

AUGUST.

voice.

Andante.

Beneath this:

flute

trio.

starry arch, Nought resteth or is still. That all things hold their march,

if by one great will. Moves one, moves all. Hark to the first fall:

On, on; far over. Far a... ver, far over.

You

sheaves were once but seed, Will ripens into deed. As cave drops swell the

streams : Day thoughts feed nightly dreams ; And sorrow tracketh

p *lento* *tempo*
wrong, As echo follows song. On, on, for ever Hark to the footfall

.... For e-ver, On, on, for e-ver .

SONGS OF THE MONTHS.—No. 8, AUGUST.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

BENEATH this starry arch,
 Nought resteth or is still ;
 But all things hold their march
 As if by one great will.
 Moves one, move all ;
 Hark to the foot-fall !
 On, on, for ever.

Yon sheaves were once but seed ;
 Will ripens into deed ;
 As cave-drops swell the streams,
 Day thoughts feed nightly dreams ;
 And sorrow tracketh wrong,
 As echo follows song.
 On, on, for ever.

By night, like stars on high,
 The hours reveal their train ;
 They whisper and go by ;
 I never watch in vain.
 Moves one, move all ;
 Hark to the foot-fall !
 On, on, for ever.

They pass the cradle head,
 And there a promise shed ;
 They pass the moist new grave,
 And bid rank verdure wave ;
 They bear through every clime,
 The harvests of all time.
 On, on, for ever.

CAMPBELL'S LIFE OF MRS. SIDDONS.*

If we may judge by facts, and take regular sequence as indicative of cause and effect, the theatre is one of the necessities of civilized life. We always find it springing up in a nation's path from barbarism to refinement. There is sure to come a period when it appears and flourishes, like a flower in its season. The form may have varied, but society has seldom arrived at a condition which was much worthy of that name, without something that was, essentially, dramatic representation. It has come as if to answer the call of an instinct of humanity, which could not fail, even in the earlier stages of the social progress, of being sufficiently developed to make the want felt, and therefore to stimulate

* Life of Mrs. Siddons, by Thomas Campbell. 2 vols. 8vo. Wilson.
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the requisite faculties and exertions for its supply. In this it resembles and follows religion, which, in some shape or other, man wants, and society provides. Indeed, the drama has, in many cases, perhaps in most, sprung out of religion ; the theatre has been an appendage to the temple. This happened both with the classical drama of antiquity, and with the romantic drama of later times. If it be true, as Dr. Johnson says, that learning 'reared the stage,' learning was but the nurse of an orphaned offspring. When popery in England was put to death, the infantile mysteries, by which the people had been charmed on holidays, were nurtured by taste and poetry into all the vigour of the Elizabethan drama. Some such tenderness was needful ; for though religion generated the drama, she has not been over kind to her progeny. In the mythology of antiquity, Saturn eat his own children ; and religion in this case, though she could not destroy, has sorely belaboured and calumniated hers. In France, the priesthood sometimes even yet make a stand against the admission of the remains of an actor into consecrated ground. In England, the pulpit and the playhouse are regarded as natural belligerents ; and even beyond the pale of puritanism, and amongst the people who most enjoy theatrical amusements, there is an association of immorality with the stage, and a disposition to consider the profession as disreputable. Why should this be so, if the drama be itself a product of religion, and the theatre an invariable adjunct of an advanced state of civilization ?

We cannot ascribe this feeling to any pervading horror of immoral tendency in an occupation ; for it is by no means difficult to indicate a strong tendency to immorality in professions which are held in the highest estimation, and to which parents are as eager to devote their children as they are solicitous to keep them from the stage. How few would hesitate to make their sons lawyers. 'The world,' as Mr. Campbell observes in the work before us, 'very properly holds the barrister's calling in high respect, and yet it is notorious that the lawyer's life, which makes him daily and hourly a hireling either on the right side or the wrong side of a cause, as his brief may chance to call him, must tend to imbue his mind with a taste for sophistry, as well as with adroitness in the practice of it. In fact, there is a great deal of acting both in courts of justice and elsewhere, that goes by a different name.' The comparison, or rather the contrast, is not here put with half its strength. There is no deception, no falsehood, in the dramatic presentation of a character. The actor no more attempts to pass himself for Alexander the Great, than the clergyman when he reads the lessons from the book of Job imposes himself upon the congregation for Bildad the Shuhite. But the barrister does impose ; and that where the most important results are contingent upon the success of the imposition. He counterfeits credence ; he counterfeits feeling : intending judge

and jury to receive them as his real, personal credence and feeling. He endeavours to cast discredit on that which he knows to be true, and to produce belief in that which he knows to be false. It is a part of his trade to employ, for pay, all the acuteness of his intellect to enable the culprit to escape his legal punishment, or the debtor to evade paying his creditor. A man had better play ten characters every night than thus play upon his own character. The sacredness of truth must be sullied in his mind by its habitual violation, though that violation be only professional. At least, the tendency cannot be denied. And what shall we say of the honourable profession of arms? Kill for hire; is not that a rare improvement on the immorality of reciting speeches for hire? We are speaking of the military profession, not of the use of arms by a people driven to the necessity of repelling force by force. The soldier is a slave, for whom all consideration of the justice of the cause is out of the question: his duty is to obey orders. In certain extreme cases his reward is 'booty and beauty.' And he scorns the poor player; but not so haughtily as does the clergyman. Well, let us look to the moral tendency of *his* profession. We will cast no doubts on his being 'moved by the Holy Ghost,' but it is unfortunate that he is obliged to say so; it is unfortunate for the morality of a profession that it holds out strong inducements for those to say so who are not sure of it. But pass this; there are the Thirty-nine Articles to be subscribed *ex animo*. Now, we mean not to impugn or question any one iota of these articles; we only say that they contain between two and three hundred distinct propositions; that many of those propositions involve the profoundest subtleties of criticism, metaphysics, and scholastic theology; that many of them relate to points which have been controverted by the ablest men through almost all the ages of the Christian era; and that to have formed an honest individual opinion upon the half of them cannot have been possible for the subscriber in one case out of an hundred. And, then, what is the clergyman's office? On certain days, nay, at certain hours, and even minutes, he is bound publicly and solemnly to tell his God that he is in a particular state of mind and feeling, when perhaps he is in a very different state of mind and feeling. He modulates his voice, as he reads the liturgy, to the emotions of reverence, contrition, supplication, thanksgiving, sympathy, &c.; but who is so totally ignorant of the human mind as to imagine that these emotions either do or can arise within him at his bidding, and in their prescribed order of succession? We will dismiss the clergyman here, and say nothing about the motives which bear upon the profession as to preferment. We once heard a reverend gentleman wind up a bitter tirade against the stage by saying, of an actress of unblemished character, who honourably supported an aged mother by

her exertions, 'That woman would even say her prayers if they were in her part, and she was paid for it!'

That the dramatic profession has also its demoralizing tendencies, we have no doubt; although we do doubt whether they can be worse than those of many avocations which are in better odour; and doubt much more whether they are the real cause of the feeling which it excites.

The great evil of the actor's life is analogous to that which is so extensively produced by the subdivision of labour. He only does one thing, and that incessantly; and it only exercises one class of his faculties, a confined portion of his being. His sole work is to cast his own powers of expression in moulds prepared for them by the intellect of others. These moulds may be so large that he cannot fill them, so small that he overflows them, so unadapted that they gall him; but still, on he must go, day after day, fusing his feeling and presenting it in the prescribed form. Very-difficult indeed, in such a course of life, must be that expansion of mind and heart without which man is not a progressive, that is to say, not a moral being. Hence so many actors have little knowledge beyond their authors and their art, no decided opinions or principles, no independence or individuality,—in short, no character, save that which is professional.

But it is for other reasons that they are, both men and women, generally disesteemed; and those reasons mainly are, that the former are often known to be improvident, and the latter are sometimes supposed to be unchaste. Improvidence is only pardonable under privilege of Parliament, and finds no shelter beyond the folds of that mantle which hides so much better than even all-covering charity. And as to the other offence, it is the loss of woman's *virtue*; she has but that, and surely ought to keep it, as it exonerates from the practice of all the rest, and alone constitutes the gulf between good and bad in her sex. She may be full of 'envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness;' as ignorant as an ass, as obstinate as a mule, as blind as a beetle, as poisonous as an asp, and as savage as a hyæna, and yet be a virtuous woman. She may, from sheer vanity, excite affection which she means to disappoint; she may marry without a spark of love, and procure clothes, board, lodging and money, by the legal barter of her person; she may vend the heartless form, if it wear well enough, again and again, and renew the disgusting bargain and perform its conditions to the end of her days, and yet be a virtuous woman. She may, by her wasteful expenditure, scatter to the winds the hard earnings of her husband; she may withhold all sympathy from the honourable but not profitable exertions in which he needs it, and ever influence towards sycophancy and selfishness; she may abandon her children to hirelings, or only teach them lessons better unlearned, training them to leave and

make the world worse than they found it, and yet be a virtuous woman. For none of these things does she *lose caste*. She still retains *HER virtue*. And this is presumed to be sorely perilled, and often forfeited, by the votaries of Melpomene.

Under a better system, the theatre might probably be purified of both these evils; certainly of the last. The monopoly, that infamous monopoly, which bishops and puritans have foiled repeated attempts to break down, is the great source of the various indecencies and immoralities so much complained of, both before and behind the curtain. In their worst forms they are confined to the patent theatres. A minor theatre has no saloon; nor have the sprigs of our virtuous aristocracy the run of its green-room, to corrupt or insult its professional occupants. The lessees of the privileged houses have a factitious position to sustain, which impels them to the adoption of other than simply theatrical appliances. The passing of Mr. Bulwer's bill would have done much towards raising the profession in the scale of public repute. A better class of persons, in education and character, would have gradually flowed into it; such as by respecting themselves would have taught the public to respect them. And this change would tend to correct the great mistake which yet lingers on the stage, after it has so long been exploded in literature, of the importance of titled patronage. The conjoint effect of the dramatic censorship with the inducements to minister to aristocratic profligacy, produce a debasement of spirit which extends to some who might, and ought to feel themselves far above such servility, and which is quite out of place, time, and character. We have heard of that gifted creature, Miss Kelly, speaking of 'her noble patron, the duke!' Why, what duke in the peerage is there, who might not be improved by being under Miss Kelly's patronage? And Matthews—we blushed for the dignity of talent on reading a recent speech of his at some theatrical fund dinner, in which he actually boasted of an invitation to the table of the Prince of Waterloo, and of a nod from him in the street! What is the comparative rarity or worth of the talent of these two men? Society could furnish at least a hundred Wellingtons for one Charles Matthews. Military ability is the commonest and lowest species of talent. Great generals can always be furnished to order, in any number, and from all ranks in society. Nor can the art of destroying life have any natural or moral claims to superiority over the art of diffusing pleasure. Speaking of the ablest military combinations, Dr. Channing observes,—

'Nothing is more common than to find men, eminent in this department, who are almost wholly wanting in the noblest energies of the soul, in imagination and taste, in the capacity of enjoying works of genius, in large views of human nature, in the moral sciences, in the application of analysis and generalization to the human mind and to society, and in original conceptions on the great subjects which have

absorbed the most glorious understandings. The office of a great general does not differ widely from that of a great mechanic, whose business it is to frame new combinations of physical forces, to adapt them to new circumstances, and to remove new obstructions. Accordingly great generals, away from the camp, are commonly no greater men than the mechanic taken from his workshop. In conversation they are often dull. Works of profound thinking on general and great topics they cannot comprehend. The conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, undoubtedly possesses great military talents, but we have never heard of his eloquence in the senate, or of his sagacity in the cabinet; and we venture to say, that he will leave the world without adding one new thought on the great themes, on which the genius of philosophy and legislature has meditated for ages.*

True, the hero has, since these remarks were written, accomplished some achievements which men of more mind but less will would have shrunk from; but nothing that we know of, to raise him to the intellectual level of Charles Matthews, who probably would have emancipated the Catholics, and who probably would ~~not~~ have declared war against parliamentary reform. Let us hope to hear no more of this parasitical servility. Destroy the monopoly, and the actor, unless by his own choice, is only dependent upon the public. He must chiefly blame himself, should that continue to be a debasing dependence.

It is time to come to the work before us, which is a merited tribute to one of those (for such there have been, and are) who have signally triumphed over the evil influences to which we have adverted. Of such success, Mrs. Siddons was an illustrious example. While she fascinated or overwhelmed by the blaze of her talents, she was also diligently working out her pecuniary independence, and commanding the respect due to an unquestionable and dignified character. It is alike due to her memory, to her art, and to society, that there should be some permanent record of what she was and did, so far as they are capable of being recorded. Glad were we to find that her biography was confided to such hands as those of the poet Campbell.

* Mrs. Siddons's maiden name was Kemble. She was the daughter of Roger Kemble, the manager of a theatrical company that performed chiefly in the midland and the western towns of England; and of Sarah Ward, whose father was also a strolling manager.'

They had a large family, and it was their earnest desire that their children should not follow their own avocation. As to most of them, this wish was baffled; a disappointment which we find continually occurring in theatrical history. Robert Owen tells us that we may do what we please with the characters of the next generation; we have *only* to arrange the circumstances by which those characters are formed. But 'there's the rub.' Roger Kemble would have thanked him for his secret;

* Analysis of the Character of Napoleon Bonaparte.

and so, many years afterwards, would Mrs. Siddons herself. By properly disposing all the circumstances we might rear a tree which should perfectly correspond with a previous picture, even to the tip of every leaf. We are yet far from the requisite knowledge and power; we can only ensure a few broad and general effects; and this is pretty nearly our condition as to the human plant. Even a simple negative result is often beyond us, as it was in the instance of the Kembles. Few of the succeeding generation would regret that parental anxiety had failed of extinguishing a whole theatrical constellation, to manufacture from the materials some indifferent sempstresses, schoolmistresses, lawyers, merchants, or catholic priests.

Mrs. Siddons was born at Brecon, in North Wales, on the 5th July, 1755. Of the very scanty memorials of her early youth the following anecdote is the most interesting. Mr. Campbell gives it on her own (oral) authority as an illustration of 'her confidence in the efficacy of prayer, or rather of the prayer-book.'

'One day her mother had promised to take her out the following, to a pleasure party in the neighbourhood, and she was to wear a new pink dress which became her exceedingly. But whether the party was to hold, and the pink apparel to be worn, was to depend on the weather of to-morrow morning. On going to bed she took with her her prayer-book, opened, as she supposed, at the prayer for fine weather, and she fell asleep with the book folded in her little arms. At day-break she found that she had been holding the prayer for rain to her breast, and that the rain, as if Heaven had taken her at her word, was pelting at the windows. But she went to bed again with the book opened at the right place, and she found the mistake quite remedied, for the morning was as pink and beautiful as the dress she was to wear.'—Vol. i. pp. 35, 36.

The double coincidence was really remarkable. We may not improbably ascribe to it some influence in the production of that respect for religion which Mrs. Siddons always felt. Another such occurrence, and the whole colour of her destiny might have been changed. She might have become a female Wesley, appealing to her personal experience of preternatural interference. Kembletonian, or Siddonian, would have been a sounding name for a sect. The tale is pleasanter than many of the interpositions in the records of modern superstition; nor is their dark fanaticism half so credible as that the elements should go out of their way, and the heavens smile, to prevent a child's being disappointed of her promised enjoyment.

Mr. Siddons was an actor in Roger Kemble's company, and might not unreasonably make pretensions to the manager's daughter, who was then only seventeen, seeing that he was handsome, active, and of talent so versatile, that 'his range of characters extended from *Hamlet* to *Harlequin*.' The Kembles, however, were as cantankerous as the Capulets; only it was Juliet,

instead of Romeo, that was sent into banishment. Her attachment endured the ordeal, and in her nineteenth year she legally took the name which her yet undeveloped powers were to make a *name* of. We must here quote a portion of the narrative because we are not quite satisfied with the biographer :—

‘Miss Kemble promised to marry him as soon as her father and mother’s objections could be overcome. Meanwhile she agreed to go from home, and lived for some time under the protection of Mrs. Greethead, of Guy’s Cliff, in Warwickshire. From a surviving member of that family I learn that she came into it in a dependent capacity ; and, though she was much liked, that her great latent genius was not even suspected. It was observed, however, that she passionately admired Milton ; and I have seen a copy of his works which the Greetheads presented to her at this period. This circumstance is at variance with a rumour often repeated, I have no doubt with a charitable wish to make her early days appear as vulgar as possible, namely, that she went as a nursery-maid into the house at Guy’s Cliff. Families rarely present their nursery-maids with copies of Milton’s poetry ; and besides, there were at that time no children to be nursed in the Greethead family. Her station with them was humble but not servile, and her principal employment was to read to the elder Mr. Greethead.’—Vol. i. pp. 50, 51.

Is not Mr. Campbell somewhat squeamish in these comments ? And has not the same false delicacy made him pass over the washing and ironing in which Mrs. Siddons was so often obliged to spend her days at Liverpool ? Is he shocked at the mention of the muse of tragedy in the suds, and the queen of the drama darning ? It is a foolish weakness that gives spite any advantage in the repetition of such tales. There is nothing in them but what was honourable at the time, and is interesting in the retrospect. What a beautiful story (though so miserably told by Mr. Boaden) is that of Mrs. Inchbald. And who loves her better than when she is scrubbing her staircase and sitting without a fire ? Mrs. Siddons, as the family laundress, was by no means in her least dignified position. She was daring to ‘do all that may become’ a woman, a self-relying woman, resolved to deserve and win respect. Such a woman cannot be *vulgar*. Nor could being a nursery-maid have made her so. We should have supposed that, even on the taffety principle, the amateur laundress was scarcely entitled to precedence over the professional nursery-maid. More shame for the nursery-maid employers if it be so. Think they less of influencing a child’s mind than of stiffening a shirt-collar ? And what a notion of the much vaunted English maternity is implied in this imputation of vulgarity to the occupation of a nursery-maid. We would not, willingly, have been the son of a mother who was capable of committing our infancy to the charge of one whose whole caste and calling she held in scorn. Out on such mothership ! It is a far more *vulgar* thing than any menial occupation. It is gross, disgusting ! If the functions

must be divided, our nursery-maids are of more importance to us than our mothers. They are of more importance to us than our actors, lawyers, divines. They give the first twist to the twig. Miss Kemble's 'principal employment was to read to the elder Mr. Greethead.' It would have been more useful had it been to read to the junior master Greethead. 'Servile,' indeed! If the nurse be servile, what will the child become? These are the very persons to whom copies of Milton should be given. If families rarely do such a thing, why then Thomas Campbell, patriot and poet himself, should teach families that Milton is noble music for their young to grow to.

Mrs. Siddons's first appearance in London was on the 29th December, 1775, in the character of Portia. A newspaper next morning gave the following account:—

'On before us tottered, rather than walked, a very pretty, delicate, fragile-looking young creature, dressed in a most unbecoming manner, in a faded salmon-coloured saque and coat, and uncertain whereabouts to fix either her eyes or her feet. She spoke in a broken, tremulous tone; and at the close of a sentence her words generally lapsed into a horrid whisper, that was absolutely inaudible. After her first exit, the buzzing comment went round the pit generally: She certainly is very pretty; but then how awkward, and what a shocking dresser! Towards the famous trial scene she became more collected, and delivered the great speech to Shylock *with the most critical propriety*, but still with a faintness of utterance which seemed rather the result of internal physical weakness than of a deficiency of spirit or feeling. Altogether the impression made upon the audience by this first effort was of the most negative nature.'—Vol. i. pp. 68, 69.

Mr. Campbell's wrath with the 'vile newspaper critic' is only not quite so unreasonable as his horror at nursery-maid vulgarity. The description is graphic, and has every mark of being true to the writer's own impression, and not very far from the fact. The actress was ill and frightened; and, moreover, her capabilities had not yet become powers. Her nature belonged to a class which is always of slow developement. If we may borrow a beautiful neologism of her biographer, we would say that her character, as well as her form, was 'sculpturesque.' Its qualities were broad, grand, simple, and productive of similar effects from almost every point of view. In these it resembled the statue rather than the painting, and required, like that, a more prolonged toil and laborious touch to accomplish its perfection. The rudiments of a majestic mind and heart may be visible in a child, but their maturity is ever late. For many long years after this period, nature went on moulding and polishing the Siddons.

After occasionally walking the boards in subordinate characters, with little effect, (though there were those who anticipated her future greatness,) Mrs. Siddons was allowed, at the close of the season, to drop back quietly into the country. It was seven years

before she reappeared in London. Of this event we have, happily, her own record:—

‘ For a whole fortnight before this (to me) memorable day, I suffered from nervous agitation more than can be imagined. No wonder! for my own fate, and that of my little family, hung upon it. I had quitted Bath, where all my efforts had been successful, and I feared lest a second failure in London might influence the public mind greatly to my prejudice, in the event of my return from Drury-lane disgraced as I formerly had been. In due time I was summoned to the rehearsal of “*Isabella*.” Who can imagine my terror? I feared to utter a sound above an audible whisper; but by degrees enthusiasm cheered me into a forgetfulness of my fears, and I unconsciously threw out my voice, which failed not to be heard in the remotest part of the house, by a friend who kindly undertook to ascertain the happy circumstance. The countenances, no less than tears and flattering encouragements of my companions, emboldened me more and more; and the second rehearsal was even more affecting than the first. Mr. King, who was then manager, was loud in his applauses. This second rehearsal took place on the 8th of October, 1782, and on the evening of that day I was seized with a nervous hoarseness, which made me extremely wretched; for I dreaded being obliged to defer my appearance on the 10th, longing, as I most earnestly did, at least to know the worst. I went to bed, therefore, in a state of dreadful suspense. Awaking the next morning, however, though out of restless, unrefreshing sleep, I found, upon speaking to my husband, that my voice was very much clearer. This, of course, was a great comfort to me; and, moreover the sun, which had been completely obscured for many days, shone brightly through my curtains. I hailed it, though tearfully, yet thankfully, as a happy omen; and even now I am not ashamed of *this* (as it may perhaps be called) childish superstition. On the morning of the 10th, my voice was, most happily, perfectly restored, and again “*the blessed sun shone brightly on me*.” On this eventful day my father arrived to comfort me, and to be a witness of my trial. He accompanied me to my dressing-room at the theatre. There he left me; and I, in one of what I call my desperate tranquillities, which usually impress me under terrific circumstances, there completed my dress, to the astonishment of my attendants, without uttering one word, though often sighing most profoundly.

‘ At length I was called to my fiery trial. I found my venerable father behind the scenes, little less agitated than myself. The awful consciousness that one is the sole object of attention to that immense space, lined as it were with human intellect from top to bottom, and all around, may perhaps be imagined, but never can be described, and by me can never be forgotten.

‘ Of the general effect of this night’s performance I need not speak; it has already been publicly recorded. I reached my own quiet fireside, on retiring from the scene of reiterated shouts and plaudits. I was half dead; and my joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words, or even tears. My father, my husband, and myself sat down to a frugal neat supper, in a silence uninterrupted, except by exclamations of gladness from Mr. Siddons. My father

enjoyed his refreshments; but occasionally stopped short, and, laying down his knife and fork, lifted up his venerable face, and throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness. We soon parted for the night; and I, worn out with continually broken rest and laborious exertion, after an hour's retrospection, (who can conceive the intense-ness of that review?) fell into a profound sleep, which lasted to the middle of the next day. I arose alert in mind and body.'—Vol. i. p. 159—163.

Though this was only the introduction of an actress to a London life; dead and gone though all the parties be; and history may pass over the event as insignificant, and puritanism turn from it with supercilious pity; we think that heart is much to be grieved for, which is not touched and strongly moved to sympathy by the narrative. It makes one forget that they are dead and gone, and that there are scales of importance in which the occurrence would be below zero. It throws us back in feeling to that long-past point of time; we look forward to the career of the heroine; and the illusion only breaks to leave us lamenting that the writer did not complete her autobiography, and comprise in the record, not only the annals of her art, but of her character; blending with the achievements which raised the actress to fame, the discipline, whether self-imposed or of external influence, which trained the woman to the moral and intellectual dignity exhibited in these extracts, and of the degree of which, they alone have made us fully aware.

The fifth chapter of the first volume might be entitled a chapter of anecdotes; many of them are from Mrs. Siddons's own memoranda. They relate to the times, and she was entitled to call them 'glorious days,' when Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, Gibbon, Sheridan, Windham, and Fox, used to occupy the orchestra of Old Drury; when she sat to Sir Joshua for his celebrated picture of the Tragic Muse, but which always seems to us more like Lady Randolph and the ghost of Douglas; when she first visited Edinburgh, and heard in the street a poor serving girl with a basket of greens on her arm, say as she passed, 'Ah! well do I ken that sweet voice, that made me greet sae sair the streen;' and when she had the more questionable honour (without emolument) of being appointed preceptress in English reading to the princesses, and, consequently, her native dignity was brought into contrast with the barbarism and affectation of royal etiquette. For the propriety of these terms let the following anecdote vouch:—

'I had very soon the honour of reading to their Majesties in Buckingham House, and it occurred frequently. One could not appear in the presence of the queen except in a dress, not elsewhere worn, called a saque or negligée, with a hoop, treble ruffles, and lappets, in which costume I felt not at all at my ease. When I arrived at Buckingham House, I was conducted into an ante-chamber, where I found some ladies of my acquaintance; and in a short time the king entered from the drawing-room, in the amiable occupation of drawing the Princess

Amelia, then scarce three years old, in a little cane-chair. He graciously said something to one of the ladies, and left the lovely baby to run about the room. She happened to be much pleased with some flowers in my bosom, and, as I stooped down that she might take them if so disposed, I could not help exclaiming to a lady near me, "What a beautiful child! how I long to kiss her!" When she instantly *held her little hand* to my mouth to be kissed; so early had she learnt this lesson of royalty. Her Majesty was extremely gracious, and more than once during the reading desired me to take some refreshment *in the next room*. I declined the honour, however, though I had stood reading till I was ready to drop, rather than run the risk of falling down by walking backwards out of the room, (a ceremony not to be dispensed with,) the flooring too being rubbed bright. I afterwards learnt from one of the ladies who was present at the time, that her Majesty had expressed herself surprised to find me so collected in so new a position, and that I had conducted myself as if I had been used to a court. At any rate, I had frequently personated queens.'—Vol. i. p. 248—250.

'Handy dandy,' says Lear; 'which is the justice and which the thief?' And which, say we, is the true queen? and which boards, Buckingham House or Drury, most fitted for the tread of simulating foot? Would even the shilling-gallery, although they had paid for the exhibition, have kept Mrs. Siddons thus pilloried in a saque, reading till she was fainting, and then graciously left her to calculate the alternative of dropping on the spot, or of achieving her escape by skaiting backwards into a more humane apartment? We can laugh at such a scene as happened upon a loyal address occasion; four-and-twenty parsons, all in a row, bowing backwards till they bumped the wainscot; but a lady like Mrs. Siddons is no subject for such a practical joke. This portion of the story came out at the time in Peter Pindar's 'Ode upon Ode.' The remainder of it is far more melaucholy. One's heart chills and sickens at the baby in the go-cart offering Mrs. Siddons her hand to kiss. The poor little thing, to have her humanities stifled in conventionalism before she was out of leading-strings! Why must *any* children be condemned to such treatment as this? The predestined victim of the factory would have put up her round face and smiling mouth on such incitement. Alas for royalty!

The second volume opens with Mrs. Siddons's *own* delineation of the character of Lady Macbeth. It is well worth studying, and appears to us to be a more accurate conception than that of her biographer. We entirely agree in her notion of the kind of personal beauty which best embodies the Lady Macbeth of Shakspeare. She thinks it should be 'fair, feminine, nay perhaps even fragile;' a loveliness to hold in thrall, with the aid of superior intelligence, a hero of high honour and conscientious feeling, as Macbeth was, notwithstanding his ambition. Her mental daring and hardness require contrast rather than correspondence in her form and features to produce the full dramatic effect. And this

theory corresponds with the event. Her frame sinks under the pressure of mental agony, while the more robust constitution of Macbeth weathers the storm, and holds out to the end, through tremendous exertions. We can only quote a brief portion of this dissertation, which is entirely creditable to the judgment, taste, and intellect of the writer, with the exception of the unfounded fancy of Lady Macbeth's also seeing the ghost of Banquo at the banquet. How beautiful is the almost filial expression of her hope of the approval of the great bard. It seems as if the writer realized the conscious presence of his spirit, and in unaffected humility sought his sanction, as would a child that of a departed parent and guide.

' THE THIRD ACT.—The golden round of royalty now crowns her brow, and royal robes enfold her form; but the peace that passeth all understanding is lost to her for ever, and the worm that never dies already gnaws her heart.

' " Nought's had—all's spent,
Where our desire is had without content.
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy."

' Under the impression of her present wretchedness, I, from this moment, have always assumed the dejection of countenance and manners which I thought accordant to such a state of mind; and, though the author of this sublime composition has not, it must be acknowledged, given any direction whatever to authorize this assumption, yet *I venture to hope that he would not have disapproved of it*. It is evident, indeed, by her conduct in the scene which succeeds the mournful soliloquy, that she is no longer the presumptuous, the determined creature that she was before the assassination of the king: for instance, on the approach of her husband, we behold for the first time striking indications of sensibility, nay, tenderness and sympathy; and I think this conduct is nobly followed up by her during the whole of their subsequent eventful intercourse. It is evident, I think, that the sad and new experience of affliction has subdued the insolence of her pride, and the violence of her will; for she now comes to seek him out, that she may, at least, participate his misery. She knows, by her own woful experience, the torment which he undergoes, and endeavours to alleviate his sufferings by the following inefficient reasonings:—

' " How now, my lord? Why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on. Things without all remedy
Should be without regard. What's done, is done."

' Far from her former habits of reproach and contemptuous taunting, you perceive that she now listens to his complaints with sympathizing feelings; and, so far from adding to the weight of his affliction the burthen of her own, she endeavours to conceal it from him with the most delicate and unremitting attention. But it is in vain; as we may observe in his beautiful and mournful dialogue with the physician on the subject of his cureless malady. "Canst thou not minister to a mind

diseased?" You now hear no more of her chidings and reproaches. No; all her thoughts are now directed to divert his from those sorriest fancies, by turning them to the approaching banquet, in exhorting him to conciliate the goodwill and good thoughts of his guests, by receiving them with a disengaged air, and cordial, bright, and jovial demeanour. Yes; smothering her sufferings in the deepest recesses of her own wretched bosom, we cannot but perceive that she devotes herself entirely to the effort of supporting him.

'Let it be here recollected, as some palliation of her former very different deportment, she had, probably, from childhood commanded all around her with a high hand; had uninterruptedly, perhaps, in that splendid station, enjoyed all that wealth, all that nature had to bestow; that she had, possibly, no directors, no controllers, and that in womanhood her fascinated lord had never once opposed her inclinations. But now her new-born relents, under the rod of chastisement, prompt her to make palpable efforts in order to support the spirits of her weaker, and, I must say, more selfish husband. Yes; in gratitude for his unbounded affection, and in commiseration of his sufferings, she suppresses the anguish of her heart, even while that anguish is precipitating her into the grave, which at this moment is yawning to receive her.'—Vol. ii. p. 21—25.

From much theatrical record and criticism, all of which is pleasant reading, though the latter be not always convincing logic, we can only make room for a description of the death-scene of Queen Catharine in Henry the Eighth. It is part of a critique which Mr. Campbell conjectures to have been written by the late Mr. Terry. It bears the mark of a stage-artist, and shows by implication what variety of observation and of power, what nicety of touch as it were, is required for the personation of a character, the outline of which is so much more simple than that of many dramatic heroines:—

'There is one feature of her delineation of the sickness unto death which struck us as a remarkable indication of the superiority of her observations of nature, and her skill in the representation. Instead of that motionless languor, and monotonous imbecility of action and countenance, with which the common-place stage-pictures of sickness are given, Mrs. Siddons, with a curious perception of truth and nature peculiarly her own, displayed, through her feeble and falling frame, and death-stricken expression of features, that morbid fretfulness of look, that restless desire of changing place and position, which frequently attends our last decay. With impatient solicitude she sought relief from the irritability of illness by the often shifting her situation in her chair; having the pillows on which she reposed her head every now and then removed and adjusted; bending forward, and sustaining herself, while speaking, by the pressure of her hands upon her knees; and playing, during discourse, amongst her drapery with restless and uneasy fingers; and all this with such delicacy and such effect combined, as gave a most beautiful as well as most affecting portraiture of nature fast approaching to its exit.

'To select passages from this scene for particular admiration would be idle, where the whole so strongly calls for the revived attention of the

mind, to examine and reflect upon the minute and watchful skill by which every part was made to conduce to that wondrous general impression received while witnessing the performance. Yet, perhaps, those little touches which mark and preserve individuality of character start off in the strongest light of remembrance; such as the indignant reproof with which she chides the rude and irreverent entrance of the messenger, and shows that, in her dejected state, "she will not lose her wonted greatness;" and the peculiar moral sweetness and royalty of manner with which she makes her last request:—

“ When I am dead,
Let me be used with honour. Strew me o'er
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife unto my grave!
Although unqueen'd, inter me like a queen;
And pay respect to that which I have been.”

‘ One additional beauty of her performance remains for us to notice. The astonishing nicety with which her powers are made gradually to decay from the beginning to the end of the scene; when her anxious directions to the Lord Campeius seem to have exhausted her; when “her eyes grow dim,” and her bodily and mental powers but just suffice, as she is supported off, to lay upon her servants the last pathetic and solemn injunctions we have quoted.

‘ The oppressive truth of her representation in this scene is remarkably indicated by the minds of the audience being always so weighed down with the load of sorrow, tenderness, and respect, that it is not until she is no more seen, and reflection has relieved them from their sensations, that they ever once think of paying the customary tribute of applause, which then cannot be too long and loud; but in the course of the scene, the heart cannot once yield to or suffer the usual theatrical sympathy of the hands.’—Vol. ii. p. 149—152.

It has not been our purpose in this article either to trace the events of Mrs. Siddons's life, or minutely analyze her character as an actress, or as a woman; or to give a complete account of these volumes; but merely to introduce them to our readers by the expression of some of the thoughts which have been excited in our own minds, and the citation of some of the passages by which we have been most struck in the perusal. For the rest, we must refer to the book itself. We are obliged to pass over much which we should willingly have introduced: many characteristic and therefore noble and beautiful specimens of the biographer's style of writing and modes of thought; many illustrations of the effects which Mrs. Siddons produced, not only on the audience, but on the other performers; some touching instances of her deportment in private life, and the manner in which she sustained those calamities and bereavements which most strongly try the feelings; and above all, the indications of her state of mind as she advanced towards and through the period of her professional retirement, of which she said, ‘ In this last season of my acting, I feel as if I were mounting the first step of a ladder conducting

me to the other world.' We pass over these to conclude with a few words on two topics which remain.

Mr. Campbell adverts to certain 'allusions to the alleged infelicity of Mrs. Siddons as a married woman,' and inserts the following letter to her husband in refutation of them :—

' December 16, 1804.

' MY DEAR SIR,—I am really sorry that my little flash of merriment should have been taken so seriously, for I am sure, however we may differ in trifles, *we can never cease to love each other*. You wish me to say what I expect to have done. I can expect nothing more than you yourself have designed me in your will. Be (as you ought to be) the master of all while God permits; but, in case of your death, only let me be put out of the power of any person living. This is all that I desire; and I think that you cannot but be convinced that it is reasonable and proper.

' Your ever affectionate and faithful

' S. S.'

In spite of Mr Campbell's italics, we could not read this letter without feeling the purpose for which he introduces it absorbed in a far more important and extensive consideration. Whence came the property which Mrs. Siddons deferentially and humbly requests Mr. Siddons not *so* to bequeath as to subject her to the control of others at the close of her laborious life? We know nothing of the matter but what the book tells us; and from that it does not appear that Mr. Siddons could possibly be possessed of one single farthing for which he was not indebted to Mrs. Siddons. From their marriage to their removal to London, it is true that he was employed as an actor; but the inference is not very unsafe that he earned no more than his portion of the family expenditure. After that time he did nothing, but go to Bath, or take his wife to Ramsgate, when she would rather have remained in London; and we chiefly hear, at one time, of his being full of anecdote, and at another, of his being full of rheumatism. So far as the information goes, Mrs. Siddons was the bee; a queen-bee she was; and Mr. Siddons was the drone, but of whom she had to beg the legacy of an independent morsel of honey. Truly the hive has strange laws and customs. Here is a woman of magnificent endowments, exerting her extraordinary powers with extraordinary success, and a mere pensioned idler is the lord of all her earnings, simply because he is a man and she is a woman. Work the Tiresian miracle upon both, and then see how the case stands. Suppose Mr. Siddons winning the laurels and the money, and then having to beg of Mrs. Siddons not to exercise her sovereign right over it, by leaving him in 'the power of any person.' This would not do any where, except at Travancore, where perhaps it might come in the course of nature. The supposition is absurd and monstrous; and so is the fact. Quite enough is woman debarred from the opportunity of honourably earning her

means of support ; when she can and does earn them, it is barbarism to treat her like a Russian slave whose titled master pockets the pence. If ever there have been people in the world whose money was their own, Mrs. Siddons was one ; and for the reversion of her own, law and custom made her a suppliant ! The true policy of society, and one of the surest means of bettering it, by improving the condition of women, would be to afford them every facility for acquiring more strength of mind and character, by rendering them more independent in pecuniary matters. Men will never be free while women are servile. And servile they must be, while they are trained to look to marriage as furnishing them with the means of support in idleness, or as depriving them of means of support accumulated by their own industry.

Mr. Campbell laments, and with reason, that in Mrs. Siddons's performances the characters sketched by inferior dramatists were so much more frequent than those of Shakspeare. The responsibility, for this fact rests not with the actress, but with the managers the public, and that aristocratical legislation which upheld, and still upholds, the monopoly by which the theatre is degraded and the public taste corrupted. In such a state of things, preeminent honour belongs to any actor whose talent and influence are directed towards rendering the finest productions of the great bard, restored to their purity, more prominent at the large theatres. The passing away of the Kemble dynasty, whose last crowned one is said to have determined on depositing her regalia in the great republican receptacle of abdicated princes, has not left the boards without a qualified upholder of the *really* legitimate drama. Mr. Macready has of late enacted little but Shakspeare ; and little but Shakspeare *should* be enacted by a man of mind so philosophic, of conception so just, of taste so delicate ; with critical faculties so acute, and the sense of poetical appreciation so strong ; and whose powers of personation and expression (though with some physical drawbacks) are so vast and varied. His representations of King John, Henry IV., Hamlet, Coriolanus, and Macbeth, well deserve the analysis of the finest criticism. Our memory is long enough to compare one point in the latter character with the acting of John Kemble. It occurs at the disappearance of the Ghost of Banquo. Kemble's acting went on the assumption that the ghost was altogether a phantom of the brain. He plucked up courage while it was yet before him, folded his arms, walked up to it defyingly, and fairly drove it off the stage. Once he attempted to make the audience participate in his theory, by not allowing the ghost to rise at all, and addressing himself to the empty chair ; but the audience thought a sight of the ghost was included in their bargain, and would have all they had paid for. Macready, on the contrary, supposes the external presence of the ghost ; he cannot bear the sight of it ; he covers his eyes in horror ; and when his fearful glance at the haunted spot only falls on

vacancy, he gazes all around in agonized and fluctuating apprehension, as if the awful presence must still be somewhere at the banquet, until he gradually becomes reassured :

‘ Why, so, being gone,
I am a man again.’

Now this is the truth ; Shakspeare's truth, that is. Kemble's version was a spice of modern philosophy. The tragedy is based upon the *reality* of the supernatural. We cannot subscribe to the doctrine of certain of the best critics we know, that Macbeth is an illustration of superstition. The hero believes nothing for which the poet does not vouch. He is deceived by the ambiguous promise of the fiend, but it *was* a fiend that made the promise. The Weird Sisters are the Destinies of the play ; the Scottish Fates. His error (according to Shakspeare) was in trusting the demons, not in believing them *to be* demons. Even Lady Macbeth, an infidel of the age, though she laughs at the ghost and the dagger, solemnly invokes those whose ‘ sightless substances wait on nature's mischief’ by the accredited mode of adjuration. We may perhaps even regard her as nerved, by their possession, for her daring crimes. Such possession held its place in religion and history long after the days of Elizabeth. Having said thus much of Macbeth, we cannot dismiss the play without observing that we never saw a finer lyric poem than the countenance and action of Macready during the combat with Macduff. There was not the Kemble trick of the tinkling of the trembling sword against the crossed sword of his antagonist, but there was that rapid succession of the intensest emotions, pervaded by a concentrating energy, which characterizes a noble Pindaric.

But the finest of Macready's performances, which includes its being the finest thing that the British stage can at present exhibit, is *King Lear*. Mr. Campbell speaks of it as ‘ masterly,’ but complains that he missed John Kemble's eyes. That were better than to have missed Macready's brains and nerves. We have never seen a personation implying so much of the best intellectual and moral qualities combined with such artistical perfection. Without adverting to any particular beauty, or any of the many touches which made throats swell or tears flow, we would observe of the actor's conception of the character, that, with a soul akin to that of the inspiring bard, he seized on the exact point and condition, in the natural history of mind and body, at which, and at which alone, the aged king and father secures our respect, pity, and sympathy, in the highest degree. It was said that Garrick would have turned in his grave with envy at the success of Mrs. Siddons's Lady Macbeth ; she would have wept and knelt to the power of Macready's King Lear.

MEMORANDA OF OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIMENTS IN
EDUCATION. No. 2.

THE mother was again restored to her child,—her child, but oh ! how altered ! Scarcely was it possible to trace in him the pure and heart-gladdening being she had once known. The following extracts from her journal will give some idea of her operations and remarks upon him and other children. They are loose fragments, and claim attention and derive value chiefly on account of the bare, simple facts which they bring to light. It is some such data as these that the moral philosopher and the educator want. What would not either of them give for the true history of one human mind from birth to death ! Rousseau has attempted to give one of a portion of his life, and his revelations are highly interesting ; but it were greatly to be wished that many and variously-constituted persons would attempt the same good work for the world, and perform it more perfectly than he has done. Blessed may that hand be (if such should ever exist) that, tearing down the veils which society hangs before the emotions of the heart, and those yet more impenetrable veils with which vanity shrouds our baser feelings from our own perception, shall expose all the heights and depths, the beauty and the misery of his own nature !

But however difficult it may be to arrive at the arcana of our human souls, there is good hope of our getting glimpses of truth by studying children,—beings not wholly sophisticated ; and great joy is there in communication with those from whom occasionally burst forth such

‘Glorious gleams of heavenly light,
And gentle ardours from above,’

as are sufficient to convince people whose intercourse with the ‘worky-day world,’ might lead them to a belief, contrary to the fact, that ‘man is made much lower than the angels.’

EXTRACTS FROM THE MOTHER’S JOURNAL

May 18.—It is the common complaint of those who would reform abuses that innovation is productive of evil, and the timid and idle prefer the evils of abuse to those of innovation. However, it can never be, either as regards society or the individual, that supine inaction is right. The sincerely and intelligently desirous for reform may make mistakes as to the way in which they strive to attain it, and they may produce harm instead of good ; but let us hope, that to intelligence, and benevolence, and energy, the means to the true end,—happiness,—will not for ever remain obscure. Without this hope, I might well be dismayed at the mass of evil which opposes itself to my efforts ; and before I can begin again to weave the bright tissue of my child’s life,

what an entanglement have I to undo ! and this undoing, what a delicate, difficult, and long affair it is ! Direct attacks upon the evil seldom fail to produce another and often a worse species of evil than that against which one is warring. For instance,—yesterday J. said to B. ‘How greedy of you, B. to take three buns for luncheon.’ The colour mounted into B.’s face, and his pained eyes sought the ground. To-day, however, appetite was too strong for him ; but the third bun, instead of being openly eaten, was silyly carried out of the room, and greedily devoured in a corner of the garden. This is all very bad. In the first place, there is no harm in liking a bun ; nature has implanted the taste in us. In the second place, deceit is a crime ; why engender it ? Loss of self-esteem is an incalculable evil ; why engender *it* ? Can you do a greater mischief to a human being than to call that crime which is not crime ? Is it not to degrade the being ? Has not this very plan of action brought degradation down upon thousands and thousands of slaves, trembling before their own misguided consciences ? When will men cease to blunder about the ‘war of the flesh with the spirit,’ and heed the injunction, ‘What I have sanctified that call not thou common or unclean. Nothing is bad that is natural ; if anything seem so, it is but because other parts of the nature are undeveloped, so that one particular portion stands out in preposterous magnitude. B. is greedy, *i. e.*, he is very fond of things nice to eat ; so much the better ; he has at least one source of pleasure, and let him enjoy it so long as he can, but strive, nevertheless, to open out to him means of higher happiness. ‘Overcome evil with good ;’ *i. e.*, cultivate the faculties which are deficient in strength until you have brought them all into proportion. Good seems to me but another name for proportion ; and bad, another name for excess or disproportion. There is no such thing as abstract bad ; every thing in man’s nature is good, and given for wise purposes. Those animal propensities which so often disgust us in children, are the means through which the young being is stimulated to the acts which continue its very existence ; and, so far from lamenting to observe them in the child, let us bless God that he has annexed pleasure to the exercise of all our faculties ; and, as far as in us lies, let us endeavour to imitate him by cultivating all the faculties. Nature has done what is needful as far as regards those very important functions which maintain the being in animal existence ; she has annexed to their performance so lively a pleasure, that all we have to do is to attend to the demands of nature, and minister to them ; but with regard to those functions which maintain the spiritual existence the case is very different ; the cravings of nature are less urgent, her directions less audible ; the developement of the mind is so dependent upon the human action upon it, as to have led to the false belief that the human mind is like a blank sheet of paper on which any thing may be written. It requires

deep study to cultivate the mind; whereas, for the body, we shall do well if we only heedfully spy into nature's wants, and never presume to despise the indications she holds out for our guidance. Never let us despise the physical, because whatever God has arranged is full of beauty and goodness; and because the spiritual does depend upon the physical. Let us not expect in the child the virtues, *i. e.*, the pleasures of the man; each age has its own peculiar mode of existence and of happiness; let us not despise those of any age; the caterpillar that spends its life in eating, and the butterfly that on the rose's breast suns its fluttering wings for a summer day and dies,—which of these is the best? Let him only answer who, surveying all creation, can see each being's influence upon the whole creation.

Dec. 18.—Mrs. —, who is come to stay with me for a week, said to me to-day, 'What *have* you done to B.? He is not like the same creature. What have you done to him?' 'Nothing,' I answered. 'No, no,' replied she, 'that answer will not do. I am really interested in learning how in seven months so great a change can have been wrought. The expression of his face is more complacent and less animal, and he appears to have forgotten his peevishness, disobedience, and cunning.' 'Well,' I rejoined, 'certainly it is not true to say that I have done nothing, but it is perfectly true to say that I cannot describe to you the process by which any particular fault has been conquered. It is a rule very strictly observed by me, not to try to crush *manifestations* of feelings, but to be content to let those *feelings* right themselves; and I trust for this to the general influence of the whole of my system. I am never better pleased than when a fault disappears I know not how. I then hope that it has gone naturally, and that some good has taken its place in the heart instead of some worse evil, as is but too frequently the case after our active *corrections*, as we term them.' 'Do you really mean now to say,' interrupted Mrs. —, 'that you have never prevented B. from crying in that violently-impatient manner which he used to do?' 'Certainly,' said I; 'I never took the slightest notice of his screams. If I did not mean him to have what he was crying for, I let him cry on, without moving a muscle of my face even to show that I heard him; if, on the other hand, I meant him to have what he was screaming for, I gave it to him, although he was crying. Had I acted differently he would have come to the false notion that crying is wrong, (instead of which, it is the too impatient desire that causes the crying, which is wrong,) and he would have come, at length, hypocritically to refrain from the MANIFESTATION of impatient desire, in order to ARRIVE AT ITS OBJECT. Of course, the only right thing to do was, first, to behave so towards him as to win back his affection to me, that affection which in former days was the source of his confidence in me, which confidence was in its turn the source of cheerful acquies-

cence in my wishes, even when he could not *see* their reasonableness; and, secondly, so to develope his higher faculties that he should not be so eagerly craving for little things.' 'Ah, well,' said Mrs. —, 'it is very fine, but I dare say you got many a headache from that system of crying which he used to carry on.' I assured her that her conjecture was perfectly right; and heaven forgive me if it were pride which prevented my attempting to show her the sacred happiness that fills my heart when I recognise my boy's improvement. No, it was not pride. To enable her nature to see these secret sources of my soul's joy, would have required some of that wonderful ointment by means of which the man in the fairy tale beheld the mines of gold and silver, and precious stones, which lie in the dark bosom of the earth.

Dec. 19.—B. came running into my room to-day, sobbing violently, 'Mamma, mamma, I don't like to die; all the dirt will get in my eyes!' And thus it is that we spoil the beautiful arrangements of Providence! introducing them to the childish mind before it can take any but the most partial possible view of them. B. will probably never lose the impression he has this day received from his maid; perhaps, will never feel the charm which to me there is in the thought of that gentle sleep which dissolves our mortal body, and perhaps reposes the spirit, intervening between its earthly and heavenly career.

June.—'Are you glad that God has made it all so beautiful,' said B. to me as I was watching the sun sinking into the waves at B. I was speaking to no one. I was unconscious at the time of even his presence, and I had never in my life pronounced to him the name of God, that idea being, in my opinion, one of the many which we obtrude so disadvantageously upon the weak imaginations of children. Why not wait at least until we are questioned as to the creation of things? The impressions of children are almost always painful concerning the Deity; they can understand his power so much better than his goodness. As a child, I can remember having a vision of an eye, blue and glassy, and ever pursuing me, and that was my idea of the Deity; and — has told me that she used to imagine an eye looking fixedly at her through a crack in the ceiling. It is in vain to assure children that God is good; they *must* have fear, because they have not that perfect love which casts out fear; nor can they have perfect love so long as they are children. Perfect love must be grounded upon intelligence. Not until man has arrived at the full knowledge of himself, of outward creation, and of the exquisite adaptation of these to the creation of happiness; not until then, I say, can he fully comprehend the goodness of God, and feel for him a perfect love. The most sublime and delicious emotion which I can picture to myself would be that of a young man; who having been nurtured in some solitude, and having

never heard the name of God, should in some moment be struck with the fact that he did not know the true cause of any thing. Supposing he were to make some such soliloquy as this: 'The acorn is dropt into the ground, it then swells and sends its roots downwards, and its stem upwards, and grows to a mighty tree by merely assimilating to itself a few gases, and some moisture. Why is this? And why will only an oak grow from an acorn? Who has fixed the laws which limit these operations?' He would eagerly ask the question of him who had educated him, and whose wise care and instructions had enabled him to feel intensely and understand scientifically the beauty and harmony of his own nature, and of the external universe. With the deep calm of intense emotion he would reply to his pupil's question, 'God.' 'And who is God?' 'The Father of Nature; he whose will created all those forms which charmed your childish eye, and established those laws which keep all things in eternal order.' Oh that moment! It would give soul to matter, design to creation, hope, and joy, and peace, and love unspeakable to the being who then would hear for the first time the blessed sound, 'Heavenly Father.' Surely such a question would occur to every mind left free from all human influence on the subject, save that of being initiated into the science of Nature. And how would it come? As I have said, through the Reason! Through the mind perceiving that it knew only effect, not cause!

One thing which strikes me in B.'s remark is, the powerful effect of countenance upon the child. Indeed, I think that the strongest effects produced in us are caused by things acting incessantly upon us, and silently, and slowly, and imperceptibly; that as the physical constitution is in great measure formed by the atmosphere in which the being lives, so is the mental constitution affected by the secret workings of that moral atmosphere made by the beings who surround us. Looks, tones, habits, those manifestations of ourselves called *ways*, are far more influencing than words or direct lessons. How needful is it, therefore, that none but pure, and lofty, and loving creatures, should have the care of childhood. B. is peculiarly susceptible of this sort of influence. To-day, — came here; the very sight of her seems to irritate him, and put him in a resistful state; she is just one of those people whose restless nature proclaims a sort of want of ease in all about her. Certainly, there are some who walk the earth, like the fabled goddess of old, surrounded by loves and dancing graces, and others whose heads are wreathed, like Medusa's, with hissing snakes, and to look on whose countenance is to feel one's heart turn to stony coldness.

July, 1821.—B. is very fond of doing what he calls his journal, that is, repeating to me at night the deeds of the day. I find it of incalculable use. I learn therefrom the impression which things have made upon him; those impressions are strengthened and

made manifest to himself by the act of speaking them out to me, and I am enabled to help him to compare himself with himself, and to point him to further exertions. To-night he and S. were playing in the garden, and he wheeled S. in his wheelbarrow. S. then tried to wheel him, but could not, whereupon J. began to scoff at S. 'Never mind, S.,' said B.; 'once, do you know, I could not wheel this barrow full of cones; and, I dare say, next year you will be able to wheel me, and I shall be able to wheel the gardener's barrow full of weeds and rubbish; don't you think we shall, mamma?' This little speech was delicious to me; it was just what I wished or expected to see; his habit of self-observation had taught him the improbability of human beings, and so far from exulting in the superiority the moment gave him over S., he was sobered by the reflection, that as yet he could not manage the gardener's wheelbarrow. Teach the being to be emulous of himself, and he will never be the victim of emulation of others, but will for ever be straining after perfection. I never say to B. 'You do so and so better or worse than C. or E., but always, 'Can you manage so and so better than you did a month ago?' 'How long has it taken you,' or 'how long do you think it will take you to learn so and so?' The fact is, that he scarcely ever thinks of comparing himself with others; but he seldom closes his eyes without scheming for the morrow the perfecting of to-day's enterprise, or undertaking some new work which to-day's labours have suggested. So we are slowly and pleasantly climbing the ladder, step by step, without noting who is above or who is beneath us. Give 'the love of excellence,' and 'the love of excelling' will never spring up and shadow the heart.

June.—'How sweetly the birds sing,' said C. 'do they sing on Sunday?' What a quantity of false notion must have been inculcated to produce such a question. Joy and sweetness were, in her idea, far removed from the Sunday. To my thinking, A.'s feeling was perfect. When eight years old, he proposed that he and his brothers and sisters should do the work of the house, in order to allow the servants that rest, leisure, and pleasure, which, he observed, they had not on the week day. His proposal was accepted, and nothing could be more beautiful than to see the zeal with which the children carried out the plan, and the sincere pleasure that they felt in hearing from the servants on Monday morning the history of their visits to some beautiful spot or other in the neighbourhood, or to their friends. This was, indeed, to keep holy the Sabbath day.

Sept.—'Do not eat any more plums, C., they will make you ill.' 'Well,' said she, half-laughing, 'all nice things are bad for us; I don't know how that is.' This was the feeling of six years old, what will that of sixty be on this subject?

Nov.—I have invariably observed in children a taste for imitating the occupations of men. As babies almost, they have

dinner and tea parties; girls have dolls, and boys drive carriages ingeniously constructed of chairs; the carpenter, the glazier, the blacksmith's forge, what a charm these all have for children! and then, what book delights them so much as Robinson Crusoe? B. has made me read to him the family Robinson over and over and over again, and he is ever wishing for a desert island. If my observation on this point be correct, and if my theory be correct, viz. that the individual should pass through pretty nearly the same training as the species has done, the as-yet-undiscovered way of *naturally* developing the powers may be this, of letting the child, in so far as it can, supply its own wants. There are many of the arts of life so simple as to lie within the reach of the child's comprehension and execution. In almost all of them he might help a little, and this experience UNDER INTELLIGENT GUIDANCE would not only give a quickness and truth of apprehension and sight, and a full developement to the physical powers, but a large fund of knowledge and science might be taught far more really and pleasantly than through books. For instance, X. has a remarkable talent for mechanics, and I am sure might be led to a discovery of the principles of that science, if he were afforded opportunity of seeing machinery, and his mind awakened by intelligent questions. Perhaps in a happier state of the world, when machinery will have taken the place of manual labour, the provision of the wants of the whole community may be intrusted to children. This will be morally good for them; for under the present system of things they are too apt to fancy themselves born for nothing, but to be worked hard for by a whole train of servants, governesses, masters, and relations. Every thing depends upon the way in which a system is administered; but I do think, that under good management, providing certain of the necessities of life, would be found an unfailing object for energy, intelligence, and kindness to exercise themselves upon. It is, however, so necessary that the child should be trained to habits of application, and should be accustomed to feel responsible for his actions, that I should require a perfect and regular performance of that which he undertook to do. I have no doubt that, properly managed, nothing like enforcement would be necessary; but should it prove so in any case, I believe there would be less harm, less dulling of the spirit in requiring the accomplishment of an end which the child understood, by means which he understood, than in demanding of him the translation of one hundred lines of Homer or Virgil, or the repetition of a certain number of pages of Keith's Geography. Are Virgil, Homer, and Keith then to be foresworn? No—there's the beauty of it—a time will come when book learning will be eagerly sought for. Distant climes, distant people, by-gone ages will have an intense interest for the being entering upon manhood—the mistake is in introducing these things before they can be comprehended—the world that sur-

rounds him, the wants that he feels, the sensations and emotions of his own nature—these are the first objects of the child's attention, and thoroughly to understand them is to be well prepared to study the past, and to work for the future.

I will try to find employment daily for B. that shall act beneficially upon others—his learning shall not be systematic or gained from books, or have reference to that which he does not feel the use of knowing—it will be enough if I can but help him on in the path wherein he would go. I will let him point out that path. I will endeavour to answer his questions, (a difficult matter,) and his own eyes and judgment, assisted by the intelligence and goodness of those about him, shall be his instructors.

May, 1822.—‘This is my birth-day—let us have a cake,’ said H. to-day. I had no idea of connecting the idea of feasting with that of a birth-day. I proposed that the usual supper should be carried out into the wood. The children raised a turf throne for H. and strewed the place where we were to sit with bright flowers and fragrant ferns, and whilst the rays of the setting sun gilded the silver bark of the birches, M.’s guitar sung him to his golden rest. It was a beautiful scene, and touching. A dance concluded the evening’s amusements. H. was the last to retire to rest, and when we were alone I said to him, ‘We have been very happy, dear H., and have rejoiced that it is your birth-day—why should we do so? The angels sung when Christ was born, and men should sing when such men as Howard and Washington are born.’ He understood my inuendo, and said, ‘That was a foolish speech of mine about the cake; to be sure the best way of celebrating one’s birth-day is to *give* as much happiness as one can on that day.’ ‘Why on that day more than all others?’ I answered. ‘It is a bad thing to mark out particular days for the performance of duties which it is required of us to perform every moment of our lives. Perhaps, on this very account, no institution has done more harm than the institution of the Sabbath as a RELIGIOUS day;* as if religion were not the delight and duty of every moment of existence. Trust me, dearest, the best celebration of your birth-day will be that which loving hearts will make each time that you confer a benefit.’

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It would be interesting to discover the rules which govern children’s apprehension of poetry. In general, that which they cannot understand, charms more than that which is within their comprehension. I think I have observed that it is sound which chiefly pleases them; after that, pathos, then horror, and then humour. — like better than any other poetry Tennyson’s ‘New Year’s Eve,’—then, one of the Irish Melodies, viz., ‘The Minstrel Boy to the War is gone,’—after that, ‘Chevy Chase,’—

* Lest our correspondent should be misinterpreted, it may be observed, that the only sanctification of the Sabbath commanded in the Bible is as a *day of rest*.

and, last of all, the usual nursery doggerels. I remember when I was nine years old, by chance, reading Collins's Ode to the Passions, and bursting out crying with exquisite sensation when I came to that line—

‘And Hope, enchanted, smiled and waved her golden hair.’

It is, in truth, very beautiful, taken in connexion with that which precedes.

Some children are very poetical. B., when four years old, while walking in the wood at ———, wished to gather some flowers for his mamma, who was going away. ‘There is no time now,’ said some one who was present, ‘but you can send her a nosegay in a few days.’ ‘They will hang their heads,’ said he, ‘when mamma goes—they will cry—they will all wither and waste away.’ One evening, while watching the sunset, he said, ‘The sun sinks behind the deep hills.’ When four years old he would amuse himself, for hours, by drawing lines, and making stories about these lines, *e. g.*, ‘Here is a steam-boat, and here is a little boat and it goes wave, wave, wave.’ But there is no good thing on this earth which may not be perverted (by excess) into bad. B.’s imagination often leads him into untruth. When three years old he said, so very gravely, that had you only looked at his countenance, and not heard his words, you would have felt sure he believed the truth of what he was speaking. ‘Do you know, just now I saw a pig walking along the road with a bonnet on.’

Every day, about this time, the habit of telling marvellous falsities grew upon him. My feeling was, that he did not wish to deceive; the images passed through his mind, and he wished to communicate them, and knew not yet how to do so but by saying, ‘I saw,’ ‘There was,’ and the like forms of expression. However, *had* he meant to cheat, it is a fearful thing to begin with a child upon the subject of untruth, and the plan we pursued from the beginning was not to take the slightest notice of these effusions. To laugh at them would have been fatal, to frown on them scarcely less so; therefore there was no other course left than to remain deaf to them. Tempted on by his imagination, he still tells stories of this kind; but surely these stories are of a very different nature from those which are uttered in order to screen the teller from punishment. One cannot be too careful not to tempt children to tell falsehoods, especially if they are of a timid nature. Cowardice is the mother of all the vices, and her first-born is, Lying. The falsehoods of children are the fatal consequences of our foolishly expecting from them feelings not suited to their age. Rousseau was nearly right when he said that the art of education was to lose time. It is indeed so to contrive that no virtues which he has not shall by circumstances be required of the child; it is to keep him in that simplicity of circumstances in which duty, and perception of duty, and will, and

power harmonize. Now, how can we expect the child (short-sighted being, and living almost entirely through his senses) to comprehend the majestic beauty of truth? Is it not one of the last things that the rational being begins to learn? Is not the love of truth that love which grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength? Is not the man who has gone the nearest to the perfect worship of truth the one who has gone the nearest to perfection? When one considers how difficult it is for the full-facultied man to see, much more to follow after the truth, it will appear how almost impossible it is for the child to do either. I never shall forget hearing a West India planter defend the slave-trade one morning at breakfast. During the discussion his little boy had stolen away several pieces of sugar from the sugar-basin, and denied the fact, and was punished for the untruth. The father did not perceive that both he and his son had equally, in their desire of self-gratification, lost sight of the truth.

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Obstinacy.—Oh, to what battles have I been witness! There was X. shut up for weeks and darkly looked on, until he sunk into a frightful sort of stupor, because he would not, in counting, say ‘20,’ but always ‘19, 21.’ There was — in bed for three weeks, because he would not say a letter; and C. severely whipped to make her say a word which she met with in reading, and would not pronounce. Nothing fosters obstinacy like contention. It has been said, and there may be some truth in the idea, that it is right to do battle once with an obstinate child, and by gaining it, make him aware of his habit, and also convince him of his power and yours to conquer it. I scarcely know; it is very questionable whether these victories do not leave behind them a resentfulness and soreness which it takes years to efface. However this may be with regard to habits already formed, certain it is, that one should try to prevent the formation of the habit, a thing only to be done by analyzing the feeling. What is obstinacy but the resistance to a supposed injury? Is there any other cure for it than a conviction in the child of the lovingness and good sense of its conductor? Is that conviction likely to be wrought by the tortures by which people usually seek to conquer a fit of obstinacy? Would obstinacy ever spring up under an intelligent guidance? Must it not have been engendered by a loss of confidence caused by a quantity of useless requisition on the part of the educator? Here again comes in that principle of action which meets us at every turn, viz., to patiently wait till experience shall have tutored the will. No one will obstinately resist that which he sees to be his good; it is for this seeing that the parent must be content so often to wait. Too great care cannot be taken likewise that we do not call that obstinacy which is often stupidity on the one hand, or firmness of principle on the other. A remarkable instance of the latter is the case of —, who, when four years old, was desired

by her father to carry up stairs to a visitor some of his clothes, which had been sent down to be brushed. Somehow or other this child had got it into her head that there was indelicacy in doing this; and her resentment against her father for requiring this degradation of her was most strangely strong and bitter. Indeed her grief that her father should desire her to do a wrong thing was so much the deepest feeling she had, that, at this distance of time, it is the only one which remains; it has so entirely overpowered the feeling which she must have had according to the result of the contest, that she even forgets what the result was. It is most probable she was conquered; and it is very certain that she was severely and long punished during her resistance. To be very careful not to tax a child unjustly with obstinacy, to be very careful not to engender it by ill-advised demands, and to be content, when it exists, to let it melt away gradually under the influence of growing affection and sympathy; such should be the course adopted towards the obstinate. Nor should one ever lose sight of the fact, that all wrong is but excess of good, and that that which, under the name of obstinacy, looks so hideous, springs from the very principle of our nature, which, well directed, we should all venerate under a thousand lovely shapes, such as firmness, fortitude, liberty, decision, &c. &c.

C.

A LONDON SUNDAY.

SUNDAY, if Sir Andrew Agnew would let him alone, is a sober, decent, well-behaved day enough: I have my doubts whether Monday would dare to show his face before him, and invite a comparison between them. Even Saturday, who prides himself on his exceeding cleanliness—his rubbings and scrubbing, his domestic providence, his marketings, his carrying home this, and ordering home the other, &c. &c. might 'hide his diminished head' in his presence. Friday is, we know, superstitious, abstinent from meat, and addicted to salt fish and thirst, which induces him to go too often to the ale-barrel, and sends him to bed not quite so sober as he should be—so that what he saves of sin in meat he loses in sin in malt; Thursday is of pretty indifferent character; Wednesday intolerant also of beef and mutton; and Tuesday is notoriously employed in putting such things to rights as Monday in his dissipation threw into disorder,—in holding up his sick head,—and in making mutton-broth for his queasy, debauched stomach. Do not, then, dear, decent Sunday, be persuaded to think yourself worse than you are; but show your cheerful, shining face, and though a million of Agnews speak ill of you, and charge you with this and that, heed them 'not a jot,' but put on your best 'bib and tucker,' as usual; go to church in the morning, as *ditto*,—in the afternoon, too, if you like to do so;

but don't be persuaded from taking your evening stroll out of town—your musing, meditative saunter through the serene green fields of the suburbs—your ale, biscuits, and shrimps, or brandy and water 'cold without'—your tranquil pipe and cool arbour-seat—your chat on politics or other matters with the intelligent old gentleman who '**hopes he doesn't intrude** himself into your company ;'—do not be persuaded from these innocent enjoyments though legions of solemn, serious Andrews cross your path, and strive to make you believe the merry Andrews are your worst friends and most sinful companions. Mind them not, but delight, as was your wont, in beholding the careless, innocent little men and little women, who are to be the fathers and mothers of your grandchildren, romping and rolling over the lawn which makes green the 'trim garden' where you 'take your pleasure.' Admire, as you must do, that little girl with double-stalked cherries hanging from either ear, and bobbing against either cheek, as round and beautiful with Nature's own 'white and red.' Laugh, if you like, at that humorous urchin who, like a young bacchanal, has purpled his nose and cheeks with juice of a black-heart cherry. Or turn your eyes upon that happy group busily blowing up gooseberry-skins, and exploding them on the backs of their hands. Regard, like the reflective moralist you are, that breathless boy chasing the golden-winged butterfly, dodging it in and out as it doubles and turns, till at last, with exulting wing, it mounts aloft ; and now he stands weeping for what, though beautiful, is worthless. Listen—they will not think you an eave's-dropper for your curiosity—listen to the proud and delighted mothers of those little ones descanting on the several merits of the members of their domestic flocks—recounting their hopes and fears, their pains and pleasures. If angels ever look down upon this world with affection, it is when the love of a mother dwells upon her children—trembles on her tongue, speaks in her eyes, and yearns in her 'heart of hearts.' Such sights as these may be seen in humble places, where the proud and the fastidious would fear to enter ; indulge in them, dear Sunday, you who are a cosmopolite, and not so particular a fellow as you are thought and many wish you to be. Sermons are to be heard even in a tea-garden—or, if not heard, may be read ; and the eye needs its lessons as well as the ear.

A London Sunday is not what it was. Any one who remembers London thirty years ago must see, and, if candid, will acknowledge that the external decencies of life are now more general—that there is more self-restraint—less drunkenness, riot, and debauchery, though perhaps as much comparative poverty as ever, even among the most unenlightened classes—in the lowest and humblest neighbourhoods. Thirty years since, such a lively locality as Drury-lane was, on a Sunday, from day-break till long after dark, one carnival of revelry, from the south end of it even

to the north end thereof: for who was to put it down in those days? The two or three parish beadles and 'constables serving in their own right' could not take up the five or six hundred reeling or wallowing swine of a swinishly-inclined multitude; and as for the Bow-street officers, they were better employed than in picking up the 'dirty spalpeens' who were sprawling in the gutter, and soaked inside and out with puddle-water and 'Hodges's best.' Besides, Pat would have thought it mighty hard, after running up and down perpendicular ladders during six days, to be debarred from an hour or two's 'horizontal refreshment' on Sunday. It was, no doubt, very shocking to witness such scenes: they are past; and it is something to have lived long enough to see that they are no more—thanks to a better knowledge among the many, and a better police where the few are still inclined to indulge in the old familiar vices.

But Drury-lane had not all the indecorous to itself: other low neighbourhoods disgorged their dirty and debauched, who carried their depravities out of town with them, instead of exhibiting them in the streets; and accordingly the roads and the fields in the suburbs were covered with born blackguards, some leading home bull-dogs, bitten, torn, mangled, and bleeding, who had had their bellies-full of fighting—others going to more distant fighting-places. Dustmen, coster-mongers, draymen, coal-heavers with their beards newly mowed, but the upper parts of their faces still covered with an incrustation of coal-dust,—hackney-men, butchers' men and boys,—in short, all the lower and worst classes of London, seemed smitten with a sort of tarantula dance, and toe-and-heeled it out of town. The green suburbs were reached sooner in those days, before London had outgrown itself; and to these inviting spots accordingly such motley groups as we have named bent their steps, not always of the steadiest. In one corner of a cow-pasture you beheld a group engaged at pitch and hustle; in another a pitched battle was going on for seven shillings a side, or a leg of mutton and trimmings. Now and then you might hear some respectable-looking person exclaim—'Zounds, I've lost my watch!'—'No,' cried a hundred voices,—'It vozn't wallible, voz it?' 'Yes, worth ten guineas,' groaned the bereaved of Tompion. A shout of laughter told him how much they pitied him. Shortly afterwards, perhaps, another respectable found that he had lost his purse with twenty guineas in it: whereupon louder roars of laughter shook the welkin, these fellows having a peculiar relish for such happy strokes of practical humour. If the loser could be restored to good-humour by the good-humour of the blackguards about him, he lacked not such consolation: he was told that money generally changed hands at a fight; and was advised to offer thirty pounds reward, and he would be sure to get his twenty again, &c. &c. If the field had a pond in it, a duck-hunt was exciting shrieks of cruel laughter; or perhaps a

cat of superhuman powers was supposed to be in the act of drawing some full-grown fool from one side of the pond to the other for a wager—he being placed blindfold with his back to the water, the rope which drew him through, though fastened to the cat, was pulled by the knowing ones on the opposite side; and yet, though the trick was so manifest, sufficient flats were to be found who would go through this ordeal, acknowledge the wonderful strength of cats, and pay their forfeits like well-juggled fools. In some by-road, or broad, level pathway through another field, you might observe a mechanic engaged in what appears an easy but is a difficult wager,—picking up a hundred stones placed at measured intervals apart, and depositing them in a basket at the end of the line. The usual time allowed for this performance is forty minutes, and the distance run six miles. If he went on as if he would win, the bets of the by-standers rose enthusiastically from pots of beer to pots of ale: if he appeared to be losing wind, strength, and speed, and looked distressed, pints were offered, but ‘no takers.’ But if he won, up went my man on the shoulders of two of the lustiest of his admirers; and so he was borne off the field to the first public-house, no hero at an Olympic game more petted and proud, though he lacked a Pindar to sing his praise. In some other green corner, not far away, a field-preacher was holding forth to a much smaller audience than the ducks or the cats drew together. There was one itinerant preacher, however, who brought out thousands to the fields to hear him—a Mr. Cooper, of the Lady Huntingdon connexion—a young and eloquent man, who had a great reputation in that day; but when he left the hedge-row for the pulpit, sunk into a mediocre man. But even he, with all his popularity, could not escape the Sunday blackguards, who not unfrequently interposed a dead cat, or ‘some such small deer,’ between two pious periods,—a favourite mode of expressing their dissent from Dissenters, in that day. Still deeper in the fields, you might observe a more orderly sort of mechanics, with a taste for bird-fancying, lying among the rich clover, with linnets, goldfinches, and other singing-birds, placed in small, backed cages at due distances apart from each other, and answering to the birds at liberty about them: meanwhile much learned descant upon the vocal powers of their feathered favourites filled up the pauses in their occasional song. This was harmless enough—a simple taste and pleasure which we should be glad again to see as common as it was then. Men who have a fondness for animals are never either drunken or depraved; and are generally as good fathers as they are fanciers.

These were some of the scenes of a London Sunday morning—thirty years ago. London is now, thanks to whatever has made it so, a better-behaved city, with better-behaved citizens, entertaining more wishes to be decent, and struggling more for the decencies, than did their working fathers. Despite of the con-

annual cry about poverty, there is more apparent comfort, smartness, nay even elegance, to be observed among the population which swarms along the roads leading out of town on Sundays than our grandfathers dreamt of, or the grumblers of our day will acknowledge. That there is poverty, no one can deny; but that it bears any sort of comparison with the real increase in comforts of the working classes we do most advisedly deny. Thousands of working men now wear such clothes as the gentlemen of the last century thought 'the outward and visible sign' of wealth and fashion: with this superiority in dress, there is also a superiority in the carriage, conversation, and tastes of these men: they patronize amusements, and visit such places, and mix up and blend harmoniously with such society, as men of the same rank in the seventeenth century would have thought a man mad if he had said they would cultivate and enjoy. Our periodical literature, which once depended upon gentlemen for its support, is now principally upheld by working-men in their reading-rooms and book-societies, &c. (As a proof of this, a popular newspaper, which we will not name, having advocated certain opinions inimical to the working interests, immediately fell two thousand in its daily sale.) Many of the essayists in our best magazines are working-men; three of our most popular dramatic authors—(one of them certainly second in genius to none who write for the stage)—and several of our most favourite actors—were mechanics. Picture-rooms and galleries for sculpture abound also with the works of these men:—

‘ ————— Whence came the strength ?

How was it nurtured to such bursting forth ?

Knowledge will account for it all. May it increase and multiply yet a thousand-fold! There is still 'ample room and verge enough' for more.

But we have to describe the march of Sunday out of town, and not the march of intellect. If it happens to be a fine day, the whole population is on the move; and not only is everything animate in motion, but everything capable of being wheeled, propelled, paddled, oared, or skulled, is in motion also. Infinite is the preparation—indefinite the enjoyments—indeterminate how and in what way the 'day of rest' shall be most industriously occupied with toiling pleasure. 'It is a day of rest,' agree ten thousand John Smiths like one; and accordingly ten thousand John Smiths take twenty different roads out of town to enjoy themselves, the juniors drawing their little brothers and sisters in children's chaises, trucks, &c.—a labour of love which makes them very hot but excessively happy. More considerate senior Smiths spare their heirs-apparent, and harness the thousands of Pompeys and Pinchers—the dog-population of this town—to similar vehicles; and if their impatience to set off with their living loads argues their love of the employment, they are happy too.

The word is given to start, and away they go, barking and snuffing with delight, and wagging those pendulums of pleasure their tails, in the most satisfactory manner possible to those who sympathize with dumb animals: for I hold this to be an indisputable maxim in morals,—if a dog wags his tail he is not unhappy. The Mrs. Smiths follow in the wake, each one bearing a basket full to the cover with cold lamb, lettuces, bread, salt, small knives, and napkins, for a camp dinner in Copenhagen fields, or other like green inviting locality. But not only the Smiths, but the Joneses, Wilsons, Williamses, Thompsons, Johnsons, and Jacksons—(and these pretty nearly embrace the whole London family of Man)—are migratory too;—an universal dispersion, which purifies and peacifies the town for one day, and leaves the few who worship in temples to pursue their pious work in quietness. Those who leave off London once a week in boats, glass-coaches, chaises, and cabs, were off the stones earlier in the day, and are, by church-time, heaven only knows where: they are where they wish to be, and that is happiness for them. Here and there you meet with a pensive, solitary stroller, stepping fieldward too—a bachelor, perhaps, on his way to an appointment with one of the Miss Smiths: if he has a white waistcoat, and dusts his boots every half mile, he is doomed to dine out somewhere.

About two o'clock a second migration takes place; and what would be considered a large population for any city but London swarms and again disperses severally. Sticks by thousands now walk out of town with prim persons who keep very close beside them, and pat and encourage them in their efforts at locomotion. Canes also may be seen everywhere picking their path in the most genteel and jaunty manner possible: if gold or silver headed, they every now and then stroke down whiskers, tap at the teeth of their companions if very white and regular, beat a taptoo on the brims of hats, or alarm pug dogs of delicate nerves with possible raps. Other dogs, not so timid, because they have a confidence in their powers, and powers not to be trifled with, enjoy themselves this day. Blucher, who draws a truck during the working-days, walks out with 'young master,' and really conducts himself in the most decorous manner—has a disengaged air—looks *degagé* and genteel—and if he does shake a cat in his way out of town, he does it in the playfullest possible spirit—quite like an amateur. Indeed, there seems to be a general amenity and amiability among all ranks on this day. Excessive are the attentions of young gentlemen to young ladies getting over impossible stiles, who look beautifully thankful to those very polite, disinterested young persons. The dandy sort of haberdashers put on their Sunday strut with their new boots, and walk as they do not walk during business-days. Young milliners, arrayed in all their glory, look as handsome and as high as their wealthy employers—forget their fegging, and up-all-night work, and

spread the new fashion among the unfashionable, who get their knowledge of what is modish by their observation of what passes about them. As for the tailor's apprentice, ambitious of some day being a master himself, and sublimated by the scientific glories of a Stultz, he, dreamy youth, spends the entire day at the West End in criticisms on coats, waistcoats, and trowsers. If he turns his head once to look after passing pairs of pantaloons, he twists it a thousand times. If there is a fault in coat or coatee he detects it with the malignancy of a Dennis in literature; a beauty in cut or execution, on the contrary, lifts him into the third heaven of a tailor's rapture, pacifies his bile, and sends him home at night full of the *gaie science*. Simpson, a smartish sort of clerk enough, having but one coat, is unnecessarily suspicious of it, and is oppressed with dread that though it is 'the thing' on Mondays, there is a certain something of the seedy and seventy pounds *per annum* about it on Sundays, and, whenever he can do it unobserved, he keeps damping the white-worn elbow, and tries to console himself with a couplet from a modern poet;—

' All pride is littleness—but very low
The pride which unpaid tailors can bestow ;'—

but it won't do. As if to mortify him, whom does he meet but Sam, the porter 'of our house,' who eyes him from top to toe as though he recognised the suit more than the Simpson, which is particularly spiteful in Sam; and Simpson, if he regards Sam's new superfine with something like envy, wonders how he can afford it;—a suspicion too, perhaps, crosses his mind, but he charitably hopes that Sam does not make improper perquisites, and walks on. To add to his misgivings, who but his junior brother clerk, Alfred Augustus Atkinson, dashes by in a gig with a chestnut and a lady in a pink bonnet and chinchilla tippet; and said Augustus deigns to give him only two inches of nod, and no more. Simpson wonders still more how *he* does it; but just as his temper darkens, the two Miss Dobbsses, the handsome daughters of Deputy Dobbs, who reside opposite his counting-house, meet him, know him, smile, incline their heads, and pass on. His heart and his eyes brighten, his coat is not shabby, or not remarkable, he holds up his head, damps his elbow no more; Sam is honest enough no doubt; and as for Augustus Atkinson, he perhaps has good friends who supply his extravagancies.

There is but one visibly unhappy being in the streets,—the doctor's boy carrying a basket of pills and potions:—he, poor fellow, looks indescribable envy at other errand-boys enjoying themselves at pitch in the hole, 'like gentlemen;' wonders how old people can be so perverse as to be ill on Sundays; and wishes now he had taken the place at the grocer's, though it was sixpence less per week. All the other boys enjoy themselves as

if there was not a sorrow in the world. Some, with bare legs and their corduroys tucked up, are wading in a duck-weeded pond, or are playing at 'splash me, splash you;'—others are shrieking out at imaginary 'toe-biters;'—and Simon, who is shivering with fear on the bank, having imperfect notions of sharks and such monsters, and where they abide, wonders at the courage of his brother Jack, in the water up to his knees. *Il Medico* looks a moment at them—looks at his brown sleeve turned up with rhubarb-coloured cuffs—looks at his basket, and again at the boys, and turns away, his heart as heavy as his master's mortar, and something working in it like its pestle.

Sunday is the boys' saturnalia. Even the churchyard's melancholy ground is all alive and leaping with juvenile mirth and enjoyment. A chubby cherub surmounting a tombstone is surmounted by Sam Stubbs, and seems to look from between his legs with a marble stare of astonishment at Sam's profane impudence. A large flat stone is being systematically hop-scotched by Tommy and Harry. Will, who is that precocious young monster, a boy-wag, is sedulously employed on another in a chalk-rendering of 'Hic jacet' into 'His jacket;' but just as he puts the stroke to the final letter, he gets one on his jerkin from the cane of his Sunday-school teacher: whereupon all the boys belonging to the same school run away, and hide themselves; but those who belong to another school stand their ground and 'don't care for him.' As soon as the back of the Sunday monitor is turned, 'the sylvan boys' again peep out from all corners; 'brown Exercise rejoices to hear' that he is gone; and 'Sport leaps up,' and tumbles a summerset over a footstone in exuberant O-be-joyful-ness! The bell sounds for afternoon service, and the half-dozen poor old women, who have been waiting till the church-doors were opened, hipple in, leaning on their short sticks, select their seats, for which they have come so early, and then, with proper attention to their infirmities, lower themselves gradually into them, give a short groan of pain, smooth their white aprons, adjust their venerable gowns, and resign themselves to piety and a preparatory nod. The boys, but now so frolicsome and irreverent, follow them, doff their caps, bow awkwardly, rub down their reeking hair, and walk orderly to their seats, like the best-behaved youngsters in the parish; but the beadle knows them, cuddles his cane, and has a sly eye upon them. After them, the young ladies from the neighbouring seminaries, nicely dressed and decorous, enter 'in order due,' from fifteen down to five years of age—'fine by degrees and beautifully less;'—then, the clerk, in all his dark-suited dignity; then the curate, less important; then the rector, and the rector's lady; the respectables of the parish by families; their maids and coachmen, by ones and twos; and, lastly, *omnes*. The bell is silent, and the service begins.

And now the streets and roads are peopled with a new swarm—those who have dined early at home that they may have a long afternoon abroad. Fathers, mothers, and their children, grandfathers and grandmothers, the toddling and the tottering—all are on the move for the outskirts of the town—all panting to enjoy again their seventh day's sight of the green fields. Some few, who have no taste for such jauntings, linger about their homes; and every post at the corner of every thoroughfare has its companion, who either leans over it in idle reverie, or against it with a sense of shoulder ease and indolence, and observes what is wagging in the world. Such coachmen, grooms, and footmen, as have nothing else to do, stand about with their hands in indifferent pockets—the first which come to hand;—the maids pop out for a few minutes at different doors—glance up and down—take in the milk—gossip with the milkman in his best, a smart man—go in—stir up the fire for tea—cannot settle—come to the door again, but observing that they are watched by the old maiden lady opposite, who has very strict notions of what the conduct of servants should be, and, besides, is intimate with master and mistress, they are compelled to return to the kitchen, and sit down once more to 'The Whole Duty of Man,' 'The Village Dialogues,' 'The Dairyman's Daughter,' or 'The Complete Letter-Writer,'—that real blessing to maid-servants, who can copy, but cannot contrive a love-letter.

It is Betty's 'Sunday out.' Betty is a good girl; and what's more, good-looking; and moreover dresses well; and further is well-shaped; and eke respectable; and, in addition, is beloved by every body, especially by the handsome butcher in her street, who is single, and in a moment when butchers are as tender as their meat, popped the question, whether she had any prejudice against butchers; and Betty, like the candid creature she is, answered, that 'She had no prejudices against any one;' when Crump—for that's his name—taking heart, asked her 'If she would dislike being a butcher's wife?'—and Betty, turning red, and then pale, and then red again, replied, 'That she would as lief be a butcher's wife as a baker's, for that matter, with the *purvisor* that she liked the butcher better than the baker: '—so that the thing is as good as settled that she is to be Mrs. Crump. And this is the reason why she looks so red, broiling, and flut-tery to-day. She has a dozen friends to whom she must tell the important secret; they live at all corners of the town, and miles apart; but she means to visit them all:—if she does, she will make a circuit which would tire a horse. I foresee that she will knock up at the second or third stage, and be glad of a dish of tea, a happy shedding of tears with some female friend at the turn in her fortunes, and an omnibus back, that she may get home in good time, as *missus* is very particular about servants coming home early. Betty's heart is full—too full; and so are

her pockets, with apples, oranges, cakes, a top, two whistles, and three balls which came over her master's wall, heaven knows how mysteriously—presents these for her '*nevies* and nieces, bless their dear little hearts!'—some of her mistress's cast-off things; a large lump of dripping; some tea and sugar—mind, of her own purchasing; and an extensive miscellany of broken victuals, are done up in a bundle for the poor widow who was like a mother to her when she was a little motherless girl: '*She* doesn't mind carrying such things through the streets on a Sunday—not she—though the housemaid over the way thinks it very vulgar, and, for her part, wouldn't do no such thing to oblige nobody:—but then the housemaid 'over the way' has not half the heart that Betty has, which makes all the difference. So there she goes,—

' Joyful as sailor in his bounding bark ;

Wild as the stag that spurns his narrow park ;

Light as the young chamois, blythe as the mountain lark ;'

—her heart shining in her eyes; an universal philanthropist, though she does not know the word; looking at everything with a hasty glance of curiosity, and at everybody with a goodnature and kindness, as if she liked everybody and everything. She has given away a shilling's-worth of coppers already to beggars and crossing-sweepers, who have sinecures now the roads are dusty—no matter to Betty; she cannot resist an appeal to her heart for the soul of her:—she has treated two little boys to a pennyworth of gooseberry-fool, because she saw them devouring it with their eyes, and found they had no pocket-money; she has picked up three tumbled little ones, wiped their faces of the dust, and given them a penny a-piece not to cry. She deserves to be Mrs. Crump, especially as Crump is doing well, and is a worthy, honest fellow. Why, there he is!—he has met her '*quite promiskus*,' as he says, but any one may read in his eyes that that is a trick of love;—he puts her arm in his; insists upon carrying her bundle; and away they go—Betty blushing and embarrassed, but happy—Crump proud of his dear little Betty, and not unconscious of the untarnished merit of his top-boots. It is a match.

Such is one picture, with a description of some of the prominent figures in the foreground, of a London Sunday.

C. W.

TO A GLOWWORM.

DROP of dewy light!—
Liker dew than fire,
Lit to guide the flight
Of thy mate's desire,—
Thou look'st a fairy robed in a moonbeam's attire.

In thy leafy network
Thou, enshrined, dost glow,
And a beamy fretwork
O'er its verdure throw,—
Thou little spirit of light, green-paradised below!

Twilight, the dim ghost
Of the bright day ended,
From the awful host
Of great hills descended,
Reveals thy magic lamp, by silent genii tended.

Beautiful the glory,
Pallid lamp of eve!
Twilight transitory
Doth from thee receive,
When deep in herbs and flowers thy splendours thou dost weave.

When the verdant floor
And blue vault of night
Love's star glideth o'er
With its holy light,
Thy rays responsive glance to its aerial height.

Silver-fretted clouds
In the vaulted blue,
Likest are the shrouds
Which thy beams imbue
Of lightly-stirring leaves that palace thee in dew.

Eyes which sorrow dampeth
With the grief of love,
That in beauty lampeth
Thro' their lashes, wove
With crystal tearwork, beam like thee in dewy grove.

When thy fires, in number,
Brightest beams retain,
Clouds break on the slumber
Of the air in rain,—
Even as too many smiles do herald tearful pain.

Centred in sweet bushes
Drench'd by the fast rain,
Where thine emerald blushes,
Paled, but bright remain,
Thou art as a calm heart which sorrows beat in vain.

Round thee wild winds howl,
 Dashing thee to earth,
 Where thy tranquil soul,
 With unalter'd mirth,
 Gleams—as in our fierce world, sweet innocence and worth.

Thro' the tempest loud
 Thou dost calmly pierce,
 From the perfumed shroud
 Which thy beams immerse,—
 As thro' the storms of time the poet's balmy verse.

* W *

HOUSEBUILDING AND HOUSEKEEPING.

(Continued from p. 494.)

It is written somewhere, I think in the 'Spectator,' odd volumes of which the society for the confusion of political knowledge recommend poor men to purchase at book-stalls ; it is written that a gentleman once overheard a porter wishing he had five hundred pounds, and thereupon told him that he would give him five hundred pounds if he would tell him the uses he would apply it to. The porter declared he would instantly leave off work and enjoy himself, describing the meals he would have of boiled beef and greens for dinner, and a welch rabbit for supper. After some discussion, the gentleman told him that his time would hang heavy on his hands, as he would have nothing to do but eat and walk about. The porter agreed to it, and at last concluded that he was better without the five hundred pounds, and, by merely following his occupation, could do all that riches would enable him to do, and employ his time into the bargain, agreeably enough according to his own taste.

The story contains a moral which most of those on the ravenous hunt after riches may well apply to themselves. All the world is anxious 'to make a fortune and retire.' After spending a life in acquiring the fortune, those who are successful find at last that fortune-making and not fortune-enjoying is the only thing for which they have a zest ; that they might have enjoyed all that they had a taste for, just as well without the fortune as with it. Outshining their neighbours in ostentation is the great aim of the indwellers of this most aristocratic land, hungering with an insatiable appetite after something which they have not got, and never making the most of that which they actually possess. To such people, who are not capable of applying the moral of the story, I do not write. I merely aim at pointing out to those who can appreciate quiet, comfort, and leisure, the means of attaining them with less expense of time and money than has yet been practised.

It has been said that the English people are more civilized than the people of other countries. The poor Southern Americans have been called barbarians when compared with them, yet there is one particular in which the English resemble the wilder animals, and the Southern Americans are distinguished from them. The wild animals abandon their young when they arrive at maturity. So do the English people; the distinctive mark of maturity being the entering into the marriage-contract. So soon as the son or daughter of an English family may be married, they seek a separate dwelling, or rather are driven forth to seek it. But the sons and daughters of the Southern Americans usually remain beneath the paternal roof till the increase of family renders the mansion too small for the occupants. Possibly, some reason for this may be found in the different style of the dwellings, yet still the cause of that difference must have been originally in the unsocial qualities of the people. A Southern American mansion is usually a hollow quadrangle with rooms all round it. There is one huge drawing-room, or sitting-room, called the *sala*, where the whole family and numerous visitors are accustomed to assemble in the evenings. Another large room is called the *comedor*, wherein all take their meals. All the rest of the apartments are bed-chambers, used also as sitting-rooms during the day by the various members of the family, married or unmarried. There is something pleasingly social in all this, though it is but the rude germ of what social living should be, and there is infinite room for improvement. We must try to amend the evil in our sea-girt island, which has set so many examples to the rest of the world in all physical excellences which give to mind the dominion over matter, yet without using that dominion in the modes best calculated to promote human happiness.

In English towns, as well as many others, the houses are built in streets side by side, as uniformly as soldiers' barracks, for the most part, although they are each sedulously provided with a separate entrance; behind each of these houses there is usually a vacant space, called a yard or garden, of about the same superficial extent as what the house stands on. The houses are divided from each other by party-walls, and the yards are divided from each other by low partition-walls, so contrived, that though the inhabitants on the ground-floor cannot see over them, yet, from the first floor, each occupant may look up and down the whole range of yards or gardens, inspecting all his neighbours' concerns, and this is facetiously called privacy. In the outskirts of London, it is a custom to build detached houses, with a garden before and behind, a sort of arrangement whereby the supervision of each occupant over his neighbour's concerns is considerably enlarged. It would seem, therefore, that it has never yet entered into the imagination of any builder, that it would be possible so to arrange a row of houses that none of the inhabitants could have the pri-

vilege of looking into their neighbours' yards or gardens. And yet it may be done. Set every alternate house back on the site of the yard, and bring the yard forward to the site of the house, like the alternating squares of a chess-board. Two rows of houses would then be formed, fronting each way, with each yard between the two opposite houses; the windows being only back and front, each would only be enabled to survey his own yard or garden, and moreover there would be the advantage of shelter from the sun in summer and from the wind in winter. By this method perfect privacy might be attained, and yet no greater space of ground would be required. But such an arrangement would not alter the internal economy of the dwellings themselves, nor would they be at all unadapted for social living.

I can easily imagine the time will arrive when from five hundred to a thousand families will join in the plan I am about to propose, for increased numbers will always produce increased economy under a wise arrangement; but the proposition of any thing new, in this our precedent-ridden land, is so sure of meeting opposition, that it is advisable to begin on the calculation of a small number. I will therefore take sixty families, averaging five members each, and it surely would not be difficult to find sixty rational heads of families, with limited incomes, who would wish those incomes to produce them a greater amount of comfort, if the means could be shown.

Imagine, then, a long gallery, something like the Burlington or Lowther Arcade, say about three hundred and fifty yards in length, and from twelve to fourteen feet in width, lighted by skylights or lantern-lights in the roof. In the centre of the gallery, on either hand, a doorway, with double doors, suspended like those of banking-houses, opens into a building about thirty-five feet square, with a ground-floor, cellars, &c. and two stories above. One of these buildings is divided into various apartments, the ground-floor being occupied with the larder, kitchen, and its various fires, gas-jets, and steam-apparatus, and a portion of it partitioned off to contain a steam-engine of sufficient power to perform all the drudgery of the establishment. The two floors above, to be divided into as many compartments as are required for the various kinds of work to be performed, washing, shoe-cleaning, clothes-brushing, &c., and also servants' apartments, and into which spindles and drums from the engine are to be introduced. The engine would be a great economizer of fuel and labour. Its boiler could be made to furnish all the steam required in cookery. Its power would also be applied to chop meat, and to do all other choppings and beatings and kneadings of bread. One apartment would be a laundry, where alkali and high-pressure steam would cleanse linen, and press out the superfluous moisture far better than any Kensington splashing-woman; and moreover the steam-engine would never strike for higher wages.

Another apartment would be for the purpose of shoe-cleaning, where long spindles would be armed with a succession of revolving, circular brushes, 'hard, blacking, and shining,' in any number which might be required, distributing the 'Day and Martin' in exact quantities, as accurately as a Napier's printing-press, and working as rapidly and efficiently, by a man holding the shoe or boot against the brushes, as silver-work is polished by the same process. Another apartment might have a similar arrangement for brushing clothes, a stream of air caused by a fanner driving off the dust through a window. Another for knife and plate cleaning. In most houses earthenware and china is washed by hand with hot water, and very commonly the unctuous matter of the food they have contained is not entirely removed. A very simple and far more effective process would be, to deposit edge-wise the used plates and dishes in an open frame of wood, or wicker, or wire, made to fit a hot-water cistern, and suspended on a balanced beam, counterweighted at the opposite end, just as a tallow-chandler makes dipped candles; a handful of caustic alkali being thrown into the water, the whole of the greasy matter would be instantly converted into soap and washed off. The frame might then be dipped in a similar manner in a cold-water cistern, and the ware left to drain dry; thus no manual labour of rubbing would be required, and there would be little breakage. Most of the other drudgery of a house might be performed in the same manner by steam-power.

Our engine has not yet done its work. In addition to all this, and much more, it must be constantly pumping up boiling water into a close cistern, for the purpose of supplying the public and private baths, and also the hot-water pipes whereby the whole of the establishment must be heated. It must also pump up cold water, so that it may flow freely into all the upper stories of the buildings; for by these two operations an almost endless quantity of human labour will be saved. But there are also other things for it to do. It must be in constant readiness to work a fire-engine, supposing the building not to be fire-proof; but were the building to be fire-proof, though it might cost more in the outset, there would be an annual saving of insurance. The cellar beneath the kitchen, or perhaps an outbuilding attached to it, should contain the gasometers and gas-apparatus for lighting up the whole of the establishment. The best contrivances for consuming smoke would of course be resorted to.

The building on the opposite side of the gallery would be used for other purposes; and, if well arranged, would be, as well as the dwellings, entirely free from the noise and smell of the culinary and other operations. The cellars would be applied to the storage of wine, and such provisions as might be kept in stock; and the gallery might also be vaulted below for coals and other matters. It might also, if needed, contain the public baths,

lighted either by gas or by reflectors from the gallery above. The ground-floor of the second building would be the public dining-hall, on a level with the kitchen, for the convenience of carrying in the food ; or if the crossing of the gallery by waiters were considered a disadvantage, the communication might be under ground, placing the dishes on a large frame, to descend from the kitchen by cords, to be drawn along in the same manner, and to ascend in the opposite apartment, and then return for a fresh supply. Jets of water falling into stone-basins, and strong-worked ventilators, would keep it cool in summer. The floor over the dining-hall would serve as a public reading-room and library, or it might, if required, be divided into two. The floor above that might serve as a public dancing or music room, or lecture-room, or any similar purpose. The roofs of both buildings should be terraced, and joined by a platform, in order to afford a pleasant walk and prospect, when the weather might permit.

Thus far as to that portion of the establishment whose uses are common to all the inmates. I now proceed to the private dwellings.

On either side of the two buildings before described are left open spaces some eighteen feet wide, into which the side-windows look. These spaces may be planted with flowers and shrubs, either in the open air or in greenhouses, in pots, which may serve to adorn the dining-hall and reading-room, as well as the niches in the gallery, which would also be applicable to the reception of paintings or statues, in the lighter parts, falling beneath the skylights. Beyond these open spaces or gardens are placed the first four houses, each with a front of eighteen feet, and about thirty feet in depth, standing in pairs back to back, and joining over the roof of the gallery. On the sides next the public buildings there are no windows. The look-out will be from the front and on one side, the latter into a garden eighteen feet in width, and bounded by the wall of the gallery on one side, and the back wall of the next house on the other. The roof of the gallery, provided with skylights, would rise to a sufficient height between the two dwellings placed back to back, and thus prevent the inmates from overlooking each other's gardens. The entrance or hall-door of the dwellings would open into the gallery, and low windows would give access to the gardens. The front portion of the gardens might be screened from the observation of passengers by a light hedge and trellised wicket ; beyond which, running parallel with the whole range of buildings, and accessible to all, might be a narrow strip of garden, with shrubs and flowers, after the style of the ordinary squares about town. The first six pair of dwellings, on either hand the public buildings, might be of larger size than the others, containing—say, six or eight rooms on the ground plan before described. The other nine pair of dwellings beyond them might contain from four to six rooms on a ground-plan of

sixteen feet front by twenty-eight feet depth, and gardens of the same size. Thus every dwelling would be provided with its separate garden, overlooked by none, and with its hall-door opening into a covered gallery, pleasantly warmed and lighted, and in proximate communication with every needful arrangement for the supply of the bodily wants.

The internal economy of these dwellings would be very simple. Chimneys would not be required, inasmuch as no cookery would take place in them, and the warming would be by means of hot-water pipes, the very best means of communicating heat without any unpleasant effects. These pipes might form the skirtings of the walls, sinking beneath the floor at the doorways, and thus all ugliness of appearance would be avoided. For those who required more heat, or, rather, who preferred to see it, gas-jets might be contrived. As then, hot-water pipes would be in all the apartments, and as cold water would be supplied in the same manner, every one could help themselves, without the aid of servants, to as much as they required, and moreover have it instantly hot at any period, day or night. The mode of drawing it should be not by the ordinary turning cocks, which would permit careless people to waste, but by spring cocks, which would run so long as the pressure of the finger were applied and close when it might be removed. Arrangements would of course be made to shut off all but a small quantity when warmth was not required. Indexes of the quantity used might also be arranged, in order that the economist might not be put upon a level with the extravagant person. The furniture of these dwellings must also be the property of the landlord, for the expense and waste of moving and removing furniture is one of the great curses of our dwellings. Thus the furniture would be of a quality and style to correspond with the general appearance of the dwelling, and nothing would be out of taste, as so often happens, when the furniture made for one dwelling is taken to another of a different kind. In such dwellings, every portion of which, staircases and lobbies, as well as apartments, might always be at one temperature, curtained beds would not be required; and it would be desirable, above all things, to get rid of the nuisance of feather-beds. They are unwholesome at the best of times, and in the troublesome act of making they fill the house with dust. Hair-mattresses are far more wholesome, straw-palliasses still better; but for those who are anxious to lie soft, Dr. Arnott's water-beds offer at once a substitute both cheaper and more economic of labour, as they always make themselves by the water finding its level. All the bedrooms, or the lobby adjoining them, should be provided with a small marble sink or basin, with a water-valve, down which waste water might be thrown to find its way to the sewers, and which might also serve as a washing-stand. A spring-jet of warm water should be just above them to wash them clean, and **all this would**

be done almost without the consciousness of any labour performed by the occupants of the bed-rooms themselves. In such a dwelling neither bells nor servants would be required, save for the infirm or helpless. And every such dwelling might possess a hot and cold bath, which any inmate might use, at any hour of the day or night, with scarcely any personal exertion, and absolutely independent of any external aid. The upper end of the garden might be enclosed and roofed with glass to form a greenhouse into which one of the parlour-windows might open, and the inmates would have another room, provided with beautiful plants, in which to read or work, or otherwise pass many happy hours. This greenhouse might be warmed by the same arrangement of hot-water pipes as the rest of the establishment, and jets of water might be made to throw a shower of cold or warm rain on the plants at pleasure. The garden beyond might also be watered by the same process. It is evident that in such a dwelling the inmates might entirely dispense with domestic service, without incurring any painful drudgery whatever.

‘There are no fires to make, no doors to lock,
No maids to scold about an unair’d bed.’

The most fairy lady might dwell therein alone, and never do aught to soil the purity of her hands. And supposing a single man of refined habits, and consequently disliking personal service, to live in such a dwelling, what would be his daily routine? Let us go through with it.

The last thing, on coming in at night, he would shut his hall-door, so that the spring-lock might be opened by the servants of the establishment with the pass-key. He would find his slippers in the proper recess near the door, and leave his boots or shoes in their place. He would then leave a written memorandum for the cook or restaurateur, as to his next morning’s breakfast, specifying the items he might require for himself or friend or friends, and written by the light of the hall gas-lamp, fixed in the wall, and serving to light both dwelling and gallery, a ground glass in the interior preventing any intrusive vision.* He enters the little bathroom, and takes a warm or cold bath, according as the season disposes him, by touching the spring of the warm or cold water-cock. He then retires to his bed-room, which is also supplied with a gas-jet, and if not disposed to read, he turns it down, and sleeps on his water bed or mattress, which requires little adjustment. He rises in the morning, wakened, if he chooses, by a bell pulled by one of the servants in the gallery. He then takes his bath, and goes into his greenhouse, where he amuses himself with inspecting his plants, and turning the water-

* Gas should never be burnt in the atmosphere of either shop or dwelling-room. It should reflect through glass, like the lights of a ship’s powder-room, and thus all unpleasant smell would be avoided.

jets on them. Perhaps he chooses also to work in his little garden, in preference to paying a gardener; and then he retires to the parlour communicating with his greenhouse, where he finds his breakfast all arranged upon the china of the restaurateur. It has, perhaps, awaited him some time; his tea-kettle has cooled, or his coffee has to be remade. He places the utensil on a bracket, and turns up a small gas jet beneath it. In a very short time it is boiling, and eggs also, if he chooses. Breakfast over, he retires to dress, and finds that in his absence his bed has been made, and his chamber arranged, by one of the servants of the establishment. Ere he goes about his daily occupations he leaves notice on the slate at his door whether he dines at the public table or not, or whether he wishes dinner prepared for him at any particular hour, or if he be very simple in his tastes he leaves it to chance, knowing that at any hour between morning and night he is sure of getting wholesome food of some kind or other. If he have no especial occupation, he may pass the morning in the reading-room of the establishment, or he may visit others of the members, or join in a party of pleasure, or of discussion. If he wearies, his own dwelling is at hand, where he may find all quiet and in order. He returns and dines at the public table, where he stays a longer or a shorter time, just as the company may suit him. He may also carry a friend there if he chooses; and one of the advantages will be that, in addition to dining at a somewhat cheaper rate than in his own dwelling, he can have a greater diversity of choice in his food. But the public table would not be peculiarly reserved for men; it would be on the plan of the boarding-houses in America, where women and children are all accustomed to dine at public tables occasionally. He will return home to read or write. His tea or coffee will be ready for him as quickly as his breakfast. He will then go to his studies, or to pass the evening at a friend's, or in the reading-room, or, perchance, in music or drawing, or in hearing a lecture, or walking in the public promenade. And all this may be done within one range of buildings, without his even being cheated by a tradesman, or annoyed by bad food or a cross cook, or the trouble of engaging or discharging a servant. He may, moreover, betake himself away at a short notice, and ramble whithersoever he lists, without being anxious about either house or furniture. All this, too, a family may also do without having their time in any way trenched upon by the drudgery of household work, and thus being left at full liberty to pursue any occupation they may choose. But if they be anxious also to possess an individual servant, or servants, there is nothing to prevent them, only they would find little for them to do; and assuredly one great object of life is to be independent of the hired personal ministrations of our fellow-creatures. What is there wanting to comfort? There are books, newspapers, variety

of food, cleanly apartments, baths, warmth, society, music, dancing, gardens, and perfect freedom of action. Who could desire more? And all this at a cheaper rate than it could be procured in any other mode.

Every different department of labour could be committed to a single individual as a responsible contractor, giving security for the fulfilment of his undertaking. For instance, the cook or restaurateur, after certificates of his competency, should be chosen for the superior cheapness of his offers. A list of dishes should be made out, and he who offered to contract for the lowest prices, should obtain the situation. He would, of course, be answerable for the quality of his provisions; and he would find and control his own waiters. In fact, he would be simply a contracting tradesman. The baker should have the same terms. The washerwoman, the same; the shoe-cleaner, the same; the clothes-maker, the same; a gardener, the same terms; the bathman, the same. And it might be worth while, in a larger establishment, to have a chambermaid, with bed and table linen, towels, &c., on the same terms. All these people should be under the control of the proprietor, as to their dealings with the purveyors of food, in order to supply a good quality, but they should be liable to be dismissed, on a committee of the inhabitants expressing their dissatisfaction. An engineer and a carpenter would, of course, be maintained on the establishment by the proprietor, in order to keep all in repair. The cook would be enabled to gain a profit on the provisioning of three hundred people. Twenty shillings per head would enable him to pay all his subordinates, and retain an ample living. The baker, and all the other tradesmen or workmen, would be in the same condition. It must be remembered, that the certainty of a given amount of custom always encourages a man to work cheaper than a larger amount of an uncertain connexion. The cookshop-keeper sells his meat at fifty per cent. beyond what would yield him a profit, in order to cover the loss arising from uncertainty, and the consequent spoiling of his meat. The porter also who plies in the street charges at a high rate for his occupied time, in order to maintain himself when he is not occupied.

In such an establishment as I propose, the demand would be constant, and all would be purchased at the first houses, on account of the quantity, and those who merely laboured would, in the certainty of employment, be enabled to do it cheaper, on account of 'constant work.' The 'boots' would be satisfied with sixpence per week, instead of three-pence per day, when his customers were secured to him, and his labour lessened by the engine; and the washerwoman in the same proportion. The landlords of inns would willingly lower their prices one-half, but they are obliged to pay rent all the year round, and they must make the living part of the year pay for the dead; and it is always the case

that the weekly tenant pays more in proportion than the yearly. In most articles of trade the price falls in proportion to the demand, *i. e.*, articles capable of an unlimited supply. A man may buy a lock at Birmingham for sixpence. If he wants a dozen he may get them at fivepence; if a gross they will come down to threepence halfpenny. The reason the single one is higher is, that the total labour of sale is not greater on the gross than on the single one. The market price of beef may be fourpence per lb. in the outset, but it passes through so many hands, all of whom must be paid, that it rises to eightpence. The butcher, with a small or an uncertain return, must have a large profit. He who has a large and certain return is content with a small profit. The supply of sixty families would be an object for a decent man, in every department, to devote his time and attention to it, and the large dealers in provisions would be anxious to secure such a trade. I have taken *families* to make the calculation on, each one occupying a house; but it does not follow that some of the houses would not be occupied by several single men. This conclusion is more than probable, and in such case the profits of the different contractors would be considerably increased by the substitution of grown persons for children.

I do not purpose to enter into any very minute calculations as to the exact costs or savings. My leisure will not serve for it, and there are moreover abundance of interested persons more thoroughly acquainted with the different details who would do it more exactly. An approximation will be sufficient for our present purpose. The rents of the dwellings would of course vary with their size and embellishments, but we can take an average of the sixty-two separate buildings connected by the gallery, including the two public erections. The expensive fittings of chimney-pieces and kitchens being avoided, as well as cellars and all such appurtenances, would make up nearly for the plain furniture and the needful warming and lighting apparatus. Reduced as all building material now is to a comparatively small value, and the prices of labour accurately digested, I should think that, one with another, these dwellings might be completed, ready for occupancy, for about three hundred pounds each; and allowing amply for the erection of the engine and the working gear belonging to it, the whole might be completed for about twenty-four thousand pounds. Allowing ten per cent. interest for the capital employed, in order to cover wear and tear—and this would be a most handsome allowance—the proprietor could afford to let these dwellings at forty pounds per annum each. But we will allow fifty. If the families were all living separate, each would be supposed to maintain a servant, whose annual expense would be from thirty-five to forty pounds. With the machinery, twenty servants would do all the work in a far more efficient manner, and the average annual expense of servants to each family would thus

be reduced to about fifteen pounds. Lighting and warming, with an abundant supply of hot and cold water, would be performed much under twenty pounds, without any labour to the inmates. The price of washing would be reduced at least one half, for the washerwoman would need no horse and cart to carry home the clothes, and she would risk no robbery or mistakes, or bad debts. The price of provisions would be reduced probably to something like two-thirds, and variety would be attained without trouble; and moreover, cold meats and unwholesome food would not need to be eaten to prevent waste. Health would benefit by this arrangement.

Thus from eighty to one hundred pounds per annum would amply pay for lodging, domestic service, lighting, warming, and washing for a family of five persons, and such perfect accommodation as no private dwelling ever yet attained at double the expense. One hundred per annum would suffice to secure an ample supply of wholesome food in great variety, and a man with an income of three hundred per annum would have a third left for clothing and other expenses, and all this would be absolutely without the time of any member of the family being taken up with any duty of drudgery. The whole time might be disposed of in the improvement of their own minds, or of the minds of others. There would be no need with rational people to send children to school, as they might be educated at home; but if a school were required, it would be easy to apply the dancing and music room to that purpose during the day. The teachers would of course form part of the establishment. Such a community of rational people, well arranged, would offer a greater sphere of comfort than any other mode of life which our present knowledge enables us to devise.

It is a trial which would scarcely fail of success. The reader will observe that the plan is calculated for one side of a square. Three other similar ranges of buildings would make the square complete, and the space enclosed would serve for public walks and gardens. A small theatre or a lecture-room, or music-room, might also be erected in the centre, where the whole of the inhabitants might occasionally assemble.

There are many who will at once pronounce the scheme Utopian. Let them show it to be so. Let them show that there is any one single portion of the plan herein set down which is not in actual practice in some workshop, or private dwelling, or club-house, or inn. If there be, I will agree that it is Utopian. Let them show that there is any thing in it beyond a combination of actually-existing physical means, in order to enable human beings to unite for purposes of economy, and yet to lose no jot of privacy, and I will be content to be set down as a wild schemer instead of a plain 'practical' man. As regards the building calculations, I do not pretend to accuracy,—merely to an approximation,—but I cannot be very far wide of the truth. Should

any practical men, versant with the exact matters in question, feel an interest in the plan whose outline I have sketched, I doubt not that the Editor will be glad to insert any corrections of my errors, or any better plan they may have to offer. Our mutual object only tends to the promotion of human welfare, and not to the advocacy of any personal views. For my own part, I do not envy the ambition of that man who could for a moment prefer an imperfect work of his own to a perfect work of his neighbour.

There are two modes of bringing the plan in question to bear. One is by means of subscription amongst the members, as the club-houses were originally founded; the next is as a speculation of profit, or of good investment to the monied capitalist. Surely, it must be worth the attention of such men as the Messrs. Cubitt, —a good name that, for a builder,—of whom it is said that they will contract with any man too idle to look after his own concerns, ‘to build him a house, furnish it, have the beds made, the servants hired, the wines in the cellar, and the dinner cooking, all by a given hour on an appointed day, and issue his dinner invitations into the bargain, if he chooses.’ Lord Grosvenor, also, is a great building speculator, and would hardly think profit a less desirable thing, if it came from sixty families in middling circumstances, than from the rents of twenty millionaires in Belgrave-square: or the noble *sub-rosâ* contractor for the digging of the Birmingham railway might perhaps enable some skilful mechanics to take it in hand, for a *con-si-de-ra-ti-on*.

In the above sketch, I have endeavoured to provide for all the wants and luxuries which, I conceive, can tend to the greatest happiness of rational-minded beings. But it is evident that the same principle might be accommodated to varieties of people in different circumstances. The houses might be built close together without gardens. They might be warmed and lighted in the present imperfect mode, so that the saving might be only in the food and cookery: or, instead of separate dwellings, they might be sets of apartments in the same building, like the old-fashioned inns: or every luxury that art could devise, might be heaped up in them. But on whatever scale they might be desired, I contend that such is the most sure mode of getting the greatest possible comfort with the least expenditure of pecuniary means, and also with the greatest freedom from anxiety of mind: for those who wished it, there might be added establishments of horses and carriages to any extent which ostentation might require.

But the class of persons I contemplate are such as are living on fixed salaries of from three hundred to four hundred per annum, whose time is principally taken up with business, and who therefore wish to economize all the hours passed out of business, to the greatest possible extent.

The best locations of such an establishment in the neighbour-

hood of London would be Bayswater, or Kensington, or Chelsea, or Brompton. Hilly ground should, if possible, be avoided, in order to spare the horses of the omnibi, which would attend such an establishment in numbers for the conveyance of passengers. Query—Could not the proprietor maintain omnibi of his own? When the Birmingham railway shall be available, the first twenty miles out may offer many suitable spots of romantic beauty, and the supply of provisions be rendered certain.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

THE ROYAL FESTIVAL JOB.

It is somewhat singular, considering the progress which music has made in England during the preceding half century, that so long a time should have intervened between the last and the present Festivals. Since the commemoration of Handel, in 1784, all the great works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Spohr, have been written, translated, introduced into this country; but though performed, repeatedly, at the great provincial Festivals, never heard, on the same scale of grand combination, in the metropolis. The reign of William IV. seemed, to those who have long desired such an exhibition of talent, more propitious than those of his brother or father. George III. tolerated only one composer—Handel; George IV. never courted or suffered the gaze of his subjects. Any thing which would have dragged him from his Windsor fortress into open day, was hateful to him. His brother is more willing to look his subjects in the face: and, hence, the endeavour to obtain his presence and patronage for a Festival was more likely to succeed. The commemoration in 1784 was undertaken for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians, an admirable institution, (to which Handel bequeathed £1,000,) and the Westminster Hospital, and these charities, shared £7,000 between them. When the late Festival was first talked of, it was expected and intended by those who first planned it, that a similar appropriation of profits should be made to these and other charitable institutions, and it becomes our duty now to expose the dirty trick by which this purpose has been defeated, and the whole affair assumed the character of a pitiful job; while the liberality of the public, instead of flowing in a charitable direction, has been diverted into the muddy pool of monopoly and intrigue. The Festival has been managed by and for the chief benefit of the directors of an Institution in Tenterden-street, known by the name of the ‘Royal Musical Academy.’ This school was got up by Lord Burghersh, (the son of the Earl of Westmoreland,) and is well adapted to concentrate the monopoly of the music-market in his own proper person and that of a few titled associates. This sprig of nobility, who has the misfortune

to fancy himself a second Rossini, through his father's influence got himself appointed, some years since, (in the good old borough-mongering times,) ambassador to Florence, where he followed his propensity by writing operas, masses, and other musical compositions. He found there, that music was not open to free competition, as in England, but placed under aristocratic control: and, on his return, he endeavoured to accomplish for himself and a few patrician associates, a similar monopoly and control. With this view he set up this Tenterden-street concern; and during the period of its existence, (about twelve years,) every diplomatic art has been resorted to in order to effect this object. It has, however, failed—utterly and deplorably: of which the best proof is, that no singer or player who has derived his or her education from that school, has taken any principal rank either as a singer or player, at either our theatres or concert-rooms. To those who know the miserably-imperfect training of the scholars, this is no wonder. Meanwhile, the concern got into debt; puffing and intriguing were unavailing; and those who troubled themselves to inquire about it, saw that it was not only base in principle, disgraceful in purpose, but contemptible in produce. In this state of things the plan of a Festival began to be talked of. The directors of the concern got the ear of the King, forestalled the intended application, and assumed the management of the affair. But, conscious that if this, *their* principal object, was thrust prominently before the public, the scheme would be seen through and exposed in the very bud, they assembled 'The Royal Society of Musicians,' and requested their co-operation and assistance in carrying on the work. A numerous meeting took place, and a committee of management was appointed—consisting of Messrs. Bishop, Attwood, T. Cooke, Weichsel, Horsley, Adams, Vaughan, and many other eminent and competent professional men. Some weeks elapsed, and this committee began to wonder at not being called together. At length they were summoned, and coolly told that the Directors of the Tenterden-street Academy had taken the management of the affair into their own hands, and that they neither needed nor would accept any further assistance in its prosecution!! This began to open the eyes of these gentlemen, who now found out that, having obtained the sanction of the Royal Society of Musicians, the purpose of the 'exclusive' Committee was answered—who had employed them as a ladder to climb to their present elevation, and now, *sans cérémonie*, kicked it down. They now also found out that the apportionment of the profits rested entirely with this 'Select Vestry,' as well as the choice of the band, and that even themselves were not secure of an engagement in it. Charity, they knew, began at home; and the Select Vestry, being encumbered with certain debts in consequence of their intended musical monopoly, would naturally discharge them, in preference to the claims of starving fiddlers, or pennyless widows

and orphans. They struggled, they remonstrated, but in vain: they were caught in the toils of a net from which there was no escape. They knew that they were completely in the hands of the Select, for even their engagements were dependent upon them—they were now aware that the latter had it in their power to allot a single shilling, and no more, as the share of profit from which their wives and children were expected to benefit. They had no alternative, but absolute, unconditional submission—and submit they did.

Enthroned in their new office, and ‘decked in a little brief authority,’ humbug and intrigue soon became the order of the day. Without rudder, chart, or compass, they exposed themselves to the derision of all who had derived knowledge from musical education or experience, by the most senseless and stupid puffs. The band was to consist of 1,200 performers, every body was to be engaged, and the Festival was to exceed every similar attempt in history. And while this game was played off with the public, all kinds of mean, underhand arts were employed in the engagement of the band. An individual was appointed to preside at the organ who was not even an organ-player; a foreigner was engaged to lead English music, while one of our best English leaders was excluded. The Italian singers from the Opera were engaged, on exorbitant terms, to spoil sacred music in the Abbey; experienced and meritorious professors were displaced to make room for ignorant and conceited boys; professional singers of established reputation were rudely thrust out, that pupils of favoured masters might find admission; while the chorus-singers and ripieno instrumentalists were treated with insolence, and condemned to submit to the most degrading terms. Among the *principal* singers at this ‘unparalleled display of national talent’ occur these names; who they are, and whence they earned this distinction, the Select Vestry can only tell:—Mrs. Seymour, Miss Chambers, Miss Lloyd, Miss Turner, Miss Wagstaff; Messrs. Stretton, F. Robinson, W. Robinson, and several others, who, we guess, must have wondered how they got there, or what gave them any title or claim to principalship.

In the engagement of the principal instrumentalists there was little or no choice. The Opera, Philharmonic, Drury-lane, and Covent-garden bands formed the main pillars of the orchestra, and, as far as they were concerned, every thing was safe.

The next step was to make the selections—to choose the music for performance. Had any set of musicians met for such a purpose, with such means at their disposal, their attention would naturally have been directed to the greatest works, in turn, of the greatest masters; one of each of which would have been given. But the managers’ plan of proceeding had rendered this impracticable. They had already engaged 23 ladies, 25 gentlemen, (boys and girls included,) as principal singers, and something

must be found for them to do—competent or incompetent they must all show up. To accomplish this, our musical functionaries set to work to improve and piece out one of Handel's oratorios. They had announced the performance of 'Israel in Egypt;' but they discovered that this oratorio had very few songs. Never mind—'make some, introduce some'—and it was so. Common-place, trashy airs out of his operas were fitted to more trashy words, and thrust into this splendid work. Thus were a few of the Misses provided for; the defacing Handel's great oratorio being a much less evil than the exclusion of a young lady (especially if a pupil of the Academy) from the bill. They then set to work to concoct what they called a selection, upon the principle of what is called a 'medley-overture,' where all sorts of tunes, quick and slow, new and old, English and foreign, are jumbled together, some entire, some by halves, and played in rapid succession. Thus we had a whole chorus of Handel, then a quarter of a movement of Haydn, a scrap of a song from Mozart, an anthem of Purcell, and part of a quartett of Beethoven. The words, in some instances, came in the following order:—'Who takest away the sins of the world, pity us and receive our intercession: and life everlasting. Amen! And being incarnate of the Holy Ghost, from Mary the virgin, became man.' In these, and many other instances, detached portions of sentences were culled from various places and joined together, producing the effect of cross-readings in a newspaper. A selection of sacred music should discover some knowledge of the different stages and schools of the art; the component parts should be classed with skill, assorted with taste, and every piece so displayed as to range and blend and harmonize with those near it. Who, in arranging a gallery of pictures, would not be guided by a similar principle? Who would jumble Flemish, Italian, Dutch, and English together, regardless of character, subject, colouring, or school? Who, on the stage, would place detached scenes from the following pieces in this order:—Hamlet and the Ghost, Paul Pry and Mrs. Supple, Jaffier and Belvidera, Cowslip and Lingo, and so on. But precisely such was the grouping of the self-created Committee; every thing was out of its order, and severed from its connexion.

The next work of the Select was to construct the orchestra. They had given out that it was to hold 'a larger number of performers than any previous festival.' A journeyman-carpenter and a two-foot rule would have proved the impossibility of this; but they scorned all vulgar notions of square and rule, and seemed to think that the walls of the Abbey were elastic. Unluckily, they were not found so in practice. An orchestra which would place the band before the view of the audience, must be situated between the pillars; but this, it was found, would not hold more than 350 performers. What was to be done? The chorus was crowded into the side-aisles, where they were invisible to nineteen-twentieths

of the audience, and where more than half their power was entirely lost.

And such were the handiworks of this enlightened body. In every thing that they touched, the marks of incompetency, or the slime of jobbing, were visible. But the public knew little and cared less about the dirty process by which the affair was carried on. Probably the daily papers supplied only the information which those who had an interest in the affair took care to furnish. The puppet-show is now over, and it is time that the puppet-movers should be known. This duty we have endeavoured to discharge; to strip the whole humbug of its mystery and intrigue and to let it be known why, how, and wherefore the Royal Musical Festival was undertaken.

Have we then derived *no* pleasure from the Festival? Unquestionably we have. The band, spite of all jobbing, and the choral music, spite of all hinderances and impediments, was, occasionally, grand. Of the principal singers, Braham alone deserves any notice, and even he contented himself with the same songs we have heard him sing every Lent Gratorio Season for thirty years. Malibran, incomparably the finest singer of sacred music now living—for great as she is on the theatre, she is still greater when employed on the impassioned airs of Handel—Malibran, the only singer able to carry through a Festival of this kind, was not engaged, *though in London*. Perhaps she might have displaced Miss A——, or interfered with Miss B——, a sufficient reason, doubtless, for her exclusion. These managers seem to have thought that a display of mere numerical force was sufficient, forgetting that fifty or five hundred ciphers will not make a single unit. It was altogether the very worst display of solo singing we ever have heard at a Festival. Even Grisi failed, simply because the right application of her powers was not regarded. Her range is a limited one, and the Opera House is her element; in the church she falters, gasps, and struggles, like an animal in an exhausted receiver. A similar display of ignorance pervaded the cast of most of the pieces—good and bad singers were joined together, and English style and pronunciation were barbarously associated with that of Italy. In short, all kinds of blunders, inconsistencies, and incongruities, were the result of this indecent and scandalous job. Commencing with a dirty intrigue, it has ended with an explosion of ignorance.

NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

[In the Notes for last month, during the course of some observations on the display of Tory feeling at the Oxford Commemoration, occurred the following passage:—‘The only remark (beyond an occasional interjection of contempt) which we have heard from the lips of any Radical on the affair, was an expression of regret that a place pretending to be the fountain-head of morality and religion, should teach its youth to cheer a Lyndhurst and a Wynford; as if the youth of the London University should toss up their hats for Mr. Wakley or Mr. Whittle Harvey.’ The writer of the Notes is anxious to state, that, from an unlucky concurrence of circumstances, the above passage went through the press without having been seen by the editor; and the writer himself, on subsequent consideration, feels that he had no right, even when repeating what was actually said by another person, to introduce into a printed discourse the names of individuals in connexion with implied reflections upon their moral characters. On the subject of the imputations, great or small, merited or unmerited, current against any of the four persons mentioned, the writer does not pretend to know any thing but what the public knows: that the imputations existed was all that his argument required, and their existence is so universally notorious, that he did not conceive himself to be adding to their notoriety by his allusion. But no one has a right to presume that his words are of no consequence, when they contribute, in however slight a degree, to swell a hostile cry against any of his fellow-creatures; and the present writer, who, on principle, denies that private life is a fit subject to be made amenable through the press to the jurisdiction of the general public, ought not to have lent himself to the execution of the verdict pronounced by so incompetent a tribunal, even had that verdict been (what in some of these cases it certainly is not, and in none of them does he know it to be) decided and unanimous. In fact, it is when the charges against any person become the subject of incidental and cursory allusion—it is then, and not before, that the bulk of mankind, who have given little or no attention to the evidence for the charges, conclude them to be proved. A writer who permits himself such allusions, incurs, therefore, a most serious moral responsibility; and no one ought to do so who has not formed his judgment on the case with the care, deliberateness, and solemnity of a judicial act.]

*21st June. The alleged increase of crime.**—It is recorded that King Charles the Second, in one of his merry moods, requested the Royal Society to explain the fact that a fish has no weight when weighed in its own element. The philosophers laid their heads together, and thought of a variety of explanations, but forgot to verify the fact itself, which was a mere invention of the jocular monarch. A similar blunder appears to us to have been fallen into by the House of Lords last night, and by many others among those who occupy themselves with public affairs. They are all quarrelling over conflicting theories as to the causes of the increase of crime, and actually debating whether the increase is caused by education! forgetting, meanwhile, to ascertain whether crime *has* increased. We have never seen or heard of any evidence of increase which appeared to us deserving of the slightest regard. It is astonishing, not only how little pains mankind will take to get at the truth, on matters which are every body's concern, and not

* This and the following note are those alluded to in ‘The Repository’ of last month as postponed for want of room.

theirs peculiarly, but also how little evidence contents them, in such a case, as ground for believing assertions the most deeply implicating the highest interests of their country and of their kind. A somewhat greater numerical account of commitments or convictions during two or three years, will prove to them, beyond a doubt, that the labouring classes are becoming fearfully demoralized; and if you presume to suspend your judgment, and desiderate further proof, you are reputed a disregarder of 'facts.' Facts! no: it is not facts we disregard, it is unfounded *inferences* from them. Grant that convictions have increased,—grant, even, that the increase is permanent and not temporary, arising from general and not local causes; does it follow that more crimes are committed? May it not be merely that a greater number are *detected*, or that a greater number are *prosecuted*? Though, perhaps, most *criminals* at some period of their career undergo punishment, the immense majority of *crimes* go unpunished. It has been calculated by solicitors, the best authorities on such a subject, that in London a youth who begins business as a thief may reckon upon not less than six years of impunity before he is removed by legal process. Here is 'ample room and verge enough' for a large increase of convictions without any increase of crime.

'Some years ago a worthy city-magistrate distinguished himself by extraordinary activity in the performance of the duties of his mayoralty. He gave, at the same time, a corresponding energy to the police of the city, and the consequence was that a greater number of cases by several hundreds were brought before him than was ever known to have been investigated by any other chief magistrate. Such is the habit of looking to these returns alone' (the returns of commitments and convictions) 'as showing the state of crime in any given district, that we have seen it charged in print, and heard it mentioned by public men, as a reproach to this magistrate, that more crime had been committed in the city during his mayoralty than during any other.'*

Again, have there been no circumstances to diminish the reluctance of injured persons to prosecute? Has not the severity of punishments within the last few years been greatly mitigated? Is it not by an innovation introduced within the last few years, that prosecutors are allowed their expenses? Many increased facilities of other kinds have also of late years been afforded to prosecutors and witnesses. Has not a notion grown up within a few years, (we believe a very false one,) that the increased mildness of prison-discipline has made our gaols not only no longer the dens of horror they were, but places where the prisoner is actually too comfortable, and too well off? and has this opinion no tendency to weaken the scruples which good men felt about sending a fellow creature thither? One principal chapter of the criminal calendar,—juvenile delinquency,—has grown up almost entirely of late years; not because boys did not formerly steal apples, but because formerly when they stole them they were whipped and sent home, while now they are prosecuted and sent to gaol. This change is probably owing to increased mildness of manners; men can no longer bear to convert themselves into executioners; yet, if there *have* been any increase of crime, here is as likely a cause

* From an admirable article on Police, by Mr. Chadwick, printed in 1829, in a periodical ('The London Review') which only reached a second number. We much wish to see this paper reprinted in a separate form.

of it as any other: for the child, whom a brief though severe punishment immediately following the offence might have deterred from a repetition of it, usually comes out of gaol irreclaimably corrupted.

But though there is no sufficient reason to believe that crime *has* increased, nobody in his senses can doubt that it *will* increase, if we do not carefully watch and promptly remove everything in our institutions which operates as an incentive to it. Persevere in the present administration of the Poor Laws, and the whole of the agricultural population will, in a few years, be converted into criminals. What else can you look for, when you shall have completely succeeded in obliterating from the minds of the agricultural labourers, all traces of any line of demarcation between what is theirs, and what is other people's; and persuaded them that they have a right to whatever their wants require—they being the best judges of their own wants? Whether crime have increased or not, the administration of the Poor Laws is a grand source of future increase which must be removed. Another, is the inadequacy of our police-arrangements; which have not kept pace with the growth of wealth and population, but afford less protection to property than any police-system in Europe, and that too in the country where there is most to protect. What wonder, again, if crime should be found to increase, when, after gradually ceasing to inflict, we have at last ceased even to threaten, capital punishment, except for a few of the most odious offences; while, by the admission of every competent witness, from Lord Liverpool formerly to Earl Grey now, we have no secondary punishments but what are almost worse than none at all. Lord Liverpool admitted the evil and let it alone; perhaps feeling as Louis the Fifteenth did, when he talked of the fine things he would do if he were Minister. An English Minister seldom considers himself as Minister for the purpose of doing any useful thing which he is not obliged to do. Something better might have been hoped from the present Ministers; but they are (we say it without presumption) too ignorant; they have neither read enough, nor reflected enough. The most accomplished man among them, without question, is Lord Brougham; and is it not truly deplorable, after all that has been given in evidence, and argued, and written on the subject, to find Lord Brougham still advocating the maintenance of transportation as a punishment, and Lord Denman supporting him? Both these law-lords pledge their professional experience that transportation is dreaded. Yes; but by whom? Transportation is like death: a terrible punishment to the innocent, a most severe one even to the *almost* innocent; but to the criminal by profession, an object of almost entire disregard.

If the Lord Chancellor will not read Mr. Bentham, or Archbishop Whately, or any of the philosophical writers on the theory of punishment, he can surely find time to read a work of less pretensions, Mr. Wakefield's 'Letter from Jack Ketch to Mr. Justice Alderson,' a pamphlet which may be purchased for threepence of Mr. Effingham Wilson, and which all who have threepence to spare ought to read.

21st June. *Debate on the Universities Admission Bill.*—It is not a favourable symptom of the state of the public mind, when a great noise is made about little things. What is it that the Dissenters want? Is it education? or is it that their sons should herd with lords' sons? If the former, they ought to know, and by taking the proper means they

may know, that Cambridge and Oxford are among the last places where any person wishing for education, and knowing what it is, would go to seek it. No one goes to Cambridge or Oxford for the education he expects to find there. The sons of the aristocracy go because their fathers went, and because it is gentlemanly to have been there. Those who are to be clergymen go, because it is very difficult otherwise to get into orders. Those who are to be barristers go, because they save two years of their apprenticeship by it, and because a fellowship is a considerable help at the outset of their career. No one else goes at all.

One of the most important objects, certainly, with which Parliament or a Ministry could occupy itself, would be to make the Universities really places of education; to clean out those sinks of the narrowest and most grovelling Church-of-Englandism, and convert them into reservoirs of sound learning and genuine spiritual culture. But is this what the Dissenters are striving for? Nothing of the sort. The place remaining as it is, all they solicit is, permission to subject their children to its pernicious influences.

Unless we would become a nation of mere tradesmen, endowed institutions of education must exist. There must be places where the teachers can afford to teach other things than those which parents (who in nine cases out of ten, think only of qualifying their children to *get on* in life) spontaneously call for. There must be places where those kinds of knowledge and culture, which have no obvious tendency to better the fortunes of the possessor, but solely to enlarge and exalt his moral and intellectual nature, shall be, as Dr. Chalmers expresses it, *obtruded* upon the public. And these places must be so constituted, that they shall be looked up to by the public; that parents who are too narrow-minded to see of themselves what is good, shall believe it to be good because it is there taught. In order that benefits which we estimate so highly may not be lost; in order that the means may still be preserved of maintaining places of education, which shall not be the subservient slaves of the opinions and desires of the vulgar—we would have those means rescued from the hands of men who render the very idea of resisting the spirit of the age at once odious and contemptible—men who differ from their age chiefly by wanting its good points; who combine the worldly spirit of the present times with the indolence of monks, and the bigotry and sectarianism of two centuries ago. The first scholar in Great Britain, and the only clergyman of the Church of England who has acquired a European reputation, has just been ejected from his lectureship in the most liberal college of the most liberal of the two Universities, for asserting in a printed pamphlet, that the University does not give religious education; an assertion which every member of the University knows to be true. And Dissenters would send their sons to be educated by these men! Rather, if their sons had been already there, they ought to have indignantly withdrawn them.

But the degrees of the Universities are of importance for professional purposes. Be it so: there, then, lies the evil; there apply your remedy. Abolish the monopoly of the Universities. Until public opinion shall have ripened for a reform in the places themselves, the law which should be enacted by Parliament is not one for admitting Dissenters to degrees, but one for rendering degrees no longer necessary for the enjoyment of any civil privileges. The title for exercising a profession

should be a good education, wheresoever acquired : not the fact of having been educated at a certain place, least of all at a bad place. The certificates of Oxford and Cambridge should pass current only at their intrinsic value ; and those of every other place of education should do the same.

In the debate last night, Mr. Ewart, of Liverpool, an active and valuable Member of Parliament, had the courage to say that the education of our higher ranks is below that of some other countries. This notorious truth having excited a murmur, Mr. Ewart defended himself by the instance of Germany, and by rather an unfortunate one, that of the United States. We have always understood that in America there is still less of sound literary and philosophical instruction than even here, and that the superiority of that country consists in the superior education of the poorer classes, not of the richer. Mr. Ewart might have said ‘ Germany and France.’

If Mr. Ewart exhibited one kind of courage, two members for Universities exhibited another kind. Mr. Estcourt held up Oxford and Cambridge as the two great causes of the prevalence of Christianity in this kingdom. ‘ He would say, Do not disturb us ; allow us to go on as we have done, launching into the world young men perfectly capable of carrying that religion into every relation of life.’ Mr. Goulburn adjured every parent, who had sent his son to a University, to ‘ reflect what he (the son) might have been, had not his passions been subdued by daily and regular devotion.’ This is rather a bold offer to let the tree be judged by its fruits. Will Mr. Estcourt’s and Mr. Goulburn’s constituents bear out their representatives in this challenge ? Will *they* allow judgment to pass upon the Universities according to the practical regard paid by the majority of the pupils to Christianity, considered as enjoining them to subdue what Mr. Goulburn is complimentary enough to call their ‘ passions ?’ *Solvuntur risu tabulæ.* We admit that those venerable places succeed in inspiring the young men with highly friendly feelings towards religion, in common with the other institutions of the State, and a very proper respect for the Deity, as one of the constituted authorities.

4th July. The Chancellor’s Declaration against the Taxes on Political Information.—A good aim (how often it has been remarked) is seldom lost ; if the good object aimed at be not furthered, some other of perhaps equal value is so. Mr. O’Connell’s motion for the reform of the law of libel will be the destruction of the taxes on knowledge. That question, after being discussed and apparently lost for the session, was referred to the Committee on the Law of Libel. Lord Brougham attended that Committee as a witness, and said and unsaid all manner of liberal and ultra-liberal things on the libel question ; but when interrogated as to the taxes on newspapers and political tracts, he delivered a firm, steady, and well-reasoned opinion in condemnation of them. Last night he repeated this opinion in the House of Lords, and intimated his intention of bringing the subject before Parliament. There is little doubt that these taxes will be taken off at the beginning of the next session ; for this is one of the subjects on which there is reason to believe the Chancellor to be really in earnest ; and we see that he now considers the time to be come for carrying his opinion into effect.

There will now, therefore, be vastly greater facilities than were ever

before known for the diffusion of important truth among the people, and also of mischievous error. But up to this time error has had the field to itself. Truth will now, for the first time, have its natural chances of superiority. In the immensely increased number of readers which will be the effect of the cheapness of newspapers and political tracts, any writers of talent may hope, whatever be their sentiments, to find the quantity of support necessary for a moderate degree of success, without prostituting themselves to the hired advocacy of the opinions in vogue.

5th July. The Irish Tithe Bill.—This will not do. Sir Robert Peel last night uttered a sentiment which is the bitterest censure upon many of the acts of the present Ministry :—‘Of all the vulgar acts of government to which a Ministry can resort, the solving of political difficulties by putting their hands into the public purse is the most vulgar.’ That is the art by which the Ministry are attempting to solve the difficulty of Irish tithe.

For centuries the English oligarchy have billeted their own priesthood upon a hostile nation, until that nation positively will not bear the insult and injury one hour longer. No appeal to reason, justice, or even the fear of ultimate consequences, has been hearkened to. The Irish have, therefore, taken the only means which were left them; they refuse to pay. The English oligarchy, Whig and Tory, through their organ Lord Grey, and through all their other organs, proclaim that this is all the fault of agitators; that the Irish would have gone on paying the hostile priesthood for ever, if it had not been for O’Connell; and that O’Connell is a demon, for having, on their own showing, accomplished what no person recorded in history ever did without being reputed by posterity a hero. After having thus exhaled unavailing resentment against O’Connell, the Ministry proceed to give up to him the object he contends for. The tithe is no longer to be appropriated exclusively to the use of the un-Irish Church. But it is not convenient to make up their minds this year, to what purpose it shall be appropriated. For the sake of six months’ ease to Ministers, two-fifths of the tithe are to be flung away. If the landlords will only be so good as to collect it for us, they may keep forty per cent., and we will only ask them for the remaining sixty. This is rather a large discount to give for present payment.

Why so eager to save all we can this year, as if next year the whole would have evaporated, or fallen into the sea? The entire produce of the land will be there next year as well as this year, and may be laid hold of by taxation then as well as now, for any purpose to which the sentiments of the people are not violently opposed. If the new appropriation meditated for next year be of a kind not obnoxious to the people, the whole tithe will be as readily paid by them as three-fifths of it. If the contrary be the case, it will be as impossible to levy three-fifths, or even one-fifth, as the whole. It is not to the tithe, as tithe, that the Irish people object, but to the payment of it to a hostile priesthood. Let that cease, and you may secure the whole fund with ease. Let that continue, even one year longer, and you will never, during the currency of existing leases, realize another farthing. In any sense it is absurd, permanently, and under the pledge of the national faith, to abandon to the landlords two-fifths of what they will gain in their rents, on the expiration of the present leases, by the abolition of tithe. What harm if no

time at all is paid this year? Wait till the next. To support the incumbents for one year, there will be no difficulty in raising a sum by loan on the security of the future fund.

18th July. The Ministerial Changes.—The ministry has lost its chief, and is about to go on with little other alteration. The change, however, is not a trifling one. The occasion seems insignificant, compared with the magnitude of the result; but so seemed the division on the Civil List, which turned out the Wellington Ministry. In both cases, what seemed the cause was but the pebble in the road, which shook to pieces the already crazy vehicle.

Lord Grey could not long remain Minister after the Reform Bill. He was the man to carry through a Reform Bill, not the man to execute it. We say this not in disparagement, but, on the contrary, with the most unfeigned respect. Lord Grey is a far braver man, a loftier man, a man of greater dignity of character, with more of the heroic in his composition, than any member of what is now the Ministry, or than all of them put together. But he is of the old school; they are willing to be of the new. Lord Grey has principles, they are men of shifts and circumstances; but his principles are unfit for these times, and he cannot change them. He is the very man he was in 1789. Age has neither corrupted him nor brought him wisdom.

When Lord Grey, in early youth, adopted Reform principles, the people of England were mostly satisfied with the main features of their institutions, and complained only of extravagant expenditure and a few superficial abuses. If Reform had been carried at that time, these would have been remedied, and the social machine generally would have remained untouched. The people would not have had their eyes opened to the great and rapidly-increasing vices of their social polity in general. Government would have been cheap and bad, and so it would have remained until the mere progress of philosophy, unaided by any previous alienation of the people from the ruling classes, had convinced them of its defects. This might have required centuries. Times are altered now; but Lord Grey is still of the same mind. He still sees no evils in our social condition, but those which the people then saw; and if he had his way, Reform would now lead to no consequences but those to which it would then have led. But fifty years of public discontent, though they have made no changes in Lord Grey's opinions, have made a wonderful revolution in those of mankind. The people are now possessed with an opinion that their institutions, *en masse*, are in many respects bad, and a cause of evil to them. Lord Grey partly perceives and recognises as a fact, the prevalence of this new opinion, but without any perception of its justice; and his object—his conscientious object—is to prevent the new opinion from having its way; to stem the current which has set in towards change. A man who thus resists the just and necessary tendencies of his times is not fit to be Minister. It may be very fit that those tendencies should be moderated, but by their friends, not by their enemies.

Lord Grey has recently, in a most forcible manner, expressed his sense of the folly of those who resist 'the spirit of the age;' nor would he have opposed any obstinate or rash resistance to that spirit; but being at heart its foe, he would have done his utmost to discountenance it, and would have embroiled himself with it in his own despite; as this

very affair of the Irish Coercion Bill, which has broken up the Ministry, exemplifies.

It was believed, even before the late disclosures, that the renewal of the Coercion Bill had been forced upon the other Members of the Cabinet by Lord Grey. It is well known that to Lord Grey are to be attributed all the foolish ebullitions of the Ministry, in King's Speeches and otherwise, against Mr. O'Connell. This could not but be. Irish agitation and Mr. O'Connell, *must* appear in a quite other light to Lord Grey than to Reformers of a less antiquated school. To others they may seem the exceptionable, and even dangerous, but most efficacious, instruments of the accomplishment of a great public good: to him they cannot but appear as noxious influences, which, by bringing a country to the verge of anarchy, force upon Parliament the adoption of measures, which, although justifiably conceded to necessity, are in themselves wholly to be deprecated. Let Mr. O'Connell be what he will, to us he is the enemy of evil, to Lord Grey he is the enemy of good. Lord Grey therefore regards him with aversion, and would pass Coercion Bills to restrain his operations. The other Ministers perhaps think no better of the man, but they probably think quite as much good as evil of the effects of his influence.

In losing Lord Grey the Cabinet has lost the greater part of such weight of personal reputation as it possessed; it will now have little strength, save that which it may derive from its measures. We fear it has lost most of its real strength of character also; it will now be a mere straw on the surface of the waters; it will drift forward with the current, or backward with the eddy; it will be more afraid of the people, but also more afraid of the Peers. In Lord Grey, what seemed fear of the Peers was, we believe sincerely, fear *for* the Peers; he could not bear that their obstinacy should ruin them; he threw himself between them and the people, and spared them the shock of a conflict with public opinion, by bearing the brunt of it himself. The present Ministers will do nothing of this sort. Truckle to the Lords they may, if the people will let them; but (except Lord Lansdowne and perhaps one other at most) we doubt if there is a man among them who, if he thought circumstances required it, would not turn the whole order out of doors without a pang.

The people, therefore, have their cause in their own hands. Let them make it less trouble to quarrel with the Lords than with them, and their object, whatever it be, will quite surely be gained.

23d July.—Lord Brougham's Speech on the Poor Law Amendment Bill.—We have never studied to direct the reader's attention to the infirmities of individuals; and we are least of all inclined to dwell upon those of the Lord Chancellor; because, with many weaknesses, and even some littlenesses, we believe him to have higher and better aspirations, and a more genuine sympathy with mankind, than any other man in power, or who has held power in England for many years. We shall therefore, of all his recent exhibitions in the House of Lords (by which he little knows how grievously he has lost ground in public estimation,) confine ourselves to the most recent, that on the Poor Law Bill; and to this we shall advert solely for the purpose of disconnecting that Bill from the speculative opinions in disapprobation of Poor Laws in general, with which Lord Brougham, on his own

owing most unnecessarily, and as we conceive most mischievously, ought proper to encumber it. As might have been expected, the advantage thus given has been eagerly seized by the enemies of the bill. 'The Times' exclaims, that the truth has come out at last, and that the real object of the Poor Law reformers is now visible. Whether 'The Times' asserts this factiously or ignorantly, it is probable that many, who have no opportunity of being better informed, will share the impression.

Now, if there be any thing which may be predicated with certainty of the Poor Law Bill it is this, that if carried into effect in the spirit in which it is conceived, it will leave no excuse whatever for attempting to abolish Poor Laws. It affords the means by which society may guarantee subsistence to every one of its members, without producing any of the fatal consequences to their industry and prudence, which though arising only from the manner in which the law has been administered, have been erroneously supposed to be inseparable from its principle.

We hold a public provision for the poor to be an indispensable part of the institutions of every civilized country. To put the least dignified consideration first, it is necessary even as part of a system of police; for where such a provision does not exist, there must be unbounded toleration of mendicity, the very worst species of pauperism next to that which now exists in the southern counties of England. Besides, it is impossible to refuse to an innocent person in want, that subsistence which you will be obliged to afford to him as soon as he becomes a criminal. Let mere poverty be attended with consequences equal to the most terrible of your punishments, and the chances of crime will be preferred to the certainty of starvation.—Secondly, Poor Laws are necessary on still higher grounds of public policy; as the only means by which an alliance can be established between the pecuniary interest of the rich and the comfort and independence of the poor.—Lastly, Poor Laws are required by the plainest dictates of justice; since it is monstrous that human creatures, who exercised no choice in being born, should be starved for the fault of their progenitors. There is food enough on the earth for all who are alive, and society has motives, short of capital punishment, by which it can enforce, when enforce it must, any necessary restraint upon the increase of the numbers of mankind.

The anti-poor-law doctrine is now almost universally exploded among political economists, though political economy still continues to be most unjustly burthened with the discredit of it, and though Lord Brougham doubtless thought he proved himself a master in the science by professing one of its discarded errors. Of the prudence of perking in the faces of mankind opinions abhorrent to them, on an occasion when those opinions were perfectly irrelevant, we say nothing, as we think with 'The Chronicle,' that statesmen are not to be very severely reproached for sincerity; and we are well pleased to find that Lord Brougham, after so many years of public life, has at last, for once, lain under that reproach.

23d July.—*The Rich and the Poor.*—A certain Major Pitman, a magistrate of the county of Devon, having been convicted before a bench of magistrates in Petty Sessions, of a series of most brutal assaults, committed, with scarcely any provocation, upon his maid-servant, accompanied with the grossest and most disgusting abuse, and

continued through two days; the following was the decision of the Bench:

‘From the very difficult situation in which we are placed with a brother magistrate, we could have wished that we had not had the case to decide. The Court, however, is unanimously of opinion that *this case is not of sufficient importance to be sent to the Sessions; they do consider the assault proved*, and do adjudicate the full penalty of *five pounds* to be paid by the defendant.’

Assuredly all persons in England, of whatever sex or age, who happen to be weak of body, have abundant reason to be grateful for the mildness and humanity of modern manners; for it is now proclaimed to the world that any person of property and station, who is sufficiently a brute in his own nature, and is not ashamed of being considered so by others, may beat and kick his female servants to any pitch, short of danger to life or limb, and may insult them with any degree of contumely, without incurring from the justice of his country the slightest inconvenience. Suppose that this girl had a brother, or a lover, who had resented the injury to her, let us say only by knocking down the wretch who committed it; was there a man on that Bench who would not have thought him most leniently dealt with by being sent for only a month to the tread-mill? And these dastardly creatures would be the foremost, probably, to inveigh against the insubordination and against the immorality of the poor. Why, if the English people, being a brave people, were not also a most obedient, peaceable, and moral people, these men would not have dared show themselves in the streets without an escort of soldiers after delivering such a judgment.

The ‘Chronicle’ says it cannot doubt that the matter will be investigated, and that if the facts stated are correct, Major Pitman will be dismissed from the magistracy. Alas! no. Who ever heard of a magistrate dismissed for oppressing the poor, or tyrannizing over the weak? It is not for such trifles, that Chancellors and Home Secretaries will be uncivil to a gentlemanly man. If Major Pitman had even done any thing *really* ungentlemanly; if he had refused to pay a gaming debt, or shown the white feather in an affair of honour; even then, though a minister might cut him, no minister would think of turning him out of the Commission of the Peace. He would retain the power of imprisoning and transporting his fellow creatures until he happened to be hanged or transported himself.

But these things will not last much longer. Every such occurrence is but another kick to the ball which is rushing down hill with perpetually increasing velocity. The magistracy of England, with the rest of our aristocratic institutions, will, in a few years, have ceased to be.

27th July. Flogging in the Army.—The late disgusting exhibition at Charing Cross Barracks has excited a feeling in the public, which has compelled the Secretary at War to promise that a commission shall be issued to revise the whole of our military system. In the speech in which he made this announcement, Mr. Ellice declared that since public opinion has so greatly restricted the punishment of flogging, military discipline has greatly relaxed; that acts of insubordination have become much more frequent than before, and that in the last year one-fifth of the whole army have been subjected to charges of different kinds. ‘The

Examiner' hints that there has been another cause of the relaxation of discipline; that a spirit of hatred between the soldiers and the people has been sedulously cultivated by their officers:—

'We suspect that the truculent spirit boastfully manifested by the officers towards the people has had some effect on the actions of the men. Military outrages against the people have been looked upon by the officers with an indulgent eye, and hence, doubtless, an increase of such offences; and misconduct in one direction begets misconduct in another, and the soldier who has spurned the civil law, under a superior provoking the transgression which he seems to chide, soon ventures to trespass also against the military law. We could mention cases in which there has been mixed a violation of military and civil law, and in which the wrong against the people seems to have redeemed, in the eyes of the military judges, the infraction of military rule, for the punishment allotted on consideration of both offences has been far short of what it would in all probability have been had the military offence been unmingled with the other. We have put a question thus to military men: What would be the punishment of a party drunk on their march, who used their troop-horses for the sport of women picked up on the road side?—And the sentence supposed in the answer has far exceeded the punishment which was actually awarded in such a case—with this (excusing) addition, that the sword was drawn upon people who manifested their disgust at the most indecent and brutal conduct. The remark which will not want examples in various quarters is this—that offences against the discipline of the army, which would be severely punished if solely offences against discipline, are more leniently dealt with if mixed up with offences against the laws of the land. The people of the lower part of Westminster will bear testimony to the truth of this observation. But there is not only an indulgence for military riot at the expense of the public peace, but a direct defiance of the civil law is occasionally taught to the soldiery; thus a commanding officer lately ordered the barrack-gates to be closed against a constable with a warrant for the apprehension of one of the privates. Whatever insubordination there now is in the army, is the natural effect of the spirit and countenance of its officers since the agitation of the Reform Bill. The license of the soldiery has extended, as license always will do, beyond the intention of those who were pleased to relax discipline for a particular object.'

We fear there is much truth in these remarks. But we conceive that the root of the matter lies still deeper. It is a vice inherent in an army or a navy exclusively officered by gentlemen, that the soldiers and sailors must be treated like brutes. If indeed the commanding officer be a man to whom those under him can look up with reverence, that reverence renders his mere displeasure so severe a punishment, that he is able to dispense with corporal torture. Nelson needed it not, nor Collingwood, nor Sir Alexander Ball; and never were ships' crews so admirably disciplined as theirs. Whether in a regiment, a ship, or a school, those only govern by torture who have not the virtue necessary for governing by personal influence. When the scourge is needed, it is always the fault and often the crime of the superior. But from almost all superiors, faults, and from many, crimes, are to be expected. No army or navy is officered with Nelsons and Collingwoods. These were rare men. The discipline of an army or navy cannot be left dependent

upon the qualities of individual men ; it must be provided for by the general system of military and naval rewards and punishments.

Now rewards, in the English army, there are none ; for no soldier can rise beyond the rank of a sergeant. As for punishments, for the greater military offences only three are possible : 1st, The offender must be shot ; or, 2dly, Flogged ; or, 3dly, Dismissed from the service. Now this last, which in almost all other armies is a punishment of extreme severity, with us is a reward. The soldier is but too happy to get his discharge, and would commit offences purposely for a very slight chance of obtaining it. Until this is remedied, discipline in the army never can by possibility be kept up but by shooting or flogging. The men will be either shot, flogged, or undisciplined, until dismissal from the army shall be a punishment and not a privilege : and a privilege it will be until the pay of the common soldier be raised beyond what any taxes which the British people will pay afford the means of, or until, as in France or Prussia, every common soldier shall have the possibility before him of rising to be colonel of his regiment.

Now, as the people of England have neither the passion of equality which distinguishes the French, nor the passion of justice which has hitherto distinguished no nation, this most desirable result will only be brought about through the passion of humanity ; which, by not allowing soldiers to be either shot or flogged, will compel recourse to the only means of government fit for rational beings ; and will secure, at length, for that important portion of the people the privileges of men, by not tolerating that they should any longer be treated like brutes. We therefore rejoice from our souls that the public loathing at the practice of flogging is becoming too intense to be resisted, and we most earnestly hope that every word which fell from Mr. Ellice on the insubordination of the army is literally true. We trust that the army is, and will progressively become more and more undisciplined, until the time comes when from sheer necessity, on the failure of all other means of keeping the soldiers in subjection, the oligarchy must perforce loose their hold of what will be the last and most cherished of their monopolies. They will part with it as with their life's blood, but ere many years shall have passed over their heads, they may rely upon it, it will be theirs no longer.

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CRITICAL NOTICES.

Origines Biblicæ. By C. T. Beke. Vol. I.

THIS volume is prefaced by a declaration that the author has voluntarily kept himself in ignorance of the mass of valuable materials for his researches which exists in the writings of the German divines, because he holds the heresies of those divines in horror; and also that his knowledge of their opinions 'has been derived, not from any strict investigation of the subject, but from the casual perusal of the current English literature.' When we add that he proceeds on the assumption of the inspired infallibility of every verse of the Old Testament in all matters of history, genealogy, geography, &c., we shall probably have said enough to make most rational persons despair of deriving much instruction from his 'researches in primeval history.' But if they do, they will be in error. Within the limits which he prescribes to himself, the author displays much independence of thought and diligence of research. He has lightened many obscurities, and made some discoveries, in the early history of mankind; and mooted questions which well deserve to be thoroughly discussed. It will be rather a startling proposition to many readers, that the Israelites never were in Egypt (properly so called); and that the river on which Moses was exposed was not the Nile, but the *Wady Gaza*, a small stream near Gaza. A very plausible case is however made out against the identification of the *Mitzraim* of scripture with the Egypt of profane history, in spite of all translators, from the Seventy downwards. In the next volume he promises to sketch the history of this empire of Mitzraim, which vanished so entirely even from the ancient world. He deserves at least the impartial attention of biblical students.

An Essay towards an easy and useful System of Logic. By Robert Blakey.

SOME useful observations may be found in this work, but as a whole it wants precision, clearness, and consistency. It is very imperfect, either as a description, or a specimen, of that greatest of all arts, the art of reasoning.

Geographical Questions and Exercises. By Richard Chambers.

An Introduction to Arithmetic. By the Same.

THESE little books have gone through several editions, and deserve to go through several more. They are very convenient for the purpose to which they are immediately directed, and convey besides a wonderful quantum of information incidentally. Every example, in arithmetic, is made the occasion of imparting some portion of historical, geographical, or other instruction.

The Radical Peerage.

A BRIEF peerage, but a plain and true one, and the cheapest we have ever seen. It contains a rapid sketch of the legislative history of the Lords, with accounts, not very flattering, of the origin of some of the most conspicuous privileged families. Such a pamphlet as this would, if anything could, shame those who, even yet, try to corrupt children's minds, on the very threshold of history, by stories of virtue rewarded and hereditary patriotism.

Moral Instruction, addressed to the Working Classes. Part I.

'ORIGIN and beneficial effects of Sunday-schools; importance of moral instruction to young persons; advantages of knowledge; duty of being serviceable to each other; propriety of conduct, and the duties of apprentices and servants; amusements; diligence; obedience; honesty; truth and sincerity:' these are the topics discussed in this publication, which consists of 'lessons which were actually employed, between thirty and forty years ago, for the *mental* and *moral* improvement of the *working classes* at Birmingham.' They have, no doubt, aided in the production of the desired effect. The operatives of that town have been essentially benefited by the School Society, in connexion with which these plain and sensible lectures were delivered. An admirable peculiarity of those Sunday-schools was, that their influence was prolonged into after life, and they were made to furnish their own succession of teachers out of those who had enjoyed their advantages as pupils. This arrangement, combined with the peculiar aptitude of Mr. Luckcock and others interested in them, made them an instrument of good, incomparably more efficient than the feeble and generally sectarian institution which the term Sunday-school is employed to describe.

Political Christianity.

THIS is one of the best collections of facts, which are accompanied with suitable and spirited reasonings, on the religious condition of Ireland, that we have seen. Its object is set forth in a descriptive title-page, as follows: 'State Patronage and Government Support, in National Establishments of Religion, not only ineffective as a means of propagating divine truth, but pernicious to the Nation, and obstructive to the progress of Scriptural Religion; illustrated in the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Educational Statistics of Ireland.' Although only a pamphlet of 136 pages, this publication contains a mass of historical matter, relative to the Catholic and Protestant Churches of Ireland, the Presbyterians, and minor sects, the various charitable institutions for education, and their present condition and influence: all lucidly presented, and demanding alike the consideration of the legislature and the public. The 'Chapter of Conclusions, in tabular form,' is particularly striking; nor can the accounts of the actual workings of the education societies be read without strong interest.

The Book of Aphorisms.

Most of these aphorisms are meant to be witty, and many of them are humorous. Truisms and falsisms are very impartially blended. There is much smart twaddling and twaddling smartness, intermixed with better stuff. Very sound is the seventy-first aphorism: 'The most difficult thing in the world is to talk good nonsense;' nor is it strange that the author of 675 aphorisms, 'all written in the evenings of September, 1832, for the purpose of whiling away a few idle hours,' should not have always succeeded, either in sense or nonsense. Still the book will do very well for an afternoon in the post-chaise pocket. The last aphorism is, 'Next to the Bible, the best book in the world is the Book of Aphorisms.' We beg, on behalf of the Jewish and Christian revelations, to return thanks for the exception.

Statistics of the United States. By T. J. Tredway.

A VERY useful book for emigrants, or those who think of becoming so. The compiler is a native and resident American, who has devoted many years to the topography of the States; and, so far as we can judge from the work itself, he has performed his task with impartiality and diligence.

Illustrations of the Bible. By Westall and Martin. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4.

EIGHT wood-cuts for a shilling, from the productions of such masters, is certainly rendering the fine arts cheap enough, so far as quantity is concerned. The question of quality is, however, of much more importance. The first number disappointed us; we believe partly from our not being favoured with good impressions; with the subsequent numbers we have been highly gratified. In most cases the wood has done its duty admirably, and the pictorial effect is satisfactorily realized. The merits of the designs cannot be discussed in the limits of a notice; they are such as the names of the painters will sufficiently avouch.

Biographical Sketches of Eminent Artists. By John Gould.

MR. JOHN GOULD appears to be a diligent compiler, and so far as this qualification goes, his book is meritorious and useful. We cannot praise his style or his philosophy; and an alphabetical index to an alphabetical dictionary, is a sheer waste of paper.

L'Echo de Paris. By M. A-P. Lepage.

As much as a book can teach an English learner, of familiar conversation in French, may be acquired from this book. How much that is, or of how much use, is a different question.

Birmingham and its Vicinity. By W. Hawkes Smith. Nos. 1 and 2.
2s. 6d. each.

ALL our large towns, and our manufacturing or commercial districts, should promptly imitate this spirited publication; the agricultural districts may be allowed to follow more slowly. Mr. Hawkes Smith has

started a new species of topography, and such an one as, being in harmony with the present condition and tendencies of society, ought to become popular. His work is truly 'Birmingham Illustrated.' Besides a diligently-compiled account of the geology of the neighbourhood, and the manufactures of the town, with many curious particulars of local history and manners, and some well-engraved views, plates of machinery, &c., we have a large collection of ornamental cards of merchants and tradesmen, which, while they serve the homelier purpose of advertisements, are also, many of them, very gratifying specimens of art and taste. The author has added to the obligations, intellectual and political, which the country already owes to the men of Birmingham.

The Modern Cambist. By W. Tate.

A Complete System of Commercial Arithmetic. By W. Tate, jun.

An Appendix to Commercial Arithmetic. By W. Tate, jun.

THESE three publications are by a father and son, the keepers of a commercial academy, for which they seem, by these works, to be well qualified. The three together are enough to set up any youth for the counting-house.

Wm. Howitt's Abridgment of his Popular History of Priestcraft.
1s. 6d.

A REAL *abridgment*, i. e., the same matter in an abbreviated and condensed form; an abridgment made with the brains and not with the scissors; and which may be regarded as a good result from the piratical and mechanical publication which occasioned it, and which deserves all the author's reprobation.

The Merchant and Mechanic. By a Lady.

ANOTHER number, and a capital one, of the 'Illustrations of Social Depravity,' of which our approbation has been already expressed. The integrity and courage shown in this cheap series are highly honourable both to the writers and the publishers. We hope the working classes will read them with the confidence they deserve. Whoever the lady may be to whom we are indebted for this tale, she is plentifully endowed with what is called 'masculine intellect,' and deserves well of her own sex, and therefore of the world.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is a letter for Kathleen at our office; will she send, or forward her address.

J. Y. must, with all our respect for him, excuse our inserting mere protests against our own opinions.

We cannot do what T. asks; but have done what we could in another direction.

J. is intended for insertion.

The review of Deontology next month.