## POLITICAL GLEANINGS.

THE harvest of the political writer is during the sitting of Parliament, when in St. Stephen's field (his chapel, alas! no longer) the thickly-clustered and nodding ears invite him to thrust in his reap-hook or ply his scythe; but when prorogation makes clearance there, and orders his harvest home, it does not follow that his 'occupation's gone.' There are still many 'stray gifts' to be picked up here and there; and the reaper, sunk into the lowlier office of the gleaner, may yet gather enough for a mess of pottage that will serve to afford a taste of the times. We shall endeavour to cater for our readers in this humbler occupation, and notice some of the best pretensions to a place in the memorabilia of the past month.

First, there is the great Bristol dinner to Lord John Russell. This feeding is thought by some to be a feeling for the next election. Bristol is a step from Stroud, which we shall see his lordship take with great pleasure. The Dissenters are strong in Bristol, and they owe him a debt which might be liquidated in this way, very honourably and acceptably to all parties. Was it with this view that there was so much caution both in the address and the reply, so dexterous an avoidance of the differences between the Whig and the Radical Reformers? If so, it was very well not to slap the faces of the latter as a preliminary to asking their voices. There will be time enough for that afterwards, though it might have been done with safety now; for the Radicals know how things are, and will help to substitute Lord John for one of their Tory Members, notwithstanding his proclamation against Organic Reforms. The silence of the principal on this occasion was made more noticeable by the loquacity of the subordinates. His cue was to let the Lords alone; but theirs was to persuade the people to let them alone also. Accordingly, Lord Seagrave, Lord Ebrington, and Mr. Thomas Moore followed in quick succession with a set of apologies for the Peerage, each curious in its way, and constituting together the heads of a defence which is to check the invasive tide of public opinion, provided the aforesaid tide chooses to be so checked, and will flow backwards at the sound of a little pretty whistling. Lord Seagrave pleaded their responsibility, Lord Ebrington their pliability, and Mr. Moore their morality. The first is an instance of the way in which words are continually employed, without even the shadow of a meaning. What Lord Seagrave's conception of responsibility is, we cannot by any means decipher; we only know that he ascribes it to the Lords, and contends that they are wrong who would have the Lords irresponsible, for this reason, that the King himself is responsible, through his ministers, and the King is greater than a Lord. We have no doubt of it; but as the

King is only responsible through his ministers, perhaps the Peers are only responsible through their cooks and footmen, and so the Constitution may be saved. The one vicariousness is as efficient as the other for all practical purposes of public good. The illustration with which Lord Seagrave favoured the company was drawn from his own conduct. He feels it his duty to meet the public, and give an account of his legislatorial doings. Rather lordly is the logic which thus establishes the doctrine that the Members of the Upper House are 'bound either to give an account of their votes, or to explain the motives which had influenced their votes.' Lord Seagrave himself chooses his own time and place, and very pleasant times and places they are, for rendering his account to the public. The load of responsibility sits lightly at a friendly dinner, over a bottle of wine, amid toasts, songs, and cheerings. Few Peers can be so unreasonable as to object thereto. The King himself would not shrink from it, unless by infirmity of age, albeit it should not be 'through his ministers.' Lord Eldon has often been responsible at Merchant Taylors' Hall, and the Duke of Wellington is very responsible at Apsley House, on the anniversary of Waterloo. Dr. Johnson defines responsibility 'the state of being obliged or qualified to answer.' It is news to us that any Peers are the one, or many of them the other. We should be glad to learn the nature of the tribunal, and the extent of its powers, before which they take their trial. This word, responsibility, belongs to that cant in politics by which people have been so long cajoled. As applied to public men, what does it represent? Nothing; nothing whatever. There is no such thing as political responsibility in what is called our Constitution. Who ever talked more of ministerial responsibility than did Pitt and Castlereagh, two of the most irresponsible men that ever wasted the blood and treasure, or invaded the rights, of nations with impunity? All the responsibility of a Minister, even in the Reformed Parliament, is the chance of having to endure what is vulgarly called a jobation. All the responsibility of Parliament consists in the possibility of turning a Member of the Lower House out of his seat at the next election. And all the responsibility of a King is summed up in the fact that the experiment might be tried upon his agents, if they were not sheltered by his prerogative. There is, to be sure, the cumbrous farce of an impeachment; it will scarcely reach another performance. All the branches of Government are mutually protective. The heaviest punishment that can be inflicted for public offences, is precisely that which Lord John Russell had to endure for accepting office while he was the representative of Devonshire. 'The force of' responsibility 'could no further go.' It may transfer a Representative from a county to a borough; it can neither punish a traitor nor uncoronet a Peer.

Lord Ebrington's plea for the Lords was their pliability.

'He believed that that portion of the House of Lords which clung to old and hereditary abuses, constituted but a very small minority of that assembly, and he felt satisfied, in common with the noble Lord (Seagrave), that they would not obstinately resist what they saw the people, from a sense of right, calmly determined to obtain.' Better reasons for this belief are desirable than those which his Lordship adduced, viz. the conduct of the Peers on the Municipal Reform and the Irish Church Bills. The opinion of the public had been long enough, and strongly enough, expressed on the former, to render perfectly absurd his Lordship's version of the motives of their conduct; and, as to the division in the Commons on the latter, what produced the return of such a House? No man, we presume, can be found to contend that opinion had retrograded on this subject, from the last Session of the previous Parliament. Lord Ebrington is a far-going believer; but, granting him all his faith, is a mode of legislation to be kept up, not as a means of public benefit, but simply because there is an extreme point beyond which it will not, and beyond which it cannot, obstruct the public good? By the very statement itself, the will to resist is only bounded by the power; and the most abominable despotism on the face of the earth might be defended against reform on the same principle. What possible good can result from a contrivance for driving the people, on every great question, to the verge of rebellion before it can be carried? This theory is less consistent than the old one of the three powers. A House of Lords with a real efficient veto is intelligible, though intolerable. But a House of Lords for the purpose of resisting and yielding, is simply a provision for everlasting irritation, agitation, and strife. There is only one point on which a body so constituted should be put to the trouble of yielding. The sooner it is tried on that point the better.

It must be presumed to have been in his original poetical character that Mr. Moore answered for the morality of the Peerage, and added his own voucher to the testimony of the 'distinguished American Radical leader,' that 'in taste, in intelligence, and in all the graces of social life,'—'the higher one rises in society the purer is the atmosphere.' The voucher is a valuable addition, because no American Radical, though he might have dined with a dozen Peers, could possibly have risen so high in his social intercourse, or have seen so much, as Mr. Moore himself. 'Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawly.' He had ascended 'an earthly guest and drawn empyrean air,' in that purest of atmospheres which exhaled around the presence of George, Prince of Wales, while yet a Regent, and not unworthy of the name. However, as Mr. Moore declares that, 'in order to be patriotic, it is not necessary to be uncivil,' we will leave this point of noble morality, only adding that it has nothing to do with the real merits of the case, for if your moral people be mischievous, as not unfrequently

happens, it is necessary to restrain them; and, if they are left irresponsible, experience testifies that they are sure to be corrupted. If moderate Reform held its festival at Bristol, Radicalism made a magnificent display at Bath. Messrs. Palmer and Roebuck were greeted by an assembly of seven hundred of their constituents, with the addition of five hundred ladies, who are not theirs nor anybody's constituents; but whose presence does not appear to have been regarded as an intrusion. At Bristol, their introduction would not have been civil to Lord John, after the manner in which he met the proposition for allowing them access to a gallery in the new House of Commons. Aristocracy does not desire women to think and be instructed, any more than it did desire that burgesses and operatives should think and be instructed. It would have them hanging, like golden fruit, on the 'beautiful branch' at the top of the tree, of which Mr. Moore speaks; in pretty and amiable dependence, with nothing to do but to fall to the ground when beautiful branch shall shake them off. Whether women be yet wise enough to prefer admission to the scenes in which men exert their highest mental powers, for the objects that most deeply interest their hearts, to being bowed away from the entrance with a smirk and a compliment, it is for themselves to show. The opportunity is not often afforded them, and we believe there has been little apparent backwardness but what is rather to be ascribed to other influences than to the free dictates of their own intelligence.

The Lords were dealt with in a much more straightforward and summary way on this occasion. Mr. Roebuck spoke with his usual plainness and fervour, and repeated his proposition for nullifying the second chamber by reducing its veto on a bill that has passed the Commons to a single exercise; so that if, after having been thrown out by them it should again be adopted by the Commons, it becomes law without their assent. This is a very efficient mode of reform. It simply gives legalized existence to that plurability for which Lord Ebrington praised the Peers, and decrees the time at which they shall bring it into exercise. There can be no great harm to them in that yielding virtue, which we are told they are sure to manifest, being manifested at the end of one session rather than of ten. Mr. Hume declared himself for King, Lords, and Commons, making the Lords responsible, *i. e.*, we suppose, elective. This notion must give way as the subject is more thoroughly discussed. It implies a greater formal alteration than Mr. Roebuck's plan. The differences created between one Peer and another would probably be more offensive than a general change in the functions of the whole. Nor would it be possible to elect out of the Peerage a House which would be much more in sympathy with the Commons than the entire body; we should be imitating the old process of striking a special jury, which Horne Tooke compared to picking twelve oranges out of a

box in which all were rotten. To make popular election of itself constitute a Peer might alleviate this mischief, but it would entail others, and imply an abrogation of royal prerogative that would occasion difficulty. We are sorry to see some of the ablest reform writers advocating imperfect schemes, under the notion that popular prejudice will not allow them to go further. It were better to go on discussing the subject until such prejudice (if it really exist to the extent supposed, which is very doubtful) be abated. Inefficient half-way measures are, in most cases, infinitely more mischievous than a little longer endurance of an evil, the nature and extent of which, then, become so glaring as to ensure its eradication.

Sheriff Raphael's affair has made an amusing variety in those attacks upon O'Connell which have, of late, formed the staple of the Tory newspapers. As there is not the shadow of proof of personal peculation in the case, the outcry on this matter is only one of those impudent hypocrisies which are so abundant in politics. Previous arrangements about the expenses of an election, and guarantees from individuals or clubs that the candidate shall not bear more than a certain amount, are most familiar, notorious, and almost universal occurrences. Nobody knows this fact better than do the writers of these diatribes, the patrons and paymasters of those writers, and the very readers who elevate their hands and eyes in amazement at O'Connell's unparalleled profligacy. By tacit convention they all agree to be thunderstruck; the only marvel is, where a sufficient number of fools are found to make the exhibition worth while, and prevent the actors from laughing out in the middle of the solemnity. Such further improvement in the electoral system as shall cut off the influence of money, and make the choice of a representative necessarily the result of unbought opinion, has not been hinted at. That is the last moral to be drawn by this class of political purists. With similar hypocrisy, and with a like avoidance of the real remedy, has the evidence before the Intimidation Committee been worked up into a succession of telling articles, showing, by one set of politicians, how the Irish priests, and by another how the English landlords, have cruelly and infamously abused their power over the voters. The simplicity that should ask, Why not, then, take away the power which is abused, by rendering voting secret and free? would only get itself laughed at. The only evil really lamented is that the priests, or the landlords, do not pull the right way. The facts will not be lost, nevertheless. If Organic Changes are still to be resisted, it will be from no defect in the practical demonstration of their necessity.

The tares yield a harvest every month. Priestcraft has been more busy, according to its kind, than we have time to tell. Episcopacy and Presbyterianism seem to be engaged in a generous rivalry. Both have been doing the Inquisitors, but with such diversity as accords with their varied character of spiritual

and, in that, of temporal domination. The Paisley Presbytery has censured the Rev. Mr. Brewster for attending the O'Connell dinner at Glasgow. The affair was conducted according to the most approved form of Presbyterian courtesy and justice. No previous notice was given to the object of this premeditated attack. A Dr. Burns made a very vituperative speech, and then endeavoured to skulk from the responsibility of a regular motion. The accused was present; a circumstance which is dispensed with by English dissenting Presbyterians; and there were laymen also, which is always a drawback upon the godly discipline of priests, whether established or nonconforming. All the clergy voted for the censure, two lay elders against it, and a third took no part. It does not appear what further proceedings are to be taken; but they will surely not stop short of degradation, for how can a man be fit to preach the gospel who says grace before O'Connell eats? Nay, why should such a person be himself allowed to eat? Let Presbyterianism look to Episcopacy and learn. Our readers have, probably, seen the statements of Mr. Rowlatt's case. This gentleman, about sixty years of age, with a large family, of unquestionable character, and high talent, has been jostled out of a living to which he had been appointed, in consequence of the change of ministry last year. It had been promised to him by Lord Brougham; his testimonials had received the signature of the Bishop of London; nothing remained but mere technicality, which, unhappily for him, was not entirely complete. The practice, in such cases, is to complete the appointment as a matter of course. This was done with another appointment made under precisely similar circumstances; except that the fortunate person was a connexion of Sir Robert Peel's. But the most striking part of the case is, that the new appointment was made, professedly, *on the recommendation of the Bishop of London*. Mr. Rowlatt states, that on his remonstrating he was told that the Bishop did not regard him as the fittest person, in consequence of secret information, the nature and author of which he declined to disclose. And so ended his hopes of deliverance from the pressure of straitened circumstances, hopes which had been fluctuating for years, rising or sinking as he had friends who won or lost political importance, and following the vicissitudes of parties, not because he was himself a party man, but because preachers of religion are dependent, even for the means of comfortable subsistence, upon those who are. How long are these monstrosities to be endured, polluting the name of religion, and corrupting or perverting political institutions?

Nicholas, Emperor of all the Russias, (Poland included,) has been speaking out to the municipality of Warsaw, like an honest man, a bloody tyrant, and a fierce half-insane savage. He told them that the flattering words they had prepared to address to him were all hypocritical; as no doubt they were; and that if they ever dared to show their discontent he would consign Warsaw to

sword and flame; as no doubt he will. Great complaints have been made of this speech; but not exactly on the right ground. It tells only what was known before; the curiosity consists in its being told at all, and in language so remote from the established phraseology of sovereign paternity. In this particular the speech has merit, for nothing would have been more easy than its translation into the dialect of regality and diplomacy. It might have been fitted up as a very gracious imperial speech. We prefer it as delivered. We often hear of the fury of democracy, and do not object to such a frank exhibition, in the person of its great champion, of the excesses of the monarchical principle. In justice to royalty more happily situated, because more shorn of power, we cannot refrain from placing on our pages the following simple and affecting decree of the Queen Regent of Spain:—

[FROM THE 'GACETA DE MADRID' OF NOV. 1.]

'ROYAL DECREE.

'If, on all occasions, it is grateful to my heart to dry the tears of the subjects of my beloved daughter, it is much more so when to this duty of humanity is united the sacred obligation of repairing past errors. General Don Rafael del Riego, who was condemned to an ignominious death by virtue of a decree issued subsequent to the act of which he was accused, and for having given a vote as a deputy of the nation, in which capacity he was inviolable, according to the laws then in force, and to the public rights of every representative government, was one of those victims whom, in moments of political crisis, fanaticism strikes with the sword of justice. At a period when those who, by their votes, manifested their approbation of the same proposition as was supported by General Riego, are filling distinguished posts, either in Parliamentary Assemblies or in the Councils of my august daughter, it must not be permitted that the memory of that General should continue to be sullied by the stigma of crime, or that his orphan family should be plunged in misfortune; in these days of peace and reconciliation between the defenders of the legitimate Throne and of Liberty, all bitter recollections ought to be, as far as possible, obliterated. I am desirous that this my will should, as regards my beloved daughter and her successors to the throne, be the bond by which, in the future annals of Spain, the inviolability of speech, propositions, and votes, made and given in the general Cortes of the kingdom, may be secured. I have therefore, in the name of my august daughter, Queen Isabel II., decreed as follows:—

'Art. 1. The good name, fame, and memory of the late General Don Rafael del Riego are re-established.

'Art. 2. His family shall enjoy the pension and widow's allowance to which they are entitled according to the laws.

'Art. 3. His family is placed under the special protection of my beloved daughter, Isabel II., and, during her minority, under mine.

'You will understand this, and communicate it to the proper authorities.

'Palace of the Pardo, 31st October, 1835.

'To Don Juan Alvarez y Mendizabal, President of the Council *ad interim*.'

This touching confession of wrong, this attempt at atonement, speedy in a government, though it might be late in an individual, is worth a hundred legions to the Constitutional cause in Spain; and is an act of justice to past patriotism, the beauty of which should sink into the very heart's core of humanity.

F.

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## NICOLL'S POEMS.*

Right worthy of the land and the language of Robert Burns are these songs of one on whom has descended no small portion of the glorious ploughman's inspiration. They are abundant in pathos, in humour, in fancy, in poetical description, and, above all, in just and nervous sentiment. They are songs which a true-hearted man, or a woman with a mind, need not be ashamed of singing; and that is more than can be said of nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of the things called songs, in which we seldom escape from what is very silly, unless it be to encounter something that is very false. The other poems have the same character with those which are strictly lyrical. All are imbued with a spirit which makes one proud of humanity; the more so, as we infer, from various indications, that they are the productions of one of the producing class, the work of a working-man, a fresh contribution to the poetry of the poor. The growth of such productions is amongst the most impressive signs of the times. Burns lived before the days of patronage had passed away; they are now clean gone, and for ever. His soul towered above his circumstances; but still he often wrote for his superiors; his successors write for their equals. As a bard, he was of the many, and for the many; but in them the mission has become more distinct, and the encouragement more direct and stimulating; nor does this limit the interest of their poetry. It has more of the quality of poetry than it could have were they in his condition. There is more truth and soul in it. It comes the more home to all humanity.

What little there is, in the author before us, of the factitious or conventional, is chiefly to be found in the love songs; with a slighter touch of it in the descriptions. Poets are slow to learn that it is by no means their duty to be poetical on all occasions or on all subjects, however legally established the poeticality of such occasions or subjects may be, by the old constitution of Parnassus. In the rightful democracy of song, or rather in its sacred individuality, its Pantisocracy, no man is obliged to say what he does not see, or sing what he does not feel. Poetry is not a manufacture; and the poet may not take an order for a song even from his own mind. His suspicions should always be awake

* 'Poems and Lyrics,' by Robert Nicoll.

when, instead of his feelings being unconsciously wrought upon, he catches himself saying to himself, 'that is a good subject.' But we must not run into a homily upon this matter, merely because we think one class of our author's poems not so excellent as another. Nor can we take upon us to lecture a Scotchman (as we take him to be) for his Scotch. Yet it does seem to us that some reformation is needed in the use of this northern Doric dialect. Burns, we believe, created the language of his poems out of the chaos of all sorts of lowland provincialism, with English, for a variety, when it better suited his purpose. And he managed it with the majestic ease of a creator. In truth it had, and to the skilful hand it has, a wondrous pliability. We are therefore less tolerant of an imperfect versification in its employment. And we think Mr. Nicoll indictable for the cacophony which often results from his elision of the last consonant in *upon* and *of*, which he always writes upo' and o'. Such lines as—

'She sat in the shade
O' a sweet-scented briar,'

or,

'An' the fiends o' earth an' the fiends o' air
Begouth to greet an' wail,'

are marvellously marred in their melody by the curtailment, and should be cured of their hitch by an infusion of f's. As they stand 'they sairly crook a body's mou'.'

We shall now give some specimens of these poems; and, much as we think they will approve themselves for true poetry, of the several classes to which they belong, it is but fair to say that they have been selected rather as exhibiting the peculiar characteristics of this volume, than as the best compositions which it contains.

## I.

### 'STANZAS ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF BURNS.

'This is the natal day of him,
Who, born in want and poverty,
Burst from his fetters, and arose
The freest of the free,—

Arose to tell the watching earth
What lowly men could feel and do—
To show that mighty heaven-like souls
In cottage hamlets grew.

Burns! thou hast given us a name
To shield us from the taunts of scorn;
The plant that creeps amid the soil
A glorious flower hath borne.

Before the proudest of the earth
We stand with an uplifted brow;
Like us, THOU wast a toil-worn man,
And we are noble now!

Inspired by thee the lowly hind
All soul-degrading meanness spurns;
Our teacher, saviour, saint, art thou,
Immortal Robert Burns!'—pp. 46, 47.

II.

'THE GRAVE.

'By a kirkyard yett I stude, while mony entered in,
Men bow'd wi' toil an' age, wi' haffets auld and thin;
An' ithers in their prime, wi' a bearin' proud an' hie;
An' maidens pure an' bonnie, as the daisies o' the lea;
An' matrons wrinkled auld, wi' lyart heads an' grey;
An' bairns, like things o'er fair for Death to wede away.

I stude aside the yett, while onward still they went,—
The laird frae out his ha', and the shepherd frae the bent;
It seemed a type o' men, an' o' the grave's domain,
But these were living a', an' could straight come forth again.
And o' the bedral auld, wi' mickle courtesie,
I speer'd what it might mean, an' he bade me look an' see.

On the trodden path that led to the house of worshipping,
Or before its open doors, there stude nae living thing;
But awa' amang the tombs, ilk comer quickly pass'd,
An' upo' ae lowly grave ilk seekin' e'e was cast.
There war' sabbin' bosoms there, an' proud yet softened eyes,
An' a whisper breathed aroun', "there the loved and honoured lies."

There was ne'er a murmur there—the deep-drawn breath was hush'd—
An' o'er the maiden's cheek the tears o' feelin' gush'd;
An' the bonnie infant face was lifted as in prayer;
An' manhood's cheek was flushed wi' the thochts that movin' were:
I stude aside the grave, an' I gazed upo' the stone,
An' the name of "ROBERT BURNS" was engraven thereupon.'

pp. 47, 48.

III.

'MINISTER TAM.

'A wee raggit laddie he cam' to our toun,
Wi' his hair for a bannet—his taes through his shoon;
An' aye, when we gart him rise up in the morn,
The ne'er-do-weel herdit the kye 'mang the corn.
We sent him to gather the sheep on the hill,
No for wark, but to keep him frae mischief an' ill;
But he huntit the ewes, and he rade on the ram;
Sic a helicat deevil was Minister Tam!

My auld auntie sent him for sugar an' tea,
She kent na, douce woman! how toothsome was he:—
As hamewith he cam' wi't, he paikit a bairn,
An' harried a nest doon amang the lang fern;
Then, while he was restin' within the green shaw,
My auld auntie's sugar he fickit it a':—
Syne, a drubbin' to miss, he sair sickness did sham;
Sic a slie tricksy shangie was Minister Tam!

But a carritch he took, when his ain deevil bade,
An' wi' learnin' the laddie had maistly gaen mad.
Nae apples he pu'ed noo—nae bee bikes he smored—
The bonnie wee trouties gat rest in the ford—
Wi' the lasses at e'enin nae mair he wad fight;
He was learnin' and spellin' frae mornin' to night.
He grew mim as a puddock and quiet as a lamb,—
Gudesakes! sic a change was on Minister Tam!

His breeks they war' torn, an' his coat it was bare,
But he gaed to the schule, and he took to the lear;
He fought wi' a masterfu' heart up the brae,
Till to see him aye toilin' I maistly was wae.
But his work noo is endit—our Tammie has grown
To a kirk wi' a steeple—a black silken gown.—
Sic a change frae our laddie, wha barefooted cam',
Wi' his wig white wi' pouther, is Minister Tam!'—pp. 63, 64.

## IV.

'REGRETS.

Tak' aff, tak' aff this silken garb,
An' bring to me a' Hieland plaid:
Nae bed was e'er sae saft an' sweet
As ane wi' it, an' heather, made.
Tak' aff this gowd-encircled thing,
An' bring to me a bonnet blue,
To mind me o' the Hieland hills
That I hae left for ever noo.

Tak', tak' awa' this gaudy flower,
An' bring to me a sprig o' heather,
Like those langsyne, amo' the hills
O' hame and youth, I aft did gather.
For a' your luscious Indian fruit
Ae ripe blaeberry bring to me:
To be in braes whar' black they hing
There's nought on earth I wadna' gie.

O! tak' awa' this tinsel walth,
That wiled me frae my Hieland hame;
I cannot bear its glitter noo,—
For it I've played a losing game.
O! bring me back my youthfu' heart—
The eye an' hand o' long ago—
Tak a' I ha'e, but place me syne
Afar whar' Hieland waters flow!

O! for an hour o' youth an' hope—
Ae moment o' my youthfu' years,
Upo' the hills o' Scotland dear,
When I had neither cares nor fears.
I mauna seek, I mauna mane—
Before my fate I laigh maun boo,—
Bring walth—bring walth—till I forget
The time whan round me heather grew!'—pp. 68, 69.

V.

'VISIONS.

'"My hand is strong, my heart is bold,
My purpose stern," I said;
And shall I rest till I have wreathed
Fame's garland round my head?
No! men shall point to me and say,
See what the bold can do!"
"You dream!" a chilling Whisper said,
And quick the vision flew.

"Yes, I will gain," I musing thought,
"Power, pomp, and potency;
Whate'er the proudest may have been,
*That* straightway will I be.
I'll write my name on human hearts,
So deep, 'twill ne'er decay!"
"You dream!" and, as the Whisper spoke,
My vision fled away.

"I'm poor," I said; "but I will toil
And gather store of gold;
And in my purse the fate of kings
And nations I will hold:
I'll follow Fortune till my path
With wealth untold she strew!"
Again "You dream!" the Whisper said,
And straight my vision flew.

"I'll breathe to men," I proudly thought,
"A strain of poesy,
Like the angelic songs of old
In fire and energy.
My thoughts the thoughts of many lands,
Of many men, shall grow."—
"You dream!" the Whisper scorning said—
I dared not answer No.

"If I can gain nor name, nor power,
Nor gold by high emprise,
Bread to the hungry I will give,
And dry the orphan's eyes;
Through me the Sun of Joy shall find
Its way to Sorrow's door;"
"The wildest dream of all," then said
The Whisper,—"you are poor."

"I'm poor, unheeded; but I'll be
An honest man," I said;
"Truth I shall worship, yea and feel
For all whom God hath made;
The poor and honest man can stand
With an unblenching brow
Before earth's highest,—such I'll be!"
The Whisper spoke not now!'—p. 121—123.

## VI.

### 'THE FOUK O' OCHTERGAEN.

'Happy, happy be their dwallin's,
By the burn an' in the glen;
Cheerie lasses, cantie callan's,
Are they a' in Ochtergaen.

Happy was my youth amo' them;
Rantin' was my boyhood's hour;
A' the winsome ways aboot them,
Noo, when gane, I number o'er.

*Chorus.*—Happy, happy be their dwallin's,
By the burn an' in the glen;
Cheerie lasses, cantie callan's,
Are they a' in Ochtergaen.

Weel I mind ilk wud an' burnie,
Couthie hame, an' muirland fauld—
Ilka sonsie, cheerfu' mither,
An' ilk faither douce an' auld!

*Chorus.*—Happy, happy be their dwallin's,
By the burn and in the glen;
Cheerie lasses, cantie callan's,
Are they a' in Ochtergaen.

Weel I mind the ploys an' jokin's
Lads and lasses used to ha'e—
Munelicht trysts an' Sabbath wanders
O'er the haughs an' on the brae.

*Chorus.*—Happy, happy be their dwallin's,
By the burn an' in the glen;
Cheerie lasses, cantie callan's,
Are they a' in Ochtergaen.

Truer lads an' bonnier lasses
Never danced aneath the mune;—
Love an' Friendship dwalt amo' them,
An' their daffin' ne'er was dune.

*Chorus.*—Happy, happy be their dwallin's
By the burn an' in the glen;
Cheerie lasses, cantie callan's,
Are they a' in Ochtergaen.

I ha'e left them noo for ever:
But, to greet, wad bairnly be:
Better sing, an' wish kind Heaven
Frae a' dule may keep them free.

*Chorus.*—Happy, happy be their dwallin's,
By the burn and in the glen;
Cheerie lasses, cantie callan's,
Are they a' in Ochtergaen.

Whare'er the path o' life may lead me,
Ae thing sure—I winna mane
If I meet wi' hands an' hearts
Like those o' cantie Ochtergaen.

*Chorus.*—Happy, happy be their dwallin's,
By the burn and in the glen;
Cheerie lasses, cantie callan's,
Are they a' in Ochtergaen.'

If our readers have enjoyed these, they may find plenty more in the volume as good or better; and some which we could hardly abstain from quoting. And, when they have been moved to laughter, or touched even to tears, or elevated and animated by some stirring strain, or calmed by solemn thought, they may shut the book and depart, as we must, to their proper, and we trust honourable and useful, avocations, with this good moral ringing in their ears:

'But true hearts a'—gae work awa,
We'll make the warld better yet.'

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## UNIVERSAL CO-OPERATION.

To legislate for the human race is one of the highest offices on which the human mind can enter, and, at the same time, the most difficult. So far are legislators from being *born*, that the study of a long life, acting upon a suitable organization, scarcely makes an individual, in any great degree, eligible to the duties of government.

The man who would govern others must know how to govern himself. He must not be possessed with the tame equanimity of the passionless, he must be imbued with the tempered fire of the impassioned. He must have feelings and passions in common with his kind, or he will not sympathize with them—he will not understand them; his theories will be partial and his practice absurd. Like the crane in the fable, he will put his provision for human happiness into narrow-necked bottles, forgetting that, though the long and narrow beak can avail itself of such a medicine, to the broad-muzzled animal, nothing short of breaking the form can admit him to the food which the form encloses. A parallel is thus presented to the laws and institutions of such as are, by peculiarity of training, distinct from their fellow creatures, and who yet regard themselves as the standard of the species.

But, while the legislator has the feelings and passions which are so common, he must have *that* command of them which is so uncommon. His nature must be, like the Arabian steed, full of force and fire, as ready to endure as to dare; but he must bestride that nature, as the Arab does his horse, with pride and love—pride, which deprecates defalcation from the high course he has

marked out for himself, as he would death; and love, which forbids him to wrong the noble nature that he guides, by any neglect.

'He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.'

The legislator must, Janus-like, look back upon the past, and forward into the future: his *telescopic* vision must be directed to the source and termination of things, as far as it be possible for him to penetrate points so deeply veiled; and, at the same time, his *microscopic* vision must mark and observe the present, even to the passing vapour of the hour, and the pernicious vermin of the minute. He must love humanity with that large love which seeks happiness in the happiness of humanity, suffers agony in its misery, humiliation in its debasement, and which would make him content to live, or resigned to die, if to do either might assist to advance universal salvation.

Where shall we look for a legislator such as this? Not echo, but the *whole world*, may answer, Where?

Sit there such on any of the thrones before which the trammeled multitude of every latitude pay tribute, tremble, cringe, and scowl? Sit there such in any of the assemblies ostensibly convened to make laws for these multitudes? No—and how should they?

That infirm and senseless form of humanity called a King—that excrescence first cast forth by human weakness, and since continued by its craft, and partaking of the properties to which it owes its origin and continuance—how is it fit to personify greatness—to be the pedestaled example to a nation—a shining light on the civil horizon, purifying, warming, and irradiating the moral atmosphere, and chasing all its clouds and vapours?

Take the crown from the head of royalty, the robe from its body, strike the sceptre from its hand, and drive away the herds which minister to the mockeries of its gilded sepulchre, and let royalty stand nude by the red Indian—with his practised eye which pierces space like the eagle's—with his fleet foot which traverses it like the deer's—with his high heart which will not heave with a groan beneath the scalping knife of his foe,—and what looks a king?—That embodied lullaby, with whose first food falsehood was administered, and who, when pomp and flattery do not sustain him above his fellows, falls so immeasurably below them!

Place royalty beside a less poetic being than the Indian, place him beside the enlightened mechanic of the present day, with his informed (thanks to penny and 'twopenny trash') but uninflated mind, his home anxieties and thence intensified affections; who lives by his honest, overtasked, and ill-requited labour, and submits to the scalping knives of tithes and taxation; and what looks a king?

And now for the swarms which buzz about a court, and bask in the mock sun of royalty,—their perch and their plumage are all for which they care, and the gilded cage which forbids their free flight is the altar of their debasing worship. That grovelling aggrandizement, which consists in pomp and parade, is the sole ambition of the broods of aristocracy. Man, by nature the creature only of God, and the commander of nothing but himself, sinks into the creature of a king, and the tyrant of all below him in the conventional scale; directly or indirectly he invades their dearest privileges, insults their finest feelings, and taints their social atmosphere. The superficial polish of courtesy, like the varnish on some insects, prevents aristocracy being as loathsome to the senses as to the soul; but the evils inflicted through its means are not for this polish the less fatal—perhaps more so, as the razor dipped in oil cuts deepest, because the wound it makes is at the moment unfelt.

It is said that there is no smoke without some fire, and certainly there is no fire without some fuel. If the people will put themselves like dry sticks under the caldron of corruption, of course it will be kept boiling. There is no antidote to the moral poison which infects the political and social atmosphere with the breath of mock greatness and its worshippers,—there is no antidote but a real love, a real respect for humanity. What would the actors, from the principal down to the meanest page in that puppet show, a coronation, feel, if the people, instead of rending the air with senseless acclamation, would let the pageant pass unnoticed? Why, the proudest player would feel ready to sink with shame under the sense of his own emptiness, and each would shuffle out of the show as soon as he could.

I am no enemy, let me here parenthetically observe, to ceremonies and assemblies which serve to congregate multitudes, animate joyous feelings, and kindle glowing spirits. I agree with Fanny Butler in all she says of the 'home religion' of keeping birthdays, &c., and we could not do better than cultivate social religion, political religion, by commemorating the anniversaries of the periods of great events and glorious human beings. Be Christmas day a day of universal charity in memory of the model of benevolence on that day given to the world; be the birth of Washington commemorated by all that can indicate admiration of patriotism and freedom; be Shakspeare's birth commemorated by all that can do honour to genius and poetry. In each association, however small, be there domestic festivals and let these, like circles in water, extending into larger and larger circles, animate the spirit which would occasionally convene meetings to do honour to the memory of the social, the national, the universal benefactor.

If, in allusion to these, the young were to ask the elders, 'Why is this? Wherefore make we these rejoicings?' the

reply would be, 'Because there arose this day a great spirit among men, and thus we try to speak the gratitude that should *never* die, and keep alive the adoration for virtue which will create new aspirations.'

But what reply can be made to such an inquiry, when a child points to a statue that has been raised to a man, merely because he has been a duke or a king? How do we shrink from telling this young, and as yet uncorrupted, creature, the vile mockeries which in this very city and its suburbs, upon pillars and obelisks, stand insulting common sense? How do we mourn that the hands of honest men have been desecrated to such a task, while there are so many sleeping in unnoticed graves, who would have honoured the hands that raised their monuments, and spoken with resistless eloquence to the hearts of all who looked upon them.

Yes, the people themselves are in a great measure the upholders of the silly show which oppresses them; for what is it without their 'sweet voices?' But worse than this, they are, throughout every class, the imitators of the poor and paltry pride of assumed superiority.

Even the slaves of the southern states of America call free servants, when placed among them, 'poor white trash.' Each class looks contemptuously down on the class beneath it, and thus, 'each neighbour' despises as well as 'abuses his brother.' The squire, who values his family, as he does his cheese, for its *mitely* age, scorns association with the duke of yesterday; on the same principle of presumed, or assumed, superiority, the drayman refuses to drink with the dustman. At our schools, where we might hope to find at least the young denizen of childhood free from the debasing ambition of unearned, unreal greatness—even there the moral distemper is in rife and ruinous action. I remember a little creature, taunting a poorer school-fellow, observed, '*My* father keeps his *carriage*.' 'Yes,' was the no less taunting reply, 'but you are to remember that he also keeps his *dray*.'

These are the notions, which, like a blight upon flowers, find their way into the minds of children; they rise with them, grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength, and they fling back upon the world the canker with which it infected them.

Usefulness has no estimation in society. The man who eats his bread by the sweat of his brow, must doff his cap and stand aside, while the lordly swaggerer, who wastes his energies in sloth, perhaps in vice, passes him with the nonchalance of a superior. Such contrasts are ever before the eyes of children—they see that estimation is for the man who wastes, not for the man who works.

'For if there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment;

'And ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place: and say to the poor, *Stand* thou there, or sit here under my footstool:

'Are ye not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts?'

This has been the popular proceeding from the days of the Apostles, to say nothing of the foregone time, until the present hour. Vainly has it been written, that all men are brethren, and God the Father of all. How many out of the millions professing this in their creed declare it in their conduct? an universal law by the custom of that conduct bastardizes the majority of the human race; the privileged except themselves and a few necessary to their support, but condemn all the rest of their fellows to it, or, when forced by the grappling of some strong spirit to acknowledge affinity with their less fortunate brethren, they urge the dull legitimate's plea, and say 'tis but a left-handed relationship.

Upon this hotchpotch of prejudice, this mess of heterogeneous materials, how is the universal co-operation which the philanthropists advocate to be brought to bear? True it is that human nature is, and ever has been, the same; but though the constituent elements are not many, their combinations are multitudinous. These simple elements of humanity, like the letters of the alphabet, are, according to the arrangement of circumstances, spread out into countless volumes of character, each written in a peculiar language, and requiring a copious glossary to render it intelligible to the reader. Besides the immense variety of individual character, the joint produce of peculiar organization and peculiar circumstances, there is hereditary or family character which, I deem, acts upon the human creation, as, through the medium of domestication, it does on the brute creation.

Hereditary character speaks aloud in the classes—the offspring of aristocracy have nervous delicacy, but no muscular strength, and their mental character very generally corresponds with their physical character; they are like wax easily moulded to the uses of elegance and luxury to which alone they are admitted: the poorer classes on the contrary have more strength and less susceptibility; they are iron which it is difficult to temper into the flexibility necessary for social life.

Political philosophy can as little devise an immediate and universal remedy for all social evils, as medical science can produce an universal panacea for all physical diseases. Competition, as it exists, may be the bane, but universal co-operation is not the antidote, were it only that it is impossible to apply it. There are no circumstances purely co-operative under which the present discordant atoms could be brought together in which they would not hiss, at meeting, like fire and water, and soon struggle into new separations, like oil and water which had for a time been forced into junction. We might as well set the blacksmith, at

the tambour-frame, and the embroiderer at the anvil, as attempt to bring the purse-proud and the pennyless, the silk-robed dame and the cinder-sifter, into juxta-position. These distinctions *ought* not to exist. The dire disparity subsisting between beings holding common life, and common feelings and faculties—fated to a common end—which, when the uncertain lease of life is out, cast the labourer and the lord alike to the indiscriminating worm,—is an enormous state of things, enough to darken the sun, and would, could it *feel* the foulness that it shows; but that these fatal and abhorrent distinctions *do* exist is a fact, and how to deal with them the secret which the philanthropic legislator has yet to find out.

All co-operation as it has yet existed, and nothing has been done without it, has had a mercenary base. 'Men cannot live without association.' Thus, physical, political, mercenary necessity has united them; but where have we seen the moral cement, sympathy, hold them together when these necessities have been weakened or have failed? In savage life men have congregated into tribes for the perpetration of mutual hostilities; in civilized life they have convened into classes for the conservation of peculiar interests. The moral influence of co-operation has hitherto been seen only in conspiracies of masses of men against masses of men; we have never yet seen co-operation acting from a principle of moral sympathy, which would induce universal justice, for none with *that* sentiment could deny to another the right he desired for himself, or do to another a wrong which he deprecated for himself. It is only under this principle of sympathy—the effluence of love and justice—that co-operation *can* act universally, and the great question is, *how* is this principle to be infused into every human heart?

'The woollen coat of the day-labourer, coarse as it may appear, is the produce of the labour of a great multitude of workmen, the shepherd, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, &c. &c.' The man who wears this coat, the joint result of all this co-operative labour (acting under its great taskmistress competition), could he live in harmony with all these people whose united labour have done for him that which he could never have done for himself by himself? When he puts on or off his coat does he ever think of them as separate or united existences? The same question may be asked with regard to every human production. The enjoyer is utterly forgetful and indifferent to the producers. All that human ingenuity can devise or perform is represented by money, and we think only of the medium, and nothing whatever of men; there is not an instant of our lives in which we are not using and enjoying some offspring of the labour of our fellow-men; but we are engrossed by the effect, and never revert to the cause, or, as some would prefer to say, we regard the sequence and forget the antecedent; we snatch at the result and

overlook the process; we are selfishly synthetical instead of being gratefully analytical. Every good which we enjoy through the skill and labour of our brethren should lead us to regard *them* as well, nay more, than their works; for if the work be valuable, still more so is the worker. But for the production of this feeling, which ought to exist among men, and would serve more than anything else to unite them in the bond of reciprocal love and brotherly feeling, the motives for labour must be different from what they now are. The man who exerts his talent merely for money, we feel to be paid when he *has* his money, and there the compact ends; but he who exerts his talent for the love of his species can be paid *only* by their love, and that compact is everlasting. Upon this base we must place labour. A new and totally different appreciation of labour and labourers must prepare the way for the practical change it will otherwise be vain to attempt.

Labour must be looked upon as a boon to all, a badge upon none. Every child must be reared to *aspire* to labour as one of the first and happiest privileges of his humanity, and to do his part of the world's work *well* must be his best ambition; he must be taught to give his labour lovingly unto his fellow-creatures, and take in the same spirit in exchange, their labour for his own. He must enjoy the goods of life because they are furnished by his brothers; not engross them, as now, because they are bought with his money: he must feel that as love can only be paid by love, so can labour only be paid by labour, and that nothing short of *all*, in some way or other, being working people, can render the world the theatre of universal happiness. Children must be taught to regard the being who is voluntarily unemployed, who performs no useful part in the business of life, as a degraded being; as one who has willingly stepped down from the level of his fellows, and can subsist but by their sufferance and compassion. There is not a young mind in existence which would not revolt at such debasement. Sloth and solitude are the pandemonium of humanity: industry and association, properly directed, its paradise.

In the course of the education of children, and now I speak of the happier instances, they are taken to look at machinery and manufactures; they examine and, as far as they understand, they admire: but we work at their heads, rarely at their hearts. Do we say to them,—the beings who made this had feelings and affections like yourself;—do we lead them to feel pain at the idea of any of those feelings and affections being excruciated, or to glow with delighted sympathy at the idea that they were gratified? *No*; like the critic who forgot Garrick to look at the stop-watch, we forget our fellow-creatures even while looking at their creations.

But it may justly be urged that in the present state of society

it were hardly possible to do this; that the excited feelings of the child would lead him to turn to the labourer, and what would he find him? almost as much a machine as the thing he makes,—the excited feeling, instead of being strengthened, would be extinguished. Very true. And why is this? Because we debase the labourer are we then to draw an excuse for feeling towards him disgust and indifference? No lofty motive has been kindled or kept alive in him—we kill his energies and aspirations, and then complain that they are dead. There is no reason on earth why the labourer, of every kind, may not be liberal in his knowledge, and even refined in his habits; it is not labour of any sort which has been the cause of human degradation, but its excess, and the wretched modes of life falsely supposed, or infamously made, their inseparable adjuncts.

Is it feared that liberalization and refinement will lead men so much to aspire, that the coarse work of the world will not be done? Let there be no fear—that which is essential will always be performed either by man, or his mighty agent, machinery; and as for *aspiration*—the desire of rising! Oh, that *that* which is the evidence of our improvability and the index of our immortality should, by being confined to the shallow and infected channels of avarice and ambition, be the badge of our degradation, creating little else than place and pelf lovers!!!

Co-operation requires a harmony in the social atoms which can only accrue from some important convictions becoming common. Among these must obtain the conviction that religion is the exclusive business of the bosom in which it is cherished, referable only to God and inviolate to man; and of course the preservation of this religious liberty must be dependent on its extension by each to all. Conviction must obtain, that luxury destroys the happiness which labour can create; that labour, properly, that is justly, distributed is the privilege, not the penalty, of humanity—one of the first essentials to human enjoyment, giving edge to appetite and relish to reward. *None* must be exempt from labour, nor *any* loaded with it; but, by distributing employment according to capacity, make labour a source of universal satisfaction and a bond of universal union, realizing, as regards the world's business, the old adage, that 'many hands make light work.'

With these convictions, one man might believe in purgatory, and another in predestination, and yet not war with each other—each would follow his own peculiar form of worship, and the fiat, as to its truth, would be removed to that sphere in which the voice of man has no weight—with these convictions each would desire only such leisure as healthy labour would furnish him with the means of enjoying.

None would be more benefited by the changes consequent on these views than those miserable beings to whom, now, belong the the supposed enviable privilege of exemption from labour, which

means, in other words, consignment to listlessness, apathy, and the minor infamies of mischiefs, which swarm upon society in the shape of idle and mendacious gossip, and paltry intrigue. 'Satiety is the common and catholic curse of the idle portion of a civilized country.'

It is one of the finest points in the system of Pestalozzi, that it inculcates simultaneous attention to *every* part of the human constitution;—this is no feature of the plan upon which the course of any being's existence proceeds. The human machinery is everywhere subjected to a circumstance which would spoil any other machinery, and why not that? The circumstance which I mean is the morbid state of rest of one part, co-existent with the excessive action of some other parts: by this means the whole fabric is strained and distorted—an inert body, with, consequently, inactive functions, ultimately paralyzes the mind, or an overtasked mind shatters the body.

I should serve the cause of many a home in which a toiling anxious father and husband struggles to support a wife, and growing or grown-up daughters, in the ladylike habits of doing nothing, or worse than nothing, if I could persuade them that doing, or assisting to do, their household work is no derogation from their dignity, but the preservation of it; since, by so doing, they render themselves, in a great degree, independent of those, on whom, in the present state of their education, little dependence can be placed; they would increase the measure of their comforts, relieve themselves of many annoyances to which genteel poverty must submit, and which economy, and industry, and activity escape. Let them remember that he who goes to his daily toils is also travelling to his grave, and when, at last, he lies down to take his everlasting rest, how pleasant to their spirits will it be to think that they lightened the load he had to bear in life, instead of increasing the burthen.

In the far greater number of women the human spirit is overlaid by an unexercised body, as a child sometimes is by a lazy nurse; in fact the indolence of women is inconceivable, and is, in itself, almost enough to account for their hanging on the rear of the human march, instead of leading the van as they often might.

Were I asked what class of women generally exhibited most of the beauty which consists in health (the best beauty, whatever the *zephyrines* and *fragilities* may think), and the happiness contingent on good spirits, I should say, maid-servants.

Exercise, of which walking and dancing are but branches, is indispensable to health; and cheerfulness is inseparable from activity. But exercise and activity are beneficial in proportion to the excellence of the motives which puts them into action. Thus it is that the efforts which produce the clean hearth, the bright fire, polished furniture, and all the thousand charms of a well-

ordered home, so well reward the dispenser—*such* exertions have called up her holiest feelings, brought her happiest pulses into play. I am certain, were personal activity less confined to the kitchen, listlessness would be less present in the parlour;—was there more action of hands, to say nothing of minds, there would be more overflowing of hearts.

The unnatural separation of dignity and usefulness, the pernicious association of elegance, and inutility, has created immeasurable mischief. How absurd, how insane are the notions connected with manual labour. Louis XVI. would have been a locksmith had the bent of his taste been permitted scope; and George III. was fond of watch-making. What a pity either were compelled to forsake the path of mechanical usefulness for that in which they have left their names,

'To point a moral, and adorn a tale.'

Perhaps I am about to propose what may appear as impracticable to others, as the application of co-operation to the present constituents of society appears to me. I would propose to that anomaly, a lady, to go occasionally to work with her domestic drudges—to raise them, not in *name* merely, into the character of 'helps,' and give herself a share of the exercise, the advantage of which they engross, but are, like herself, unconscious that it is a good. They will soon discover, though they may be slow to acknowledge it, that the white hand is well exchanged for the warm spirit; the soft sleepy semi-elegance of langour, for the clear-voiced accents and agile movements of health, energy, and heart-felt satisfaction; she will raise her domestics above the exclusive debasement to which the present dark line of demarcation dooms them, and invest her house, and its government, with a character of dignity and kindliness, an atmosphere of peace and gladness, that hitherto it has never known, because hitherto the actuating motives have been mercenary, and all idea of bringing refinement to household duties, or preserving it among them, ignorantly scouted. But happy is that man, and I trust some such there be, who has his house-door opened to him by a smiling, not servile, maid-servant, feeling herself a useful and respected portion of his family; who finds a wife and daughters regulating that family with order, elegance, and economy—matters nowise incompatible with the piano and portfolio, where a unity of labour, and a judicious division of employment, is observed—matters no way incompatible with poetry, philosophy, and politics—nay, matters which are favourable to success in all the accomplishments and all the talents; for the body does not more surely require variety of food than it requires variety of exercise. Who shall say, in our present deplorable state of lethargic indolence and ignorance, how much the brightness and clearness of thought may be dependent on the flow of the blood?

A French philosopher has lately discovered that there is a portion of phosphorus in the brain, and that people of talent have more of this phosphorus than others. It is certain that have what we may, it is equivalent to not having it if we do not bring it into action. Let us then shake the stagnant contents of that wondrous phial the human body, and see what the agitation of the compound may effect.

I have amused more than I have edified by my idea, expressed in a former paper, of a cobbler and his wife enjoying a philosophical treatise or a fine poem. Let the spirit of Bloomfield, and a greater than he, Holcroft, answer these cavillers. It is not *labour*, nor any kind of labour, which lowers or incapacitates the human mind; it is only *excessive* labour, or *excessive laziness*, associated with vile habits and baneful circumstances, which does that.

An individual may always dignify his duties by his character. That mere opinion will confer dignity, we have sufficient proof in the quantity of idle dirty dignity there is in the world. For truth's sake let some effort be made to move opinion in favour of those things which really deserve to be dignified.

Education and the diffusion of opinions, both based on the principles of love and justice, must be unceasingly employed to prepare the way for the changes in demand, and, I hope, in progress. To legislate for the adult race is one thing for the rising race. It is as much as can be done in the first case to modify prejudices, and to ward off the efforts made to obstruct and subverse what the old deem the dangerous tendencies of the new philosophy. It is as much as can be done in the second to implant just impressions, and direct the practical working out of those impressions. As for the *newness* of the philosophy of which the aged entertain so much fear, the only feature of novelty about it is its diffusion. The light formerly confined to the college and the cloister is now breaking into the cabin and beaming in the cottage.

The principal advocate for the plan of universal co-operation deems, in the boundless benevolence of his heart, that a set of circumstances might be created, at the present moment, amid which the most opposite elements of society might be harmoniously blended—in fact, that this world might be made one great bowl of punch, in which the sweets, sours, bitters, and what not, should all be concocted into a most delightful beverage. Would any pledge him, at this giant bowl, more gladly than myself? Alas, for fond humanity, how much it can conceive, how little it can execute!

If the power which said 'Let there be light,' and there was light, would say 'Let there be peace, love, and united labour on earth,' peace, love, and united labour there would be. But it is only Omnipotence which works by miracles, man must work by

measures—small and slow—the sooner he begins with good ones, and the more perseveringly he follows them up, the better.

A rational discontent, if such a term may be allowed me, I desire to see spreading more and more among the people—that is, a deep consciousness that they are not in their true position, accompanied with a high determination to place themselves in it; and not to attempt so doing by any of the violence which has branded them with the name of mobility, but by the steady onward march of mustered energies, and improved faculties; by a quiet contempt for monarchical, aristocratical, hypocritical parade, and an equally quiet evidence of a determination to serve and support *real* power. This will win for them the name of nobility; and it will be the only time that the word will have had a legitimate application.

Education is the grand equalizer. *That* is already felt. When, till now, did the people, with a sense of moral and intellectual elevation, look empty rank in its phantom face? To what is this new capacity, arising among a people inoculated for so many centuries with the virus of aristocracy, to be traced? To the dissemination of *that* which is power alike to peer and peasant,—power, unfortunately unto even that wretch who finds it strong to sustain the weight and the weakness of his dishonesty, but which is power imperishable, and irresistible, when united with high-mindedness.

Real power is the power which God has given to each individual, and which, by right exercise, and indefatigable cultivation, that individual has improved to the utmost. The emulation to be encouraged is emulation of ourselves—every new effort, every new year, should find us saying, 'This shall be better than all before.' In this spirit let us begin the year now rapidly advancing to us, and remember, in the words of Hazlitt, 'that the more we do, the more we can do.'

A people that feel the dignity of human nature, and resolve to act up to it, have nothing to fear from kingcraft, priestcraft, or lordcraft. It is men that make the strength of a nation, and not its monarch; it is the people that bulwark it, not the priests nor the peers.

And in this hour, when the pulse of oppressed humanity is beating high, and the blood of privileged humanity is running cold—for there is not a crown that does not quake, nor a title that does not tremble, at the rising of the giant power of MAN—in this hour be not the supine, the paralyzed, the oppressed, or rather the perverted, portion of the human species forgotten, or forget themselves. Let women, who have met from men the injustice which men themselves have met from kings and conquerors, loathe to be the wives of king-slaves and lord-lovers, or to become mothers of less than men.

M. L. G.

## HOGG'S VISIT,* AND LAMARTINE'S PILGRIMAGE†, TO THE EAST.

It would be difficult to read Dr. Hogg's interesting volumes without feeling that his narrative might be depended upon as authentic. It would be equally difficult to read those of M. de Lamartine without being persuaded that he was quite as anxious to 'render' Syria into French poetry, as to give a 'full, true, and particular account' of the places he has visited. It is not only right to say that he succeeds in the former, but that he continually renders the scene in genuine poetry and painting of a very superior kind. His descriptions of scenery for precision of outline, as well as fine colouring, are hardly to be surpassed. Dr. Hogg is equally perfect in costumes; but he has no eye for rocks and forests, and the changes of light and shade. If the latter imperceptibly, and from a deficiency of sympathy, gets over the ground too easily, the former often labours too visibly to detain us. Dr. Hogg's descriptions generally reduce the imagination to hard, painful, yet clear matter of fact; those of Lamartine endeavour to give a new impulse to the mind concerning oriental subjects, things, and places. The one always succeeds in his purpose by its very simplicity; the other sometimes fails, by being elaborate, and either bewilders us with florid declamation, or confuses great realities with great idealisms, till the objects cannot be distinguished from their similitudes, and no effect that you can 'pin your faith upon' (as the precise Dr. Hogg would say) for a fair transcript, is produced by the whole. This, however, is only occasionally; he often places the scene before you in such an outline, and with such definite colouring, that you are as sure of it as possible. The great objection to Lamartine's pilgrimage is the pilgrim's egotism; and this is quite as conspicuous in his gratuitous flourishes of religion, as in his 'retiring for a moment,' and returning to 'the company' with the verses he had produced, and an estimate of the tears he had shed. Dr. Hogg sheds no tears. These puerilities in Lamartine are perfectly distinct from the genuine feeling which he evinces at moments of real excitement. Let us not be supposed to confound this with conceited woes. It was said long ago 'that man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.' Much more we may add whose poetry and religion would not glow in the midst of the remains of Balbec, or under the cedars of Lebanon. Assuredly M. de

* Visit to Alexandria, Damascus, and Jerusalem, during the successful Campaign of Ibrahim Pasha. By Edward Hogg, M.D. 2 vols. Saunders and Otley, 1835.

† A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land. By Alphonse de Lamartine. 3 vols. Bentley, 1835.

Lamartine is not that man, and assuredly we are not the critics who would wish that he were.

The Eastern countries inherit and transmit 'a glory indestructible;' they possess an empire in the mind; their ruins savour of a new creation, the fresh growth of the elder world, or rather an immortality of desolation. Their spirit is identified with our imaginations of all that is most sacred and sublime, most gorgeous and beautiful, most magnitudinal in antique days or in present ruin, most despotic, abject, remorseless, and devastating. The predominating idea, however, is that of power,—and this, again, will be found to consist of mixed impressions of the sacred or the preternatural; overwhelming reason with the awful, the vast, the terrible, and the grotesque—and of the utmost realizations of earthly splendour and magnificence. These impressions and associations are derived from biblical narrations, from that magazine of wonders, the Arabian Nights (which, with similar works, are placed too early in the hands of children), and from the multiplied and varied account of travellers. Our present business, however, is solely with the latter, and the different eyes with which different individuals see the same things, has seldom been better exemplified than in the two works now before us.

Ibrahim Pasha had just taken and destroyed Acre at the time of Dr. Hogg's visit, and Damascus, Aleppo, and all the principal cities of Syria, had, in consequence, submitted to him. M. de Lamartine's tour took place at nearly the same period. Both travellers appear to be impressed with the opinion, that the splendid dominion thus acquired by Egypt, is never destined to return to Turkey. Dr. Hogg is earnest in his endeavours to impress on the British Government the probability that this opinion is correct.

'Would that the sober voice of reason could make its way to those who rule the destinies of England!—that her statesmen could be aroused from their perilous apathy, and that their vigilant attention to her future interests could be awakened ere the war-trump shall proclaim that a new irruption from the foreign regions of the north has again obtained possession of the garden of the world! Then would they feel the necessity of changing, without delay, their feeble policy, and perceive the wisdom of aiding, with the whole weight of British influence, the extensive, but hitherto ill-directed efforts of the ruler of Egypt for the improvement of his states. We can now no longer be deceived by the shallow fallacy that the semblance of independence secured to the Turkish empire by her potent neighbour is intended to be permanent. Either the boundaries that confine the great northern leviathan must be enlarged, and that in a direction hazardous to the stability of our own oriental possessions, or the new empire which has so suddenly grown up, and is so rapidly advancing in Egypt, must, by close alliance, and efficient support, be rendered an effectual barrier against future encroachment.

'The new and valuable territory which the Pasha of Egypt has lately acquired, and the additional resources which have been thus added to a

country previously rich in productive capability, make it highly probable that he will not long submit to his present nominal dependence upon his humbled adversary. By an alliance founded on the solid basis of mutual advantage, important benefits would accrue both to Egypt and to England.'—Dr. Hogg, vol. i. p. 12.

It is certain that nothing could be more complete than the subjection of Syria to the Egyptian troops at the time of Dr. Hogg's visit. He was furnished by Mohammed Ali with a firmaan which served as a passport everywhere. The description of his interview with the Governor of Tripoli will serve as a specimen of the obedience to the commands of the Pasha he universally witnessed.

'Our Greek servant—his hands crossed on his breast, and his eyes directed to the ground—now commenced his duty as a dragoman, by showing the firmaan of Mohammed Ali. This the governor applied to his lips and forehead, and then attentively examined, although it was evident that he was incapable of reading a single word. When asked if the road was safe through Balbee to Damascus, and if we might pursue our journey without fear, he assumed a thoughtful, suspicious look, and shook his head; but, on being told that we had the pasha's express permission to visit that city, he ordered our firmaan to be read to him by one of his secretaries. His countenance now cleared-up, and he immediately assured us that he would be answerable for our safety, and would send with us a military attendant of his own, whose presence alone would be a sufficient protection.'—Ibid. vol. i. p. 198.

We shall trust to quotation from M. de Lamartine to give to our readers any description of the interesting country passed over by both travellers, and confine ourselves, in selection from Dr. Hogg, to description of manners, customs, and costume, in all of which he is particularly happy. We never before understood the ceremony of *dinner* among the Turks half so well. The party described took place at Damascus.

'Our curiosity was also unexpectedly gratified by the sight of the interior of a Turkish mansion. Through the French instructor we received an invitation to see the stud of Hassan Effendi, an influential man, and a member of the supreme divan, or council of state. Among his numerous horses, some were said to be choice and valuable, but none were particularly striking to an unpractised eye. His house, which had been highly extolled, was far from sumptuous. A lofty gate led at once from the street into a large court, crowded with loitering attendants, supplied with a fountain, and lined on two sides with what appeared to be the rooms of domestics. Above was an open gallery, and a second story, with large thickly trellised windows, probably those of the haroem.

'The intelligent countenance and perfect good breeding of the master of the mansion were quite in unison with his nicely-rolled turban, and the well-chosen colours of his dress. After numerous questions relative to our country and travels, telling us that he had himself visited Constantinople and Egypt, he inquired if the houses lately built at Alexandria, bore any resemblance to those of London. Several visitors were present, and some were distinguished by the green turban, the

honoured badge of the prophet's family. As soon as my profession was known, it was put in immediate requisition by a general feeling of pulses; but I had now learned how to meet these importunate demands, and pronouncing *taib taib* (very good) with true Turkish gravity, the inquirers were satisfied, and my embarrassment relieved.

'After the usual ceremony of pipes and coffee, we were civilly invited to return to dinner at noon on the following day. Punctual to our appointment, we waited so long that we began to think we had misunderstood the compliment. Visiters came in, pipes and coffee went round, until, weary with the monotony of the scene, we rose to depart. We were then reminded of our engagement, and politely asked if we preferred the European custom of several plates, or would conform to the Oriental mode. We, of course, chose the latter, and were soon summoned to our repast. The effendi first quitted the room. Ourselves, the instructor, and several other guests, followed without ceremony.

'Crossing the court, each dipped his hands in the fountain, and towels were presented by servants. We then entered a large open recess, raised from the ground by a high step, leaving our slippers below. In the middle of this apartment stood a low table, which put us to some inconvenience by its diminutive size, as we all indiscriminately encircled it, sitting on the floor upon our heels. Upon this was a tray, plentifully supplied with thin cakes, and liberally furnished with *silver* spoons. In the centre was placed a metal dish, standing on a high foot, and filled with a cone of minced and well-seasoned meat, swimming in a sauce of curdled milk, and garnished with rolls of fried paste. The dish was surrounded with several small basins of ordinary English ware, some of them containing a kind of salad, deliciously flavoured with cucumber, and pleasantly acidulated with sour milk, and others a vegetable, apparently of the gourd tribe, of a delicate flavour, fried or stewed in gravy. Our host set the example, by first eating a portion of the paste, dipped in the sauce. He then took some of the contents of the principal dish, and occasionally of the others, on his bread, which he ate with his spoon. All then commenced, without invitation, in the same manner, and the servants—for several stood behind us—changed the dishes again and again, at the signal of their master.

'The dinner was really excellent. Different kinds of meat cut in small pieces, were mixed with chopped vegetables or sauces, so that nothing required to be separated with the fingers. Pastry, stewed apricots, and other sweets were served, without any perceptible order, in the middle of the repast, and last of all came a pillauf of mutton and rice. The only beverage was water, which was presented, when asked for, in small coarse basins of English earthenware. Our entertainment was almost a silent one. Each guest, as he finished, left the table, and resuming his slippers, advanced to the fountain, where he was supplied with soap and a towel. All then assembled in the other apartment, where, after repeating the ceremony of smoking, we took our leave.'
—Ibid. vol. ii. p. 61.

In order to account for the summary mode in which Dr. Hogg disposed of his patients on this occasion, we must refer to a hard morning's work he had at Zibdany, a village not very far from Balbec. He had prescribed, or rather given, medicine to an old

man for his son. The dose was restorative. Mark the consequences.

'The success was soon noised abroad, and, to our great dismay, a concourse of invalids, many of whom were nearly blind, now poured in. Here, exalted on the platform, like a mountebank on a stage, with my medicine chest on one side, and the perplexed countenance of the dragoman on the other, I listened for a good hour to a tedious catalogue of human miseries, and distributed pills and potions to the whole multitude. Our guests attended with the solemnity of Eastern sages to histories of "all the various ills that flesh is heir to," often lifting their hands with a pious exclamation, as bottle after bottle, and box after box came forth; but their gravity at length gave way, nor could my companion restrain his mirth at the oddity of the scene.

'Physic, physic, was incessantly demanded—new candidates continually pressed forward—every hand was held out—and every pulse must be felt. Those who were pronounced in health, perseveringly begged nostrums to protect them against future complaints; remedies were importunately sought for all the maladies they had ever suffered themselves, or witnessed among their relatives and friends. But, to my unspeakable relief, this ludicrous exhibition was interrupted by a summons from the hareem, to visit and prescribe for the principal wife of our host.'—Ibid. vol. i. p. 289.

We extract the following as a description of picturesque costume. We must go back to classical antiquity to find grace and beauty considered as elements of dress; but the Eastern nations at least succeed in producing richness of effect, and do not aim, as we do, at concealing and even altering the proportions of the human form.

'I was much interested by seeing, for the first time, a lady, the wife of an English resident, but herself a native of Aleppo, attired in the full costume of her country. Her age was something more than forty, she had a handsome expressive countenance, and though not tall, her rich and full drapery had really an imposing effect. Her hair, of a light brown, was arranged in large ringlets round her face, while behind, divided into at least twenty small plaits, it reached her waist. It was ornamented in front with natural flowers; those in the centre of her forehead were blue, with a carnation on each side, and the pendulous heads of two double stocks were twined among the ringlets that shaded her face. She wore a turban of purple silk, the whole circumference of which was tastefully decorated with rosettes, and tassels of small strung pearls, while a large circular ornament of silver, thickly set with diamonds, formed a centre-piece over the crown of her head. A robe of pink striped muslin fitted closely her shape, and over this was worn a full green silk vest, trimmed with embroidery and gold lace,—open before, and trailing on the ground. This had large hanging sleeves, of nearly equal length, trimmed in the same manner, and a Cashmere shawl, tied before, served as a girdle to her waist. Round her neck were long strings of pearls and gold chains, and in her bosom a fine antique cameo mounted as a brooch. Her slippers were of yellow satin—she entered the room raised on a pair of wooden clogs,

six or eight inches high, with embroidered ties, and prettily inlaid with mother of pearl; and, these when she took her place on the sofa, where she sat in the Oriental manner, were left on the floor. This is the usual mode of dress among the Levantine Christians, but that of the ladies in Turkish hareems is in a totally different style,'—Ibid. vol, i. p. 103.

Dr. Hogg traversed that part of Mount Lebanon inhabited by the Druses, and visited the castle of their chief, the Emeer Besheer. He found these people distinguished by superior civilization and courteous manners. Their territory is highly cultivated, varied by pasture and arable land, plantations of mulberry trees, and cheerful villagers. Their origin, it appears, is not known, and has given rise to controversy; some supposing them to be descended from fugitive Franks at the time of the Crusades. Dr. Hogg, judging from their language, believes them to be of pure Arabian descent. They are remarkable as having among them no form of worship, and they conform to any, whether Christian or Mohammedan, when thrown into circumstances which require it of them. They have, however, vague notions of a Messiah who has come, and is expected to come again, and there is a bond of union among the higher classes resembling the Masonic institution, which is apparently of a religious character. The Emeer and his family are Christians. The Druses are tolerant of all creeds, and hospitable to strangers. They were subdued by the Turks in the sixteenth century, and have been since tributary to the Porte, but their civil rights have not been interfered with. They are governed by their own scheicks, and all the men are admitted to the council of the nation. They are said to amount in number to 200,000; their capital contains 8,000 or 9,000. They are fond of the chase, always carry arms, and are always ready to obey the war-cry of their chief. Two extracts, one describing the residence of the Emeer, the other the costume of the people, may be found interesting.

'Our road lay through a succession of beautiful valleys, amidst detached cottages, and scattered hamlets, embowered in mulberry groves, or shaded with clusters of vines and fig-trees. A brilliant sunshine threw an air of cheerfulness around, cultivation and care were everywhere visible; the dissonant creak of the silk wheel was frequently heard, and we joyfully hailed the exhilarating indications of ease and industry. Near the domain of the prince, the sloping sides of the valleys to their very summits were cut into a series of terraces, rich with luxuriant vegetation; water was everywhere conveyed in channels for irrigation; and the habitations, though small, exhibited an appearance of neatness and comfort, to which, in our recent wanderings, we had long been strangers.

'Pursuing a winding course, we now caught the first view of the mansion, crowning, like a huge fortress, a bold, circular projection of the mountain. Picturesque buildings of great extent, and of various shapes and elevations, with flat roofs forming long and wide terraces,

were at one extremity surmounted by a cluster of small cupolas, and at some of the corners by square pavilions.'—Ibid. vol. ii. p. 92.

The Emeer himself was absent, having formed an alliance with Ibrahim Pasha early in the dispute with the Porte, and joined him with a body of troops. His son remained to conduct the government, and by him Dr. Hogg was received. The following extract describes the Druse costume:—

'Most of the men wore clean white turbans, and the women were wrapped in blue veils, beneath which a tantoor, that invariable article of Druse luxury which is worn day and night, made a conspicuous figure. This we had now an opportunity of examining; for our host, accompanied by his wife, came to our tent, attracted by the novelty of tea, which they both drank, when well sweetened, with apparent satisfaction. The lady, in return, satisfied our curiosity by taking off her tantoor, which was of silver, rudely embossed with flowers, stars, and other devices. In length it was, perhaps, something more than a foot; but in shape had little resemblance to a horn, being a mere hollow tube, increasing in size from the diameter of an inch and a half at one extremity to three inches at the other, where it terminates like the mouth of a trumpet. If the smaller end were closed, it might serve as a drinking cup; and in Germany glasses of the same form and size are still occasionally used. This strange ornament, placed on a cushion, is securely fixed to the upper part of the forehead by two silk cords, which, after surrounding the head, hang behind nearly to the ground, terminating in large tassels, that, among the better classes, are capped with silver.'—Ibid. vol. ii. p. 92.

Both travellers visited Lady Hester Stanhope at her mountain residence near Saidee (the ancient Sidon). The idea of her ladyship, left on the mind by the description of each, is extremely different. Dr. Hogg presents to our imagination a clever, enthusiastic, yet sensible woman; M. de Lamartine a mystical visionary, warm-hearted and well-meaning certainly, but a little mad, who practises astrology, and is looking for another Messiah, with whom she evidently expects shortly to ride in triumph into Jerusalem. There is, however, no contradiction in these reports. Dr. Hogg may only have given us one portion of the conversation he had with her; or it may be that the very different characters of her two visitors gave it on the two occasions a totally different turn, and she may be quite sane on all points except the stars and the new Jerusalem.

The *new* Jerusalem it is indeed! Lamartine's imagination supplied something of poetry and beauty to the city at first view, which even he was obliged to confess on nearer inspection did not in any degree belong to it. But the everlasting features of nature are still there; and standing on the Mount of Olives, or by the side of the brook Cedron, we can excuse him if his eye was not very literal or accurate. Here is his description of the first sight of Jerusalem:

'Palmbet is a quarter of an hour the Mount of Olives. The Dead

Sea itself shone through the openings in the mountains, whose diversified summits form the outline of the horizon, terminating in the mountains of Arabia. Here I sat down, and this was the scene before me.

'The Mount of Olives slopes suddenly and rapidly down to the deep abyss called the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which separates it from Jerusalem. From the bottom of this sombre and narrow valley, the barren sides of which are everywhere paved with black and white stones—the funereal stones of death,—rises an immense hill, with so abrupt an elevation that it resembles a fallen rampart; no tree here strikes its roots; no moss even can here fix its filaments; the slope is so steep that the earth and stones continually roll from it, and it presents to the eye only a surface of dry dust, as if powdered cinders had been thrown upon it from the heights of the city. Towards the middle of this hill, or natural rampart, rise high and strong walls of large stones, not externally carved by the mason, which conceal their Hebrew and Roman foundations beneath the same ashes, and are here from fifty to one hundred, and further on from two to three hundred, feet in height. The walls are here cut by three city gates, two of which are fastened up, and the only one open before us seems as void, and as desolate, as if it gave entrance only to an uninhabited town. The walls, rising again beyond this gate, sustain a large and vast terrace which runs along two-thirds of the length of Jerusalem on the eastern side, and, judging by the eye, may be a thousand feet in length, and five or six hundred in breadth. It is nearly level, except at its centre, where it sinks insensibly, as if to recal to the eye the Valley of Little Depth, which formerly separated the hill of Sion from the city of Jerusalem. This magnificent platform, prepared no doubt by nature, but evidently finished by the hand of man, was the sublime pedestal upon which arose the Temple of Solomon; it now supports two Turkish mosques. * * * Beyond the platform, the two mosques, and the site of the temple, the whole of Jerusalem is stretched before us, like the plan of a town in relief, spread by an artist upon a table. * * Above all, amidst that ocean of houses, that cloud of little domes which covers them, is a dark elliptical dome, larger than the others, overlooked by another and a white one. These are the churches of the Holy Sepulchre and of Calvary; from hence they are confounded, and appear drowned in the immense labyrinth of domes, edifices, and streets which encompass them; and one finds it difficult to credit such a situation for Calvary and the Sepulchre!

* * * The view is the most splendid that can be presented to the eye, of a city that is no more; for she still seems to exist as one full of life and youth; but, on contemplating the scene with more attention, we feel that it is really no more than a fair vision of the city of David and Solomon. No noise arises from her squares and streets; no roads lead to her gates from the east or from the west, from the north or from the south, except a few paths winding among the rocks, on which you meet only half-naked Arabs, some camel-drivers from Damascus, or women from Bethlehem or Jericho, carrying on their heads a basket of raisins from Engaddi, or a cage of doves to be sold on the morrow under the terebinthuses beyond the city gates.

* * * We spent some time in making the circuit of Jerusalem, but saw nothing in it which could announce it as the dwelling of a people; not one sign of riches, or even of life and motion. The ca-

terior aspect had deceived us, as it had often done before in other cities of Syria and Greece. The most miserable hamlet of the Alps or the Pyrennees, the most neglected alleys of such of our Faubourgs as are given up to the lowest class of the labouring population, exhibit more luxury, cleanliness, and even elegance, than the desolate streets of the Queen of Cities.'—Lamartine, vol. ii. p. 13.

He thus graphically describes what was once Tyre:

'This city, at present called Sour by the Arabs, is situated at the further extremity of a peninsula, and seems to rise out of the waves. At a distance, you would still imagine it to be a new, beautiful, white, and animated city; but it is nothing more than a shadow, which vanishes on approaching it. A few hundreds of falling houses, in which the Arabs fold large flocks of sheep and black goats with long hanging ears, which defiled before us on the plain, are all that remain of Tyre! She has no longer a port on the sea—no longer roads upon land: the prophecies respecting her have been long since accomplished.'—Ibid. vol. i. p. 299.

Among many equally beautiful descriptions of the scenery of Mount Lebanon, we select the following, purposely inserting the mention of his child. His love for her is one of the most interesting points about him; and it is rendered doubly affecting, because, very shortly after this journey they made together over part of Lebanon, he lost her by death.

'The gulf, brighter than the sky which canopied it, reflected part of the snows of Lebanon and the battlemented monasteries stationed on the prominent peaks. Some fishing-boats were passing in full sail to take shelter in the river. The valley at our feet; the declivities towards the plain; the current sweeping through its pyramidal arches; the sea with its creeks amongst the rocks; the immense block of Lebanon, with its innumerable varieties of structure; those pyramids of snow which seemed to pierce, like silver cones, the heights of heaven, where the eye searched for them as for stars; the insensible sounds of insects around us; the melody of a thousand birds among the trees; the lowing of the buffaloes; the almost human plaints of the camels of the caravan; the dull and periodical roar of the breakers dashing upon the sand at the entrance of the river; the interminable horizon of the Mediterranean; the green and serpentine bed of the Nahr-Bairout on the right; the gigantic and indented wall of Lebanon in front; the serene and beaming dome of heaven, skirted with the summits of the mountains and the conical heads of colossal trees; the coolness and perfume of the air, in which everything appeared to swim like an image in the transparent waters of a Swiss lake: all these objects, sounds, and shadows, this light, and these impressions, constituted the most sublime and beautiful landscape my delighted senses ever drank in. What must it then have been to Julia? she was all sensibility—radiant, trembling with ecstacy; and, for my part, I delighted to impress such spectacles upon her childish imagination. The Deity is depicted in them more forcibly than in the lines of a catechism; he is there represented in traits worthy of him; the sovereign, the surpassing bounty of excelling nature reveal him such as he is to the infant mind, which translates the perception of physical and

material beauty into a sentiment of moral beauty. As the statues of Greece are displayed to the artist to inspire him with the instinct of loveliness, the young mind should be initiated in the finer and grander scenes of nature, that the image it may form to itself of the Author of nature may be worthy of her and of him!'—Ibid. vol. ii. p. 138.

There is a lovely description of the clothing of the rocky sides of these valleys of Lebanon:

'It is a leafy carpet of one or two feet thick, a vegetable velvet strewed in all colours, with bouquets of flowers, unknown to us, of a thousand forms and a thousand odours, which sometimes sleep motionless, and sometimes, when the light breeze sweeps over them, raise themselves with the herbs and branches from whence they issue, becoming shaded with many tints, and resembling a river of flowers and verdure that flows in perfumed waves. At those moments gusts of intoxicating odours load the air, and multitudes of insects with variegated wings fly out, and innumerable birds sing on the neighbouring trees.'—Ibid. vol ii. p. 134.

It is impossible, by means of short extracts, to give any idea of the magnificence of Balbec. Indeed, it is difficult for the imagination to conceive of it after reading the most elaborate description. We are told of a 'hill of architecture bearing a forest of columns;' of an accumulation of ruins so vast that we must 'multiply in our fancy the temples of Jupiter Stator at Rome, of the Coliseum, and the Parthenon, to succeed in acquiring a notion of their extent;' of columns seventy feet high, formed out of only two or three blocks; of successive generations of monuments belonging to different ages.

'Under our very feet, in the bed of the torrent, around the trunks of the trees, were scattered blocks of red and grey granite, veined porphyry, white marble, and yellow stone as bright as Parian marble; truncated columns, richly-wrought capitals, architraves, entablatures, and pedestals; while portions of figures and whole statues, seemingly animated with life, lay around in confused masses, like the lava of some volcano which had vomited forth the relics of a mighty empire.

'Beyond these masses, which may be truly called marble downs, rises the hill of Balbec, an elevation a thousand feet long, and seven hundred broad, entirely the work of human hands, and built of freestone, some blocks of which measured from fifty to sixty feet long, and from fifteen to sixteen feet high, but the average from fifteen to thirty. Three blocks of granite alone present a surface of nearly four thousand feet. In the expansive hollows of the subterraneous vaults the river engulphs itself, and the wind, rushing in with the water, produces a noise like the distant peals of cathedral bells. Above this immense eminence we descried the tops of the great temples, relieved from an horizon alternately azure, red, and gold colour. The eye is absolutely bewildered in surveying the brilliant avenues of the colonnades of the different temples; and the horizon rising above them prevented us from discerning the point where this world of architecture terminated. The six gigantic columns of the grand temple, still majestically supporting their rich and colossal entablature, tower over all the rest, and their termina-

tions are lost in the azure sky, as if the erection were an aerial altar raised by giants for their sacrifices.'—Ibid. vol. ii. p. 269.

We have room but for one more extract, and there is but one that seems fitting after the ruins of Balbec. M. de Lamartine has been describing a very high situation in Mount Lebanon, in early spring, near the village of Eden.

'At some distance on the left, (he continues,) in a kind of semicircular hollow, formed by the last curves of Lebanon, we observed a large black spot upon the snow, which was the celebrated clump of cedars. They crown, like a diadem, the brow of the mountain; they overlook all the numberless spacious valleys that slope away beneath them; the sea and the sky blend in their horizon. They grow upon the proudest site of the groups of Lebanon, and prosper above that point where all other vegetation ceases. These trees diminish in every successive age. There are now but seven; these, however, from their size and general appearance, may be fairly presumed to have existed in biblical times.'—Ibid. vol. ii. p. 361.

Dr. Hogg has fallen into the usual affectation, or confusing error, whichever it may be, of travellers in the East; we allude to the spelling of proper names, places, and words, *otherwise* well known. We are confounded with all the different effects of sounds upon different ears. Thus harem becomes hareem; caliph, khalif; pillau, pillauf, (why not *pillaughfp* while he was about it?) and the hitherto plain-spoken name of the famous Saladin is transformed into Salàh-e'deen! We beg leave to suggest the following for choice, any of which will be equally advantageous to the future use of the individual's name:—Sala-yer'deen—Sarlard'een—Salaïd'n—Zaloiden—Psaulaigh-deen—Sczargh-laïyer-teyne—S'Alladdin—Sally Dean.

A gentleman once remarked to an orientalist that he never found any two authors or travellers spell the word *Mahometan* in the same way. With some it was Mohamedan, with others Mohumedan, Mehemmetan, &c. The orientalist replied that it was no wonder, as there were thirty-two different methods of spelling it. 'Indeed,' said the querist, 'but which then is the correct one?' The orientalist looked confused. He had never thought of *that*. After due consideration, however, he replied that the correct method was for everybody to spell it as he pleased.

M.

## THE BURNT OFFERING.

Let it burn!—
'Tis fitting that the heart
Should sometimes to its old loves turn;
Nor spend upon the present all its art;
Nor for new idols in the future yearn!

Let it flame!—
There hath been much of treason,
And much of violence and shame,
To the old worship of that spring-life season;
And compromisings of a sacred claim!

Let it blaze!—
The old idolatries
Come fiercely on me; as the rays
Of his forsaken god, from burning skies,
Blast the sun-worshipper's apostate gaze!

Be it ashes!—
Hearts seared with first-love fires
So waste, amid the thought that flashes,
And the hot force of world-condemned desires;
Till death dries up the blood of their thick gashes!

All is dark!
Exhaled the sacrifice!—
But faintly the rekindled spark
Of my heart's worship old revivifies;
To flee for ever, like the dove o' the ark.

Present eyes,
And present lips and limbs,
Are still the prevalent deities
Of the love-needing heart, whose ancient hymns,
With modulations new, unto new gods arise!

* W. *

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## NATURE AND HER FORMS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE 'KOSMORAMA' OF CAROVE, AUTHOR OF 'THE STORY WITHOUT AN END.'

One spirit, one love, pervades the universe, 'one only pulse warms, and animates the whole;' and every single sound, however different, mingles into one divine universal harmony. This we acknowledge, not merely as necessarily true in science, but we feel it in the loftiest, holiest, moments of our existence.

We feel it, when we stand on the open eminence, in the radiance of spring, and look down on the green plains, the glistening rivulets, the peaceful villages, the towns, the hills, the woods, on the distant shepherd surrounded by the fragrant breezes; and the whole earth seems but one altar from which the incense of her grateful homage ascends towards heaven. We feel it when we

look up to the clear, soft, bright, blue firmament, into which the exhalations rise and melt away; from which the benign and salutary light and warmth of life flow down in the breath of spring, and in the rays of the sun. We feel it when we perceive the thousand voices of the wood, and the silent exultation of every creature around; and all—all this magnificence finds entrance into the open and comprehending mind, and, dissolved into one sense of the omnipresent God, and the holy unity of the Creator and the creation, breaks forth again in grateful praise and silent prayer.

We feel it also when, on the feast day, with the assembled community in their best attire, we kneel before the Highest; and the full choir unites with the powerful tones of the organ and the rising incense, in the dome of the sacred edifice; and all hearts beat together, kindled into one flame of devotion and adoration; and the spirit of holiness sinks down as the dew of heaven sinks into each open flower-cup, and re-ascends as a sweet fragrance and an offering of love—the one in all—all in the alone, uniting one.

But man perceives it likewise when he looks into the eye of the being he loves, and sees his own immortality reflected there—and has free entrance into the congenial heart, as if it were his own home, and there discovers with delight a second self; when he looks into the beloved eye, and his searching, sighing look is met by one more sighing and more searching,—and they seek one another, and meet and recognise that other being each had needed and had sought; and they are two, and yet are one; and then each soul flows forth into the other, and feels perfect satisfaction, because God himself is purest Love, and God is in them, and they are in God; and to them time has passed away, because to them eternity has begun.

Then, oh, then! will man intensely feel that in appearance the world may be, and must be, a divided endless multitude, but that the many in their deepest root, in their individual being, in their highest elevation,—still, indeed, are many,—but are likewise one in spirit and in love,—one in God! In such moments of exalted feeling, as well as in the highest perceptions of the pure reason, each distinction will be equally transpar entand transient; a name is then to us no more than

——'Sound and smoke,
The misty glow of heaven!'

The temporal dissolved into its original element—the eternal; the varied colours re-ascended into pure unrivalled light;—all is spirit, heaven, divine existence!

But we should be incapable of participating in the holy feelings of union, of arriving at the consciousness of the eternal, had we not been in the separate, the distinct, the individual,—did we not

return back to it again. A simile, which is to be regarded merely as a simile, may render this idea more intelligible. The sun revolves indeed upon his own axis, apparently regardless of all other objects; but, in truth, his being is only full and complete, when the planets, the reflections of himself, revolve around him; when he, beaming forth his rays, finds in the planets his life and his completion; when they, moving in distinct orbits, and in their path meeting the emitted rays, find, and ever and continually receive, their life and their completion in the sun. Then only does the glory of the sun become actual and manifest when the planets, separated from him, obey his powerful attraction; then only does it become apparent that they are, and must be, one with the sun, and that on his influence their fertility depends, when the planets, in their course tread with him in living oscillating movement, and thus produce the varying seasons. In like manner, we should not have known the joy of spring, had not the spring been preceded by the severe and rugged winter;—we should not have known the delight of devotion, had not the union with God, which we recognise in devotion, followed an apparent separation from him. We should not have known the happiness of love, had not the satisfaction it gives succeeded to the suffering and sighing of absence; and, again, it is only by the withdrawal of our highest gratifications, that we are capable of knowing their full enjoyment.

So does it appear how everything (though sometimes only seemingly) becomes manifest and attains to its own sense, and knowledge, and perception, and enjoyment, according to its true and complete infinitude, through its opposite—unity. The eternal and the infinite is the commencement and termination of being,—in it the endless circle has its consummation;—but duality, —separation and contrast—is necessary in order that the former may arrive at the latter,—that the latter may again arrive at the former.

E. R. B.

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## AN ODD SUBJECT.

POLITICIANS, who are plunged deep in the study of the destinies of nations, who catch eagerly at clues wherewith to thread the intricacies of party; philosophers, who explore the before untraversed regions of science, to cull truths that may enrich the mind, as the herbalist culls his balmy treasures to strengthen the body; poets, whose eyes wander over each fresh object with the most keenly conscious sense of beauty whereon it may dwell, of all kinds, in all degrees, whether in that physical perfection, a flower, or that spiritual perfection, a woman's soul—but at the same time alike unconscious of the rich return they render for each received impression, and of the mysterious magic by which they weave their

beautiful and many-coloured web; metaphysicians, miners of the mind, who search into its profoundest depths for the true gold which furnishes forth the current coin of the realm of intellect; philanthropists, whose hearts are the urns wherein is contained that all-holy precious love, which has been created for the healing of the nations, from whence flows a never-failing stream to fertilize deserts, and make cities joyful—Pull up pen, lest you canter your readers over your head. There—pause a minute, take breath. And now what think you, one and all, is it not an odd subject?—'The Wonderful Fleas!!'

You, who can find an interest in, and point a morality from, the meanest thing that finds a place in this beautiful world—which is so beautiful because there is harmony in all things from the highest to the lowest; you, who love to trace throughout creation the handwriting of God, rather than the superscription of the devil; in a word, who delight to dwell on the everything of good, rather than the worse-than-nothingness of evil; you will not turn away when I say, 'Come and let us reason together,' and see if we cannot find something to repay us in the 'odd subject,' beyond its first somewhat uninviting aspect.

Every one has seen in Regent-street, or in other parts of the town, a large placard headed with a representation of something like a lobster, with something like a man on its back, followed by a long description of the wonderful feats of those little lively tenants of a small space in creation, whose souls Peter Pindar, in the person of Sir Joseph Banks, doomed to everlasting perdition. The placard serves as an invitation-card to an exhibition, where you may see these heads of the sect of the jumpers, at one time drawing a carriage, at another dancing a quadrille, and performing all sorts of, to them most unnatural, antics, within the due limits prescribed by their master, (although without their accustomed *bounds*,) so that the imagination is tasked in vain to discover the secret of their subordination. And it would not be easily guessed, though it is now generally known. The unfortunate little victims, after being made prisoners, are secured in a box just sufficiently high to let them leap up, that they may be knocked down. After repeated endeavours to continue their accustomed rapid way of getting over the ground, (after all they are the only true seven leagued booters, and free-booters too;) they cease not only to hope for 'the promise of their SPRING,' but to spring at all; and thus are brought by continual blows, to a stupid state of living death, without even enjoying their liberty in the one year of four, so peculiarly their privilege. If I were amongst them, before I would succumb to such tyranny, I would, if there were vantage ground sufficient, leap up again and again till I dashed my brains out! Better so than deteriorate my own nature: it would be for my persecutors one 'flea away,' while I should 'be at rest.' And now let us look around, and see how

many, endued with capabilities somewhat above the mere elasticity that lies in a pair of long hind legs, are put to the torture of the box; how the nobler few, who have no escape, are under the infliction, and how the inferior many are deteriorated and reduced to grovel, where they should have leapt.

There are boxes of various kinds. There is a box of Toryism, and a box of Episcopacy; and there is a box of Legal injustice, and a box of Social law, which is the most cruelly oppressive box of all. Into all these wrong boxes, or boxes of wrong, many find their way without the hope of extrication, awhile to struggle with the circumstances around them, to 'kick against the pricks,' that is, to leap against the lid, and then to be turned out to perform a part in life, so fantastically untrue to the nature that should show forth in the glorious human creature, as to make the 'angels weep,' and demons shout!—Let us take a few instances.

There is the boy who begins life with a generous love of his kind; who longs to be the righter of the injured, the regenerator of the degraded, the redeemer of the slave; whose eyes flash at a tale of oppression, whose heart throbs at the recital of a deed of high and noble daring. He reads again and again the page that records the fight of Thermopylæ, and of the strife that nations have made to be free; and he has longed for the time to come over again that he might be a leader amongst them. His heart has flown with the arrow of Tell, or mourned over the fate o. Emmet. He makes a vow, in all the fulness of an earnest, untouched, untried spirit, to dedicate himself, henceforward and for ever, to the sacred cause of freedom. He cannot control his enthusiasm—it works out at every pore. In his college life he can scarcely keep it within the bounds of the prescribed decorum. He gets reprimanded as a revolutionary republican, and many other long hard names, which his tutors can say and spell, it is true, but of the spirit of which they are utterly ignorant; and he is almost equally so, as his after-life shows. However, he stands it all, for at college, resistance to the local powers that be is a sort of virtue, and as there is no influence of the world upon him, he weathers out the gale of his tutor's displeasure, and comes sailing out in gallant style. We have not time to elaborate on the several phases he passes through before his enthusiasm vanishes. The promise of place or of fortune from some old Tory uncle, or mother's brother's cousin, or the dread of losing caste by associating with those of an inferior rank in society to his own, whose strong-minded sturdy demands for equal rights somewhat shock him; or, they do not quite come up to his idea of the grateful recipients of all his numerous proposals for the improvement of their condition; who, in fact, he expected were to stand by inactive while he fought their battle for them, for the idea never entered his head they were fully equal and ready to fight it for themselves, and so curtail him of that large proportion of honour and gratitude

which he had unconsciously reckoned upon, and which, unknown to himself, he had been reckoning upon as his reward. Gradual changes take place, until at last the genius—no, the devil—of Toryism clutches him, into its box he goes, and comes out finally a crawling, creeping creature, who will do anything for place. He is shackled and made their hack; he is laughed at by his old companions, he sinks into dulness; or plays the buffoon, as the only chance of securing something of that notoriety, the love of which was, in his character, the root of all the evil.

Next comes the clerical box, which is the more melancholy, as the one qualification for any service connected with the mission of Jesus of Nazareth—the chief characteristic of which was its simplicity, so remote from the forms and excrescences of the English Church—should be an entire devotion of the will, founded on a becoming fitness for that vocation rather than any other. 'His service' should be 'perfect freedom.' How many are forced into 'the box' whose character, whose pursuits, whose tastes, would lead them in a totally different direction! With some (the better and fewer) it is a fancied notion of duty, accompanied with a desire not to disappoint their friends; with others, it is the wish to attain a certain station in society—for, as the wife of a clergyman once remarked, 'the clergy rank next to the nobility!' The greater part, so far from being 'moved by the spirit of God,' are moved simply by the *argumentum ad pocketum.* How many, who would have made first-rate actors, or artists, or musicians, who would have assisted in refining the human soul, or cheering the human heart, have failed to do aught, in their forced vocation, save the administering soporifics to their congregation on a Sunday, marrying couples, christening children, or endeavouring to administer cold comfort to some poor sick creature during the week. They do their duty tolerably, but it is done merely as a duty, not, as it ought to be, as a pleasure. Their true genius is in shackles; they have not the kind of talent, or of feeling, required of them, and they stoop to the dishonesty of appropriating that of others without any acknowledgment, as the thousand bought manuscript sermons will testify. There must be a want of pure frankness in a nature that can do this. But, say they, 'we cannot starve.' True—but better wear a fustian jacket in honesty, than a black gown in meanness.

Next comes the more innocent victim of the legal box. He suffers himself to be caught by the trap of the law, he feels himself hemmed in on all sides; if he consider himself safe one way, there is a chancery suit threatening him in another, or there is some uncivil civil process that is sure to be lost—or won, it matters little which, for the gains are swallowed up by the leviathan of the law, far more readily than was Jonah of old by the briny monster, as we will venture to affirm its swallow to be infinitely more capacious. He is in a miserable condition, and he kicks

against the enclosure, which holds him, again and again. All in vain! He must submit; and he finds too late his error in not heeding the advice of Christ, 'If any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, give him thy cloak also.' He too is turned out of the box at last, to be made sport of by those who have fleeced him, and who will never let him go, as long as they can keep the shackle on him and still retain him in their power.

The box of social law is far more mischievous and miserable in its consequences than any of the others; because its inflictions are more generally diffused. There are so many classes of people who are subjected to its torture—a moral torture, worse to bear, and more crippling to the energies of the mind and heart, than were the iniquitous inquisitorial torments that deformed and maimed the body. 'Society,' 'the world,' 'people,' with the mysterious '*on dit*' as a witness, have established an inquisition after the most rigid and unsparing Spanish policy. It is a self-elected judgment; it employs masked witnesses; it endeavours, like its prototype, to torture into falsehood; and would doom its victims to cells of perpetual moral darkness, away from the sun and air, and all the precious influences of social life. Thus it does, or would try to do, with those who dare to question its established laws.

And now how, and upon whom, does this last torture box act? We will take, for instance, a girl brought up without any regard to the mere forms of society; free to think, free to look, free to speak her thoughts, with this one object always before her—the desire after truth, to which she would look as the eagle looks upon the sun, whether soaring upward or taking a downward flight, always keeping that one light of life in view. The first part of her life is easy; the child may do what in the woman may be 'conspicuous;' and conspicuous for why? Because it is without that worldly varnish which 'society' wears as a livery, to the injury, and sometimes destruction, of originality of character; just as painting over a beautiful delicately-chiselled statue would destroy its sharpness. Women become, like soldiers, so many slaves in uniform, to go through their various exercises (though without ever 'standing at ease') just as society may bid. The single-hearted, the frank, the unsuspicious followers of their own generous impulses, these are the selected victims. They are taught, that to exclaim wherever they find beauty, to yield genuine admiration to whatever attracts their eye, to leap to do a service whenever they can, without respect to persons, is 'extraordinary,' 'eccentric,' 'wild,' 'incautious.' As the girl grows up she finds a thousand checks to the naturally open-hearted expression of her pure unquestionable feelings. Even the most rigid can detect no fault in the feeling itself, but they shake their heads and bid her be careful how she looks, 'for fear of the world'—what she says, 'for fear of the world.' In time she

acquires a habit of nervous consciousness which takes the name of modesty, but really is vanity; an excessive desire of approbation, a thing she never used to care or think about except from those she loved, and which she runs the risk of losing by her excessive wish to gain. She is constantly afraid of committing herself, of saying too much, of showing her feelings too much, of 'doing those things she ought not to do,' and leaving the worldly customs undone which she has been taught that society expects from her,—in fact, she is in 'the box:' she went in a pure, warm-hearted, unconventual, genuine girl—she comes out an affected, meretricious, morally-distorted woman; her intellect enfeebled; her virtue a negative; without individuality—a mere machine. It may chance that she has intellect sufficient to assert her right to be something more than a puppet; and then, owing to the unnatural restraint, it shows itself in all sorts of eccentricities, tinctured with an admixture of bravado. And thus are women subjected to be, by turns, laughed at, despised, or condemned, by 'the world;' that very world which has tempted them into the error.

And now comes the worst box of all,—the box of marriage; and for this reason, that it is the evil of all others which inflicts the deepest injury on posterity. It is the only box which is entered in couples; and society says that the two shall remain bound to each other for life, however dissimilarity of feeling may make a dissolution of the contract desirable: thus yielding a superior privilege to Messrs. Hubbins and Gubbins in the formation of their business partnership. It is said that people enter into it voluntarily, knowing the consequences. They do *not* know the consequences. They marry young, each in a state of undeveloped intellect and feeling; and the change in themselves which time produces, and the different action of circumstances upon them, may be divorcing them from each other, in spite of all their wishes to remain in sympathy. Love never came by effort. It is said, and with truth, of a popular Calvinistic preacher, that, on being repeatedly urged by his father to marry a lady who possessed sundry golden temptations, he replied, 'Father, I have tried to like her; I have *prayed* that I might like her; but I cannot like her.'* His terms of adjuration must have been a curiosity; they should have been preserved in some un-common prayer-book, for the benefit of others similarly circumstanced! But, at all events, it is one proof amongst the 999,999, that love cannot be created out of the wish to have it, but is a feeling dependent upon a positive existing sympathy. People do *not* know the consequences. They marry without any intention to deceive—they are themselves deceived. They have a liking for persons more than qualities. The error too often consists in the excess of a virtue; in goodness that thinks another like itself, or, where there is anything like

* He afterwards married her, nevertheless.

doubt, generously turning the scale on the favourable side. A glowing imagination deifies its object, and thereby is committed that grievous mistake, which we so frequently see, of falling in love, instead of, as it should ever be, *rising* into love. But, says another, even should a marriage prove unsuitable, a life of struggle helps to the attainment of moral strength. It is not true. It is a mistake to suppose that continued resistance to the action of unfavourable circumstances is a good: and tolerance to inferiority is worse. Better be comparatively miserable with a consciousness of inferior unfitness, than comparatively what is called happy in lowering yourself to it. I am supposing that the hope of elevating it has been proved a fallacy. No; continued painful struggle no more strengthens the mind, than continual painful effort strengthens the muscles: it exhausts the energy of both. There must be hope beyond—there must be something to struggle *for*, as well as to struggle against.

And what says society to help them out of their sufferings? It says that the error shall be permanent—that it will visit with its direst vengeance those who dare to dispute the wisdom of the law it hath set up. It is to be adhered to with a tenacity that would go to prove that the people are made for the good of the law, rather than the law made for the good of the people. It condemns one, pure and well-intentioned, to the companionship of a man unfitted for her. She has not intellect sufficient to see the immorality of her position, nor courage enough to free herself from it. It condemns another to the degradation of seeking communion with, and being dependent upon, one who would avoid her. It encourages and legalizes the horrible transformation of man into a mere animal. Where the moral and intellectual qualities find no sympathy to warm them into progression, people too often, like the poor whose pleasures are circumscribed and only the inferior ones within reach, leave the finer part of their nature totally uncultivated, and deteriorate towards the brute. Here, too, is the secret of that 'original sin' that has caused so many a theological dispute. Here is the real crime against society! This incompleteness of sympathy, this prevalence of selfish gratification, is the cause of the unaccountable waywardnesses, caprices, and petulancies of children, that have so often puzzled physicians, metaphysicians, mothers and fathers, grandmothers and grandfathers, and a whole tribe of uncles and aunts to boot. It is this which appears to us to settle the question, when the honest and mistaken social moralist would leave things as they are to the gradual action of an improvement in education. Were the sole mischievous results the unhappiness of the contracting parties themselves, there might be room for a doubt, but the real evil lies in the injury done to society by the results of ill-assorted marriages, and to continue the necessity of such a state of things is to keep up a constant supply of mischief for education

to try to remedy. But how many make it a matter of principle! One out of a thousand is a liberally allowed proportion. No—it is what will 'the world say?' what will 'the world think?' what will 'the world do?' This 'world,' this delicate monster who likes nothing so well as to prey on precious human hearts, how he stands by, and grins in triumph, when he sees the constantly filling 'box' periodically emptied of its contents! How he loves the sound of the clanking of the fetter, be it of gold or iron! How he makes sport of the immoral distortion occasioned by the hopeless shackle! How he enjoys, by turns, each strange vagary, angry passion, odious sensuality, or morbid stupidity, the result of the unnatural bond!

It is this 'world' who is the chief proprietor of the set of torture boxes we have been enumerating. It is 'the world' who tempts the young aspirant through his ambition, the poor student through his poverty, the weak litigant by his desire for mastery, or short-sightedness in the knowledge of results. It is 'the world' who is the grand sitter in judgment upon the incautious and unsuspicious, who often, by pretended adulation, tempts them into its power, that it may make them its victims; and it is 'the world,' who, by perpetuating the error of a mistaken marriage, changes it into a crime against society of the worst possible consequences. Let 'the world' look to it—or rather let them look to it no longer. I would say to all, never trust your morality out of your own keeping; regulate it according to your own judgment; but, above all, never yield it into the hands of 'the world,' or you will find, when it is too late, that you are 'in the wrong box,' beyond the power of extrication.

S. Y.

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## MR. BUCKINGHAM'S COMPENSATION.

Some of the merchants and manufacturers of Sheffield are bestirring themselves to obtain from the legislature, by petitioning for the adoption of a bill similar to that which was lost last session upon a mere technicality, the means of enforcing such compensation as is justly due from the East India Company to their representative for the grievous oppression practised upon him in India. They have called on others to aid them in this righteous work, and we heartily comply with a request for the insertion of their sketch of a petition, which contains an outline of the merits of the case, in order to facilitate the imitation of their example. We cannot better introduce it than by the following note from a correspondent, whose name we are always glad and proud to inscribe on our pages.

'Mr. Editor,—To redress the wronged is with us a sacred duty. In J. S. Buckingham, we have a man whose wrongs enabled him to give us a free trade to India. By speaking (as none but he can speak) mouth to mouth with his fellow-countrymen, he made tens of thousands

hear, who would never have read, and thousands of them understand what, but for him, they would not even have considered. But the gigantic oppression, though trampled beneath his feet, still retains possession of his children's bread. Shall this be? I trust not.

'EBENEZER ELLIOTT.'

'Sheffield, 20th November, 1835.'

SKETCH OF PETITION.

*To the Lords Spiritual and Temporal (or to the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland) in Parliament assembled. The humble Petition of the Merchants, Manufacturers, Traders, and other Inhabitants of Sheffield.*

HUMBLY SHOWETH.—That your Petitioners have read in the Parliamentary Reports and in the Public Journals the following Resolutions of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to examine into all the facts connected with the banishment of James Silk Buckingham from India, and the subsequent suppression of the 'Calcutta Journal,' of which he was editor and chief proprietor: and which resolutions the said Select Committee had unanimously agreed to, and reported to the House of Commons on the 4th of August, 1834: viz.

1. 'Resolved, That it appeared to your Committee that Mr. Buckingham resided in Bengal from the year 1818 to 1823, under a licence of the East India Company, and was engaged as principal proprietor and editor of the 'Calcutta Journal,' which was then a highly profitable concern, yielding to himself and other proprietors a large annual income.

2. 'Resolved, That it appeared to your Committee, that in the year 1823, in the exercise of the discretion vested in the Governor-General, Mr. Buckingham was, by the acting Governor-General, ordered to quit India within two months.

3. 'Resolved, That it appeared to your Committee, that, after the departure of Mr. Buckingham from India, the 'Calcutta Journal' was, by order of the Governor-General, altogether suppressed.

4. 'Resolved, That your Committee, without impugning the motives which actuated the measures of the Government, feel that those measures have, in their consequences, proved to Mr. Buckingham, and his family, penal to a degree which could not have been contemplated at the time of their adoption.

5. 'Resolved, That your Committee are, therefore, of opinion that compensation ought to be made to Mr. Buckingham.

6. 'Resolved, That your Committee abstain from expressing any opinion as to the amount of compensation, in the hope that that subject will be taken into the favourable consideration of the East India Company, and thus the interposition of Parliament, in the next session, to fix such amount, be rendered unnecessary.'

That your Petitioners have since learnt, with pain and disappointment, that, although these unanimous Resolutions of the Select Committee of the House of Commons were duly laid before the East India Company, by the then President of the Board of Control, (now a member of the House of Peers, and one of his Majesty's Cabinet Ministers, as Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies,) the said

East India Company refused to grant such compensation, and declined to entertain any proposition whatever on the subject.

That your Petitioners humbly beg to assure your Honourable House, that they regard such a denial of justice as this to be highly derogatory to the British name and reputation: as it appears to your Petitioners that a British subject has been banished without trial—punished without conviction—and ruined in all his fortune and pursuits, without even the allegation of his having been guilty of any crime.

That when the great charter of English liberty guaranteed to the subjects of this realm, that no man should be punished but by the judgment of his peers—that all punishments should be proportioned to the offence—that there should be no wrong without a remedy—and that justice should neither be delayed nor denied to any man—your Petitioners humbly conceive, that these protecting privileges were meant to be extended to all Englishmen, in whatever part of His Majesty's dominions they might happen to be.

That, in the case of the said James Silk Buckingham, your Petitioners regret to perceive that all these principles of English liberty have been violated, without necessity, and without adequate cause; for he has been punished without judgment of his peers—his punishment has been wholly disproportioned to his alleged offence—he has suffered a grievous wrong, without having any remedy at law for the same—and for more than twelve years past, during which the facts of his case have been so often before the public, as to be familiar to almost every one who reads, justice has been delayed and denied—without his having yet been proved to be guilty of any other offence than that of advocating, in India, that freedom of trade, freedom of settlement, and freedom of publication, which were formerly denied to Englishmen in that country, but which are now happily made, by the last charter for India, the established law of the land.

Your Petitioners cannot bring themselves to believe that the advocating and practising in India what both Houses of the Legislature, and His Majesty on the throne, have since sanctioned and approved, and what the most distinguished Governors-General of India, past and present, have publicly declared to be as great a blessing and advantage to India as it is in England, and to every other well-governed country, (namely, the freedom of the press—subject only to the control of the laws, as administered by a judge and jury,) ought to be considered in any other light than that of a public virtue and a public good: and, therefore, they humbly conceive that the summary banishment and arbitrary ruin of an honourable individual, without trial or conviction—on no other alleged ground than that he was guilty of advocating and practising the freedom of the press—cannot be defended by any principle of the British Constitution, to the very spirit and essence of which it is wholly and entirely repugnant.

Your Petitioners, therefore, humbly implore your honourable House, that you will be pleased to give your sanction to such a Bill as may enable the said James Silk Buckingham to recover, from the East India Company, that compensation, which the Select Committee of the House of Commons reported it to be their unanimous opinion that the said East India Company ought to make to him, for the destruction of his property, occasioned by the measures herein before mentioned.

And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

# GLUCK.

## FANTASY PIECE, IMITATED AFTER HOFFMANN.

'When one of the great works of Gluck is given here, the house is crowded to the ceiling with a most attentive and judicious audience. * * * * * Gluck was so much in earnest, so exquisitely melodious, so fanciful in his accompaniments, so pure in his harmonies, so rich and unexpected in his modulation and transition, that all must acknowledge in him the precursor and model of Mozart.'—*A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany.*

DIFFERENT people have different fancies for different seasons of the year. I avow a partiality for the end of Spring, and no where have I enjoyed the time—

'When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,'

better than at Vienna. I used to sit of an evening, before one of the coffee-houses on the Prater, at a little table, shaded from the setting sun by the linden-trees, and with my meerschaum a-light, observe the passing crowd much to my satisfaction. Vienna has, however, its peculiar inconvenience—it is so dusty. On a dry day, the back of any gentleman, attired in coat of 'nighted colour,' after a short promenade, would furnish a very good copy-book for scholars on the Bell and Lancasterian system. But, alas! what capital city has not its peculiar inconvenience? In London are we safe in the streets one moment?—

'Nemo mortalium *omnibus* horis sapit.'

What mortal can always be on his guard against omnibuses? At Paris it is the same—nay, worse; for since infernal machines have come into fashion, there is no knowing at what moment you may chance to get into a right line with royalty, and have 'five bullets from an old gun-barrel' perforating your carcass. At Venice, drowning threatens you; at Lisbon, entombment; at Naples, ditto, in boiling-hot lava. As for the particular inconveniences of the capital cities further north, it is sufficient merely to observe that the police object to your leaving them without first paying your debts.

To the charms of a fine evening at Vienna must be added music, performed by wind instruments. The execution of this music is almost always very beautiful, but the music itself—as the choice of it rests with the listeners, or payers for it—is not always so good; and on a certain evening, as something was being performed which did not quite come up to my standard of excellence, I murmured to myself, involuntarily, 'Oh! those minor octaves!'

Very great was my surprise when I heard some one, close to my elbow, say in a low tone of voice, 'Unfortunate destiny! here is another disliker of octaves!'

I turned round on my chair, and perceived that a man had seated himself by me at the table. We regarded each other stedfastly. Never had I seen features that made such a sudden and deep impression on my mind. A nose, softly aquiline, descended from a high and wide forehead; thick, half-silvered, projecting eyebrows shaded eyes almost savagely bright, lighting up a countenance apparently betwixt sixty and seventy years old; a chin, softly rounded, contrasted with the mouth, which was severely closed. The stranger's grey hair was arranged in an old-fashioned style, and his person, tall and thin—as far as I could judge as he sat—was enveloped in a large great-coat. During my observation of him he reclined in his chair, in an abstracted manner, taking now and then a pinch of snuff from a handsome box.

At last the music ceased, and I could not help addressing myself to him:

'I am very glad it is finished.'

He threw an absent look upon me, and took another pinch of snuff.

'It would be better for them not to play at all than to play such stuff,' continued I—'what do you think, Sir?'

'I think the same as you do,' replied the stranger; 'I suppose you are professional?'

'No, Sir, I am not. I learned a little music, as part of a tolerable education, and recollect my master used to tell me that nothing had so bad an effect as a counter-tenor voice sinking by octaves to the bass.'

'You are right,' answered the stranger. Then quitting his seat he walked slowly and pensively towards the musicians, and I observed that he spoke to them in a very dignified manner. He returned, and had hardly re-seated himself when they began the overture to the 'Iphigenia in Tauris.'

He listened to the andante with eyes half closed; a slight movement of his foot marked the time; his left hand was extended upon the table as if upon the keys of a piano-forte, and his right hand was a little raised. His right hand fell, and the allegro commenced.

When the overture was finished his arms fell to his side, and he reclined back in the chair as if exhausted. I filled a wine-glass from my bottle of Würtzburger, and pressed him to drink; he emptied it *sans cérémonie*, and exclaimed—'I am satisfied with the orchestra—they did it very well.'

'In my opinion,' said I, 'we had only a slight sketch of a most brilliant work.'

He made no reply, but hummed the chorus of priestesses, and accompanied it by striking his fingers upon the little hard walnut-

tree table. I remarked that he introduced into it novel and very energetic modulations. Suddenly he asked me—

'Did you ever compose?'

'Yes,' I answered, 'some trifles; but when the enthusiasm was off, all I had done appeared so very worthless that I gave it up.'

'You did wrong—it is a good sign to feel discontent at our first essays. We are taught music when we are young, generally because papa or mamma wishes it, and so we go on thumping, or scraping, or puffing; but after a time the soul becomes sensible of harmony. Some half-forgotten melody is the embryo which, nourished by other ideas, may grow to a colossus. We arrive at composition in a thousand ways. There is a wide path to it, occupied by a jostling, impatient crowd, exclaiming, "We are elected—we have struck the mark;" but many of them are mistaken. Myself, when I first penetrated to that immense field of exertion, was almost overwhelmed with tormenting anxieties. It was night, and frightful, grimacing, mocking, demoniacal faces swarmed around me; but from the darkness I fancied I saw a vast, clear eye gazing upon me encouragingly. Then two giants appeared to me—they were the fundamental bass and the fifth tone; they threatened to drag me down into the black abyss of despair, but the eye looked pitying upon me, and the sweet third glided forward and placed itself betwixt them. Again, I fancied myself in the land of dreams, in a beautiful valley where the flowers sang together. A sunflower only was silent; it was inclined sadly to the earth, its calyx closed. An irresistible attraction drew me towards it. The flower upraised—the calyx opened, and from the midst of the leaves I saw the large, clear eye turned towards me. Then odoriferous vapours floated around, the flowers burst out into a solemn chorus, and I joined in their hymn of praise.'

As the stranger pronounced the last words he jumped up from his chair, stuck his hat tight on his head, and darted away into the crowd. I followed him quickly, but lost all view of him in a few moments, and for several weeks after I looked for him in vain.

* * * * *

Some months after the foregoing-related strange occurrence,—that is to say, about the end of autumn,—I went to see the monastery of Closterneuburg. Now I had promised myself to go to the opera the same evening, so I discharged my vehicle as we entered the city by the Prater, and went to the coffee-house I usually frequented to get refreshment. The day had been excessively hot, and I preferred to take my coffee in the open air. After I had finished it, to employ myself until it was time for the opera, I filled my meerschaum, lighted it, and as I smoked, sank into a pleasant reverie. Suddenly I fancied I saw the stranger at a little distance, and I hastened towards him. I caught hold of his arm; he turned round and said,—

I recollect you. We met at the Leopoldstadt. I talked very much. Your good wine heated me.'

'Well,' said I, 'I am glad that we have met again, and I hope we shall become better acquainted. Will you go with me to the opera this evening?—I am anxious to hear Armida.'

'You wish to hear Armida! come with me.'

We passed rapidly through the Prater and into the city. In the Himmelfort Strasse he turned into a narrow lateral street, and, at last, stopped before a house of mean, ruinous appearance. The door seemed to open at his touch. I followed him in, and groped my way, in the dark, up the staircase, an immense height, until we reached what would be called in plain English the garret. My guide opened a door, leaving me outside, but soon re-appeared with a light in his hand. We entered the room, and its appearance surprised me not a little. Wainscoted walls, of dark, shining wood, old-fashioned chairs, a clock in a great gilded box, and a large mirror surrounded by a frame carved into massive arabesques, gave to the whole apartment a strange, afflicting look of tarnished splendour. In the midst of the room stood a small piano, and upon it an immense porcelain inkstand, with several quires of ruled music-paper. A second glance at those tools of a composer convinced me that they had been for some time untouched, for the paper was perfectly yellow, and a cobweb covered the entire inkstand.

The stranger walked to an antique cabinet, placed in an angle of the chamber, and, drawing a curtain, discovered it to be filled with large, well-bound books, upon which were stamped in golden letters, Orfeo, Armida, Alceste, Iphigenia; in short, I saw before me all the works of Gluck.

The stranger fixed his looks upon me, and seizing one of the books—it was the Armida—advanced with a solemn step towards the piano. I opened it and pushed up the desk. He appeared to receive my attentions with pleasure. He opened the music-book—how great was my astonishment when I saw that the ruled paper had not one single note marked upon it!

'I am going to play the overture,' said the stranger; 'I will thank you to turn the leaves over, carefully.'

I promised, and he commenced the majestic Tempo di Marcia. In the allegro he introduced so many original phrases that my astonishment increased more and more. Sometimes his brows contracted, and a fury seemed to possess him—sometimes his eyes suffused with tears, and his countenance expressed the deepest grief—sometimes, as his hands were employed in the most striking modulation and brilliant variations, he sang the thema in a beautiful tenor voice. All the time I observed his looks and assiduously turned the leaves. When the overture was finished, he leaned back in his chair, for a few moments, with closed eyes, and then said, in a stifled voice—

'All this, Sir, I wrote after returning from the land of dreams. I discovered to the profane what is sacred. For my fault, I am condemned to wander among them; but not for ever.—Now, Sir, let us now sing something from the Armida.'

He then began to sing the last scene of Armida, and all that the passions of love, hatred, rage, despair, could express, was expressed by him. His voice penetrated to the bottom of my soul. I was transported beyond myself, and when he finished I caught him by the arm, exclaiming, 'Who are you?—tell me, I conjure you!'

The stranger raised himself from his seat, and regarded me with a severe and penetrating look. As I was going to repeat my question, he took up the light and left the room. For about a quarter of an hour I remained alone, in perfect darkness; then despairing of his return, I set about recollecting the position of the piano, that I might obtain egress by the door. At that moment the stranger appeared again, suddenly, with the light. He was habited in a velvet coat, richly embroidered, a waistcoat of satin, and a sword hung at his side. He advanced solemnly towards me, took me by the hand, and smiling in a singular manner, said—'I AM THE CHEVALIER GLUCK.' What more he would have told me I am ignorant of, for just at that moment the waiter at the Leopoldstadt, who had heard me speak of going to the opera, was kind enough to wake me, fearing, as he said, I should be too late.

W. L. T.

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## AN INVALID'S REVERIE.

*'Airy nothings.'—Shakspeare.*

A DISTRESSING pulmonary affection compelled me to consult a physician; he considered the symptoms premonitory of consumption, and recommended me to leave the murky atmosphere of London without delay. Instanter, as if by the touch of a magician's wand, my aunt, and her pretty little cottage, situated at the bottom of a sylvan vale in Buckinghamshire, started up before my 'mind's eye.' I had not seen either the lady or her habitation for several years; and yet I felt as firmly resolved to go to Buckinghamshire in that moment, as if my mind had been wrought to it by invitations 'pressing and repeated.' We designate ourselves rational beings: what study of psychological science could enable us to trace the ratiocinative process by which my mind had been brought to this determination? Yet rational we are; inasmuch as we always act *by* reason, but seldom *from* it! We have no more control over the operations of our brains, and the impulses which set in motion the delicate machinery of thought, than we have over the functions of our respiratory

organs. We can no more think as we like than we can breathe as we like: and the moral character of our actions is perhaps as *necessary* as the colour of our blood. However, to Buckinghamshire I was bound. Why *there*, in particular, I knew not. There were other places, other relatives, to which I could have gone, and to which I had been invited; but no—Buckinghamshire was the place which presented itself; and I could as easily have blotted the county out of the map of England as have changed my determination to go thither.

In two or three hours after the physician had recommended change of air, I was being driven past the Middlesex Asylum for Lunatics, on the Bucks road. What an immense pile for such a purpose! What an amazing number of 'minds diseased' does it contain! My sympathies were poignantly touched while contemplating this building. In what respect, thought I, am I less mad than many of the inmates of that miserable abode? Here am I in this post-chaise,—the vehicle, the horses, the driver, my person, my volition, all put into motion by a little breath (which would not have turned a weathercock) modulated into three or four distinct sounds by my physician's tongue. How could my situation be referred to rationality any more than theirs? Surely it is hard to define where caprice ends and insanity begins! All imaginations are sometimes morbid. The functions of the brain are in no case so nicely balanced but that a small weight of care may make reason kick the beam. Yet there is a difference between a momentary and a permanent disturbance of the equilibrium of the beam. There is a difference between a healthy and a diseased brain; but the physiologist must define it—the moralist cannot. The politician in his projects, the fanatic in his inspirations, and all men in their respective idiosyncrasies, exhibit madness in their conduct, albeit their brains may be as sound as was Bentham's itself.

I arrived at my aunt's, and was received with a strange commixture of surprise, welcome, and anger. I *think* the welcome predominated. Scolding being the only recreation in which she ever indulged, of course I was well scolded. I should have thought the old lady was not rejoiced to see me if she had not rated me a little. My cough she attributed to my keeping late hours; and, consequently, I was scolded for not going earlier to bed. She had an asthmatic cough, which she did not prevent, and could not cure; yet she pointed out a thousand means by which I might have prevented my cough, and nostrums in infinity which would infallibly have cured it. And here again I got scolded for neglecting the precautions, and for not having taken the physic. Refreshments were provided, and my eyes were allowed to gaze on many *bonnes bouches* which were prohibited from entering my mouth. My aunt was a rigid dietitian; and knew as well what was fit for a sick young man as Mrs. Malaprop

what suited an obstinate young woman. Tea being introduced, a 'dish of chat,' the usual concomitant of a cup of that beverage, was superinduced. And here I discovered one fact, namely, that old maiden ladies entertain a notion that their own understandings are in a state of rapid progression, while the understandings of their juvenile relatives remain *in statu quo*. At least, such was the relative estimate obviously made of our respective understandings by my aunt. She interrogated me respecting my religion,—hoped I went regularly to church, and deprecated any heterodoxy in my creed. She also evinced much chagrin at my admitting that I sometimes dropped asleep without having previously dropped on my knees. 'She would not go to sleep without saying her prayers for the world!' *Saying* of prayers! She was quite incensed when I told her that her parrot could pray as well as those who merely *said* their prayers. She recited numerous conclusive evidences of the efficacy of prayer—quoted Huntingdon's 'Bank of Faith' for my edification—and I was obliged to succumb, 'for lack of argument,' to the doctrine that if I prayed in faith my health would certainly be restored. I expressed my doubt, and inquired whether she had ever prayed in faith for the removal of her asthma. But she scouted my scepticism by quoting the mountain-moving power of faith; and when I intimated my inability to muster up the necessary quantum of it, she closed the argument by rather a louder *ipse dixit* than was usual with her—that *I could believe if I liked*. On which she was seized with her cough, and I assured her that I should *like* for both her and myself to be relieved of our coughs. On recovering, she commenced an eulogy on the Bible, scolded me for not making it my study day and night, and was about to enumerate all the remarkable dispensations of Providence (which she regarded as so many caprices of the Almighty) on behalf of the Psalmist David. 'And yet,' said I, interrupting the narrative, 'David is not ascended into the heavens.' Whereupon I was denounced an infidel, although I showed her the very words in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. I repented of my journey to Buckinghamshire ere the hour of retiring to bed arrived. At length I was shown to the comfortable little chamber prepared for me to sleep in. The moon shed the magic of its light on the close-grown beech-trees which crowned the summit of a verdant hill, the slope of which was spread before the window of my chamber, and reached to a height at least five times the altitude of my aunt's residence: every shrub and object on the declivity being indistinctly visible, and casting their long shadows down into the vale, furnished ample materials for the imagination to work upon, to render that romantic which was indeed beautiful. I lay musing on the scene till welcome sleep closed my eyelids. The imagination sleeps not. Dreams are assuredly the most inexplicable of

all psychological phenomena. The eye sleeps, the ear closes, the brain is relieved from impressions by the immediate agency of the senses; but the reasoning faculty sleeps not, any more than the imaginative. Who has not reasoned in his sleep, linked syllogism to syllogism till the concatenation has terminated in a conclusion strictly logical? Who has not dreamed that his very dream was not a dream? 'Tis mystery all.' Ay, from the universe to an atom, all, all is mystery to man, though made but a little lower than the angels, and in 'form and seeming' it may be said of him, 'how like a God!' Nay, the more profound, the more philosophic are his cogitations, the more he finds himself beset with difficulties. The shallow-minded fanatic sees less mystery in the attributes and providence of God than a deeply reflecting mind discovers in a blade of grass. However, I dreamed—I dreamed that I was dead. I—that pronoun, that simple letter—represents more mystery than a metaphysician could unravel in an elaborate voluminous disquisition, and revelation has not developed to man the full extent of its signification. For what is man's identity? My mind changes, my body changes, and yet I am that I am, and no other. I dreamed that I was in my coffin; that my fingers and toes melted, that my skin frizzled up, and my muscles and sinews dissolved like wax, and after leaving my skeleton bare, simmered in my coffin, and passed off in a gaseous state to mingle with the atmosphere. My eyes also melted and ran into my brain, and my brain in a ferment evaporated, and left my skull, 'the palace of the soul,' as Byron has designated it, empty. There *I* lay—my mere bones—and yet conscious. At length my joints separated, the ribs parted from the sternum and spine, and the bones crumbled into dust, and the wind blew it all away. I had thought, thought deeply of death ere I fell asleep. I had endeavoured to grasp the truculent tyrant and hold him up, not for a transient glance, but for the full gaze of my mental vision. I thought of death—of my own death. It was possible—it was likely—that a few weeks only would pass away ere I should be his victim. No, not *victim*; for death is God's messenger of mercy, to take us from this world; and benignant is his providence in weaning us from it by sickness and other means ere he sends his summons. Yes, I had, as it were, anticipated death, and felt as if about to pass the awful, yet measureless line that divides time from eternity, when I sunk into slumber, and dreamed of being thus decomposed. But surely it was 'not all a dream.' It was but the wonted phenomena of nature exhibited more strikingly to my notice. Physiology informs us that 'this mortal' is incessantly passing away and being renovated,—that a portion of us dies every moment: surely there is, there must be, a portion of us which can never die! When I awakened, the moon was still *looking* into my window (not *peeping*—who can look at the full broad face of the smiling moon and talk of its *peeping*?). The shining orb seemed as

if conscious of what had taken place, and benignantly smiled on me as would a blessed spirit which had once inhabited a 'mortal mixture of earth's mould' like mine. My dream left an impression on my spirits not easily to be obliterated. The phantasm seemed almost an object of vision, so vividly did it possess my waking thoughts. I endeavoured to divert my mind from it. I gazed on the enchanting deep shade and mellow light of the scenery; but nothing of earth could attract my spirit. It seemed as if it had been on the point of taking its flight when I awaked. I looked on the blessed moon, the fleecy clouds, and the blue expanse of the sky, and thought of eternity and heaven. In vain philosophy whispers that heaven has no locality—man must look upwards for it. My mind was constrained to muse on my dream; a consciousness of identity remained, while the component parts of my corporeal portion were passing into space! There was no real anomaly in this; literally it is so. From year to year we know that we have changed; a consciousness of identity has notwithstanding been a part of our being. We are at once certain that we *are not*, and that we *are* the same individuals we were years ago. Then our personality does not depend upon this ever-changing flesh and blood: it does not. Then there is no occasion to revert to the seed and the chrysalis to prove the possibility of man's resurrection; for what is man's life but an incessant death and resurrection? And surely the power which enables us to throw off our mortal clothing every moment of our existence on earth, without *impairing* the principle of thought, or *disturbing* our consciousness of identity, can strip us of it entirely by death, when he shall think proper to take us to heaven, without *destroying* the one or the other. Y.

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## BLACKBERRIES.

The bramble, the liberal bramble for me,
The apple and cherry are fruits long forbid,
But the child of the poor finds one fruitful tree;
There, like the Fay Puck, with his spoils on his knee,
He is munching and munching sans fear to be chid.

The sheep, and the swine, and the beast that eats thistles,
Wince and away from the bough of blackberry;
For the bramble has roused all their terror of bristles,
And twitches the poachers through hides and through gristles,
And all for the children to pick and be merry.

Be merry and wise, unbuskined young elves!
For I too have rued the bramble-bough's prickle;
But booted and gloved, I'm a fear to themselves,
And they keep their fruit for me as snug as on shelves,
In the desert of turnpike my palate to tickle.

G. S.

## A REPLY.

You bid me sing, you bid me sing
The songs you loved so well,
You say they steal upon your heart
Like a sweet soothing spell:

But how can I call back the tones
That erst were fraught with glee?
My faltering voice and quivering lip
Would mar their melody.

You would not know the altered strain,
For from the heart it takes
Its tone of gladness or of woe;
And mine, alas! it aches.

Then ask me not to sing to you
The song of other years;
I dare not trust my trembling voice,
'Twould soon be quenched in tears.

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# CRITICAL NOTICES.

***Random Recollections of the House of Commons from the Year 1830 to the close of 1835. Including Personal Sketches of the leading Members of all Parties.*** By One of no Party. Smith, Elder, & Co.

These Random Recollections are of the most miscellaneous character. They include the 'Forms of the House;' and the forms of the members, whether tall or short, thin or fat. The shape and colour of their coats, their waistcoats, and every article of their dress, whether worn with becoming grace or carelessly put on. The abundance or scarcity of their hair, and its particular shade of black, white, brown, grey, or red. The cut of their whiskers—of their mustachios. The mode in which they hold their hands, and handle their arguments. In what direction they throw their arms, or how they let them lie peaceably by their sides. Their ages, their complexions, their eyes, noses, and mouths. Their chins, whether double or single; shaved, or bearing a tuft of hair. The sound of their voices, and the tone of their politics. Where they sit, and how they sit, stand, or lie. But the list would become too long if we attempted to make it complete. The following extract describes one of the occasional 'scenes in the House,' which scenes—

'Have usually their origin in the impatience of honourable Members to get away from the House for the night; but who dare not venture to leave before the division, lest the non-appearance of their names in the lists of the majority and minority the following morning should lead to some unpleasant questions from their respective constituents, if not to a requisition to resign their seats.

'An honourable Member, whose name I suppress, rose, amidst the most tremendous uproar, to address the House. He spoke, and was received, as nearly as the confusion enabled me to judge, as follows:—"I rise, Sir—(frantic cheers, mingled with all sorts of zoological sounds;) I rise, Sir,

for the purpose of stating that I have—('Oh! oh!' 'Bah-!' and sounds resembling the bleating of a sheep, mingled with loud laughter.) Honourable Gentlemen may endeavour to put me down by their unmannerly interruptions, but I have a duty to perform to my con—— (Ironical cheers, loud coughing, sneezing, and yawning extended to an incredible length, followed by bursts of laughter.) I say, Sir, I have constituents who, on this occasion, expect that I — (Cries of 'Should sit down,' and shouts of laughter.) They expect, Sir, that on a question of such importance —('O-o-a-a-u,' and loud laughter, followed by cries of 'Order! order!' from the Speaker.) I tell honourable Gentlemen, who choose to conduct themselves in such a way, that I am not to be put down by — (Groans, coughs, sneezings, hems, and various animal sounds, some of which closely imitated the yelping of a dog and the squeaking of a pig, interspersed with peals of laughter.) I appeal ——('Cook-e-leeri-o-co!' The imitation, in this case, of the crowing of a cock was so remarkably good, that not even the most staid and orderly members in the House could preserve their gravity. The laughter which followed drowned the Speaker's cries of 'Order! order!') I say, Sir, this is most unbecoming conduct on the part of an assembly calling itself de—— ('Bow-wow-wow,' and bursts of laughter.) Sir, may I ask, have honourable Gentlemen, who can — ('Mew-mew,' and renewed laughter.) Sir, I claim the protection of the Chair.—(The Speaker here again rose, and called out 'Order! order!' in a loud and angry tone, on which the uproar in some measure subsided.) If honourable Gentlemen will only allow me to make one observation, I will not trespass further on their attention, but sit down at once.—(This was followed by the most tremendous cheering in earnest.) I only beg to say, Sir, that I think this is a most dangerous and unconstitutional measure, and will therefore vote against it." The honourable gentleman then resumed his seat amidst deafening applause.'—p. 77.

There is a good anecdote of the late Mr. Henry Hunt, concluded by the information that he was careless in his dress, had a double chin, and was not at all bald.

'One honourable member, on one occasion when Mr. Hunt was speaking, was unusually persevering in his efforts to cough him down. Mr. Hunt cured the honourable gentleman of his cough by one short sentence, which, delivered as it was with infinite dramatic effect, created universal laughter. Mr. Hunt put his hand into his pantaloons' pocket, and after fumbling about for a few seconds, said, with the utmost imaginable coolness, that he was extremely sorry to find that he had not a few lozenges in his pocket for the benefit of the honourable member, who seemed to be so distressed with the cough, but he could assure him he would provide some for him by the next night. Never did doctor prescribe more effectually: not only did Mr. Hunt's tormentor from that moment get rid of his cough, but it never returned, at least while Mr. Hunt was speaking.'—p. 168.

The house has a very different appearance at different times, we are told: occasionally upwards of six hundred members are present. But—

'The greatest number I have known in the House when the public money was in the act of being voted away, scarcely ever exceeded eighty or ninety; while from fifty to sixty is the usual number. On such occasions, especially after twelve o'clock, you see nothing but languor in the faces and manner of those honourable members who continue to sit in an upright position; while a considerable portion of them are either leaning with their heads on the benches, or stretched out at full length with their eyes, like those of Shakspeare's ship-boy, "sealed up" by sleep, "Nature's soft nurse." The strangers in the gallery, who chance to be there for the first time, are always amazed beyond measure at seeing any portion of their representatives thus enjoying their repose while matters of the deepest importance are transacting in the House. They are surprised to see those who were so bustling and animated

on the hustings, and so prodigal of pledges to oppose every improper [illegible] of the public money, not only dull and drowsy in the House, but "sleeping it out" while millions are voted away for all sorts of objects, good, bad, and indifferent."—p. 59.

It must be a grateful reflection to us all, that we have such careful guardians of our purses!

M.

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*Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan, with Sketches of Anglo-Indian Society.* By Emma Roberts. 3 vols. William Allen and Co. 1835.

This book will prove highly interesting to that large class of readers who have friends or relations settled in India. They long to know the every-day life of those who, though now separated from them by half the globe, grew up with them in the most intimate companionship; and here they will find it. The houses, the furniture, the amusements, the occupations, the dresses—even the very dishes at the dinners—all are detailed with all the varieties of the different stations. So vivid, indeed, are some of the descriptions, as that, for instance, of the large, empty, half-darkened rooms, that we seem to have seen them, and been in them ourselves, after reading of them. We can fancy exactly how they look, with the Punkah swinging, and the walls pierced with doors on all sides, which, standing open for air, show the black servants in their flowing white dresses, gliding about in all directions, ready to answer to the call of their languid, listless mistress.

It is this portion of the book which constitutes its chief interest. In other authors will be found better descriptions of India as a country, and of its natives as a people. Miss Roberts, however, gives ample evidence of having appreciated the beauties and peculiarities of each; and to say this is no mean praise. No one can read her book without acquiring a deeper sense of the vast resources of that magnificent country, and the many interesting points in the character of its people.

There is a very clever chapter on the children of the Anglo-Indians, and another, headed 'Bengal Bridals, and Bridal Candidates,' which, unconsciously, (perhaps?) tells a tale that might serve as a text to some lecture or essay on the present 'condition of women.'

A mode of obtaining justice among the natives is mentioned, which we never heard of before. It is more efficacious than our lawsuits, or even our duels. Two old women, adepts in the art of scolding, are hired by the aggrieved party to sit at the door of the aggressor, and pour out continually the most abusive and scurrilous language against him, his family, and especially *his mother*. If any of the infamous imputations they heap on her head should reach the ear of her son, he is disgraced for ever; so that he is obliged to remain shut up in the inmost recesses of his house, and at length, wearied of confinement, to make reparation.

M.

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*The Life and Times of General Washington.* By Cyrus R. Edmonds. Vol. I.

This is a volume of the 'Family Library.' It 'pretends to no higher character than that of a compilation,' but it might have done so with more justice than many works which do make such pretension. The compilation of facts seems to have been made with all requisite care

[redacted] author's style, to the reader.

'The history of America offers to the contemplation of the historical student one of the most complete and satisfactory experiments which has ever been made upon man in his social and political relations. It differs from most other histories in the certainty which attaches to its earlier portions; for while the primary notices of other nations are either lost in remote antiquity, or are useless as historical remains from the admixture which they contain of legend and superstition, those of the American Colonies, falling within the era of authentic history, are genuine and available records.

'There is also another consideration which, in the esteem of the philosophical inquirer, attaches peculiar interest to American history. All the important events and changes with which it is replete are traceable to the political and social institutions of the country, and not to any distinctive and general character belonging to the people. No society can be imagined more varied than that which colonized the New World. The first discovery by Columbus in 1492 had impressed a new impulse upon Europe, which was propagated through all classes of the people. To some its undiscovered regions offered a theatre for their ambition; to others a field for their curiosity; many were allured to its coasts by mercantile enterprise, while to many it became a refuge from justice, and to not a few the asylum of persecuted piety. Amidst a society so motley, characterized by so little affinity and cohesion, and in no degree modified by the character of the savages whom they displaced, it would be vain to expect anything like a marked national character, or any such rooted and extensively prevalent habits and prejudices as would interfere with the free operation of their social institutions. These institutions, therefore, may be considered to have had a singularly fair trial; a trial made under a most rare and auspicious conjuncture of circumstances; and the more modern and eventful pages of American history, in particular, may be regarded as detailing a series of decisive experiments, establishing certain great principles of political science.'—p. 1, 2.

The history of the great American struggle which is so completely identified with the biography of Washington, is presented by the writer in a more perfect form than in many larger works, by his judicious manner of blending the parliamentary discussions in this country with the insurrectionary conflict in the Colonies. He rightly regards them as different scenes of the one great battle for justice and liberty.

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*The Mechanic's Calculator.* By W. Grier, Civil Engineer. Glasgow: Blackie and Son.

The design of this work is to 'assist the young workman in obtaining a knowledge of the calculations connected with machinery.' Something of this kind was very much wanted, and the author has very judiciously and ably supplied the desideratum. To practical men, and the higher class of operatives, who have not had a scientific education, and for whom it is too late to supply that defect, yet who deeply and daily feel the disadvantage, this compilation will be invaluable. The selection of tables, rules, principles, and examples, seems to us, with reference to the object for which it is made, to be excellent. In the geometry we think it might have been better to follow the plan of Bonnycastle in the definitions, commencing with the solid, and so, by abstracting the qualities of breadth and length, arriving at the point, instead of putting first that mystery of something without magnitude which is [redacted]

both to man and boy. But this is a minute fault, and the compiler follows the orthodox authorities. We heartily recommend his very useful work.

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*The Bachelor's Holydays, with some Thoughts of a Theoretical Philanthropist.* London: Houlston.

The author is not only a theoretical but a *practical* philanthropist, as is evidenced by the publication of this volume. It has an unquestionable tendency to do good; and the narratives of which it is composed, although lacking some of the strong and spirit-stirring qualities which are requisite for fictions to make an impression on the public mind, have yet a tone of simplicity, truth, and gentleness, which beautifully harmonizes with the purpose of the writer and the objects contemplated. Sound sense, religious and moral principle, beneficent purpose, and a prevailing judiciousness of manner in the execution, are characteristics that ought to win the favourable regard of a numerous class of readers, and induce them to place this unpretending volume on their family bookshelves.

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*A Lecture on Education.* Delivered by Jonathan Duncan, Esq., at the Guernsey Mechanics' Institution, on the 6th of April, 1835.

Every indication that there is a growing sense of the importance of educating the people at large, must be hailed with satisfaction. The present lecture evinces abundant zeal in the good cause. It contains also some valuable remarks on the necessity of clearness in language, and a plan of teaching grammar with a view to obtaining that clearness which is ingenious, and might possibly prove efficacious.

As an inciter to the work of education, therefore, Mr. Duncan deserves all praise. He is not so successful when he attempts to direct the process of instruction. He conceives that 'the succession of the mental powers is the only sure basis on which any sound and copious system of education can be founded,' and here we most cordially agree with him. But this succession, according to him, is, 'perception first, memory second, judgment third, reasoning fourth.' It is rather difficult to perceive what kind of judgment that is which would come before reasoning. His idea of imagination, too, is, that 'it is the antagonist of judgment, and exercises itself in a manner directly the reverse;' that 'blending together into one confused mass ideas essentially distinct, it compounds what is simple and aims at complexity, which is the characteristic of falsehood and sophistry.' He also declares that 'nothing can be done by a teacher to improve the faculty of perception.' The truth seems to be, on the contrary, that there is no faculty which may not be improved by culture; and this view of the matter is by no means inconsistent with the vast diversity of original power, and individual organization.

M.

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*The Comic Almanack for* 1836. Tilt.

As full of fun as last year; and the graphic wit of George Cruikshank, well supported by the gentleman who does the prognostications and

remarkable occurrences. This 'ephemeris in jest and earnest,' moreover, contains 'all things fitting for such a work,' as an almanack, and is a capital Annual of 'Useful and Entertaining Knowledge.

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*The Visionary.* Adapted from the Seventh Book of Crabbe's 'Tales of the Hall.' Being No. I. of Prose Tales. Adapted from the Poets of the Nineteenth Century, by Stephen and Horatio Hunt.

We can bear to see Crabbe cooked up in this way: but on reading further we find the names of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, Shelley, Keats and Tennyson, among various others who are destined to undergo the same process. We also find that the editors confidently expect such success as to induce them to '*prose* the narrative poems of the last century;' and possibly to speculate in a third series, 'which shall include the whole of British poetical narrative from the earliest period.' This success they expect to obtain, by taking from the tales they publish 'the great cause of objection to them—their poetry.' They expect that prose will be read where poetry is looked upon as an abomination. Such they conceive to be the state of the public taste. But as another generation is coming, who may think differently, we recommend them, when they have achieved their present undertaking, to turn all the prose narratives of the language into verse, as a companion work. It will be a much less exceptionable transformation.

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*The Forget-me-not.*

This first of the Annuals, and which has always been amongst the best, professes, on the present occasion, only to aim at sustaining the character it had already acquired. To do that is much, considering the beauty of former numbers, but the attempt is certainly successful. Amongst the literary contributions, those of Mary Howitt, L. E. L., and H. F. Chorley will most attract notice; the 'Dying Sister,' by the first-named writer, is quite in her own delicate and pathetic manner, and is beautifully accompanied by the engraving in the pictorial embellishments, of which the 'Young Enchanter,' the 'Playing Cupid,' and the 'Peasants' Dance,' also merit laudatory mention.

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*A Collection of Moral and Religious Poetry for the Use of Families and Schools.* Whittaker, London; Willmer and Smith, Liverpool.

The Hymns of Dr. Watts and Mrs. Steele, the 'Saturday Magazine,' 'Sacred Offering,' and the devotional poems of Mrs. Hemans and Bishop Heber, are the chief sources from which this compilation has been made. Much taste and pious feeling are displayed in the choice; and, perhaps, considering for whom it is intended, the familiarity of some of the compositions, and the (acknowledged) editorial alterations occasionally made, are not so objectionable as they might otherwise have been.

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*The General Highway Act, with Notes, Index, &c.* By J. Bateman, Esq.

It is gratifying to see any approach towards 'codification;' and we may hope that by one consolidated Act after another much may be done, in

the most approved practical methods towards reducing the number, simplifying the style, and harmonizing the provisions, of the laws under which we live. Mr. Bateman is a very useful interpreter between the legislature and the public; and his publication may interest us about mending our ways in more senses than one.

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*The Englishman's Political Legacy.*

THE writer is one of those Reformers who prunes with a hatchet. He sees corruption on all sides, and lays about him vigorously in every direction, not sparing his tongue meanwhile. Truly, if he have overdone it a little, there was strong temptation. We should rather have taken him for the executor of a will, than the bequeather of a legacy.

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*The Squib Annual*, 1836.

HUMOROUS verse, with a strong infusion of caustic satire, forms the staple of this amusing publication. The illustrations are by Seymour, a man who has neither superiors nor rivals in his art, that we know of, with the exception of H. B. and George Cruikshank. The vision of Captain Ross at the North Pole shows (in the figure of the Frost Fiend) how the grotesque may ascend into poetical sublimity.

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*The Battle of the Annuals.*

A FEW verses spoken extempore by some incorrigible punster, after dinner, over his wine and walnuts, and interrupted by the summons to tea.

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*Schlegel's Philosophy of History.* Translated from the German; with a Memoir of the Author. By J. B. Robertson, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

IN these lectures there are, as every one acquainted with the writings and reputation of Frederick Schlegel would anticipate, many passages rich in profound and beautiful thought, and in pure and philanthropic feeling. Many, however, will not be prepared for the strength and extent of influence which the Catholic Theology exercised over the writer's mind. His notions of human nature, and its degraded condition, appear to us to have put him wrong at the very outset; to have invalidated the principles on which he bases his Philosophy of History, and perverted some of his views of its facts: yet these great deductions leave much which will be read with interest and instruction.

The work is rather somehow done into English than translated. The mechanism of the sentences is frequently most clumsy, complicated, and barbarous.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

We can only refer 'F. F.' to our former observation.

'Josiah' is declined.

'The Paris Literary Gazette' should have acknowledged its quotations from our pages.

'Songs of the Bees,' by Ebenezer Elliott, next month.

'W. A.' shall be considered. We should be glad of the writer's address.