of St John, and allowed only two chapters to be comprehensible; while Dr South scrupled not to pronounce it a book, (we quote from memory,) that either found a man mad or left him so.

But in the fourth place, if there were any connexion between the antecedent of this argument and its consequent, we ought unquestionably to find in this country that the religious tests in question do effectually accomplish their intention; that the dangerous neology so deprecated in the German divines, should with us be found, if found at all, exclusively among those who had not formally surrendered their Protestant privilege of free and unprejudiced enquiry. But not only is this not the case, the very contrary is notoriously true; the attempt at fettering opinion, rousing apparently in the captive a perilous spirit of revolt. In fact, the nearest approximation to the learned freedom of the German divines, and the most enthusiastic encomiasts of their writings, have been found among the English clergy, and the teachers and dignitaries of the English Universities. Were we, in fact, required to look around in this country for the centre, in which a spirit of theological enquiry, analogous to that of the Protestant Universities of the empire, has been most conspicuously manifested, we should find it assuredly not in any independent seminary, not in any dissenting academy, but in the venerable school itself, of which the Christian Advocate is an ornament—fenced, as he pretends it to be, against the entrance of heresy and schism. Mainly to the latitudinarian divines of Cambridge, do the Germans trace the determination which, in its result, occasioned, among themselves, the memorable revolution in theological opinion. Conyers Middleton, D.D., Professor and Public Librarian of Cambridge, was, a century ago, the express abstract of a German ultra-rationalist of the present day. Tests were unavailing against the open

Arianism of Clarke, and the unobtrusive Socinianism of Sir Isaac Newton. Professor Porson ejected, after Newton, the text of the three Heavenly witnesses, as an human interpolation; and his decision has been all but universally admitted, at least in Cambridge. Was this attempt to purge the Scripture of a spurious verse, a commendable act of Protestant criticism? Still more commendable must be every honest attempt to purge it of a spurious chapter or book; and the German critics must thus be honourably absolved. Was it, on the contrary, a culpable act of sceptical curiosity? Then are academic tests of no security against the inroads of a restless exegesis. On either alternative, the Advocate's argument is null.

Again, the German Divines are denounced by him for maintaining 'that the Pentateuch was composed out of different fragments which were collected together.' He cannot surely be unaware that the Bishop of Peterborough, present Margaret Professor of Divinity in Cambridge, maintains, 'that the three first Gospels are composed of fragments which were collected together.' In both cases the difficulty of reconciling such an hypothesis with an orthodox theory of inspiration is identical; but how different in religious importance are the two series of books! The dilemma is manifest; and on either horn the Advocate is equally impaled.

It is known to all who know any thing of modern divinity, that the theological writings of Eichhorn, especially his Introductions, concentrate in the highest degree all that is peculiar and most obnoxious in the German school of biblical criticism—of which, in fact, he was, while living, the genuine representative, and distinguished leader. Now, Lloyd, late Professor of Hebrew in Cambridge, circulated proposals for translating the bold-est of Eichhorn's Introductions—that to the Old Testament; and Dr Marsh, in his Lectures on Divinity, addressed to the rising clergy of the University, once and again recommends, in the strongest terms, the same work to their study; nor, throughout his whole course, does he think it necessary to utter a single word of warning against the irreligious tendency of this, or, as far as we remember, of any other production of the German divines. And, be it remembered, the Bishop's knowledge of German theology was of a very different character from that of those who have been recently so busy in giving us the measure of their knowledge, and understanding, in this important and difficult subject. Indeed, with the exception of Mr Thirlwall's excellent Introduction to his translation of Schleiermacher on St Luke, (he might have chosen, we think, a fitter work,) and some parts of Mr Pusey's book, the public had, in every point of view, far better

be without all that has recently appeared in this country, in regard to the result of Protestantism in Germany. But in reference to our argument ;—if men in the situations, and with the authority of Lloyd and Marsh, endeavoured thus to promote the study of Eichhorn and his school among the academic youth ; either the opinions of the German divines are not such as the Advocate and others have found it convenient to represent them ; or (*quod absit* !) these opinions are already throned in the high places of the English Universities and Church, in spite of the very oaths and subscriptions which it is argued are necessary in order to exclude them.

ART. XI.—*Corrected Report of the Speech of the Lord Chancellor, in the House of Lords, on July 21, 1834, on moving the second reading of the Bill to amend the Poor Laws.* 8vo. London : 1834.

WE shall not easily be suspected of indifference to the great cause of Reform, and to the absolute necessity which lies upon the Government, which now happily administers the affairs of the Empire, to give the people the full benefit of the reform in their representation. Relying upon this assurance, and aware that many things may safely be spoken by reformers, which, in the mouths of others, might be deemed suspicious, we think it our bounden duty to point the attention of our readers towards a very great mistake, into which some of our own sect have of late appeared to fall. This is the more necessary, because the enemies of liberal principles are making great way by means of it, in undermining the influence of free and sound opinions. The truth is exactly this. How much soever our tenets may be favoured by the great body of the community, and however low in their eyes may now be the claims urged by the Tories to public confidence, yet all who know the nature of men, or have marked the vicissitudes of public opinion, are well aware, that no cause can ever stand the shock which it receives from the errors of its friends ; and, above all, from practical blunders committed in its name, and leading to mischievous consequences. In any country, this would be dangerous ; in England and Scotland, it is fatal. All men are prone to judge by the event ; our countrymen never will decide against it. All men look to the lessons of experience as important ; our countrymen, when once they have had this instruction on any sub-

ject, never will listen to the lessons of any other; insomuch, that if an Angel were to come from Heaven, with all the eloquence of his seraphic tongue, and all the authority of his supernatural mission, he would try in vain to persuade us against the results of recent and personal experience. Hence, we are seriously alarmed, lest the reformers, falling into errors, exposed by trial, should bring contempt upon their cause; and give to the Conservative party (as the Tories are now fain to call themselves) their only conceivable chance of again misgoverning us.

Suppose for example, the impatience of the reformers were to hurry the Government into some rash measures of domestic policy, all grounded upon liberal views, all well intended for the people—but ill considered, worse digested, and brought forward in a haste altogether unseemly, and fraught with risks of miscarriage—when the bad working of the plan should be found remediless, and serious practical inconveniences should be sustained by the community—this consequence would inevitably ensue: First of all, those who urged the Government on would be heard of no more—they are bodies of men without any defined or individual responsibility. Nay, they who had before been the most loud, would now be the most quiet. No one would avow his share in forcing on the crisis; each would shift the load on his neighbour; and it is odds but the very men who had been the loudest to demand the supposed boon, would be the first to complain of its having been granted. Above all, the Newspapers would be carefully forgetful of their share in the original outcry; and would be copious in declaiming against the rashness and blundering of the ministers who had caused so much mischief. In short, no one would be found to father the abortive or destructive measure; and the Government which had irresolutely framed it, because they were hustled into such a course by popular clamour, against their better judgment, would be held responsible for adopting a plan which had failed—most justly—not because it had failed, but because they ought to have acted on their own deliberate opinion, and not on the excitements of others.

But then the whole blame of this catastrophe would erelong be thrown in part upon another quarter. The community is never long in the dark as to the relative shares which different bodies have in any given event. The ministers would be blamed and derided, and trampled upon by all parties—by their friends, in order to exculpate themselves; by their enemies, in order to gratify their spleen. But this would by no manner of means prevent the adversaries of liberal opinions from breaking forth into abuse of those opinions, and ascribing the failure to

the cause itself, and to the reformers as a body. ‘ See the fruits ‘ of reform,’ would be the general cry. ‘ Look what mischievous ‘ guides are reformers.’ Whosoever thinks that such a topic would not thin the ranks of the people’s best friends, and crowd those of their worst enemies, knows but little of the nature of men, and, above all, of the men by whom this island of Great Britain is peopled.

To illustrate the effect of events on public opinion, we will resort to one very great and most popular subject—Negro Slavery. Upon none other has there ever existed in any country so universal a concurrence of opinion—none other has ever excited so great warmth of feeling. With all the maxims that sound policy could prescribe, and all the feeling that strong natural sympathy could excite, there was, moreover, mixed up the most powerful religious impressions; insomuch that the faith of the people, in their system of worship itself, was hardly deemed more sacred than their belief in the necessity of emancipation. Hence, it came to pass, that an almost universal assent was accorded to the great measure carried into execution by the Liberal Ministry in 1833, for accomplishing this object; and all the country would then have pressed forward anxiously to avow themselves, or rather to arrogate for themselves the glory of being its authors. Suppose news were to arrive—not that it had worked ill—not that any of its provisions had been found ill devised—not that any thing had been omitted—but simply, that a rebellion had taken place, and much property been destroyed, and much blood unavoidably spilt, on the first of August, and the three following days, we think it needs no gift of prophecy to foretell how very few would proclaim themselves the advisers or approvers of the Emancipation Bill. How many would discover that it was too suddenly effected! How many more would wish that they never had heard of the subject! And how very, very scanty would be the number of abolitionists at the next anti-slavery meeting! But suppose the measure entirely to fail, who can doubt that the tide of public opinion would, after a pause of consternation and of hesitation, set in strongly, for a time at least, against the anti-slavery question? And yet this is a cause free from all party excitement, and on which religious sentiments are combined with the strongest and most rooted opinions of a secular kind. It is a case, too, in which we are supposing that no one can find any defects of detail to charge on the measure. Lastly, it is an instance in which no one man can accuse another of precipitancy or haste,—inasmuch as twenty or thirty years had elapsed in elaborate discussions and fruitless controversy; and all men

admitted that the very uttermost latitude had been given in point of delay—that the longest time had been consumed in deliberation, and that the only question was between doing the work now, and never doing it at all. How prodigiously different would the case be with any other question which had been brought forward, and had failed? Suppose a question on which men had been far less unanimous—which had only occupied their attention for a short period of time—which excited very calm feelings only, and connected itself doubtfully, or not at all, with any very clearly established principles of policy—which bore no kind of relation to religion or religious feelings: suppose a measure of this kind to have been adopted, and to fail, by producing manifest mischief, instead of any considerable good, can any one doubt that they who most pressed it on the attention of the Government would be the first to complain of the way in which it had been framed and executed—that all would join in running down its authors—and that the principles on which it had been founded would be decried loudly, and become for a long while extremely unpopular?

We may here take an instance from the Reform Bill, which all men now praise, because it has, generally speaking, been found to work admirably well. Suppose the qualification had been, as it was originally framed, L.20 householders—when it was found that almost all the towns in England were reduced to the condition of close burghs, what would have been said of Reformers, and what would have become of Reform? But it may be said, and truly said, that so absurd a bill would have well deserved contempt, and that its authors would have justly encountered odium. Yet this might have been their lot, had their deliberations been exposed to interruption from popular impatience, and in their lot would Reform itself have suffered a severe blow. However, this error was one of sinning against the reform principle; and therefore it will be said that the case does not apply to the policy of those who are impatient of Reform. Then we may easily suppose cases of fatal errors committed by following out that principle too far, or not pursuing it in the right direction. Thus, when the great measure of Scotch Burgh Reform was presented to the House of Lords, there were some sixteen or eighteen burghs in the bill, which, had no alteration been made in its provisions, would have led to this glaring absurdity—that the act required a greater number of magistrates to be chosen than the number of electors in the places severally; and thus, the burghs were necessarily placed in a state of self-election, and also in the predicament of being incomplete in their number of magistrates. Such a state of things would have done

incalculable mischief to the cause of Burgh Reform, and have given a great, though an unfair triumph to its irreconcilable adversaries.

The same remark may be applied to Law Reform, and indeed to every other branch of amending legislation; nor, if we advert more particularly to the judicial branches of it, have we any other reason for selecting them, than that they excite a peculiarly strong and general interest in the community, from their immediate bearing upon the most important interests of all. Notwithstanding this prevailing popularity, we will venture to affirm, that one or two practical blunders—one or two important oversights, which, being discovered after the prorogation of Parliament, should throw any material department of business into confusion—would infallibly damp the ardour of all law reformers, give a general tone throughout the country hostile to such improvements, and retard for half a century the progress of this most necessary branch of reforming polity.

Suppose, for example, that the Lord Chancellor, instead of submitting his plans touching Bankruptcy to committee after committee of lawyers privately, and then again having them well sifted in both Houses of Parliament during two sessions, had struck out a plausible-looking scheme at a heat, and applied the force of the Government to hurry it through Parliament—the odds are, that some great oversight would have been committed, which, in a week after the act came into operation, would have flung the whole trading part of the community into confusion. Instead of the admirable working of the new system, which has made converts to Law Reform of all those in the city of London who used to dread it, the whole of 'Change, and Cheapside, and Lombard Street, would have rung with execration of visionary and theoretical improvements, and no minister would for years have ventured to propound any alteration in our mercantile code. The success of the plan has given popularity in the City to all such wise and well-considered schemes of improvement: no one ever has complained of any part of the system, except the number of the judges being unnecessarily large—a point foretold by the Lord Chancellor himself, but on which he yielded to the strong remonstrances of practitioners*—and the Government have since carried into effect an important measure, the establishment of a great central Criminal Court for the metropolis, with a jurisdiction extending over near two millions of people, and

* In consequence of this, the vacant office of judge in the Court of Review (L.2000 a-year) is not filled up.

have brought forward a bill for wholly altering the law of Debtor and Creditor, and abolishing imprisonment for debt. Who can doubt that this last measure, which will probably become the law of the land next Session, and place England above all countries in the world for the wisdom and humanity of her laws, would have been postponed for an indefinite period of time, had there been any manifest errors committed in the kindred measure of the new Bankruptcy Court Bill ?

We are not left, however, to imagine instances and put cases of precipitate legislation. A bill was sent up from the Commons to the House of Lords last Session, containing several most important improvements in the law relating to Justices of Peace ; that is, to about four-fifths of the criminal jurisdiction in England. But it contained a clause which gave to any one justice the power of mitigating any penalty, or reducing any punishment for a misdemeanour, cognizable by the Bench at Sessions. Had this passed into a law, the consequence would have been, that, on the first of October, the whole country would have found itself placed under a system of judicial anarchy unexampled in the history of mankind, and amounting, indeed, to a universal abrogation of criminal law ; for any one magistrate in each county would have had the power of annulling any sentence that had been passed by the concurrent voice of all his brethren on the Bench ; and thus each Justice would have had a *liberum veto* on all the processes of the Sessions, besides having a power to repeal, in each instance, all the penal enactments in our whole criminal and revenue codes. The Lords did most important service to the community, in throwing out a provision which had appeared to have crept in through carelessness ; but, to the astonishment of all men, the Commons persisted in inserting the clause, for no conceivable reason except that the Lords had thrown it out ; and the latter body accordingly rejected the whole bill, there being no alternative left by the Commons refusing to adopt the amendment, which struck out the absurd and irrational provision. We may venture to assert, that, had the bill passed into a law with this clause, the cause of law reform would not have survived long the first of October ; and we believe that the character of the Reformed House of Commons, and thus of Reform itself, would have suffered irreparable injury in the estimation of the community at large.

Another example of the same kind is afforded by the bill for preventing bribery at elections, which came from the Commons to the Lords in a state very little fit for being passed into a law. Its provisions went to enable both Houses, by an address, passed, of course, on a single vote in each, to disfranchise any city or

borough in the three kingdoms. There were other most objectionable provisions, and which would have wholly obstructed the safe working of the machinery created by the bill; but the main part of it,—that in which the measure really consisted,—was, from inadvertence, so framed as to be objectionable beyond almost any scheme of Law Reform ever produced before the world. No private right, of the most trifling value, can be affected by the Legislature, excepting in the usual course,—by a bill which passes through all its numerous stages in each House of Parliament, for the express purpose of allowing repeated opportunities to discuss its whole merits and details; and of preventing, as far as possible, the chance of error and oversight;—of enabling each House to correct, in one stage, the mistakes into which it may have fallen in another; and of guarding both Houses against the frauds that might be practised successfully on them, had measures only to pass through the ordeal of a single debate. What is true of every private bill, is also true of every local act, affecting any community or other portion of the public. No street, no alley can be paved or lighted, no road can be turned or carried through any man's field, no twopenny-turnpike can be erected on any branch of any communication by land or by water, without a bill,—which must be moved for, examined by a committee above stairs, read a first, second, and third time, committed, reported, passed,—being seven stages, at the least, in which the principle of the measure comes in question, independent of the safety of the details—and in both Houses. Yet with what security against haste, and with what exclusion of oversights, and with what protection against jobs and tricks, did the Bribery Bill surround by far the most important of all the rights of the people—the elective franchise of every city, borough, and town in the three kingdoms? With absolutely none, except one single vote in each House! It seems beyond the powers of belief, yet so it was. Liverpool, or Birmingham, or Manchester might have ceased to send members to Parliament by a single vote—the result of misrepresentation or canvass—of popular excitement or Government influence—when not a single alteration can be made upon any one thing belonging to either these great communities,—not even upon any right enjoyed by any hamlet of six houses,—without, at the least, fourteen votes in the two Houses, with all the delay occasioned by the rule preventing above one stage on any bill being gone through in one day. Every one must perceive, that if such a bill had passed, the right of being represented in Parliament, to any community that now enjoys it, would have become of all possessions the most precarious. A popular tumult, purposely got up—a little bribery,

expressly intended for the disfranchisement of any great town, might have worked that end with equal certainty and despatch. Suppose a Tory Government had succeeded to our present liberal rulers, and had contrived to obtain a majority in the Lower House—can any one doubt that the Reform Bill would in a few weeks have been repealed? The Anti-Reform Minister had only to have twenty or thirty cases of bribery proved, and as many more alleged and talked about without proof; and one single vote of the Commons, in which the Lords would too gladly have joined, would have deprived Manchester or Birmingham of all it gained by the act of 1832.

Nor, in passing a vote upon so small a number of facts proved, would the Tory Parliament, which we are supposing to exist, have had much difficulty in finding a precedent among the proceedings of the same body which passed the Bribery Bill. For, even with all the safeguards of the seven stages, the Warwick Election led to a Bill which, upon examination, was found to rest on hardly any cases at all of bribery legally proved. The counsel for the Bill in the Lords contended that they had shown nineteen voters to have been bribed; and their measure was to have punished above twelve hundred, against whom no evidence at all had been even offered. Surely we may feel very certain that the Anti-reformers would have made haste to deal out the same justice to Birmingham which the Reformers had meted to Warwick. To say that the securities of the forms required to pass bills are useless, and ought to be dispensed with, merely because they have not always been found effectual, and because they signally failed in stopping an unjust and ill-concerted measure, is wretched quibbling and carping. If, even with such guards, the vigilance of the Commons may be surprised;—if even all those checks are sometimes found insufficient to prevent manifest error—surely the just inference is, that at the least we must preserve them, and dare not think of parting with one of them. Temperance will not always save a man from inflammatory fever; and Howard fell a sacrifice to that malady, though he lived upon bread and water. But who is, therefore, insensate enough to recommend habitual indulgence as a preservative of health?

When the Lords took this important Bill into consideration, they referred its provisions to a select Committee, who laboriously and most successfully applied themselves to its improvement. They removed all the objectionable parts, and especially that which we have discussed; and they devised a species of trial and a new kind of tribunal admirably adapted to decide efficaciously and summarily, yet with entire deliberation and absolute independence of all disturbing influence from any quarter, upon any

alleged case of general corruption. They embodied this measure in the form of amendments to the Bribery Bill; and the Lords having agreed unanimously to the plan thus digested, it was returned to the Commons. Lord John Russell, and the other authors and friends of the measure sent up from the Commons, heartily approved of the amendments, and strongly recommended the House to adopt them. But it was most correctly suggested, that under the name of amendments, the Lords had, in reality, made a new bill altogether; and, therefore, upon the very principle of the main objection urged by the Lords to the former plan, this new measure ought not to be adopted by a single vote of the Lower House—for this would be excluding that repeated discussion of its principles, and full sifting of its details, which the various stages secure to any bill, and which ought, above all, to be applied by the Commons in the case of a bill affecting so greatly the elective franchise, and the constitution of the Lower House. Upon this ground, the reasonableness of which, the Lords who had devised and carried the amendments were the first to admit, the amendments were rejected by the Commons; but with an express statement, that the rejection was owing to the reason which has just been stated, and not to any doubt entertained touching the excellence of the plan proposed by the House of Lords.

We have dwelt upon this instance of the evils of precipitate legislation; the rather, because it plainly, if allowed to have effect, would have astounded the country, upon its tendency becoming known, more than almost any thing else that can be supposed. Men would have found that the Reform Bill had become little better than a name, and that the great towns—nay, the whole constituency of the country—henceforth only held their franchise at the good-will and pleasure of the minister of the day. Every burgh, from the greatest to the least considerable, might be, one after another, disfranchised by a single vote of a complaisant House of Commons, without any one of the guards provided by the Parliamentary constitution of the country, for the protection of men's rights, and preventing power from perpetrating injustice. What would have been the feelings of universal indignation, disgust, and even despair, in the community, on discovering that such a law had unguardedly received the sanction of the Reformed Parliament! Surely such an example is admirably calculated to make unthinking men pause in their career of impatience, and listen to those who would remind them of the irreparable mischiefs which heedless legislation may work, above all other causes, to the cause of Reform.

In treating of the Bribery Bill, we have been led to mention

that for altering the constituency of Warwick. But, in truth, this measure of itself affords another example of the evils of unreflecting legislation. Partly because the Commons do not examine upon oath, and partly because the multifarious business which the Lower House has to transact, precludes the possibility of all matters being thoroughly investigated there; that bill was sent up to the Lords upon an extremely scanty case—even had all its allegations been fully proved. But there, the case altogether broke down. It was dealt with judicially—the Lord Chancellor sitting as he does in causes, and as he would sit at *Nisi Prius*. The greatest care was taken to strain the rules of evidence to the uttermost, in order to admit all the evidence that could be tendered; and none was rejected, which was not plainly, and beyond the possibility of dispute, inadmissible. Every indulgence, too, in respect of time, was given to the promoters of the bill; and when nothing like a case had, after all their efforts, been made, some witnesses being alleged to have absconded, the further proceedings were suspended, *sine die*, until they should return—although every one perceived that this favour shown towards the bill—that is, towards the accusing party—was a severe hardship upon the defending parties, who had rather the better right to indulgence, according to all the ordinary rules of justice. The whole ended in the most complete failure; the Counsel for the bill admitting explicitly, in answer to a question from the House, that if all his witnesses were believed, he had only proved forty-two cases of bribery, and of these only nineteen affecting voters—and there being above twelve hundred voters wholly untouched by the evidence—nay, respecting whom not an attempt at proof had been made. To say that such a bill was unanimously thrown out by the Lords, is only saying that they had the common faculties of men, and were influenced by the most ordinary sense of justice. But Lord Radnor, who had taken the most regular part in favour of the measure, was the only Peer who spoke, except the Lord Chancellor, who summed up the evidence; and Lord Radnor distinctly stated, that he agreed in every word the Lord Chancellor had said, and that nobody could think of carrying such a bill in such a case. That the loss of it was inevitable, therefore, no one doubts; but suppose the Lords had passed it as carelessly as the Commons, what would have been the consequence? As soon as people came to examine the case, and to reflect upon it, the truth would have risen up before their face, that an act of the most flagrant injustice had been perpetrated, from utter want of reflection, and

under the influence of a popular outcry. That this would have shaken the people's confidence in their representatives—nay, that the Reformed Parliament, and Reform itself, would have sustained an irreparable loss of character in the eyes of rational men, who, sooner or later, regulate public opinion, cannot at all be questioned. That the public, at the time and for the moment, were favourable to the bill, may be very true—nay, that they were disappointed at the result,—under the influence of a portion of the London Newspaper press, which misrepresented the evidence, and by suppressing various things which passed in the Lords, conveyed a most untrue notion of what took place there,—is very possible. But he knows mighty little of man, and has had a most limited experience of the ebbs and flows of the tide of public favour, who fancies that when reflection brought the real state of the case home to the minds of the people, their temporary misconception of its merits would have prevented them from feeling indignant at what had been done. On the contrary, their own share in the error would have exasperated them the more; and made them visit with the more unrelenting severity upon the heads of their misleaders, the errors that had been committed, and the injustice that had been done. The worst evil, however, of the proceeding would have been the bad precedent created; of which evil-disposed persons would assuredly have been ready to take advantage, the first moment that the enemies of reform returned to power.

These instances, which we have given of crude and hasty legislation, all ended well, in consequence of the House of Lords having an opportunity to correct the errors committed by the Commons. But in a very few cases the error was persisted in; and the Lords, on account of the nature of the measure on which the mistake had been made, were obliged to submit rather than lose the bill. Thus, in the great measure for amending the Poor Laws, a clause was introduced, professing to have for its object the securing to all sectaries in work-houses free communication with their religious instructors. This clause was, however, framed with such marvellous inattention to, and ignorance of the subject, as to defeat entirely its own purpose, and to exclude all dissenting teachers whatever, Catholic and Protestant, and only to admit a very limited number of the established clergy. The motive for inserting the clause at all was a ridiculous distrust of the Central Board, to whom such extensive powers were confided; and it turns out, that the only chance which sectaries will have of not being persecuted by the clause framed to protect them, is to be found in the possibility of the Central Board giving a very

strained construction to the clause.* The Poor Law Bill has been passed with this piece of absurdity thrown into it; and it may safely be pronounced to be the only part of the measure which cannot bear the light.

In the remarks which we have made upon these proceedings in the Houses of Parliament, we desire to be understood as speaking with the most perfect respect, and indeed the most affectionate veneration of the present House of Commons. There is no panegyric that has been pronounced upon that illustrious body in which we do not entirely and cheerfully agree. But while men are 'lower than the angels,' it will inevitably happen, that a very numerous assembly of persons representing others, and representing large bodies of constituents, will be more liable to commit errors of oversight and impatience, than a much smaller assembly of men, who, being accountable to no one, and only controlled by public opinion, are better fitted to discharge the functions of a deliberative and correcting tribunal. This is the especial office of the Upper House; and for this its place is assigned it in our mixed constitution. The vast mass of business crowding upon the attention of the Lower House, is of itself a reason why revision elsewhere is necessary to prevent fatal errors, and to protect the character of the whole legislature. But independent of this circumstance, the two others to which we have alluded are sufficient to explain the errors of the one body, and show the uses of the other;—we mean the circumstances of one body being much more numerous than the other; and being a representation of bodies of constituents, still less adapted to perform deliberative functions. It would, therefore, be a most false and illogical conclusion from our statements to infer any thing prejudicial to the character and merits of the reformed House of Commons; or any thing so favourable to the Lords' as to warrant any unlimited confidence in that almost irresponsible body. Their being irresponsible, except to public opinion, may have its advantages in giving them deliberative faculties; but many a vice in their habits arises from the same source—

'Agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.'

Hence there is every ground for the people standing by their

* A respectable Catholic, of apparently very moderate understanding, has, in the newspapers, claimed the merit of devising this clause; and, with an absurdity wholly unmatched, he complains of the Lord Chancellor for having discovered its dangerous tendency towards the sectaries. He says no friend of that body should have hit upon this blot, or tried to protect them!

faithful representatives, and closely watching the Lords ;—every ground for giving to the former their undiminished confidence, as the best means of overcoming the inherent prejudices of the latter. Of the advice and assistance of the Upper House it is well to avail ourselves ; but of their disposition, far too often to mar rather than mend the works of good legislation, no one who reads the signs of the times aright can harbour much doubt.

And, in truth, from this very consideration it is, of the habits and dispositions of the Lords, that we derive one of our most cogent arguments in favour of deliberate and well-considered measures of improvement being alone brought forward, and alone pressed by the country. The Lords may prevent the passing of crude and ill-digested laws ; they may counteract, and they have once and again counteracted, the evil tendency of precipitate schemes of legislation. But is it safe for the people to leave in their hands the only guards against such mischiefs ? Assuredly not ; and for two manifest reasons : *First*, You never can be quite sure that the Lords may not suffer the faulty measure to pass, for the express purpose of bringing reformers into disrepute, and disgusting the people with legislative improvement, against which it is in vain to deny that a majority of their body have a deeply rooted prejudice. *Secondly*, Even were there no such risk, the consequences would be most mischievous to the influence of both Houses, of leaving the Lords always to remedy the errors of the Commons. One House would lose its importance and weight in the public eye, and the other would gain all that was thus lost. Already we may easily perceive how great is the exultation of the Upper House each time that a serious mistake is committed by the Lower. The inevitable tendency of the greater multiplicity of business to produce oversights is entirely overlooked ; and so is the effect of a larger assembly, and of popular influence over a representative body ; and all the errors into which the people's House is betrayed, are greedily ascribed to the extension of the franchise, and the reforming spirit of the age. Some mistakes and inadvertences are quite unavoidable in the proceedings of a body constituted and acting like the Lower House. This we have admitted and explained ; but every one must perceive how important it is for the number of these errors to be reduced as low as possible, and their magnitude to be as much as possible diminished. For unavoidable slips, the constitution has provided a remedy in the structure of the Upper House, and its mode of proceeding ; nor will the performance of its proper duties in this respect give it any weight dangerous to the interests of the community. But all beyond this is full of peril—all errors which might plainly have been avoided by due

care ; all oversights which can clearly be traced to impatience and mere love of change for change's sake—lessen most dangerously the power of the Commons, and give a very mischievous, because an undue preponderance to the House of Lords.

It will immediately be perceived, that these remarks have been suggested by the history of the last two Sessions of the Reformed Parliament ; and by the outcry that has been raised against this body for having done too little towards reforming the abuses which had crept into our institutions. It is because we were addressing ourselves to those who held such language, that we have taken only one view of the evils of hasty and ill-considered legislation, and have said nothing of its first and most obvious mischief—namely, its tendency to inflict bad laws upon the state. This is so obvious an evil, and of such a magnitude, as to require little illustration. For surely nothing but the most consummate folly could ever think of holding it right to undertake the most difficult and the most momentous of all human actions, giving new laws to a community—nay, still more, the yet harder task of altering old ones long established, and which had struck their roots into the whole frame of its polity, and even become incorporated with the habits and the feelings of the people—without, at the least, as much care and forethought as men are wont to bestow upon the transaction of their ordinary business, and the formation of their least important schemes in private life. But the line of argument which we have here adopted was directed *ad homines*—to impatient reformers, to those who cried out for more schemes of improvement,—in order to show them the extreme hazard of the courses into which they would impell the Government and the Legislature ; and, above all, the danger arising from these courses to their own favourite object—reformation of existing abuses. We think a calm and serious consideration of the foregoing reflections, dictated by the most sincere attachment to the cause of real reform, and offered in the spirit of all kindliness, and of entire respect, will have the effect of convincing them, that no greater danger lies in the way of reform than the impatience and precipitancy of which we have been discoursing. This, too, we know, that many men of the strongest opinions in favour of improvement—those who, under the old system, deemed hardly any pace swift enough at which reformation could advance—men who were then called radicals, and innovators, and Benthamites, and what not,—have, since the passing of the Reform Bill, adopted precisely the views which have guided us in the course of these observations ; and they have, we will add, made this change in their sentiments with the most per-

fect consistency, and according to principles the most logically correct.

Let us now for a moment advert to the grounds of the charge brought against the Parliament and the Ministry for doing too little. We may at once dismiss the attack upon the session 1833. Surely none but the most thoughtless or the most prejudiced of mortals can seriously maintain that it was not enough in one session to open the East Indian trade, and reconstruct the fabric of an empire extending over twenty millions of people—to emancipate the West Indian slaves—to reform the courts of law and equity in the most essential parts—to mitigate the criminal code in the points most the subject of controversy—to abolish all, or nearly all, the remaining sinecures—to purify of its most glaring abuses the Irish hierarchy—and to give an entirely new constitution to the whole municipal bodies of Scotland. It may further be observed, that so much having been done in one session, made it not only difficult, but absolutely impossible, to effect as much the next; for the work was already done; and, besides, men of prudent minds, after making a very great and varied experiment in legislation, will naturally pause for a season, in order to see how the new order of things works. But there were other reasons for some delay. Can any one maintain that there would have existed the least ground of complaint, had the session of 1834 seen the English reformed municipal corporations placed upon a footing like that on which the Scotch burghs were put in 1833? Assuredly not; and yet what prevented this most desirable consummation? Merely the absolute necessity of previous enquiry and deliberation before a measure was framed for altering the constitution of nearly four hundred ancient municipalities,—of the most various construction,—endued with the most important privileges,—and holding an immense amount of property by various tenures and on various rights. The commissioners were not urged by the Government to do their work badly, in order to finish it prematurely; and it was the part of wise and of honest men to postpone the proposition of their plan of reform until they could clearly see what direction the evils complained of had taken in each instance; and what remedy was the most appropriate and the most safe for the varied forms of the disorder.

But another great measure had been prepared, and would undoubtedly before this time have been adopted, had not an accident intervened. We allude to the new law of Debtor and Creditor, including the abolition of imprisonment for debt, and the giving full recourse to creditors against all the property of their debtors. That a measure of this difficult and complicated

kind could only be conducted through the House of Commons by the Attorney-General,—the only law officer of the Crown who was conversant with proceedings in courts of common law,—must at once be obvious to every reader. Within a fortnight after the beginning of the Session, he was thrown out of Parliament, and only regained a seat (to the lasting honour of our Scottish metropolis, and the signal discomfiture of the 'Tory party') towards the close of the Session. This alone caused the postponement of the great measure of Law Reform, of which we are speaking; and, we may add, this alone postponed the Local Courts' Bill, which, after its fate in the Lords the year before, was most judiciously announced in the Commons by Lord Althorpe early in the Session of 1834. For the accident which, throwing the Attorney-General out of Parliament, obstructed the progress of Law Reform for a whole year, surely, neither the Government nor the Parliament can be held answerable. Are the Reformers themselves so entirely free from blame in this respect? Did they very vigorously support the Attorney-General at Dudley? Were the Dissenters all at their post there—the Dissenters, so anxious to abolish imprisonment for debt, and to mitigate our criminal code? Were those conductors of the press, who make their chief stand upon these very grounds, in no way accessory to his failure? At any rate, were they not, with a marvellous inconsistency, found at one and the same moment exulting in his defeat, and crying out for the bills he had brought in, and declaring against the Government and the House of Commons for delaying measures which he alone could carry through? *

But if such be the reasons why more was not done in the last Session, is it therefore true that nothing was done, as the objectors represent? We will venture to assert that the little which is said to have been done, would have immortalized the memory, not only of any session of the unreformed Parliament, but of any whole Parliament. In the first place, an Act was passed entirely reforming the most important and most abused department of the state—the Exchequer—the ancient stronghold of venerable absur-

* We may mention, that the *Morning Herald*, the paper chiefly and very laudably and usefully devoted to these questions, never failing to rejoice in any defeat of the Law Reforming Ministry, complained of the Attorney-General for not passing his bills, alleging, that before he lost his seat, he had been quite long enough in Parliament to carry them. In other words, he was required to alter the whole law of debtor and creditor in the first business week of the Session!

dity and antiquated abuse. Many sinecures were abolished ; many working places consolidated ; a large saving of expense effected ; and the transaction of business simplified. This reform obtained, as it most justly deserved, the unqualified praise of the rigid economists, and especially of Mr Hume. It was the result of ample investigation ; and justice demands that we give to Sir James Graham, then in the Cabinet, the chief share of the praise belonging to this important reform. The Lord Chancellor's Bill for establishing a Grand Central Court of Criminal Jurisdiction, was also passed into a law, and is now about to be carried into execution. This important measure erects a court of criminal justice in London, composed of all the judges, and having jurisdiction over nearly two millions of people, including those of the whole metropolis. It puts an end to the jurisdiction of magistrates at sessions within that space, and in as far as regards all offences of any importance, and points of any difficulty. It not only establishes a most valuable tribunal, sitting once a-month, for the most important portion of the kingdom, but it begins a plan of improvement which, it is devoutly to be hoped, may be extended over the whole country ; and which the passing of a Local Courts Bill will render of easy extension. But the great measure of the Session was the Poor Law Bill ; and surely if any plan of legislation ever demanded the deepest regard from all rational men, this is that plan. Had neither Ministry nor Parliament ever made any other attempt to improve the condition of their fellow-creatures—this would have earned for the present Ministry and the present Parliament a claim to the everlasting gratitude of the country. We are not, of course, now about to enter into its merits. The whole subject has long been before the public ; and among reflecting men, who have made themselves masters of it both in principle and detail, there is but one opinion upon its nature and tendency ; but we may remark, that even the most decided adversaries of the Government have done them ample justice upon this matter. The Duke of Wellington, with a manly candour which did him infinite honour,—and acting upon the dictate of that excellent understanding, which, on great questions of public interest, always is his guide, when the urgent necessity of providing against imminent dangers to the state, overpowering all other considerations, quells within him the spirit of a partisan,—declared that the subject which had baffled all the efforts of all former ministries, had been boldly encountered, and successfully handled, for the first time, by the present Government. In truth, there never yet was a question upon which any Ministers had a more difficult duty to perform. The popular opinion was likely to be against them ; all the topics most captivating to the public

mind,—humanity ill considered, liberty ill understood, charity per-
versely contemplated, the supposed rights of the poor, the dislike
of harsh, and apparently unfeeling discipline, the aversion to
change in long established usages—all conspired to alienate the
community from the provisions of this great measure, every one
of which, without any exception, outwardly wore a forbidding
aspect. The natural misconceptions to which it gave rise,—
the natural leaning of ignorance against it,—were powerfully
seconded by the almost united efforts of the London press to
excite the people, and raise an uncompromising opposition to it.
There is not upon record any instance of a measure which the
public Press has made more indefatigable efforts to blacken, from
its first proposal, down to the day when the bill received the
Royal assent. Nor must we omit to mention the powerful ally
which the newspapers had on this memorable occasion, in the
direct personal interests of most of the parish vestries in and near
the metropolis; and whose influence, and patronage, and jobs,
the bill at one blow destroyed. Against all this host of interest,
and ignorance, and prejudice, and false feeling, and loud clamour,
the Government manfully persevered to do its duty, and the bill
was carried triumphantly through all its stages, by a Parlia-
ment superior to all meaner considerations, and determined to
save the community, whose affairs were intrusted to its care.
Never was there a more signal victory gained by reason over
clamour, and by the deliberative wisdom of a great senate, over
the puny efforts of factious men addressing the passions of the
multitude. If any man before questioned the capacity of the
Reformed Parliament to administer the nation's affairs—if any
man doubted the power of that great body to withstand popular
clamour—if any man suspected that it was dangerous to give the
body of the people a more direct share in the choice of those who
were to rule the affairs of the State—the history of this bill at once
and for ever dispelled all such doubts, and demonstrated, that the
country might always safely confide in representatives thus
chosen and thus endowed.

It is a remarkable fact, that after the united and daily efforts
of the newspapers, arrogating to themselves the right to speak
in the name of the public,—efforts made with unscrupulous zeal
and bitterness, with no inconsiderable talent, and with a pre-
sumption exceeding all bounds,—only nineteen members of a
popular House of Commons could be found to vote against the
bill, in a division of between four and five hundred! The vio-
lence of those papers,—their arrogance, their unseemly dictation,
accompanied by the notorious character of some of them for being
devoid of all principle, and only bent upon pandering to the

feelings and appetites of the community, which they affected to lead,—no doubt contributed largely to their signal failure upon the present occasion. For it is unquestionable, that the indignation and disgust felt towards them by the House of Commons materially diminished the minority against the bill; many members who felt disposed to vote against the new measure, being determined at any rate not to give any countenance to those journalists. Their efforts may thus have reduced a minority of fifty, or thereabouts, to one of nineteen; and this is proved to have been the extent of the power possessed by these important personages, who had for years been puffing themselves as ruling the destinies of the nation! We believe, that every true friend to the country and its good Government, and, above all, every wellwisher to the Reformed Parliament, will deem the victory gained over these men almost as important as the passing of the bill itself.

Is it therefore true—is it any thing like the truth, to say, that nothing was done during the last Session?—and can any man of rational views and sober mind complain if other Sessions should pass, and no more be effected than some vast practical improvement in the administration of justice, and some great and beneficial change in our internal policy, affecting the happiness of the whole body of the people? The benefits of deliberately preparing the measures brought forward, and submitting them to a calm and full discussion—the incalculable risks of a rash and precipitate course of legislation, are so self-evident, that they have never been stated, especially of late, without producing the conviction desired, and obtaining an explicit admission of the propositions founded on such considerations. But it has been remarked, that such concessions, being, as it were, extorted by the force of truth operating on those who were unable to answer the argument, were always accompanied with some statement, which either had no meaning at all, or operated as a retraction of the admission made—evincing the correctness of the old distich touching those who are ‘convinced against their will.’

Of this an instance was afforded at the great NATIONAL FESTIVAL lately holden in this city in honour of Earl Grey, and the principles of liberal and reforming policy. They who were supposed to be hasty, impatient, and unreflecting in their views of improvement, allowed the truth of all that was said by the Earl and the Lord Chancellor in favour of a cautious and statesman-like, but firm and unflinching, course of reforming legislation; but they added, ‘there must be no *compromise* with the enemy’—no abandonment of principles—no *clipping of measures*;’ and these phrases were more especially used by Lord Durham—

though he only amplified what had been said by others; and, therefore, in what we now say on the subject, we do not refer particularly to that steady and useful friend of reform, and of civil and religious liberty. But let us very respectfully ask, whether these phrases are any thing more than words and sounds—whether they have any definite or sensible meaning—above all, whether they are even *intelligible*, when coming from those who, in the same breath, are joining to deprecate hasty and crude projects of amendment? On this question we need not indulge in any remarks; but let us ask, how Lord Durham, of all men, can object to what he calls '*compromise and clipping*;' he having, in 1817, brought forward a large plan of parliamentary reform, the result of much deliberation, held by him necessary to save the State, and so carefully prepared and elaborated, that he announced, from love of justice, the share which an early friend had taken in composing it with him, in order that no man might lose his portion of the praise due to so great a design—and afterwards, without ever having made another motion upon the question, or said another word regarding reform in either House of Parliament, acceded to Lord John Russell's plan, of a perfectly different nature, a plan not going a tenth part so far, but one more practicable, and in which others, in and out of the Government, could be brought to concur, as assuredly as they never would have done in that of the year 1817? Who blames Lord Durham—who even of the select few who voted and would have voted* with him in 1817, complains of him as compromising with the enemy, abandoning his principles, or clipping his measure? He acted like a wise and an honest man—one who really cared for his opinions, and was anxious to promote the success of the cause he espoused—and who, prizing this far above any paltry considerations of personal vanity, only desired to see as much, and as beneficial, reform carried as he could. Again, neither Lord Durham nor any of his colleagues ought to have attended the dinner in question—and, above all, that dinner ought never to have been given in honour of Earl Grey, if '*compromise*' and '*clipping*' be a political sin beyond forgiveness—for was there ever a measure more '*clipped*' than the Reform Act? and when did '*compromise*' ever do more to change, and changing to pass a Bill? First, there was the twenty-pound qualification, which the scheme, as reported by Lord John Russell and the rest of the Sub-Committee, contain-

* By an accident, Lord Durham and other friends were shut out of the Division, and all of us recollect the base and false imputations founded on this occurrence.

ed, and which would have destroyed a hundred rotten burghs, and created about twice the number? This was changed by the Cabinet to ten pounds, and Lord Durham made no objection;—a change, however, which he may (though most incorrectly) represent as no compromise, because it was an extension, and not a clipping of the plan. But what becomes of all the changes, in the precisely opposite direction, which the measure afterwards underwent, both before it was brought in the second time, and after it came into the House of Commons? Why, if compromise be an abandonment of principle, wholly unjustifiable, did Lord Durham accept the Bill, ‘shorn of its fair proportions’ by Lord Chandos’s amendment, assuredly made to give great landlords a preponderance in the counties? This was of all things the most pernicious, and it sinned against every principle on which the Bill was founded. Yet Lord Durham and the impatient Reformers gladly accepted the measure, thus miserably injured, rather than have no Bill at all. But a vote of the House of Commons, they will say, carried this alteration. What compulsion of the kind made the Cabinet, of which Lord Grey was the head, and Lord Durham an active member, retain the right of voting in freemen—the worst of all the franchises, and the one which engenders and perpetuates corruption of every sort? This change was made in the Bill during the recess, after it was first thrown out—it was made during the period given for reflection and deliberation—it was made expressly to conciliate the adversaries of the Bill. We venture, then, with all respect for Lord Durham, to suggest, that it was as plain an act of ‘clipping’—as distinct a ‘compromise’—as any man can figure to himself; and that it was a clipping and a compromise made with the design of gaining over enemies; and that advantage was taken of delay—of opportunity to deliberate—precisely in the way against which Lord Durham now so vehemently protests. Then why did his Lordship submit to this? Why did he prefer the Bill thus ‘clipped’ to no reform at all? Because he was a man of sense, a practical statesman, a sincere reformer. But then, has he any right to deny the same titles to others who recommend, it may be, a like course? Observe, no one, on the occasion alluded to, had said a word about compromising to gain over enemies; all that was urged was the wisdom of deliberate and cautious proceedings. But Lord Durham, in his vehement love of whole and entire measures, and his impatience of ‘every month that passes’ without something being done, chose to read a lecture against ‘clipping,’ and, above all, against making use of the time taken for digesting any measure, in order to make it acceptable to such a number of persons as may suffice to carry it through Parliament;

and this he did without reflecting that he used the time given in 1831 for deliberation, to change the measure in one of its most essential parts, with the hope (a vain one it proved) of conciliating the enemies of the Reform! Nay, he urged this topic, and fulminated his anathemas against all compromise,—that is, if he meant any thing at all, against taking as much reform as you can get, though you may not get all you wish and all you have a right to,—at a festival given expressly in honour of the Reform Bill, and its chief author, Lord Grey; this bill, having been the result of a compromise, and being notoriously framed, as introduced in 1831, upon the very principle so loudly decried by his lordship, of taking what you can get, when you may not have just what you like. We might urge the same argument from other changes in the Bill—all in the like direction—that is, contrary to its fundamental principles, and operating unfavourably to popular rights—as, for example, the restriction of votes in burghs to those whose rates are paid up, and the requiring in counties a small fee to be paid on registration—both of which alterations were manifestly of a most mischievous tendency to the franchise, and both submitted to for the purpose of reconciling adversaries. Why did Lord Durham, and other sincere reformers, accept a measure so ‘clip-ped’—nay, so miserably mangled and cut to pieces? Why, but that they had the sense to look at the prodigious good they gained by it, and not like silly, wayward, spoilt, children, to reject it because they had been crossed in some particulars. But yet the very same men have the assurance, and, at a dinner given in honour of those who so mangled the Reform Bill, and so suffered it to be mangled, and given in their honour, expressly because they agreed to it, and gladly accepted it as mangled—the assurance to profess that, whatever others may do, *they, they* forsooth, are far too uncompromising gentlefolks ever to suffer any ‘clip-ping’ whatever; or to abate one single jot of their claims for the purpose of obtaining their object, or to accept one half-farthing in the pound less than the full amount of all their demands! They look down from this elevation of pure, rigorous, unbending principle, on which they are pleased to plant themselves, with an amazing self-complacency, upon the rational, practical, and consistent men, who have disdained to commit no such vagaries; thanking God that they are not as others are—clippers—compromisers—men of expediency!

Having been drawn into a consideration of some proceedings at the EDINBURGH FESTIVAL, we are naturally led to say one word upon the marvellous display presented by that great celebration of the universal esteem in which the principles of reforming and liberal policy, and the conduct of the present ministry,

were held by the people of Scotland. The whole progress of the Lord Chancellor and of Lord Grey through various parts of the country, indeed in every direction, bore ample testimony to the same fact—the Tories, of a truth, have ceased to reign! They can no longer deny that the public voice is with their liberal adversaries, and that it must be a strong arm, indeed the sword, which could govern Scotland under a Tory ministry. A great people will not be ruled by principles and by a party which it abhors. When we speak of Tories,—we use the name for shortness, and to express the ultra principles of that party, which acknowledges the Cumberlands, and Kenyons, and Rodens, for its heads. We are far, indeed, from holding that the liberal Tories and their views, are in the same disrepute among us. On the contrary, though the season may not yet have come, and though it has been put off by the bad policy of some impatient spirits, whom the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel cannot control, we do not think it out of the question that there may arrive the day when, if a strong government be required to save us from anarchy on the one hand, or Orange domination on the other, some favour may be shown to the better parts of the present opposition, from whom great practical good has in former times flowed to the policy of the state. But assuredly, now is not the season when even such a mixed government would be endured. It is manifest that the country is not Tory, nor any shade of Tory. Lord Mansfield, in an unlucky hour, pronounced his opinion, gathered probably from the select circles formed of the chaplain and the agent, in which so many peers live, and move, and have their being, that the present government was not popular, though he was far from pretending that the opposition was more so. The events of the vacation have probably convinced his lordship that it was rash to form, and still more precipitate to announce, such an opinion; for, even after the untoward events of the Session,—the removal of some important members of the Cabinet, the postponement, through accidents which we have explained, of some important measures, and the clamour raised against the Poor Law Bill,—experience has demonstrated that the government possesses the confidence of the country in an eminent degree. Herein all Tories, and many impartial men are prone to deceive themselves. No ministry ever can continue, year after year, to excite those vehement and even turbulent sensations of affection which greet a favourite minister upon his accession to power, or during the first months and earliest measures of his reign. No ministry can by possibility be greeted at every period of its existence by those tumults of applause which are reserved for moments of crisis, or periods of change. On the contrary, all governments

must needs disappoint the over sanguine expectations of friends, and even play, to a certain extent, the game of their adversaries, by taking, from time to time, unpopular courses. Witness the Irish Coercion Bill, and one or two other measures forced upon the liberal cabinet,—most abhorrent to their principles, most alien to their wishes, and only adopted under the pressure of an instant and over-ruling necessity. From hence, and from the inevitable tendency of all popular excitement to subside, unless kept alive by a succession of changes, the inference has been hastily and most thoughtlessly drawn, that the present liberal ministry have no longer the confidence of the people. The way to try this would be to attempt removing them, and putting their adversaries in their room. When the removal of Mr Stanley and others gave some alarm of this kind, the calm of the country was profound; the coldness, we might add, was at its height; for measures expected had been put off, and proceedings little liked had been taken through necessity, and there was nothing immediately to excite any interest in the ministry's behalf; yet all men remember the universal explosion of delight which Lord Althorp's declaration that the government should be unchanged, produced; and the unprecedented uproar of assent which broke forth on his pronouncing the word "confidence," from the centre of the Treasury Bench. Who doubts that the announcement that Lord Grey's retirement was not to break up the government, which was hailed with equal rapture within the walls of Parliament, was as entirely acceptable to the whole country? We have never heard of any dissentients among those professing liberal opinions; unless it be from one or two newspapers, whose unintelligible hatred of liberal government, and strange desire to see the Tories in office, was signally frustrated by the formation of the present cabinet under Lord Melbourne. Those few, but noisy personages, have amused themselves and their readers during the 'dead season of the year,' with furious attacks and mournful prophecies; and their wishes and predictions upon the fate of the government are receiving about as much acceptance with the people, and are likely to be about as well fulfilled by the event, as their hostility and their forebodings were upon the Poor Law Bill.

It is only fair towards the Radical party to say, that with but a few inconsiderable exceptions, they have been exempt from the blame attaching to the unprincipled portion of the liberal press. They have rejected all the advances of the common enemy, and have held their own course regarding the government, but joining with their countrymen in feeling strong disgust at the conduct to which we have now, and in our last Number, adverted. The Tory press, however, is not free from great blame. Can the

spirit of factious spite go farther than the High Church and Ultra-Tory organs have so shamefully done (with one or two most honourable exceptions) in joining the Radicals, to run down the minister for yielding to a sense of justice, and conscientiously refusing to countenance measures founded on no evidence, and attacking the private rights of individuals? Will it, can it be believed, that the members of the government who threw out the Warwick Bill, have been attacked for so doing, not only by the Radicals (in whom such a course was natural and consistent, though extremely ignorant and unreflecting) but by the High Tories, to destroy whom the bill was framed? Assuredly the objects of such an attack must be persons against whom it is singularly difficult to find matter of complaint, when their adversaries are reduced to such shifts. The result of all this, as far as regards the Newspaper press, has certainly been materially to lower its influence; and to verify, but in an unexpected degree, the predictions of those who foretold that the Reform in our Representation would lessen the power of that most important, but much abused instrument of public instruction. This was the inevitable tendency of the Reform; but the misconduct of the press since it passed, has prodigiously accelerated the downfall of its power, and brought about the event prophesied far more speedily and more completely than was necessary or could have been foreseen.

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ART. I.—*Life and Poems of the Rev. George Crabbe.* 8 vols.
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THE critics of human life and genius were cautioned of old to reserve their judgment till death had closed the account, and set upon it its final seal. In the case of Crabbe, the several conditions implied in the caution may be considered at present to be complied with. We are already standing at some little distance from his grave; and—while our materials for judging of the man and the poet are now (and only now) complete—impressions of an occasional or temporary nature (supposing that they may have once existed), must by this time have passed away.

The life of Crabbe was divided into two strongly contrasted periods; the events and complexion of which are soon described. The first twenty-eight years were years of distress and difficulty. There succeeded fifty of competence, honour, and repose. He was born at Aldborough in 1754, of humble parents—how humble may be seen in the frontispiece vignette of his father's cottage. The hazardous experiment of a more liberal education than his family had the means of completing, much less of following up by an adequate introduction into a profession, had nearly proved his ruin. The injudicious choice of his profession—that of a surgeon—left him scarce a chance; since a taste for botany could not supply every other deficiency and disadvantage. These disadvantages were so great, that neither of his early passions, love and poetry, can be made responsible for his failure. He began, however, betimes, his sacrifices to both. At the age of eighteen, the young apprentice fell in love with a Miss Elmy, a village beauty, and something better. This accident, so decisive on his future life, arose out of the frolic of a comrade, who wanted com-

pany in a love matter of his own. About the same time, his poetical reputation was established in his little circle as the successful candidate in the 'Lady's Magazine.' When he set up for himself, Aldborough was an unpromising spot to fix upon for the field of his professional operations. Divers poor relations, glad enough to quarter themselves on the cordials of cousin George's medicine chest, and a few old women who saw in his botanical rambles a collector of simples, which he ought to administer for nothing, were all the standing patients his native town afforded him. The short time that two militia regiments were stationed there, formed the brilliant season of his practice. But he probably got more from them in manners, and (strange to say) in Latin, than in fees. Colonel, afterwards Field-Marshal, Conway, gave him some Latin works on botany; and, if the hours which he now spent on 'Hudson's *Flora Anglica*' enabled him to 'enjoy Honour, and to pass with credit through certain examinations of an 'after period,' it is most likely the first and last service of the kind that the 'Flora Anglica' has performed. The poetical revenge, which he afterwards lost no opportunity of taking on the art and its practitioners, was partly the satirical recollection of his own incompetent career. Two or three years of disappointment and destitution in the mortifying presence of his family and acquaintance was as much as he could endure. Long afterwards, one happy morning, he described to his children the gloom of the day, and the desolation of the scene, when, while gazing on the Marsh Hill above Aldborough, he suddenly, at the close of the year 1779, 'determined to go to London and venture all.' It was a desperate resolution. His father, too poor, and perhaps too angry, to help him, remonstrated in vain; and his only means of carrying his project into execution was, writing for a small sum (five pounds) to Mr Dudley North, who happened to be politically connected with the place. 'After settling his affairs at Aldborough, and embarking himself and his whole worldly substance on board a sloop at Slaughden, to seek his fortune in the Great City, he found himself master of a box of clothes, a small case of surgical instruments, and three pounds in money. During the voyage he lived with the sailors of the vessel, and partook of their fare.' Thus the starved apothecary of a little venal borough found himself on a sudden a mendicant author in the streets of London. Miss Elmy had a friend there, the wife of a linen-draper. These were at first his only acquaintance; and their Sunday dinner, a leg of mutton baked in the pan, was his luxury of the week. From them he heard, for the first time, the name of Chatterton, whose tragic story was at that moment recent enough to be an event and moral for every class. The tale came

to him too late to change his course; but the dread of it must have doubly darkened the melancholy of his position. Unknown and inexperienced, it is not so wonderful that the young adventurer had fifteen months of want and bitterness to struggle with, as that he should have manfully and honourably survived them. Miss Elmy had staid behind in Suffolk waiting the experiment. At this period, nothing but his love, and a deep sense of religion, which his mother, his mistress, and a recent illness, had all worked together to impress upon his heart, could have kept him right. He had come up to town with the best verses he could write. But, unfortunately, his poetical talents, if left to themselves, were not yet sufficiently developed and matured to attract the notice of the public. His writings rejected by the booksellers, his petitions unanswered by the great, his wardrobe sold, his watch pawned, he had obtained from his landlord, with much entreaty, and as the greatest favour, a week's forbearance, when he must pay his debt or prepare for prison. In his despair, he providentially applied to Burke. That extraordinary man, compassionating his distress, and discovering his genius, made the case his own. He not only wiped away 'the proud big tear of song—extorted bread,' and rescued him from the pale procession in which Budgell and Savage, Otway and Chatterton had perished, but kept fast hold of his hand until he had secured his fortune. He received him into his house; revised his poems; introduced him to his friends; assisted him into orders; recommended him as chaplain to the late Duke of Rutland; and procured for him the countenance and protection of Thurlow, then Lord Chancellor, by whom his personal application had been previously slighted. Burke found the leisure, the thought, and the heart for this, at a moment when the fever of politics was most upon him; and when the stormy hopes and fears of the fiercest Parliamentary opposition England had ever witnessed, were at their height. The Duke of Rutland, within two years of Crabbe's appointment, went to Ireland as Lord-lieutenant. The chaplain remained behind, married the lady of his early love, and settled on a curacy in the neighbourhood. The duke died suddenly, before he had done any thing for him. But the duchess soon afterwards prevailed on Thurlow to change the two small livings he had already given him in Dorsetshire, for the living of Muston, adjoining Belvoir. Our literary adventurer was now in smooth water; certain of competence, if not opulence, for the remainder of his days. These days were somewhat monotonous, perhaps; any thing, however, but few and evil. The illness of his wife—fits of protracted melancholy—appear to have been the only calamities which befell him at all out of the common course of things for forty years.

Nothing else occurred during this long period to disturb his domestic peace or literary leisure. He appears never to have really liked Muston; and after residing there some time, he adjourned into Suffolk. To the charm of being his native county, it added the more substantial merit of being the locality of a fair estate which had descended to his wife. Time passed on, and he had been twelve years absent, when the bishop forced him back into residence. At the death of his wife in 1813, he found himself less at home at Muston than ever—‘a hermit without a hermit’s resignation;’ and gladly availed himself of the opportunity afforded him by the present Duke of Rutland, of leaving it for Trowbridge. It was there that he resided afterwards till his death. His health and personal appearance improved at every stage from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age; and certainly the principal blessings which should accompany old age gathered round him, and attended him to its close.

On looking back at the life of Crabbe, and comparing its beginning with its end, the contrast, one should think, might have furnished him with a more agreeable change of fortune than any which he has presented in his ‘Farewell and Return.’ His expatriated brother, settled at Honduras, is said to have doubted the clerical version of him which was carried there by an Aldborough sailor: ‘This cannot be *our* George; he was a doctor.’ He thought himself that his sons never could credit that his golden couplets had brought him in L.3000, unless they saw the money. The mind is, however, after all, its own place; and notwithstanding his own experience, he could close his retrospect of the ‘Happy Day’ with no brighter moral than the disheartening apostrophe—

‘Well, thou hast tried it—thou hast closely seen
What greatness has without it, and within;
Where now the joyful expectation?—fled!
The strong anticipating spirit?—dead!’

Crabbe doubtless had bitter moments. Perhaps nothing in after life can make up for a year worn down in starving attendance upon the booksellers, or for the same duration of dependent tribulation as chaplain to a duke. Dark must have been his scowl on the stagnant waters of Marsh Hill, while he ‘waited the *fa-vouring* hour and fled!’ Wretched his meditations the night he passed walking up and down Westminster Bridge, uncertain what answer might await him from Burke’s footman on the morrow! The revolting circumstances of his servitude at Belvoir, according to his son, were ‘productive in his mind of some of the ‘acutest sensations of wounded pride that have ever been traced

'by any pen.' Among other indignities, the guests forced down the chaplain's throat bumpers of salt and water, on his refusal to pledge their Tory toasts. But, after all, and whatever might be the price exacted for his future, the future was such that the fairy, who should have promised it, would once scarcely have been believed. For it was half a century of health and independence, tranquillity and fame. It is not quite clear that his mind improved under these trials in all respects quite as much as his condition. It became, indeed, more correct and equal. There is nothing recorded of the latter part of his life as wrong as his juvenile misbehaviour towards his father, who, if a savage with others, was always 'substantially kind to him;' nor as improper as the spleen with which he mounted the pulpit steps, upon his first return as a clergyman to Aldborough, ready almost to shake the dust off his feet on a hostile congregation. But more than one occasion afterwards occurs, on which it is necessary for his admirers to remember, that the follies of the wise, and the caprices of the virtuous, have a rightful claim on our tenderness and indulgence. It would be unfair to take the two journals which he kept during his two most important residences in London, as faithful representations of what was deepest or uppermost in his heart at the respective periods. Still it is not the less true, that the journals of 1780 and of 1817 are not made to be read together. Unluckily we so read them, and the impression is yet with us. The trifling diary of the veteran bard—the lion of the season—relieved by the solemn ejaculation that he must fly from London dinners, which are comically called 'this infatuating scene,' looks poorly enough by the side of the tender yet stout-hearted memoranda of his youth; when, undaunted by misfortunes, he threw himself for support, among all his troubles, on his manly spirit, and on the trust of virtuous affection and religious faith. We love his youth for its cheerful jesting with privations—'it is the vilest thing in the world to have but one coat'—still more for its affectionate sigh, 'Oh, Sally, how I want you!' A life, so heroically begun, ought never to have dropped into the semblance of so commonplace a character, that his son can gravely report it among the excellencies of his old age, that on his return to his parsonage at Trowbridge, 'after one of these intoxicating visits to the metropolis, no one could trace the slightest difference in his manners or habits.'

Unluckily another infatuation there awaited him—a succession of it does not exactly appear how many tender passions. His son feels 'satisfied that no one will be seriously shocked with 'such an evidence of the freshness of his feelings.' *Shocked* is not the word. A weakness of this kind is not shocking, but

ridiculous. One can only rejoice that the satirist, who had been singing some twenty years before—'Till old refrain not, or if 'old refrain'—and who had ruled that, in the marriage of disproportioned years, a union of young men and old women turns out better than that of young women with old men—should have had the luck to fall in with young ladies of greater discretion than himself. The editor seems to be of opinion, that the frolicsome humour of this latter spring was something very like a providential interference in behalf of a descriptive poet. For it must be in this light that he has viewed it, when he says, he cannot but consider it as a very interesting trait in the history of his father's mind, that few men have, even in early life, tasted either of the happiness or the pain which attend the most exquisite of passions, to the degree that his father experienced them at so late a stage. Filial piety certainly cannot well go further.

Crabbe's father had a smattering of many tastes and trades. Half a fisherman, he would say, 'That boy must be a fool. 'John, and Bob, and Will, are of some use about a boat; but 'what will that *thing* ever be good for?' Probably, therefore, the manual awkwardness so often incident to genius, saved the *thing* from being made a sailor. In that case, our poet might have perished with John, in an insurrection on board his slave-ship; or have led, with Will, the life of a prisoner and an outcast, in Mexico and Honduras. Crabbe's father was also warehouse-keeper and salt-collector of the port of Aldborough. Had it not been for the fretful impatience with which the young man wore the warehouse dress, and went through the piling up cheese and butter, and the other drudgeries of the quay of Slaughden, the assiduous clerk might have crept up by degrees into some one of the lower offices of the revenue. But the father had been also parish-clerk and schoolmaster. Fortunately for pauper poetry, he was thus enabled to perceive, that if George was to earn his bread, it must be by his wits. The admirers of Crabbe have another matter to be thankful for; that is, that a profession was chosen for him, in which, all things considered, it was impossible he should succeed. Otherwise, the best that could have befallen him would have been, that his fortunes might have improved with those of his birthplace, and that instead of 'riding from cottage to cottage with a declining practice,' he might have lived and died the chief medical practitioner of a genteel watering-place on the Suffolk coast. The author of the 'Borough' ran many risks. Even his intellectual destiny was far from being determined from his cradle. He did not fail because he was a poet; but he became a poet because he failed. A father who read Milton to his family, must have understood something about poetry;

and his father, thought much more highly of his promise of mathematical than poetical ability. This early characteristic lasted through life. It is observed in the present work, that 'his powerful intellect did not seem to require the ideas of sense to move it to enjoyment; but he could at all times find luxury in the most dry and forbidding calculations.' He often said of himself, that necessity alone had made him an author. If by author he meant poet, we think he was right; for as late as his removal to London, his poetical talent was coarse and unequal in its ore, and more pains and discipline were wanting, to smelt and refine it into strength and beauty, than would have been ever given by a successful surgeon. From the time that his early poems had made his fortune, he relapsed into a silence, in which he persevered for upwards of twenty years; and only broke it, when the Press offered him its aid towards providing for the education of his children. Few instinctive poets have been masters of so much patience and philosophy—have waited so meekly on the judgment of friendly critics—or appear to have been so long in learning for themselves the real secret and character of their powers.

Crabbe's predilections, as well as powers, were of a solid, rather than a showy kind. Looking at both his faculties and his qualities, it is equally difficult to guess, whether habit was with him a second nature, or nature only a first habit. The inventory given us by his son is very unlike the mechanism and imagery with which a poet's understanding is ordinarily fitted up. 'His insensibility to the beauty of order was a defect in his own mind; arising from what I must call his want of taste.'—'This view of his mind is confirmed by his remarkable indifference to almost all the proper objects of taste. He had no real love for painting, or music, or architecture, or for what a painter's eye considers as the beauties of landscape. But he had a passion for science—the science of the human mind, first; then, that of nature in general; and, lastly, that of abstract quantities.' Entomology and botany had greater charms for him than scenery. According to his own account, he would have been the first discoverer of more than one addition to the British Flora, but that he burned a work which he was writing on botany, (and writing of course in English,) because a fellow of a college had the absurdity to remonstrate against degrading a modern science by writing upon it in a modern language! The sea was his favourite element. Early habit had given him a passion for it. At one time, when he had been longer absent from it, in Leicestershire, than usual, an irresistible longing came over him, and he set off on horseback sixty miles to the coast of Lincolnshire, just

to look at it, bathe in the waves that washed the beach of Aldborough, and return. Not that he cared for Aldborough, old or young; he had suffered too much there; nor that he had any general sensibility to grandeur on earth or sea. For he turned from the view on Salisbury Crags to examine the stratification of the rocks. And, on a friend at Trowbridge congratulating him upon the pleasant seclusion of his house and garden, he replied, that he preferred to the finest natural scene, walking in the streets, and observing the faces of the passers-by. He was all his life an indefatigable composer. This, however, apparently was more for the sake of occupation, than from the uncontrollable restlessness of genius. If night, autumn, and snow-storms excited him more than usual, a snuff-box and a glass of negus were the common and sufficient helpmates of his literary toil. He would set himself so many lines a-day, and regularly work out the clock-work number. Mr Bonnycastle was accustomed to encourage his own children by the example of the undivided energy with which, when Crabbe first came up to London, he concentrated his attention on the single object then before him. The disturbing forces of his absorbing art appear, however, to have always left him master of his placid self. From the description given by his son, the pursuits of natural history and of poetry went on with him very comfortably together. 'While searching for and examining plants or insects, he was moulding verses into measure and smoothness.' 'His note-book was at this time ever with him in his walks, and he would every now and then lay down his hammer to insert a new or amended couplet.' He could never have arrived at the talent of doing two things at once (poetry being one of them,) if he had poured forth a stream of ready and fluent thought, instead of working in his points and illustrations as they occurred to him, like bits of mosaic. It was hardly necessary to step aside from the streets of London into the solitude of Somerset House to versify; for he rhymed his forty lines in church during an oratorio, with the same facility as in his room at Hampstead. We are no longer astonished at the immense variety of observations which he had accumulated. He was always watching for materials. He asks Mary Leadbeater to send him the peculiarities of her village. His notion of the great folks he saw at Wimbledon is, that they are 'a good picture, if he dare draw it accurately.' He is equally amused, whether he meets Beau Brummell at Belvoir, or Colonel Berkeley and Lord Petersham at the table of Mr Horace Twiss. There does not seem to have been a better dreamer since the days of Will Honeycombe. He told Lady Scott, that he should have lost many a good hit, if he had not set down at once things that

occurred to him in his dreams. His 'World of Dreams,' for example, seems to be an instance of 'the singular combinations' which, he says, were once whispered to him by some of Baxter's mortifying spirits; when, on returning home from 'high and 'apparently happy company,' he was thrown back again in his sleep on all the real and possible alliances which happened, or might have happened, to him in the worst of times. Fortunately, for his own credit, and the ease of his executors, Crabbe had the courage to burn as well as write. No less than three novels, besides poetry at discretion, swelled these successive funeral piles. Yet the manuscripts of unpublished works in poetry and theology which he left still subsisting at his death, amount to twenty-one volumes.

Burke observed, on introducing him to his friends, that Crabbe had the mind and feelings of a gentleman, and that he appeared to know something of every thing. The disposition of a gentleman is, in great part, the gift of nature, and is quite distinct from those conventional manners which, as the editor suggests, he possibly might not acquire till after he had undergone the discipline of Belvoir. His exterior became in time highly clerical and venerable. No wonder that the children at Trowbridge said, on his death, 'Poor Mr Crabbe will go up in pulpit no more with 'his white head.' His 'apparent simplicity of look and manners,' which is mentioned as being still very striking when he was sitting between 'two such thorough men of the world' as Sir Walter Scott and Henry Mackenzie, was undoubtedly a very different thing from that original simplicity which old Thurlow had honoured with the exclamation, 'By G—d, he was as like 'Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen.' Some traces of it, however, lingered to the last. Witness the *naïveté* with which he called the lady of the house into consultation, whether out of compliment to Joanna Baillie, he ought not to stuff a black cock, which she had sent them to *eat*—and his stuffing it accordingly. In receiving Burke's testimony on the extent of Crabbe's information, we must allow a good deal from consideration of the interest which he felt for his *protégé*, 'with a sour 'name and sweet countenance.' Crabbe's literary attainments must necessarily have been of a rough and desultory kind. They were such, however, as always stood him in good part, except during his courtship at Parham. The coarse yeoman uncle of his mistress took a pleasure in swearing down 'his d——d learning;' since it was not of a sort likely to stock a farm. But long before, in the circle of his childhood, it had already obtained for him benefit of clergy. 'You must not meddle with *him*,' (said another boy,) 'let *him* alone, for he ha' got l'arning.' During

his first apprenticeship, (when he slept with the ploughboy,) his success in construing the Latin of a travelling conjurer, had almost raised him to the honour of a rival. How little that Latin was, may be supposed from the nature of Burke's observation (no very severe critic in Latinity) on preparing him for orders : ' Without a little Latin, we should have made nothing of you.' A fondness for Horace and for Latin poetry did not carry him very far. For, it is admitted, that if he had been so foolish as to accept the proffered tutorship of Lord Bute's sons, it would have been necessary for him ' to read a-head ' of his pupils. His self-taught acquisition of French and Italian, and his studies in natural history, belong to a higher range. But the reading, which was constantly going on, was mostly reading for amusement. Nineteen-twentieths of their principal supply of modern literature are said to have been novels. Mr Lockhart, in relating Crabbe's visit to Edinburgh, conceives that he had read very little about Scotland before that excursion ; that he confounded the Inchcolm of the Firth of Forth with the Icolmkill of the Hebrides ; and that, if he had ever before heard of the name of Allan Ramsay, he was at all events unacquainted with his works. On the reappearance of the long secluded poet in the literary circles of London, his son informs us, that it was evident to the few who recollected him there before, that his ' social feelings had been quickened, and all his mental powers ' expanded and strengthened.' What then must have been the point of comparison, to which they thus referred ? Nothing certainly out of the common ; since, even on this last occasion, his ' infatuating ' reception in the mixed society of London, was plainly much more of a compliment paid to the reputation which he brought there, than an immediate impression produced by his social feelings or his mental powers. Contact, even friction, brought out no sparks. Burke was not a man to be easily forgotten ; and Mr Moore, in consequence of a suggestion from Sir James Mackintosh, endeavoured to refresh his reminiscences of Burke. It was all in vain. He could recall nothing more than ' a few ' vague generalities.' This singular oblivion is inadequately referred to the engrossing influence which the opening sense of poetry is at that moment supposed to have been exercising over Crabbe. His memory was not more at his command in other cases. Nor was it a relaxed memory only which disappointed strangers. He seemed in other respects equally unable or unwilling to come out and take his part, mind to mind, in the wrestling or the pastime of society. Mr Moore surmises, that ' the ' courteous policy ' which, during his dependant intercourse on the Duke of Rutland, kept down his chaplaincy-talk ' to the

'level of those he lived with,' had grown into a habit, much to his prejudice in his future commerce with the world. These partial suppositions with regard to the influence exerted by the Muses and the Duke, are hardly sufficient to account for the general fact, which Mr Moore subjoins as characteristic of his friend; and they are not wanted, if the general fact be true. The fact is this: The range of subjects in which Crabbe took any interest, was at all times of his life very limited; and he was altogether too indifferent to the common topics of learning or politics to be an efficient member of society. It is a remarkable instance of the inferiority of his conversation to his writings, that not a single thought or expression ever dropped from him which has been thought worth mentioning; either by his editors, or by any of the distinguished persons whom they have summoned on this occasion to bring in their respective contributions. But all agree in certifying to the good sense, the good feeling, and the gentle courtesy, both of his conversation and his manners. Fashion itself will put up (for a time at least, and in the case of a successful author) with personal advantages even less than these.

The 'courteous policy' which Mr Moore has attributed to the chaplain, appears to have lasted throughout his whole relation with the house of Rutland. Aware that the species of gratitude, which consists in a lively sense of future favours, is one of the most likely methods of obtaining them, Crabbe was resolved to shame his supposed patrons into a confirmation of benefits which he kept constantly parading. This, at least, is the only way we can understand his prefaces; in which, he declares, that there is no lack of excellent patrons in the world, and that, for his own part, he was perfectly satisfied with his. Supposing that these declarations are purely ironical, his laudatory trowel has laid on too much heavy panegyric for the vulgar to see the irony below. But can they be sincere? He had stood himself for months and years on the brink of a precipice, from which at last he was rescued only by a miracle. He has repeatedly described the misery of dependent genius, in words scarcely less impressive than his own example;

'The poet found he was the *Salter's* son,
Who gave *my Lord* for his compassion fame.'

On Scott's speaking of the necessity of a profession to a man of letters, how fervently did he reply, 'Woe to the lad of genius without it!' We have often heard, and disbelieved, that patronage could create genius. The converse was a discovery reserved for our un-Mæcenas'd age, and reserved, above all people in the world, for Crabbe. He comfortably assures us, that patrons of

literary merit have never refused their help when it has been reasonably expected or modestly required ; and that there is no instance, probably, in these times, and in this country, of a deserving scholar languishing in obscurity or distress. What becomes, if this be true, of the truth of his own descriptions, all taken from the life? We need only mention the 'learned curate.' What of his wise advice in the case of Robert Bloomfield? 'He had better have rested 'as a shoemaker, or even a farmer's boy ; for he would have been 'a farmer perhaps in time, and now he is an unfortunate poet.' What of a catastrophe so recent as the fate of Macdiarmid? In 1780, while, for months together, he never tasted meat, but at the dinner, which he begged on Sundays, he told a different story. As long as he himself was one of the hapless children of the drooping Muses, he recognised the existence of

'A numerous band, denied the boon to die,
Half starved, half fed by fits of charity.'

When his finances kept varying between 'ten shillings—a rare case, and most bountiful provision of fortune'—and fourpence-halfpenny ; such things were to be heard of as merit and scholarship in unpatronised distress.

' "Gain by the Muse!" Alas! preposterous hope!
Who ever gain'd by poetry—but Pope?
And what art thou? No St John takes thy part;
No potent Dean commends thy head or heart!
What gain'st thou but the praises of the poor?
They bribe no milkman to thy lofty door,
They wipe no scrawl from thy increasing score.
What did the Muse, or Fame for Dryden, say?
What for poor Butler? what for honest Gay?
For Thomson, what? or what to Savage give?
Or how did Johnson—how did Otway live?
Like thee! dependent on to-morrow's good,
Their thin revenue never understood.'——
'No, if for food thy unambitious pray'r,
With supple acts to supple minds repair;
Learn of the base, in soft grimace to deal,
And deck thee with the livery genteel;
Or trim the wherry, or the flail invite,
Draw teeth, or any viler thing but write.'
'Oft have I read, and, reading, mourn'd the fate
Of garret-bard, and his unpitied mate;
Of children stinted in their daily meal!—
The joke of wealthier wits, who could not feel.'

It required some hardness, as well as boldness in the ex-apothecary, who had been so lately looking to the newspapers for

bread, and the secret of whose incipient powers it wanted the eye of a Burke to discover, to be mixing up within five short years, in a passage like the following, as much of ridicule as of warning :—

‘ Last in these ranks, and least, their art’s disgrace,
Neglected stand the Muses’ meanest race ;
Scribblers who court contempt, whose verse the eye
Disdainful views, and glances swiftly by :
This Poet’s Corner is the place they choose,
A fatal nursery for an infant Muse ;
Unlike that Corner where true Poets lie,
These cannot live, and *they* shall never die ;
Hapless the lad whose mind such dreams invade,
And win to verse the talents due to trade.
Curb then, O youth ! these raptures as they rise,
Keep down the evil spirit, and be wise ;
Follow your calling, think the Muses foes,
Nor lean upon the pestle and compose.’

In the next place, who is it that is fairly entitled to the credit of the patronage of Crabbe ? His first and greatest patron—the only one worthy of the name—was Burke. Next, but far behind, comes Thurlow. When Crabbe was looking out for a protector, he had in vain endeavoured to attract the notice of the surly and ambitious lawyer. Their correspondence had closed by his lordship regretting that his avocations did not leave him leisure to read verses ; and by the poet’s spirited retort, that in former times the encouragement of literature was considered as a duty appertaining to the illustrious station which he held. Under these circumstances, the frankness with which Thurlow, on discovering his error, instantly admitted and redeemed it, was infinitely to his honour. ‘ The first poem you sent me, sir, I ‘ ought to have noticed—and I heartily forgive the second,’ were with him not empty words. He confirmed them by a munificent donation of L.100, and by the promise of preferment—a promise which, though chancellor, he faithfully performed. The last, and, in our opinion, the least of Crabbe’s three patrons, was the Duke of Rutland. It is not until the reader is reminded that a father and two sons were in the church, and that the Duke of Rutland is the great ecclesiastical patron of the Vale of Belvoir, that the obstinacy on the part of the poet to consider the family of Mannors as the patrons of the family of Crabbe, and the tendency of his flood of dedicatory gratitude to overflow in that direction, can be comprehended. Crabbe served somewhere about two years as Belvoir chaplain. Dropping the poet for the present, let us see how the chaplain was rewarded. Thurlow,

in 1781, on making him the propitiatory present above mentioned, assured him that he would take care to serve him more substantially as soon as he was in orders. At this time there was no notion of Crabbe's ever becoming in any way connected with the Duke of Rutland. Two small livings in Dorsetshire were given him in 1783, in discharge of this promise. In 1787, when the recommendation of Burke was no longer a recommendation with Thurlow, the exchange of these livings for that of Muston was obtained from the chancellor, with some difficulty, by the duchess. Muston was worth about four hundred pounds a-year, and was better by seventy or eighty pounds a-year than the livings which he gave up. The difference between the two, or some eighty pounds a-year, is the sum total of his obligations to the Belvoir interest up to 1814. Crabbe was by this time sixty years of age, and had realised a reputation with which it was an honour to be nominally allied. Independently of any outstanding claims as chaplain, he had besides by this time paid down in verse and prose an ample equivalent for whatever remuneration a Duke of Rutland could bestow. In this year, he received the living of Trowbridge. His income was now called L.800 a-year; but it is not said whether the calculation includes his private means. These scanty and slow attentions were considered, not as rewards, but neglects, by the friends of Crabbe. In 1795, when they were dining at Mr Dudley North's, (the early friend whom his removal into Suffolk made long his neighbour,) Mr Fox playfully pushed the poet—who was at that time only known as the author of the 'Village'—first out of the diningroom; saying, in allusion to his station at Belvoir, 'If he had his deserts, he would have walked before 'us all.' While his friends were dissatisfied, was he satisfied himself? On this subject, it seems, he had an esoteric doctrine. Uninitiated readers of the dedications of 1810 and 1812 will be in no slight degree surprised at the view which, among friends, he was at that very moment taking of his position. It is contained in the only interesting *male* correspondence in the volume—a letter to Sir Walter Scott; and is a plaintive expostulation from 'one of the old race,' hanging on to the skirts of the original connexion, in wearisome and anxious expectation. In accounting for the manifold annoyances of the chaplain, it drops out, that 'his adherence, however mild, to the Whig tenets of Burke's 'party, may not have much gratified the circles of Belvoir.' In after years, 'The Parish Register' had been submitted to Fox, while minister, for his opinion and revisal, and the corrections of the statesman were adopted by the poet. Upon the death of Fox, the poem was dedicated to Lord Holland. The compliment was nothing more than what the circumstances required as a natural

and suitable acknowledgment. Crabbe might well be shy of political discussion, if the exercise of even this degree of freedom was such a renewal of the offence as penitential flattery only could redeem.

It would be no great discredit to the popular principles entertained by Crabbe, during youth and manhood, if in his case also, old age and advanced station produced their customary effect. His own account of the conduct, which a sensible person would pursue, might probably explain to his own satisfaction whatever further changes were visible in himself. 'Every state is at times on the inclination to change: either the monarchical or the popular interest will predominate; and in the former case, I conceive, the well-meaning Tory will incline to Whiggism,—in the latter, the honest Whig will take the part of declining monarchy.' A man's politics are pretty well settled, if at all, at five-and-thirty. Can there be a greater proof of the strength and independence of his general opinions, than that, at the risk of alienating Burke, his more than father, he hailed the French Revolution at its commencement, and openly deprecated the war? These sentiments, and his avowed sympathy with the principles most in honour among the political guests of Mr Dudley North, were enough, and more than enough, to acquire for him, between the years 1790 and 1800, the name of Jacobin, in other counties besides Leicestershire and Suffolk. Professional dependence on the Duke of Rutland was more likely afterwards to produce discretion than conversion. At the same time, a clergyman of some standing, he only showed his wisdom in turning aside from politics, when brought forward, as in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, merely to raise up party spirit or spoil conversation. A person who could place the political characters of the two brothers, in the 'Tales of the Hall,' in philosophical contrast to each other, or who at a contested election would merge a difference of opinion in considerations of private regard, may easily be thought excessively neutral by two such decided politicians as Mr Moore and Mr Croker. But it by no means follows that he was proportionally lukewarm about the root of the matter—the great principles of civil and religious freedom. To our no small surprise, Mr Croker has thought fit to say,—'He was, as a conscientious clergyman might be expected to be, a Church-and-King man.' This depends upon what is meant by 'Church and King.' If we are to understand by them a Church Establishment and a limited Monarchy, the assertion undoubtedly is nothing more than the truth; but if we are to understand the words, as most readers will presume that Mr Croker understands them, in their Sacheverell sense, the accurate commentator on Boswell has been