"As I walked along, my mind was insensibly filled with a crowd of pleasant images of rural winter life, that helped me gladly onwards over many miles of moor. I thought of the severe but cheerful labours of the barn—the mending of farm-gear by the fireside—the wheel turned by the foot of old age, less for gain than as a thrifty pastime—the skilful mother, making 'auld claes look amaist as weel's the new'—the ballad unconsciously listened to by the family, all busy at their own tasks round the singing maiden—the old traditionary tale told by some wayfarer hospitably housed till the storm should blow by—the unexpected visit of neighbours, on need or friendship—or the footstep of lover undeterred by the snow-drifts that have buried up his flocks;—but above all, I thought of those hours of religious worship that have not yet escaped from the domestic life of the Peasantry of Scotland—of the sound of psalms that the depth of snow cannot deaden to the ear of Him to whom they are chanted—and of that sublime Sabbath-keeping, which, on days too tempestuous for the kirk, changes the cottage of the Shepherd into the Temple of God.

"With such glad and peaceful images in my heart, I travelled along that dreary moor, with the cutting wind in my face, and my feet sinking in the snow, or sliding on the hard blue ice beneath it—as cheerfully as I ever walked in the dewy warmth of a summer morning, through fields of fragrance and of flowers. And now I could discern, within half an hour's walk before me, the spire of the church, close to which stood the Manse of my aged friend and benefactor. My heart burned within me as a sudden gleam of stormy sunlight tipt it with fire—and I felt, at that moment, an inexpressible sense of the sublimity of the character of that gray-headed Shepherd who had, for fifty years, abode in the wilderness, keeping together his own happy little flock."—*Lights and Shadows*, pp. 131—133.

The next, of a summer storm among the mountains, is equally national and appropriate.

"An enormous thunder-cloud had lain all day over Ben-Nevis, shrouding its summit in thick darkness, blackening its sides and base, wherever they were beheld from the surrounding country, with masses of deep shadow, and especially flinging down a weight of gloom upon that magnificent Glen that bears the same name with the Mountain; till now the afternoon was like twilight, and the voice of all the streams was distinct in the breathlessness of the vast solitary hollow. The inhabitants of all the straths, vales, glens, and dells, round and about the Monarch of Scottish mountains, had, during each successive hour, been expecting the roar of thunder and the deluge of rain; but the huge conglomeration of lowering clouds would not rend asunder, although it was certain that a calm blue sky could not be restored till all that dreadful assemblage had melted away into torrents, or been driven off by a strong wind from the sea. All the cattle on the hills, and on the hollows, stood still or lay down in their fear,—the wild deer sought in herds the shelter of the pine-covered cliffs—the raven hushed his hoarse croak in some grim cavern, and the eagle left the dreadful silence of the upper heavens. Now and then the shepherds looked from their huts, while the shadow of the thunder-clouds deepened the hues of their plaids and tartans! and at every creaking of the heavy branches of the pines, or wide-armed oaks in the solitude of their inaccessible birth-place, the hearts of the lonely dwellers quaked, and they lifted up their eyes to see the first wide flash—the disparting of the masses of darkness—and paused to hear the long loud rattle of heaven's artillery shaking the foundation of the everlasting mountains. But all was yet silent.

"The peal came at last! and it seemed as if an earthquake had smote the silence. Not a tree—not a blade of grass moved; but the blow stunned, as it were, the heart of the solid globe. Then was there a low, wild, whispering, wailing voice, as of many spirits all joining togetner from every point of heaven: It died away—and then the rushing of rain was heard through the darkness; and, in a few minutes, down came all the mountain torrents in their power, and the sides of all the steeps were suddenly sheeted, far and wide, with waterfalls. The element of water was let loose to run its rejoicing race—and that of fire lent it illumination, whether sweeping in floods along the great open straths, or tumbling in cataracts from cliffs overhanging the eagle's eyrie.

"Great rivers were suddenly flooded—and the little mountain rivulets, a few minutes before only silver threads, and in whose fairy basins the minnow played, were now scarcely fordable to shepherd's feet. It was time for the strongest to take shelter, and none now would have liked to issue from it; for while there was real danger to life and limb in the many ranging torrents, and in the lightning's flash, the imagination and the soul themselves were touched with awe in the long resounding glens, and beneath the savage scowl of the angry sky.

"It was not a time to be abroad: Yet all by herself was hastening down Glen-Nevis, from a shealing far up the river, a little Girl, not more than twelve years of age—in truth, a very child. Grief and fear, not for herself, but for another, bore her along as upon wings, through the storm; she crossed rivulets from which, on any other occasion, she would have turned back trembling; and she did not even hear many of the crashes of thunder that smote the smoking hills. Sometimes at a fiercer flash of lightning she just lifted her hand to her dazzled eyes, and then, unappalled, hurried on through the hot and sulphurous air. Had she been a maiden of that tender age from village or city, her course would soon have been fatally stopt short; but she had been born among the hills; had first learned to walk among the heather, holding by its blooming branches, and many and many a solitary mile had she tripped, young as she was, over moss and moor, glen and mountain, even like the roe that had its lair in the coppice beside her own beloved Shealing."—*Ibid.* pp. 369—372.

We must add a part of the story of a fair child's sickness, in the family of one of our cheerful and pious cottagers.

"The surgeon of the parish lived some miles distant, but they expected him now every moment, and many a wistful look was directed by tearful eyes along the moor. The daughter, who was out at service, came anxiously home on this night, the only one that could be allowed her, for the poor must work in their grief, and servants must do their duty to those whose bread they eat, even when nature is sick,—sick at heart. Another of the daughters came in from the potatoe-field beyond the brae, with what was to be their frugal supper. The calm noiseless spirit of life was in and around the house, while death seemed dealing with one who, a few days ago, was like light upon the floor, and the sound of music, that always breathed up when most wanted.—'Do you think the child is dying?' said Gilbert with a calm voice to the surgeon, who, on his wearied horse, had just arrived from another sick-bed, over the misty range of hills, and had been looking stedfastly for some minutes on the little patient. The humane man knew the family well, in the midst of whom he was standing, and replied, 'While there is life there is hope; but my pretty little Margaret is, I fear, in the last extremity.' There was no loud lamentation at these words—all had before known, though they would not confess it to themselves, what they now were told—and though the certainty that was in the words of the skilful man made their hearts beat for a little with sicker throbbings, made their pale faces paler, and brought out from some eyes a greater gush of tears, yet death had been before in this house, and in this case he came, as he always does, in awe, but not in terror.

"The child was now left with none but her mother by the bedside, for it was said to be best so; and Gilbert and his family sat down round the kitchen fire, for a while in silence. In about a quarter of an hour, they began to rise calmly, and to go each to his allotted work. One of the daughters went forth with the pail to milk the cow, and another began to set out the table in the middle of the floor for supper, covering it with a white cloth. Gilbert viewed the usual household arrangements with a solemn and untroubled eye; and there was almost the faint light of a grateful smile on his cheek, as he said to the worthy surgeon, 'You will partake of our fare after your day's travel and toil of humanity.' In a short silent half hour, the potatoes and oat-cakes, butter and milk, were on the board; and Gilbert, lifting up his toil-hardened, but manly hand, with a slow motion, at which the room was as hushed as if it had been empty, closed his eyes in reverence, and asked a blessing. There was a little stool, on which no one sat, by the old man's side! It had been put there unwittingly, when the other seats were all placed in their usual order; but the golden head that was wont to rise at that part of the table was now wanting. There was silence—not a word was said—their meal was before them,—God had been thanked, and they began to eat.

"Another hour of trial passed, and the child was still swimming for its life. The very dogs knew there was grief in the house; and lay without stirring, as if hiding themselves, below the long table at the window. One sister sat with an unfinished gown on her knees, that she had been sewing for the dear child, and still continued at the hopeless work, she scarcely knew why; and often, often putting up her hand to wipe away a tear. 'What is that?' said the old man to his eldest daughter—'what is that you are laying on the shelf?' She could scarcely reply that it was a riband and an ivory comb that she had brought for little Margaret, against the night of the dancing-school ball. And, at these words, the father could not restrain a long, deep, and bitter groan; at which the boy, nearest in age to his dying sister, looked up weeping in his face, and letting the tattered book of old ballads, which he had been poring on, but not reading, fall out of his hands, he rose from his seat, and, going into his father's bosom, kissed him, and asked God to bless him; for the holy heart of the boy was moved within him; and the old man, as he embraced him, felt that, in his innocence and simplicity, he was indeed a comforter. Scarcely could Gilbert reply to his first question about his child, when the surgeon came from the bed-room, and said, 'Margaret seems lifted up by God's hand above death and the grave; I think she will recover. She has fallen asleep; and, when she wakes, I hope—I believe—that the danger will be past, and that your child will live.' They were all prepared for death; but now they were found unprepared for life. One wept that had till then locked up all her tears within her heart; another gave a short palpitating shriek; and the tender-hearted Isobel, who had nursed the child when it was a baby, fainted away. The youngest brother gave way to gladsome smiles; and, calling out his dog Hector, who used to sport with him and his little sister on the moor, he told the tidings to the dumb irrational creature, whose eyes, it is certain, sparkled with a sort of joy."—*Lights and Shadows*, pp. 36—43.

There are many things better than this in the book—and there are many not so good. We had marked some passages for censure, and some for ridicule—but the soft-heartedness of the author has softened our hearts towards him—and we cannot, just at present, say any thing but good of him.

The next book is "Adam Blair," which, it seems, is by the author of Valerius, though it is much more in the manner of the Lights and Shadows. It is a story of great power and interest, though neither very pleasing, nor very moral, nor very intelligible. Mr. Blair is an exemplary clergyman in Scotland, who, while yet in the prime of life, loses a beloved wife, and is for a time plunged in unspeakable affliction. In this state he is visited by Mrs. Campbell, the intimate friend of his deceased wife, who had left her husband abroad—and soon after saves his little daughter, and indeed himself, from drowning. There are evident marks of love on the lady's part, and much affection on his—but both seem unconscious of the true state of their hearts, till she is harshly ordered home to the Highland tower of her husband, and he is left alone in the home she had so long cheered with her smiles. With nothing but virtue and prudence, as the author assures us, in his heart—he unaccountably runs off from his child and his parish, and makes a clandestine visit to her Celtic retreat—arrives there in the night—is rapturously welcomed—drinks copiously of wine—gazes with her on the moonlight sea—is again pressed to the wine cup—and finds himself the next morning—and is found by her servants, clasped in her embraces! His remorse and horror are now abundantly frantic—he flies from her into the desert—and drives her from him with the wildest execrations. His contrition, however, brings on frenzy and fever—he is carried back to her tower, and watched over by her for a while in his delirium. As he begins, after many days, to recover, he hears melancholy music, and sees slow boats on the water beneath his window—and soon after learns that she had caught the fever from him, and died! and that it was the ceremony of her interment he had seen and heard on the water. He then journies slowly homeward; proclaims his lapse to the presbytery, solemnly resigns his office, and betakes himself to the humble task of a day-labourer in his own former parish. In this state of penitence and humiliation he passes ten lonely and blameless years—gradually winning back the respect and esteem of his neighbours, by the depth of his contrition and the zeal of his humble piety—till at last his brethren of the presbytery remove the sentence of deprivation, and, on the next vacancy, restore him to the pastoral charge of his afflicted and affectionate flock.

There is no great merit in the design of this story, and there are many things both absurd and revolting in its details: but there is no ordinary power in the execution; and there is a spirit and richness in the writing, of which no notion can be formed from our little abstract of its substance. It is but fair, therefore, to the author, to let him speak for himself in one specimen; and we take the account with which the book opens, of the death of the pastor's wife, and his own consequent desolation. She had suffered dreadfully from the successive loss of three children, and her health had gradually sunk under her affliction.

"The long melancholy summer passed away, and the songs of the harvest reapers were heard in

the surrounding fields; while all, from day to day, was becoming darker and darker within the Manse of Cross-Meikle. Worn to a shadow—as pale as ashes—feeble as a child—the dying mother had, for many weeks, been unable to quit her chamber; and the long-hoping husband at last felt his spirit faint within him; for even he perceived that the hour of separation could not much farther be deferred. He watched—he prayed by her bed-side—he strove even yet to smile and to speak of hope, but his lips trembled as he spake; and neither he nor his wife were deceived; for their thoughts were the same, and years of love had taught them too well all the secrets of each other's looks as well as hearts.

"Nobody witnessed their last parting; the room was darkened, and no one was within it but themselves and their child, who sat by the bed-side, weeping in silence she knew not wherefore—for of death she knew little, except the terrible name; and her father had as yet been, if not brave enough to shed no tears, at least strong enough to conceal them.—Silently and gently was the pure spirit released from its clay; but manly groans were, for the first time, heard above the sobs and wailings of the infant; and the listening household shrunk back from the door, for they knew that the blow had been stricken; and the voice of humble sympathy feared to make itself be heard in the sanctuary of such affliction. The village doctor arrived just at that moment; he listened for a few seconds, and being satisfied that all was over, he also turned away. His horse had been fastened to the hook by the Manse door; he drew out the bridle, and led the animal softly over the turf, but did not mount again until he had far passed the outskirts of the green.

"Perhaps an hour might have passed before Mr. Blair opened the window of the room in which his wife had died. His footstep had been heard for some time hurriedly traversing and re-traversing the floor; but at last he stopped where the nearly fastened shutters of the window admitted but one broken line of light into the chamber. He threw every thing open with a bold hand, and the uplifting of the window produced a degree of noise, to the like of which the house had for some time been unaccustomed: he looked out, and saw the external world bright before him, with all the rich colourings of a September evening.—The hum of the village sent an occasional echo through the intervening hedge-rows; all was quiet and beautiful above and below; the earth seemed to be clothed all over with sights and sounds of serenity; and the sky, deepening into darker and darker blue overhead, showed the earliest of its stars intensely twinkling, as if ready to harbinger or welcome the coming moon.

"The widowed man gazed for some minutes in silence upon the glorious calm of nature, and then turned with a sudden start to the side of the room where the wife of his bosom had so lately breathed;—he saw the pale dead face; the black ringlets parted on the brow; the marble hand extended upon the sheet; the unclosed glassy eyes; and the little girl leaning towards her mother in a gaze of half-horrified bewilderment; he closed the stiffening eyelids over the soft but ghastly orbs; kissed the brow, the cheek, the lips, the bosom, and then rushed down the stairs, and went out, bare-headed, into the fields, before any one could stop him, or ask whither he was going.

"There is an old thick grove of pines almost immediately behind the house; and after staring about him for a moment on the green, he leapt hastily over the little brook that skirts it, and plunged within the shade of the trees. The breeze was rustling the black boughs high over his head, and whistling along the bare ground beneath him. He rushed he knew not whither, on and on, between those naked brown trunks, till he was in the heart of the wood; and there, at last, he tossed himself down on his back among the withered fern leaves and mouldering fir-cones. All the past things of life floated before him, distinct in their lineaments, yet twined together, the darkest and the gayest into a sort of union that made them all appear alike dark. The mother, that had nursed his years of infancy—the father, whose grey heirs he had long before laid in the grave—sisters, brothers, friends, all dead and buried—the angel forms of his own early-ravished offspring—all crowded round and round him, and then rushing away, seemed to bear from him, as a prize and a trophy, the pale image of his expiring wife. Again SHE returned, and she alone was present with him—not the pale expiring wife, but the young radiant woman—blushing, trembling, smiling, panting, on his bosom, whispering to him all her hopes, and fears, and pride, and love, and tenderness, and meekness, like a bride! and then again all would be black as night. He would start up and gaze around, and see nothing but the sepulchral gloom of the wood, and hear nothing but the cold blasts among the leaves. He lay insensible alike to all things, stretched out at all his length, with his eyes fixed in a stupid steadfastness upon one great massy branch that hung over him—his bloodless lips fastened together as if they had been glued—his limbs like things entirely destitute of life and motion—every thing about him cold, stiff, and senseless. Minute after minute passed heavily away as in a dream—hour after hour rolled unheeded into the abyss—the stars twinkled through the pine tops, and disappeared—the moon arose in her glory, rode through the clear autumn heaven, and vanished—and all alike unnoted by the prostrate widower.

"Adam Blair came forth from among the firtrees in the grey light of the morning, walked leisurely and calmly several times round the garden-green, which lay immediately in front of his house, then lifted the latch for himself, and glided with light and hasty footsteps up stairs to the room, where, for some weeks past, he had been accustomed to occupy a solitary bed. The wakeful servants heard him shut his door behind him; one of them having gone out anxiously, had traced him to his privacy, but none of them had ventured to think of disturbing it. Until he came back, not one of them thought of going to bed. Now, however, they did so, and the house of sorrow was all over silent."—*Adam Blair*, pp. 4—12.

There is great merit too, though of a different kind, in the scenes with Strahan and Campbell, and those with the ministers and elders. But the story is clumsily put together, and the diction, though strong and copious, is frequently turgid and incorrect.

"The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay," by the author of Lights and Shadows, is the last of these publications of which we shall now say any thing; and it is too pathetic and full of sorrow for us to say much of it. It is very beautiful and tender; but something cloying, perhaps, in the uniformity of its beauty, and exceedingly oppressive in the unremitting weight of the pity with which it presses on our souls. Nothing was ever imagined more lovely than the beauty, the innocence, and the sweetness of Margaret Lyndsay, in the earlier part of her trials; and nothing, we believe, is more true, than the comfortable lesson which her tale is meant to inculcate,—that a gentle and affectionate nature is never inconsolable nor permanently unhappy, but easily proceeds from submission to new enjoyment. But the tale of her trials, the accumulation of suffering on the heads of the humblest and most innocent of God's creatures, is too painful to be voluntarily recalled; and we cannot now undertake to give our readers any account of her father's desertion of his helpless family—of their dismal banishment from the sweet retreat in which they had been nurtured—their painful struggle with poverty and discomfort, in the darksome lanes of the city—the successive deaths of all this affectionate and harmless household, and her own ill-starred marriage to the husband of another wife. Yet we must enable them to form some notion of a work, which has drawn more tears from us than any we have had to peruse since the commencement of our career. This is the account of the migration of the ruined and resigned family from the scene of their early enjoyments.

"The twenty-fourth day of November came at last—a dim, dull, dreary, and obscure day, fit for parting everlastingly from a place or person tenderly beloved. There was no sun—no wind—no sound in the misty and unechoing air. A deadness lay over the wet earth, and there was no visible Heaven. Their goods and chattels were few; but many little delays occurred, some accidental, and more in the unwillingness of their hearts to take a final farewell. A neighbour had lent his cart for the flitting, and it was now standing loaded at the door, ready to move away. The fire, which had been kindled in the morning with a few borrowed peats, was now out—the shutters closed—the door was locked—and the key put into the hand of the person sent to receive it. And now there was nothing more to be said or done, and the impatient horse started briskly away from Braehead. The blind girl, and poor Marion, were sitting in the cart—Margaret and her mother were on foot. Esther had two or three small flower-pots in her lap, for in her blindness she loved the sweet fragrance, and the felt forms and imagined beauty of flowers; and the innocent carried away her tame pigeon in her bosom. Just as Margaret lingered on the threshold, the Robin red-breast that had been her boarder for several winters, hopped upon the stone-seat at the side of the door, and turned up its merry eyes to her face. 'There,' said she, 'is your last crumb from us, sweet Roby, but there is a God who takes care o' us a'. The widow had by this time shut down the lid of her memory, and left all the hoard of her thoughts and feelings, joyful or despairing, buried in darkness. The assembled group of neighbours, mostly mothers with their children in their arms, had given the 'God bless you, Alice, God bless you, Margaret, and the lave,' and began to disperse; each turning to her own cares and anxieties, in which, before night, the Lyndsays would either be forgotten, or thought on with that unpainful sympathy which is all the poor can afford or expect, but which, as in this case, often yields the fairest fruits of charity and love.

"A cold sleety rain accompanied the cart and the foot travellers all the way to the city. Short as the distance was, they met with several other flittings, some seemingly cheerful, and from good to better,—others with woe-begone faces, going like themselves down the path of poverty, on a journey from which they were to rest at night in a bare and hungry house. And now they drove through the suburbs, and into the city, passing unheeded among crowds of people, all on their own business of pleasure or profit, laughing, jibing, shouting, cursing,—the stir, and tumult, and torrent of congregated life. Margaret could hardly help feeling elated with the glitter of all the shining windows, and the hurry of the streets. Marion sat silent *with her pigeon warm in her breast below her brown cloak*, unknowing she of change, of time, or of place, and reconciled to sit patiently there, with the soft plumage touching her heart, if the cart had gone on, through the cold and sleet, to midnight!

"The cart stopt at the foot of a lane too narrow to admit the wheels, and also too steep for a laden horse. Two or three of their new neighbours,—persons in the very humblest condition, coarsely and negligently dressed, but seemingly kind and decent people, came out from their houses at the stopping of the cart-wheels. The cart was soon unladen, and the furniture put into the empty room. A cheerful fire was blazing, and the animated and interested faces of the honest folks who crowded into it, on a slight acquaintance, unceremoniously and curiously, but without rudeness, gave a cheerful welcome to the new dwelling. In a quarter of an hour the beds were laid down,—the room decently arranged,—one and all of the neighbours said 'Gude night,'—and the door was closed upon the Lyndsays in their new dwelling.

"They blessed and eat their bread in peace. The Bible was then opened, and Margaret read a chapter. There was frequent and loud noise in the lane, of passing merriment or anger,—but this little congregation worshipped God in a hymn, Esther's sweet voice leading the sacred melody, and they knelt together in prayer."—*Trials of Margaret Lyndsay*, pp. 66—70.

Her brother goes to sea, and returns, affectionate and happy, with a young companion, whom the opening beauty of Margaret Lyndsay charms into his first dream of love, and whose gallant bearing and open heart, cast the first, and almost the last gleam of joy and enchantment over the gentle and chastened heart of the maiden. But this, like all her other dawnings of joy, led only to more bitter affliction. She had engaged to go with him and her brother to church, one fine summer Sunday, and—the author shall tell the rest of the story himself.

"Her heart was indeed glad within her, when she saw the young sailor at the spot. His brown sun-burnt face was all one smile of exulting joy—and his bold clear eyes burned through the black hair that clustered over his forehead. There was not a handsomer, finer-looking boy in the British navy. Although serving before the mast, as many a noble lad has done, he was the son of a poor gentleman; and as he came up to Margaret Lyndsay, in his smartest suit, with his white straw hat, his clean shirt-neck tied with a black riband, and a small yellow cane in his hand, a brighter boy and a fairer girl never met in affection in the calm sunshine of a Scottish Sabbath-day.

"'Why have not you brought Laurence with you?' Harry made her put her arm within his, and then told her that it was not her brother's day on shore. Now all the calm air was filled with the sound of bells, and Leith Walk covered with well-dressed families. The nursery-gardens on each side were almost in their greatest beauty—so soft and delicate the verdure of the young imbedded trees, and so bright the glow of intermingled early flowers. 'Let us go to Leith by a way I have discovered,' said the joyful sailor—and he drew Margaret gently away from the public walk, into a retired path winding with many little white gates through these luxuriantly cultivated enclosures. The insects were dancing in the air—birds singing all about them—the sky was without a cloud—and a bright dazzling line of light was all that was now seen for the sea. The youthful pair loitered in their happiness—they never marked that the bells had ceased ringing; and when at last they hurried to reach the chapel, the door was closed, and they heard the service chanting. Margaret durst not knock at the door, or go in so long after worship was begun; and she secretly upbraided herself for her forgetfulness of a well-known and holy hour. She felt unlike herself walking on the street during the time of church, and beseeched Harry to go with her out of the sight of the windows, that all seemed

watching her in her neglect of Divine worship. So they bent their steps towards the shore.

"Harry Needham had not perhaps had any preconceived intention to keep Margaret from church; but he was very well pleased, that, instead of being with her in a pew there, in a crowd, he was now walking alone with her on the brink of his own element. The tide was coming fast in, hurrying on its beautiful little bright ridges of variegated foam, by short successive encroachments over the smooth hard level shore, and impatient, as it were, to reach the highest line of intermingled sea-weed, silvery sand, and deep-stained or glittering shells. The friends, or lovers—and their short dream was both friendship and love—retreated playfully from every little watery wall that fell in pieces at their feet, and Margaret turned up her sweet face in the sun-light to watch the slow dream-like motion of the sea-mews, who seemed sometimes to be yielding to the breath of the shifting air, and sometimes obeying only some wavering impulse of joy within their own white-plumaged breasts. Or she walked softly behind them, as they alighted on the sand, that she might come near enough to observe that beautifully wild expression that is in the eyes of all winged creatures whose home is on the sea.

"Alas! home — church — every thing on earth was forgotten—for her soul was filled exclusively with its present joy. She had never before, in all her life, been down at the sea-shore—and she never again was within hearing of its bright, sunny, hollow-sounding and melancholy waves!

"'See,' said Harry, with a laugh, 'the kirks have scaled, as you say here in Scotland—the pier-head is like a wood of bonnets.—Let us go there, and I think I can show them the bonniest face among them a'.' The fresh sea breeze had tinged Margaret's pale face with crimson,—and her heart now sent up a sudden blush to deepen and brighten that beauty. They mingled with the cheerful, but calm and decent crowd, and stood together at the end of the pier, looking towards the ship. 'That is our frigate, Margaret, the Tribune;—she sits like a bird on the water, and sails well, both in calm and storm.' The poor girl looked at the ship with her flags flying, till her eyes filled with tears. 'If we had a glass, like one my father once had, we might, perhaps, see Laurence.' And for the moment she used the word 'father' without remembering what and where he was in his misery.—'There is one of our jigger-rigged boats coming right before the wind.—Why, Margaret, this is the last opportunity you may have of seeing your brother. We may sail to-morrow; nay to-night.'—A sudden wish to go on board the ship seized Margaret's heart. Harry saw the struggle—and wiling her down a flight of steps, in a moment lifted her into the boat, which, with the waves rushing in foam within an inch of the gunwale, went dancing out of harbour, and was soon half-way over to the anchored frigate.

"The novelty of her situation, and of all the scene around, at first prevented the poor girl from thinking deliberately of the great error she had committed, in thus employing her Sabbath hours in a way so very different to what she had been accustomed; but she soon could not help thinking what she was to say to her mother when she went home, and was obliged to confess that she had not been at church at all, and had paid a visit to her brother on board the ship. It was very sinful in her thus to disobey her own conscience and her mother's will, and the tears came into her eyes.—The young sailor thought she was afraid, and only pressed her closer to him, with a few soothing words. At that moment a sea-mew came winnowing its way towards the boat, and one of the sailors rising up with a musquet, took aim as it flew over their heads. Margaret suddenly started up, crying, 'Do not kill the pretty bird,' and stumbling, fell forward upon the man, who also lost his balance.—A flaw of wind struck the mainsail—the helmsman was heedless—the sheet fast—and the boat instantly filling, went down in a moment, head foremost, in twenty fathom water!

"The accident was seen both from the shore and ship; and a crowd of boats put off to their relief. But death was beforehand with them all; and, when the frigate's boat came to the place, nothing was seen upon the waves. Two of the men, it was supposed, had gone to the bottom entangled with ropes or beneath the sail,—in a few moments the grey head of the old steersman was apparent, and he was lifted up with an oar—drowned. A woman's clothes were next descried; and Margaret was taken up with something heavy weighing down the body. It was Harry Needham, who had sunk in trying to save her; and in one of his hands was grasped a tress of her hair that had given way in the desperate struggle. There seemed to be faint symptoms of life in both; but they were utterly insensible. The crew, among which was Laurence Lyndsay, pulled swiftly back to the ship; and the bodies were first of all laid down together side by side in the captain's cabin."—*Trials of Margaret Lyndsay*, pp. 125—130.

We must conclude with something less desolating—and we can only find it in the account of the poor orphan's reception from an ancient miserly kinsman, to whom, after she had buried all her immediate family, she went like Ruth, in the simple strength of her innocence. After walking all day, she comes at night within sight of his rustic abode.

"With a beating heart, she stopt for a little while at the mouth of the avenue, or lane, that seemed to lead up to the house. It was much overgrown with grass, and there were but few marks of wheels; the hedges on each side were thick and green, but unclipped, and with frequent gaps; something melancholy lay over all about; and the place had the air of being uninhabited. But still it was beautiful; for it was bathed in the dews of a rich mid-summer gloaming, and the clover filled the air with fragrance that revived the heart of the solitary orphan, as she stood, for a few minutes, irresolute, and apprehensive of an unkind reception.

"At last she found heart, and the door of the house being open, Margaret walked in, and stood on the floor of the wide low-roofed kitchen. An old man was sitting, as if half asleep, in a high-backed arm-chair, by the side of the chimney.—Before she had time or courage to speak, her shadow fell upon his eyes, and he looked towards her with strong visible surprise, and, as she thought, with a slight displeasure. 'Ye hae got off your road, I'm thinking, young woman; what seek you here?' Margaret asked respectfully if she might sit down. 'Aye, aye, ye may sit down, but we keep nae refreshment here—this is no a public-house. There's ane a mile west in the Clachan.' The old man kept looking upon her, and with a countenance somewhat relaxed from its inhospitable austerity. Her appearance did not work as a charm or a spell, for she was no enchantress in a fairy tale; but the tone of her voice, so sweet and gentle, the serenity of her face, and the meekness of her manner, as she took her seat upon a stool not far from the door, had an effect upon old Daniel Craig, and he bade her come forward, and take a chair 'farther ben the house.'

"'I am an Orphan, and have perhaps but little claim upon you, but I have ventured to come here—my name is Margaret Lyndsay, and my mother's name was Alice Craig.' The old man moved upon his chair, as if a blow had struck him, and looked long and earnestly into her face. Her features confirmed her words. Her countenance possessed that strong power over him that goes down mysteriously through the generations of perishable man, connecting love with likeness, so that the child in its cradle may be smiling almost with the self-same expression that belonged to some one of its forefathers mouldered into ashes many hundred years ago. 'Nae doubt, nae doubt, ye are the daughter o' Walter Lyndsay and Alice Craig. Never were twa faces mair unlike than theirs, yet yours is like them baith. Margaret—that is your name—I give you my blessing. Hae you walked far? Mysie's doun at the Rashy-riggs, wi' milk to the calf, but will be in belyve. Come, my bonny bairn, take a shake o' your uncle's hand.'

"Margaret told, in a few words, the principal events of the last three years, as far as she could; and the old man, to whom they had been almost all unknown, heard her story with attention, but said little or nothing. Meanwhile, Mysie came in—an elderly, hard-featured woman, but with an expression of homely kindness, that made her dark face not unpleasant.

"Margaret felt herself an inmate of her uncle's house, and her heart began already to warm towards the old grey-headed solitary man. His manner exhibited, as she thought, a mixture of curiosity and kindness; but she did not disturb his taciturnity, and only returned immediate and satisfactory answers to his few short and abrupt questions. He evidently was thinking over the particulars which she had given him of her life at Braehead, and in the lane; and she did not allow herself to fear, but that, in a day or two, if he permitted her to stay, she would be able to awaken in his heart a natural interest in her behalf. Hope was a guest that never left her bosom—and she rejoiced when on the return of the old domestic from the bed-room, her uncle requested her to read aloud a chapter of the Bible. She did so,—and the old man took the book out of her hand with evident satisfaction, and, fastening the clasp, laid it by in the little cupboard in the wall near his chair, and wished her good night.

"Mysie conducted her into the bed-room, where every thing was neat, and superior, indeed, to the ordinary accommodation of a farm-house. 'Ye need na fear, for feather-bed and sheets are a' as dry as last year's hay in the stack. I keep a' things in the house weel aired, for damp's a great disaster. But, for a' that, sleepin' breath has na been drawn in that bed these saxteen years!' Margaret thanked her for the trouble she had taken, and soon laid down her limbs in grateful rest. A thin calico curtain was before the low window; but the still serene radiance of a midsummer night glimmered on the floor. All was silent—and in a few minutes Margaret Lyndsay was asleep.

"In the quiet of the succeeding evening of those which man took her with him along the burn-side into a green ewe-bught, where they sat down to rest a while in silence. At last he said, 'I have nae wife—nae children—nae friends, I may say, Margaret—nane that cares for me, but the servant in the house, an auld friendless body like mysel'; but if you choose to bide wi' us, you are mair than welcome; for I know not what is in that face o' thine; but this is the pleasantest day that has come to me these last thirty years.'

"Margaret was now requested to tell her uncle more about her parents and herself, and she complied with a full heart. She went back with all the power of nature's eloquence, to the history of her young years at Braehead—recounted all her father's miseries—her mother's sorrows—and her own trials. All the while she spoke, the tears were streaming from her eyes, and her sweet bosom heaved with a crowd of heavy sighs. The old man sat silent; but more than once he sobbed, and passed his withered toil-worn hands across his forehead.—They rose up together, as by mutual consent, and returned to the house. Before the light had too far died away, Daniel Craig asked Margaret to read a chapter in the Bible, as she had done the night before; and when she had concluded, he said, 'I never heard the Scriptures so well read in all my days — did you, Mysie?' The quiet creature looked on Margaret with a smile of kindness and admiration, and said, that 'she had never understood that chapter sae weel before, although, aiblins, she had read it a hundred times.'—'Ye can gang to your bed without Mysie to show you the way to-night, my good niece—ye are one of the family now—and Nether-Place will after this be as cheerfu' a house as in a' the parish.'"—*Trials of Margaret Lyndsay*, pp. 251, 252.

We should now finish our task by saying something of "Reginald Dalton;"—but such of our readers as have accompanied us through this long retrospect, will readily excuse us, we presume, for postponing our notice of that work till another opportunity. There are two decisive reasons, indeed, against our proceeding with it at present,—one, that we really have not yet read it fairly through—the other, that we have no longer room to say all of it that we foresee it will require.

GENERAL POLITICS.

A GREAT deal that should naturally come under this title has been unavoidably given already, under that of History; and more, I fear, may be detected under still less appropriate denominations. If any unwary readers have been thus unwittingly decoyed into Politics, while intent on more innocent studies, I can only hope that they will now take comfort, from finding how little of this obnoxious commodity has been left to appear in its proper colours; and also from seeing, from the decorous title now assumed, that all intention of engaging them in *Party* discussions is disclaimed.

I do not think that I was ever a violent or (consciously) uncandid partisan; and at all events, ten years of honest abstinence and entire segregation from party contentions (to say nothing of the sobering effects of threescore antecedent years!), should have pretty much effaced the vestiges of such predilections, and awakened the least considerate to a sense of the exaggerations, and occasional unfairness, which such influences must almost unavoidably impart to political disquisitions. In what I now reprint I have naturally been anxious to select what seemed least liable to this objection: and though I cannot flatter myself that a tone of absolute, Judicial impartiality is maintained in all these early productions, I trust that nothing will be found in them that can suggest the idea either of personal animosity, or of an ungenerous feeling towards a public opponent.

To the two first, and most considerable, of the following papers, indeed, I should wish particularly to refer, as fair exponents both of the principles I think I have always maintained, and of the temper in which I was generally disposed to maintain them. In some of the others a more vehement and contentious tone may no doubt be detected. But as they touch upon matters of permanent interest and importance, and advocate opinions which I still think substantially right, I have felt that it would be pusillanimous now to suppress them, from a poor fear of censure, which, if just, I cannot but know that I deserve—or a still poorer distrust of those allowances which I have no reason to think will be withheld from me by the better part of my readers.

(November, 1812.)

Essay on the Practice of the British Government, distinguished from the abstract Theory on which it is supposed to be founded. By GOULD FRANCIS LECKIE. 8vo. London: 1812.*

THIS is the most direct attack which we have ever seen in English, upon the free constitution of England;—or rather upon political liberty in general, and upon our government only in so far as it is free:—and it consists partly in an eager exposition of the inconveniences resulting from parliaments or representative legislatures, and partly in a warm defence and undisguised panegyric of Absolute, or, as the author more elegantly phrases it, of *Simple* monarchy.

The pamphlet which contains these consolatory doctrines, has the further merit of being, without any exception, the worst written, and the worst reasoned, that has ever fallen into our hands; and there is nothing indeed but the extreme importance of the subject, and of the singular complexion of the times in which it appears, that could induce us to take any notice of it. The rubbish that is scattered in our common walks, we merely push aside and disregard; but, when it defiles the approaches to the temple, or is heaped on the sanctuary itself, it must be cast out with other rites of expiation, and visited with severer penalties. When the season is healthy, we may walk securely among the elements of corruption, and warrantably decline the inglorious labour of sweeping them away:—but, when the air is tainted and the blood impure, we should look with jealousy upon every speck, and consider that the slightest remission of our police may spread a pestilence through all the borders of the land.

There are two periods, it appears to us, when the promulgation of such doctrines as are maintained by this author may be considered as dangerous, or at least as of evil omen, in a country like this. The one, when the friends of arbitrary power are strong and daring, and advantageously posted; and when, meditating some serious attack on the liberties of the people, they send out their emissaries and manifestoes, to feel and to prepare their way:—the other, when they are substantially weak, and unfit to maintain a conflict with their opponents, but where the great body of the timid and the cautious are alarmed at the prospect of such a conflict, and half disposed to avert the crisis by supporting whatever is in actual possession of power. Whether either of these descriptions may suit the aspect of the present times, we willingly leave it to our readers to determine: But before going farther, we think it proper to say, that we impute no corrupt motives to the author before us; and that there is, on the contrary, every appearance of his being conscientiously persuaded of the advantages of arbitrary power, and sincerely eager to reconcile the minds of his countrymen to the introduction of so great a blessing. The truth indeed seems to be, that having lived so long abroad as evidently to have lost, in a great degree, the use of his native language, it is not surprising that he should have lost along with it, a great number of those feelings, without which it really is not possible to reason, in this country, on the English constitution; and has gradually come, not only to speak, but to feel, like a foreigner, as to many of those things which still constitute both the pride and the happiness of his countrymen. We have no doubt that he would be a very useful and enlightened patriot in Sicily; but we think it was rather harsh in him to venture before the public with his speculations on the English government, with his present stock of information and habits of thinking. Though we do not, however, impute to him any thing worse than these disqualifications, there are persons enough in the country to whom it will be a sufficient recommendation of any work, that it inculcates principles of servility; and who will be abundantly ready to give it every chance of making an impression, which it may derive from their approbation; and indeed we have already heard such testimonies in favour of this slender performance, as seem to impose it upon us as a duty to give some little account of its contents, and some short opinion of its principles.

The first part of the task may be performed in a very moderate compass; for though the learned author has not always the gift of writing intelligibly, it is impossible for a diligent reader not to see what he would be at; and his doctrine, when once fairly understood, may readily be reduced to a few very simple propositions. After preluding on a variety of minor topics, and suggesting some curious enough remedies for our present unhappy condition, he candidly admits that none of those would reach to the root of the evil; which consists entirely, it seems, in our "too great jealousy of the Crown:" and accordingly proceeds to draw a most seducing picture of his favourite Simple monarchy; and indirectly indeed, but quite unequivocally, to intimate, that the only effectual cure for the evils under which we now suffer is to be found in the total abolition of Parliaments, and the conversion of our constitution into an absolute monarchy: or, shortly to "advert," as he expresses himself, "to the advantages which a Monarchy, such as has been described, has over our boasted British Constitution." These advantages, after a good deal of puzzling, he next settles to be—First, that the sovereign will be "more likely to feel a pride, as well as a zeal, to act a great and good part;"—secondly, that the ministers will have more time to attend to their duties when they have no parliamentary contentions to manage;—thirdly, that the public councils will be guided by fixed and steady principles;—fourthly, that if the Monarch should act in an oppressive manner, it will be easier for the people to get the better of him than of a whole Parliament, who might act in the same manner;—fifthly, that the heir apparent might then be allowed to travel in foreign countries for the improvement of his manners and understanding;—sixthly, and lastly, that there would be no longer any pretext for a cry against "what is styled *backstair influence*!"

Such is the sum of Mr. Leckie's publication; of which, as a curious specimen of the infinite diversity of human opinions and endowments, and of the license of political speculation that is still occasionally indulged in in this country, we have thought it right that some memorial should be preserved—a little more durable than the pamphlet itself seemed likely to afford. But though what we have already said is probably more than enough to settle the opinion of all reasonable persons with regard to the merits of the work, we think we can trace, even in some of the most absurd and presumptuous of its positions, the operation of certain errors, which we have found clouding the views, and infecting the opinions of persons of far sounder understanding; and shall presume, therefore, to offer a few very plain and simple remarks upon some of the points which we think we have most frequently found either misrepresented or misunderstood.

The most important and radical of those, is that which relates to the nature and uses of Monarchy, and the rights and powers of a sovereign; upon which, therefore, we beg leave to begin with a few observations. And here we shall take leave to consider Royalty as being, on the whole, but a Human Institution,—originating in a view to the general good, and not to the gratification of the individual upon whom the office is conferred; or at least only capable of being justified, or deserving to be retained, where it is found, or believed, to be actually beneficial to the whole society. Now we think that, generally speak-

* I used to think that this paper contained a very good defence of our free constitution; and especially the most complete, temperate, and searching vindication of our Hereditary Monarchy that was any where to be met with: And, though it now appears to me rather more elementary and elaborate than was necessary, I am still of opinion that it may be of use to young politicians,—and suggest cautions and grounds of distrust, to rash discontent and thoughtless presumption.

ing, it is a highly beneficial institution: and that the benefits which it is calculated to confer are great and obvious.

From the first moment that men began to associate together, and to act in concert for their general good and protection, it would be found that all of them could not take a share in consulting and regulating their operations, and that the greater part must submit to the direction of certain managers and leaders. Among these, again, some one would naturally assume a pre-eminence; and in time of war especially, would be allowed to exercise a great authority. Struggles would as necessarily ensue for retaining this post of distinction, and for supplanting its actual possessor; and whether there was a general acquiescence in the principle of having one acknowledged chief, or a desire to be guided and advised by a plurality of those who seemed best qualified for the task, there would be equal hazard, or rather certainty, of perpetual strife, tumult, and dissension, from the attempts of ambitious individuals, either to usurp an ascendancy over all their competitors, or to dispute with him who had already obtained it, his right to continue its possession. Every one possessed of any considerable means of influence would thus be tempted to aspire to a precarious Sovereignty; and while the inferior persons of the community would be opposed to each other as adherents of the respective pretenders, not only would all care of the general good be omitted, but the society would become a prey to perpetual feuds, cabals, and hostilities, subversive of the first principles of its institution.

Among the remedies which would naturally present themselves for this great evil, the most efficacious, though not perhaps at first sight the most obvious, would be to provide some regular and authentic form for the election of One acknowledged chief, by a fair but pacific competition;—the term of whose authority would be gradually prolonged to that of his natural life,—and afterwards extended to the lives of his remotest descendants. The advantages which seem to us to be peculiar to this arrangement are, first, to disarm the ambition of dangerous and turbulent individuals, by removing the great prize of Supreme authority, at all times, and entirely, from competition; and, secondly, to render this authority itself more manageable, and less hazardous, by delivering it over peaceably, and upon expressed or understood conditions, to an hereditary prince; instead of letting it be seized upon by a fortunate conqueror, who would think himself entitled to use it—as conquerors commonly use their booty—for his own exclusive gratification.

The steps, then, by which we are conducted to the justification of Hereditary Monarchy, are shortly as follows. Admitting all men to be equal in rights, they can never be equal in natural endowments,—nor long equal in wealth and other acquisitions:—Absolute liberty, therefore, or equal participation of power, is altogether out of the question; and a kind of Aristocracy or disorderly and fluctuating supremacy of the richest and most accomplished, may be considered as the primeval state of society. Now this, even if it could be supposed to be peaceable and permanent, is by no means a desirable state for the persons subjected to this multifarious and irregular authority. But it is plain that it could not be peaceable,—that even among the rich, and the accomplished, and the daring, some would be more rich, more daring, and more accomplished than the rest; and that those in the foremost ranks who were most nearly on an equality, would be armed against each other by mutual jealousy and ambition; while those who were a little lower, would combine, out of envy and resentment, to defeat or resist, by their junction, the pretensions of the few who had thus outstripped their original associates. Thus there would not only be no liberty or security for the body of the people, but the whole would be exposed to the horror and distraction of perpetual intestine contentions. The creation of one Sovereign, therefore, whom the whole society would acknowledge as supreme, was a great point gained for tranquillity as well as individual independence; and in order to avoid the certain evils of perpetual struggles for dominion, and the imminent hazard of falling at last under the absolute will of an exasperated conqueror, nothing could be so wisely devised as to agree upon the nomination of a King; and thus to get rid of a multitude of petty tyrants, and the risk of military despotism, by the establishment of a legitimate monarchy. The first king would probably be the most popular and powerful individual in the community; and the first idea would in all likelihood be to appoint his successor on account of the same qualifications: But it would speedily be discovered, that this would give rise at the death of every sovereign—and indeed, prospectively, long before it—to the same fatal competitions and dissensions, which had formerly been perpetual; and not only hazard a civil war on every accession, but bring the successful competitor, to the throne, with feelings of extreme hostility towards one half of his subjects, and of extreme partiality to the other. The chances of not finding eminent talents for command in the person of the sovereign, therefore, would soon be seen to be *a far less evil* than the sanguinary competitions that would ensue, if merit were made the sole ground of preferment; and a very little reflection, or experience, would also serve to show, that the sort of merit which was most likely to succeed in such a competition, did not promise a more desirable sovereign, than might be probably reckoned on, in the common course of hereditary succession. The only safe course, therefore, was, to take this Great Prize altogether out of the Lottery of human life—to make the supreme dignity in the state, professedly and altogether independent of merit or popularity; and to fix it immutably in a place quite out of the career of ambition.

This great point then was gained by the mere institution of Monarchy, and by rendering it hereditary: The chief cause of internal

discord was removed, and the most dangerous incentive to ambition placed in a great measure beyond the sphere of its operation;—and this we have always considered to be the peculiar and characteristic advantage of that form of government. A pretty important chapter, however, remains, as to the extent of the Powers that ought to be vested in the Monarch, and the nature of the Checks by which the limitation of those powers should be rendered effectual. And here it will be readily understood, that considering, as we do, the chief advantage of monarchy to consist in its taking away the occasions of contention for the First Place in the state, and in a manner neutralizing that place by separating it entirely from any notion of merit or popularity in the possessor—we cannot consistently be for allotting a greater measure of actual power to it than is absolutely necessary for answering this purpose. Our notions of this measure, however, are by no means of a jealous or penurious description. We must give enough of real power, and distinction and prerogative, to make it truly and substantially the first place in the State, and also to make it impossible for the occupiers of inferior places to endanger the general peace by *their* contentions;—for, otherwise, the whole evils which its institution was meant to obviate would recur with accumulated force, and the same fatal competitions be renewed among persons of disorderly ambition, for those other situations, by whatever name they might be called, in which, though nominally subordinate to the throne, the actual powers of sovereignty were embodied. But, on the other hand, we would give no powers to the Sovereign, or to any other officer in the community, beyond what were evidently required for the public good;—and no powers at all, on the exercise of which there was not an efficient control, and for the use of which there was not a substantial responsibility. It is in the reconciling of these two conditions that the whole difficulty of the theory of a perfect monarchy consists. If you do not control your sovereign, he will be in danger of becoming a despot; and if you do control him, there is danger, unless you choose the depository of this control with singular caution, that you create another power, that is uncontrolled and uncontrollable—to be the prey of audacious leaders and outrageous factions, in spite of the hereditary settlement of the nominal sovereignty. Though there is some difficulty, however, in this problem, and though we learn from history, that various errors have been committed in an attempt at its practical solution, yet we do not conceive it as by any means insoluble; and think indeed that, with the lights which we may derive from the experience of our own constitution, its demonstration may be effected by a very moderate exertion of sagacity. It will be best understood, however, by a short view of the nature of the powers to be controlled, and of the system of checks which have, at different times, been actually resorted to.

In the first place, then, we must beg leave to remind our readers, however superfluous it may appear, that as kings are now generally allowed to be mere mortals, they cannot of themselves have any greater powers, either of body or mind, than other individuals, and must in fact be inferior in both respects to very many of their subjects. Whatever powers they have, therefore, must be powers conferred upon them by *the consent* of the stronger part of their subjects, and are in fact really and truly the powers of those persons. The most absolute despot accordingly, of whom history furnishes any record, must have governed merely by the free will of those who *chose to obey him, in compelling the rest of his subjects to obedience*. The Sultan, as Mr. Hume remarks, may indeed drive the bulk of his unarmed subjects, like brutes, by mere force; but he must lead his armed Janissaries like men, by their reason and free will. And so it is in all other governments: The power of the sovereign is nothing else than the power—the actual force of muscle or of mind—which a certain part of his subjects *choose* to lend for carrying his orders into effect; and the check or limit to this power is, in all cases, ultimately and in effect, nothing else than their refusal to act any longer as the instruments of his pleasure. The check, therefore, is substantially the same in kind, in all cases whatever; and must necessarily exist in full vigour in every country in the world; though the likelihood of its *beneficial* application depends greatly on the structure of society in each particular nation; and the possibility of applying it with *ease and safety* must result wholly from the contrivances that have been adopted to make it bear, at once gradually and steadily, on the power it is destined to regulate. It is here accordingly, and here only, that there is any material difference between a good and a bad constitution of Monarchical government.

The ultimate and only real limit to what is called the power of the sovereign, is the refusal or the consent or co-operation of those who possess the substantial power of the community, and who, during their voluntary concert with the sovereign, allow this power of theirs to pass under his name. In considering whether this refusal is likely to be wisely and beneficially interposed, it is material therefore to inquire in whom, in any particular case, the power of interposing it is vested; or, in other words, in what individuals the actual power of coercing and compelling the submission of the bulk of the community is intrinsically vested. If every individual were equally gifted, and equally situated, the answer would be, In the numerical majority: But as this never can be the case, this power will frequently be found to reside in a very small proportion of the whole society.

In rude times, when there is little intelligence or means of concert and communication, a very moderate number of armed and disciplined forces will be able, so long as they keep together, to overawe, and actually overpower the whole unarmed inhabitants, even of an extensive region; and accordingly, in such times, the necessity of procuring the good will and consent of the Soldiery, is the

only check upon the power of the Sovereign; or, in other words, the soldiers may do what they choose—and their nominal master can do nothing which they do not choose. Such is the state of the worst despotisms. The check upon the royal authority is the same in substance as in the best administered monarchies, viz. the refusal of the consent or co-operation of those who possess for the time the natural power of the community: But, from the unfortunate structure of society, which (in the case supposed) vests this substantial power in a few bands of disciplined ruffians, the check will scarcely ever be interposed for the benefit of the nation, and will merely operate to prevent the king from doing any thing to the prejudice or oppression of the soldiery themselves.

When civilisation has made a little further progress, a number of the leaders of the army, or their descendants, acquire landed property, and associate together, not merely in their military capacity, but as guardians of their new acquisitions and hereditary dignities.—Their soldiers become their vassals in time of peace; and the real power of the State is gradually transferred from the hands of detached and mercenary battalions, to those of a Feudal Nobility. The check on the royal authority comes then to lie in the refusal of *this* body to co-operate in such of his measures as do not meet with their approbation; and the king can now do nothing to the prejudice of the order of Nobility. The body of the people fare a little better under the operation of this check;—because their interest is much more identified with that of their feudal lords, than with that of a standing army of regular or disorderly forces.

As society advances in refinement, and the arts of peace are developed, men of the lower orders assemble, and fortify themselves in Towns and Cities, and thus come to acquire a power independent of their patrons. *Their* consent also accordingly becomes necessary to the development of the public authority within their communities; and hence another check to what is called the power of the sovereign. And, finally, to pass over some intermediate stages, when society has attained its full measure of civility and intelligence, and is filled from top to bottom with wealth and industry, and reflection; when every thing that is done or felt by any one class, is communicated on the instant to all the rest,—and a vast proportion of the whole population takes an interest in the fortunes of the country, and possesses a certain intelligence as to the public conduct of its rulers,—then the substantial power of the nation may be said to be vested in the Nation at large; or at least in those individuals who can habitually command the good-will and support of the greater part of them;—and the ultimate check to the power of the sovereign comes to consist in the general unwillingness of The People to comply with those orders, which, if at all united in their resolution, they may now effectually disobey and resist. *This* check, when applied at all, is likely, of course, to be applied for the general good; and, though the same in substance with those which have been already considered, namely, the refusal of those in whom the real power is vested, to lend it to the monarch for purposes which they do not approve, is yet infinitely more beneficial in its operation, in consequence of the more fortunate position of those to whom that power now belongs.

Thus we see that Kings have no power of their own; and that, even in the purest despotisms, they are the mere organs or directors of that power which they who truly possess the physical and intellectual force of the nation may choose to put at their disposal; and are at all times, and under every form of monarchy, entirely under the control of that only virtual and effective power. There is at bottom, therefore, no such thing, as an unlimited monarchy; or indeed as a monarchy that is potentially either more or less limited than every other. All kings *must* act by the consent of that order or portion of the nation which can really command all the rest, and may generally do whatever these substantial masters do not disapprove of: But as it is their power which is truly exerted in the name of the sovereign, so, it is not so much a necessary consequence as an identical proposition to say, that where they are clearly opposed to the exercise of that power, the king has no means whatever of asserting the slightest authority. This is the universal law indeed of all governments; and though the different constitution of society, in the various stages of its progress, may give a different character to the controlling power, the principles which regulate its operation are substantially the same in all. There is no room, therefore, for the question, whether there should be any control on the power of a king, or what that control should be; because, as the power really is not the king's, but belongs inalienably to the stronger part of the nation itself, whether it derive that strength from discipline, talents, numbers, or situation, it is impossible that it should be exercised at his instigation, without the concurrence, or acquiescence at least, of those in whom it is substantially vested.

Such, then, is the abstract and fundamental doctrine as to the true nature of Monarchical, and indeed of every other species of Political power; and, abstract as it is, we cannot help thinking that it goes far to settle all controversies as to *the rights* of sovereigns, and ought to be kept clearly in mind in proceeding to the more practical views of the subject. For, though what we have now said as to all actual power belonging to the predominant mass of physical and intellectual force in every community, and the certainty of its ultimately impelling the public authority in the direction of its interests and inclinations, be unquestionably true in itself; it is still of infinite importance to consider what provisions are made by the form of the government, or what is called its Constitution, for the ready operation of those interests and inclinations upon the immediate agents of the public authority. That

they will operate with full effect in the long-run, whether those provisions be good or bad, or whether there be any such provision formally recognised in the government or not, we take to be altogether indisputable: But, in the one case, they will operate only after long intervals of suffering,—and by means of much suffering; while, on the other, they will be constantly and almost insensibly in action, and will correct the first declination of the visible index of public authority, from the natural line of action of the radical power of which it should be the exponent, or rather will prevent any sensible variation or disconformity in their respective movements. The whole difference, indeed, between a good and a bad government, appears to us to consist in this particular, viz. in the greater or the less facility which it affords for the early, the gradual and steady operation of the substantial Power of the community upon its constituted Authorities; while the freedom, again, and ultimate happiness of the nation depend on the degree in which this substantial power is possessed by a greater or a smaller, and a more or less moral and instructed part of the whole society—a matter almost independent of the form or name of the government, and determined in a great degree by the progress which the society itself has made in civilisation and refinement.

Thus, to take the most abominable of all governments—a ferocious despotism, such as that of Morocco—where an Emperor, in concert with a banditti of armed ruffians, butchers, plunders, and oppresses the whole unarmed population,—the check to the monarchical power is complete, even there, in the disobedience or dissatisfaction of the banditti; although, from the character of that body, it affords but little protection to the community, and, from the want of any contrivance for its early or systematic operation, can scarcely ever be applied, even for its own objects, but with irreparable injury to both the parties concerned. As there is no arrangement by which the general sense of this lawless soldiery can be collected, upon any proposed measures of their leader, or the moment ascertained when the degree of his oppression exceeds that of their patience, they never begin to act till his outrages have gone far beyond what was necessary to decide their resistance; and accordingly, he on the one hand, goes on decapitating and torturing, for months after all the individuals, by whose consent alone he was enabled to take this amusement, were truly of opinion that it should have been discontinued; and, on the other, receives the intimation at last, not in the form of a remonstrance, upon which he might amend, but in the shape of a bow-string, a dose of poison, or a stroke of the dagger. Thus, from the mere want of any provision for ascertaining the sentiments of the individuals possessing the actual power of the state, or for communicating them to the individual appointed to administer it, infinite evils result to both parties. The first suffer intolerable oppressions before they feel such confidence in their unanimity as to interfere at all; and then, they do it at last, in the form of brutal violence and vindictive infliction. Every admonition, in short, given to their elected leader is preceded by *their* suffering, and followed by *his* death; and every application of the check which nature itself has provided for the abuse of all delegated power, is accompanied by a total dissolution of the government, and the hazard of a long series of revolutionary tumults.

This is the history of all Military despotisms, in barbarous and uninstructed communities. When they get on to Feudal aristocracies, matters are a little mended; both by the transference of the actual power to a larger and worthier body, and by the introduction of some sort of machinery or contrivance, however rude, to insure or facilitate the operation of this power upon the ostensible agents of the government. The person of the Sovereign is now surrounded by some kind of Council or parliament; and threats and remonstrances are addressed to him, with considerable energy, by such of its members as take offence at the measures he proposes. Such, however, is the imperfection of the means devised for these communications, and such the difficulty of collecting the sentiments of those who can make them with effect, that this necessary operation is still performed in a very clumsy and hazardous manner. These are the times, accordingly, when Barons enter their protests, by openly waging war on their Sovereign, or each other; and, even when they are tolerably agreed among themselves, can think of no better way of controlling or enlightening their monarch, than by marching down in arms to Runnymede, and compelling him, by main force, and in sight of all his people, to sign a charter of their liberties. The evils, in short, are the same in substance as in the sanguinary revolutions of Morocco. The mischief goes to a dangerous length before any remedy is applied; and the remedy itself is a great mischief: Although, from the improved state of intelligence and civilisation, the outrages are not on either side so horrible.

The next stage brings us to commercial and enlightened times, in which the real strength and power of the nation is scattered pretty widely through the whole of its population, and in which, accordingly, the check upon the misapplication of that power must arise from the dissatisfaction of that great body. The check must always exist,—and is sure, sooner or later, to operate with sufficient efficacy; but the safety and the promptitude of its operation depend, in this case as in all the others, upon the nature of the contrivances which the Constitution has provided, first, for collecting and ascertaining the sentiments of that great and miscellaneous aggregate in whom the actual power is now vested; and, secondly, for communicating this in an authentic manner to the executive officers of the government. The most effectual and complete way of effecting this, is undoubtedly by a Parliament, so elected as to represent pretty fairly the views of all the considerable

classes of the people, and so constituted as to have at all times the means, both of suggesting those views to the executive, and of effectually checking or preventing its malversations. Where no such institution exists, the tranquillity of the state will always be exposed to considerable hazard; and the danger of great convulsions will unfortunately become greater, exactly in proportion as the body of the people become more wealthy and intelligent.

Under the form of society, however, of which we are now speaking, there must always be some channels, however narrow and circuitous, by which the sense of the people may be let in to act upon the administrators of their government. The channel of the press, for example, and of general literature—provincial magistracies and assemblies, such as the States and Parliaments of old France—even the ordinary courts of law—the stage—the pulpit—and all the innumerable occasions of considerable assemblages for deliberation on local interests, election to local offices, or for mere solemnity and usage of festivity—which must exist in all large, ancient, and civilised communities, may afford indications of that general sentiment, which must ultimately govern all things; and may serve to admonish observant kings and courtiers how far the true possessors of the national power are likely to sanction any of its proposed applications.—Where those indications, however, are neglected or misconstrued, or where, from other circumstances, institutions that may seem better contrived, fail either to represent the true sense of the ruling part of the community, or to convince the Executive magistrate that they do represent it, there, even in the most civilised and intelligent countries, the most hazardous and tremendous distractions may ensue;—such distractions as broke the peace, and endangered the liberties of this country in the time of Charles the First—or such as have recently torn in pieces the frame of society in France; and in their consequences still threaten the destiny of the world.

Both those convulsions, it appears to us, arose from nothing else than the want of some proper or adequate contrivance for ascertaining the sentiments of those holding the actual strength of the nation,—and for conveying those sentiments, with the full evidence of their authenticity, to the actual administrators of their affairs. And the two cases, we take it, were more nearly alike than has generally been imagined; for though the House of Commons had an existence long before the time of King Charles, it had not previously been recognised as the vehicle of commanding opinions, nor the proper organ of that great body to whom the actual power of the State had been recently and insensibly transferred. The Court still considered the effectual power to reside in the feudal aristocracy, by the greater part of which it was supported; and, when the Parliament, or rather the House of Commons, spoke in name of the People of England, thought it might safely disregard the admonitions of a body which had not hitherto advanced any such authoritative claims to attention. It refused, therefore, to acknowledge this body as the organ of the supreme power of the State; and was only undeceived when it fell before its actual exertion. In France again, the error, though more radical, was of the very same nature. The administration of the government was conducted, up to the very eve of the Revolution, upon the same principles as when the Nobles were every thing, and the People nothing;—though the people, in the mean time, had actually become far more than a match for the nobility, in wealth, in intelligence, and in the knowledge of their own importance. The Constitution, however, provided no means for the peaceable but authoritative intimation of this change to the official rulers; or for the gradual development of the new power which had thus been generated in the community; and the consequence was, that its more indirect indications were overlooked, and nothing yielded to its accumulating pressure, till it overturned the throne,—and overwhelmed with its wasteful flood the whole ancient institutions of the country. If there had been any provision in the structure of the government, by which the increasing power of the lower orders had been enabled to make itself distinctly felt, and to bear upon the constituted authorities, as gradually as it was generated, the great calamities which have befallen that nation might have been entirely avoided,—the condition of the monarchy might have insensibly accommodated itself to the change in the condition of the people,—and a most beneficial alteration might have taken place in its administration, without any shock or convulsion in any part of the community. For want of some such provision, however, the Court was held in ignorance of the actual power of the people, till it burst in thunder on their heads. The pent-up vapours disploded with the force of an earthquake; and those very elements that would have increased the beauty and strength of the constitution by their harmonious combination, crumbled its whole fabric into ruin by their sudden and untempered collision. The bloody revolutions of the Seraglio were acted over again in the heart of the most polished and enlightened nation of Europe;—and from the very same cause—the want of a channel for conveying, constantly and temperately and effectually, the sense of those who possess power, to those whose office it was to direct its application;—and the outrage was only the greater and more extensive, that the body among whom this power was diffused was larger, and the period of its unsuspected accumulation of longer duration.

The great point, then, is to insure a free, an authoritative, and an uninterrupted communication between the ostensible administrators of the national power and its actual constituents and depositories; and the chief distinction between a good and a bad government consists in the degree in which it affords the means of such a communication. The main end of government, to be sure is, that wise laws should be enacted and enforced but such is the condition of human infirmity

that the hazards of sanguinary contentions about the exercise of power, is a much greater and more imminent evil than a considerable obstruction in the making or execution of the laws; and the best government therefore is, not that which promises to make the best laws, and to enforce them most vigorously, but that which guards best against the tremendous conflicts to which all administrations of government, and all exercise of political power is so apt to give rise. It happens, fortunately indeed, that the same arrangements which most effectually insure the peace of society against those disorders, are also, on the whole, the best calculated for the purposes of wise and efficient legislation. But we do not hesitate to look upon their negative or preventive virtues as of a far higher cast than their positive and active ones; and to consider a representative legislature as incomparably of more value, when it truly enables the efficient force of the nation to control and direct the executive, than when it merely enacts wholesome statutes in its legislative capacity.

The result of the whole then is, that in a civilised and enlightened country, the actual power of the State resides in the great body of the people, and especially among the more wealthy and intelligent in all the different ranks of which it consists; and consequently, that the administration of a government can never be either safe or happy, unless it be conformable to the wishes and sentiments of that great body; while there is little chance of its answering either of these conditions, unless the forms of the Constitution provide some means for the regular, constant, and authentic expression of their sentiments,—to which, when so expressed, it is the undoubted duty, as well as the obvious interest of the executive to conform. A Parliament, therefore, which really and truly represents the sense and opinions—we mean the general and mature sense, not the occasional prejudices and fleeting passions—of the efficient body of the people, and which watches over and effectually controls every important act of the executive magistrate, is necessary, in a country like this, for the tranquillity of the government, and the ultimate safety of the Monarchy itself,—much more even than for the enactment of laws; and, in proportion as it varies from this description, or relaxes in this control, will the peace of the country and the security of the government be endangered.

But then comes Mr. Leckie, and a number of loyal gentlemen, from Sicily, or other places, exclaiming that this is mere treason and republicanism,—and asking whether the king is to have no will or voice of his own?—what is to become of the balance of the Constitution if he is to be reduced to a mere cypher added to the end of every ministerial majority?—and how, if the office is thus divested of all real power, it can ever fulfil the purposes for which we ourselves have preferred Monarchy to all other constitutions? We shall endeavour to answer these questions;—and after the preceding full exposition of our premises, we think they may be answered very briefly.

In the *first* place, then, it does not appear to us that it can be seriously maintained that any national or salutary purpose can ever be served by recognising the private will or voice of the King as an individual, as an element in the political government, especially in an Hereditary monarchy. The person upon whom that splendid lot may fall, not having been selected for the office on account of any proof or presumption of his fitness for it, but being called to it as it were by mere accident, may be fairly presumed to have less talent or capacity than any one of the individuals who have made their own way to a place of influence or authority in his councils; and his voice or opinion therefore, considered naturally and in itself, must be of less value or intrinsic authority than that of any other person in high office under him: And when it is farther considered that this Sovereign may be very young or very old—almost an idiot—almost a madman—and altogether a dotard, while he is still in the full possession and the lawful exercise of the whole authority of his station, it must seem perfectly extravagant to maintain that it can be of advantage to the nation, that his *individual* wishes or opinions should be the measure or the condition of any one act of legislation or national policy.—Assuredly it is not for his wisdom or his patriotism, and much less for his own delight and gratification, that an hereditary monarch is placed upon the throne of a free people; and this obvious consideration alone might lead us at once to the true end and purpose of royalty.

But the letter and theory of the English Constitution recognise the individual will of the Sovereign, just as little as reason and common sense can require it, as an integral element in that constitution. It declares that the King as an individual can do no wrong, and can be made accountable for nothing—but that his ministers and advisers shall be responsible for all his acts without any exception—or at least with the single exception of the act of naming those advisers. In every one act of his peculiar and official Prerogative, in which, if in any thing, his individual and private will must be understood to have been exerted, the Constitution sees only the will and the act of his ministers. The King's speech—the speech pronounced by his own lips, and as his voluntary act in the face of the whole nation—is the speech of the minister; and as such, is openly canvassed, and condemned if need be, by the houses of Parliament, in the ordinary course of their duty. The King's personal answers to addresses—his declarations of peace or war—the honours he personally confers—the bills he personally passes or rejects—are all considered by the Constitution as the acts only of his counsellors. It is not only the undoubted right, but the unquestionable duty of the Houses of Parliament, to consider of their propriety—to complain of them if they think them inexpedient—to get them rescinded if they admit of such a correction; and at all events to prosecute, impeach, and punish those advisers—to whom, and not to the Sovereign in whose name they run, they

are exclusively attributed. This great doctrine, then, of ministerial responsibility, answers the first question of Mr. Leckie and his adherents, as to the enormity of subjecting the personal will and opinion of the Sovereign at all times to the control of those who represent the efficient power of the community. Mr. Leckie himself, it is to be observed, is for leaving this grand feature of ministerial responsibility, even when he is for dispensing with the attendance of Parliaments;—though, to be sure, among his other omissions, he has forgotten to tell us by whom, and in what manner, it could be enforced, after the abolition of those troublesome assemblies.

The next question relates to the theoretical balance of the Constitution, which they say implies that the will and the power of the Monarch is to be a separate and independent element in the government. We have not left ourselves room now to answer this at large; nor indeed do we think it necessary; and accordingly we shall make but two remarks in regard to it, and that in the most summary manner. The first is, that the powers ascribed to the Sovereign, in the theory of the Constitution, are not supposed to be vested in him as an insulated and independent individual—but in him as guided and consubstantiated with his responsible counsellors—that *the King*, in that balance, means not *the person* of the reigning prince, but the *department of the Executive government*—the whole body of ministers and their dependants—to whom, for the sake of convenience and dispatch, the initiative of many important measures is entrusted; and who are only entitled or enabled to carry on business, under burden of their responsibility to Parliament, and in reliance on its ultimate support. The second remark is, that the balance of the Constitution, in so far as it has any real existence, will be found to subsist almost entirely in the House of Commons, which possesses exclusively both the power of impeachment, and the power of granting supplies; and has besides, the most natural and immediate communication with that great body of the Nation, in whom the power of control over all the branches of the Legislature is ultimately vested. The Executive, therefore, has its chief Ministers in that House, and exerts in that place all the influence which is attached to its situation. If it is successfully opposed there, it would for the most part be infinitely dangerous for it to think of resisting in any other quarter. But if it were to exercise its legal prerogative, by refusing a series of favourite bills, or disregarding an unanimous address of the Commons, the natural consequence would be, that the Commons would retort, by exercising *their* legal privilege of withholding the supplies; and as things could not go on for a moment on such a footing, the King must either submit at discretion, or again bethink himself of raising his royal standard against that of a Parliamentary army. The general view, indeed, which we have taken above of the true nature of that which is called the power of the Monarch, is enough to show, that it can only be upon the very unlikely, *but not impossible supposition*, that the nominal representatives of the people are really more estranged from their true sentiments than the ministers of the Crown, that it can ever be safe or allowable for the latter to refuse immediate compliance with the will of those representatives.

There remains then but one other question, viz. Whether we are really for reducing the King to the condition of a mere tool in the hands of a ministerial majority, without any real power or influence whatsoever; and whether, upon this supposition, there can be any use in the institution of monarchy—as the minister, on this view of things, must be regarded as the real sovereign, and *his* office is still open to competition, as the reward of dangerous and disorderly ambition? Now, the answer to this is a denial of the assumption upon which the question is raised. The King, upon our view of his office—which it has been seen is exactly that taken by the Constitution—would still hold, indisputably, the first place in the State, and possess a substantial power, not only superior to that which any minister could ever obtain under him, but sufficient to repress the pretensions of any one who, under any other form of government, might be tempted to aspire to the sovereignty. The King of England, it will be remembered, is a perpetual member of the cabinet—and perpetually *the First Member* of it. No disapprobation of its measures, whether expressed by votes of the Houses, or addresses from the people, can turn *him* out of his situation; and he has also the power of nominating its other members; not indeed the power of maintaining them in their offices against the sense of the nation—but the power of *trying the experiment*, and putting it on the country to take the painful and difficult step of insisting on their removal. If he have any portion of ministerial talents, therefore, he must have, in the first place, all the power that could attach to *a Perpetual Minister*—with all the peculiar influence that is inseparable from the splendour of his official station: and, in the second place, he has the actual power, if not absolutely to make or unmake all the other members of his cabinet at his pleasure, at least to choose, at his own discretion, among all who are not upon very strong grounds exceptionable to the country at large.

Holding it to be quite clear, then, that the private and individual will of the sovereign is not to be recognised as a separate element in the actual legislation, or administrative government of the country, and that it must in all cases give way to the mature sense of the nation, we shall still find, that his place is conspicuously and beyond all question *the First* in the State, and that it is invested with quite as much substantial power as is necessary to maintain all other offices in a condition of subordination. To see this clearly, indeed, it is only necessary to consider, a little in detail, what is the ordinary operation of the regal power, and on what occasions the necessary checks to which we have alluded come in to control it. The King, then, as the presiding

member of the cabinet, can not only resist, but suggest, or propose, or recommend any thing which he pleases for the adoption of that executive council;—and his suggestions must at all times be more attended to than those of any other person of the same knowledge or capacity. Such, indeed, are the indestructible sources of influence belonging to his situation, that, if he be only *compos mentis*, he may rely upon having more authority than any two of the gravest and most experienced individuals with whom he can communicate; and that there will be a far greater disposition to adopt his recommendations, than those of the wisest and most popular minister that the country has ever seen. He may, indeed, be outvoted even in the cabinet;—the absurdity of his suggestions may be so palpable, or their danger so great, that no habitual deference, or feeling of personal dependence, may be sufficient to induce his advisers to venture on their adoption. *This*, however, we imagine, will scarcely be looked upon as a source of national weakness or hazard; and is, indeed, an accident that may befal any sovereign, however absolute—since the veriest despot cannot work without tools—and even a military sovereign at the head of his army, must submit to abandon any scheme which that army positively refuses to execute. If he is baffled in one cabinet, however, the King of England may in general repeat the experiment in another; and change his counsellors over and over, till he find some who are more courageous or more complying.

But, suppose that the Cabinet acquiesces:—the Parliament also may no doubt oppose, and defeat the execution of the project. The Cabinet may be outvoted in the House of Commons, as the Sovereign may be outvoted in the Cabinet; and all its other members may be displaced by votes of that House. The minister who had escaped being dismissed by the King through his compliance with the Royal pleasure, may be dismissed *for* that compliance, by the voice of the Legislature. But the Sovereign, with whom, upon this supposition, the objectionable measure originated, is not dismissed; and may not only call another minister to his councils to try this same measure a second time, but may himself *dismiss the Parliament* by which it had been censured; and submit its proceedings to the consideration of another assembly! We really cannot see any want of effective power in such an order of things; nor comprehend how the royal authority is rendered altogether nugatory and subordinate, merely by requiring it to have *ultimately* the concurrence of the Cabinet and of the Legislature. The last stage of this hypothesis, however, will clear all the rest.

The King's measure may triumph in parliament as well as in the council—and yet it may be resisted by the Nation. The parliament may be outvoted in the country, as well as the cabinet in the parliament; and if the measure, even in this last stage, and after all these tests of its safety, be not abandoned, the most dreadful consequences may ensue. If addresses and clamours are disregarded, recourse may be had to arms; and an open civil war be left again to determine, whether the sense of the people at large be, or be not, resolutely against its adoption. This last species of check on the power of the Sovereign, no political arrangement, and no change in the Constitution, can obviate or prevent, and as all the other checks of which we have spoken refer ultimately to this, so, the defence of their necessity and justice is complete, when we merely say, that their use is *to prevent a recurrence to this last* extremity—and, by enabling the sense of the nation to repress pernicious counsels in the outset, through the safe and pacific channels of the cabinet and the parliament, to remove the necessity of resisting them at last, by the dreadful expedient of actual force and compulsion.

If a king, under any form of monarchy, attempt to act against the sense of the commanding part of the population, he will inevitably be resisted and overthrown. This is not a matter of institution or policy; but a necessary result from the nature of his office, and of the power of which he is the administrator—or rather from the principles of human nature. But that form of monarchy is the worst—both for the monarch and for the people—which exposes him the most to the shock of such ultimate resistance; and that is the best, which interposes the greatest number of intermediate bodies between *the oppressive purpose* of the king and his actual attempt to carry it into execution,—which tries the projected measure upon the greatest number of selected samples of the public sense, before it comes into collision with its general mass,—and affords the most opportunities for retreat, and the best cautions for advance, before the battle is actually joined. The cabinet is presumed to know more of the sentiments of the nation than the king;—and the parliament to know more than the cabinet. Both these bodies, too, are presumed to be rather more under the personal influence of the king than the great body of the nation; and therefore, whatever suggestions of his are ultimately rejected in those deliberative assemblies, must be held to be such as would have been still less acceptable to the bulk of the community. By rejecting them there, however, by silent votes or clamorous harangues, the nation is saved from the necessity of rejecting them, by actual resistance and insurrection in the field. The person and the office of the monarch remain untouched, and untainted for all purposes of good; and the peace of the country is maintained, and its rights asserted, without any turbulent exertion of its power. The whole frame and machinery of the constitution, in short, is contrived for the express purpose of preventing the kingly power from dashing itself to pieces against the more radical power of the people: and those institutions that are absurdly supposed to restrain the authority of the sovereign within too narrow limits, are in fact its great safeguards and protectors, by providing for the timely and peaceful operation of that great control-

ling power, which it could only elude for a season, at the expense of much certain misery to the people, and the hazard of final destruction to itself.

Mr. Leckie, however, and his adherents, can see nothing of all this. The facility of casting down a single tyrant, we have already seen, is one of the prime advantages which he ascribes to the institution of Simple monarchy;—and so much is this advocate of kingly power enamoured of the uncourtly doctrine of resistance, that he not only recognises it as a familiar element in the constitution, but lays it down in express terms, that it affords *the only remedy* for all political corruption. "History," he observes, "has furnished us with no example of the reform of a corrupt and tyrannical government, but *either from intestine war*, or conquest from without. Thus, the objection against a simple monarchy, because there is no remedy for its abuse, holds the same, but in a greater degree, against any other form. Each is borne with as long as possible; and when the evil is at its greatest height, the nation either *rises against it*, or, not having the means of so doing, sinks into abject degradation and misery."

Such, however, are not *our* principles of policy; on the contrary, we hold, that the chief use of a free constitution is to prevent the recurrence of these dreadful extremities: and that the excellence of a limited monarchy consists less in the good laws, and the good administration of law, to which it naturally gives birth, than in the security it affords against such a melancholy alternative. To some, we know, who have been accustomed to the spectacle of long-established despotisms, the hazards of such a terrific regeneration appear distant and inconsiderable; and, if they could only prolong the intervals of patient submission, and polish away some of the harsher features of oppression, they imagine a state of things would result more tranquil and desirable than can ever be presented by the eager and salutary contentions of a free government. To such persons we shall address but two observations. The first, that though the body of the people may indeed be kept in brutish subjection for ages, where the state of society, as to intelligence and property, is such that the actual power and command of the nation is vested in a few bands of disciplined troops, this could never be done in a nation abounding in independent wealth, very generally given to reading and reflection, and knit together in all its parts by a thousand means of communication and ties of mutual interest and sympathy; and least of all could it be done in a nation already accustomed to the duties and enjoyments of freedom, and regarding the safe and honourable struggles it is constantly obliged to maintain in its defence, as the most ennobling and delightful of its exercises. The other remark is, that even if it were possible, as it is not, to rivet and shackle down an enlightened nation in such a way as to make it submit for some time, in apparent quietness, to the abuses of arbitrary power, it is never to be forgotten that this submission is itself an evil—and an evil only inferior to those through which it must ultimately seek its relief. If any form of tyranny, therefore, were as secure from terrible convulsions as a regulated freedom, it would not cease for that to be a far less desirable condition of existence; and as the mature sense of a whole nation may be fairly presumed to point more certainly to the true means of their happiness than the single opinion even of a patriotic king, so it must be right and reasonable, in all cases, that his opinion should give way to theirs; and that a power should be generated, if it did not naturally and necessarily exist, to insure its predominance.

We have still a word or two to say on the alleged inconsistency and fluctuation of all public councils that are subjected to the control of popular assemblies, and on the unprincipled violence of the factions to which they are said to give rise. The first of these topics, however, need not detain us long. If it be meant, that errors in public measures are more speedily detected, and more certainly repaired, when they are maturely and freely discussed by all the wisdom and all the talent of a nation, than when they are left to the blind guidance of the passions or conceit of an individual;—if it be meant, that, under a Simple monarchy, we should have persevered longer and more steadily in the principles of the Slave Trade, of Catholic Proscription, and of the Orders in Council:—then we cheerfully admit the justice of the charge—we readily yield to those governments the praise of such consistency and such perseverance—and offer no apology for that change from folly to wisdom, and from cruelty to mercy, which is produced by the variableness of a free constitution. But if it be meant that an absolute monarch keeps the faith which he pledges more religiously than a free people, or that he is less liable to sudden and capricious variations in his policy, we positively deny the truth of the imputation, and boldly appeal to the whole course of history for its confutation. What nation, we should like to know, ever stood half so high as our own, for the reputation of good faith and inviolable fidelity to its allies? Or in what instance has the national honour been impeached, by the refusal of one set of ministers to abide by the engagements entered into by their predecessors?—With regard to mere caprice and inconsistency again, will it be seriously maintained, that councils, depending upon the individual will of an absolute sovereign—who may be a boy, or a girl, or a dotard, or a driveller—are more likely to be steadily and wisely pursued, than those that are taken up by a set of experienced statesmen, under the control of a vigilant and intelligent public? It is not by mere popular clamour—by the shouts or hisses of an ignorant and disorderly mob—but by the deep, the slow, and the collected voice of the intelligent and enlightened part of the community, that the councils of a free nation are ultimately guided. But if they were at the disposal of a rabble—what rabble, we would ask, is so ignorant, so contemptible, so fickle, false, and empty of all energy of purpose or principle, as the rabble that invests the palaces of arbitrary kings—the favourites, the mistresses, the panders, the flatterers and intriguers, who succeed or supplant each other in the crumbling soil of his favour, and so frequently dispose of all that ought to be at the command of wisdom and honour?

Looking only to the eventful history of our own day, will any one presume to say, that the conduct of the simple monarchies of Europe has afforded us, for the last twenty years, any such lessons of steady and unwavering policy as to make us blush for our own democratical inconstancy? What, during that period, has been the conduct of Prussia—of Russia—of Austria herself—of every state, in short, that has not been terrified into constancy by the constant dread of French violence? And where, during all that time, are we to look for any traces of manly firmness, but in the conduct and councils of the only nation whose measures were at all controlled by the influence of popular sentiments? If that nation too was not exempt from the common charge of vacillation—if she did fluctuate between designs to restore the Bourbons, and to enrich herself by a share of their spoils—if she did contract one deep stain on her faith and her humanity, by encouraging and deserting the party of the Royalists in La Vendée—if she did waver and wander from expeditions into Flanders to the seizure of West Indian islands, and from menaces to extirpate Jacobinism to missions courting its alliance—will any man pretend to say, that these signs of infirmity of purpose were produced by yielding to the varying impulses of popular opinions, or the alternate preponderance of hostile factions in the state? Is it not notorious, on the contrary, that they all occurred during that lamentable but memorable period, when the alarm excited by the aspect of new dangers had in a manner *extinguished* the constitutional spirit of party, and composed the salutary conflicts of the nation—that they occurred in the first ten years of Mr. Pitt's war administration, when opposition was almost extinct, and when the government was not only more entirely in the hands of one man than it had been at any time since the days of Cardinal Wolsey, but when the temper and tone of its administration approached very nearly to that of an arbitrary monarchy?

On the doctrine of parties and party dissensions, it is now too late for us to enter at large;—and indeed when we recollect what Mr. Burke has written upon that subject,* we do not know why we should wish for an opportunity of expressing our feeble sentiments. Parties are necessary in all free governments—and are indeed the characteristics by which such governments may be known. One party, that of the Rulers or the Court, is necessarily formed and disciplined from the permanence of its chief, and the uniformity of the interests it has to maintain;—the party in Opposition, therefore, must be marshalled in the same way. When bad men combine, good men must unite:—and it would not be less hopeless for a crowd of worthy citizens to take the field without leaders or discipline, against a regular army, than for individual patriots to think of opposing the influence of the Sovereign by their separate and uncombined exertions. As to the length which they should be permitted to go in support of the common cause, or the extent to which each ought to submit his private opinion to the general sense of his associates, it does not appear to us—though casuists may varnish over dishonour, and purists startle at shadows—either that any man of upright feelings can be often at a loss for a rule of conduct, or that, in point of fact, there has ever been any blameable excess in the maxims upon which the great parties of this country have been generally conducted. The leading principle is, that a man should satisfy himself that the party to which he attaches himself means well to the country, and that more substantial good will accrue to the nation from its coming into power, than from the success of any other body of men whose success is at all within the limits of probability. Upon this principle, therefore, he will support that party in all things which he approves—in all things that are indifferent—and even in some things which he partly disapproves, provided they neither touch the honour and vital interests of the country, nor imply any breach of the ordinary rules of morality.—Upon the same principle he will attack not only all that he individually disapproves in the conduct of the adversary, but all that might appear indifferent and tolerable enough to a neutral spectator, if it afford an opportunity to weaken this adversary in the public opinion, and to increase the chance of bringing that party into power from which alone he sincerely believes that any sure or systematic good is to be expected. Farther than this we do not believe that the leaders or respectable followers of any considerable party, intentionally allow themselves to go. Their zeal, indeed, and the heats and passions engendered in the course of the conflict, may sometimes hurry them into measures for which an impartial spectator cannot find this apology:—but to their own consciences and honour we are persuaded that they generally stand acquitted;—and, on the score of duty or morality, that is all that can be required of human beings. For the baser retainers of the party indeed—those marauders who follow in the rear of every army, not for battle but for booty—who concern themselves in no way about the justness of the quarrel, or the fairness of the field—who plunder the dead, and butcher the wounded, and desert the unprosperous, and betray the daring;—for those wretches who truly belong to no party, and are a disgrace and a drawback upon all, we shall assuredly make no apology, nor propose any measures of toleration. The spirit by which they are actuated is the very opposite of that spirit which is generated by the parties of a

* See his "Thoughts on the Cause of the present Discontents." *Sub initio—et passim.*

free people; and accordingly it is among the advocates of arbitrary power that such persons, after they have served their purpose by a pretence of patriotic zeal, are ultimately found to range themselves.

We positively deny, then, that the interests of the country have ever been sacrificed to a vindictive desire to mortify or humble a rival party;—though we freely admit that a great deal of the time and the talent that might be devoted more directly to her service, is wasted in such an endeavour. This, however, is unavoidable—nor is it possible to separate those discussions, which are really necessary to expose the dangers or absurdity of the practical measures proposed by a party, from those which have really no other end but to expose it to general ridicule or *odium*. This too, however, it should be remembered, is a point in which the country has a still deeper, though a more indirect interest than in the former; since it is only by such means that a system that is radically vicious can be exploded, or a set of men fundamentally corrupt and incapapable removed. If the time be well spent, therefore, which is occupied in preventing or palliating some particular act of impolicy or oppression, it is impossible to grudge that by which the spring and the fountain of all such acts may be cut off.

With regard to the tumult—the disorder—the danger to public peace—the vexation and discomfort which certain sensitive persons and great lovers of tranquillity represent as the fruits of our political dissensions, we cannot help saying that we have no sympathy with their delicacy or their timidity. What they look upon as a frightful commotion of the elements, we consider as no more than a wholesome agitation; and cannot help regarding the contentions in which freemen are engaged by a conscientious zeal for their opinions, as an invigorating and not ungenerous exercise. What serious breach of the public peace has it occasioned?—to what insurrections, or conspiracies, or proscriptions has it ever given rise?—what mob even, or tumult, has been excited by the contention of the two great parties of the state, since their contention has been open, and their weapons appointed, and their career marked out in the free lists of the constitution?—Suppress these contentions, indeed—forbid these weapons, and shut up these lists, and you will have conspiracies and insurrections enough.—These are the short-sighted fears of tyrants.—The dissensions of a free people are the preventives and not the indications of radical disorder—and the noises which make the weak-hearted tremble, are but the natural murmurs of those mighty and mingling currents of public opinion, which are destined to fertilize and unite the country, and can never become dangerous till an attempt is made to obstruct their course, or to disturb their level.

Mr. Leckie has favoured his readers with an enumeration of the advantages of absolute monarchy;—and we are tempted to follow his example, by concluding with a dry catalogue of the advantages of free government—each of which would require a chapter at least as long as that which we have now bestowed upon one of them. Next, then, to that of its superior security from great reverses and atrocities, of which we have already spoken at sufficient length, we should be disposed to rank that pretty decisive feature, of the superior Happiness which it confers upon all the individuals who live under it. The consciousness of liberty is a great blessing and enjoyment in itself.—The occupation it affords—the importance it confers—the excitement of intellect, and the elevation of spirit which it implies, are all elements of happiness peculiar to this condition of society, and quite separate and independent of the external advantages with which it may be attended. In the second place, however, liberty makes men more Industrious, and consequently more generally prosperous and Wealthy; the result of which is, both that they have among them more of the good things that wealth can procure, and that the resources of the State are greater for all public purposes. In the third place, it renders men more Valiant and High-minded, and also promotes the development of Genius and Talents, both by the unbounded career it opens up to the emulation of every individual in the land, and by the natural effect of all sorts of intellectual or moral excitement to awaken all sorts of intellectual and moral capabilities. In the fourth place, it renders men more Patient, and Docile, and Resolute in the pursuit of any public object; and consequently both makes their chance of success greater, and enables them to make much greater efforts in every way, in proportion to the extent of their population. No slaves could ever have undergone the toils to which the Spartans or the Romans tasked themselves for the good or the glory of their country;—and no tyrant could ever have extorted the sums in which the Commons of England have voluntarily assessed themselves for the exigencies of the state. These are among the positive advantages of freedom; and, in our opinion, are its chief advantages. —But we must not forget, in the fifth and last place, that there is nothing else but a free government by which men can be secured from those arbitrary invasions of their Persons and Properties—those cruel persecutions, oppressive imprisonments, and lawless executions, which no formal code can prevent an absolute monarch from regarding as a part of his prerogative; and, above all, from those provincial exactions and oppressions, and those universal Insults, and Contumelies, and Indignities, by which the inferior minions of power spread misery and degradation among the whole mass of every people which has no political independence.

(April, 1814.)

A Song of Triumph. By W. Sotheby, Esq. 8vo. London: 1814.

L'Acte Constitutionnel, en la Séance du 9 Avril, 1814. 8vo. Londres: 1814.

Of Bonaparte, the Bourbons, and the Necessity of rallying round our legitimate Princes, for the Happiness of France and of Europe. By F. A. Chateaubriand. 8vo. London: 1814.*

It would be strange indeed, we think, if pages dedicated like ours to topics of present interest, and the discussions of the passing hour, should be ushered into the world at such a moment as this, without some stamp of that common joy and anxious emotion with which the wonderful events of the last three months are still filling all the regions of the earth. In such a situation, it must be difficult for any one who has the means of being heard, to refrain from giving utterance to his sentiments: But to us, whom it has assured, for the first time, of the entire sympathy of all our countrymen, the temptation, we own, is irresistible; and the good-natured part of our readers, we are persuaded, will rather smile at our simplicity, than fret at our presumption, when we add, that we have sometimes permitted ourselves to fancy that, if any copy of these our lucubrations should go down to another generation, it may be thought curious to trace in them *the first effects* of events that are probably destined to fix the fortune of succeeding centuries, and to observe the impressions which were made on the minds of contemporaries, by those mighty transactions, which will appear of yet greater moment in the eyes of a distant posterity. *We* are still too near that great image of Deliverance and Reform which the Genius of Europe has just set up before us, to discern with certainty its just lineaments, or construe the true character of the Aspect with which it looks onward to futurity! We see enough, however, to fill us with innumerable feelings, and the germs of many high and anxious speculations. The feelings, we are sure, are in unison with all that exists around us; and we reckon therefore on more than usual indulgence for the speculations into which they may expand.

The *first* and predominant feeling which rises on contemplating the scenes that have just burst on our view, is that of deep-felt gratitude and delight,—for the liberation of so many oppressed nations,—for the cessation of bloodshed and fear and misery over the fairest portions of the civilised world,—and for the enchanting, though still dim and uncertain prospect of long peace and measureless improvement, which seems at last to be opening on the suffering kingdoms of Europe. The very novelty of such a state of things, which could be known only by description to the greater part of the existing generation—the suddenness of its arrival, and the contrast which it forms with the anxieties and alarms to which it has so immediately succeeded, all concur most powerfully to enhance its vast intrinsic attractions. It has come upon the world like the balmy air and flushing verdure of a late spring, after the dreary chills of a long and interminable winter; and the refreshing sweetness with which it has visited the earth, feels like Elysium to those who have just escaped from the driving tempests it has banished.

We have reason to hope, too, that the riches of the harvest will correspond with the splendour of this early promise. All the periods in which human society and human intellect have been known to make great and memorable advances, have followed close upon periods of general agitation and disorder. Men's minds, it would appear, must be deeply and roughly stirred, before they become prolific of great conceptions, or vigorous resolves; and a vast and alarming fermentation must pervade and agitate the mass of society, to inform it with that kindly warmth, by which alone the seeds of genius and improvement can be expanded. The fact, at all events, is abundantly certain; and may be accounted for, we conceive, without mystery, and without metaphors.

A popular revolution in government or religion—or any thing else that gives rise to general and long-continued contention, naturally produces a prevailing disdain of authority, and boldness of thinking in the leaders of the fray,—together with a kindling of the imagination and development of intellect in a great multitude of persons, who, in ordinary times, would have vegetated stupidly in the places where fortune had fixed them. Power

* This, I am afraid, will now be thought to be too much of a mere "Song of Triumph;" or, at least, to be conceived throughout in a far more sanguine spirit than is consistent either with a wise observation of passing events, or a philosophical estimate of the frailties of human nature: And, having certainly been written under that prevailing excitement, of which I chiefly wish to preserve it as a memorial, I have no doubt that, to some extent, it is so. At the same time it should be recollected, that it was written immediately after *the first* restoration of the Bourbons; and before the startling drama of the Hundred Days, and its grand catastrophe at Waterloo, had dispelled the first wholesome fears of the Allies, or sown the seeds of more bitter ranklings and resentments in the body of the French people: and, above all, that it was so written, before the many lawless invasions of national independence, and broken promises of Sovereigns to their subjects, which have since revived that distrust, which both nations and philosophers were then, perhaps, too ready to renounce. And after all, I must say, that an attentive reader may find, even in this strain of good auguries, both such traces of misgivings, and such iteration of anxious warnings, as to save me from the imputation of having merely predicted a Millennium.

and distinction, and all the higher prizes in the lottery of life, are then brought within the reach of a larger proportion of the community; and that vivifying spirit of ambition, which is the true source of all improvement, instead of burning at a few detached points on the summit of society, now pervades every portion of its frame. Much extravagance, and, in all probability, much guilt and much misery, result, in the first instance, from this sudden extrication of talent and enterprise, in places where they can as yet have no legitimate issue, or points of application. But the contending elements at last find their spheres, and their balance. The disorder ceases; but the activity remains. The multitudes that had been raised into intellectual existence by dangerous passions and crazy illusions, do not all relapse into their original torpor, when their passions are allayed and their illusions dispelled. There is a great permanent addition to the power and the enterprise of the community; and the talent and the activity which at first convulsed the state by their unmeasured and misdirected exertions, ultimately bless and adorn it, under a more enlightened and less intemperate guidance. If we may estimate the amount of this ultimate good by that of the disorder which preceded it, we cannot be too sanguine in our calculations of the happiness that awaits the rising generation. The fermentation, it will readily be admitted, has been long and violent enough to extract all the virtue of all the ingredients that have been submitted to its action; and enough of scum has boiled over, and enough of pestilent vapour been exhaled, to afford a reasonable assurance that the *residuum* will be both ample and pure.

If this delight in the spectacle and the prospect of boundless good, be *the first* feeling that is excited by the scene before us, the *second*, we do not hesitate to say, is a stern and vindictive joy at the downfal of the Tyrant and the tyranny by whom that good had been so long intercepted. We feel no compassion for that man's reverses of fortune, whose heart, in the days of his prosperity, was steeled against that, or any other humanising emotion. He has fallen, substantially, without the pity, as he rose without the love, of any portion of mankind; and the admiration which was excited by his talents and activity and success, having no solid stay in the magnanimity or generosity of his character, has been turned, perhaps rather too eagerly, into scorn and derision, now that he is deserted by fortune, and appears without extraordinary resources in the day of his calamity.—We do not think that an ambitious despot and sanguinary conqueror can be too much execrated, or too little respected by mankind; but the popular clamour, at this moment, seems to us to be carried too far, even against this very dangerous individual. It is now discovered, it seems, that he has neither genius nor common sense; and he is accused of cowardice for not killing himself, by the very persons who would infallibly have exclaimed against his suicide, as a clear proof of weakness and folly. History, we think, will not class him quite so low as the English newspapers of the present day. He is a creature to be dreaded and condemned, but not, assuredly, to be despised by men of ordinary dimensions. His catastrophe, so far as it is yet visible, seems unsuitable indeed, and incongruous with the part he has hitherto sustained; but we have perceived nothing in it materially to alter the estimate which we formed long ago of his character. He still seems to us a man of consummate conduct, valour, and decision in war, but without the virtues, or even the generous or social vices of a soldier of fortune;—of matchless activity indeed, and boundless ambition, but entirely without principle, feeling, or affection;—suspicious, vindictive, and overbearing;—selfish and solitary in all his pursuits and gratifications;—proud and overweening, to the very borders of insanity;—and considering at last the laws of honour and the principles of morality, equally beneath his notice with the interests and feelings of other men.—Despising those who submitted to his pretensions, and pursuing, with implacable hatred, all who presumed to resist them, he seems to have gone on in a growing confidence in his own fortune, and contempt for mankind,—till a serious check from without showed him the error of his calculation, and betrayed the fatal insecurity of a career which reckoned only on prosperity.

Over the downfal of such a man, it is fitting that the world should rejoice; and his downfal, and the circumstances with which it has been attended, seem to us to hold out three several grounds of rejoicing.

In the *first* place, we think it has established for ever the impracticability of any scheme of universal dominion; and proved, that Europe possesses sufficient means to maintain and assert the independence of her several states, in despite of any power that can be brought against them. It might formerly have been doubted,—and many minds of no abject cast were depressed with more than doubts on the subject,—whether the undivided sway which Rome exercised of old, by means of superior skill and discipline, might not be revived in modern times by arrangement, activity, and intimidation,—and whether, in spite of the boasted intelligence of Europe at the present day, the ready communication between all its parts, and the supposed weight of its public opinion, the sovereign of one or two great kingdoms might not subdue all the rest, by rapidity of movement and decision of conduct, and retain them in subjection by a strict system of disarming and *espionage*—by a constant interchange of armies and stations—and, in short, by a dexterous and alert use of those very means, of extensive intelligence and communication, which their civilisation seemed at first to hold out as their surest protection. The experiment, however, has now been tried; and the result is, that the nations of Europe can never be brought under the rule of one conquering sovereign. No individual, it may be fairly presumed, will ever try that fatal experiment again, with so

many extraordinary advantages, and chances of success, as he in whose hands it has now finally miscarried. The different states, it is to be hoped, will never again be found so shamefully unprovided for defence—so long insensible to their danger—and, let us not scruple at last to speak the truth, so little worthy of being saved—as most of them were at the beginning of that awful period; while there is still less chance of any military sovereign again finding himself invested with the absolute disposal of so vast a population, at once habituated to war and victory by the energies of a popular revolution, and disposed to submit to any hardships and privations for a ruler who would protect them from a recurrence of revolutionary horrors. That ruler, however, and that population, reinforced by immense drafts from the countries he had already overrun, has now been fairly beaten down by the other nations of Europe—at length cordially united by a sense of their common danger. Henceforward, therefore, they show their strength, and the means and occasions of bringing it into action; and the very notoriety of that strength, and of the scenes on which it has been proved, will in all probability prevent the recurrence of any necessity for proving it again.

The *second* ground of rejoicing in the downfal of Bonaparte is on account of the impressive lesson it has read to Ambition, and the striking illustration it has afforded, of the inevitable tendency of that passion to bring to ruin the power and the greatness which it seeks so madly to increase. No human being, perhaps, ever stood on so proud a pinnacle of worldly grandeur, as this insatiable conqueror, at the beginning of his Russian campaign.—He had done more—he had acquired more—and he possessed more, as to actual power, influence, and authority, than any individual that ever figured on the scene of European story. He had visited, with a victorious army, almost every capital of the Continent; and dictated the terms of peace to their astonished princes. He had consolidated under his immediate dominion, a territory and population apparently sufficient to meet the combination of all that it did not include; and interwoven himself with the government of almost all that was left. He had cast down and erected thrones at his pleasure; and surrounded himself with tributary kings, and principalities of his own creation. He had connected himself by marriage with the proudest of the ancient sovereigns; and was at the head of the largest and the finest army that was ever assembled to desolate or dispose of the world. Had he known where to stop in his aggressions upon the peace and independence of mankind, it seems as if this terrific sovereignty might have been permanently established in his person. But the demon by whom he was possessed urged him on to his fate. He could not bear that any power should exist which did not confess its dependence on him. Without a pretext for quarrel, he attacked Russia—insulted Austria—trod contemptuously on the fallen fortunes of Prussia—and by new aggressions, and the menace of more intolerable evils, drove them into that league which rolled back the tide of ruin on himself, and ultimately hurled him into the insignificance from which he originally sprung.

It is for this reason, chiefly, that we join in the feeling, which we think universal in this country, of joy and satisfaction at the utter destruction of this victim of Ambition,—and at the failure of those negotiations, which would have left him, though humbled, in possession of a sovereign state, and of great actual power and authority. We say nothing at present of the policy or the necessity, that may have dictated those propositions; but the actual result is far more satisfactory, than any condition of their acceptance. Without this, the lesson to Ambition would have been imperfect, and the retribution of Eternal Justice apparently incomplete. It was fitting, that the world should see it again demonstrated, by this great example, that the appetite of conquest is in its own nature insatiable;—and that a being, once abandoned to that bloody career, is fated to pursue it to the end; and must persist in the work of desolation and murder, till the accumulated wrongs and resentments of the harassed world sweep him from its face. The knowledge of this may deter some dangerous spirits from entering on a course, which will infallibly bear them on to destruction;—and at all events should induce the sufferers to cut short the measure of its errors and miseries, by accomplishing their doom at the beginning. Sanguinary conquerors, we do not hesitate to say, should be devoted by a perpetual proscription, in mercy to the rest of the world.

Our *last* cause of rejoicing over this grand catastrophe, arises from the discredit, and even the derision, which it has so opportunely thrown upon the character of conquerors in general. The thinking part of mankind did not perhaps need to be disabused upon this subject;—but no illusion was ever so strong, or so pernicious with the multitude, as that which invested heroes of this description with a sort of supernatural grandeur and dignity, and bent the spirits of men before them, as beings intrinsically entitled to the homage and submission of inferior natures. It is above all things fortunate, therefore, when this spell can be broken, by merely reversing the operation by which it had been imposed; when the idols that success had tricked out in the mock attributes of divinity, are stripped of their disguise by the rough hand of misfortune, and exhibited before the indignant and wondering eyes of their admirers, in the naked littleness of humbled and helpless men,—depending, for life and subsistence, on the pity of their human conquerors,—and spared with safety, in consequence of their insignificance.—Such an exhibition, we would fain hope, will rescue men for ever from that most humiliating devotion, which has hitherto so often tempted the ambition, and facilitated the progress of conquerors.—It is not in our days, at least, that it will be forgotten, that Bonaparte turned out a mere mortal in the end;—and neither in our

days, nor in those of our children, is it at all likely, that any other adventurer will arise to efface the impressions connected with that recollection, by more splendid achievements, than distinguished the greater part of his career. The kind of shame, too, that is felt by those who have been the victims or the instruments of a being so weak and fallible, will make it difficult for any successor to his ambition, so to overawe the minds of the world again; and will consequently diminish the dread, while it exasperates the hatred, with which presumptuous oppression ought always to be regarded.

If the downfal of Bonaparte teach this lesson, and fix this feeling in the minds of men, we should almost be tempted to say that the miseries he has inflicted are atoned for; and that his life, on the whole, will have been useful to mankind. Undoubtedly there is no other single source of wretchedness so prolific as that strange fascination by which atrocious guilt is converted into an object of admiration, and the honours due to the benefactors of the human race lavished most profusely on their destroyers. A sovereign who pursues schemes of conquest for the gratification of his personal ambition, is neither more nor less than a being who inflicts violent death upon thousands, and miseries still more agonising on millions, of innocent individuals, to relieve his own *ennui*, and divert the languors of a base and worthless existence:—and, if it be true that the chief excitement to such exploits is found in the false Glory with which the madness of mankind has surrounded their successful performance, it will not be easy to calculate how much we are indebted to him whose history has contributed to dispel it.

Next to our delight at the overthrow of Bonaparte, is our exultation at the glory of England.—It is a proud and honourable distinction to be able to say, in the end of such a contest, that we belong to the only nation that has never been conquered;—to the nation that set the first example of successful resistance to the power that was desolating the world,—and who always stood erect, though she sometimes stood alone, before it. From England alone, that power, to which all the rest had successively bowed, has won no trophies, and extorted no submission; on the contrary, she has been constantly baffled and disgraced whenever she has grappled directly with the might and energy of England. During the proudest part of her continental career, England drove her ships from the ocean, and annihilated her colonies and her commerce. The first French army that capitulated, capitulated to the English forces in Egypt; and Lord Wellington is the only commander against whom six Marshals of France have successively tried in vain to procure any advantage.

The efforts of England have not always been well directed,—nor her endeavours to rouse the other nations of Europe very wisely timed:—But she has set a magnificent example of unconquerable fortitude and unalterable constancy; and she may claim the proud distinction of having kept alive the sacred flame of liberty and the spirit of national independence, when the chill of general apprehension, and the rushing whirlwind of conquest, had apparently extinguished them for ever, in the other nations of the earth. No course of prosperity, indeed, and no harvest of ultimate success, can ever extinguish the regret of all the true friends of our national glory and happiness, for the many preposterous, and the occasionally disreputable expeditions, in which English blood was more than unprofitably wasted, and English character more than imprudently involved; nor can the delightful assurance of our actual deliverance from danger efface the remembrance of the tremendous hazard to which we were so long exposed by the obstinate misgovernment of Ireland. These, however, were the sins of the Government.—and do not at all detract from the excellent spirit of the People, to which, in its main bearings, it was necessary for the government to conform. That spirit was always, and we believe universally, a spirit of strong attachment to the country, and of stern resolution to do all things, and to suffer all things in its cause;—mingled with more or less confidence, or more or less anxiety, according to the temper or the information of individuals,—but sound, steady and erect we believe upon the whole,—and equally determined to risk all for independence, whether it was believed to be in great or in little danger.

Of our own sentiments and professions, and of the consistency of our avowed principles, from the first to the last of this momentous period, it would be impertinent to speak at large, in discussing so great a theme as the honour of our common country. None of our readers, and none of our censors, can be more persuaded than we are of the extreme insignificance of such a discussion—and not many of them can feel more completely indifferent about the aspersions with which we have been distinguished, or more fully convinced of the ultimate justice of public opinion. We shall make no answer therefore to the sneers and calumnies of which it has been thought worth while to make us the subject, except just to say, that if any man can read what we have written on public affairs, and entertain any serious doubt of our zeal for the safety, the honour, and the freedom of England, he must attach a different meaning to all these phrases from that which we have most sincerely believed to belong to them; and that, though we do not pretend to have either foreseen or foretold the happy events that have so lately astonished the world, we cannot fail to see in them the most gratifying confirmation of the very doctrines we have been the longest and the most loudly abused for asserting.

The *last* sentiment in which we think all candid observers of the late great events must cordially agree, is that of admiration and pure and unmingled approbation of the magnanimity, the prudence, the dignity and forbearance of the Allies. There has been something in the manner of those extraordinary

transactions as valuable as the substance of what has been achieved,—and, if possible, still more meritorious. History records no instance of union so faithful and complete—of councils so firm—of gallantry so generous—of moderation so dignified and wise. In reading the addresses of the Allied Sovereigns to the people of Europe and of France; and, above all, in tracing every step of their demeanour after they got possession of the metropolis, we seem to be transported from the vulgar and disgusting realities of actual story, to the beautiful imaginations and exalted fictions of poetry and romance. The proclamation of the Emperor Alexander to the military men who might be in Paris on his arrival—his address to the Senate—the terms in which he has always spoken of his fallen adversary, are all conceived in the very highest strain of nobleness and wisdom. They have all the spirit, the courtesy, the generosity, of the age of chivalry; and all the liberality and mildness of that of philosophy. The disciple of Fenelon could not have conducted himself with more perfect amiableness and grandeur; and the fabulous hero of the loftiest and most philanthropic of moralists, has been equalled, if not outdone, by a Russian monarch, in the first flush and tumult of victory. The sublimity of the scene indeed, and the merit of the actors, will not be fairly appreciated, if we do not recollect that they were arbitrary sovereigns, who had been trained rather to consult their own feelings than the rights of mankind—who had been disturbed on their hereditary thrones by the wanton aggressions of the man who now lay at their mercy—and had seen their territories wasted, their people butchered, and their capitals pillaged, by him they had at last chased to his den, and upon whose capital, and whose people, they might now repay the insults that had been offered to theirs. They judged more magnanimously, however; and they judged more wisely—for their own glory, for the objects they had in view, and for the general interests of humanity. By their generous forbearance, and singular moderation, they not only put their adversary in the wrong in the eyes of all Europe, but they made him appear little and ferocious in comparison; and, while overbearing all opposition by superior force, and heroic resolution, they paid due honour to the valour by which they had been resisted, and gave no avoidable offence to that national pride which might have presented the greatest of all obstacles to their success. From the beginning to the end of their hostile operations, they avoided naming the name of the ancient family; and not in words merely, but in the whole strain and tenor of their conduct, respected the inherent right of the nation to choose its own government, and stipulated for nothing but what was indispensable for the safety of its neighbours. Born, as they were, to unlimited thrones, and accustomed in their own persons to the exercise of power that admitted but little control, they did not scruple to declare publicly, that France, at least, was entitled to a larger measure of freedom; and that the intelligence of its population entitled it to a share in its own government. They exerted themselves sincerely to mediate between the different parties that might be supposed to exist in the state; and treated each with a respect that taught its opponents that they might coalesce without being dishonoured. In this way the seeds of civil discord, which such a crisis could scarcely have failed to quicken, have, we trust, been almost entirely destroyed; and if France escapes the visitation of internal dissension, it will be chiefly owing to the considerate and magnanimous prudence of those very persons to whom Europe has been indebted for her deliverance.

In this high and unqualified praise, it is a singular satisfaction to us to be able to say, that our own Government seems fully entitled to participate. In the whole of those most important proceedings, the Ministry of England appears to have conducted itself with wisdom, moderation, and propriety. In spite of the vehement clamours of many in their own party, and the repugnance which was said to exist in higher quarters to any negotiation with Bonaparte, they are understood to have adhered with laudable firmness to the clear policy of not disjoining their country from that great confederacy, through which alone, either peace or victory, was rationally to be expected:—and, going heartily along with their allies, both in their unrivalled efforts and in their heroic forbearance, they too refrained from recognising the ancient family, till they were invited to return by the spontaneous voice of their own nation; and thus gave them the glory of being recalled by the appearance at last of affection, instead of being replaced by force; while the nation, which force would either have divided, or disgusted entire, did all that was wanted, as the free act of their own patriotism and wisdom. Considering the temper that had long been fostered, and the tone that had been maintained among their warmest supporters at home, we think this conduct of the ministry entitled to the highest credit; and we give it our praise now, with the same freedom and sincerity with which we pledge ourselves to bestow our censure, whenever they do any thing that seems to call for that less grateful exercise of our duty.

Having now indulged ourselves, by expressing a few of the sentiments that are irresistibly suggested by the events that lie before us, we turn to our more laborious and appropriate vocation of speculating on the nature and consequences of those events. Is the restoration of the Bourbons the best possible issue of the long struggle that has preceded? Will it lead to the establishment of a free government in France? Will it be favourable to the general interests of liberty in England and the rest of the world? These are great and momentous questions,—which we are far from presuming to think we can answer explicitly, without the assistance of that great expositor—time. Yet we should think the man unworthy of the great felicity of having lived to the present day, who could help asking them of himself;

and *we* seem to stand in the particular predicamen[t] of being obliged to try at least for an answer.

The first, we think, is the easiest; and we scarcely scruple to answer it at once in the affirmative. We know, indeed, that there are many who think, that a permanent change of dynasty might have afforded a better guarantee against the return of those ancient abuses which first gave rise to the revolution, and may again produce all its disasters; and that France, reduced within moderate limits, would, under such a dynasty, both have served better as a permanent warning to other states of the danger of such abuses, and been less likely to unite itself with any of the old corrupt governments, in schemes against the internal liberty or national independence of the great European communities. And we are far from underrating the value of these suggestions. But there are considerations of more urgent and immediate importance, that seem to leave no room for hesitation in the present position of affairs.

In the first place, the restoration of the Bourbons seems the natural and only certain *end* of that series of revolutionary movements, and that long and disastrous experiment which has so awfully overshadowed the freedom and happiness of the world. It naturally figures as the final completion of a cycle of convulsions and miseries; and presents itself to the imagination as the point at which the tempest-shaken vessel of the state again reaches the haven of tranquillity from the stormy ocean of revolution. Nor is it merely to the imagination, or through the mediation of such figures, that this truth presents itself. To the coldest reason it is manifest, that by the restoration of the old line, the whole tremendous evils of a disputed title to the crown are at once obviated: For when the dynasty of Napoleon has once lost *possession*, it has lost *all* upon which its pretensions could ever have been founded, and may fairly be considered as annihilated and extinguished for ever. The novelty of a government is in all cases a prodigious inconvenience—but if it be substantially unpopular, and the remnants of an old government at hand, its insecurity becomes not only obvious but alarming: Since nothing but the combination of great severity and great success can give it even the appearance of stability. Now, the government of Napoleon was not only new and oppressive, and consequently insecure, but it was absolutely dissolved and at an end, before the period had arrived at which alone the restoration of the Bourbons could be made a subject of deliberation.

The chains of the Continent, in fact, were broken at Leipsic; and the Despotic sceptre of the great nation cast down to the earth, as soon as the allies set foot as conquerors on its ancient territory. If the Bourbons were not then to be restored, there were only three other ways of settling the government.—To leave Bonaparte at the head of a limited and reduced monarchy—to vest the sovereignty in his infant son—or to call or permit some new adventurer to preside over an entire new constitution, republican or monarchical, as might be most agreeable to his supporters.

The first would have been fraught with measureless evils to France, and dangers to all her neighbours;—but, fortunately, though it was tried, it was in its own nature impracticable: and Napoleon knew this well enough, when he rejected the propositions made to him at Chatillon. He knew well enough what stuff his Parisians and his Senators were made of; and what were the only terms upon which the nation would submit to his dominion. He knew that he had no real hold of the Affections of the people; and ruled but in their fears and their Vanity—that he held his throne, in short, only because he had identified his own greatness with the Glory of France, and surrounded himself with a vast army, drawn from all the nations of Europe, and so posted and divided as to be secured against any general spirit of revolt. The moment this army was ruined therefore, and he came back a beaten and humbled sovereign, he felt that his sovereignty was at an end. To rule at all, it was necessary that he should rule with glory, and with full possession of the means of intimidation. As soon as these left him, his throne must have tottered to its fall. Royalist factions and Republican factions would have arisen in every part of the nation—discontent and insurrection would have multiplied in the capital, and in the provinces—and if not cut off by the arm of some new competitor, he must soon have been overwhelmed in the tempest of civil commotion.

The second plan would have been less dangerous to other states, but still more impracticable with a view to France itself. The nerveless arm of an infant could never have wielded the iron sceptre of Napoleon,—and his weakness, and the utter want of native power or influence in the members of his family, would have invited all sorts of pretensions, and called forth to open day all the wild and terrific factions which the terror of his father's power had chased for a season to their dens of darkness. Jealousy of the influence of Austria, too, would have facilitated the deposition of the baby despot;—and even if his state could have been upheld, it is plain that it could have been only by the faithful energy of his predecessor's ministers of oppression,—and that the dynasty of Napoleon could only have maintained itself by the arts and the crimes of its founder.

The third expedient must plainly have been the most inexpedient and unmerciful of all; since, after the experience of the last twenty years, we may venture to say with confidence, that it could only have led, through a repetition of those monstrous disorders over which reason has blushed and humanity sickened so long, to the dead repose of another military despotism.

The restoration of the Bourbons, therefore, we conceive, was an act, not merely of wisdom, but of necessity,—or of that strong and obvious expediency, with a view either to

peace or security, which in politics amounts to necessity. It is a separate, however, or at least an ulterior question, whether this restoration is likely to give a Free Government to France, or to bring it back to the condition of its old arbitrary monarchy? a question certainly of great interest and curiosity,—and upon which it does not appear to us that the politicians of this country are by any means agreed.

There are many, we think, who cannot be brought to understand that the restoration of the ancient line can mean any thing else but the restoration of the ancient constitution of the monarchy,—who take it for granted, that they must return to the substantial exercise of all their former functions, and conceive, that all restraints upon the sovereign authority, and all stipulations in favour of public liberty, must be looked upon with contempt and aversion, and be speedily swept away, as vestiges of that tremendous revolution, the whole brood and progeny of which must be held in abhorrence at the Court of the new Monarch:—And truly, when we remember what Mr. Fox has said, with so much solemnity, upon this subject, and call to mind the occasion, with reference to which he has declared, that "a Restoration is, for the most part, the most pernicious of all Revolutions,"—it is not easy to divest ourselves of apprehensions, that such may in some degree be the consequence of the events over which we are rejoicing. Yet the circumstances of the present case, we will confess, do not seem to us to warrant such apprehensions in their full extent; and our augury, upon the whole, is favourable upon this branch of the question also.

They who think differently, and who hope, or fear, that things are to go back exactly to the state in which they were in 1788; and that all the sufferings, and all the sacrifices, of the intermediate period, are to be in vain, look only, as it appears to us, to the naked fact, that the old line of kings is restored, and the ancient nobility re-established in their honours. They consider the case, as it would have been, if this restoration had been effected by the triumphant return of the emigrants from Coblentz in 1792—by the success of the Royalist arms in La Vendée—or by the general prevalence of a Royalist party, spontaneously regenerated over the kingdom:—Forgetting that the ancient family has only been recalled in a crisis brought on by foreign successes; when the actual government was virtually dissolved, and no alternative left to the nation, but those which we have just enumerated;—forgetting that it is not restored unconditionally, and as a matter of right, but rather called anew to the throne, upon terms and stipulations, propounded in the name of a nation, free to receive or to reject it;—forgetting that an interval of twenty-five long years has separated the subjects from the Sovereign; and broken all those ties of habitual loyalty, by which a people is most effectually bound to an hereditary monarch; and that those years, filled with ideas of democratic license, or despotic oppression, cannot have tended to foster associations favourable to royalty, or to propagate kindly conceptions of the connection of subject and king;—forgetting, above all, that along with her ancient monarchy, a new legislative body is associated in the government of France,—that a constitution has been actually adopted, by which the powers of those monarchs may be effectually controlled; and that the illustrious person who has ascended the throne, has already bound himself to govern according to that constitution, and to assume no power with which it does not expressly invest him.

If Louis XVIII., then, trained in the school of misfortune, and seeing and feeling all the permanent changes which these twenty-five eventful years have wrought in the condition of his people;—if this monarch, mild and unambitious as he is understood to be in his character, is but faithful to his oath, grateful to his deliverers, and observant of the counsels of his most prudent and magnanimous Allies, he will feel, that he is *not* the lawful inheritor of the powers that belonged to his predecessor; that his crown is not the crown of Louis XVI.; and that to assert *his* privileges, would be to provoke his fate. By this time, he probably knows enough of the nature of his countrymen, perhaps we should say of mankind in general, not to rely too much on those warm expressions of love and loyalty, with which his accession has been hailed, and which would probably have been lavished with equal profusion on his antagonist, if victory had again attended his arms, in this last and decisive contest. It is not improbable that he may be more acceptable to the body of the nation, than the despot he has supplanted; and that some recollections or traditions of a more generous loyalty than the sullen nature of that ungracious ruler either invited or admitted, have mingled themselves with the hopes of peace and of liberty, which must be the chief solid ingredients in his welcome; and acting upon the constitutional vivacity of the people, and the servility of mobs, always ready to lackey the heels of the successful, have taken the form of ardent affection, and the most sincere devotedness and attachment. But we think it is very apparent, that there is no great love or spontaneous zeal for the Bourbons in the body of the French nation; that the joy so tardily manifested for their return, is mainly grounded upon the hope of consequential benefits to themselves; and, at all events, that there is no personal attachment, which will lead them to submit to any thing that may be supposed to be encroaching, or felt to be oppressive. It will probably require great temper and great management in the new sovereigns to exercise, without offence, the powers with which they are legitimately invested; but their danger will be great indeed, if they suddenly attempt to go beyond them. With temper and circumspection, they may in time establish the solid foundations of a splendid, though limited, throne; if they aspire again to be absolute, the probability is that they will soon cease to reign.

The restoration of the old Nobility seems,

at first sight, a more hazardous operation than than that of the ancient monarchs;—but the danger, there also, is more apparent than real. The various inclemencies of a twenty-five years' exile have sadly thinned the ranks of those rash and sanguine spirits who assembled at Coblentz in 1792, and may be presumed to have tamed the pride and lowered the pretensions of the few that remain. A great multitude of families have become extinct,—a still greater number had reconciled themselves to the Imperial Government,—and the small remnant that have continued faithful to the fortunes of their Royal Master, will probably be satisfied with the conditions of his return. Thus dwindled in number,—decayed in fortune,—and divided by diversities of conduct that will not be speedily forgotten, we do not think that there is any great hazard of their attempting either to assert those privileges as a body, or to assume that tone, by which they formerly revolted the inferior classes of the state, and would now be considered as invading the just rights and constitutional dignity of the other citizens.

We do not see any thing, therefore, in the restoration itself, either of the Prince or of his nobles, that seems to us very dangerous to the freedom of the people, or very likely to pervert those constitutional provisions by which it is understood that their freedom is to be secured. Yet we did not need the example that France herself has so often afforded, to make us distrustful of constitutions on paper;—and are not only far from feeling assured of the practical benefits that are to result from this new experiment, but are perfectly convinced that all the benefit that does result, must be ascribed, not to the wisdom of the actual institutions, but to the continued operation of the extraordinary circumstances, by which these institutions have been suggested, and by the permanent pressure of which alone their operation can yet be secured. The bases of the new constitution sound well certainly; and may be advantageously contrasted with the famous declaration of the rights of man, which initiated the labours of the Constituent Assembly. But the truth is, that the bases of most paper constitutions sound well; and that principles not much less wise and liberal than those which we now hope to see reduced into practice, have been laid down in most of the constitutions which have proved utterly ineffectual within the last twenty-five years, to repress popular disorder or despotic usurpation in this very country. The constitution now adopted by Louis XVIII. is not very unlike that which was imposed on his unfortunate predecessor, in the Champs de Mars in 1790; and it certainly leaves less power to the crown than was conceded by that first arrangement. Yet the power vested in Louis XVI. was found quite inadequate to protect the regal office against the encroachments of an insane democracy; and the throne was overthrown by the sudden irruption of the popular part of the government. On the other hand, it is still more remarkable that the constitution now about to be put on its trial, is yet more like the constitution adopted by Bonaparte on his accession to the sovereign authority. He too had a Senate and a Legislative Body,—and trial by jury,—and universal eligibility,—and what was pretended to be liberty of printing. The freedom of the people, in short, was as well guarded, in most respects, by the words and the forms of that constitution, as they are by those of this which is now under consideration; and yet those words and forms were found to be no obstacle at all to the practical exercise and systematic establishment of the most efficient despotism that Europe has ever witnessed.

What then shall we say? Since the same institutions, and the same sort of balance of power, give at one time too much weight to the Crown, and at another too much indulgence to popular feeling, shall we conclude that all sorts of institutions and balances are indifferent or nugatory? or only, that their efficacy depends greatly on the circumstances to which they are applied, and on the actual balance and relation in which the different orders of the state previously stood to each other? The last, we think, is the only sane conclusion; and it is by attending to the conditions which it involves, that we shall best be enabled to conjecture, whether an experiment, that has twice failed already in so signal a manner, is now likely to be attended with success.

When a limited monarchy was proposed for France in 1790, the whole body of the nation had just emancipated itself by force from a state of political vassalage, and had begun to feel the delight and intoxication of that consciousness of power, which always tempts at first to so many experiments on its reality and extent. New to the exercise of this power, and jealous of its security so long as any of those institutions remained which had so long repressed or withheld it, they first improvidently subverted all that was left of their ancient establishments; and then, from the same impetuosity of inexperience, they split into factions, that began with abuse, and ended in bloodshed; and, setting out with an extreme zeal for reason and humanity, plunged themselves very speedily in the very abyss of atrocity and folly. In such a violent state of the public mind, *no institutions* had any chance of being permanent. The root of the evil was in the suddenness of the extrication of such a volume of political energy,—or rather, perhaps, in the arrangements by which it had been so long pent up and compressed. The only true policy would have been for those among the ancient leaders, whose interest or judgment enabled them to see the hazards upon which the new-sprung enthusiasts were rushing—to have thrown themselves into their ranks;—to have united cordially with those who were least insane or intemperate; and, by going along with them at all hazards, to have retarded the impetuosity of their movements, and watched the first opportunity to bring them back to sobriety and reason. Instead of this, they abandoned them, with demonstrations of contempt and hostility, to the career upon which they

had entered. They emigrated from the territory—and thus threw the mass of the population at once into the hands of the incendiaries of the capital. Twenty-five years have nearly elapsed since the period of that terrible explosion. A great part of its force has been wasted and finally dissipated in that long interval; and though its natural flow has been again repressed in the latter part of it, there is no hazard of such another eruption, now that those obstructions are again thrown off. *That* was produced by the accumulation of all the energy, intelligence, and discontent, that had been generated among a people deprived of political rights, during a full century of peaceful pursuits and growing intelligence, without any experience or warning of the perils of its sudden expansion. *This* can be but the collection of a few years of a very different description, and with all the dreadful consequences of its untempered and undirected indulgence still glaring in view. We do not think, therefore, that the attempt to establish a limited monarchy is now in very great danger of miscarrying in the same way as in 1790; and conceive, that the conduits of an ordinary representative assembly, if instantly prepared and diligently watched, may now be quite sufficient to carry off and direct all the popular energy that is generated in the nation—though the quantity was then so great as to tear all the machinery to pieces, and blow the ancient monarchy to the clouds, with the fragments of the new constitution.

With regard to the late experiment under Bonaparte, it is almost enough to observe, that it seems to us to have been from the beginning a mere piece of mockery and delusion. The government was substantially despotic and military, or, at all events, a government of undisguised force, ever since the time of the triumvirs,—perhaps we might say, since that of Robespierre; and when Bonaparte assumed the supreme power, the nation willingly gave up its liberty, for the chance of tranquillity and protection. Wearied out with the perpetual succession of sanguinary factions, each establishing itself by bloody proscriptions, deportations, and confiscations, it gladly threw itself into the arms of a ruler who seemed sufficiently strong to keep all lesser tyrants in subjection; and, despairing of freedom, was thankful for an interval of repose. In such a situation, the constitution was dictated by the master of the state for his own glory and convenience,—not imposed upon him by the nation for his direction and control; and, with whatever names or pretences of liberty and popular prerogative the members of it might be adorned, it was sufficiently known to all parties that it was intended substantially as an instrument of Command,—that the only effective power that was meant to be exercised or recognised in the government, was the power of the Emperor, abetted by his Army; and that all the other functionaries were in reality to be dependent upon him. That the Senate and Legislative Body, therefore, did not convert the military despotism upon which they were thus engrafted into a free government, is no considerable presumption against the fitness of such institutions to maintain the principles of freedom under different circumstances; nor can the fact be justly regarded as a new example of their inefficiency for that purpose. In this instance they were never intended to minister to the interests of liberty; nor instituted with any serious expectation that they would have that effect. Here, therefore, there was truly no failure, and no disappointment. They actually answered all the ends of their establishment; by facilitating the execution of the Imperial will, and disguising, to those who chose to look no farther, the naked oppression of the government. It does not seem to us, therefore, that this instance more than the other, should materially discourage our expectations of now seeing something like a system of regulated freedom in that country. The people of France have lived long enough under the capricious atrocities of a crazy democracy, to be aware of the dangers of that form of government,—to feel the necessity of contriving some retarding machinery to break the impulse of the general will, and providing some apparatus for purifying, concentrating, and cooling the first fiery runnings of popular spirit and enthusiasm; while they have also felt enough of the oppressions and miseries of arbitrary power, to instruct them in the value of some regular and efficient control. In such a situation, therefore, when a scheme of government that has been found to answer both these purposes in other countries, is offered by the nation as the accompaniment and condition of the monarchy, and is freely accepted by the Sovereign on his accession, there seems to be a reasonable hope that the issue will at length be fortunate;—and that a free and stable constitution may succeed to the calamitous experiments which have been suggested by the imperfections of that which was originally established.

All this, however, we readily admit, is but problematical; and affords ground for nothing more than expectation and conjecture. There are grounds certainly for doubting, whether the French are even yet capable of a regulated freedom;—and for believing, at all events, that they will for a good while be but awkward in discharging the ordinary offices of citizens of a limited monarchy. They have probably learned, by this time, that for a nation to be free, something more is necessary than that it should will it. To be practically and tranquilly free, *a great deal more* is necessary; and though we do not ascribe much to positive institutions, we ascribe almost every thing to temper and habit.—A genuine system of national representation, for example, can neither be devised, nor carried into operation in a day. The practical benefits of such a system depend in a great measure upon the internal arrangements of the society in which it exists, by means of which the sentiments and opinions of the people may be [illegible] and safely transmitted from [illegible] and elementary gatherings, to [illegible] depositories of national energy. The structure, which answers th[illegible]

however, is in all cases more the work of time than of contrivance; and can never be impressed at once upon a society, which is aiming for the first time at these objects.—Without some such previous and internal arrangement, however—and without the familiar existence of a long gradation of virtual and unelected representatives, no pure or fair representation can ever be obtained. Instead of the cream of the society, we shall have the froth only in the legislature—or, it may be, the scum, and the fiery spirit, instead of the rich extract of all its strength and its virtues. But even independent of the common hazards and disadvantages of novelty, there are strong grounds of apprehension in the character and habits of the French nation. The very vivacity of that accomplished people, and the raised imagination which they are too apt to carry with them into projects of every description, are all against them in those political adventures. They are too impatient, we fear—too ambitious of perfection—too studious of effect, to be satisfied with the attainable excellence or vulgar comforts of an English constitution. If it captivate them in the theory, it will be sure to disappoint them in the working:—From endeavouring universally, each in his own department, to top their parts, they will be very apt to go beyond them;—and will run the risk, not only of encroaching upon each other, but, generally, of missing the substantial advantages of the plan, through disdain of that sobriety of effort, and calm mediocrity of principle, to which alone it is adapted.

The project of giving them a free constitution, therefore, may certainly miscarry,—and it may miscarry in two ways. If the Court can effectually attach to itself the Marshals and Military Senators of Bonaparte, in addition to the old Nobility;—and if, through their means, the vanity and ambition of the turbulent and aspiring spirits of the nation can be turned either towards military advancement, or to offices and distinction about the Court, the legislative bodies may be gradually made subservient in most things to the will of the Government;—and by skilful management, may be rendered almost as tractable and insignificant, as they have actually been in the previous stages of their existence. On the other hand, if the discordant materials, out of which the higher branch of the legislature is to be composed, should ultimately arrange it into two hostile parties,—of the old Noblesse on the one hand, and the active individuals who have fought their way to distinction through scenes of democratic and imperial tyranny, on the other, it is greatly to be feared, that the body of the nation will soon be divided into the same factions; and that while the Court throws all its influence into the scale of the former, the latter will in time unite the far more formidable weight of the military body—the old republicans, and all who are either discontented at their lot, or impatient of peaceful times. By their assistance, and that of the national vehemence and love of change, it will most probably get the command of the legislative body and the capital;—and then, unless the Prince play his part with singular skill, as well as temper, there will be imminent hazard of a revolution,—not less disastrous perhaps than that which has just been completed.

Of these two catastrophes, the first, which would be the least lamentable or hopeless, seems, in the present temper of the times, to be rather the most likely to happen;—and, even though it should occur, the government would most probably be considerably more advanced toward freedom than it has ever yet been in that country—and the organisation would remain entire, into which the breath of liberty might be breathed, as soon as the growing spirit of patriotism and intelligence had again removed the shackles of authority. Against the second and more dreadful catastrophe, and in some considerable degree against both, there seems to exist a reasonable security in the small numbers and general weakness of that part of the old aristocracy which has survived to reclaim its privileges. One of the bases of the new constitution, and perhaps the most important of them all, is, that every subject of the kingdom shall be equally capable of all honours or employments. Had the Sovereign, however, who is the fountain of honour and the giver of employment, returned with that great train of nobility which waited in the court of his predecessor, this vital regulation, we fear, might have proved a mere dead letter; and the same unjust monopoly of power and distinction that originally overthrew the throne, might again have sapped its foundations.—As things now are, however, there are far too few of that order to sustain such a monopoly; and the prince must of necessity employ subjects of all ranks and degrees, in situations of the greatest dignity and importance. A real equality of rights will thus be practically recognised; and a fair and intelligent distribution of power and consideration will go far to satisfy the wishes of every party in the state, or at least to disarm those who would foment discontents and disaffection, of their most plausible topics and pretexts.

On the whole, then, we think France has now a tolerable prospect of obtaining a free government—and, without extraordinary mismanagement, is almost sure of many great improvements on her ancient system. Her great security and *panacea* must be a spirit of general mildness, and mutual indulgence and toleration. All parties have something to forgive, and something to be forgiven; and there is much in the history of the last twenty-five years, which it would be for the general interest, and the general credit of the country, to consign to oblivion. The scene has opened, we think, under the happiest auguries in this respect. The manner of the abdication, and the manner of the restoration, are ominous, we think, of forbearance and conciliation in all the quarters from which intractable feelings were most to be apprehended; and the commanding example of the Emperor Alexander, will go further to diffuse

and confirm this spirit, than the professions or exhortations of any of the parties more immediately concerned. The blood of the Bourbons too, we believe to be mild and temperate; and the adversity by which their illustrious Chief has so long been tried, we are persuaded, has not altered its sweetness. He is more anxious, we make no doubt, to relieve the sufferings, than to punish the offences, of any part of his subjects—and returns, we trust, to the impoverished cities and wasted population of his country, with feelings, not of vengeance, but of pity. If to the philanthropy which belongs to his race, he could but join the firmness and activity in which they have been supposed to be wanting, he might be the most glorious king of the happiest people that ever escaped from tyranny; and, we fondly hope that fortune and prudence will combine to render the era of his accession for ever celebrated in the grateful memory of his people. In the mean time, his most dangerous enemies are the Royalists; and the only deadly error he can commit, is to rely on his own popularity or personal authority.

If we are at all right in this prognostication, there should be little doubt on the only remaining subject of discussion. It must be favourable to the general interests of freedom, that a free government is established in France; and the principles of liberty, both here and elsewhere, must be strengthened by this large accession to her domains. There are persons among us, however, who think otherwise,—or profess at least to see, in the great drama which has just been completed, no other moral than this—that rebellion against a lawful sovereign, is uniformly followed with great disasters, and ends in the complete demolition and exposure of the insurgents, and the triumphal restoration of the rightful Prince. These reasoners find it convenient to take a very compendious and summary view indeed of the great transactions of which they thus extract the essence—and positively refuse to look at any other points in the eventful history before them, but that the line of the Bourbons was expelled, and that great atrocities and great miseries ensued—that the nation then fell under a cruel despotism, and that all things are set to rights again by the restoration of the Bourbons! The comfortable conclusion which they draw, or wish at least to be drawn, from these premises, is, that if the lesson have its proper effect, this restoration will make every king on the Continent more absolute than ever; and confirm every old government in an attachment to its most inveterate abuses.

It is not worth while, perhaps, to combat these extravagancies by reasoning;—Yet, in their spirit, they come so near certain opinions that seem to have obtained currency in this country, that it is necessary to say a word or two with regard to them. We shall merely observe, therefore, that the Bourbons were expelled, on account of great faults and abuses in the old system of the government; and that they have only been restored upon condition that these abuses shall be abolished. They were expelled, in short, because they were Arbitrary monarchs; and they are only restored, upon paction and security that they shall be arbitrary no longer. *This* is the true summary of the great transaction that has just been completed; and the correct result of the principles that regulated its beginning and its ending. The intermediate proceedings, too, bear the very same character. After the abolition of the old royalty, the nation fell no doubt into great disorders and disasters,—not, however, for want of the old abuses,—or even of the old line of sovereigns,—but in consequence of new abuses, crimes, and usurpations. These also they strove to rectify and repress as they best could, by expelling or cutting off the delinquents, and making provision against the recurrence of this new form of tyranny;—at last, they fell under the arbitrary rule of a great military commander, and for some time rejoiced in a subjection which insured their tranquillity. By and by, however, the evils of this tyranny were found far to outweigh its advantages; and when the destruction of his military force gave them an opportunity of expressing their sentiments, the nation rose against him as one man, and expelled him also, for his tyranny, from that throne, from which, for a much smaller degree of the same fault, they had formerly expelled the Bourbons.—Awaking then to the advantages of an undisputed title to the crown, and recovered from the intoxication of their first burst into political independence, they ask the ancient line of their kings, whether they will renounce the arbitrary powers which had been claimed by their predecessors, and submit to a constitutional control from the representatives of the people? and upon their solemn consent and cordial acquiescence in those conditions, they recal them to the throne, and enrol themselves as their free and loyal subjects.

The lesson, then, which is taught by the whole history is, that oppressive governments must also be insecure; and that, after nations have attained to a certain measure of intelligence, the liberty of the people is necessary to the stability of the throne. We may dispute for ever about the immediate or accidental causes of the French revolution; but no man of reflection can now doubt, that its true and efficient cause, was the undue limitation of the rights and privileges of the great body of the people, after their wealth and intelligence had virtually entitled them to greater consequence. Embarrassments in finance, or blunders, or ambition in particular individuals, may have determined the time and the manner of the explosion; but it was the system which withheld all honours and distinctions from the mass of the people, after nature had made them capable of them, which laid the train, and filled the mine that produced it. Had the government of Fr[illegible] been free in 1788, the throne of it[illegible] might have bid a proud defian[illegible] in the treasury, or disorderly am[illegible] thousand Mirabeaus. Had the p[illegible]

joyed their due weight in the administration of the government, and their due share in the distribution of its patronage, there would have been no democratic insurrection, and no materials indeed for such a catastrophe as ensued. That movement, like all great national movements, was produced by a sense of injustice and oppression; and though its immediate consequences were far more disastrous than the evils by which it had been provoked, it should never be forgotten, that those evils were the necessary and lamented causes of the whole. The same principle, indeed, of the necessary connection of oppression and insecurity, may be traced through all the horrors of the revolutionary period. What, after all, was it but *their tyranny* that supplanted Marat and Robespierre, and overthrew the tremendous power of the wretches for whom they made way? Or, to come to its last and most conspicuous application, does any one imagine, that if Bonaparte had been a just, mild, and equitable sovereign, under whom the people enjoyed equal rights and impartial protection, he would ever have been hurled from his throne, or the Bourbons invited to replace him? He, too, fell ultimately a victim to *his tyranny*:—and his fall, and their restoration on the terms that have been stated, concur to show, that there is but one condition by which, in an enlightened age, the loyalty of nations can be secured—the condition of their being treated with kindness; and but one bulwark by which thrones can now be protected—the attachment and conscious interest of a free and intelligent people.

This is the lesson which the French revolution reads aloud to mankind; and which, in its origin, in its progress, and in its termination, it tends equally to impress. It shows also, no doubt, the dangers of popular insurrection, and the dreadful excesses into which a people will be hurried, who rush at once from a condition of servitude to one of unbounded licentiousness. But the state of servitude leads *necessarily* to resistance and insurrection, when the measure of wrong and of intelligence is full; and though the history before us holds out most awful warnings as to the reluctance and the precautions with which resistance should be attempted, it is so far from showing that it either can or ought to be repressed, that it is the very moral of the whole tragedy, and of each of its separate acts, that resistance is as inevitably the effect, as it is immediately the cure and the punishment of oppression. The crimes and excesses with which the revolution may be attended, will be more or less violent in proportion to the severity of the preceding tyranny, and the degree of ignorance and degradation in which it has kept the body of the people. The rebellion of West India slaves is more atrocious than the insurrection of a Parisian populace;—and that again far more fierce and sanguinary than the movements of an English revolution. But in all cases, the radical guilt is in the tyranny which compels the resistance; and they who are the authors of the misery and the degradation, are also responsible for the acts of passion and debasement to which they naturally lead. If the natural course of a stream be obstructed, the pent up waters will, to a certainty, sooner or later bear down the bulwarks by which they are confined. The devastation which may ensue, however, is not to be ascribed to the weakness of those bulwarks, but to the fundamental folly of their erection. The stronger they had been made, the more dreadful, and not the less certain, would have been the ultimate eruption; and the only practical lesson to be learned from the catastrophe is, that the great agents and elementary energies of nature are never dangerous but when they are repressed; and that the only way to guide and disarm them, is to provide a safe and ample channel for their natural operation. The laws of the physical world, however, are not more absolute than those of the moral; nor is the principle of the rebound of elastic bodies more strictly demonstrated than the reaction of rebellion and tyranny.

If there ever was a time, however, when it might be permitted to doubt of this principle, it certainly is *not* the time when the tyranny of Napoleon has just overthrown the mightiest empire that pride and ambition ever erected on the ruins of justice and freedom. Protected as he was by the vast military system he had drawn up before him, and still more, perhaps, by the dread of that chaotic and devouring gulf of Revolution which still yawned behind him, and threatened to swallow up all who might drive him from his place, he was yet unable to maintain a dominion which stood openly arrayed against the rights and liberties of mankind. But if tyranny and oppression, and the abuse of imperial power have cast down the throne of Bonaparte, guarded as it was with force and terror, and all that art could devise to embarrass, or glory furnish to dazzle and over-awe, what tyrannical throne can be expected to stand hereafter? or what contrivances can secure an oppressive sovereign from the vengeance of an insurgent people? Looking only to the extent of his resources, and the skill and vigour of his arrangements, no sovereign on the Continent seemed half so firm in his place as Bonaparte did but two years ago. There was the canker of tyranny, however, in the full-blown flower of his greatness. With all the external signs of power and prosperity, he was weak, because he was unjust—he was insecure, because he was oppressive—and his state was assailed from without, and deserted from within, for no other reason than that his ambitious and injurious proceedings had alienated the affections of his people, and alarmed the fears of his neighbours.

The moral, then, of the grand drama which has occupied the scene of civilised Europe for upwards of twenty years, is, we think, at last sufficiently unfolded;—and strange indeed and deplorable it certainly were, if all that labour should have been without fruit, and all that suffering in vain. Something, surely, for our own guidance, and for that of our posterity, we ought at last to learn, from so painful

and so costly an experiment. We have lived ages in these twenty years; and have seen condensed, into the period of one short life, the experience of eventful centuries. All the moral and all the political elements that engender or diversify great revolutions, have been set in action, and made to produce their full effect before us; and all the results of misgovernment, in all its forms and in all its extremes, have been exhibited, on the grandest scale, in our view. Whatever quiescent indolence or empiric rashness, individual ambition or popular fury, unrectified enthusiasm or brutal profligacy, could do to disorder the counsels and embroil the affairs of a mighty nation, has been tried, without fear and without moderation. We have witnessed the full operation of every sort of guilt, and of every sort of energy—the errors of strength and the errors of weakness—and the mingling or contrasting effects of terror and vanity, and wild speculations and antiquated prejudices, on the whole population of Europe. There has been an excitement and a conflict to which there is nothing parallel in the history of any past generation; and it may be said, perhaps without any great extravagance, that during the few years that have elapsed since the breaking out of the French revolution, men have thought and acted, and sinned and suffered, more than in all the ages that have passed since their creation. In that short period, every thing has been questioned, every thing has been suggested—and every thing has been tried. There is scarcely any conceivable combination of circumstances under which men have not been obliged to act, and to anticipate and to suffer the consequences of their acting. The most insane imaginations—the most fantastic theories—the most horrible abominations, have all been reduced to practice, and taken seriously upon trial. Nothing is now left, it would appear, to be projected or attempted in government. We have ascertained experimentally the consequences of all extremes; and exhausted, in the real history of twenty-five years, all the problems that can be supplied by the whole science of politics.

Something *must* have been learned from this great condensation of experience;—some leading propositions, either positive or negative, must have been established in the course of it:—And although *we* perhaps are as yet too near the tumult and agitation of the catastrophe, to be able to judge with precision of their positive value and amount, we can hardly be mistaken as to their general tendency and import. The clearest and most indisputable result is, that the prodigious advances made by the body of the people, throughout the better parts of Europe, in wealth, consideration, and intelligence, had rendered the ancient institutions and exclusions of the old continental governments altogether unsuitable to their actual condition; that public opinion had tacitly acquired a commanding and uncontrollable power in every enlightened community; and that, to render its operation in any degree safe, or consistent with any regular plan of administration, it was absolutely necessary to contrive some means for bringing it to act directly on the machine of government, and for bringing it regularly and openly to bear on the public counsels of the country. This was not necessary while the bulk of the people were poor, abject, and brutish,—and the nobles alone had either education, property, or acquaintance with affairs; and it was during that period that the institutions were adopted, which were maintained too long for the peace and credit of the world. Public opinion overthrew those in France; and the shock was felt in every feudal monarchy in Europe. But this sudden extrication of a noble and beneficent principle, produced, at first, far greater evils than those which had proceeded from its repression. "Th' extravagant and erring spirit" was not yet enshrined in any fitting organisation; and, acting without balance or control, threw the whole mass of society into wilder and more terrible disorder than had ever been experienced before its disclosure. It was then tried to compress it again into inactivity by violence and intimidation: But it could not be so over-mastered—nor laid to rest, by all the powerful conjurations of the reign of terror; and, after a long and painful struggle under the pressure of a military despotism, it has again broken loose, and pointed at last to the natural and appropriate remedy, of embodying it in a free Representative Constitution, through the meditation of which it may diffuse life and vigour through every member of society.

The true theory of that great revolution therefore is, that it was produced by the repression or practical disregard of public opinion, and that the evils with which it was attended, were occasioned by the want of any institution to control and regulate the application of that opinion to the actual management of affairs:—And the grand moral that may be gathered from the whole eventful history, seems therefore to be, that in an enlightened period of society, no government can be either prosperous or secure, which does not provide for expressing and giving effect to the general sense of the community.

This, it must be owned, is a lesson worth buying at some cost:—and, looking back on the enormous price we have paid for it, it is no slight gratification to perceive, that it seems not only to have been emphatically taught, but effectually learned. In every corner of Europe, principles of moderation and liberality are at last not only professed, but, to some extent, acted upon; and doctrines equally favourable to the liberty of individuals, and the independence of nations, are univer sally promulgated, in quarters where some little jealousy of their influence might have been both expected and excused. If any one doubts of the progress which the principles of liberty have made since the beginning of the French revolution, and of the efficacy of that lesson which its events have impressed on every court of the Continent, let him compare the conduct of the Allies at this moment, with that which they held in 1790—let him

contrast the treaty of Pilnitz with the declaration of Frankfort—and set on one hand the proclamation of the Duke of Brunswick upon entering the French territories in 1792, and that of the Emperor of Russia on the same occasion in 1814;—let him think how La Fayette and Dumourier were treated at the former period, and what honours have been lavished on Moreau and Bernadotte in the latter—or, without dwelling on particulars, let him ask himself, whether it would have been tolerated among the loyal Antigallicans of that day, to have proposed, in a moment of victory, that a representative assembly should share the powers of legislation with the restored sovereign—that the noblesse should renounce all their privileges, except such as were purely honorary—that citizens of all ranks should be equally eligible to all employments—that all the officers and dignitaries of the revolutionary government should retain their rank—that the nation should be taxed only by its representatives—that all sorts of national property should be ratified, and that perfect toleration in religion, liberty of the press, and trial by jury, should be established. Such, however, are the chief *bases* of that constitution, which was cordially approved by the Allied Sovereigns, after they were in possession of Paris; and, with reference to which, their August Chief made that remarkable declaration, in the face of Europe, "That France stood in need of strong institutions, and such as were suited to the intelligence of the age."

Such is the improved creed of modern courts, as to civil liberty and the rights of individuals. With regard to national justice and independence again,—is there any one so romantic as to believe, that if the Allied Sovereigns had dissipated the armies of the republic, and entered the metropolis as conquerors in 1792, they would have left to France all her ancient territories,—or religiously abstained from interfering in the settlement of her government,—or treated her baffled warriors and statesmen with honourable courtesies, and her humbled and guilty Chief with magnanimous forbearance and clemency? The conduct we have just witnessed, in all these particulars, is wise and prudent, no doubt, as well as magnanimous;—and the splendid successes which have crowned the arms of the present Deliverers of Europe, may be ascribed even more to the temper than to the force with which they have been wielded;—certainly more to the plain justice and rationalty of the cause in which they were raised, than to either.—Yet those very successes exclude all supposition of this justice and liberality being assumed out of fear or necessity;—and establish the sincerity of those professions, which it would no doubt have been the best of all policy at any rate to have made. It is equally decisive, however, of the merit of the agents and of the principles, that the most liberal maxims were held out by the most decided victors; and the greatest honours paid to civil and to national freedom, when it was most in their power to have crushed the one, and invaded the other. Nothing, in short, can account for the altered tone and altered policy of the great Sovereigns of the Continent, but their growing conviction of the necessity of regulated freedom to the peace and prosperity of the world,—but their feeling that, in the more enlightened parts of Europe, men could no longer be governed but by their reason, and that justice and moderation were the only true safeguards of a polished throne. By this high testimony, we think, the cause of Liberty is at length set up above all hazard of calumny or discountenance;—and its interests, we make no doubt, will be more substantially advanced, by being thus freely and deliberately recognised, in the face of Europe, by its mightiest and most absolute princes, than they could otherwise have been by all the reasonings of philosophy, and the toils of patriotism, for many successive generations.

While this is the universal feeling among those who have the best opportunity, and the strongest interest to form a just opinion on the subject, it is not a little strange and mortifying, that there should still be a party in this country, who consider those great transactions under a different aspect;—who look with jealousy and grudging upon all that has been done for the advancement of freedom; and think the splendour of the late events considerably tarnished by those stipulations for national liberty, which form to other eyes their most glorious and happy feature. We do not say this invidiously, nor out of any spirit of faction: But the fact is unquestionable;—and it is worth while both to record, and to try to account for it. An arrangement, which satisfies all the arbitrary Sovereigns of Europe, and is cordially adopted by the Monarch who is immediately affected by it, is objected to as too democratical, by a party in this free country! The Autocrator of all the Russias—the Imperial Chief of the Germanic principalities—the Military Sovereign of Prussia—are all agreed, that France should have a free government: Nay, the King of France himself is thoroughly persuaded of the same great truth;—and all the world rejoices at its ultimate acknowledgment—except only the Tories of England! *They* cannot conceal their mortification at this final triumph of the popular cause; and, while they rejoice at the restoration of the King to the throne of his ancestors, and the recal of his loyal nobility to their ancient honours, are evidently not a little hurt at the advantages which have been, at the same time, secured to the People. They are very glad, certainly, to see Louis XVIII. on the throne of Napoleon,—but they would have liked him better if he had not spoken so graciously to the Marshals of the revolution,—if he had not so freely accepted the constitution which restrained his prerogative,—nor so cordially held out the hand of conciliation to all descriptions of his subjects;—if he had been less magnanimous in short, less prudent, and less amiable. It would have answered better to *their* ideas of a glorious restoration, if it could have been accomplished without any conditions; and if

the Prince had thrown himself entirely into the hands of those bigotted emigrants, who affect to be displeased with his acceptance of a limited crown. In their eyes, the thing would have been more complete, if the noblesse had been restored at once to all their feudal privileges, and the church to its ancient endowments. And we cannot help suspecting, that they think the loss of those vain and oppressive trappings, but ill compensated by the increased dignity and worth of the whole population, by the equalisation of essential rights, and the provision made for the free enjoyment of life, property, and conscience, by the great body of the people.

Perhaps we exaggerate a little in our representation of sentiments in which we do not at all concur:—But, certainly, in conversation and in common newspapers—those light straws that best show how the wind sits—one hears and sees, every day, things that approach at least to the spirit we have attempted to delineate,—and afford no slight presumption of the prevalence of such opinions as we lament. In lamenting them, however, we would not indiscriminately blame.—They are not all to be ascribed to a spirit of servility, or a disregard of the happiness of mankind. Here, as in other heresies, there is an intermixture of errors that are to be pardoned, and principles that are to be respected. There are patriotic prejudices, and illusions of the imagination, and misconceptions from ignorance, at the bottom of this unnatural antipathy to freedom in the citizens of a free land; as well as more sordid interests, and more wilful perversions. Some sturdy Englishmen are staunch for our monopoly of liberty; and feel as if it was an insolent invasion of British privileges, for any other nation to set up a free constitution!—Others apprehend serious dangers to our greatness, if this mainspring and fountain of our prosperity be communicated to other lands.—A still greater proportion, we believe, are influenced by considerations yet more fantastical.—They have been so long used to consider the old government of France as the perfect model of a feudal monarchy, softened and adorned by the refinements of modern society, that they are quite sorry to part with so fine a specimen of chivalrous manners and institutions; and look upon it, with all its characteristic and imposing accompaniments, of a brilliant and warlike nobility,—a gallant court,—a gorgeous hierarchy,—a gay and familiar vassalage, with the same sort of feelings with which they would be apt to regard the sumptuous pageantry and splendid solemnities of the Romish ritual. They are very good Protestants themselves; and know too well the value of religious truth and liberty, to wish for any less simple, or more imposing system at home; but they have no objection that it should exist among their neighbours, that their taste may be gratified by the magnificent spectacles it affords, and their imaginations warmed with the ideas of venerable and pompous antiquity, which it is so well fitted to suggest. The case is nearly the same with their ideas of the old French monarchy. They have read Burke, till their fancies are somewhat heated with the picturesque image of tempered royalty and polished aristocracy, which he has held out in his splendid pictures of France as it was before the revolution; and have been so long accustomed to contrast those comparatively happy and prosperous days, with the horrors and vulgar atrocities that ensued, that they forget the many real evils and oppressions of which that brilliant monarchy was productive, and think that the succeeding abominations cannot be completely expiated till it be restored as it originally existed.

All these, and we believe many other illusions of a similar nature, slight and fanciful as they may appear, contribute largely, we have no doubt, to that pardonable feeling of dislike to the limitation of the old monarchy, which we conceive to be very discernible in a certain part of our population. The great source of that feeling, however, and that which gives root and nourishment to all the rest, is *the Ignorance* which prevails in this country, both of the evils of arbitrary government, and of the radical change in the feelings and opinions of the Continent, which has rendered it no longer practicable in its more enlightened quarters. Our insular situation, and the measure of freedom we enjoy, have done us this injury; along with the infinite good of which they have been the occasions. We do not know either the extent of the misery and weakness produced by tyranny, or the force and prevalence of the conviction which has recently arisen, where they are best known, that they are no longer to be tolerated. On the Continent, experience has at last done far more to enlighten public opinion upon these subjects, than reflection and reasoning in this Island. There, nations have been found irresistible, when the popular feeling was consulted; and absolutely impotent and indefensible where it had been outraged and disregarded: And this necessity of consulting the general opinion, has led, on both sides, to a great relaxation of many of the principles on which they originally went to issue.

Of this change in the terms of the question—and especially of the great abatement which it had been found necessary to make in the pretensions of the old governments, we were generally but little aware in this country. Spectators as we have been of the distant and protracted contest between ancient institutions and authorities on the one hand, and democratical innovation on the other, we are apt still to look upon the parties to that contest as occupying nearly the same positions, and maintaining the same principles, they did at the beginning; while those who have been nearer to the scene of action, or themselves partakers of the fray, are aware that, in the course of that long conflict, each party has been obliged to recede from some of its pretensions, and to admit, in some degree, the justice of those that are made against it. Here, where we have been but too apt to consider the mighty game which has been play-

ing in our sight, and partly at our expense, as an occasion for exercising our own party animosities, or seeking illustrations for our peculiar theories of government, we are still as diametrically opposed, and as keen in our hostilities, as ever. The controversy with us being in a great measure speculative, would lose its interest and attraction, if anything like a compromise were admitted; and we choose, therefore, to shut our eyes to the great and visible approximation into which time, and experience, and necessity have forced the actual combatants. We verily believe, that, except in the imaginations of English politicians, there no longer exist in the world any such aristocrats and democrats as actually divided all Europe in the early days of the French revolution. In this country, however, we still speak and feel as if they existed; and the champions of aristocracy in particular, continue, with very few exceptions, both to maintain pretensions that their principals have long ago abandoned, and to impute to their adversaries, crimes and absurdities with which they have long ceased to be chargeable. To them, therefore, no other alternative has yet presented itself but the absolute triumph of one or other of two opposite and irreconcileable extremes. Whatever is taken from the sovereign, they consider as being necessarily given to crazy republicans; and very naturally dislike all limitations of the royal power, because they are unable to distinguish them from usurpations by the avowed enemies of all subordination. That the real state of things has long been extremely different, men of reflection might have concluded from the known principles of human nature, and men of information must have learned from sources of undoubted authority: But no small proportion of our zealous politicians belong to neither of those classes; and we ought not, perhaps, to wonder, if they are slow in admitting truths which a predominating party has so long thought it for its interest to misrepresent or disguise. The time, however, seems almost come, when conviction must be forced even upon their reluctant understandings,—and by the sort of evidence best suited to their capacity. They would probably be little moved by the best arguments that could be addressed to them, and might distrust the testimony of ordinary observers; but they cannot well refuse to yield to the opinions of the great Sovereigns of the Continent, and must even give faith to their professions, when they find them confirmed at all points by their actions. If the establishment of a limited monarchy in France would be dangerous to sovereign authority in all the adjoining regions, it is not easy to conceive that it should have met with the cordial approbation of the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the King of Prussia, in the day of their most brilliant success; or that that moment of triumph on the part of the old princes of Europe should have been selected as the period when the thrones of France, and Spain, and Holland, were to be surrounded with permanent limitations,—imposed with their cordial assent, and we might almost say, by their hands. Compared with acts so unequivocal, all declarations may justly be regarded as insignificant; but there are declarations also to the same purpose;—made freely and deliberately on occasions of unparalleled importance,—and for no other intelligible purpose but solemnly to announce to mankind the generous principle on which those mighty actions had been performed.

But while these authorities and these considerations may be expected, in due time, to overcome that pardonable dislike to continental liberty which arises from ignorance or natural prejudices, we will confess that we by no means reckon on the total disappearance of this illiberal jealousy. There is, and we fear there will always be, among us, a set of persons who conceive it to be for their interest to decry every thing that is favourable to liberty,—and who are guided only by a regard to their interest. In a government constituted like ours, the Court must almost always be more or less jealous, and perhaps justly, of the encroachment of popular principles, and disposed to show favour to those who would diminish the influence and authority of such principles. Without intending or wishing to render the British crown altogether arbitrary, it still seems to them to be in favour of its constitutional privileges, that arbitrary monarchies should, to a certain extent, be defended; and an artful apology for tyranny is gratefully received as an argument *à fortiori* in support of a vigorous prerogative. The leaders of the party, therefore, lean that way; and their baser followers rush clamorously along it—to the very brink of servile sedition, and treason against the constitution.

Such men no arguments will silence, and no authorities convert. It is their *profession* to discredit and oppose all that tends to promote the freedom of mankind; and in that vocation they will infallibly labour, so long as it yields them a profit. At the present moment, too, we have no doubt, that their zeal is quickened by their alarm; since, independent of the general damage which the cause of arbitrary government must sustain from the events of which we have been speaking, their immediate consequences in this country are likely to be eminently favourable to the interests of regulated liberty and temperate reform. Next to the actual cessation of bloodshed and suffering, indeed, we consider *this* to be the greatest domestic benefit that we are likely to reap from the peace,—and the circumstance, in our new situation, which calls the loudest for our congratulation. We are perfectly aware, that it is a subject of regret to many patriotic individuals, that the brilliant successes at which we all rejoice, should have occurred under an administration which has not manifested any extraordinary dislike to abuses, nor any very cordial attachment to the rights and liberties of the people; and we know, that it has been an opinion pretty current, both with them and their antagonists, that those successes will fix them so firmly in power, that they will be enabled, if they should be so inclined, to deal more largely in abuses,

and to press more closely on our liberties, than any of their predecessors. For our own part, however, we have never been able to see things in this inauspicious light;—and having no personal or factious quarrel with our present ministers, are easily comforted for the increased chance of their continuance in office, by a consideration of those circumstances that must infallibly, under any ministry, operate to facilitate reform, to diminish the power of the Crown, and to consolidate the liberties of the nation. If our readers agree with us in our estimate of the importance of these circumstances, we can scarcely doubt that they will concur in our general conclusion.

In the *first* place, then, it is obvious, that the direct patronage and indirect influence of the Crown must be most seriously and effectually abridged by the reduction of our army and navy, the diminution of our taxes, and, generally speaking, of all our establishments, upon the ratification of peace. We have thought it a great deal gained for the Constitution of late years, when we could strike off a few hundred thousand pounds of offices in the gift of the Crown, that had become useless, or might be consolidated;—and now the peace will, at one blow, strike off probably thirty or forty millions of government expenditure, ordinary or extraordinary. This alone might restore the balance of the Constitution.

In the *next* place, a continuance of peace and prosperity will naturally produce a greater diffusion of wealth, and consequently a greater spirit of independence in the body of the people; which, co-operating with the diminished power of the government to provide for its baser adherents, must speedily thin the ranks of its regular supporters, and expose it far more effectually to the control of a weightier and more impartial public opinion.

In the *third* place, the events to which we have alluded, and the situation in which they will leave us, will take away almost all those pretexts for resisting inquiry into abuses, and proposals for reform, by the help of which, rather than of any serious dispute on the principle, these important discussions have been waived for these last twenty years. We shall no longer be stopped with the plea of its being no fit time to quarrel about the little faults of our Constitution, when we are struggling with a ferocious enemy for its very existence. It will not now do to tell us, that it is both dangerous and disgraceful to show ourselves disunited in a season of such imminent peril—or that all great and patriotic minds should be entirely engrossed with the care of our safety, and can have neither leisure nor energy to bestow upon concerns less urgent or vital. The restoration of peace, on the contrary, will soon leave us little else to do;—and when we have no invasions nor expeditions—nor coalitions nor campaigns—nor even any loans and budgets to fill the minds of our statesmen, and the ears of our idle politicians, we think it almost certain that questions of reform will rise into paramount importance, and the redress of abuses become the most interesting of public pursuits. We shall be once more entitled, too, to make a fair and natural appeal to the analogous acts or institutions of other nations, without being met by the cry of revolution and democracy, or the imputation of abetting the proceedings of a sanguinary despot. We shall again see the abuses of old hereditary power, and the evils of maladministration in legitimate hands; and be permitted to argue from them, without the reproach of disaffection to the general cause of mankind. Men and things, in short, we trust, will again receive their true names, on a fair consideration of their merits; and our notions of political desert be no longer confounded by indiscriminate praise of all who are with us, and intolerant abuse of all who are against us, in a struggle that touches the sources of so many passions. When we plead for the emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland, we shall no longer be told that the Pope is a mere puppet in the hands of an inveterate foe,—nor be deterred from protesting against the conflagration of a friendly capital, by the suggestion, that no other means were left to prevent that same foe from possessing himself of its fleet. Exceptions and extreme cases, in short, will no longer furnish the ordinary rules of our conduct; and it will be impossible, by extraneous arguments, to baffle every attempt at a fair estimate of our public principles and proceedings.

These, we think, are among the necessary consequences of a peace concluded in such circumstances as we have now been considering; and they are but a specimen of the kindred consequences to which it must infallibly lead. If these ensue, however, and are allowed to produce their natural effects, it is a matter of indifference to us whether Lord Castlereagh and Lord Liverpool, or Lord Grey and Lord Grenville are at the head of the government. The former, indeed, may probably be a little uneasy in so new a posture of affairs; but they will either conform to it, or abandon their posts in despair. To control or alter it, will assuredly be beyond their power.

With these pleasing anticipations, we would willingly close this long review of the State and Prospects of the European Commonwealth, in its present great crisis, of restoration, or of new revolutions. But, cheering and beautiful as it is, and disposed as we think we have shown ourselves to look hopefully upon it, it is impossible to shut our eyes on two dark stains that appear on the bright horizon, and seem already to tarnish the glories with which they are so sadly contrasted. One is of longer standing, and perhaps of deeper dye.—But both are most painful deformities on the face of so fair a prospect; and may be mentioned with less scruple and greater hope, from the consideration, that those who have now the power of effacing them can scarcely be charged with the guilt of their production, and have given strong indications of dispositions that must lead them to wish for their removal. We need scarcely give the key to these observations by naming the names of *Poland* and of *Norway*. Nor do we propose, on the present occasion, to do much more than to name them. Of the latter, we shall probably contrive to

speak fully on a future occasion. Of the former, many of our readers may think we have, on former occasions, said at least enough. Our zeal in that cause, we know, has been made matter of wonder, and even of derision, among certain persons who value themselves on the character of *practical* politicians and men of the world; and we have had the satisfaction of listening to various witty sneers on the mixed simplicity and extravagance of supposing, that the kingdom of the Poles was to be re-established by a dissertation in an English journal. It would perhaps be enough to state, that, independent of any view to an immediate or practical result in other regions, it is of some consequence to keep the observation of England alive, and its feelings awake, upon a subject of this importance: But we must beg leave to add, that such dissertations are humbly conceived to be among the legitimate means by which the English public both instructs and expresses itself; and that the opinion of the English public is still allowed to have weight with its government; which again cannot well be supposed to be altogether without influence in the councils of its allies.

Whatever becomes of Poland, it is most material, we think, that the people of this country should judge soundly, and feel rightly, on a matter that touches on principles of such general application. But every thing that has passed since the publication of our former remarks, combines to justify what we then stated; and to encourage us to make louder and more energetic appeals to the justice and prudence and magnanimity of the parties concerned in this transaction. The words and the deeds of Alexander that have, since that period, passed into the page of history—the principles he has solemnly professed, and the acts by which he has sealed that profession—entitle us to expect from him a strain of justice and generosity, which vulgar politicians may call romantic if they please, but which all men of high principles and enlarged understandings will feel to be not more heroic than judicious. While Poland remains oppressed and discontented, the peace of Europe will always be at the mercy of any ambitious or intriguing power that may think fit to rouse its vast and warlike population with the vain promise of independence; while it is perfectly manifest that those, by whom alone that promise could be effectually kept, would gain prodigiously, both in security and in substantial influence, by its faithful performance. It is not, however, for the mere name of independence, nor for the lost glories of an ancient and honourable existence, that the people of Poland are thus eager to array themselves in any desperate strife of which this may be proclaimed as the prize. We have shown, in our last number, the substantial and intolerable evils which this extinction of their national dignity—this sore and unmerited wound to their national pride, has necessarily occasioned: And thinking, as we do, that a people without the feelings of national pride and public duty must be a people without energy and without enjoyments, we apprehend it to be at any rate indisputable, in the present instance, that the circumstances which have dissolved their political being, have struck also at the root of their individual happiness and prosperity; and that it is not merely the unjust destruction of an ancient kindom that we lament, but the condemnation of fifteen millions of human beings to unprofitable and unparalleled misery.

But though these are the considerations by which the feelings of private individuals are most naturally affected, it should never be forgotten, that all the principles on which the great fabric of national independence confessedly rests in Europe, are involved in the decision of this question; and that no one nation can be secure in its separate existence, if all the rest do not concur in disavowing the maxims which were acted upon in the partition of Poland. It is not only mournful to see the scattered and bleeding members of that unhappy state still palpitating and agonising on the spot where it lately stood erect in youthful vigour and beauty; but it is unsafe to breathe the noxious vapours which this melancholy spectacle exhales. The wholesome neighbourhood is poisoned by their diffusion; and every independence within their range, sickens and is endangered by the contagion.

(February, 1811.)

Speech of the Right Hon. William Windham, in the House of Commons, May 26, 1809, on Mr. Curwen's Bill, "for better securing the Independence and Purity of Parliament, by preventing the procuring or obtaining of Seats by corrupt Practices." 8vo. pp. 43. London: 1810.*

Mr. Windham, the most high-minded and incorruptible of living men, can see no harm in selling seats in parliament openly to the highest bidder, or for excluding public trusts

* The passing of the Reform Bill has *antiquated* much of the discussion in this article, as originally written; and a considerable portion of it is now, for this reason, omitted. But it also contains answers to the systematic apologists of corruption, and opponents of reform principles—which are applicable to all times, and all conditions of society; and of which recent events and discussions seem to show that the present generation may still need to be reminded.

generally from the money market; and is of opinion that political influence arising from property should be disposed of like other property. It will be readily supposed that we do not assent to any part of this doctrine; and indeed we must beg leave to say, that to us it is no sort of argument for the sale of seats, to contend that such a transference is no worse than the possession of the property transferred; and to remind us, that he who objects to men selling their influence, must be against their having it to sell. We *are* decidedly against their having it—*to sell!* and, as to what is here considered as the *necessary* influence of property over elections, we should think there could be no great difficulty in drawing the line between the legitimate, harmless, and even beneficial use of property, even as connected with elections; and its direct employment for the purchase of parliamentary influence. Almost all men—indeed, we think, all men—admit, that *some* line is to be drawn;—that the political influence of property should be confined to that which is essential to its use and enjoyment;—and that penalties should be inflicted, when it is directly applied to the purchase of votes; though that is perhaps the only case in which the law can interfere vindictively, without introducing far greater evils than those which it seeks to remedy.

To those who are already familiar with the facts and the reasonings that bear upon this great question, these brief suggestions will probably be sufficient; but there are many to whom the subject will require a little more explanation; and for whose use, at all events, the argument must be a little more opened up and expanded.

If men were perfectly wise and virtuous, they would stand in no need either of Government or of Representatives; and, therefore, if they do need them, it is quite certain that their choice will not be influenced by considerations of duty or wisdom alone. We may assume it as an axiom, therefore, however the purists may be scandalised, that, even in political elections, some other feelings will necessarily have play; and that passions, and prejudices, and personal interests, will always interfere, to a greater or less extent, with the higher dictates of patriotism and philanthropy. Of these sinister motives, individual interest, of course, is the strongest and most steady; and wealth, being its most common and appropriate object, it is natural to expect that the possession of property should bestow some political influence. The question, therefore, is, whether this influence can ever be safe or tolerable—or whether it be possible to mark the limits at which it becomes so pernicious as to justify legislative coercion. Now, we are so far from thinking, with Mr. Windham, that there is no room for any distinction in this matter, that we are inclined, on the whole, to be of opinion, that what we would term the natural and inevitable influence of property in elections, is not only safe, but salutary; while its artificial and corrupt influence is among the most pernicious and reprehensible of all political abuses.

The natural influence of property is that which results spontaneously from its ordinary use and expenditure, and cannot well be misunderstood. That a man who spends a large income in the place of his residence—who subscribes handsomely for building bridges, hospitals, and assembly-rooms, and generally to all works of public charity or accommodation in the neighbourhood—and who, moreover, keeps the best table for the gentry, and has the largest accounts with the tradesmen—will, without thinking or caring about the matter, acquire more influence, and find more people ready to oblige him, than a poorer man, of equal virtue and talents—is a fact, which we are as little inclined to deplore, as to call in question. Neither does it cost us any pang to reflect, that, if such a man was desirous of representing the borough in which he resided, or of having it represented by his son or his brother, or some dear and intimate friend, his recommendation would go much farther with the electors than a respectable certificate of extraordinary worth and abilities in an opposing candidate.

Such an influence as this, it would evidently be quite absurd for any legislature to think of interdicting, or even for any reformer to attempt to discredit. In the *first* place, because it is founded in the very nature of men and of human affairs, and could not possibly be prevented, or considerably weakened, by any thing short of an universal regeneration; *secondly*, because, though originating from property, it does by no means imply, either the baseness of venality, or the guilt of corruption; but rests infinitely more upon feelings of vanity, and social instinctive sympathy, than upon any consciousness of dependence, or paltry expectation of personal emolument; and, *thirdly*, because, taking men as they actually are, this mixed feeling is, upon the whole, both a safer and a better feeling than the greater part of those, to the influence of which they would be abandoned, if this should be destroyed. If the question were, always, whether a man of wealth and family, or a man of sense and virtue, should have the greatest influence, it would no doubt be desirable that the preponderance should be given to moral and intellectual merit. But this is by no means the true state of the contest:—and when the question is between the influence of property and the influence of intriguing ambition and turbulent popularity, we own that we are glad to find the former most frequently prevalent. In ordinary life, and in common affairs, this natural and indirect influence of property is vast and infallible, even upon the best and most enlightened part of the community; and nothing can conduce so surely to the stability and excellence of a political constitution, as to make it rest upon the general principles that regulate the conduct of the better part of the individuals who live under it, and to attach them to their government by the same feelings which insure their affection or submission in their private capacity

There could be no security, in short, either for property, or for any thing else, in a country where the possession of property did not bestow some political influence.

This, then, is the natural influence of property; which we would not only tolerate, but encourage. We must now endeavour to explain that corrupt or artificial influence, which we conceive it to be our duty by all means to resist and repress. Under this name, we would comprehend all wilful and direct employment of property to purchase or obtain political power, in whatever form the transaction might be embodied: but, with reference to the more common cases, we shall exemplify only in the instances of purchasing votes by bribery, or holding the property of those votes distinct from any other property, and selling and transferring *this* for a price, like any other marketable commodity. All such practices are stigmatized, in common language, and in common feelings, as corrupt and discreditable; and the slightest reflection upon their principles and their consequences, will show, that while they tend to debase the character of all who are concerned in them, they lead directly to the subversion of all that is valuable in a representative system of government. That they may, in some cases, be combined with that indirect and legitimate influence of property of which we have just been speaking, and, in others, be insidiously engrafted upon it, it is impossible to deny; but that they are clearly distinguishable from the genuine fruits of that influence, both in their moral character and their political effects, we conceive to be equally indisputable.

Upon the subject of direct bribery to individual voters, indeed, we do not think it necessary to say any thing. The law, and the feeling of all mankind have marked that practice with reprobation: and even Mr. Windham, in the wantonness of his controversial scepticism, does not pretend to say, that the law or the feeling is erroneous, or that it would not be better that both should, if possible, be made still stronger than they are.

Setting this aside, however, the great practical evils that are supposed to result from the influence of property in the elections of this country, are, 1st, that the representation of certain boroughs is entirely, necessarily and perpetually, at the disposal of certain families, so as to be familiarly considered as a part of their rightful property; and, 2dly, that certain other boroughs are held and managed by corrupt agents and jobbers, for the express purpose of being sold for a price in ready money, either through the intervention of the Treasury, or directly to the candidate. That both these are evils and deformities in our system of representation, we readily admit; though by no means to the same extent, leading to the same effects, or produced by the operation of the same causes.

With regard to the boroughs that are permanently in possession of certain great proprietors, these are, for the most part, such small or decayed places, as have fallen, almost insensibly, under their control, in consequence of the extension of their possessions, and the decline of the population. Considered in this light, it does not appear that they can, with any propriety, be regarded either as scenes of criminal corruption, or as examples of the reprehensible influence of property. If a place which still retains (however absurdly) the right of sending members to parliament, comes to be entirely depopulated, like Old Sarum, it is impossible to suppose that the nomination of its members should vest in any one but the *Proprietor* of the spot to which the right is attached: and, even where the decay is less complete than in this instance, still, if any great family has gradually acquired the greater part of the property from which the right of voting is derived, it is equally impossible to hold that there is any thing corrupt or reprehensible in its availing itself of this influence. Cases of this sort, therefore, we are inclined to consider as cases of the fair influence of property; and though we admit them to be both contradictory to the general scheme of the Constitution, and subversive of some of its most important principles, we think they are to be regarded as flaws and irregularities brought on by time and the course of events, rather than as abuses introduced by the vices and corruptions of men. The remedy—and we certainly think a very obvious and proper remedy—would be, to take the right of election from all places so small and insignificant as to have thus become, in a great measure, the property of an individual—not to rail at the individual who avails himself of the influence *inseparable* from such property—or to dream of restraining him in its exercise, by unjust penalties and impossible regulations.

The great evil, however, is in the other description of boroughs—those that are held by agents or jobbers, by a very different tenure from that of great proprietors and benefactors, and are regularly disposed of by them, at every election, for a price paid down, either through the mediation of the ministry, or without any such mediation: a part of this price being notoriously applied by such agents in direct bribes to individual voters—and the remainder taken to themselves as the lawful profits of the transaction. Now, without going into any sort of detail, we think we might at once venture to ask, whether it be possible for any man to shut his eyes upon the individual infamy and the public hazard that are involved in these last-mentioned proceedings, or for one moment to confound them, even in his imagination, with the innocent and salutary influence that is inseparable from the possession and expenditure of large property? The difference between them, is not less than between the influence which youth and manly beauty, aided by acts of generosity and proofs of honourable intentions may attain over an object of affection, and the control that may be acquired by the arts of a hateful procuress, and by her transferred to an object of natural disgust and aversion. The one is founded upon principles which, if they are not the most lofty or infallible, are still among the most

amiable that belong to our imperfect nature, and leads to consequences eminently favourable to the harmony and stability of our social institutions; while the other can only be obtained by working with the basest instruments on the basest passions; and tends directly to sap the foundations of private honour and public freedom, and to dissolve the kindly cement by which nature herself has knit society together, in the bonds of human sympathy, and mutual trust and dependence. To say that both sorts of influence are derived from property, and are therefore to be considered as identical, is a sophism scarcely more ingenious, than that which would confound the occupations of the highwayman and the honourable merchant, because the object of both was gain; or which should assume the philosophical principle, that all voluntary actions are dictated by a view to ultimate gratification, in order to prove that there was no distinction between vice and virtue; and that the felon, who was led to execution amidst the execrations of an indignant multitude, was truly as meritorious as the patriot, to whom his grateful country decreed unenvied honours for its deliverance from tyranny. The truth is, that there is nothing more dangerous than those metaphysical inquiries into the ultimate constituents of merit or delinquency; and that, in every thing that is connected with practice, and especially with public conduct, no wise man will ever employ such an analytical process to counteract the plain intimations of conscience and common sense, unless for the purpose of confounding an antagonist, or perplexing a discussion, to the natural result of which he is unfriendly on other principles.

But if the practices to which we are alluding be clearly base and unworthy in the eyes of all upright and honourable men, and most pregnant with public danger in the eyes of all thinking and intelligent men, it must appear still more strange to find them defended on the score of their Antiquity, than on that of their supposed affinity to practices that are held to be innocent. Yet the old cry of Innovation! has been raised, with more than usual vehemence, against those who offer the most cautious hints for their correction; and even Mr. Windham has not disdained to seek some aid to his argument from a misapplication of the sorry commonplaces about the antiquity and beauty of our constitution, and the hazard of meddling at all with that under which we have so long enjoyed so much glory and happiness. Of the many good answers that may be made to all arguments of this character, we shall content ourselves with one, which seems sufficiently conclusive and simple.

The abuses, of which we complain, are *not old*, but recent; and those who seek to correct them, are not innovating upon the constitution, but seeking to prevent innovation. The practice of jobbing in boroughs was scarcely known at all in the beginning of the last century; and was not systematized, nor carried to any very formidable extent, till within the last forty years. At all events, it most certainly was not in the contemplation of those by whom the frame of our constitution was laid; and it is confessedly a perversion and abuse of a system, devised and established for very opposite purposes. Let any man ask himself, whether such a scheme of representation, as is now actually in practice in many parts of this country, can be supposed to have been intended by those who laid the foundations of our free constitution, or reared upon them the proud fabric of our liberties? Or let him ask himself, whether, if we were now devising a system of representation for such a country as England, there is any human being who would recommend the adoption of the system that is practically established among us at this moment,—a system under which fifty or sixty members should be returned by twenty or thirty paltry and beggarly hamlets, dignified with the name of boroughs; while twenty or thirty great and opulent towns had no representation;—and where upwards of a hundred more publicly bought their seats, partly by a promise of indiscriminate support to the minister, and partly by a sum paid down to persons who had no natural influence over the electors, and controlled them notoriously, either by direct bribery, or as the agents of ministerial corruption? If it be clear, however, that such a state of things is in itself indefensible, it is still clearer that it is not the state of things which is required by the true principles of the constitution; that, in point of fact, it neither did nor could exist at the time when that constitution was established; and that its correction would be no innovation on that constitution, but a beneficial restoration of it, both in principle and in practice.

If some of the main pillars of our mansion have been thrown down, is it a dangerous innovation to rear them up again? If the roof has grown too heavy for the building, by recent and injudicious superstructures, is it an innovation, if we either take them down, or strengthen the supports upon which they depend? If the waste of time, and the elements, have crumbled away a part of the foundation, does it show a disregard to the safety of the whole pile, if we widen the basis upon which it rests, and endeavour to place it upon deeper and firmer materials? If the rats have eaten a way into the stores and the cellars; or if knavish servants have opened private and unauthorised communications in the lower parts of the fabric, does it indeed indicate a disposition to impair the comfort and security of the abode, that we are anxious to stop up those holes, and to build across those new and suspicious approaches?—Is it not obvious, in short, in all such cases, that the only true innovators are Guilt and Time; and that they who seek to repair what time has wasted; and to restore what guilt has destroyed, are still more unequivocally the enemies of innovation, than of abuse? Those who are most aware of the importance of reform, are also most aware of the hazards of any theoretical or untried change; and, while they strictly confine their efforts to the *restitution* of what all admit to have been in the

original plan of our representation, and to have formed a most essential part of that plan, may reasonably hope, whatever other charges they may encounter, to escape that of a love of innovation.

There is another topic, on which Mr. Windham has dwelt at very great length, which appears to us to bear even less on the merits of the question, than this of the antiquity of our constitution. The abuses and corruptions which Mr. Curwen aimed at correcting, ought not, he says, to be charged to the account of ministers or members of Parliament alone. The greater part of them both originate and end with the people themselves,—are suggested by *their* baseness and self-interest, and terminate in their corrupt gain, with very little voluntary sin, and frequently with very little advantage of any sort to ministers or candidates. Now, though it is impossible to forget what Mr. Windham has himself said, of the disgraceful abuses of patronage committed by men in power, for their own individual emolument,* yet we are inclined, upon the whole, to admit the truth of this statement. It is what we have always thought it our duty to point out to the notice of those who can see no guilt but in the envied possessors of dignity and power; and forms, indeed, the very basis of the answer we have repeatedly attempted to give to those Utopian or factious reformers, whose intemperance has done more injury to the cause of reform, than all the sophistry and all the corruption of their opponents. But, though we admit the premises of Mr. Windham's argument, we must utterly deny his conclusions. When we admit, that a part of the people is venal and corrupt, as well as its rulers, we really cannot see that we admit any thing in defence, or even in palliation, of venality and corruption:—Nor can we imagine, how that melancholy and most humiliating fact, can help in the least to make out, that corruption is not an immoral and pernicious practice;—not a *malum in se*, as Mr. Windham has been pleased to assert, nor even a practice which it would be just and expedient, if it were practicable, to repress and abolish! The only just inference from the fact is, that ministers and members of Parliament are not the only guilty persons in the traffic;—and that all remedies will be inefficient, which are not capable of being applied through the whole range of the malady. It may be a very good retort from the gentlemen within doors to the gentlemen without; and when they are reproached with not having clean hands, it may be very natural for them to ask a sight of those of their accusers. But is this any answer at all, to those who insist upon the infamy and the dangers of corruption in *both* quarters? Or, is the evil really supposed to be less formidable, because it appears to be very widely extended, and to be the fair subject, not only of reproach, but of recrimination? The seat of the malady, and its extent, may indeed vary our opinion as to the nature of the remedy which ought to be administered; but the knowledge that it has pervaded more vital parts than one, certainly should not lead us to think that no remedy whatever is needed,—or to consider the symptoms as too slight to require any particular attention.

But, though we differ thus radically from Mr. Windham in our estimate of the nature and magnitude of this evil, we have already said, that we are disposed to concur with him in disapproving of the measures which have been lately proposed for their correction. The bill of Mr. Curwen, and all bills that aim only at repressing the ultimate traffic in seats, by pains and penalties to be imposed on those immediately concerned in the transaction, appears to us to begin at the wrong end,—and to aim at repressing a result which may be regarded as necessary, so long as the causes which led to it are allowed to subsist in undiminished vigour. It is like trying to save a valley from being flooded, by building a paltry dam across the gathered torrents that flow into it. The only effect is, that they will ultimately make their way, by a more destructive channel, to worse devastation. The true policy is to drain the feeding rills at their fountains, or to provide another vent for the stream, before it reaches the declivity by which the flat is commanded. While the spirit of corruption is unchecked, and even fostered in the bosom of the country, the interdiction of the common market will only throw the trade into the hands of the more profligate and daring,—or give a monopoly to the privileged and protected dealings of Administration; and the evil will in both ways be aggravated, instead of being relieved.

We cannot now stop to point out the actual evils to which this corruption gives rise; or even to dwell on the means by which we think it might be made more difficult: though among these we conceive the most efficacious would obviously be to multiply the numbers, and, in some cases, to raise the qualification of voters—to take away the right of election from decayed, inconsiderable, and *rotten* boroughs; and to bestow it on large towns possessing various and divided wealth. But, though the increased number of voters will make it more difficult to bribe them, and their greater opulence render them less liable to be bribed; still, we confess that the chief benefit which we expect from any provisions of this sort, is the security which we think they will afford for the improvement, maintenance, and propagation of a Free Spirit among the people

* "With respect to the abuse of patronage, one of those by which the interests of countries do, in reality, most suffer, I perfectly agree, that it is likewise one, of which the government, properly so called, that is to say, persons in the highest offices, are as likely to be guilty, and from their opportunities, more likely to be guilty, than any others. And nothing, in point of fact, can exceed the greediness, the selfishness, the insatiable voracity, the profligate disregard of all claims from merit or services, that we often see in persons in high official stations, when providing for themselves, their relations or dependants. I am as little disposed as any one to defend them in this conduct. Let it be reprobated in terms as harsh as any one pleases, and much more so than it commonly is."—*Speech*, p. 28.

—a feeling of political right, and of individual interest, among so great a number of persons, as will make it not only discreditable, but *unsafe*, to invade their liberties, or trespass upon their rights. It is never to be forgotten, that the great and ultimate barrier against oppression, and arbitrary power, must always be raised on public opinion—and on opinion, so valued and so asserted, as to point resolutely to *resistance*, if it be permanently insulted, or openly set at defiance. In order to have this public opinion, however, either sufficiently strong, or sufficiently enlightened, to afford such a security, it is quite necessary that a very large body of the people be taught to set a value upon the rights which it is qualified to protect,—that their reason, their moral principles, their pride, and habitual feelings, should all be engaged on the side of their political independence,—that their attention should be frequently directed to their rights and their duties, as citizens of a free state,—and their eyes, ears, hearts, and affections familiarized with the spectacles, and themes, and occasions, that remind them of those rights and duties. In a commercial country like England, the pursuit of wealth, or of personal comfort, is apt to engross the whole care of the body of the people; and, if property be tolerably secured by law, and a vigilant police repress actual outrage and disorder, they are likely enough to fall into a general forgetfulness of their political rights; and even to regard as burdensome those political functions, without the due exercise of which the whole frame of our liberties would soon dissolve, and fall to pieces. It is of infinite and incalculable importance, therefore, to spread, as widely as possible, among the people, the feelings and the love of their political blessings—to exercise them unceasingly in the evolutions of a free constitution—and to train them to those sentiments of pride, and jealousy, and self-esteem, which arise naturally from their experience of their own value and importance in the great order of society, and upon which alone the fabric of a free government can ever be safely erected.

We indicate all these things very briefly; both because we cannot now afford room for a more full exposition of them, and because it is not our intention to exhaust this great subject on the present occasion, but rather to place before our readers a few of the leading principles upon which we shall think it our duty to expatiate at other opportunities. We cannot, however, bring even these preliminary and miscellaneous observations to a close, without taking some notice of a topic which seems, at present, peculiarly in favour with the reasoning enemies of reform; and to which we cannot reply, without developing, in a more striking manner than we have yet done, the nature of our apprehensions from the influence of the Crown, and the holders of large properties, and of our expectations of good from the increased spirit and intelligence of the people.

The argument to which we allude, proceeds upon the concession, that the patronage of Government, and the wealth employed to obtain political influence, have increased very greatly within the last fifty years; and consists almost entirely in the assertion, that this increase, great as it undoubtedly is, yet has not kept pace with the general increase which has taken place, in the same period, in the wealth, weight, and influence of the people; so that, in point of fact, the power of the Crown and Borough proprietors, although *absolutely* greater, is *proportionally* less than it was at the commencement of the present reign; and ought to be augmented, rather than diminished, if our object be to preserve the ancient balance of the constitution! We must do Mr. Windham the justice to say, that he does not make much use of this argument; but it forms the grand reserve of Mr. Rose's battle; and, we think, is more frequently and triumphantly brought forward than any other, by those who now affect to justify abuses by argumentation.

The first answer we make to it, consists in denying the fact upon which it proceeds; at least in the sense in which it must be asserted, in order to afford any shadow of colour to the conclusion. There is, undoubtedly, far more wealth in the country than there was fifty years ago; but there is not more independence. There are not more men whose incomes exceed what they conceive to be their necessary expenditure;—not nearly so many who consider themselves as nearly rich enough, and who would therefore look on themselves as without apology for doing any thing against their duty or their opinions, for the sake of profit to themselves: on the contrary, it is notorious, and not to be disputed, that our luxury, and habits of expense, have increased considerably faster than the riches by which they should be supported—that men, in general, have now far less to spare than they had when their incomes were smaller—and that if our condition may, in one sense, be said to be a condition of opulence, it is, still more indisputably, a condition of needy opulence. It is perfectly plain, however, that it is not the absolute amount of wealth existing in a nation, that can ever contribute to render it politically independent of patronage, or intractable to the persuasive voice of a munificent and discerning ruler, but the general state of content and satisfaction which results from its wealth being proportioned to its occasions of expense. It neither is, accordingly, nor ever was, among the poor, but among the expensive and extravagant, that corruption looks for her surest and most profitable game; nor can her influence ever be anywhere so great, as in a country where almost all those to whom she can think it important to address herself, are straitened for money, and eager for preferment—dissatisfied with their condition as to fortune—and, whatever may be the amount of their possessions, practically needy, and impatient of their embarrassments. This is the case with the greater part even of those who actually possess the riches for which this country is so distinguished. But the effect of their prosperity has been, to draw a far greater proportion of the people within the sphere of

selfish ambition—to diffuse those habits of expense which give corruption her chief hold and purchase, among multitudes who are spectators only of the splendour in which they cannot participate, and are infected with the cravings and aspirations of the objects of their envy, even before they come to be placed in their circumstances. Such needy adventurers are constantly generated by the rapid progress of wealth and luxury; and are sure to seek and court that corruption which is obliged to seek and court, though with too great a probability of success, those whose condition they miscalculate, and labour to attain. Such a state of things, therefore, is far more favourable to the exercise of the corrupt influence of government and wealthy ambition, than a state of greater poverty and moderation; and the same limited means of seduction will go infinitely farther among a people in the one situation than in the other. The same temptations that were repelled by the simple poverty of Fabricius, would, in all probability, have bought half the golden satraps of the Persian monarch, or swayed the counsels of wealthy and venal Rome, in the splendid days of Catiline and Cæsar.

This, therefore, is our first answer; and it is so complete, we think, as not to require any other for the mere purpose of confutation. But the argument is founded upon so strange and so dangerous a misapprehension of the true state of the case, that we think it our duty to unfold the whole fallacy upon which it proceeds; and to show what very opposite consequences are really to be drawn from the circumstances that have been so imperfectly conceived, or so perversely viewed, by those who contend for increasing the patronage of the Government as a balance to the increasing consequence of the People.

There is a foundation, in fact, for some part of this proposition; but a foundation that has been strangely misunderstood by those who have sought to build upon it so revolting a conclusion. The people *has* increased in consequence, in power, and in political importance. Over all Europe, we verily believe, that they are everywhere growing too strong for their governments; and that, if these governments are to be preserved, *some* measures must be taken to accommodate them to this great change in the condition and interior structure of society. But this increase of consequence is not owing to their having grown *richer;* and still less is it to be provided against, by increasing the means of corruption in the hands of their rulers. This requires, and really deserves, a little more explanation.

All political societies may be considered as divided into three great classes or orders. In the first place, the governors, or those who are employed, or hope to be employed by the governors,—and who therefore either have, or expect to have, profit or advantage of some sort from the government, or from subordinate patrons. In the second place, those who are in opposition to the government, who feel the burdens and restraints which it imposes, are jealous of the honours and emoluments it enjoys or distributes, and grudge the expense and submission which it requires, under an apprehension, that the good it accomplishes is not worth so great a sacrifice. And, thirdly and finally, those who may be counted for nothing in all political arrangements—who are ignorant, indifferent, and quiescent—who submit to all things without grumbling or satisfaction—and are contented to consider all existing institutions as a part of the order of nature to which it is their duty to accommodate themselves.

In rude and early ages, this last division includes by far the greater part of the people: but, as society advances, and intellect begins to develope itself, a greater and a greater proportion is withdrawn from it, and joined to the two other divisions. These drafts, however, are not made indiscriminately, or in equal numbers, to the two remaining orders; but tend to throw a preponderating weight, either into the scale of the government, or into that of its opponents, according to the character of that government, and the nature of the circumstances by which they have been roused from their neutrality. The diffusion of knowledge, the improvements of education, and the gradual descent and expansion of those maxims of individual or political wisdom that are successively established by reflection and experience, necessarily raise up more and more of the mass of the population from that state of brutish acquiescence and incurious ignorance in which they originally slumbered. They begin to feel their relation to the government under which they live; and, guided by those feelings, and the analogies of their private interests and affections, they begin to form, or to borrow, *Opinions* upon the merit or demerit of the institutions and administration, to the effects of which they are subjected; and to conceive *Sentiments* either hostile or friendly to such institutions and administration. If the government be mild and equitable—if its undertakings are prosperous, its impositions easy, and its patronage just and impartial—the greater part of those who are thus successively awakened into a state of political capacity will be enrolled among its supporters; and strengthen it against the factious, ambitious, and disappointed persons, who alone will be found in opposition to it. But if, on the other hand, this disclosure of intellectual and political sensibility occur at a period when the government is capricious or oppressive—when its plans are disastrous—its exactions burdensome—its tone repulsive—and its distribution of favours most corrupt and unjust;—it will infallibly happen, that the greater part of those who are thus called into political existence, will take part against it, and be disposed to exert themselves for its correction, or utter subversion.

The last supposition, we think, is that which has been realised in the history of Europe for the last thirty years: and when we say that the people has almost every where grown too strong for their rulers, we mean only to say,

that, in that period, there has been a prodigious development in the understanding and intelligence of the great mass of the population: and that this makes them much less willing than formerly to submit to the folly and corruption of most of their ancient governments. The old instinctive feelings of loyalty and implicit obedience, have pretty generally given way to shrewd calculations as to their own interests, their own powers, and the rights which arise out of these powers. They see now, pretty quickly, both the weaknesses and the vices of their rulers; and, having learned to refer their own sufferings or privations, with considerable sagacity, to *their* blunders and injustice, they begin tacitly to inquire, what right they have to a sovereignty, of which they make so bad a use—and how they could protect themselves, if all who hate and despise them were to unite to take it from them. Sentiments of this sort, we are well assured, have been prevalent over all the enlightened parts of Europe for the last thirty years, and are every day gaining strength and popularity. Kings and nobles, and ministers and agents of government, are no longer looked upon with veneration and awe,—but rather with a mixture of contempt and jealousy. Their errors and vices are canvassed, among all ranks of persons, with extreme freedom and severity. The corruptions by which they seek to fortify themselves, are regarded with indignation and vindictive abhorrence; and the excuses with which they palliate them, with disgust and derision. Their deceptions are almost universally seen through; and their incapacity detected and despised, by an unprecedented portion of of the whole population which they govern.

It is in this sense, as we conceive it, that the people throughout civilised Europe have grown too strong for their rulers; and that *some* alteration in the balance or administration of their governments, has become necessary for their preservation. They have become too strong,—not in wealth—but in *intellect*, activity, and available numbers; and the tranquillity of their governments has been endangered, not from their want of pecuniary influence, but from their want of moral respectability and intellectual vigour.

Such is the true state of the evil; and the cure, according to the English opponents of reform, is to increase the patronage of the Crown! The remote and original cause of the danger, is the improved intelligence and more perfect intercourse of the people,—a cause which it is not lawful to wish removed, and which, at any rate, the proposed remedy has no tendency to remove. The immediate and proximate cause, is the abuse of patronage and the corruptions practised by the government and their wealthy supporters:—and the cure that is seriously recommended, is to increase that corruption!—to add to the weight of the burdens under which the people is sinking,—and to multiply the examples of partiality, profusion, and profligacy, by which they are revolted!

An absurdity so extravagant, however, could not have suggested itself, even to the persons by whom it has been so triumphantly recommended, unless it had been palliated by some colour of plausibility: And their error (which really does not seem very unnatural for men of their description) seems to have consisted merely in supposing that *all* those who were discontented in the country, were disappointed candidates for place and profit; and that the whole clamour which had been raised against the misgovernment of the modern world, originated in a violent desire to participate in the emoluments of that misgovernment. Upon this supposition, it must no doubt be admitted that their remedy was most judiciously devised. All the discontent was among those who wished to be bribed—all the clamour among those who were impatient for preferment. Increase the patronage of the Crown therefore—make more sinecures, more jobs, more nominal and real posts of emolument and honour,—and you will allay the discontent, and still the clamour, which are now "frighting our isle from her propriety!"

This, to be sure, is very plausible and ingenious—as well as highly creditable to the honour of the nation, and the moral *experience* of its contrivers. But the fact, unfortunately, is not as it is here assumed. There are *two* sets of persons to be managed and appeased! and the misfortune is, that what might gratify the one would only exasperate the discontents of the other. The one wants unmerited honours, and unearned emoluments—a further abuse of patronage—a more shameful misapplication of the means of the nation. The other wants a correction of abuses—an abridgment of patronage—a diminution of the public burdens—a more just distribution of its trusts, dignities, and rewards. This last party is still, we are happy to think, by far the strongest, and the most formidable: For it is daily recruited out of the mass of the population, over which reason is daily extending her dominion; and depends, for its ultimate success, upon nothing less than the irresistible progress of intelligence—of a true and enlightened sense of interest—and a feeling of inherent right, united to undoubted power. It is difficult, then, to doubt of its ultimate triumph; and it must appear to be infinitely foolish to think of opposing its progress, by measures which are so obviously calculated to add to its strength. By increasing the patronage or influence of the Crown, a few more venal spirits may be attracted, by the precarious tie of a dishonest interest, to withstand all attempts at reform, and to clamour in behalf of all existing practices and institutions. But, for every worthless auxiliary that is thus recruited for the defence of established abuses, is it not evident that there will be a thousand new enemies called forth, by the additional abuse exemplified in the new patronage that is created, and the new scene of corruption that is exhibited, in exchanging this patronage for this dishonourable support?—For a nation to endeavour to strengthen itself against the attempts of reformers by a deliberate augmentation of its corruptions, is not more poli-

tic, than for a spendthrift to think of relieving himself of his debts, by borrowing at usurious interest to pay what is demanded, and thus increasing the burden which he affects to be throwing off.

The only formidable discontent, in short, that now subsists in the country, is that of those who are *reasonably discontented;* and the only part of the people whose growing strength really looks menacingly on the government, is that which has been alienated by what it believes to be its corruptions, and enabled, by its own improving intelligence, to unmask its deceptions, and to discover the secret of its selfishness and incapacity. The great object of its jealousy, is the enormous influence of the Crown, and the monstrous abuses of patronage to which that influence gives occasion. It is, therefore, of all infatuations, the wildest and most desperate, to hold out that the progress of this discontent makes it proper to give the Crown more influence, and that it can only be effectually conciliated, by putting more patronage in the way of abuse!

In stating the evils and dangers of corruption and profligacy in a government, we must always keep it in view, that such a system can never be *universally* palatable, even among the basest and most depraved people of which history has preserved any memorial. If this were otherwise indeed—if a whole nation were utterly and entirely venal and corrupt, and each willing to wait his time of dishonourable promotion, things might go on with sufficient smoothness at least; and as such a nation would not be worth mending, on the one hand, so there would, in fact, be much less need, on the other, for that untoward operation. The supposition, however, is obviously impossible; and, in such a country at least as England, it may perhaps be truly stated, as the most alarming consequence of corruption, that, if allowed to go on without any effectual check, it will infallibly generate such a spirit of discontent, as necessarily to bring on some dreadful convulsion, and overturn the very foundations of the constitution. It is thus fraught with a *double* evil to a country enjoying a free government. In the first place, it gradually corrodes and destroys much that is truly valuable in its constitution; and, secondly, it insures its ultimate subversion by the tremendous crash of an insurrection or revolution. It first makes the government oppressive and intolerable; and then it oversets it altogether by a necessary, but dreadful calamity.

These two evils may appear to be opposite to each other; and it is certain, that, though brought on by the same course of conduct, they cannot be inflicted by the same set of persons. Those who are the slaves and the ministers of corruption, assuredly are not those who are minded to crush it, with a visiting vengeance, under the ruins of the social order; and it is in forgetting that there are two sets of persons to be conciliated in all such questions, that the portentous fallacy which we are considering mainly consists. The government may be very corrupt, and a very considerable part of the nation may be debased and venal, while there is still spirit and virtue enough left, when the measure of provocation is full, to inflict a signal and sanguinary vengeance, and utterly to overthrow the fabric which has been defiled by this traffic of iniquity. And there may be great spirit, and strength, and capacity of heroic resentment in a nation, which will yet allow its institutions to be, for a long time, perverted, its legislature to be polluted, and the baser part of its population to be corrupted, before it be roused to that desperate effort, in which its peace and happiness are sure to suffer along with the guilt which brings down the thunder. In such an age of the world as the present, however, it may be looked upon as absolutely certain, that if the guilt be persisted in, the vengeance will follow; and that all *reasonable* discontent will accumulate and gain strength, as reason and experience advance; till, at the last, it works its own reparation, and sweeps the offence from the earth, with the force and the fury of a whirlwind.

In such a view of the moral destiny of nations, there is something elevating as well as terrible. Yet, the terror preponderates, for those who are to witness the catastrophe: and all reason, as well as all humanity, urges us to use every effort to avoid the crisis and the shock, by a timely reformation, and an earnest and sincere attempt to conciliate the hostile elements of our society, by mutual concession and indulgence.—It is for this reason, chiefly, that we feel such extreme solicitude for a legislative reform of our system of representation,—in some degree as a pledge of the willingness of the government to admit of reform where it is requisite; but chiefly, no doubt, as in itself most likely to stay the flood of venality and corruption,—to reclaim a part of those who had begun to yield to its seductions,—and to reconcile those to the government and constitution of their country, who had begun to look upon it with a mingled feeling of contempt, hostility, and despair. That such a reform as we have contemplated would go far to produce those happy effects, we think must appear evident to all who agree with us as to the nature and origin of the evils from which we suffer, and the dangers to which we are exposed. One of its immediate, and therefore chief advantages, however, will consist in its relieving and abating the spirit of discontent which is generated by the spectacle of our present condition; both by giving it scope and vent, and by the vast facilities it must afford to future labours of regeneration. By the extension of the elective franchise, many of those who are most hostile to the existing system, because, under it, they are excluded from all share of power or political importance, will have a part assigned them, both more safe, more honourable, and more active, than merely murmuring, or meditating vengeance against such a scheme of exclusion. The influence of such men will be usefully exerted in exciting a popular spirit, and in exposing the base and dishonest practices that may still interfere with the freedom of election. By some alteration in the borough

qualifications, the body of electors in general will be invested with a more respectable character, and feel a greater jealousy of every thing that may tend to degrade or dishonour them: but, above all, a rigid system of economy, and a farther exclusion of placemen from the legislature, by cutting off a great part of the minister's most profitable harvest of corruption, will force his party also to have recourse to more honourable means of popularity, and to appeal to principles that must ultimately promote the cause of independence.

By the introduction, in short, of a system of reform, even more moderate and cautious than that which we have ventured to indicate, we think that a wholesome and legitimate play will be given to those principles of opposition to corruption, monopoly, and abuse, which, by the denial of all reform, are in danger of being fomented into a decided spirit of hostility to the government and the institutions of the country. Instead of brooding, in sullen and helpless silence, over the vices and errors which are ripening into intolerable evil, and seeing, with a stern and vindictive joy, wrong accumulated to wrong, and corruption heaped up to corruption, the Spirit of reform will be continually interfering, with active and successful zeal, to correct, restrain, and deter. Instead of being the avenger of our murdered liberties, it will be their living protector; and the censor, not the executioner, of the constitution. It will not descend, only at long intervals, like the Avatar of the Indian mythology, to expiate, with terrible vengeance, a series of consummated crimes; but, like the Providence of a better faith, will keep watch perpetually over the actions of corrigible men, and bring them back from their aberrations, by merciful chastisement, timely admonition, and the blessed experience of purer principles of action.

Such, according to our conviction of the fact, is the true state of the case as to the increasing weight and consequence of the people; and such the nature of the policy which we think this change in the structure of our society calls upon us to adopt. The people are grown strong, in intellect, resolution, and mutual reliance,—quick in the detection of the abuses by which they are wronged,—and confident in the powers by which they may be compelled ultimately to seek their redress. Against *this* strength, it is something more wild than madness, and more contemptible than folly, to think of arraying an additional phalanx of abuses, and drawing out a wider range of corruptions—In *that* contest, the issue cannot be doubtful, nor the conflict long; and, deplorable as the victory will be, which is gained over order, as well as over guilt, the blame will rest heaviest upon those whose offences first provoked, what may very probably turn out a sanguinary and an unjustifiable vengeance.

The conclusions, then, which we would draw from the facts that have been relied on by the enemies of reform, are indeed of a very opposite description from theirs; and the course which is pointed out by these new circumstances in our situation, appears to us no less obvious, than it is safe and promising.—If the people have risen into greater consequence, let them have greater power. If a greater proportion of our population be now capable and desirous of exercising the functions of free citizens, let a greater number be admitted to the exercise of these functions. If the quantity of mind and of will, that must now be represented in our legislature, be prodigiously increased since the frame of that legislature was adjusted, let its basis be widened, so as to rest on all that intellect and will. If there be a new power and energy generated in the nation, for the due application of which, there is no contrivance in the original plan of the constitution, let it flow into those channels through which all similar powers were ordained to act by the principles of that plan. The power itself you can neither repress nor annihilate; and, if it be not assimilated to the system of the constitution, you seem to be aware that it will ultimately overwhelm and destroy it. To set up against it the power of influence and corruption, is to set up that by which its strength is recruited, and its safe application rendered infinitely more difficult: it is to defend your establishments, by loading them with a weight which of itself makes them totter under under its pressure, and, at the same time, affords a safe and inviting approach to the assailant.

In our own case, too, nothing fortunately is easier, than to reduce this growing power of the people within the legitimate bounds and cantonments of the constitution; and nothing more obvious, than that, when so legalised and provided for, it can tend only to the exaltation and improvement of our condition, and must add strength and stability to the Throne, as well as to the other branches of the legislature. It seems a strange doctrine, to be held by any one in this land, and, above all, by the chief votaries and advocates of royal power, that its legal security consists in its means of corruption, or can be endangered by the utmost freedom and intelligence in the body of the people, and the utmost purity and popularity of our elections. Under an arbitrary government, where the powers of the monarch are confessedly unjust and oppressive, and are claimed, and openly asserted, not as the instruments of public benefit, but as the means of individual gratification, such a jealousy of popular independence is sufficiently intelligible: but, in a government like ours, where all the powers of the Crown are universally acknowledged to exist for the good of the people, it is evidently quite extravagant to fear, that any increase of union and intelligence—any growing love of freedom and justice in the people—should endanger, or should fail to confirm, all those powers and prerogatives.

We have not left ourselves room to enter more at large into this interesting question; but we feel perfectly assured, and ready to maintain, that, as the institution of a limited, hereditary monarchy, must always appear the

wisest and most reasonable of all human institutions, and that to which increasing reflection and experience will infallibly attach men more and more as the world advances; so, the prerogatives of such a monarch will always be safer and more inviolate, the more the sentiment of liberty, and the love of their political rights, is diffused and encouraged among his people. A legitimate sovereign, in short, who reigns by the fair exercise of his prerogative, can have no enemies among the lovers of regulated freedom; and the hostility of such men—by far the most terrible of all internal hostility—can only be directed towards him, when his throne is enveloped, by treacherous advisers, with the hosts of corruption; and disguised, for their ends, in the borrowed colours of tyranny.

(January, 1810.)

Short Remarks on the State of Parties at the Close of the Year 1809. 8vo. pp. 30. London: 1809.*

The parties of which we now wish to speak, are not the parties in the Cabinet,—nor even the parties in Parliament, but the Parties in the Nation;—that nation, whose opinions and whose spirit ought to admonish and control both Cabinet and Parliament, but which now seems to us to be itself breaking rapidly into two furious and irreconcileable parties; by whose collision, if it be not prevented, our constitution and independence must be ultimately destroyed. We have said before, that the root of all our misfortunes was in the state of the People, and not in the constitution of the legislature; and the more we see and reflect, the more we are satisfied of this truth. It is in vain to cleanse the conduits and reservoirs, if the fountain itself be tainted and impure. If the body of the people be infatuated, or corrupt or depraved, it is vain to talk of improving their representation.

The dangers, and the corruptions, and the prodigies of the times, have very nearly put an end to all neutrality and moderation in politics; and the great body of the nation appears to us to be divided into two violent and most pernicious factions;—the courtiers, who are almost for arbitrary power,—and the democrats, who are almost for revolution and republicanism. Between these stand a small, but most respectable band—the friends of liberty and of order—the Old Constitutional Whigs of England—with the best talents and the best intentions, but without present power or popularity,—calumniated and suspected by both parties, and looking on both with too visible a resentment, aversion, and alarm. The two great divisions, in the mean time, are daily provoking each other to greater excesses, and recruiting their hostile ranks, as they advance, from the diminishing mass of the calm and the neutral. Every hour the rising tides are eating away the narrow isthmus upon which the adherents of the Constitution now appear to be stationed; and every hour it becomes more necessary for them to oppose some barrier to their encroachments.

If the two extreme parties are once permitted to shock together in open conflict, there is an end to the freedom, and almost to the existence of the nation,—whatever be the result,—although that is not doubtful: And the only human means of preventing a consummation to which things seem so obviously tending, is for the remaining friends of the constitution to unbend from their cold and repulsive neutrality, and to join themselves to the more respectable members of the party to which they have the greatest affinity; and thus, by the weight of their character, and the force of their talents, to temper its violence and moderate its excesses, till it can be guided in safety to the defence, and not to the destruction, of our liberties. In the present crisis, we have no hesitation in saying, that it is to the popular side that the friends of the constitution must turn themselves; and that, if the Whig leaders do not first conciliate, and then restrain the people,—if they do not save them from the leaders they are already choosing in their own body, and become themselves their leaders, by becoming their patrons, and their cordial, though authoritative, advisers; they will in no long time sweep away the Constitution itself, the Monarchy of England, and the Whig aristocracy, by which that Monarchy is controlled and confirmed, and exalted above all other forms of polity.

This is the sum of our doctrine; though we are aware that, to most readers, it will require more development than we can now afford, and be exposed to more objections than we have left ourselves room to answer. To many, we are sensible, our fears will appear altogether chimerical and fantastic. We have

* This, I fear, is too much in the style of a sage and solemn Rebuke to the madness of contending factions. Yet it is not *all* rhetorical or assuming: And the observations on the vast importance and high and difficult duties of a *middle party*, in all great national contentions, seem to me as universally true, and as applicable to the present position of our affairs, as most of the other things I have ventured, for this reason, now to produce. It may be right to mention, that it was written at a time when the recent failure of that wretched expedition to Walcheren, and certain antipopular declarations in Parliament, had excited a deeper feeling of discontent in the country, and a greater apprehension for its consequences, than had been witnessed since the first great panic and excitement of the French revolution. The spirit of such a time may, perhaps, be detected in some of the following pages.

always had these two parties, it will be said—always some for carrying things with a high hand against the people—and some for subjecting every thing to their nod; but the conflict has hitherto afforded nothing more than a wholesome and invigorating exercise; and the constitution, so far from being endangered by it, has hitherto been found to flourish, in proportion as it became more animated. Why, then, should we anticipate such tragical effects from its continuance?

Now, to this, and to all such questions, we must answer, that we can conceive them to proceed only from that fatal ignorance or inattention to the Signs of the Times, which has been the cause of so many of our errors and misfortunes. It is quite true, that there have always been in this country persons who leaned towards arbitrary power, and persons who leaned towards too popular a government. In all mixed governments, there must be such men, and such parties: some will admire the monarchical, and some the democratical part of the constitution; and, speaking very generally, the rich, and the timid, and the indolent, as well as the base and the servile, will have a natural tendency to the one side; and the poor, the enthusiastic, and enterprising, as well as the envious and the discontented, will be inclined to range themselves on the other. These things have been always; and always must be. They have been hitherto, too, without mischief or hazard; and might be fairly considered as symptoms at least, if not as causes, of the soundness and vigour of our political organisation. But this has been the case, only because the bulk of the nation has hitherto, or till very lately, belonged to no party at all. Factions existed only among a small number of irritable and ambitious individuals; and, for want of partizans, necessarily vented themselves in a few speeches and pamphlets—in an election riot, or a treasury prosecution. The partizans of Mr. Wilkes, and the partizans of Lord Bute, formed but a very inconsiderable part of the population. If they had divided the whole nation among them, the little breaches of the peace and of the law at Westminster, would have been changed into civil war and mutual proscriptions; and the constitution of the country might have perished in the conflict. In those times, therefore, the advocates of arbitrary power and of popular licence were restrained, not merely by the constitutional principles of so many men of weight and authority, but by the absolute neutrality and indifference of the great body of the people. They fought like champions in a ring of impartial spectators; and the multitude who looked on, and thought it sport, had little other interest than to see that each had fair play.

Now, however, the case is lamentably different; and it will not be difficult, we think, to point out the causes which have spread abroad this spirit of contention, and changed so great a proportion of those calm spectators into fierce and impetuous combatants. We have formerly endeavoured, on more than one occasion, to explain the nature of that great and gradual change in the condition of European society, by which the lower and middling orders have been insensibly raised into greater importance than they enjoyed when their place in the political scale was originally settled; and attempted to show in what way the revolution in France, and the revolutionary movements of other countries, might be referred partly to the progress, and partly to the neglect of that great movement. We cannot stop now to resume any part of that general discussion; but shall merely observe, that the events of the last twenty years are of themselves sufficient to account for the state to which this country has been reduced, and for the increased number and increased acrimony of the parties that divide it.

The success of a plebeian insurrection—the splendid situations to which low-bred men have been exalted, in consequence of that success—the comparative weakness and inefficiency of the sovereigns and nobles who opposed it, and the contempt and ridicule which has been thrown by the victors upon their order, have all tended to excite and aggravate the *bad* principles that lead men to despise existing authorities, and to give into wild and extravagant schemes of innovation. On the other hand, the long-continued ill success of our anti-jacobin councils—the sickening uniformity of our boastings and failures—the gross and palpable mismanagement of our government—the growing and intolerable burthen of our taxes—and, above all, the imminent and tremendous peril into which the whole nation has been brought, have made a powerful appeal to the *good* principles that lead men into similar feelings; and roused those who were lately unwilling to disturb themselves with political considerations, to cry out in vast numbers for reformation and redress. The number of those who have been startled out of their neutrality by such feelings, very greatly exceeds, we believe, that of those who have been tempted from it by the stirrings of an irregular ambition: But both are alike disposed to look with jealousy upon the advocates of power and prerogative—to suspect falsehood and corruption in every thing that is not clearly explained—to resent every appearance of haughtiness or reserve—to listen with eager credulity to every tale of detraction against public characters—and to believe with implicit rashness whatever is said of the advantages of popular control.

Such are the natural and original causes of the increase of that popular discontent which has of late assumed so formidable an aspect, and is, in fact, far more widely spread and more deeply rooted in the nation, than the sanguine and contemptuous will believe. The enumeration, however, would be quite incomplete, if we were not to add, that it has been prodigiously helped by the contempt, and aversion, and defiance, which has been so loudly and unwisely expressed by the opposite party. Instead of endeavouring to avoid the occasions of dissatisfaction, and to soothe and conciliate those whom it could never be creditable to have for enemies, it has been

but too often the policy of the advocates for strong government to exasperate them by menaces and abuse;—to defend, with insolence, every thing that was attacked, however obviously indefensible;—and to insult and defy their opponents by a needless ostentation of their own present power, and their resolution to use it in support of their most offensive and unjustifiable measures. This unfortunate tone, which was first adopted in the time of Mr. Pitt, has been pretty well maintained by most of his successors; and has done more, we are persuaded, to revolt and alienate the hearts of independent and brave men, than all the errors and inconsistencies of which they have been guilty.

In running thus rapidly over the causes which have raised the pretensions and aggravated the discontents of the People, we have, in fact, stated also, the sources of the increased acrimony and pretensions of the advocates for power. The same spectacle of popular excess and popular triumph which excited the dangerous passions of the turbulent and daring, in the way of Sympathy, struck a corresponding alarm into the breasts of the timid and prosperous,—and excited a furious Antipathy in those of the proud and domineering. As fear and hatred lead equally to severity, and are neither of them very far-sighted in their councils, they naturally attempted to bear down this rising spirit by menaces and abuse. All hot-headed and shallow-headed persons of rank, with their parasites and dependants —and indeed almost all rich persons, of quiet tempers and weak intellects, started up into furious anti-jacobins; and took at once a most violent part in those political contentions, as to which they had, in former times, been confessedly ignorant and indifferent. When this tone was once given, from passion and mistaken principle among the actual possessors of power, it was readily taken up by mere servile venality. The vast multiplication of offices and occupations in the gift of the government, and the enormous patronage and expectancy, of which it has recently become the centre, has drawn a still greater number, and of baser natures, out of the political neutrality in which they would otherwise have remained, and led them to counterfeit, for hire, that unfortunate violence which necessarily produces a corresponding violence in its objects.

Thus has the nation been set on fire at the four corners! and thus has an incredible and most alarming share of its population been separated into two hostile and irritated parties, neither of which can now subdue the other without a civil war; and the triumph of either of which would be equally fatal to the constitution.

The force and extent of these parties is but imperfectly known, we believe, even to those who have been respectively most active in arraying them; and the extent of the adverse party is rarely ever suspected by those who are zealously opposed to it. There must be least error, however, in the estimate of the partizans of arbitrary government. They are in power, and show themselves;—but for this very reason, their real force is probably a great deal less than it appears to be. Many wear their livery, out of necessity or convenience, whose hearts are with their adversaries; and many clamour loudly in their cause, who would clamour more loudly against them, the moment they thought that cause was going back in the world. The democratic party, on the other hand, is scattered, and obscurely visible. It can hardly be for the immediate interest of any one to acknowledge it; and scarcely any one is, as yet, proud of its badge or denomination. It lurks, however, in private dwellings,—it gathers strength at homely firesides,—it is confirmed in conferences of friends,—it breaks out in pamphlets and journals of every description,—and shows its head now and then in the more tumultuous assemblies of populous cities. In the metropolis especially, where the concentration of numbers gives them confidence and importance, it exhibits itself very nearly, though not altogether, in its actual force. How that force now stands in comparison with what is opposed to it, it would not perhaps be very easy to calculate. Taking the whole nation over head, we should conjecture, that, as things now are, they would be pretty equally balanced; but, if any great calamity should give a shock to the stability of government, or call imperiously for more vigorous councils, we are convinced that the partizans of popular government would be found to outnumber their opponents in the proportion of three to two. When the one party, indeed, had failed so fatally, it must seem to be a natural resource to make a trial of the other; and, if civil war or foreign conquest should really fall on us, it would be a movement almost of instinctive wisdom, to displace and to punish those under whose direction they had been brought on. Upon any such serious alarm, too, all the venal and unprincipled adherents of the prerogative would inevitably desert their colours, and go over to the enemy,—while the Throne would be left to be defended only by its regular forces and its immediate dependants,—reinforced by a few bands of devoted Tories, mingled with some generous, but downcast spirits, under the banner of the Whig aristocracy.

But, without pretending to settle the numerical or relative force of the two opposing parties, we wish only to press it upon our readers, that they are both so strong and so numerous, as to render it quite impossible that the one should now crush or overcome the other, without a ruinous contention; and that they are so exasperated, and so sanguine and presumptuous, that they will push forward to such a contention in no long time, unless they be separated or appeased by some powerful interference. That the number of the democrats is vast, and is daily increasing with visible and dangerous rapidity, any man may satisfy himself, by the common and obvious means of information. It is a fact which he may read legibly in the prodigious sale, and still more prodigious circulation, of Cobbett's Register, and other weekly papers of the same

general description: He may learn it in every street of all the manufacturing and populous towns in the heart of the country; and may, and must hear it most audibly, in the public and private talk of the citizens of the metropolis. All these afford direct and palpable proofs of the actual increase of this formidable party. But no man, who understands any thing of human nature, or knows any thing of our recent history, can need direct evidence to convince him, that it must have experienced a prodigious increase. In a country where more than a million of men take some interest in politics, and are daily accustomed (right or wrong) to refer the blessings or the evils of their condition to the conduct of their rulers, is it possible to conceive, that a third part at least of every man's income should be taken from him in the shape of taxes,—and that, after twenty years of boastful hostility, we should be left without a single ally, and in imminent hazard of being invaded by a revolutionary foe, without producing a very general feeling of disaffection and discontent, and spreading through the body of the nation, not only a great disposition to despise and distrust their governors, but to judge unfavourably of the form of government itself which could admit of such gross ignorance or imposition?

The great increase of the opposite party, again, is but too visible, we are sorry to say, in the votes of Parliament, in *the existence* of the present administration, and in the sale and the tenor of the treasury journals. But, independent of such proof, this too might have been safely inferred from the known circumstances of the times. In a nation abounding with wealth and loyalty, enamoured of its old institutions, and originally indebted for its freedom, in a great degree, to the spirit of its landed Aristocracy, it was impossible that the excesses of a plebeian insurrection should not have excited a great aversion to every thing that had a similar tendency: and in any nation, alas! that had recently multiplied its taxes, and increased the patronage of its government to three times their original extent, it could not but happen, that multitudes would be found to barter their independence for their interest; and to exchange the language of free men for that which was most agreeable to the party upon whose favour they depended.

If the numbers of the opposed factions, however, be formidable to the peace of the country, the acrimony of their mutual hostility is still more alarming. If the whole nation were divided into the followers of Mr. Cobbett and Sir Francis Burdett, and the followers of Mr. John Gifford and Mr. John Bowles, does not every man see that a civil war and a revolution would be inevitable? Now, we say, that the factions into which the country *is* divided, are not very different from the followers of Mr. Cobbett and Mr. Gifford; or, at all events, that if they are allowed to defy and provoke each other into new extravagance and increased hostility, as they have been doing lately, we do not see how that most tremendous of all calamities is to be avoided. If those who have influence with the people go on a little longer to excite in them a contempt and distrust of all public characters, and of all institutions of authority, while many among our public men go on to justify, by their conduct, that contempt and distrust;—if the people are taught by all who now take the trouble to win their confidence, that Parliament is a mere assemblage of unprincipled place-hunters, and that *ins* and *outs* are equally determined to defend corruption and peculation; and if Parliament continues to busy itself with personalities,—to decline the investigation of corruptions,—and to approve, by its votes, what no sane man in the kingdom can consider as admitting of apology;—if those to whom their natural leaders have given up the guidance of the people, shall continue to tell them that they may easily be relieved of half their taxes, and placed in a situation of triumphant security, while the government continues to multiply its impositions, and to waste their blood and treasure in expeditions which make us hateful and ridiculous in the eyes of many of our neighbours, while they bring the danger nearer to our own door;—if, finally, the people are a little more persuaded that, without a radical change in the constitution of the Legislature, they must continue in the condition of slaves to a junto of boroughmongers, while Parliament rejects with disdain every proposal to correct the most palpable defects of that constitution;—— Then we say that the wholesome days of England are numbered,—that she is gliding to the verge of the most dreadful of all calamities,—and that all the freedom and happiness which we undoubtedly still enjoy, and all the morality and intelligence, and the long habits of sober thinking and kindly affection which adorn and exalt our people, will not long protect us from the horrors of a civil war.

In such an unhallowed conflict it is scarcely necessary to say that the triumph of either party would be the ruin of English liberty, and of her peace, happiness, and prosperity. Those who have merely lived in our times, must have seen, and they who have read of other times, or reflected on what Man is at all times, must know, independent of that lesson, how much *Chance*, and how much *Time*, must concur with genius and patriotism, to form a good or a stable government. We have the frame and the materials of such a government in the constitution of England; but if we rend asunder that frame, and scatter these materials—if we "put out the light" of our living polity,

> "We know not where is that Promethean fire,
> That may its flame relumine."

The stability of the English constitution depends upon its monarchy and aristocracy; and their stability, again, depends very much on the circumstance of their having grown naturally out of the frame and inward structure of our society—upon their having struck their roots deep through every stratum of the political soil, and having been moulded and impressed, during a long course of ages, by the

usages, institutions, habits, and affections of the community. A popular revolution would overthrow the monarchy and the aristocracy; and even if it were not true that revolution propagates revolution, as waves gives rise to waves, till the agitation is stopped by the iron boundary of despotism, it would still require ages of anxious discomfort, before we could build up again that magnificent fabric, which now requires purification rather than repair; or secure that permanency to our new establishments, without which they could have no other good quality.

Such we humbly conceive to be the course, and the causes, of the evils which we believe to be impending. It is time now to inquire whether there be no remedy. If the whole nation were actually divided into revolutionists and high-monarchy men, we do not see how they could be prevented from fighting, and giving us the miserable choice of a despotism or a tumultuary democracy. Fortunately, however, this is not the case. There is a third party in the nation—small, indeed, in point of numbers, compared with either of the others—and, for this very reason, low, we fear, in present popularity—but essentially powerful from talents and reputation, and calculated to become both popular and authoritative, by the fairness and the firmness of its principles. This is composed of the Whig Royalists of England,—men who, without forgetting that all government is from the people, and for the people, are satisfied that the rights and liberties of the people are best maintained by a regulated hereditary monarchy, and a large, open aristocracy; and who are as much averse, therefore, from every attempt to undermine the throne, or to discredit the nobles, as they are indignant at every project to insult or enslave the people. In the better days of the constitution, this party formed almost the whole ordinary opposition, and bore no inconsiderable proportion to that of the courtiers. It might be said too, to have with it, not only the greater part of those who were jealous of the prerogative, but all that great mass of the population which was apparently neutral and indifferent to the issue of the contest. The new-sprung factions, however, have swallowed up almost all this disposable body; and have drawn largely from the ranks of the old constitutionalists themselves. In consequence of this change of circumstances, they can no longer act with effect, as a separate party; and are far too weak to make head, at the same time, against the overbearing influence of the Crown, and the rising pretensions of the people. It is necessary, therefore, that they should now leave this attitude of stern and defying mediation; and, if they would escape being crushed along with the constitution on the collision of the two hostile bodies, they must identify themselves cordially with the better part of one of them, and thus soothe, ennoble, and control it, by the infusion of their own spirit, and the authority of their own wisdom and experience. Like faithful generals, whose troops have mutinied, they must join the march, and mix with the ranks of the offenders, that they may be enabled to reclaim and repress them, and save both them and themselves from a sure and shameful destruction. They have no longer strength to overawe or repel either party by a direct and forcible attack; and must work, therefore, by gentle and conciliatory means, upon that which is most dangerous, most flexible, and most capable of being guided to noble exertions. Like the Sabine women of old, they must throw themselves between the kindred combatants; and stay the fatal feud, by praises and embraces, and dissuasives of kindness and flattery.

Even those who do not much love or care for the people, are now called upon to pacify them, by granting, at least, all that can reasonably be granted; and not only to redress their Grievances, but to comply with their Desires, in so far as they can be complied with, with less hazard than must evidently arise from disregarding them.

We do not say, therefore, that a thorough reconciliation between the Whig royalists and the great body of the people is desirable merely—but that it is indispensable: since it is a dream—a gross solecism and absurdity, to suppose, that such a party should exist, unless supported by the affections and approbation of the people. The advocates of prerogative have the support of prerogative; and they who rule by corruption and the direct agency of wealth, have wealth and the means of corruption in their hands:—But the friends of national freedom must be recognised by the nation. If the Whigs are not supported by the people, they can have no support; and, therefore, if the people are seduced away from them, they must just go after them and bring them back: And are no more to be excused for leaving them to be corrupted by Demagogues, than they would be for leaving them to be oppressed by tyrants. If a party is to exist at all, therefore, friendly at once to the liberties of the people and the integrity of the monarchy, and holding that liberty is best secured by a monarchical establishment, it is absolutely necessary that it should possess the confidence and attachment of the people; and if it appear at any time to have lost it, the first of all its duties, and the necessary prelude to the discharge of all the rest, is to regain it, by every effort consistent with probity and honour.

Now, it may be true, that the present alienation of the body of the people from the old constitutional champions of their freedom, originated in the excesses and delusion of the people themselves; but it is not less true, that the Whig royalists have increased that alienation by the haughtiness of their deportment—by the marked displeasure with which they have disavowed most of the popular proceedings—and the tone of needless and imprudent distrust and reprobation with which they have treated pretensions that were *only partly* inadmissible. They have given too much way to the offence which they naturally received from the rudeness and irreverence of the terms in which their grievances were frequently

stated; and have felt too proud an indignation when they saw vulgar and turbulent men presume to lay their unpurged hands upon the sacred ark of the constitution. They have disdained too much to be associated with coarse coadjutors, even in the good work of resistance and reformation; and have hated too virulently the demagogues who have inflamed the people, and despised too heartily the people who have yielded to so gross a delusion. All this feeling, however, though it may be natural, is undoubtedly both misplaced and imprudent. The people are, upon the whole, both more moral and more intelligent than they ever were in any former period; and therefore, if they are discontented, we may be sure they have cause for discontent: if they have been deluded, we may be satisfied that there is a mixture of reason in the sophistry by which they have been perverted. All their demands may not be reasonable; and with many, which may be just in principle, it may, as yet, be impracticable to comply. But all are not in either of these predicaments; though we can only now afford to make particular mention of one: and one, we are concerned to say, on which, though of the greatest possible importance, the people have of late found but few abettors among the old friends of the constitution, we mean that of a Reform in the representation. Upon this point, we have spoken largely on former occasions; and have only to add that, though we can neither approve of *such* a reform as some very popular persons have suggested, nor bring ourselves to believe that any reform would accomplish all the objects that have been held out by its most zealous advocates, we have always been of opinion that a large and liberal reform should be granted. The reasons of policy which have led us to this conviction, we have stated on former occasions. But the chief and the leading reason for supporting the proposal at present is, that the people are zealous for its adoption; and are entitled to this gratification at the hands of their representatives. We laugh at the idea of there being any danger in disfranchising the whole mass of rotten and decayed boroughs, or communicating the elective franchise to a great number of respectable citizens: And as to the supposed danger of the mere example of yielding to the desires of the people, we can only say, that we are far more strongly impressed with the danger of thwarting them. The people have far more wealth and far more intelligence now, than they had in former times; and therefore they ought to have, and *they must have*, more political power. The danger is not in yielding to this swell, but in endeavouring to resist it. If properly watched and managed, it will only bear the vessel of the state more proudly and steadily along;—if neglected, or rashly opposed, it will dash her on the rocks and shoals of a sanguinary revolution.

We, in short, are for the monarchy and the aristocracy of England, as the only sure supports of a permanent and regulated freedom: But we do not see how either is now to be preserved, except by surrounding them with the affection of the people. The admirers of arbitrary power, blind to the great lesson which all Europe is now holding out to them, have attempted to dispense with this protection; and the demagogues have taken advantage of their folly to excite the people to withdraw it altogether. The true friends of the constitution must now bring it back; and must reconcile the people to the old monarchy and the old Parliament of their land, by restraining the prerogative within its legitimate bounds, and bringing back Parliament to its natural habits of sympathy and concord with its constituents. The people, therefore, though it may be deluded, must be reclaimed by gentleness, and treated with respect and indulgence. All indications, and all feelings of jealousy or contempt, must be abjured. Whatever is to be granted, should be granted with cordial alacrity; and all denials should be softened with words and with acts of kindness. The wounds that are curable, should be cured; those that have festered more deeply should be cleansed and anointed; and, into such as it may be impossible to close, the patient should be allowed to pour any innocent balsam, in the virtues of which he believes. The irritable state of the body politic will admit of no other treatment.—Incisions and cauteries would infallibly bring on convulsions and insanity.

We had much more to say; but we must close here: Nor indeed could any warning avail those who are not aware already. He must have gazed with idle eyes on the recent course of events, both at home and abroad, who does not see that no government can now subsist long in England, that is not bottomed in the affection of the great body of the people; and who does not see, still more clearly, that the party of the people is every day gaining strength, from the want of judgment and of feeling in those who have defied and insulted it, and from the coldness and alienation of those who used to be their patrons and defenders. If something is not done to conciliate, these heartburnings must break out into deadly strife; and impartial history will assign to each of the parties their share of the great guilt that will be incurred. The first and the greatest outrages will probably proceed from the people themselves; but a deeper curse will fall on the corrupt and supercilious government that provoked them: Nor will *they* be held blameless, who, when they might have repressed or moderated the popular impulse, by attempting to direct it, chose rather to take counsel of their pride, and to stand by, and see the constitution torn to pieces, because they could not approve entirely of either of the combatants!

(October, 1827.)

The History of Ireland. By JOHN O'DRISCOL. In two vols. 8vo. pp. 815. London: 1827.*

A GOOD History of Ireland is still a *desideratum* in our literature;—and would not only be interesting, we think, but invaluable. There are accessible materials in abundance for such a history; and the task of arranging them really seems no less inviting than important. It abounds with striking events, and with strange revolutions and turns of fortune—brought on, sometimes by the agency of enterprising men,—but more frequently by the silent progress of time, unwatched and unsuspected, alike by those who were to suffer, and those who were to gain by the result. In this respect, as well as in many others, it is as full of instruction as of interest,—and to the people of this country especially, and of this age, it holds out lessons far more precious, far more forcible, and far more immediately applicable, than all that is elsewhere recorded in the annals of mankind. It is the very greatness of this interest, however, and the dread, and the encouragement of these applications, that have hitherto defaced and even falsified the record—that have made impartiality almost hopeless, and led alternately to the suppression and the exaggeration of sufferings and atrocities too monstrous, it might appear, in themselves, to be either exaggerated or disguised. Party rancour and religious animosity have hitherto contrived to convert what should have been their antidote into their aliment,—and, by the simple expedient of giving only *one* side of the picture, have pretty generally succeeded in making the history of past enormities not a warning against, but an incitement to, their repetition. In telling the story of those lamentable dissensions, each party has enhanced the guilt of the adversary, and withheld all notice of their own;—and seems to have had it far more at heart to irritate and defy each other, than to leave even a partial memorial of the truth. That truth is, no doubt, for the most part, at once revolting and pitiable;—not easily at first to be credited, and to the last difficult to be told with calmness. Yet it is thus only that it can be told with advantage—and so told, it is pregnant with admonitions and suggestions, as precious in their tenor, as irresistible in their evidence, when once fairly received.

Unquestionably, in the main, England has been the oppressor, and Ireland the victim;—not always a guiltless victim,—and it may be, often an offender: But even when the guilt may have been nearly balanced, the weight of suffering has always fallen on the weakest. This comparative weakness, indeed, was the first cause of Ireland's misery—the second, her long separation. She had been too long a weak neighbour, to be easily admitted to the rights of an equal ally. Pretensions which the growing strength and intelligence of the one country began to feel intolerable, were sanctioned in the eyes of the other by long usage and prescription;—and injustice, which never could have been first inflicted when it was first complained of, was yet long persisted in, because it had been long submitted to with but little complaint. No misgovernment is ever so bad as provincial misgovernment—and no provincial misgovernment, it would seem, as that which is exercised by a free people,—whether arising from a jealous reluctance to extend that proud distinction to a race of inferiors, or from that inherent love of absolute power, which gives all rulers a tendency to be despotic, and seeks, when restrained at home, for vent and indemnification abroad.

The actual outline of the story is as clear as it is painful. Its most remarkable and most disgusting feature is, that while Religion has been made the pretext of its most sanguinary and atrocious contentions, it has been, from first to last, little else than a cover for the basest cupidity, and the meanest and most unprincipled ambition. The history which concerns the present times, need not be traced farther back than to the days of Henry VIII. and Queen Mary. Up to that period, the petty and tyrannical Parliaments of the Pale had, indeed, pretty uniformly insulted and despised the great native chiefs among whom the bulk of the island was divided—but they had also feared them, and mostly let them alone. At that era, however, the growing strength and population of England inspired it with a bolder ambition; and the rage of proselytism which followed the Reformation, gave it both occasion and excuse. The passions, which led naturally enough to hostilities in such circumstances, were industriously fostered by the cold-blooded selfishness of those who

* It may be thought that this should rather have been brought in under the title of History: But the truth is, that I have now omitted all that is properly historical, and retained only what relates to the necessity of maintaining the legislative and incorporating union of the two countries; a topic that is purely political: and falls, I think, correctly enough under the title of General Politics, since it is at this day of still more absorbing interest than when these observations were first published in 1827. If at that time I thought a Separation, or a dissolution of the union, (for they are the same thing,) a measure not to be contemplated but with horror, it may be supposed that I should not look more charitably on the proposition, now that Catholic emancipation and Parliamentary reform have taken away some, at least, of the motives or apologies of those by whom it was then maintained. The example of Scotland, I still think, is well put for the argument: And among the many who must now consider this question, it may be gratifying to some to see upon what grounds, and how decidedly, an opinion was then formed upon it, by one certainly not too much disposed to think favourably of the conduct or the pretensions of England.

were to profit by the result. Insurrections were now regularly followed by Forfeitures; and there were by this time men and enterprise enough in England to meditate the occupancy of the vast domains from which the rebel chieftains were thus first to be driven. From this period, accordingly, to that of the Restoration, the bloodiest and most atrocious in her unhappy annals, the history of Ireland may be summarily described as that of a series of sanguinary wars, fomented for purposes of Confiscation. After the Restoration, and down till the Revolution, this was succeeded by a contest equally unprincipled and mercenary, between the settlers under Cromwell and the old or middle occupants whom they had displaced. By the final success of King William, a strong military government was once more imposed on this unhappy land; under which its spirit seemed at last to be broken, and even its turbulent activity repressed. As it slowly revived, the Protestant antipathies of the English government seem to have been reinforced, or replaced, by a more extended and still more unworthy National Jealousy—first on the subject of trade, and then on that of political rights:—and since a more enlightened view of her own interests, aided by the arms of the volunteers of 1780, have put down those causes of oppression,—the system of misgovernment has been maintained, for little other end, that we can discern, but to keep a small junto of arrogant individuals in power, and to preserve the supremacy of a faction, long after the actual cessation of the causes that lifted them into authority.

This is "the abstract and brief chronicle" of the political or external history of the sister island. But it has been complicated of late, and all its symptoms aggravated by the singularity of its economical relations. The marvellous multiplication of its people, and the growing difficulty of supplying them with food or employment, presenting, at the present moment, a new and most urgent cause of dissatisfaction and alarm. For this last class of evils, a mere change in the policy of the Government would indeed furnish no effectual remedy: and to find one in any degree available, might well task the ingenuity of the most enlightened and beneficent. But for the greater part of her past sufferings, as well as her actual degradation, disunion, and most dangerous discontent, it is impossible to deny that the successive Governments of England have been chiefly responsible. Without pretending to enumerate, or even to class, the several charges which might be brought against them, or to determine what weight should be allowed to the temptations or provocations by which they might be palliated, we think it easier and far more important to remark, that the only secure preventive would have been an early, an equal, and complete incorporating Union of the two countries:—and that the only effective cure for the misery occasioned by its having been so long delayed, is to labour, heartily and in earnest, still to render it equal and complete. It is in vain to hope that a provincial government should not be oppressive—that a delegated power should not be abused—that of two separate countries, allied only, but not incorporated, the weaker should not be degraded, and the stronger unjust. The only remedy is to identify and amalgamate them throughout—to mix up the oppressors and the oppressed—to take away all privileges and distinctions, by fully communicating them,—and to render abuses impossible, by confounding their victims with their authors.

If any one doubts of the wretchedness of an unequal and unincorporating alliance, of the degradation of being subject to a provincial parliament and a distant king, and of the efficacy of a substantial union in curing all these evils, he is invited to look to the obvious example of Scotland. While the crowns only were united, and the governments continued separate, the weaker country was the scene of the most atrocious cruelties, the most violent injustice, the most degrading oppressions. The prevailing religion of the people was proscribed and persecuted with a ferocity greater than has ever been systematically exercised, even in Ireland; her industry was crippled and depressed by unjust and intolerable restrictions; her parliaments corrupted and overawed into the degraded instruments of a distant court, and her nobility and gentry, cut off from all hope of distinction by vindicating the rights or promoting the interests of their country at home, were led to look up to the favour of her oppressors as the only remaining avenue to power, and degenerated, for the most part, into a band of mercenary adventurers;—the more considerable aspiring to the wretched honour of executing the tyrannical orders which were dictated from the South, and the rest acquiring gradually those habits of subserviency and selfish submission, the traces of which are by some supposed to be yet discernible in their descendants. The Revolution, which rested almost entirely on the prevailing antipathy to Popery, required, of course, the co-operation of all classes of Protestants; and, by its success, the Scottish Presbyterians were relieved, for a time, from their Episcopalian persecutions. But it was not till after the Union that the nation was truly emancipated; or lifted up from the abject condition of a dependant, at once suspected and despised. The effects of that happy consolidation were not indeed *immediately* apparent; For the vices which had been generated by a century of provincial misgovernment, the meannesses that had become habitual, the animosities that had so long been fostered, could not be cured at once, by the mere removal of their cause. The generation they had degraded, must first be allowed to die out—and more, perhaps, than one generation: But the poison tree was cut down—the fountain of bitter waters was sealed up, and symptoms of returning vigour and happiness were perceived. Vestiges may still be traced, perhaps, of our long degradation; but for, at least, forty years back, the provinces of Scotland have been, on the whole, but the North-

ern provinces of Great Britain. There are no local oppressions, no national animosities. Life, and liberty, and property, are as secure in Caithness as they are in Middlesex—industry as much encouraged, and wealth still more rapidly progressive; while not only different religious opinions, but different religious establishments subsist in the two ends of the same island in unbroken harmony, and only excite each other, by a friendly emulation, to greater purity of life and greater zeal for Christianity.

If this happy Union, however, had been delayed for another century—if Scotland had been doomed to submit for a hundred years more to the provincial tyranny of the Lauderdales, Rotheses, and Middletons, and to meet the cruel persecutions which gratified the ferocity of her Dalzells and Drummonds, and tarnished the glories of such men as Montrose and Dundee, with her armed conventicles and covenanted saints militant—to see her patriots exiled, or bleeding on the scaffold—her only trusted teachers silenced in her churches and schools, and her Courts of Justice degraded or overawed into the instruments of a cowardly oppression, can any man doubt, not only that she would have presented, at this day, a scene of even greater misery and discord than Ireland did in 1800; but that the corruptions and animosities by which she had been desolated would have been found to have struck so deep root as still to encumber the land, long after their seed had ceased to be scattered abroad on its surface, and only to hold out the hope of their eradication, after many years of patient and painful exertion?

Such, however, is truly the condition of Ireland; and such are the grounds, and such the aspect of our hopes for *her* regeneration. So far from tracing any substantive part of her miseries to the Union of 1800, we think they are to be ascribed mainly to its long delay, and its ultimate incompleteness. It is not by a dissolution of the Union with England then, that any good can be done, but by its improvement and consolidation. Some injury it may have produced to the shopkeepers of Dublin, and some inconsiderable increase in the number of the absentees. But it has shut up the main fountain of corruption and dishonour; and palsied the arm and broken the heart of local insolence and oppression. It has substituted, at least potentially and in prospect, the wisdom and honour of the British Government and the British people, to the passions and sordid interests of a junto of Irish boroughmongers,—and not only enabled, but compelled, all parties to appeal directly to the great tribunal of the British public. While the countries remained apart, the actual depositaries of power were almost unavoidably relied on by the general government for information, and employed as the delegates of its authority—and, as unavoidably, abused the trust, and misled and imposed on their employers. Having come into power at the time when the Catholic party, by its support of the House of Stuart, had excited against it all the fears and antipathies of the friends of liberty, they felt that they could only maintain themselves in possession of it, by keeping up that distrust and animosity, after its causes had expired. They contrived, therefore, by false representations and unjust laws, to foster those prejudices, which would otherwise have gradually disappeared—and, unluckily, succeeded but too well. As their own comparative numbers and natural consequence diminished, they clung still closer to their artificial holds on authority; and, exasperated by feeling their dignity menaced, and their monopolies endangered by the growing wealth, population, and intelligence of the country at large, they redoubled their efforts, by clamour and activity, intimidation and deceit, to preserve the unnatural advantages they had accidentally gained, and to keep down that springtide of general reason and substantial power which they felt rising and swelling all around them.

Their pretence was, that they were the champions of the *Protestant Ascendancy*—and that whenever that was endangered, there was an end of the *English connection*. While the alliance of the two countries was indeed no more than a *connection*, there might be some truth in the assertion—or at least it was easy for an Irish Parliament to make it appear to be true. But the moment they came to be *incorporated*, its falsehood and absurdity should at once have become apparent. Unluckily, however, the incorporation was not so complete, or the union so entire, as it should have been. There still was need, or was thought to be need, of a provincial management, a domestic government of Ireland;—and the old wretched parliamentary machinery, though broken up and disabled for its original work, naturally supplied the materials for its construction. The men still survived who had long been the exclusive channels of communication with the supreme authority; and though other and wider channels were now opened, the habit of employing the former, aided by the eagerness with which they sought for continued employment, left with them an undue share of its support. Still more unluckily, the ancient practice of misgovernment had left its usual traces on the character, not only of its authors, but its victims. Habitual oppression had produced habitual disaffection; and a long course of wrong and contumely, had ended in a desperate indignation, and an eager thirst for revenge.

The natural and necessary consequences of the Union did not, therefore, immediately follow its enactment—and are likely indeed to be longer obstructed, and run greater hazard of being fatally intercepted, than in the case of Scotland. Not only is the mutual exasperation greater, and the wounds more deeply rankled, but the Union itself is more incomplete, and leaves greater room for complaints of inequality and unfairness. The numerical strength, too, of the Irish people is far greater, and their causes of discontent more uniform, than they ever were in Scotland; and, above all, the temper of the race is infinitely more eager, sanguine, and reckless of consequences, than that of the sober and calculating tribes of the north. The greatest and most urgent hazard, therefore, is that which arises from their impatience;—and this unhappily is such, that unless some early measure of conciliation is adopted, it would no longer be matter of surprise to any one, if, upon the first occasion of a war with any of the great powers of Europe, *or America*, the great body of the nation should rise in final and implacable hostility, and endeavour to throw off all connection with, or dependence on Great Britain, and to erect itself into an independent state!

To us it certainly appears that this would be a most desperate, wild, and impracticable enterprise. But it is *not* upon this account the less likely to be attempted by such a nation as the Irish;—and it cannot be dissembled that the mere attempt would almost unavoidably plunge both countries in the most frightful and interminable ruin. Though the separation even of distant and mature dependencies is almost always attended with terrible convulsions, separation, in such circumstances, is unquestionably an ultimate good;—and if Ireland were a mere dependency, and were distant enough and strong enough to subsist and flourish as an independent community, we might console ourselves, even for the infinite misery of the struggle attending on the separation, by the prospect of the great increase of happiness that might be the final result. But it is impossible, we think, for any one but an exasperated and unthinking Irishman, not to see and feel that this neither is, nor ever can be, the condition of Ireland. Peopled by the same race, speaking the same language, associated in the same pursuits, bound together and amalgamated by continual intermarriages, joint adventures in trade, and every sort of social relation, and, above all, lying within sight and reach of each other's shores, they are in truth as intimately and inseparably connected as most of the internal provinces of each are with one another; and we might as well expect to see two independent kingdoms established in friendly neighbourhood, in Yorkshire and Lancashire, as to witness a similar spectacle on the two sides of the Irish Channel. Two such countries, if of equal strength, and exasperated by previous contentions, never could maintain the relations of peace and amity with each other, as separate and independent states;—but *must* either mingle into one—or desolate each other in fierce and exterminating hostility, till one sinks in total exhaustion at the feet of the bleeding and exhausted victor. In the actual circumstances of the two countries, however, the attempt would be attended with still more deplorable consequences. Ireland, with whom alone it can originate, is decidedly the weakest, in wealth, population, and all effective resources—and probably never will venture on the experiment *without foreign assistance*. But it must be at once apparent how the introduction of this unhallowed element darkens all the horrors of the prospect. We are far from making light of the advantages it might give in the outset. By the help of a French army and an American fleet, we think it by no means improbable that the separation might be accomplished. The English armies might be defeated or driven from its shores—English capitalists might be butchered—the English religion extirpated—and an Irish Catholic republic installed with due ceremony in Dublin, and adopted with acclamation in most of the provinces of the land. Under the protection of their foreign deliverers this state of triumph might even be for some time maintained. But how long would this last? or how can it be imagined that it would end? Would the foreign allies remain for ever, on their own charges, and without interfering with the independence or the policy of the new state which they had thus been the means of creating? If they did, it would, after all, be but *a vassal republic*—a dependency on a more distant and still more imperious master—an outlying province of France—a military station from which to watch and to harass England, and on which the first burst of her hostilities must always be broken—and exposed, of course, in the mean time, to all the license, the insolence, the rigour, of a military occupancy by a foreign and alien soldiery.

But this, it is plain, could never be more than a temporary measure. The defenders and keepers of the Hibernian republic would, in no long time, make peace with England, and quarrel, both with their new subjects, and with each other—and then would come the renovated, the embittered, the unequal struggle with that exasperated power. Weakened as England might be by the separation, it would be absurd to suppose that she would not still be a tremendous overmatch for Ireland, single-handed;—or that this new state, wasted and exhausted by the war of her independence, could supply the means of making and equipping a fleet, or appointing an army, such as would be required to make head against this formidable antagonist. Though the numerical majority of her people, too, might be zealous for maintaining her independence, it is obvious that England would still have in her bosom a body of most formidable allies. The most intelligent, the most wealthy, the most politic and sagacious of her inhabitants, are at this moment in the English interest;—and, however sweeping and bloody the proscription by which they might have been overthrown, multitudes would still remain, with means and influence sufficient to render their co-operatian most perilous, in a contest for its restoration. Even if left to her own resources, we have little doubt that the country would soon be a prey to civil wars, plots, and insurrections, which the want of skill and experience in the new rulers, as well as the state of their finances, would aggravate into universal disorder. It is no easy thing to settle a new government amicably, even where there is no foreign interference:—and, in Ireland, from the temper of the people, and the circumstances which would leave less than an ordinary proportion of men of rank,

education, and personal authority in the bands of the successful party, the difficulty would probably be insurmountable. It is impossible, however, not to suppose that England would eagerly avail herself of those dissensions, both by intrigue, corruption, and force; and equally impossible to doubt that she would succeed, if not in regaining her supremacy, at least in embroiling the unhappy country which was the subject of it, in the most miserable and interminable disorders.

The sum of the matter then is, that there could be no peace, and, consequently, no prosperity or happiness for Ireland, as a separate and independent neighbour to England. Two such countries, after all that has passed between them, could no more live in quiet and comfort beside each other, than a wife who had deserted her husband's house could live again in his society and that of his family, as a friend or visitor—having her expenses supplied, and her solitude enlivened, by the frequent visits of professing admirers: Nor can any lesson of prudence be addressed to the fiery and impatient spirits who may now meditate in Ireland the casting off of their ties with the sister island, more precisely applicable to their prospects and condition, than the warnings which a friendly adviser would address to an exasperated matron, whose domestic grievances had led her to contemplate such a fatal step. And can any one doubt that the counsel which any faithful and even partial friend would give her, must be, to bear much from her husband, rather than venture on so desperate a remedy; to turn her thoughts rather to conciliation than recrimination or revenge; to avoid as much as possible all causes of reasonable or unreasonable offence—and, above all, firmly and temperately to assert the interests secured by the provisions of her marriage articles, and to stimulate and insist on the resolute interference of the trustees appointed to enforce them.

Such are the warnings which we would address to the offended and exasperated party, in whose vindictive and rash proceedings the catastrophe we have been contemplating must originate. But though we certainly think they must appear convincing to any calm spectator, it is not the less probable that they would be of little avail with the inflamed and excited party, unless they were seconded by conciliatory and gentle measures on the part of the supposed offender. Nor are there wanting motives sufficiently urgent and imperious to make such measures, in all sound reason, indispensable. In the event of a war for independence, Ireland would probably be the scene of the greatest carnage, havoc, and devastation—and, in the end, we think her lot would be by far the most deplorable. But to England also, it is obvious that such a contest would be the source of unspeakable calamity; and the signal, indeed, of her permanent weakness, insecurity, and degradation. That she is bound, therefore, for her own sake to avert it, by every possible precaution and every possible sacrifice, no one will be hardy enough to deny—far less that she is bound, in the first instance, to diminish the tremendous hazard, *by simply "doing Justice and showing Mercy"* to those whom it is, in all other respects, her interest, as well as her duty, to cherish and protect.

One thing we take to be evident, and it is the substance of all that can be said on the subject, that things are fast verging to a crisis, and cannot, in all probability, remain long as they are. The Union, in short, must either be made *equal* and *complete* on the part of England—or it will be broken in pieces and thrown in her face by Ireland. That country must either be delivered from the domination of an Orange faction, or we must expect, in spite of all our warnings and remonstrances, to see her seek her own deliverance by the fatal and bloody career to which we have already alluded—and from which we hold it to be the height of guilt and of folly to hesitate about withholding her, by the sacrifice of that miserable faction.

Little, however, as we rely, without such co-operation, on the effect of our warnings, we cannot end without again lifting our feeble voice to repeat them—without conjuring the lovers of Ireland to consider how hopeless and how wretched any scheme of a permanent separation from England must necessarily be, and how certainly their condition must be ameliorated by the course of events, the gradual extinction of the generation in whom the last life-use of antiquated oppressions is now centered, and the spread of those mild and liberal sentiments, to which nothing can so much contribute as a spirit of moderation and patience in those who have so long suffered from the want of them. By the Union, such as it is, we think the axe has been laid to the root of the old system of oppression and misgovernment in Ireland—and though its branches may still look green, and still afford shelter to the unclean birds who were bred and have so long nestled in their covert, the sap ascends in them no longer, and the whole will soon cease to cumber the ground, or obstruct the sight of the sky. In these circumstances, the only wise and safe course is to watch, and gently to assist the progress of their natural decay. If, in some fit of impatience, the brands are thrown into the mouldering mass, and an attempt made to subject the land at once to the fatal Purgation of Fire, the risk is, not only that the authors will perish in the conflagration, but that another and a ranker crop of abominations will spring from its ashes, to poison the dwellings of many future generations.

We may seem to have forgotten Mr. O'Driscol in these general observations: and yet they are not so foreign to his merits, as they may at first sight appear. His book certainly does not supply the *desideratum* of which we spoke at the outset, and will not pass to posterity as a complete or satisfactory History of Ireland. But it is written at least in a good spirit; and we do not know that we could better describe its general scope and tendency, than by saying, that they coincide almost entirely with the sentiments we have just been

expressing. The author, we have recently understood, is a Catholic: But we had really read through his work without discovering it,—and can testify that he not only gives that party their full share of blame in all the transactions which deserve it, but speaks of the besetting sins of their system, with a freedom and severity which no Protestant, not absolutely Orange, could easily improve on. We needed no extrinsical lights, indeed, to discover that he was an Irishman,—for, independent of the pretty distinct intimation conveyed in his name, we speedily discovered a spirit of nationality about him, that could leave no doubt on the subject. It is the only kind of partiality, however, which we can detect in his performance; and it really detracts less from his credit than might be imagined,—partly because it is so little disguised as to lead to no misconceptions, and chiefly because it is mostly confined to those parts of the story in which it can do little harm. It breaks out most conspicuously in the earlier and most problematical portion of the narrative; as to which truth is now most difficult to be come at, and of least value when ascertained. He is clear, for example, that the Irish were, for many centuries before the conquest of Henry II., a very polished, learned, and magnificent people—that they had colleges at Lismore and Armagh, where thousands upon thousands of studious youth imbibed all the learning of the times—that they worked beautifully in gold and silver, and manufactured exquisite fabrics both in flax and wool—and, finally, that the country was not only more prosperous and civilised, but greatly more populous, in those early ages, than in any succeeding time.

We have no wish to enter into an idle antiquarian controversy—but we must say that no sober Saxon can adopt these legends without very large allowances. It is indubitable that the Irish, or some of them, did very anciently fabricate linen, and probably also some ornaments of gold; and it would appear, from certain ecclesiactical writers of no great credit, that they had among them large seminaries for priests,—a body possessing, in those ages, no very extraordinary learning, even in more favoured localities. But it is at least equally certain, that they were entirely a Pastoral people, unacquainted with agriculture, holding their herds as the common property of the clan, dwelling in rude huts or wigwams, for the most part deplorably ignorant, and, in spite of their priests, generally practising polygamy and other savage vices. But what chiefly demonstrates the bias under which our author considers those early times, is his firm belief in the great populousness of ancient Ireland, and the undoubting confidence with which he rejects all the English accounts of their barbarism, even in the times of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. But a pastoral country never can be populous—and one overrun with unreclaimed bogs and unbroken forests, still less than any other. More than two thirds of the present population of Ireland undoubtedly owe their existence to the potato; and men alive can still point out large districts, now producing the food of more than a million of new inhabitants, which they remember in their primitive state of sterile and lonely morasses. Without potatoes, without corn, turnips, or cultivated grasses—with few sheep, and with nothing, in short, but roving herds of black cattle, if Ireland had a full million of inhabitants in the tenth or twelfth century, she had a great deal; and in spite of her theological colleges, and her traditionary churches, we doubt whether she had as many.* But whatever may have been the number or condition of her people in those remote ages, of which we have no statistical memorial and no authentic account, it is a little bold in Mr. O'Driscol to persuade us, that in the time of Elizabeth they were by no means an uncultivated or barbarous people. To the testimony afforded by all the official documents, and the full and graphic accounts of Spenser, Davis, and the writers referred to by Camden, long resident in the country, and eye-witnesses of all they describe, we really do not know what Mr. O'Driscol has to oppose, but his own patriotic prejudices, and his deep-rooted conviction, that no English testimony is to be trusted on such a subject. We must be forgiven for not sharing in his generous incredulity.

As to the more modern parts of the history, though he never fails to manifest an amiable anxiety to apologise for Irish excesses, and to do justice to Irish bravery and kindness, we really are not aware that this propensity has led him into any misrepresentation of facts; and are happy to find that it never points, in the remotest degree, to any thing so absurd as either a separation from England, or a vindictive wish for her distress or humiliation. He is too wise, indeed, not to be aware of that important truth, which so few of his zealous countrymen seem, however, able to comprehend—that there are no longer any of those injured Irish in existence, upon whom the English executed such flagrant oppressions two hundred years ago! and that nine tenths of the intelligent Irish, who now burn with desire to avenge the wrongs of their predecessors, are truly as much akin to those who did, as to those who suffered, the injury. We doubt whether even the O'Driscols have not, by this time, nearly as much English as Irish blood in their veins; and are quite sure, that if the lands pillaged from their original Celtic owners, in the days of Elizabeth and Cromwell, were to be given back to the true heirs, scarcely one of those who now reprobate the spoliation in good English, would profit by the restitution. The living Irishmen of the present day may have wrongs to complain of, and injuries to redress, on the part of the English Government: But it is absurd to imagine that they are entitled to resent the wrongs and in-

* If we remember rightly, the forces actually engaged in the conquest or defence of Ireland in the time of Henry the Second were most insignificant in point of numbers. Less than a hundred men-at-arms easily took possession of a whole district; and even after the invaded had time to prepare for resistance, an army of three or four hundred was found quite sufficient to bear down all opposition.

juries of those who suffered in the same place centuries ago. They are most of them half English, by blood and lineage—and much more than half English, in speech, training, character, and habits. If they are to punish the descendants of the individual English who usurped Irish possessions, and displaced true Irish possessors, in former days, they must punish themselves;—for undoubtedly they are far more nearly connected with those spoilers than any of the hated English, whose ancestors never adventured to the neighbouring island. Mr. O'Driscol's partiality for the *ancient* Irish, therefore, is truly a mere peculiarity of taste or feeling—or at best but an historical predilection; and in reality has no influence, as it ought to have none, on his views as to what constitutes the actual grievances, or is likely to work the deliverance, of the existing generation.

(December, 1826.)

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan. By Thomas Moore. Fourth Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1826.*

We have frequently had occasion to speak of the dangers to which the conflict of two extreme parties must always expose the peace and the liberties of such a country as England, and of the hostility with which both are apt to regard those who still continue to stand neutral between them. The charges against this middle party—which we take to be now represented by the old constitutional Whigs of 1688—used formerly to be much the same, though somewhat mitigated in tone, with those which each was in the habit of addressing to their adversaries in the opposite extreme. When the high Tories wanted to abuse the Whigs, they said they were nearly as bad as the Radicals; and when these wished in their turn to lessen the credit of the same unfortunate party, the established form of reproach was, that they were little better than the Tories! Of late years, however, a change seems to have come over the spirit, or the practical tactics at least, of these gallant belligerents. They have now discovered that there are vices and incapacities *peculiar* to the Whigs, and inseparable indeed from their middle position: and that before settling their fundamental differences with each other, it is most wise and fitting that they should unite to bear down this common enemy, by making good against them these heavy imputations. It has now become necessary, therefore, for those against whom they are directed, to inquire a little into the nature and proofs of these alleged enormities; the horror of which has thus suspended the conflict of old hereditary enemies, and led them to proclaim a truce, till the field, by their joint efforts, can be cleared for fair hostilities, by the destruction of these hated intruders.

Now, the topics of reproach which these two opposite parties have recently joined in directing against those who would mediate between them, seem to be chiefly two:—*First*, that their doctrines are timid, vacillating, compromising, and inconsistent; and, *secondly*, that the party which holds them is small, weak, despised, and unpopular. These are the favourite texts, we think, of those whose vocation it has lately become to preach against us, from the pulpits at once of servility and of democratical reform. But it is necessary to open them up a little farther, before we enter on our defence.

The *first* charge then is, That the Whigs are essentially an inefficient, trimming, half-way sort of party—too captious, penurious, and disrespectful to authority, to be useful servants in a Monarchy, and too aristocratical, cautious, and tenacious of old institutions, to deserve the confidence, or excite the sympathies, of a generous and enlightened People. Their advocates, accordingly—and we ourselves in an an especial manner—are accused of dealing in contradictory and equivocating doctrines; of practising a continual see-saw of admissions and retractations; of saying now a word for the people—now one for the aristocracy—now one for the Crown; of paralysing all our liberal propositions by some timid and paltry reservation, and never being betrayed into a truly popular sentiment without instantly chilling and neutralising it by some cold warning against excess, some cautious saving of the privileges of rank and establishment. And so far has this system of inculpation been lately carried, that a liberal Journal, of great and increasing celebrity, has actually done us the honour, quarter after quarter, of quoting long passages from our humble pages, in evidence of this sad infirmity in our party and principles.

Now, while we reject of course the epithets which are here applied to us, we admit, at once, the facts on which our adversaries profess to justify them. We acknowledge that we are fairly chargeable with a fear of opposite excesses—a desire to compromise and reconcile the claims of all the great parties in the State—an anxiety to temper and qualify whatever may be said in favour of one, with a steady reservation of whatever may be justly due to the rest. To this sort of trimming, to

* What is here given forms but a small part of the article originally published under this title, in 1826. But it exhibits nearly the whole of the General Politics contained in that article; and having been, as I believe, among the last political discussions, I contributed to the Review, I have been tempted to close, with it, this most anxious and perilous division of the present publication.

this inconsistency, to this timidity, we distinctly plead guilty. We plead guilty to a love to the British Constitution—and to all and every one of its branches. We *are* for King, Lords, and Commons; and though not perhaps exactly in that order, we are proud to have it said that we have a word for each in its turn; and that, in asserting the rights of one, we would not willingly forget those of the others. Our jealousy, we confess, is greatest of those who have the readiest means of persuasion; and therefore, we are generally far more afraid of the encroachments of arbitrary power, under cover of its patronage, and the general love of peace, security, and distinction, which attract so strongly to the region of the Court, than of the usurpations of popular violence. But we are for authority, as well as for freedom. We are for the natural and wholesome influence of wealth and rank, and the veneration which belongs to old institutions, without which no government has ever had either stability or respect; as well as for that vigilance of popular control, and that supremacy of public opinion, without which none could be long protected from abuse. We know that, when pushed, to their ultimate extremes, those principles may be said to be in contradiction. But the escape from inconsistency is secured by the very obvious precaution of stopping short of such extremes. It was to prevent this, in fact, that the English constitution, and indeed all good government everywhere, was established. Every thing that we know that is valuable in the ordinances of men, or admirable in the arrangements of Providence, seems to depend on a compromise, a balance; or, if the expression is thought better, on a conflict and struggle, of opposite and irreconcileable principles. Virtue—society—life itself, and, in so far as we can see, the grand movements and whole order of the universe, are maintained only by such a balance or contention.

These, we are afraid, will appear but idle truisms, and shallow pretexts for foolish self-commendation. No one, it will be said, is for any thing but the British constitution; and nobody denies that it depends on a balance of opposite principles. The only question is, whether that balance is now rightly adjusted; and whether the Whigs are in the proper central position for correcting its obliquities. Now, if the attacks to which we are alluding had been reducible to such a principle as this,—if we had been merely accused, by our brethren of the Westminster, for not going far enough on the popular side, and by our brethren of the Quarterly, for going too far,—we should have had nothing to complain of, beyond what is inseparable from all party contentions; and must have done our best to answer those opposite charges, on their separate and specific merits,—taking advantage, of course, as against each, of the authority of the other, as a proof, *à fortiori*, of the safety of our own intermediate position. But the peculiarity of our present case, and the hardship which alone induces us to complain of it is, that *this is not* the course that has been lately followed with regard to us,—that our adversaries have effected, or rather pretended, an unnatural union against us,—and, deserting not only the old rules of political hostility, but, as it humbly appears to us, their own fundamental principles, have combined to attack us, on the new and distinct ground of *our moderation*,—not because we are opposed to their extreme doctrines respectively, but because we are *not extremely* opposed to them!—and, affecting a generous indulgence and respect for those who are diametrically against them, seem actually to have agreed to join forces with them, to run down those who stand peacefully between, and would gladly effect their reconcilement. We understand very well the feelings which lead to such a course of proceeding; but we are not the less convinced of their injustice,—and, in spite of all that may be said of neutrals in civil war, or interlopers in matrimonial quarrels, we still believe that the Peacemakers are Blessed,—and that they who seek conscientiously to moderate the pretensions of contending factions, are more likely to be right than either of their opponents.

The natural, and, in our humble judgment, the very important function of a middle party is, not only to be a check, but a bulwark to both those that are more decidedly opposed; and though liable not to be very well looked on by either, it should only be very obnoxious, we should think, to the stronger, or those who are disposed to act on the offensive. To them it naturally enough presents the appearance of an advanced post, that must be carried before the main battle can be joined,—and for the assault of which they have neither the same weapons, the same advantages of position, nor the same motives of action. To the weaker party, however, or those who stand on their defence, it must, or at least should, always be felt to be a protection,—though received probably with grudging and ill grace, as a sort of half-faced fellowship, yielded with no cordiality, and ready enough to be withdrawn if separate terms can be made with the adversary. With this scheme of tactics we have long been familiar; and for those feelings we were prepared. But it is rather too much, we think, when those who are irreconcileably hostile, and whose only quarrel with us is, that we go half the length of their hated opponents,—have the face to pretend that we are more justly hateful to them, than those who go the whole length,—that they have really no particular quarrel with those who are beyond us, and that we, in fact, and our unhappy mid-way position, are the only obstacles to a cordial union of those whom it is, in truth, our main object to reconcile and unite!

Nothing, we take it, can be so plain as that this is a hollow, and, in truth, very flimsy pretext: and that the real reason of the animosity with which we are honoured by the more eager individuals in both the extreme parties is, that we afford a covering and a shelter to each—impede the assault they are impatient mutually to make on each other,

and take away from them the means of that direct onset, by which the sanguine in both hosts imagine they might at once achieve a decisive victory. If there were indeed no belligerents, it is plain enough that there could be no neutrals and no mediators. If there was no natural war between Democracy and Monarchy, no true ground of discord between Tories and Radical Reformers—we admit there would be no vocation for Whigs: for the true definition of that party, as matters now stand in England, is, that it is a middle party, between the two extremes of high monarchical principles on the one hand, and extremely popular principles on the other. It holds no peculiar opinions, that we are aware of, on any other points of policy,—and no man of common sense can doubt, and no man of common candour deny, that it differs from each of the other parties on the very grounds on which they differ from each other,—the only distinction being that it does not differ so widely.

Can any thing be so preposterous as a pretended truce between two belligerents, in order that they may fall jointly upon those who are substantially neutral?—a dallying and coquetting with mortal enemies, for the purpose of gaining a supposed advantage over those who are to a great extent friends? Yet this is the course that has recently been followed, and seems still to be pursued. It is now some time since the thorough Reformers began to make awkward love to the Royalists, by pretending to bewail the obscuration which the Throne had suffered from the usurpations of Parliamentary influence,—the curtailment of the Prerogative by a junto of ignoble boroughmongers,—and the thraldom in which the Sovereign was held by those who were truly his creatures. Since that time, the more prevailing tone has been, to sneer at the Whig aristocracy, and to declaim, with all the bitterness of real fear and affected contempt, on the practical insignificance of men of fortune and talents. who are neither Loyal nor Popular—and, at the same time, to lose no opportunity of complimenting the Tory possessors of power, for every act of liberality, which had been really forced upon them by those very Whigs whom they refuse to acknowledge as even co-operating in the cause! The high Tory or Court party have, in substance, played the same game. They have not indeed affected, so barefacedly, an entire sympathy, or very tender regard for their radical allies: but they have acted on the same principle. They have echoed and adopted the absurd fiction of the *unpopularity* of the Whigs,—and, speaking with affected indulgence of the excesses into which a generous love of liberty may occasionally hurry the ignorant and unthinking, have reserved all their severity, unfairness, and intolerance, for the more moderate opponents with whose reasonings they find it more difficult to cope, and whose motives and true position in the country, they are therefore so eager to misrepresent.

Now, though all this may be natural enough in exasperated disputants, who are apt to wreak their vengeance on whatever is most within their reach, it is not the less ur fair and unworthy in itself, nor the less shortsighted and ungrateful in the parties who are guilty of it. For we do not hesitate to say, that it is substantially to this calumniated and mutually reviled Whig party, or to those who act on its principles, that the country is truly indebted for its peace and its constitution,—and one at least, if not both of the extreme parties, for *their very existence!* If there were no such middle body, who saw faults and merits in both, and could not consent to the unqualified triumph or unqualified extirpation of either—if the whole population of the country was composed of intolerant Tories and fiery reformers,—of such spirits, in short, to bring the matter to a plain practical bearing, as the two hostile parties have actually chosen, and now support as their leaders and spokesmen, does any man imagine that its peace or its constitution could be maintained for a single year? On such a supposition, it is plain that they must enter immediately on an active, uncompromising, relentless contention; and, after a short defying parley, must, by force or fear, effect the entire subversion of one or the other; and in either case, a complete revolution and dissolution of the present constitution and principle of government. Compromise, upon that supposition, we conceive, must be utterly out of the question; as well as the limitation of the contest to *words*, either of reasoning or of abuse. *They would be at each other's Throats, before the end of the year!* or, if there was any compromise, what *could* it be, but a compromise on the middle ground of Whiggism?—a virtual conversion of a majority of those very combatants, who are now supposed so to hate and disdain them, to the creed of that moderate and liberal party?

What is it, then, that prevents such a mortal conflict from taking place at the present moment between those who represent themsent themselves respectively, as engrossing all the principle and all the force of the country? what, but the fact, that a very large portion of the population do *not* in reality belong to either; but adhere, and are known to adhere, to those moderate opinions, for the profession of which the Whigs and their advocates are not only covered with the obloquy of those whom they save from the perils of such frightful extremities, but are preposterously supposed to have incurred the dislike of those with whom in fact they are identified, and to whom they belong?

And this leads us to say a few words on the second grand position of the Holy Allies, against whom we are now called to defend ourselves, that the Whigs are not only inconsistent and vacillating in their doctrines, but, in consequence of that vice or error, are, in fact, weak, unpopular, and despised in the country. The very circumstance of their being felt to be so formidable as to require this strange alliance to make head against them, and to force their opponents to intermit all other contests, and expend on them exclusively the whole treasures of their sophistry

and abuse, might go far, we think, to refute this desperate allegation. But a very short resumption of the principles we have just been unfolding will show that it cannot possibly be true.

We reckon as Whigs, in this question, all those who are not disposed to go the length of either of the extreme parties who would now divide the country between them,—all, in other words, who wish the Government to be substantially more popular than it is, or is tending to be—but, at the same time, to retain more aristocratical influence, and more deference to authority, than the Radical Reformers will tolerate:—and, we do not hesitate to say, that so far from being weak or inconsiderable in the country, we are perfectly convinced that, among the educated classes, which now embrace a very large proportion of the whole, it greatly outnumbers both the others put together. It should always be recollected, that a middle party like this is invariably much stronger, as well as more determined and formidable, than it appears. Extreme doctrines always make the most noise. They lead most to vehemence, passion, and display,—they are inculcated with most clamour and exaggeration, and excite the greatest alarm. In this way we hear of them most frequently and loudly. But they are not, upon that account, the most widely spread or generally adopted;—and, in an enlightened country, where there are two *opposite* kinds of extravagance thus trumpeted abroad together, they serve in a good degree as correctives to each other; and the great body of the people will almost inevitably settle into a middle or moderate opinion. The champions, to be sure, and ambitious leaders on each side, will probably only be exasperated into greater bitterness and greater confidence, by the excitement of their contention. —But the greater part of the lookers-on can scarcely fail to perceive that mutual wounds have been inflicted, and mutual infirmities revealed,—and the continuance and very fierceness of the combat is apt to breed a general opinion, that neither party is right, to the height of their respective pretensions; and that truth and justice can only be satisfied by large and *mutual* concessions.

Of the two parties—the Thorough Reformers are most indebted for an appearance of greater strength than they actually possess, to their own boldness and activity, and the mere curiosity it excites among the idle, co-operating with the sounding alarms of their opponents, —while the high Tories owe the same advantage in a greater degree to the quiet effect of their influence and wealth, and to that prudence which leads so many, who in their hearts are against them, to keep their opinions to themselves, till some opportunity can be found of declaring them with effect. Both, however, are conscious that they owe much to such an illusion,—and neither, accordingly, has courage to venture on those measures to which they would infallibly resort, if they trusted to their apparent, as an actual or available strength. The Tories, who have the administration in some measure in their hands, would be glad enough to put down all popular interference, whether by assemblies, by speech, or by writing; and, in fact, only allow the law to be as indulgent as it is, and its administration to be so much more indulgent, from a conviction that they would not be supported in more severe measures, either by public opinion without, or even by their own majorities within the walls of the Legislature. They know very well that a great part of their adherents are attached to them by no other tie than that of their own immediate interest, —and that, even among them as they now stand, they could command at least as large a following for Whig measures as for Tory measures, if only proposed by an administration of as much apparent stability. It is not necessary, indeed, to go farther than to the common conversation of the more open or careless of those who vote and act among the Tories, to be satisfied, that a very large proportion, indeed, of those who pass under that title, are what we should call really Whigs in heart and conviction, and are ready to declare themselves such, on the first convenient opportunity. With regard to the Radical Reformers, again, very little more, we think, can be necessary to show their real weakness in the country, than to observe how very few votes they ever obtain at an election, even in the most open boroughs, and the most populous and independent counties. We count for nothing in this question the mere physical force which may seem to be arrayed on their side in the manufacturing districts, on occasions of distress and suffering; though, if they felt that they had even this *permanently* at their command, it is impossible that they should not have more nominations of parliamentary attorneys, and more steady and imposing exhibitions of their strength and union.

At the present moment, then, we are persuaded that the proper Whig party is in reality by much the largest and the steadiest in the country; and we are also convinced, that it is in a course of rapid increase. The effect of all long-continued discussion is to disclose flaws in all sweeping arguments, and to multiply exceptions to all general propositions—to discountenance extravagance, in short, to abate confidence and intolerance, and thus to lay the foundations for liberal compromise and mutual concession. Even those who continue to think that all the reason is exclusively on their side, can scarcely hope to convert their opponents, except by degrees. Some few rash and fiery spirits may contrive to pass from one extreme to the other, without going through the middle. But the common course undoubtedly is different; and therefore we are entitled to reckon, that every one who is detached from the Tory or the Radical faction, will make a stage at least, or half-way house, of Whiggism; and may probably be induced, by the comfort and respectability of the establishment, to remain: As the temperate regions of the earth are found to detain the greater part of those who have been induced to fly from the heats of the Equator, or the rigours of the Pole.

Though it is natural enough, therefore, for those who hold extreme opinions, to depreciate the weight and power of those who take their station between them, it seems sufficiently certain, not only that their position must at all times be the safest and best, but that it is destined ultimately to draw to itself all that is truly of any considerable weight upon either hand; and that it is the feeling of the constant and growing force of this central attraction, that inflames the animosity of those whose importance would be lost by the convergence. For our own part, at least, we are satisfied, and we believe the party to which we belong is satisfied, both with the degree of influence and respect which we possess in the country, and with the prospects which, we think, upon reasonable grounds, we may entertain of its increase. In assuming to ourselves the character of a middle party, we conceive that we are merely stating a fact, which cannot well be disputed on the present occasion, as *it is assumed* by both those who are now opposed to us, as the main ground of their common attack; and almost all that we have said follows as a necessary consequence of this assumption. From the very nature of the thing, we cannot go to either of the extreme parties; and neither of them can make any movement to increase their popularity and substantial power, without coming nearer to us. It is but fair, however, before concluding, to state, that though we do occupy a position between the intolerant Tories and the thorough Reformers, we conceive that we are considerably nearer to the latter than to the former. In our principles, indeed, and the ends at which we aim, we do not materially differ from what is *professed* by the more sober among them; though we require more caution, more securities, more exceptions, more temper, and more time.

That is the difference of our theories. In practice, we have no doubt, we shall all have time enough:—For it is the lot of England, we have little doubt, to be ruled in the main by what will be called a Tory party, for as long a period as we can now look forward to with any great distinctness—by a Tory party, however, restrained more and more in its propensities, by the growing influence of Whig principles, and the enlightened vigilance of that party, both in Parliament and out of it; and now and then admonished, by a temporary expulsion, of the necessity of a still greater conformity with the progress of liberal opinions, than could be spontaneously obtained. The inherent spirit, however, of monarchy, and the natural effect of long possession of power, will secure, we apprehend, for a considerable time, the general sway of men professing Tory principles; and their speedy restoration, when driven for a season from their places by disaster or general discontent: and the Whigs, during the same period, must content themselves with preventing a great deal of evil, and seeing the good which they had suggested tardily and imperfectly effected, by those who will take the credit of originating what they had long opposed, and only at last adopted with reluctance and on compulsion. It is not a very brilliant prospect, perhaps, nor a very enviable lot. But we believe it to be what awaits us; and we embrace it, not only cheerfully, but with thankfulness and pride—thankfulness, that we are enabled to do even so much for the good and the liberties of our country—and pride, that in *thus* seeking her service, we cannot well be suspected of selfish or mercenary views.

The thorough Reformers never can be in power in this country, but by means of an actual revolution. The Whigs may, and occasionally will, without any disturbance to its peace. But these occasions might be multiplied, and the good that must attend them accelerated and increased, if the Reformers, aware of the hopelessness of their separate cause, would throw their weight into the scale of the Whigs, and so far modify their pretensions as to make it safe or practicable to support them. The Whigs, we have already said, cannot come to them; both because they hold some of their principles, and their modes of asserting them, to be not merely unreasonable, but actually dangerous; and because, by their adoption, they would at once hazard much mischief, and unfit themselves for the good service they now perform. But the Reformers may very well come to the Whigs; both because they can practically do nothing (peaceably) for themselves, and because the measures which they might occasionally enable the Whigs to carry, though not in their eyes unexceptionable or sufficient, must yet appear to them better than those of the Tories—which is the only attainable alternative. This accordingly, we are persuaded, will ultimately be the result; and is already, we have no doubt, in a course of accomplishment;—and, taken along with the gradual abandonment of all that is offensive in Tory pretensions, and the silent adoption of most of the Whig principles, even by those who continue to disclaim the name, will effect almost all that sober lovers of their country can expect, for the security of her liberties, and the final extinction of all extreme parties, in the liberal moderation of Whiggism.

MISCELLANEOUS.

(May, 1820.)

An Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain respecting the United States of America. Part First. Containing an Historical Outline of their Merits and Wrongs as Colonies, and Strictures on the Calumnies of British Writers. By Robert Walsh, Esq. 8vo. pp. 505. Philadelphia and London: 1819.*

One great staple of this book is a vehement, and, we really think, a singularly unjust attack, on the principles of this Journal. Yet we take part, on the whole, with the author:—and heartily wish him success in the great object of vindicating his country from unmerited aspersions, and trying to make us, in England, ashamed of the vices and defects which he has taken the trouble to point out in our national character and institutions. In this part of the design we cordially concur—and shall at all times be glad to co-operate. But there is another part of it, and we are sorry to say a principal and avowed part, of which we cannot speak in terms of too strong regret and reprobation—and that is, a design to excite and propagate among his countrymen, a general animosity to the British name, by way of counteracting, or rather revenging, the animosity which he very erroneously supposes to be generally entertained by the English against them.

That this is, in itself, and under any circumstances, an unworthy, an unwise, and even a criminal object, we think we could demonstrate to the satisfaction of Mr. Walsh himself, and all his reasonable adherents; but it is better, perhaps, to endeavour, in the first place, to correct the misapprehensions, and dispel the delusions in which this disposition has its foundation, and, at all events, to set them the example of perfect good humour and fairness, in a discussion where the parties perhaps will never be entirely agreed; and where those who are now to be heard have the strongest conviction of having been injuriously misrepresented. If we felt any soreness, indeed, on the score of this author's imputations, or had any desire to lessen the just effect of his representations, it would have been enough for us, we believe, to have let them alone. For, without some such help as ours, the work really does not seem calculated to make any great impression in this quarter of the world. It is not only, as the author has himself ingenuously observed of it, a very "clumsy book," heavily written and abominably printed,—but the only material part of it—the only part about which anybody can now be supposed to care much, either here or in America—is overlaid and buried under a huge mass of historical compilation, which would have little chance of attracting readers at the present moment, even if much better digested than it is in the volume before us.

The substantial question is, what has been the true character and condition of the United States since they became an independent nation,—and what is likely to be their condition in future? And to elucidate this question, the learned author has thought fit to premise about two hundred very close-printed pages, upon their merits as colonies, and the harsh treatment they then received from the mother country! Of this large historical sketch, we cannot say, either that it is very correctly drawn, or very faithfully coloured. It presents us with no connected narrative, or interesting deduction of events—but is, in truth, a mere heap of indigested quotations from common books, of good and bad authority—inartificially cemented together by a loose and angry commentary. We are not aware, indeed, that there are in this part of the work either any new statements, or any new views or opinions; the facts being mostly taken from Chalmers' Annals, and Burke's European Settlements; and the authorities for the good conduct and ill treatment of the colonies, being chiefly the Parliamentary Debates and Brougham's Colonial Policy.

But, in good truth, these historical recollections will go but a little way in determining that great practical and most important question, which it is Mr. W.'s intention, as well as ours, to discuss—What are, and what ought to be, the dispositions of England and America towards each other? And the general facts

* There is no one feeling—having public concerns for its object—with which I have been so long and so deeply impressed, as that of the vast importance of our maintaining friendly, and even cordial relations, with the free, powerful, moral, and industrious States of America:—a condition upon which I cannot help thinking that not only our own freedom and prosperity, but that of the better part of the world, will ultimately be found to be more and more dependent. I give the first place, therefore, in this concluding division of the work, to an earnest and somewhat importunate exhortation to this effect—which I believe produced some impression at the time, and I trust may still help forward the good end to which it was directed.

as to the first settlements and colonial history of the latter, in so far as they bear upon this question, really do not admit of much dispute. The most important of those settlements were unquestionably founded by the friends of civil and religious liberty—who, though somewhat precise and puritanical, and we must add, not a little intolerant, were, in the main, a sturdy and sagacious race of people, not readily to be cajoled out of the blessings they had sought through so many sacrifices; and ready at all times manfully and resolutely to assert them against all invaders. As to the mother country, again, without claiming for her any romantic tenderness or generosity towards those hardy offsets, we think we may say, that she oppressed and domineered over them much less than any other modern nation has done over any such settlements—that she allowed them, for the most part, liberal charters and constitutions, and was kind enough to leave them very much to themselves;—and although she did manifest, now and then, a disposition to encroach on their privileges, their rights were, on the whole, very tolerably respected—so that they grew up undoubtedly to a state of much prosperity and a familiarity with freedom in all its divisions, which was not only without parallel in any similar establishment, but probably would not have been attained had they been earlier left to their own guidance and protection. This is all that we ask for England, on a review of her colonial policy, and her conduct before the war; and this, we think, no candid and well-informed person can reasonably refuse her.

As to the War itself, the motives in which it originated, and the spirit in which it was carried on, it cannot now be necessary to say any thing—or, at least, when we say that having once been begun, we think that it terminated as the friends of Justice and Liberty must have wished it to terminate, we conceive that Mr. Walsh can require no other explanation. That this result, however, should have left a soreness upon both sides, and especially on that which had *not* been soothed by success, is what all men must have expected. But, upon the whole, we firmly believe that this was far slighter and less durable than has generally been imagined; and was likely very speedily to have been entirely effaced, by those ancient recollections of kindness and kindred which could not fail to recur, and by that still more powerful feeling, to which every day was likely to add strength, of their common interests, as *free* and as *commercial* countries, and of the substantial conformity of their national character, and of their sentiments upon most topics of public and of private right. The healing operation, however, of these causes was unfortunately thwarted and retarded by the heats that rose out of the French revolution, and the new interests and new relations which it appeared for a time to create:—And the hostilities in which we were at last involved with America herself—though the opinions of her people, as well as our own, were deeply divided upon both questions—served still further to embitter the general feeling, and to keep alive the memory of animosities that ought not to have been so long remembered. At last came peace,—and the spirit, we verily believe, but unfortunately not the prosperity of peace; and the distresses and commercial embarrassments of both countries threw both into bad humour; and unfortunately hurried both into a system of jealous and illiberal policy, by which that bad humour was aggravated, and received an unfortunate direction.

In this exasperated state of the national temper, and we do think, too much under its influence, Mr. Walsh has now thought himself called upon to vindicate his country from the aspersions of English writers; and after arraigning them, generally, of the most incredible ignorance, and atrocious malignity, he proceeds to state, that the EDINBURGH and QUARTERLY Reviews, in particular, have been incessantly labouring to traduce the character of America, and have lately broken out into such "excesses of obloquy," as can no longer be endured; and, in particular, that the prospect of a large emigration to the United States has thrown us all into such "paroxysms of spite and jealousy," that we have engaged in a scheme of systematic defamation that sets truth and consistency alike at defiance. To counteract this nefarious scheme, Mr. W. has taken the field—not so much to refute as to retort—not for the purpose of pointing out our errors, or exposing our unfairness, but, rather, if we understand him aright, of retaliating on us the *unjust abuse* we have been so long pouring on others. In his preface, accordingly, he fairly avows it to be his intention to act on the offensive—to carry the war into the enemy's quarters, and to make reprisals upon the honour and character of England, in revenge for the insults which, he will have it, her writers have heaped on his country. He therefore proposes to point out,—not the natural complexion, or genuine features, but "the sores and blotches of the British nation," to the scorn and detestation of his countrymen; and having assumed, that it is the "intention of Great Britain to educate her youth in sentiments of the most rancorous hostility to America," he assures us, that this design *will, and must be met with corresponding sentiments*, on his side of the water!

Now, though we cannot applaud the generosity, or even the common humanity of these sentiments—though we think that the American government and people, if at all deserving of the eulogy which Mr. W. has here bestowed upon them, might, like Cromwell, have felt themselves too strong to care about paper shot—and though we cannot but feel that a more temperate and candid tone would have carried more weight, as well as more magnanimity with it, we must yet begin by admitting, that America *has* cause of complaint;—and that nothing can be more despicable and disgusting, than the scurrility with which she has been assailed by a portion of the press of this country—and that, disgraceful as these publications are, they speak the sense, if not of a considerable, at least of a

conspicuous and active party in the nation.* All this, and more than this, we have no wish, and no intention to deny. But we do wish most anxiously to impress upon Mr. W. and his adherents, to beware how they believe that this party speaks the sense of the British Nation—or that their sentiments on this, or on many other occasions, are in any degree in accordance with those of the great body of our people. On the contrary, we are firmly persuaded that a very large majority of the nation, numerically considered, and a still larger majority of the intelligent and enlightened persons whose influence and authority cannot fail in the long run to govern her councils, would disclaim all sympathy with any part of these opinions; and actually look on the miserable libels in question, not only with the scorn and disgust to which Mr. W. would consign them, but with a sense of shame from which his situation fortunately exempts him, and a sorrow and regret, of which unfortunately he seems too little susceptible.

It is a fact which can require no proof, even in America, that there is a party in this country not friendly to political liberty, and decidedly hostile to all extension of popular rights,—which, if it does not grudge to its own people the powers and privileges which are bestowed on them by the Constitution, is at least for confining their exercise within the narrowest limits—which never thinks the peace and well-being of society in danger from any thing but popular encroachments, and holds the only safe or desirable government to be that of a pretty pure and unincumbered Monarchy, supported by a vast revenue and a powerful army, and obeyed by a people just enlightened enough to be orderly and industrious, but no way curious as to questions of right—and never presuming to judge of the conduct of their superiors.

Now, it is quite true that *this Party* dislikes America, and is apt enough to decry and insult her. Its adherents never have forgiven the success of her war of independence—the loss of a nominal sovereignty, or perhaps of a real power of vexing and oppressing—her supposed rivalry in trade—and, above all, the happiness and tranquillity which she now enjoys under a republican form of government. Such a spectacle of democratical prosperity is unspeakably mortifying to their high monarchical principles, and is easily imagined to be dangerous to their security. Their first wish, and, for a time, their darling hope, was, that the infant States would quarrel among themselves, and be thankful to be again received under our protection, as a refuge from military despotism. Since that hope was lost, it would have satisfied them to find that their republican institutions had made them poor, and turbulent, and depraved—incapable of civil wisdom, regardless of national honour, and as intractable to their own elected rulers as they had been to their hereditary sovereign. To those who were capable of such wishes and such expectations, it is easy to conceive, that the happiness and good order of the United States—the wisdom and authority of their government—and the unparalleled rapidity of their progress in wealth, population, and refinement, must have been but an ungrateful spectacle; and most especially, that the splendid and steady success of by far the most truly democratical government that ever was established in the world, must have struck the most lively alarm into the hearts of all those who were anxious to have it believed that the People could never interfere in politics but to their ruin, and that the smallest addition to the democratical influence, recognised in the theory at least of the British Constitution, must lead to the immediate destruction of peace and property, morality and religion.

That there are journals in this country, and journals too of great and deserved reputation in other respects, who have spoken the language of the party we have now described, and that in a tone of singular intemperance and offence, we most readily admit. But need we tell Mr. W., or any ordinarily well-informed individual of his countrymen, that neither this party nor their journalists can be allowed to stand for the People of England?—that it is notorious that there is among that people another and a far more numerous party, whose sentiments are at all points opposed to those of the former, and who are, by necessary consequence, friends to America, and to all that Americans most value in their character and institutions—who, as Englishmen, are more proud to have great and glorious nations descended from them, than to have discontented colonies uselessly subjected to their caprice—who, as Freemen rejoice to see freedom advancing, with giant footsteps, over the fairest regions of the earth, and nations flourishing exactly in proportion as they are free—and to know that when the drivelling advocates of hierarchy and legitimacy vent their paltry sophistries with some shadow of plausibility on the history of the Old World, they can now turn with decisive triumph to the unequivocal example of the New—and demonstrate the unspeakable advantages of free government, by the unprecedented prosperity of America? Such persons, too, can be as little suspected of entertaining any jealousy of the commercial prosperity of the Americans as of their political freedom; since it requires but a very moderate share of understanding to see, that the advantages of trade must always be mutual and reciprocal—that one great trading country is of necessity the best customer to another—and that the trade of America, consisting chiefly in the ex-

* Things are much mended in this respect since 1820; persons of rank and influence in this country now speaking of America, in private as well as in public, with infinitely greater respect and friendliness than was then common; and evincing, I think, a more general desire to be courteous to individuals of that nation, than to foreigners of any other description. There are still, however, publications among us, and some proceeding from quarters where I should not have looked for them, that continue to keep up the tone alluded to in the text, and consequently to do mischief, which it is still a duty therefore to endeavour to counteract.

portation of raw produce and the importation of manufactured commodities, is, of all others, the most beneficial to a country like England.

That such sentiments were naturally to be expected in a country circumstanced like England, no thinking man will deny. But Mr. Walsh has been himself among us; and was, we have reason to believe, no idle or incurious observer of our men and cities; and we appeal with confidence to him, whether these were not the prevailing sentiments among the intelligent and well educated of every degree? If he thinks as we do, as to their soundness and importance, he cannot well doubt that they must sooner or later influence the conduct even of our Court and Cabinet. But, in the mean time, the fact is certain, that the opposite sentiments are confined to a very small portion of the people of Great Britain—and that the course of events, as well as the force of reason, is every day bringing them more and more into discredit. Where then, we would ask, is the justice or the policy of seeking to render a quarrel National, when the cause of quarrel is only with an inconsiderable and declining party of the nation?—and why labour to excite animosity against a whole people, the majority of whom are, and *must* be, your sincere friends, merely because some prejudiced or interested persons among them have disgusted the great body of their own countrymen, by the senselessness and scurrility of their attacks upon yours?

The Americans are extremely mistaken, too, if they suppose that they are the only persons who are abused by the only party that does abuse them. They have merely their share of that abuse along with all the friends and the advocates of Liberty in every part of the world. The Constitutionalists of France, including the King and many of his ministers, meet with no better treatment;—and those who hold liberal opinions in this country, are assailed with still greater acrimony and fierceness. Let Mr. Walsh only look to the language held by our ministerial journals for the last twelvemonth, on the subjects of Reform and Alarm—and observe in what way not only the whole class of our own reformers and conciliators, but the names and persons of such men as Lords Lansdowne, Grey, Fitzwilliam, and Erskine, Sir James Mackintosh, and Messrs. Brougham, Lambton, Tierney, and others, are dealt with by these national oracles,—and he will be satisfied that his countrymen neither stand alone in the misfortune of which he complains so bitterly, nor are subjected to it in very bad company. We, too, he may probably be aware, have had our portion of the abuse which he seems to think reserved for America—and, what is a little remarkable, for being too much her advocate. For what we have said of her present power and future greatness—her wisdom in peace and her valour in war—and of all the invaluable advantages of her representative system—her freedom from taxes, sinecures, and standing armies—we have been subjected to far more virulent attacks than any of which he now complains for his country—and that from the same party scribblers, with whom we are here, somewhat absurdly, confounded and supposed to be leagued. It is really, we think, some little presumption of our fairness, that the accusations against us should be thus contradictory—and that for one and the same set of writings, we should be denounced by the ultra-royalists of England as little better than American republicans, and by the ultra-patriots of America as the jealous defamers of her Freedom.

This, however, is of very little consequence. What we wish to impress on Mr. W. is, that they who daily traduce the largest and ablest part of the English nation, cannot possibly be supposed to speak the sense of that nation—and that *their* offences ought not, in reason, to be imputed to her. If there be any reliance on the principles of human nature, the friends of liberty in England must rejoice in the prosperity of America. Every selfish, concurs with every generous motive, to add strength to this sympathy; and if any thing is certain in our late internal history, it is that the friends of liberty are rapidly increasing among us;—partly from increased intelligence—partly from increased suffering and impatience—partly from mature conviction, and instinctive prudence and fear.

There is another consideration, also arising from the aspect of the times before us, which should go far, we think, at the present moment, to strengthen those bonds of affinity. It is impossible to look to the state of the Old World without seeing, or rather feeling, that there is a greater and more momentous contest impending, than ever before agitated human society. In Germany—in Spain—in France—in Italy, the principles of Reform and Liberty are visibly arraying themselves for a final struggle with the principles of Established Abuse,—Legitimacy, or Tyranny—or whatever else it is called, by its friends or enemies. Even in England, the more modified elements of the same principles are stirring and heaving, around, above and beneath us, with unprecedented force, activity, and terror; and every thing betokens an approaching crisis in the great European commonwealth, by the result of which the future character of its governments, and the structure and condition of its society, will in all probability be determined. The ultimate result, or the course of events that are to lead to it, we have not the presumption to predict. The struggle may be long or transitory—sanguinary or bloodless; and it may end in a great and signal amelioration of all existing institutions, or in the establishment of one vast federation of military despots, domineering as usual in the midst of sensuality, barbarism, and gloom. The issues of all these things are in the hand of Providence and the womb of time! and no human eye can yet foresee the fashion of their accomplishment. But great changes are evidently preparing; and in fifty years—most probably in a far shorter time—some material alterations must have taken place in most of the established governments of Europe, and the rights of the European nations been established on a surer and more durable basis. Half a century cannot pass away in growing discontents on the part of the people, and growing fears and precautions on that of their rulers. Their pretensions *must* at last be put clearly in issue; and abide the settlement of force, or fear, or reason.

Looking back to what has already happened in the world, both recently and in ancient times, we can scarcely doubt that the cause of Liberty will be ultimately triumphant. But through what trials and sufferings—what martyrdoms and persecutions it is doomed to work out its triumph—we profess ourselves unable to conjecture. The disunion of the lower and the higher classes, which was gradually disappearing with the increasing intelligence of the former, but has lately been renewed by circumstances which we cannot now stop to examine, leads, we must confess, to gloomy auguries as to the character of this contest; and fills us with apprehensions, that it may neither be peaceful nor brief. But in this, as in every other respect, we conceive that much will depend on the part that is taken by America; and on the dispositions which she may have cultivated towards the different parties concerned. Her great and growing wealth and population—her universal commercial relations—her own impregnable security—and her remoteness from the scene of dissension—must give her prodigious power and influence in such a crisis, either as a mediator or umpire, or, if she take a part, as an auxiliary and ally. That she must wish well to the cause of Freedom, it would be indecent, and indeed impious, to doubt—and that she should take an active part against it, is a thing not even to be imagined:—But she may stand aloof, a cold and disdainful spectator; and, counterfeiting a prudent indifference to scenes that neither can nor ought to be indifferent to her, may see, unmoved, the prolongation of a lamentable contest, which her interference might either have prevented, or brought to a speedy and happy termination. And this course she will most probably follow, if she allows herself to conceive antipathies to nations for the faults of a few calumnious individuals: And especially if, upon grounds so trivial, she should nourish such an animosity towards England, as to feel a repugnance to make common cause with her, even in behalf of their common inheritance of freedom.

Assuredly, there is yet no other country in Europe where the principles of liberty, and the rights and duties of nations, are so well understood as with us—or in which so great a number of men, qualified to write, speak, and act with authority, are at all times ready to take a reasonable, liberal, and practical view of those principles and duties. The Government, indeed, has not always been either wise or generous, to its own or to other countries;—but it has partaken, or at least has been controlled by the general spirit of freedom; and we have no hesitation in saying, that the Free Constitution of England has been a blessing and protection to the remotest nations of Europe for the last two hundred years. Had England not been free, the worst despotism in Europe would have been far worse than it is, at this moment. If our world had been parcelled out among arbitrary monarchs, they would have run a race of oppression, and encouraged each other in all sorts of abuses. But the existence of one powerful and flourishing State, where juster maxims were admitted, has shamed them out of their worst enormities, given countenance and encouragement to the claims of their oppressed subjects, and gradually taught their rulers to understand, that a certain measure of liberty was not only compatible with national greatness and splendour, but essential to its support. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, England was the champion and asylum of Religious Freedom—in those of King William, of National Independence. If a less generous spirit has prevailed in her Cabinet since the settled predominance of Tory principles in her councils, still, the effects of her Parliamentary Opposition—the artillery of her Free Press—the voice, in short, of her People, which Mr. W. has so strangely mistaken, have not been without their effects;—and, though some flagrant acts of injustice have stained her recent annals, we still venture to hope that the dread of the British Public is felt as far as Petersburgh and Vienna; and would fain indulge ourselves with the belief, that it may yet scare some Imperial spoiler from a part of his prey, and lighten, if not break, the chains of many distant captives.

It is in aid of this generous, though perhaps decaying influence—it is as an associate or successor in the noble office of patronising and protecting General Liberty, that we now call upon America to throw from her the memory of all petty differences and nice offences, and to unite herself cordially with the liberal and enlightened part of the English nation, at a season when their joint efforts may be all little enough to crown the good cause with success, and when their disunion will give dreadful advantages to the enemies of improvement and reform. The *example* of America has already done much for that cause; and the very existence of such a country, under such a government, is a tower of strength, and a standard of encouragement, for all who may hereafter have to struggle for the restoration or the extension of their rights. It shows within what wide limits popular institutions are safe and practicable; and what a large infusion of democracy is consistent with the authority of government, and the good order of society. But her *influence*, as well as her example, will be wanted in the crisis which seems to be approaching:—and that influence must be paralysed and inoperative, if she shall think it a duty to divide herself from England; to look with jealousy upon her proceedings, and to judge unfavourably of all the parties she contains. We do not ask her to think well of *that* party, whether in power or out of it, which has always insulted and reviled her, because she is free and independent, and democratic and prosperous:—But we

do confidently lay claim to her favourable opinion for that great majority of the nation which has always been opposed to this party —which has partaken with her in the honour of its reproaches, and is bound, by every consideration of interest and duty, consistency and common sense, to maintain her rights and her reputation, and to promote and proclaim her prosperity.

To which of these parties *we* belong, and to which our pen has been devoted, we suppose it is unnecessary for us to announce, even in America; and therefore, without recapitulating any part of what has just been said, we think we may assume, in the outset, that the charge exhibited against us by Mr. W. is, at least, and on its face, a very unlucky and improbable one—that we are actuated by jealousy and spite towards America, and have joined in a scheme of systematic defamation, in order to diffuse among our countrymen a general sentiment of hostility and dislike to her! Grievous as this charge is, we should scarcely have thought it necessary to reply to it, had not the question appeared to us to relate to something of far higher importance than the character of our Journal, or the justice or injustice of an imputation on the principles of a few anonymous writers. In that case, we should have left the matter, as all the world knows we have uniformly left it in other cases, to be determined by our readers upon the evidence before them. But Mr. W. has been pleased to do us the honour of identifying us with the great Whig party of this country, or, rather, of considering us as the exponents of those who support the principles of liberty, as it is understood in England:—and to think his case sufficiently made out against the Nation at large, if he can prove that both the Edinburgh and the Quarterly Review had given proof of deliberate malice and shameful unfairness on the subject of America. Now *this*, it must be admitted, gives the question a magnitude that would not otherwise belong to it; and makes what might in itself be a mere personal or literary altercation, a matter of national moment and concernment. If a sweeping conviction of mean jealousy and rancorous hostility is to be entered up against the whole British nation, and a corresponding spirit to be conjured up in the breast of America, because it is alleged that the Edinburgh Review, as well as the Quarterly, has given proof of such dispositions,—then it becomes a question of no mean or ordinary importance, to determine whether this charge has been justly brought against that unfortunate journal, and whether its accuser has made out enough to entitle him to a verdict leading to such consequences.

It will be understood, that we deny altogether the justice of the charge:—But we wish distinctly to say in the beginning, that if it should appear to any one that, in the course of a great deal of hasty writing, by a variety of hands, in the course of twenty long years, some rash or petulant expressions had been admitted, at which the national pride of our Transatlantic brethren might be justly offended, we shall most certainly feel no anxiety to justify these expressions,—nor any fear that, with the liberal and reasonable part of the nation to which they relate, our avowal of regret for having employed them will not be received as a sufficient atonement. Even in private life, and without the provocation of public controversy, there are not many men who, in half the time we have mentioned, do not say some things to the slight or disparagement of their best friends; which, if all "set in a note-book, conned and got by rote," it might be hard to answer:—and yet, among people of ordinary sense or temper, such things never break any squares—and the dispositions are judged of by the general tenor of one's life and conduct, and not by a set of peevish phrases, curiously culled and selected out of his whole conversation. But we really do not think that we shall very much need the benefit of this plain consideration, and shall proceed straightway to our answer.

The sum of it is this—That, in point of fact, we have spoken far more good of America than ill—that in nine instances out of ten, where we have mentioned her, it has been for praise—and that in almost all that is essential or of serious importance, we have spoken *nothing but good*;—while our censures have been wholly confined to matters of inferior note, and generally accompanied with an apology for their existence, and a prediction of their speedy disappearance.

Whatever we have written seriously and with earnestness of America, has been with a view to conciliate towards her the respect and esteem of our own country; and we have scarcely named her, in any deliberate manner, except for the purpose of impressing upon our readers the signal prosperity she has enjoyed—the magical rapidity of her advances in wealth and population—and the extraordinary power and greatness to which she is evidently destined. On these subjects we have held but one language, and one tenor of sentiment; and have never missed an opportunity of enforcing our views on our readers—and that not feebly, coldly, or reluctantly, but with all the earnestness and energy of which we were capable; and we do accordingly take upon us to say, that in no European publication have those views been urged with the same force or frequency, or resumed at every season, and under every change of circumstances, with such steadiness and uniformity. We have been equally consistent and equally explicit, in pointing out the advantages which that country has derived from the extent of her elective system—the lightness of her public burdens—the freedom of her press—and the independent spirit of her people. The praise of the Government is implied in the praise of these institutions; but we have not omitted upon every occasion to testify, in express terms, to its general wisdom, equity, and prudence. Of the character of the people, too, in all its more serious aspects, we have spoken with the same undeviating favour; and have always represented them as brave, enterprising, acute, industrious, and patriotic.

We need not load our pages with quotations to prove the accuracy of this representation —our whole work is full of them; and Mr. W. himself has quoted enough, both in the outset of his book and in the body of it, to satisfy even such as may take their information from him, that such have always been our opinions. Mr. W. indeed seems to imagine, that other passages, which he has cited, import a contradiction or retractation of these; and that we are thus involved, not only in the guilt of malice, but the awkwardness of inconsistency. Now this, as we take it, is one of the radical and almost unaccountable errors with which the work before us is chargeable. There is no such retractation, and no contradiction. We can of course do no more, on a point like this, than make a distinct asseveration; but, after having perused Mr. W.'s book, and with a pretty correct knowledge of the Review, we do say distinctly, that there is not to be found in either a single passage inconsistent, or at all at variance with the sentiments to which we have just alluded. We have never spoken but in one way of the prosperity and future greatness of America, and of the importance of cultivating amicable relations with her—never but in one way of the freedom, cheapness, and general wisdom of her government —never but in one way of the bravery, intelligence, activity, and patriotism of her people. The points on which Mr. W. accuses us of malice and unfairness, all relate, as we shall see immediately, to other and far less considerable matters.

Assuming, then, as we must now do, that upon the subjects that have been specified, our testimony has been eminently and exclusively favourable to America, and that we have never ceased earnestly to recommend the most cordial and friendly relations with her, how, it may be asked, is it *possible* that we should have deserved to be classed among the chief and most malignant of her calumniators, or accused of a design to excite hostility to her in the body of our nation? and even represented as making reciprocal hostility a point of duty in her, by the excesses of our obloquy? For ourselves, we profess to be as little able to answer this question, as the most ignorant of our readers;—but we shall lay before them some account of the proofs on which Mr. W. relies for our condemnation; and cheerfully submit to any sentence which these may seem to justify. There are a variety of counts in our indictment; but, in so far as we have been able to collect, the heads of our offending are as follows. 1st, That we have noticed, with uncharitable and undue severity, the admitted want of indigenous literature in America, and the scarcity of men of genius; 2d, as an illustration of that charge, That we have laughed too ill-naturedly at the affectations of Joel Barlow's Columbiad, made an unfair estimate of the merits of Marshall's History, and Adams' Letters, and spoken illiberally of the insignificance of certain American Philosophical Transactions; 3dly, That we have represented the manners of the fashionable society of America as less polished and agreeable than those of Europe—the lower orders as impertinently inquisitive, and the whole as too vain of their country; 4th, and finally, That we have reproached them too bitterly with their negro slavery.

These, we think, are the whole, and certainly they are the chief, of the charges against us; and, before saying any thing as to the particulars, we should just like to ask, whether, if they were all admitted to be true, they would afford any sufficient grounds, especially when set by the side of the favourable representations we have made with so much more earnestness on points of much more importance, for imputing to their authors, and to the whole body of their countrymen, a systematic design to make America odious and despicable in the eyes of the world? This charge, we will confess, appears to us most extravagant —and, when the facts already stated are taken into view, altogether ridiculous. Though we are the friends and well-wishers of the Americans—though we think favourably, and even highly, of many things in their institutions, government, and character,—we are not their stipendiary Laureates or blind adulators; and must insist on our right to take notice of what we conceive to be their errors and defects, with the same freedom which we use to our own and to all other nations. It has already been shown, that we have by no means confined ourselves to this privilege of censure; and the complaint seems to be, that we should ever have presumed to use it at all. We really do not understand this. We have spoken much more favourably of their government and institutions than we have done of our own. We have criticised their authors with at least as much indulgence, and spoken of their national character in terms of equal respect: But because we have pointed out certain *undeniable* defects, and laughed at some *indefensible* absurdities, we are accused of the most partial and unfair nationality, and represented as engaged in a conspiracy to bring the whole nation into disrepute! Even if we had the misfortune to differ in opinion with Mr. W., or the majority of his countrymen, on most of the points to which our censure has been directed, instead of having his substantial admission of their justice in most instances, this, it humbly appears to us, would neither be a good ground for questioning our good faith, nor a reasonable occasion for denouncing a general hostility against the country to which we belong. Men may differ conscientiously in their taste in literature and manners, and in their opinions as to the injustice or sinfulness of domestic slavery; and may express their opinions in public—or so at least we have fancied—without being actuated by spite or malignity. But a very slight examination of each of the articles of charge will show still more clearly upon what slight grounds they have been hazarded, and how much more of spleen than of reason there is in the accusation.

1. Upon the *first* head, Mr. W. neither does, nor can deny, that our statements are perfectly correct. The Americans have scarcely any literature of their own growth—and scarcely

any authors of celebrity.* The fact is too remarkable not to have been noticed by all who have occasion to speak of them;—and we have only to add, that, so far from bringing it forward in an insulting or invidious manner, we have never, we believe, alluded to it without adding such explanations as in candour we thought due, and as were calculated to take from it all shadow of offence. So early as in our third Number (printed in 1802), we observed that "Literature was one of those *finer Manufactures* which a new country will always find it better to import than to raise;"—and, after showing that the want of leisure and hereditary wealth naturally lead to this arrangement, we added, that "the Americans had shown abundance of talent, wherever inducements had been held out for its exertion; that their party-pamphlets were written with great keenness and spirit; and that their orators frequently displayed a vehemence, correctness, and animation, that would command the admiration of any European audience." Mr. W. has himself quoted the warm testimony we bore, in our twelfth Volume, to the merits of the papers published under the title of The Federalist:—And in our sixteenth, we observe, that when America once turned her attention to letters, "we had no doubt that her authors would improve and multiply, to a degree that would make all our exertions necessary to keep the start we have of them." In a subsequent Number, we add the important remark, that "among them, the men who *write* bear no proportion to those who *read*;" and that, though they have as yet but few native authors, "the individuals are innumerable who make use of literature to improve their understandings, and add to their happiness." The very same ideas are expressed in a late article, which seems to have given Mr. W. very great offence—though we can discover nothing in the passage in question, except the liveliness of the style, that can afford room for misconstruction. "Native literature," says the Reviewer, "the Americans have none: It is all imported. And why should they write books, when a six weeks' passage brings them, in their own tongue, our sense, science, and genius, in bales and hogsheads?"—Now, what is the true meaning of this, but the following—"The Americans do not write books; but it must not be inferred, from this, that they are ignorant or indifferent about literature.—The true reason is, that they get books enough from us in their own language; and are, in this respect, just in the condition of any of our great trading or manufacturing districts at home, within the locality of which there is no encouragement for *authors* to settle, though there is at least as much reading and thinking as in other places." This has all along been our meaning—and we think it has been clearly enough expressed. The Americans, in fact, are at least as great readers as the English, and take off immense editions of all our popular works;—and while we have repeatedly stated the causes that have probably withheld them from becoming authors in great numbers themselves, we confidently deny that we have ever represented them as illiterate, or negligent of learning.

2. As to our particular criticisms on American works, we cannot help feeling that our justification will be altogether as easy as in the case of our general remarks on their rarity. Nothing, indeed, can more strikingly illustrate the unfortunate prejudice or irritation under which Mr. W. has composed this part of his work, than the morose and angry remarks he has made on our very innocent and good-natured critique of Barlow's Columbiad. It is very true that we have laughed at its strange neologisms, and pointed out some of its other manifold faults. But is it possible for any one seriously to believe, that this gentle castigation was dictated by national animosity?—or does Mr. W. really believe that, if the same work had been published in England, it would have met with a milder treatment? If the book was so bad, however, he insinuates, why take any notice of it, if not to indulge your malignity? To this we answer, *first*, That a handsome quarto of verse, from a country which produces so few, necessarily attracted our attention more strongly than if it had appeared among ourselves; *secondly*, That its faults were of so peculiar and amusing a kind, as to call for animadversion rather than neglect; and, *thirdly*, what no reader of Mr. W.'s remarks would indeed anticipate, That, in spite of these faults, the book actually had merits that entitled it to notice; and that a very considerable part of our article is accordingly employed in bringing those merits into view. In common candour, we must say, Mr. W. should have acknowledged this, when complaining of the illiberal severity with which Mr. Barlow's work had been treated. For, the truth is, that we have given it fully as much praise as he, or any other intelligent American, can say it deserves; and have been at some pains in vindicating the author's sentiments from misconstruction, as well as rescuing his beauties from neglect. Yet Mr. W. is pleased to inform his reader, that the work "seems to have been committed to the Momus of the fraternity for especial diversion;" and is very surly and austere at "the exquisite jokes" of which he says it consists. We certainly do not mean to dispute with him about the quality of our jokes:—though we take leave to appeal to a gayer critic—or to himself in better humour—from his present sentence of reprobation. But he should have recollected, that, besides stating, in distinct terms, that "his versification was generally both soft and sonorous, and that there were many passages of rich and vigorous description, and some that might lay claim even to the praise of magnificence," the critics had summed up their observations by saying, "that the author's talents were evidently respectable; and that, severely as they had been obliged to speak of his taste and his diction, in a great part of the volume, they considered him as a giant in comparison with many of the paltry and puling rhymsters who disgraced our English literature by their occasional success; and that, if he would pay some attention to purity of style and simplicity of composition, they had no doubt that he might produce something which English poets would envy, and English critics applaud."

Are there any traces here, we would ask, of national spite and hostility?—or is it not true, that our account of the poem is, on the whole, not only fair but favourable, and the tone of our remarks as good-humoured and friendly as if the author had been a whiggish Scotchman? As to "Marshall's Life of Washington," we do not think that Mr. W. differs very much from the Reviewers. He says, "he does not mean to affirm that the story of their Revolution has been told *absolutely well* by this author;" and we, after complaining of its being cold, heavy, and tedious, have distinctly testified, that "it displayed industry, good sense, and, in so far as we could judge, laudable impartiality; and that the style, though neither elegant nor impressive, was yet, upon the whole, clear and manly." Mr. W., however, thinks that nothing but national spite and illiberality can account for our saying, "that Mr. M. must not promise himself a reputation commensurate with the *dimensions* of his work;" and "that what passes with him for dignity, will, by his readers, be pronounced dulness and frigidity:" And then he endeavours to show, that a passage in which we say that "Mr. Marshall's narrative is *deficient* in *almost* every thing that constitutes historical excellence," is glaringly inconsistent with the favourable sentence we have transcribed in the beginning; not seeing, or not choosing to see, that in the one place we are speaking of the *literary* merits of the work as an historical *composition*, and in the other of its value in respect of the views and information it supplies. But the question is not, whether our criticism is just and able, or otherwise; but whether it indicates any little spirit of detraction and national rancour—and this it would seem not very difficult to answer. If we had taken the occasion of this publication to gather together all the foolish, and awkward, and disreputable things that occurred in the conduct of the revolutionary councils and campaigns, and to make the history of this memorable struggle, a vehicle for insinuations against the courage or integrity of many who took part in it, we might, with reason, have been subjected to the censure we now confidently repel. But there is not a word in the article that looks that way; and the only ground for the imputation is, that we have called Mr. Marshall's book dull and honest, accurate and heavy, valuable and tedious, while neither Mr. Walsh, nor any body else, ever thought or said any thing else of it. It is his style only that we object to. Of his general sentiments—of the conduct and character of his hero—and of the prospects of his country, we speak as the warmest friends of America, and the warmest admirers of American virtue, would wish us to speak. We shall add but one short passage as a specimen of the real tone of this insolent and illiberal production.

"History has no other example of so happy an issue to a revolution, consummated by a long civil war. Indeed it seems to be very near a maxim in political philosophy, that a free government cannot be obtained where a long employment of military force has been necessary to establish it. In the case of America, however, the military power was, by a rare felicity, disarmed by that very influence which makes a revolutionary army so formidable to liberty: For the images of Grandeur and Power—those meteor lights that are exhaled in the stormy atmosphere of a revolution, to allure the ambitious and dazzle the weak—made no impression on the firm and virtuous soul of the American commander."

As to Adams' Letters on Silesia, the case is nearly the same. We certainly do not run into extravagant compliments to the author, because he happens to be the son of the American President: But he is treated with sufficient courtesy and respect; and Mr. W. cannot well deny that the book is very fairly rated, according to its intrinsic merits. There is no ridicule, nor any attempt at sneering, throughout the article. The work is described as "easy and pleasant, and entertaining,"—as containing some excellent remarks on Education,—and indicating, throughout, "that settled attachment to freedom which is worked into the constitution of every man of virtue who has the fortune to belong to a free and prosperous community." As to the style, we remark, certainly in a very good-natured and inoffensive manner, that "though it is remarkably free from those affectations and corruptions of phrase that overrun the compositions of his country, a few national, perhaps we might still venture to call them provincial, peculiarities, might be detected;" and then we add, in a style which we do not think can appear impolite, even to a minister plenipotentiary, "that if men of birth and education in that other England which they are building up in the West, will not diligently study the great authors who fixed and purified the language of our common forefathers, we must soon lose the only badge that is still worn of our consanguinity." Unless the Americans are really to set up a new standard of speech, we conceive that these remarks are perfectly just and unanswerable; and we are sure, at all events, that nothing can be farther from a spirit of insult or malevolence.

Our critique on the volume of American Transactions is perhaps *more liable to objection;* and, on looking back to it, we at once admit that it contains some petulant and rash expressions which had better have been omitted—and that its general tone is less liberal and courteous than might have been desired. It is remarkable, however, that this, which is by far the most offensive of our discussions on American literature, is one of the earliest, and that the sarcasms with which it is seasoned have never been repeated—a fact

* This might require more qualification now, than in 1820, when it was written—or rather, than in 1810, before which almost all the reviews containing the assertion had appeared.

which, with many others, may serve to expose the singular inaccuracy with which Mr. W. has been led, throughout his work, to assert that we began our labours with civility and kindness towards his country, and have only lately changed our tone, and joined its inveterate enemies in all the extravagance of abuse. The substance of our criticism, it does not seem to be disputed, was just—the volume containing very little that was at all interesting, and a good part of it being composed in a style very ill suited for such a publication.

Such are the perversions of our critical office, which Mr. W. can only explain on the supposition of national jealousy and malice. As proofs of an opposite disposition, we beg leave just to refer to our lavish and reiterated praise of the writings of Franklin—to our high and distinguished testimony to the merits of The Federalist—to the terms of commendation in which we have spoken of the Journal of Messrs. Lewis and Clarke; and in an especial manner, to the great kindness with which we have treated a certain American pamphlet published at Philadelphia and London in 1810, and of which we shall have a word to say hereafter,—though each and all of those performances touched much more nearly on subjects of national contention, and were far more apt to provoke feelings of rivalry, than any thing in the Philosophical Transactions, or the tuneful pages of the Columbiad.

3. We come now to the ticklish Chapter of Manners; on which, though we have said less than on any other, we suspect we have given more offence—and, if possible, with less reason. We may despatch the lower orders first, before we come to the people of fashion. The charge here is, that we have unjustly libelled those persons, by saying, in one place, that they were too much addicted to spirituous liquors; in another, that they were rudely inquisitive; and in a third, that they were absurdly vain of their free constitution, and offensive in boasting of it. Now, we may have been mistaken in making these imputations; but we find them stated in the narrative of *every* traveller who has visited their country; and most of them noticed by the better writers among themselves, from Franklin to Cooper inclusive. We have noticed them, too, without bitterness or insult, and generally in the words of the authors upon whose authority they are stated. Neither are the imputations themselves very grievous, or such as can be thought to bespeak any great malignity in their authors. Their inquisitiveness, and the boast of their freedom, are but excesses of laudable qualities; and intemperance, though it is apt to lead further, is, in itself, a sin rather against prudence than morality. Mr. W. is infinitely offended, too, because we have said that "the people of the Western States are very hospitable to strangers —*because* they are seldom troubled with them, and because they have always plenty of maize and hams;" as if this were not the *rationale* of *all* hospitality among the lower orders, throughout the world,—and familiarly applied, among ourselves, to the case of our Highlanders and remote Irish. But slight as these charges are, we may admit, that Mr. W. would have had some reason to complain if they had included all that we had ever said of the great bulk of his nation. But the truth is, that we have all along been much more careful to notice their virtues than their faults, and have lost no fair opportunity of speaking well of them. In our twenty-third Number, we have said "The great body of the American people is *better educated*, and more comfortably situated, than the bulk of *any* European community; and possesses all the accomplishments that are anywhere to be found in persons of the same occupation and condition." And more recently, "The Americans are about as polished as ninety-nine out of one hundred of our own countrymen, in the upper ranks; and *quite as moral, and well educated, in the lower*. Their virtues too are such as we ought to admire; for they are those on which we value ourselves most highly." We have never said any thing inconsistent with this:—and if this be to libel a whole nation, and to villify and degrade them in comparison of ourselves, we have certainly been guilty of that enormity.

As for the manners of the upper classes, we have really said very little about them, and can scarcely recollect having given any positive opinion on the subject. We have lately quoted, with warm approbation, Captain Hall's strong and very respectable testimony to their agreeableness—and certainly have never contradicted it on our own authority. We have made however certain hypothetical and conjectural observations, which, we gather from Mr. W., have given some offence—we must say, we think, very unreasonably. We have said, for example, as already quoted, that "the Americans are about as polished as ninety-nine in one hundred of our own countrymen in the upper ranks." Is it the reservation of this inconsiderable fraction in our own favour that is resented? Why, our very *seniority*, we think, might have entitled us to this precedence: and we must say that our monarchy —our nobility—our greater proportion of hereditary wealth, and our closer connection with the old civilised world, might have justified a higher percentage. But we will not dispute with Mr. W. even upon this point. Let him set down the fraction, if he pleases, to the score merely of our national partiality;—and he must estimate that element very far indeed below its ordinary standard, if he does not find it sufficient for it, without the supposition of intended insult or malignity. Was there ever any great nation that did not prefer its own manners to those of any of its neighbours?—or can Mr. W. produce another instance in which it was ever before allowed, that a rival came so near as to be within one hundreth of its own excellence?

But there is still something worse than this. Understanding that the most considerable persons in the chief cities of America, were their opulent merchants, we conjectured that their society was probably much of the same description with that of Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow:—And does Mr. W. really think

there is any disparagement in this?—Does he not know that these places have been graced, for generations, by some of the most deserving and enlightened citizens, and some of the most learned and accomplished men that have ever adorned our nation? Does he not know that Adam Smith, and Reid, and Miller, spent their happiest days in Glasgow; that Roscoe and Currie illustrated the society of Liverpool—and Priestley and Ferriar and Darwin that of Manchester? The wealth and skill and enterprise of all the places is equally indisputable—and we confess we are yet to learn in which of the elements of respectability they can be imagined to be inferior to New York, or Baltimore, or Philadelphia.

But there is yet another passage in the Review which Mr. W. has quoted as insulting and vituperative—for such a construction of which we confess ourselves still less able to divine a reason. It is part of an honest and very earnest attempt to overcome the high monarchical prejudices of a part of our own country against the Americans, and notices this objection to their manners only collaterally and hypothetically. Mr. W. needs not be told that all courtiers and zealots of monarchy impute rudeness and vulgarity to republicans. The French used to describe an inelegant person as having "Les manières d'un Suisse, En Hollande civilisé;"—and the Court faction among ourselves did not omit this reproach when we went to war with the Americans. To expose the absurdity of such an attack, we expressed ourselves in 1814 as follows.

> "The complaint respecting America is, that there are no people of fashion,—that their column still wants its Corinthian capital, or, in other words, that those who are rich and idle, have not yet existed so long, or in such numbers, as to have brought to full perfection that system of ingenious trifling and elegant dissipation, by means of which it has been discovered that wealth and leisure may be most agreeably disposed of. Admitting the fact to be so, and in a country where there is no court, no nobility, and no monument or tradition of chivalrous usages, —and where, moreover, the greatest number of those who are rich and powerful have raised themselves to that eminence by mercantile industry, we really do not see how it could well be otherwise; we would still submit, that this is no lawful cause either for national contempt, or for national hostility. It is a peculiarity in the structure of society among that people, which, we take it, can only give offence to their visiting acquaintance; and, while it does us no sort of harm while it subsists, promises, we think, very soon to disappear altogether, and no longer to afflict even our imagination. The number of individuals born to the enjoyment of hereditary wealth is, or at least was, daily increasing in that country; and it is impossible that their multiplication (with all the models of European refinement before them, and all the advantages resulting from a free government and a general system of good education) should fail, within a very short period, to give birth to a *better tone of conversation and society*, and *to manners more dignified and refined*. Unless we are very much misinformed, indeed, *the symptoms* of such a change may already be traced in their cities. Their youths of fortune already travel over all the countries of Europe for their improvement; and specimens are occasionally met with, even in these islands, which, with all our prejudices, we must admit, would do no discredit to the best blood of the land from which they originally sprung."

Now, is there really any matter of offence in this?—In the first place, is it not substantially true?—in the next place, is it not mildly and respectfully stated? Is it not true, that the greater part of those who compose the higher society of the American cities, have raised themselves to opulence by commercial pursuits?—and is it to be imagined that, in America alone, this is not to produce its usual effects upon the style and tone of society? As families become old, and hereditary wealth comes to be the portion of many, it cannot but happen that a change of manners will take place;—and is it an insult to suppose that this change will be an improvement? Surely they cannot be *perfect*, both as they are, and as they are to be; and, while it seems impossible to doubt that a considerable change is inevitable, the offence seems to be, that it is expected to be for the better! It is impossible, we think, that Mr. W. can seriously imagine that the manners of any country upon earth can be so dignified and refined—or their tone of conversation and society so good, when the most figuring persons come into company from the desk and the counting-house, as when they pass only from one assembly to another, and have had no other study or employment from their youth up, than to render society agreeable, and to cultivate those talents and manners which give its charm to polite conversation. If there are any persons in America who seriously dispute the accuracy of these opinions, we are pretty confident that they will turn out to be those whom the rest of the country would refer to in illustration of their truth. The truly polite, we are persuaded, will admit the case to be pretty much as we have stated it. The upstarts alone will contend for their present perfection. If we have really been so unfortunate as to give any offence by our observations, we suspect that offence will be greater at Cincinnati than at New York,—and not quite so slight at New York as at Philadelphia or Boston.

But we have no desire to pursue this topic any further—nor any interest indeed to convince those who may not be already satisfied. If Mr. W. really thinks us wrong in the opinions we have now expressed, we are willing for the present to be thought so: But surely we have said enough to show that we had plausible grounds for those opinions; and surely, if we did entertain them, it was impossible to express them in a manner less offensive. We did not even recur to the topic spontaneously—but occasionally took it up in a controversy on behalf of America, with a party of our own countrymen. What we said was not addressed *to* America—but said *of* her; and, most indisputably, with friendly intentions to the people of both countries.

But we have dwelt too long on this subject. The manners of fashionable life, and the rivalry of *bon ton* between one country and another, is, after all, but a poor affair to occupy the attention of philosophers, or affect the peace of nations.—Of what real consequence is it to the happiness or glory of a country, how a few thousand idle people—

probably neither the most virtuous nor the most useful of their fellow-citizens—pass their time, or divert the ennui of their inactivity?—And men must really have a great propensity to hate each other, when it is thought a reasonable ground of quarrel, that the rich *désœuvrés* of one country are accused of not knowing how to get through their day so cleverly as those of another. Manners alter from age to age, and from country to country; and much is at all times arbitrary and conventional in that which is esteemed the best. What pleases and amuses each people the most, is the best for that people: And, where states are tolerably equal in power and wealth, a great and irreconcileable diversity is often maintained with suitable arrogance and inflexibility, and no common standard recognised or dreamed of. The *bon ton* of Pekin has no sort of affinity, we suppose, with the *bon ton* of Paris—and that of Constantinople but little resemblance to either. The difference, to be sure, is not so complete within the limits of Europe; but it is sufficiently great, to show the folly of being dogmatical or intolerant upon a subject so incapable of being reduced to principle. The French accuse us of coldness and formality, and we accuse them of monkey tricks and impertinence. The good company of Rome would be much at a loss for amusement at Amsterdam; and that of Brussels at Madrid. The manners of America, then, are probably the best for America: But, for that very reason, they are not the best for us: And when we hinted that they probably might be improved, we spoke with reference to the European standard, and to the feelings and judgment of strangers, to whom that standard alone was familiar. When their circumstances, and the structure of their society, come to be more like those of Europe, their manners will be more like—and they will suit better with those altered circumstances. When the fabric has reached its utmost elevation, the Corinthian capital may be added: For the present, the Doric is perhaps more suitable; and, if the style be kept pure, we are certain it will be equally graceful.

4. It only remains to notice what is said with regard to Negro Slavery;—and on this we shall be very short. We have no doubt spoken very warmly on the subject in one of our late Numbers;—but Mr. W. must have read what we there said, with a jaundiced eye indeed, if he did not see that our warmth proceeded, not from any animosity against the people among whom this miserable institution existed, but against the institution itself—and was mainly excited by the contrast that it presented to the freedom and prosperity upon which it was so strangely engrafted;—thus appearing

> ——"Like a stain upon a Vestal's robe,
> The worse for what it soils."——

Accordingly, we do not call upon other nations to hate and despise America for this practice; but upon *the Americans themselves* to wipe away this foul blot from their character. We have a hundred times used the same language to our own countrymen—and repeatedly on the subject of the Slave Trade;—and Mr. W. cannot be ignorant, that many pious and excellent citizens of his own country have expressed themselves in similar terms with regard to this very institution. As to his recriminations on England, we shall explain to Mr. W. immediately, that they have no bearing whatever on the question now at issue between us; and, though nobody can regret more than we do the domestic slavery of our West Indian islands, it is quite absurd to represent the difficulties of the abolition as at all parallel in the case of America. It is still confidently asserted that, without slaves, those islands could not be maintained; and, independent of private interests, the trade of England cannot afford to part with them. But will any body pretend to say, that the great and comparative temperate regions over which the American Slavery extends, would be deserted, if all their inhabitants were free—or even that they would be permanently less populous or less productive? We are perfectly aware, that a sudden or immediate emancipation of all those who are now in slavery, might be attended with frightful disorders, as well as intolerable losses; and, accordingly, we have nowhere recommended any such measure: But we must repeat, that it is a crime and a shame, that the freest nation on the earth should keep a million and a half of fellow-creatures in actual chains, within the very territory and sanctuary of their freedom; and should see them multiplying, from day to day, without thinking of any provision for their *ultimate* liberation. When we say this, we are far from doubting that there are many amiable and excellent individuals among the slave proprietors. There were many such among the importers of slaves in our West Indies: Yet, it is not the less true, that that accursed traffic was a crime—and it was so called, in the most emphatic language, and with general assent, year after year, in Parliament, without any one ever imagining that this imported a personal attack on those individuals, far less a malignant calumny upon the nation which tolerated and legalized their proceedings.

Before leaving this topic, we have to thank Mr. W. for a great deal of curious, and, to us, original information, as to the history of the American Slave trade, and the measures pursued by the different States with regard to the institution of slavery: From which we learn, among other things, that, so early as 1767, the legislature of Massachussets brought in a bill for prohibiting the importation of negroes into that province, which was rejected by the British governor, in consequence of express instructions;—and another in 1774 shared the same fate. We learn also, that, in 1770, two years *before* the decision of Somerset's case in England, the courts of the same distinguished province decided, upon solemn argument, that no person could be held in slavery within their jurisdiction; and awarded not only their freedom, but wages for their past services, to a

variety of negro suitors. These, indeed, are fair subjects of pride and exultation; and we nail them, without grudging, as bright trophies in the annals of the States to which they relate. But do not *their* glories cast a deeper shade on those who have refused to follow the example—and may *we* not now be allowed to speak of the guilt and unlawfulness of slavery, as their own countrymen are praised and boasted of for having spoken, so many years ago?

We learn also from Mr. W., that Virginia abolished the foreign slave trade so early as 1778—Pennsylvania in 1780—Massachusetts in 1787—and Connecticut and Rhode Island in 1788. It was finally interdicted by the General Congress in 1794; and made punishable as a crime, seven years before that measure was adopted in England. We have great pleasure in stating these facts. But they all appear to us not only incongruous with the permanent existence of slavery, but as indicating those very feelings with regard to it which we have been so severly blamed for expressing.

We here close our answer to Mr. W.'s charges. Our readers, we fear, have been for some time tired of it: And, indeed, we have felt all along, that there was something absurd in answering gravely to such an accusation. If any regular reader of our Review could be of opinion that we were hostile to America, and desirous of fomenting hostility between her and this country, we could scarcely hope that he would change that opinion for any thing we have now been saying. But Mr. W.'s book may fall into the hands of many, in his own country at least, to whom our writings are but little known; and the imputations it contains may become known to many who never inquire into their grounds: On such persons, the statements we have now made may produce some impression—and the spirit in which they are made perhaps still more. Our labour will not have been in vain, if there are any that rise up from the perusal of these pages with a better opinion of their Transatlantic brethren, and an increased desire to live with them in friendship and peace.

There still remains behind, a fair moiety of Mr. W.'s book; containing his recriminations on England—his expositions of "her sores and blotches"—and his retort courteous for all the abuse which her writers have been pouring on this country for the last hundred years. The task, we should think, must have been rather an afflicting one to a man of much moral sensibility:—But it is gone through very resolutely, and with a marvellous industry. The learned author has not only ransacked forgotten histories and files of old newspapers in search of disreputable transactions and degrading crimes—but has groped for the materials of our dishonour, among the filth of Dr. Colquhoun's Collections, and the Reports of our Prison and Police Committees—culled vituperative exaggerations from the records of angry debates—and produced, as incontrovertible evidence of the excess of our guilt and misery, the fervid declamations of moralists exhorting to amendment, or of satirists endeavouring to deter from vice. Provincial misgovernment from Ireland to Hindostan—cruel amusements—increasing pauperism—disgusting brutality—shameful ignorance—perversion of law—grinding taxation—brutal debauchery, and many other traits equally attractive, are all heaped together, as the characteristics of English society; and unsparingly illustrated by "loose extracts from English Journals,"—quotations from Espriella's Letters—and selections from the Parliamentary Debates. Accustomed, as we have long been, to mark the vices and miseries of our countrymen, we really cannot say that we recognise any likeness in this distorted representation; which exhibits our fair England as one great Lazar-house of moral and intellectual disease—one hideous and bloated mass of sin and suffering—one festering heap of corruption, infecting the wholesome air which breathes upon it, and diffusing all around the contagion and the terror of its example.

We have no desire whatever to *argue* against the truth or the justice of this picture of our country; which we can assure Mr. W. we contemplate with perfect calmness and equanimity: but we are tempted to set against it the judgment of another foreigner, with whom he cannot complain of being confronted, and whose authority at this moment stands higher, perhaps with the whole civilised world, than that of any other individual. We allude to Madame de Staël—and to the splendid testimony she has borne to the character and happiness of the English nation, in her last admirable book on the Revolution of her own country. But we have spoken of this work so lately, that we shall not now recal the attention of our readers to it, further than by this general reference. We rather wish, at present, to lay before them an *American* authority.

In a work of great merit, entitled "A Letter on the Genius and Dispositions of the French Government," published at Philadelphia in 1810, and which attracted much notice, both there and in this country, the author, in a strain of great eloquence and powerful reasoning, exhorts his country to make common cause with England in the great struggle in which she was then engaged with the giant power of Bonaparte, and points out the many circumstances in the character and condition of the two countries that invited them to a cordial alliance. He was well aware, too, of the distinction we have endeavoured to point out between the Court, or the Tory rulers of the State, and the body of our People: and, after observing that the American Government, by following his councils, might retrieve the character of their country, he adds, "They will, I am quite sure, be seconded by an entire correspondence of feeling, not only on our part, but on that of the People of England—whatever may be the narrow policy, or illiberal prejudices of the British Ministry;" and, in the body of his work, he gives an ample and glowing description of the character and condition of that England of which

we have just seen so lamentable a representation. The whole passage is too long for insertion; but the following extracts will afford a sufficient specimen of its tone and tenor.

"A peculiar masculine character, and the utmost energy of feeling are communicated to all orders of men,—by the abundance which prevails so universally,—the consciousness of equal rights,—the fulness of power and frame to which the nation has attained,—and the beauty and robustness of the species under a climate highly favourable to the animal economy. The dignity of the rich is without insolence,—the subordination of the poor without servility. Their freedom is well guarded both from the dangers of popular licentiousness, and from the encroachments of authority.—Their national pride leads to national sympathy, and is built upon the most legitimate of all foundations—a sense of pre-eminent merit and a body of illustrious annals.

"Whatever may be the representations of those who, with little knowledge of facts, and still less soundness or impartiality of judgment, affect to deplore the condition of England,—it is nevertheless true, that there does not exist, and never has existed elsewhere,—so beautiful and perfect a model of public and private prosperity,—so magnificent, and at the same time, so solid a fabric of social happiness and national grandeur. *I pay this just tribute of admiration with the more pleasure, as it is to me in the light of an Atonement for the errors and prejudices, under which I laboured, on this subject, before I enjoyed the advantage of a personal experience.* A residence of nearly two years in that country,—during which period, I visited and studied almost every part of it,—with no other view or pursuit than that of obtaining correct information, and, I may add, with previous studies well fitted to promote my object,—convinced me that I had been egregiously deceived. I saw no instances of individual oppression, and scarcely any individual misery but that which belongs, under any circumstances of our being, to the infirmity of all human institutions."—

"The agriculture of England is confessedly superior to that of any other part of the world, and the condition of those who are engaged in the cultivation of the soil, incontestibly preferable to that of the same class in any other section of Europe. An inexhaustible source of admiration and delight is found in the unrivalled beauty, as well as richness and fruitfulness of their husbandry; the effects of which are heightened by the magnificent parks and noble mansions of the opulent proprietors: by picturesque gardens upon the largest scale, and disposed with the most exquisite taste: and by Gothic remains no less admirable in their structure than venerable for their antiquity. The neat cottage, the substantial farm-house, the splendid villa, are constantly rising to the sight, surrounded by the most choice and poetical attributes of the landscape. The vision is not more delightfully recreated by the rural scenery, than the moral sense is gratified, and the understanding elevated by the institutions of this great country. The first and continued exclamation of an American who contemplates them with unbiassed judgment, is—

Salve! magna Parens frugum, Saturnia tellus!
Magna virum.

"It appears something *not less than Impious to desire the ruin of this people*, when you view the height to which they have carried the comforts, the knowledge, and the virtue of our species: the extent and number of their foundations of charity; their skill in the mechanic arts, by the improvement of which alone they have conferred inestimable benefits on mankind; the masculine morality, the lofty sense of independence, the sober and rational piety which are found in all classes; their impartial, decorous, and able administration of a code of laws, than which none more just and perfect has ever been in operation; their seminaries of education yielding more solid and profitable instruction than any other whatever; their eminence in literature and science—the urbanity and learning of their privileged orders—their deliberative assemblies, illustrated by so many profound statesmen, and brilliant orators. *It is worse than Ingratitude in* US not to sympathise with them in their present struggle, when we recollect that it is from them we derive *the principal merit of our own* CHARACTER—*the best of our own institutions—the sources of our highest enjoyments*—and *the light of Freedom itself*, which, if *they* should be destroyed, will *not long shed its radiance over this country.*"

What will Mr. Walsh say to this picture of the country he has so laboured to degrade?—and what will our readers say, when they are told that MR. WALSH HIMSELF is the author of this picture!

So, however, the fact unquestionably stands.—The book from which we have made the preceding extracts, was written and published, in 1810, by the very same individual who has now recriminated upon England in the volume which lies before us,—and in which he is pleased to speak with extreme severity of the *inconsistencies* he has detected in our Review!—That some discordant or irreconcileable opinions should be found in the miscellaneous writing of twenty years, and thirty or forty individuals under no effective control, may easily be imagined, and pardoned, we should think, without any great stretch of liberality. But such a transmutation of sentiments on the same identical subject—such a reversal of the poles of the same identical head, we confess has never before come under our observation; and is parallel to nothing that we can recollect, but the memorable transformation of *Bottom*, in the Midsummer Night's Dream. Nine years, to be sure, had intervened between the first and the second publication. But all the guilt and all the misery which is so diligently developed in the last, had been contracted before the first was thought of; and all the injuries, and provocations too, by which the exposition of them has lately become a duty. Mr. W. knew perfectly, in 1810, how England had behaved to her American colonies before the war of independence, and in what spirit she had begun and carried on that war:—our Poor-rates and taxes, our bull-baitings and swindlings, were then nearly as visible as now. Mr. Colquhoun, had, before that time, put forth his Political Estimate of our prostitutes and pickpockets; and the worthy Laureate his authentic Letters on the bad state of our parliaments and manufactures. Nay, the EDINBURGH REVIEW had committed the worst of those offences which now make hatred to England the duty of all true Americans, and had expressed little of that zeal for her friendship which appears in its subsequent Numbers. The Reviews of the American Transactions, and Mr. Barlow's Epic, of Adams' Letters, and Marshall's History, had all appeared before this time—and but very few of the articles in which the future greatness of that country is predicted, and her singular prosperity extolled.

How then is it to be accounted for, that Mr. W. should have taken such a favourable view

of our state and merits in 1810, and so very different a one in 1819? There is but one explanation that occurs to us.—Mr. W., as appears from the passages just quoted, had been originally very much of the opinion to which he has now returned—For he tells us, that he considers the tribute of admiration which he there offers to our excellence, as an *Atonement* for the errors and prejudices under which he laboured till he came among us,—and hints pretty plainly, that he had formerly been *ungrateful* enough to disown all obligation to our race, and *impious* enough even to wish for our ruin. Now, from the tenor of the work before us, compared with these passages, it is pretty plain, we think, that Mr. W. has just *relapsed* into those damnable heresies, which we fear are epidemic in his part of the country—and from which nothing is so likely to deliver him, as a repetition of the same remedy by which they were formerly removed. Let him come again then to England, and try the effect of a second course of "personal experience and observation"—let him make another pilgrimage to Mecca, and observe whether his faith is not restored and confirmed—let him, like the Indians of his own world, visit the Tombs of his Fathers in the old land, and see whether he can *there* abjure the friendship of their other children? If he will venture himself among us for another two years' residence, we can promise him that he will find in substance the same England that he left:—Our laws and our landscapes—our industry and urbanity;—our charities, our learning, and our personal beauty, he will find unaltered and unimpaired;—and we think we can even engage, that he shall find also a still greater "correspondence of feeling in the body of our People," and not a less disposition to welcome an accomplished stranger who comes to get rid of errors and prejudices, and to learn—or, if he pleases, to teach, the great lessons of a generous and indulgent philanthropy.

We have done, however, with this topic.—We have a considerable contempt for the *argumentum ad hominem* in any case—and have no desire to urge it further at present. The truth is, that neither of Mr. W.'s portraitures of us appears to be very accurate. We are painted *en beau* in the one, and *en laid* in the other. The particular traits in each may be given with tolerable truth—but *the whole truth* most certainly is to be found in neither; and it will not even do to take them together—any more than it would do to make a correct likeness, by patching or compounding together a flattering portrait and a monstrous caricature.——We have but a word or two, indeed, to add on the general subject, before we take a final farewell of this discussion.

We admit, that many of the charges which Mr. W. has here made against our country, are justly made—and that for many of the things with which he has reproached us, there is just cause of reproach. It would be strange, indeed, if we were to do otherwise—considering that it is from our pages that he has on many occasions borrowed the charge and the reproach. If he had stated them therefore, with any degree of fairness or temper, and had not announced that they were brought forward as incentives to hostility and national alienation, we should have been so far from complaining of him, that we should have been heartily thankful for the services of such an auxiliary in our holy war against vice and corruption; and rejoiced to obtain the testimony of an impartial observer, in corroboration of our own earnest admonitions. Even as it is, we are inclined to think that this exposition of our infirmities will rather do good than harm, so far as it produces any effect at all, in this country. Among our national vices, we have long reckoned an insolent and overweening opinion of our own universal superiority; and though it really does not belong to America to reproach us with *this* fault, and though the ludicrous exaggeration of Mr. W.'s charge is sure very greatly to weaken his authority, still such an alarming catalogue of our faults and follies may have some effect, as a wholesome mortification of our vanity.—It is with a view to its probable effect in his own country, and to his avowal of the effect he wishes it to produce there, that we consider it as deserving of all reprobation;—and therefore beg leave to make one or two very short remarks on its manifest injustice, and indeed absurdity, in so far as relates to ourselves, and that great majority of the country whom we believe to concur in our sentiments. The object of this violent invective on England is, according to the author's own admission, to excite a spirit of animosity in America, to meet and revenge that which other invectives on our part are said to indicate here; and also to show the flagrant injustice and malignity of the said invectives:—And this is the shape of the argument—What right have you to abuse us for keeping and whipping slaves, when you yourselves whip your soldiers, and were so slow to give up your slave trade, and use your subjects so ill in India and Ireland?—or what right have you to call our Marshall a dull historian, when you have a Belsham and a Gifford who are still duller? Now, though this argument would never show that whipping slaves was a right thing, or that Mr. Marshall was not a dull writer, it might be a very smart and embarrassing retort to those among us who had defended our slave trade or our military floggings, or our treatment of Ireland and India—or who had held out Messrs. Belsham and Gifford as pattern historians, and ornaments of our national literature. But what meaning or effect can it have when addressed to those who have always testified against the wickedness and the folly of the practices complained of? and who have treated the Ultra-Whig and the Ultra-Tory historian with equal scorn and reproach? *We have* a right to censure cruelty and dulness abroad, *because* we have censured them with more and more frequent severity at home;—and their home existence, though it may prove indeed that our censures have not yet been effectual in producing amendment, can afford no sort of reason for not extending them where they might be more attended to.

We have generally blamed what we thought worthy of blame in America, without any express reference to parallel cases in England, or any invidious comparisons. Their books we have criticised just as should have done those of any other country; and in speaking more generally of their literature and manners, we have rather brought them into competition with those of Europe in general, than those of our own country in particular. When we have made any comparative estimate of our own advantages and theirs, we can say with confidence, that it has been far oftener in their favour than against them;—and, after repeatedly noticing their preferable condition as to taxes, elections, sufficiency of employment, public economy, freedom of publication, and many other points of paramount importance, it surely was but fair that we should notice, in their turn, those merits or advantages which might reasonably be claimed for ourselves, and bring into view our superiority in eminent authors, and the extinction and annihilation of slavery in every part of our realm.

We would also remark, that while we have thus praised America far more than we have blamed her—and reproached *ourselves* far more bitterly than we have ever reproached her, Mr. W., while he affects to be merely following our example, has heaped abuse on us without one grain of commendation—and praised his own country extravagantly, without admitting one fault or imperfection. Now, this is not a fair way of retorting the proceedings, even of the Quarterly; for they have occasionally given some praise to America, and have constantly spoken ill enough of the paupers, and radicals, and reformers of England. But as to *us*, and the great body of the nation which thinks with us, it is a proceeding without the colour of justice or the shadow of apology—and is not a less flagrant indication of impatience or bad humour, than the marvellous assumption which runs through the whole argument, that it is an unpardonable insult and an injury to find *any fault* with *any thing* in America,—must necessarily proceed from national spite and animosity, and affords, whether true or false, sufficient reason for endeavouring to excite a corresponding animosity against our nation. Such, however, is the scope and plan of Mr. W.'s whole work. Whenever he thinks that his country has been erroneously accused, he points out the error with sufficient keenness and asperity;—but when he is aware that the imputation is just and unanswerable, instead of joining his rebuke or regret to those of her foreign censors, he turns fiercely and vindictively on the parallel infirmities of this country—as if those also had not been marked with reprobation, and without admitting that the censure was merited, or hoping that it might work amendment, complains in the bitterest terms of malignity, and arouses his country to revenge!

Which, then, we would ask, is the most fair and reasonable, or which the most truly patriotic?—We, who, admitting our own manifold faults and corruptions, testifying loudly against them, and feeling grateful to any foreign auxiliary who will help us to *reason*, to *rail*, or to *shame* our countrymen out of them, are willing occasionally to lend a similar assistance to others, and speak freely and fairly of what appear to us to be the faults and errors, as well as the virtues and merits, of all who may be in any way affected by our observations;—or Mr. Walsh, who will admit *no* faults in his own country, and *no* good qualities in ours—sets down the mere extension of our domestic censures to their corresponding objects abroad, to the score of national rancour and partiality; and can find no better use for those mutual admonitions, which should lead to mutual amendment or generous emulation, than to improve them into occasions of mutual animosity and deliberate hatred?

This extreme impatience, even of merited blame from the mouth of a stranger—this still more extraordinary abstinence from any hint or acknowledgment of error on the part of her intelligent defender, is a trait too remarkable not to call for some observation;—and we think we can see in it one of the worst and most unfortunate consequences of a republican government. It is the misfortune of Sovereigns in general, that they are fed with flattery till they loathe the wholesome truth, and come to resent, as the bitterest of all offences, any insinuation of their errors, or intimation of their dangers. But of all sovereigns, *the Sovereign People* is most obnoxious to this corruption, and most fatally injured by its prevalence. In America, every thing depends on their suffrages, and their favour and support; and accordingly it would appear, that they are pampered with constant adulation, from the rival suitors to their favour—so that no one will venture to tell them of their faults; and moralists, even of the austere character of Mr. W., *dare* not venture to whisper a syllable to their prejudice. It is thus, and thus only, that we can account for the strange sensitiveness which seems to prevail among them on the lightest sound of disapprobation, and for the acrimony with which, what would pass anywhere else for very mild admonitions, are repelled and resented. It is obvious, however, that nothing can be so injurious to the character either of an individual or a nation, as this constant and paltry cockering of praise; and that the want of any native censor, makes it more a duty for the moralists of other countries to take them under their charge, and let them know now and then what other people think and say of them.

We are anxious to part with Mr. W. in good humour;—but we must say that we rather wish he would not go on with the work he has begun—at least if it is to be pursued in the spirit which breathes in the part now before us. Nor is it so much to his polemic and vindictive tone that we object, as this tendency to adulation, this passionate, vapouring, rhetorical style of amplifying and exaggerating the felicities of his country. In point of talent and knowledge and industry, we have no doubt that he is eminently qualified for the task—(though we must tell him that he does not write so well now as when he left England)—but no man will ever write a book of authority on the institutions and resources of his country, who does not add some of the virtues of a Censor to those of a Patriot—or rather, who does not feel, that the noblest, as well as the most difficult part of patriotism is that which prefers his country's *Good* to its *Favour*, and is more directed to reform its vices, than to cherish the pride of its virtues. With foreign nations, too, this tone of fondness and self-admiration is always suspected; and most commonly ridiculous—while calm and steady claims of merit, interspersed with acknowledgments of faults, are sure to obtain credit, and to raise the estimation both of the writer and of his country. The ridicule, too, which naturally attaches to this vehement self-laudation, must insensibly contract a darker shade of contempt, when it comes to be suspected that it does not proceed from mere honest vanity, but from a poor fear of giving offence to power—sheer want of courage, in short (in the wiser part at least of the population), to let their foolish ΔΗΜΟΣ know what in their hearts they think of him.

And now we must at length close this very long article—the very length and earnestness of which, we hope, will go some way to satisfy our American brethren of the importance we attach to their good opinion, and the anxiety we feel to prevent any national repulsion from being aggravated by a misapprehension of our sentiments, or rather of those of that great body of the English nation of which we are here the organ. In what we have now written, there may be much that requires explanation—and much, we fear, that is liable to misconstruction.—*The spirit* in which it is written, however, cannot, we think, be misunderstood. We cannot descend to little cavils and altercations; and have no leisure to maintain a controversy about words and phrases. We have an unfeigned respect and affection for the free people of America; and we mean honestly to pledge ourselves for that of the better part of our own country. We are very proud of the extensive circulation of our Journal in that great country, and the importance that is there attached to it. But we should be undeserving of this favour, if we could submit to seek it by any mean practices, either of flattery or of dissimulation; and feel persuaded that we shall not only best deserve, but most surely obtain, the confidence and respect of Mr. W. and his countrymen, by speaking freely what we sincerely think of them,—and treating them exactly as we treat that nation to which we are here accused of being too favourable.

(November, 1822.)

Bracebridge Hall; or, the Humorists. By Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. Author of "The Sketch Book," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 800. Murray. London: 1822.*

We have received so much pleasure from this book, that we think ourselves bound in gratitude, as well as justice, to make a public acknowledgment of it,—and seek to repay, by a little kind notice, the great obligations we shall ever feel to the author. These amiable sentiments, however, we fear, will scarcely furnish us with materials for an interesting article;—and we suspect we have not much else to say, that has not already occurred to most of our readers—or, indeed, been said by ourselves with reference to his former publication. For nothing in the world can be so complete as the identity of the author in these two productions—identity not of style merely and character, but of merit also, both in kind and degree, and in the sort and extent of popularity which that merit has created—not merely the same good sense and the same good humour directed to the same good ends, and with the same happy selection and limited variety, but the same proportion of things that seem scarcely to depend on the individual—the same *luck*, as well as the same labour, and an equal share of felicities to enhance the fair returns of judicious industry. There are few things, we imagine, so rare as this sustained level of excellence in the works of a popular writer—or, at least, if it does exist now and then *in rerum natura*, there is scarcely any thing that is so seldom allowed. When an author has once gained a large share of public attention,—when his name is once up among a herd of idle readers, they can never be brought to believe that one who has risen so far can ever remain stationary. In their estimation, he must either rise farther, or begin immediately to descend; so that, when he ventures before these prepossessed judges with a new work, it is always discovered, either that he has infinitely surpassed himself, or, in the far greater number of cases, that there is a sad falling off, and that he is hastening to the end of his career. In this way it may in general be presumed, that an author who is admitted by the public not to have fallen off in a second work, has in reality improved upon his first; and has truly proved his title to a higher place, by merely maintaining that which he had formerly

* My heart is still so much in the subject of the preceding paper, that I am tempted to add this to it; chiefly for the sake of the powerful backing which *my English* exhortation to amity among brethren, is there shown to have received from the most amiable and elegant of *American* writers. I had said nearly the same things in a previous review of "The Sketch Book," and should have reprinted that article also, had it not been made up chiefly of extracts, with which I do not think it quite fair to fill up this publication.

earned. We would not have Mr. Crayon, however, plume himself too much upon this sage observation: for though *we*, and other great lights of public judgment, have decided that his former level has been maintained in this work with the most marvellous precision, we must whisper in his ear that the million are not exactly of that opinion; and that the common buzz among the idle and impatient critics of the drawing-room is, that, in comparison with the Sketch Book, it is rather monotonous and languid; and there is too little variety of characters for two thick volumes; and that the said few characters come on so often, and stay so long, that the gentlest reader detects himself in rejoicing at being done with them. The premises of this enthymem we do not much dispute; but the conclusion, for all that, is wrong: For, in spite of these defects, Bracebridge Hall is quite as good as the Sketch Book; and Mr. C. may take comfort,—if he is humble enough to be comforted with such an assurance—and trust to us that it will be quite as popular, and that he still holds his own with the efficient body of his English readers.

The great charm and peculiarity of this work consists now, as on former occasions, in the singular sweetness of the composition, and the mildness of the sentiments,—sicklied over perhaps a little, now and then, with that cloying heaviness into which unvaried sweetness is too apt to subside. The rythm and melody of the sentences is certainly excessive: As it not only gives an air of mannerism, from its uniformity, but raises too strong an impression of the labour that must have been bestowed, and the importance which must have been attached to that which is, after all, but a secondary attribute to good writing. It is very ill-natured in us, however, to object to what has given us so much pleasure; for we happen to be very intense and sensitive admirers of those soft harmonies of studied speech in which this author is so apt to indulge; and have caught ourselves, oftener than we shall confess, neglecting his excellent matter, to lap ourselves in the liquid music of his periods—and letting ourselves float passively down the mellow falls and windings of his soft-flowing sentences, with a delight not inferior to that which we derive from fine versification.

We should reproach ourselves still more, however, and with better reason, if we were to persist in the objection which we were also at first inclined to take, to the extraordinary kindliness and disarming gentleness of all this author's views and suggestions; and we only refer to it now, for the purpose of answering, and discrediting it, with any of our readers to whom also it may happen to have occurred.

It first struck us as an objection to the author's courage and sincerity. It was quite unnatural, we said to ourselves, for any body to be always on such very amiable terms with his fellow-creatures; and this air of eternal philanthropy could be nothing but a pretence put on to bring himself into favour; and then we proceeded to assimilate him to those silken parasites who are in raptures with every body they meet, and ingratiate themselves in general society by an unmanly suppression of all honest indignation, and a timid avoidance of all subjects of disagreement. Upon due consideration, however, we are now satisfied that this was an unjust and unworthy interpretation. An author who comes deliberately before the public with certain select monologues of doctrine and discussion, is not at all in the condition of a man in common society; on whom various overtures of baseness and folly are daily obtruded, and to whose sense and honour appeals are perpetually made, which must be manfully answered, as honour and conscience suggest. The author, on the other hand, has no questions to answer, and no society to select: his professed object is to instruct and improve the world—and his real one, if he is tolerably honest, is nothing worse than to promote his own fame and fortune by succeeding in that which he professes. Now, there are but two ways that we have ever heard of by which men may be improved—either by cultivating and encouraging their amiable propensities, or by shaming and frightening them out of those that are vicious; and there can be but little doubt, we should imagine, which of the two offices is the highest and most eligible—since the one is left in a great measure to Hell and the hangman,—and for the other, we are taught chiefly to look to Heaven, and all that is angelic upon earth. The most perfect moral discipline would be that, no doubt, in which both were combined; but one is generally as much as human energy is equal to; and, in fact, they have commonly been divided in practice, without surmise of blame. And truly, if men have been hailed as great public benefactors, merely for having beat tyrants into moderation, or coxcombs into good manners, we must be permitted to think, that one whose vocation is different may be allowed to have deserved well of his kind, although he should have confined his efforts to teaching them mutual charity and forbearance, and only sought to repress their evil passions, by strengthening the springs and enlarging the sphere of those that are generous and kindly.

The objection in this general form, therefore, we soon found could not be maintained:—But, as we still felt a little secret spite lingering within us at our author's universal affability, we set about questioning ourselves more strictly as to its true nature and tendency; and think we at last succeeded in tracing it to an eager desire to see so powerful a pen and such great popularity employed in demolishing those errors and abuses to which we had been accustomed to refer most of the unhappiness of our country. Though we love his gentleness and urbanity on the whole, we should have been very well pleased to see him a little rude and surly, now and then, to our particular opponents; and could not but think it showed a want of spirit and discrimination that he did not mark his sense of their demerits, by making them an exception to his general system of toleration and indulgence.

Being Whigs ourselves, for example, we could not but take it a little amiss, that one born and bred a republican, and writing largely on the present condition of England, should make so little distinction between that party and its opponents—and should even choose to attach himself to a Tory family, as the proper type and emblem of the old English character. Nor could we well acquit him of being "pigeon-livered—and lacking gall," when we found that nothing could provoke him to give a palpable hit to the Ministry, or even to employ his pure and powerful eloquence in reproving the shameful scurrilities of the ministerial press. We were also a little sore, too, we believe, on discovering that he took no notice of Scotland! and said absolutely nothing about our Highlanders, our schools, and our poetry.

Now, though we have magnanimously chosen to illustrate this grudge at his neutrality in our own persons, it is obvious that a dissatisfaction of the same kind must have been felt by all the other great and contending parties into which this and all free countries are necessarily divided. Mr. Crayon has rejected the alliance of any one of these; and resolutely refused to take part with them in the struggles to which they attach so much importance; and consequently has, to a certain extent, offended and disappointed them all. But we must carry our magnanimity a step farther, and confess, for ourselves, and for others, that, upon reflection, the offence and disappointment seem to us altogether unreasonable and unjust. The ground of complaint is, that we see talents and influence—innocently, we must admit, and even beneficially employed—but not engaged on our side, or in the particular contest which we may feel it our duty to wage against the errors or delusions of our contemporaries. Now, in the first place, is not this something like the noble indignation of a recruiting serjeant, who thinks it a scandal that any stout fellow should degrade himself by a pacific employment, and takes offence accordingly at every pair of broad shoulders and good legs which he finds in the possession of a priest or a tradesman? But the manifest *absurdity* of the grudge consists in this. *First*, That it is equally reasonable in all the different parties who sincerely believe their own cause to be that which ought to prevail; while it is manifest, that, as the desired champion could only side with one, all the rest would be only worse off by the termination of his neutrality; and *secondly*, That the weight and authority, for the sake of which his assistance is so coveted, and which each party is now so anxious to have thrown into its scale, having been entirely created by virtues and qualities which belong only to a state of neutrality, are, in reality, incapable of being transferred to contending parties, and would utterly perish and be annihilated in the attempt. A good part of Mr. C.'s reputation, and certainly a very large share of his influence and popularity with all parties, has been acquired by the indulgence with which he has treated all, and his abstinence from all sorts of virulence and hostility; and it is no doubt chiefly on account of this influence and favour that we and others are rashly desirous to see him take part against our adversaries—forgetting that those very qualities which render his assistance valuable, would infallibly desert him the moment that he complied with our desire, and vanish in the very act of his compliance.

The question then comes to be, not properly whether there should be any neutrals in great national contentions—but whether any man should be allowed to aspire to distinction by acts not subservient to party purposes?—a question which, even in this age of party and polemics, we suppose there are not many who would have the hardihood seriously to propound. Yet *this*, we must be permitted to repeat, *is* truly the question:—For if a man may lawfully devote his talents to music, or architecture, or drawing, or metaphysics, or poetry, and lawfully challenge the *general* admiration of his age for his proficiency in those pursuits, though totally disjoined from all political application, we really do not see why he may not write prose essays on national character and the ingredients of private happiness, with the same large and pacific purposes of pleasure and improvement. To Mr. C. especially, who is not a citizen of this country, it can scarcely be proposed as a duty to take a share in our internal contentions; and though the picture which he professes to give of our country may be more imperfect, and the estimate he makes of our character less complete, from the omission of this less tractable element, the value of the parts that he has been able to finish will not be lessened, and the beneficial effect of the representation will, in all probability, be increased. For our own parts, we have ventured, on former occasions, to express our doubts whether the polemical parts, even of a statesman's duty, do not hold too high a place in public esteem—and are sure, at all events, that they ought not to engross the attention of those to whom such a station has not been intrusted. It should never be forgotten, that good political institutions, the sole end and object of all our party contentions, are only valuable as means of promoting the general happiness and virtue of individuals;—and that, important as they are, there are other means, still more direct and indispensable for the attainment of that great end. The cultivation of the kind affections, we humbly conceive, to be of still more importance to private happiness, than the good balance of the constitution under which we live; and, if it be true, as we most firmly believe, that it is the natural effect of political freedom to fit and dispose the mind for all gentle as well as generous emotions, we hold it to be equally true, that habits of benevolence, and sentiments of philanthropy, are the surest foundations on which a love of liberty can rest. A man must love his fellows before he loves their liberty; and if he has not learned to interest himself in their enjoyments, it is impossible that he can have any genuine concern for that liberty, which, after all, is only valuable as a means of enjoyment. We con-

sider, therefore, the writers who seek to soften and improve our social affections, not only as aiming *directly* at the same great end which politicians more circuitously pursue, but as preparing those elements out of which alone a generous and enlightened love of political freedom can ever be formed—and without which it could neither be safely trusted in the hands of individuals, nor prove fruitful of individual enjoyment. We conclude, therefore, that Mr. Crayon is in reality a better friend to Whig principles than if he had openly attacked the Tories—and end this long, and perhaps needless apology for his neutrality, by discovering, that such neutrality is in effect the best nursery for the only partisans that ever should be encouraged—the partisans of whatever can be shown to be clearly and unquestionably right. And now we must say a word or two more of the book before us.

There are not many of our readers to whom it can be necessary to mention, that it is in substance, and almost in form, a continuation of the Sketch Book; and consists of a series of little descriptions, and essays on matters principally touching the national character and old habits of England. The author is supposed to be resident at Bracebridge Hall, the Christmas festivities of which he had commemorated in his former publication, and among the inmates of which, most of the familiar incidents occur which he turns to account in his lucubrations. These incidents can scarcely be said to make a story in any sense, and certainly not one which would admit of being abstracted; and as we are under a vow to make but short extracts from popular books, we must see that we choose well the few passages upon which we may venture. There is a short Introduction, and a Farewell, by the author; in both which he alludes to the fact of his being a citizen of America in a way that appears to us to deserve a citation. The first we give chiefly for the beauty of the writing.

"England is as classic ground to an American, as Italy is to an Englishman; and old London teems with as much historical association as mighty Rome.

"But what more especially attracts his notice, are those peculiarities which distinguish an old country, and an old state of society, from a new one. I have never yet grown familiar enough with the crumbling monuments of past ages, to blunt the intense interest with which I at first beheld them. Accustomed always to scenes where history was, in a manner, in anticipation; where every thing in art was new and progressive, and pointed to the future rather than to the past; where, in short, the works of man gave no ideas but those of young existence, and prospective improvement; there was something inexpressibly touching in the sight of enormous piles of architecture, grey with antiquity, and sinking to decay. I cannot describe the mute but deep-felt enthusiasm with which I have contemplated a vast monastic ruin, like Tintern Abbey, buried in the bosom of a quiet valley, and shut up from the world, as though it had existed merely for itself; or a warrior pile, like Conway Castle, standing in stern loneliness, on its rocky height, a mere hollow, yet threatening phantom of departed power. They spread a grand and melancholy, and, to me, an unusual charm over the landscape. I for the first time beheld signs of national old age, and empire's decay; and proofs of the transient and perishing glories of art, amidst the ever-springing and reviving fertility of nature.

"But, in fact, to me every thing was full of matter: The footsteps of history were every where to be traced; and poetry had breathed over and sanctified the land. I experienced the delightful freshness of feeling of a child, to whom every thing is new. I pictured to myself a set of inhabitants and a mode of life for every habitation that I saw; from the aristocratical mansion, amidst the lordly repose of stately groves and solitary parks, to the straw-thatched cottage, with its scanty garden and its cherished woodbine. I thought I never could be sated with the sweetness and freshness of a country so completely carpeted with verdure; where every air breathed of the balmy pasture and the honeysuckled hedge. I was continually coming upon some little document of poetry, in the blossomed hawthorn, the daisy, the cowslip, the primrose, or some other simple object that has received a supernatural value from the Muse. The first time that I heard the song of the nightingale, I was intoxicated more by the delicious crowd of remembered associations, than by the melody of its notes; and I shall never forget the thrill of ecstasy with which I first saw the lark rise, almost from beneath my feet, and wing its musical flight up into the morning sky."—Vol. i. pp. 6—9.

We know nothing more beautiful than the melody of this concluding sentence; and if the reader be not struck with its music, we think he has no right to admire the Vision of Mirza, or any of the other delicious cadences of Addison.

The Farewell we quote for the matter; and it is matter to which we shall miss no fit occasion to recur,—being persuaded not only that it is one of higher moment than almost any other to which we can now apply ourselves, but one upon which the honest perseverance, even of such a work as ours may in time produce practical and beneficial effects. We allude to the animosity which intemperate writers on both sides are labouring to create, or exasperate, between this country and America, and which we, and the writer before us, are most anxious to allay. There is no word in the following quotation in which we do not most cordially concur. We receive with peculiar satisfaction the assurances of the accomplished author, as to the kindly disposition of the better part of his countrymen; and are disposed to place entire confidence in it, not only from our reliance on his judgment and means of information, but from the accuracy of his representation of the sort of persons to whom the fashion of abusing the Americans has now gone down, on this side of the Atlantic. Nothing, we think, can be more handsome, persuasive, or grateful, than the whole following passage.

"And here let me acknowledge my warm, my thankful feelings, at the effect produced by one of my trivial lucubrations. I allude to the essay in the Sketch-Book, on the subject of the literary feuds between England and America. I cannot express the heartfelt delight I have experienced at the unexpected sympathy and approbation with which those remarks have been received on both sides of the Atlantic. I speak this not from any paltry feelings of gratified vanity; for I attribute the effect to no merit of my pen. The paper in question was brief and casual, and the ideas it conveyed were simple and obvious. 'It was the cause; it was the cause' alone. There was a predisposition on the part of my readers to be favourably affected. My countrymen responded in heart to the filial feelings I had avowed in their name towards the parent country; and there was a generous sympathy in every English bosom towards a solitary individual, lifting up his voice in a strange land, to vindicate the injured character of his nation.—There are some causes so sacred as to carry with them an irresistible appeal to every virtuous bosom; and he needs but little power of eloquence, who defends the honour of his wife, his mother, or his country.

"I hail, therefore, the success of that brief paper, as showing how much good may be done by a kind word, however feeble, when spoken in season—as showing how much dormant good feeling actually exists in each country, towards the other, which only wants the slightest spark to kindle it into a genial flame—as showing, in fact what I have all along believed and asserted, that the two nations would grow together in esteem and amity, if meddling and malignant spirits would but throw by their mischievous pens, and leave kindred hearts to the kindly impulses of nature.

"I once more assert, and I assert it with increased conviction of its truth, that there exists, among the great majority of my countrymen, a favourable feeling towards England. I repeat this assertion, because I think it a truth that cannot too often be reiterated, and because it has met with some contradiction. Among all the liberal and enlightened minds of my countrymen, among all those which eventually give a tone to national opinion, there exists a cordial desire to be on terms of courtesy and friendship. But, at the same time, there unfortunately exists in those very minds a distrust of reciprocal goodwill on the part of England. They have been rendered morbidly sensitive by the attacks made upon their country by the English press; and their occasional irritability on this subject has been misinterpreted into a settled and unnatural hostility.

"For my part, I consider this jealous sensibility as belonging to generous natures. I should look upon my countrymen as fallen indeed from that independence of spirit which is their birth-gift; as fallen indeed from that pride of character, which they inherit from the proud nation from which they sprung, could they tamely sit down under the infliction of contumely and insult. Indeed, the very impatience which they show as to the misrepresentations of the press, proves their respect for English opinion, and their desire for English amity; for there is never jealousy where there is not strong regard.

"To the magnanimous spirits of both countries must we trust to carry such a natural alliance of affection into full effect. To pens more powerful than mine I leave the noble task of promoting the cause of national amity. To the intelligent and enlightened of my own country, I address my parting voice, entreating them to show themselves superior to the petty attacks of the ignorant and the worthless, and still to look with a dispassionate and philosophic eye to the moral character of England, as the intellectual source of our own rising greatness; while I appeal to every generous-minded Englishman from the slanders which disgrace the press, insult the understanding, and belie the magnanimity of his country: and I invite him to look to America, as to a kindred nation, worthy of its origin; giving, in the healthy vigour of its growth, the best of comments on its parent stock; and reflecting, in the dawning brightness of its fame, the moral effulgence of British glory.

"*I am sure*, too, that such appeal will not be made in vain. Indeed I have noticed, for some time past, an essential change in English sentiment with regard to America. In Parliament, that fountain-head of public opinion, there seems to be an emulation, on both sides of the House, in holding the language of courtesy and friendship. The same spirit is daily becoming more and more prevalent in good society. There is a growing curiosity concerning my country; a craving desire for correct information, that cannot fail to lead to a favourable understanding. The scoffer, I trust, has had his day; the time of the slanderer is gone by. The ribald jokes, the stale commonplaces, which have so long passed current when America was the theme, are now banished to the ignorant and the vulgar, or only perpetuated by the hireling scribblers and traditional jesters of the press. The intelligent and high-minded now pride themselves upon making America a study.

Vol. ii. pp. 396—403.

From the body of the work, we must indulge ourselves with very few citations. But we cannot resist the following exquisite description of a rainy Sunday at an inn in a country town. It is part of the admirable legend of "the Stout Gentleman," of which we will not trust ourselves with saying one word more. The following, however, is perfect, independent of its connections.

"It was a rainy Sunday, in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained, in the course of a journey, by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed-room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck. There were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back. Near the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide. A wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves. An unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then, between a bark and a yelp. A drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself. Every thing, in short, was comfortless and forlorn—excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

"I sauntered to the window and stood gazing at the people, picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted mid-leg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bells ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite; who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

"The day continued lowering and gloomy. The slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds, drifted heavily

along. There was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter—patter—patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella. It was quite *refreshing* (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when, in the course of the morning, a horn blew, and a stage coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins. The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, and the carroty-headed hostler, and that nondescript animal ycleped Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient. The coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, and hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes. The street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on.

"The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire, and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns, and breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns; and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chambermaids and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their night-caps, that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water and sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which, they one after another rang for "Boots" and the chambermaid, and walked off to bed, in old shoes, cut down into marvellously uncomfortable slippers.

"There was only one man left; a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large sandy head. He sat by himself with a glass of port wine negus, and a spoon; sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too! for the wick grew long, and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless, and almost spectral box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain, drop—drop—drop, from the eaves of the house."

Vol. i. pp. 112—130.

The whole description of the Lady Lillycraft is equally good in its way; but we can only make room for the portraits of her canine attendants.

"She has brought two dogs with her also, out of a number of pets which she maintains at home. One is a fat spaniel, called Zephyr—though heaven defend me from such a zephyr! He is fed out of all shape and comfort; his eyes are nearly strained out of his head; he wheezes with corpulency, and cannot walk without great difficulty. The other is a little, old, grey-muzzled curmudgeon, with an unhappy eye, that kindles like a coal if you only look at him; his nose turns up; his mouth is drawn into wrinkles, so as to show his teeth; in short, he has altogether the look of a dog far gone in misanthropy, and totally sick of the world. When he walks, he has his tail curled up so tight that it seems to lift his hind feet from the ground; and he seldom makes use of more than three legs at a time, keeping the other drawn up as a reserve. This last wretch is called Beauty.

"These dogs are full of elegant ailments unknown to vulgar dogs; and are petted and nursed by Lady Lillycraft with the tenderest kindness. They have cushions for their express use, on which they lie before the fire, and yet are apt to shiver and moan if there is the least draught of air When any one enters the room, they make a most tyrannical barking that is absolutely deafening. They are insolent to all the other dogs of the establishment. There is a noble stag-hound, a great favourite of the squire's, who is a privileged visitor to the parlour; but the moment he makes his appearance, these intruders fly at him with furious rage; and I have admired the sovereign indifference and contempt with which he seems to look down upon his puny assailants. When her ladyship drives out, these dogs are generally carried with her to take the air; when they look out of each window of the carriage, and bark at all vulgar pedestrian dogs."

Vol. i. pp. 75—77.

We shall venture on but one extract more—and it shall be a specimen of the author's more pensive vein. It is from the chapter of "Family Reliques;" and affords, especially in the latter part, another striking instance of the pathetic melody of his style. The introductory part is also a good specimen of his sedulous, and not altogether unsuccessful imitation of the inimitable diction and colloquial graces of Addison.

"The place, however, which abounds most with mementos of past times, is the picture gallery; and there is something strangely pleasing, though melancholy, in considering the long rows of portraits which compose the greater part of the collection. They furnish a kind of narrative of the lives of the family worthies, which I am enabled to read with the assistance of the venerable housekeeper, who is the family chronicler, prompted occasionally by Master Simon. There is the progress of a fine lady, for instance, through a variety of portraits. One represents her as a little girl, with a long waist and hoop, holding a kitten in her arms, and ogling the spectator out of the corners of her eyes, as if she could not turn her head. In another we find her in the freshness of youthful beauty, when she was a celebrated belle, and so hard-hearted as to cause several unfortunate gentlemen to run desperate and write bad poetry. In another she is depicted as a stately dame, in the maturity of her charms, next to the portrait of her husband, a gallant colonel in full-bottomed wig and gold-laced hat, who was killed abroad: and, finally, her monument is in the church, the spire of which may be seen from the window, where her effigy is carved in marble, and represents her as a venerable dame of seventy-six.—There is one group that particularly interested me. It consisted of four sisters of nearly the same age, who flourished about a century since, and, if I may judge from their portraits, were extremely beautiful. I can imagine what a scene of gaiety and romance this old mansion must have been, when they were in the hey-day of their charms; when they passed like beautiful visions through its halls, or stepped daintily to music in the revels and dances of the cedar gallery; or printed, with delicate feet, the velvet verdure of these lawns," &c.

"When I look at these faint records of gallantry and tenderness; when I contemplate the fading portraits of these beautiful girls, and think that they have long since bloomed, reigned, grown old, died, and passed away, and with them all their graces, their triumphs, their rivalries, their admirers; the whole empire of love and pleasure in which they ruled—'all dead, all buried, all forgotten,'—I find a cloud of melancholy stealing over the present gaieties around me. I was gazing, in a musing mood, this very morning, at the portrait of the lady whose husband was killed abroad, when the fair Julia entered the gallery, leaning on the arm of the captain. The sun shone through the row of windows on her as she passed along, and she seemed to beam out each time into brightness, and relapse again into shade, until the door at the bottom of the gallery finally closed after her. I felt a sadness of heart at the idea, that this was an emblem of her lot; a few more years of sunshine and shade, and all this life, and loveliness, and enjoyment, will have ceased, and nothing be left to commemorate this beautiful being but one more perishable portrait; to awaken, perhaps, the trite speculations of some future loiterer, like myself, when I also and my scribblings shall have lived through our brief existence and been forgotten."—Vol. i. pp. 64, 65.

We can scarcely afford room even to allude to the rest of this elegant miscellany. "Ready-money Jack" is admirable throughout—and the old General very good. The lovers are, as usual, the most insipid. The Gypsies are sketched with great elegance as well as spirit—and Master Simon is quite delightful, in all the varieties of his ever versatile character. Perhaps the most pleasing thing about all these personages, is the perfect innocence and singleness of purpose which seems to belong to them—and which, even when it raises a gentle smile at their expense, breathes over the whole scene they inhabit an air of attraction and respect—like that which reigns in the De Coverley pictures of Addison. Of the exotic Ta[illegible] fill up the volumes, that of [illegible] is incomparably the best-[illegible] acteristic, perhaps, both [illegible] of imagination and cast of hu[illegible] thing else in the work. "The Stu[illegible] Salamanca" is too long; and deals rathe[illegible] largely in the commonplaces of romantic adventure:—while "Annette de la Barbe," though pretty and pathetic in some passages, is, on the whole, rather *fade* and finical—and too much in the style of the sentimental afterpieces which we have lately borrowed from the Parisian theatres.

On the whole, we are very sorry to receive Mr. Crayon's farewell—and we return it with the utmost cordiality. We thank him most sincerely, for the pleasure he has given us—for the kindness he has shown to our country—and for the lessons he has taught, both here and in his native land, of good taste, good nature, and national liberality. We hope he will come back among us soon—and remember us while he is away; and can assure him, that he is in no danger of being speedily forgotten.

(April, 1807.)

A Portraiture of Quakerism, as taken from a View of the Moral Education, Discipline, Peculiar Customs, Religious Principles, Political and Civil Economy, and Character of the Society of Friends. By Thomas Clarkson, M. A. Author of several Essays on the Subject of the Slave Trade. 8vo. 3 vols. London: 1806.

This, we think, is a book peculiarly fitted for reviewing: For it contains many things which most people will have some curiosity to hear about; and is at the same time so intolerably dull and tedious, that no voluntary reader could possibly get through with it.

The author, whose meritorious exertions for the abolition of the slave trade brought him into public notice a great many years ago, was recommended by this circumstance to the favour and the confidence of the Quakers, who had long been unanimous in that good cause; and was led to such an extensive and cordial intercourse with them in all parts of the kingdom, that he came at last to have a more thorough knowledge of their tenets and living manners than any other person out of the society could easily obtain. The effect of this knowledge has evidently been to excite in him such an affection and esteem for those worthy sectaries, as we think can scarcely fail to issue in his public conversion; and, in the mean time, has produced a more minute exposition, and a more elaborate defence of their doctrines and practices, than has recently been drawn from any of their own body.

The book, which is full of repetitions and plagiarisms, is distributed into a number of needless sections, arranged in a most unnatural and inconvenient order. All that any body can want to know about the Quakers, might evidently have been told, either under the head of their Doctrinal tenets, or of their peculiar Practices; but Mr. Clarkson, with a certain elaborate infelicity of method, chooses to discuss the merits of this society under the several titles, of their moral education—their discipline—their peculiar customs—their religion—their great tenets—and their character; and not finding even this ample distribution sufficient to include all he had to say on the subject, he fills a supplemental half-volume, with repetitions and trifles, under the humiliating name of miscellaneous particulars.

Quakerism had certainly undergone a considerable change in the quality and spirit of its votaries, from the time when George Fox went about pronouncing woes against cities, attacking priests in their pulpits, and exhorting justices of the peace to do justice, to the time when such men as Penn and Barclay came into the society "by convincement," and published such vindications of its doctrine, as few of its opponents have found it convenient to answer. The change since their time appears to have been much less considerable. The greater part of these volumes may be considered, indeed, as a wilful deterioration of Barclay's Apology: and it is only where he treats of the private manners and actual opinions of the modern Quakers, that Mr. Clarkson communicates any thing which a curious reader might not have learnt

from that celebrated production. The laudatory and argumentative tone which he maintains throughout, gives an air of partiality to his statements which naturally diminishes our reliance on their accuracy: and as the argument is often extremely bad, and the praise apparently unmerited, we are rather inclined to think that his work will make a less powerful impression in favour of the "friends," than might have been effected by a more moderate advocate. With many praiseworthy maxims and principles for their moral conduct, the Quakers, we think, have but little to say for most of their peculiar practices; and make a much better figure when defending their theological mysteries, than when vindicating the usages by which they are separated from the rest of the people in the ordinary intercourse of life. It will be more convenient, however, to state our observations on their reasonings, as we attend Mr. Clarkson through his account of their principles and practice.

He enters upon his task with such a wretched display of false eloquence, that we were very near throwing away the book. Our readers will scarcely accuse us of impatience, when we inform them that the dissertation on the moral education of the Quakers begins with the following sentence:—

"When the blooming spring sheds abroad its benign influence, man feels it equally with the rest of created nature. The blood circulates more freely, and a new current of life seems to be diffused in his veins. The aged man is enlivened, and the sick man feels himself refreshed. Good spirits and cheerful countenances succeed. But as the year changes in its seasons, and rolls round to its end, the tide seems to slacken, and the current of feeling to return to its former level."—Vol. i. p. 13.

This may serve, once for all, as a specimen of Mr. Clarkson's taste and powers in fine writing, and as an apology for our abstaining, in our charity, for making any further observations on his style. Under the head of moral education, we are informed that the Quakers discourage, and strictly prohibit in their youth, all games of chance, music, dancing, novel reading, field sports of every description, and, in general, the use of idle words and unprofitable conversation. The motives of these several prohibitions are discussed in separate chapters of extreme dulness and prolixity. It is necessary, however, in order to come to a right understanding with those austere persons and their apologist, to enter a little into the discussion.

The basis of the Quaker morality seems evidently to be, that gaiety and merriment ought, upon all occasions, to be discouraged; that everything which tends merely to exhilaration or enjoyment, has in it a taint of criminality; and that one of the chief duties of man is to be always serious and solemn, and constantly occupied, either with his worldly prosperity, or his eternal welfare. If it were not for the attention which is thus permitted to the accumulation of wealth, the Quakers would scarcely be distinguishable from the other gloomy sectaries, who maintain, that man was put into this world for no other purpose, but to mortify himself into a proper condition for the next;—that all our feelings of ridicule and sociality, and all the spring and gaiety of the animal spirits of youth, were given us only for our temptation; and that, considering the shortness of this life, and the risk he runs of damnation after it, man ought evidently to pass his days in dejection and terror, and to shut his heart to every pleasurable emotion which this transitory scene might hold out to the unthinking. The fundamental folly of these ascetic maxims has prevented the Quakers from adopting them in their full extent; but all the peculiarities of their manners may evidently be referred to this source; and the qualifications and exceptions under which they maintain the duty of abstaining from enjoyment, serve only, in most instances, to bring upon their reasonings the additional charge of inconsistency.

Their objection to cards, dice, wagers, horse-races, &c. is said to be, first, that they may lead to a spirit of gaming, which leads, again, to obvious unhappiness and immorality; but chiefly, that they are sources of amusement unworthy of a sober Christian, and tend, by producing an unreasonable excitement, to disturb that tranquillity and equanimity which they look upon as essential to moral virtue

"They believe," says Mr. Clarkson, "that stillness and quietness both of spirit and of body, are necessary, as far as they can be obtained. Hence, Quaker children are rebuked for all expressions of anger, as tending to raise those feelings which ought to be suppressed: a raising even of the voice beyond due bounds, is discouraged as leading to the disturbance of their minds. They are taught to rise in the morning in quietness; to go about their ordinary occupation with quietness; and to retire in quietness to their beds."

Now this, we think, is a very miserable picture. The great curse of life, we believe, in all conditions above the lowest, is its excessive stillness and quietness, and the want of interest and excitement which it affords: and though we certainly do not approve of cards and wagers as the best exhilarators of the spirits, we cannot possibly concur in the principle upon which they are rejected with such abhorrence by this rigid society. A remark which Mr. Clarkson himself makes afterwards, might have led him to doubt of the soundness of their petrifying principles.

"It has often been observed," he says, "that a *Quaker Boy* has an unnatural appearance. The idea has arisen from his dress and his sedateness, which, taken together, have produced an appearance of age above the youth in his countenance. I have often been surprised to hear young Quakers talk of the folly and vanity of pursuits in which persons, older than themselves, were then embarking in pursuit of pleasure." &c.

We feel no admiration, we will confess, for prodigies of this description; and think that the world is but little indebted to those moralists, who, in their efforts to ameliorate our condition, begin with constraining the volatile spirit of childhood into sedateness, and extinguishing the happy carelessness and animation of youth, by lessons of eternal quietness.

The next chapter is against music; and is, as might be expected, one of the most absurd and extravagant of the whole. This is Mr. Clarkson's statement of the Quaker reasoning against this delightful art.

"Providence gave originally to man a beautiful and a perfect world. He filled it with things necessary, and things delightful: and yet man has often turned these from their true and original design. The very wood on the surface of the earth he has cut down, and the very stone and metal in its bowels he has hewn and cast, and converted into a graven image, and worshipped in the place of his beneficent Creator. The food which he has given him for his nourishment, he has frequently converted by his intemperance into the means of injuring his health. The wine, that was designed to make his heart glad, on reasonable and necessary occasions, he has used often to the stupefaction of his senses, and the degradation of his moral character. The very raiment, which has been afforded him for his body, he has abused also, so that it has frequently become a source for the excitement of his pride.

"Just so it has been, and so it is, with Music, at the present day."

We do not think we ever before met with an argument so unskilfully, or rather so preposterously put: Since, if it follows, from *these premises*, that music ought to be entirely rejected and avoided, it must follow also, that we should go naked, and neither eat nor drink! and as to the arguments that follow against the cultivation of music, because there are some obscene and some bacchanalian songs, which it would be improper for young persons to learn, they are obviously capable of being used, with exactly the same force, against their learning to read, because there are immoral and heretical books, which may possibly fall into their hands. The most authentic and sincere reason, however, we believe, is one which rests immediately upon the general ascetic principle to which we have already made reference, viz. that "music tends to *self-gratification*, which is not allowable in the Christian system." Now, as this same self-denying principle is really at the bottom of most of the Quaker prohibitions, it may be worth while to consider, in a few words, how far it can be reconciled to reason or morality.

All men, we humbly conceive, are under the necessity of pursuing their own happiness; and cannot even be conceived as ever pursuing any thing else. The only difference between the sensualist and the ascetic is, that the former pursues an immediate, and the other a remote happiness; or, that the one pursues an intellectual, and the other a bodily gratification. The penitent who passes his days in mortification, does so unquestionably from the love of enjoyment; either because he thinks this the surest way to attain eternal happiness in a future world, or because he finds the admiration of mankind a sufficient compensation, even in this life, for the hardships by which he extorts it. It appears, therefore, that self-gratification, so far from being an unlawful object of pursuit, is necessarily *the only object* which a rational being can be conceived to pursue; and consequently, that to argue against any practice, merely that it is attended with enjoyment, is to give it a recommendation which must operate in its favour, in the first instance at least, even with the most rigid moralist. The only sound or consistent form of the argument, in short, is that which was manfully adopted by the mortified hermits of the early ages; but is expressly disclaimed for the Quakers by their present apologist, viz. that our well-being in this world is a matter of so very little concern, that it is altogether unworthy of a reasonable being to bestow any care upon it; and that our chance of well-being in another world depends so much upon our anxious endeavours after piety upon earth, that it is our duty to employ every moment of our fleeting and uncertain lives in meditation and prayer; and consequently altogether sinful and imprudent to indulge any propensities which may interrupt those holy exercises, or beget in us any interest in sublunary things.

There is evidently a tacit aspiration after this sublime absurdity in almost all the Quaker prohibitions; and we strongly suspect, that honest George Fox, when he inhabited a hollow tree in the vale of Beevor, taught nothing less to his disciples. The condemnation of music and dancing, and all idle speaking, was therefore quite consistent in him; but since the permission of gainful arts, and of most of the luxuries which wealth can procure, to his disciples, it is no longer so easy to reconcile these condemnations, either to reason, or to the rest of their practice. A Quaker may suspend all apparent care of his salvation, and occupy himself entirely with his worldly business, for six days in the week, like any other Christian. It is even thought laudable in him to set an example of diligence and industry to those around him; and the fruits of this industry he is by no means required to bestow in relieving the poor, or for the promotion of piety. He is allowed to employ it for self-gratification, in almost every way—but the most social and agreeable! He may keep an excellent table and garden, and be driven about in an easy chariot by a pious coachman and two, or even four, plump horses; but his plate must be without carving, and his carriage and horses (perhaps his flowers also) of a dusky colour. His guests may talk of oxen and broadcloth as long as they think fit, but wit and gaiety are entirely proscribed, and topics of literature but rarely allowed. His boys and girls are bred up to a premature knowledge of bargaining and housekeeping; but when their bounding spirits are struggling in every limb, they must not violate their *sedateness* by a single skip;—their *stillness* must not be disturbed by raising their voices beyond their common pitch;—and they would be disowned, if they were to tune their innocent voices in a hymn to their great Benefactor! We cannot help saying, that all this is absurd and indefensible. Either let the Quakers renounce all the enjoyments of this life, or take all that are innocent. The pursuit of wealth surely holds out a greater temptation to immorality, than the study of music. Let them, then, either disown those who accumulate more than is necessary for their subsist-

ence, or permit those who have leisure, to employ it in something better than money-getting. To allow a man to have a house and retinue, from the expenses of which fifty poor families might be supported, and at the same time to interdict a fold in his coat, or a ruffle to his shirt, on account of their costliness and vanity, is as ridiculous, and as superstitious, as it is for the Church of Rome to permit one of her cardinals to sit down, on a meagre day, to fifty costly and delicious dishes of fish and pastry, while it excommunicates a peasant for breaking through the holy abstinence with a morsel of rusty bacon. With those general impressions, we shall easily dispose of their other peculiarities.

The amusements of the theatre are strictly forbidden to Quakers of every description; and this, partly because many plays are immoral, but chiefly because, on the stage, "men personate characters that are not their own; and thus become altogether sophisticated in their looks, words, and actions, which is contrary to the simplicity and truth required by Christianity!" We scarcely think the Quakers will be much obliged to Mr. Clarkson for imputing this kind of reasoning to them: And, for our own parts, we would much rather hear at once that the play-house was the Devil's drawing-room, and that the actors painted their faces, and therefore deserved the fate of Jezebel. As to the sin of personating characters not their own, and sophisticating their looks and words, it is necessarily committed by every man who reads aloud a Dialogue from the New Testament, or who adopts, from the highest authority, a dramatic form in his preaching. As to the other objection, that theatrical amusements produce too high a degree of excitement for the necessary sedateness of a good Christian, we answer, in the first place, that we do not see why a good Christian should be more sedate than his innocence and natural gaiety may dispose him to be; and, in the second place, that the objection proves Mr. Clarkson to be laudably ignorant of the state of the modern drama,—which, we are credibly informed, is by no means so extremely interesting, as to make men neglect their business and their duties to run after it.

Next comes dancing.—The Quakers prohibit this strictly; 1st, because it implies the accompaniment of music, which has been already interdicted; 2dly, because "it is useless, and below the dignity of the Christian character;" 3dly, because it implies assemblies of idle persons, which lead to thoughtlessness as to the important duties of life; 4thly, because it gives rise to silly vanity, and envying, and malevolence. The lovers of dancing, we think, will be able to answer those objections without our farther assistance; such of them as have not been already obviated, are applicable, and are in fact applied by the Quakers, to every species of accomplishment. They are applicable also, though the Quakers do *not* so apply them, to all money-getting occupations in which there is room for rivalry and competition.

The reading of novels is next prohibited, not so much, Mr. Clarkson assures us, on account of their fictitious nature, though that is ground enough for the abhorrence of many Quakers, but on account of their general immorality, and their tendency to produce an undue excitement of mind, and to alienate the attention from objects of serious importance. These are good reasons against the reading of immoral novels, and against making them our sole or our principal study. Other moralists are contented with selecting and limiting the novels they allow to be read. The Quakers alone make it an abomination to read any; which is like prohibiting all use of wine or animal food, instead of restricting our censures to the excess or abuse of them.

Last of all, the sports of the field are prohibited, partly on account of the animal suffering they produce, and partly from the habits of idleness and ferocity which they are supposed to generate. This is Mr. Clarkson's account of the matter; but we shall probably form a more correct idea of the true Quaker principle, from being told that George Fox "considered that man in the fall, or the apostate man, had a vision so indistinct and vitiated, that he could *not see the animals of the creation as he ought;* but that the man who was restored, or the spiritual Christian, had a new and clear discernment concerning them, which would oblige him to consider and treat them in a proper manner." The Quakers, however, allow the netting of animals for food; and cannot well object therefore to shooting them, provided it be done about for the same economical purpose, and not for self-gratification,—at least in the act of killing.

Mr. Clarkson proceeds next to discuss the discipline, as he calls it, or interior government of the Quaker society; but we think it more natural to proceed to the consideration of what he announces as their peculiar customs, which, for any thing we see, might all have been classed among the prohibitions which constitute their moral education.

The first, is the peculiarity of their dress. The original rule, he says, was only that it should be plain and cheap. He vindicates George Fox, we think very successfully, from the charge of having gone about in a leathern doublet; and maintains, that the present dress of the Quakers is neither more nor less than the common dress of grave and sober persons of the middling rank at the first institution of the society; and that they have retained it, not out of any superstitious opinion of its sanctity, but because they thought it would indicate a frivolous vanity to change it, unless for some reason of convenience. We should have thought it convenience enough to avoid singularity and misconstruction of motives. Except that the men now wear loops to their hats, and that the women have in a great measure given up their black hoods and green aprons, their *costume* is believed to be almost exactly the same as it was two hundred years ago. They have a similar rule as to their furniture; which, though sometimes elegant and costly, is uniformly plain, and free from glare or ostentation. In conformity with this principle, they do not decorate their houses with pictures or prints, and in general discourage the practice of taking portraits; for which piece of abstinence Mr. Clarkson gives the following simple reason. "The first Quakers considering themselves as poor helpless creatures, and as little better than dust and ashes, had but a mean idea of their own images!"

One of the most prominent peculiarities in the Quaker customs, relates to their language. They insist, in the first place, upon saying thou instead of you; and this was an innovation upon which their founder seems to have valued himself at least as much as upon any other part of his system. "The use of thou," says honest George Fox, with visible complacency, "was a sore cut to proud flesh!" and many beatings, and revilings, and hours of durance in the stocks, did he triumphantly endure for his intrepid adherence to this grammatical propriety. Except that it is (or rather was) grammatically correct, we really can see no merit in this form of speech. The chief Quaker reason for it, however, is, that the use of "you" to a single person is a heinous piece of flattery, and an instance of the grossest and meanest adulation. It is obvious, however, that what is applied to all men without exception, cannot well be adulation. If princes and patrons alone were called "you," while "thou" was still used to inferiors or equals, we could understand why the levelling principle of the Quakers should set itself against the distinction; but if "you" be invariably and indiscriminately used to the very lowest of mankind,—to negroes, felons, and toad-eaters,—it is perfectly obvious, that no person's vanity can possibly be puffed up by receiving it; and that the most contemptuous misanthropist may employ it without any scruple. Comparing the said pronouns together, indeed, in this respect, it is notorious, that "thou" is, with us, by far the most flattering compellation of the two. It is the form in which men address the Deity; and in which all tragical love letters, and verses of solemn adulation, are conceived. "You" belongs unquestionably to familiar and equal conversation. In truth, it is altogether absurd to consider "you" as exclusively a plural pronoun in the modern English language. It may be a matter of *history* that it was originally used as a plural only; and it may be a matter of *theory* that it was first applied to individuals on a principle of flattery; but the *fact* is, that it is now our second person singular. When applied to an individual, it never excites any idea either of plurality or of adulation; but excites precisely and exactly the idea that was excited by the use of "thou" in an earlier stage of the language. There is no more impropriety in the use of it, therefore, than in the use of any modern term which has superseded an obsolete one; nor any more virtue in reviving the use of "thou," than there would be in reviving any other antiquated word. It would be just as reasonable to talk always of our *doublets* and *hose*, and eschew all mention of *coats* or *stockings*, as a fearful abomination.

The same observations apply to the other Quaker principle of refusing to call any man Mr. or Sir, or to subscribe themselves in their letters, as any man's humble servant. Their reasons for this refusal, are, first, that the common phrases import a falsehood; and, secondly, that they puff up vain man with conceit. Now, as to the falsehood, we have to observe, that the words objected to, really do not mean any thing about bondage or dominion when used on those occasions; and neither are so understood, nor are in danger of being so understood, by any one who hears them. Words are significant sounds; and, beyond question, it is solely in consequence of the meaning they convey, that men can be responsible for using them. Now the only meaning which can be inquired after in this respect, is the meaning of the person who speaks, and of the person who hears; but neither the speaker nor the hearer, with us, understand the appellation of Mr., prefixed to a man's name, to import any mastership or dominion in him relatively to the other. It is merely a customary addition, which means nothing but that you wish to speak of the individual with civility. That the word employed to signify this, is the same word, or very near the same word, with one which, on other occasions, signifies a master over servants, does not at all affect its meaning upon this occasion. It does not, in fact, signify any such thing when prefixed to a man's proper name; and though it might have been used at first out of servility, with a view to that relation, it is long since that connection has been lost; and it now signifies nothing but what is perfectly true and correct.

Etymology can point out a multitude of words which, with the same sound and orthography, have thus come to acquire a variety of significations, and which even the Quakers think it sufficiently lawful to use in them all. A *stage*, for example, signifies a certain distance on the road—or a raised platform—or a carriage that travels periodically—or a certain point in the progress of any affair. It could easily be shown, too, that all these different meanings spring from each other, and were gradually attributed to what was originally one and the same word. The words, however, are now substantially multiplied, to correspond with the meanings; and though they have the same sound and orthography, are never confounded by any one who is acquainted with the language. But there is, in fact, the same difference between the word master, implying power and authority over servants, and the word Master or Mister prefixed to a proper name, and implying merely a certain degree of respect and civility. That there is no deception either intended or effected, must be admitted by the Quakers themselves: and it is not easy to conceive how the guilt of falsehood can be incurred without some such intention. Upon the very same principle, they would themselves be guilty of falsehood, if they called a friend by his name of *Walker*, when he was mounted in his one-horse chaise, or by his name of

Smith, if he did not happen to be a worker in metal.

The most amusing part of the matter, however, is, that in their abhorrence of this etymological falsehood, they have themselves adopted a practice, which is liable, on the same principles, to more serious objections. Though they will not call any body Sir, or Master, they call every body "Friend;" although it is evident that, to a stranger, this must be mere civility, like the words they reject, and to an enemy must approach nearly to insincerity. They have rejected an established phraseology, therefore, to adopt one much more proper to fill them with scruples. We have dwelt too long, however, on this paltry casuistry; and must leave our readers to apply these observations to our common epistolary salutations, which are exactly in the same predicament.

For similar, or rather for more preposterous reasons, the Quakers have changed the names of the months and of the days of the week. Some of them are named, it seems, after the Heathen gods; and therefore the use of them "seemed to be expressive of a kind of idolatrous homage." If such a new calendar had been devised by the original Christians, when March and June were not only named after Mars and Juno, but distinguished by particular festivals in their honour, we could have comprehended the motive of the innovation; but, now-a-days, when Mars and Juno are no more thought of than Hector or Hecuba, and when men would as soon think of worshipping an ape or a crocodile as either of them, it does appear to us the very acmé of absurdity to suppose that there can be any idolatry in naming their names. In point of fact, whatever the matter may be etymologically or historically, we conceive that Wednesday and Thursday are words in modern English that have no sort of reference to the gods Woden and Thor: Since they certainly raise no ideas connected with those personages, and are never used with the intention of raising any such ideas. As they are used at present, therefore, they do not signify days dedicated to these divinities; but merely the days that come between Tuesday and Friday in our calendar. Those who think otherwise must maintain also, that the English word *expedient* actually signifies untying of feet, and the word *consideration* a taking of stars together.

Another of their peculiar customs is, that they will not pull off their hats, or make a bow to any body. This is one of their most ancient and respected canons. "George Fox," Mr. Clarkson assures us, "was greatly grieved about these idle ceremonies. He lamented that men should degrade themselves by the use of them, and that they should encourage habits that were abhorrent of the truth." Honest George! He was accordingly repeatedly beaten and abused for his refractoriness in this particular; and a long story is told in this volume, of a controversy he had with Judge Glynn, whom he posed with a citation from Daniel, purporting, that the three children were cast into the fiery furnace "with their hats on." Is it possible however to believe, that any rational being can imagine that there is any sin in lifting off one's hat, or bending the body? It is an easy and sufficiently convenient way of showing our respect or attention. A good-natured man could do a great deal more to gratify a mere stranger; and if there be one individual who would take the omission amiss, that alone would be a sufficient reason for persisting in the practice.

Mr. Clarkson next discusses the private manners of this rigid sect, and admits that they are rather dull, cold, and taciturn. Their principles prohibit them from the use of idle words; under which they include every sort of conversation introduced merely for gaiety or amusement. Their neglect of classical literature cuts off another great topic. Politics are proscribed, as leading to undue warmth; and all sorts of scandal and gossip, and allusion to public spectacles or amusements, for a more fundamental reason. Thus, they have little to talk about but their health, their business, or their religion; and all these things they think it a duty to discuss in a concise and sober manner. They say no graces; but when their meal is on the table, they sit silent, and in a thoughtful posture for a short time, waiting for an illapse of the spirit. If they are not moved to make any ejaculation, they begin to eat without more ado. They drink no healths, nor toasts; though not so much from the inconvenience of the thing, as because they conceive this to have been a bacchanalian practice borrowed from the Heathens of antiquity. They are very sober; and instead of sitting over their wine after dinner, frequently propose to their guests a walk before tea; the females do not leave the party during this interval. Their marriages are attended with no other ceremony, than that of taking each other by the hand in a public meeting, and declaring their willingness to be united. Notice, however, must be given of this intention at a previous meeting, when the consent of their parents is required, and a deputation appointed to inquire whether they are free from all previous engagements. Quakers marrying out of the society are disowned, though they may be again received into membership, on expressing their repentance for their marriage; a declaration which cannot be very flattering to the infidel spouse. There are many more women than men disowned for this transgression. The funerals of the Quakers are as free from solemnity as their marriages. They wear no mourning, and do not even cover their coffins with black;—they use no prayers on such occasions;—the body is generally carried to the meeting-house, before it is committed to the earth, and a short pause is made, during which any one who feels himself moved to speak, may address the congregation;—it is set down for a little time, also, at the edge of the grave, for the same opportunity;—it is then interred, and the friends and relations walk away. They use no vaults, and erect no monuments,—though they sometimes collect and preserve some account of

the lives and sayings of their more eminent and pious brethren.

On the subject of trade there is a good deal of casuistry among the Quakers. They strictly prohibit the slave-trade, and had the merit of passing a severe censure upon it so long ago as 1727. They also prohibit privateering, smuggling, and all traffic in weapons of war. Most other trades they allow; but under certain limitations. A Quaker may be a bookseller, but he must not sell any immoral book. He may be a dealer in spirits; but he must not sell to those whom he knows to be drunkards. He may even be a silversmith; but he must not deal in splendid ornaments for the person. In no case may he recommend his goods as fashionable. It is much and learnedly disputed in this volume, whether he may make or sell ribands and other fineries of this sort; or whether, as a tailor or hatter, he may furnish any other articles than such as the society patronises. Mention is also made of a Quaker tailor well known to King James II., who was so scrupulous in this respect, that "he would not allow his servants to put any corruptive finery upon the clothes which he had been employed to furnish;" and of one John Woolman, who "found himself sensibly weakened as a Christian, whenever he traded in things that served chiefly to please the vain mind, or people." Apart from these fopperies, however, the Quaker regulations for trade are excellent. They discourage all hazardous speculations, and all fictitious paper credit. If a member becomes bankrupt, a committee is appointed to inspect his affairs. If his insolvency is reported to have been produced by misconduct, he is disowned, and cannot be received back till he has paid his whole debts, even although he may have been discharged on a composition. If he has failed through misfortune, he continues in the society, but no contributions are received from him till his debts are fully paid.

When Quakers disagree, they seldom scold; and never fight or go to law. George Fox recommended them to settle all their differences by arbitration; and they have adhered to this practice ever since. Where the arbitrators are puzzled about the law, they may agree on a case, and consult counsel. When a Quaker disagrees with a person out of the society, he generally proposes arbitration in the first instance; if this be refused, he has no scruple of going to law.

We should now proceed to give some account of what Mr. Clarkson has called the four Great Tenets of the Quakers; but the length to which we have already extended these remarks must confine our observations to very narrow limits. The first is, That the civil magistrate has no right to interfere in religious matters, so as either to enforce attendance on one mode of worship, or to interdict any other which is harmless. In this, certainly, their doctrine is liable to very little objection. Their second great tenet is, That it is unlawful to swear upon any occasion whatsoever. We have not leisure now to discuss this point with Mr. Clarkson; indeed, from the obstruction which this scruple has so often occasioned to law proceedings, it has been discussed much oftener than any of the rest. Those who want to see a neat and forcible abstract of the Quaker reasoning on the subject, had better look into Barclay at once, instead of wading through the amplification of Mr. Clarkson.

Their third great tenet is, That it is unlawful to engage in the profession of arms. This is founded entirely upon a literal interpretation of certain texts of scripture, requiring men to love and bless their enemies, and to turn one cheek to him who had smitten the other, &c. It is commonly supposed, we believe, that these expressions were only meant to shadow out, by a kind of figure, that amicable and gentle disposition by which men should be actuated in their ordinary intercourse with each other, and by no means as a literal and peremptory directory for their conduct through life. In any other sense, indeed, they would evidently amount to an encouragement to all sorts of violence and injustice; and would entirely disable and annihilate all civil government, or authority among men. If evil is not to be resisted, and if the man who takes a cloak is to be pressed to a coat also, it is plain that the punishment of thieves and robbers must be just as unlawful as the resisting of invaders. It is remarkable, indeed, that the Quakers do not carry their literal submission to the scripture quite this length. They would struggle manfully for their cloaks; and, instead of giving the robber their coats also, would be very glad to have him imprisoned and flogged. If they can get rid of the letter of the law, however, in any case, it does appear to us, that there are occasionally stronger reasons for dispensing with the supposed prohibition of war than with any of the others. If they would be justified in killing a wild beast that had rushed into their habitation, they must be justified in killing an invader who threatens to subject them and the whole community to his brutal lust, rapacity, and cruelty. We must call it a degrading superstition that would withhold the hands of a man in such an emergency. The last great tenet is, That it is unlawful to give pecuniary hire to a gospel ministry. This, again, is entirely a war of texts; aided by a confused reference to the history of tithes, from which the following most logical deductions are made.

"First, that they are not in equity dues of the Church,—secondly, that the payment of them being compulsory, it would, if acceded to, be an acknowledgment that the civil magistrate had a right to use force in matters of religion—and, thirdly, that, being claimed upon an act which holds them forth as of divine right, any payment of them would be an acknowledgment of the *Jewish* religion, and that Christ had not yet actually come!"—III. 141.

After perusing all that we have now abstracted, Mr. Clarkson's readers might perhaps have been presumed capable of forming some conclusion for themselves as to the Quaker character; but the author chooses to make the inference for them, in a dissertation

of one hundred and fifty pages; to which we must satisfy ourselves, for the present, with making this general reference. We must use the same liberty with the "miscellaneous particulars," which fill nearly as many pages with an attempt to prove that the Quakers are a very happy people, that they have done good by the example of their virtues, and that those who have thoughts of leaving the society, had better think twice before they take a step of so much consequence.

We come now to say a few words on the subject of their interior government; which appears to us to be formed very much upon the model of the Presbyterian churches so long established in this part of the kingdom. The basis of the whole system is, that every member of the society is not only entitled, but bound in duty, to watch over the moral and religious deportment of any other whom he has an opportunity of observing, and to interfere for his admonition and correction when he sees cause. Till the year 1698, this duty was not peculiarly imposed upon any individual; but, since that time, four or five persons are named in each congregation, under the title of overseers, who are expected to watch over the conduct of the flock with peculiar anxiety. The half of these are women, who take charge of their own sex only. Four or five congregations are associated together, and hold a general *monthly* meeting of deputies, of both sexes, from each congregation. Two or more of each sex are deputed from these monthly meetings to the general *quarterly* meeting; which reunites all the congregations of a county, or larger district, according to the extent of the Quaker population; and those, again, send four of each sex to the great yearly meeting or convocation; which is regularly assembled in London, and continues its sitting for ten or twelve days.

The method of proceeding, where the conduct of a member has been disorderly, is, first, by private admonition, either by individuals, or by the overseers; where this is not effectual, the case is reported to the monthly meeting; who appoint a committee to deal with him, and, upon their report, either receive him back into communion, or expel him from the society by a written document, entitled, A Testimony of Disownment. From this sentence, however, he may appeal to the quarterly meeting, and from that to the yearly. These courts of review investigate the case by means of committees; of which none of those who pronounced the sentence complained of can be members.

In the monthly meetings, all presentations of marriages are received, and births and funerals registered;—contributions and arrangements are made for the relief of the poor;—persons are disowned, or received back;—and cases of scruples are stated and discussed. They likewise prepare answers to a series of standing queries as to the state and condition of their several congregations, which they transmit to the quarterly meeting. The quarterly meeting hears appeals,—receives the reports in answer to these queries,—and prepares, in its turn, a more general and comprehensive report for the great annual meeting in London. This assembly, again, hears appeals from the quarterly meetings, and receives their reports; and, finally, draws up a public or pastoral letter to the whole society, in which it communicates the most interesting particulars, as to its general state and condition, that have been collected from the reports laid before it,—makes such suitable admonitions and exhortations for their moral and civil conduct, as the complexion of the times, or the nature of these reports have suggested,—and recommends to their consideration any project or proposition that may have been laid before it, for the promotion of religion, and the good of mankind. The slave-trade has, of late years, generally formed one of the topics of this general epistle, which is printed and circulated throughout the society. In all their meetings, the male and female deputies assemble, and transact their business, in separate apartments; meeting together only for worship, or for making up their general reports. The wants of the poor are provided for by the monthly meetings, who appoint certain overseers to visit and relieve them: The greater part of these overseers are women; and whatever they find wanting in the course of their visits, money, clothes, or medicines, they order, and their accounts are settled by the treasurer of the monthly meeting. Where it happens that there are more poor in any one district than can easily be relieved by the more opulent brethren within it, the deficiency is supplied by the quarterly meeting to which it is subjected. The children of the poor are all taught to read and write at the public expense, and afterwards bound apprentice to trades;—the females are generally destined for service, and placed in Quaker families.

"Such," says Mr. Clarkson, with a very natural exultation on the good management of his favourites, "such is the organisation of the discipline or government of the Quakers. Nor may it improperly be called a Government, when we consider, that, besides all matters relating to the church, it takes cognisance of the actions of Quakers to Quakers, and of these to their fellow-citizens; and of these, again, to the state; in fact, of all actions of Quakers, if immoral in the eye of the society, as soon as they are known. It gives out its prohibitions. It marks its crimes. It imposes offices on its subjects. It calls them to disciplinary duties. This government, however, notwithstanding its power, has, as I observed before, no president or head, either permanent or temporary. There is no first man through the whole society. Neither has it any badge of office—or mace, or constable's staff, or sword. It may be observed, also, that it has no office of emolument by which its hands can be strengthened—neither minister, elder, clerk, overseer, or deputy, being paid: and yet its administration is firmly conducted, and its laws are better obeyed than laws by persons under any other denomination or government." I. 246, 247.

We have nothing now to discuss with these good people, but their religion: and with this we will not meddle. It is quite clear to us, that their founder George Fox was exceedingly insane; and though we by no means suspect many of his present followers of the same malady, we cannot help saying that most of their peculiar doctrines are too high-flown for our humble apprehension. They hold that God has at all times communicated a certain portion of the *Spirit*, or *word*, or *light*, to mankind; but has given very different portions of it to different individuals: that, in consequence of this inward illumination, not only the ancient patriarchs and prophets, but many of the old heathen philosophers, were very good Christians: that no kind of worship or preaching can be acceptable or profitable, unless it flow from the immediate inspiration and movement of this inward spirit; and that all ordination, or appointment of priests, is therefore impious and unavailing. They are much attached to the Holy Ghost; but are supposed to reject the doctrine of the Trinity; as they certainly reject the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, with all other rites, ordinances, and ceremonies, known or practised in any other Christian church. These tenets they justify by various citations from the New Testament, and the older fathers; as any one may see in the works of Barclay and Penn, with rather more satisfaction than in this of Mr. Clarkson. We enter not at present into these disputations.

Upon the whole, we are inclined to believe the Quakers to be a tolerably honest, painstaking, and inoffensive set of Christians. Very stupid, dull, and obstinate, we presume, in conversation; and tolerably lumpish and fatiguing in domestic society: active and methodical in their business, and narrow-minded and ill-informed as to most other particulars: beneficent from habit and the discipline of the society; but cold in their affections, and inwardly chilled into a sort of Chinese apathy, by the restraints to which they are continually subjected; childish and absurd in their religious scruples and peculiar usages, and singularly unlearned as a sect of theologians; but exemplary, above all other sects, for the decency of their lives, for their charitable indulgence to all other persuasions, for their care of their poor, and for the liberal participation they have afforded to their women in all the duties and honours of the society.

We would not willingly insinuate any thing against the general sincerity of those who remain in communion with this body; but Mr. Clarkson has himself noticed, that when they become opulent, they are very apt to fall off from it; and indeed we do not recollect ever to have seen either a Quaker gentleman of fortune, or a Quaker day-labourer. The truth is, that ninety-nine out of a hundred of them are engaged in trade; and as they all deal and correspond with each other, it is easy to see what advantages they must have as traders, from belonging to so great a corporation. A few follow the medical profession; and a still smaller number that of conveyancing; but they rely, in both, almost exclusively on the support of their brethren of the society. It is rather remarkable, that Mr. Clarkson has not given us any sort of estimate or calculation of their present numbers in England; though, from the nature of their government, it must be known to most of their leading members. It is the general opinion, it seems, that they are gradually diminishing.

(July, 1813.)

Memoirs of the Private and Public Life of William Penn. By Thomas Clarkson, M. A. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 1020. London: 1813.

It is impossible to look into any of Mr. Clarkson's books, without feeling that he is an excellent man—and a very bad writer. Many of the defects of his composition, indeed, seem to be directly referrible to the amiableness of his disposition. An earnestness for truth and virtue, that does not allow him to waste any thought upon the ornaments by which they may be recommended—and a simplicity of character which is not aware that what is substantially respectable may be made dull or ridiculous by the manner in which it is presented—are virtues which we suspect not to have been very favourable to his reputation as an author. Feeling in himself not only an entire toleration of honest tediousness, but a decided preference for it upon all occasions over mere elegance or ingenuity, he seems to have transferred a little too hastily to books those principles of judgment which are admirable when applied to men; and to have forgotten, that though dulness may be a very venial fault in a good man, it is such a fault in a book as to render its goodness of no avail whatsoever. Unfortunately for Mr. Clarkson, moral qualities alone will not make a good writer; nor are they even of the first importance on such an occasion: And accordingly, with all his philanthropy, piety, and inflexible honesty, he has not escaped the sin of tediousness,—and that to a degree that must render him almost illegible to any but Quakers, Reviewers, and others, who make public profession of patience insurmountable. He has no taste, and no spark of vivacity—not the vestige of an ear for harmony—and a prolixity of which modern times have scarcely preserved any other example. He seems to have a sufficiently sound and clear judgment, but no great acuteness of understanding; and, though visibly tasking himself to judge charitably and speak candidly of all men, is evidently beset with such antipathy to all who persecute Quakers, or maltreat negroes, as to make him very unwilling to report any thing in their favour. On the other hand, he has great industry—scrupulous veracity—and that serious and sober enthusiasm for his subject, which

is sure in the long run to disarm ridicule, and win upon inattention—and is frequently able to render vulgarity impressive, and simplicity sublime. Moreover, and above all, he is perfectly free from affectation; so that, though we may be wearied, we are never disturbed or offended—and read on, in tranquillity, till we find it impossible to read any more.

It will be guessed, however, that it is not on account of its literary merits that we are induced to take notice of the work before us. William Penn, to whose honour it is wholly devoted, was, beyond all doubt, a personage of no ordinary standard—and ought, before this time, to have met with a biographer capable of doing him justice. He is most known, and most deserving of being known, as the settler of Pennsylvania; but his private character also is interesting, and full of those peculiarities which distinguished the temper and manners of a great part of the English nation at the period in which he lived. His theological and polemical exploits are no less characteristic of the man and of the times;—though all that is really edifying in this part of his history might have been given in about one-twentieth part of the space which is allotted to it in the volumes of Mr. Clarkson.

William Penn was born in 1644, the only son of Admiral Sir W. Penn, the representative of an ancient and honourable family in Buckingham and Gloucestershire. He was regularly educated; and entered a Gentleman Commoner at Christ's Church, Oxford, where he distinguished himself very early for his proficiency both in classical learning and athletic exercises. When he was only about sixteen, however, he was roused to a sense of the corruptions of the established faith, by the preaching of one Thomas Loe, a Quaker—and immediately discontinued his attendance at chapel; and, with some other youths of his own way of thinking, began to hold prayer meetings in their private apartments. This, of course, gave great scandal and offence to his academical superiors; and a large fine, with suitable admonitions, were imposed on the young nonconformist. Just at this critical period, an order was unluckily received from Court to resume the use of the surplice, which it seems had been discontinued almost ever since the period of the Reformation; and the sight of this unfortunate vestment, "operated," as Mr. Clarkson expresses it, "so *disagreeably* on William Penn, that he could not bear it! and, joining himself with some other young gentlemen, he fell upon those students who appeared in surplices, and tore them every where over their heads." This, we conceive, was not quite correct, even as a Quaker proceeding; and was but an unpromising beginning for the future champion of religious liberty. Its natural consequence, however, was, that he and his associates were, without further ceremony, expelled from the University; and when he went home to his father, and attempted to justify by argument the measures he had adopted, it was no less natural that the good Admiral should give him a good box on the ear, and turn him to the door.

This course of discipline, however, not proving immediately effectual, he was sent upon his travels, along with some other young gentlemen, and resided for two years in France, and the Low Countries; but without any change either in those serious views of religion, or those austere notions of morality, by which his youth had been so prematurely distinguished. On his return, his father again endeavoured to subdue him to a more worldly frame of mind; first, by setting him to study law at Lincoln's Inn; and afterwards, by sending him to the Duke of Ormond's court at Dublin, and giving him the charge of his large possessions in that kingdom. These expedients might perhaps have been attended with success, had he not accidentally again fallen in (at Cork) with his old friend Thomas Loe, the Quaker,—who set before him such a view of the dangers of his situation, that he seems from that day forward to have renounced all secular occupations, and betaken himself to devotion, as the main business of his life.

The reign of Charles II., however, was not auspicious to dissenters; and in those evil days of persecution, he was speedily put in prison for attending Quaker meetings; but was soon liberated, and again came back to his father's house, where a long disputation took place upon the subject of his new creed. It broke up with this moderate and very loyal proposition on the part of the Vice-Admiral—that the young Quaker should consent to sit with his hat off, in presence of the King—the Duke of York—and the Admiral himself! in return for which slight compliance, it was stipulated that he should be no longer molested for any of his opinions or practices. The heroic convert, however, would listen to no terms of composition; and, after taking some days to consider of it, reported, that his conscience could not comport with any species of *Hat worship*—and was again turned out of doors for his pains.

He now took openly to preaching in the Quaker meetings; and shortly after began that course of theological and controversial publications, in which he persisted to his dying days; and which has had the effect of overwhelming his memory with two vast folio volumes of Puritanical pamphlets. His most considerable work seems to have been that entitled, "No Cross, no Crown;" in which he not only explains and vindicates, at great length, the grounds of the peculiar doctrines and observances of the Society to which he belonged,—but endeavours to show, by a very large and entertaining induction of instances from profane history, that the same general principles had been adopted and acted upon by the wise and good in every generation; and were suggested indeed to the reflecting mind by the inward voice of conscience, and the analogy of the whole visible scheme of God's providence in the government of the world. The intermixture of worldly learning, and the larger and bolder scope of this performance, render it far more legible than the pious exhortations and pertinacious polemics which fill the greater part of his subsequent publications. In his love of controversy and of printing, indeed, this worthy sectary seems to have been the very Priestley of the 17th century. He not only responded in due form to every work in which the principles of his sect were directly or indirectly attacked,—but whenever he heard a sermon that he did not like,—or learned that any of the Friends had been put in the stocks;—whenever he was prevented from preaching,—or learned any edifying particulars of the death of a Quaker, or of a persecutor of Quakers, he was instantly at the press, with a letter, or a narrative, or an admonition—and never desisted from the contest till he had reduced the adversary to silence.

The members of the established Church, indeed, were rarely so unwary as to make any rejoinder; and most of his disputes, accordingly, were with rival sectaries; in whom the spirit of proselytism and jealous zeal is always stronger than in the members of a larger and more powerful body. They were not always contented indeed with the regular and general war of the press, but frequently challenged each other to personal combat, in the form of solemn and public disputations. William Penn had the honour of being repeatedly appointed the champion of the Quakers in these theological duels; and never failed, according to his partial biographer, completely to demolish his opponent;—though it appears that he did not always meet with perfectly fair play, and that the chivalrous law of arms was by no means correctly observed in these ghostly encounters. His first *set to*, was with one Vincent, the oracle of a neighbouring congregation of Presbyterians; and affords rather a ludicrous example of the futility and indecorum which are apt to characterise all such exhibitions.—After the debate had gone on for some time, Vincent made a long discourse, in which he openly accused the Quakers of blasphemy; and as soon as he had done, he made off, and desired all his friends to follow him. Penn insisted upon being heard in reply: but the Presbyterian troops pulled him down by the skirts; and proceeding to blow out the candles, (for the battle had already lasted till midnight,) left the indignant orator in utter darkness! He was not to be baffled or appalled, however, by a privation of this description; and accordingly went on to argue and retort in the dark, with such force and effect, that it was thought advisable to send out for his fugitive opponent, who, after some time, reappeared with a candle in his hand, and begged that the debate might be adjourned to another day. But he could never be prevailed on, Mr. Clarkson assures us, to renew the combat; and Penn, after going and defying him in his own meeting-house, had recourse, as usual, to the press; and put forth "The Sandy Foundation Shaken," for which he had the pleasure of being committed to the Tower, on the instigation of the Bishop of London; and solaced himself, during his confinement, by writing six other pamphlets.

Soon after his deliverance, he was again taken up, and brought to trial before the Lord Mayor and Recorder for preaching in a Quaker meeting. He afterwards published an account of this proceeding;—and it is in our opinion one of the most curious and instructive pieces that ever came from his pen. The times to which it relates, are sufficiently known to have been times of gross oppression and judicial abuse;—but the brutality of the Court upon this occasion seems to us to exceed any thing that is recorded elsewhere;—and the noble firmness of the jury still deserves to be remembered, for example to happier days. The prisoner came into court, according to Quaker costume, with his hat on his head;—but the doorkeeper, with a due zeal for the dignity of the place, pulled it off as he entered.—Upon this, however, the Lord Mayor became quite furious, and ordered the unfortunate beaver to be instantly replaced—which was no sooner done than he fined the poor culprit for appearing covered in his presence!—William Penn now insisted upon knowing what law he was accused of having broken,—to which simple question the Recorder was reduced to answer, "that he was an impertinent fellow,—and that many had studied thirty or forty years to understand the law, which he was for having expounded in a moment!" The learned controversialist however was not to be silenced so easily;—he quoted Lord Coke and *Magna Charta* on his antagonist in a moment; and chastised his insolence by one of the best and most characteristic repartees that we recollect ever to have met with. "I tell you to be silent," cried the Recorder, in a great passion; "if we should suffer you to ask questions till to-morrow morning, you will be never the wiser!"—"That," replied the Quaker, with his immovable tranquillity, "that is, according as *the answers* are."—"Take him away, take him away?" exclaimed the Mayor and the Recorder in a breath—"turn him into the Bale Dock;"—and into the Bale Dock, a filthy and pestilent dungeon in the neighbourhood, he was accordingly turned—discoursing calmly all the way on Magna Charter and the rights of Englishmen;—while the courtly Recorder delivered a very animated charge to the Jury, in the absence of the prisoner.

The Jury, however, after a short consultation, brought in a verdict, finding him merely "guilty of *speaking* in Grace-Church Street." For this cautious and most correct deliverance, they were loaded with reproaches by the Court, and sent out to amend their verdict,—but in half an hour they returned with the same ingenious finding, written out at large, and subscribed with all their names. The Court now became more furious than ever, and shut them up without meat, drink, or fire, till next morning; when they twice over came back with the same verdict;—upon which they were reviled, and threatened so outrageously by the Recorder, that William Penn protested against this plain intimidation of the persons, to whose *free* suffrages the law had entrusted his cause. The answer of the Recorder was, "Stop his mouth, jailor—bring fetters and stake him to the ground." William Penn

replied with the temper of a Quaker, and the spirit of a martyr, "Do your pleasure—I matter not your fetters!" And the Recorder took occasion to observe, "that, till now, he had never understood the policy of the Spaniards in suffering *the Inquisition* among them. But now he saw that it would never be well with us, till we had something like the Spanish Inquisition in England!" After this sage remark, the Jury were again sent back,—and kept other twenty-four hours, without food or refreshment. On the third day, the natural and glorious effect of this brutality on the spirits of Englishmen was at length produced. Instead of the special and unmeaning form of their first verdict, they now, all in one voice, declared the prisoner NOT GUILTY. The Recorder again broke out into abuse and menace; and, after "praying God to keep his life out of such hands," proceeded, we really do not see on what pretext, to fine every man of them in forty marks, and to order them to prison till payment. William Penn then demanded his liberty; but was ordered into custody till he paid the fine imposed on him for wearing his hat; and was forthwith dragged away to his old lodging in the Bale Dock, while in the very act of quoting the twenty-ninth chapter the Great Charter, "*Nullus liber homo,*" &c. As he positively refused to acknowledge the legality of this infliction by paying the fine, he might have lain long enough in this dungeon; but his father, who was now reconciled to him, sent the money privately; and he was at last set at liberty.

The spirit, however, which had dictated these proceedings was not likely to cease from troubling; and, within less than a year, the poor Quaker was again brought before the Magistrate on an accusation of illegal preaching; and was again about to be dismissed for want of evidence, when the worthy Justice ingeniously bethought himself of tendering to the prisoner the oath of allegiance, which, as well as every other oath, he well knew that his principles would oblige him to refuse. Instead of the oath, W. Penn, accordingly offered to give his reasons for not swearing; but the Magistrate refused to hear him: and an altercation ensued, in the course of which the Justice having insinuated, that, in spite of his sanctified exterior, the young preacher was as bad as other folks in his practice, the Quaker forgot, for one moment, the systematic meekness and composure of his sect, and burst out into this triumphant appeal—

> "I make this bold challenge to all men, women, and children upon earth, justly to accuse me with having seen me drunk, heard me swear, utter a curse, or speak one obscene word, much less that I ever made it my practice. I speak this to God's glory, who has ever preserved me from the power of these pollutions, and who from a child begot an hatred in me towards them. Thy words shall be thy burthen, and I trample thy slander as dirt under my feet!"—pp. 99, 100.

The greater part of the audience confirmed this statement; and the judicial calumniator had nothing for it, but to sentence this unreasonable Puritan to six months' imprisonment in Newgate; where he amused himself, as usual, by writing and publishing four pamphlets in support of his opinions.

It is by no means our intention, however, to digest a chronicle either of his persecutions or his publications. In the earlier part of his career, he seems to have been in prison every six months; and, for a very considerable period of it, certainly favoured the world with at least six new pamphlets every year. In all these, as well as in his public appearances, there is a singular mixture of earnestness and sobriety—a devotedness to the cause in which he was engaged, that is almost sublime; and a temperance and patience towards his opponents, that is truly admirable: while in the whole of his private life, there is redundant testimony, even from the mouths of his enemies, that his conduct was pure and philanthropic in an extraordinary degree, and distinguished at the some time for singular prudence and judgment in all ordinary affairs. His virtues and his sufferings appear at last to have overcome his father's objections to his peculiar tenets, and a thorough and cordial reconciliation took place previous to their final separation. On his death-bed, indeed, the admiral is said to have approved warmly of every part of his son's conduct; and to have predicted, that "if he and his friends kept to their plain way of preaching and of living, they would speedily make an end of the priests, to the end of the world."—By his father's death he succeeded to a handsome estate, then yielding upwards of 1500*l.* a year; but made no change either in his professions or way of life. He was at the press and in Newgate, after this event, exactly as before: and defied and reviled the luxury of the age, just as vehemently, when he was in a condition to partake of it, as in the days of his poverty. Within a short time after his succession, he made a pilgrimage to Holland and Germany in company with George Fox; where it is said that they converted many of all ranks, including young ladies of quality and old professors of divinity. They were ill used, however, by a surly *Graf* or two, who sent them out of their dominions under a corporal's guard; an attention which they repaid, by long letters of expostulation and advice, which the worthy Grafs were probably neither very able nor very willing to read.

In the midst of these labours and trials, he found time to marry a lady of great beauty and accomplishments; and settled himself in a comfortable and orderly house in the country—but, at the same time, remitted nothing of his zeal and activity in support of the cause in which he had embarked. When the penal statutes against Popish recusants were about to be passed, in 1678, by the tenor of which certain grievous punishments were inflicted upon all who did not frequent the established church, or purge themselves *upon oath*, from Popery, William Penn was allowed to be heard before a Committee of the House of Commons, in support of the Quakers' application for some exemption from the unintended severity of these edicts;—and what has been preserved

of his speech, upon that occasion, certainly is not the least respectable of his performances. It required no ordinary magnanimity for any one, in the very height of the frenzy of the Popish plot, boldly to tell the House of Commons, "that it was unlawful to inflict punishment upon Catholics themselves, on account of a conscientious dissent." This, however, William Penn did, with the firmness of a true philosopher; but, at the same time, with so much of the meekness and humility of a Quaker, that he was heard without offence or interruption:—and having thus put in his protest against the general principle of intolerance, he proceeded to plead his own cause, and that of his brethren, with admirable force and temper as follows:—

> "I was bred a Protestant, and that strictly too. I lost nothing by time or study. For years, reading, travel, and observation, made the religion of my education the religion of my judgment. My alteration hath brought none to that belief; and though the posture I am in may seem odd or strange to you, yet I am conscientious; and, till you know me better, I hope your charity will call it rather my unhappiness than my crime. I do tell you again, and here solemnly declare, in the presence of the Almighty God, and before you all, that the profession I now make, and the Society I now adhere to, have been so far from altering that Protestant judgment I had, that I am not conscious to myself of having receded from an iota of any one principle maintained by those first Protestants and Reformers of Germany, and our own martyrs at home, against the see of Rome: And therefore it is, we think it hard, that though we deny in common with you those doctrines of Rome so zealously protested against, (from whence the name of Protestants,) yet that we should be so unhappy as to suffer, and that with extreme severity, by laws made only against the maintainers of those doctrines which we do so deny. We choose no suffering; for God knows what we have already suffered, and how many sufficient and trading families are reduced to great poverty by it. We think ourselves an useful people. We are sure we are a peaceable people; yet, if we must still suffer, let us not suffer as Popish Recusants, but as Protestant Dissenters."
> pp. 220, 221.

About the same period we find him closely leagued with no less a person than Algernon Sydney, and busily employed in canvassing for him in the burgh of Guildford. But the most important of his occupations at this time were those which connected him with that region which was destined to be the scene of his greatest and most memorable exertions. An accidental circumstance had a few years before engaged him in some inquiries with regard to the state of that district in North America, since called New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. A great part of this territory had been granted by the Crown to the family of Lord Berkeley, who had recently sold a large part of it to a Quaker of the name of Billynge; and this person having fallen into pecuniary embarrassments, prevailed upon William Penn to accept of a conveyance of this property, and to undertake the management of it, as trustee for his creditors. The conscientious trustee applied himself to the discharge of this duty with his habitual scrupulousness and activity;—and having speedily made himself acquainted with the condition and capabilities of the great province in question, was immediately struck with the opportunity it afforded, both for a beneficent arrangement of the interests of its inhabitants, and for providing a pleasant and desirable retreat for such of his own communion as might be willing to leave their native land in pursuit of religious liberty. The original charter had vested the proprietor, under certain limitations, with the power of legislation; and one of the first works of William Penn was to draw up a sort of constitution for the land vested in Billynge—the cardinal foundation of which was, that no man should be troubled, molested, or subjected to any disability, on account of his religion. He then superintended the embarkation of two or three ship-loads of Quakers, who set off for this land of promise;—and continued, from time to time, both to hear so much of their prosperity, and to feel how much a larger proprietor might have it in his power to promote and extend it, that he at length conceived the idea of acquiring to himself a much larger district, and founding a settlement upon a still more liberal and comprehensive plan. The means of doing this were providentially placed in his hands, by the circumstance of his father having a claim upon the dissolute and needy government of the day, for no less than 16,000*l.*,—in lieu of which W. Penn proposed that the district, since called Pennsylvania, should be made over to him, with such ample powers of administration, as made him little less than absolute sovereign of the country. The right of legislation was left entirely to him, and such councils as he might appoint; with no other limitation, than that his laws should be liable to be rescinded by the Privy Council of England, within six months after they were reported to it. This memorable charter was signed on the 4th of March, 1681. He originally intended, that the country should have been called New Wales; but the Under-Secretary of State, being a Welshman, thought, it seems, that this was using too much liberty with the ancient principality, and objected to it! He then suggested Sylvania; but the king himself insisted upon adding Penn to it,—and after some struggles of modesty, it was found necessary to submit to his gracious desires.

He now proceeded to encourage settlers of all sorts,—but especially such sectaries as were impatient of the restraints and persecutions to which they were subjected in England; and published certain conditions and regulations, "the first fundamental of which," as he expresses it, was, "That every person should enjoy the free profession of his faith, and exercise of worship towards God, in such a way as he shall in his conscience believe is most acceptable; and should be protected in this liberty by the authority of the civil magistrate." With regard to the native inhabitants, he positively enacted, that "whoever should hurt, wrong, or offend any Indian, should incur the same penalty as if he had offended in like manner against his fellow planter;" and that the planters should not be their own judges in case of any difference with the In

dians, but that all such differences should be settled by twelve referees, six Indians and six planters; under the direction, if need were, of the Governor of the province, and the Chief, or King of the Indians concerned. Under these wise and merciful regulations, three ships full of passengers sailed for the new province in the end of 1681. In one of these was Colonel Markham, a relation of Penn's, and intended to act as his secretary when he should himself arrive. He was the chief of several commissioners, who were appointed to confer with the Indians with regard to the cession or purchase of their lands, and the terms of a perpetual peace,—and was the bearer of the following letter to them from the Governor, a part of which we think worthy of being transcribed, for the singular plainness, and engaging honesty, of its manner.

"Now, I would have you well observe, that I am very sensible of the unkindness and injustice which have been too much exercised toward you by the people of these parts of the world, who have sought themselves to make great advantages by you, rather than to be examples of goodness and patience unto you. This I hear hath been a matter of trouble to you, and caused great grudging and animosities, sometimes to the shedding of blood. But I am not such a man; as is well known in my own country I have great love and regard toward you, and desire to win and gain your love and friendship by a kind, just, and peaceable life; and the people I send are of the same mind, and shall in all things behave themselves accordingly; and if in any thing any shall offend you or your people, you shall have a full and speedy satisfaction for the same, by an equal number of just men on both sides, that by no means you may have just occasion of being offended against them.

"I shall shortly come to see you myself, at which time we may more largely and freely confer and discourse of these matters. In the mean time I have sent my Commissioners to treat with you, about land, and a firm league of peace. Let me desire you to be kind to them and to the people, and receive the presents and tokens, which I have sent you, as a testimony of my good will to you, and of my resolution to live justly, peaceably, and friendly with you. I am, your loving Friend,

"William Penn."

In the course of the succeeding year, he prepared to follow these colonists; and accordingly embarked, with about an hundred other Quakers, in the month of September, 1682. Before separating himself, however, from his family on this long pilgrimage, he addressed a long letter of love and admonition to his wife and children, from which we are tempted to make a pretty large extract for the entertainment and edification of our readers. There is something, we think, very touching and venerable in the affectionateness of its whole strain, and the patriarchal simplicity in which it is conceived; while the language appears to us to be one of the most beautiful specimens of that soft and mellow English, which, with all its redundancy and cumbrous volume, has, to our ears, a far richer and more pathetic sweetness than the epigrams and apothegms of modern times. The letter begins in this manner—

"My dear Wife and Children,

"My love, which neither sea, nor land, nor death itself, can extinguish or lessen toward you, most endearedly visits you with eternal embraces, and will abide with you for ever: and may the God of my life watch over you, and bless you, and do you good in this world and for ever!—Some things are upon my spirit to leave with you in your respective capacities, as I am to one a husband, and to the rest a father, if I should never see you more in this world.

"My dear wife! remember thou wast the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life; the most beloved, as well as most worthy of all my earthly comforts: and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellencies, which yet were many. God knows, and thou knowest it, I can say it was a match of Providence's making; and God's image in us both was the first thing, and the most amiable and engaging ornament in our eyes. Now I am to leave thee, and that without knowing whether I shall ever see thee more in this world, take my counsel into thy bosom, and let it dwell with thee in my stead while thou livest."

Then, after some counsel about godliness and economy, he proceeds—

"And now, my dearest, let me recommend to thy care my dear children; abundantly beloved of me, as the Lord's blessings, and the sweet pledges of our mutual and endeared affection. Above all things endeavour to breed them up in the love of virtue, and that holy plain way of it which we have lived in, that the world in no part of it get into my family. I had rather they were homely than finely bred as to outward behaviour; yet I love sweetness mixed with gravity, and cheerfulness tempered with sobriety. Religion in the heart leads into this true civility, teaching men and women to be mild and courteous in their behaviour; an accomplishment worthy indeed of praise.

"Next breed them up in a love one of another: tell them it is the charge I left behind me; and that it is the way to have the love and blessing of God upon them. Sometimes separate them, but not long; and allow them to send and give each other small things, to endear one another with. Once more I say, tell them it was my counsel they should be tender and affectionate one to another. For their learning be liberal. Spare no cost; for by such parsimony all is lost that is saved: but let it be useful knowledge, such as is consistent with truth and godliness, not cherishing a vain conversation or idle mind; but ingenuity mixed with industry is good for the body and the mind too. Rather keep an ingenious person in the house to teach them, than send them to schools; too many evil impressions being commonly received there. Be sure to observe their genius, and do not cross it as to learning; let them not dwell too long on one thing; but let their change be agreeable, and all their diversions have some little bodily labour in them. When grown big, have most care for them; for then there are more snares, both within and without. When marriageable, see that they have worthy persons in their eye, of good life, and good fame for piety and understanding. I desire no wealth, but sufficiency; and be sure their love be dear, fervent, and mutual, that it may be happy for them. I choose not they should be married to earthly, covetous kindred: and of cities and towns of concourse, beware: the world is apt to stick close to those who have lived and got wealth there: a country life and estate I like best for my children. I prefer a decent mansion of a hundred pounds per annum, before ten thousand pounds in London, or such like place, in a way of trade."

He next addresses himself to his children.

"Be obedient to your dear mother, a woman whose virtue and good name is an honour to you; for she hath been exceeded by none in her time for her integrity, humanity, virtue, and good understanding; qualities not usual among women of her worldly condition and quality. Therefore honour and obey her, my dear children, as your mother, and your father's love and delight; nay, love her too, for she loved your father with a deep and upright love, choosing him before all her many suitors: and though she be of a delicate constitution and noble spirit, yet she descended to the utmost tenderness and care for you, performing the painfullest acts of service to you in your infancy, as a mother and a nurse too. I charge you, before the Lord, honour and obey, love and cherish your dear mother."

After a great number of other affectionate counsels, he turns particularly to his elder boys.

"And as for you, who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania, I do charge you before the Lord God and his holy angels, that you be lowly, diligent, and tender; fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live therefore the lives yourselves you would have the people live, and then shall you have right and boldness to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the square, for God sees you: therefore do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears. Entertain no lurchers; cherish no informers for gain or revenge; use no tricks; fly to no devices to support or cover injustice; but let your hearts be upright before the Lord, trusting in him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant you."

We should like to see any private letter of instructions from a sovereign to his heir-apparent, that will bear a comparison with the injunctions of this honest Sectary. He concludes as follows:—

"Finally, my children, love one another with a true endeared love, and your dear relations on both sides, and take care to preserve tender affection in your children to each other, often marrying within themselves, so as it be without the bounds forbidden in God's law, that so they may not, like the forgetting unnatural world, grow out of kindred, and as cold as strangers; but, as becomes a truly natural and Christian stock, you and yours after you, may live in the pure and fervent love of God towards one another, as becoming brethren in the spiritual and natural relation.

"So farewell to my thrice dearly beloved wife and children!

"Yours, as God pleaseth, in that which no waters can quench, no time forget, nor distance wear away, but remains for ever,

"William Penn."

"*Worminghurst, fourth of sixth month*, 1682."

Immediately after writing this letter, he embarked, and arrived safely in the Delaware with all his companions. The country assigned to him by the royal charter was yet full of its original inhabitants; and the principles of William Penn did not allow him to look upon that gift as a warrant to dispossess the first proprietors of the land. He had accordingly appointed his commissioners, the preceding year, to treat with them for the fair purchase of a part of their lands, and for their joint possession of the remainder; and the terms of the settlement being now nearly agreed upon, he proceeded, very soon after his arrival, to conclude the transaction, and solemnly to pledge his faith, and to ratify and confirm the treaty, in sight both of the Indians and Planters. For this purpose a grand convocation of the tribes had been appointed near the spot where Philadelphia now stands; and it was agreed that he and the presiding Sachems should meet and exchange faith, under the spreading branches of a prodigious elm-tree that grew on the bank of the river. On the day appointed, accordingly, an innumerable multitude of the Indians assembled in that neighbourhood; and were seen, with their dark visages and brandished arms, moving, in vast swarms, in the depth of the woods which then overshadowed the whole of that now cultivated region. On the other hand, William Penn, with a moderate attendance of Friends, advanced to meet them. He came of course unarmed—in his usual plain dress—without banners, or mace, or guards, or carriages; and only distinguished from his companions by wearing a blue sash of silk network (which it seems is still preserved by Mr. Kett of Seething-hall, near Norwich), and by having in his hand a roll of parchment, on which was engrossed the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity. As soon as he drew near the spot where the Sachems were assembled, the whole multitude of Indians threw down their weapons, and seated themselves on the ground in groups, each under his own chieftain; and the presiding chief intimated to William Penn, that the nations were ready to hear him. Mr. Clarkson regrets, and we cordially join in the sentiment, that there is no written, contemporary account of the particulars attending this interesting and truly novel transaction. He assures us, however, that they are still in a great measure preserved in oral tradition, and that both what we have just stated, and what follows, may be relied on as perfectly accurate. The sequel we give in his own words.

"Having been thus called upon, he began. The Great Spirit, he said, who made him and them, who ruled the Heaven and the Earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and to serve them to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow-creatures, for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. They were then met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood, and love. After these and other words, he unrolled the parchment, and by means of the same interpreter conveyed to them, article by article, the conditions of the Purchase, and the Words of the Compact then made for their eternal Union. Among other things, they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits, even in the territory they had alienated, for it was to be common to them and the English. They were to have the same liberty to do all things therein relating to the improvement of their grounds, and providing sustenance for their families, which the English had. If any disputes should arise between the two, they should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English, and half Indians. He then paid them for the land; and made them many presents besides, from the merchandize which had been spread before

them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again, that the ground should be common to both people. He then added, that he would not do as the Marylanders did, that is, call them Children or Brothers only; for often parents were apt to chastise their children too severely, and Brothers sometimes would differ: neither would he compare the Friendship between him and them to a Chain, for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it; but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the Sachem, who wore the horn in his chaplet, and desired him and the other Sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations; that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he had remained himself with them to repeat it."—pp. 341—343.

The Indians, in return, made long and stately harangues—of which, however, no more seems to have been remembered, but that "they pledged themselves to live in love with William Penn and his children, as long as the sun and moon should endure." And thus ended this famous treaty;—of which Voltaire has remarked, with so much truth and severity, "that it was the only one ever concluded between savages and Christians that was not ratified by an oath—and the only one that never was broken!"

Such, indeed, was the spirit in which the negotiation was entered into, and the corresponding settlement conducted, that for the space of more than seventy years—and so long indeed as the Quakers retained the chief power in the government, the peace and amity which had been thus solemnly promised and concluded, never was violated;—and a large and most striking, though solitary example afforded, of the facility with which they who are really sincere and friendly in their own views, may live in harmony even with those who are supposed to be peculiarly fierce and faithless. We cannot bring ourselves to wish that there were nothing but Quakers in the world—because we fear it would be insupportably dull;—but when we consider what tremendous evils daily arise from the petulance and profligacy, and ambition and irritability, of Sovereigns and Ministers, we cannot help thinking that it would be the most efficacious of all reforms to choose all those ruling personages out of that plain, pacific, and sober-minded sect.

William Penn now held an assembly, in which fifty-nine important laws were passed in the course of three days. The most remarkable were those which limited the number of capital crimes to two—murder and high treason—and which provided for the reformation, as well as the punishment of offenders, by making the prisons places of compulsive industry, sobriety, and instruction. It was likewise enacted, that all children, of whatever rank, should be instructed in some art or trade. The fees of law proceedings were fixed, and inscribed on public tables;—and the amount of fines to be levied for offences also limited by legislative authority. Many admirable regulations were added, for the encouragement of industry, and mutual usefulness and esteem. There is something very agreeable in the contentment, and sober and well-earned self-complacency, which breathe in the following letter of this great colonist—written during his first rest from those great labours.

"I am now casting the country into townships for large lots of land. I have held an Assembly, in which many good laws are passed. We could not stay safely till the spring for a Government. I have annexed the Territories lately obtained to the Province, and passed a general naturalization for strangers; which hath much pleased the people.—As to outward things, we are satisfied; the land good, the air clear and sweet, the springs plentiful, and provision good and easy to come at; an innumerable quantity of wild fowl and fish: in fine, here is what an Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob would be well contented with; and service enough for God, for the fields are here white for harvest. O, how sweet is the quiet of these parts, freed from the anxious and troublesome solicitations, hurries, and perplexities of woful Europe!"—pp. 350, 351.

We cannot persuade ourselves, however, to pursue any farther the details of this edifying biography. W. Penn returned to England after a residence of about two years in his colony—got into great favour with James II.—and was bitterly calumniated as a Jesuit, both by churchmen and sectaries—went on doing good and preaching Quakerism—was sorely persecuted and insulted, and deprived of his Government, but finally acquitted, and honourably restored, under King William—lost his wife and son—travelled and married again—returned to Pennsylvania in 1699 for two years longer—came finally home to England—continued to preach and publish as copiously as ever—was reduced to a state of kindly dotage by three strokes of apoplexy—and died at last at the age of seventy-two, in the year 1718.

He seems to have been a man of kind affections, singular activity and perseverance, and great practical wisdom. Yet we can well believe with Burnet, that he was "a little puffed up with vanity;" and that "he had a tedious, luscious way of talking, that was apt to tire the patience of his hearers." He was very neat in his person; and had a great horror at tobacco, which occasionally endangered his popularity in his American domains. He was mighty methodical, too, in ordering his household; and had stuck up in his hall a written directory, or General Order, for the regulation of his family, to which he exacted the strictest conformity. According to this rigorous system of discipline, he required—

"That in that quarter of the year which included part of the winter and part of the spring, the members of it were to rise at seven in the morning, in the next at six, in the next at five, and in the last at six again Nine o'clock was the hour for breakfast, twelve for dinner, seven for supper, and ten to retire to bed. The whole family were to assemble every morning for worship. They were to be called together at eleven again, that each might read in turn some portion of the holy Scripture, or of the Martyrology, or of Friends' books; and finally they were to meet again for worship at six in the evening. On the days of public meeting, no one was to be absent, except on the plea of health or of unavoidable engagement. The servants were to be called up after supper to render to their master and mistress an account of what they had done in the day, and to receive instructions for the next; and were particularly exhorted to avoid lewd discourses and troublesome noises."

We shall not stop to examine what dregs of ambition, or what hankerings after worldly prosperity, may have mixed themselves with the pious and philanthropic principles that were undoubtedly his chief guides in forming that great settlement which still bears his name, and profits by his example. Human virtue does not challenge, nor admit of such a scrutiny! And it should be sufficient for the glory of William Penn, that he stands upon record as the most humane, the most moderate, and the most pacific of all rulers.

(May, 1828.)

A Selection from the Public and Private Correspondence of Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood: interspersed with Memoirs of his Life. By G. L. Newnham Collingwood, Esq. F. R. S. 2 vols. 8vo. Ridgway. London: 1828.

We do not know when we have met with so delightful a book as this,—or one with which we are so well pleased with ourselves for being delighted. Its attraction consists almost entirely in its moral beauty; and it has the rare merit of filling us with the deepest admiration for heroism, without suborning our judgments into any approbation of the vices and weaknesses with which poor mortal heroism is so often accompanied. In this respect, it is not only more safe, but more agreeable reading than the Memoirs of Nelson; where the lights and shadows are often too painfully contrasted, and the bane and the antidote exhibited in proportions that cannot but be hazardous for the ardent and aspiring spirits on which they are both most calculated to operate.

It is a mere illusion of national vanity which prompts us to claim Lord Collingwood as a character peculiarly English? Certainly we must admit, that we have few Englishmen left who resemble him; and even that our prevailing notions and habits make it likely that we shall have still fewer hereafter. Yet we do not know where such a character could have been formed but in England;—and feel quite satisfied, that it is there only that it can be properly valued or understood. The combination of the loftiest daring with the most watchful humanity, and of the noblest ambition with the greatest disdain of personal advantages, and the most generous sympathy with rival merit, though rare enough to draw forth at all times the loud applause of mankind, have not been without example, in any race that boasts of illustrious ancestors. But, for the union of those high qualities with unpretending and almost homely simplicity, sweet temper, undeviating rectitude, and all the purity and sanctity of domestic affection and humble content—we can look, we think, only to England,—or to the fabulous legends of uncorrupted and uninstructed Rome. All these graces, however, and more than these, were united in Lord Collingwood: For he had a cultivated and even elegant mind, a taste for all simple enjoyments, and a rectitude of understanding—which seemed in him to be but the emanation of a still higher rectitude. Inferior, perhaps, to Nelson, in original genius and energy, and in that noble self-confidence in great emergencies which these qualities usually inspire, he was fully his equal in seamanship and the art of command; as well as in that devotedness to his country and his profession, and that utter fearlessness and gallantry of soul which exults and rejoices in scenes of tremendous peril, which have almost ceased to be remarkable in the character of a British sailor. On the other hand, we think it will scarcely be disputed, that he was superior to that great commander in general information and accomplishment, and in those thoughtful habits, and that steadiness and propriety of personal deportment, which are their natural fruit. His greatest admirers, however, can ask no higher praise for him than that he stood on the same lofty level with Nelson, as to that generous and cordial appreciation of merit in his brother officers, by which, even more, perhaps, than by any of his other qualities, that great man was distinguished. It does one's heart good, indeed, to turn from the petty cabals, the paltry jealousies, the splendid detractions, the irritable vanities, which infest almost every other walk of public life, and meet one, indeed, at every turn in all scenes of competition, and among men otherwise eminent and honourable,—to the brother-like frankness and open-hearted simplicity, even of the official communications between Nelson and Collingwood; and to the father-like interest with which they both concurred in fostering the glory, and cheering on the fortunes of their younger associates. In their noble thirst for distinction, there seems to be absolutely no alloy of selfishness; and scarcely even a feeling of rivalry. If the opportunity of doing a splendid thing has not come to them, it has come to some one who deserved it as well, and perhaps needed it more. It will come to them another day—and then the heroes of this will repay their hearty congratulations. There is something inexpressibly beautiful and attractive in this spirit of magnanimous fairness; and if we could only believe it to be general in the navy, we should gladly recant all our heretical doubts as to the

superior virtues of men at sea, join chorus to all the slang songs of Dibdin on the subject, and applaud to the echo all the tirades about British tars and wooden walls, which have so often nauseated us at the playhouses.

We feel excessively obliged to the editor of this book; both for making Lord Collingwood known to us, and for the very pleasing, modest, and effectual way he has taken to do it in. It is made up almost entirely of his Lordship's correspondence; and the few connecting statements and explanatory observations are given with the greatest clearness and brevity; and very much in the mild, conciliatory, and amiable tone of the remarkable person to whom they relate. When we say that this publication has made Lord Collingwood known to us, we do not mean that we, or the body of the nation, were previously ignorant that he had long served with distinction in the navy, and that it fell to his lot, as second in command at Trafalgar, to indite that eloquent and touching despatch which announced the final ruin of the hostile fleets, and the death of the Great Admiral by whose might they had been scattered. But till this collection appeared, the character of *the man* was known, we believe, only to those who had lived with him; and the public was generally ignorant both of the detail of his services, and the high principle and exemplary diligence which presided over their performance. Neither was it known, we are persuaded, that those virtues and services actually cost him his life! and that the difficulty of finding, in our large list of admirals, any one fit to succeed him in the important station which he filled in his declining years, induced the government, — most ungenerously, we must say, and unjustly,—to refuse his earnest desire to be relieved of it; and to insist on his remaining to the last gasp, at a post which he would not desert so long as his country required him to maintain it, but at which, it was apparent to himself, and all the world, that he must speedily die. The details now before us will teach the profession, we hope, by what virtues and what toils so great and so pure a fame can alone be won; and by rendering in this way such characters less rare, will also render the distinction to which they lead less fatal to its owners: While they cannot fail, we think, to awaken the government to a sense of its own ingratitude to those who have done it the noblest service, and of the necessity of at last adopting some of the suggestions which those great benefactors have so long pressed on its attention.

We have not much concern with the genealogy or early history of Lord Collingwood. He was born in 1750, of an honourable and ancient family of Northumberland, but of slender patrimony; and went to sea, under the care of his relative, Captain, afterwards Admiral Brathwaite, when only eleven years old. He used, himself, to tell, as an instance of his youth and simplicity at this time, "that as he was sitting crying for his separation from home, the first lieutenant observed him, and pitying the tender years of the poor child, spoke to him in terms of much encouragement and kindness; which, as Lord Collingwood said, so won upon his heart, that, taking this officer to his box, he offered him in gratitude a large piece of plumcake which his mother had given him!" Almost from this early period he was the intimate friend and frequent associate of the brave Nelson; and had his full share of the obscure perils and unknown labours which usually form the noviciate of naval eminence. He was made commander in 1779; and being sent to the West Indies after the peace of 1783, was only restored to his family in 1786. He married in 1791; and was again summoned upon active service on the breaking out of the war with France in 1793; from which period to the end of his life, in 1810, he was continually in employment, and never permitted to see that happy home, so dear to his heart, and so constantly in his thoughts, except for one short interval of a year, during the peace of Amiens. During almost the whole of this period he was actually afloat; and was frequently, for a year together, and once for the incredible period of twenty-two months, without dropping an anchor. He was in almost all the great actions, and had more that his share of the anxious blockades, which occurred in that memorable time; and signalised himself in all, by that mixture of considerate vigilance and brilliant courage, which may be said to have constituted his professional character. His first great battle was that which ended in Lord Howe's celebrated victory of the 1st of June, 1794; and we cannot resist the temptation of heading our extracts with a part of the account he has given of it, in a letter to his father-in-law, Mr. Blackett—not so much for the purpose of recalling the proud feelings which must ever cling to the memory of our first triumph over triumphant France, as for the sake of that touching mixture it presents, of domestic affection and family recollections, with high professional enthusiasm, and the kindling spirit of war. In this situation he says:—

"We cruised for a few days, like disappointed people looking for what we could not find, until the morning of little Sarah's birth-day, between eight and nine o'clock, when the French fleet, of twenty-five sail of the line was discovered to windward. We chased them, and they bore down within about five miles of us. The night was spent in watching and preparation for the succeeding day; and many a blessing did I send forth to my Sarah, lest I should never bless her more! At dawn, we made our approach on the enemy, then drew up, dressed our ranks, and it was about eight when the Admiral made the signal for each ship to engage her opponent, and bring her to close action,—and then down we went under a crowd of sail, and in a manner that would have animated the coldest heart, and struck terror into the most intrepid enemy. The ship we were to engage was two a-head of the French Admiral, so that we had to go through his fire and that of the two ships next him, and received all their broadsides two or three times before we fired a gun. It was then near ten o'clock. I observed to the Admiral, that about that time our wives were going to church, but that I thought that the peal we should ring about the Frenchman's ears would outdo their parish bells! Lord Howe began his fire some time before we did; and he is not in the habit of firing soon. We got very near indeed, and then began such a fire as would have done you good to have heard! During the whole action the most exact order was preserved, and no accident happened but what was inevitable, and the consequence of the enemy's shot. In ten minutes the Admiral was wounded; I caught him in my arms before he fell: the first lieutenant was slightly wounded by the same shot, and I thought I was in a fair way of being left on deck by myself; but the lieutenant got his head dressed, and came up again. Soon after, they called from the forecastle that the Frenchman was sinking; at which the men started up and gave three cheers. I saw the French ship dismasted and on her broadside, but in an instant she was clouded with smoke, and I do not know whether she sunk or not. All the ships in our neighbourhood were dismasted, and are taken, except the French Admiral, who was driven out of the line by Lord Howe, and saved himself by flight."

In 1796 he writes to the same gentleman, from before Toulon—

"It is but dull work, lying off the enemy's port: they cannot move a ship without our seeing them, which must be very mortifying to them; but we have the mortification also to see their merchant-vessels going along shore, and cannot molest them. It is not a service on which we shall get far; and often do I wish we had some of those bad potatoes which Old Scott and William used to throw over the wall of the garden, for we feel the want of vegetables more than anything!

"The accounts I receive of my dear girls give me infinite pleasure. How happy I shall be to see them again! but God knows when the blessed day will come in which we shall be again restored to the comforts of domestic life; for here, so far from any prospect of peace, the plot seems to thicken, as if the most serious part of the war were but beginning."

In 1797 he had a great share in the splendid victory off Cape St. Vincent, and writes, as usual, a simple and animated account of it to Mr. Blackett. We omit the warlike details, however, and give only these characteristic sentences:—

"I wrote to Sarah the day after the action with the Spaniards, but I am afraid I gave her but an imperfect account of it. It is a very difficult thing for those engaged in such a scene to give the detail of the whole, because all the powers they have are occupied in their own part of it. As to myself, I did my duty to the utmost of my ability, as I have ever done: That is acknowledged now; and that is the only real difference between this and the former action. One of the great pleasures I have received from this glorious event is, that I expect it will enable me to provide handsomely for those who serve me well. Give my love to my wife, and blessing to my children. What a day it will be to me when I meet them again! The Spaniards always carry their patron saint to sea with them, and I have given St. Isidro a berth in my cabin: It was the least I could do for him, after he had consigned his charge to me. It is a good picture, as you will see when he goes to Morpeth." . . .

By some extraordinary neglect, Captain Collingwood had not received one of the medals generally distributed to the officers who distinguished themselves in Lord Howe's action; and it is to this he alludes in one of the passages we have now cited. His efforts, however, on this last occasion, having been the theme of universal admiration throughout the fleet, and acknowledged indeed by a variety of grateful and congratulatory letters from the admirals, and from Captain Nelson, to whose aid he came most gallantly in a moment of great peril, it was at last thought necessary to repair this awkward omission.

"When Lord St. Vincent informed Captain Collingwood that he was to receive one of the medals which were distributed on this occasion, he told the Admiral, with great feeling and firmness, that he could not consent to receive a medal, while that for the 1st of June was withheld. 'I feel,' said he, 'that I was then improperly passed over; and to receive such a distinction now, would be to acknowledge the propriety of that injustice.'—'That is precisely the answer which I expected from you, Captain Collingwood,' was Lord St. Vincent's reply.

"*The two* medals were afterwards— nd as Captain Collingwood seems to have thought, by desire of the King—transmitted to him at the same time by Lord Spencer, the then First Lord of the Admiralty, with a civil apology for the former omission. 'I congratulate you most sincerely,' said his Lordship, 'on having had the good fortune to bear so conspicuous a part on two such glorious occasions; and have troubled you with this letter, only to say, that the former medal would have been transmitted to you some months ago, if a proper conveyance had been found for it.'"

We add the following little trait of the undaunted Nelson, from a letter of the same year:—

"My friend Nelson, whose spirit is equal to all undertakings, and whose resources are fitted to all occasions, was sent with three sail of the line and some other ships to Teneriffe, to surprise and capture it. After a series of adventures, tragic and comic, that belong to romance, they were obliged to abandon the enterprise. Nelson was shot in the right arm when landing, and was obliged to be carried on board. He himself hailed the ship, and desired the surgeon would get his instruments ready to dis-arm him; and in half an hour after it was off, he gave all the orders necessary for carrying on their operations, as if nothing had happened to him. In three weeks after, when he joined us, he went on board the Admiral, and I think exerted himself to a degree of great imprudence."

The following letter to Captain Ball, on occasion of the glorious victory of the Nile, may serve to illustrate what we have stated, as to the generous and cordial sympathy with rival glory and fortune, which breathes throughout the whole correspondence:—

"I cannot express to you how great my joy was when the news arrived of the complete and unparalleled victory which you obtained over the French; or what were my emotions of thankfulness, that the life of my worthy and much-respected friend was preserved through such a day of danger, to his family and his country. I congratulate you, my dear friend, on your success. Oh, my dear Ball, how I have lamented that I was not one of you! Many a victory has been won, and I hope many are yet to come, but there never has been, nor will be perhaps again, one in which the fruits have been so completely gathered, the blow so nobly followed up and the consequences so fairly brought to account. I have heard with great pleasure, that your squadron has presented Sir H. Nelson with a sword; it is the honours to which he led you reflected back upon himself,—the finest testimony of his merits for having led you to a field in which you all so nobly displayed your own. The expectation of the people of England was raised to the highest pitch; the event has exceeded all expectation."

After this he is sent, for repairs, for a few weeks to Portsmouth, and writes to his father in-law as follows:—

"We never know, till it is too late, whether we are going too fast or too slow; but I am now repenting that I did not persuade my dear Sarah to come to me as soon as I knew I was not to go from this port; but the length of the journey, the inclemency of the weather, and the little prospect of my staying here half this time, made me think it an unnecessary fatigue for her. I am now quite sick at heart with disappointment and vexation; and though I hope every day for relief, yet I find it impossible to say when I shall be clear.

"Last night I went to Lady Parker's twelfth-night, where all the gentlemen's children of the town were at dance and revelry: But I thought of my own! and was so completely out of spirits that I left them in the middle of it. My wife shall know all my movements, even the very hour in which I shall be able to come to you. I hope they will not hurry me to sea again, for my spirit requires some respite from the anxieties which a ship occasions.

"Bless my precious girls for me, and their beloved mother."

The following are in the same tone of tenderness and considerate affection; and coming from the hand of the fiery warrior, and devoted servant of his country, are to us extremely touching:—

"Would to God that this war were happily concluded! It is anguish enough to me to be thus for ever separated from my family; but that my Sarah should, in my absence, be suffering from illness, is complete misery. Pray, my dear sir, have the goodness to write a line or two very often, to tell me how she does. I am quite pleased at the account you give me of my girls. If it were peace, I do not think there would be a happier set of creatures in Northumberland than we should be! . . . .

"It is a great comfort to me, banished as I am from all that is dear to me, to learn that my beloved Sarah and her girls are well. Would to Heaven it were peace! that I might come, and for the rest of my life be blessed in their affection. Indeed, this unremitting hard service is a great sacrifice; giving up all that is pleasurable to the soul, or soothing to the mind, and engaging in a constant contest with the elements, or with tempers and dispositions as boisterous and untractable. Great allowance should be made for us when we come on shore: for being long in the habits of absolute command, we grow impatient of contradiction, and are unfitted, I fear, for the gentle intercourse of quiet life. I am really in great hopes that it will not be long before the experiment will be made upon me—for I think we shall soon have peace; and I assure you that I will endeavour to conduct myself with as much moderation as possible! I have come to another resolution, which is, when this war is happily terminated, to think no more of ships, but pass the rest of my days in the bosom of my family, where I think my prospects of happiness are equal to any man's." . . . .

"You have been made happy this winter in the visit of your daughter. How glad should I have been could I have joined you! but it will not be long; two years more will, I think, exhaust me completely, and then I shall be fit only to be nursed. God knows how little claim I have on anybody to take that trouble. My daughters can never be to me what yours have been, whose affections have been nurtured by daily acts of kindness. They may be told that it is a duty to regard me, but it is not reasonable to expect that they should have the same feeling for a person of whom they have only heard: But if they are good and virtuous, as I hope and believe they will be, I may share at least in their kindness with the rest of the world."

He decides at last on sending for his wife and child, in the hope of being allowed to remain for some months at Portsmouth: but is suddenly ordered off on the very day they are expected! It is delightful to have to record such a letter as the following, on occasion of such an affliction, from such a man as Nelson:—

"My dear Friend,—I truly feel for you, and as much for poor Mrs. Collingwood. How sorry I am! For Heaven's sake, do not think I had the gift of foresight; but something told me, so it would be. Can't you contrive and stay to-night? it will be a comfort if only to see your family one hour. Therefore, had you not better stay on shore and wait for her? Ever, my dear Collingwood, believe me, your affectionate and faithful friend,

"NELSON AND BRONTE.

"If they would only have manned *me* and sent me off, it would have been real pleasure to me. How cross are the fates!"

He does stay accordingly, and sees those beloved pledges for a few short hours. We will not withhold from our readers his account of it:—

"Sarah will have told you how and when we met; it was a joy to me that I cannot describe, and repaid me, short as our interview was, for a world of woe which I was suffering on her account. I had been reckoning on the possibility of her arrival that Tuesday, when about two o'clock I received an express to go to sea immediately with all the ships that were ready, and had we not then been engaged at a court martial, I might have got out that day; but this business delaying me till near night, I determined to wait on shore until eight o'clock for the chance of their arrival. I went to dine with Lord Nelson; and while we were at dinner their arrival was announced to me. I flew to the inn where I had desired my wife to come, and found her and little Sarah as well after their journey as if it had lasted only for the day. No greater happiness is human nature capable of than was mine that evening; but at dawn we parted—and I went to sea!"

And afterwards—

"You will have heard from Sarah what a meeting we had, how short our interview, and how suddenly we parted. It is grief to me to think of it now; it almost broke my heart then. After such a journey, to see me but for a few hours, with scarce time for her to relate the incidents of her journey, and no time for me to tell her half that my heart felt at such a proof of her affection: But I am thankful that I did see her, and my sweet child. It was a blessing to me, and composed my mind, which was before very much agitated. I have little chance of seeing her again, unless a storm should drive us into port, for the French fleet is in a state of preparation, which makes it necessary for us to watch them narrowly.

"I can still talk to you of nothing but the delight I experienced in the little I have had of the company of my beloved wife and of my little Sarah. What comfort is promised to me in the affections of that child, if it should please God that we ever again return to the quiet domestic cares of peace! I should be much obliged to you if you would send Scott a guinea for me, for these hard times must pinch the poor old man, and he will miss my wife, who was very kind to him!"

Upon the peace of Amiens he at last got home, about the middle of 1802. The following brief sketch of his enjoyment there, is from the hand of his affectionate editor:—

"During this short period of happiness and rest, he was occupied in superintending the education of his daughters, and in continuing those habits of study which had long been familiar to him. His reading was extensive, particularly in history; and it was his constant practice to exercise himself in composition, by making abstracts from the books which he read; and some of his abridgments, with the observations by which he illustrated them, are written with singular conciseness and power. 'I know not,' said one of the most eminent English diplomatists, with whom he had afterwards very frequent communications, 'I know not where Lord Collingwood got his style, but he writes better than any of us.' His amusements were found in the intercourse with his family, in drawing, planting, and the cultivation of his garden, which was on the bank of the beautiful river Wansbeck. This was his favourite employment; and on one occasion, a brother Admiral, who had sought him through the garden in vain, at last discovered him with his gardener, old Scott, to whom he was much attached, in the bottom of a deep trench, which they were both busily occupied in digging."

In spring 1803, however, he was again called upon duty by his ancient commander, Admiral Cornwallis, who hailed him as he approached, by saying, "Here comes Collingwood!—the last to leave, and the first to rejoin me!" His occupation there was to watch and blockade the French fleet at Brest, a duty which he performed with the most unwearied and scrupulous anxiety.

"During this time he frequently passed the whole night on the quarter-deck,—a practice which, in circumstances of difficulty, he continued till the latest years of his life. When, on these occasions, he has told his friend Lieutenant Clavell, who had gained his entire confidence, that they must not leave the deck for the night, and that officer has endeavoured to persuade him that there was no occasion for it, as a good look-out was kept, and represented that he was almost exhausted with fatigue; the Admiral would reply, 'I fear *you* are. You have need of rest; so go to bed, Clavell, and I will watch by myself.' Very frequently have they slept together on a gun; from which Admiral Collingwood would rise from time to time, to sweep the horizon with his night-glass, lest the enemy should escape in the dark."

In 1805 he was moved to the station off Cadiz, and condemned to the same weary task of watching and observation. He here writes to his father-in-law as follows:—

"How happy should I be, could I but hear from home, and know how my dear girls are going on! Bounce is my only pet now, and he is indeed a good fellow; he sleeps by the side of my cot, whenever I lie in one, until near the time of tacking, and then marches off, to be out of the hearing of the guns, for he is not reconciled to them yet. I am fully determined, if I can get home and manage it properly, to go on shore next spring for the rest of my life, for I am very weary. There is no end to my business; I am at work from morning till even; but I dare say Lord Nelson will be out next month. He told me he should; and then what will become of me I do not know. I should wish to go home: but I must go or stay as the exigencies of the times require."

At last, towards the close of the year, the enemy gave some signs of an intention to come out—and the day of Trafalgar was at hand. In anticipation of it, Lord Nelson addressed the following characteristic note to his friend, which breathes in every line the noble frankness and magnanimous confidence of his soul:—

"They surely cannot escape us. I wish we could get a fine day. I send you my plan of attack, as far as a man dare venture to guess at the very uncertain position the enemy may be found in: but, my dear friend, it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. *We* can, my dear Coll., have no little jealousies: we have only one great object in view—that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorious peace for our country. No man has more confidence in another than I have in you; and no man will render your services more justice than your very old friend, NELSON AND BRONTE."

The day at last came; and though it is highly characteristic of its author, we will not indulge ourselves by transcribing any part of the memorable despatch, in which Lord Collingwood, after the fall of his heroic commander, announced its result to his country. We cannot, however, withhold from our readers the following particulars as to his personal conduct and deportment, for which they would look in vain in that singularly modest and generous detail. The first part, the editor informs us, is from the statement of his confidential servant.

"'I entered the Admiral's cabin,' he observed, 'about daylight, and found him already up and dressing. He asked if I had seen the French fleet; and on my replying that I had not, he told me to look out at them, adding, that, in a very short time, we should see a great deal more of them. I then observed a crowd of ships to leeward; but I could not help looking, with still greater interest, at the Admiral, who, during all this time, was shaving himself with a composure that quite astonished me!' Admiral Collingwood dressed himself that morning with peculiar care; and soon after, meeting Lieutenant Clavell, advised him to pull off his boots. 'You had better,' he said, 'put on silk stockings, as I have done: for if one should get a shot in the leg, they would be so much more manageable for the surgeon.' He then proceeded to visit the decks, encouraged the men to the discharge of their duty, and addressing the officers, said to them, 'Now, gentlemen, let us do something to-day which the world may talk of hereafter.'

"He had changed his flag about ten days before the action, from the Dreadnought; the crew of which had been so constantly practised in the exercise of the great guns, under his daily superintendence, that few ships' companies could equal them in rapidity and precision of firing. He had begun by telling them, that if they could fire three well-directed broadsides in five minutes, no vessel could resist them; and, from constant practice, they were enabled to do so in three minutes and a half. But though he left a crew which had thus been disciplined under his own eye, there was an advantage in the change; for the Royal Sovereign, into which he went, had lately returned from England, and as her copper was quite clean, she much outsailed the other ships of the lee division. While they were running down, the well-known telegraphic signal was made of 'England expects every man to do his duty.' When the Admiral observed it first, he said that he wished Nelson would make no more signals, for they all understood what they were to do: but when the purport of it was communicated to him he expressed great delight and admiration, and made it known to the officers and ship's company. Lord Nelson had been requested by Captain Blackwood (who was anxious for the preservation of so invaluable a life) to allow some other vessel to take the lead, and at last gave permission that the Téméraire should go a-head of him; but resolving to defeat the order which he had given, he crowded more sail on the Victory, and maintained his place. The Royal Sovereign was far in advance when Lieutenant Clavell observed that the Victory was setting her studding sails, and with that spirit of honourable emulation which prevailed between the squadrons, and particularly between these two ships, he

pointed it out to Admiral Collingwood, and requested his permission to do the same. 'The ships of our division,' replied the Admiral, 'are not yet sufficiently up for us to do so now; but you may be getting ready.' The studding sail and royal halliards were accordingly manned, and in about ten minutes the Admiral, observing Lieutenant Clavell's eyes fixed upon him with a look of expectation, gave him a nod; on which that officer went to Captain Rotherham and told him that the Admiral desired him to make all sail. The order was then given to rig out and hoist away, and in one instant the ship was under a crowd of sail, and went rapidly a-head. The Admiral then directed the officers to see that all the men lay down on the decks, and were kept quiet. At this time the Fougueux, the ship astern of the Santa Anna, had closed up with the intention of preventing the Royal Sovereign from going through the line; and when Admiral Collingwood observed it, he desired Captain Rotherham to steer immediately for the Frenchman and carry away his bowsprit. To avoid this the Fougueux backed her main top sail, and suffered the Royal Sovereign to pass, at the same time beginning her fire; when the Admiral ordered a gun to be occasionally fired at her, to cover his ship with smoke.

"The nearest of the English ships was now distant about a mile from the Royal Sovereign; and it was at this time, while she was pressing alone into the midst of the combined fleets, that Lord Nelson said to Captain Blackwood, 'See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, takes his ship into action. How I envy him!' On the other hand, Admiral Collingwood, well knowing his commander and friend, observed, 'What would Nelson give to be here!' and it was then, too, that Admiral Villeneuve, struck with the daring manner in which the leading ships of the English squadrons came down, despaired of the issue of the contest. In passing the Santa Anna, the Royal Sovereign gave her a broadside and a half into her stern, tearing it down, and killing and wounding 400 of her men; then, with her helm hard a-starboard, she ranged up alongside so closely that the lower yards of the two vessels were locked together. The Spanish admiral, having seen that it was the intention of the Royal Sovereign to engage to leeward, had collected all his strength on the starboard; and such was the weight of the Santa Anna's metal, that her first broadside made the Sovereign heel two streaks out of the water. Her studding-sails and halliards were now shot away; and as a top-gallant studding-sail was hanging over the gangway hammocks, Admiral Collingwood called out to Lieutenant Clavell to come and help him to take it in, observing that they should want it again some other day. These two officers accordingly rolled it carefully up and placed it in the boat."*

We shall add only what he says in his letter to Mr. Blackett of Lord Nelson:—

"When my dear friend received his wound, he immediately sent an officer to me to tell me of it,—and give his love to me! Though the officer was directed to say the wound was not dangerous, I read in his countenance what I had to fear; and before the action was over, Captain Hardy came to inform me of his death. I cannot tell you how deeply I was affected; my friendship for him was unlike anything that I have left in the navy; a brotherhood of more than thirty years. In this affair he did nothing without my counsel: we made our line of battle together, and concerted the mode of attack, which was put in execution in the most admirable style. I shall grow very tired of the sea soon; my health has suffered so much from the anxious state I have been in, and the fatigue I have undergone, that I shall be unfit for service. The severe gales which immediately followed the day of victory ruined our prospect of prizes."

He was now elevated to the peerage, and a pension of 2000*l.* was settled on him by parliament for his own life, with 1000*l.* in case of his death to Lady Collingwood, and 500*l* to each of his daughters. His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence also honoured him with a very kind letter, and presented him with a sword. The way in which he received all those honours, is as admirable as the services by which they were earned. On the first tidings of his peerage he writes thus to Lady Collingwood:—

"It would be hard if I could not find one hour to write a letter to my dearest Sarah, to congratulate her on the high rank to which she has been advanced by my success. Blessed may you be, my dearest love, and may you long live the happy wife of your happy husband! I do not know how you bear your honours; but I have so much business on my hands, from dawn till midnight, that I have hardly time to think of mine, except it be in gratitude to my King, who has so graciously conferred them upon me. But there are many things of which I might justly be a little proud—for extreme pride is folly—that I must share my gratification with you. The first is the letter from Colonel Taylor, his Majesty's private secretary to the Admiralty, to be communicated to me. I enclose you a copy of it. It is considered the highest compliment the King can pay; and, as the King's personal compliment, I value it above everything. But I will tell you what I feel nearest to my heart, after the honour which his Majesty has done me, and that is the praise of every officer of the fleet. There is a thing which has made a considerable impression upon me. A week before the war, at Morpeth, I dreamed distinctly many of the circumstances of our late battle off the enemy's port, and I believe I told you of it at the time: but I never dreamed that I was to be a peer of the realm! How are my darlings? I hope they will take pains to make themselves wise and good, and fit for the station to which they are raised."

And again, a little after:—

"I labour from dawn till midnight, till I can hardly see; and as my hearing fails me too, you will have but a mass of infirmities in your poor Lord, whenever he returns to you. I suppose I must not be seen to work in my garden now! but tell old Scott that he need not be unhappy on that account. Though we shall never again be able to plant the Nelson potatoes, we will have them of some other sort, and right noble cabbages to boot, in great perfection. You see I am styled of Hethpoole and Caldburne. Was that by your direction? I should prefer it to any other title if it was; and I rejoice, my love, that we are an instance that there are other and better sources of nobility than wealth."

At this time he had not heard that it was intended to accompany his dignity with any pension; and though the editor assures us that his whole income, even including his full pay, was at this time scarcely 1100*l.* a year, he never seems to have wasted a thought on such a consideration. Not that he was not at all times a prudent and considerate person; but, with the high spirit of a gentleman, and an independent Englishman, who had made

* "Of his economy, at all times, of the ship's stores, an instance was often mentioned in the navy as having occurred at the battle of St. Vincent. The Excellent shortly before the action had bent a new fore-topsail: and when she was closely engaged with the St. Isidro, Captain Collingwood called out to his boatswain, a very gallant man, who was shortly afterwards killed, 'Bless me! Mr. Peffers, how came we to forget to bend our *old* top-sail? They will quite ruin that new one. It will never be worth a farthing again.'"

his own way in the world, he disdained all sordid considerations. Nothing can be nobler, or more natural, than the way in which he expresses this sentiment, in another letter to his wife, written a few weeks after the preceding:—

"Many of the Captains here have expressed a desire that I would give them a general notice whenever I go to court; and if they are within five hundred miles, they will come up to attend me! Now all this is very pleasing; but, alas! my love, until we have peace, I shall never be happy: and yet, how we are to make it out in peace, I know not,—with high rank and no fortune. At all events, we can do as we did before. It is true I have the chief command, but there are neither French nor Spaniards on the sea, and our cruisers find nothing but neutrals, who carry on all the trade of the enemy. Our prizes you see are lost. Villeneuve's ship had a great deal of money in her, but it all went to the bottom. I am afraid the fees for this patent will be large, and pinch me: But never mind; let others solicit pensions, I am an Englishman, and will never ask for money as a favour. How do my darlings go on? I wish you would make them write to me by turns, and give me the whole history of their proceedings. Oh! how I shall rejoice, when I come home, to find them as much improved in knowledge as I have advanced them in station in the world: But take care they do not give themselves foolish airs. Their excellence should be in knowledge, in virtue, and benevolence to all; but most to those who are humble, and require their aid. This is true nobility, and is now become an incumbent duty on them. I am out of all patience with Bounce. The consequential airs he gives himself since he became a Right Honourable dog, are insufferable. He considers it beneath his dignity to play with Commoners' dogs, and, truly, thinks that he does them grace when he condescends to lift up his leg against them. This, I think, is carrying the insolence of rank to the extreme; but he is a dog that does it.—25th December. This is Christmas-day; a merry and cheerful one, I hope, to all my darlings. May God bless us, and grant that we may pass the next together. Everybody is very good to me; but his Majesty's letters are my pride: it is there I feel the object of my life attained."

And again, in the same noble spirit is the following to his father-in-law:—

"I have only been on shore once since I left England, and do not know when I shall go again. I am unceasingly writing, and the day is not long enough for me to get through my business. I hope my children are every day acquiring some knowledge, and wish them to write a French letter every day to me or their mother. I shall read them all when I come home. If there were an opportunity, I should like them to be taught Spanish, which is the most elegant language in Europe, and very easy. I hardly know how we shall be able to support the dignity to which his Majesty has been pleased to raise me. Let others plead for pensions; I can be rich without money, by endeavouring to be superior to everything poor. I would have my services to my country unstained by any interested motive; and old Scott and I can go on in our cabbage-garden without much greater expense than formerly. But I have had a great destruction of my furniture and stock; I have hardly a chair that has not a shot in it, and many have lost both legs and arms—without hope of pension! My wine broke in moving, and my pigs slain in battle; and these are heavy losses where they cannot be replaced. . . . .

"I suppose I shall have great demands on me for patents and fees: But we must pay for being great. I get no prize-money. Since I left England, I have received only 183*l.*, which has not quite paid for my wine; but I do not care about being rich, if we can but keep a good fire in winter. How I long to have a peep into my own house, and a walk in my own garden! It is the pleasing object of all my hopes."

In the midst of all those great concerns, it is delightful to find the noble Admiral writing thus, from the Mediterranean, of his daughter's sick governess, and inditing this post-script to the little girls themselves:—

"How sorry am I for poor Miss ——! I am sure you will spare no pains for her; and do not lose sight of her when she goes to Edinburgh. Tell her that she must not want any advice or any comfort; but I need not say this to you, my beloved, who are kindness itself. I am much obliged to the Corporation of Newcastle for every mark which they give of their esteem and approbation of my service. But where shall we find a place in our small house for all those vases and epergnes? A kind letter from them would have gratified me as much, and have been less trouble to them."

"My darlings, Sarah and Mary,

"I was delighted with your last letters, my blessings, and desire you to write to me very often, and tell me all the news of the city of Newcastle and town of Morpeth. I hope we shall have many happy days, and many a good laugh together yet. Be kind to old Scott; and when you see him weeding my oaks, give the old man a shilling!

"May God Almighty bless you."

The patent of his peerage was limited to the heirs *male* of his body; and, having only daughters, he very early expressed a wish that it might be extended to them and their male heirs. But this was not attended to. When he heard of his pension, he wrote, in the same lofty spirit, to Lord Barham, that if the title could be continued to the heirs of his daughters, he did not care for the pension at all! and in urging his request for the change, he reminded his Lordship, with an amusing naiveté, that government ought really to show some little favour to his daughters, considering that, if they had not kept him constantly at sea since 1793, he would probably have had half a dozen sons by this time, to succeed him in his honours!

It is delightful to read and extract passages like these; but we feel that we must stop; and that we have already exhibited enough of this book, both to justify the praises we have bestowed on it, and to give our readers a full impression of the exalted and most amiable character to which it relates. We shall add no more, therefore, that is merely personal to Lord Collingwood, except what belongs to the decay of his health, his applications for recall, and the death that he magnanimously staid to meet, when that recall was so strangely withheld. His constitution had been considerably impaired even before the action of Trafalgar; but in 1808 his health seemed entirely to give way; and he wrote, in August of that year, earnestly entreating to be allowed to come home. The answer to his application was, that it was so difficult to supply his place, that his recall must, at all events, be suspended. In a letter to Lady Collingwood, he refers to this correspondence, and after mentioning his official application to the Admiralty, he says:—

"What their answer will be, I do not know yet; but I had before mentioned my declining health to

Lord Mulgrave, and he tells me in reply, that he hopes I will stay, for he knows not how to supply my place. The impression which his letter made upon me was one of grief and sorrow: first, that with such a list as we have—including more than a hundred admirals—there should be thought to be any difficulty in finding a successor of superior ability to me; and next, that there should be any obstacle in the way of the only comfort and happiness that I have to look forward to in this world."

In answer to Lord Mulgrave's statement, he afterwards writes, that his infirmities had sensibly increased; but "I have no object in the world that I put in competition with my public duty; and so long as your lordship thinks it proper to continue me in this command, my utmost efforts shall be made to strengthen the impression which you now have; but I still hope, that whenever it may be done with convenience, your lordship will bear in mind my request." Soon after he writes thus to his family:—"I am an unhappy creature—old and worn out. I wish to come to England; but some objection is ever made to it." And, again, "I have been very unwell. The physician tells me that it is the effect of constant confinement—which is not very comfortable, as there seems little chance of its being otherwise. Old age and its infirmities are coming on me very fast; and I am weak and tottering on my legs. It is high time I should return to England; and I hope I shall be allowed to do it before long. It will otherwise be too late."

And it was too late! He was not relieved—and scorning to leave the post assigned to him, while he had life to maintain it, he died at it, in March, 1810, upwards of eighteen months after he had thus stated to the government his reasons for desiring a recall. The following is the editor's touching and affectionate account of the closing scene—full of pity and of grandeur—and harmonising beautifully with the noble career which was destined there to be arrested:—

"Lord Collingwood had been repeatedly urged by his friends to surrender his command, and to seek in England that repose which had become so necessary in his declining health; but his feelings on the subject of discipline were peculiarly strong, and he had ever exacted the most implicit obedience from others. He thought it therefore his duty not to quit the post which had been assigned to him, until he should be duly relieved,—and replied, 'that his life was his country's, *in whatever way it might be required of him.*' When he moored in the harbour of Port Mahon, on the 25th of February, he was in a state of great suffering and debility; and having been strongly recommended by his medical attendants to try the effect of gentle exercise on horseback, he went immediately on shore, accompanied by his friend Captain Hallowell, who left his ship to attend him in his illness: but it was then too late. He became incapable of bearing the slightest fatigue; and as it was represented to him that his return to England was indispensably necessary for the preservation of his life, he, on the 3d of March, surrendered his command to Rear Admiral Martin. The two following days were spent in unsuccessful attempts to warp the Ville de Paris out of Port Mahon; but on the 6th the wind came round to the westward, and at sunset the ship succeeded in clearing the harbour, and made sail for England. When Lord Collingwood was informed that he was again at sea, he rallied for a time his exhausted strength, and said to those around him, 'Then I may yet live to meet the French once more.' On the morning of the 7th there was a considerable swell, and his friend Captain Thomas, on entering his cabin, observed, that he feared the motion of the vessel disturbed him. 'No, Thomas,' he replied; 'I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying; and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end.' He told one of his attendants that he had endeavoured to review, as far as was possible, all the actions of his past life, and that he had the happiness to say, that nothing gave him a moment's uneasiness. He spoke at times of his absent family, and of the doubtful contest in which he was about to leave his country involved, but ever with calmness and perfect resignation to the will of God; and in this blessed state of mind, after taking an affectionate farewell of his attendants, he expired without a struggle at six o'clock in the evening of that day, having attained the age of fifty-nine years and six months.

"After his decease, it was found that, with the exception of the stomach, all the other organs of life were peculiarly vigorous and unimpaired; and from this inspection, and the age which the surviving members of his family have attained, there is every reason to conclude that if he had been earlier relieved from his command, he would still have been in the enjoyment of the honours and rewards which would doubtless have awaited him on his return to England."

The remainder of this article, containing discussions on the practices of flogging in the Navy, and of Impressment (to both which Lord Collingwood, as well as Nelson, were opposed), is now omitted; as scarcely possessing sufficient originality to justify its republication, even in this Miscellany.

(December, 1828.)

Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India from Calcutta to Bombay, 1824, 1825 (*with Notes upon Ceylon*); *an Account of a Journey to Madras and the Southern Provinces*, 1826; *and Letters written in India.* By the late Right Reverend Reginald Heber, Lord Bishop of Calcutta. Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1828.

This is another book for Englishmen to be proud of—almost as delightful as the Memoirs of Lord Collingwood, and indebted for its attractions mainly to the same cause—the singularly amiable and exalted character of the person to whom it relates—and that combination of gentleness with heroic ambition, and simplicity with high station, which we would still fondly regard as characteristic of our own nation. To us in Scotland the combination seems, in this instance, even more admirable than in that of the great Admiral. We have no Bishops on our establishment; and have been accustomed to think that we are better without them. But if we could persuade ourselves that Bishops in general were at all like Bishop Heber, we should tremble for our Presbyterian orthodoxy; and feel not only veneration, but something very like envy for a communion which could number many such men among its ministers.

The notion entertained of a Bishop, in our antiepiscopal latitudes, is likely enough, we admit, not to be altogether just:—and we are far from upholding it as correct, when we say, that a Bishop, among us, is generally supposed to be a stately and pompous person, clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day—somewhat obsequious to persons in power, and somewhat haughty and imperative to those who are beneath him—with more authority in his tone and manner, than solidity in his learning; and yet with much more learning than charity or humility—very fond of being called my Lord, and driving about in a coach with mitres on the panels, but little addicted to visiting the sick and fatherless, or earning for himself the blessing of those who are ready to perish—

> ——"Familiar with a round
> Of Ladyships—a stranger to the poor"—

decorous in manners, but no foe to luxurious indulgences—rigid in maintaining discipline among his immediate dependents, and in exacting the homage due to his dignity from the undignified mob of his brethren; but perfectly willing to leave to them the undivided privileges of teaching and of comforting their people, and of soothing the sins and sorrows of their erring flocks—scornful, if not openly hostile, upon all occasions, to the claims of the People, from whom he is generally sprung—and presuming every thing in favour of the royal will and prerogative, by which he has been exalted—setting, indeed, in all cases, a much higher value on the privileges of the few, than the rights that are common to all, and exerting himself strenuously that the former may ever prevail—caring more, accordingly, for the interests of his order than the general good of the church, and far more for the Church than for the Religion it was established to teach—hating dissenters still more bitterly than infidels—but combating both rather with obloquy and invocation of civil penalties, than with the artillery of a powerful reason, or the reconciling influences of an humble and holy life—uttering now and then haughty professions of humility, and regularly bewailing, at fit seasons, the severity of those Episcopal labours, which sadden, and even threaten to abridge a life, which to all other eyes appears to flow on in almost unbroken leisure and continued indulgence!

This, or something like this, we take to be the notion that most of us Presbyterians have been used to entertain of a modern Bishop: and it is mainly because they believed that the rank and opulence which the station implied, were likely to realise this character in those who should be placed in it, that our ancestors contended so strenuously for the abrogation of the order, and thought their Reformation incomplete till it was finally put down—till all the ministers of the Gospel were truly pastors of souls, and stood in no other relation to each other than as fellow-labourers in the same vineyard.

If this notion be utterly erroneous, the picture which Bishop Heber has here drawn of himself, must tend powerfully to correct it. If, on the other hand, it be in any respect just, he must be allowed, at all events, to have been a splendid exception. We are willing to take it either way. Though we must say that we incline rather to the latter alternative—since it is difficult to suppose, with all due allowance for prejudices, that our abstract idea of a Bishop should be in such flagrant contradiction to the truth, that one who was merely a fair specimen of the order, should be most accurately characterised by precisely *reversing* every thing that entered into that idea. Yet this is manifestly the case with Bishop Heber—of whom we do not know at this moment how we could give a better description, than by merely *reading backwards* all we have now ventured to set down as characteristic of his right reverend brethren. Learned, polished, and dignified, he was undoubtedly; yet far more conspicuously kind, humble, tolerant, and laborious—zealous for his church too, and not forgetful of his station; but remembering it more for the duties than for the honours that were attached to it, and infinitely more zealous for the religious improvement, and for the happiness, and spiritual and worldly good of his fellow-creatures, of every tongue, faith, and complexion: indulgent to all errors and infirmities—liberal, in the best and truest sense of the word—humble and conscientiously diffident of his own excellent judgment and never-failing charity—looking on all men as the children of one God, on all Christians as the redeemed of one Saviour, and on all Christian teachers as fellow-labourers, bound to help and encourage each other in their arduous and anxious task. His portion of the work, accordingly, he wrought faithfully, zealously, and well; and, devoting himself to his duty with a truly apostolical fervour, made no scruple to forego, for its sake, not merely his personal ease and comfort, but those domestic affections which were ever so much more valuable in his eyes, and in the end, we fear, consummating the sacrifice with his life! If such a character be common among the dignitaries of the English Church, we sincerely congratulate them on the fact, and bow our heads in homage and veneration before them. If it be rare, as we fear it must be in any church, we trust we do no unworthy service in pointing it out for honour and imitation to all; and in praying that the example, in all its parts, may promote the growth of similar virtues among all denominations of Christians, in every region of the world.

But though the great charm of the book be derived from the character of its lamented author, we are not sure that this is by any means what will give it its great or most permanent value. Independently of its moral attraction, we are inclined to think it, on the whole, the most instructive and important publication that has ever been given to the world, on the actual state and condition of our Indian Empire: Not only exhibiting a more clear, graphic, and intelligible account of the country, and the various races by which it is peopled, by presenting us with more candid, judicious, and reasonable views of all the great questions relating to its destiny, and our interests and duties with regard to it, than are any where else to be met with. It is the result, no doubt, of a hasty and somewhat superficial survey. But it embraces a very wide and various range, and thus affords the means of correcting errors, which are almost inseparable from a narrower observation; and has, above all, the inestimable advantage of being given while the freshness of the first impression was undiminished, and the fairness of the first judgment unperverted by the gradual accumulation of interests, prejudices, and deference to partial authorities; and given by a man not only free from all previous bias, but of such singular candour, calmness, and deliberation of judgment, that we would, in almost any case, take his testimony, even on a superficial view, against that of a much cleverer person, who, with ampler opportunities, had surveyed or reported with the feelings, consciously or unconsciously cherished, of an advocate, a theorist, a bigot, or a partisan.

Unhappily, almost all who have hitherto had the means of knowing much about India, have been, in a greater or less degree, subject to these influences; and the consequence has been, that though that great country is truly a portion of our own—and though we may find, in every large town, whole clubs of intelligent men, returned after twenty or thirty years' residence in it in high situations, it is nearly impossible to get any distinct notion of its general condition, or to obtain such information as to its institutions and capacities as may be furnished by an ordinary book of travels, as to countries infinitely less important or easy of access. Various causes, besides the repulsions of a hostile and jealous religion, have conspired to produce this effect. In the first place, the greater part of our *revenans* have been too long in the other world, to be able to describe it in such a way as to be either interesting or intelligible to the inhabitants of this. They have been too long familiar with its aspect to know how they would strike a stranger; and have confounded, in their passive and incurious impressions, the most trivial and insignificant usages, with practices and principles that are in the highest degree curious, and of the deepest moral concernment. In the next place, by far the greater part of these experienced and authoritative residents have seen but a very small portion of the mighty regions with which they are too hastily presumed to be *generally* acquainted; and have for the most part seen even those, only in the course of some limited professional or official occupation, and only with the eyes of their peculiar craft or profession. They have been traders, or soldiers, or tax-gatherers—with here and there a diplomatic agent, an engineer, or a naturalist—all, too busy, and too much engrossed with the special object of their several missions, to have time to look to the general condition of the country—and almost all moving through it, with a retinue and accompaniment of authority, which excluded all actual contact with the People, and even, in a great degree, the possibility of seeing them in their natural state. We have historical memoirs accordingly, and accounts of military expeditions, of great value and accuracy; and are beginning to have reports of the culture of indigo, of the general profits of trade, and of the heights and structure of mountains, that may be depended on. But, with the exception of Mr. Elphinstone's Caubul and Sir John Malcolm's Central India—both relating to very limited and peculiar districts—we have no good account of the country or the people. But by far the worst obstruction to the attainment of correct information is to be found in the hostility which has prevailed for the last fifteen or twenty years, between the adversaries and the advocates of the East India Company and its monopoly; and which has divided almost all who are now able and willing to enlighten us on its concerns, into the champions of opposite factions; characterised, we fear we must add, with a full share of the partiality, exaggeration, and inaccuracy, which has at all times been chargeable upon such champions. In so large and complicated a subject, there is room of course, for plausible representations on both sides; but what we chiefly complain of is, that both parties have been so anxious to make a case for themselves, that neither of them have thought of stating *the whole facts*, so as to enable the public to judge between them. They have invariably brought forward only what they thought peculiarly favourable for themselves, or peculiarly unfavourable for the adversary, and have fought to the utterance upon those high grounds of quarrel; but have left out all that is not prominent and remarkable—that is, all that is truly characteristic of the general state of the country, and the ordinary conduct of its government; by reference to which alone, however, the real magnitude of the alleged benefits or abuses can ever be truly estimated.

It is chiefly for these reasons that we have hitherto been shy, perhaps to a blamable excess, in engaging with the great questions of Indian policy, which have of late years engrossed so much attention. Feeling the extreme difficulty of getting safe materials for our judgment, we have been conscientiously unwilling to take a decided or leading part in discussions which did not seem to us to be conducted, on either part, in a spirit of perfect fairness, on a sufficient view of well-established facts, or on a large and comprehensive perception of the principles to which

they referred. With a strong general leaning against all monopoly and arbitrary restrictions, we could not but feel that the case of India was peculiar in many respects; and that more than usual deliberation was due, not only to its vast practical importance, but to the weight of experience and authority that seemed arrayed against our predilections; and we longed, above all things, for a calm and dispassionate statement of facts, from a recent and intelligent observer, unconnected, if possible, either by interest or any other tie, with either of the parties, and untainted even by any preparatory study of their controversies; but applying his mind with perfect freedom and fairness to what fell under his own immediate observation, and recording his impressions with that tranquil sincerity which can scarcely ever be relied on but where the record is meant to be absolutely private, and is consequently made up without any feeling of responsibility, ambition, or deference.

Such a statement, and much more than such a statement, we have in the work before us; and both now, and on all future occasions, we feel that it has relieved us from the chief difficulty we have hitherto experienced in forming our opinions, and supplied the most valuable elements for the discussions to which we have alluded. The author, it must be admitted, was more in connection with the Government than with any party or individual opposed to it, and was more exposed, therefore, to a bias in that direction. But he was, at the same time, so entirely independent of its favours, and so much more removed from its influence than any one with nearly the same means of observation, and was withal of a nature so perfectly candid, upright, and conscientious, that he may be regarded, we think, as altogether impartial; and we verily believe has set down nothing in this private journal, intended only for his own eye or that of his wife, not only that he did not honestly think, but that he would not have openly stated to the Governor in Council, or to the Court of Directors themselves.

The Bishop sailed for India with his family, in 1823; and in June 1824, set out on the visitation of his Imperial Diocese, having been obliged, much against his will, to leave his wife and children, on account of their health, behind him. He ascended the Ganges to Dacca and Benares, and proceeded by Oude and Lucknow to Delhi and Agra, and to Almorah at the base of the Himalaya mountains, and so onward through the newly-acquired provinces of Malwah, to Guzerat and Bombay, where he had the happiness of rejoining Mrs. Heber. They afterwards sailed together to Ceylon; and after some stay in that island, returned, in October 1825, to Calcutta. In January 1826, the indefatigable prelate sailed again for Madras, and proceeded in March to the visitation of the southern provinces; but had only reached Tanjore, when his arduous and exemplary career was cut short, and all his labours of love and duty brought to an end, by a sudden and most unexpected death—having been seized with a fit in stepping into the bath, after having spent the morning in the offices of religion, on the 3d of April of that year.

The work before us consists of a very copious journal, written for and transmitted to his wife, during his long peregrinations; and of several most valuable and interesting letters, addressed to her, and to his friends in England, in the course of the same journey; all written in a very pleasing, and even elegant, though familiar style, and indicating in every line not only the clear judgment and various accomplishments of the writer, but the singular kindness of heart and sweetness of temper, by which he seems to have been still more distinguished. He surveys every thing with the vigilance and delight of a cultivated and most active intellect—with the eye of an artist, an antiquary, and a naturalist—the feelings and judgment of an English gentleman and scholar—the sympathies of a most humane and generous man—and the piety, charity, and humility of a Christian. The work is somewhat diffuse, and exhibits some repetitions, and perhaps some inconsistencies. It is not such a work, in short, as the author would himself have offered to the public. But we do not know whether it is not more interesting than any that he could have prepared for publication. It carries us more completely into the very heart of the scenes he describes than any such work could have done, and it admits us more into his intimacy. We pity those, we confess, who find it tedious to accompany such a man on such a journey.

It is difficult to select extracts from a work like this; or, rather, it is not worth while to stand on selection. We cannot pretend to give any abstract of the whole, or to transfer to our pages any reasonable proportion of the beauty or instruction it contains. We can only justify our account of it by a few specimens, taken very much at random. The following may serve to show the unaffected and considerate kindness with which he treated his attendants, and all the inferior persons who came in contact with him; and the effects of that kindness on its objects.

"Two of my sepoys had been ill for several days, in much the same way with myself. I had treated them in a similar manner, and they were now doing well: But being Brahmins of high caste, I had much difficulty in conquering their scruples and doubts about the physic which I gave them. They both said that they would rather die than taste wine. They scrupled at my using a spoon to measure their castor-oil, and insisted that the water in which their medicines were mixed, should be poured by themselves only. They were very grateful however, particularly for the care I took of them when I was myself ill, and said repeatedly that the sight of me in good health would be better to them than all medicines. They seemed now free from disease, but recovered their strength more slowly than I did; and I was glad to find that the Soubahdar said he was authorized, under such circumstances, to engage a hackery at the Company's expense, to carry them till they were fit to march. He mentioned this in consequence of my offering them a lift on a camel, which they were afraid of trying."

"I had a singular instance this evening of the fact how mere children all soldiers, and I think par-

ticularly sepoys, are, when put a little out of their usual way. On going to the place where my escort was hutted, I found that there was not room for them all under its shelter, and that four were preparing to sleep on the open field. Within a hundred yards stood another similar hut unoccupied, a little out of repair, but tolerably tenantable. 'Why do you not go thither?' was my question. 'We like to sleep altogether,' was their answer. 'But why not bring the branches here, and make your own hut larger? see, I will show you the way.' They started up immediately in great apparent delight; every man brought a bough, and the work was done in five minutes—being only interrupted every now and then by exclamations of 'Good, good, poor man's provider!'"——

"A little before five in the morning, the servants came to me for directions, and to say that the good careful old Soubahdar was very ill, and unable to leave his tent. I immediately put on my clothes and went down to the camp, in my way to which they told me, that he had been taken unwell at night, and that Dr. Smith had given him medicine. He opened a vein, and with much humane patience, continued to try different remedies while any chance remained; but no blood flowed, and no sign of life could be detected from the time of his coming up, except a feeble flutter at the heart, which soon ceased. He was at an advanced age, at least for an Indian, though apparently hale and robust. I felt it a comfort that I had not urged him to any exertion, and that in fact I had endeavoured to persuade him to lie still till he was quite well. But I was necessarily much shocked by the sudden end of one who had travelled with me so far, and whose conduct had, in every instance, given me satisfaction. Nor, while writing this, can I recollect without a real pang, his calm countenance and grey hairs, as he sate in his tent door, telling his beads in an afternoon, or walked with me, as he seldom failed to do, through the villages on an evening, with his own silver-hilted sabre under his arm, his loose cotton mantle folded round him, and his golden necklace and Rajpoot string just visible above it.

"The death of the poor Soubahdar led to the question, whether there would be still time to send on the baggage. All the Mussulmans pressed our immediate departure; while the Hindoos begged that they might be allowed to stay, at least, till sunset. I determined on remaining, as, in my opinion, more decent and respectful to the memory of a good and aged officer."

"In the way, at Futtehgunge, I passed the tents pitched for the large party which were to return towards Cawnpoor next day, and I was much pleased and gratified by the Soubahdar and the greater number of the sepoys of my old escort running into the middle of the road to bid me another farewell, and again express their regret that they were not going on with me 'to the world's end.' They who talk of the ingratitude of the Indian character, should, I think, pay a little more attention to cases of this sort. These men neither got nor expected any thing by this little expression of good-will. If I had offered them money, they would have been bound, by the rules of the service, and their own dignity, not to take it. Sufficient civility and respect would have been paid if any of them who happened to be near the road had touched their caps, and I really can suppose them actuated by no motive but good-will. It had not been excited, so far as I know, by any particular desert on my part: but I had always spoken to them civilly, had paid some attention to their comforts in securing them tents, firewood, and camels for their knapsacks, and had ordered them a dinner, after their own fashion, on their arrival at Lucknow, at the expense of, I believe, not more than four rupees! Surely if good-will is to be bought by these sort of attentions, it is a pity that any body should neglect them."——

"In crossing a nuddee, which from a ford had become a ferry, we saw some characteristic groups and occurrences; the price of passage in the boat was only a few cowries; but a number of country folk were assembled, who could not, or would not, pay, and were now sitting patiently by the brink, waiting till the torrent should subside, or, what was far less likely to happen, till the boatmen should take compassion on them. Many of these poor people came up to beg me to make the boatmen take them over, one woman pleading that her 'malik our bucher,' (literally master, or lord, and young one) had run away from her, and she wanted to overtake them; another that she and her two grandchildren were following her son, who was a Havildar in the regiment which we had passed just before; and some others, that they had been intercepted the previous day by this torrent, and had neither money nor food till they had reached their homes. Four anas purchased a passage for the whole crowd, of perhaps thirty people, and they were really very thankful. I bestowed two anas more on the poor deserted woman, and a whimsical scene ensued. She at first took the money with eagerness, then, as if she recollected herself, she blushed very deeply, and seemed much confused, then bowed herself to my feet, and kissed my hands, and at last said, in a very modest tone, 'it was not fit for so great a man as I was, to give her two anas, and she hoped that I and the 'chota Sahib,' (little lord) would give her a rupee each!' She was an extremely pretty little woman, but we were inexorable; partly, I believe, in my own case at least, because we had only just rupees enough to take us to Cawnpoor, and to pay for our men's provisions; however, I gave her two more anas, my sole remaining stock of small change."

These few traits will do, we believe; but we must add a few more, to let the reader fully into the noble humanity and genuine softness of this man's heart.

"In the course of this evening a fellow, who said he was a gao-wala brought me two poor little leverets, which he said he had just found in a field. They were quite unfit to eat, and bringing them was an act of cruelty of which there are few instances among the Hindoos, who are generally humane to wild animals. In this case, on my scolding the man for bringing such poor little things from their mother, all the crowd of camel-drivers and camp-followers, of whom no inconsiderable number were around us, expressed great satisfaction and an entire concurrence in my censure. It ended in the man promising to take them back to the very spot (which he described) where he had picked them up, and in my promising him an ana if he did so. To see him keep his word two stout waggoner's boys immediately volunteered their services, and I have no doubt kept him to his contract.

"The same adviser wanted me to take off a joint of Câbul's tail, under the hair, so as not to injure his appearance. 'It was known,' he said, 'that by how much the tail was made shorter, so much the taller the horse grew.' I said 'I could not believe that God gave any animal a limb too much, or one which tended to its disadvantage, and that as He had made my horse, so he should remain.' This speech, such as it was, seemed to chime in wonderfully with the feelings of most of my hearers; and one old man said, that 'during all the twenty-two years that the English held the country, he had not heard so grave and godly a saying from any of them before.' I thought of Sancho Panza and his wise apophthegms!

"Our elephants were receiving their drink at a well, and I gave the largest some bread, which, before my illness, I had often been in the habit of doing. 'He is glad to see you again,' observed the goomashta, and I certainly was much struck by the calm, clear, attentive, intelligent eye which he fixed on me, both while he was eating, and afterwards while I was patting his trunk and talking about him. He was, he said, a fine-tempered beast, but the two others were 'great rascals.' One of them had once almost killed his keeper. I have got these poor beasts' allowance increased, in consideration of their long march; and that they may not be wronged, have ordered the mohout to give them all their gram in presence of a sentry. The gram is made up in cakes, about as large as the top of a hat-box, and baked on an earthen pot. Each contains a seer, and sixteen of them are considered as sufficient for one day's food for an elephant on a march. The suwarree elephant had only twelve, but I ordered him the full allowance, as well as an increase to the others. If they knew this, they would indeed be glad to see me."——

"The morning was positively cold, and the whole scene, with the exercise of the march, the picturesque groups of men and animals round me,—the bracing air, the singing of birds, the light mist hanging on the trees, and the glistening dew, had something at once so Oriental and so English, I have seldom found any thing better adapted to raise a man's animal spirits, and put him in good temper with himself and all the world. How I wish those I love were with me! How much my wife would enjoy this sort of life,—its exercise, its cleanliness, and purity; its constant occupation, and at the same time its comparative freedom from form, care, and vexation! At the same time a man who is curious in his eating had better not come here. Lamb and kid (and we get no other flesh) most people would soon tire of. The only fowls which are attainable are as tough and lean as can be desired; and the milk and butter are generally seasoned with the never-failing condiments of Hindostan—smoke and soot. These, however, are matters to which it is not difficult to become reconciled; and all the more serious points of warmth, shade, cleanliness, air, and water, are at this season nowhere enjoyed better than in the spacious and well-contrived tents, the ample means of transport, the fine climate, and fertile regions of Northern Hindostan. Another time, by God's blessing, I will not be alone in this Eden; yet I confess that there are few people whom I greatly wish to have as associates in such a journey. It is only a wife, or a friend so intimate as to be quite another self, whom one is really anxious to be with one while travelling through a new country."

Instead of wishing, as we should have expected a Bishop to do, to move in the dignified and conspicuous circle at the seat of Government, it is interesting to find this exemplary person actually languishing for a more retired and obscure situation.

"Do you know, dearest, that I sometimes think we should be more useful, and happier, if Cawnpoor or Benares, not Calcutta, were our home?—My visitations would be made with far more convenience, the expense of house rent would be less to the Company, and our own expenses of living would be reduced very considerably. The air, even of Cawnpoor, is, I apprehend, better than that of Bengal, and that of Benares decidedly so. The greater part of my business with government may be done as well by letters as personal interviews; and, if the Archdeacon of Calcutta were resident there, it seems more natural that the Bishop of India should remain in the centre of his diocese.—The only objection is the great number of Christians in Calcutta, and the consequent probability that my preaching is more useful there than it would be any where else. We may talk these points over when we meet."

One of the most characteristic passages in the book, is the account of his interview with a learned and very liberal Brahmin in Guzerât, whom he understood to teach a far purer morality than is usually enjoined by his brethren, and also to discountenance the distinction of castes, and to inculcate a signal toleration We can now afford, however, to give little more than the introductory narrative.

"About eleven o'clock I had the expected visit from Swaamee Narain, to my interview with whom I had looked forward with an anxiety and eagerness which, if he had known it, would perhaps have flattered him. He came in a somewhat different style from what I expected; having with him nearly two hundred horsemen, mostly well-armed with matchlocks and swords, and several of them with coats of mail and spears. Besides them he had a large rabble on foot, with bows and arrows; and when I considered that I had myself more than fifty horse, and fifty muskets and bayonets, I could not help smiling, though my sensations were in some degree painful and humiliating, at the idea of two religious teachers meeting at the head of little armies! and filling the city, which was the scene of their interview, with the rattling of quivers, the clash of shields, and the tramp of the war-horse. Had our troops been opposed to each other, mine, though less numerous, would have been doubtless far more effective, from the superiority of arms and discipline. But, in moral grandeur, what a difference was there between his troop and mine! Mine neither knew me nor cared for me. They escorted me faithfully, and would have defended me bravely, because they were ordered by their superiors to do so; and as they would have done for any other stranger of sufficient worldly rank to make such attendance usual. The guards of Swaamee Narain were his own disciples and enthusiastic admirers; men who had voluntarily repaired to hear his lessons, who now took a pride in doing him honour, and who would cheerfully fight to the last drop of blood rather than suffer a fringe of his garment to be handled roughly. In the parish of Hodnet there were once perhaps a few honest countrymen who felt something like this for me; but how long a time must elapse before any Christian teacher in India can hope to be thus loved and honoured!

"After the usual mutual compliments, I said that I had heard much good of him, and the good doctrine which he preached among the poor people of Guzerât, and that I greatly desired his acquaintance; that I regretted that I knew Hindostanee so imperfectly, but that I should be very glad, so far as my knowledge of the language allowed, and by the interpretation of friends, to learn what he believed on religious matters, and to tell him what I myself believed; and that if he would come and see me at Kairah, where we should have more leisure, I would have a tent pitched for him and treat him like a brother. I said this, because I was very earnestly desirous of getting him a copy of the Scriptures, of which I had none with me, in the Nagree character, and persuading him to read them; and because I had some further hopes of inducing him to go with me to Bombay, where I hoped that, by conciliatory treatment, and the conversations to which I might introduce him with the Church Missionary Society established in that neighbourhood, I might do him more good than I could otherwise hope.

"I saw that both he, and, still more, his disciples, were highly pleased by the invitation which I gave him; but he said, in reply, that his life was one of very little leisure; that he had five thousand disciples now attending on his preaching in the neighbouring villages, and nearly fifty thousand in different parts of Guzerât; that a great number of these were to assemble together in the course of next week, on occasion of his brother's son coming of age to receive the Brahminical string; but that if I staid long enough in the neighbourhood to allow him to get this engagement over, he would gladly come again to see me. 'In the meantime,' I said, 'have you any objection to communicate some part of your doctrine now?' It was evidently what he came to do; and his disciples very visibly exulted in the opportunity of his perhaps *converting me.*"

The conference is too long to extract, but it is very curious; though the result fell something short of what the worthy Bishop, in the zeal of his benevolence, had anticipated.—We should now leave the subject of the author's personal character; but it shines out so strongly in the account of the sudden death of one of his English friends and fellow-travellers, that we cannot refrain from gratifying our readers and ourselves with one other extract. Mr. Stowe, the individual alluded to, died after a short illness at Dacca. The day after his burial, the Bishop writes to his wife as follows:—

"Sincerely as I have mourned, and do mourn him continually, the moment perhaps at which I felt his loss most keenly was on my return to this house. I had always after airings, or other short absences, been accustomed to run up immediately to his room to ask about his medicines and his nourishment, to find if he had wanted any thing during my absence, and to tell him what I had seen and heard. And now, as I went up stairs, I felt most painfully that the object of my solicitude was gone, and that there was nobody now to derive comfort or help from my coming, or whose eyes would faintly sparkle as I opened the door.

"It will be long before I forget the guilelessness of his nature, the interest which he felt and expressed in all the beautiful and sequestered scenery which we passed through; his anxiety to be useful to me in any way which I could point out to him, (he was indeed very useful,) and above all, the unaffected pleasure which he took in discussing religious subjects; his diligence in studying the Bible, and the fearless humanity with which he examined the case, and administered to the wants, of nine poor Hindoos, the crew of a salt-barge, whom, as I mentioned in my Journal, we found lying sick together of a jungle fever, unable to leave the place where they lay, and unaided by the neighbouring villagers. I then little thought how soon he in his turn would require the aid he gave so cheerfully."

On the day after, he writes in these terms to Miss Stowe, the sister of his departed friend:—

"With a heavy heart, my dear Miss Stowe, I send you the enclosed keys. How to offer you consolation in your present grief, I know not; for by my own deep sense of the loss of an excellent friend, I know how much heavier must be your burden. Separation of one kind or another is, indeed, one of the most frequent trials to which affectionate hearts are exposed. And if you can only regard your brother as removed for his own advantage to a distant country, you will find, perhaps, some of that misery alleviated under which you are now suffering. Had you remained in England when he came out hither, you would have been, for a time, divided no less effectually than you are now. The difference of hearing from him is almost all; and though you now have not that comfort, yet even without hearing from him you may be well persuaded (which there you could not always have been) that he is well and happy; and, above all, you may be persuaded, as your dear brother was most fully in his time of severest suffering, that God never smites his children in vain, or out of cruelty.

"So long as you choose to remain with us, we will be, to our power, a sister and a brother to you. And it may be worth your consideration whether, in your present state of health and spirits, a journey, in my wife's society, will not be better for you than a dreary voyage home. But this is a point on which you must decide for yourself; I would scarcely venture to advise, far less dictate, where I am only anxious to serve. In my dear Emily you will already have had a most affectionate and sensible counsellor."

We dare not venture on any part, either of the descriptions of scenery and antiquities, or of the persons and presentations at the several native courts. But we have no hesitation in recommending them as by far the best and most interesting, in both sorts, that we have ever met with. The account of his journeyings and adventures in the mountain region at the foot of the Himalaya is peculiarly striking, from the affecting resemblance the author is continually tracing to the scenery of his beloved England, his more beloved Wales, or his most beloved Hodnet! Of the natives, in all their orders, he is a most indulgent and liberal judge, as well as a very exact observer. He estimates their civilisation higher, we think, than any other traveller who has given an account of them, and is very much struck with the magnificence of their architecture—though very sceptical as to the high antiquity to which some of its finest specimens pretend. We cannot afford to give any of the splendid and luminous descriptions in which the work abounds. In a private letter he says,—

"I had heard much of the airy and gaudy style of Oriental architecture; a notion, I apprehend, taken from that of China only, since solidity, solemnity, and a richness of ornament, so well managed as not to interfere with solemnity, are the characteristics of all the ancient buildings which I have met with in this country. I recollect no corresponding parts of Windsor at all equal to the entrance of the castle of Delhi and its marble hall of audience; and even Delhi falls very short of Agra in situation, in majesty of outline, in size, and the costliness and beauty of its apartments."

The following is a summary of his opinion of the people, which follows in the same letter:

"Of the people, so far as their natural character is concerned, I have been led to form, on the whole, a very favourable opinion. They have, unhappily, many of the vices arising from slavery, from an unsettled state of society, and immoral and erroneous systems of religion. But they are men of high and gallant courage, courteous, intelligent, and most eager after knowledge and improvement, with a remarkable aptitude for the abstract sciences, geometry, astronomy, &c., and for the imitative arts, painting and sculpture. They are sober, industrious, dutiful to their parents, and affectionate to their children, of tempers almost uniformly gentle and patient, and more easily affected by kindness and attention to their wants and feelings than almost any men whom I have met with. Their faults seem to arise from the hateful superstitions to which they are subject, and the unfavourable state of society in which they are placed.

"More has been done, and more successfully, to obviate these evils in the Presidency of Bombay, than in any part of India which I have yet visited, through the wise and liberal policy of Mr. Elphinstone; to whom this side of the Peninsula is also indebted for some very important and efficient improvements in the administration of justice, and who, both in amiable temper and manners, extensive and various information, acute good sense, energy, and application to business, is one of the most extraordinary men, as he is quite the most popular governor, that I have fallen in with."

The following is also very important; and gives more new and valuable information

than many pretending volumes, by men who have been half their lives in the countries to which they relate:—

"Of the people of this country, and the manner in which they are governed, I have, as yet, hardly seen enough to form an opinion. I have seen enough, however, to find that the customs, the habits, and prejudices of the former are much misunderstood in England. We have all heard, for instance, of the humanity of the Hindoos towards brute creatures, their horror of animal food, &c.; and you may be, perhaps, as much surprised as I was, to find that those who can afford it are hardly less carnivorous than ourselves; that even the purest Brahmins are allowed to eat mutton and venison; that fish is permitted to many castes, and pork to many others; and that, though they consider it a grievous crime to kill a cow or bullock for the purpose of eating, yet they treat their draft oxen, no less than their horses, with a degree of barbarous severity which would turn an English hackney coachman sick. Nor have their religious prejudices, and the unchangeableness of their habits, been less exaggerated. Some of the best informed of their nation, with whom I have conversed, assure me that half their most remarkable customs of civil and domestic life are borrowed from their Mahommedan conquerors; and at present there is an obvious and increasing disposition to imitate the English in every thing, which has already led to very remarkable changes, and will, probably, to still more important. The wealthy natives now all affect to have their houses decorated with Corinthian pillars, and filled with English furniture. They drive the best horses and the most dashing carriages in Calcutta. Many of them speak English fluently, and are tolerably read in English literature; and the children of one of our friends I saw one day dressed in jackets and trousers, with round hats, shoes and stockings. In the Bengalee newspapers, of which there are two or three, politics are canvassed, with a bias, as I am told, inclining to Whiggism; and one of their leading men gave a great dinner not long since in honour of the Spanish Revolution. Among the lower orders the same feeling shows itself more beneficially, in a growing neglect of *caste*—in not merely a willingness, but an anxiety, to send their children to our schools, and a desire to learn and speak English, which, if properly encouraged, might, I verily believe, in fifty years' time, make our language what the *Oordoo*, or *court* and *camp* language of the country (the Hindostanee), is at present. And though instances of actual conversion to Christianity are, as yet, very uncommon, yet the number of children, both male and female, who are now receiving a sort of Christian education, reading the New Testament, repeating the Lord's Prayer and Commandments, and all with the consent, or at least without the censure, of their parents or spiritual guides, have increased, during the last two years, to an amount which astonishes the old European residents, who were used to tremble at the name of a Missionary, and shrink from the common duties of Christianity, lest they should give offence to their heathen neighbours. So far from that being a consequence of the zeal which has been lately shown, many of the Brahmins themselves express admiration of the morality of the Gospel, and profess to entertain a better opinion of the English since they have found that they too have a religion and a Shaster. All that seems necessary for the best effects to follow is, to let things take their course; to make the Missionaries discreet; to keep the government as it now is, strictly neuter; and to place our confidence in a general diffusion of knowledge, and in making ourselves really useful to the temporal as well as spiritual interests of the people among whom we live.

"In all these points there is, indeed, great room for improvement: But I do not by any means assent to the pictures of depravity and general worthlessness which some have drawn of the Hindoos. They are decidedly, by nature, a mild, pleasing, and intelligent race; sober, parsimonious, and, where an object is held out to them, most industrious and persevering. But the magistrates and lawyers all agree that in no country are lying and perjury so common, and so little regarded; and notwithstanding the apparent mildness of their manners, the criminal calendar is generally as full as in Ireland, with gang-robberies, setting fire to buildings, stacks, &c.; and the number of children who are decoyed aside and murdered, for the sake of their ornaments, Lord Amherst assures me, is dreadful."

We may add the following direct testimony on a point of some little curiosity, which has been alternately denied and exaggerated:—

"At Broach is one of those remarkable institutions which have made a good deal of noise in Europe, as instances of Hindoo benevolence to inferior animals. I mean hospitals for sick and infirm beasts, birds, and insects. I was not able to visit it; but Mr. Corsellis described it as a very dirty and neglected place, which, though it has considerable endowments in land, only serves to enrich the Brahmins who manage it. They have really animals of several different kinds there, not only those which are accounted sacred by the Hindoos, as monkeys, peacocks, &c., but horses, dogs, and cats; and they have also, in little boxes, an assortment of lice and fleas! It is not true, however, that they feed those pensioners on the flesh of beggars hired for the purpose. The Brahmins say that these insects, as well as the other inmates of their infirmary, are fed with vegetables only, such as rice, &c. How the insects thrive, I did not hear; but the old horses and dogs, nay the peacocks and apes, are allowed to starve; and the only creatures said to be in any tolerable plight are some milch cows, which may be kept from other motives than charity."

He adds afterwards,—

"I have not been led to believe that our Government is generally popular, or advancing towards popularity. It is, perhaps, impossible that we should be so in any great degree; yet I really think there are some causes of discontent which it is in our own power, and which it is our duty to remove or diminish. One of these is the distance and haughtiness with which a very large proportion of the civil and military servants of the Company treat the upper and middling class of natives. Against their mixing much with us in society, there are certainly many hindrances; though even their objection to eating with us might, so far as the Mussulmans are concerned, I think, be conquered by any popular man in the upper provinces, who made the attempt in a right way. But there are some of our amusements, such as private theatrical entertainments and the sports of the field, in which they would be delighted to share, and invitations to which would be regarded by them as extremely flattering, if they were not, perhaps with some reason, voted bores, and treated accordingly. The French, under Perron and Des Boignes, who in more serious matters left a very bad name behind them, had, in this particular, a great advantage over us; and the easy and friendly intercourse in which they lived with natives of rank, is still often regretted in Agra and the Dooab. This is not all, however. The foolish pride of the English absolutely leads them to set at nought the injunctions of their own Government. The Tussildars, for instance, or principal active officers of revenue, ought, by an order of council, to have chairs always offered them in the presence of their European superiors; and the same, by the standing orders of the army, should be done to the Soubahdars. Yet there are hardly six collectors in

India who observe the former etiquette: and the latter, which was fifteen years ago never omitted in the army, is now completely in disuse. At the same time, the regulations of which I speak are known to every Tussildar and Soubahdar in India, and they feel themselves aggrieved every time these civilities are neglected."

Of the state of the Schools, and of Education in general, he speaks rather favourably; and is very desirous that, without any direct attempt at conversion, the youth should be generally exposed to the humanising influence of the New Testament morality, by the general introduction of that holy book, as a lesson book in the schools; a matter to which he states positively that the natives, and even their Brahminical pastors, have no sort of objection. Talking of a female school, lately established at Calcutta, under the charge of a very pious and discreet lady, he observes, that "Rhadacant Deb, one of the wealthiest natives in Calcutta, and regarded as the most austere and orthodox of the worshippers of the Ganges, bade, some time since, her pupils go on and prosper; and added, that 'if they practised the Sermon on the Mount as well as they repeated it, he would choose all the handmaids for his daughters, and his wives, from the English school.'"

He is far less satisfied with the administration of Justice; especially in the local or district courts, called *Adawlut*, which the costliness and intricacy of the proceedings, and the needless introduction of the Persian language, have made sources of great practical oppression, and objects of general execration throughout the country. At the Bombay Presidency Mr. Elphinstone has discarded the Persian, and appointed every thing to be done in the ordinary language of the place.

And here we are afraid we must take leave of this most instructive and delightful publication; which we confidently recommend to our readers, not only as more likely to amuse them than any book of travels with which we are acquainted, but as calculated to enlighten their understandings, and to touch their hearts with a purer flame than they generally catch from most professed works of philosophy or devotion. It sets before us, in every page, the most engaging example of devotion to God and good-will to man; and, touching every object with the light of a clear judgment and a pure heart, exhibits the rare spectacle of a work written by a priest upon religious creeds and establishments, without a shade of intolerance; and bringing under review the characters of a vast multitude of eminent individuals, without one trait either of sarcasm or adulation.

(October, 1824.)

1. *Sketches of India.* Written by an Officer, for Fire-Side Travellers at Home. Second Edition, with Alterations. 8vo. pp. 358. London: 1824.
2. *Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and Italy.* By the Author of Sketches of India, and Recollections of the Peninsula. 8vo. pp. 452. London: 1824.

These are very amiable books:—and, besides the good sentiments they contain, they are very pleasing specimens of a sort of travel-writing, to which we have often regretted that so few of those who roam loose about the world will now condescend—we mean a brief and simple notice of what a person of ordinary information and common sensibility may see and feel in passing through a new country, which he visits without any learned preparation, and traverses without any particular object. There are individuals, no doubt, who travel to better purpose, and collect more weighty information—exploring, and recording as they go, according to their several habits and measures of learning, the mineralogy, antiquities, or statistics of the different regions they survey. But the greater part, even of intelligent wanderers, are neither so ambitious in their designs, nor so industrious in their execution;—and, as most of those who travel for pleasure, and find pleasure in travelling, are found to decline those tasks, which might enrol them among the contributors to science, while they turned all their movements into occasions of laborious study, it seems reasonable to think that a lively and succinct account of what actually delighted them, will be more generally agreeable than a digest of the information they might have acquired. We would by no means undervalue the researches of more learned and laborious persons, especially in countries rarely visited: But, for common readers, their discussions require too much previous knowledge, and too painful an effort of attention. They are not books of travels, in short, but works of science and philosophy; and as the principal delight of travelling consists in the impressions which we receive, almost passively, from the presentment of new objects, and the reflections to which they spontaneously give rise, so the most delightful books of travels should be those that give us back those impressions in their first freshness and simplicity, and excite us to follow out the train of feelings and reflection into which they lead us, by the direct and unpretending manner in which they are suggested. By aiming too ambitiously at instruction and research, this charm is lost; and we often close these copious dissertations and details, needlessly digested in the form of a journal, without having the least idea how *we*, or any other ordinary person, would have felt as companions of the journey—thoroughly convinced, certainly, that we should

not have occupied ourselves as the writers before us seem to have been occupied; and pretty well satisfied, after all, that they themselves were not so occupied during the most agreeable hours of their wanderings, and had omitted in their books what they would most frequently recall in their moments of enjoyment and leisure.

Nor are these records of superficial observation to be disdained as productive of entertainment only, or altogether barren of instruction. Very often the surface presents all that is really worth considering—or all that we are capable of understanding;—and our observer, we are taking it for granted, is, though no great philosopher, an intelligent and educated man—looking curiously at all that presents itself, and making such passing inquiries as may satisfy a reasonable curiosity, without greatly disturbing his indolence or delaying his progress. Many themes of reflection and topics of interest will be thus suggested, which more elaborate and exhausting discussions would have strangled in the birth—while, in the variety and brevity of the notices which such a scheme of writing implies, the mind of the reader is not only more agreeably excited, but is furnished, in the long run, with more materials for thinking, and solicited to more lively reflections, than by any quantity of exact knowledge on plants, stones, ruins, manufactures, or history.

Such, at all events, is the merit and the charm of the volumes before us. They place us at once by the side of the author—and bring before our eyes and minds the scenes he has passed through, and the feelings they suggested. In this last particular, indeed, we are entirely at his mercy; and we are afraid he sometimes makes rather an unmerciful use of his power. It is one of the hazards of this way of writing, that it binds us up in the strictest intimacy and closest companionship with the author. Its attraction is in its direct personal sympathy—and its danger in the temptation it holds out to abuse it. It enables us to share the grand spectacles with which the traveller is delighted—but compels us in a manner to share also in the sentiments with which he is pleased to connect them. For the privilege of seeing with his eyes, we must generally renounce that of using our own judgment—and submit to adopt implicitly the tone of feeling which *he* has found most congenial with the scene.

On the present occasion, we must say, the reader, on the whole, has been fortunate. The author, though an officer in the King's service, and not without professional predilections, is, generally speaking, a speculative, sentimental, saintly sort of person—with a taste for the picturesque, a singularly poetical cast of diction, and a mind deeply imbued with principles of philanthropy and habits of affection:—And if there is something of *fadaise* now and then in his sentiments, and something of affectation in his style, it is no more than we can easily forgive, in consideration of his brevity, his amiableness, and variety.

"The "Sketches of India," a loose-printed octavo of 350 pages, is the least interesting perhaps of the two volumes now before us—though sufficiently marked with all that is characteristic of the author. It may be as well to let him begin at the beginning.

"On the afternoon of July the 10th, 1818, our vessel dropped anchor in Madras Roads, after a fine run of three months and ten days from the Mother-bank.—How changed the scene! how great the contrast!—Ryde, and its little snug dwellings, with slated or thatched roofs, its neat gardens, its green and sloping shores.—Madras and its naked fort, noble-looking buildings, tall columns, lofty verandahs, and terraced roofs. The city, large and crowded, on a flat site; a low sandy beach, and a foaming surf. The roadstead, *there*, alive with beautiful yachts, light wherries, and tight-built fishing barks. *Here*, black, shapeless Massoolah boats, with their naked crews, singing the same wild (yet not unpleasing) air, to which, for ages, the dangerous surf they fearlessly ply over has been rudely responsive.

"I shall never forget the sweet and strange sensations which, as I went peacefully forward, the new objects in nature excited in my bosom. The rich broad-leaved plantain; the gracefully drooping bamboo; the cocoa nut, with that mat-like-looking binding for every branch; the branches themselves waving with a feathery motion in the wind; the bare lofty trunk and fan-leaf of the tall palm; the slender and elegant stem of the areca; the large aloes; the prickly pear; the stately banian with drop-branches, here fibrous and pliant, there strong and columnar, supporting its giant arms, and forming around the parent stem a grove of beauty; and among these wonders, birds, all strange in plumage and in note, save the parroquet (at home, the lady's pet-bird in a gilded cage), here spreading his bright green wings in happy fearless flight, and giving his natural and untaught scream.

"It was late and dark when we reached Poonamallee; and during the latter part of our march we had heavy rain. We found no fellow-countryman to welcome us: But the mess-room was open and lighted, a table laid, and a crowd of smart, roguish-looking natives, seemed waiting our arrival to seek service.—Drenched to the skin, without changes of linen, or any bedding, we sat down to the repast provided; and it would have been difficult to have found in India, perhaps, at the moment, a more cheerful party than ours.—Four or five clean-looking natives, in white dresses, with red or white turbans, ear-rings of gold, or with emerald drops, and large silver signet rings on their fingers, crowded round each chair, and watched our every glance, to anticipate our wishes. Curries, vegetables, and fruits, all new to us, were tasted and pronounced upon; and after a meal, of which every one seemed to partake with grateful good humour, we lay down for the night. One attendant brought a small carpet, another a mat, others again a sheet or counterpane, till all were provided with something; and thus closed our first evening in India.—The morning scene was very ludicrous. Here, a barber uncalled for, was shaving a man as he still lay dozing! there, another was cracking the joints of a man half dressed; here were two servants, one pouring water on, the other washing, a Saheb's hands. In spite of my efforts to prevent them, *two* well-dressed men were washing my feet; and near me was a lad dexterously putting on the clothes of a sleepy brother officer, as if he had been an infant under his care!—There was much in all this to amuse the mind, and a great deal, I confess, to pain the heart of a free-born Englishman."

Sketches of India, pp. 3—10.

With all this profusion of attendance, the march of a British officer in India seems a matter rather of luxury than fatigue.

"Marching in this country is certainly pleasant; although perhaps you rise too early for comfort. An hour before daybreak you mount your horse; and, travelling at an easy pace, reach your ground before the sun has any power; and find a small tent pitched with breakfast ready on the table.—Your large tent follows with couch and baggage, carried by bullocks and coolies; and before nine o'clock, you may be washed, dressed, and employed with your books, pen, or pencil. Mats, made of the fragrant roots of the Cuscus grass, are hung before the doors of your tent to windward; and being constant wetted, admit, during the hottest winds, a cool refreshing air.

"While our forefathers were clad in wolf-skin, dwelt in caverns, and lived upon the produce of the chase, the Hindoo lived as now. As now, his princes were clothed in soft raiment, wore jewelled turbans, and dwelt in palaces. As now, his haughty half-naked priests received his offerings in temples of hewn and sculptured granite, and summoned him to rites as absurd, but yet more splendid and debauching, than the present. His cottage, garments, household utensils, and implements of husbandry or labour, the same as now. Then, too, he watered the ground with his foot, by means of a plank balanced transversely on a lofty pole, or drew from the deep bowerie by the labour of his oxen, in large bags of leather, supplies of water to flow through the little channels by which their fields and gardens are intersected. His children were then taught to shape letters in the sand, and to write and keep accounts on the dried leaves of the palm, by the village schoolmaster. His wife ground corn at the same mill, or pounded it in a rude mortar with her neighbour. He could make purchases in a regular bazaar, change money at a shroff's, or borrow it at usury, for the expenses of a wedding or festival. In short, all the traveller sees around him of social or civilized life, of useful invention or luxurious refinement, is of yet higher antiquity than the days of Alexander the Great. So that, in fact, the eye of the British officer looks upon the same forms and dresses, the same buildings, manners, and customs, on which the Macedonian troops gazed with the same astonishment two thousand years ago."

Sketches of India, pp. 23—26.

If the traveller proceeds in a palanquin, his comforts are not less amply provided for.

"You generally set off after dark; and, habited in loose drawers and a dressing gown, recline at full length and slumber away the night. If you are wakeful, you may draw back the sliding panel of a lamp fixed behind, and read. Your clothes are packed in large neat baskets, covered with green oil-cloth, and carried by palanquin boys; two pairs will contain two dozen complete changes. Your palanquin is fitted up with pockets and drawers. You can carry in it, without trouble, a writing desk and two or three books, with a few canteen conveniences for your meals,—and thus you may be comfortably provided for many hundred miles' travelling. You stop for half an hour, morning and evening, under the shade of a tree, to wash and take refreshment; throughout the day read, think, or gaze round you. The relays of bearers lie ready every ten or twelve miles; and the average of your run is about four miles an hour."

Ibid. pp. 218, 219.

We cannot make room for his descriptions, though excellent, of the villages, the tanks, the forest—and the dresses and deportment of the different classes of the people; but we must give this little sketch of the Elephant and Camel.

"While breakfast was getting ready, I amused myself with looking at a baggage-elephant and a few camels, which some servants, returning with a general's tents from the Deccan, were in the act of loading. The intelligent obedience of the elephant is well known; but to look upon this huge and powerful monster kneeling down at the mere bidding of the human voice; and, when he has risen again, to see him protrude his trunk for the foot of his mahout or attendant, to help him into his seat; or, bending the joint of his hind leg, make a step for him to climb up behind; and then, if any loose cloths or cords fall off, with a dog-like docility pick them up with his proboscis and put them up again, will delight and surprise long after it ceases to be novel. When loaded, this creature broke off a large branch from the lofty tree near which he stood, and quietly fanned and fly-flapped himself, with all the nonchalance of an indolent woman of fashion, till the camels were ready. These animals also kneel to be laden. When in motion, they have a very awkward gait, and seem to travel at a much slower pace than they really do. Their tall out-stretched necks, long sinewy limbs, and broad spongy feet,—their head furniture, neck-bells, and the rings in their nostrils, with their lofty loads, and a driver generally on the top of the leading one, have a strange appearance."

Ibid. pp. 46—48.

We must add the following very clear description of a Pagoda.

"A high, solid wall, encloses a large area in the form of an oblong square; at one end is the gateway, above which is raised a large pyramidal tower; its breadth at the base and height proportioned to the magnitude of the pagoda. This tower is ascended by steps in the inside, and divided into stories; the central spaces on each are open, and smaller as the tower rises. The light is seen directly through them, producing, at times, a very beautiful effect, as when a fine sky, or trees, form the back ground. The front, sides, and top of this gateway and tower, are crowded with sculpture; elaborate, but tasteless. A few yards from the gate, on the outside, you often see a lofty octagonal stone pillar, or a square open building, supported by tall columns of stone, with the figure of a bull couchant, sculptured as large, or much larger than life, beneath it.

"Entering the gateway, you pass into a spacious paved court, in the centre of which stands the inner temple, raised about three feet from the ground, open, and supported by numerous stone pillars. An enclosed sanctuary at the far end of this central building, contains the idol. Round the whole court runs a large deep verandah, also supported by columns of stone, the front rows of which are often shaped by the sculptor into various sacred animals rampant, rode by their respective deities. All the other parts of the pagoda, walls, basements, entablatures, are covered with imagery and ornament of all sizes, in alto or demi-relievo."

The following description and reflections among the ruins of Bijanagur, the last capital of the last Hindu empire, and finally overthrown in 1564, are characteristic of the author's most ambitious, perhaps most questionable, manner.

"You cross the garden, where imprisoned beauty once strayed. You look at the elephant-stable and the remaining gateway, with a mind busied in conjuring up some associations of luxury and magnificence.—Sorrowfully I passed on. Every stone beneath my feet bore the mark of chisel, or of human skill and labour. You tread continually on steps, pavement, pillar, capital, or cornice of rude relief, displaced, or fallen, and mingled in confusion. Here, large masses of such materials have already formed bush-covered rocks,—there, pagodas are still standing entire. You may for miles trace the city walls, and can often discover, by the fallen pillars of the

long piazza, where it has been adorned by streets of uncommon width. One, indeed, yet remains nearly perfect; at one end of it a few poor ryots, who contrive to cultivate some patches of rice, cotton, or sugar-cane, in detached spots near the river, have formed mud-dwellings under the piazza.

"While, with a mind thus occupied, you pass on through this wilderness the desolating judgments on other renowned cities, so solemnly foretold, so dreadfully fulfilled, rise naturally to your recollection. I climbed the very loftiest rock at day-break, on the morrow of my first visit to the ruins, by rude and broken steps, winding between and over immense and detached masses of stone; and seated myself near a small pagoda, at the very summit. From hence I commanded the whole extent of what was once a city, described by Cæsar Frederick as twenty-four miles in circumference. Not above eight or nine pagodas are standing; but there are choultries innumerable. Fallen columns, arches, piazzas, and fragments of all shapes on every side for miles.—Can there have been streets and roads in these choked-up valleys? Has the war-horse pranced, the palfrey ambled there? Have jewelled turbans once glittered where those dew-drops now sparkle on the thick-growing bamboos? Have the delicate small feet of female dancers practised their graceful steps where that rugged and thorn-covered ruin bars up the path? Have their soft voices, and the Indian guitar, and the gold bells on their ankles, ever made music in so lone and silent a spot? They have; but other sights, and other sounds, have also been seen and heard among these ruins.—There, near that beautiful banyan-tree, whole families, at the will of a merciless prince, have been thrown to trampling elephants, kept for a work so savage that they learn it with reluctance, and must be taught by *man*. Where those cocoas wave, once stood a vast seraglio, filled at the expense of tears and crimes; there, within that retreat of voluptuousness, have poison, or the creese, obeyed, often anticipated, the sovereign's wish. By those green banks, near which the sacred waters of the Toombudra flow, many aged parents have been carried forth and exposed to perish by those whose infancy they fostered."—*Sketches of India.*

The following reflections are equally just and important:—

"Nothing, perhaps, so much damps the ardour of a traveller in India, as to find that he may wander league after league, visit city after city, village after village, and still only see the outside of Indian society. The house he cannot enter, the group he cannot join, the domestic circle he cannot gaze upon, the free unrestrained converse of the natives he can never listen to. He may talk with his moonshee or his pundit; ride a few miles with a Mahometan sirdar; receive and return visits of ceremony among petty nawabs and rajahs; or be presented at a native court: But behind the scenes in India he cannot advance one step. All the natives are, in comparative rank, a few far above, the many far below him: and the bars to intercourse with Mahometans as well as Hindoos, arising from our faith, are so many, that to live upon terms of intimacy or acquaintance with them is impossible. Nay, in this particular, when our establishments were young and small, our officers few, necessarily active, necessarily linguists, and unavoidably, as well as from policy, conforming more to native manners, it is probable that more was known about the natives from practical experience than is at present, or may be again."—*Ibid.* pp. 213, 214.

The author first went up the country as far as Agra, visiting, and musing over, all the remarkable places in his way—and then returned through the heart of India—the country of Scindiah and the Deccan, to the Mysore. Though travelling only as a British regimental officer, and without public character of any kind, it is admirable to see with what uniform respect and attention he was treated, even by the lawless soldiery among whom he had frequently to pass. The indolent and mercenary Brahmins seem the only class of persons from whom he experienced any sort of incivility. In an early part of his route he had the good luck to fall in with Scindiah himself; and the picture he has given of that turbulent leader and his *suite* is worth preserving.

"First came loose light-armed horse, either in the road, or scrambling and leaping on the rude banks and ravines near; then some better clad, with the quilted poshauk; and one in a complete suit of chain-armour; then a few elephants, among them the hunting elephant of Scindiah, from which he had dismounted. On one small elephant, guiding it himself, rode a fine boy, a foundling protegé of Scindiah, called the Jungle Rajah; then came, slowly prancing, a host of fierce, haughty chieftains, on fine horses, showily caparisoned. They darted forward, and all took their proud stand behind and round us, planting their long lances on the earth, and reining up their eager steeds to see, I suppose, our salaam. Next, in a common native palkee, its canopy crimson, and not adorned, came Scindiah himself. He was plainly dressed, with a reddish turban, and a shawl over his vest, and lay reclined, smoking a small gilt or golden calean.

"I looked down on the chiefs under us, and saw that they eyed us most haughtily, which very much increased the effect they would otherwise have produced. They were armed with lance, scimitar and shield, creese and pistol; wore some shawls, some tissues, some plain muslin or cotton; were all much wrapped in clothing; and wore, almost all, a large fold of muslin, tied over the turban top, which they fasten under the chin; and which, strange as it may sound to those who have never seen it, looks *warlike*, and is a very important defence to the sides of the neck.

"How is it that we can have a heart-stirring sort of pleasure in gazing on brave and armed men, though we know them to be fierce, lawless, and cruel?—though we know stern ambition to be the chief feature of many warriors, who, from the cradle to the grave, seek only fame; and to which, in such as I write of, is added avarice the most pitiless? I cannot tell. But I recollect often before, in my life, being thus moved. Once, especially, I stood over a gateway in France, as a prisoner, and saw file in, several squadrons of gens-d'armerie d'elite, returning from the fatal field of Leipsic. They were fine, noble-looking men, with warlike helmets of steel and brass, and drooping plumes of black horse-hair; belts handsome and broad; heavy swords; were many of them decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour. Their trumpets flourished; and I felt my heart throb with an admiring delight, which found relief only in an involuntary tear. What an inconsistent riddle is the human heart!"—*Ibid.* pp. 260—264.

In the interior of the country there are large tracts of waste lands, and a very scanty and unsettled population.

"On the route I took, there was only one inhabited village in fifty-five miles; the spots named for halting-places were in small valleys, green with young corn, and under cultivation, but neglected sadly. A few straw huts, blackened and beat down by rain, with rude and broken implements of husbandry lying about, and a few of those round hardened thrashing-floors, tell the traveller that some wandering families, of a rude unsettled people, visit these vales at sowing time and harvest; and labour indolently at the necessary, but despised, task of the peaceful ryot."—*Ibid.* p. 300.

"I enjoyed my march through these wilds greatly. Now you wound through narrow and deeply wooded glens; now ascended ghauts, or went down the mouths of passes; now skirted the foot of a mountain; now crossed a small plain covered with the tall jungled-grass, from which, roused by your horse tramp, the neelgaū looked upon you; then flying with active bound, or pausing doubtful trot, joined the more distant herd. You continually cross clear sparkling rivulets, with rocky or pebbly beds; and you hear the voice of waters among all the woody hills around you. There was a sort of thrill, too, at knowing these jungles were filled with all the ferocious beasts known in India (except elephants, which are not found here), and at night, in hearing their wild roars and cries. I saw, one morning, on the side of a hill, about five hundred yards from me, in an open glade near the summit, a lioness pass along, and my guide said there were many in these jungles."—*Sketches of India.*

We should like to have added his brilliant account of several native festivals, both Hindu and Mahometan, and his admirable descriptions of the superb monuments at Agra, and the fallen grandeur of Goa: But the extracts we have now given must suffice as specimens of the "Sketches of India"—and the length of them, indeed, we fear, will leave us less room than we could have wished for the "Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and in Italy."

This volume, which is rather larger than the other, contains more than the title promises: and embraces, indeed, the whole history of the author's peregrinations, from his embarkation at Bombay to his landing at Dover. It is better written, we think, than the former. The descriptions are better finished, the reflections bolder, and the topics more varied. There is more of poetical feeling, too, about it; and a more constant vein of allusion to subjects of interest. He left India in December 1822, in an Arab vessel for the Red Sea—and is very happy, we think, in his first sketches of the ship and the voyage.

"Our vessel was one, rude and ancient in her construction as those which, in former and successive ages, carried the rich freights of India for the Ptolemies, the Roman prefects, and the Arabian caliphs of Egypt. She had, indeed, the wheel and the compass; and our nakhoda, with a beard as black and long, and a solemnity as great as that of a magician, daily performed the miracle of taking an observation! But although these "peeping contrivances" of the Giaours have been admitted, yet they build their craft with the same clumsy insecurity, and rig them in the same inconvenient manner as ever. Our vessel had a lofty broad stern, unmanageable in wearing; one enormous sail on a heavy yard of immense length, which was tardily hoisted by the efforts of some fifty men on a stout mast, placed a little before midships, and raking forwards; her head low, without any bowsprit; and, on the poop, a mizen uselessly small, with hardly canvass enough for a fishing-boat. Our lading was cotton, and the bales were piled up on her decks to a height at once awkward and unsafe. In short, she looked like part of a wharf, towering with bales, accidentally detached from its quay, and floating on the waters."—*Scenes in Egypt*, pp. 3, 4.

He then gives a picturesque description of the crew, and the motley passengers—among whom there were some women, who were never seen or heard during the whole course of the voyage. So jealous, indeed, and complete was their seclusion, that though one of them *died* and was committed to the sea during the passage, the event was not known to the crew or passengers for several days after it had occurred. "Not even a husband entered their apartment during the voyage—because the women were mixed: an eunuch who cooked for them, alone had access."

"Abundantly, however," he adds, "was I amused in looking upon the scenes around me, and some there were not readily to be forgotten:—when, at the soft and still hour of sunset, while the full sail presses down the vessel's bows on the golden ocean-path, which swells to meet, and then sinks beneath them,—then, when these Arabs group for their evening sacrifice, bow down with their faces to the earth, and prostrate their bodies in the act of worship—when the broad āmēēn, deeply intoned from many assembled voices, strikes upon the listener's ear—the heart responds, and throbs with its own silent prayer. There is a solemnity and a decency in their worship, belonging, in its very forms, to the age and the country of the Patriarchs; and it is necessary to call to mind all that the Mohammedans are and have been—all that their prophet taught, and that their Koran enjoins and promises, before we can look, without being strongly moved, on the Mussulman prostrate before his God."—*Ibid.* pp. 13, 14.

They land prosperously at Mocha, of which he gives rather a pleasing account, and again embark with the same fine weather for Djidda—anchoring every night under the rocky shore, and generally indulging the passengers with an hour's ramble among its solitudes. The following poetical and graphic sketch of the camel is the fruit of one of these excursions:—

"The grazing camel, at that hour when the desert reddens with the setting sun, is a fine object to the eye which seeks and feeds on the picturesque—his tall, dark form—his indolent leisurely walk—his ostrich neck, now lifted to its full height, now bent slowly, and far around, with a look of unalarmed inquiry. You cannot gaze upon him without, by the readiest and most natural suggestions, reverting in thought to the world's infancy—to the times and possessions of the shepherd kings, their tents and raiment, their journeyings and settlings. The scene, too, in the distance, and the hour, eventide, and the uncommon majesty of that dark, lofty, and irregular range of rocky mountain, which ends in the black cape of Ras el Askar, formed an assemblage not to be forgotten."—*Ibid.* p. 42.

At Djidda they had an audience of the Aga, which is well described in the following short passage:—

"Rustan Aga himself was a fine-looking, haughty, martial man, with mustachios, but no beard; he wore a robe of scarlet cloth. Hussein Aga, who sat on his left, had a good profile, a long grizzled beard, with a black ribbon bound over one eye, to conceal its loss. He wore a robe of pale blue. The other person, Araby Jellauny, was an aged and a very plain man. The attendants, for the most part, wore large dark brown dresses, fashioned into the short Turkish vest or jacket, and the large, full, Turkish trowsers; their sashes were crimson, and the heavy ornamented buts of their pistols protruded from them; their crooked scimitars hung in silken cords before them; they had white turbans, large mustachios but the cheek and chin cleanly shaven. Their complexions were in general very pale, as of men who pass their lives in confinement. They stood with their arms folded, and their eyes fixed on us. I shall never forget them. There were a dozen or more. I saw nothing like this after, not even in Egypt; for Djidda is an excellent government, both on account of its port, and its vicinity to Mecca; and Rustan Aga had a large establishment, and was something of a magnifico. He has the power of life and death. A word, a sign from him, and these men, who stand before you in an attitude so respectful, with an aspect so calm, so pale, would smile—and slay you!—Here I first saw the true scribe; well robed, and dressed in turban, trowsers, and soft slipper, like one of rank among the people: his inkstand with its pen-case has the look of a weapon, and is worn like a dagger in the folds of the sash; it is of silver or brass—this was of silver. When summoned to use it, he takes some paper out of his bosom, cuts it into shape with scissors, then writes his letter by dictation, presents it for approval; it is tossed back to him with a haughty and careless air, and the ring drawn off and and passed or thrown to him, to affix the seal. He does every thing on his knees, which are tucked up to serve him as a desk."—*Scenes in Egypt*, pp. 47—49.

They embark a third time, for Kosseir, and then proceed on camels across the Desert to Thebes. The following account of their progress is excellent—at once precise, picturesque, and poetical:—

"The road through the desert is most wonderful in its features: a finer cannot be imagined. It is wide, hard, firm, winding, for at least two-thirds of the way, from Kosseir to Thebes, between ranges of rocky hills, rising often perpendicularly on either side, as if they had been scarped by art; here, again, rather broken, and overhanging, as if they were the lofty banks of a mighty river, and you traversing its dry and naked bed. Now you are quite landlocked; now again you open on small valleys, and see, upon heights beyond, small square towers. It was late in the evening when we came to our ground, a sort of dry bay; sand, burning sand, with rock and cliff, rising in jagged points, all around—a spot where the waters of ocean might sleep in stillness, or, with the soft voice of their gentlest ripple, lull the storm-worn mariner. The dew of the night before had been heavy; we therefore pitched our tent, and decided on starting, in future, at a very early hour in the morning, so as to accomplish our march before noon. It was dark when we moved off, and even cold. Your camel is impatient to rise ere you are well seated on him; gives a shake, too, to warm his blood, and half dislodges you; marches rather faster than by day, and gives occasionally, a hard quick stamp with his callous foot. Our moon was far in her wane. She rose, however, about an hour after we started, all red, above the dark hills on our left; yet higher rose, and paler grew, till at last she hung a silvery crescent in the deep blue sky.

"Who passes the desert and says all is barren, all lifeless? In the grey morning you may see the common pigeon, and the partridge, and the pigeon of the rock, alight before your very feet, and come upon the beaten camel-paths for food. They are tame, for they have not learned to fear, or to distrust the men who pass these solitudes. The camel-driver would not lift a stone to them; and the sportsman could hardly find it in his heart to kill these gentle tenants of the desert. The deer might tempt him; I saw but one; far, very far, he caught the distant camel tramp, and paused, and raised and threw back his head to listen, then away to the road instead of from it; but far ahead he crossed it, and then away up a long slope he fleetly stole, and off to some solitary spring which wells, perhaps, where no traveller, no human being has ever trod."—*Ibid.* pp. 71—74.

The emerging from this lonely route is given with equal spirit and freshness of colouring.

"It was soon after daybreak, on the morrow, just as the sun was beginning to give his rich colouring of golden yellow to the white pale sand, that as I was walking alone at some distance far ahead of my companions, my eyes bent on the ground, and lost in thought, their kind and directing shout made me stop, and raise my head, when lo! a green vale, looking through the soft mist of morning, rather a vision than a reality, lay stretched in its narrow length before me. *The Land of Egypt!* We hurried panting on, and gazed and were silent. In an hour we reached the village of Hejazi, situated on the very edge of the Desert. We alighted at a cool, clean serai, having its inner room, with a large and small bath for the Mussulmans' ablutions, its kiblah in the wall, and a large brimming water-trough in front for the thirsting camel. We walked forth into the fields, saw luxuriant crops of green bearded wheat, waving with its lights and shadows; stood under the shade of trees, saw fluttering and chirping birds; went down to a well and a water-wheel, and stood, like children, listening to the sound of the abundant and bright-flashing water, as it fell from the circling pots; and marked all around, scattered individually or in small groups, many people in the fields, oxen and asses grazing, and camels too among them."—*Ibid.* pp. 80, 81.

All this, however, is inferior to his first eloquent account of the gigantic ruins of Luxore, and the emotions to which they gave rise. We know nothing, indeed, better, in its way, than most of the following passages:—

"Before the grand entrance of this vast edifice, which consists of many separate structures, formerly united in one harmonious design, two lofty obelisks stand proudly pointing to the sky, fair as the daring sculptor left them. The sacred figures and hieroglyphic characters which adorn them, are cut beautifully into the hard granite, and have the sharp finish of yesterday. The very stone looks not discoloured. You see them, as Cambyses saw them, when he stayed his chariot wheels to gaze at them, and the Persian war-cry ceased before these acknowledged symbols of the sacred element of fire.—Behind them are two colossal figures, in part concealed by the sand; as is the bottom of a choked-up gateway, the base of a massive propylon, and, indeed, their own.—Very noble are all these remains; and on the propylon is a war-scene, much spoken of; but my eyes were continually attracted to the aspiring obelisks, and again and again you turn to look at them, with increasing wonder and silent admiration."—*Ibid.* pp. 86, 87.

"With a quick-beating heart, and steps rapid as my thoughts, I strode away, took the path to the village of Karnac, skirted it, and passing over loose sand, and, among a few scattered date trees, I found myself in the grand alley of the sphinxes, and directly opposite that noble gateway, which has been called triumphal; certainly triumph never passed under one more lofty, or, to my eye, of a more imposing magnificence. On the bold curve of its beautifully projecting cornice, a globe, coloured as of fire, stretches forth long over-shadowing wings of the very brightest azure.—This wondrous and giant portal stands well; alone, detached a little way from the mass of the great ruins, with no columns, walls, or propylæa immediately near. I walked slowly up to it, through the long lines of sphinxes which lay couchant on either side of the broad road (once paved), as they were marshalled by him who planned these princely structures—we know not when. They are of stone less durable than granite: their general forms are fully preserved, but the detail of execution is, in most of them, worn away.—In those forms, in that couched posture, in the decaying, shapeless heads, the huge worn paws, the little image between them, and the sacred *tau* grasped in its crossed hands, there is something which disturbs you with a sense of awe. In the locality you cannot err; you are on a highway to a heathen

temple; one that the Roman came, as you come, to visit and admire, and the Greek before him. And you know that priest and king, lord and slave, the festival throng and the solitary worshipper, trod for centuries where you do: and you know that there has been the crowding flight of the vanquished towards their sanctuary and last hold, and the quick trampling of armed pursuers, and the neighing of the war-horse, and the voice of the trumpet, and the shout, as of a king, among them, all on this silent spot! And you see before you, and on all sides, ruins!—the stones which formed wells and square temple-towers thrown down in vast heaps; or still, in large masses, erect as the builder placed them, and where their material has been fine, their surfaces and corners smooth, sharp, and uninjured by time. They are neither grey nor blackened; like the bones of man, they seem to whiten under the sun of the desert. Here is no lichen, no moss, no rank grass or mantling ivy, no wall-flower or wild fig-tree to robe them, and to conceal their deformities, and bloom above them. No;—all is the nakedness of desolation—the colossal skeleton of a giant fabric standing in the unwatered sand, in solitude and silence."

This we think is very fine and beautiful: But what follows is still better; and gives a clearer, as well as a deeper impression, of the true character and effect of these stupendous remains, than all the drawings and descriptions of Denon and his Egyptian Institute.

"There are no ruins like these ruins. In the first court you pass into, you find one large, lofty, solitary column, erect among heaped and scattered fragments, which had formed a colonade of one-and-twenty like it. You pause awhile, and then move slowly on. You enter a wide portal, and find yourself surrounded by one hundred and fifty columns,* on which I defy any man, sage or savage, to look unmoved. Their vast proportions the better taste of after days rejected and disused; but the still astonishment, the serious gaze, the thickening breath of the awed traveller, are tributes of an admiration not to be checked or frozen by the chilling *rules* of taste.

"We passed the entire day in these ruins; each wandering about alone, as inclination led him. Detailed descriptions I cannot give; I have neither the skill or the patience to count and to measure. I ascended a wing of the great propylon on the west, and sat there long. *I crept round the colossal statues!* I seated myself on a fallen obelisk, and gazed up at the three, yet standing erect amid huge fragments of fallen granite. I sauntered slowly round every part, examining the paintings and hieroglyphics, and listening now and then, not without a smile, to our polite little *cicerone*, as with the air of a condescending *savant*, he pointed to many of the symbols, saying, 'this means water,' and 'that means land,' 'this stability,' 'that life,' and 'here is the name of Berenice.'—*Scenes in Egypt*, pp. 88—92.

"From hence we bade our guide conduct us to some catacombs; he did so, in the naked hill just above. Some are passages, some pits; but, in general, passages in the side of the hill. Here and there you may find a bit of the rock or clay, smoothed and painted, or bearing the mark of a thin fallen coating of composition; but, for the most part, they are quite plain. Bones, rags, and the scattered limbs of skeletons, which have been torn from their coffins, stripped of their grave-clothes, and robbed of the sacred scrolls placed with them in the tomb, lie in or around these 'open sepulchres.' We found nothing; but surely the *very rag* blown to your feet is a relic. May it not have been woven by some damsel under the shade of trees, with the song that lightens labour, twenty centuries ago? or may it not have been carried with a sigh to the tiring-men of the temple by one who brought it to swathe the cold and stiffened limbs of a being loved in life, and mourned and honoured in his death? Yes, it is a relic; and one musing on which a warm fancy might find wherewithal to beguile a long and solitary walk."—*Ibid.* p. 100, 101.

"We then returned across the plain to our boat, passing and pausing before the celebrated sitting statues so often described. They are seated on thrones, looking to the east, and on the Nile; in this posture they are upwards of fifty feet in height; and their bodies, limbs, and heads, are large, spreading, and disproportioned. These are very awful monuments. They bear the form of man; and there is a something in their very posture which touches the soul: 'There they sit erect, calm: They have seen generation upon generation swept away, and still their stony gaze is fixed on man toiling and perishing at their feet!' 'Twas late and dark ere we reached our home. The day following we again crossed to the western bank, and rode through a narrow hot valley in the Desert, to the tombs of the kings. Your Arab catches at the head of your ass in a wild dreary-looking spot, about five miles from the river, and motions you to light. On every side of you rise low, but steep hills, of the most barren appearance, covered with loose and crumbling stones, and you stand in a narrow bridle-path, which seems to be the bottom of a natural ravine; you would fancy that you had lost your way; but your guide leads you a few paces forward, and you discover in the side of the hill an opening like the shaft of a mine. At the entrance, you observe that the rock, which is a close-grained, but soft stone, has been cut smooth and painted. He lights your wax torch, and you pass into a long corridor. On either side are small apartments which you stoop down to enter, and the walls of which you find covered with paintings: scenes of life faithfully represented; of *every-day life*, its pleasures and labours; the instruments of its happiness, and of its crimes! You turn to each other with a delight, not however unmixed with sadness, to mark how much the days of man then passed, as they do to this very hour. You see the labours of agriculture—the sower, the basket, the plough; the steers; and the artist has playfully depicted a calf skipping among the furrows. You have the making of bread, the cooking for a feast; you have a flower garden, and a scene of irrigation; you see couches, sofas, chairs, and arm-chairs, such as *might*, this day, adorn a drawing-room in London or Paris; you have vases of every form down to the *common jug*, (ay! such as the brown one of Toby Philpot); you have harps, with figures bending over them, and others seated and listening; you have barks, with large, curious, and many-coloured sails; lastly, you have weapons of war, the sword, the dagger, the bow, the arrow, the quiver, spears, helmets, and dresses of honour.—The other scenes on the walls represent processions and mysteries, and all the apartments are covered with them or hieroglyphics. There is a small chamber with the cow of Isis, and there is one large room in an *unfinished* state,—designs chalked off, that were to have been completed on that to-morrow, which never came!"

Ibid. pp. 104—109.

But we must hurry on. We cannot afford to make an abstract of this book, and indeed can find room but for a few more specimens. He meets with a *Scotch* Mameluke at Cairo; and is taken by Mr. Salt to the presence of Ali Pacha. He visits the pyramids of course, describes rapidly and well the whole process of the visit—and thus moralises the conclusion:—

"He who has stood on the summit of the most ancient, and yet the most mighty monument of his power and pride ever raised by man, and has looked out and round to the far horizon, where Lybia and Arabia lie silent, and hath seen, at his feet, *the land of Egypt* dividing their dark solitudes with a narrow vale, beautiful and green, the mere enamelled setting of one solitary shining river, must receive impressions which he can never convey, for he cannot define them to himself.

"They are the tombs of Cheops and Cephrenes, says the Grecian. They are the tombs of Seth and Enoch, says the wild and imaginative Arabian; an English traveller, with a mind warmed, perhaps, and misled by his heart, tells you that the large pyramid *may* have contained the ashes of the patriarch Joseph. It is all this which constitutes the very charm of a visit to these ancient monuments. You smile, and your smile is followed and reproved by a sigh. One thing you *know*—that the chief, and the philosopher, and the poet of the times of old, men 'who mark fields as they pass with their own mighty names,' have certainly been here; that Alexander has spurred his war-horse to its base; and Pythagoras, with naked foot, has probably stood upon its summit.—*Scenes in Egypt*, pp. 158, 159.

Cairo is described in great detail, and frequently with great feeling and eloquence. He saw a *live* cameleopard there—very beautiful and gentle. One of his most characteristic sketches, however, is that of the female slave market.

"We stopped before the gate of a large building, and, turning, entered a court of no great size, with a range of apartments all round; open doors showed that they were dark and wretched. At them, or before them, stood or sat small groups of female slaves; also from within these chambers, you might catch the moving eyes and white teeth of those who shunned the light. There was a gallery above with other rooms, and slave girls leaning on the rail—laughter, all laughter!—their long hair in numerous falling curls, white with fat; their faces, arms, and bosoms shining with grease. Exposure in the market is the moment of their joy. Their cots, their country, the breast that gave them suck, the hand that led their tottering steps not forgotten, but resigned, given up, as things gone for ever, left in another world. The toils and terrors of the wide desert, the hard and scanty fare, the swollen foot, the whip, the scalding tear, the curse; all, all are behind: hope meets them again here; and paints some master kind; some mistress gentle; some babe or child to win the heart of;—as bond-women they may bear a son, and live and die the contented inmates of some quiet harem."—*Ibid.* pp. 178, 179.

He does not think much of Ali's new Institute—though he was assured by one of the tutors that its pupils were to be taught "everything!" We have learned, from unquestionable authority, that from this *everything*, all that relates to Politics, Religion, and Philosophy, is expressly excluded; and that little is proposed to be taught but the elements of the useful arts. There is a scanty library of European books, almost all French,—the most conspicuous backed, "Victoires des Français;—and besides these, "Les Liaisons Dangereuses!"—only *one* book in English, though not ill-chosen—"Malcolm's Persia." He was detained at Alexandria in a time of plague—and, after all, was obliged to return, when four days at sea, to land two sick men, and perform a new quarantine of observation.

There is an admirable description of Valetta, and the whole island—and then of Syracuse and Catania; but we can give only the night ascent to Ætna—and that rather for the scene of the Sicilian cottage, than for the sketch of the mighty mountain:—

"It was near ten o'clock when the youth who led the way stopped before a small dark cottage in a by-lane of Nicolosi, the guide's he said it was, and hailed them. The door was opened; a light struck; and the family was roused, and collected round me; a grey-headed old peasant and his wife; two hardy, plain, dark young men, brothers (one of whom was in his holiday gear, new breeches, and red garters, and flowered waistcoat, and clean shirt, and shining buttons;) a girl of sixteen, handsome; a 'mountain-girl beaten with winds,' looking curious, yet fearless and 'chaste as the hardened rock on which she dwelt;' and a boy of twelve, an unconscious figure in the group, fast slumbering in his clothes on the hard floor. Glad were they of the dollar-bringing stranger, but surprised at the excellenza's fancy for coming at that hour; cheerfully, however, the gay youth stripped off his holiday-garb, and put on a dirty shirt and thick brown clothes, and took his cloak and went to borrow a mule (for I found, by their consultation, that there was some trick, this not being the regular privileged guide family.' During his absence, the girl brought me a draught of wine, and all stood round with welcoming and flattering laughings, and speeches in Sicilian, which I did not understand, but which gave me pleasure, and made me look on their dirty and crowded cottage as one I had rather trust to, if I knocked at it even without a dollar, than the lordliest mansion of the richest noble in Sicily.

"For about four miles, your mule stumbles along safely over a bed of lava, lying in masses on the road; then you enter the woody region: the wood is open, of oaks, not large, yet good-sized trees, growing amid fern; and, lastly, you come out on a soft barren soil, and pursue the ascent till you find a glistering white crust of snow of no depth, cracking under your mule's tread; soon after, you arrive at a stone cottage, called Casa Inglese, of which my guide had not got the key; here you dismount, and we tied up our mules close by, and scrambling over huge blocks of lava, and up the toilsome and slippery ascent of the cone, I sat me down on ground all hot, and smoking with sulphureous vapour, which has for the first few minutes the effect of making your eyes smart, and water, of oppressing and taking away your breath. It yet wanted half an hour to the break of day, and I wrapped my cloak close round me to guard me from the keen air which came up over the white cape of snow that lay spread at the foot of the smoking cone, where I was seated.

"The earliest dawn gave to my view the awful crater, with its two deep mouths, from one whereof there issued large volumes of thick white smoke, pressing up in closely crowding clouds; and all around, you saw the earth loose, and with crisped, yellow-mouthed small cracks, up which came little, light, thin wreaths of smoke that soon dissipated in the upper air, &c.—And when you turn to gaze downwards, and see the golden sun come up in light and majesty to bless the waking millions of your fellows, and the dun vapour of the night roll off below, and capes, and hills, and towns, and the wide ocean are seen as through a thin unearthly veil; your eyes fill, and your heart swells; all the blessings you enjoy, all the innocent pleasures you find in your wanderings, that preservation, which in storm, and in battle, and mid the pestilence was mercifully given to your half-breathed prayer, all rush in a moment on your soul."

Ibid. pp. 253—257.

The following brief sketch of the rustic auberges of Sicily is worth preserving, as well as the sentiment with which it closes:—

"The chambers of these rude inns would please, at first, any one. Three or four beds (mere planks

* The central row have the enormous diameter of eleven French feet, the others that of eight.

upon iron trestles), with broad, yellow-striped, coarse mattresses, turned up on them; a table and chairs of wood, blackened by age, and of forms belonging to the past century; a daub or two of a picture, and two or three coloured prints of Madonnas and saints: a coarse table cloth, and coarser napkin; a thin blue-tinted drinking glass; dishes and plates of a striped, dirty-coloured, pimply ware; and a brass lamp with three mouths, a shape common to Delhi, Cairo, and Madrid, and as ancient as the time of the Etruscans themselves.

"To me it had another charm; it brought Spain before me, the peasant and his cot, and my chance billets among that loved and injured people. Ah! I will not dwell on it; but this only I will venture to say, they err greatly, grossly, who fancy that the Spaniard, the most patiently brave and resolutely persevering man, as a man, on the continent of Europe, will wear long any yoke he feels galling and detestable."—*Scenes in Egypt*, pp. 268, 269.

The picture of Naples is striking; and reminds us in many places of Mad. de Staël's splendid sketches from the same subjects in Corrinne. But we must draw to a close now with our extracts; and shall add but one or two more, peculiarly characteristic of the gentle mind and English virtues of the author.

"I next went into the library, a noble room, and a vast collection. I should much like to have seen those things which are shown here, especially the handwriting of Tasso. I was led as far, and into the apartment where they are shown. I found priests reading, and men looking as if they were learned. I was confused at the creaking of my boots; I gave the hesitating look of a wish, but I ended by a blush, bowed, and retired. I passed again into the larger apartment, and I felt composed as I looked around. Why life, thought I, would be too short for any human being to read these folios; but yet, if safe from the pedant's frown, one could have a vast library to range in, there is little doubt that, with a love of truth, and a thirsting for knowledge, the man of middle age, who regretted his early closed lexicon, might open it again with delight and profit. While thus musing, in stamped two travellers,—my countrymen, my bold, brave countrymen—not intellectual, I could have sworn, or Lavater is a cheat—

"Pride in their port, defiance in their eye:"—

They strode across to confront the doctors, and demanded to see those sights to which the book directed, and the grinning *domestique de place* led them. I envied them, and yet was angry with them; however, I soon bethought me, such are the men who are often sterling characters, true hearts. They will find no seduction in a southern sun! but back to the English girl they love best, to be liked by her softer nature the better for having seen Italy, and taught by her gentleness to speak about it pleasingly, and prize what they have seen!—Such are the men whom our poor men like,—who are generous masters and honest voters, faithful husbands and kind fathers; who, if they make us smiled at abroad in peace, make us feared in war, and any one of whom is worth to his country far more than a dozen mere sentimental wanderers."

Ibid. pp. 296—298.

"Always on quitting the museum it is a relief to drive somewhere, that you may relieve the mind and refresh the sight with a view of earth and ocean. The view from the Belvidere, in the garden of St. Martino, close to the fortress of St. Elmo, is said to be unequalled in the world. I was walking along the cloister to it, when I heard voices behind me, and saw an English family—father, mother, with daughter and son, of drawing-room and university ages. I turned aside that I might not intrude on them, and went to take my gaze when they came away from the little balcony. I saw no features; but the dress, the gentle talking, and the quietude of their whole manner, gave me great pleasure. A happy domestic English family! parents travelling to delight, improve, and *protect* their children; younger ones at home perhaps, who will sit next summer on the shady lawn, and listen as Italy is talked over, and look at prints, and turn over a sister's sketch-book, and beg a brother's journal. Magically varied is the grandeur of the scene—the pleasant city; its broad bay; a little sea that knows no storms; its garden neighbourhood; its famed Vesuvius, not looking either vast, or dark, or dreadful—all bright and smiling, garmented with vineyards below, and its brow barren, yet not without a hue of that ashen er slaty blueness which improves a mountain's aspect; and far behind, stretched in their full bold forms, the shadowy Appenines. Gaze and go back, English! Naples, with all its beauties and its pleasures, its treasury of ruins, and recollections, and fair works of art; its soft music and balmy airs cannot make *you* happy; may gratify the gaze of taste, but never suit the habits of your mind. There are many homeless solitary Englishmen who might sojourn longer in such scenes, and be soothed by them; but to become dwellers, settled residents, would be, even for them, impossible."

Ibid. pp. 301—303.

We must break off here—though there is much temptation to go on. But we have now shown enough of these volumes to enable our readers to judge safely of their character—and it would be unfair, perhaps, to steal more from their pages. We think we have extracted impartially; and are sensible, at all events, that we have given specimens of the faults as well as the beauties of the author's style. His taste in writing certainly is not unexceptionable. He is seldom quite simple or natural, and sometimes very *fade* and affected. He has little bits of inversions in his sentences, and small exclamations and ends of ordinary verse dangling about them, which we often wish away—and he talks rather too much of himself, and his ignorance, and humility, while he is turning those fine sentences, and laying traps for our applause. But, in spite of all these things, the books are very interesting and instructive; and their merits greatly outweigh their defects. If the author has occasional failures, he has frequent felicities;—and, independent of the many beautiful and brilliant passages which he has furnished for our delight, has contrived to breathe over all his work a spirit of kindliness and contentment, which, if it does not minister (as it ought) to our improvement, must at least disarm our censure of all bitterness.

(January, 1809.)

Letters from a late eminent Prelate to one of his Friends. 4to. pp. 380. Kidderminster: 1808.

Warburton, we think, was the last of our *Great* Divines—the last, perhaps, of any profession, among us, who united profound learning with great powers of understanding, and, along with vast and varied stores of acquired knowledge, possessed energy of mind enough to wield them with ease and activity. The days of the Cudworths and Barrows—the Hookers and Taylors, are long gone by. Among the other divisions of intellectual labour to which the progress of society has given birth, the business of reasoning, and the business of collecting knowledge, have been, in a great measure, put into separate hands. Our scholars are now little else than pedants, and antiquaries, and grammarians,—who have never exercised any faculty but memory; and our reasoners are, for the most part, but slenderly provided with learning; or, at any rate, make but a slender use of it in their reasonings. Of the two, the reasoners are by far the best off; and, upon many subjects, have really profited by the separation. Argument from authority is, in general, the weakest and the most tedious of all arguments; and learning, we are inclined to believe, has more frequently played the part of a bully than of a fair auxiliary; and been oftener used to frighten people than to convince them,—to dazzle and overawe, rather than to guide and enlighten. A modern writer would not, if he could, reason as Barrow and Cudworth often reason; and every reader, even of Warburton, must have felt that his learning often encumbers rather than assists his progress, and, like shining armour, adds more to his terrors than to his strength. The true theory of this separation may be, therefore, that scholars who are capable of reasoning, have ceased to make a parade of their scholarship; while those who have nothing else must continue to set it forward—just as gentlemen now-a-days keep their gold in their pockets, instead of wearing it on their clothes—while the fashion of laced suits still prevails among their domestics. There are individuals, however, who still think that a man of rank looks most dignified in cut velvet and embroidery, and that one who is not a gentleman can now counterfeit that appearance a little too easily. We do not presume to settle so weighty a dispute;—we only take the liberty of observing, that Warburton lived to see the fashion go out; and was almost the last native gentleman who appeared in a full trimmed coat.

He was not only the last of our reasoning scholars, but the last also, we think, of our powerful polemics. This breed too, we take it, is extinct;—and we are not sorry for it. Those men cannot be much regretted, who, instead of applying their great and active faculties in making their fellows better or wiser, or in promoting mutual kindness and cordiality among all the virtuous and enlightened, wasted their days in wrangling upon idle theories; and in applying, to the speculative errors of their equals in talents and in virtue, those terms of angry reprobation which should be reserved for vice and malignity. In neither of these characters, therefore, can we seriously lament that Warburton is not likely to have any successor.

The truth is, that this extraordinary person was a Giant in Literature—with many of the vices of the Gigantic character. Strong as he was, his excessive pride and overweening vanity were perpetually engaging him in enterprises which he could not accomplish; while such was his intolerable arrogance towards his opponents, and his insolence towards those whom he reckoned as his inferiors, that he made himself very generally and deservedly odious, and ended by doing considerable injury to all the causes which he undertook to support. The novelty and the boldness of his manner—the resentment of his antagonists—and the consternation of his friends, insured him a considerable share of public attention at the beginning: But such was the repulsion of his moral qualities as a writer, and the fundamental unsoundness of most of his speculations, that he no sooner ceased to write, than he ceased to be read or inquired after,—and lived to see those erudite volumes fairly laid on the shelf, which he fondly expected to carry down a growing fame to posterity.

The history of Warburton, indeed, is uncommonly curious, and his fate instructive. He was bred an attorney at Newark; and probably derived, from his early practice in that capacity, that love of controversy, and that habit of scurrility, for which he was afterwards distinguished. His first literary associates were some of the heroes of the Dunciad; and his first literary adventure the publication of some poems, which well entitled him to a place among those worthies. He helped "pilfering Tibbalds" to some notes upon Shakespeare; and spoke contemptuously of Mr. Pope's talents, and severely of his morals, in his letters to Concannen. He then hired his pen to prepare a volume on the Jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery; and having now entered the church, made a more successful endeavour to magnify his profession, and to attract notice to himself by the publication of his once famous book on "the Alliance between Church and State," in which all the presumption and ambition of his nature was first made manifest.

By this time, however, he seems to have passed over from the party of the Dunces to that of Pope; and proclaimed his conversion pretty abruptly, by writing an elaborate defence of the Essay on Man, from some imputa

tions which had been thrown on its theology and morality. Pope received the services of this voluntary champion with great gratitude; and Warburton having now discovered that he was not only a great poet, but a very honest man, continued to cultivate his friendship with great assiduity, and with very notable success: For Pope introduced him to Mr. Murray, who made him preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and to Mr. Allen of Prior Park, who gave him his niece in marriage,—obtained a bishopric for him,—and left him his whole estate. In the mean time, he published his "Divine Legation of Moses,"—the most learned, most arrogant, and most absurd work, which had been produced in England for a century;—and his editions of Pope, and of Shakespeare, in which he was scarcely less outrageous and fantastical. He replied to some of his answerers in a style full of insolence and brutal scurrility; and not only poured out the most tremendous abuse on the infidelities of Bolingbroke and Hume, but found occasion also to quarrel with Drs. Middleton, Lowth, Jortin, Leland, and indeed almost every name distinguished for piety and learning in England. At the same time, he indited the most highflown adulation to Lord Chesterfield, and contrived to keep himself in the good graces of Lord Mansfield and Lord Hardwicke;—while, in the midst of affluence and honours, he was continually exclaiming against the barbarity of the age in rewarding genius so frugally, and in not calling in the aid of the civil magistrate to put down fanaticism and infidelity. The public, however, at last, grew weary of these blustering novelties. The bishop, as old age stole upon him, began to doze in his mitre; and though Dr. Richard Hurd, with the true spirit of an underling, persisted in keeping up the petty traffic of reciprocal encomiums, yet Warburton was lost to the public long before he sunk into dotage, and lay dead as an author for many years of his natural existence.

We have imputed this rapid decline of his reputation, partly to the unsoundness of his general speculations, and chiefly to the offensiveness of his manner. The fact is admitted even by those who pretend to regret it; and, whatever Dr. Hurd may have thought, it must have had other causes than the decay of public virtue and taste.

In fact, when we look quietly and soberly over the vehement and imposing treatises of Warburton, it is scarcely possible not to perceive, that almost every thing that is original in his doctrine or propositions is erroneous; and that his great gifts of learning and argumentation have been bestowed on a vain attempt to give currency to untenable paradoxes. His powers and his skill in controversy may indeed conceal, from a careless reader, the radical fallacy of his reasoning; and as, in the course of the argument, he frequently has the better of his adversaries upon incidental and collateral topics, and never fails to make his triumph resound over the whole field of battle, it is easy to understand how he should, for a while, have got the credit of a victory, which is now generally adjudged to his opponents. The object of "the Divine Legation," for instance, is to prove that the mission of Moses was certainly from God,—because his system is the only one which does *not* teach the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments! And the object of "the Alliance" is to show, that the church (that is, as he explains it, all the adherents of the church of England) is entitled to a legal *establishment*, and the protection of a *test law*,—because it constitutes *a separate society* from that which is concerned in the civil government, and, being equally sovereign and independent, is therefore entitled to treat with it on a footing of perfect equality. The sixth book of Virgil, we are assured, in the same peremptory manner, contains merely the description of the mysteries of Eleusis; and the badness of the New Testament Greek a conclusive proof both of the eloquence and the inspiration of its authors. These fancies, it appears to us, require no refutation; and, dazzled and astonished as we are at the rich and variegated tissue of learning and argument with which their author has invested their extravagance, we conceive that no man of a sound and plain understanding can ever mistake them for truths, or waver, in the least degree, from the conviction which his own reflection must afford of their intrinsic absurdity.

The case is very nearly the same with his subordinate general propositions; which, in so far as they are original, are all brought forward with the parade of great discoveries, and yet appear to us among the most futile and erroneous of modern speculations. We are tempted to mention two, which we think we have seen referred to by later writers with some degree of approbation, and which, at any rate, make a capital figure in all the fundamental philosophy of Warburton. The one relates to the necessary imperfection of human laws, as dealing in Punishments only, and not in Rewards also. The other concerns his notion of the ultimate foundation of moral Obligation.

The very basis of his argument for the necessity of the doctrine of a future state to the well-being of society, is, that, by human laws, the conduct of men is only controlled by the fear of punishment, and not excited by the hope of reward. *Both* these sanctions however, he contends, are necessary to regulate our actions, and keep the world in order; and, therefore, legislators, not finding rewards in this world, have always been obliged to connect it with a future world, in which they have held out that they would be bestowed on all deservers. It is scarcely possible, we believe, to put this most important doctrine on a more injudicious foundation; and if this were the only ground either for believing or inculcating the doctrine of a future state, we should tremble at the advantages which the infidel would have in the contest. We shall not detain our readers longer, than just to point out three obvious fallacies in this, the most vaunted and confident, perhaps, of all

the Warburtonian dogmata. In the *first* place, it is obvious that *disorders* in society can scarcely be said to be prevented by the hope of future rewards: the proper use of that doctrine being, not to repress vice, but to console affliction. Vice and disorder can only be quelled by the dread of future punishment—whether in this world or the next; while it is obvious that the despondency and distress which may be soothed by the prospect of future bliss, are not *disorders* within the purview of the legislator. In the *second* place, it is obviously not true that human laws are *necessarily* deficient in the article of providing rewards. In many instances, their enactments have this direct object; and it is obvious, that if it was thought essential to the well-being of society, they *might* reward quite as often as they punish. But, in the *third* place, the whole argument proceeds upon a gross and unaccountable misapprehension of the nature and object of legislation;—a very brief explanation of which will show, both that the temporal rewards of virtue are just as sure as the temporal punishments of vice, and at the same time explain why the law has so seldom interfered to enforce the former. The law arose from human feelings and notions of justice; and those feelings and notions, were, of course, before the law, which only came in aid of their deficiency. The natural and necessary effect of kind and virtuous conduct is, to excite love, gratitude, and benevolence;—the effect of injury and vice is to excite resentment, anger, and revenge. While there was no law and no magistrate, men must have acted upon those feelings, and acted upon them in their whole extent. He who rendered kindness, received kindness; and he who inflicted pain and suffering, was sooner or later overtaken by retorted pain and suffering. Virtue *was rewarded* therefore, and vice punished, at all times; and both, we must suppose, in the same measure and degree. The reward of virtue, however, produced no disturbance or disorder; and, after society submitted to regulation, was very safely left in the hands of gratitude and sympathetic kindness. But it was far otherwise with the punishment of vice. Resentment and revenge tended always to a dangerous excess,—were liable to be assumed as the pretext for unprovoked aggression,—and, at all events, had a tendency to reproduce revenge and resentment, in an interminable series of violence and outrage. The law, therefore, took *this* duty into its own hands. It did not invent, or impose for the first time, that sanction of punishment, which was coeval with vice and with society, and is implied, indeed, in the very notion of injury:—it only transferred the right of applying it from the injured individual to the public; and tempered its application by more impartial and extensive views of the circumstances of the delinquency. But if the punishment of vice be not ultimately derived from law, neither is the reward of virtue; and although human passions made it necessary for law to undertake the regulation of that punishment, it evidently would not add to its perfection, to make it also the distributer of rewards; unless it could be shown, that a similar disorder was likely to arise from leaving these to the individuals affected. It is obvious, however, not only that there is no likelihood of such a disorder, but that such an interference would be absurd and impracticable. It is true, therefore, that human laws do in general provide punishments only, and not rewards; but it is not true that they are, on this account, imperfect or defective; or that human conduct is not actually regulated by the love of happiness, as much as by the dread of suffering. The doctrine of a future state adds, no doubt, prodigiously to *both* these motives; but it is a rash, a presumptuous, and, we think, a most shortsighted and narrow view of the case, to suppose, that it is chiefly the impossibility of rewarding virtue on Earth, that has led legislators to secure the peace of society, by referring it for its recompense to Heaven.

The other dogma to which we alluded, is advanced with equal confidence and pretensions; and is, if possible, still more shallow and erroneous. Speculative moralists had been formerly contented with referring moral obligation, either to a moral sense, or to a perception of utility;—Warburton, without much ceremony, put both these together: But his grand discovery is, that even this tie is not strong enough; and that the idea of moral obligation is altogether incomplete and imperfect, unless it be made to rest also on *the Will of a Superior*. There is no point in all his philosophy, of which he is more vain than of this pretended discovery; and he speaks of it, we are persuaded, twenty times, without once suspecting the gross fallacy which it involves. The fallacy is not, however, in stating an erroneous proposition—for it is certainly true, that the command of a superior will generally constitute an obligation: it lies altogether in supposing that this is a separate or additional ground of obligation,—and in not seeing that this vaunted discovery of *a third* principle for the foundation of morality, was in fact nothing but an individual instance or exemplification of the principle of utility.

Why are we bound by the will of a superior?—evidently for no other reason, than because superiority implies a *power* to affect our *happiness;* and the expression of will assures us, that our happiness will be affected by our disobedience. An obligation is something which constrains or induces us to act;—but there neither is nor can be any other motive for the actions of rational and sentient beings, than the love of happiness. It is the desire of happiness—well or ill understood—seen widely or narrowly,—that necessarily dictates all our actions, and is at the bottom of all our conceptions of morality or duty: and the will of a superior can only constitute a ground of obligation, by connecting itself with this single and universal agent. If it were possible to disjoin the idea of our own happiness or suffering from the idea of a superior, it is ob-

vious, that we should no longer be under any obligation to conform to the will of that superior. If we should be equally secure of happiness—in mind and in body—in time and in eternity, by disobeying his will, as by complying with it, it is evidently altogether inconceivable, that the expression of that will should impose any obligation upon us: And although it be true that we cannot suppose such a case, it is not the less a fallacy to represent the will of a superior as a third and additional ground of obligation, newly discovered by this author, and superadded to the old principle of a regard to happiness, or utility. We take these instances of the general unsoundness of all Warburton's peculiar doctrines, from topics on which he is generally supposed to have been less extravagant than on any other. Those who wish to know his feats in criticism, may be referred to the Canons of Mr. Edwards; and those who admire the originality of his Dissertation on the Mysteries, are recommended to look into the *Eleusis* of *Meursius*.

Speculations like these could never be popular; and were not likely to attract the attention, even of the studious, longer than their novelty, and the glare of erudition and originality which was thrown around them, protected them from deliberate consideration. But the real cause of the public alienation from the works of this writer, is undoubtedly to be found in the revolting arrogance of his general manner, and the offensive coarseness of his controversial invectives. These, we think, must be confessed to be somewhat worse than mere error in reasoning, or extravagance in theory. They are not only offences of the first magnitude against good taste and good manners, but are likely to be attended with pernicious consequences in matters of much higher importance. Though we are not disposed to doubt of the sincerity of this reverend person's abhorrence for vice and infidelity, we are seriously of opinion, that his writings have been substantially prejudicial to the cause of religion and morality; and that it is fortunate for both, that they have now fallen into general oblivion.

They have produced, in the first place, all the mischief of a conspicuous, and, in some sense, a successful example of genius and learning, associated with insolence, intolerance, and habitual contumely and outrage. All men who are engaged in controversy are apt enough to be abusive and insulting,—and clergymen, perhaps, rather more apt than others. It is an intellectual warfare, in which, as in other wars, it is *natural*, we suspect, to be ferocious, unjust, and unsparing; but experience and civilisation have tempered this vehemence, by gentler and more generous maxims,—and introduced a law of honourable hostility, by which the fiercer elements of our nature are mastered and controlled. No greater evil, perhaps, can be imagined, than the violation of this law from any quarter of influence and reputation;—yet the Warburtonians may be said to have used their best endeavours to introduce the use of poisoned weapons, and to abolish the practice of giving quarter, in the fields of controversy. Fortunately, their example has not been generally followed; and the sect itself, though graced with mitres, and other trophies of worldly success, has perished, we think, in consequence of the experiment.

A second, and perhaps, a still more formidable mischief, arose from the discredit which was brought on the priesthood, and indeed upon religion in general, by this interchange of opprobrious and insulting accusations among its ministers. If the abuse was justifiable, then the church itself gave shelter to folly and wickedness, at least as great as was to be found under the banners of infidelity;—if it was not justifiable, then it was apparent, that abuse by those holy men was no proof of demerit in those against whom it was directed; and the unbelievers, of course, were furnished with an objection to the sincerity of those invectives of which they themselves were the objects.

This applies to those indecent expressions of violence and contempt, in which Warburton and his followers were accustomed to indulge, when speaking of their Christian and clerical opponents. But the greatest evil of all, we think, arose from the intemperance, coarseness, and acrimony of their remarks, even on those who were enemies to revelation. There is, in all well-constituted minds, a natural feeling of indulgence towards those errors of opinion, to which, from the infirmity of human reason, all men are liable, and of compassion for those whose errors have endangered their happiness. It must be the natural tendency of all candid and liberal persons, therefore, to regard unbelievers with pity, and to reason with them with mildness and forbearance. Infidel writers, we conceive, may generally be allowed to be actual unbelievers; for it is difficult to imagine what other motive than a sincere persuasion of the truth of their opinions, could induce them to become objects of horror to the respectable part of any community, by their disclosure. From what vices of the heart, or from what defects in the understanding, their unbelief may have originated, it may not always be easy to determine; but it seems obvious that, for the unbelief itself, they are rather to be pitied than reviled; and that the most effectual way of persuading the public that their opinions are refuted out of a regard to human happiness, is to treat their author (whose happiness is most in danger) with some small degree of liberality and gentleness. It is also pretty generally taken for granted, that a very angry disputant is usually in the wrong; that it is not a sign of much confidence in the argument, to take advantage of the unpopularity or legal danger of the opposite doctrine; and that, when an unsuccessful and unfair attempt is made to discredit the general ability or personal worth of an antagonist, no great reliance is understood to be placed on the argument by which he may be lawfully opposed.

It is needless to apply these observations to the case of the Warburtonian controversies. There is no man, we believe, however he may

be convinced of the fallacy and danger of the principles maintained by Lord Bolingbroke, by Voltaire, or by Hume, who has not felt indignation and disgust at the brutal violence, the affected contempt, and the flagrant unfairness with which they are treated by this learned author,—who has not, for a moment, taken part with them against so ferocious and insulting an opponent, and wished for the mortification and chastisement of the advocate, even while impressed with the greatest veneration for the cause. We contemplate this scene of orthodox fury, in short, with something of the same emotions with which we should see a heretic subjected to the torture, or a freethinker led out to the stake by a zealous inquisitor. If this, however, be the effect of such illiberal violence, even on those whose principles are settled, and whose faith is confirmed by habit and reflection, the consequences must obviously be still more pernicious for those whose notions of religion are still uninformed and immature, and whose minds are open to all plausible and liberal impressions. Take the case, for instance, of a young man, who has been delighted with the eloquence of Bolingbroke, and the sagacity and ingenuity of Hume;—who knows, moreover, that the one lived in intimacy with Pope, and Swift, and Atterbury, and almost all the worthy and eminent persons of his time;—and that the other was the cordial friend of Robertson and Blair, and was irreproachably correct and amiable in every relation of life;—and who, perceiving with alarm the tendency of some of their speculations, applies to Warburton for an antidote to the poison he may have imbibed. In Warburton he will then read that Bolingbroke was a paltry driveller—Voltaire a pitiable scoundrel—and Hume a puny dialectician, who ought to have been set on the pillory, and whose heart was as base and corrupt as his understanding was contemptible! Now, what, we would ask any man of common candour and observation, is the effect likely to be produced on the mind of any ingenious and able young man by this style of confutation? Infallibly to make him take part with the reviled and insulted literati,—to throw aside the right reverend confuter with contempt and disgust,—and most probably to conceive a fatal prejudice against the cause of religion itself—thus unhappily associated with coarse and ignoble scurrility. He must know to a certainty, in the first place, that *the contempt* of the orthodox champion is either affected, or proceeds from most gross ignorance and incapacity;—since the abilities of the reviled writers is proved, not only by his own feeling and experience, but by the suffrage of the public and of all men of intelligence. He must think, in the second place, that the imputations on their *moral worth* are false and calumnious, both from the fact of their long friendship with the purest and most exalted characters of their age, and from the obvious irrelevancy of this topic in a fair refutation of their errors;—and then, applying the ordinary maxims by which we judge of a disputant's cause, from his temper and his fairness, he disables both the judgment and the candour of his instructor, and conceives a strong prejudice in favour of the cause which has been attacked in a manner so unwarrantable.

We have had occasion, oftener than once, to trace an effect like this, from this fierce and overbearing aspect of orthodoxy;—and we appeal to the judgment of all our readers, whether it be not the very effect which it is calculated to produce on all youthful minds of any considerable strength and originality. It is to such persons, however, and to such only, that the refutation of infidel writers ought to be addressed. There is no need to write books against Hume and Voltaire for the use of the learned and orthodox part of the English clergy. Such works are necessarily supposed to be intended for the benefit of young persons, who have either contracted some partiality for those seductive writers, or are otherwise in danger of being misled by them. It is to be presumed, therefore, that they know and admire their real excellences;—and it might consequently be inferred, that they will not listen with peculiar complacency to a refutation of their errors, which sets out with a torrent of illiberal and unjust abuse of their talents and characters.

We are convinced, therefore, that the bullying and abusive tone of the Warburtonian school, even in its contention with infidels, has done more harm to the cause of religion, and alienated more youthful and aspiring minds from the true faith, than any other error into which zeal has ever betrayed orthodoxy. It may afford a sort of vindictive delight to the zealots who stand in no need of the instruction of which it should be the vehicle; but it will, to a certainty, revolt and disgust all those to whom that instruction was necessary,—enlist all the generous feelings of their nature on the side of infidelity,—and make piety and reason itself appear like prejudice and bigotry. We think it fortunate, therefore, upon the whole, that the controversial writings of Warburton have already passed into oblivion,—since, even if we thought more highly than we do of the substantial merit of his arguments, we should still be of opinion that they were likely to do more mischief than the greater part of the sophistries which it was their professed object to counteract and discredit.

These desultory observations have carried us so completely away from the book, by the title of which they were suggested, that we have forgotten to announce to our readers, that it contains a series of familiar letters, addressed by Warburton to Doctor (afterwards Bishop) Hurd, from the year 1749, when their acquaintance commenced, down to 1776, when the increasing infirmities of the former put a stop to the correspondence. Some little use was made of these letters in the life of his friend, which Bishop Hurd published, after a very long delay, in 1794; but the treasure was hoarded up, in the main, till the death of that prelate; soon after which, the present volume was prepared for publication, in obedience to

the following intimation prefixed to the original collection, and now printed in the front of the book:—

"These letters give so true a picture of the writer's character, and are, besides, so worthy of him in all respects (I mean, if the reader can forgive the playfulness of his wit in some instances, and the partiality of his friendship in many more), that, in honour of his memory, I would have them published after my death, and the profits arising from the sale of them, applied to the benefit of the Worcester Infirmary."

The tenor of this note, as well as the name and the memory of Warburton, excited in us no small curiosity to peruse the collection; and, for a moment, we entertained a hope of finding this intractable and usurping author softened down, in the gentler relations of private life, to something of a more amiable and engaging form: and when we found his right reverend correspondent speaking of the playfulness of his wit, and the partiality of his friendships, we almost persuaded ourselves, that we should find, in these letters, not only many traits of domestic tenderness and cordiality, but also some expressions of regret for the asperities with which, in the heat and the elation of controversy, he had insulted all who were opposed to him. It seems natural, too, to expect, that along with the confessions of an author's vanity, we should meet with some reflections on his own good fortune, and some expressions of contentment and gratitude for the honours and dignities which had been heaped upon him. In all this, however, we have been painfully disappointed. The arrogance and irritability of Warburton was never more conspicuous than in these Letters,—nor his intolerance of opposition, and his preposterous estimate of his own merit and importance. There is some wit—good and bad—scattered through them; and diverse fragments of criticism: But the staple of the correspondence is his own praise, and that of his friend, whom he magnifies and exalts, indeed, in a way that is very diverting. To him, and his other dependants and admirers, and their patrons, he is kind and complimentary to excess; but all the rest of the world he regards with contempt and indifference. The age is a good age or a bad age, according as it applauds or neglects the Divine Legation and the Commentary on Horace. Those who write against these works are knaves and drivellers,—and will meet with their reward in the contempt of another generation, and the tortures of another world!—Bishoprics and Chancellorships, on the other hand, are too little for those who extol and defend them;—and Government is reviled for leaving the press open to Bolingbroke, and tacitly blamed for not setting Mr. Hume on the pillory.

The natural connection of the subject with the general remarks which we have already premised, leads us to begin our extracts with a few specimens of that savage asperity towards Christians and Philosophers, upon which we have felt ourselves called on to pass a sentence of reprobation. In a letter, dated in 1749, we have the following passage about Mr. Hume,—

"I am strongly tempted, too, to have a stroke at Hume in parting. He is the author of a little book, called Philosophical Essays; in one part of which he argues against the being of a God, and in another (very needlessly you will say) against the possibility of miracles. *He has crowned the liberty of the press.* And yet he has a considerable post under the Government! I have a great mind to do justice on his arguments against miracles, which I think might be done in few words. But does he deserve notice? Is he known amongst you? Pray answer me these questions; for if his own weight keeps him down, *I should be sorry to contribute to his advancement—to any place but the Pillory.*"—p. 11.

In another place, he is pleased to say, under date of 1757, when Mr. Hume's reputation for goodness, as well as genius, was fully established:—

"There is an epidemic madness amongst us; today we burn with the feverish heat of Supersition; to-morrow we stand fixed and frozen in Atheism. Expect to hear that the churches are all crowded next Friday; and that on Saturday they buy up Hume's new Essays; the first of which (and please you) is *The Natural History of Religion*, for which I will trim the rogue's jacket, at least sit upon his skirts, as you will see when you come hither, and find his margins scribbled over. In a word, the Essay is to establish an Atheistic naturalism, like Bolingbroke; and he goes upon one of B.'s capital arguments, that Idolatry and Polytheism were before the worship of the one God. It is full of absurdities; and here I come in with him; for *they show themselves knaves:* but, as you well observe, to do their business, is to show them *fools.* They say this man has several moral qualities. It may be so. But there are vices of the mind as well as body; *and a Wickeder Heart, and more determined to do public Mischief, I think I never knew.*" p. 175.

It is natural and very edifying, after all this, to find him expressing the most unmeasured contempt, even for the historical works of this author, and gravely telling his beloved friend, who was hammering out a puny dialogue on the English constitution, "As to Hume's History, you need not fear being forestalled by a thousand *such* writers. But the fear is natural, as I have often felt, and as often experienced to be absurd!" We really were not aware, either that this *History* was generally looked upon as an irreligious publication; or that there was reason to suspect that Dr. Robertson had no warm side to religion, more than his friend. Both these things, however, may be learned from the following short paragraph.

"Hume has outdone himself in this new history, in showing his contempt of religion. This is one of those proof charges which Arbuthnot speaks of in his treatise of *political lying*, to try how much the public will bear. *If this history be well received, I shall conclude that there is even an end of all pretence to religion.* But I should think it will not: because I fancy the good reception of Robertson's proceeded from the *decency* of it."—p. 207.

The following is the liberal commentary which this Christian divine makes upon Mr. Hume's treatment of Rousseau.

"It is a truth easily discoverable from his writings, that Hume could have but one motive in bringing him over (for he was under the protection of Lord Mareshal) and *that was, cherishing a man whose writings were as mischievous to society as his own.* The merits of the two philosophers are soon adjusted. There is an immense distance between

their natural genius: none at all in *their excessive vanity;* and much again in their good faith. Rousseau's warmth has made him act the madman in his philosophical inquiries, so that he oft saw not the mischief which he did: *Hume's coldness made him not only see but rejoice in his.* But it is neither parts nor logic that has made either of them philosophers, but *Infidelity* only. For which, to be sure, they both equally deserve a PENSION."—pp. 286, 287.

After all this, it can surprise us very little to hear him call Voltaire *a scoundrel* and *a liar;* and, in the bitterness of his heart, qualify Smollett by the name of "a vagabond Scot, who wrote nonsense,"—because people had bought ten thousand copies of his History, while the Divine Legation began to lie heavy on the shelves of his bookseller. It may be worth while, however, to see how this orthodox prelate speaks of the church and of churchmen. The following short passage will give the reader some light upon the subject; and also serve to exemplify the bombastic adulation which the reverend correspondents interchanged with each other, and the coarse but robust wit by which Warburton was certainly distinguished.

"You were made for higher things: and my greatest pleasure is, that you give me a hint you are impatient to pursue them. What will not such a capacity and such a pen do, either to shame or to improve a miserable age! The church, like the Ark of Noah, is worth saving; not for the sake of *the unclean beasts and vermin that almost filled it* and probably made most noise and clamour in it, but for the little corner of rationality, that was as much distressed by the stink within, as by the tempest without."—pp. 83, 84.

In another place, he says, "I am serious upon it. I am afraid that both you and I shall outlive common sense, as well as learning, in our reverend brotherhood;" and afterwards complains, that he has laboured all his life to support the cause of the clergy, and been repaid with nothing but ingratitude. In the close of another letter on the same subject, he says, with a presumption, which the event has already made half ridiculous, and half melancholy, "Are not you and I finely employed?—but, *Serimus arbores, alteri quæ seculo prosunt.*"

But these are only general expressions, arising, perhaps, from spleen or casual irritation. Let us inquire how he speaks of individuals. It would be enough, perhaps, to say, that except a Dr. Balguy, we do not remember of his saying any thing respectful of a single clergyman throughout the whole volume.—The following is a pretty good specimen of the treatment which was reserved for such of them as dared to express their dissent from his paradoxes and fancies.

"What could make that important blockhead (you know whom) preach against me at St. James'? He never met me at Court, or at Powis or Newcastle-House. And what was it to him, whether the Jews had a future life? *It might be well for such as him, if the Christians had none neither!*—Nor, *I dare say, does he much trouble himself about the matter*, while he stands foremost, amongst you, in the new *Land of Promise;* which, however, to the mortification of these modern Jews, is a little distant from that of *performance.*"—p. 65.

Now, this is not said in jest; but in fierce anger and resentment; and really affords as wonderful a picture of the temper and liberality of a Christian divine, as some of the disputes among the grammarians do of the irritability of a mere man of letters. The contempt, indeed, with which he speaks of his answerers, who were in general learned divines, is equally keen and cutting with that which he evinces towards Hume and Bolingbroke. He himself knew ten thousand faults in his work; but *they* have never found *one* of them. Nobody has ever answered him yet, but at their own expense; and some poor man whom he mentions "must share in the silent contempt with which I treat my answerers." This is his ordinary style in those *playful* and affectionate letters. Of known and celebrated individuals, he talks in the same tone of disgusting arrogance and animosity. Dr. Lowth, the learned and venerable Bishop of London, had occasion to complain of some misrepresentations in Warburton's writings, relating to the memory of his father; and, after some amicable correspondence, stated the matter to the public in a short and temperate pamphlet. Here is the manner in which he is treated for it in this Episcopal correspondence.

"All you say about Lowth's pamphlet breathes the purest spirit of friendship. His *wit* and his *reasoning. God knows, and I also* (as a certain critic said once in a matter of the like great importance), are much below the qualities that deserve those names. But the strangest thing of all, is *this man's boldness* in publishing my letters without my leave or knowledge. I remember several long letters passed between us. And I remember you saw the letters. But I have so totally forgot the contents, that I am at a loss for the meaning of these words.

"In a word, you are right.—If he expected an answer, he will certainly find himself disappointed: though I believe I could make as good sport with this *Devil of a vice, for the public diversion*, as ever was made with him, in the old *Moralities.*"
pp. 273, 274.

Among the many able men who thought themselves called upon to expose his errors and fantasies, two of the most distinguished were Jortin and Leland. Dr. Jortin had objected to Warburton's theory of the Sixth Æneid; and Dr. Leland to his notion of the Eloquence of the Evangelists; and both with great respect and moderation. Warburton would not, or could not answer;—but his faithful esquire was at hand; and two anonymous pamphlets, from the pen of Dr. Richard Hurd, were sent forth, to extol Warburton, and his paradoxes, beyond the level of a mortal; to accuse Jortin of envy, and to convict Leland of ignorance and error. Leland answered for himself; and, in the opinion of all the world, completely demolished his antagonist. Jortin contented himself with laughing at the weak and elaborate irony of the Bishop's anonymous champion, and with wondering at his talent for perversion. Hurd never owned either of these malignant pamphlets;—and in the life of his friend, no notice whatever was taken of this inglorious controversy. What would have been better forgotten, however, for their joint reputation, is injudiciously

brought back to notice in the volume now before us;—and Warburton is proved by his letters to have entered fully into all the paltry keenness of his correspondent, and to have indulged a feeling of the most rancorous hostility towards both these excellent and accomplished men. In one of his letters he says, "I will not tell you how much I am obliged to you for this *correction* of Leland. I have desired Colonel Harvey to get it reprinted in Dublin, which I think but a proper return for Leland's favour in London." We hear nothing more, however, on this subject, after the publication of Dr. Leland's reply.

With regard to Jortin, again, he says, "Next to the pleasure of seeing myself so finely praised, is the satisfaction I take in seeing Jortin mortified. I know to what degree it will do it; and he deserves to be mortified. One thing I in good earnest resented for its baseness," &c. In another place, he talks of his "mean, low, and ungrateful conduct;" and adds, "Jortin is as vain as he is dirty, to imagine that I am obliged to him," &c. And, after a good deal more about his "mean, low envy," "the rancour of his heart," his "self-importance," and other good qualities, he speaks in this way of his death—

"I see by the papers that Jortin is dead. His overrating his abilities, and the public's underrating them, made *so gloomy a temper eat*, as the ancients expressed it, *his own heart*. If his death distresses his own family, I shall be heartily sorry for *this accident of mortality*. If not, *there is no loss—even to himself!*"—p. 340.

That the reader may judge how far controversial rancour has here distorted the features of an adversary, we add part of an admirable character of Dr. Jortin, drawn by one who had good occasion to know him, as it appeared in a work in which keenness, candour, and erudition are very singularly blended. "He had a heart which never disgraced the powers of his understanding.—With a lively imagination and an elegant taste, he united the artless and amiable negligence of a schoolboy. Wit without ill-nature, and sense without effort, he could, at will, scatter on every subject; and, in every book, the writer presents us with a near and distinct view of the man. He had too much discernment to confound difference of opinion with malignity or dulness; and too much candour to insult, where he could not persuade. He carried with him into every subject which he explored, a solid greatness of soul, which could spare an inferior, though in the offensive form of an adversary, and endure an equal, with or without the sacred name of a friend."*

Dr. Middleton, too, had happened to differ from some of Warburton's opinions on the origin of Popish ceremonies; and accordingly he is very charitably represented as having *renounced his religion* in a pet, on account of the discourtesy of his brethren in the church. It is on an occasion no less serious and touching, than the immediate prospect of this learned man's death, who had once been his friend, that he gives vent to this liberal imputation.

"Had he had, *I will not say piety*, but greatness of mind enough not to suffer the pretended injuries of some churchmen to *prejudice him against religion*, I should love him living, and honour his memory when dead. But, good God! that man, for the discourtesies done him by his miserable fellow-creatures, should be *content to divest himself of the true viaticum*, the comfort, the solace, the asylum, &c. &c. is perfectly astonishing. I believe no one (all things considered) has suffered more from the low and vile passions of the high and low amongst our brethren than myself. Yet, God forbid, &c."—pp. 40, 41.

When divines of the Church of England are spoken of in this manner, it may be supposed that Dissenters and Laymen do not meet with any better treatment. Priestley, accordingly, is called "a wretched fellow;" and Dr. Samuel Johnson, who, in spite of considerable temptations to the contrary, had spoken with great respect of him, both in his preface to Shakespeare and in his notes, is thus rewarded by the meek and modest ecclesiastic for his forbearance.

"The remarks he makes in every page on my commentaries, are *full of insolence* and *malignant reflections*, which, had they not in them as much *folly* as *malignity*, I should have had reason to be offended with. As it is, I think myself obliged to him in thus setting before the public so many of *my* notes with *his* remarks upon them; for, though I have no great opinion of that trifling part of the public, which pretends to judge of this part of literature, in which boys and girls decide, yet *I think nobody can be mistaken in this comparison;* though I think their thoughts have never yet extended thus far as to reflect, that to discover the corruption in an author's text, and by a happy sagacity to restore it to sense, is no easy task: But when the discovery is made, then to cavil at the conjecture, to propose an equivalent, and *defend nonsense*, by producing, out of the thick darkness it occasions, a weak and faint glimmering of sense (which has been the business of *this Editor* throughout) is the *easiest*, as well as *dullest* of all literary efforts."—pp. 272, 273.

It is irksome transcribing more of these insolent and vindictive personalities; and we believe we have already extracted enough, to satisfy our readers as to the probable effect of this publication, in giving the world a just impression of the amiable, playful, and affectionate character of this learned prelate. It is scarcely necessary, for this purpose, to refer to any of his pathetic lamentations over his own age, as a "*barbarous* age," an "*impious* age," and "a *dark* age,"—to quote his murmurs at the ingratitude with which his own labours had been rewarded,—or, indeed, to do more than transcribe his sage and magnanimous resolution, in the year 1768, to begin to live *for himself*—having already lived for others longer than they had deserved of him." This worthy and philanthropic person had by this time preached and written himself into a bishopric and a fine estate; and, at the same time, indulged himself in every sort of violence and scurrility against those from whose opinions he dissented. In these

* See preface to *Two Tracts* by a Warburtonian. p. 194.

circumstances, we really are not aware either how he could have lived more for himself, or less for others, than he had been all along doing. But we leave now the painful task of commenting upon this book, as a memorial of his character; and gladly turn to those parts of it, from which our readers may derive more unmingled amusement.

The wit which it contains is generally strong and coarse, with a certain mixture of profanity which does not always seem to consort well with the episcopal character. There are some allusions to the Lady of Babylon, which we dare not quote in our Presbyterian pages. The reader, however, may take the following:—

"Poor Job! It was his eternal fate to be persecuted by his friends. His three comforters passed sentence of condemnation upon him; and he has been executing *in effigie* ever since. He was first bound to the stake by a long catena of Greek Fathers; then tortured by Pineda! then strangled by Caryl; and afterwards cut up by Westley, and anatomised by Garnet. Pray don't reckon me amongst his hangmen. I only acted the tender part of his wife, and was for making short work with him! But he was ordained, I think, by a fate like that of Prometheus, to lie still upon his dunghill, and have his brains sucked out by owls. One Hodges, a head of Oxford, now threatens us with a new *Auto de Fè*."—p. 22.

We have already quoted one assimilation of the Church to the Ark of Noah. This idea is pursued in the following passage, which is perfectly characteristic of the force, the vulgarity, and the mannerism of Warburton's writing:—

"You mention Noah's Ark. I have really forgot what I said of it. But I suppose I compared the Church to it, as many a grave divine has done before me.—The rabbins make the giant Gog or Magog contemporary with Noah, and convinced by his preaching; so that he was disposed to take the benefit of the ark. But here lay the distress; it by no means suited his dimensions. Therefore, as he could not enter in, he contented himself to ride upon it astride. And though you must suppose that, in that stormy weather, he was more than half-boots over, he kept his seat and dismounted safely, when the ark landed on Mount Ararat.—Image now to yourself this illustrious Cavalier mounted on his *hackney:* and see if it does not bring before you the Church, bestrid by some lumpish minister of state, who turns and winds it at his pleasure. The only difference is, that Gog believed the preacher of righteousness and religion."
pp. 87, 88.

The following is in a broader and more ambitious style,—yet still peculiar and forcible. After recommending a tour round St. James' Park, as far more instructive than the grand tour, he proceeds—

"This is enough for any one who only wants to study men for his use. But if our aspiring friend would go higher, and study human nature, in and for itself, he must take a much larger tour than that of Europe. He must first go and catch her undressed, nay, quite naked, in North America, and at the Cape of Good Hope. He may then examine how she appears cramped, contracted, and buttoned close up in the straight tunic of law and custom, as in China and Japan; or spread out, and enlarged above her common size, in the long and flowing robe of enthusiasm amongst the Arabs and Saracens; or, lastly, as she flutters in the old rags of worn-out policy and civil government, and almost ready to run back naked to the deserts, as on the Mediterranean coast of Africa. These, tell him, are the grand scenes for the true philosopher, for the citizen of the world, to contemplate. The *Tour of Europe* is like the entertainment that Plutarch speaks of, which Pompey's host of Epirus gave him. There were many dishes, and they had a seeming variety; but when he came to examine them narrowly, he found them all made out of one hog, and indeed nothing but *pork* differently disguised.

"Indeed I perfectly agree with you, that a scholar by profession, who knows how to employ his time in his study, for the benefit of mankind, would be more than fantastical, he would be mad, to go rambling round Europe, though his fortune would permit him. For to travel with profit, must be when his faculties are at the height, his studies matured, and all his reading fresh in his head. But to waste a considerable space of time, at such a period of life, is worse than suicide. Yet, for all this, the knowledge of human nature (the only knowledge, in the largest sense of it, worth a wise man's concern or care) can never be well acquired without seeing it under all its disguises and distortions, arising from absurd governments and monstrous religions, in every quarter of the globe. Therefore, I think a collection of the best voyages no despicable part of a philosopher's library. Perhaps there will be found more dross in this sort of literature, even when selected most carefully, than in any other. But no matter for that; such a collection will contain a great and solid treasure."—pp. 111, 112.

These, we think, are favourable specimens of wit, and of power of writing. The bad jokes, however, rather preponderate. There is one brought in, with much formality, about his suspicions of *the dunces* having stolen *the lead* off the roof of his coachhouse; and two or three absurd little anecdotes, which seem to have no pretensions to pleasantry—but that they are narratives, and have no serious meaning.

To pass from wit, however, to more serious matters, we find, in this volume, some very striking proofs of the extent and diligence of this author's miscellaneous reading, particularly in the lists and characters of the authors to whom he refers his friend as authorities for a history of the English constitution. In this part of his dialogues, indeed, it appears that Hurd has derived the whole of his learning, and most of his opinions, from Warburton. The following remarks on the continuation of Clarendon's History are good and liberal:—

"Besides that business, and age, and misfortunes had perhaps sunk his spirit, the *Continuation* is not so properly the history of the first six years of Charles the Second, as an anxious apology for the share himself had in the administration. This has hurt the composition in several respects. Amongst others, he could not, with decency, allow his pen that scope in his delineation of the chief characters of the court, who were all his personal enemies, as he had done in that of the enemies to the King and monarchy in the grand rebellion. The endeavour to keep up a show of candour, and especially to prevent the appearance of a rancorous resentment, has deadened his colouring very much, besides that it made him sparing in the use of it; else, his inimitable pencil had attempted, at least, to do justice to Bennet, to Berkley, to Coventry, to the nightly cabal of facetious memory, to the Lady, and, if his excessive loyalty had not intervened, to his infamous master himself. With all this, I am apt to think there may still be something in what I said of the nature of the subject. Exquisite virtue and

enormous vice afford a fine field for the historian's genius. And hence Livy and Tacitus are, in their way, perhaps equally entertaining. But the little intrigues of a selfish court, *about carrying, or defeating this or that measure, about displacing this and bringing in that minister*, which interest nobody very much but the parties concerned, can hardly be made very striking by any ability of the relator. If Cardinal de Retz has succeeded, his scene was busier, and of a another nature from that of Lord Clarendon."—p. 217.

His account of Tillotson seems also to be fair and judicious.

"As to the Archbishop, he was certainly a virtuous, pious, humane, and moderate man; which last quality was a kind of rarity in those times. I think the sermons published in his lifetime, are fine moral discourses. They bear, indeed, the character of their author,—simple, elegant, candid, clear, and rational. No orator, in the Greek and Roman sense of the word, like Taylor; nor a discourser, in their sense, like Barrow;—free from their irregularities, but not able to reach their heights; on which account, I prefer them infinitely to him. You cannot sleep with Taylor; you cannot forbear thinking with Barrow; but you may be much at your ease in the midst of a long lecture from Tillotson, clear, and rational, and equable as he is. Perhaps the last quality may account for it."

pp. 93, 94.

The following observations on the conduct of the comic drama were thrown out for Mr. Hurd's use, while composing his treatise. We think they deserve to be quoted, for their clearness and justness:—

"As those intricate Spanish plots have been in use, and have taken both with us and some French writers for the stage, and have much hindered the main end of Comedy, would it not be worth while to give them a word, as it would tend to the further illustration of your subject? On which you might observe, that when these unnatural plots are used, the mind is not only entirely drawn off from the characters by those surprising turns and revolutions, but characters have no opportunity even of being *called out* and displaying themselves; for the actors of all characters *succeed* and are *embarrassed* alike, when the instruments for carrying on designs are only *perplexed apartments, dark entries, disguised habits, and ladders of ropes*. The comic plot is, and must indeed be, carried on by *deceit*. The Spanish scene does it by deceiving the man *through his senses;*—Terence and Moliere, by deceiving him *through his passions and affections*. And this is the right way; for the character is *not* called out under the first species of deceit,—under the second, the character does *all*."—p. 57.

There are a few of Bishop Hurd's own letters in this collection; and as we suppose they were selected with a view to do honour to his memory, we think it our duty to lay one of them at least before our readers. Warburton had slipped in his garden, and hurt his arm; whereupon thus inditeth the obsequious Dr. Hurd:—

"I thank God that I can now, with some assurance, congratulate with myself on the prospect of your Lordship's safe and speedy recovery from your *sad disaster*.

"Mrs. Warburton's last letter was a cordial to me; and, as the ceasing of intense pain, so this abatement of the fears I have been tormented with for three or four days past, gives *a certain alacrity to my spirits*, of which your Lordship may *look* to feel the effects, in a long letter!

"And now, supposing, as I trust I may do, that your Lordship will be in no great pain when you receive this letter, I am tempted to begin, as friends usually do when such accidents *befal*, with my reprehensions, rather than condolence. I have often wondered why your Lordship should *not use a cane* in your walks! which might *haply* have prevented this misfortune! especially considering that Heaven, I suppose the better to keep its sons in some sort of equality, has thought fit to make your outward sight by many degrees less perfect than your inward. Even I, a young and stout son of the church, rarely trust my firm steps into my garden, without some support of this kind! How improvident, then, was it in a father of the church to commit his unsteadfast footing to this hazard!" &c.

p. 251.

There are many pages written with the same vigour of sentiment and expression, and in the same tone of manly independence.

We have little more to say of this curious volume. Like all Warburton's writings, it bears marks of a powerful understanding and an active fancy. As a memorial of his personal character, it must be allowed to be at least faithful and impartial; for it makes us acquainted with his faults at least, as distinctly as with his excellences; and gives, indeed, the most conspicuous place to the former. It has few of the charms, however, of a collection of letters;—no anecdotes—no traits of simplicity or artless affection;—nothing of the softness, grace, or negligence of Cowper's correspondence—and little of the lightness or the elegant prattlement of Pope's or Lady Mary Wortley's. The writers always appear busy, and even laborious persons,—and persons who hate many people, and despise many more.—But they neither appear very happy, nor very amiable; and, at the end of the book, have excited no other interest in the reader, than as the authors of their respective publications.

(November, 1811.)

Memoirs of the Political and Private Life of James Caulfield, Earl of Charlemont, Knight of St. Patrick, &c. &c. By Francis Hardy, Esq., Member of the House of Commons in the three last Parliaments of Ireland. 4to. pp. 426. London: 1810.*

This is the life of a Gentleman, written by a Gentleman,—and, considering the tenor of many of our late biographies, this of itself is no slight recommendation. But it is, moreover, the life of one who stood foremost in the political history of Ireland for fifty years preceding her Union,—that is, for the whole period during which Ireland had a history or politics of her own—written by one who was a witness and a sharer in the scene,—a man of fair talents and liberal views,—and distinguished, beyond all writers on recent politics that we have yet met with, for the handsome and indulgent terms in which he speaks of his political opponents. The work is enlivened, too, with various anecdotes and fragments of the correspondence of persons eminent for talents, learning, and political services in both countries; and with a great number of characters, sketched with a very powerful, though somewhat too favourable hand, of almost all who distinguished themselves, during this momentous period, on the scene of Irish affairs.

From what we have now said, the reader will conclude that we think very favourably of this book: And we do think it both entertaining and instructive. But (for there is always a *but* in a Reviewer's praises) it has also its faults and imperfections; and these, alas! so great and so many, that it requires all the good nature we can catch by sympathy from the author, not to treat him now and then with a terrible and exemplary severity. He seems, in the first place, to have begun and ended his book, without ever forming an idea of the distinction between private and public history; and sometimes tells us stories about Lord Charlemont, and about people who were merely among his accidental acquaintance, far too long to find a place even in a biographical memoir;—and sometimes enlarges upon matters of general history, with which Lord Charlemont has no other connection, than that they happened during his life, with a minuteness which would not be tolerated in a professed annalist. The biography again is broken, not only by large patches of historical matter, but by miscellaneous reflections, and anecdotes of all manner of persons; while, in the historical part, he successively makes the most unreasonable presumptions on the reader's knowledge, his ignorance, and his curiosity,—overlaying him, at one time, with anxious and uninteresting details, and, at another, omitting even such general and summary notices of the progress of events as are necessary to connect his occasional narratives and reflections.

The most conspicuous and extraordinary of his irregularities, however, is that of his style;—which touches upon all the extremes of composition, almost in every page, or every paragraph;—or rather, is entirely made up of those extremes, without ever resting for an instant in a medium, or affording any pause for softening the effects of its contrasts and transitions. Sometimes, and indeed most frequently, it is familiar, loose, and colloquial, beyond the common pitch of serious conversation; at other times by far too figurative, rhetorical, and ambitious, for the sober tone of history. The whole work indeed bears more resemblance to the animated and versatile *talk* of a man of generous feelings and excitable imagination, than the mature production of an author who had diligently corrected his manuscript for the press, with the fear of the public before his eyes. There is a spirit about the work, however,—independent of the spirit of candour and indulgence of which we have already spoken,—which redeems many of its faults; and, looking upon it in the light of a memoir by an intelligent contemporary, rather than a regular history or profound dissertation, we think that its value will not be injured by a comparison with any work of this description that has been recently offered to the public.

The part of the work which relates to Lord Charlemont individually, — though by no means the least interesting, at least in its adjuncts and digressions,—may be digested into a short summary. He was born in Ireland in 1728; and received a private education, under a succession of preceptors, of various merit and assiduity. In 1746 he went abroad, without having been either at a public school or an university; and yet appears to have been earlier distinguished, both for scholarship and polite manners, than most of the ingenuous youths that are turned out by these celebrated seminaries. He remained on the Continent no less than nine years; in the course of which, he extended his travels to Greece, Turkey, and Egypt; and formed an intimate and friendly acquaintance with the celebrated David Hume, whom he met both at Turin and Paris—the President Montesquieu—the Marchese Maffei—Cardinal Albani—Lord Rockingham—the Duc de Nivernois—and various other eminent persons. He had rather a dislike to the French national character; though he admired their literature, and the general politeness of their manners.

* I reprint only those parts of this paper which relate to the personal history of Lord Charlemont, and some of his contemporaries:—with the exception of one brief reference to the revolution of 1782, which I retain chiefly to introduce a remarkable letter of Mr. Fox's on the formation and principles of the new government, of that year.

In 1755 he returned to his native country, at the age of twenty-eight; an object of interest and respect to all parties, and to all individuals of consequence in the kingdom. His intimacy with Lord John Cavendish naturally disposed him to be on a good footing with his brother, who was then Lord Lieutenant; and "the outset of his politics," as he has himself observed, "gave reason to suppose that his life would be much more courtly than it proved to be." The first scene of profligacy and court intrigue, however, which he witnessed, determined him to act a more manly part—"to be a Freeman," as Mr. Hardy says, "in the purest sense of the word, opposing the court or the people indiscriminately, whenever he saw them adopting erroneous or mischievous opinions." To this resolution, his biographer adds, that he had the virtue and firmness to adhere; and the consequence was, that he was uniformly in opposition to the court for the long remainder of his life!

Though very regular in his attendance on the Irish Parliament, he always had a house in London, where he passed a good part of the winter, till 1773; when feelings of patriotism and duty induced him to transfer his residence almost entirely to Ireland. The polish of his manners, however, and the kindness of his disposition,—his taste for literature and the arts, and the unsuspected purity and firmness of his political principles, had before this time secured him the friendship of almost all the distinguished men who adorned England at this period. With Mr. Fox, Mrs. Burke, and Mr. Beauclerk — Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Sir William Chalmers—and many others of a similar character—he was always particularly intimate. During the Lieutenancy of the Earl of Northumberland, in 1772, he was, without any solicitation, advanced to the dignity of an Earl; and was very much distinguished and consulted during the short period of the Rockingham administration;—though neither at that time, nor at any other, invested with any official situation. In 1768, he married; and in 1780, he was chosen General of the Irish Volunteers, and conducted himself in that delicate and most important command, with a degree of temper and judgment, liberality and firmness, which we have no doubt contributed, more than any thing else, both to the efficacy and the safety of that most perilous but necessary experiment. The rest of his history is soon told. He was the early patron and the constant friend of Mr. Grattan; and was the means of introducing the Single-Speech Hamilton to the acquaintance of Mr. Burke. Though very early disposed to relieve the Catholics from a part of their disabilities, he certainly was doubtful of the prudence, or propriety, of their more recent pretensions. He was from first to last a zealous, active, and temperate advocate for parliamentary reform. He was averse to the Legislative Union with Great Britain. He was uniformly steady to his principles, and faithful to his friends; and seems to have divided the latter part of his life pretty equally between those elegant studies of literature and art by which his youth had been delighted, and those patriotic duties to which he had devoted his middle age. The sittings of the Irish Academy, over which he presided from its first foundation, were frequently held at Charlemont House;—and he always extended the most munificent patronage to the professors of art, and the kindest indulgence to youthful talents of every description. His health had declined gradually from about the year 1790; and he died in August 1799,—esteemed and regretted by all who had had any opportunity of knowing him, in public or in private, as a friend or as an opponent.—Such is the sure reward of honourable sentiments, and mild and steady principles!

To this branch of the history belongs a considerable part of the anecdotes and characters with which the book is enlivened; and, in a particular manner, those which Mr. Hardy has given, in Lord Charlemont's own words, from the private papers and memoirs which have been put into his hands. His Lordship appears to have kept a sort of journal of every thing interesting that befel him through life, and especially during his long residence on the Continent. From this document Mr. Hardy has made copious extracts, in the earlier part of his narrative; and the general style of them is undoubtedly very creditable to the noble author,—a little tedious, perhaps, now and then,—and generally a little too studiously and maturely composed, for the private memoranda of a young man of talents;—but always in the style and tone of a gentleman, and with a character of rationality, and calm indulgent benevolence, that is infinitely more pleasing than sallies of sarcastic wit, or periods of cold-blooded speculation.

One of the first characters that appears on the scene, is our excellent countryman, the celebrated David Hume, whom Lord Charlemont first met with at Turin, in the year 1750: —and of whom he has given an account rather more entertaining, we believe, than accurate We have no doubt, however, that it records with perfect fidelity the impression which he then received from the appearance and conversation of that distinguished philosopher But, with all our respect for Lord Charlemont, we cannot allow a young Irish Lord, on his first visit at a foreign court, to have been precisely the person most capable of appreciating the value of such a man as David Hume;—and though there is a great fund of truth in the following observations, we think they illustrate the character and condition of the person who makes them, fully as much as that of him to whom they are applied.

"Nature, I believe, never formed any man more unlike his real character than David Hume. The powers of physiognomy were baffled by his countenance; nor could the most skilful in that science, pretend to discover the smallest trace of the faculties of his mind, in the unmeaning features of his visage. His face was broad and fat, his mouth wide, and without any other expression than that of imbecility. His eyes, vacant and spiritless; and the corpulence of his whole person was far better fitted to communicate the idea of a turtle-eating alderman, than of a refined philosopher. His speech, in English, was rendered ridiculous by the broadest Scotch accent; and his French was, if possible, still more laughable; so that wisdom, most certainly, never disguised herself before in so uncouth a garb. Though now near fifty years old he was healthy and strong; but his health and strength, far from being advantageous to his figure, instead of manly comeliness, had only the appearance of rusticity. His wearing an uniform added greatly to his natural awkwardness; for he wore it like a grocer of the trained bands. Sinclair was a lieutenant-general, and was sent to the courts of Vienna and Turin as a military envoy, to see that their quota of troops was furnished by the Austrians and Piedmontese. It was therefore thought necessary that his secretary should appear to be an officer; and Hume was accordingly disguised in scarlet.

"Having thus given an account of his exterior, it is but fair that I should state my good opinion of his character. Of all the philosophers of his sect, none, I believe, ever joined more real benevolence to its mischievous principles than my friend Hume. His love to mankind was universal, and vehement; and there was no service he would not cheerfully have done to his fellow-creatures, excepting only that of suffering them to save their own souls in their own way. He was tender-hearted, friendly, and charitable in the extreme."—pp. 8, 9.

His Lordship then tells a story in illustration of the philosopher's benevolence, which we have no other reason for leaving out—but that we know it not to be true; and concludes a little dissertation on the pernicious effects of his doctrines, with the following little anecdote; of the authenticity of which also, we should entertain some doubts, did it not seem to have fallen within his own personal knowledge.

"He once professed himself the admirer of a young, most beautiful, and accomplished lady, at Turin, who only laughed at his passion. One day he addressed her in the usual common-place strain, that he was *abimé, anéanti.*—'*Oh! pour anéanti.*' replied the lady, '*ce n'est en effet qu'une opération très-naturelle de votre système.*'"—p. 10.

The following passages are from a later part of the journal: but indicate the same turn of mind in the observer:—

"Hume's *fashion* at Paris, when he was there as Secretary to Lord Hertford, was truly ridiculous; and nothing ever marked in a more striking manner, the whimsical genius of the French. No man, from his manners, was surely less formed for their society, or less likely to meet with their approbation; but that flimsy philosophy which pervades and deadens even their most licentious novels, was then the folly of the day. Freethinking and English frocks were the fashion, and the Anglomanie was the *ton du pais*. From what has been already said of him, it is apparent that his conversation to strangers, and particularly to Frenchmen, could be little delightful; and still more particularly, one would suppose to Frenchwomen. And yet, no lady's toilette was complete without Hume's attendance! At the opera, his broad, unmeaning face was usually seen *entre deux jolis minois*. The ladies in France give the ton, and the ton, at this time, was deism; a species of philosophy ill suited to the softer sex, in whose delicate frame weakness is interesting, and timidity a charm. But the women in France were deists, as with us they were charioteers. How my friend Hume was able to endure the encounter of those French female Titans, I know not. In England, either his philosophic pride, or his conviction that infidelity was ill suited to women, made him always averse from the initiation of ladies into the mysteries of his doctrine."
—pp. 121, 122.

"Nothing," adds his Lordship, in anotner place, "ever showed a mind more truly beneficent than Hume's whole conduct with regard to Rousseau. That story is too well known to be repeated; and exhibits a striking picture of Hume's heart, whilst it displays the strange and unaccountable vanity and madness of the French, or rather Swiss moralist. When first they arrived together from France, happening to meet with Hume in the Park, I wished him joy of his pleasing connection; and particularly hinted, that I was convinced he must be perfectly happy in his new friend, as their religious opinions were, I believed, nearly similar. 'Why no, man,' said he, 'in that you are mistaken. Rousseau is not what you think him. He has a hankering after the Bible; and, indeed, is little better than a Christian, in a way of his own!'"—p. 120.

"In London, where he often did me the honour to communicate the manuscripts of his additional Essays, before their publication, I have sometimes, in the course of our intimacy, asked him, whether he thought that, if his opinions were universally to take place, mankind would not be rendered more unhappy than they now were; and whether he did not suppose, that the curb of religion was necessary to human nature? 'The objections,' answered he, 'are not without weight; but error never can produce good; and truth ought to take place of all considerations.' He never failed, indeed, in the midst of any controversy, to give its due praise to every thing tolerable that was either said or written against him. His sceptical turn made him doubt, and consequently dispute, every thing; yet was he a fair and pleasant disputant. He heard with patience, and answered without acrimony. Neither was his conversation at any time offensive, even to his more scrupulous companions. His good sense, and good nature, prevented his saying any thing that was likely to shock; and it was not till he was provoked to argument, that, in mixed companies, he entered into his favourite topics."—p. 123.

Another of the eminent persons of whom Lord Charlemont has recorded his impressions in his own hand, was the celebrated Montesquieu; of whose acquaintance he says, and with some reason, he was more vain, than of having seen the pyramids of Egypt. He and another English gentleman paid their first visit to him at his seat near Bourdeaux; and the following is the account of their introduction:—

"The first appointment with a favourite mistress could not have rendered our night more restless than this flattering invitation; and the next morning we set out so early, that we arrived at his villa before he was risen. The servant showed us into his library; where the first object of curiosity that presented itself was a table, at which he had apparently been reading the night before, a book lying upon it open, turned down, and a lamp extinguished. Eager to know the nocturnal studies of this great philosopher, we immediately flew to the book. It was a volume of Ovid's Works, containing his Elegies; and open at one of the most gallant poems of that master of love! Before we could overcome our surprise, it was greatly increased by the entrance of the president, whose appearance and manner was totally opposite to the idea which we had formed to ourselves of him. Instead of a grave, austere philosopher, whose presence might strike with awe such boys as we were, the person who now addressed us, was a gay, polite, sprightly Frenchman; who, after a thousand genteel compliments, and a thousand thanks for the honour we had done him, desired to know whether we would not breakfast; and, upon our declining the offer, having already eaten at an inn not far from the house, 'Come, then,' says he, 'let us walk; the day is fine, and I long to show you my villa, as I have endeavoured to form it according to the English taste, and to cultivate and dress it in the English

manner.' Following him into the farm, we soon arrived at the skirts of a beautiful wood, cut into walks, and paled round, the entrance to which was barricadoed with a moveable bar, about three feet high, fastened with a padlock. 'Come,' said he, searching in his pocket, 'it is not worth our while to wait for the key; you. I am sure, can leap as well as I can, and this bar shall not stop me.' So saying, he ran at the bar, and fairly jumped over it, while we followed him with amazement, though not without delight, to see the philosopher likely to become our play-fellow."—pp. 32, 33.

"In Paris, I have frequently met him in company with ladies, and have been as often astonished at the politeness, the gallantry, and sprightliness of his behaviour. In a word, the most accomplished, the most refined *petit-maître* of Paris, could not have been more amusing, from the liveliness of his chat, nor could have been more inexhaustible in that sort of discourse which is best suited to women, than this venerable philosopher of seventy years old. But at this we shall not be surprised, when we reflect, that the profound author of L'Esprit des Loix was also author of the Persian Letters, and of the truly gallant Temple de Gnide."—p. 36.

The following opinion, from such a quarter, might have been expected to have produced more effect than it seems to have done, on so warm an admirer as Lord Charlemont:—

"In the course of our conversations, Ireland, and its interests, have often been the topic; and, upon these occasions, I have always found him an advocate for an incorporating Union between that country and England. 'Were I an Irishman,' said he, 'I should certainly wish for it; and, as a general lover of liberty, I sincerely desire it; and for this plain reason, that an inferior country, connected with one much her superior in force, can never be certain of the permanent enjoyment of constitutional freedom, unless she has, by her representatives, a proportional share in the legislature of the superior kingdom.'"—*Ibid.*

Of Lord Charlemont's English friends and associates, none is represented, perhaps, in more lively and pleasing colours than Topham Beauclerk; to the graces of whose conversation even the fastidious Dr. Johnson has borne such powerful testimony. Lord Charlemont, and, indeed, all who have occasion to speak of him, represent him as more accomplished and agreeable in society, than any man of his age—of exquisite taste, perfect good-breeding, and unblemished integrity and honour. Undisturbed, too, by ambition, or political animosities, and at his ease with regard to fortune, he might appear to be placed at the very summit of human felicity, and to exemplify that fortunate lot to which common destinies afford such various exceptions.

But there is no such lot. This happy man, so universally acceptable, and with such resources in himself, was devoured by *ennui!* and probably envied, with good reason, the condition of one half of those laborious and discontented beings who looked up to him with envy and admiration. He was querulous, Lord Charlemont assures us—indifferent, and internally contemptuous to the greater part of the world;—and, like so many other accomplished persons, upon whom the want of employment has imposed the heavy task of self-occupation, he passed his life in a languid and unsatisfactory manner; absorbed sometimes in play, and sometimes in study; and seeking, in vain, the wholesome exercise of a strong mind, in desultory reading or contemptible dissipation. His Letters, however, are delightful; and we are extremely obliged to Mr. Hardy, for having favoured us with so many of them. It is so seldom that the pure, animated, and unrestrained language of polite conversation, can be found in a printed book that we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing a considerable part of the specimens before us; which, while they exemplify, in the happiest manner, the perfect style of a gentleman, serve to illustrate, for more reflecting readers, the various sacrifices that are generally required for the formation of the envied character to which that style belongs. A very interesting essay might be written on the unhappiness of those from whom nature and fortune seem to have removed all the causes of unhappiness:—and we are sure that no better assortment of proofs and illustrations could be annexed to such an essay, than some of the following passages.

"I have been but once at the club since you left England; where we were entertained, as usual, by Dr. Goldsmith's absurdity. Mr. V. can give you an account of it. Sir Joshua intends painting your picture over again; so you may set your heart at rest for some time: it is true, it will last so much the longer; but then you may wait these ten years for it. Elmsly gave me a commission from you about Mr. Walpole's frames for prints, which is perfectly unintelligible: I wish you would explain it, and it shall be punctually executed. The Duke of Northumberland has promised me a pair of his new pheasants for you; but you must wait till all the crowned heads in Europe have been served first. I have been at the review at Portsmouth. If you had seen it, you would have owned, that it is a pleasant thing to be a King. It is true, ——— made a job of the claret to ———, who furnished the first tables with vinegar, under that denomination. Charles Fox said, that Lord S—wich should have been impeached! What an abominable world do we live in! that there should not be above half a dozen honest men *in* the world, and that one of those should live in Ireland. You will, perhaps, be shocked at the small portion of honesty that I allot to your country: but a sixth part is as much as comes to its share; and, for any thing I know to the contrary, the other five may be in Ireland too; for I am sure I do not know where else to find them.

"I am rejoiced to find by your letter than Lady C. is as you wish. I have yet remaining so much benevolence towards mankind, as to wish that there may be a son of your's, educated by you, as a specimen of what mankind ought to be. Goldsmith, the other day, put a paragraph into the newspapers, in praise of Lord Mayor Townshend. The same night we happened to sit next to Lord Shelburne, at Drury Lane. I mentioned the circumstance of the paragraph to him. He said to Goldsmith, that he hoped that he had mentioned nothing about Malagrida in it. 'Do you know,' answered Goldsmith, 'that I never could conceive the reason why they call you Malagrida; *for* Malagrida was a very good sort of man.' You see plainly what he meant to say; but that happy turn of expression is peculiar to himself. Mr. Walpole says, that this story is a picture of Goldsmith's whole life. Johnson has been confined for some weeks in the Isle of Skye. We hear that he was obliged to swim over to the main land, taking hold of a cow's tail. Be that as it may, Lady Di. has promised to make a drawing of it. Our poor club is in a miserable decay; unless you come and relieve it, it will certainly expire. Would you imagine, that Sir Joshua Reynolds is extremely anxious to be a member of Almack's? You see what noble ambition will make a man attempt. That den is not yet opened, consequently I have not been there; so, for the present, I am clear upon that score. I suppose your confounded Irish politics take up your whole attention at present; but we cannot do without you. If you do not come here, I will bring all the club over to Ireland, to live with you, and that will drive you here in your own defence. Johnson shall spoil your books, Goldsmith pull your flowers, and Boswell talk to you. Stay then if you can. Adieu, my dear Lord."—pp. 176, 177, 178.

"I saw a letter from Foote, the other day, with an account of an Irish tragedy. The subject is Manlius; and the last speech which he makes, when he is pushed off from the Tarpeian Rock, is, 'Sweet Jesus, where am I going?' Pray send me word if this is true. We have a new comedy here, which is good for nothing. Bad as it is, however, it succeeds very well, and has almost killed Goldsmith with envy. I have no news, either literary or political, to send you. Every body, except myself, and about a million of vulgars, are in the country. I am closely confined, as Lady Di. expects to be so every hour."—p. 178.

"Why should you be vexed to find that mankind are fools and knaves? I have known it so long, that every fresh instance of it amuses me, provided it does not immediately affect my friends or myself. Politicians do not seem to me to be much greater rogues than other people; and as their actions affect, in general, private persons less than other kinds of villany do, I cannot find that I am so angry with them. It is true, that the leading men in both countries at present, are, I believe, the most corrupt, abandoned people in the nation. But now that I am upon this worthy subject of human nature, I will inform you of a few particulars relating to the discovery of Otaheite."—p. 180.

"There is another curiosity here,—Mr. Bruce. His drawings are the most beautiful things you ever saw, and his adventures more wonderful than those of Sinbad the sailor,—and, perhaps, nearly as true. I am much more afflicted with the account you send me of your health, than I am at the corruption of your ministers. I always hated politics; and I now hate them ten times worse; as I have reason to think that they contribute towards your ill health. You do me great justice in thinking, that whatever concerns you, must interest me; but as I wish you most sincerely to be perfectly happy, I cannot bear to think that the villanous proceedings of others should make you miserable: for, in that case, undoubtedly you will never be happy. Charles Fox is a member at the Turk's Head; but not till he was a patriot; and you know, if one repents, &c. There is nothing new, but Goldsmith's Retaliation, which you certainly have seen. Pray tell Lady Charlemont, from me, that I desire she may keep you from politics, as they do children from sweetmeats, that make them sick."—pp. 181, 182.

We look upon these extracts as very interesting and valuable; but they have turned out to be so long, that we must cut short this branch of the history. We must add, however, a part of Lord Charlemont's account of Mr. Burke, with whom he lived in habits of the closest intimacy, and continual correspondence, till his extraordinary breach with his former political associates in 1792. Mr. Hardy does not exactly know at what period the following paper, which was found in Lord Charlemont's handwriting, was written.

"This most amiable and ingenious man was private secretary to Lord Rockingham. It may not be superfluous to relate the following anecdote, the truth of which I can assert, and which does honour to him and his truly noble patron. Soon after Lord Rockingham, upon the warm recommendation of many friends, had appointed Burke his secretary, the Duke of Newcastle informed him, that he had unwarily taken into his service a man of dangerous principles, and one who was by birth and education a papist and a jacobite; a calumny founded upon Burke's Irish connections, which were most of them of that persuasion, and upon some juvenile follies arising from those connections. The Marquis, whose genuine Whiggism was easily alarmed, immediately sent for Burke, and told him what he had heard. It was easy for Burke, who had been educated at the university at Dublin, to bring testimonies to his protestantism; and with regard to the second accusation, which was wholly founded on the former, it was soon done away; and Lord Rockingham, readily and willingly disabused, declared that he was perfectly satisfied of the falsehood of the information he had received, and that he no longer harboured the smallest doubt of the integrity of his principles; when Burke, with an honest and disinterested boldness, told his Lordship that it was now no longer possible for him to be his secretary; that the reports he had heard would probably, even unknown to himself, create in his mind such suspicions, as might prevent his thoroughly confiding in him; and that no earthly consideration should induce him to stand in that relation with a man who did not place entire confidence in him. The Marquis, struck with this manliness of sentiment, which so exactly corresponded with the feelings of his own heart, frankly and positively assured him, that what had passed, far from leaving any bad impression on his mind, had only served to fortify his good opinion; and that, if from no other reason, he might rest assured, that from his conduct upon that occasion alone, he should ever esteem, and place in him the most unreserved confidential trust—a promise which he faithfully performed. It must, however, be confessed, that his early habits and connections, though they could never make him swerve from his duty, had given his mind an almost constitutional bent towards the popish party. Prudence is, indeed, the only virtue he does not possess; from a total want of which, and from the amiable weaknesses of an excellent heart, his estimation in England, though still great, is certainly diminished."—pp. 343, 344.

We have hitherto kept Mr. Hardy himself so much in the back ground, that we think it is but fair to lay before the reader the sequel which he has furnished to the preceding notice of Lord Charlemont. The passage is perfectly characteristic of the ordinary colloquial style of the book, and of the temper of the author.

"Thus far Lord Charlemont. Something, though slight, may be here added. Burke's disunion, and final rupture with Mr. Fox, were attended with circumstances so distressing, so far surpassing the ordinary limits of political hostility, that the mind really aches at the recollection of them. But let us view him, for an instant, in better scenes, and better hours. He was social, hospitable, of pleasing access, and most agreeably communicative. One of the most satisfactory days, perhaps, that I ever passed in my life, was going with him, *tête-à-tête*, from London to Beconsfield. He stopped at Uxbridge, whilst his horses were feeding; and, happening to meet some gentlemen, of I know not what militia, who appeared to be perfect strangers to him, he entered into discourse with them at the gateway of the inn. His conversation, at that moment, completely exemplified what Johnson said of him—'That you could not meet Burke for half an hour under a shed, without saying that he was an extraordinary man.' He was, on that day, altogether, uncommonly instructive and agreeable. Every object of the slightest notoriety, as we passed along, whether of natural or local history, furnished him with abundant ma-

terials for conversation. The House at Uxbridge, where the treaty was held during Charles the First's time; the beautiful and undulating grounds of Bulstrode, formerly the residence of Chancellor Jefferies; and Waller's tomb in Beconsfield churchyard, which, before we went home, we visited, and whose character, as a gentleman, a poet, and an orator, he shortly delineated, but with exquisite felicity of genius, altogether gave an uncommon interest to his eloquence; and, although one-and-twenty years have now passed since that day, I retain the most vivid and pleasing recollection of it. He reviewed the characters of many statesmen.—Lord Bath's, whom, I think, he personally knew, and that of Sir Robert Walpole, which he pourtrayed in nearly the same words which he used with regard to that eminent man, in his appeal from the Old Whigs to the New. He talked much of the great Lord Chatham; and, amidst a variety of particulars concerning him and his family, stated, that his sister, Mrs. Anne Pitt, used often, in her altercations with him, to say, 'That he knew nothing whatever except Spenser's Fairy Queen.' 'And,' continued Mr. Burke, 'no matter how that was said; but whoever relishes, and reads Spenser as he ought to be read, will have a strong hold of the English language.' These were his exact words. Of Mrs. Anne Pitt he said, that she had the most agreeable and uncommon talents, and was, beyond all comparison, the most perfectly eloquent person he ever heard speak. He always, as he said, lamented that he did not put on paper a conversation he had once with her; on what subject I forget. The richness, variety, and solidity of her discourse, absolutely astonished him.*

Certainly no nation ever obtained such a deliverance by such an instrument, and hurt itself so little by the use of it; and, if the Irish Revolution of 1782 shows, that power and intimidation may be lawfully employed to enforce rights which have been refused to supplication and reason, it shows also the extreme danger of this method of redress, and the necessity there is for resorting to every precaution in those cases where it has become indispensable. Ireland was now saved from all the horrors of a civil war, only by two circumstances;—the first, that the great military force which accomplished the redress of her grievances, had not been originally raised or organised with any view to such an interference; and was chiefly guided, therefore, by men of loyal and moderate characters, who had taken up arms for no other purpose but the defence of their country against foreign invasion:—The other, that the just and reasonable demands to which these leaders ultimately limited their pretensions, were addressed to a liberal and enlightened administration,—too just to withhold, when in power, what they had laboured to procure when in opposition,—and too magnanimous to dread the effect of conceding, even to armed petitioners, what was clearly and indisputably their due.

It was the moderation of their first demands, and the generous frankness with which they were so promptly granted, that saved Ireland in this crisis. The volunteers were irresistible, while they asked only for their country what all the world saw she was entitled to: But they became impotent the moment they demanded more. They were deserted, at that moment, by all the talent and the respectability which had given them, for a time, the absolute dominion of the country. The concession of their just rights operated like a talisman in separating the patriotic from the factious: And when the latter afterwards attempted to invade the lofty regions of legitimate government, they were smitten with instantaneous discord and confusion, and speedily dispersed and annihilated from the face of the land. These events are big with instruction to the times that have come after; and read an impressive lesson to those who have now to deal with discontents and conventions in the same country.

But if it be certain that the salvation of Ireland was then owing to the mild, liberal, and enlightened councils of the Rockingham administration as a body, it is delightful to see, in some of the private letters which Mr. Hardy has printed in the volume before us, how cordially the sentiments professed by this ministry were adopted by the eminent men who presided over its formation. There are letters to Lord Charlemont, both from Lord Rockingham himself, and from Mr. Fox, which would almost reconcile one to a belief in the possibility of ministerial fairness and sincerity. We should like to give the whole of them here; but as our limits will not admit of that, we must content ourselves with some extracts from Mr. Fox's first letter after the new ministry was formed,—for the tone and style of which, we fear, few precedents have been left in the office of the Secretary of State.

"My dear Lord,—If I had had occasion to write to you a month ago, I should have written with great confidence that you would believe me perfectly sincere, and would receive any thing that came from me with the partiality of an old acquaintance, and one who acted upon the same political *principles*. I hope you will now consider me in the same light; but I own I write with much more diffidence, as I am much more sure of your kindness to me personally, than of your inclination to listen with favour to any thing that comes from a Secretary of State. The principal business of this letter is to inform you, that the Duke of Portland is appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Colonel Fitzpatrick his secretary; and, when I have said this, I need not add, that I feel myself, on every private as well as public account, most peculiarly interested in the success of their administration. That their persons and characters are not disagreeable to your Lordship, I may venture to assure myself, without being too sanguine; and I think myself equally certain, that there are not in the world two men whose general way of thinking upon political subjects is more exactly consonant to your own. It is not, therefore, too much to desire and hope, that you will at least look upon the administration of such men with rather a more favourable eye, and incline to trust them rather more than you could do most of those who have been their predecessors."—"The particular time of year at which this change happens, is productive of many great inconveniences, especially as it will be very difficult for the Duke of Portland to be at Dublin before your Parliament meets; but I cannot help hoping that all reasonable men will concur in removing some of these difficulties, and that a short adjournment will not be denied, if asked. I do not throw out this as knowing from any authority that it will be proposed, but as an idea that suggests itself to me; and in order to show that I wish to talk with you, and consult with you in the same frank manner in which I should have done before I was in this situation, so very new to me. I have been used to think ill of all the ministers whom I did know, and to suspect those whom I did not, that when I am obliged to call myself a minister, I feel as if I put myself into a very suspicious character; but I do assure you I am the very same man, in all respects, that I was when you knew me, and honoured me with some share in your esteem—that I maintain the same opinions, and act with the same people.

"Pray make my best compliments to Mr. Grattan, and tell him, that the Duke of Portland and Fitzpatrick are thoroughly impressed with the importance of his approbation, and will do all they can to deserve it. I do most sincerely hope, that he may hit upon some line that may be drawn honourably and advantageously for both countries; and that, when that is done, he will show the world that there may be a government in Ireland, of which he is not ashamed to make a part. That country can never prosper, where, what should be the ambition of men of honour, is considered as a disgrace."

pp. 217—219.

The following letter from Mr. Burke in the end of 1789, will be read with more interest, when it is recollected that he published his celebrated Reflections on the French Revolution, but a few months after.

"My dearest Lord,—I think your Lordship has acted with your usual zeal and judgment in establishing a Whig club in Dublin. These meetings prevent the evaporation of principle in individuals, and give them joint force, and enliven their exertions by emulation. You see the matter in its true light; and with your usual discernment. Party is absolutely necessary at this time. I thought it always so in this country, ever since I have had any thing to do in public business; and I rather fear, that there is not virtue enough in this period to support party, than that party should become necessary, on account of the want of virtue to support itself by individual exertions. As to us here, our thoughts of every thing at home are suspended by our astonishment at the wonderful spectacle which is exhibited in a neighbouring and rival country. What spectators, and what actors! England gazing with astonishment at a French struggle for liberty, and not knowing whether to blame, or to applaud. The thing, indeed, though I thought I saw something like it in progress for several years, has still somewhat in it paradoxical and mysterious. The spirit it is impossible not to admire; but the old Parisian ferocity has broken out in a shocking manner. It is true, that this may be no more than a sudden explosion; if so, no indication can be taken from it; but if it should be *character*, rather than accident, then that people are not fit for liberty—and must have a strong hand, like that of their former masters, to coerce them. Men must have a certain fund of natural *moderation* to qualify them for freedom; else it becomes noxious to themselves, and a perfect nuisance to every body else. What will be the event, it is hard, I think, still to say. To form a solid constitution, requires wisdom as well as spirit; and whether the French have wise heads among them, or, if they possess such, whether they have authority equal to their wisdom, is yet to be seen. In the mean time, the progress of this whole affair is one of the most curious matters of speculation that ever was exhibited."—pp. 321, 322.

We should now take our leave of Mr. Hardy;—and yet it would not be fair to dismiss him from the scene entirely, without giving our readers one or two specimens of his gift of drawing characters; in the exercise of which he generally rises to a sort of quaint and brilliant conciseness, and displays a degree of acuteness and fine observation that are not to be found in the other parts of his writing. His greatest fault is, that he does not abuse any body,—even where the dignity of history, and of virtue, call loudly for such an infliction. Yet there is something in the tone of all his delineations, that satisfies us that there is nothing worse than extreme good nature at the bottom of his forbearance. Of Philip Tisdal, who was Attorney-general when Lord Charlemont first came into Parliament, he says:—

"He had an admirable and most superior understanding; an understanding matured by years—by long experience—by habits with the best company from his youth—with the bar, with Parliament, with the State. To this strength of intellect was added a constitutional philosophy, or apathy, which never suffered him to be carried away by attachment to any party, even his own. He saw men and things so clearly; he understood so well the whole farce and fallacy of life, that it passed before him like a scenic representation; and, till almost the close of his days, he went through the world with a constant sunshine of soul, and an inexorable gravity of feature. His countenance was never gay, and his mind was never gloomy. He was an able speaker, as well at the bar as in the House of Commons, though his diction was very indifferent. He did not speak so much at length as many of his parliamentary coadjutors, though he knew the whole of the subject much better than they did. He was not only a good speaker in Parliament, but an excellent manager of the House of Commons. He never said too much: and he had great merit in what he did not say; for Government was never committed by him. He plunged into no difficulty; nor did he ever suffer his antagonist to escape from one."—pp. 78, 79.

Of Hussey Burgh, afterwards Lord Chief Baron, he observes:—

"To those who never heard him, as the fashion of this world in eloquence as in all things soon passes away, it may be no easy matter to convey a just idea of his style of speaking. It was sustained by great ingenuity, great rapidity of intellect, luminous and piercing satire; in refinement abundant, in simplicity sterile. The classical allusions of this orator, for he was most truly one, were so apposite, they followed each other in such bright and varied succession, and, at times, spread such an unexpected and triumphant blaze around his subject, that all persons who were in the least tinged with literature, could never be tired of listening to him; and when in the splendid days of the Volunteer Association, alluding to some coercive English laws, and to that institution, then in its proudest array, he said, in the House of Commons, 'That such laws were sown like dragons' teeth,—and sprung up in armed men,' the applause which followed, and the glow of enthusiasm which he kindled in every mind, far exceed my powers of description."—pp. 140, 141.

Of Gerard Hamilton, he gives us the following characteristic anecdotes.

"The uncommon splendour of his eloquence, which was succeeded by such inflexible taciturnity in St. Stephen's Chapel, became the subject, as might be supposed, of much, and idle speculation. The truth is, that all his speeches, whether delivered in London or Dublin, were not only prepared, but studied, with a minuteness and exactitude, of which

* I here omit the long abstract which originally followed, of the Irish parliament and public history, from 1750 to the period of the Union, together with all the details of the great Volunteer Association in 1780, and its fortunate dissolution in 1782—to which remarkable event the paragraph which now follows in the text refers.

those who are only used to the carelessness of modern debating, can scarcely form any idea. Lord Charlemont, who had been long and intimately acquainted with him, previous to his coming to Ireland, often mentioned that he was the only speaker, among the many he had heard, of whom he could say, with certainty, that all his speeches, however long, were *written and got by heart*. A gentleman, well known to his Lordship and Hamilton, assured him, that he heard Hamilton repeat, no less than three times, an oration, which he afterwards spoke in the House of Commons, and which lasted almost three hours. As a debater, therefore, he became as useless to his political patrons as Addison was to Lord Sunderland; and, if possible, he was more scrupulous in composition than even that eminent man. Addison would stop the press to correct the most trivial error in a large publication; and Hamilton, as I can assert on indubitable authority, would recall the footman, if, on recollection, any word, in his opinion, was misplaced or improper, in the slightest note to a familiar acquaintance."

pp. 60, 61.

No name is mentioned in these pages with higher or more uniform applause, than that of Henry Grattan. But that distinguished person still lives: and Mr. Hardy's delicacy has prevented him from attempting any delineation, either of his character or his eloquence. We respect his forbearance, and shall follow his example:—Yet we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of extracting one sentence from a letter of Lord Charlemont, in relation to that parliamentary grant, by which an honour was conferred on an individual patriot, without place or official situation of any kind, and merely for his personal merits and exertions, which has in other cases been held to be the particular and appropriate reward of triumphant generals and commanders. When the mild and equable temperament of Lord Charlemont's mind is recollected, as well as the caution with which all his opinions were expressed, we do not know that a wise ambition would wish for a prouder or more honourable testimony than is contained in the following short sentences.

"Respecting the grant, I know with certainty that Grattan, though he felt himself flattered by the *intention*, looked upon the act with the deepest concern, and did all in his power to deprecate it. As it was found impossible to defeat the design, all his friends, and I among others, were employed to lessen the sum. It was accordingly decreased by one half, and that principally by his positive declaration, through us, that, if the whole were insisted on, he would refuse all but a few hundreds, which he would retain as an honourable mark of the goodness of his country. By some, who look only into themselves for information concerning human nature, this conduct will probably be construed into hypocrisy. To such, the excellence and pre-eminency of virtue, and the character of Grattan, are as invisible and incomprehensibe, as the brightness of the sun to a man born blind."—p. 237.

(September, 1818.)

An Inquiry whether Crime and Misery are produced or prevented by our present System of Prison Discipline. Illustrated by Descriptions of the Borough Compter, Tothill Fields Prison, the Jail at St. Albans, the Jail at Guildford, the Jail at Bristol, the Jails at Bury and Ilchester, the Maison de Force at Ghent, the Philadelphia Prison, the Penitentiary at Millbank, and the Proceedings of the Ladies' Committee at Newgate. By Thomas Fowell Buxton. 8vo. p. 171. London: 1818.

There are two classes of subjects which naturally engage the attention of public men, and divide the interest which society takes in their proceedings. The one may, in a wide sense, be called Party Politics—the other Civil or Domestic Administration. To the former belong all questions touching political rights and franchises—the principles of the Constitution—the fitness or unfitness of ministers, and the interest and honour of the country, as it may be affected by its conduct and relations to foreign powers, either in peace or war. The latter comprehends most of the branches of political economy and statistics, and all the ordinary legislation of internal police and regulation; and, besides the two great heads of Trade and Taxation, embraces the improvements of the civil Code—the care of the Poor—the interests of Education, Religion, and Morality—and the protection of Prisoners, Lunatics, and others who cannot claim protection for themselves. This distinction, we confess, is but coarsely drawn—since every one of the things we have last enumerated may, in certain circumstances, be made an occasion of party contention. But what we mean is, that they are not its natural occasions, and do not belong to those topics, or refer to those principles, in relation to which the great Parties of a free country necessarily arise. One great part of a statesman's business may thus be considered as Polemic—and another as Deliberative; his main object in the first being to discomfit and expose his opponents—and, in the second, to discover the best means of carrying into effect ends which all agree to be desirable.

Judging *à priori* of the relative importance or agreeableness of these two occupations, we should certainly be apt to think that the latter was by far the most attractive and comfortable in itself, as well as the most likely to be popular with the community. The fact, however, happens to be otherwise: For such is the excitement of a public contest for influence and power, and so great the prize to be won in those honourable lists, that the highest talents are all put in requisition for that department, and all their force and splendour reserved for the struggle: And indeed, when we consider that the object of this struggle is nothing less than to put the whole power of

administration into the hands of the victors, and thus to enable them not only to engross the credit of carrying through all those beneficial arrangements that may be called for by the voice of the country, but to carry them through *in their own way*, we ought not perhaps to wonder, that in the eagerness of this pursuit, which is truly that of *the means to all ends*, some of the ends themselves should, when separately presented, appear of inferior moment, and excite far less interest or concern.

But, though this apology may be available in some degree to the actors, it still leaves us at a loss to account for the corresponding sentiments that are found in the body of the people, who are but lookers on for the most part in this great scene of contention—and can scarcely fail to perceive, one would imagine, that their immediate interests were often postponed to the mere gladiatorship of the parties, and their actual service neglected, while this fierce strife was maintained as to who should be allowed to serve them. In such circumstances, we should naturally expect to find, that the popular favourites would not be the leaders of the opposite political parties, but those who, without regard to party, came forward to suggest and promote measures of admitted utility—and laboured directly to enlarge the enjoyments and advantages of the people, or to alleviate the pressure of their necessary sufferings. That it is not so in fact and reality, must be ascribed, we think, partly to the sympathy which, in a country like this, men of all conditions take in the party feelings of their political favourites, and the sense they have of the great importance of their success, and the general prevalence of their principles; and partly, no doubt, and in a greater degree, to that less justifiable but very familiar principle of our nature, by which we are led, on so many other occasions, to prefer splendid accomplishments to useful qualities, and to take a much greater interest in those perilous and eventful encounters, where the prowess of the champions is almost all that is to be proved by the result, than in those humbler labours of love or wisdom, by which the enjoyments of the whole society are multiplied or secured.

There is a reason, no doubt, for this also—and a wise one—as for every other general law to which its great Author has subjected our being: But it is not the less true, that it often operates irregularly, and beyond its province,—as may be seen in the familiar instance of the excessive and pernicious admiration which follows all great achievements in War, and makes Military fame so dangerously seducing, both to those who give and to those who receive it. It is undeniably true, as Swift said long ago, that he who made two blades of grass to grow where one only grew before, was a greater benefactor to his country than all the heroes and conquerors with whom its annals are emblazed; and yet it would be ludicrous to compare the fame of the most successful improver in agriculture with that of the most inconsiderable soldier who ever signalised his courage in an unsuccessful campaign. The inventors of the steam-engine and the spinning-machine have, beyond all question, done much more in our own times, not only to increase the comforts and wealth of their country, but to multiply its resources and enlarge its power, than all the Statesmen and Warriors who have affected during the same period, to direct its destiny; and yet, while the incense of public acclamation has been lavished upon the latter—while wealth and honours, and hereditary distinctions, have been heaped upon them in their lives, and monumental glories been devised to perpetuate the remembrance of their services, the former have been left undistinguished in the crowd of ordinary citizens, and permitted to close their days, unvisited by any ray of public favour or national gratitude,—for no other reason that can possibly be suggested, than that their invaluable services were performed without noise or contention, in the studious privacy of benevolent meditation, and without any of those tumultuous accompaniments that excite the imagination, or inflame the passions of observant multitudes.

The case, however, is precisely the same with the different classes of those who occupy themselves with public interests. He who thunders in popular assemblies, and consumes his antagonists in the blaze of his patriotic eloquence, or withers them with the flash of his resistless sarcasm, immediately becomes, not merely a leader in the senate, but an idol in the country at large;—while he who by his sagacity discovers, by his eloquence recommends, and by his laborious perseverance ultimately effects, some great improvement in the condition of large classes of the community, is rated, by that ungrateful community, as a far inferior personage; and obtains, for his nights and days of successful toil, a far less share even of the cheap reward of popular applause than is earned by the other, merely in following the impulses of his own ambitious nature. No man in this country ever rose to a high political station, or even obtained any great personal power and influence in society, merely by originating in Parliament measures of internal regulation, or conducting with judgment and success improvements, however extensive, that did not affect the interests of one or other of the two great parties in the state. Mr. Wilberforce may perhaps be mentioned as an exception; and certainly the greatness, the long endurance, and the difficulty of the struggle, which he at last conducted to so glorious a termination, have given him a fame and popularity which may be compared, in some respects, with that of a party leader. But even Mr. Wilberforce would be at once demolished in a contest with the leaders of party; and could do nothing, out of doors, by his own individual exertions; while it is quite manifest, that the greatest and most meritorious exertions to extend the reign of Justice by the correction of our civil code—to ameliorate the condition of the Poor—to alleviate the sufferings of the Prisoner,—or, finally, to regenerate the minds of the whole people by an improved system

of Education, will never give a man half the power or celebrity that may be secured, at any time, by a brilliant speech on a motion of censure, or a flaming harangue on the boundlessness of our resources, and the glories of our arms.

It may be conjectured already, that with all due sense of the value of party distinctions, and all possible veneration for the talents which they call most prominently into action, we are inclined to think, that this estimate of public services might be advantageously corrected; and that the objects which would exclusively occupy our statesmen if they were all of one mind upon constitutional questions, ought more frequently to take precedence of the contentions to which those questions give rise. We think there is, of late, a tendency to such a change in public opinion. The nation, at least, seems at length heartily sick of those heroic vapourings about our efforts for the salvation of Europe,—which seem to have ended in the restoration of old abuses abroad, and the imposition of new taxes at home;—and about the vigour which was required for the maintenance of our glorious constitution, which has most conspicuously displayed itself in the suspension of its best bulwarks, and the organisation of spy systems and vindictive persecutions, after the worst fashion of arbitrary governments;—and seems disposed to require, at the hands of its representatives, some substantial pledge of their concern for the general welfare, by an active and zealous co-operation in the correction of admitted abuses, and the redress of confessed wrongs.

It is mortifying to the pride of human wisdom, to consider how much evil has resulted from the best and least exceptionable of its boasted institutions—and how those establishments that have been most carefully devised for the repression of guilt, or the relief of misery, have become themselves the fruitful and pestilent sources both of guilt and misery, in a frightful and disgusting degree. Laws, without which society could not exist, become, by their very multiplication and refinement, a snare and a burden to those they were intended to protect, and let in upon us the hateful and most intolerable plagues, of pettifogging, chicanery, and legal persecution. Institutions for the relief and prevention of Poverty have the effect of multiplying it tenfold—hospitals for the cure of Diseases become centres of infection. The very Police, which is necessary to make our cities habitable, give birth to the odious vermin of informers, thief-catchers, and suborners of treachery;—and our Prisons, which are meant chiefly to reform the guilty and secure the suspected, are converted into schools of the most atrocious corruption, and dens of the most inhuman torture.

Those evils and abuses, thus arising out of intended benefits and remedies, are the last to which the attention of ordinary men is directed—because they arise in such unexpected quarters, and are apt to be regarded as the unavoidable accompaniments of indispensable institutions. There is a selfish delicacy which makes us at all times averse to enter into details of a painful and offensive nature; and an indolent sort of optimism, by which we naturally seek to excuse our want of activity, by charitably presuming that things are as well as they can easily be made, and that it is inconceivable that any *very flagrant* abuses should be permitted by the worthy and humane people who are more immediately concerned in their prevention. To this is added a fear of giving offence to those same worthy visitors and superintendants—and a still more potent fear of giving offence to his Majesty's Government;—for though no administration can really have any interest in the existence of such abuses, or can be suspected of wishing to perpetuate them from any love for them or their authors, yet it is but too true that most long-established administrations have looked with an evil eye upon the detectors and redressors of all sorts of abuses, however little connected with politics or political persons—*first*, because they feel that their long and undisturbed continuance is a tacit reproach on their negligence and inactivity, in not having made use of their great opportunities to discover and correct them—*secondly*, because all such corrections are *innovations* upon old usages and establishments, and practical admissions of the flagrant imperfection of those boasted institutions, towards which it is their interest to maintain a blind and indiscriminate veneration in the body of the people—and, *thirdly*, because, if general abuses affecting large classes of the community are allowed to be exposed and reformed in any one department, the people might get accustomed to look for the redress of all similar abuses in other departments,—and reform would cease to be a word of terror and alarm (as most ministers think it ought to be) to all loyal subjects.

These, no doubt, are formidable obstacles; and therefore it is, that gross abuses have been allowed to subsist so long. But they are so far from being insurmountable, that we are perfectly persuaded that nothing more is necessary to insure the effectual correction, or mitigation at least, of all the evils to which we have alluded, than to satisfy the public, 1st, of their existence and extent—and, 2dly, of there being means for their effectual redress and prevention. Evils that are directly connected with the power of the existing administration—abuses of which they are themselves the authors or abettors, or of which they have the benefit, can only be corrected by their removal from office—and are substantially irremediable, however enormous, while they continue in power. All questions as to them, therefore, belong to the department of party politics, and fall within the province of the polemical statesman. But with regard to all *other* plain violations of reason, justice, or humanity, it is comfortable to think that we live in such a stage of society as to make it impossible that they should be allowed to subsist many years, after their mischief and iniquity have been made manifest to the sense of the country at large. Public opinion, which is still potent and formidable even to Ministerial corruption, is *omnipotent* against all inferior malversations—and the invaluable means of denunciation and authoritative and irresistible investigation which we possess in our representative legislature, puts it in the power of any man of prudence, patience, and respectability in that House, to bring to light the most secret, and to shame the most arrogant delinquent, and to call down the steady vengeance of public execration, and the sure light of public intelligence, for the repression and redress of all public injustice.

The charm is in the little word PUBLICITY!—And it is cheering to think how many wonders have already been wrought by that precious Talisman. If the House of Commons was of no other use but as an organ for proclaiming and inquiring into all alleged abuses, and making public the results, under the sanction of names and numbers which no man dares to suspect of unfairness or inattention, it would be enough to place the country in which it existed far above all terms of comparison with any other, ancient or modern, in which no such institution had been devised. Though the great work is done, however, by that House and its committees—though it is there only that the mischief can be denounced with a voice that reaches to the utmost borders of the land—and there only that the seal of unquestioned and unquestionable authority can be set to the statements which it authenticates and gives out to the world;—there is still room, and need too, for the humbler ministry of inferior agents, to circulate and enforce, to repeat and expound, the momentous facts that have been thus collected, and upon which the public must ultimately decide. It is this unambitious, but useful function that we now propose to perform, in laying before our readers a short view of the very interesting facts which are detailed in the valuable work of which the title is prefixed, and in the parliamentary papers to which it refers.

Prisons are employed for the confinement and security of at least three different descriptions of persons:—first, of those who are *accused* of crimes and offences, but have not yet been brought to trial; 2d, of those who have been *convicted*, and are imprisoned preparatory to, or as a part of, their punishment; and 3d, of *debtors*, who are neither convicted nor accused of any crime whatsoever. In both the first classes, and even in that least entitled to favour, there is room for an infinity of distinctions—from the case of the boy arraigned or convicted for a slight assault or a breach of the peace, up to that of the bloody murderer or hardened depredator, or veteran leader of the house-breaking gang. All these persons must indeed be imprisoned—for so the law has declared; but, under that sentence, we humbly conceive there is no warrant to inflict on them any *other* punishment—any thing more than a restraint on their personal freedom. This, we think, is strictly true of *all* the three classes we have mentioned; but it will scarcely be disputed, at all events, that it is true of the first and the last. A man may avoid the penalties of Crime, by avoiding all criminality: But no man can be secure against False accusation; and to condemn him who is only suspected, is to commence his punishment while his crime is uncertain. Nay, it is not only uncertain, as to all who are untried, but it is the fixed presumption of the law that the suspicion is unfounded, and that a trial will establish his innocence. We suppose there are not less than ten or fifteen thousand persons taken up yearly in Great Britain and Ireland on suspicion of crimes, of whom certainly there are not two-thirds convicted; so that, in all likelihood, there are not fewer than *seven or eight thousand innocent* persons placed annually in this painful predicament—whose very imprisonment, though an unavoidable, is beyond all dispute a very lamentable evil; and to which no unnecessary addition can be made without the most tremendous injustice.

The debtor, again, seems entitled to at least as much indulgence. "He may," says Mr. Buxton, "have been reduced to his inability to satisfy his creditor by the visitation of God,—by disease, by personal accidents, by the failure of reasonable projects, by the largeness or the helplessness of his family. His substance, and the substance of his creditor, may have perished together in the flames, or in the waters. Human foresight cannot always avert, and human industry cannot always repair, the calamities to which our nature is subjected;—surely, then, some debtors are entitled to compassion."—(p. 4.) Of the number of debtors at any one time in confinement in these kingdoms, we have no means of forming a conjecture; but beyond all doubt they amount to many thousands, of whom probably one half have been reduced to that state by venial errors, or innocent misfortune.

Even with regard to the convicted, we humbly conceive it to be clear, that where no special severity is enjoined by the law, any additional infliction beyond that of mere coercion, is illegal. If the greater delinquents alone were subjected to such severities, there might be a colour of equity in the practice; but, in point of fact, they are inflicted according to the state of the prison, the usage of the place, or the temper of the jailor;—and, in all cases, they are inflicted indiscriminately on the whole inmates of each unhappy mansion. Even if it were otherwise, "Who," says Mr. B., "is to apportion this variety of wretchedness? The Judge, who knows nothing of the interior of the jail; or the jailor, who knows nothing of the transactions of the Court? The law can easily suit its penalties to the circumstances of the case. It can adjudge to one offender imprisonment for one day; to another for twenty years: But what ingenuity would be sufficient to devise, and what discretion could be trusted to inflict, modes of imprisonment with similar variations?"—p. 8.

But the truth is, that all inflictions beyond that of mere detention, are clearly illegal.—Take the common case of fetters—from Bracton down to Blackstone, all our lawyers declare the use of them to be contrary to law. The last says, in so many words, that "the law will not justify jailors in fettering a pri-

soner, unless where he is unruly or has attempted an escape;" and, even in that case, the practice seems to be questionable—if we can trust to the memorable reply of Lord Chief Justice King to certain magistrates, who urged their necessity for safe custody—"let them build their walls higher." Yet has this matter been left, all over the kingdom, as a thing altogether indifferent, to the pleasure of the jailor or local magistrates; and the practice accordingly has been the most capricious and irregular that can well be imagined.

"In *Chelmsford*, for example, and in *Newgate*, all *accused* or convicted of felony are ironed.—At *Bury*, and at *Norwich*, all are without irons.—At *Abingdon* the untried are not ironed.—At *Derby*, none *but* the untried are ironed!—At *Cold-bath-fields*, none but the untried, and those sent for re-examination, are ironed.—At *Winchester*, all before trial are ironed; and those sentenced to transportation after trial.—At *Chester*, those alone of bad character are ironed, whether tried or untried."
pp. 68, 69.

But these are trifles. The truth of the case is forcibly and briefly stated in the following short sentences:—

"You have no right to deprive a man sentenced to mere imprisonment of pure air, wholesome and sufficient food, and opportunities of exercise. You have no right to debar him from the craft on which his family depends, if it can be exercised in prison. You have no right to subject him to suffering from cold, by want of bed-clothing by night, or firing by day. And the reason is plain,—you have taken him from his home, and have deprived him of the means of providing himself with the necessaries or comforts of life; and therefore you are bound to furnish him with moderate indeed, but suitable accommodation.

"You have, for the same reason, no right to ruin his habits, by compelling him to be idle, his morals, by compelling him to mix with a promiscuous assemblage of hardened and convicted criminals, or his health by forcing him at night into a damp unventilated cell, with such crowds of companions, as very speedily render the air foul and putrid, or to make him sleep in close contact with the victims of contagious and loathsome disease, or amidst the noxious effluvia of dirt and corruption. In short, no Judge ever condemned a man to be half starved with cold by day, or half suffocated with heat by night. Who ever heard of a criminal being sentenced to Rheumatism, or Typhus fever? Corruption of morals and contamination of mind are not the remedies which the law in its wisdom has thought proper to adopt."*

The abuses in Newgate, that great receptacle of guilt and misery, constructed to hold about four hundred and eighty prisoners, but generally containing, of late years, from eight hundred to twelve hundred, are eloquently set forth in the publication before us, though we have no longer left ourselves room to specify them. It may be sufficient, however, to observe, that the state of the Women's wards was universally allowed to be by far the worst; and that even Alderman Atkins admitted, that in that quarter some alteration might be desirable, though, in his apprehension, it was altogether impracticable. Though by no means inclined to adopt the whole of the worthy Alderman's opinions, we may safely say, that we should have been much disposed to agree with him in thinking the subjects of those observations pretty nearly incorrigible; and certainly should not have hesitated to pronounce the change which has actually been made upon them altogether impossible. Mrs. Fry, however, knew better of what both she and they were capable; and, strong in the spirit of compassionate love, and of that charity that hopeth all things, and believeth all things, set herself earnestly and humbly to that arduous and revolting task, in which her endeavours have been so singularly blessed and effectual. This heroic and affectionate woman is the wife, we understand, of a respectable banker in London; and both she and her husband belong to the Society of Friends—that exemplary sect, which is the first to begin and the last to abandon every scheme for the practical amendment of their fellow-creatures—and who have carried into all their schemes of reformation a spirit of practical wisdom, of magnanimous patience, and merciful indulgence, which puts to shame the rashness, harshness, and precipitation of sapient ministers, and presumptuous politicians. We should like to lay the whole account of her splendid campaign before our readers; but our limits will no longer admit of it. However, we shall do what we can; and, at all events, no longer withhold them from a part at least of this heart-stirring narrative.

"About four years ago, Mrs. Fry was induced to visit Newgate, by the representations of its state made by some persons of the Society of Friends.

"She found the female side in a situation which no language can describe. Nearly *three hundred women*, sent there for every gradation of crime, some untried, and some under sentence of death, were crowded together in the two wards and two cells, which are now appropriated to the untried, and which are found quite inadequate to contain even this diminished number with any tolerable convenience. Here they saw their friends, and kept their multitudes of children; and they had no other place for cooking, washing, eating, and sleeping.

"They all slept on the floor; at times one hundred and twenty in one ward, without so much as a mat for bedding; and many of them were very nearly naked. She saw them openly drinking spirits; and her ears were offended by the most terrible imprecations. Every thing was filthy to excess, and the smell was quite disgusting. Every one, even the Governor, was reluctant to go amongst them. He persuaded her to leave her watch in the office, telling her that his presence would not prevent its being torn from her! She saw enough to convince her that every thing bad was going on. In short, in giving me this account, she repeatedly said—'All I tell thee is a faint picture of the reality; the filth, the closeness of the rooms, the ferocious manners and expressions of the women towards each other, and the abandoned wickedness which every thing bespoke, are quite indescribable.'"—pp. 117—119.

Her design, at this time, was confined to the instruction of about seventy children, who were wandering about in this scene of horror; and for whom even the most abandoned of

* I do not now reprint the detailed statements which formed the bulk of this paper, as originally published; and retain only the account of the marvellous reformation effected in Newgate, by the heroic labours of Mrs. Fry and her sisters of charity—of which I think it a duty to omit nothing that may help to perpetuate the remembrance.

their wretched mothers thanked her with tears of gratitude for her benevolent intentions! while several of the younger women flocked about her, and entreated, with the most pathetic eagerness, to be admitted to her intended school. She now applied to the Governor, and had an interview with the two Sheriffs and the Ordinary, who received her with the most cordial approbation; but fairly intimated to her "their *persuasion that her efforts would be utterly fruitless*." After some investigation, it was officially reported, that there was no vacant spot in which the school could be established; and an ordinary philanthropist would probably have retired disheartened from the undertaking. Mrs. Fry, however, mildly requested to be admitted once more alone among the women, that she might conduct the search for herself. Difficulties always disappear before the energy of real zeal and benevolence: an empty cell was immediately discovered, and the school was to be opened the very day after.

"The next day she commenced the school, in company with a young lady, who then visited a prison for the first time, and who since gave me a very interesting description of her feelings upon that occasion. The railing was crowded with half naked women, struggling together for the front situations with the most boisterous violence, and begging with the utmost vociferation. She felt as if she was going into a den of wild beasts; and she well recollects quite shuddering when the door closed upon her, and she was locked in, with such a herd of novel and desperate companions. This day, however, the school surpassed their utmost expectations: their only pain arose from the numerous and pressing applications made by young women, who longed to be taught and employed. The narrowness of the room rendered it then impossible to yield to these requests: But they tempted these ladies to project a school for the employment of the tried women, for teaching them to read and to work."

"When this intention was mentioned to the friends of these ladies, it appeared at first so visionary and unpromising, that it met with very slender encouragement: they were told that the certain consequence of introducing work would be, that it would be stolen; that though such an experiment might be reasonable enough, if made in the country, among women who had been accustomed to hard labour, it was quite hopeless, when tried upon those who had been so long habituated to vice and idleness. In short, it was predicted, and by many too, whose wisdom and benevolence added weight to their opinions, that those who had set at defiance the law of the land, with all its terrors, would very speedily revolt from an authority which had nothing to enforce it; and nothing more to recommend it than its simplicity and gentleness. But the noble zeal of these unassuming women was not to be so repressed; and feeling that their design was intended for the good and the happiness of others, they trusted that it would receive the guidance and protection of Him who often is pleased to accomplish the highest purposes by the most feeble instruments.

"With these impressions, they had the boldness to declare, that if a committee could be found who would share the labour, and a matron who would engage never to leave the prison, day or night, they would undertake to try the experiment, that is, they would themselves *find employment* for the women, *procure the necessary money*, till the city could be induced to relieve them, and be answerable for the safety of the property committed into the hands of the prisoners.

The committee *immediately presented itself;* it consisted of the wife of a clergyman, and eleven (female) members of the Society of Friends. They professed their willingness to suspend every other engagement and avocation, and to devote themselves to Newgate; and in truth, they have performed their promise. With no interval of relaxation, and with but few intermissions from the call of other and more imperious duties, they have since *lived* amongst the prisoners."

Even this astonishing progress could not correct the incredulity of men of benevolence and knowledge of the world. The Reverend Ordinary, though filled with admiration for the exertions of this intrepid and devoted band, fairly told Mrs. F. that her designs, like many others for the improvement of that wretched mansion, "*would inevitably fail.*" The Governor encouraged her to go on—but confessed to his friends, that "he could not see even the *possibility* of her success." But the wisdom of this world is foolishness, and its fears but snares to entangle our feet in the career of our duty. Mrs. F. saw with other eyes, and felt with another heart. She went again to the Sheriffs and the Governor;—near one hundred of the women were brought before them, and, with much solemnity and earnestness, engaged to give the strictest obedience to all the regulations of their heroic benefactress. A set of rules was accordingly promulgated, which we have not room here to transcribe; but they imported the sacrifice of all their darling and much cherished vices;—drinking, gaming, card-playing, novel reading, were entirely prohibited—and regular application to work engaged for in every quarter. For the space of one month these benevolent women laboured in private in the midst of their unhappy flock; at the end of that short time they invited the Corporation of London to satisfy themselves, by inspection, of the effect of their pious exertions.

"In compliance with this appointment, the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and several of the Aldermen, attended. The prisoners were assembled together; and it being requested that no alteration in their usual practice might take place, one of the ladies read a chapter in the Bible, and then the females proceeded to their various avocations. Their attention during the time of reading, their orderly and sober deportment, their decent dress, the absence of every thing like tumult, noise, or contention, the obedience, and the respect shown by them, and the cheerfulness visible in their countenances and manners, conspired to excite the astonishment and admiration of their visitors.

"Many of these knew Newgate; had visited it a few months before, and had not forgotten the painful impressions made by a scene, exhibiting, perhaps, the very utmost limits of misery and guilt.—They now saw, what, without exaggeration, may be called a transformation. Riot, licentiousness, and filth, exchanged for order, sobriety, and comparative neatness in the chamber, the apparel, and the persons of the prisoners. They saw no more an assemblage of abandoned and shameless creatures, half-naked and half-drunk, rather demanding, than requesting charity. The prison no more resounded with obscenity, and imprecations, and licentious songs; and to use the coarse, but the just, expression of one who knew the prison well, 'this hell upon earth,' already exhibited the appearance of an industrious manufactory, or a well regulated family.

"The magistrates, to evince their sense of the

importance of the alterations which had been effected, immediately adopted the whole plan as a part of the system of Newgate; empowered the ladies to punish the refractory by short confinement, undertook part of the expense of the matron, and loaded the ladies with thanks and benedictions."

pp. 130, 131.

We can add nothing to this touching and elevating statement. The story of a glorious victory gives us a less powerful or proud emotion—and thanks and benedictions appear to us never to have been so richly deserved.

"A year, says Mr. Buxton, has now elapsed since the operations in Newgate began; and those most competent to judge, the late Lord Mayor and the present, the late Sheriffs and the present, the late Governor and the present, various Grand Juries, the Chairman of the Police Committee, the Ordinary, and the officers of the prison, have all declared their satisfaction, mixed with astonishment, at the alteration which has taken place in the conduct of the females.

"It is true, and the Ladies' Committee are anxious that it should not be concealed, that some of the rules have been occasionally broken. Spirits, they fear, have more than once been introduced; and it was discovered at one period, when many of the ladies were absent, that card-playing had been resumed. But, though truth compels them to acknowledge these deviations, they have been of a very limited extent. I could find but one lady who heard an oath, and there had not been above half a dozen instances of intoxication; and the ladies feel justified in stating, that the rules have generally been observed. The ladies themselves have been treated with uniform respect and gratitude."

pp. 132, 133.

At the close of a Session, many of the reformed prisoners were dismissed, and many new ones were received—and, under their auspices, card-playing was again introduced. One of the ladies, however, went among them alone, and earnestly and affectionately explained to them the pernicious consequences of this practice; and represented to them how much she would be gratified, if, even from regard to her, they would agree to renounce it.

"Soon after she retired to the ladies' room, one of the prisoners came to her, and expressed, in a manner which indicated real feeling, her sorrow for having broken the rules of so kind a friend, and gave her a pack of cards: four others did the same. Having burnt the cards in their presence, she felt bound to remunerate them for their value, and to mark her sense of their ready obedience by some small present. A few days afterwards, she called the first to her, and telling her intention, produced a neat muslin handkerchief. To her surprise, the girl looked disappointed; and, on being asked the reason, confessed she had hoped that Mrs. ——— would have given her a Bible with her own name written in it! which she should value beyond any thing else, and always keep and read. Such a request, made in such a manner, could not be refused; and the lady assures me that she never gave a Bible in her life, which was received with so much interest and satisfaction, or one, which she thinks more likely to do good. It is remarkable, that this girl, from her conduct in her preceding prison, and in court, came to Newgate with the worst of characters."—p. 134.

The change, indeed, pervaded every department of the female division. Those who were marched off for transportation, instead of breaking the windows and furniture, and going off, according to immemorial usage, with drunken songs and intolerable disorder, took a serious and tender leave of their companions, and expressed the utmost gratitude to their benefactors, from whom they parted with tears. Stealing has also been entirely suppressed; and, while upwards of twenty thousand articles of dress have been manufactured, not one has been lost or purloined within the precincts of the prison!

We have nothing more to say; and would not willingly weaken the effect of this impressive statement by any observations of ours. Let us hear no more of the difficulty of regulating provincial prisons, when the prostitute felons of London have been thus easily reformed and converted. Let us never again be told of the impossibility of repressing drunkenness and profligacy, or introducing habits of industry in small establishments, when this great crater of vice and corruption has been thus stilled and purified. And, above all, let there be an end of the pitiful apology of the want of funds, or means, or agents, to effect those easier improvements, when women from the middle ranks of life—when quiet unassuming matrons, unaccustomed to business, or to any but domestic exertions, have, without funds, without agents, without aid or encouragement of any description, trusted themselves within the very centre of infection and despair; and, by opening their hearts only, and not their purses, have effected, by the mere force of kindness, gentleness, and compassion, a labour, the like to which does not remain to be performed, and which has smoothed the way and insured success to all similar labours. We cannot *Envy* the happiness which Mrs. Fry must enjoy from the consciousness of her own great achievements;—but there is no happiness or honour of which we should be so proud to be partakers: And we seem to relieve our own hearts of their share of national gratitude, in thus placing on her simple and modest brow, that truly Civic Crown, which far outshines the laurels of conquest, or the coronals of power—and can only be outshone itself, by those wreaths of imperishable glory which await the champions of Faith and Charity in a higher state of existence.

(April, 1806.)

Memoirs of Richard Cumberland: written by himself. Containing an Account of his Life and Writings, interspersed with Anecdotes and Characters of the most distinguished Persons of his Time with whom he had Intercourse or Connection. 4to. pp. 533. London: 1806.*

We certainly have no wish for the death of Mr. Cumberland; on the contrary, we hope he will live long enough to make a large supplement to these memoirs: But he has embarrassed us a little by publishing this volume in his lifetime. We are extremely unwilling to say any thing that may hurt the feelings of a man of distinguished talents, who is drawing to the end of his career, and imagines that he has hitherto been ill used by the world: but he has shown, in this publication, such an appetite for praise, and such a jealousy of censure, that we are afraid we cannot do our duty conscientiously, without giving him offence. The truth is, that the book has rather disappointed us. We expected it to be extremely amusing; and it is not. There is too much of the first part of the title in it, and too little of the last. Of the life and writings of Richard Cumberland, we hear more than enough; but of the distinguished persons with whom he lived, we have many fewer characters and anecdotes than we could have wished. We are the more inclined to regret this, both because the general style of Mr. Cumberland's compositions has convinced us, that no one could have exhibited characters and anecdotes in a more engaging manner, and because, from what he has put into this book, we actually see that he had excellent opportunities for collecting, and still better talents for relating them. The anecdotes and characters which we have, are given in a very pleasing and animated manner, and form the chief merit of the publication: But they do not occupy one tenth part of it; and the rest is filled with details that do not often interest, and observations that do not always amuse.

Authors, we think, should not, generally, be encouraged to write their own lives. The genius of Rousseau, his enthusiasm, and the novelty of his plan, have rendered the Confessions, in some respects, the most interesting of books. But a writer, who is in full possession of his senses, who has lived in the world like the men and women who compose it, and whose vanity aims only at the praise of great talents and accomplishments, must not hope to write a book like the Confessions: and is scarcely to be trusted with the delineation of his own character or the narrative of his own adventures. We have no objection, however, to let authors tell their own story, as an apology for telling that of all their acquaintances; and can easily forgive them for grouping and assorting their anecdotes of their contemporaries, according to the chronology, and incidents of their own lives. This is but indulging the painter of a great gallery of worthies with a panel for his own portrait; and though it will probably be the least like of the whole collection, it would be hard to grudge him this little gratification.

Life has often been compared to a journey; and the simile seems to hold better in nothing than in the identity of the rules by which those who write their travels, and those who write their lives, should be governed. When a man returns from visiting any celebrated region, we expect to hear much more of the remarkable things and persons he has seen, than of his own personal transactions; and are naturally disappointed if, after saying that he lived much with illustrious statesmen or heroes, he chooses rather to tell us of his own travelling equipage, or of his cookery and servants, than to give us any account of the character and conversation of those distinguished persons. In the same manner, when at the close of a long life, spent in circles of literary and political celebrity, an author sits down to give the world an account of his retrospections, it is reasonable to stipulate that he should talk less of himself than of his associates; and natural to complain, if he tells long stories of his schoolmasters and grandmothers, while he passes over some of the most illustrious of his companions with a bare mention of their names.

Mr. Cumberland has offended a little in this way. He has also composed these memoirs, we think, in too diffuse, rambling, and careless a style. There is evidently no selection or method in his narrative: and unweighed remarks, and fatiguing apologies and protestations, are tediously interwoven with it, in the genuine style of good-natured but irrepressible loquacity. The whole composition, indeed, has not only too much the air of conversation: It has sometimes an unfortunate resemblance to the conversation of a professed talker; and we meet with many passages in which the author appears to work himself up to an artificial vivacity, and to give a certain air of smartness to his expression, by the introduction of cant phrases, odd metaphors, and a sort of practised and theatrical originality. The work, however, is well worth looking over, and contains many more amusing passages than we can afford to extract on the present occasion.

Mr. Cumberland was born in 1732; and he has a very natural pride in relating that his

* I reprint part of this paper—for the sake chiefly of the anecdotes of Bentley, Bubb Dodington, Soame Jenyns, and a few others, which I think remarkable—and very much, also, for the lively and graphic account of the impression of Garrick's new style of acting, as compared with that of Quin and the old schools—which is as good and as curious as Colley Cibber's admirable sketches of Betterton and Booth.

paternal great-grandfather was the learned and most exemplary Bishop Cumberland, author of the treatise *De Legibus Naturæ;* and that his maternal grandfather was the celebrated Dr. Richard Bentley. Of the last of these distinguished persons he has given, from the distinct recollection of his childhood, a much more amiable and engaging representation than has hitherto been made public. Instead of the haughty and morose critic and controversialist, we here learn, with pleasure, that he was as remarkable for mildness and kind affections in private life, as for profound erudition and sagacity as an author. Mr. Cumberland has collected a number of little anecdotes that seem to be quite conclusive upon this head; but we rather insert the following general testimony:—

"I had a sister somewhat older than myself. Had there been any of that sternness in my grandfather, which is so falsely imputed to him, it may well be supposed we should have been awed into silence in his presence, to which we were admitted every day. Nothing can be further from the truth; he was the unwearied patron and promoter of all our childish sports and sallies; at all times ready to detach himself from any topic of conversation to take an interest and bear his part in our amusements. The eager curiosity natural to our age, and the questions it gave birth to, so teasing to many parents, he, on the contrary, attended to and encouraged, as the claims of infant reason, never to be evaded or abused; strongly recommending, that to all such inquiries answers should be given according to the strictest truth, and information dealt to us in the clearest terms, as a sacred duty never to be departed from. I have broken in upon him many a time in his hours of study, when he would put his book aside, ring his hand-bell for his servant, and be led to his shelves to take down a picture-book for my amusement! I do not say that his good-nature always gained its object, as the pictures which his books generally supplied me with were anatomical drawings of dissected bodies, very little calculated to communicate delight; but he had nothing better to produce; and surely such an effort on his part, however unsuccessful, was no feature of a cynic; a cynic '*should be made of sterner stuff.*'

"Once, and only once, I recollect his giving me a gentle rebuke for making a most outrageous noise in the room over his library, and disturbing him in his studies: I had no apprehension of anger from him, and confidently answered that I could not help it, as I had been at battledore and shuttlecock with Master Gooch, the Bishop of Ely's son. 'And I have been at this sport with his father,' he replied; 'But thine has been the more amusing game; so there's no harm done.'"

He also mentions, that when his adversary Collins had fallen into poverty in his latter days, Bentley, apprehending that he was in some measure responsible for his loss of reputation, contrived to administer to his necessities in a way not less creditable to his delicacy than to his liberality.

The youngest daughter of this illustrious scholar, the Phœbe of Byron's pastoral, and herself a woman of extraordinary accomplishments, was the mother of Mr. Cumberland. His father, who appears also to have been a man of the most blameless and amiable dispositions, and to have united, in a very exemplary way, the characters of a clergyman and a gentlemen, was Rector of Stanwick in Northamptonshire at the birth of his son. He went to school, first at Bury St. Edmunds, and afterwards at Westminster. But the most valuable part of his early education was that for which he was indebted to the taste and intelligence of his mother. We insert with pleasure the following amiable paragraph:—

"It was in these intervals from school that my mother began to form both my taste and my ear for poetry, by employing me every evening to read to her, of which art she was a very able mistress. Our readings were, with very few exceptions, confined to the chosen plays of Shakespeare, whom she both admired and understood in the true spirit and sense of the author. With all her father's critical *acumen*, she could trace, and teach me to unravel, all the meanders of his metaphor, and point out where it illuminated, or where it only loaded and obscured the meaning. These were happy hours and interesting lectures to me; whilst my beloved father, ever placid and complacent, sate beside us, and took part in our amusement; his voice was never heard but in the tone of approbation; his countenance never marked but with the natural traces of his indelible and hereditary benevolence."

The effect of these readings was, that the young author, at twelve years of age, produced a sort of drama, called "Shakespeare in the Shades," composed almost entirely of passages from that great writer, strung together and assorted with no despicable ingenuity. But it is more to the purpose to observe that, at this early period of his life, he first saw Garrick, in the character of Lothario; and has left this animated account of the impression which the scene made upon his mind:—

"I have the spectacle even now, as it were, before my eyes. Quin presented himself, upon the rising of the curtain, in a green velvet coat, embroidered down the seams, an enormous full-bottomed periwig, rolled stockings, and high heeled square-toed shoes: With very little variation of cadence, and in deep full tone, accompanied by a sawing kind of action, which had more of the senate than of the stage in it, he rolled out his heroics with an air of dignified indifference, that seemed to disdain the plaudits that were bestowed upon him. Mrs. Cibber, in a key high pitched, but sweet withal, sung, or rather recitatived, Rowe's harmonious strains, something in the manner of the Improvisatori: It was so extremely wanting in contrast, that, though it did not wound the ear, it wearied it: when she had once recited two or three speeches, I could anticipate the manner of every succeeding one. It was like a long old legendary ballad of innumerable stanzas, every one of which is sung to the same tune, eternally chiming in the ear without variation or relief. Mrs. Pritchard was an actress of a different cast, had more nature, and of course more change of tone, and variety both of action and expression. In my opinion, the comparison was decidedly in her favour. But when, after long and eager expectation, I first beheld little Garrick, then young and light, and alive in every muscle and in every feature, come bounding on the stage, and pointing at the wittol Altamont and heavy-paced Horatio — heavens, what a transition!—it seemed as if a whole century had been stepped over in the transition of a single scene! Old things were done away; and a new order at once brought forward, bright and luminous, and clearly destined to dispel the barbarisms and bigotry of a tasteless age, too long attached to the prejudices of custom, and superstitiously devoted to the illusions of imposing declamation. This heaven-born actor was then struggling to emancipate his audience from the slavery they were resigned to; and though at times he succeeded in throwing in some gleams of new-born light upon them, yet in general they seemed to *love darkness better than light;* and in the dialogue of altercation between Horatio and Lothario, bestowed far the greater *show of hands* upon the master of the old school than upon the founder of the new. I thank my stars, my feelings in those moments led me right; they were those of nature, and therefore could not err."

Some years after this, Mr. Cumberland's father exchanged his living of Stanwick for that of Fulham, in order that his son might have the benefit of his society, while obliged to reside in the vicinity of the metropolis. The celebrated Bubb Dodington resided at this time in the neighbouring parish of Hammersmith; and Mr. Cumberland, who soon became a frequent guest at his table, has presented his readers with the following spirited full length portrait of that very remarkable and preposterous personage.

"Our splendid host was excelled by no man in doing the honours of his house and table; to the ladies he had all the courtly and profound devotion of a Spaniard, with the ease and gaiety of a Frenchman towards the men. His mansion was magnificent; massy, and stretching out to a great extent of front, with an enormous portico of Doric columns, ascended by a stately flight of steps. There were turrets, and wings too, that went I know not whither, though now levelled with the ground, or gone to more ignoble uses: Vanbrugh, who constructed this superb edifice, seemed to have had the plan of Blenheim in his thoughts, and the interior was as proud and splendid as the exterior was bold and imposing. All this was exactly in unison with the taste of its magnificent owner; who had gilt and furnished the apartments with a profusion of finery, that kept no terms with simplicity, and not always with elegance or harmony of style. Whatever Mr. Dodington's revenue then was, he had the happy art of managing it with such economy, that I believe he made more display at less cost than any man in the kingdom but himself could have done. His town-house in Pall-Mall, and this villa at Hammersmith, were such establishments as few nobles in the nation were possessed of. In either of these he was not to be approached but through a suit of apartments, and rarely seated but under painted ceilings and gilt entablatures. In his villa you were conducted through two rows of antique marble statues, ranged in a gallery floored with the rarest marbles, and enriched with columns of granite and lapis lazuli; his saloon was hung with the finest Gobelin tapestry, and he slept in a bed encanopied with peacock's feathers in the style of Mrs. Montague. When he passed from Pall-Mall to La Trappe it was always in a coach, which I could not but suspect had been his ambassadorial equipage at Madrid, drawn by six fat unwieldy black horses, short-docked, and of colossal dignity. Neither was he less characteristic in apparel than in equipage; he had a wardrobe loaded with rich and flaring suits, each in itself a load to the wearer, and of these I have no doubt but many were coeval with his embassy above mentioned, and every birth-day had added to the stock. In doing this he so contrived as never to put his old dresses out of countenance, by any variations in the fashion of the new; in the mean time, his bulk and corpulency gave full display to a vast expanse and profusion of brocade and embroidery, and this, when set off with an enormous tie-periwig and deep-laced ruffles, gave the picture of an ancient courtier in his gala habit, or Quin in his stage dress. Nevertheless, it must be confessed this style, though out of date, was not out of character, but harmonised so well with the person of the wearer, that I remember when he made his first speech in the House of Peers as Lord Melcombe, all the flashes of his wit, all the studied phrases and well-turned periods of his rhetoric lost their effect, simply because the orator had laid aside his magisterial tie, and put on a modern bag-wig, which was as much out of costume upon the broad expanse of his shoulders, as a cue would have been upon the robes of the Lord Chief-Justice."

The following, with all our former impressions of his hero's absurdity, rather surpassed our expectations.

"Of pictures he seemed to take his estimate only by their cost; in fact, he was not possessed of any. But I recollect his saying to me one day in his great saloon at Eastbury, that if he had half a score pictures of a thousand pounds a-piece, he would gladly decorate his walls with them; in place of which I am sorry to say he had stuck up *immense patches of gilt leather, shaped into bugle horns,* upon hangings of rich crimson velvet! and round his state bed he displayed a carpeting of gold and silver embroidery, which too glaringly betrayed its derivation from coat, waistcoat, and breeches, by the testimony of pockets, buttonholes, and loops, with other equally incontrovertible witnesses, subpœnaed from the tailor's shopboard! When he paid his court at St. James' to the present queen upon her nuptials, he approached to kiss her hand, decked in an embroidered suit of silk, with lilac waistcoat, and breeches, the latter of which, in the act of kneeling down, forgot their duty and broke loose from their moorings in a very indecorous and uncourtly manner."

"During my stay at Eastbury, we were visited by the late Mr. Henry Fox and Mr. Alderman Beckford; the solid good sense of the former, and the dashing loquacity of the latter, formed a striking contrast between the characters of these gentlemen. To Mr. Fox our host paid all that courtly homage, which he so well knew how to time, and where to apply; to Beckford he did not observe the same attentions, but in the happiest flow of his raillery and wit combated this intrepid talker with admirable effect. It was an interlude truly comic and amusing.—Beckford loud, voluble, self-sufficient, and galled by hits which he could not parry, and probably did not expect, laid himself more and more open in the vehemence of his argument; Dodington lolling in his chair in perfect apathy and self-command, dozing, and even snoring at intervals, in his lethargic way, broke out every now and then into such gleams and flashes of wit and irony, as by the contrast of his phlegm with the other's impetuosity, made his humour irresistible, and set the table in a roar. He was here upon his very strongest ground."

"He wrote small poems with great pains, and elaborate letters with much terseness of style, and some quaintness of expression: I have seen him refer to a volume of his own verses in manuscript, but he was very shy, and I never had the perusal of it. I was rather better acquainted with his *Diary*, which since his death has been published; and I well remember the temporary disgust he seemed to take, when upon his asking what I would do with it should he bequeath it to my discretion, I instantly replied, that I would destroy it. There was a third, which I more coveted a sight of than of either of the above, as it contained a miscellaneous collection of anecdotes, repartees, good sayings, and humorous incidents, of which he was part author and part compiler, and out of which he was in the habit of refreshing his memory, when he prepared himself to expect certain men of wit and pleasantry, either at his own house or elsewhere. Upon this practice, which he did not affect to conceal, he observed to me one day, that it was a compliment he paid to society, when he submitted to

steal weapons out of his own armoury for their entertainment."

"I had taken leave of Lord Melcombe the day preceding the coronation, and found him before a looking-glass in his new robes, — practising attitudes, and debating within himself upon the most graceful mode of carrying his coronet in the procession. He was in high glee with his fresh and blooming honours; and I left him in the act of dictating a billet to Lady Hervey, apprising her that a *young lord* was coming to throw himself at her feet."—p. 159.

Mr. Cumberland went to Ireland with Lord Halifax in 1761; and the celebrated Single-Speech Hamilton went as chief secretary.—His character is well drawn in the following sentences.

"He spoke well, but not often, in the Irish House of Commons. He had a striking countenance, a graceful carriage, great self-possession and personal courage: He was not easily put out of his way by any of those unaccommodating repugnances that men of weaker nerves, or more tender consciences, might have stumbled at, or been checked by: he could mask the passions that were natural to him, and assume those that did not belong to him: he was indefatigable, meditative, mysterious: his opinions were the result of long labour and much reflection, but he had the art of setting them forth as if they were the starts of ready genius and a quick perception: He had as much seeming steadiness as a partisan could stand in need of, and all the real flexibility that could suit his purpose, or advance his interest. He would fain have retained his connection with Edmund Burke, and associated him to his politics, for he well knew the value of his talents; but in that object he was soon disappointed: the genius of Burke was of too high a caste to endure debasement."—pp. 169, 170.

In Dublin Mr. Cumberland was introduced to a new and a more miscellaneous society than he had hitherto been used to, and has presented his readers with striking sketches of Dr. Pococke and Primate Stone. We are more amused, however, with the following picture of George Faulkner.

"Description must fall short in the attempt to convey any sketch of that eccentric being to those who have not read him in the notes of Jephson, or seen him in the mimickry of Foote, who, in his portraits of Faulkner, found the only sitter whom his extravagant pencil could not caricature; for he had a solemn intrepidity of egotism, and a daring contempt of absurdity, that fairly outfaced imitation, and, like Garrick's Ode on Shakespeare, which Johnson said "defied criticism," so did George, in the original spirit of his own perfect buffoonery, defy caricature. He never deigned to join in the laugh he had raised, nor seemed to have a feeling of the ridicule he had provoked. At the same time that he was preeminently, and by preference, the butt and buffoon of the company, he could find openings and opportunities for hits of retaliation, which were such left-handed thrusts as few could parry: nobody could foresee where they would fall; nobody, of course, was fore-armed: and as there was, in his calculation, but one supereminent character in the kingdom of Ireland, and he the printer of the Dublin Journal, rank was no shield against George's arrows, which flew where he listed, and hit or missed as chance directed,—he cared not about consequences. He gave good meat and excellent claret in abundance. I sat at his table once from dinner till two in the morning, whilst George swallowed immense potations, with one solitary sodden strawberry at the bottom of the glass,—which he said was recommended to him by his doctor for its cooling properties! He never lost his recollection or equilibrium the whole time, and was in excellent foolery. It was a singular coincidence, that there was a person in company who had received his reprieve at the gallows, and the very judge who had passed sentence of death upon him: But this did not in the least disturb the harmony of the society, nor embarrass any human creature present."—pp. 174, 175.

At this period of his story he introduces several sketches and characters of his literary friends; which are executed, for the most part, with great force and vivacity. Of Garrick he says—

"Nature had done so much for him, that he could not help being an actor; she gave him a frame of so manageable a proportion, and from its flexibility so perfectly under command, that, by its aptitude and elasticity, he could draw it out to fit any sizes of character that tragedy could offer to him, and contract it to any scale of ridiculous diminution, that his Abel Drugger, Scrubb, or Fribble, could require of him to sink it to. His eye, in the meantime, was so penetrating, so speaking; his brow so movable, and all his features so plastic, and so accommodating, that wherever his mind impelled them, they would go; and before his tongue could give the text, his countenance would express the spirit and the passion of the part he was encharged with."—pp. 245, 246.

The following picture of Soame Jenyns is excellent.

"He was the man who bore his part in all societies with the most even temper and undisturbed hilarity of all the good companions whom I ever knew. He came into your house at the very moment you had put upon your card; he dressed himself to do your party honour in all the colours of the jay; his lace indeed had long since lost its lustre, but his coat had faithfully retained its cut since the days when gentlemen embroidered figured velvets with short sleeves, boot cuffs, and buckram shirts. As nature had cast him in the exact mould of an ill made pair of stiff stays, he followed her so close in the fashion of his coat, that it was doubted if he did not wear them. Because he had a protuberant wen just under his poll, he wore a wig that did not cover above half his head. His eyes were protruded like the eyes of the lobster, who wears them at the end of his feelers, and yet there was room between one of these and his nose for another wen, that added nothing to his beauty; yet I heard this good man very innocently remark, when Gibbon published his history, that he wondered any body so ugly could write a book.

"Such was the exterior of a man, who was the charm of the circle, and gave a zest to every company he came into: His pleasantry was of a sort peculiar to himself; it harmonised with everything; it was like the bread to your dinner; you did not perhaps make it the whole, or principal part of your meal, but it was an admirable and wholesome auxiliary to your other viands. Soame Jenyns told you no long stories, engrossed not much of your attention, and was not angry with those that did. His thoughts were original, and were apt to have a very whimsical affinity to paradox in them: He wrote verses upon dancing, and prose upon the origin of evil; yet he was a very indifferent metaphysician, and a worse dancer: ill-nature and personality, with the single exception of his lines upon Johnson, I never heard fall from his lips: Those lines I have forgotten, though I believe I was the first person to whom he recited them; they were very bad, but he had been told that Johnson ridiculed his metaphysics, and some of us had just then been making extemporary epitaphs upon each other. Though his wit was harmless, yet the general cast of it was ironical; there was a terseness in his repartees, that had a play of words as well as of thought; as, when speaking of the difference between laying out money upon land, or purchasing into the funds, he said 'One was principal without interest, and the other interest without principal.' Certain it is he had a brevity of expression, that never hung upon the ear, and you felt the point in the very moment that he made the push."

pp. 247—249.

Of Goldsmith he says,

"That he was fantastically and whimsically vain, all the world knows; but there was no malice in his heart. He was tenacious to a ridiculous extreme of certain pretensions that did not, and by nature could not, belong to him, and at the same time he was inexcusably careless of the fame which he had powers to command. What foibles he had he took no pains to conceal; and the good qualities of his heart were too frequently obscured by the carelessness of his conduct, and the frivolity of his manners. Sir Joshua Reynolds was very good to him, and would have drilled him into better trim and order for society, if he would have been amenable; for Reynolds was a perfect gentleman, had good sense, great propriety, with all the social attributes, and all the graces of hospitality, equal to any man.

"Distress drove Goldsmith upon undertakings neither congenial with his studies nor worthy of his talents. I remember him, when in his chambers in the Temple, he showed me the beginning of his *Animated Nature;* it was with a sigh, such as genius draws, when hard necessity diverts it from its bent to drudge for bread, and talk of birds and beasts and creeping things, which Pidcock's showman would have done as well. Poor fellow, he hardly knew an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose, but when he saw it on the table."

pp. 257—259.

"I have heard Dr. Johnson relate with infinite humour the circumstance of his rescuing Goldsmith from a ridiculous dilemma, by the purchase-money of his Vicar of Wakefield, which he sold on his behalf to Dodsley, and, as I think, for the sum of ten pounds only. He had run up a debt with his landlady, for board and lodging, of some few pounds, and was at his wits end how to wipe off the score, and keep a roof over his head, except by closing with a very staggering proposal on her part, and taking his creditor to wife, whose charms were very far from alluring, whilst her demands were extremely urgent. In this crisis of his fate he was found by Johnson, in the act of meditating on the melancholy alternative before him. He showed Johnson his manuscript of the Vicar of Wakefield, but seemed to be without any plan, or even hope, of raising money upon the disposal of it; when Johnson cast his eye upon it, he discovered something that gave him hope, and immediately took it to Dodsley, who paid down the price above-mentioned in ready money, and added an eventual condition upon its future sale. Johnson described the precautions he took in concealing the amount of the sum he had in hand, which he prudently administered to him by a guinea at a time. In the event he paid off the landlady's score, and redeemed the person of his friend from her embraces."—p. 273.

We will pronounce no general judgment on the literary merits of Mr. Cumberland; but our opinion of them certainly has not been raised by the perusal of these memoirs. There is no depth of thought, nor dignity of sentiment about him;—he is too frisky for an old man, and too gossipping for an historian. His style is too negligent even for the most familiar composition; and though he has proved himself, upon other occasions, to be a great master of good English, he has admitted a number of phrases into this work, which, we are inclined to think, would scarcely pass current even in conversation. "I declare to truth"—"with the greatest pleasure in life" "she would lead off in her best manner," &c. are expressions which we should not expect to hear in the society to which Mr. Cumberland belongs;—"laid," for lay, is still more insufferable from the antagonist of Lowth and the descendant of Bentley;—"querulential" strikes our ear as exotic;—"locate, location, and locality," for situation simply, seem also to be bad; and "intuition" for observation sounds very pedantic, to say the least of it. Upon the whole, however, this volume is not the work of an ordinary writer; and we should probably have been more indulgent to its faults, if the excellence of some of the author's former productions had not sent us to its perusal with expectations perhaps somewhat extravagant.

(July, 1803.)

The Works of the Right Honourable Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Including her Correspondence, Poems, and Essays. Published by permission, from her Original Papers. 5 vols. 8vo. London: 1803.

These volumes are so very entertaining that we ran them all through immediately upon their coming into our possession; and at the same time contain so little that is either difficult or profound, that we may venture to give some account of them to our readers without farther deliberation.

The only thing that disappointed us was the memoir of the writer's life, prefixed by the editor to her correspondence. In point of composition it is very tame and inelegant; and rather excites than gratifies the curiosity of the reader, by the imperfect manner in which the facts are narrated. As the letters themselves, however, are arranged in a chronological order, and commonly contain very distinct notices of the writer's situation at their dates, we shall be enabled, by our extracts from them, to give a pretty clear idea of her Ladyship's life and adventures, with very little assistance from the meagre narrative of Mr. Dallaway.

Lady Mary Pierrepoint, eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, was born in 1690; and gave, in her early youth, such indications of a studious disposition, that she was initiated into

the rudiments of the learned languages along with her brother. Her first years appear to have been spent in retirement; and yet the very first series of letters with which we are presented, indicates a great deal of that talent for ridicule, and power of observation, by which she afterwards became so famous, and so formidable. These letters (about a dozen in number) are addressed to Mrs. Wortley, the mother of her future husband; and, along with a good deal of girlish flattery and affectation, display such a degree of easy humour and sound penetration, as is not often to be met with in a damsel of nineteen, even in this age of precocity. The following letter, in 1709, is written upon the misbehaviour of one of her female favourites.

"My knighterrantry is at an end; and I believe I shall henceforward think freeing of galley-slaves and knocking down windmills, more laudable undertakings than the defence of any woman's reputation whatever. To say truth, I have never had any great esteem for the generality of the fair sex; and my only consolation for being of that gender, has been the assurance it gave me of never being married to any one among them! But I own, at present, I am so much out of humour with the actions of Lady H * * *, that I never was so heartily ashamed of my petticoats before. My only refuge is, the sincere hope that she is out of her senses; and taking herself for the Queen of Sheba, and Mr. Mildmay for King Solomon, I do not think it quite so ridiculous: But the men, you may well imagine, are not so charitable; and they agree in the kind reflection, that nothing hinders women from playing the fool, but not having it in their power."
Vol. i. pp. 180, 181.

In the course of this correspondence with the mother, Lady Mary appears to have conceived a very favourable opinion of the son; and the next series of letters contains her antenuptial correspondence with that gentleman, from 1710 to 1712. Though this correspondence has interested and entertained us as much at least as any thing in the book, we are afraid that it will afford but little gratification to the common admirers of love letters. Her Ladyship, though endowed with a very lively imagination, seems not to have been very susceptible of violent or tender emotions, and to have imbibed a very decided contempt for sentimental and romantic nonsense, at an age which is commonly more indulgent. There are no raptures nor ecstasies, therefore, in these letters; no flights of fondness, nor vows of constancy, nor upbraidings of capricious affection. To say the truth, her Ladyship acts a part in the correspondence that is not often allotted to a female performer. Mr. Wortley, though captivated by her beauty and her vivacity, seems evidently to have been a little alarmed at her love of distinction, her propensity to satire, and the apparent inconstancy of her attachments. Such a woman, he was afraid, and not very unreasonably, would make rather an uneasy and extravagant companion to a man of plain understanding and moderate fortune; and he had sense enough to foresee, and generosity enough to explain to her, the risk to which their mutual happiness might be exposed by a rash and indissoluble union. Lady Mary, who probably saw her own character in a different light, and was at any rate biassed by her inclinations, appears to have addressed a great number of letters to him upon this occasion; and to have been at considerable pains to relieve him of his scruples, and restore his confidence in the substantial excellences of her character. These letters, which are written with a great deal of female spirit and masculine sense, impress us with a very favourable notion of the talents and dispositions of the writer; and as they exhibit her in a point of view altogether different from any in which she has hitherto been presented to the public, we shall venture upon a pretty long extract.

"I will state the case to you as plainly as I can, and then ask yourself if you use me well. I have showed, in every action of my life, an esteem for you, that at least challenges a grateful regard. I have even trusted my reputation in your hands; for I have made no scruple of giving you, under my own hand, an assurance of my friendship. After all this, I exact nothing from you: If you find it inconvenient for your affairs to take so small a fortune, I desire you to sacrifice nothing to me: I pretend no tie upon your honour; but, in recompense for so clear and so disinterested a proceeding, must I ever receive injuries and ill usage?

"Perhaps I have been indiscreet: I came young into the hurry of the world; a great innocence, and an undesigning gaiety, may possibly have been construed coquetry, and a desire of being followed, though never meant by me. I cannot answer for the observations that may be made on me. All who are malicious attack the careless and defenceless: I own myself to be both. I know not any thing I can say more to show my perfect desire of pleasing you, and making you easy, than to proffer to be confined with you in what manner you please. Would any woman but me renounce all the world for one? or would any man but you be insensible of such a proof of sincerity?"—Vol. i. pp. 208—210.

"One part of my character is not so good, nor t' other so bad, as you fancy it. Should we ever live together, you would be disappointed both ways; you would find an easy equality of temper you do not expect, and a thousand faults you do not imagine. You think, if you married me, I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next. Neither would happen. I can esteem, I can be a friend; but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond, in me.

"If you can resolve to live with a companion that will have all the deference due to your superiority of good sense, and that your proposals can be agreeable to those on whom I depend, I have nothing to say against them.

"As to travelling, 'tis what I should do with great pleasure, and could easily quit London upon your account; but a retirement in the country is not so disagreeable to me, as I know a few months would make it tiresome to you. Where people are tied for life, 'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had the personal charms that I want, a face is too slight a foundation for happiness. You would be soon tired with seeing every day the same thing. Where you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to remark all the defects; which would increase in proportion as the novelty lessened, which is always a great charm. I should have the displeasure of seeing a coldness, which, though I could not reasonably blame you for, being involuntary, yet it would render me uneasy; and the more, because I know a love may be revived, which absence, inconstancy, or even infidelity, has extinguished: But there is no returning from a dégoût given by satiety."—Vol. i. pp. 212—214.

"I begin to be tired of my humility; I have carried my complaisances to you farther than I ought. You make new scruples: you have a great deal of fancy! and your distrusts, being all of your own making, are more immovable than if there were some real ground for them. Our aunts and grandmothers always tell us, that men are a sort of animals, that if ever they are constant, 'tis only where they are ill-used. 'Twas a kind of paradox I could never believe; but experience has taught me the truth of it. You are the first I ever had a correspondence with; and I thank God, I have done with it for all my life. You needed not to have told me you are not what you have been; one must be stupid not to find a difference in your letters. You seem, in one part of your last, to excuse yourself from having done me any injury in point of fortune. Do I accuse you of any?

"I have not spirits to dispute any longer with you. You say you are not yet determined. Let me determine for you, and save you the trouble of writing again. Adieu for ever; make no answer. I wish, among the variety of acquaintance, you may find some one to please you: and can't help the vanity of thinking, should you try them all, you wont find one that will be so sincere in their treatment, though a thousand more deserving, and every one happier."—Vol. i. pp. 219—221.

These are certainly very uncommon productions for a young lady of twenty; and indicate a strength and elevation of character, that does not always appear in her gayer and more ostentatious performances. Mr. Wortley was convinced and re-assured by them; and they were married in 1712. The concluding part of the first volume contains her letters to him for the two following years. There is not much tenderness in these letters; nor very much interest indeed of any kind. Mr. Wortley appears to have been rather indolent and unambitious; and Lady Mary takes it upon her, with all delicacy and judicious management however, to stir him up to some degree of activity and exertion. There is a good deal of election-news and small politics in these epistles. The best of them, we think, is the following exhortation to impudence.

"I am glad you think of serving your friends. I hope it will put you in mind of serving yourself. I need not enlarge upon the advantages of money; every thing we see, and every thing we hear, puts us in remembrance of it. If it were possible to restore liberty to your country, or limit the encroachments of the prerogative, by reducing yourself to a garret, I should be pleased to share so glorious a poverty with you: But as the world is, and will be, 'tis a sort of duty to be rich, that it may be in one's power to do good; riches being another word for power; towards the obtaining of which, the first necessary qualification is Impudence, and (as Demosthenes said of pronunciation in oratory) the second is impudence, and the third, still, impudence! No modest man ever did, or ever will make his fortune. Your friend Lord Halifax, R. Walpole, and all other remarkable instances of quick advancement, have been remarkably impudent. The ministry, in short, is like a play at court: There's a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost; people who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and still thrust heartily forwards, are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd, is shoved about by every body, his clothes torn, almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get in before him, that don't make so good a figure as himself.

"If this letter is impertinent, it is founded upon an opinion of your merit, which, if it is a mistake, I would not be undeceived. It is my interest to believe (as I do) that you deserve every thing, and are capable of every thing; but nobody else will believe it, if they see you get nothing."—Vol. i. pp. 250—252.

The second volume, and a part of the third, are occupied with those charming letters, written during Mr. Wortley's embassy to Constantinople, upon which the literary reputation of Lady Mary has hitherto been exclusively founded. It would not become us to say any thing of productions which have so long engaged the admiration of the public. The grace and vivacity, the ease and conciseness, of the narrative and the description which they contain, still remain unrivalled, we think, by any epistolary compositions in our language; and are but slightly shaded by a sprinkling of obsolete tittle-tattle, or womanish vanity and affectation. The authenticity of these letters, though at one time disputed, has not lately been called in question; but the secret history of their first publication has never, we believe, been laid before the public. The editor of this collection, from the original papers, gives the following account of it.

"In the later periods of Lady Mary's life, she employed her leisure in collecting copies of the letters she had written during Mr. Wortley's embassy, and had transcribed them herself, in two small volumes in quarto. They were, without doubt, sometimes shown to her literary friends. Upon her return to England for the last time, in 1761, she gave these books to a Mr. Snowden, a clergyman of Rotterdam, and wrote the subjoined memorandum on the cover of them: 'These two volumes are given to the Reverend Benjamin Snowden, minister at Rotterdam, to be disposed of as he thinks proper. This is the will and design of M. Wortley Montagu, December 11, 1761.'

"After her death, the late Earl of Bute commissioned a gentleman to procure them, and to offer Mr. Snowden a considerable remuneration, which he accepted. Much to the surprise of that nobleman and Lady Bute, the manuscripts were scarcely safe in England, when three volumes of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters were published by Beckett; and it has since appeared, that a Mr. Cleland was the editor. The same gentleman, who had negotiated before, was again despatched to Holland; and could gain no further intelligence from Mr. Snowden, than that a short time before he parted with the MSS. two English gentlemen called on him to see the Letters, and obtained their request. They had previously contrived that Mr. Snowden should be called away during their perusal; and he found on his return that they had disappeared with the books. Their residence was unknown to him; but on the next day they brought back the precious deposit, with many apologies. It may be fairly presumed, that the intervening night was consumed in copying these letters by several amanuenses."—Vol. i. pp. 29—32.

A *fourth* volume of Lady Mary's Letters, published in the same form in 1767, appears now to have been a fabrication of Cleland's; as no corresponding MSS. have been found among her Ladyship's papers, or in the hands of her correspondents.

To the accuracy of her local descriptions, and the justness of her representations of oriental manners, Mr. Dallaway, who followed her footsteps at the distance of eighty years, and resided for several months in the very

palace which she had occupied at Pera, bears a decided and respectable testimony; and, in vindication of her veracity in describing the interior of the seraglio, into which no Christian is now permitted to enter, he observes, that the reigning Sultan of the day, Achmed the Third, was notoriously very regardless of the injunctions of the Koran, and that her Ladyship's visits were paid while the court was in a retirement that enabled him to dispense with many ceremonies. We do not observe any difference between these letters in the present edition, and in the common copies, except that the names of Lady Mary's correspondents are now given at full length, and short notices of their families subjoined, upon their first introduction. At page eighty-nine of the third volume, there are also two short letters, or rather notes, from the Countess of Pembroke, that have not hitherto been made public; and Mr. Pope's letter, describing the death of the two rural lovers by lightning, is here given at full length; while the former editions only contained her Ladyship's answer,—in which we have always thought that her desire to be smart and witty, has intruded itself a little ungracefully into the place of a more amiable feeling.

The next series of letters consists of those written to her sister the Countess of Mar, from 1723 to 1727. These letters have at least as much vivacity, wit, and sarcasm, as any that have been already published; and though they contain little but the anecdotes and scandal of the time, will long continue to be read and admired for the brilliancy and facility of the composition. Though Lady Mary is excessively entertaining in this correspondence, we cannot say, however, that she is either very amiable, or very interesting. There is rather a negation of good affection, we think, throughout; and a certain cold-hearted levity, that borders sometimes upon misanthropy, and sometimes on indecency. The style of the following extracts, however, we are afraid, has been for some time a dead language.

"I made a sort of resolution, at the beginning of my letter, not to trouble you with the mention of what passes here, since you receive it with so much coldness. But I find it is impossible to forbear telling you the metamorphoses of some of your acquaintance, which appear as wondrous to me as any in Ovid. Would any one believe that Lady H*****ss is a beauty, and in love? and that Mrs. Anastasia Robinson is at the same time a prude and a kept mistress? The first of these ladies is tenderly attached to the polite Mr. M***, and sunk in all the joys of happy love, notwithstanding *she* wants the use of her two hands by a rheumatism, and *he* has an arm that he cannot move. I wish I could tell you the particulars of this amour; which seems to me as curious as that between two oysters, and as well worth the serious attention of naturalists. The second heroine has engaged half the town in arms, from the nicety of her virtue, which was not able to bear the too near approach of Senesino in the opera; and her condescension in accepting of Lord Peterborough for her champion, who has signalized both his love and courage upon this occasion in as many instances as ever Don Quixote did for Dulcinea. Innumerable have been the disorders between the two sexes on so great an account, besides half the House of Peers being put under arrest. By the Providence of Heaven, and the wise care of his Majesty, no bloodshed ensued. However, things are now tolerably accommodated; and the fair lady rides through the town in the shining berlin of her hero, not to reckon the more solid advantages of 1000*l.* a month, which 'tis said, he allows her. I will send you a letter by the Count Caylus, whom, if you do not know already, you will thank me for introducing to you. He is a Frenchman, and no fop; which, besides the curiosity of it, is one of the prettiest things in the world."—Vol. iii. pp. 120—122.

"I write to you at this time piping-hot from the birth-night; my brain warmed with all the agreeable ideas that fine clothes, fine gentlemen, brisk tunes, and lively dances can raise there. It is to be hoped that my letter will entertain you; at least you will certainly have the freshest account of all passages on that glorious day. First, you must know that I led up the ball, which you'll stare at; but what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there: For, to say truth, people are grown so extravagantly ugly, that we old beauties are forced to come out on show-days, to keep the court in countenance. I saw Mrs. Murray there, through whose hands this epistle will be conveyed; I do not know whether she will make the same compliment to you that I do. Mrs. West was with her, who is a great prude, having but two lovers at a time; I think those are Lord Haddington and Mr. Lindsay; the one for use, the other for show.

"The world improves in one virtue to a violent degree—I mean plain dealing. Hypocrisy being, as the Scripture declares, a damnable sin, I hope our publicans and sinners will be saved by the open profession of the contrary virtue. I was told by a very good author, who is deep in the secret, that at this very minute there is a bill cooking up at a hunting seat at Norfolk, to have *not* taken out of the commandments, and clapped into the creed, the ensuing session of Parliament. To speak plainly, I am very sorry for the forlorn state of matrimony; which is now as much ridiculed by our young ladies as it used to be by young fellows: In short, both sexes have found the inconveniences of it; and the appellation of rake is as genteel in a woman as a man of quality: It is no scandal to say Miss ——, the maid of honour, looks very well now she is out again; and poor Biddy Noel has never been quite well since her last confinement. You may imagine we married women look very silly: We have nothing to excuse ourselves, but that it was done a great while ago, and we were very young when we did it."—Vol. iii. pp. 142—145.

"Sixpenny worth of common sense, divided among a whole nation, would make our lives roll away glibly enough: But then we make laws, and we follow customs. By the first we cut off our own pleasures, and by the second we are answerable for the faults and extravagances of others. All these things, and five hundred more, convince me that I have been one of *the condemned* ever since I was born; and in submission to the Divine Justice, I have no doubt but I deserved it, in some pre-existent state. I will still hope, however, that I am only in purgatory; and that after whining and pining a certain number of years, I shall be translated to some more happy sphere, where virtue will be natural, and custom reasonable; that is, in short, where common sense will reign. I grow very devout, as you see, and place all my hopes in the next life—being totally persuaded of the nothingness of this. Don't you remember how miserable we were in the little parlour, at Thoresby? we then thought marrying would put us at once into possession of all we wanted. Then came —— though, after all, I am still of opinion, that it is extremely silly to submit to ill-fortune. One should pluck up a spirit, and live upon cordials; when one can have no other nourishment. These are my present endeavours; and I run about, though I have five thousand pins and needles in my heart. I try to console myself with a small damsel, who is at present every thing I like—but, alas! she is yet in a white frock. At fourteen she may run away with the butler."—Vol. iii. pp. 178—180.

"I cannot deny but that I was very well diverted on the coronation-day. I saw the procession much at my ease, in a house which I filled with my own company; and then got into Westminster-hall without trouble, where it was very entertaining to observe the variety of airs that all meant the same thing. The business of every walker there was to conceal vanity and gain admiration. For these purposes some languished and others strutted; but a visible satisfaction was diffused over every countenance, as soon as the coronet was clapped on the head. But she that drew the greatest number of eyes was indisputably Lady Orkney. She exposed behind, a mixture of fat and wrinkles; and before, a considerable protuberance, which preceded her. Add to this, the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her grey hairs, which by good fortune stood directly upright, and 'tis impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual; and I should have thought her one of the largest things of God's making, if my Lady St. J***n had not displayed all her charms in honour of the day. The poor Duchess of M***se crept along with a dozen of black snakes playing round her face; and my Lady P**nd (who has fallen away since her dismission from Court) represented very finely an Egyptian mummy embroidered over with hieroglyphics. In general, I could not perceive but that the old were as well pleased as the young: and I who dread growing wise more than any thing in the world, was overjoyed to find that one can never outlive one's vanity. I have never received the long letter you talk of, and am afraid that you have only fancied that you wrote it."
Vol. iii. pp. 181—183.

In spite of all this gaiety, Lady Mary does not appear to have been happy. Her discreet biographer is silent upon the subject of her connubial felicity; and we have no desire to revive forgotten scandals; but it is a fact, which cannot be omitted, that her Ladyship went abroad, without her husband, on account of bad health, in 1739, and did not return to England till she heard of his death in 1761. Whatever was the cause of their separation, however, there was no open rupture; and she seems to have corresponded with him very regularly for the first ten years of her absence. These letters, which occupy the latter part of the third volume, and the beginning of the fourth, are by no means so captivating as most of the preceding. They contain but little wit, and no confidential or striking reflections.—They are filled up with accounts of her health and her journeys; with short and general notices of any extraordinary customs she meets with, and little scraps of stale politics, picked up in the petty courts of Italy. They are cold, in short, without being formal; and are gloomy and constrained, when compared with those which were spontaneously written to show her wit, or her affection to her correspondents. She seems extremely anxious to impress her husband with an exalted idea of the honours and distinction with which she was everywhere received; and really seems more elated and surprised than we should have expected the daughter of an English Duke to be, with the attentions that were shown her by the noblesse of Venice, in particular. From this correspondence we are not tempted to make any extract.

The last series of letters, which extends to the middle of the fifth volume, and comes down to the year 1761, consists of those that were addressed by Lady Mary, during her residence abroad, to her daughter the Countess of Bute. These letters, though somewhat less brilliant than those to the Countess of Mar, have more heart and affection in them than any other of her Ladyship's productions; and abound in lively and judicious reflections. They indicate, at the same time, a very great share of vanity; and that kind of contempt and indifference for the world, into which the veterans of fashion are most apt to sink.—With the exception of her daughter and her children, Lady Mary seems by this time to have, indeed, attained to the happy state of really caring nothing for any human being; and rather to have beguiled the days of her declining life with every sort of amusement, than to have soothed them with affection or friendship. After boasting of the intimacy in which she lived with all the considerable people in her neighbourhood, she adds, in one of her letters, "The people I see here make no more impression on my mind than the figures on the tapestry, while they are before my eyes. I know one is clothed in blue, and another in red: but out of sight they are so entirely out of memory, that I hardly remember whether they are tall or short."

The following reflections upon an Italian story, exactly like that of Pamela, are very much in character.

"In my opinion, all these adventures proceed from artifice on one side, and weakness on the other. An honest, tender heart, is often betrayed to ruin by the charms that make the fortune of a designing head; which, when joined with a beautiful face, can never fail of advancement—except barred by a wise mother, who locks up her daughters from view till nobody cares to look on them. My poor friend the Duchess of Bolton was educated in solitude, with some choice of books, by a saint-like governess: Crammed with virtue and good qualities, she thought it impossible not to find gratitude, though she failed to give passion: and upon this plan threw away her estate, was despised by her husband, and laughed at by the public. Polly, bred in an alehouse, and produced on the stage, has obtained wealth and title, and even found the way to be esteemed!"—Vol. iv. p. 119, 120.

There is some acrimony, and some power of reviling, in the following extract:

"I have only had time to read Lord Orrery's work, which has extremely entertained, and not at all surprised me, having the honour of being acquainted with him, and knowing him for one of those danglers after wit, who, like those after beauty, spend their whole time in humbly admiring. Dean Swift, by his Lordship's own account, was so intoxicated with the love of flattery, that he sought it amongst the lowest of people, and the silliest of women; and was never so well pleased with any companions as those that worshipped him, while he insulted them. His character seems to me a parallel with that of Caligula; and had he had the same power, he would have made the same use of it. That Emperor erected a temple to himself, where he was his own high-priest, preferred *his horse* to the highest honours in the state, professed enmity to the human race, and at last lost his life by a nasty jest on one of his inferiors, which I dare swear Swift would have made in his

place. There can be no worse picture made of the Doctor's morals than he has given us himself in the letters printed by Pope. We see him vain, trifling, ungrateful to the memory of his patron, making a servile court where he had any interested views, and meanly abusive when they were disappointed; and, as he says (in his own phrase), flying in the face of mankind, in company with his adorer Pope. It is pleasant to consider, that had it not been for the good nature of these very mortals they contemn, these two superior beings were entitled, by their birth and hereditary fortune, to be only a couple of link-boys. I am of opinion, however, that their friendship would have continued, though they had remained in the same kingdom. It had a very strong foundation—the love of flattery on one side, and the love of money on the other. Pope courted with the utmost assiduity all the old men from whom he could hope a legacy, the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Peterborough, Sir G. Kneller, Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Wycherly, Mr. Congreve, Lord Harcourt, &c., and I do not doubt projected to sweep the Dean's whole inheritance, if he could have persuaded him to throw up his deanery, and come to die in his house; and his general preaching against money was meant to induce people to throw it away, that he might pick it up."

Vol. iv. pp. 142—147.

Some of the following reflections will appear prophetic to some people; and we really did not expect to find them under the date of 1753.

"The confounding of all ranks, and making a jest of order, has long been growing in England; and I perceive, by the books you sent me, has made a very considerable progress. The heroes and heroines of the age, are cobblers and kitchen-wenches. Perhaps you will say I should not take my ideas of the manners of the times from such trifling authors; but it is more truly to be found among them, than from any historian: as they write merely to get money, they always fall into the notions that are most acceptable to the present taste. It has long been the endeavour of our English writers, to represent people of quality as the vilest and silliest part of the nation, being (generally) very low-born themselves. I am not surprised at their propagating this doctrine; but I am much mistaken if this levelling principle does not, one day or other, break out in fatal consequences to the public, as it has already done in many private families."

Vol. iv. pp. 223, 224.

She is not quite so fortunate in her remarks on Dr. Johnson, though the conclusion of the extract is very judicious.

"The Rambler is certainly a strong misnomer: he always plods in the beaten road of his predecessors, following the Spectator (with the same pace a pack-horse would do a hunter) in the style that is proper to lengthen a paper. These writers may, perhaps, be of service to the public, which is saying a great deal in their favour. There are numbers of both sexes who never read any thing but such productions; and cannot spare time, from doing nothing, to go through a sixpenny pamphlet. Such gentle readers may be improved by a moral hint, which, though repeated over and over, from generation to generation, they never heard in their lives. I should be glad to know the name of this laborious author. H. Fielding has given a true picture of himself and his first wife, in the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Booth, some compliments to his own figure excepted; and I am persuaded, several of the incidents he mentions are real matters of fact. I wonder, however, that he does not perceive Tom Jones and Mr. Booth to be both sorry scoundrels. All this sort of books have the same fault, which I cannot easily pardon, being very mischievous. They place a merit in extravagant passions; and encourage young people to hope for impossible events, to draw them out of the misery they choose to plunge themselves into; expecting legacies from unknown relations, and generous benefactors to distressed virtue,—as much out of nature as fairy treasures."—Vol. iv. pp. 259, 260.

The idea of the following image, we believe, is not quite new; but it is expressed in a very lively and striking manner.

"The world is past its infancy, and will no longer be contented with spoon-meat. A collective body of men make a gradual progress in understanding, like a single individual. When I reflect on the vast increase of useful as well as speculative knowledge, the last three hundred years has produced, and that the peasants of this age have more conveniences than the first emperors of Rome had any notion of, I imagine we may now be arrived at that period which answers to fifteen. I cannot think we are older; when I recollect the many palpable follies which are still (almost) universally persisted in. Among these I place that of War—as senseless as the boxing of school-boys; and whenever we come to man's estate (perhaps a thousand years hence), I do not doubt it will appear as ridiculous as the pranks of unlucky lads. Several discoveries will then be made, and several truths made clear, of which we have now no more idea than the ancients had of the circulation of the blood, or the optics of Sir Isaac Newton."—Vol. v. pp. 15, 16.

After observing, that in a preceding letter, her Ladyship declares, that "it is eleven years since she saw herself in a glass, being so little pleased with the figure she was then beginning to make in it," we shall close these extracts with the following more favourable account of her philosophy.

"I no more expect to arrive at the age of the Duchess of Marlborough, than to that of Methusalem; neither do I desire it. I have long thought myself useless to the world. I have seen one generation pass away, and it is gone; for I think there are very few of those left that flourished in my youth. You will perhaps call these melancholy reflections; but they are not so. There is a quiet after the abandoning of pursuits, something like the rest that follows a laborious day. I tell you this for your comfort. It was formerly a terrifying view to me, that I should one day be an old woman. I now find that nature has provided pleasures for every state. Those only are unhappy who will not be contented with what she gives, but strive to break through her laws, by affecting a perpetuity of youth,—which appears to me as little desirable at present as the babies do to you, that were the delight of your infancy. I am at the end of my paper, which shortens the sermon."

Vol. iv. pp. 314, 315.

Upon the death of Mr. Wortley in 1761, Lady Mary returned to England, and died there in October 1762, in the 73d year of her age. From the large extracts which we have been tempted to make from her correspondence, our readers will easily be enabled to judge of the character and genius of this extraordinary woman. A little spoiled by flattery, and not altogether "undebauched by the world," she seems to have possessed a masculine solidity of understanding, great liveliness of fancy, and such powers of observation and discrimination of character, as to give her opinions great authority on all the ordinary subjects of practical manners and conduct. After her marriage, she seems to have abandoned all idea of laborious or regular study, and to have been raised to the station of a literary character merely by her vivacity and her love of amusement and anecdote. The great charm of her letters is certainly the extreme ease and facility with which every thing is expressed, the brevity and rapidity of her representations, and the elegant simplicity of her diction. While they unite almost all the qualities of a good style, there is nothing of the professed author in them: nothing that seems to have been composed, or to have engaged the admiration of the writer. She appears to be quite unconscious either of merit or of exertion in what she is doing; and never stops to bring out a thought, or to turn an expression, with the cunning of a practised rhetorician. The letters from Turkey will probably continue to be more universally read than any of those that are now given for the first time to the public; because the subject commands a wider and more permanent interest, than the personalities and unconnected remarks with which the rest of the correspondence is filled. At the same time, the love of scandal and of private history is so great, that these letters will be highly relished, as long as the names they contain are remembered;—and then they will become curious and interesting, as exhibiting a truer picture of the manners and fashions of the time, than is to be found in most other publications.

The Fifth Volume contains also her Ladyship's poems, and two or three trifling papers that are entitled her Essays. Poetry, at least the polite and witty sort of poetry which Lady Mary has attempted, is much more of an art than prose-writing. We are trained to the latter, by the conversation of good society; but the former seems always to require a good deal of patient labour and application. This her Ladyship appears to have disdained; and accordingly, her poetry, though abounding in lively conceptions, is already consigned to that oblivion in which mediocrity is destined, by an irrevocable sentence, to slumber till the end of the world. The Essays are extremely insignificant, and have no other merit, that we can discover, but that they are very few and very short.

Of Lady Mary's friendship and subsequent rupture with Pope, we have not thought it necessary to say any thing; both because we are of opinion that no new lights are thrown upon it by this publication, and because we have no desire to awaken forgotten scandals by so idle a controversy. Pope was undoubtedly a flatterer, and was undoubtedly sufficiently irritable and vindictive; but whether his rancour was stimulated, upon this occasion, by any thing but caprice or jealousy, and whether he was the inventor or the echo of the imputations to which he has given notoriety, we do not pretend to determine. Lady Mary's character was certainly deficient in that cautious delicacy which is the best guardian of female reputation; and there seems to have been in her conduct something of that intrepidity which naturally gives rise to misconstruction, by setting at defiance the maxims of ordinary discretion.

(May, 1820.)

The Life of the Right Honourable John Philpot Curran, late Master of the Rolls in Ireland. By his Son, William Henry Curran, Barrister-at-law. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 970. London: 1819.

This is really a very good book; and not less instructive in its moral, and general scope, than curious and interesting in its details. It is a mixture of Biography and History—and avoids the besetting sins of both species of composition—neither exalting the hero of the biography into an idol, nor deforming the history of a most agitated period with any spirit of violence or exaggeration. It is written, on the contrary, as it appears to us, with singular impartiality and temper—and the style is not less remarkable than the sentiments: For though it is generally elegant and spirited, it is without any of those peculiarities which the age, the parentage, and the country of the author, would lead us to expect:—And we may say, indeed, of the whole work, looking both to the matter and the manner, that it has no defects from which it could be gathered that it was written either by a Young man—or an Irishman—or by the Son of the person whose history it professes to record—though it has attractions which probably could not have existed under any other conditions. The distracting periods of Irish story are still almost too recent to be fairly delineated—and no Irishman, old enough to have taken a part in the transactions of 1780 or 1798, could well be trusted as their historian—while no one but a native, and of the blood of some of the chief actors, could be sufficiently acquainted with their motives and characters, to communicate that life and interest to the details which shine out in so many passages of the volumes before us. The incidental light which they throw upon the national character and state of society in Ireland, and the continual illustrations they afford of their diversity from our own, is perhaps of more value than the particular facts from which it results; and stamp upon the work the same peculiar attraction which we formerly ascribed to Mr. Hardy's life of Lord Charlemont.

To qualify this extraordinary praise, we must add, that the limits of the private and the public story are not very well observed,

nor the scale of the work very correctly regulated as to either; so that we have alternately too much and too little of both:—that the style is rather wordy and diffuse, and the extracts and citations too copious; so that, on the whole, the book, like some others, would be improved by being reduced to little more than half its present size—a circumstance which makes it only the more necessary that we should endeavour to make a manageable abstract of it, for the use of less patient readers.

Mr. Curran's parentage and early life are now of no great consequence. He was born, however, of respectable parents, and received a careful and regular education. He was a little wild at college; but left it with the character of an excellent scholar, and was universally popular among his associates, not less for his amiable temper than his inexhaustible vivacity. He wrote baddish verses at this time, and exercised himself in theological discourses: for his first destination was for the Church; and he afterwards took to the Law, very much to his mother's disappointment and mortification—who was never reconciled to the change—and used, even in the meridian of his fame, to lament what a mighty preacher had been lost to the world,—and to exclaim, that, but for his versatility, she might have died the mother of a Bishop! It was better as it was. Unquestionably he might have been a very great preacher; but we doubt whether he would have been a good parish priest, or even an exemplary bishop.

Irish lawyers are obliged to keep their terms in London; and, for the poorer part of them, it seems to be but a dull and melancholy noviciate. Some of his early letters, with which we are here presented, give rather an amiable and interesting picture of young Curran's feelings in this situation—separated at once from all his youthful friends and admirers, and left without money or recommendation in the busy crowds of a colder and more venal people. During the three years he passed in the metropolis, he seems to have entered into no society, and never to have come in contact with a single distinguished individual. He saw Garrick on the stage, and Lord Mansfield on the bench; and this exhausts his list of illustrious men in London. His only associates seem to have been a few of his countrymen, as poor and forlorn as himself. Yet the life they lived seems to have been virtuous and honourable. They contracted no debts, and committed no excesses.

Curran himself rose early, and read diligently till dinner; and, in the evening, he usually went, as much for improvement as relaxation, to a sixpenny debating club. For a long time, however, he was too nervous and timid to act any other part than that of an auditor, and did not find even the germ of that singular talent which was afterwards improved to such a height, till it was struck out as it were by an accidental collision in this obscure arena. There is a long account of this in the book before us, as it is said to have been repeatedly given by Mr. C. himself—but in a style which we cannot conscientiously applaud. We suspect, indeed, from various passages in these volumes, that the Irish standard of good conversation is radically different from the English; and that a tone of exhibition and effect is still tolerated in that country, which could not be long endured in good society in this. A great proportion of the colloquial anecdotes in this work, confirm us in this belief—and nothing more than the encomium bestowed on Mr. Curran's own conversation, as abounding in "those magical transitions from the most comic turns of thought to the deepest pathos, and for ever bringing a tear into the eye before the smile was off the lip." In this more frigid and fastidious country, we really have no idea of a man talking pathetically in good company,—and still less of good company sitting and crying to him. Nay, it is not even very consonant with our notions, that a gentleman should be "most comical."

As to the taste and character of Mr. Curran's oratory, we may have occasion to say a word or two hereafter.—At present, it is only necessary to remark, that besides the public exercitations now alluded to, he appears to have gone through the most persevering and laborious processes of private study, with a view to its improvement—not only accustoming himself to debate imaginary cases alone, with the most anxious attention, but "reciting perpetually before a mirror," to acquire a graceful gesticulation! and studiously imitating the tone and manner of the most celebrated speakers. The authors from whom he chiefly borrowed the matter of these solitary declamations were Junius and Lord Bolingbroke—and the poet he most passionately admired was Thomson. He also used to declaim occasionally from Milton—but, in his maturer age, came to think less highly of that great poet. One of his favourite exercises was the funeral oration of Antony over the body of Cæsar, as it is given by Shakespeare; the frequent recitation of which he used to recommend to his young friends at the Bar, to the latest period of his life.

He was called to the Bar in 1775, in his twenty-fifth year—having rather imprudently married two years before—and very soon attained to independence and distinction. There is a very clever little disquisition introduced here by the author, on the very different, and almost opposite taste in eloquence which has prevailed at the Bar of England and Ireland respectively;—the one being in general cold and correct, unimpassioned and technical; the other discursive, rhetorical, and embellished or encumbered, with flights of fancy and appeals to the passions. These peculiarities the author imputes chiefly to the difference in the national character and general temperament of the two races, and to the unsubdued and unrectified prevalence of all that is characteristic of their country in those classes out of which the Juries of Ireland are usually selected. He ascribes them also, in part, to the circumstance of almost all the barristers of distinction having been introduced, very early in life, to the fierce and tumultuary arena of

the Irish House of Commons—the Government being naturally desirous of recruiting their ranks with as many efficient combatants as possible from persons residing in the metropolis—and Opposition looking, of course, to the same great seminary for the antagonists with whom these were to be confronted.

We cannot say that either of these solutions is to us very satisfactory. There was heat enough certainly, and to spare, in the Irish Parliament; but the barristers who came there had generally kindled with their own fire, before repairing to that fountain. They had formed their manner, in short, and distinguished themselves by their ardour, before they were invited to display it in that assembly;—and it would be quite as plausible to refer the intemperate warmth of the Parliamentary debates to the infusion of hot-headed gladiators from the Bar, as to ascribe the general over-zeal of the profession to the fever some of them might have caught in the Senate. In England, we believe, this effect has never been observed—and in Ireland it has outlived its supposed causes—the Bar of that country being still (we understand) as rhetorical and impassioned as ever, though its legislature has long ceased to have an existence.

As to the effects of temperament and national character, we confess we are still more sceptical—at least when considered as the *main* causes of the phenomenon in question. Professional peculiarities, in short, we are persuaded, are to be referred much more to the circumstances of the profession, than to the national character of those who exercise it; and the more redundant eloquence of the Irish bar, is better explained, probably, by the smaller quantity of business in their courts, than by the greater vivacity of their fancy, or the warmth of their hearts. We in Scotland have also a forensic eloquence of our own—more speculative, discursive, and ambitious than that of England—but less poetical and passionate than that of Ireland; and the peculiarity might be plausibly ascribed, here also, to the imputed character of the nation, as distinguished for logical acuteness and intrepid questioning of authority, rather than for richness of imagination, or promptitude of feeling.

We do not mean, however, altogether to deny the existence or the operation of these causes—but we think the effect is produced *chiefly* by others of a more vulgar description. The small number of Courts and Judges in England—compared to its great wealth, population, and business—has made brevity and despatch not only important but indispensable qualifications in an advocate in great practice,—since it would be physically impossible either for him or for the Courts to get through their business without them. All mere ornamental speaking, therefore, is not only severely discountenanced, but absolutely debarred; and the most technical, direct, and authoritative views of the case alone can be listened to. But judicial time, to use the language of Bentham is not of the same high value, either in Ireland or in Scotland; and the pleaders of those countries have consequently given way to that universal love of long-speaking, which, we verily believe, never can be repressed by any thing but the absolute impossibility of indulging it:—while their prolixity has taken a different character, not so much from the temperament of *the speakers*, as from the difference of *the audiences* they have generally had to address. In Ireland, the greater part of their tediousness is bestowed on Juries—and their vein consequently has been more popular. With us in Scotland the advocate has to speak chiefly to the Judges—and naturally endeavours, therefore, to make that impression by subtlety, or compass of reasoning, which he would in vain attempt, either by pathos, poetry, or jocularity.—Professional speakers, in short, we are persuaded, will always speak as long as they can be listened to.—The quantity of their eloquence, therefore, will depend on the time that can be afforded for its display—and its quality, on the nature of the audience to which it is addressed.

But though we cannot admit that the causes assigned by this author are the main or fundamental causes of the peculiarity of Irish oratory, we are far from denying that there is much in it of a national character, and indicating something extraordinary either in the temper of the people, or in the state of society among them. There is, in particular, a much greater Irascibility; with its usual concomitants of coarseness and personality,—and a much more Theatrical tone, or a taste for forced and exaggerated sentiments, than would be tolerated on this side of the Channel. Of the former attribute, the continual, and, we must say, most indecent altercations that are recorded in these volumes between the Bench and the Bar, are certainly the most flagrant and offensive examples. In some cases the Judges were perhaps the aggressors—but the violence and indecorum is almost wholly on the side of the Counsel; and the excess and intemperance of their replies generally goes far beyond any thing for which an apology can be found in the provocation that had been given. A very striking instance occurs in an early part of Mr. Curran's history, where he is said to have observed, upon an opinion delivered by Judge Robinson, "that he had never met with the law as laid down by his Lordship in any book in his library;" and, upon his Lordship rejoining, somewhat scornfully, "that he suspected his library was very small," the offended barrister, in allusion to the known fact of the Judge having recently published some anonymous pamphlets, thought fit to reply, that "his library might be small, but he thanked Heaven that, among his books, there were none of the wretched productions of the frantic pamphleteers of the day. I find it more instructive, my lord, to study good works than to compose bad ones! My books may be few, but the title-pages give me the writers' names—my shelf is not disgraced by any of such rank absurdity that their very authors are ashamed to own them." (p. 122.) On another occasion, when he was proceeding in an argument with his charac-

teristic impetuosity, the presiding Judge having called to the Sheriff to be ready to take into custody any one who should disturb the decorum of the Court, the sensitive counsellor at once applying the notice to himself, is reported to have broken out into the following incredible apostrophe—"Do, Mr. Sheriff," replied Mr. Curran, "go and get ready my dungeon! Prepare a bed of straw for me; and upon that bed I shall to-night repose with more tranquillity than I should enjoy were I sitting upon that bench, with a consciousness that I disgraced it!"—Even his reply to Lord Clare, when interrupted by him in an argument before the Privy Council, seems to us much more petulant than severe. His Lordship, it seems, had admonished him that he was wandering from the question; and Mr. C. after some general observations, replied, "I am aware, my lords, that truth is to be sought only by slow and painful progress: I know also that error is in its nature flippant and compendious; it hops with airy and fastidious levity over proofs and arguments, and perches upon assertion, which it calls conclusion."—To Lord Clare, however, Mr. C. had every possible temptation to be intractable and impertinent. But even to his best friends, when placed on the seat of judgment, he could not always forbear a similar petulance. Lord Avonmore was always most kind and indulgent to him—but he too was sometimes in the habit, it seems, of checking his wanderings, and sometimes of too impatiently anticipating his conclusions. Upon one of these occasions, and in the middle of a solemn argument, we are called on to admire the following piece of vulgar and farcical stupidity, as a specimen of Mr. C's most judicious pleasantry:—

"'Perhaps, my lord, I am straying; but you must impute it to the extreme agitation of my mind. I have just witnessed so dreadful a circumstance, that my imagination has not yet recovered from the shock.'—His lordship was now all attention.—'On my way to court, my lord, as I passed by one of the markets, I observed a butcher proceeding to slaughter a calf. Just as his hand was raised, a lovely little child approached him unperceived, and, terrible to relate—I still see the life-blood gushing out—the poor child's bosom was under his hand, when he plunged his knife into—into'——'Into the bosom of the child!' cried out the judge, with much emotion—'into the *neck of the calf*, my lord; but your lordship sometimes anticipates!'"

But this is not quite fair.—There is no more such nonsense in the book—nor any other Iricism so discreditable to the taste either of its hero or its author. There are plenty of traits, however, that make one blush for the degradation, and shudder at the government of that magnificent country.—One of the most striking is supplied by an event in the early part of Mr. C's professional history, and one to which he is here said to have been indebted for his first celebrity. A nobleman of great weight and influence in the country—we gladly suppress his name, though it is given in the book—had a mistress, whose brother being a Catholic, had, for some offence, been sentenced to ecclesiastical penance—and the young woman solicited her keeper to use his influence with the priest to obtain a remission. His Lordship went accordingly to the cabin of the aged pastor, who came bareheaded to the door with his missal in his hand; and after hearing the application, respectfully answered, that the sentence having been imposed by the Bishop, could only be relaxed by the same authority—and that he had no right or power to interfere with it. The noble mediator, on this *struck the old man!* and drove him with repeated blows from his presence. The priest then brought his action of damages—but for a long time could find no advocate hardy enough to undertake his cause!—and when young Curran at last made offer of his services, he was blamed and pitied by all his prudent friends for his romantic and Quixotic rashness.

These facts speak volumes as to the utter perversion of moral feeling that is produced by unjust laws, and the habits to which they give rise. No nation is so brave or so generous as the Irish,—and yet an Irish nobleman could be guilty of the brutality of striking an aged Ecclesiastic without derogating from his dignity or honour.—No body of men could be more intrepid and gallant than the leaders of the Irish bar; and yet it was thought too daring and presumptuous for any of them to assist the sufferer in obtaining redress for an outrage like this. In England, those things are inconceivable: But the readers of Irish history are aware, that where the question was between Peer and Peasant—and still more when it was between Protestant and Catholic—the barristers had cause for apprehension. It was but about forty years before, that upon a Catholic bringing an action for the recovery of his confiscated estates, the Irish House of Commons publicly voted a resolution, "that all barristers, solicitors, attorneys, and proctors who should be concerned for him, should be considered as public enemies!" This was in 1735. In 1780, however, Mr. C. found the service not quite so dangerous; and by great eloquence and exertion extorted a reluctant verdict, and thirty guineas of damages, from a Protestant Jury. The sequel of the affair was not less characteristic. In the first place, it involved the advocate in a duel with a witness whom he had rather outrageously abused—and, in the next place, it was thought sufficient to justify a public notification to him, on the part of the noble defendant, that his audacity should be punished by excluding him from all professional employment wherever his influence could extend. The insolence of such a communication might well have warranted a warlike reply: But Mr. C. expressed his contempt in a gayer, and not less effectual manner. Pretending to misunderstand the tenor of the message, he answered aloud, in the hearing of his friends, "My good sir, you may tell his lordship, that it is in vain for him to be proposing terms of accommodation; for after what has happened, I protest I think, while I live, I never can hold a brief for him or one of his family." The threat, indeed, proved as impotent as it was pitiful; for the spirit and talent which the young

counsellor had displayed through the whole scene, not only brought him into unbounded popularity with the lower orders, but instantly raised him to a distinguished place in the ranks of his profession.*

We turn gladly, and at once, from this dreadful catastrophe.† Never certainly was short-lived tranquillity—or rather permanent danger so dearly bought. The vengeance of the law followed the havoc of the sword—and here again we meet Mr. C. in his strength and his glory. But we pass gladly over these melancholy trials; in which we are far from insinuating, that there was any reprehensible severity on the part of the Government. When matters had come that length, they had but one duty before them—and they seem to have discharged it (if we except one or two posthumous attainders) with mercy as well as fairness: for after a certain number of victims had been selected, an arrangement was made with the rest of the state prisoners, under which they were allowed to expatriate themselves for life. It would be improper, however, to leave the subject, without offering our tribute of respect and admiration to the singular courage, fidelity, and humanity, with which Mr. C. persisted, throughout these agonising scenes, in doing his duty to the unfortunate prisoners, and watching over the administration of that law, from the spectacle of whose vengeance there was so many temptations to withdraw. This painful and heroic task he undertook—and never blenched from its fulfilment, in spite of the toil and disgust, and the obloquy and personal hazard, to which it continually exposed him. In that inflamed state of the public mind, it is easy to understand that the advocate was frequently confounded with the client; and that, besides the murderous vengeance of the profligate informers he had so often to denounce, he had to encounter the passions and prejudices of all those who chose to look on the defender of traitors as their associate. Instead of being cheered, therefore, as formerly, by the applauses of his auditors, he was often obliged to submit to their angry interruptions; and was actually menanced more than once, in the open court, by the clashing arms and indignant menaces of the military spectators. He had excessive numbers of soldiers, too, billetted on him, and was in many other ways exposed to loss and vexation: But he bore it all, with the courage of his country, and the dignity due to his profession—and consoled himself for the vulgar calumnies of an infuriated faction, in the friendship and society of such men as Lords Moira, Charlemont, and Kilwarden—Grattan, Ponsonby, and Flood.

The incorporating union of 1800 is said to have filled Mr. C. with incurable despondency as to the fate of his country. We have great indulgence for this feeling—but we cannot sympathise with it. The Irish parliament was a nuisance that deserved to be abated—and the British legislature, with all its partialities, and its still more blamable neglects, may be presumed, we think, to be more accessible to reason, to justice, and to shame, than the body which it superseded. Mr. C. was not in Parliament when that great measure was adopted. But, in the course of that year, he delivered a very able argument in the case of Napper Tandy, of which the only published report is to be found in the volumes before us. In 1802, he made his famous speech in Hevey's case, against Mr. Sirr, the town-major of Dublin; which affords a strong picture of the revolting and atrocious barbarities which are necessarily perpetrated, when the solemn tribunals are silenced, and inferior agents intrusted with arbitrary power. The speech, in this view of it, is one of the most striking and instructive in the published volume, which we noticed in our thirteenth volume. During the peace of Amiens, Mr. C. made a short excursion to France, and was by no means delighted with what he saw there. In a letter to his son from Paris, in October 1802, he says,—

"I am glad I have come here. I entertained many ideas of it, which I have entirely given up, or very much indeed altered. Never was there a scene that could furnish more to the weeping or the grinning philosopher; they well might agree that human affairs were *a sad joke*. I see it every where, and in every thing. The wheel has run a complete round; only changed some spokes and a few 'fellows,' very little for the better, but the axle certainly has not rusted; nor do I see any likelihood of its rusting. At present all is quiet, except the tongue,—thanks to those invaluable protectors of peace, the army!!"—Vol. ii. pp. 206, 207.

The public life of Mr. C. was now drawing to a close. He distinguished himself in 1804 in the Marquis of Headfort's case, and in that of Judge Johnson in 1805: But, on the accession of the Whigs to office in 1806, he was appointed to the situation of Master of the Rolls, and never afterwards made any public appearance. He was not satisfied with this appointment; and took no pains to conceal his dissatisfaction. His temper, perhaps, was by this time somewhat soured by ill health; and his notion of his own importance exaggerated by the flattery of which he had long been the daily object. Perhaps, too, the sudden withdrawing of those tasks and excitements, to which he had been so long accustomed, co-operating with the languor of declining age, may have affected his views of his own situation: But it certainly appears that he was never very gay or good-humoured after his promotion—and passed but a dull and peevish time of it during the remainder of his life. In 1810, he went, for the first time, to Scotland;

* The greater part of what follows in the original paper is now omitted; as touching on points in the modern history of Ireland which has been sufficiently discussed under preceding titles. I retain only what relates to Mr. Curran personally; or to those peculiarities in his eloquence which refer rather to his country than to the individual: though, for the sake chiefly of connection, I have made one allusion to the sad and most touching Judicial Tragedy which followed up the deplorable Field scenes of the rebellion of 1798.

† The extinction of the rebellion—by the slaughter of fifty thousand of the insurgents, and upwards of twenty thousand of the soldiery and their adherents!

and we cannot deny our nationality the pleasure of his honest testimony. He writes thus to a friend soon after his arrival on our shore:—

"I am greatly delighted with this country. You see no trace here of the devil working against the wisdom and beneficence of God, and torturing and degrading his creatures. It may seem the romancing of travelling; but I am satisfied of the fact, that the poorest man here has his children taught to read and write, and that in every house is found a Bible, and in almost every house a clock: And the fruits of this are manifest in the intelligence and manners of all ranks. In Scotland, what a work have the four-and-twenty letters to show for themselves!—the natural enemies of vice, and folly, and slavery; the great sowers, but the still greater weeders, of the human soil. Nowhere can you see here the cringing hypocrisy of dissembled detestation, so inseparable from oppression: and as little do you meet the hard, and dull, and right-lined angles of the southern visage; you find the notion exact and the phrase direct, with the natural tone of the Scottish muse.

"The first night, at Ballintray, the landlord attended us at supper; he would do so, though we begged him not. We talked to him of the cultivation of potatoes. I said, I wondered at his taking them in place of his native food, oatmeal, so much more substantial. His answer struck me as very characteristic of the genius of Scotland—frugal, tender, and picturesque. 'Sir,' said he, 'we are not so much i' the wrong as you think; the tilth is easy, they are swift i' the cooking, they take little fuel; and then it is pleasant to see the gude wife wi' a' her bairns aboot the pot, and each wi' a potatoe in its hand.'"—Vol. ii. pp. 254—256.

There are various other interesting letters in these volumes, and in particular a long one to the Duke of Sussex, in favour of Catholic Emancipation; but we can no longer afford room for extracts, and must indeed hurry through our abstract of what remains to be noticed of his life. He canvassed the burgh of Newry unsuccessfully in 1812. His health failed very much in 1813; and the year after, he resigned his situation, and came over to London in his way to France. He seems at no time to have had much relish for English society. In one of his early letters, he complains of "the proud awkward sulk" of London company, and now he characterises it with still greater severity:—

"I question if it is much better in Paris. Here the parade is gross, and cold, and vulgar; there it is, no doubt, more flippant, and the attitude more graceful; but in either place is not Society equally a tyrant and a slave? The judgment despises it, and the heart renounces it. We seek it because we are idle; we are idle because we are silly; and the natural remedy is some social intercourse, of which a few drops would restore; but we swallow the whole vial, and are sicker of the remedy than we were of the disease."—Vol. ii. pp. 337, 338.

And again, a little after,—

"England is not a place for society. It is too cold, too vain,—without pride enough to be humble, drowned in dull fantastical formality, vulgarized by rank without talent, and talent foolishly recommending itself by weight rather than by fashion—a perpetual war between the disappointed pretension of talent and the stupid overweening of affected patronage; means without enjoyment, pursuits without an object, and society without conversation or intercourse: Perhaps they manage this better in France—a few days, I think, will enable me to decide."—Vol. ii. pp. 345, 346.

In France, nowever, he was not much better off—and returned, complaining of a constitutional dejection, "for which he could find no remedy in water or in wine." He rejoices in the downfall of Bonaparte; and is of opinion that the Revolution had thrown that country a century back. In spring 1817, he began to sink rapidly; and had a slight paralytic attack in one of his hands. He proposed to try another visit to France; and still complained of the depression of his spirits:—"he had a mountain of lead (he said) on his heart." Early in October, he had a very severe shock of apoplexy, and lingered till the 14th, when he expired in his 68th year.

There is a very able and eloquent chapter on the character of Mr. Curran's eloquence—encomiastic of course, but written with great temper, talent, and discrimination. Its charm and its defects, the learned author refers to the state of genuine passion and vehement emotion in which all his best performances were delivered; and speaks of its effects on his auditors of all descriptions, in terms which can leave no doubt of its substantial excellence. We cannot now enter into these rhetorical disquisitions—though they are full of interest and instruction to the lovers of oratory. It is more within our province to notice, that he is here said to have spoken extempore at his first coming to the Bar; but when his rising reputation made him more chary of his fame, he tried for some time to write down, and commit to memory, the more important parts of his pleadings. The result, however, was not at all encouraging: and he soon laid aside his pen so entirely, as scarcely even to make any notes in preparation. He meditated his subjects, however, when strolling in his garden, or more frequently while idling over his violin; and often prepared, in this way, those splendid passages and groups of images with which he was afterwards to dazzle and enchant his admirers. The only notes he made were often of the metaphors he proposed to employ—and these of the utmost brevity. For the grand peroration, for example, in H. Rowan's case, his notes were as follows:—"Character of Mr. R.—*Furnace*—*Rebellion*—*smothered*—*Stalks*—*Redeeming Spirit.*" From such slight hints he spoke fearlessly—and without cause for fear. With the help of such a scanty chart, he plunged boldly into the unbuoyed channel of his cause; and trusted himself to the torrent of his own eloquence, with no better guidance than such landmarks as these. It almost invariably happened, however, that the experiment succeeded; "that his own expectations were far exceeded; and that, when his mind came to be more intensely heated by his subject, and by that inspiring confidence which a public audience seldom fails to infuse into all who are sufficiently gifted to receive it, a multitude of new ideas adding vigour or ornament, were given off, and it also happened, that, in the same prolific moments, and as their almost inevitable consequence, some crude and fantastic notions escaped; which, if they impeach their author's taste, at least leave him the merit of a

splendid fault, which none but men of genius can commit." (pp. 403, 404.) The best explanation of his success, and the best apology for his defects as a speaker, is to be found, we believe, in the following candid passage:—

"The Juries among whom he was thrown, and for whom he originally formed his style, were not fastidious critics; they were more usually men abounding in rude unpolished sympathies, and who were ready to surrender the treasure, of which they scarcely knew the value, to him that offered them the most alluring toys. Whatever might have been his own better taste, as an advocate he soon discovered, that the surest way to persuade was to conciliate by amusing them. With them he found that his imagination might revel unrestrained; that, when once the work of intoxication was begun, every wayward fancy and wild expression was as acceptable and effectual as the most refined wit; and that the favour which they would have refused to the unattractive reasoner, or to the too distant and formal orator, they had not the firmness to withhold, when solicited with the gay persuasive familiarity of a companion. These careless or licentious habits, encouraged by early applause and victory, were never thrown aside; and we can observe, in almost all his productions, no matter how august the audience, or how solemn the occasion, that his mind is perpetually relapsing into its primitive indulgences."—pp. 412, 413.

The learned author closes this very able and eloquent dissertation with some remarks upon what he says is now denominated the Irish school of eloquence; and seems inclined to deny that its profusion of imagery implies any deficiency, or even neglect of argument. As we had some share, we believe, in imposing this denomination, we may be pardoned for feeling some little anxiety that it should be rightly understood; and beg leave therefore to say, that we are as far as possible from holding, that the greatest richness of imagery necessarily excludes close or accurate reasoning; holding, on the contrary, that it is frequently its most appropriate vehicle and natural exponent—as in Lord Bacon, Lord Chatham, and Jeremy Taylor. But the eloquence we wished to characterise, is that where the figures and ornaments of speech *do* interfere with its substantial object—where fancy is not ministrant but predominant—where the imagination is not merely awakened, but intoxicated—and either overlays and obscures the sense, or frolics and gambols around it, to the disturbance of its march, and the weakening of its array for the contest:—And of this kind, we still humbly think, was the eloquence of Mr. Curran.

His biographer says, indeed, that it is a mistake to call it Irish, because Swift and Goldsmith had none of it—and Milton and Bacon and Chatham had much; and moreover, that Burke and Grattan and Curran had each a distinctive style of eloquence, and ought not to be classed together. How old the style may be in Ireland, we cannot undertake to say—though we think there are traces of it in Ossian. We would observe too, that, though born in Ireland, neither Swift nor Goldsmith were trained in the Irish school, or worked for the Irish market; and we have already said, that it is totally to mistake our conception of the style in question, to ascribe any tincture of it to such writers as Milton, Bacon, or Taylor. There is fancy and figure enough certainly in their compositions: But there is no intoxication of the fancy, and no rioting and revelling among figures—no ungoverned and ungovernable impulse—no fond dalliance with metaphors—no mad and headlong pursuit of brilliant images and passionate expressions—no lingering among tropes and melodies—no giddy bandying of antitheses and allusions—no craving, in short, for perpetual glitter, and panting after effect, till both speaker and hearer are lost in the splendid confusion, and the argument evaporates in the heat which was meant to enforce it. This is perhaps too strongly put; but there are large portions of Mr. C.'s Speeches to which we think the substance of the description will apply. Take, for instance, a passage, very much praised in the work before us, in his argument in Judge Johnson's case,—an argument, it will be remembered, on a point of law, and addressed not to a Jury, but to a Judge.

"I am not ignorant that this extraordinary construction has received the sanction of another Court, nor of the surprise and dismay with which it smote upon *the general heart* of the Bar. I am aware that I may have the mortification of being told, in another country, of that unhappy decision; and I foresee in what confusion I shall hang down my head when I am told of it. But I cherish, too, the consolatory hope, that I shall be able to tell them, that I had an old and learned friend, whom I would put above *all the sweepings of their Hall* (no great compliment, we should think), who was of a different opinion—who had derived his ideas of civil liberty from the purest fountains of Athens and of Rome—who had fed the youthful vigour of his studious mind with the theoretic knowledge of their wisest philosophers and statesmen—and who had refined that theory into the quick and exquisite sensibility of moral instinct, by contemplating the practice of their most illustrious examples—by dwelling on the *sweet-souled piety of Cimon*—on the *anticipated Christianity of Socrates*—on the *gallant and pathetic patriotism of Epaminondas*—on that pure austerity of Fabricius, whom to move from his integrity would have been more difficult than to have pushed the sun from his course! I would add, that if he had seemed to hesitate, it was but for a moment—that his *hesitation* was like the *passing cloud that floats across the morning sun*, and hides it from the view, and does so for a moment hide it, *by involving the spectator without even approaching the face of the luminary.*—And this soothing hope I draw from the dearest and *tenderest* recollections of my life—from the remembrance of those attic nights, and those refections of the gods, which we have spent with those admired, and respected, and beloved companions, who have gone before us; over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed. [Here Lord Avonmore could not refrain from bursting into tears.] Yes, my good Lord, I see you do not forget them. I see their sacred forms passing in sad review before your memory. I see your *pained and softened fancy* recalling those happy meetings, where the innocent enjoyment of social mirth became expanded into the nobler warmth of social virtue, and the *horizon of the board* became enlarged into *the horizon of man*—where the swelling heart conceived and communicated the pure and generous purpose—where *my slenderer and younger taper* imbibed its borrowed light from the more matured and *redundant fountain of yours.*"—Vol. i. pp. 139—148.

Now, we must candidly confess, that we

do not remember ever to have read any thing much more absurd than this—and that the puerility and folly of the classical intrusions is even less offensive, than the heap of incongruous metaphors by which the meaning is obscured. Does the learned author really mean to contend, that the metaphors here add either force or beauty to the sentiment? or that Bacon or Milton ever wrote any thing like this upon such a topic? In his happier moments, and more vehement adjurations, Mr. C. is often beyond all question a great and commanding orator; and we have no doubt was, to those who had the happiness of hearing him, a much greater orator than the mere readers of his speeches have any means of conceiving:—But we really cannot help repeating our protest against a style of composition which could betray its great master, and that very frequently, into such passages as those we have just extracted. The mischief is not to the master—whose genius could efface all such stains, and whose splendid successes would sink his failures in oblivion—but to the pupils, and to the public, whose taste that very genius is thus instrumental in corrupting. If young lawyers are taught to consider *this* as the style which should be aimed at and encouraged, to render Judges benevolent,—by comparing them to "the sweet-souled Cimon," and the "gallant Epaminondas;" or to talk about their own "young and slender tapers," and "the clouds and the morning sun,"—with what precious stuff will the Courts and the country be infested! It is not difficult to imitate the defects of such a style—and of all defects they are the most nauseous in imitation. Even in the hands of men of genius, the risk is, that the longer such a style is cultivated, the more extravagant it will grow,—just as those who deal in other means of intoxication, are tempted to strengthen the mixture as they proceed. The learned and candid author before us, testifies this to have been the progress of Mr. C. himself—and it is still more strikingly illustrated by the history of his models and imitators. Mr. Burke had much less of this extravagance than Mr. Grattan—Mr. Grattan much less than Mr. Curran—and Mr. Curran much less than Mr. Phillips.—It is really of some importance that the climax should be closed, somewhere.

There is a concluding chapter, in which Mr. C.'s skill in cross-examination, and his conversational brilliancy, are commemorated; as well as the general simplicity and affability of his manners, and his personal habits and peculiarities. He was not a profound lawyer, nor much of a general scholar, though reasonably well acquainted with all the branches of polite literature, and an eager reader of novels —being often caught sobbing over the pathos of Richardson, or laughing at the humour of Cervantes, with an unrestrained vehemence which reminds us of that of Voltaire. He spoke very slow, both in public and private, and was remarkably scrupulous in his choice of words: He slept very little, and, like Johnson, was always averse to retire at night—lingering long after he arose to depart—and, in his own house, often following one of his guests to his chamber, and renewing the conversation for an hour. He was habitually abstinent and temperate; and, from his youth up, in spite of all his vivacity, the victim of a constitutional melancholy. His wit is said to have been ready and brilliant, and altogether without gall. But the credit of this testimony is somewhat weakened by a little selection of his *bons mots*, with which we are furnished in a note. The greater part, we own, appear to us to be rather vulgar and ordinary; as, when a man of the name of Halfpenny was desired by the Judge to sit down, Mr. C. said, "I thank your Lordship for having at last *nailed that rap to the counter;*" or, when observing upon the singular pace of a Judge who was lame, he said, "Don't you see that one leg goes before, like a tipstaff, to make room for the other?" —or, when vindicating his countrymen from the charge of being naturally vicious, he said, "He had never yet heard of an Irishman being *born drunk.*" The following, however, is good—"I can't tell you, Curran," observed an Irish nobleman, who had voted for the Union, "how frightful our old House of Commons appears to me." "Ah! my Lord," replied the other, "it is only natural for Murderers to be afraid of Ghosts;"—and this is at least grotesque. "Being asked what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue? Answer—'I suppose he's trying to *catch the English accent.*'" In his last illness, his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "that is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."

But these things are of little consequence. Mr. Curran was something much better than a sayer of smart sayings. He was a lover of his country—and its fearless, its devoted, and indefatigable servant. To his energy and talents she was perhaps indebted for some mitigation of her sufferings in the days of her extremity—and to these, at all events, the public has been indebted, in a great degree, for the knowledge they now have of her wrongs; and for the feeling which that knowledge has excited, of the necessity of granting them redress. It is in this character that he must have most wished to be remembered, and in which he has most deserved it.

(November, 1822.)

Switzerland, or a Journal of a Tour and Residence in that Country in the Years 1817, 1818, *and* 1819. *Followed by an Historical Sketch of the Manners and Customs of Ancient and Modern Helvetia, in which the Events of our own time are fully detailed; together with the Causes to which they may be referred.* By L. Simond, Author of Journal of a Tour and Residence in Great Britain during the Years 1810 and 1811. In 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1822.*

M. Simond is already well known in this country as the author of one of the best accounts of it that has ever been given to the world, either by native or foreigner—the fullest certainly, and the most unprejudiced—and containing the most faithful descriptions both of the aspect of our country, and the peculiarities of our manners and character, that has yet come under our observation. There are some mistakes, and some rash judgments; but nothing can exceed the candour of the estimate, or the fairness and independence of spirit with which it is made; while the whole is pervaded by a vein of original thought, always sagacious, and not unfrequently profound. The main fault of that book, as a work of *permanent* interest and instruction, which it might otherwise have been, is the too great space which is alloted to the transient occurrences and discussions of the time to which it refers—most of which have already lost their interest, and not only read like old news and stale politics, but have extended their own atmosphere of repulsion to many admirable remarks and valuable suggestions, of which they happen to be the vehicles.

The work before us is marked by the same excellences, and is nearly free from the faults to which we have just alluded. In spite of this, however—perhaps even in consequence of it—we suspect it will not generally be thought so entertaining; the scene being necessarily so much narrower, and the persons of the drama fewer and less diversified. The work, however, is full of admirable description and original remark:—nor do we know any book of travels, ancient or modern, which contains, in the same compass, so many graphic and animated delineations of external objects, or so many just and vigorous observations on the moral phenomena it records. The most remarkable thing about it, however —and it occurs equally in the author's former publication—is the singular combination of enthusiasm and austerity that appears both in the descriptive, and the reasoning or ethical parts of the performance—the perpetual struggle that seems to exist between the feelings and fancy of the author, and the sterner intimations of his understanding. There is, accordingly, in all his moral and political observations at least, a constant alternation of romantic philanthropy and bitter sarcasm—of the most captivating views of apparent happiness and virtue, and the most relentless disclosures of actual guilt and misery—of the sweetest and most plausible illusions, and the most withering and chilling truths. He expatiates, for example, through many pages, on the heroic valour and devoted patriotism of the old Helvetic worthies, with the memorials of which the face of their country is covered—and then proceeds to dissect their character and manners with the most cruel particularity, and makes them out to have been most barbarous, venal, and unjust. In the same way, he bewitches his readers with seducing pictures of the peace, simplicity, independence, and honesty of the mountain villagers; and by and by takes occasion to tell us, that they are not only more stupid, but more corrupt than the inhabitants of cities. He eulogises the solid learning and domestic habits that prevail at Zurich and Geneva; and then makes it known to us that they are infested with faction and ennui. He draws a delightful picture of the white cottages and smiling pastures in which the cheerful peasants of the Engadine have their romantic habitations—and then casts us down from our elevation without the least pity, by informing us, that the best of them are those who have returned from hawking stucco parrots, sixpenny looking-glasses, and coloured sweetmeats through all the towns of Europe. He is always strong for liberty, and indignant at oppression—but cannot settle very well in what liberty consists; and seems to suspect, at last, that political rights are oftener a source of disorder than of comfort; and that if person and property are tolerably secure, it is mere quixotism to look further.

So strong a contrast of warm feelings and cold reasonings, such animating and such despairing views of the nature and destiny of mankind, are not often to be found in the same mind—and still less frequently in the same book: And yet they amount but to an extreme case, or strong example, of the inconsistencies through which all men of generous tempers and vigorous understandings are perpetually passing, as the one or the other part of their constitution assumes the ascendant. There are many of our good feelings, we suspect, and some even of our good principles, that rest upon a sort of illusion; or cannot submit at least to be questioned by frigid reason, without being for the time a good deal discountenanced and impaired—and this we take

* I reprint a part of this paper:—partly out of love to the memory of the author, who was my connection and particular friend:—but chiefly for the sake of his remarks on our English manners, and my judgment on these remarks—which I would venture to submit to the sensitive patriots of America, as a specimen of the temperance with which the patriots of other countries can deal with the censors of their national habits and pretensions to fine breeding.

to be very clearly the case with M. Simond. His temperament is plainly enthusiastic, and his fancy powerful: But his reason is active and exacting, and his love of truth paramount to all other considerations. His natural sympathies are with all fine and all lofty qualities —but it is his honest conviction, that happiness is most securely built of more vulgar materials—and that there is even something ridiculous in investing our humble human nature with these magnificent attributes. At all events it is impossible to doubt of his sincerity in both parts of the representation;—for there is not the least appearance of a love of paradox, or a desire to produce effect; and nothing can be so striking as the air of candour and impartiality that prevails through the whole work. If any traces of prejudice may still be detected, they have manifestly survived the most strenuous efforts to efface them. The strongest, we think, are against French character and English manners—with some, perhaps, against the French Revolution, and its late Imperial consummator. He is very prone to admire Nature—but not easily satisfied with Man;—and, though most intolerant of intolerance, and most indulgent to those defects of which adventitious advantages make men most impatient, he is evidently of opinion that scarcely any thing is exactly as it should be in the present state of society—and that little more can be said for most existing habits and institutions, than that they have been, and might have been, still worse.

He sets out for the most picturesque country of Europe, from that which is certainly the least so:—and gives the first indications of his sensitiveness on these topics, by a passing critique on the ancient châteaus of France, and their former inhabitants. We may as well introduce him to our readers with this passage as with any other.

"A few comfortable residences, scattered about the country, have lately put us in mind how very rare they are in general: Instead of them, you meet, not unfrequently, some ten or twenty miserable hovels, crowded together round what was formerly the stronghold of the lord of the manor; a narrow, dark, prison-like building, with small grated windows, embattled walls, and turrets peeping over thatched roofs. The lonely cluster seems unconnected with the rest of the country, and may be said to represent the feudal system, as plants in a *hortus siccus* do the vegetable. Long before the Revolution, these châteaux had been mostly forsaken by their *seigneurs*, for the nearest country town; where Monsieur le Compte, or Monsieur le Marquis, decorated with the cross of St. Louis, made shift to live on his paltry seigniorial dues, and rents ill paid by a starving peasantry; spending his time in reminiscences of gallantry with the old dowagers of the place, who rouged and wore patches, dressed in hoops and high-heeled shoes, full four inches, and long pointed elbow-ruffles, balanced with lead. Not one individual of this good company knew any thing of what was passing in the world, or suspected that any change had taken place since the days of Louis XIV. No book found its way there; no one read, not even a newspaper. When the Revolution burst upon this inferior nobility of the provinces, it appeared to them like Attila and the Huns to the people of the fifth century—the Scourge of God, coming nobody knew whence, for the mere purpose of destruction—a savage enemy, speaking an unknown language, with whom no compromise could be made."

The first view of the country, though no longer new to most readers, is given with a truth, and a freshness of feeling which we are tempted to preserve in an extract.

"Soon after passing the frontiers of the two countries, the view, heretofore bounded by near objects, woods and pastures, rocks and snows, opened all at once upon the Canton de Vaud, and upon half Switzerland! a vast extent of undulating country, tufted woods and fields, and silvery streams and lakes; villages and towns, with their antique towers, and their church-steeples shining in the sun.

"The lake of Neuchâtel, far below on the left, and those of Morat and of Vienne, like mirrors set in deep frames, contrasted by the tranquillity of their lucid surfaces, with the dark shades and broken grounds and ridges of the various landscape. Beyond this vast extent of country, its villages and towns, woods, lakes, and mountains; beyond all terrestrial objects—beyond the horizon itself, rose a long range of aërial forms, of the softest pale pink hue: These were the high Alps, the rampart of Italy—from Mont Blanc in Savoy, to the glaciers of the Overland, and even further. Their angle of elevation seen from this distance is very small indeed. Faithfully represented in a drawing, the effect would be insignificant; but the aërial perspective amply restored the proportions lost in the mathematical perspective.

"The human mind thirsts after immensity and immutability, and duration without bounds; but it needs some tangible object from which to take its flight,—something present to lead to futurity, something bounded from whence to rise to the infinite. This vault of the heavens over our head, sinking all terrestrial objects into absolute nothingness, might seem best fitted to awaken this sense of expansion in the mind: But mere space is not a perceptible object to which we can readily apply a scale, while the Alps, seen at a glance between heaven and earth—met as it were on the confines of the regions of fancy and of sober reality, are there like written characters, traced by a divine hand, and suggesting thoughts such as human language never reached.

"Coming down the Jura, a long descent brought us to what appeared a plain, but which proved a varied country with hills and dales, divided into neat enclosures of hawthorn in full bloom, and large hedge-row trees, mostly walnut, oak, and ash. It had altogether very much the appearance of the most beautiful parts of England, although the enclosures were on a smaller scale, and the cottages less neat and ornamented. They differed entirely from France, where the dwellings are always collected in villages, the fields all open, and without trees. Numerous streams of the clearest water crossed the road, and watered very fine meadows. The houses, built of stone, low, broad, and massy, either thatched or covered with heavy wooden shingles, and shaded with magnificent walnut trees, might all have furnished studies to an artist."

Vol. i. pp. 25—27.

The following, however, is more characteristic of the author's vigorous and familiar, but somewhat quaint and abrupt, style of description.

"Leaving our equipages at Ballaigne, we proceeded to the falls of the Orbe, through a hanging wood of fine old oaks, and came, after a long descent, to a place where the Orbe breaks through a great mass of ruins, which, at some very remote period, have fallen from the mountain, and entirely obstructed its channel. All the earth, and all the smaller fragments, having long since disappeared: and the water now works its way, with great noise and fury, among the larger fragments, and falls above the height of eighty feet, in the very best style. The blocks, many of them as large as a good-sized three-story house, are heaped up most strangely, jammed in by their angles—in equilibrium on a point, or forming perilous bridges, over which you may, with proper precaution, pick your way to the other side. The quarry from which the materials of the bridge came is just above your head, and the miners are still at work—air, water, frost, weight, and time! The strata of limestone are evidently breaking down; their deep rents are widening, and enormous masses, already loosened from the mountain, and suspended on their precarious bases, seem only waiting for the last effort of the great lever of nature to take the horrid leap, and bury under some hundred feet of new chaotic ruins, the trees, the verdant lawn—and yourself, who are looking on and foretelling the catastrophe! We left this scene at last reluctantly, and proceeded towards the *dent-de-vaulion*, at the base of which we arrived in two hours, and in two hours more reached the summit, which is four thousand four hundred and seventy-six feet above the sea, and three thousand three hundred and forty-two feet above the lake of Geneva. Our path lay over smooth turf, sufficiently steep to make it difficult to climb. At the top we found a narrow ridge, not more than one hundred yards wide. The south view, a most magnificent one, was unfortunately too like that at our entrance into Switzerland to bear a second description; the other side of the ridge can scarcely be approached without terror, being almost perpendicular. Crawling, therefore, on our hands and knees, we ventured, in this modest attitude, to look out of the window at the hundred and fiftieth story (at least two thousand feet), and see what was doing in the street. Herds of cattle in the *infiniment petit* were grazing on the verdant lawn of a narrow vale; on the other side of which, a mountain, overgrown with dark pines, marked the boundary of France. Towards the west, we saw a piece of water, which appeared like a mere fish-pond. It was the lake of Joux, two leagues in length, and half a league in breadth. We were to look for our night's lodgings in the village on its banks."—Vol. i. pp. 33—36.

"Bienne struck us as more Swiss than any thing we had yet seen, or rather as if we were entering Switzerland for the first time; every thing looked and sounded so foreign: And yet to see the curiosity we excited the moment we landed and entered the streets, we might have supposed it was ourselves who looked rather outlandish. The women wore their hair plaited down to their heels, while the full petticoat did not descend near so far. Several groups of them, sitting at their doors, sung *in parts*, with an accuracy of ear and taste innate among the Germans. Gateways fortified with towers intersect the streets, which are composed of strange-looking houses built on arcades, like those of bridges, and variously painted, blue with yellow borders, red with white, or purple and grey; projecting iron balconies, highly worked and of a glossy black, with bright green window frames. The luxury of fountains and of running water is still greater here than at Neuchâtel; and you might be tempted to quench your thirst in the kennel, it runs so clear and pure. Morning and evening, goats, in immense droves, conducted to or from the mountain, traverse the streets, and stop of themselves, each at its own door. In the interior of the houses, most articles of furniture are quaintly shaped and ornamented; old-looking, but rubbed bright, and in good preservation; from the nut-cracker, curiously carved, to the double-necked cruet, pouring oil and vinegar out of the same bottle. The accommodations at the inn are homely, but not uncomfortable; substantially good, though not elegant."—Vol. i. pp. 65, 66.

We may add the following, which is in the same style.

"It rained all day yesterday, and we remained shut up in our room at a German inn in Waldshut, enjoying a day's rest with our books, and observing men and manners in Germany, through the small round panes of our casements. The projecting roofs of houses afford so much shelter on both sides of the streets, that the beau sex of Waldshut were out all day long in their Sunday clothes, as if it had been fine weather; their long yellow hair in a single plait hung down to their heels, along a back made very strait by the habit of carrying pails of milk and water on the head; their snow-white shift-sleeves, rolled up to the shoulder, exposed to view a sinewy, sun-burnt arm; the dark red stays were laced with black in front, and a petticoat scarcely longer than the Scotch kilt, hid nothing of the lower limb, nor of a perfectly neat stocking, well stretched by red garters full in sight. The aged among them, generally frightful, looked like withered little old men in disguise."—Vol. i. pp. 87, 88.

Of all the Swiss cities, he seems to have been most struck with Berne; and the impression made by its majestic exterior, has even made him a little too partial, we think, to its aristocratic constitution. His description of its appearance is given with equal spirit and precision.

"These fine woods extend almost to the very gates of Berne, where you arrive under an avenue of limes, which, in this season, perfume the air. There are seats by the side of the road, for the convenience of foot-passengers, especially women going to market, with a shelf above, at the height of a person standing, for the purpose of receiving their baskets while they rest themselves on the bench: you meet also with fountains at regular distances. The whole country has the appearance of English pleasure-grounds. The town itself stands on the elevated banks of a rapid river, the Aar, to which the Rhine is indebted for one half of its waters. A sudden bend of the stream encloses, on all sides but one, the promontory on which the town is built; the magnificent slope is in some places covered with turf, supported in others by lofty terraces planted with trees, and commanding wonderful views over the surrounding rich country, and the high Alps beyond it.

"It is not an easy matter to account for the first impression you receive upon entering Berne. You certainly feel that you have got to an ancient and a great city: Yet, before the eleventh century, it had not a name, and its present population does not exceed twelve thousand souls. It is a republic; ye it looks kingly. Something of Roman majesty appears in its lofty terraces; in those massy arches on each side of the streets; in the abundance of water flowing night and day into gigantic basins in the magnificent avenues of trees. The very silence, and absence of bustle, a certain stateliness and reserved demeanour in the inhabitants, by showing it to be not a money-making town, implies that its wealth springs from more solid and permanent sources than trade can afford, and that another spirit animates its inhabitants. In short, of all the first-sight impressions and guesses about Berne, that of its being a Roman town would be nearer right than any other. Circumstances, in some respects similar, have produced like results in the Alps, and on the plains of Latium, at the interval of twenty centuries. Luxury at Berne seems wholly directed to objects of public utility. By the side of those gigantic terraces, of those fine fountains, and noble shades, you see none but simple and solid dwellings, yet scarcely any beggarly ones; not an equipage to be seen, but many a country wagon, coming to market, with a capital team of horses, or oxen, well appointed every way.

"Aristocratic pride is said to be excessive at Berne; and the antique simplicity of its magistrates, the plain and easy manners they uniformly pre

serve in their intercourse with the people, are not by any means at variance with the assertion; for that external simplicity and affability to inferiors is one of the characteristics of the aristocratic government; all assumption of superiority being carefully avoided when real authority is not in question. Zurich suggests the idea of a municipal aristocracy; Berne of a warlike one: there, we think we see citizens of a town transformed into nobility; here nobles who have made themselves citizens."

Vol. i. pp. 213—217.*

But we must now hasten from the Physical wonders of this country to some of the author's Moral observations; and we are tempted to give the first place to his unsparing but dispassionate remarks on the character of modern English travellers. At Geneva, he observes,

"English travellers swarm here, as everywhere else; but they do not mix with the society of the country more than they do elsewhere, and seem to like it even less. The people of Geneva, on the other hand, say, 'Their former friends, the English, are so changed they scarcely know them again. They used to be a plain downright race, in whom a certain degree of *sauvagerie* (oddity and shyness) only served to set off the advantages of a highly cultivated understanding, of a liberal mind, and generous temper, which characterised them in general. Their young men were often rather wild, but soon reformed, and became like their fathers. Instead of this, we now see (they say) a mixed assemblage, of whom lamentably few possess any of those qualities we were wont to admire in their predecessors. Their former shyness and reserve is changed to disdain and rudeness. If you seek these modern English, they keep aloof, do not mix in conversation, and seem to laugh at you. Their conduct, still more strange and unaccountable in regard to each other, is indicative of contempt or suspicion. Studiously avoiding to exchange a word with their countrymen, one would suppose they expected to find a sharper in every individual of their own nation, not particularly introduced,—or at best a person beneath them. Accordingly you cannot vex or displease them more than by inviting other English travellers to meet them, whom they may be compelled afterwards to acknowledge. If they do not find a crowd, they are tired. If you speak of the old English you formerly knew, that was before the Flood! If you talk of books, it is pedantry, and they yawn; of politics, they run wild about Bonaparte! Dancing is the only thing which is sure to please them. At the sound of the fiddle, the thinking nation starts up at once. Their young people are adepts in the art; and take pains to become so, spending half their time with the dancing master You may know the houses where they live by the scraping of the fiddle, and shaking of the floor, which disturbs their neighbours. Few bring letters; and yet they complain they are neglected by the good company, and cheated by innkeepers. The latter, accustomed to the *Milords Anglais* of former times, or at least having heard of them, think they may charge accordingly; but only find *des Anglais pour rire*, who bargain at the door, before they venture to come in, for the leg of mutton and bottle of wine, on which they mean to dine!'

"Placed as I am between the two parties, I hear young Englishmen repeat, what they have heard in France, that the Genevans are cold, selfish, and interested, and their women *des précieuses ridicules*, the very milliners and mantua-makers giving themselves airs of modesty and deep reading! that there is no opera, nor *théâtre des variétés;* in short, that Geneva is the dullest place in the world. Some say it is but a bad copy of England, a sham republic; and a scientific, no less than a political, counterfeit. In short, the friends of Geneva, among our modern English travellers, are not numerous—though they are select. These last distinguished themselves during the late hard winter by their bounty to the poor—not the poor of Geneva, who were sufficiently assisted by their richer countrymen, but those of Savoy, who were literally starving. If English travellers no longer appear in the same light as formerly, it is because it is not the same class of people who go abroad, but all classes,—and not the best of all classes, either. They know this too, and say it themselves; they feel the ridicule of their enormous numbers, and of the absurd conduct of many of them. They are ashamed and provoked; describe it with the most pointed irony, and tell many a humorous story against themselves. Formerly, the travelling class was composed of young men of good family and fortune, just coming of age, who, after leaving the University, went the tour of the Continent under the guidance of a learned tutor, often a very distinguished man, or of men of the same class, at a more advanced age, with their families, who, after many years spent in professional duties at home, came to visit again the countries they had seen in their youth, and the friends they had known there. In those better times, when no Englishman left his country either to seek his fortune, to save money, or to hide himself; when travellers of that nation were all very rich or very learned; of high birth, yet liberal principles; unbounded in their generosity, and with means equal to the inclination, their high standing in the world might well be accounted for; and it is a great pity they should have lost it. Were I an Englishman, I would not set out on my travels until the new fashion were over."—Vol. i. pp. 356—359.

At Schaffhausen, again, he observes,

"There were other admirers here besides ourselves; some English, and more Germans, who furnished us with an opportunity of comparing the difference of national manners. The former, divided into groups, carefully avoiding any communication with each other still more than with the foreigners, never exchanged a word, and scarcely a look, with any but the legitimate interlocutors of their own set; women adhering more particularly to the rule—from native reserve and timidity, full as much as from pride or from extreme good breeding. Some of the ladies here might be Scotch; at least they wore the national colours, and we overheard them drawing comparisons between what we had under our eyes and Coralyn; giving justly enough, the preference to the Clyde; but, at any rate, they behaved *à l'Anglaise*. The German ladies, on the contrary, contrived to *lier conversation* in indifferent French. With genuine simplicity, wholly unconscious of forwardness, although it might undoubtedly have been so qualified in England, they begged of my friend to let them hear a few words in English, just to know the sound, to which they were strangers. If we are to judge of the respective merits of these opposite manners, by the impression they leave, I think the question is already decided by the English against themselves. Yet, at the same time that they blame and deride their own proud reserve, and would depart from it if they well knew how, but a few have the courage to venture:—and I really believe they are the best bred, who thus allow themselves to be good-humoured and vulgar."

Vol. i. pp. 94, 95.

We have not much to say in defence of our countrymen—but what may be said truly, ought not to be suppressed. That our travellers are now generally of a lower rank than formerly, and that not very many of them are fitted, either by their wealth or breeding, to uphold the character of the noble and honourable persons who once almost monopolised the advantages of foreign travel, is of course implied in the fact of their having become vastly more numerous,—without supposing any actual degeneracy in the nation itself. At a very popular point of M. Simond's journey, it appeared from a register which he consulted, that the proportion of travellers from different countries, was twenty-eight English to four Prussians, two Dutch, five French, one Italian, and three Americans.—That some of this great crowd of emigrants might not be suitable associates for some others, may easily be conjectured—and that the better sort may not have been very willing to fraternise with those who did least honour to their common country, could scarcely be imputed to them as a fault. But these considerations, we fear, will go but a little way to explain the phenomenon; or to account for the "Morgue Aristocratique," as Bonaparte called it, of the English gentry—the sort of sulky and contemptuous reserve with which, both at home and abroad, almost all who have any pretensions to *bon ton* seem to think it necessary to defend those pretensions. The thing has undoubtedly been carried, of late years, to an excess that is both ludicrous and offensive—and is, in its own nature, unquestionably a blemish and a misfortune: But it does not arise, we are persuaded, from any thing intrinsically haughty or dull in our temperament—but is a natural consequence, and, it must be admitted, a considerable drawback from two very proud peculiarities in our condition—the freedom of our constitution, and the rapid progress of wealth and intelligence in the body of the nation.

In most of the other countries of Europe, if a man was not born in high and polished society, he had scarcely any other means of gaining admission to it—and honour and dignity, it was supposed, belonged, by inheritance, to a very limited class of the people. Within that circle, therefore, there could be no derogation—and, from without it, there could be no intrusion. But, in this country, persons of every condition have been long entitled to aspire to every situation—and, from the nature of our political constitution, any one who had individual influence, by talent, wealth, or activity, became at once of consequence in the community, and was classed as the open rival or necessary auxiliary of those who had the strongest hereditary claims to importance. But though the circle of Society was in this way at all times larger than in the Continental nations, and embraced more persons of dissimilar training and habits, it does not appear to have given a tone of repulsion to the manners of those who affected the superiority, till a period comparatively remote. In the days of the Tudors and Stuarts there was a wide pale of separation between the landed Aristocracy and the rest of the population; and accordingly, down at least to the end of Charles the Second's reign, there seems to have been none of this dull and frozen arrogance in the habits of good company. The true reason of this, however, was, that though the competition was constitutionally open, good education was, in fact, till after this period, confined to the children of the gentry; and a certain parade in equipage and dress, which could not be easily assumed but by the opulent, nor naturally carried but by those who had been long accustomed to it, threw additional difficulties in the way of those who wished to push themselves forward in society, and rendered any other bulwarks unnecessary for the protection of the sanctuary of fashion.

From the time of Sir Robert Walpole, however, the communication between the higher and the lower orders became far more open and easy. Commercial wealth and enterprise were prodigiously extended—literature and intelligence spread with unprecedented rapidity among the body of the people; and the increased intercourse between the different parts of the country, naturally produced a greater mixture of the different classes of the people. This was followed by a general relaxation in those costly external observances, by which persons of condition had till then been distinguished. Ladies laid aside their hoops, trains, and elaborate head-dresses; and gentlemen their swords, periwigs, and embroidery;—and at the same time that it thus became quite practicable for an attorney's clerk or a mercer's apprentice to assume the exterior of a nobleman, it happened also, both that many persons of that condition had the education that fitted them for a higher rank—and that several had actually won their way to it by talents and activity, which had not formerly been looked for in that quarter.—*Their* success was well merited undoubtedly, and honourable both to themselves and their country; but its occasional occurrence, even more than the discontinuance of aristocratical forms or the popular spirit of the Government, tended strongly to encourage the pretensions of others, who had little qualification for success, beyond an eager desire to obtain it.—So many persons now raised themselves by their own exertions, that every one thought himself entitled to rise; and very few proportionally were contented to remain in the rank to which they were born; and as vanity is a still more active principle than ambition, the effects of this aspiring spirit were more conspicuously seen in the invasion which it prompted on the prerogatives of polite society, than in its more serious occupations; and a herd of uncomfortable and unsuitable companions beset all the approaches to good company, and seemed determined to force all its barriers.

We think we have now stated the true causes of this phenomenon—but, at all events, the fact we believe to be incontrovertible, that within the last fifty years there has been an incredible increase of forwardness and solid impudence among the half-bred and half-educated classes of this country—and that there was consequently some apology for the assumption of more distant and forbidding manners towards strangers, on the part of those who were already satisfied with the extent of their society. It was evidently easier and more prudent to reject the overtures of

* Many travelling details, and particular descriptions, are here omitted.

unknown acquaintances, than to shake them off after they had been once allowed to fasten themselves—to repress, in short, the first attempts at familiarity, and repel, by a chilling and somewhat disdainful air, the advances of all, of whom it might any way be suspected that they might turn out discreditable or unfit associates.

This, we have no doubt, is the true history of that awful tone, of gloomy indifference and stupid arrogance, which has unfortunately become so striking a characteristic of English manners. At its best, and when most justified by the circumstance of the parties, it has, we must allow, but an ungracious and disobliging air: But the extravagant height to which it is now frequently carried, and the extraordinary occasions on which it is sometimes displayed, deserve all the ridicule and reprobation they meet with. We should not quarrel much with a man of family and breeding being a little distant and cold to the many very affable people he may meet with, either in his travels, or in places of public resort at home. But the provoking thing is, to see the same frigid and unsociable manner adopted in private society, and towards persons of the highest character, if they happen not to belong to the same set, or to be occupied with the same pursuits with those fastidious mortals—who, while their dignity forbids them to be affable to men of another club, or women of another assembly, yet admit to the familiarity of their most private hours, a whole gang of led captains, or led parsons, fiddlers, boxers, or parasitical buffoons. But the most remarkable extravagance in the modern practice of this repulsive system, is, that the most outrageous examples of it are to be met with among those who have the least occasion for its protection,—persons whose society nobody would think of courting, and who yet receive the slightest and most ordinary civilities,—being all that the most courteous would ever dream of offering them,—with airs of as vehement disdain as if they were really in danger of having their intimacy taken by storm! Such manners, in such people, are no doubt in the very extreme of absurdity.—But it is the mischief of all cheap fashions, that they are immediately pirated by the vulgar; and certainly there is none that can be assumed with so little cost, either of industry or understanding as this. As the whole of it consists in being silent, stupid, and sulky, it is quite level to the meanest capacity—and, we have no doubt, has enabled many to pass for persons of some consideration, who could never have done so on any other terms; or has permitted them at least to think that they were shunning the society of many by whom they would certainly have been shunned.

We trust, therefore, that this fashion of mock stateliness and sullen reserve will soon pass away. The extreme facility with which it may be copied by the lowest and dullest of mankind,—the caricatures which are daily exhibited of it in every disgusting variety,—and the restraints it must impose upon the good nature and sociality which, after all, do *really* form a part of our national character, must concur, we think, with the alienation it produces in others, speedily to consign it to the tomb of other forgotten affectations. The duties that we owe to strangers that come casually into our society, certainly are not very weighty—and a man is no doubt entitled to consult his own ease, and even his indolence, at the hazard of being unpopular among such persons. But, after all, affability and complaisance are still a kind of duties, in their degree; and of all duties, we should really think are those that are repaid, not only with the largest share of gratitude, but with the greatest internal satisfaction. All we ask is, that they, and the pleasure which naturally accompanies their exercise, should not be sacrificed to a vain notion of dignity, which the person assuming it knows all the while to be false and hollow—or to a still vainer assumption of fashion, which does not impose upon one in a thousand; and subjects its unhappy victim to the ridicule of his very competitors in the practice. All studied manners are assumed, of course, for the sake of the effect they are to produce on the beholders: And if a man have a particularly favourable opinion of the wisdom and dignity of his physiognomy, and, at the same time, a perfect consciousness of the folly and vulgarity of his discourse, there is no denying that such a man, when he is fortunate enough to be where he is not known, will do well to keep his own secret, and sit as silent, and look as repulsive among strangers as possible. But, under any other circumstances, we really cannot admit it to be a reasonable, any more than an amiable demeanour. To return, however, to M. Simond.

If he is somewhat severe upon our national character, it must be confessed that he deals still harder measure to his own countrymen. There is one passage in which he distinctly states that no man in France now pretends to any principle, either personal or political. What follows is less atrocious,—and probably nearer the truth. It is the sequel of an encomium on the domestic and studious occupations of the well-informed society of Zurich.

"Probably a mode of life so entirely domestic would tempt few strangers, and in France particularly, it would appear quite intolerable. Yet I doubt whether these contemners of domestic dulness are not generally the dullest of the two. Walking occasionally the whole length of the interior Boulevards of Paris, on a summer evening, I have generally observed on my return, at the interval of several hours, the very same figures sitting just where I had left them; mostly isolated middle-aged men, established for the evening on three chairs, one for the elbow, another for the extended leg, a third for the centre of gravity; with vacant looks and a muddy complexion, appearing discontented with themselves and others, and profoundly tired. A *fauteuil* in a *salon*, for the passive hearer of the talk of others, is still worse, I take it, than the three chairs on the Boulevard. The theatre, seen again and again, can have no great charm; nor is it every one who has money to spare for the one, or free access to the other; therefore, an immense number of people are driven to the Boulevard as a last resource. As to home, it is no resource at all. No one thinks of the possibility of employing his time,

there, either by himself or with his family. And the result, upon the whole, is, that I do not believe there is a country in the world where you see so many long faces, care-worn and cross, as among the very people who are deemed, and believe themselves, the merriest in the world. A man of rank and talent, who has spent many years in the *Crimea*, who employed himself diligently and usefully when there, and who naturally loves a country where he has done much good, praising it to a friend, has been heard to remark, as the main objection to a residence otherwise delightful—'Mais on est obligé de s'aller coucher tous les soirs à sept heures,—parcequ'en Crimée on ne sait pas où aller passer la soirée!' This remark excites no surprise at Paris. Every one there feels that there can be no alternative,—some place, *not home*, to spend your evenings in, or to bed at seven o'clock! It puts one in mind of the gentleman who hesitated about marrying a lady whose company he liked very much, 'for,' as he observed, 'where could I then go to pass my evenings?'"—Vol. i. pp. 404, 405.

The following, though not a cordial, is at least a candid testimony to the substantial benefits of the Revolution:—

"The clamorous, restless, and bustling manners of the common people of Aix their antiquated and ragged dress, their diminutive stature and ill-favoured countenances, strongly recalled to my mind the population of France, such as I remembered it formerly; for a considerable change has certainly taken place, in all such respects, between the years 1789 and 1815. The people of France are decidedly less noisy, and graver; better dressed, and cleaner. All this may be accounted for; but handsomer is not so readily understood, *à priori*. It seems as if the hardships of war, having successively carried off all the weakly, those who survived have regenerated the species. The people have undoubtedly gained much by the Revolution on the score of property, and a little as to political institutions. They certainly seem conscious of some advantage attained, and to be proud of it—not properly civil liberty, which is little understood, and not properly estimated, but a certain coarse equality, asserted in small things, although not thought of in the essentials of society. This new-born equality is very touchy, as if it felt yet insecure; and thence a degree of rudeness in the common intercourse with the lower class, and, more or less, all classes, very different from the old proverbial French politeness. This, though in itself not agreeable, is, however, a good sign. Pride is a step in moral improvement, from a very low state. These opinions, I am well aware, will not pass in France without animadversion, as it is not to be expected the same judgment will be formed of things under different circumstances. If my critics, however, will only go three or four thousand miles off, and stay away a quarter of a century, I dare say we shall agree better when we compare notes on their return."

Vol. i. pp. 333, 334.

The way in which M. Simond speaks of Rousseau, affords a striking example of that struggle between enthusiasm and severity—romance and cool reason, which we noticed in the beginning as characteristic of the whole work. He talks, on the whole, with contempt, and even bitterness, of his character: But he follows his footsteps, and the vestiges and memorials even of his fictitious personages, with a spirit of devout observance—visits Clareus, and pauses at Meillerie—rows in a burning day to his island in the lake of Bienne—expatiates on the beauty of his retreat at the Charmettes—and even stops to explore his temporary abode at Moitier Travers. The following passages are remarkable:—

"Rousseau, from his garret, governed an empire—that of the mind; the founder of a new religion in politics, and to his enthusiastic followers a prophet—He said, and they believed! The disciples of Voltaire might be more numerous, but they were bound to him by far weaker ties. Those of Rousseau made the French Revolution, and perished *for* it; while Voltaire's, miscalculating its chances, perished *by* it. Both, perhaps, deserved their fate; but the former certainly acted the nobler part, and went to battle with the best weapons too,—for in the deadly encounter of all the passions, of the most opposite principles and irreconcilable prejudices, cold-hearted wit is of little avail. Heroes and martyrs do not care for epigrams; and he must have enthusiasm who pretends to lead the enthusiastic or cope with them. *Une intime persuasion*, Rousseau has somewhere said, *m'a toujours tenu lieu d'éloquence!* And well it might; for the first requisite to command belief is to believe yourself. Nor is it easy to impose on mankind in this respect. There is no eloquence, no ascendancy over the minds of others, without this intimate persuasion in yourself. Rousseau's might only be a sort of poetical persuasion, lasting but as long as the occasion; yet it was thus powerful, only because it was true, though but for a quarter of an hour perhaps, in the heart of this inspired writer.

"Mr. M——, son of the friend of Rousseau, to whom he left his manuscripts, and especially his Confessions, to be published after his death, had the goodness to show them to me. I observed a fair copy written by himself, in a small hand like print, very neat and correct; not a blot or an erasure to be seen. The most curious of these papers, however, were several sketch-books, or memoranda half filled, where the same hand is no longer discernible; but the same genius, and the same wayward temper and perverse intellect, in every fugitive thought which is there put down. Rousseau's composition, like Montesquieu's, was laborious and slow; his ideas flowed rapidly, but were not readily brought into proper order; they did not appear to have come in consequence of a previous plan; but the plan itself, formed afterwards, came in aid of the ideas, and served as a sort of frame for them, instead of being a system to which they were subservient. Very possibly some of the fundamental opinions he defended so earnestly, and for which his disciples would willingly have suffered martyrdom, were originally adopted because a bright thought, caught as it flew, was entered in his commonplace book.

"These loose notes of Rousseau afford a curious insight into his taste in composition. You find him perpetually retrenching epithets—reducing his thoughts to their simplest expression—giving words a peculiar energy, by the new application of their original meaning—going back to the *naïveté* of old language; and, in the artificial process of simplicity, carefully effacing the trace of each laborious footstep as he advanced; each idea, each image, coming out, at last, as if cast entire at a single throw, original, energetic, and clear. Although Mr. M—— had promised to Rousseau that he would publish his Confessions as they were, yet he took upon himself to suppress a passage explaining certain circumstances of his abjurations at Anneci, affording a curious, but frightfully disgusting, picture of monkish manners at that time. It is a pity that Mr. M—— did not break his word in regard to some few more passages of that most admirable and most vile of all the productions of genius."

Vol. i. pp. 564—566.

The following notices of Madame de Staël are emphatic and original:—

"I had seen Madame de Staël a child; and I saw her again on her deathbed The intermediate years were spent in another hemisphere, as far as possible from the scenes in which she lived. Mixing again, not many months since, with a world in which I am

a stranger, and feel that I must remain so, I just saw this celebrated woman; and heard, as it were, her last words, as I had read her works before, uninfluenced by any local bias. Perhaps, the impressions of a man thus dropped from another world into this may be deemed something like those of posterity.

"Madame de Staël lived for conversation: She was not happy out of a large circle, and a French circle, where she could be heard in her own language to the best advantage. Her extravagant admiration of the society of Paris was neither more nor less than genuine admiration of herself. It was the best mirror she could get—and that was all. Ambitious of all sorts of notoriety, she would have given the world to have been born noble and a beauty. Yet there was in this excessive vanity so much honesty and frankness, it was so entirely void of affectation and trick, she made so fair and so irresistible an appeal to your own sense of her worth, that what would have been laughable in any one else, was almost respectable in her. That ambition of eloquence, so conspicuous in her writings, was much less observable in her conversation; there was more *abandon* in what she said than in what she wrote; while speaking, the spontaneous inspiration was no labour, but all pleasure. Conscious of extraordinary powers, she gave herself up to the present enjoyment of the good things, and the deep things, flowing in a full stream from her well-stored mind and luxuriant fancy. The inspiration was pleasure—the pleasure was inspiration; and without precisely intending it, she was, every evening of her life, in a circle of company, the very Corinne she had depicted."—Vol. i. pp. 283—286.

(November, 1812.)

Rejected Addresses; or the New Theatrum Poetarum. 12mo. pp. 126. London: 1812.*

After all the learning, wrangling and solemn exhortation of our preceding pages, we think we may venture to treat our readers with a little morsel of town-made gaiety, without any great derogation from our established character for seriousness and contempt of trifles. We are aware, indeed, that there is no way by which we could so certainly ingratiate ourselves with our provincial readers, as by dealing largely in such articles; and we can assure them, that if we have not hitherto indulged them very often in this manner, it is only because we have not often met with any thing nearly so good as the little volume before us. We have seen nothing comparable to it indeed since the publication of the poetry of the Antijacobin; and though it wants the high seasoning of politics and personality, which no doubt contributed much to the currency of that celebrated collection, we are not sure that it does not exhibit, on the whole, a still more exquisite talent of imitation, with powers of poetical composition that are scarcely inferior.

We must not forget, however, to inform our country readers, that these "Rejected Addresses" are merely a series of Imitations of the style and manner of the most celebrated living writers—who are here supposed to have tried their hands at an address to be spoken at the opening of the New Theatre in Drury Lane—in the hope, we presume, of obtaining the twenty-pound prize which the munificent managers are said to have held out to the successful candidate. The names of the imaginary competitors, whose works are now offered to the public, are only indicated by their initials; and there are one or two which we really do not know how to fill up. By far the greater part, however, are such as cannot possibly be mistaken; and no reader of Scott, Crabbe, Southey, Wordsworth, Lewis, Moore, or Spencer, could require the aid, even of their initials, to recognise them in their portraits. Coleridge, Coleman, and Lord Byron, are not quite such striking likenesses. Of Dr. Busby's and Mr. Fitzgerald's, we do not hold ourselves qualified to judge—not professing to be deeply read in the works of these originals.

There is no talent so universally entertaining as that of mimicry—even when it is confined to the lively imitation of the air and manner—the voice, gait, and external deportment of ordinary individuals. Nor is this to be ascribed entirely to our wicked love of ridicule; for, though we must not assign a very high intellectual rank to an art which is said to have attained to perfection among the savages of New Holland, some admiration is undoubtedly due to the capacity of nice observation which it implies; and some gratification may be innocently derived from the sudden perception which it excites of peculiarities previously unobserved. It rises in interest, however, and in dignity, when it succeeds in expressing, not merely the visible and external characteristics of its objects, but those also of their taste, their genius, and temper. A vulgar mimic repeats a man's cant-phrases and known stories, with an exact imitation of his voice, look, and gestures: But he is an artist of a far higher description, who can make stories or reasonings in his manner; and represent the features and movements of his mind, as well as the accidents of his body.

* I have been so much struck, on lately looking back to this paper, with the very extraordinary merit and felicity of the Imitations on which it is employed, that I cannot resist the temptation of giving them a chance of delighting a new generation of admirers, by including some part of them in this publication. I take them, indeed, to be the very best imitations) and often of difficult originals) that ever were made: and, considering their great extent and variety, to indicate a talent to which I do not know where to look for a parallel. Some few of them descend to the level of parodies: But by far the greater part are of a much higher description. They ought, I suppose, to have come under the head of Poetry,—but "Miscellaneous" is broad enough to cover any thing.—Some of the less striking citations are now omitted. The authors, I believe, have been long known to have been the late Messrs. Smith.

The same distinction applies to the mimicry, if it may be so called, of an author's style and manner of writing. To copy his peculiar phrases or turns of expression—to borrow the grammatical structure of his sentences, or the metrical balance of his lines—or to crowd and string together all the pedantic or affected words which he has become remarkable for using—applying, or misapplying all these without the least regard to the character of his genius, or the spirit of his compositions, is to imitate an author only as a monkey might imitate a man—or, at best, to support a masquerade character on the strength of the Dress only; and at all events, requires as little talent, and deserves as little praise, as the mimetic exhibitions in the neighbourhood of Port-Sydney. It is another matter, however, to be able to borrow the diction and manner of a celebrated writer to express sentiments like his own—to write as he would have written on the subject proposed to his imitator—to think his thoughts, in short, as well as to use his words—and to make the revival of his style appear but a consequence of the strong conception of his peculiar ideas. To do this in all the perfection of which it is capable, requires talents, perhaps, not inferior to those of the original on whom they are employed—together with a faculty of observation, and a dexterity of application, which that original might not always possess; and should not only afford nearly as great pleasure to the reader, as a piece of composition,—but may teach him some lessons, or open up to him some views, which could not have been otherwise disclosed.

The exact imitation of a good thing, it must be admitted, promises fair to be a pretty good thing in itself; but if the resemblance be very striking, it commonly has the additional advantage of letting us more completely into the secret of the original author, and enabling us to understand far more clearly in what the peculiarity of his manner consists, than most of us should ever have done without this assistance. The resemblance, it is obvious, can only be rendered striking by exaggerating a little, and bringing more conspicuously forward, all that is peculiar and characteristic in the model: And the marking features, which were somewhat shaded and confused in their natural presentment, being thus magnified and disengaged in the copy, are more easily observed and comprehended, and their effect traced with infinitely more ease and assurance;—just as the course of a river, or a range of mountains, is more distinctly understood when laid down on a map or plan, than when studied in their natural proportions. Thus, in Burke's imitation of Bolingbroke (the most perfect specimen, perhaps, which ever will exist of the art of which we are speaking), we have all the qualities which distinguish the style, or we may indeed say the genius, of that noble writer, as it were, concentrated and brought at once before us; so that an ordinary reader, who, in perusing his genuine works, merely felt himself dazzled and disappointed—delighted and wearied he could not tell why, is now enabled to form a definite and precise conception of the causes of those opposite sensations,—and to trace to the nobleness of the diction and the inaccuracy of the reasoning—the boldness of the propositions and the rashness of the inductions—the magnificence of the pretensions and the feebleness of the performance, those contradictory judgments, with the confused result of which he had been perplexed in the study of the original. The same thing may be said of the imitation of Darwin, contained in the Loves of the Triangles, though confessedly of a satirical or ludicrous character. All the peculiarities of the original poet are there brought together, and crowded into a little space; where they can be compared and estimated with ease. His essence in short, is extracted, and separated in a good degree from what is common to him with the rest of his species;—and while he is recognised at once as the original from whom all these characteristic traits have been borrowed, that original itself is far better understood—because the copy presents no traits but such as *are* characteristic.

This highest species of imitation, therefore, we conceive to be of no slight value in fixing the taste and judgment of the public, even with regard to the great standard and original authors who naturally become its subjects. The pieces before us, indeed, do not fall correctly under this denomination:—the subject to which they are confined, and the occasion on which they are supposed to have been produced, having necessarily given them a certain ludicrous and light air, not quite suitable to the gravity of some of the originals, and imparted to some of them a sort of mongrel character in which we may discern the features both of burlesque and of imitation. There is enough, however, of the latter to answer the purposes we have indicated above; while the tone of levity and ridicule may answer the farther purpose of admonishing the authors who are personated in this exhibition, in what directions they trespass on the borders of absurdity, and from what peculiarities they are in danger of becoming ridiculous. A mere parody or travestie, indeed, is commonly made, with the greatest success, upon the tenderest and most sublime passages in poetry—the whole secret of such performances consisting in the substitution of a mean, ludicrous, or disgusting subject, for a touching or noble one. But where this is not the case, and where the passages imitated are conversant with objects nearly as familiar, and names and actions almost as undignified, as those in the imitation, the author may be assured, that what a moderate degree of exaggeration has thus made eminently laughable, could never have been worthy of a place in serious and lofty poetry.—But we are falling, we perceive, into our old trick of dissertation, and forgetting our benevolent intention to dedicate this article to the amusement of our readers.—We break off therefore, abruptly, and turn without farther preamble to the book.

The first piece, under the name of the loyal Mr. Fitzgerald, though as good, we suppose, as the original, is not very interesting. Whether

it be very like Mr. Fitzgerald or not, however, it must be allowed that the vulgarity, servility, and gross absurdity of the newspaper scribblers is well rendered in the following lines:—

"Gallia's stern despot shall in vain advance
From Paris, the metropolis of France;
By this day month the monster shall not gain
A foot of land in Portugal or Spain.
See Wellington in Salamanca's field
Forces his favourite General to yield, [Marmont
Breaks through his lines, and leaves his boasted
Expiring on the plain without an arm on:
Madrid he enters at the cannon's mouth,
And then the villages still further south!
Base Bonaparte, filled with deadly ire,
Sets one by one our playhouses on fire:
Some years ago he pounced with deadly glee on
The Opera House—then burnt down the Pantheon:
Nay, still unsated, in a coat of flames,
Next at Millbank he cross'd the river Thames.
Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise?
Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?
Who thought in flames St. James's court to pinch?
Who burnt the wardrobe of poor Lady Finch?
Why he, who, forging for this Isle a yoke,
Reminds me of a line I lately spoke,
'The tree of Freedom is the British oak.'"

The next, in the name of Mr. W. Wordsworth, is entitled "The Baby's Début;" and is characteristically announced as intended to have been "spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise, by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter." The author does not, in this instance, attempt to copy any of the higher attributes of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry: But has succeeded perfectly in the imitation of his mawkish affectations of childish simplicity and nursery stammering. We hope it will make him ashamed of his Alice Fell, and the greater part of his last volumes—of which it is by no means a parody, but a very fair, and indeed we think a flattering imitation. We give a stanza or two as a specimen:—

"My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New Year's Day;
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me last week a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

"Jack's in the pouts—and this it is,
He thinks mine came to more than his,
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, oh, my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose!"—pp. 5, 6.

Mr. Moore's Address is entitled "The Living Lustres," and appears to us a very fair imitation of the fantastic verses which that ingenious person indites when he is merely gallant; and, resisting the lures of voluptuousness, is not enough in earnest to be tender. It begins:—

"O why should our dull retrospective addresses
Fall damp as wet blankets on Drury Lane fire?
Away with blue devils, away with distresses,
And give the gay spirit to sparkling desire!
Let artists decide on the beauties of Drury,
The richest to me is when woman is there;
The question of Houses I leave to the jury;
The fairest to me is the house of the fair."—p. 25.

The main drift of the piece, however, as well as its title, is explained in the following stanzas:—

"How well would our artists attend to their duties,
Our house save in oil, and our authors in wit,
In lieu of yon lamps if a row of young beauties
Glanc'd light from their eyes between us and the pit. [is on
Attun'd to the scene, when the pale yellow moon
Tower and tree, they'd look sober and sage;
And when they all wink'd their dear peepers in unison,
Night, pitchy night would envelope the stage.
Ah! could I some girl from yon box for her youth pick,
I'd love her—as long as she blossom'd in youth'
Oh! white is the ivory case of the toothpick,
But when beauty smiles how much whiter the tooth!"
pp. 26, 27.

The next, entitled "The Rebuilding," is in name of Mr. Southey; and is one of the best in the collection. It is in the style of the Kehama of that multifarious author; and is supposed to be spoken in the character of one of his Glendoveers. The imitation of the diction and measure, we think, is nearly perfect; and the descriptions quite as good as the original. It opens with an account of the burning of the old theatre, formed upon the pattern of the Funeral of Arvalan.

"Midnight, yet not a nose
From Tower-hill to Piccadilly snored!
Midnight, yet not a nose
From Indra drew the essence of repose!
See with what crimson fury,
By Indra fann'd, the god of fire ascends the walls of Drury!
The tops of houses, blue with lead,
Bend beneath the landlord's tread;
Master and 'prentice, serving-man and lord,
Nailor and tailor,
Grazier and brazier,
Thro' streets and alleys pour'd,
All, all abroad to gaze,
And wonder at the blaze."—pp. 29, 30.

There is then a great deal of indescribable intriguing between Veeshnoo, who wishes to rebuild the house through the instrumentality of Mr. Whitbread, and Yamen who wishes to prevent it. The Power of Restoration, however, brings all the parties concerned to an amicable meeting; the effect of which, on the Power of Destruction, is thus finely represented:—

"Yamen beheld, and wither'd at the sight;
Long had he aim'd the sun-beam to control,
For light was hateful to his soul:
Go on, cried the hellish one, yellow with spite;
Go on, cried the hellish one, yellow with spleen;
Thy toils of the morning, like Ithaca's queen,
I'll toil to undo every night.
The lawyers are met at the Crown and Anchor,
And Yamen's visage grows blanker and blanker
The lawyers are met at the Anchor and Crown,
And Yamen's cheek is a russety brown.
Veeshnoo, now thy work proceeds!
The solicitor reads,
And, merit of merit!
Red wax and green ferret
Are fix'd at the foot of the deeds!"
pp. 35, 36.

"Drury's Dirge," by Laura Matilda, is not of the first quality. The verses, to be sure, are very smooth, and very nonsensical—as was intended: But they are not so good as Swift's celebrated Song by a Person of Quality; and are so exactly in the same measure, and on the same plan, that it is impossible to avoid making the comparison. The reader may take these three stanzas as a sample:—

"Lurid smoke and frank suspicion,
Hand in hand reluctant dance;
While the god fulfils his mission,
Chivalry resigns his lance.

"Hark! the engines blandly thunder,
Fleecy clouds dishevell'd lie;
And the firemen, mute with wonder,
On the son of Saturn cry.

"See the bird of Ammon sailing,
Perches on the engine's peak,
And the Eagle fireman hailing,
Soothes them with its bickering beak."

"A Tale of Drury," by Walter Scott, is, upon the whole, admirably executed; though the introduction is rather tame. The burning is described with the mighty Minstrel's characteristic love of localities:—

"Then London's sons in nightcap woke!
In bedgown woke her dames;
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
'The Playhouse is in flames!'
And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tail its lustre lends
To every window pane:
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport,
A bright ensanguin'd drain;
Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell:
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray with Surgeons' Hall,
The ticket porters' house of call,
Old Bedlam, close by London wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
And Richardson's Hotel."—pp. 46, 47.

The mustering of the firemen is not less meritorious:—

"The summon'd firemen woke at call
And hied them to their stations all.
Starting from short and broken snoose,
Each sought his pond'rous hobnail'd shoes;
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next in crimson dyed,
His nether bulk embrac'd;
Then jacket thick, of red or blue,
Whose massy shoulder gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
In tin or copper traced.
The engines thunder'd thro' the street,
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
Along the pavement paced."—p. 48.

The procession of the engines, with the badges of their different companies, and the horrible names of their leaders, is also admirable—but we cannot make room for it. The account of the death of Muggins and Higginbottom, however, must find a place. These are the two principal firemen who suffered on this occasion; and the catastrophe is described with a spirit, not unworthy of the name so venturously assumed by the describer. After the roof falls in, there is silence and great consternation:—

"When lo! amid the wreck uprear'd
Gradual a moving head appear'd,
And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name rever'd,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in sign of woe,
'A Muggins to the rescue, ho!'
And pour'd the hissing tide:
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggl'd all in vain,
For rallying but to fall again,
He tottor'd, sunk, and died!
Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they lov'd so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire,
(His fireman's soul was all on fire)
His brother chief to save;
But ah! his reckless generous ire
Serv'd but to share his grave!
Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Thro' fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench,
Destroying sight, o'erwhelm'd him quite;
He sunk to rise no more!
Still o'er his head, while Fate he brav'd,
His whizzing water-pipe he wav'd;
'Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps!
'You, Clutterbuck, come stir your stumps,
'Why are you in such doleful dumps?
'A fireman, and afraid of bumps!
'What are they fear'd on, fools? 'od rot 'em!'
Were the last words of Higginbottom."
pp. 50—52.

The rebuilding is recorded in strains as characteristic, and as aptly applied:—

Didst mark, how toil'd the busy train
From morn to eve, till Drury Lane
Leap'd like a roebuck from the plain?
Ropes rose and sunk, and rose again,
And nimble workmen trod.
To realize hold Wyatt's plan
Rush'd many a howling Irishman,
Loud clatter'd many a porter can,
And many a ragamuffin clan,
With trowel and with hod."—pp. 52, 53.

"The Beautiful Incendiary," by the Honourable W. Spencer, is also an imitation of great merit. The flashy, fashionable, artificial style of this writer, with his confident and extravagant compliments, can scarcely be said to be parodied in such lines as the following:—

"Sobriety cease to be sober,
Cease labour to dig and to delve!
All hail to this tenth of October,
One thousand eight hundred and twelve!
Hah! whom do my peepers remark?
'Tis Hebe with Jupiter's jug!
Oh, no! 'tis the pride of the Park,
Fair Lady Elizabeth Mugg!
But ah! why awaken the blaze
Those bright burning-glasses contain,
Whose lens, with concentrated rays,
Proved fatal to old Drury Lane!
'Twas all accidental, they cry:
Away with the flimsy humbug!
'Twas fir'd by a flash from the eye
Of Lady Elizabeth Mugg!

"Fire and Ale," by M. G. Lewis, is not less fortunate; and exhibits not only a faithful copy of the spirited, loose, and flowing versification of that singular author, but a very

just representation of that mixture of extravagance and jocularity which has impressed most of his writings with the character of a sort of farcical horror. For example:—

"The fire king one day rather amorous felt;
He mounted his hot copper filly;
His breeches and boots were of tin; and the belt
Was made of cast iron, for fear it should melt
With the heat of the copper colt's belly.
Sure never was skin half so scalding as his!
When an infant, 'twas equally horrid,
For the water when he was baptiz'd gave a fizz,
And bubbl'd and simmer'd and started off, whizz!
As soon as it sprinkl'd his forehead.
Oh then there was glitter and fire in each eye,
For two living coals were the symbols;
His teeth were calcin'd, and his tongue was so dry
It rattled against them as though you should try
To play the piano in thimbles."—pp. 68, 69.

The drift of the story is, that this formidable personage falls in love with Miss Drury the elder, who is consumed in his ardent embrace! when Mr. Whitbread, in the character of the Ale King, fairly bullies him from a similar attempt on her younger sister, who has just come out under *his* protection.

We have next "Playhouse Musings," by Mr. Coleridge—a piece which is unquestionably Lakish—though we cannot say that we recognise in it any of the peculiar traits of that powerful and misdirected genius whose name it has borrowed. We rather think, however, that the tuneful Brotherhood will consider it as a respectable eclogue. This is the introduction:—

"My pensive Public! wherefore look you sad?
I had a grandmother; she kept a donkey
To carry to the mart her crockery ware,
And when that donkey look'd me in the face,
His face was sad! and you are sad, my Public!
Joy should be yours: this tenth day of October
Again assembles us in Drury Lane.
Long wept my eye to see the timber planks
That hid our ruins: many a day I cried
Ah me! I fear they never will rebuild it!
Till on one eve, one joyful Monday eve,
As along Charles Street I prepar'd to walk,
Just at the corner, by the pastry cook's,
I heard a trowel tick against a brick!
I look'd me up, and strait a parapet
Uprose, at least seven inches o'er the planks.
Joy to thee, Drury! to myself I said,
He of Blackfriars Road who hymn'd thy downfal
In loud Hosannahs, and who prophesied
That flames like those from prostrate Solyma
Would scorch the hand that ventur'd to rebuild thee,
Has prov'd a lying prophet. From that hour,
As leisure offer'd, close to Mr. Spring's
Box-office door, I've stood and eyed the builders."
pp. 73, 74.

Of "Architectural Atoms," translated by Dr. Busby, we can say very little more than that they appear to us to be far more capable of combining into good poetry than the few lines we were able to read of the learned Doctor's genuine address in the newspapers. They might pass, indeed, for a very tolerable imitation of Darwin;—as for instance:—

"I sing how casual bricks, in airy climb
Encounter'd casual horse hair, casual lime;
How rafters borne through wond'ring clouds elate,
Kiss'd in their slope blue elemental slate!
Clasp'd solid beams, in chance-directed fury,
And gave to birth our renovated Drury."
pp. 82, 83.

And again:—

"Thus with the flames that from old Drury rise
Its elements primæval sought the skies,
There pendulous to wait the happy hour,
When new attractions should restore their power
Here embryo sounds in æther lie conceal'd
Like words in northern atmosphere congeal'd,
Here many an embryo laugh, and half encore,
Clings to the roof, or creeps along the floor.
By puffs concipient some in æther flit,
And soar in bravos from the thund'ring pit;
While some this mortal life abortive miss,
Crush'd by a groan, or murder'd by a hiss."—p. 87.

"The Theatre," by the Rev. G. Crabbe, we rather think is the best piece in the collection. It is an exquisite and most masterly imitation, not only of the peculiar style, but of the taste, temper, and manner of description of that most original author; and can hardly be said to be in any respect a caricature of that style or manner—except in the excessive profusion of puns and verbal jingles—which, though undoubtedly to be ranked among his characteristics, are never so thick-sown in his original works as in this admirable imitation. It does not aim, of course, at any shadow of his pathos or moral sublimity; but seems to us to be a singularly faithful copy of his passages of mere description. It begins as follows:—

"'Tis sweet to view from half-past five to six,
Our long wax candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touch'd by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start!
To see red Phœbus through the gallery pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane,
While gradual parties fill our widen'd pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit.
"At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,
Distant or near, they settle where they please;
But when the multitude contracts the span,
And seats are rare, they settle where they can.
"Now the full benches, to late comers, doom
No room for standing, miscall'd *standing room*.
"Hark! the check-taker moody silence breaks,
And bawling 'Pit full,' gives the check he takes."
pp. 116, 117.

The tuning of the orchestra is given with the same spirit and fidelity; but we rather choose to insert the following descent of a playbill from the upper boxes:—

"Perchance, while pit and gallery cry, 'hats off,'
And aw'd consumption checks his chided cough,
Some giggling daughter of the queen of love
Drops, reft of pin, her play-bill from above;
Like Icarus, while laughing galleries clap,
Soars, ducks, and dives in air, the printed scrap:
But, wiser far than he, combustion fears,
And, as it flies, eludes the chandeliers;
Till sinking gradual, with repeated twirl,
It settles, curling, on a fiddler's curl;
Who from his powder'd pate the intruder strikes,
And, for mere malice, sticks it on the spikes."
p. 118.

The quaintness and minuteness of the following catalogue, are also in the very spirit of the original author—bating always the undue allowance of puns and *concetti* to which we have already alluded:—

"What various swains our motley walls contain!
Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick Lane;
Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court;
The lottery cormorant, the auction shark,
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk;
Boys who long linger at the gallery door,
With pence twice five,—they want but twopence more,
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs.
Critics we boast who ne'er their malice baulk,
But talk their minds,—we wish they'd mind their talk!
Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live,
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait."
pp. 118, 119.

We shall conclude with the episode on the loss and recovery of Pat Jennings' hat—which, if Mr. Crabbe had thought at all of describing, we are persuaded he would have described precisely as follows:—

"Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat;
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurn'd the one to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost when new but four?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullins whispers, take my handkerchief.
Thank you, cries Pat, but one won't make a line;
Take mine, cried Wilson, and cried Stokes take mine.
A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies;
Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted hue
Starr'd, strip'd, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue.
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Greene below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last kerchief to the beaver's band:
Upsoars the prize; the youth with joy unfeign'd,
Regain'd the felt, and felt what he regain'd;
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touch'd the ransom'd hat."

The Ghost of Samuel Johnson is not very good as a whole: though some passages are singularly happy. The measure and solemnity of his sentences, in all the limited variety of their structure, is imitated with skill;—but the diction is caricatured in a vulgar and unpleasing degree. To make Johnson call a door "a ligneous barricado," and its knocker and bell its "frappant and tintinabulant appendages," is neither just nor humorous; and we are surprised that a writer who has given such extraordinary proofs of his talent for finer ridicule and fairer imitation, should have stooped to a vein of pleasantry so low, and so long ago exhausted; especially as, in other passages of the same piece, he has shown how well qualified he was both to catch and to render the true characteristics of his original. The beginning, for example, we think excellent:—

"That which was organised by the moral ability of one, has been executed by the physical effort of many; and Drury Lane Theatre is now complete. Of that part behind the curtain, which has not yet been destined to glow beneath the brush of the varnisher, or vibrate to the hammer of the carpenter, little is thought by the public, and little need be said by the committee. Truth, however, is not to be sacrificed for the accommodation of either; and he who should pronounce that our edifice has received its final embellishment, would be disseminating falsehood without incurring favour, and risking the disgrace of detection without participating the advantage of success.

"Let it not, however, be conjectured, that because we are unassuming, we are imbecile; that forbearance is any indication of despondency, or humility of demerit. He that is the most assured of success will make the fewest appeals to favour; and where nothing is claimed that is undue, nothing that is due will be withheld. A swelling opening is too often succeeded by an insignificant conclusion. Parturient mountains have ere now produced muscipular abortions; and the auditor who compares incipient grandeur with final vulgarity, is reminded of the pious hawkers of Constantinople, who solemnly perambulate her streets, exclaiming, 'In the name of the prophet—figs!'"—pp. 54, 55.

It ends with a solemn eulogium on Mr. Whitbread, which is thus wound up:—

"To his never-slumbering talents you are indebted for whatever pleasure this haunt of the Muses is calculated to afford. If, in defiance of chaotic malevolence, the destroyer of the temple of Diana yet survives in the name of Herostratus, surely we may confidently predict, that the rebuilder of the temple of Apollo will stand recorded to distant posterity, in that of—Samuel Whitbread."
pp. 59, 60.

Our readers will now have a pretty good idea of the contents of this amusing little volume. We have no conjectures to offer as to its anonymous author. He who is such a master of disguises, may easily be supposed to have been successful in concealing himself;—and with the power of assuming so many styles, is not likely to be detected by his own. We should guess, however, that he had not written a great deal in his own character—that his natural style was neither very lofty nor very grave—and that he rather indulges a partiality for puns and verbal pleasantries. We marvel why he has shut out Campbell and Rogers from his theatre of living poets;—and confidently expect to have our curiosity in this and in all other particulars very speedily gratified, when the applause of the country shall induce him to take off his mask.

(December, 1828.)

Œuvres Inédites de Madame la Baronne de Staël, publiées par son Fils; précédées d'une Notice sur le Caractère et les Ecrits de M. de Staël. Par Madame Necker Saussure. Trois tomes. 8vo. London, Treuttel and Wurtz: 1820.

We are very much indebted to Madame Necker Saussure for this copious, elegant, and affectionate account of her friend and cousin. It is, to be sure, rather in the nature of a Panegyric than of an impartial biography—and, with the sagacity, morality, and skill in com

position which seem to be endemic in the society of Geneva, has also perhaps something of the formality, mannerism, and didactic ambition of that very intellectual society. For a personal memoir of one so much distinguished in society, it is not sufficiently individual or familiar—and a great deal too little feminine, for a woman's account of a woman, who never forgot her sex, or allowed it to be forgotten. The only things that indicate a female author in the work before us, are the decorous purity of her morality—the feebleness of her political speculations—and her never telling the age of her friend.

The world probably knows as much already of M. and Madame Necker as it will care ever to know: Yet we are by no means of opinion that too much is said of them here. They were both very good people—neither of the most perfect *bon ton*, nor of the very highest rank of understanding,—but far above the vulgar level certainly, in relation to either. The likenesses of them with which we are here presented are undoubtedly very favourable, and even flattering; but still, we have no doubt that they are likenesses, and even very cleverly executed. We hear a great deal about the strong understanding and lofty principles of Madame Necker, and of the air of purity that reigned in her physiognomy: But we are candidly told also, that, with her tall and stiff figure, and formal manners, "il y avoit de la gêne en elle, et auprès d'elle;" and are also permitted to learn, that after having acquired various branches of knowledge by profound study, she unluckily became persuaded that all virtues and accomplishments might be learned in the same manner; and accordingly set herself, with might and main, "to *study* the arts of conversation and of housekeeping—together with the characters of individuals, and the management of society—to reduce all these things to system, and to deduce from this system *precise rules* for the regulation of her conduct." Of M. Necker, again, it is recorded, in very emphatic and affectionate terms, that he was extraordinarily eloquent and observing, and equally full of benevolence and practical wisdom: But it is candidly admitted that his eloquence was more sonorous than substantial, and consisted rather of well-rounded periods than impressive thoughts; that he was reserved and silent in general society, took pleasure in thwarting his wife in the education of their daughter, and actually treated the studious propensity of his ingenious consort with so little respect, as to prohibit her from devoting any time to composition, and even from having a table to write at!—for no better reason than that he might not be annoyed with the fear of disturbing her when he came into her apartment! He was a great joker, too, in an innocent paternal way, in his own family; but we cannot find that his witticisms ever had much success in other places. The worship of M. Necker, in short, is a part of the established religion, we perceive, at Geneva; but we suspect that the Priest has made the God, here as in other instances; and rather think the worthy financier must be contented to be known to posterity chiefly as the father of Madame de Staël.

But however that may be, the education of their only child does not seem to have been gone about very prudently, by these sage personages; and if Mad. de Staël had not been a very extraordinary creature, both as to talent and temper, from the very beginning, she could scarcely have escaped being pretty well spoiled between them. Her mother had a notion, that the best thing that could be done for a child was to cram it with all kinds of knowledge, without caring very much whether it understood or digested any part of it;—and so the poor little girl was overtasked and overeducated, in a very pitiless way, for several years; till her health became seriously impaired, and they were obliged to let her run idle in the woods for some years longer—where she composed pastorals and tragedies, and became exceedingly romantic. She was then taken up again; and set to her studies with greater moderation. All this time, too, her father was counteracting the lessons of patient application inculcated by her mother, by the half-playful disputations in which he loved to engage her, and the display which he could not resist making of her lively talents in society. Fortunately, this last species of training fell most in with her disposition; and she escaped being solemn and pedantic, at some little risk of becoming forward and petulant. Still more fortunately, the strength of her understanding was such as to exempt her almost entirely from this smaller disadvantage.

Nothing, however, could exempt her from the danger and disadvantage of being a youthful Prodigy; and there never perhaps was an instance of one so early celebrated, whose celebrity went on increasing to the last period of her existence. We have a very lively picture of her, at eleven years of age, in the work before us; where she is represented as then a stout brown girl, with fine eyes, and an open and affectionate manner, full of eager curiosity, kindness, and vivacity. In the drawing-room, she took her place on a little stool beside her mother's chair, where she was forced to sit very upright, and to look as demure as possible: But by and by, two or three wise-looking oldish gentlemen, with round wigs, came up to her, and entered into animated and sensible conversation with her, as with a wit of full age; and those were Raynal, Marmontel, Thomas, and Grimm. At table she listened with delighted attention to all that fell from those distinguished guests; and learned incredibly soon to discuss all subjects with them, without embarrassment or affectation. Her biographer says, indeed, that she was "always young, and never a child;" but it does seem to us a trait of mere childishness, though here cited as a proof of her filial devotion, that, in order to insure for her parents the gratification of Mr. Gibbon's society, she proposed, about the same time, that she should marry him! and combated, with

great earnestness, all the objections that were stated to this extraordinary union.

Her temper appears from the very first to have been delightful, and her heart full of generosity and kindness. Her love for her father rose almost to idolatry; and though her taste for talk and distinction carried her at last a good deal away from him, this earliest passion seems never to have been superseded, or even interrupted, by any other. Up to the age of twenty, she employed herself chiefly with poems and plays;—but took after that to prose. We do not mean here to say any thing of her different works, the history and analysis of which occupies two-thirds of the *Notice* before us. Her fertility of thought, and warmth of character, appeared first in her Letters on Rousseau; but her own character is best portrayed in Delphine—Corinne showing rather what she would have chosen to be. During her sufferings from the Revolution, she wrote her works on Literature and the Passions, and her more ambitious book on Germany. After that, with more subdued feelings—more confirmed principles—and more practical wisdom, she gave to the world her admirable Considerations on the French Revolution; having, for many years, addicted herself almost exclusively to politics, under the conviction which, in the present condition of the world, can scarcely be considered as erroneous, that under "politics were comprehended morality, religion, and literature."

She was, from a very early period, a lover of cities, of distinction, and of brilliant and varied discussion—cared little in general for the beauties of nature or art—and languished and pined, in spite of herself, when confined to a narrow society. These are common enough traits in famous authors, and people of fashion and notoriety of all other descriptions: But they were united in her with a warmth of affection, a temperament of enthusiasm, and a sweetness of temper, with which we do not know that they were ever combined in any other individual. So far from resembling the poor, jaded, artificial creatures who live upon stimulants, and are with difficulty kept alive by the constant excitements of novelty, flattery, and emulation, her great characteristic was an excessive movement of the soul—a heart overcharged with sensibility, a frame over-informed with spirit and vitality. All her affections, says Madame Necker,—her friendship, her filial, her maternal attachment, partook of the nature of Love—were accompanied by its emotion, almost its passion—and very frequently by the violent agitations which belong to its fears and anxieties. With all this animation, however, and with a good deal of vanity—a vanity which delighted in recounting her successes in society, and made her speak without reserve of her own great talents, influence, and celebrity—she seems to have had no particle of envy or malice in her composition. She was not in the least degree vindictive, jealous, or scornful; but uniformly kind, indulgent, compassionate, and forgiving—or rather forgetful of injuries. In these respects she is very justly and advantageously contrasted with Rousseau; who, with the same warmth of imagination, and still greater professions of philanthropy in his writings, uniformly indicated in his individual character the most irritable, suspicious, and selfish dispositions; and plainly showed that his affection for mankind was entirely theoretical, and had no living objects in this world.

Madame de Staël's devotion to her father is sufficiently proved by her writings;—but it meets us under a new aspect in the Memoir now before us. The only injuries which she could not forgive were those offered to him. She could not bear to think that he was ever to grow old; and, being herself blinded to his progressive decay by her love and sanguine temper, she resented, almost with fury, every insinuation or casual hint as to his age or declining health. After his death, this passion took another turn. Every old man now recalled the image of her father! and she watched over the comforts of all such persons, and wept over their sufferings, with a painful intenseness of sympathy. The same deep feeling mingled with her devotions, and even tinged her strong intellect with a shade of superstition. She believed that her soul communicated with his in prayer; and that it was to his intercession that she owed all the good that afterwards befell her. Whenever she met with any piece of good fortune, she used to say, "It is my father that has obtained this for me!"

In her happier days, this ruling passion took occasionally a more whimsical aspect; and expressed itself with a vivacity of which we have no idea in this phlegmatic country, and which more resembles the childish irritability of Voltaire, than the lofty enthusiasm of the person actually concerned. We give, as a specimen, the following anecdote from the work before us. Madame Saussure had come to Coppet from Geneva in M. Necker's carriage; and had been overturned in the way, but without receiving any injury. On mentioning the accident to Madame de Staël on her arrival, she asked with great vehemence who had driven; and on being told that it was Richel, her father's ordinary coachman, she exclaimed in an agony, "My God, he may one day overturn my father!" and rung instantly with violence for his appearance. While he was coming, she paced about the room in the greatest possible agitation, crying out, at every turn, "My father, my poor father! *he* might have been overturned!"—and turning to her friend, "At your age, and with your slight person, the danger is nothing—but with his age and bulk! I cannot bear to think of it." The coachman now came in; and this lady, so mild and indulgent and reasonable with all her attendants, turned to him in a sort of frenzy, and with a voice of solemnity, but choked with emotion, said, "Richel, do you know that I am a woman of genius?"—The poor man stood in astonishment—and she went on, louder, "Have you not heard, I say, that I am a woman of genius?" Coachy was still mute. "Well then! I tell you that *I am* a woman of genius—of great genius—of pro-

digious genius!—and I tell you more—that all the genius I have shall be exerted to secure your rotting out your days in a dungeon, if ever you overturn my father!" Even after the fit was over, she could not be made to laugh at her extravagance; but was near beginning again—and said "And what had I to conjure with but my poor genius?"

Her insensibility to natural beauty is rather unaccountable, in a mind constituted like hers, and in a native of Switzerland. But, though born in the midst of the most magnificent scenery, she seems to have thought, like Dr. Johnson, that there was no scene equal to the high tide of human existence in the heart of a populous city. "Give me the *Rue de Bac*," said she, when her guests were in ecstasies with the Lake of Geneva and its enchanted shores—"I would prefer living in Paris, in a fourth story, with an hundred Louis a year." These were her habitual sentiments;—But she is said to have had one glimpse of the glories of the universe, when she went first to Italy, after her father's death, and was engaged with *Corinne*. And in that work, it is certainly true that the indications of a deep and sincere sympathy with nature are far more conspicuous than in any of her other writings. For this enjoyment and late-developed sensibility, she always said she was indebted to her father's intercession.

The world is pretty generally aware of the brilliancy of her conversation in mixed company; but we were not aware that it was generally of so polemic a character, or that she herself was so very zealous a disputant,—such a determined intellectual gladiator as her cousin here represents her. Her great delight, it is said, was in eager and even violent contention; and her drawing-room at Coppet is compared to the Hall of Odin, where the bravest warriors were invited every day to enjoy the tumult of the fight, and, after having cut each other in pieces, revived to renew the combat in the morning. In this trait, also, she seems to have resembled our Johnson,—though, according to all accounts, she was rather more courteous to her opponents. These fierce controversies embraced all sorts of subjects—politics, morals, literature, casuistry, metaphysics, and history. In the early part of her life, they turned oftener upon themes of pathos and passion—love and death, and heroical devotion; but she was cured of this lofty vein by the affectations of her imitators. "I tramp in the mire with wooden shoes," she said, "whenever they would force me to go with them among the clouds." In the same way, though sufficiently given to indulge, and to talk of her emotions, she was easily disgusted by the parade of sensibility which is sometimes made by persons of real feeling; observing, with admirable force and simplicity, "Que tous les sentiments naturels ont leur pudeur."

She had at all times a deep sense of religion. Educated in the strict principles of Calvinism, she was never seduced into any admiration of the splendid apparatus and high pretensions of Popery; although she did not altogether escape the seductions of a more sublime superstition. In theology, as well as in every thing else, however, she was less dogmatic than persuasive; and, while speaking from the inward conviction of her own heart, poured out its whole warmth, as well as its convictions, into those of others; and never seemed to feel any thing for the errors of her companions but a generous compassion, and an affectionate desire for their removal. She rather *testified in favour of religion*, in short, than reasoned systematically in its support; and, in the present condition of the world, this was perhaps the best service that could be rendered. Placed in many respects in the most elevated condition to which humanity could aspire—possessed unquestionably of the highest powers of reasoning—emancipated, in a singular degree, from prejudices, and entering with the keenest relish into all the feelings that seemed to suffice for the happiness and occupation of philosophers, patriots, and lovers—she has still testified, that without religion there is nothing stable, sublime, or satisfying! and that it alone completes and consummates all to which reason or affection can aspire.—A genius like hers, and so directed, is, as her biographer has well remarked, the only Missionary that can work any permanent effect on the upper classes of society in modern times;—upon the vain, the learned, the scornful, and argumentative,—they "who stone the Prophets while they affect to offer incense to the Muses."

Both her marriages have been censured;—the first, as a violation of her principles—the second, of dignity and decorum. In that with M. de Staël, she was probably merely passive. It was respectable, and not absolutely unhappy; but unquestionably not such as suited her. Of that with M. Rocca, it will not perhaps be so easy to make the apology. We have no objection to a love-match at fifty:—But where the age and the rank and fortune are all on the lady's side, and the bridegroom seems to have little other recommendation than a handsome person, and a great deal of admiration, it is difficult to escape ridicule,—or something more severe than ridicule. Mad. N. S. seems to us to give a very candid and interesting account of it; and undoubtedly goes far to take off what is most revolting on the first view, by letting us know that it originated in a romantic attachment on the part of M. Rocca; and that he was an ardent suitor to her, before the idea of loving him had entered into *her* imagination. The broken state of his health, too—the short period she survived their union—and the rapidity with which he followed her to the grave—all tend not only to extinguish any tendency to ridicule, but to disarm all severity of censure; and lead us rather to dwell on the story as a part only of the tragical close of a life full of lofty emotions.

Like most other energetic spirits, she despised and neglected too much the accommodation of her body—cared little about exercise, and gave herself no great trouble about health. With the sanguine spirit which belonged to her character, she affected to triumph over infirmity; and used to say—"I might have been sickly, like any body else, had I not resolved to vanquish all physical weaknesses." But Nature would not be defied!—and she died, while contemplating still greater undertakings than any she had achieved. On her sick-bed, none of her great or good qualities abandoned her. To the last she was kind, patient, devout, and intellectual. Among other things, she said—"J'ai toujours été la même—vive et triste.—J'ai aimé Dieu, mon père, et la liberté!" She left life with regret—but felt no weak terrors at the approach of death—and died at last in the utmost composure and tranquillity.

We would rather not make any summary at present of the true character and probable effects of her writings. But we must say, we are not quite satisfied with that of her biographer. It is too flattering, and too eloquent and ingenious. She is quite right in extolling the great fertility of thought which characterises the writings of her friends;—and, with relation to some of these writings, she is not perhaps very far wrong in saying that, if you take any three pages in them at random, the chance is, that you meet with more new and striking thoughts than in an equal space in any other author. But we cannot at all agree with her, when, in a very imposing passage, she endeavours to show that she ought to be considered as the foundress of a new school of literature and philosophy—or at least as the first who clearly revealed to the world that a new and a grander era was now opening to their gaze.

In so far as regards France, and those countries which derive their literature from her fountains, there may be some foundation for this remark; but we cannot admit it as at all applicable to the other parts of Europe; which have always drawn their wisdom, wit, and fancy, from native sources. The truth is, that previous to her Revolution, there was no civilised country where there had been so little originality for fifty years as in France. In literature, their standards had been fixed nearly a century before: and to alter, or even to advance them, was reckoned equally impious and impossible. In politics, they were restrained, by the state of their government, from any free or bold speculations; and in metaphysics, and all the branches of the higher philosophy that depend on it, they had done nothing since the days of Pascal and Descartes. In England, however, and in Germany, the national intellect had not been thus stagnated and subdued—and a great deal of what startled the Parisians by its novelty, in the writings of Madame de Staël, had long been familiar to the thinkers of these two countries. Some of it she *confessedly* borrowed from those neighbouring sources; and some she undoubtedly invented over again for herself. In both departments, however, it would be erroneous, we think, to ascribe the greater part of this improvement to the talents of this extraordinary woman. The Revolution had thrown down, among other things, the barriers by which literary enterprise had been so long restrained in France—and broken, among other trammels, those which had circumscribed the liberty of thinking in that great country. The genius of Madame de Staël co-operated, no doubt, with the spirit of the times, and assisted its effects—but it was also acted upon, and in part created, by that spirit—and her works are rather, perhaps, to be considered as the first fruits of a new order of things, that had already struck root in Europe, than as the harbinger of changes that still remain to be effected.*

In looking back to what she has said, with so much emphasis, of the injustice she had to suffer from Napoleon, it is impossible not to be struck with the aggravation which that injustice is made to receive from the quality of the victim, and the degree in which those sufferings are exaggerated, because they were her own. We think the hostility of that great commander towards a person of her sex, character, and talents, was in the highest degree paltry, and unworthy even of a high-minded tyrant. But we really cannot say that it seems to have had any thing very savage or ferocious in the manner of it. He did not touch, nor even menace her life, nor her liberty, nor her fortune. No daggers, nor chains, nor dungeons, nor confiscations, are among the instruments of torture of this worse than Russian despot. He banished her, indeed, first from Paris, and then from France; suppressed her publications; separated her from some of her friends; and obstructed her passage into England;—very vexatious treatment certainly,—but not quite of the sort which we should have guessed at, from the tone either of her complaints or lamentations. Her main grief undoubtedly was the loss of the society and brilliant talk of Paris; and if *that* had been spared to her, we cannot help thinking that she would have felt less horror and detestation at the inroads of Bonaparte on the liberty and independence of mankind. She avows this indeed pretty honestly, where she says, that, if she had been aware of the privations of this sort which a certain liberal speech of M. Constant was ultimately to bring upon herself, she would have taken care that it should not have been spoken! The truth is, that, like many other celebrated persons of her country, she could not live happily without the excitements and novelties that Paris alone could supply; and that, when these were withdrawn, all the vivacity of her genius, and all the warmth of her heart, proved insufficient to protect her from the benumbing influence of *ennui*. Here are her own confessions on the record:—

"J'étois vulnérable par mon goût pour la société Montaigne a dit jadis: *Je suis François par Paris*, et s'il pensoit ainsi, il y a trois siècles, que seroit-ce depuis que l'on a vu réunies tant de personnes d'esprit dans une même ville, et tant de personnes accoutumées à se servir de cet esprit pour les plaisirs de la conversation? *Le fantôme de l'ennui m'a toujours poursuivie!* C'est par la terreur qu'il me

* A great deal of citation and remark, relating chiefly to the character and conduct of Bonaparte, and especially to his persecution of the fair author, is here omitted—the object of this reprint being solely to illustrate her Personal character.

cause que j'aurois été capable de plier devant la tyrannie—si l'exemple de mon père, et son sang qui coule dans mes veines, ne l'emportoient pas sur cette foiblesse."—Vol. iii. p. 8.

We think this rather a curious trait, and not very easily explained. We can quite well understand how the feeble and passive spirits who have been accustomed to the stir and variety of a town life, and have had their inanity supplied by the superabundant intellect and gaiety that overflows in these great repositories, should feel helpless and wretched when these extrinsic supports are withdrawn: But why the active and energetic members of those vast assemblages, who draw their resources from within, and enliven not only themselves, but the inert mass around them, by the radiation of their genius, should suffer in a similar way, it certainly is not so easy to comprehend. In France, however, the people of the most wit and vivacity seem to have always been the most subject to *ennui*. The letters of Mad. du Deffand, we remember, are full of complaints of it; and those of De Bussy also. It is but a humiliating view of our frail human nature, if the most exquisite arrangements for social enjoyment should be found thus inevitably to generate a distaste for what is ordinarily within our reach; and the habit of a little elegant amusement, not coming very close either to our hearts or understandings, should render all the other parts of life, with its duties, affections, and achievements, distasteful and burdensome. We are inclined, however, we confess, both to question the perfection of the arrangements and the system of amusement that led to such results; and also to doubt of the permanency of the discomfort that may arise on its first disturbance. We are persuaded, in short, that at least as much enjoyment may be obtained, with less of the extreme variety, and less of the overexcitement which belongs to the life of Paris, and is the immediate cause of the depression that follows their cessation; and also, that, in minds of any considerable strength and resource, this depression will be of no long duration; and that nothing but a little perseverance is required to restore the plastic frame of our nature, to its natural appetite and relish for the new pleasures and occupations that may yet await it, beyond the precincts of Paris or London. We remember a signal testimony to this effect, in one of the later publications, we think of Volney, the celebrated traveller; —who describes, in a very amusing way, the misery he suffered when he first changed the society of Paris for that of Syria and Egypt; and the recurrence of the same misery when, after years of absence, he was again restored to the importunate bustle and idle chatter of Paris, from the tranquil taciturnity of his warlike Mussulmans!—his second access of home sickness, when he left Paris for the United States of America,—and the discomfort he experienced, for the fourth time, when, after being reconciled to the free and substantial talk of these stout republicans, he finally returned to the amiable trifling of his own famous metropolis.

It is an affliction, certainly, to be at the end of the works of such a writer—and to think that she was cut off at a period when her enlarged experience and matured talents were likely to be exerted with the greatest utility, and the state of the world was such as to hold out the fairest prospect of their not being exerted in vain. It is a consolation, however, that she has done so much;—And her works will remain not only as a brilliant memorial of her own unrivalled genius, but as a proof that sound and comprehensive views were entertained, kind affections cultivated, and elegant pursuits followed out, through a period which posterity may be apt to regard as one of universal delirium and crime;—that the principles of genuine freedom, taste, and morality, were not altogether extinct, even under the reign of terror and violence—and that one who lived *through the whole* of that agitating scene, was the first luminously to explain, and temperately and powerfully to impress, the great moral and political Lessons, which it should have taught to mankind.

(October, 1835.)

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Honourable Sir James Mackintosh. Edited by his Son, Robert James Mackintosh, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1835.*

There cannot be, we think, a more delightful book than this: whether we consider the attraction of the Character it brings so pleasingly before us—or the infinite variety of original thoughts and fine observations with which it abounds. As a mere narrative there is not so much to be said for it. There are but few incidents; and the account which we have of them is neither very luminous nor very complete. If it be true, therefore, that the only legitimate business of biography is with incidents and narrative, it will not be easy to deny that there is something amiss, either in the title or the substance of this work. But we are humbly of opinion that there is no good ground for so severe a limitation.

Biographies, it appears to us, are naturally of three kinds—and please or instruct us in at least as many different ways. One sort seeks to interest us by an account of what the individual in question actually did or suffered in his own person: another by an account of what he saw done or suffered by others; and a third by an account of what he himself thought, judged, or imagined—for these too, we apprehend, are *acts* of a rational being—and acts frequently quite as memorable, and as fruitful of consequences, as any others he can either witness or perform.

Different readers will put a different value on each of these sorts of biography. But at all events they will be in no danger of confounding them. The character and position of the individual will generally settle, with sufficient precision, to which class his memoirs should be referred; and no man of common sense will expect to meet in one with the kind of interest which properly belongs to another. To complain that the life of a warrior is but barren in literary speculations, or that of a man of letters in surprising personal adventures, is about as reasonable as it would be to complain that a song is not a sermon, or that there is but little pathos is a treatise on geometry.

The first class, in its higher or public department, should deal chiefly with the lives of leaders in great and momentous transactions —men who, by their force of character, or the advantage of their position, have been enabled to leave their mark on the age and country to which they belonged, and to impress more than one generation with the traces of their transitory existence. Of this kind are many of the lives in Plutarch; and of this kind, still more eminently, should be the lives of such men as Mahomet, Alfred, Washington, Napoleon. There is an inferior and more private department under this head, in which the interest, though less elevated, is often quite as intense, and rests on the same general basis, of sympathy with personal feats and endowments—we mean the history of individuals whom the ardour of their temperament, or the caprices of fortune, have involved in strange adventures, or conducted through a series of extraordinary and complicated perils. The memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini, or Lord Herbert of Cherbury, are good examples of this romantic sort of biography; and many more might be added, from the chronicles of ancient paladins, or the confessions of modern malefactors.

The second class is chiefly for the compilers of Diaries and journals—autobiographers who, without having themselves done any thing memorable, have yet had the good luck to live through long and interesting periods; and who, in chronicling the events of their own unimportant lives, have incidentally preserved invaluable memorials of contemporary manners and events. The Memoirs of Evelyn and Pepys are the most obvious instances of works which derive their chief value from this source; and which are read, not for any great interest we take in the fortunes of the writers, but for the sake of the anecdotes and notices of far more important personages and transactions with which they so lavishly present us; and there are many others, written with far inferior talent, and where the design is more palpably egotistical, which are perused with an eager curiosity, on the strength of the same recommendation.

The last class is for Philosophers and men of Genius and speculation—men, in short, who were, or ought to have been, Authors; and whose biographies are truly to be regarded either as *supplements* to the works they have given to the world, or *substitutes* for those which they might have given. These are histories, not of men, but of Minds; and their value must of course depend on the reach and capacity of the mind they serve to develope, and in the relative magnitude of their contributions to its history. When the individual has already poured himself out in a long series of publications, on which all the moods and aspects of his mind have been engraven (as in the cases of Voltaire or Sir Walter Scott), there may be less occasion for such a biographical supplement. But when an author (as in the case of Gray) has been more chary in his communications with the public, and it is yet possible to recover the precious, though immature, fruits of his genius or his studies,—thoughts, and speculations, which no intelligent posterity would willingly let die,—it is due both to his fame and to the best interests of mankind, that they should be preserved, and reverently presented to after times, in such a posthumous portraiture as it is the business of biography to supply.

The best and most satisfactory memorials of this sort are those which are substantially made up of private letters, journals, or written fragments of any kind, by the party himself; as these, however scanty or imperfect, are at all events genuine Relics of the individual, and generally bearing, even more authentically than his publications, the stamp of his intellectual and personal character. We cannot refer to better examples than the lives of Gray and of Cowper, as these have been finally completed. Next to these, if not upon the same level, we should place such admirable records of particular conversations, and memorable sayings gathered from the lips of the wise, as we find in the inimitable pages of Boswell,—a work which, by the general consent of this generation, has not only made us a thousand times better acquainted with Johnson than all his publications put together, but has raised the standard of his intellectual

* This was *my last* considerable contribution to the Edinburgh Review; and, indeed, (with the exception of a slight notice of Mr. Wilberforce's Memoirs,) *the only* thing I wrote for it, after my advancement to the place I now hold. If there was any impropriety in my so contributing at all, some palliation I hope may be found in the nature of the feelings by which I was led to it, and the tenor of what these feelings prompted me to say. I wrote it solely out of affection to the memory of the friend I had lost; and I think I said nothing which was not dictated by a desire to vindicate and to honour that memory. At all events, if it was an impropriety, it was one for which I cannot now submit to seek the shelter of concealment: And therefore I here reprint the greater part of it: and think I cannot better conclude the present collection, than with this tribute to the merits of one of the most distinguished of my Associates in the work out of which it has been gathered.

A considerable part of the original is omitted in this publication; but consisting almost entirely of citations from the book reviewed, and incidental remarks on these citations.

character, and actually made discovery of large provinces in his understanding, of which scarcely an indication was to be found in his writings. In the last and lowest place—in so far, at least, as relates to the proper business of this branch of biography, the enlargement of our knowledge of the genius and character of individuals—we must reckon that most common form of the memoirs of literary men, which consists of little more than the biographer's own (generally most partial) description and estimate of his author's merits, or of elucidations and critical summaries of his most remarkable productions. In this division, though in other respects of great value, must be ranked those admirable dissertations which Mr. Stewart has given to the world under the title of the Lives of Reid, Smith, and Robertson,—the real interest of which consists almost entirely in the luminous exposition we there meet with of the leading speculations of those eminent writers, and in the candid and acute investigation of their originality or truth.

We know it has been said, that after a man has himself given to the public all that he thought worthy of its acceptance, it is not fair for a posthumous biographer to endanger his reputation by bringing forward what he had withheld as unworthy,—either by exhibiting the mere dregs and refuse of his lucubrations, or by exposing to the general gaze those crude conceptions, or rash and careless opinions, which he may have noted down in the privacy of his study, or thrown out in the confidence of private conversation. And no doubt there may be (as there have been) cases of such abuse. Confidence is in no case to be violated; nor are mere trifles, which bear no mark of the writer's intellect, to be recorded to his prejudice. But wherever there is power and native genius, we cannot but grudge the suppression of the least of its revelations; and are persuaded, that with those who can judge of such intellects, they will never lose any thing by the most lavish and indiscriminate disclosures. Which of Swift's most elaborate productions is at this day half so interesting as that most confidential Journal to Stella? Or which of them, with all its utter carelessness of expression, its manifold contradictions, its infantine fondness, and all its quick-shifting moods, of kindness, selfishness, anger, and ambition, gives us half so strong an impression either of his amiableness or his vigour? How much, in like manner, is Johnson raised in our estimation, not only as to intellect but personal character, by the industrious eavesdroppings of Boswell, setting down, day by day, in his note-book, the fragments of his most loose and unweighed conversations? Or what, in fact, is there so precious in the works, or the histories, of eminent men, from Cicero to Horace Walpole, as collections of their private and familiar letters? What would we not give for such a journal—such notes of conversations, or such letters, of Shakespeare, Chaucer, or Spenser? The mere drudges or coxcombs of literature may indeed suffer by such disclosures—as made-up beauties might do by being caught in undress: but all who are really worth knowing about, will, on the whole, be gainers; and we should be well content to have no biographies but of those who would profit, as well as their readers, by being shown in new or in nearer lights.

The value of the insight which may thus be obtained into the mind and the meaning of truly great authors, can scarcely be overrated by any one who knows how to turn such communications to account; and we do not think we exaggerate when we say, that in many cases more light may be gained from the private letters, notes, or recorded talk of such persons, than from the most finished of their publications; and not only upon the many new topics which are sure to be started in such memorials, but as to the true character, and the merits and defects, of such publications themselves. It is from such sources alone that we can learn with certainty by what road the author arrived at the conclusions which we see established in his works; against what perplexities he had to struggle, and after what failures he was at last enabled to succeed. It is thus only that we are often enabled to detect the prejudice or hostility which may be skilfully and mischievously disguised in the published book—to find out the doubts ultimately entertained by the author himself, of what may appear to most readers to be triumphantly established,—or to gain glimpses of those grand ulterior speculations, to which what seemed to common eyes a complete and finished system, was, in truth, intended by the author to serve only as a vestibule or introduction. Where such documents are in abundance, and the mind which has produced them is truly of the highest order, we do not hesitate to say, that more will generally be found in them, in the way at least of hints to kindred minds, and as scattering the seeds of grand and original conceptions, than in any finished works which the indolence, the modesty, or the avocations of such persons will have generally permitted them to give to the world. So far, therefore, from thinking the biography of men of genius barren or unprofitable, because presenting few events or personal adventures, we cannot but regard it, when constructed in substance of such materials as we have now mentioned, as the most instructive and interesting of all writing—embodying truth and wisdom in the vivid distinctness of a personal presentment, —enabling us to look on genius in its first elementary stirrings, and in its weakness as well as its strength,—and teaching us at the same time great moral lessons, both as to the value of labour and industry, and the necessity of *virtues*, as well as intellectual endowments, for the attainment of lasting excellence.

In these general remarks our readers will easily perceive that we mean to shadow forth our conceptions of the character and peculiar merits of the work before us. It is the history not of a man of action, but of a student, a philosopher, and a statesman; and its value consists not in the slight and imperfect account of what was done by, or happened to,

the individual, but in the vestiges it has fortunately preserved of the thoughts, sentiments, and opinions of one of the most powerful thinkers, most conscientious inquirers, and most learned reasoners, that the world has ever seen. It is almost entirely made up of journals and letters of the author himself; and impresses us quite as strongly as any of his publications with a sense of the richness of his knowledge and the fineness of his understanding—and with a far stronger sense of his promptitude, versatility, and vigour.*

His intellectual character, generally, cannot be unknown to any one acquainted with his works, or who has even read many pages of the Memoirs now before us; and it is needless, therefore, to speak here of his great knowledge, the singular union of ingenuity and soundness in his speculations—his perfect candour and temper in discussion—the pure and lofty morality to which he strove to elevate the minds of others, and in his own conduct to conform, or the wise and humane allowance which he was ready, in every case but his own, to make for the infirmities which must always draw down so many from the higher paths of their duty.

These merits, we believe, will no longer be denied by any who have heard of his name, or looked at his writings. But there were other traits of his intellect which could only be known to those who were of his acquaintance, and which it is still desirable that the readers of these Memoirs should bear in mind. One of these was, that ready and prodigious Memory, by which all that he learned seemed to be at once engraved on the proper compartment of his mind, and to present itself at the moment it was required; another, still more remarkable, was the singular Maturity and completeness of all his views and opinions, even upon the most abstruse and complicated questions, though raised, without design or preparation, in the casual course of conversation. In this way it happened that the sentiments he delivered had generally the air of recollections—and that few of those with whom he most associated in mature life, could recollect of ever catching him in the act of making up his mind, in the course of the discussions in which it was his delight to engage them. His conclusions, and the grounds of them, seemed always to have been previously considered and digested; and though he willingly developed his reasons, to secure the assent of his hearers, he uniformly seemed to have been perfectly ready, before the cause was called on, to have delivered the opinion of the court, with a full summary of the arguments and evidence on both sides. In the work before us, we have more peeps into the preparatory deliberations of his great intellect —that scrupulous estimate of the grounds of decision, and that jealous questioning of first impressions, which necessarily precede the formation of all firm and wise opinions.—than could probably be collected from the recollections of all who had most familiar access to him in society. It was owing perhaps to this vigour and rapidity of intellectual digestion that, though all his life a great talker, there never was a man that talked half so much who said so little that was either foolish or frivolous; nor any one perhaps who knew so well how to give as much liveliness and poignancy just and even profound observations, as others could ever impart to startling extravagance, and ludicrous exaggeration. The vast extent of his information, and the natural gaiety of his temper, made him independent of such devices for producing effect; and, joined to the inherent kindness and gentleness of his disposition, made his conversation at once the most instructive and the most generally pleasing that could be imagined.

Of his intellectual endowments we shall say no more. But we must add, that the Tenderness of his domestic affections, and the deep Humility of his character, were as inadequately known, even among his friends, till the publication of those private records: For his manners, though gentle, were cold; and, though uniformly courteous and candid in society, it was natural to suppose that he was not unconscious of his superiority. It is, therefore, but justice to bring into view some of the proofs that are now before us of both these endearing traits of character. The beautiful letter which he addressed to Dr. Parr on the death of his first wife, in 1797, breathes the full spirit of both. We regret that we can only afford room for a part of it.

"Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion, and a tender friend; a prudent monitress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I found a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy and frugality by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. Such was she whom I have lost! And I have lost her after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other,—when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, and before age had deprived it of much of its original ardour,—I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth, and the partner of my misfortunes) at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days!

"The philosophy which I have learnt only teaches me that virtue and friendship are the greatest of human blessings, and that their loss is irreparable. It aggravates my calamity, instead of consoling me under it. But my wounded heart seeks *another* consolation. Governed by those feelings, which have in every age and region of the world actuated the human mind, I seek relief, and I find it, in the soothing hope and consolatory opinion, that a Benevolent Wisdom inflicts the chastisement, as

* A short account of Sir James' parentage, education, and personal history is here omitted.

well as bestows the enjoyments of human life; that Superintending Goodness will one day enlighten the darkness which surrounds our nature, and hangs over our prospects; that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of man; that an animal so sagacious and provident, and capable of such proficiency in science and virtue, is not like the beasts that perish; that there is a dwelling-place prepared for the spirits of the just, and that the ways of God will yet be vindicated to man."

We may add part of a very kind letter, written from India, in 1808, in a more cheerful mood, to his son-in-law Mr. Rich, then on a mission to Babylon,—and whose early death so soon blasted the hopes, not only of his afflicted family, but of the whole literary world.

"And now, my dear Rich, allow me, with the liberty of warm affection, earnestly to exhort you to exert every power of your mind in the duties of your station. There is something in the seriousness, both of business and of science, of which your vivacity is impatient. The brilliant variety of your attainments and accomplishments do, I fear, flatter you into the conceit that you may 'indulge your genius,' and pass your life in amusement; while you smile at those who think, and at those who act. But this would be weak and ignoble. The success of your past studies ought to show you how much you may yet do, instead of soothing you with the reflection how much you have done.

"Habits of seriousness of thought and action are necessary to the duties, to the importance, and to the dignity of human life. What is amiable gaiety at twenty-four might run the risk, if it was unaccompanied by other things, of being thought frivolous and puerile at forty-four. I am so near forty-four, that I can give you pretty exact news of that dull country; which yet ought to interest you, as you are travelling towards it, and must, I hope, pass through it.

"I hope you will profit by my errors. I was once ambitious to have made you a much improved edition of myself. If you had stayed here, I should have laboured to do so, in spite of your impatience; as it is, I heartily pray that you may make yourself something much better.

"You came here so early as to have made few sacrifices of friendship and society at home. You can afford a good many years for making a handsome fortune, and still return *home* young. You do not feel the force of that word quite so much as I could wish: But for the present let me hope that the prospect of coming to one who has such an affection for you as I have, will give your country some of the attractions of home. If you can be allured to it by the generous hope of increasing the enjoyments of my old age, you will soon discover in it sufficient excellences to love and admire; and it will become to you, in the full force of the term, a home."

We are not sure whether the frequent aspirations which we find in his private letters, after the quiet and repose of an Academical situation, ought to be taken as proofs of his humility, though they are generally expressed in language bearing that character. But there are other indications enough, and of the most unequivocal description—for example, this entry in 1818:—

"——— has, I think, a distaste for me. I think the worse of nobody for such a feeling. Indeed I often feel a distaste for myself; and I am sure I should not esteem my own character in another person. It is more likely that I should have disrespectable or disagreeable qualities, than that ——— should have an unreasonable antipathy.

Vol. ii. p. 344.

In the same sad but gentle spirit, we have this entry in 1822:—

"Walked a little up the quiet valley, which on this cheerful morning looked pretty. While sitting on the stone under the tree, my mind was soothed by reading some passages of ——— in the Quarterly Review. With no painful humility I felt that an enemy of mine is a man of genius and virtue; and that all who think slightingly of me may be right."

But the strongest and most painful expression of this profound humility is to be found in a note to his Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy; in which, after a beautiful eulogium on his deceased friends, Mr. George Wilson and Mr. Serjeant Lens, he adds—

"The present writer hopes that the good-natured reader will excuse him for having thus, perhaps unseasonably, bestowed heartfelt commendation on those who were above the pursuit of praise, and the remembrance of whose good opinion and goodwill helps to support him, under a deep sense of faults and vices."

The reader now knows enough of Sir James' personal character to enter readily into the spirit of any extracts we may lay before him. The most valuable of these are supplied by his letters, journals, and occasional writings, while enjoying the comparative leisure of his Indian residence, or the complete leisure of his voyage to and from that country: and, with all due deference to opposite opinions, this is exactly what we should have expected. Sir James Mackintosh, it is well known, had a great relish for Society; and had not constitutional vigour (after his return from India) to go through much Business without exhaustion and fatigue. In London and in Parliament, therefore, his powerful intellect was at once too much dissipated, and too much oppressed; and the traces it has left of its exertions on those scenes are comparatively few and inadequate. In conversation, no doubt, much that was delightful and instructive was thrown out; and, for want of a Boswell, has perished! But, though it may be true that we have thus lost the light and graceful flowers of anecdote and conversation, we would fain console ourselves with the belief that we have secured the more precious and mature fruits of studies and meditations, which can only be pursued to advantage, when the cessation of more importunate calls has "left us leisure to be wise."

With reference to these views, nothing has struck us more than the singular vigour and alertness of his understanding during the dull progress of his home voyage. Shut up in a small cabin, in a tropical climate, in a state of languid health, and subject to every sort of annoyance, he not only reads with an industry which would not disgrace an ardent Academic studying for honours, but plunges eagerly into original speculations, and finishes off some of the most beautiful compositions in the language, in a shorter time than would be allowed, for such subjects, to a contractor for leading paragraphs to a daily paper. In less than a fortnight, during this voyage, he seems to have thrown off nearly twenty elaborate characters of eminent authors or states

men in English story—conceived with a justness, and executed with a delicacy, which would seem unattainable without long meditation and patient revisal. We cannot now venture, however, to present our readers with more than a part of one of them; and we take our extract from that of Samuel Johnson.

"In early youth he had resisted the most severe tests of probity. Neither the extreme poverty nor the uncertain income to which the virtue of so many men of letters has yielded, even in the slightest degree weakened his integrity, or lowered the dignity of his independence. His moral principles (if the language may be allowed) partook of the vigour of his understanding. He was conscientious, sincere, determined; and his pride was no more than a steady consciousness of superiority in the most valuable qualities of human nature. His friendships were not only firm, but generous and tender, beneath a rugged exterior. He wounded none of those feelings which the habits of his life enabled him to estimate; but he had become too hardened by serious distress not to contract some disregard for those minor delicacies which become so keenly sensible, in a calm and prosperous fortune. He was a Tory, not without some propensities towards Jacobitism; and a High Churchman, with more attachment to ecclesiastical authority and a splendid worship, than is quite consistent with the spirit of Protestantism. On these subjects he neither permitted himself to doubt, nor tolerated difference of opinion in others. But the vigour of his understanding is no more to be estimated by his opinions on subjects where it was bound by his prejudices, than the strength of a man's body by the efforts of a limb in fetters. His conversation, which was one of the most powerful instruments of his extensive influence, was artificial, dogmatical, sententious, and poignant; adapted, with the most admirable versatility, to every subject as it arose, and distinguished by an almost unparalleled power of serious repartee. He seems to have considered himself as a sort of colloquial magistrate, who inflicted severe punishment from just policy. His course of life led him to treat those sensibilities, which such severity wounds, as fantastic and effeminate; and he entered society too late to acquire those habits of politeness which are a substitute for natural delicacy.

"In the progress of English style, three periods may be easily distinguished. The first period extended from Sir Thomas More to Lord Clarendon. During great part of this period, the style partook of the rudeness and fluctuation of an unformed language, in which use had not yet determined the words that were to be English. Writers had not yet discovered the combination of words which best suits the original structure and immutable constitution of our language. While the terms were English, the arrangement was Latin—the exclusive language of learning, and that in which every truth in science, and every model of elegance, was then contemplated by youth. For a century and a half, ineffectual attempts were made to bend our vulgar tongue to the genius of the language supposed to be superior; and the whole of this period, though not without a capricious mixture of coarse idiom, may be called the Latin, or pedantic age, of our style.

"In the second period, which extended from the Restoration to the middle of the eighteenth century, a series of writers appeared, of less genius indeed than their predecessors, but more successful in their experiments to discover the mode of writing most adapted to the genius of the language. About the same period that a similar change was effected in France by Pascal, they began to banish from style, learned as well as vulgar phraseology; and to confine themselves to the part of the language naturally used in general conversation by well-educated men. That middle region which lies between vulgarity and pedantry, remains commonly unchanged, while both extremes are condemned to perpetual revolution. Those who select words from that permanent part of a language, and who arrange them according to its natural order, have discovered the true secret of rendering their writings permanent; and of preserving that rank among the classical writers of their country, which men of greater intellectual power have failed to attain. Of these writers, whose language has not yet been at all superannuated, Cowley was probably the earliest, as Dryden and Addison were assuredly the greatest.

"The third period may be called the Rhetorical, and is distinguished by the prevalence of a school of writers, of which Johnson was the founder. The fundamental character of this style is, that it employs undisguised art, where classical writers appear only to obey the impulse of a cultivated and adorned nature, &c.

"As the mind of Johnson was robust, but neither nimble nor graceful, so his style, though sometimes significant, nervous, and even majestic, was void of all grace and ease; and being the most unlike of all styles to the natural effusion of a cultivated mind, had the least pretensions to the praise of eloquence. During the period, *now near a close*, in which he was a favourite model, a stiff symmetry and tedious monotony succeeded to that various music with which the taste of Addison diversified his periods, and to that natural imagery which his beautiful genius seemed with graceful negligence to scatter over his composition."

We stop here to remark, that, though concurring in the substance of this masterly classification of our writers, we should yet be disposed to except to that part of it which represents the first introduction of soft, graceful, and idiomatic English as not earlier than the period of the Restoration. In our opinion it is at least as old as Chaucer. The English Bible is full of it; and it is among the most common, as well as the most beautiful, of the many languages spoken by Shakespeare. Laying his verse aside, there are in his longer passages of prose—and in the serious as well as the humorous parts—in Hamlet, and Brutus, and Shylock, and Henry V., as well as in Falstaff, and Touchstone, Rosalind, and Benedick, a staple of sweet, mellow, and natural English, altogether as free and elegant as that of Addison, and for the most part more vigorous and more richly coloured. The same may be said, with some exceptions, of the other dramatists of that age. Sir James is right perhaps as to the grave and authoritative writers of prose; but few of the wits of Queen Anne's time were of that description. We shall only add that part of the sequel which contains the author's general account of the Lives of the Poets.

"Whenever understanding alone is sufficient for poetical criticism, the decisions of Johnson are generally right. But the beauties of poetry must be *felt* before their causes are investigated. There is a poetical sensibility, which in the progress of the mind becomes as distinct a power as a musical ear or a picturesque eye. Without a considerable degree of this sensibility, it is as vain for a man of the greatest understanding to speak of the higher beauties of poetry, as it is for a blind man to speak of colours. But to cultivate such a talent was wholly foreign from the worldly sagacity and stern shrewdness of Johnson. As in his judgment of life and character, so in his criticism on poetry, he was a sort of free-thinker. He suspected the refined of affectation; he rejected the enthusiactic as absurd; and he took it for granted that the mysterious was

unintelligible. He came into the world when the school of Dryden and Pope gave the law to English poetry. In that school he had himself learned to be a lofty and vigorous declaimer in harmonious verse; beyond that school his unforced admiration perhaps scarcely soared; and his highest effort of criticism was accordingly the noble panegyric on Dryden. His criticism owed its popularity as much to its defects as to its excellences. It was on a level with the majority of readers—persons of good sense and information, but of no exquisite sensibility; and to their minds it derived a false appearance of solidity, from that very narrowness, which excluded those grander efforts of imagination to which Aristotle and Bacon have confined the name of poetry."

The admirable and original delineation, of which this is but a small part, appears to have been the task of one disturbed and sickly day. We have in these volumes characters of Hume, Swift, Lord Mansfield, Wilkes, Goldsmith, Gray, Franklin, Sheridan, Fletcher of Saltoun, Louis XIV., and some others, all finished with the same exquisite taste, and conceived in the same vigorous and candid spirit; besides which, it appears from the Journal, that in the same incredibly short period of fourteen or fifteen days, he had made similar delineations of Lord North, Paley, George Grenville, C. Townshend, Turgot, Malesherbes, Young, Thomson, Aikenside, Lord Bolingbroke, and Lord Oxford; though (we know not from what cause) none of these last mentioned appear in the present publication.

During the same voyage, the perusal of Madame de Sevigné's Letters engages him (at intervals) for about a fortnight; in the course of which he has noted down in his Journal more just and delicate remarks on her character, and that of her age, than we think are any where else to be met with. But we cannot now venture on any extract; and must confine ourselves to the following admirable remarks on the true tone of polite conversation and familiar letters,—suggested by the same fascinating collection:—

"When a woman of feeling, fancy, and accomplishment has learned to converse with ease and grace, from long intercourse with the most polished society, and when she writes as she speaks, she must write letters as they ought to be written; if she has acquired just as much habitual correctness as is reconcilable with the air of negligence. A moment of enthusiasm, a burst of feeling, a flash of eloquence may be allowed; but the intercourse of society, either in conversation or in letters, allows no more. Though interdicted from the long-continued use of elevated language, they are not without a resource. There is a part of language which is disdained by the pedant or the declaimer, and which both, if they knew its difficulty, would approach with dread; it is formed of the most familiar phrases and turns in daily use by the generality of men, and is full of energy and vivacity, bearing upon it the mark of those keen feelings and strong passions from which it springs. It is the employment of such phrases which produces what may be called colloquial eloquence. Conversation and letters may be thus raised to any degree of animation, without departing from their character. Any thing may be said, if it be spoken in the tone of society. The highest guests are welcome if they come in the easy undress of the club; the strongest metaphor appears without violence, if it is *familiarly* expressed; and we the more easily catch the warmest feeling, if we perceive that it is intentionally lowered in expression, out of condescension to our calmer temper. It is thus that harangues and declamations, the last proof of bad taste and bad manners in conversation, are avoided, while the fancy and the heart find the means of pouring forth all their stores. To meet this despised part of language in a polished dress, and producing all the effects of wit and eloquence, is a constant source of agreeable surprise. This is increased, when a few bolder and higher words are happily wrought into the texture of this familiar eloquence. To find what seems so unlike author-craft in a book, raises the pleasing astonishment to its highest degree. I once thought of illustrating my notions by numerous examples from 'La Sevigné.' And I must, some day or other, do so; though I think it the resource of a bungler, who is not enough master of language to convey his conceptions into the minds of others. The style of Madame de Sevigné is evidently copied, not only by her worshipper, Walpole, but even by Gray; who, notwithstanding the extraordinary merits of his matter, has the double stiffness of an imitator, and of a college recluse."

How many debatable points are fairly settled by the following short and vigorous remarks, in the Journal for 1811:—

"Finished George Rose's 'Observations on Fox's History,' which are tedious and inefficient. That James was more influenced by a passion for arbitrary power than by Popish bigotry, is an idle refinement in Fox: He liked both Popery and tyranny; and I am persuaded he did not himself know which he liked best. But I take it to be certain that the English people, at the Revolution, dreaded his love of Popery more than his love of tyranny. This was in them Protestant bigotry, not reason: But the instinct of their bigotry pointed right. Popery was then the name for the faction which supported civil and religious tyranny in Europe: To be a Papist was to be a partisan of the ambition of Louis XIV."

There is in the Bombay Journal of the same year, a beautiful essay on Novels, and the *moral* effect of fiction in general, the whole of which we should like to extract; but it is far too long. It proceeds on the assumption, that as all fiction must seek to interest by representing admired qualities in an exaggerated form, and in striking aspects, it must tend to raise the standard, and increase the admiration of excellence. In answer to an obvious objection, he proceeds—

"A man who should feel all the various sentiments of morality, in the proportions in which they are inspired by the Iliad, would certainly be far from a perfectly good man. But it does not follow that the Iliad did not produce great moral benefit. To determine that point, we must ascertain whether a man, formed by the Iliad, would be better than the ordinary man of the country, *at the time in which it appeared*. It is true that it too much inspires an admiration for ferocious courage. That admiration was then prevalent, and every circumstance served to strengthen it. But the Iliad breathes many other sentiments, less prevalent less favoured by the state of society, and calculated gradually to mitigate the predominant passion. The friendship and sorrow of Achilles for Patroclus, the patriotic valour of Hector, the paternal affliction of Priam, would slowly introduce more humane affections. If they had not been combined with the admiration of barbarous courage, they would not have been popular; and consequently they would have found no entry into those savage hearts which they were destined (I do not say *intended*) to soften. It is therefore clear, from the very nature of poetry, that the poet must inspire somewhat better morals than those around him; though, to be effectual and

useful, his morals must not be totally unlike those of his contemporaries. If the Iliad should, in a long course of ages, have inflamed the ambition and ferocity of a few individuals, even that evil, great as it is, will be far from balancing all the generous sentiments, which, for three thousand years, it has been pouring into the hearts of youth; and which it now continues to infuse, aided by the dignity of antiquity, and by all the fire and splendour of poetry. Every succeeding generation, as it refines, requires the standard to be proportionably raised.

"Apply these remarks, with the necessary modifications, to those fictions copied from common life called Novels, which are not above a century old, and of which the multiplication and the importance, as well literary as moral, are characteristic features of England. There may be persons now alive who recollect the publication of 'Tom Jones,' at least, if not of 'Clarissa.' Since that time, probably twelve novels have appeared of the first rank—a prodigious number, of such a kind, in any department of literature (by the help of Sir Walter Scott and Miss Edgeworth we may now at least double the number)—and the whole class of novels must have had more influence on the public, than all other sorts of books combined. Nothing popular can be frivolous. Whatever influences multitudes, must be of proportionable importance. Bacon and Turgot would have contemplated with inquisitive admiration this literary revolution."

And soon after, while admitting that Tom Jones (for example) is so far from being a moral book as to be deserving of the severest reprobation, he adds—

"Yet even in this extreme case, I must observe that the same book inspires the greatest abhorrence of the duplicity of Blifil, of the hypocrisy of Thwackum and Square; that Jones himself is interesting by his frankness, spirit, kindness, and fidelity—all virtues of the first class. The objection is the same in its principle with that to the Iliad. The ancient epic exclusively presents war—the modern novel love; the one what was most interesting in public life, and the other what is most brilliant in private—and both with an unfortunate disregard of moral restraint."

The entry under 6th March, 1817, has to the writer of this article, a melancholy interest, even at this distance of time. It refers to the motion recently made in the House of Commons for a new writ, on the death of Mr. Horner. The reflections with which it closes must, we think, be interesting always.

"March 6th.—The only event which now appears interesting to me, is the scene in the House of Commons on Monday. Lord Morpeth opened it in a speech so perfect, that it might have been well placed as a passage in the most elegant English writer; it was full of feeling; every topic was skilfully presented, and contained, by a sort of prudence which is a part of taste, within safe limits; he slid over the thinnest ice without cracking it.—Canning filled well what would have been the vacant place of a calm observer of Horner's public life and talents. Manners Sutton's most affecting speech was a tribute of affection from a private friend become a political enemy; Lord Lascelles, at the head of the country gentleman of England, closing this affecting, improving, and most memorable scene by declaring, 'that if the sense of the House could have been taken on this occasion, it would have been unanimous.' I may say without exaggeration, that never were so many words uttered without the least suspicion of exaggeration; and that never was so much honour paid in any age or nation to intrinsic claims alone. A Howard introduced, and an English House of Commons adopted, the proposition, of thus honouring the memory of a man of thirty-eight, the son of a shopkeeper; who never filled an office, or had the power of obliging a living creature, and whose grand title to this distinction was the belief of his virtue. How honourable to the age and to the House! A country where such sentiments prevail is not ripe for destruction."

Sir James could not but feel, in the narrow circles of Bombay, the great superiority of London society; and he has thus recorded his sense of it:—

"In great capitals, men of different provinces, professions, and pursuits are brought together in society, and are obliged to acquire a habit, a matter, and manner mutually perspicuous and agreeable. Hence they are raised above frivolity, and are divested of pedantry. In small societies this habit is not imposed by necessity; they have lower, but more urgent subjects, which are interesting to all, level to all capacities, and require no effort or preparation of mind."

He might have added, that in a great capital the best of all sorts is to be met with; and that the adherents even of the most extreme or fantastic opinions are there so numerous, and generally so respectably *headed*, as to command a deference and regard that would scarcely be shown to them when appearing as insulated individuals; and thus it happens that real toleration, and true modesty, as well as their polite simulars, are rarely to be met with out of great cities. This, however, is true only of those who mix largely in the general society of such places. For bigots and exclusives of all sorts, they are hot-beds and seats of corruption; since, however absurd or revolting their tenets may be, such persons are sure to meet enough of their fellows to encourage each other. In the provinces, a believer in animal magnetism or German metaphysics has few listeners, and no encouragement; but in a place like London they make a little coterie; who herd together, exchange flatteries, and take themselves for the apostles of a new gospel.

The editor has incorporated with his work some letters addressed to him by friends of his father, containing either anecdotes of his earlier life, or observations on his character and merits. It was natural for a person whose age precluded him from speaking on his own authority of any but recent transactions, to seek for this assistance; and the information contributed by Lord Abinger and Mr. Basil Montagu (the former especially) is very interesting. The other letters present us with little more than the opinion of the writers as to his character. If these should be thought too laudatory, there is another character which has lately fallen under our eye, which certainly is not liable to that objection. In the "Table-Talk" of the late Mr. Coleridge, we find these words:—"I doubt if Mackintosh ever heartily appreciated an eminently original man. After all his fluency and brilliant erudition, you can rarely carry off any thing worth preserving. You might not improperly write upon his forehead, 'Warehouse to let!'"

We wish to speak tenderly of a man of genius, and we believe of amiable dispositions, who has been so recently removed from his friends and admirers But so portentous a

misjudgment as this, and coming from such a quarter, cannot be passed without notice. If Sir James Mackintosh had any talent more conspicuous and indisputable than another, it was that of appreciating the merits of eminent and original men. His great learning and singular soundness of judgment enabled him to do this truly; while his kindness of nature, his zeal for human happiness, and his perfect freedom from prejudice or vanity, prompted him, above most other men, to do it heartily. And then, as to his being a person from whose conversation little could be carried away, why the most characteristic and remarkable thing about it, was that the whole of it might be carried away—it was so lucid, precise, and brilliantly perspicuous! The joke of the "warehouse to let" is not, we confess, quite level to our capacities. It can scarcely mean (though that is the most obvious sense) that the head was empty—as that is inconsistent with the rest even of this splenetic delineation. If it was intended to insinuate that it was ready for the indiscriminate reception of any thing which any one might choose to put into it, there could not be a more gross misconception; as we have no doubt Mr. Coleridge must often have sufficiently experienced. And by whom is this discovery, that Mackintosh's conversation presented nothing that could be carried away, thus confidently announced? Why, by the very individual against whose own oracular and interminable talk the same complaint has been made, by friends and by foes, and with an unanimity unprecedented, for the last forty years. The admiring, or rather idolizing nephew, who has lately put forth this hopeful specimen of his relics, has recorded in the preface, that "his conversation at all times required attention; and that the demand on the intellect of the hearer was often very great; and that, when he got into his 'huge circuit' and large illustrations, most people had lost him, and naturally enough supposed that he had lost himself." Nay, speaking to this very point, of the ease or difficulty of "carrying away" any definite notions from what he said, the partial kinsman is pleased to inform us, that, with all his familiarity with the inspired style of his relative, he himself has often gone away, after listening to him for several delightful hours, with divers masses of reasoning in his head, but without being able to perceive what connection they had with each other. "In such cases," he adds, "I have mused, *sometimes even for days afterwards*, upon the words, till at length, spontaneously as it were, the fire would kindle," &c. &c. And this is the person who is pleased to denounce Sir James Mackintosh as an ordinary man; and especially to object to his conversation, that, though brilliant and fluent, there was rarely any thing in it which could be carried away!

An attack so unjust and so arrogant leads naturally to comparisons, which it could be easy to follow out to the signal discomfiture of the party attacking. But without going beyond what is thus forced upon our notice, we shall only say, that nothing could possibly set the work before us in so favourable a point of view, as a comparison between it and the volumes of "Table Talk," to which we have already made reference—unless, perhaps, it were the contrast of the two minds which are respectively portrayed in these publications.

In these memorials of Sir James Mackintosh, we trace throughout the workings of a powerful and unclouded intellect, nourished by wholesome learning, raised and instructed by fearless though reverent questionings of the sages of other times (which is the permitted Necromancy of the wise), exercised by free discussion with the most distinguished among the living, and made acquainted with its own strength and weakness, not only by a constant intercourse with other powerful minds, but by mixing, with energy and deliberation, in practical business and affairs; and here pouring itself out in a delightful miscellany of elegant criticism, original speculation, and profound practical suggestions on politics, religion, history, and all the greater and the lesser duties, the arts and the elegances of life—all expressed with a beautiful clearness and tempered dignity—breathing the purest spirit of good-will to mankind—and brightened not merely by an ardent hope, but an assured faith in their constant advancement in freedom, intelligence, and virtue.

On all these points, the "Table Talk" of his poetical contemporary appears to us to present a most mortifying contrast; and to render back merely the image of a moody mind, incapable of mastering its own imaginings, and constantly seduced by them, or by a misdirected ambition, to attempt impracticable things:—naturally attracted by dim paradoxes rather than lucid truths, and preferring, for the most part, the obscure and neglected parts of learning to those that are useful and clear—marching, in short, at all times, under the exclusive guidance of the Pillar of Smoke—and, like the body of its original followers, wandering all his days in the desert, without ever coming in sight of the promised land.

Consulting little at any time with any thing but his own prejudices and fancies, he seems, in his latter days, to have withdrawn altogether from the correction of equal minds; and to have nourished the assurance of his own infallibility, by delivering mystical oracles from his cloudy shrine, all day long, to a small set of disciples, to whom neither question nor interruption was allowed. The result of this necessarily was, an excaerbation of all the morbid tendencies of the mind; a daily increasing ignorance of the course of opinions and affairs in the world, and a proportional confidence in his own dogmas and dreams, which might have been shaken, at least, if not entirely subverted, by a closer contact with the general mass of intelligence. Unfortunately this unhealthful training (peculiarly unhealthful for such a constitution) produced not merely a great eruption of ridiculous blunders and pitiable prejudices, but

seems at last to have brought on a confirmed and thoroughly diseased habit of uncharitableness, and misanthropic anticipations of corruption and misery throughout the civilised world. The indiscreet revelations of the work to which we have alluded have now brought to light instances, not only of intemperate abuse of men of the highest intellect and most unquestioned purity, but such predictions of evil from what the rest of the world has been contented to receive as improvements, and such suggestions of intolerant and Tyrannical Remedies, as no man would believe could proceed from a cultivated intellect of the present age—if the early history of this particular intellect had not indicated an inherent aptitude for all extreme opinions,—and prepared us for the *usual* conversion of one extreme into another.

And it is worth while to mark here also, and in respect merely of consistency and ultimate authority with mankind, the advantage which a sober and well-regulated understanding will always have over one which claims to be above ordinances; and trusting either to an erroneous opinion of its own strength, or even to a true sense of it, gives itself up to its first strong impression, and sets at defiance all other reason and authority. Sir James Mackintosh had, in his youth, as much ambition and as much consciousness of power as Mr. Coleridge could have: But the utmost extent of *his* early aberrations (in his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*) was an over estimate of the probabilities of good from a revolution of violence; and a much greater under-estimate of the mischiefs with which such experiments are sure to be attended, and the value of settled institutions and long familiar forms. Yet, though in his philanthropic enthusiasm he did miscalculate the relative value of these opposite forces (and speedily admitted and rectified the error), he never for an instant disputed the existence of *both* elements in the equation, or affected to throw a doubt upon any of the great principles on which civil society reposes. On the contrary, in his earliest as well as his latest writings, he pointed steadily to the great institutions of Property and Marriage, and to the necessary authority of Law and Religion, as essential to the being of a state, and the well-being of any human society. It followed, therefore, that when disappointed in his too sanguine expectations from the French Revolution, he had nothing to retract in the substance and scope of his opinions; and merely tempering their announcement, with the gravity and caution of maturer years, he gave them out again in his later days to the world, with the accumulated authority of a whole life of consistency and study. At no period of that life, did he fail to assert the right of the people to political and religious freedom; and to the protection of just and equal laws, enacted by representatives truly chosen by themselves: And he never uttered a syllable that could be construed into an approval, or even an acquiescence in persecution and intolerance; or in the maintenance of authority for any other purpose than to give effect to the enlightened and deliberate will of the community. To enforce these doctrines his whole life was devoted; and though not permitted to complete either of the great works he had projected, he was enabled to finish detached portions of each, sufficient not only fully to develope his principles, but to give a clear view of the whole design, and to put it in the power of any succeeding artist to proceed with the execution. Look now upon the other side of the parallel.

Mr. Coleridge, too, was an early and most ardent admirer of the French Revolution; but the fruits of that admiration *in him* were, not a reasoned and statesmanlike apology for some of its faults and excesses, but a resolution to advance the regeneration of mankind at a still quicker rate, by setting before their eyes the pattern of a yet more exquisite form of society! And accordingly, when a full-grown man, he actually gave into, if he did not originate, the scheme of what he and his friends called a Pantisocracy—a form of society in which there was to be neither law nor government, neither priest, judge, nor magistrate—in which all property was to be in common, and every man left to act upon his own sense of duty and affection!

This fact is enough:—And whether he afterwards passed through the stages of a Jacobin, which he seems to deny—or a hotheaded Moravian, which he seems to admit,—is really of no consequence. The character of his understanding is *settled* with all reasonable men: As well as the authority that is due to the anti-reform and anti-toleration maxims which he seems to have spent his latter years in venting. Till we saw this posthumous publication, we had, to be sure, no conception of the extent to which these compensating maxims were carried; and we now think that few of the Conservatives (who were not originally Pantisocratists) will venture to adopt them. Not only is the Reform Bill denounced as the spawn of mere wickedness, injustice, and ignorance; and the reformed House of Commons as "low, vulgar, meddling, and sneering at every thing noble and refined," but the wise and the good, we are assured, will, in every country, "speedily become disgusted with *the Representative form of government, brutalized as it is* by the predominance of democracy, in England, France, and Belgium!" And then the remedy is, that they will recur to a new, though, we confess, not very comprehensible form, of "*Pure Monarchy*, in which the reason of the people shall become efficient in the apparent Will of the King!" Moreover, he is for a total dissolution of the union with Ireland, and its erection into a separate and independent kingdom. He is against Negro emancipation—sees no use in reducing taxation—and designates Malthus' demonstration of a mere matter of fact by a redundant accumulation of evidence, by the polite and appropriate appellation of "a lie;" and represents it as more disgraceful and abominable than any thing that the weakness and wickedness of man have ever before given birth to

Such as his temperance and candour are in politics, they are also in religion; and recommended and excused by the same flagrant contradiction to his early tenets. Whether he ever was a proper Moravian or not we care not to inquire. It is admitted, and even stated somewhat boastingly in this book, that he was a bold Dissenter from the church. He thanks heaven, indeed, that he "had gone much farther than the Unitarians!" And to make his boldness still more engaging, he had gone these lengths, not only against the authority of our Doctors, but against the clear and admitted doctrine and teaching of the Apostles themselves! "'What care I,' I said, 'for the Platonisms of John, or the Rabbinisms of Paul? *My conscience revolts?*'—*That* was the ground of *my* Unitarianism." And by and by, this infallible and oracular person does not hesitate to declare, that others, indeed, may do as they choose, but he, for his part, can never allow that Unitarians are Christians! and, giving no credit for "revolting consciences" to any one but himself, charges all Dissenters in the lump with hating the Church much more than they love religion—is furious against the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and Catholic Emancipation,—and at last actually, and in good set terms, denies that any Dissenter has a *right to toleration!* and, in perfect consistency, maintains that it is the duty of the magistrate to stop heresy and schism *by persecution*—if he only has reason to think that in this way the evil may be arrested; adding, by way of example, that he would be ready "to ship off—*any where*," any missionaries who might attempt to disturb the undoubting Lutheranism of certain exemplary Norwegians, whom he takes under his special protection.

We are tempted to say more. But we desist; and shall pursue this parallel no farther. Perhaps we have already been betrayed into feelings and expressions that may be objected to. We should be sorry if this could be done justly. But we do not question Mr. Coleridge's sincerity. We admit, too, that he was a man of much poetical sensibility, and had visions of intellectual sublimity, and glimpses of comprehensive truths, which he could neither reduce into order nor combine into system. But out of poetry and metaphysics, we think he was nothing; and eminently disqualified, not only by the defects, but by the best parts of his genius, as well as by his temper and habits, for forming any sound judgment on the business and affairs of our actual world. And yet it is for his preposterous judgments *on such subjects* that his memory is now held in affected reverence by those who laughed at him, all through his life, for what gave him his only true claim to admiration! and who now magnify his genius, for no other purpose but to give them an opportunity to quote, as of grave authority, his mere delirations, on reform, dissent, and toleration—his cheering predictions of the approaching millennium of pure monarchy—or his demonstrations of the absolute harmlessness of taxation, and the sacred duty of all sorts of *efficient* persecution. We are sure we treat Mr. Coleridge with all possible respect when we say, that *his* name can lend no more plausibility to absurdities like these, than the far greater names of Bacon or Hobbes could do to the belief in sympathetic medicines, or in churchyard apparitions.

We fear we have already transgressed our just limits. But before concluding, we wish to say a word on a notion which we find pretty generally entertained, that Sir James Mackintosh did not sufficiently turn to profit the talent which was committed to him; and did much less than, with his gifts and opportunities, he ought to have done. He himself seems, no doubt, to have been occasionally of that opinion; and yet we cannot but think it in a great degree erroneous. If he had not, in early life, conceived the ambitious design of executing two great works,—one on the principles of Morals and Legislation, and one on English History; or had not let it be understood, for many years before his death, that he was actually employed on the latter, we do not imagine that, with all the knowledge his friends had (and all the world now has) of his qualifications, any one would have thought of visiting his memory with such a reproach.

We know of no code of morality which makes it imperative on every man of extraordinary talent or learning to write a large book:—and could readily point to instances where such persons have gone with unquestioned honour to their graves, without leaving any such memorial—and been judged to have acted up to the last article of their duty, merely by enlightening society by their lives and conversation, and discharging with ability and integrity the offices of magistracy or legislation, to which they may have been called. But looking even to the sort of debt which may be thought to have been contracted by the announcement of these works, we cannot but think that the public has received a very respectable dividend—and, being at the best but a gratuitous creditor—ought not now to withhold a thankful discharge and acquittance. The discourse on Ethical Philosophy is full payment, we conceive, of one moiety of the first engagement,—and we are persuaded will be so received by all who can judge of its value; and though the other moiety, which relates to Legislation, has not yet been tendered in form, there is reason to believe that there are assets in the hands of the executors from which this also may soon be liquidated. That great subject was certainly fully treated of in the Lectures of 1799—and as it appears from some citations in these Memoirs, that, though for the most part delivered extempore, various notes and manuscripts relating to them have been preserved, we think it not unlikely that, with due diligence, the outline at least and main features of that interesting discussion may still be recovered. On the bill for History, too, it cannot be denied that a large payment has been made to account—and as it was only due for the period of the Revolution, any shortcoming that may appear upon that score, may be fairly held as compensated by the voluntary advances of value to a much greater extent, though referring to an earlier period.

But, in truth, there never was any such debt or engagement on the part of Sir James: And the public was, and continues, the only debtor on the transaction, for whatever it may have received of service or instruction at his hand. We have expressed elsewhere our estimate of the greatness of this debt; and of the value especially of the Histories he has left behind him. We have, to be sure, since seen some sneering remarks on the dulness and uselessness of these works; and an attempt made to hold them up to ridicule, under the appellation of *Philosophical* histories. We are not aware that such a name was ever applied to them by their author or their admirers. But if they really deserve it, we are at a loss to conceive how it should be taken for a name of reproach; and it will scarcely be pretended that their execution is such as to justify its application in the way of derision. We do not perceive, indeed, that this *is* pretended; and, strange as it may appear, the objection seems really to be, rather to the kind of writing in general, than to the defects of its execution in this particular instance—the objector having a singular notion that history should consist of narrative only; and that nothing can be so tiresome and useless as any addition of explanation or remark.

We have no longer room to expose, as it deserves, the strange misconceptions of the objects and uses of history, which we humbly conceive to be implied in such an opinion; and shall therefore content ourselves with asking, whether any man really imagines that the modern history of any considerable State, with its complicated system of foreign relations, and the play of its domestic parties, *could* be written in the manner of Herodotus?—or be made intelligible (much less instructive) by the naked recital of transactions and occurrences? These, in fact, are but the crude materials from which history should be constructed; the mere alphabet out of which its lessons are afterwards to be spelled. If every reader had indeed the talents of an accomplished Historian,—that knowledge of human nature, that large acquaintance with all collateral facts, and that force of understanding which are implied in such a name—and, at the same time, that leisure and love for the subject which would be necessary for this particular application of such gifts, the mere detail of facts, if full and impartial, might be sufficient for *his* purposes. But to every other class of readers, we will venture to say, that one half of such a history would be an insoluble enigma; and the other half the source of the most gross misconceptions.

Without some explanation of the views and motives of the prime agents in great transactions—of the origin and state of opposite interests and opinions in large bodies of the people—and of their tendencies respectively to ascendency or decline—what intelligible account could be given of any thing worth knowing in the history of the world for the last two hundred years? above all, what useful lessons could be learned, for people or for rulers, from a mere series of events presented in detail, without any other information as to their causes or consequences, than might be inferred from the sequence in which they appeared? To us it appears that a mere record of the different places of the stars, and their successive changes of position, would be as good a system of Astronomy, as such a set of annals would be of History; and that it would be about as reasonable to sneer at Newton and La Place for seeking to supersede the honest old star-gazers, by their *philosophical histories* of the heavens, as to speak in the same tone, of what Voltaire and Montesquieu and Mackintosh have attempted to do for our lower world. We have named these three, as having attended more peculiarly, and *more impartially*, than any others, at least in modern times, to this highest part of their duty. But, in truth, all eminent historians have attended to it—from the time of Thucydides downwards;—the ancients putting the necessary explanations more frequently into the shape of imaginary orations—and the moderns into that of remark and dissertation. The very first, perhaps, of Hume's many excellences consists in these *philosophical* summaries of the reasons and considerations by which he supposes parties to have been actuated in great political movements; which are more completely abstracted from the mere story, and very frequently less careful and complete, than the parallel explanations of Sir James Mackintosh. For, with all his unrivalled sagacity, it is true, as Sir James has himself somewhere remarked, that Hume was too little of an antiquary to be always able to estimate the effect of motives in distant ages; and by referring too confidently to the principles of human nature as developed in our own times, has often represented our ancestors as more reasonable, and much more argumentative, than they really were.

That there may be, and have often been, abuses of this best part of history, is a reason only for valuing more highly what is exempt from such abuses; and those who feel most veneration and gratitude for the lights afforded by a truly philosophical historian, will be sure to look with most aversion on a counterfeit. No one, we suppose, will stand up for the introduction of ignorant conjecture, shallow dogmatism, mawkish morality, or factious injustice into the pages of history—or deny that the shortest and simplest annals are greatly preferable to such a perversion. As to political partiality, however, it is a great mistake to suppose that it could be in any degree excluded by confining history to a mere chronicle of facts—the truth being, that it is chiefly in the statement of facts that this partiality displays itself; and that it is more frequently exposed to detection than assisted, by the arguments and explanations, which are supposed to be its best resources. We shall not resume what we have said in another place as to the merit of the Histories which are now in ques-

tion; but we fear not to put this on record, as our deliberate, and we think impartial, judgment—that they are the most candid, the most judicious, and the most pregnant with thought, and moral and political wisdom, of any in which our domestic story has ever yet been recorded.

But even if we should discount his Histories, and his Ethical Dissertation, we should still be of opinion, that Sir James Mackintosh had not died indebted to his country for the use he had made of his talents. In the volumes before us, he seems to us to have left them a rich legacy, and given abundant proofs of the industry with which he sought to the last to qualify himself for their instruction,—and the honourable place which his name must ever hold, as the associate and successor of Romilly in the great and humane work of ameliorating our criminal law, might alone suffice to protect him from the imputation of having done less than was required of him, in the course of his unsettled life. But, without dwelling upon the part he took in Parliament, on these and many other important questions both of domestic and foreign policy, we must be permitted to say, that they judge ill of the relative value of men's contributions to the cause of general improvement, who make small account of the influence which one of high reputation for judgment and honesty may exercise, by his mere presence and conversation, in the higher classes of society,—and still more by such occasional publications as he may find leisure to make, in Journals of wide circulation,—like this on which the reader is now looking—we trust with his accustomed indulgence.

It is now admitted, that the mature and enlightened opinion of the public must ultimately rule the country; and we really know no other way in which this opinion can be so effectually matured and enlightened. It is not by every man studying elaborate treatises and systems for himself, that the face of the world is changed, with the change of opinion, and the progress of conviction in those who must ultimately lead it. It is by the mastery which strong minds have over weak, in the daily intercourse of society; and by the gradual and almost imperceptible infusion which such minds are constantly effecting, of the practical results and manageable summaries of their preceding studies, into the minds immediately below them, that this great process is carried on. The first discovery of a great truth, or practical principle, may often require much labour; but when once discovered, it is generally easy not only to convince others of its importance, but to enable them to defend and maintain it, by plain and irrefragable arguments; and this conviction, and this practical knowledge, it will generally be most easy to communicate, when men's minds are excited to inquiry, by the pursuit of some immediate interest, to which such general truths may appear to be subservient. It is at such times that important principles are familiarly started in conversation; and disquisitions eagerly pursued, in societies, where, in more tranquil periods, they would be listened to with impatience. It is at such times, too, that the intelligent part of the lower and middling classes look anxiously through such publications as treat intelligibly of the subjects to which their attention is directed; and are thus led, while seeking only for reasons to justify their previous inclinings, to imbibe principles and digest arguments which are impressed on their understandings for ever, and may fructify in the end to far more important conclusions. It is, no doubt, true, that in this way, the full exposition of the truth will often be sacrificed for the sake of its temporary application; and it will not unfrequently happen that, in order to favour that application, the exposition will not be made with absolute fairness. But still the principle is brought into view; the criterion of true judgment is laid before the public; and the disputes of adverse parties will speedily settle the correct or debatable rule of its application.

For our own parts we have long been of opinion, that a man of powerful understanding and popular talents, who should, at such a season, devote himself to the task of announcing such principles, and rendering such discussions familiar, in the way and by the means we have mentioned, would probably do more to direct and accelerate the rectification of public opinion upon all practical questions, than by any other use he could possibly make of his faculties. His name, indeed, might not go down to a remote posterity in connection with any work of celebrity; and the greater part even of his contemporaries might be ignorant of the very existence of their benefactor. But the benefits conferred would not be the less real; nor the consciousness of conferring them less delightful; nor the gratitude of the judicious less ardent and sincere. So far, then, from regretting that Sir James Mackintosh did not forego all other occupations, and devote himself exclusively to the compilation of the two great works he had projected, or from thinking that his country has been deprived of any services it might otherwise have received from him, by the course which he actually pursued, we firmly believe that, by constantly maintaining humane and generous opinions, in the most engaging manner and with the greatest possible ability, in the highest and most influencing circles of society,—by acting as the respected adviser of many youths of great promise and ambition, and as the bosom counsellor of many practical statesmen, as well as by the timely publication of many admirable papers, in this and in other Journals, on such branches of politics, history, or philosophy as the course of events had rendered peculiarly interesting or important,—he did far more to enlighten the public mind in his own day, and to insure its farther improvement in the days that are to follow, than could possibly have been effected by the most successful completion of the works he had undertaken.

Such great works acquire for their authors a deserved reputation with the studious few, and are the treasuries and armories from

which the actual and future apostles of the truth derive the means of propagating and defending it. But, in order to be so effective, the arms and the treasures must be taken forth from their well-ordered repositories, and disseminated and applied where they are needed and required. It is by the tongue, at last, and not by the pen, that multitudes, or the individuals composing multitudes, are ever really persuaded or converted,—by conversation and not by harangues—or by such short and occasional writings as come in aid of conversation, and require little more study or continued attention than men capable of conversation are generally willing to bestow. If a man, therefore, who is capable of writing such a book, is also eminently qualified to disseminate and render popular its most important doctrines, by conversation and by such lighter publications, is he to be blamed if, when the times are urgent, he intermits the severer study, and applies himself, with caution and candour, to give an earlier popularity to that which can never be useful till it is truly popular? To us it appears, that he fulfils the higher duty; and that to act otherwise would be to act like a general who should starve his troops on the eve of battle, in order to replenish his magazines for a future campaign—or like a farmer who should cut off the rills from his parching crops, that he may have a fuller reservoir against the possible drought of another year.

But we must cut this short. If we are at all right in the views we have now taken, Sir James Mackintosh must have been wrong in the regret and self-reproach with which he certainly seems to have looked back on the unaccomplished projects of his earlier years:—And we humbly think that he was wrong. He had failed, no doubt, to perform all that he had once intended, and had been drawn aside from the task he had set himself, by other pursuits. But he had performed things as important, which were not originally intended; and been drawn aside by pursuits not less worthy than those to which he had tasked himself. In blaming himself—not for this idleness, but for this change of occupation—we think he was misled, in part at least, by one very common error—we mean that of thinking, that, because the use he actually made of his intellect was *more agreeable* than that which he had intended to make, it was therefore less meritorious. We need not say, that there cannot be a worse criterion of merit: But tender consciences are apt to fall into such illusions. Another cause of regret may have been a little, though we really think but a little, more substantial. By the course he followed, he probably felt, that his name would be less illustrious, and his reputation less enduring, than if he had fairly taken his place as the author of some finished work of great interest and importance. If he got over the first illusion, however, and took the view we have done of the real utility of his exertions, we cannot believe that this would have weighed very heavily on a mind like Sir James Mackintosh's; and while we cannot but regret that his declining years should have been occasionally darkened by these shadows of a self-reproach for which we think there was no real foundation, we trust that he is not to be added to the many instances of men who have embittered their existence by a mistaken sense of the obligation of some rash vow made in early life, for the performance of some laborious and perhaps impracticable task.

Cases of this kind we believe to be more common than is generally imagined. An ambitious young man is dazzled with the notion of filling up some blank in the literature of his country, by the execution of a great and important work—reads with a view to it, and allows himself to be referred to as engaged in its preparation. By degrees he finds it more irksome than he had expected; and is tempted by other studies, altogether as suitable and less charged with responsibility, into long fits of intermission. Then the very expectation that has been excited by this protracted incubation makes him more ashamed of having done so little, and more dissatisfied with the little he has done! And so his life is passed, in a melancholy alternation of distasteful, and of course unsuccessful attempts; and long fits of bitter, but really groundless, self-reproach, for not having made those attempts with more energy and perseverance: and at last he dies,—not only without doing what he could not attempt without pain and mortification, but prevented by this imaginary engagement from doing many other things which he could have done with success and alacrity—some one of which it is probable, and all of which it is nearly certain, would have done him more credit, and been of more service to the world, than any constrained and distressful completion he could in any case have given to the other. For our own parts we have already said that we do not think that any man, whatever his gifts and attainments may be, is really bound in duty to leave an excellent Book to posterity; or is liable to any reproach for not having chosen to be an author. But, at all events, we are quite confident that he can be under no obligation to make himself unhappy in trying to make such a book: And that as soon as he finds the endeavour painful and depressing, he will do well, both for himself and for others, to give up the undertaking, and let his talents and sense of duty take a course more likely to promote, both his own enjoyment and their ultimate reputation.

The following brief notices, of three lamented and honoured Friends, certainly were not contributed to the Edinburgh Review: But, as I am not likely ever to appear again as an author, I have been tempted to include them in this publication—chiefly, I fear, from a fond desire, to associate my humble name with those of persons so amiable and distinguished:—But partly also, from an opinion, which has been frequently confirmed to me by those most competent to judge—that, imperfect as these sketches are, they give a truer and more graphic view of the manners, dispositions, and personal characters of the eminent individuals concerned—than is yet to be found—or now likely to be furnished, from any other quarter.

THE HONOURABLE HENRY ERSKINE.*

Died, at his seat of Ammondell, Linlithgowshire, on the 8th instant, in the seventy-first year of his age, the Honourable Henry Erskine, second son of the late Henry David, Earl of Buchan.

Mr. Erskine was called to the Scottish Bar, of which he was long the brightest ornament, in the year 1768, and was for several years Dean of the Faculty of Advocates: He was twice appointed Lord Advocate,—in 1782 and in 1806, under the Rockingham and the Grenville administrations. During the years 1806 and 1807 he sat in Parliament for the Dunbar and Dumfries district of boroughs.

In his long and splendid career at the bar, Mr. Erskine was distinguished not only by the peculiar brilliancy of his wit, and the gracefulness, ease, and vivacity of his eloquence, but by the still rarer power of keeping those seducing qualities in perfect subordination to his judgment. By their assistance he could not only make the most repulsive subject agreeable, but the most abstruse easy and intelligible. In his profession, indeed, all his wit was argument; and each of his delightful illustrations a material step in his reasoning. To himself, indeed, it seemed always as if they were recommended rather for their use than their beauty; and unquestionably they often enabled him to state a fine argument, or a nice distinction, not only in a more striking and pleasing way, but actually with greater precision than could have been attained by the severer forms of reasoning.

In this extraordinary talent, as well as in the charming facility of his eloquence, and the constant radiance of good humour and gaiety which encircled his manner of debate, he had no rival in his own times, and as yet has had no successor. That part of eloquence is now mute—that honour in abeyance.

As a politician, he was eminently distinguished for the two great virtues of inflexible steadiness to his principles, and invariable gentleness and urbanity in his manner of asserting them. Such indeed was the habitual sweetness of his temper, and the fascination of his manners, that, though placed by his rank and talents in the obnoxious station of a Leader of opposition, at a period when political animosities were carried to a lamentable height, no individual, it is believed, was ever known to speak or to think of him with any thing approaching to personal hostility. In return, it may be said, with equal correctness, that, though baffled in some of his pursuits, and not quite handsomely disappointed of some of the honours to which his claim was universally admitted, he never allowed the slightest shade of discontent to rest upon his mind, nor the least drop of bitterness to mingle with his blood. He was so utterly incapable of rancour, that even the rancorous felt that he ought not to be made its victim.

He possessed, in an eminent degree, that deep sense of revealed religion, and that zealous attachment to the Presbyterian establishment, which had long been hereditary in his family. His habits were always strictly moral and temperate, and in the latter part of his life even abstemious. Though the life and ornament of every society into which he entered, he was always most happy and most delightful at home; where the buoyancy of his spirit and the kindness of his heart found all that they required of exercise or enjoyment; and though without taste for expensive pleasures in his own person, he was ever most indulgent and munificent to his children, and a liberal benefactor to all who depended on his bounty.

He finally retired from the exercise of that profession, the highest honours of which he had at least *deserved*, about the year 1812, and spent the remainder of his days in domestic retirement, at that beautiful villa which had been formed by his own taste, and in the improvement and adornment of which he found his latest occupation. Passing thus at once from all the bustle and excitement of a public life to a scene of comparative inactivity, he never felt one moment of ennui or dejection; but retained unimpaired, till within a day or two of his death, not only all his intellectual activity and social affections, but, when not under the immediate affliction of a painful and incurable disease, all that gaiety of spirit, and all that playful and kindly sympathy with innocent enjoyment, which made him the idol of the young, and the object of cordial attachment and unenvying admiration to his friends of all ages.

* From the "Endinburgh Courant" Newspaper of the 16th of October, 1817.

NOTICE AND CHARACTER
OF
PROFESSOR PLAYFAIR.*

Of Mr. Playfair's scientific attainments,—of his proficiency in those studies to which he was peculiarly devoted, we are but slenderly qualified to judge: But, we believe we hazard nothing in saying that he was one of the most learned Mathematicians of his age, and among the first, if not the very first, who introduced the beautiful discoveries of the later continental geometers to the knowledge of his countrymen; and gave their just value and true place, in the scheme of European knowledge, to those important improvements by which the whole aspect of the abstract sciences has been renovated since the days of our illustrious Newton. If he did not signalise himself by any brilliant or original invention, he must, at least, be allowed to have been a most generous and intelligent judge of the achievements of others; as well as the most eloquent expounder of that great and magnificent system of knowledge which has been gradually evolved by the successive labours of so many gifted individuals. He possessed, indeed, in the highest degree, all the characteristics both of a fine and a powerful understanding,—at once penetrating and vigilant,—but more distinguished, perhaps, for the caution and sureness of its march, than for the brilliancy or rapidity of its movements,—and guided and adorned through all its progress, by the most genuine enthusiasm for all that is grand, and the justest taste for all that is beautiful in the Truth or the Intellectual Energy with which he was habitually conversant.

To what account these rare qualities might have been turned, and what more brilliant or lasting fruits they might have produced, if his whole life had been dedicated to the solitary cultivation of science, it is not for us to conjecture; but it cannot be doubted that they added incalculably to his eminence and utility as a Teacher; both by enabling him to direct his pupils to the most simple and luminous methods of inquiry, and to imbue their minds, from the very commencement of the study, with that fine relish for the truths it disclosed, and that high sense of the majesty with which they were invested, that predominated in his own bosom. While he left nothing unexplained or unreduced to its proper place in the system, he took care that they should never be perplexed by petty difficulties, or bewildered in useless details; and formed them betimes to those clear, masculine, and direct methods of investigation, by which, with the least labour, the greatest advances might be accomplished.

Mr. Playfair, however, was not merely a teacher; and has fortunately left behind him a variety of works, from which other generations may be enabled to judge of some of those qualifications which so powerfully recommended and endeared him to his contemporaries. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that so much of his time, and so large a proportion of his publications, should have been devoted to the subjects of the Indian Astronomy, and the Huttonian Theory of the Earth: And though it is impossible to think too highly of the ingenuity, the vigour, and the eloquence of those publications, we are of opinion that a juster estimate of his talent, and a truer picture of his genius and understanding, is to be found in his other writings;—in the papers, both biographical and scientific, with which he has enriched the Transactions of our Royal Society; his account of Laplace, and other articles which he contributed to the Edinburgh Review,—the Outlines of his Lectures on Natural Philosophy,—and above all, his Introductory Discourse to the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Brittannica, with the final correction of which he was occupied up to the last moments that the progress of his disease allowed him to dedicate to any intellectual exertion.

With reference to these works, we do not think we are influenced by any national, or other partiality, when we say that he was certainly one of the best writers of his age;

* Originally printed in an Edinburgh newspaper of August, 1819. A few introductory sentences are now omitted.

and even that we do not now recollect any one of his contemporaries who was so great a master of composition. There is a certain mellowness and richness about his style, which adorns, without disguising the weight and nervousness which is its other great characteristic,—a sedate gracefulness and manly simplicity in the more level passages,—and a mild majesty and considerate enthusiasm where he rises above them, of which we scarcely know where to find any other example. There is great equability, too, and sustained force in every part of his writings. He never exhausts himself in flashes and epigrams, nor languishes into tameness or insipidity: At first sight you would say that plainness and good sense were the predominating qualities; but by and bye, this simplicity is enriched with the delicate and vivid colours of a fine imagination,—the free and forcible touches of a most powerful intellect,—and the lights and shades of an unerring and harmonising taste. In comparing it with the styles of his most celebrated contemporaries, we would say that it was more purely and peculiarly a *written* style,—and, therefore, rejected those ornaments that more properly belong to oratory. It had no impetuosity, hurry, or vehemence,—no bursts or sudden turns or abruptions, like that of Burke; and though eminently smooth and melodious, it was not modulated to an uniform system of solemn declamation, like that of Johnson, nor spread out in the richer and more voluminous elocution of Stewart; nor, still less, broken into that patchwork of scholastic pedantry and conversational smartness which has found its admirers in Gibbon. It is a style, in short, of great freedom, force, and beauty; but the deliberate style of a man of thought and of learning; and neither that of a wit throwing out his extempores with an affectation of careless grace,—nor of a rhetorician thinking more of his manner than his matter, and determined to be admired for his expression, whatever may be fate of his sentiments.

His habits of composition were not perhaps exactly what might have been expected from their results. He wrote rather slowly,—and his first sketches were often very slight and imperfect,—like the rude chalking for a masterly picture. His chief effort and greatest pleasure was in their revisal and correction; and there were no limits to the improvement which resulted from this application. It was not the style merely, nor indeed chiefly, that gained by it: The whole reasoning, and sentiment, and illustration, were enlarged and new modelled in the course of it; and a naked outline became gradually informed with life, colour, and expression. It was not at all like the common finishing and polishing to which careful authors generally subject the first draughts of their compositions,—nor even like the fastidious and tentative alterations with which some more anxious writers assay their choicer passages. It was, in fact, the great filling in of the picture,—the working up of the figured *weft*, on the naked and meagre *woof* that had been stretched to receive it; and the singular thing in his case was, not only that he left this most material part of his work to be performed after the whole outline had been finished, but that he could proceed with it to an indefinite extent, and enrich and improve as long as he thought fit, without any risk either of destroying the proportions of that outline, or injuring the harmony and unity of the original design. He was perfectly aware, too, of the possession of this extraordinary power; and it was partly, we presume, in consequence of it that he was not only at all times ready to go on with any work in which he was engaged, without waiting for favourable moments or hours of greater alacrity, but that he never felt any of those doubts and misgivings as to his being able to get creditably through with his undertaking, to which we believe most authors are occasionally liable. As he never wrote upon any subject of which he was not perfectly master, he was secure against all blunders in the substance of what he had to say; and felt quite assured, that if he was only allowed time enough, he should finally come to say it in the very best way of which he was capable. He had no anxiety, therefore, either in undertaking or proceeding with his tasks; and intermitted and resumed them at his convenience, with the comfortable certainty, that all the time he bestowed on them was turned to account, and that what was left imperfect at one sitting might be finished with equal ease and advantage at another. Being thus perfectly sure both of his end and his means, he experienced, in the course of his compositions, none of that little fever of the spirits with which that operation is so apt to be accompanied. He had no capricious visitings of fancy, which it was necessary to fix on the spot or to lose for ever,—no casual inspirations to invoke and to wait for,—no transitory and evanescent lights to catch before they faded. All that was in his mind was subject to his control, and amenable to his call, though it might not obey at the moment; and while his taste was so sure, that he was in no danger of over-working any thing that he had designed, all his thoughts and sentiments had that unity and congruity, that they fell almost spontaneously into harmony and order; and the last added, incorporated, and assimilated with the first, as if they had sprung simultaneously from the same happy conception.

But we need dwell no longer on qualities that may be gathered hereafter from the works he has left behind him. They who lived with him mourn the most for those which will be traced in no such memorial! And prize far above those talents which gained him his high name in philosophy, that Personal Character which endeared him to his friends, and shed a grace and a dignity over all the society in which he moved. The same admirable taste which is conspicuous in his writings, or rather the higher principles from which that taste was but an emanation, spread a similar charm over his whole life and conversation; and gave to the most learned Philosopher of his day the manners and deportment of the most per

fect Gentleman. Nor was this in him the result merely of good sense and good temper, assisted by an early familiarity with good company, and a consequent knowledge of his own place and that of all around him. His good breeding was of a higher descent; and his powers of pleasing rested on something better than mere companionable qualities.—With the greatest kindness and generosity of nature, he united the most manly firmness, and the highest principles of honour,—and the most cheerful and social dispositions, with the gentlest and steadiest affections.

Towards Women he had always the most chivalrous feelings of regard and attention, and was, beyond almost all men, acceptable and agreeable in their society,—though without the least levity or pretension unbecoming his age or condition: And such, indeed, was the fascination of the perfect simplicity and mildness of his manners, that the same tone and deportment seemed equally appropriate in all societies, and enabled him to delight the young and the gay with the same sort of conversation which instructed the learned and the grave. There never, indeed, was a man of learning and talent who appeared in society so perfectly free from all sorts of pretension or notion of his own importance, or so little solicitous to distinguish himself, or so sincerely willing to give place to every one else. Even upon subjects which he had thoroughly studied, he was never in the least impatient to speak, and spoke at all times without any tone of authority; while, so far from wishing to set off what he had to say by any brilliancy or emphasis of expression, it seemed generally as if he had studied to disguise the weight and originality of his thoughts under the plainest forms of speech and the most quiet and indifferent manner: so that the profoundest remarks and subtlest observations were often dropped, not only without any solicitude that their value should be observed, but without any apparent consciousness that they possessed any.

Though the most social of human beings, and the most disposed to encourage and sympathise with the gaiety and even joviality of others, his own spirits were in general rather cheerful than gay, or at least never rose to any turbulence or tumult of merriment; and while he would listen with the kindest indulgence to the more extravagant sallies of his younger friends, and prompt them by the heartiest approbation, his own satisfaction might generally be traced in a slow and temperate smile, gradually mantling over his benevolent and intelligent features, and lighting up the countenance of the Sage with the expression of the mildest and most genuine philanthropy. It was wonderful, indeed, considering the measure of his own intellect, and the rigid and undeviating propriety of his own conduct, how tolerant he was of the defects and errors of other men. He was too indulgent, in truth, and favourable to his friends!—and made a kind and liberal allowance for the faults of all mankind—except only faults of Baseness or of Cruelty,—against which he never failed to manifest the most open scorn and detestation. Independent, in short, of his high attainments, Mr. Playfair was one of the most amiable and estimable of men: Delightful in his manners, inflexible in his principles, and generous in his affections, he had all that could charm in society or attach in private; and while his friends enjoyed the free and unstudied conversation of an easy and intelligent associate, they had at all times the proud and inward assurance that he was a Being upon whose perfect honour and generosity they might rely with the most implicit confidence, in life and in death,—and of whom it was equally impossible, that, under any circumstances, he should ever perform a mean, a selfish, or a *questionable* action, as that his body should cease to gravitate or his soul to live!

If we do not greatly deceive ourselves, there is nothing here of exaggeration or partial feeling,—and nothing with which an indifferent and honest chronicler would not heartily concur. Nor is it altogether idle to have dwelt so long on the personal character of this distinguished individual: For we are ourselves persuaded, that this personal character has done almost as much for the cause of science and philosophy among us, as the great talents and attainments with which it was combined,—and has contributed in a very eminent degree to give to the better society of this our city that tone of intelligence and liberality by which it is so honourably distinguished. It is not a little advantageous to philosophy that it is in fashion,—and it is still more advantageous, perhaps, to the society which is led to confer on it this apparently trivial distinction. It is a great thing for the country at large,—for its happiness, its prosperity, and its renown,—that the upper and influencing classes of its population should be made familiar, even in their untasked and social hours, with sound and liberal information, and be taught to know and respect those who have distinguished themselves for great intellectual attainments. Nor is it, after all, a slight or despicable reward for a man of genius, to be received with honour in the highest and most elegant society around him, and to receive in his living person that homage and applause which is too often reserved for his memory. Now, those desirable ends can never be effectually accomplished, unless the manners of our leading philosophers are agreeable, and their personal habits and dispositions engaging and amiable. From the time of Hume and Robertson, we have been fortunate, in Edinburgh, in possessing a succession of distinguished men, who have kept up this salutary connection between the learned and the fashionable world; but there never, perhaps, was any one who contributed so powerfully to confirm and extend it, and that in times when it was peculiarly difficult, as the lamented individual of whom we are now speaking: And they who have had most opportunity to observe how superior the society of Edinburgh is to that of most other places of the same size, and how much of that superiority is

owing to the cordial combination of the two aristocracies, of rank and of letters,*—of both of which it happens to be the chief provincial seat,—will be best able to judge of the importance of the service he has thus rendered to its inhabitants, and through them, and by their example, to all the rest of the country.

*In addition to the two distinguished persons mentioned in the text, (the first of whom was, no doubt, before my time,) I can, from my own recollection, and without referring to any who are still living—give the names of the following residents in Edinburgh, who were equally acceptable in polite society and eminent for literary or scientific attainments, and alike at home in good company and in learned convocations:—Lord Hailes and Lord Monboddo, Dr. Joseph Black, Dr. Hugh Blair, Dr. Adam Fergusson, Mr. John Home, Mr. John Robison, Mr. Dugald Stewart, Sir James Hall, Lord Meadowbank, Mr. Henry Mackenzie, Dr. James Gregory, Rev. A. Alison, Dr. Thomas Brown, Lord Webb Seymour, Lord Woodhouselee, and Sir Walter Scott;—without reckoning Mr. Horner, the Rev. Sydney Smith, and Mr. George Wilson, who were settled in Edinburgh for several years, in the earlier part of the period referred to.

NOTICE AND CHARACTER
OF
JAMES WATT.*

Mr. James Watt, the great improver of the steam-engine, died on the 25th of August, 1819, at his seat of Heathfield, near Birmingham, in the 84th year of his age.

This name fortunately needs no commemoration of ours; for he that bore it survived to see it crowned with undisputed and unenvied honours; and many generations will probably pass away, before it shall have gathered "all its fame." We have said that Mr. Watt was the great *Improver* of the steam-engine; but, in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility, he should rather be described as its *Inventor*. It was by his inventions that its action was so regulated, as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased, as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivance, it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility,—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and ductility, with which that power can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal before it—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors,—cut steel into ribands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which these inventions have conferred upon this country. There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to them; and, in all the most material, they have not only widened most magnificently the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousand-fold the amount of its productions. It was our improved Steam-engine, in short, that fought the battles of Europe, and exalted and sustained, through the late tremendous contest, the political greatness of our land. It is the same great power which now enables us to pay the interest of our debt, and to maintain the arduous struggle in which we are still engaged, [1819], with the skill and capital of countries less oppressed with taxation. But these are poor and narrow views of its importance. It has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments; and rendered cheap and accessible, all over the world, the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned; completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter; and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations. It is to the genius of one man, too, that all this is mainly owing! And certainly no man ever bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal, but unbounded; and the fabled inventors of the plough and the loom, who were Deified by the erring gratitude of their rude cotemporaries, conferred less important benefits on mankind than the inventor of our present steam-engine.

This will be the fame of Watt with future generations: And it is sufficient for his race and his country. But to those to whom he more immediately belonged, who lived in his society and enjoyed his conversation, it is not, perhaps, the character in which he will be most frequently recalled—most deeply lamented—or even most highly admired. Independently of his great attainments in mechanics, Mr. Watt was an extraordinary, and in many respects a wonderful man. Perhaps no individual in his age possessed so much and such varied and exact information,—had

*First published in an Edinburgh newspaper ("The Scotsman"), of the 4th September, 1819.

read so much, or remembered what he had read so accurately and well. He had infinite quickness of apprehension, a prodigious memory, and a certain rectifying and methodising power of understanding, which extracted something precious out of all that was presented to it. His stores of miscellaneous knowledge were immense,—and yet less astonishing than the command he had at all times over them. It seemed as if every subject that was casually started in conversation with him, had been that which he had been last occupied in studying and exhausting;—such was the copiousness, the precision, and the admirable clearness of the information which he poured out upon it, without effort or hesitation. Nor was this promptitude and compass of knowledge confined in any degree to the studies connected with his ordinary pursuits. That he should have been minutely and extensively skilled in chemistry and the arts, and in most of the branches of physical science, might perhaps have been conjectured; But it could not have been inferred from his usual occupations, and probably is not generally known, that he was curiously learned in many branches of antiquity, metaphysics, medicine, and etymology, and perfectly at home in all the details of architecture, music, and law. He was well acquainted, too, with most of the modern languages—and familiar with their most recent literature. Nor was it at all extraordinary to hear the great mechanician and engineer detailing and expounding, for hours together, the metaphysical theories of the German logicians, or criticising the measures or the matter of the German poetry.

His astonishing memory was aided, no doubt, in a great measure, by a still higher and rarer faculty—by his power of digesting and arranging in its proper place all the information he received, and of casting aside and rejecting, as it were instinctively, whatever was worthless or immaterial. Every conception that was suggested to his mind seemed instantly to take its proper place among its other rich furniture; and to be condensed into the smallest and most convenient form. He never appeared, therefore, to be at all encumbered or perplexed with the *verbiage* of the dull books he perused, or the idle talk to which he listened; but to have at once extracted, by a kind of intellectual alchemy, all that was worthy of attention, and to have reduced it, for his own use, to its true value and to its simplest form. And thus it often happened, that a great deal more was learned from his brief and vigorous account of the theories and arguments of tedious writers, than an ordinary student could ever have derived from the most painful study of the originals,—and that errors and absurdities became manifest from the mere clearness and plainness of his statement of them, which might have deluded and perplexed most of his hearers without that invaluable assistance.

It is needless to say, that, with those vast resources, his conversation was at all times rich and instructive in no ordinary degree: But it was, if possible, still more pleasing than wise, and had all the charms of familiarity, with all the substantial treasures of knowledge. No man could be more social in his spirit, less assuming or fastidious in his manners, or more kind and indulgent towards all who approached him. He rather liked to talk—at least in his latter years: But though he took a considerable share of the conversation, he rarely suggested the topics on which it was to turn, but readily and quietly took up whatever was presented by those around him; and astonished the idle and barren propounders of an ordinary theme, by the treasures which he drew from the mine they had unconsciously opened. He generally seemed, indeed, to have no choice or predilection for one subject of discourse rather than another; but allowed his mind, like a great cyclopædia, to be opened at any letter his associates might choose to turn up, and only endeavoured to select, from his inexhaustible stores, what might be best adapted to the taste of his present hearers. As to their capacity he gave himself no trouble; and, indeed, such was his singular talent for making all things plain, clear, and intelligible, that scarcely any one could be aware of such a deficiency in his presence. His talk, too, though overflowing with information, had no resemblance to lecturing or solemn discoursing, but, on the contrary, was full of colloquial spirit and pleasantry. He had a certain quiet and grave humour, which ran through most of his conversation, and a vein of temperate jocularity, which gave infinite zest and effect to the condensed and inexhaustible information, which formed its main staple and characteristic. There was a little air of affected testiness, too, and a tone of pretended rebuke and contradiction, with which he used to address his younger friends, that was always felt by them as an endearing mark of his kindness and familiarity,—and prized accordingly, far beyond all the solemn compliments that ever proceeded from the lips of authority. His voice was deep and powerful,—though he commonly spoke in a low and somewhat monotonous tone, which harmonised admirably with the weight and brevity of his observations; and set off to the greatest advantage the pleasant anecdotes, which he delivered with the same grave brow, and the same calm smile playing soberly on his lips. There was nothing of effort indeed, or impatience, any more than of pride or levity, in his demeanour; and there was a finer expression of reposing strength, and mild self-possession in his manner, than we ever recollect to have met with in any other person. He had in his character the utmost abhorrence for all sorts of forwardness, parade, and pretensions; and, indeed, never failed to put all such impostures out of countenance, by the manly plainness and honest intrepidity of his language and deportment.

In his temper and dispositions he was not only kind and affectionate, but generous and considerate of the feelings of all around him,

and gave the most liberal assistance and encouragement to all young persons who showed any indications of talent, or applied to him for patronage or advice. His health, which was delicate from his youth upwards, seemed to become firmer as he advanced in years; and he preserved, up almost to the last moment of his existence, not only the full command of his extraordinary intellect, but all the alacrity of spirit, and the social gaiety which had illumined his happiest days. His friends in this part of the country never saw him more full of intellectual vigour and colloquial animation,—never more delightful or more instructive,—than in his last visit to Scotland in autumn 1817. Indeed, it was after that time that he applied himself, with all the ardour of early life, to the invention of a machine for mechanically copying all sorts of sculpture and statuary;—and distributed among his friends some of its earliest performances, as the productions of "a young artist, just entering on his eighty-third year!"

This happy and useful life came, at last, to a gentle close. He had suffered some inconvenience through the summer; but was not seriously indisposed till within a few weeks from his death. He then became perfectly aware of the event which was approaching; and with his usual tranquillity and benevolence of nature, seemed only anxious to point out to the friends around him, the many sources of consolation which were afforded by the circumstances under which it was about to take place. He expressed his sincere gratitude to Providence for the length of days with which he had been blessed, and his exemption from most of the infirmities of age; as well as for the calm and cheerful evening of life that he had been permitted to enjoy, after the honourable labours of the day had been concluded. And thus, full of years and honours, in all calmness and tranquillity, he yielded up his soul, without pang or struggle,—and passed from the bosom of his family to that of his God.

Constant thought will overflow in words unconsciously.
Byron Journal