

## NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

*5th February.—The King's Speech.*—The Session now commencing will probably decide, in the minds of the many, who wield the physical force, the question whether anything is to be hoped from the higher classes, and whether the people shall, or shall not, take their affairs into their own hands.

In the first Session of the Reformed Parliament, many allowances were made, which will not be made again: the new legislative body had the full benefit of the reluctance to consider a first trial as final; and the novelty of the situation was such that the public were bewildered, and did not themselves see with sufficient clearness what ought to be done, to render them very severe judges of their representatives for what they left undone. The public had expected much, but did not know exactly what. They felt sure that the Reform Bill must somehow be a great good to them, and they trusted that those who had been sufficiently their friends to give them the Bill, would find the means of making it have its natural effects. The first Session taught them that they were not to expect this: the Reformed Ministry and the Reformed Parliament would do no good spontaneously. The second will show whether they are capable of doing any when they are forced. If this trial should also fail, we live in times when mankind hurry on rapidly to ultimate consequences: the next question will be, what is the easiest and most expeditious way of getting rid of them.

Were Ministers in their senses, when, in so critical a position, they opened a session, perhaps destined to be the most important in our annals, with a speech, if possible, more unmeaning even than the common run of King's speeches? A speech studiously framed in such language as to promise nothing—to commit the Government to nothing?

Ministers are ignorant of the very first principles of statesmanship. The one maxim of a wise policy, in times of trouble and movement, is that which Madame Roland recommended to the Girondists:—‘Take the initiative!’ Be you the first in the field, with whatever purpose. Whatever you do, do it before you are forced to it: do it while you may be supposed to have willed it, and not to have been passive instruments of some other will. If you would not be like dead twigs on an eminence, ready to be swept away by the first gust—if you would be something and not nothing—could you not for once seem to have a purpose, a plan, an idea, of your own! Could you not assume what gives dignity even to wickedness! Do good, do even evil, but let it be from choice. If you cannot show a worthy character, show some character: if you cannot be loved, prithee be hated, but be not despised!

Among modern statesmen, at least in England, the wisdom of the serpent seems even more infinitely rare than the innocence of the dove. The curse of a highly civilized state of society, are the half-honest, the men of feeble purposes. Scarcely any one has character enough to be either good or wicked. Give us rather a '*bold bad man*,' a villain as villains were of old, with a strong intellect and a strong will. Give us for a ruler one who could and would do right whenever it was his interest; who could and would prevent all wrong, but such as he chose to promote: not men who, for want of courage to do either good or harm, fold their hands and let harm come.

If the vessel is merely to scud before the wind, what need of a steersman? We do not support a Government that we may ourselves redress our own grievances. We want rulers who do not wait to be told by us how we wish to be governed; men who can teach us what we should demand, who can at least anticipate our demands, not slowly and grudgingly obey them. We want men from whom it shall not be necessary to extort all they give, men who shall not, instead of gaining, actually lose popularity by every fresh concession.

We want, in short, men who on every great question will act as the present Ministers have acted on the Reform Bill, and on that alone.

The people were anxiously waiting for the propositions of the Ministry on Municipal Corporations, on the Poor Laws, and on the abuses in the Church. The speech says, that the reports of the Commissioners on these several subjects will be laid before Parliament, and will afford them 'much useful information,' whereby they will be enabled to judge of 'the nature and extent of any existing defects and abuses, and in what manner the necessary corrections may in due season be safely and beneficially applied.' Not even a promise to propose anything. They may have something to propose, but their minds are not yet made up. When are such minds ever made up? It is literally true, that the only two things to which the speech either directly or by implication pledges the Ministry, are, first to propose a 'final adjustment' of Irish tithes, (the *extinction* of which was announced by Mr. Stanley two years ago,) and this 'without injury to any institution in Church or State;' secondly, not to consent to a repeal of the Union with Ireland. On this latter point, indeed, the speech is as explicit, and as emphatic, as heart could wish. They will resist Mr. O'Connell even to the death. The collective energy, courage, and determination of the entire Cabinet, have been all thrown into this one act of what they doubtless deem antique heroism and magnanimity.

The debate which ensued, and which, as those say who were present, was as flat and dull as if the Session had already lasted six months, made no further disclosure of the purposes of

Ministers : but in the course of the evening it was discovered, that they intended to propose some trifling amendment (it did not appear what) in the marriage law, and that they hoped, but were not sure, that on the subject of English tithes, some measure might be brought to completion in the present Session. It has further transpired that they do not mean to propose a registration of births, marriages, and deaths; that they have not decided whether or not to re-introduce the Local Courts' Bill\*; but that there are two things, besides the repeal of the Union, which they are firmly determined to resist: any alteration in the Corn Laws, and any separation of Church and State.

Is this the way to retain any hold on a people every day becoming more alienated from the higher classes, and every day growing in the capacity and in the habit of organized co-operation among themselves?

On the showing of these very men, a great change has taken place in the structure of society, and has, through their instrumentality, been communicated to our political institutions. Power has passed from the few into the hands of the many. On their own showing too, the many are most imperfectly informed, most liable to error, and likely to make a most dangerous use of their newly-acquired power, unless they somewhere find wiser guidance than their own. Accordingly, the Whigs deliver to them, by word and deed, the following instructions:—  
'We are the wisest and most excellent persons in the world; the only persons who are fit to govern you, as all, except Tories and anarchists, acknowledge. But do not expect from us any thing to improve your condition. If that is your object, you have only yourselves to look to. We, if you would but let us alone, desire no better than to leave every thing as it is. Some things we do not mean to give you, say or do what you will: you shall not have cheap bread, nor be allowed to choose your own parsons. But whatever else you ask for, you may have, by making us sufficiently uncomfortable; for we are a liberal and enlightened Administration, and are always ready to quit any spot as soon as it is made too hot to hold us. Therefore, if you want us to stir, make ready your fuel and light your fire. But as long as we conveniently can, we are your men for upholding existing institutions. We are the pillars of the Constitution, and it cannot be in safety if it rests any where but upon us, because of our yielding nature. If the Tories had it, you would storm and rave, and blow down it and them together; but we, you see, go upon castors, and, you are aware, do not absolutely object to being pushed from under it when we must.'

What is this but exhorting the people to incessant agitation?

\* Since this was written, Ministers have announced that they have made up their minds to propose a Local Courts Bill, and *not* to propose any modification of the Timber Duties. Once beaten on this important measure by a Tory Parliament, they have not the heart to try again.

‘ We will yield nothing to reason,’ say the Whig ministry, ‘ but every thing to clamour.’ These are the men who call Radicalism dangerous. It is Radicalism to demand that the people may be ruled by men of their choice ; men, therefore, in whom they can confide ; in whose hands they may place their affairs, and feel at liberty to be quiet. Whig policy, on the contrary, relies on a perennial conflict between opposite principles of evil : on the one hand, a Government, which, never attempting to originate any good, neither has nor claims public confidence ; and on the other, perpetual agitation.

It is policy like this which alone can render the prospects of our country and of the world seriously alarming. The people are always eager to follow good guidance, and the sole danger is of their not finding it. Intelligence abounds among the English democracy ; but it is not cultivated intelligence. It is mostly of the self-educated sort ; and this is commonly more microscopic than comprehensive : it sees one or a few things strongly, and others not at all ; it is the parent of narrowness and fanaticism. The coming changes, for come they must and will, are fraught with hope in any case, but also with peril, unless there be found to lead the van of opinion, to place themselves in the front rank of the popular party, a section of the wisest and most energetic of the instructed classes ; men whose education and pursuits have given them a wider range of ideas, and whose leisure has admitted of more systematic study, than will, for a long time to come, be possible, save in occasional rare instances, to those who labour with their hands.

It cannot be but that there are such men in England ; but we know not where to look for them in public life. The present Ministers not only are incapable of *being*, but do not even attempt to *seem* such men. They have neither the intellect, the knowledge, the energy, the courage, nor even the wish. They are wanting in the very first of the necessary conditions,—faith in improvement ; without which it is impossible to take the lead in a nation which not only believes in, but demands improvement. They have no belief that the very measures which they are instrumental in carrying, will have any beneficial consequences. To their minds the Reform Bill itself was but a prudent and necessary concession to popular opinion. What can be expected from such men, but what we find ? that they will never do any thing till they are forced, always do as little as they are permitted, and endeavour that even that little should lead to nothing.

There is a question which a short time must solve, and on its solution the fate of this nation entirely depends ;—Can the higher classes, before it is too late, furnish the country with ministers, who, together with strong popular sympathies, have the capacity and the energy to lead, and not wait to be driven ?

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6th February.—Mr. Shiel and Lord Althorp.—The House of Commons have availed themselves of this affair to pay largely that peculiar tribute to virtue, which vice, according to the old proverb, loves to render. They have made a truly edifying exhibition of rigid morality. Mr. Shiel's fate is a great moral lesson; he has been made a signal example of the inconveniences of being found out. If Mr. Shiel be guilty of what is laid to his charge, a high-minded man might look down upon him; but how, in reason, is it possible that the present House of Commons should do so? No one does or can despise in another person his own vices: and contemptible as a man's conduct may be in itself, we can never without the sincerest pity see one man singled out from a multitude, and mercilessly immolated for being *proved* to have done what all the others are *known* to do; made the scapegoat of those whose only advantage over him is that of Lady Bellaston in the novel, that nobody calls them what every body knows they are.

Who, that knows any thing of the sentiments and conversation of public men, is not aware, that there is hardly one of them who has the slightest scruple in doing what is imputed to Mr. Shiel,—voting and speaking contrary to his private opinion, for the sake of retaining his seat? There were many present that evening, who could have pointed at the instant to at least two hundred members, and said to each of them, ‘On such a day you did so.’ It is a thing so perfectly understood, that allowances are made for it as for any other *necessité de position*: men talk of it to each other as they would of the most innocent or laudable act of their lives. There is indeed a tacit understanding that these things are not to be mentioned in the hearing of the reporters: but when such conduct is spoken of in private to their own circles, the only thing which could excite surprise or offence would be, to pretend to be shocked at it; *that* would be resented, as an attempt to impose upon themselves, to overreach the fraternity. But the public are fair game.

If all who hear and are disgusted at such conversation were as indiscreet as Mr. Hill, how many a curious tale would be revealed! In the last Session it was reported to us, on undoubted authority, that an English county member, of far greater weight in the country and in Parliament than Mr. Shiel, after having voted on an important division decidedly on the wrong side, (which for once happened to be against the Ministry,) said to an acquaintance, ‘That vote was the dirtiest I ever gave; but my constituents in \* \* \* compelled me to it.’ We do not believe that this member thought he had done wrong; it was something in his favour, that he was evidently conscious of having done what he would willingly have avoided. We would on no account do the injustice to another which has been done to Mr. Shiel; and we should not give publicity to this anecdote, if we were not

well assured that no one, not already acquainted with the facts, will recognize the individual.

Since the above was written, a Committee has been appointed, at the instance of Mr. Shiel's friends, to investigate the charges against him, and the inquiry has terminated in his complete and honourable acquittal. His first accuser, Mr. Hill, has made all the reparation in his power, but too late to save his own credit, which has received a shock it will not easily recover. Lord Althorp pleads guilty only of having acted *imprudently* as a man and as a minister; though he confesses, that he had given a false impression of the purport of what his informant told him. To misunderstand and misstate facts to the injury of another, is that only imprudence? Would it not have been as easy to put the question to Mr. John Wood *before* as *after* uttering the calumny? Lord Althorp will not escape so easily as he probably flatters himself: he is more deeply culpable than he perhaps thinks, and it will require many good deeds to obliterate the memory of this act of criminal recklessness.

The debates on this affair will reveal to the world without, much more, we suspect, than they previously knew, of the state of parliamentary morality. If Mr. Shiel had really done what Lord Althorp imputed to him; if in private society he had declared himself favourable to the Coercion Bill, while in Parliament he was speaking and voting against it; few, very few members of parliament would have been entitled to throw the first stone: but the act itself would have been not the less a disgraceful one, and no electors could, without great folly, have again returned such a man to Parliament. Yet all those who took part with Mr. Shiel, not content with excusing the man, exculpated the act too: it stands recorded as their opinion, that a man whose private professions are at variance with his public conduct, does no wrong; it was what they were all liable to. That they are almost all liable to it is too true, and they would have felt the confession a most humiliating one, if they were not from habit callous to their own ignominy. Sir Francis Burdett went furthest, and was the most unabashed, in his avowal that in the moral code of Parliament hypocrisy was no vice. This is not the first time that Sir Francis Burdett has made himself conspicuous by uttering sentiments even more scandalously immoral than the House is accustomed to hear: not that he is in reality worse than the rest, but on the contrary better; for he is more unconscious, less of a hypocrite himself, and when he speaks out what they all think, does it in mere *naïveté*.

The 'Examiner' of February 16th has commented upon the whole affair in its best manner; taking a just and discriminating view of the case as it affects Mr. Shiel, and reading a lesson to the members of the House, such as they seldom receive, and still more seldom profit by.

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*7th February.—The Monopoly of the Post Office Clerks.*—The 'Times' announces that this complication of jobbing and Vandalism is to be abolished, and that the clerks of the Post Office, instead of enjoying, to the prejudice of rival dealers and of the public, an entire monopoly of the trade in foreign newspapers, and great privileges with regard to English ones, will henceforth be prohibited from dealing in newspapers either English or foreign.

Who will say after this that exertions for the reform of abuses are lost labour? But six months ago, the French Postmaster General was here on a mission to negotiate for the free circulation of newspapers between Great Britain and France: but the private interests concerned in the privileged traffic were too strong both for the influence of the French government, and for the collective wisdom of our Ministers; who, observe, had at the very time two Commissioners in France, to impress upon the tardy and unenlightened understandings of the French government the benefits of free trade. When the failure of the negotiation was announced, the press made some severe remarks, after which the matter dropped, or seemed to drop; and now when nobody expected to hear any thing more about it, the animadversions have produced their effect, the obstacles have given way, and the abuse is to be extirpated. Abel Handy was not so far wrong when, having exhausted all possible means of extinguishing the conflagration, he reflected that 'perhaps it would go out of itself.' Evils very often go out apparently of themselves, after human exertion seemed to have done its utmost in vain: but the evil would not have been got rid of, if the exertion had not been made.

The 'Times' has, in an excellent article, pointed out the further measures which are necessary to render the destruction of the Post Office monopoly of any avail. The French Government must be invited to renew the negotiation. The newspapers of either country should circulate in the other post free, as English newspapers do in England, or at a very small postage duty. The arrangement should be extended to any other country whose Government is willing to accede to it. If free trade in silks and broadcloth is important, free interchange of ideas and feelings is still more so, both for the maintenance of peace and friendship among civilized nations, and for the advancement of civilization itself, by the mutual blending and softening of national peculiarities.

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*12th February.—Attendance in the House.*—Mr. Ward has obtained what it was very proper should be granted,—a Committee to make arrangements for preparing accurate lists of the majorities and minorities; those which now appear in the newspapers being supplied by individual members, irregularly, and

often inaccurately. On this occasion, the 'Chronicle' has an article, in the main, excellent; but in which much greater stress is laid than we can see any reason for, upon the importance of mere regularity of attendance. We yield to no one in the rigour with which we would hold a legislator to the discharge of his duty, but we protest against considering the constancy of his bodily presence as a test of it. So long as the people of Great Britain do not see fit to give salaries to their representatives, and so long as talents and energy are of scanty growth among those who are born to riches, the people must either renounce being served by men of talents and energy, or consent to their withholding from Parliamentary business as much of their time as is necessary for gaining their subsistence. A member, indeed, who is in independent circumstances, owes all his time to his constituents; but he does not owe it to them to waste that time in listening to the floods of meaningless, pointless, endless talk, which are poured forth in tenfold profusion under the excitement of a numerous audience. The real business of Parliament is all transacted in thin houses, and could not be got through if the members attended regularly. A representative of the people, it is said, should be always at his post. His post! As well might it be said that a good soldier should be always mounting guard. The *post* of a good and wise legislator is his own study: it is there that all good laws are made, all improvements in human affairs really elaborated. To look at the present practice, one would imagine that the government of a great nation was performed by talking and hearing talk. It is performed by thinking. If (not to mention Committees) seven or eight hours out of the twenty-four, as large a portion of time as what are called the respectable classes usually devote to gaining their livelihood, are to be passed in hearing bad speeches—of all occupations (if occupation it can be called) the most deadening and dispiriting; what time remains for reading, what for meditation, for conversing with persons of appropriate knowledge, for *preparation*, either by studying the great questions, or by carrying on that general mental culture, which renders a person's opinion worth having, even on what he has not studied?

Were there any concert, or mutual understanding, among the faithful delegates of the people, all the objects which it is sought to compass by exacting attendance, would be provided for, without the endless waste that now takes place of valuable time, which, for the interests of constituents, might be far more profitably bestowed. There would always be a certain number of members standing sentinels, to stop any unforeseen mischief, by denouncing it to the public, or, if necessary, by counting out the House. There are some, such as Mr. Hume, to whose tastes and faculties this mode of serving the people is so congenial, that their 'post' would really be at the outposts, and they would attend constantly. When occasions arose on which public duty re-

quired that all should be present, either at the debate or at the division, all would attend. But these occasions, though of frequent, are not of daily occurrence; and, at other times, he is good for very little who cannot serve his country to better purpose elsewhere, than by destroying his health and exhausting his spirits in a crowded assembly. The lives of several valuable Members of Parliament, and almost the whole usefulness of many more, have fallen a sacrifice to regularity of attendance. The main question is, not how often has a member attended, but what he has done when he did attend? However irregular his attendance, he should be honourably acquitted if he can appeal to valuable services actually achieved, as a proof that his time on the whole has been well expended for the public benefit.

These remarks will no longer apply, or at least not in an equal degree, when for the first time common sense shall be at length applied to the distribution of public business; when the cumbrous machinery of a multitudinous legislature shall no longer be put in motion for purposes for which it is manifestly unfit, and to which it never would have been applied, but that the simple means which would be efficacious to the end are not in existence. Can there be a spectacle more like Smollett's vast machine for cutting a cabbage, than the two Houses of Parliament engaged in passing a Divorce Bill, or a Turnpike Bill, or a Bill to enable a Joint Stock Company to sue and be sued in the name of an individual? When the numbers of the House of Commons shall not exceed two or at most three hundred—when local representative councils, of twelve or twenty members each, shall be constituted for the transaction of local business—when the necessity of legislating for individual cases shall have been obviated, to the extent it easily might, by well-considered general laws enacted once for all—when statesmen shall arise whose logical habits shall enable them to foresee and provide for large classes of cases at once, instead of merely darning holes in the laws, or laying on, as at present, when they see a place uncovered, a little patch of law just large enough to cover it—and when the preparation of Bills for Parliament shall be the duty of a responsible Minister of Legislation, aided by a standing Commission of the first jurists in the nation, an arrangement without which all the representative Governments of Europe are in danger of making, in the words of General Lamarque, '*une halte dans la boue*;'—then, perhaps, and not till then, the business of Parliament will neither, in quantity or quality, be such as to justify any of the members in withholding constant attendance.

*15th February.—Lord Althorp's Budget.*—The prosperity of the country has better availed the Ministry than their own counsels. Last year they squandered a considerable surplus revenue in remitting, not taxes, but halves and quarters and half-quarters of taxes. They seemed to have found the secret of giving

away a large sum of money so that nobody should be even temporarily the better for it. They left themselves with the interest of twenty millions of new debt to provide for, and resources not more than equal to the existing expenditure. But an increasing revenue has been to them like a rising tide; by its assistance they have found themselves in deep water where they had reason to expect rocks and shallows. The revenue of the year exceeds last year's estimates by a million and a half; and having effected (for which we give them all reasonable credit) further retrenchments to the amount of half a million, they have two millions to meet the expected charge of 800,000*l.*; leaving a surplus of 1,200,000*l.*, about equal to the produce of the house-tax, which accordingly is to be taken off. The abrogation of this tax will certainly afford relief: this time the remission of taxation will be a benefit to somebody; but to whom? To the most clamorous and troublesome; not to the most overburthened.

Are the 'low Radicals,' as the 'Times' calls them, altogether wrong, when they affirm that the Reform Bill has but created what they term a shopocracy, in the place of, or rather by the side of, the aristocracy; and that the people are still to be sacrificed for the joint benefit of both? The first use which the middle classes have made of their power, is to shake off *their* burthens, leaving those of the working classes as great as ever. The window-tax is objectionable; but a house-tax, honestly assessed, seems to us as unexceptionable an impost as exists, and one of the very last which an enlightened policy would have abandoned. Mr. Byng, indeed, 'wishes to see all direct taxes abolished:' this we suppose passes for 'good old English feeling:' English liberty has always felt itself seriously aggrieved by the visits of the tax-gatherer: an Englishman, being free born, dislikes extremely, not the burthen, but to see the face of the man who lays it on. If Mr. Byng were mortally wounded by an invisible weapon, he would think he died a natural death. Let but the 'keen knife see not the wound it makes,' he will never 'peep through the dark and cry "hold, hold."'

This is very childish; or rather like, not a child, but a hunted hare, who thinks she escapes her pursuers by hiding her face, and managing not to see them. Direct taxes are the best of taxes, because there is least of juggle about them, and least uncertainty upon whom they really fall. With taxes on commodities there is always so much doubt, or at least such interminable dispute, who pays them, that it is impossible to agree upon a mode of imposing them so as to bear equally on all classes and on all fortunes. Besides, to be productive, they must be laid on articles of general consumption, and of such the poor consume more, in proportion to their incomes, than the rich. A poor family consumes proportionally much more bread, more beer, more tea, more sugar, than a rich family. No tax can be per-

fectly just, but a direct tax. And, where the rent of land, the best of all sources of revenue, has been permitted to become the property of individuals, of all direct taxes none practically speaking is so eligible as a house-tax. It is the best of income-taxes. What a man pays for his habitation measures his income, not perfectly indeed, but better than any tax-gatherer can; and makes all those allowances which an income-tax never makes, perhaps never can make. No income-tax can be precisely graduated according to the precariousness, the variability, the limited or unlimited duration of incomes: all which circumstances a fair house-tax allows for, because they are all taken into consideration in hiring or buying a house. In short, a house-tax (except that a miser may escape it) realizes far more perfectly than an income-tax, the perfection of an income-tax itself,—that of being proportioned not to what a man has, but to what he can afford to spend.

But it was not by considerations so subtle and refined as those of the comparative justice or policy of different taxes, that this question was destined to be decided. When the Reformed Parliament met, the people of England, that part of them at least who are called the 'better classes,' commenced a contest, not to reduce the public expenses, but to shift off their burthen each man *from himself upon* all the rest. In this ignominious scramble, the shoparchy have carried off the lion's share. The house-tax, though it did not touch the poor, was unpopular, because it fell disproportionately upon the middle classes, and spared the higher: and the aristocracy, having to choose between its equalization and its abolition, made a compromise with the middle classes, and removed the tax, to avoid paying their just share of it. The reconciliations, like the quarrels, of the privileged orders, are always at the people's expense.

We should give Lord Althorp some credit for the manifest reluctance with which he gave up this tax, if we did not remember how perseveringly, last year, he defended those inequalities in its assessment, which so disgusted the public, and which are the real cause of its unpopularity. If instead of defending those inequalities he had remedied them, the clamour against the tax would have been stilled. Now, it is too late.

We observe by the 'Chronicle' report, that when Mr. Hume recommended as a substitute for the present tax on wines, what if practicable would be so greatly preferable, an *ad valorem* duty, on the ground that by lightening the pressure of the duty on the cheaper wines, it would enable the poor to drink wine for a shilling a bottle, the House laughed. The idea of wine at a shilling a bottle, and poor men drinking it, altogether overset what little seriousness nature had bestowed upon them. The House is not aware how much it often betrays by a laugh. Tell me when a man laughs, and I will tell you what he is. We make no comment upon the good feeling or the good sense of this exhibition.

What we would point attention to is, its inherent vulgarity. There has been some discussion whether the House of Commons has become less *gentlemanly* in its composition since it has been said to be reformed. This we cannot presume to decide : but, gentlemanly or not, a more essentially vulgar assembly than it is and was, both before and since, we sometimes think could scarcely be found in Europe.

*17th February.—The Leeds Election.*—The liberal papers are exulting in the success of the liberal candidate, Mr. Baines, yet they all overlook what forms in our view the chief importance of the victory. If Mr. Baines had been a Tory, we should still have hailed as one of the greatest triumphs hitherto achieved by liberal principles, the return to Parliament of a man who has gained all his reputation and his success in life as editor of a newspaper. It is time that the ostensible power should be where the real power is, and that those who have long, by persuasion or by compulsion, dictated to the Legislature what laws it should make, should no longer be thought unfit themselves to take a direct part in making those laws.

The social position of the newspaper press in this country is altogether anomalous. In all the circumstances by which we are surrounded there is no more striking indication of a society in a state of moral revolution. If there be a law in human affairs which seems universal, it is, that the respect of mankind follows power, in whatsoever hands residing. In England, however, the seat of power has changed, and the respect of mankind has not yet found its way to the new disposers of their destiny. Nobody denies that the newspapers govern the country ; hitherto (it is true) much more by making themselves the organs of opinion already formed, than by influencing its formation ; yet to an immense extent in both modes. To mention a striking example, we affirm without fear of contradiction from any one who has watched the progress of opinion, that Mr. Black, the Editor of the ‘Morning Chronicle,’ has been the great proximate cause of the law reforms now in progress, and of the downfall of that superstition which formerly protected the vices of the courts of law and of the magistracy from the denunciations of opinion and the controlling hand of the legislator. Sir Robert Peel first, and Lord Brougham afterwards, have only reaped the harvest which he had sown.

Allowing, however, that the newspaper press is but an instrument, and not an independent agent, the two Houses of Parliament have for many years renounced all pretension to being anything but the more or less reluctant instruments of that instrument. Yet, a year or two ago, even Radicals would have turned away from the proposition of returning a newspaper editor to Parliament ; because newspaper editors, as a class, have only talents, and have not rank or fortune. Even now, we are con-

vinced that most of Mr. Baines's supporters would have voted in preference for the greatest dolt among the rich manufacturers or bankers of Leeds, if he would have professed as strongly their political opinions. The occupation of a journalist is under the ban of society. An individual here and there, though with difficulty, escapes the stigma, and is placed, by personal qualities or adventitious circumstances, as high in conventional estimation as a barrister is placed by his mere calling. But the profession is decidedly not a gentlemanly one. It stands about on a level with the lower branches of the legal profession. The fact is almost universally admitted, that an editor, and that an attorney, *may* be a gentleman. Nay, many go so far as to say that some *are* so.

Another anomaly is, the very different degree of solicitude which society bestows upon the training up of those who are its real teachers, and of those who only pretend to be its teachers, having long ceased to be so in reality. We once heard the profoundest observer and critic on the spirit of the times whom we ever knew, dilate upon this topic. Observe, he said, what an apparatus is put in motion, what large sums of money are expended, what a world of trouble is taken, to educate a select individual from his infancy upwards, for the ultimate end of placing him in a pulpit,—from whence he discourses to the people, in language which nine-tenths of them scarcely understand, matter which has altogether ceased (it may almost be said) to have a meaning to them; which never reaches their intellect, their imagination, or their affections, and has lost all power over their will. Meantime, there has arisen a new set of instructors, who really do govern the minds and conduct of the people, who have succeeded to the place which the clergy formerly filled, and are, however unworthy in many respects, the sole priesthood of our time; and the rearing up of these men, the work of qualifying them for the highest and most dignified office to which a human being can be called, is abandoned to chance, that is, to all manner of demoralizing influences. The priest of the nineteenth century struggles into existence no one knows how, and having served his apprenticeship in some cellar or garret which society never looks into, sets up his pulpit in a newspaper-office, and there, from the materials which he has picked up, and the faculties which it has pleased heaven, not society, to bestow upon him, preaches to the world how they are to think, feel, and act; and they follow his instructions.

This parallel is well fitted to give rise to reflections, which whoever follows up, will be led much further than he is probably aware of.

*Mr. O'Connell's Bill for the Liberty of the Press.*—The Radical party in the House of Commons is a rope of sand. It is not only without a head, but without members or a body. It is

*not* a party; the Radicals in Parliament are incapable of forming one. No body of men ever accomplished any thing considerable in public life without organized co-operation; and these seem incapable, not merely of organized, but even of casual co-operation. The evil consequences of this incapacity display themselves most of all, in the case of those who aspire to be, and in some measure deserve to be, distinguished as the instructed and philosophical Radicals; for *they* appear to be incapable, not only of acting in concert, but also of acting singly. There is always a lion in the path. One is too despairing; he thinks no good is ever to be done: another is too fastidious; he will not 'mix himself up,' or 'allow himself to be confounded' with somebody or something: another is too timid, another too indolent, another too unenterprising. With one or two exceptions at most, none of them have sufficient strength (there needs no little) to stand alone: they will never be any thing but ciphers, till they are grouped together with a unit or units at their head; yet they cannot, it would seem, endure the imputation of acting together. Not only there is no principle of attraction among them, there seems a principle of repulsion. They do not even verify the old story of John doing nothing and Tom helping him. They will not be helped to do nothing. Each man is immovably bent upon doing his nothing single-handed.

The consequence is, that the men who will neither lead nor be led, are passed by; and those who do not wait to be led, become the real leaders. We have heard it spoken of in a tone of complaint, that Mr. Hume, or that Mr. O'Connell, hold themselves forth as the parliamentary leaders of the popular party in the nation. For our part, so long as Mr. Hume and Mr. O'Connell are the only persons who are never unprepared to stand up for the cause, in season and out of season, whatever may be thought of them by fine people, and to force discussions on all the great questions, whatever may be the unwillingness of the House, we hold these gentlemen to be the leaders of the Radicals in fact, whatever some who allow themselves to be called Radicals may say or wish to the contrary. And, although they may often execute the office in a manner which compels us to wish that the people had other leaders, or rather that those who are so good were still better, we make an immense distinction in our estimation between those who continually accomplish far *more* than any one thought there was reason to expect of them, and those who accomplish less.\*

Those who do not originate any thing, must consent to act with, and under, those who do, or to be nothing. There are members of the House in whose hands, far rather than in those of Mr. O'Connell, we would gladly have seen such a question as the Liberty of the Press: but we are well assured, from expe-

\* This was written before Mr. O'Connell's profligate declaration in favour of the pillage of the widow and the orphan.

rience, that not one of them would have moved hand or foot in the matter, if a bolder man had not led the way. We give Mr. O'Connell the greatest credit for introducing the subject; and we now trust, that those who have the capacity may have also the will to assist him in rendering the very imperfect measure which he proposes as perfect as possible.

Mr. O'Connell's measure, if we may judge from his opening statement, goes, as it appears to us, too far, and not far enough. He seems to have taken nothing into his view but personal libels. He said not a word of any provision for the free discussion of doctrines, or of institutions, although this is, if possible, still more important than even the liberty of criticising the conduct of public functionaries. On the subject of religion, that on which beyond all others discussion ought not to be restrained by law—being already restrained so much more than is consistent with a wholesome state of the human mind, by mere opinion—Mr. O'Connell avows his intention of not innovating on the existing law; though, greatly to his honour, he has not flinched from declaring, in the strongest terms, that, in his opinion, discussion on the subject of religion ought to be perfectly free. But restrictions of a similar nature exist on the subject of politics also, and Mr. O'Connell has not yet said that he proposes to remove them. We cannot so much as conceive any great improvement in the law of libel, not commencing with a declaration that it shall be lawful to controvert any political doctrine, or attack any law or institution, without exception; in any manner and in any terms not constituting a direct instigation to an act of treason, or to some other specific act to which penalties are attached by the law. Mr. O'Connell has held out no promise of any such provision.

On the other hand, Mr. O'Connell goes farther than we are able to follow him, when he proposes that in all cases of private libel, truth should be a justification. Where, indeed, the imputation is not upon the private, but upon the public character of a public man; or where the act imputed, though belonging to private life, is in its nature public, (for instance, any violation of decency in a public place,) or has already received publicity, (for instance, by the proceedings of a Court of Justice,) we think, with Mr. O'Connell, that the truth of the charge ought to be a sufficient defence; and we would even allow the alleged libeller to clear himself, though the charge be false, by showing that he had good grounds for believing it to be true. But we would not permit the press to impute, even truly, acts, however discreditable, which are in their nature private. We would not allow the truth of such imputations to be even pleaded in mitigation. The very attempt to establish the charge by evidence, would often be a gross aggravation of the original injury. We see insuperable objections to allowing the details of a person's private conduct to

be made the subject of judicial investigation, 'at the pleasure of any malignant accuser. We are not insensible to the *présteige* attaching to the word truth, and we go farther than most persons would like, in maintaining that it is good to speak the truth, whatever be the consequences. But it is not the letter of the truth, it is the spirit that is wanted; and, unhappily, the letter is all that admits of being substantiated in a Court of Justice. Every one knows how easy it is, without falsifying a single fact, to give the falsest possible impression of any occurrence; and, in the concerns of private life, the whole morality of a transaction commonly depends upon circumstances which neither a tribunal nor the public can possibly be enabled to judge of. Let any person call to his recollection the particulars of any family quarrel, for example, which has come within his personal knowledge, and think how absolutely impracticable it would be to place before the public any thing approaching to the most distant likeness of the real features of the case! The moral character of the transaction cannot possibly be understood, nor even the evidence on which the facts themselves rest, be properly appreciated, without a minute acquaintance with a thousand particulars of the character, habits, and previous history of the parties, such as must be derived from personal knowledge, and cannot possibly be communicated. Any 'truth' which can be told to the public on such matters must almost necessarily be, with respect to some party concerned, a cruel falsehood: and only the more cruel, if what tells against the party can be proved in a Court of Justice, while what would tell in his favour may be in its nature unsusceptible of such proof.

The proper tribunal for the cognizance of private immoralities, in so far as any censorship can be advantageously exercised over them by opinion at all, is the opinion of a person's friends and connexions; who have some knowledge of the person himself, and of the previous circumstances, and therefore something to guide them in estimating both the probabilities of the case and the morality of it. And even their knowledge, how insufficient it generally is! and how doubtingly and hesitatingly a conscientious and modest man will usually draw from such imperfect evidence, conclusions injurious to the moral character of a person of whose position he must necessarily be so insufficient a judge! Is not that the meaning of the christian precept, 'Judge not!' And when the individual who is nearest, and best informed, can scarcely ever be sure that he is informed sufficiently, it is proposed to authorize a general inquisition into private life by the public at large! the public, who *cannot* in the nature of the case be informed but in the loosest and most defective manner, nor can be qualified by previous knowledge to estimate the trustworthiness even of such partial information as is in its nature capable of being laid before them!

## CHARACTERISTICS OF GOETHE.\*

It may be deemed superfluous in us to declare the deep interest we take in the subject of this publication; but it is a duty we owe to our fellow-labourer, the talented editor and translator, to express thankfully our sense of its merits. We regret the accidents which have so long impeded the execution of our intention to make known the contents of these volumes, which connect themselves remarkably with the series we have already submitted to the consideration of our readers. We shall practise the self-denial of leaving unnoticed the coincidences in opinion which we have had the pleasure of remarking, where there could have been no possibility of an interchange of thought; and the few discrepancies of statement are not important enough to occupy space that may be more agreeably filled by extracts.

Mrs. Austin commences her volumes with a justification of her practice as a translator—her fabrication of words and structure of sentences *more Germanico*; in which she will be more generally praised than imitated. It requires courage and virtue to write that which it is known will not and cannot please the general reader, for the sake of conferring a service on the few who read rather to gain knowledge than be amused. There is perfect propriety in her practice on the present occasion; for who can want to know any thing of Goethe, who does not at the same time wish to familiarize himself with the German style of thought and expression? Goethe was neither a warrior nor an adventurer, but the first of German poets and thinkers. The interest he excites is indissolubly connected with national peculiarities of speech and thought.

The basis of this publication is formed of two little writings, which made their appearance on the decease of the great man. His works had already afforded matter for controversy; his personal character was especially the object of interest on his decease; and in the developement of that character, all that is of the highest importance is treated as known and undisputed, and therefore passed over by the authors. But as the English reader is, on the contrary, very imperfectly acquainted with the works of Goethe, Mrs. Austin has added, in the shape of notes, a considerable mass of matter, to supply what was no defect in the original works intended for a German public, but which, without such supplement, would have been little understood, and less relished, by the English reader.

The first, and by far the most valuable, of these opusculi, is the account given by Falk of his personal intercourse with Goethe; an intercourse the more deserving of being recorded, on account

\* Characteristics of Goethe, from the German of Falk von Müller, &c.; with notes, &c. by Sarah Austin. 8vo. 3 vols. Wilson.  
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of the totally opposed character of the men. This antithesis Falk has unconsciously expressed in a sentence, which we, for that reason, copy. Treating of the 'problem of life,' he remarks, (i. 89,) that 'the universal question is not only concerning a creation by art and science, but much rather concerning a creation by moral effects and actions, in strict conformity with that which the voice of Heaven within us declares an indispensable duty.' If we have not altogether failed in our attempts, our readers must by this time know that Goethe laboured intensely, during his long and happy life, in art and science. Falk, the child of adversity, had of necessity, as well as from natural impulse, laboured in the other direction of philanthropic exertion. We recollect both his literary life and the manifestations of character in his personal demeanour. Brought up in extreme poverty, he beheld society through the sad medium which generates satire; and as a satirist first, and afterwards as a moral poet in his *Prometheus*, he was known as a man of letters; but he was more highly valued as an active philanthropist and able man of business. He acquired great credit by his skill and activity during the deplorable time of the occupation of Weimar by the French, in 1806; and by the establishment of asylums for orphan children. The sentimental and moral character of his mind—so different from Goethe's—is diffused over this little essay, which is chiefly valuable because it exhibits Goethe under a point of view in which we had never before the means of beholding him. Infinite as are the occasions on which Goethe has expressed feelings and thoughts on the great problems of religion and philosophy, it is only in the conversations here recorded that they assume the character of personal convictions. To all, therefore, to whom the notions of such a man as Goethe, on matters of transcendent importance, have any value, this book, did it convey nothing else, might be confidently recommended. We lament our inability to extract the whole of the conversation on the day of Wieland's funeral; and, in the selection of parts, have made choice rather of the intelligible than the argumentative, since many will be satisfied with the results, who would shrink from the labour of accompanying the reasoning process.

'Our departed friend was naturally the principal subject of our conversation. Without deviating greatly from its current, I asked him on one occasion, when he spoke of the continuance of existence after death, as a thing of course, "And what do you think is at this moment the occupation of Wieland's soul?" . . . . "Nothing petty, nothing unworthy, nothing out of keeping with that moral greatness which he all his life sustained." . . . . "It is something to have passed a life of eighty years in unblemished dignity and honour; it is something to have attained to that pitch of refined wit, of tender, elegant thought, which predominated so delightfully in Wieland's soul; it is something to have possessed that industry, that iron persistency and perseverance, in which he surpassed

us all." . . . . "The destruction of such high powers of soul is a thing that never, and under no circumstances, can even come into question. Nature is not such a prodigal spendthrift of her capital. Wieland's soul is one of Nature's treasures—a perfect jewel. What adds to this is, that his long life had increased, not diminished, these noble intellectual endowments." . . . . "You have long known," resumed he, "that ideas which are without a firm foundation in the sensible world, whatever be their value in other respects, bring with them no conviction to me, for that, in what concerns the operations of Nature, I want to *know*, not merely to conjecture or to believe. With regard to the individual existence of the soul after death, my course has been as follows:—This hypothesis stands in no sort of contradiction with the observations of many years, which I have made on the constitution of our own species, and of all other existencies; on the contrary, they furnish fresh evidence in its support. . . . . But how much, or how little, of this individual existence is worthy to endure, is another question, and a point we must leave to the Deity."—vol. i., p. 67—70.

After the assertion of the conviction (so delightful, were it a mere illusion) of future existence, both individual and conscious, Goethe proceeds to explain his speculations on the possibility of such an existence; and adopts for the purpose the Leibnitzian language. It is as clear as the subject admits; and though we cannot follow him in his deduction, we give his preliminary view.

'I assume various classes and orders of the primary elements of all existences, as the germs of all phenomena in Nature; these I would call Souls, since from them proceeds the animation or vivification of the whole, or rather *monades*. Let us always stick to that Leibnitzian term; a better can scarcely be found, to express the simplicity of the simplest existence. Now, as experience shows us, some of these monades, or germs, are so small, so insignificant, that they are, at the highest, adapted only to a subordinate use and being. Others, again, are strong and powerful. These latter, accordingly, draw into their sphere all that approaches them, and transmute it into something belonging to themselves, *i. e.* into a human body, into a plant, an animal, or, to go higher still, into a star. This process they continue till the small or larger world, whose completion lies predestined in them, at length comes bodily into light. Such alone are, I think, properly to be called *souls*. Hence it follows, that there are monades of worlds, souls of worlds, as well as monades of ants and souls of ants; and that both are, if not of identical, of cognate origin. . . . . Every sun, every planet, bears within itself the germ of a higher fulfilment, in virtue of which its developement is as regular, and must take place according to the same laws, as the developement of a rose-tree, by means of leaf, stalk, and flower. You may call the germ an idea, or a monade, as you please—I have no objection; enough that it is invisible, and antecedent to the visible external developement. We must not be misled by the *larvæ*, or imperfect forms of the intermediate states, which this idea or germ may assume in its transitions. One and the same metamorphosis, or capacity of transformation in Nature, produces a rose out of a leaf, a caterpillar out of an egg, and again a butterfly out of the caterpillar.'—vol. i., p. 70—72.

The opinions current, in different ages of the world, concerning pre-existence and the transmigration of souls, are well known in the history of philosophy; though, excluded from the Christian scheme, they have ceased to attract attention. Finding these notions adopted by such a man as Goethe, we proceed in our selection, including a burst of characteristic humour.

‘The moment of death, which is thence most appropriately called *dissolution*, is that in which the chief or ruling monas dismisses all those subordinate monades which have hitherto been faithful vassals in her service. I, therefore, regard the quitting life, as well as the rising into it, as a spontaneous act of this chief monas, which, from its very constitution, is utterly unknown to us. . . . “All monades are by nature so indestructible, that even in the moment of dissolution they do not abate or lose anything of their activity, but continue their progress uninterruptedly.”

“Annihilation is utterly out of the question; but the possibility of being caught on the way by some more powerful, and yet baser monas, and subordinated to it,—this is unquestionably a very serious consideration; and I, for my part, have never been able entirely to divest myself of the fear of it, in the way of a mere observation of Nature.” . . . At this moment, a dog was heard repeatedly barking in the street. Goethe, who had a natural antipathy to dogs, sprung hastily to the window, and called out to it, “Take what form you will, vile larva, you shall not subjugate me!” A most strange and astounding address to any one unacquainted with the trains of Goethe’s thoughts, but to those familiar with them, a burst of humour singularly well-timed and appropriate. I asked him whether he believed that the transition from their actual state and circumstances into others, were accompanied with consciousness in the monades themselves. To which Goethe replied, “That monades may be capable of a general historical retrospect, I will not dispute, any more than that there may be among them higher natures than ourselves. The progress of the monas of a world can and will elicit many things out of the dark bosom of its memory, which seem like divinations, though they be at bottom only dim recollections of some foregone state, just as human genius discovered the laws concerning the origin of the universe, not by dry study, but by a lightning-flash of recollection glowing on the darkness; because itself was a party to their composition. It would be presumption to set bounds to such flashes in the memory of spirits of a higher order, or to attempt to determine at what point this illumination must stop. Thus, universally and historically viewed, the permanent individual existence of the monas of a world appears to me by no means inconceivable.”—vol. i., pp. 74, 76, 79.

We will conclude this seductive topic with a sentence which may excite to reflection. ‘I am certain, as you see me, that I have been there a thousand times already, and hope to return thither a thousand times again.’ The accidental coincidences of men of genius in extraordinary opinions or feelings are among the most interesting subjects of contemplation. We have personal reasons for believing that Goethe had never seen Wordsworth’s ode (the sublimest and profoundest of his lyric poems),

of which the import is but imperfectly expressed in the title, 'Intimations of Immortality from the Recollections of Early Childhood.' We invite the speculative reader to a comparison. What we have yet quoted may serve to confirm the general impression that even Goethe, like the professed German metaphysicians, cannot write otherwise than mystically on religion and morals. We wish to correct this misconception, and add an extract, the length of which will be excused for the sake of its importance.

'Every individual has, in virtue of his natural tendencies, a right to principles which do not destroy his individuality. Here, or nowhere, is to be sought the origin of all philosophies. Zeno and the Stoics existed in Rome long before their writings were known there. That same stern character of the Romans, which fitted them to be heroes and warriors, and taught them to scorn every suffering, and to be capable of every sacrifice, necessarily secured a prompt and favourable hearing to principles which made similar demands on the nature of man. Every system, even Cynicism, may succeed in getting through with the world, as soon as the right hero for the attempt does but present himself. Only the acquired and artificial in man is what is most apt to founder on contradictions; the innate can always make its way somehow or other, and frequently obtains a complete and triumphant conquest over all that is opposed to it. . . . . It is, therefore, no wonder that the refined, tender nature of Wieland inclined to the Aristippic philosophy; while, on the other hand, his decided aversion to Diogenes, and to all Cynicism, may be very satisfactorily traced to the same cause. A mind in which the sense of all grace of form was instinctive, as in Wieland, cannot accommodate itself to a system which is a continuous offence against that grace. We must first be in unison with ourselves, before we are in a situation, if not wholly to resolve, at least in some degree to soften the dissonances which press upon us from without." . . . . "I maintain that some are even born Eclectics in philosophy; and where Eclecticism proceeds from the inward nature of the man, that too is good, and I will never make it a reproach to him. How often do we find men who are, from natural disposition, half Stoics and half Epicureans! It would not astonish me at all if such men adopted the principles of both systems, and tried, as far as possible, to reconcile them. . . . Very different is that vacuity of mind which, from want of all independent inward bent, like a magpie, carries to its own nest everything that may chance to come in its way from any quarter, and thus places itself, like one essentially lifeless, out of all connexion with the life-abounding whole. All such philosophies are utterly dead and worthless; for, as they proceed out of no results, so neither do they lead to any results." . . . "Of popular philosophy I am just as little an admirer. There are mysteries in philosophy, as well as in religion. The people ought to be spared all discussions on such points; at least, they ought by no means to be forcibly dragged into them. Epicurus somewhere says, 'This is right, precisely because the people are displeased at it.' It is difficult to foresee the end of those unprofitable and unpleasing mental vagaries which have arisen among us since the Reformation; from the time that the mysteries of religion were handed over to the people to be pulled about

and set up as a mark for the quibbling and cavilling of all sorts of one-sided judgments. The measure of the understandings of common men is really not so great, that one needs set them such gigantic problems to solve, or choose them as judges in the last resort of such questions. The mysteries, and more especially the dogmas of the Christian religion, are allied to subjects of the deepest and most intricate philosophy; and it is only the positive dress with which it is invested that distinguishes the former from the latter. Thence it happens, that frequently enough, according to the position that a man takes up, he either calls theology a confused metaphysic, or metaphysic a confused Platonic theology. Both, however, stand on too elevated ground for human intellect, in her ordinary sphere, to presume to flatter herself that she can reach their sacred treasures. The interpretation of them to the vulgar cannot go beyond a very narrow practical circle of action." . . . "The multitude, however, are never so well satisfied as when they can repeat, in a still louder tone, the loud declamations of some few who give the cry. By this process the strangest scenes are produced, and there is no end to the exhibition of presumption and absurdity. A half-educated '*enlightened*' man often, in his shallowness and ignorance, jests on a subject before which a Jacobi, a Kant, the admitted ornaments of our country, would bow in reverential awe." . . . "The *results* of philosophy, politics, and religion ought certainly to be brought home to the people; but we ought not to attempt to exalt the mass into philosophers, priests, or politicians. It is of no avail! If Protestants sought to define more clearly what ought to be loved, done, and taught—if they imposed an inviolable, reverential silence on the mysteries of religion, without compelling any man to assent to dogmas tortured, with afflicting presumption, into a conformity to this or that rule—if they carefully refrained from degrading it in the eyes of the many by ill-timed ridicule, or from bringing it into danger by indiscreet denial, I should myself be the first to visit the church of my brethren, in religion, with sincere heart, and to submit myself with willing edification to the general, practical confession of a faith which connected itself so immediately with action."—vol. i. p. 97—103.

To descend from such elevated subjects: Goethe's social talents form the subject of a chapter—a perilous one to a translator. Of all authors, *Joe Miller* must be the most untranslatable. It is very seldom indeed that humour is preserved in a second language, though wit may be. Mrs. Austin, we are sure, will be grateful to us for explaining an instance of supposed humour in Goethe, which in her version is utterly without meaning. The Duke of Weimar, returning from the chase, and incommoded by the heat, opens the window of the drawing-room. Goethe, finding that the ladies are exposed to a draught, himself shuts it. The Duke is offended, and inquires who had done so. The servants do not answer:

'Goethe, however, with that arch, reverential gravity which is peculiar to him, and at the bottom of which often lies the most refined irony, stepped forward before his master and friend, and said, "Your highness has the power of life and death over all your subjects. Upon me let

judgment and sentence be pronounced." The duke laughed, and the window was opened no more.'—vol. i. p. 108.

He must have an acute sense of the humorous who can find it here. It was, in fact, a law joke, in allusion to the old German constitution, according to which no prince (unless he had the *jus de non appellando*) could, in exercise of his sovereign power, order the execution of a criminal, but on the adjudication of a competent tribunal. As we have mislaid the original, we cannot quote it with confidence, but think it contained the significant words, 'nach gesez und gericht.' We can imagine an analogous and bolder retort at an assize court. Had a barrister encountered a like reproof from the judge, he might have answered, in the slang of his profession, 'It was I, my lord, who shut the window; for I submit, with deference, that your lordship's opening it was an excess of jurisdiction; for, assuming that we were all felons-convict, (which we are not,) my Lord Coke lays it down, in the 3rd institute, p. —, that it is murder in a judge to order an execution by any other mode than hanging by the neck till the criminal be dead.'

The subsequent chapters abound in anecdotes of books and men of literature, which, to be enjoyed, need only, on the part of the reader, sufficient interest in the subjects of them. This remark is still more applicable to the oration of Chancellor v. Müller, in which he expatiates on the character of Goethe, *in seiner practischen wirksamkeit*; that is, in his 'influence on real life.'

A notion generally prevails, that no one can have cultivated certain talents with great success, without neglecting others. *Non possumus omnes omnia*, is the consolatory reflection, or indulgent excuse, we make for ourselves or friends. And as, in fact, the instances are very few of the successful exercise of powers in more than one direction, there is a prejudice against multifarious labours; and we have no doubt that Goethe's undisputed greatness as a poet has disinclined the philosophical world to a study of his numerous scientific works, to which, nevertheless, he devoted many years of intense labour. But wide as is the sphere within which Goethe allowed himself all imaginable excursions, that is, the whole compass of nature and art, even this leaves uncomprehended a field of exertion of intense importance. And it is to gratify a reasonable curiosity in this respect, that this discourse was delivered by one eminently enabled, by his station and personal character, to exhibit Goethe in all his practical relations of life, and before an audience qualified to appreciate the statements made. Accordingly, here we are informed what Goethe was as a sort of minister—the *arbiter elegantiarum* of a court, the *visitor* of a university, of public libraries, and academical and scientific establishments, in the legal sense of the word. We are, however, too little inter-

ested in these matters to be able to follow the orator. But one branch of this subject has too general an interest to permit our passing it over altogether. As our previous extracts afford some glimpses of the state of his mind on religious subjects, so we are desirous of supplying a corroboration to what we have formerly remarked on Goethe's political character. Two short extracts will suffice.

'Goethe has often been reproached with taking little interest in the political forms of his country; with having failed to raise his voice in moments of the greatest political excitement; and with having even, on several occasions, showed himself disinclined to liberal opinions. It certainly lay not in his nature to strive after a political activity, the primary conditions of which were incompatible with the sphere of existence he had made his own, and the consequences of which were not within his ken. From his elevated point of view, history appeared to him nothing more than a record of an eternally repeated,—nay, necessary conflict between the follies and passions of men, and the nobler interests of civilization: he knew too well the dangers, or, at least, the very problematical results, of uncalled-for interference: he would not suffer the pure element of his thoughts and works to be troubled by the confused and tumultuous incidents of the day:—still less would he permit himself to be made the mouth-piece of a party, in spite of Gall's declaration that the organ of popular oratory was singularly developed in his head. . . . It was his persuasion that much less could be done for man from without than from within; and that an honest and vigorous will could make to itself a path, and employ its activity to advantage, under every form of civil society. . . . Actuated by this persuasion, he held fast to order and obedience to law, as the main pillars of the public weal. Whatever threatened to retard or to trouble the progress of moral and intellectual improvement, and the methodical application and employment of the powers of Nature, or to abandon all that is best and highest in existence to the wild freaks of unbridled passion and the domination of rude and violent men, was to him the true tyranny, the mortal foe of freedom, the utterly insufferable evil.'—vol. ii. p. 283—285.

'When his mind was filled with any great thought, or any new work, he would sometimes refuse to hear a word read from newspapers or public prints.

'“It sometimes strikes one,” he writes to Zelter, “that one knows as much of the past as one's neighbour, and that the knowledge of what the day brings forth makes one neither the wiser nor the better. This is of great importance; for if we consider it attentively, it is mere pedantry (*philistery*) in private persons to bestow so much of their interest upon affairs over which they have no control. And then, too, I may say in your ear, that I am so happy in my old age as to have thoughts arise within me which it were worth living over again to bring to maturity and action. Therefore we, as long as it is day, will not busy ourselves with *allotria*.” On another occasion he writes to a young friend:—“It is perfectly indifferent within what circle an honest man acts, provided he do but know how thoroughly to understand, and completely to fill out, that circle. But when a man has no power of *acting*, he ought not to bestow any great solicitude; nor presumptuously to

want to act out of the limits of the demands and the capacities of the circle in which God and Nature have placed him. Everything precipitate is injurious; it is not wholesome to overleap intermediate steps; and yet now-a-days almost everything is precipitate, and almost every one is inclined to advance by leaps. Let every one only do the right in his place, without troubling himself about the turmoil of the world (which, far or near, consumes the hours in the most unprofitable manner), and like-minded men will soon attach themselves to him, and confidential interchange of thoughts, and growing insight into things, will of themselves form ever-widening circles.

‘Damit das gute wirke, wachse, fromme,  
Damit der tag des edlen endlich komme.’\*—vol. ii. p. 289, &c.

That such language as this might be a cover for selfishness or cowardice, is quite certain; as also that it might (uncorrected by other equally just notions) occasion an abandonment of duty. It is enough here to exhibit this as a striking feature in the character of this very remarkable man; we add an illustrative note by a friend.

‘You are aware that in 1804 there was a *turn-out* among the Jena buroshe (students); *strike*, I believe, is now the word among your operatives. It ended in the departure of several hundred students, and the university never recovered the fatal blow. I waited on Goethe, to solicit his interference: nothing could exceed his courtesy or good humour. He admitted the truth of all my allegations. The students, he said, are quite right in their pretensions—that is, in their position as students they feel and act very naturally; but then the Duke is, after all, sovereign, and he sees matters from a different point of view. “*So geht es immer, Lieber! in diesen Polizei-sachen wo jederman recht hat*”—“It is always so in these matters of police, in which all parties are in the right.” Others would have said—where all are in the wrong. But it amounted to as much, and silenced me; for when all I said was allowed to be true, I had no excuse for going on with my argument. Not to kick against the pricks, not to fret at disappointments, but to make the best of things as they are, in this not the best, nor the worst, of possible worlds, were the plain, practical, unheroic, and undignified rules of conduct which Goethe practised through life. In this, as in all similar matters, he would not interfere.’

We cannot dismiss this discourse without extracting a short passage, on account of its originality, beauty, and significance. It is part of a letter to the Grand Duchess Louisa.

‘The smallest production of Nature has the circle of its completeness within itself; and I have only need of eyes to see with, in order to discover the relative proportions. I am perfectly sure that within this circle, however narrow, an entirely genuine existence is enclosed. A work of art, on the other hand, has its completeness *out of itself*; the best lies in the idea of the artist, which he seldom or never reaches; all the rest lies in certain conventional rules, which are, indeed, derived

\* So that the good may work, may grow, may profit,  
So that the day of the just may come at length.

from the nature of art, and of mechanical processes, but still are not so easy to decipher as the laws of living nature. In works of art there is much that is traditional; the works of nature are ever a *freshly-uttered word of God.*'—vol. ii. p. 263.

It is the contrast drawn between a work of nature and a work of art that is new. The mere consideration of a work of nature, as the word of God, lies on the surface of all speculation; though, in consequence of the nearly exclusive preference given to the revealed word, this has been of late generally overlooked. We again add an anecdote to show how much this was in Goethe's mind a fixed idea.

'I amused Goethe by an account of the Ultra-Catholic writings of De la Mennais, who demonstrates the right of the Pope to absolve subjects from their allegiance to kings. This was too strong even for the restored Bourbons; and he was sentenced to a nominal punishment for a libel, in maintaining that the assertion of the privileges of the Gallic Church is heretical. In his proof he began,—“All truth comes from God; and God speaks only by his written word, and through the Church.” “There's the HACKEN” [hook], said Goethe, interrupting me. “No doubt all truth comes from God; but then he speaks through this flower (which he had been fondling for some time), and through this butterfly (which had just alighted on the table); and this is a language which the knaves [spitzbuben] do not understand.”'

We must pass over the additional articles which form the text of these volumes. They consist of a memoir from the French of M. *Dumont*, a tutor to Goethe's grandchildren; two funeral orations in honour of the late Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Louisa, whose names ought never to be separated from that of their friend; an article on Goethe's Works, from the well-known Dictionary of Conversation; and extracts from the posthumous number of *Kunst und Alterthum*.

To all these Mrs. Austin has added a multitude of notes. Among these, we are especially grateful for the translations of Goethe's exquisite memoir on Wieland, which we have already spoken of as a masonic oration; and Goethe's review of Foss's Poems—specimens of generous skill quite unparalleled in critical literature. We say generous skill, because, at the same time that Goethe praises to the very utmost all that was really valuable in these writers, it is still to be seen, though faintly as through a veil, and at a distance, how far they were, in his judgment, removed from supreme or first-rate excellence. Further, we have a valuable selection of extracts from the 'Jahres- und Tages-hefte.' For all which, and many others, being more or less useful contributions to our fragmentary knowledge, all the students of German literature must be thankful. There is another series of notes to which we cannot extend our approbation. These are not critical, still less judicious, but judicial

notes on Lessing, Jacobi, Novalis, the Schlegels, Tieck, &c., on whom judgment is passed very summarily. Whether by way of caution, or as a recommendation, we do not know, but Mrs. Austin announces the writer as the *attaché* to a Prussian embassy. Now she must know very well that Frederick Schlegel and Ludwig Tieck went over from the Protestant to the Catholic Church; that Schlegel was the salaried advocate of the cabinet of Austria, as Milton was of the Commonwealth Government; and that Tieck commenced his career as the satirist of the court and literary coteries of Berlin: she might, therefore, have suspected the unconscious influence of party feelings in her friend and assistant. At all events, she should not have exposed him to obvious ridicule, by first proclaiming his office, and then allowing him to write that it is, 'in every point of view, lamentable that a man of Schlegel's genius should have permitted himself to be regarded as a *political agent*.' A strange suggestion from the pen of one in the school of *diplomacy*. It is the just pride of Prussians, that they can name as the political agents of their government such men as Niebuhr, Humboldt, &c. &c.

The objects of this gentleman's displeasure are the 'new school' of taste in Germany. Some remarks on his strictures may serve to convey juster notions concerning a literary sect of great and continued influence on the poetry and poetics of Germany.

The article on Frederick Schlegel (vol. i. p. 298) is calculated to mislead the uninformed reader even as to the personal relations of the parties. The school 'were politic enough to ally themselves with Goethe' (then Goethe must have been a party to the transaction), 'to express the highest admiration for him, and thus to secure a portion of the universal consideration he enjoyed. It was at this time that Goethe and Schiller published the famous "Xenien," which gave the death-blow to their shallow and superficial adversaries. The Schlegelites now entrenched themselves behind the former of these two illustrious poets, though they renewed their attacks upon Schiller; but this noble-minded man troubled himself not about such criticisms, and held on his simple, serene course.' We will not dwell on the singular infelicity of these latter words; for, assuredly, though Schiller be entitled to the character of noble-minded, simplicity and serenity were precisely the graces he did not possess. All his works, and the fine bust of him by Dannecker, equally show this. But we suspect that the writer never saw the original 'Xenien'—*i. e.*, the 'Musen Almanach,' for 1797;—if he had, he would have otherwise characterized this gay and wanton overflow of genius, which gave no death-blows, and was by no means directed against the shallow and superficial only. It was a playful attack on almost every one—Wieland himself did not escape; and, in spite of the *alliance*, few were more successfully assailed than the Schlegels

themselves. One distichon says, 'What they yesterday learned, to-day they are busy in teaching. Oh, what a short gut these gentlemen have!' Another says, 'No sooner is the hot fit of the Gallomania over, than the cold fit of the Græcomania breaks out.' We have no desire to vindicate the political life of Frederick Schlegel, but we protest against this *oracular* sentence:— 'With his physical life, his literary existence had also reached its term: *he will not live, because he was not independent*;—self-sustained, he never succeeded in creating anything original and complete.' We presume, in opposition, to say, that if ever there were thinkers whose influence on the thoughts of future ages has been so considerable as to leave imperishable traces in the works of their successors, and who, therefore, may claim permanent honour, the Schlegels are such writers. We can directly appeal to the English translations of Frederick Schlegel's 'Lectures on the History of Literature,' and August Wilhelm Schlegel's 'Lectures on the Drama.' And the judgment of Goethe himself may be thought a more than sufficient comment on the note-writer's sentence of commendation:—

'The grand schism which had taken place in German literature had a great influence on our dramatic affairs, particularly from the vicinity of Jena. I kept on the same side with Schiller; we gave in our adhesion to the new philosophy, and the æsthetical system arising out of it.'—*Tag-und-Jahnes Hefte*, 1802, vol. iii. p. 278.

Another great offence committed by this school, in this gentleman's eyes, is their depreciation of Wieland. We, of course, do not censure him for his opinion that their judgment was depreciation, but for the imputation of unworthy motives, and the incorrectness of his own representation of Wieland's writings. He urges that Wieland 'popularized philosophy;' but when this is alleged as enhancing the offence of not rendering to him due honours, it should be recollected that this was the very *gravamen* of the charge against him. Indeed, an anecdote related by another note-writer of Wieland shows that, in his own eyes, it was a very doubtful merit to make the people partisans in matter of religious controversy: *à fortiori* it must be so, of avowed philosophical speculations. Mrs. Austin's friend proceeds:—'But the school, whose grand object it was to introduce religious mysticism and the romance of the middle ages, never could forgive Wieland what he had done to enlighten the nation. They accused him of infidelity, because, in his *Agathodæmon*, for instance, he endeavoured to represent Christianity in the moral grandeur it possesses, even to those who do not believe in the miracles related in the "New Testament."' An account of this philosophical romance will probably interest our readers, and, at the same time, enable them to appreciate the candour of this accusation.

The narrator of the romantic history loses himself in a forest, where he meets with a very aged philosopher or hermit, who, having first inspired the wanderer with due reverence for his wisdom, confesses himself to be Apollonius of Tyana, and relates the history of his marvellous life and supposed death. The available matter of that most dull book—the life of Apollonius by Philostratus—is wrought into a delightful tale, in which Apollonius is represented as an enthusiast turned into a philanthropical impostor. He first endeavoured to revive Pythagoreanism, by honestly and simply teaching the sublime doctrines of the school. The world turned its back on him, but he would not, therefore, abandon the world. He set up the profession of a worker of miracles, but merely to serve mankind; and ended his career by a pretended sacrifice of himself on a funeral pile, beneath which he secreted a vault. He then retired to a wilderness, that his continued life might remain a secret. The traveller heaping praises upon him for his virtuous labours, he is checked by the philosopher. Reserve your admiration, he says, for one who succeeded where I failed—all that I attempted was actually performed—and in our day too. You have probably never heard of him, for he lived in a remote corner of the empire, among the most odious and contemptible of people—the Jews. Then follows a eulogy upon the character of Jesus Christ, with no very favourable account of the disciples. But the eulogy has not the powerful eloquence of the well-known passage in Rousseau's '*Profession de foi du Curé Savoyard*.' The progress of the new religion is exhibited. The efforts of the earliest enthusiasts, and the subsequent accession of interested fraud, are expatiated upon with Wieland's accustomed graceful diffuseness. The accumulated abuses of future ages, and the consequent necessity of a reformation, are all prophesied with like facility and address. This comparison between Apollonius and Jesus Christ was made at an early age of the Christian controversy; and Wieland did but modernize and adorn, as was his usual practice, a forgotten literary speculation. The placid old man was through life unaffected by the reproaches of the religious public; his integrity would have led him to discountenance such a misrepresentation of his object as his admirer has thought proper to advance.

But we must close—the subject is unbounded. The less valuable matter forms no large proportion of the volumes, which, if they fail to excite interest, it will be only for the want of a prepared public. We hope that Mrs. Austin will proceed with unabated zeal in her adopted course: like all writers who commence a new course, she must create a taste by which alone her labours can be adequately rewarded.

## CORIOLANUS NO ARISTOCRAT.

(Continued from p. 139.)

THE second act opens with Menenius and the two tribunes accidentally meeting in the forum, and they enter into a discussion on the merits of Coriolanus; the former defending, the two latter attacking him. Menenius has much the best of the argument; but he does not thereby convince the tribunes, whose sinister interest lies in not being convinced. Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria now enter with the news that Coriolanus is coming home victorious, and old Menenius can scarce contain himself for the emotions of generous joy. He asks if he is wounded, when Virgilia gives way to affright, and Volumnia, in the emotions of pride which discard the kindlier feelings, exclaims,

‘ Oh! he is wounded, I thank the gods for it.’

Her thoughts are, ‘ My butcher has been in peril in the slaughter-house, and his wages will be raised in consequence, an advantage which I shall share.’

‘ In troth there are wondrous things spoke of him,’ says the gossiping Valeria; and Virgilia, as if ray-stricken by the ‘ moon of Rome,’ mouths out, ‘ The gods grant them true;’ whereon Volumnia laughs her doubts to scorn with, ‘ True! pow wow.’ Then Menenius asks where he is wounded, and the *tender* mother replies,

‘ I’the shoulder and the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i’the body. \* \* \* He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.’

‘ Now it’s twenty-seven’ (says Menenius). ‘ Every gash was an enemy’s grave.’

But the fierce spirit which animates Volumnia, like that of the Runic poets and divinities, is shown most forcibly in her fiend-like exultation in the next lines, speaking of the trumpets:

‘ These are the ushers of Marcius; before him  
He carries noise, behind him he leaves tears;  
Death, that dark spirit, in’s nerry arm doth lie,  
Which being advanced, declines; and then men die.

The savage warriors of the western wilderness praise their chiefs in the same terms. Destruction is their idol. ‘ An there were two such, there would be none shortly, for the one would kill the other.’

When Coriolanus enters the senate-house in triumph, brow-bound with the oaken garland, all but the tribunes hail him with joy; they are blind to all but the diminution of their own importance, and fresh hatred against the hero is the result. The

public greetings, Coriolanus, with innate modesty, instantly checks; but he is not so indifferent to the greetings of his own peculiar friends, who all show their differing characters by their modes of salutation. Virgilia, his wife, can do nothing but cry: she only knows that her husband is a man of greater importance than he was before, but into the merits of the case she cannot enter; she would have done precisely the same had her husband been brought to shame. In that kind of foolish, nervous temperament there is little distinction between the emotions of joy and sorrow. They are not passions, properly so called, but merely nervous excitement. Yet is the greeting of Coriolanus touching:

‘ My gracious silence, hail.’

Old Menenius is at his wit’s end for joy, and scarce knows what to do or say to express it; but the imperious and calculating Volumnia does not lose sight of the profit to which her son’s success may be turned. Alluding to the consulship she says,

‘ Only there  
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but  
Our Rome will cast upon thee.’

But Coriolanus, who had fought for honour and conscience sake only, replies with his accustomed frank generosity,

‘ Know, good mother,  
I had rather be their servant in my way,  
Than sway with them in theirs.’

The tribunes are left alone, and they treacherously exult in the prospect, that, if he become consul,

‘ He cannot temperately transport his honours  
From where he should begin and end; but will  
Lose those that he hath won.’

\* \* \* \*

‘ It shall be to him, then, as our good wills;  
A sure destruction.’

Our hatred of these pretended patriots, who practise mean acts upon a nobler being than themselves, sinks into contempt for the exceeding meanness of their malice.

The second scene presents two of the servitor officers of the capitol, who, after the gentleman-usher fashion, express their opinions of a man whom they cannot understand; yet there is some shrewdness mingled withal. One says,

‘ To seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.’

The other does him more justice,

‘ He hath deserved worthily of his country. And his ascent is not

by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.'

And the deeds of Coriolanus justified all this and more. If he were proud, he was at least proud of worthy deeds. Could our English aristocracy be found thus, those for whom they make laws would reap some benefit. The senators take their seats; and the tribunes snarl and carp, so as to provoke an opposite remark from old Menenius:

'He loves your people;  
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.'

Coriolanus himself adds,

'I love them as they weigh.'

He is asked to take his place in the senate, to listen to the praises of himself, but with a noble scorn he replies,

'I'd rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,  
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit  
To hear my nothings monstered.

Cominius, in reciting the deeds of Coriolanus from his youth up, begins,

'It is held,  
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and  
Most dignifies the haver.'

Had it not been so estimated, Rome could not have maintained herself. Coriolanus therefore exulted in the 'chief virtue,' and could not but despise those who were lacking in it. Had other virtues been more in request, he would not have been found deficient in them. He was no sycophant, no lover of tyrants, but a sturdy resister of oppression in the behalf of others, even from his very boyhood. He was the ally of Collatinus, and one of the avengers of Lucretia. Were the following passage spoken by one who felt it, and could do justice to it, it would stir the blood in the laziest and most aged veins:

'At sixteen years,  
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought  
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,  
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,  
When with his Amazonian chin he drove  
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid  
An o'erpressed Roman, and i' the consul's view  
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,  
And struck him on his knee; in that day's feats,

When he might act the woman in the scene,  
He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed  
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupilage  
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea ;  
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,  
He lurch'd all swords o' the garland.

\* \* \* \*

Our spoils he kick'd at ;  
And looked upon things precious, as they were  
The common muck o' the world ; he covets less  
Than misery itself would give ; rewards  
His deeds with doing them ; and is content  
To spend the time, to end it.'

Here we have the principles of a high-minded Radical wrought out in practice. At sixteen years he drove the bristled-lipped slaves of the oppressor Tarquin before him, just as the sixteen year old *élèves* of the Polytechnic school drove before them the *vieilles moustaches* of the ignorant tyrant Charles out of the streets and strong-holds of Paris ; and he 'kicked at spoils,' even as did the French students, and their far poorer brethren the workmen, and as Bourmont and his people, the French Tories, did not. There was nothing of the Tory, of the modern aristocrat, in all this, but, on the contrary, the very opposite. In the words of old Menenius,

'He is right noble.'

He abhors the custom of standing, like a beggar, to ask the suffrages of the people, working on their feelings by the exposure of his naked cicatrices ; and he is right in saying that such a custom 'might well be taken from the people.' For their own good it ought to be taken from them. None can thrive so well by it as the charlatan : it is mocking the people with the semblance of acknowledging them as the source of power, while it cheats them of the substance, and deprives them of judgment by the intoxication of their gratified vanity. He is a candidate, not proposed by himself, but by others, to fill an important public office ; and his fitness for that office, according to his qualities, could better be decided on by the judgment than by the feelings. Though the people had loved him never so much, it would not follow that that love qualified him for the consular duties, in the absence of wisdom or knowledge. The qualities fitting a man for a legislator may be possessed by one who has no popular manners ; and it is constantly observed, that at an election a winning exterior carries more weight with it than the profoundest knowledge. As good laws are not made by feeling, but by judgment, it would therefore be for the interest of a community to elect their organs of government only by a knowledge of their actions or writings, and keep all mere personal attraction out of the question. In all honour did Coriolanus speak, and his heaving

heart and writhing lip, and bursting scorn, are all tokens of true nobility, while he says,

‘ To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus ;—  
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,  
As if I had received them for the *hire*  
Of their breath only.’

He did what he did without bargaining or wishing for hire of any kind, either in gold or flattery. He did it under a high sense of moral duty, in order that he might enable himself to wear an approving conscience, and he felt that to make an after-brag of it, for the sake of gaining office, would be to undo what he had done,—to lose his self-respect, and reduce himself to the level of a hireling gladiator,—to become one of the rabble of ambitious tricksters, whose valour, or knowledge, or eloquence, are never used, save as instruments for their own personal advancement.

Shame fall on the tribunes, who for the gratification of petty malice and pettier ambition could unworthily practice on a noble heart like this.

The third scene is an election, which in scarcely any respect but one differs from an English election at the present day in a town or county where the people are still in ignorance of the true philosophy of elections as an instrument of human happiness. The differing point is the thorough nobleness of the candidate, Coriolanus. Is there Whig or Tory member who can match him in honesty of principle. Are the Radicals of his stamp numerous? Alas, no! Alas, and woe the while!

Our friend ‘great toe,’ the fuller, opens the popular question in the forum. There is something of high nature in him, rude though he be. At their former meeting Caius Marcius had put him down, yet the surname Coriolanus, won by honour and patriotism, seems to have wiped away all feelings of unkindness. He *feels* (think, he cannot, to any depth) that Coriolanus is worthy to be the consul, and he manfully avows his feelings:

‘ Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.’

One of his captious fellows, anxious to be of some importance, replies, ‘We may, sir, if we will.’ A third deprecates any appearance of ingratitude to him who has served his country, and the fuller naïvely remarks, that ‘a very little help will serve’ to fasten the imputation of ingratitude on the people, and make them ill thought of. This is as true as it is unjust. The ‘masters o’ the people’ ever expect that ignorance should see clearly when benefits are intended, forgetting that the dog which is frequently unjustly beaten, not unfrequently bites the fingers of those who beat him, even when they intend caresses; but to say that the people,—that any people,—as a body, are unjust to those who serve them, and whose mode of serving them they can

comprehend, is a foul and monstrous libel on human nature. One of the fuller's companions says of Coriolanus,

‘ I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.’

What he means by ‘ inclining to the people,’ is simply showing them forms of outward respect,—feigned sympathy. Not good government, but individual self-importance, was what was aimed at by the short-sighted citizen, as witness his words on the entry of Coriolanus to go through the customary forms :

‘ We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars : wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues : therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.’

It is the absurdity and meanness of all this which Coriolanus sees, and which, to the entreaties of Menenius to practice ‘ expediency,’ (that Whig virtue,) makes him answer, in the tones of impatient irony, after the following fashion :

‘ What must I say ?—

I pray, Sir,—Plague upon't ! I cannot bring  
My tongue to such a pace :—Look, Sir ;—my wounds ;—  
I got them in my country's service, when  
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran  
From the noise of their own drums.’

The fuller, and the fuller's still more self-important companion, enter to him with a hang-down foolish kind of look, not knowing what to say themselves, and waiting till they are spoken to. Had they been fluent of speech they would have expressed their notions after some such manner as this :

‘ Sir, you are a brave man, and we are proud to think that you are one of our countrymen. We wish you would be a little more social with us, and stand upon this horse-block, and tell us how you fought, and how many men you killed with your own hand ; and, after that, we'll fling up our caps, and make you consul. So brave a man as you ought to be consul.’

This they think, but do not say ; and Coriolanus, chafing like a generous steed when hard-reined up and teasingly goaded, breaks silence in a tone half impatient half contemptuous :

‘ You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.’

The oppression is instantly taken off the fuller's tongue, and he chimes in,

‘ We do, sir : tell us what hath brought you to't.’

Coriolanus is no bragger, but he knows his own value ; and when he is challenged, he speaks of his own worth as he would have spoken of that of a stranger. His is not the mock modesty

which will violate truth, rather than incur the reproach of boasting, which meaner-minded men may cast on him. Even thus it is with all truly noble-minded men. Self they think not of till they are reminded by unjust attack, and then they repel it less from the love of self than from the love of truth. How his chest swells, how his stature seems to enlarge, how deep is the tone of his voice, yet how simple his words, as all true words are, while he replies to the question !—

‘ Mine own desert.’

The fuller’s companion seems half thunderstruck, and scarce able to reply to the words, whose truth he fully recognises, and cannot gainsay. He feels his own utter insignificance of mind when compared with the man he had intended to catechise, and he can but reiterate his words,

‘ Your own desert !’

The phrase sounds to Coriolanus as an implied doubt of the truth of his words. Honouring truth, and knowing himself to be incapable of falsifying it, his contempt of the questioner breaks forth in his answer:

‘ Aye, not mine own desire.’

The fuller stirs at this, perhaps not quite comprehending the words of Coriolanus ; and referring the want of ‘ desire’ rather to the consulship than to the begging for it in ‘ the napless vesture of humility,’ he replies, with something of wonder,

‘ How ! not your own desire ?’

At this the impatience of Coriolanus is still further incensed, and his scorn is stronger in its expression. He wishes to repudiate all chance of the suspicion of meanness, and forgets that others, as well as himself, have feelings, while he answers,

‘ No, sir ;

’Twas never my desire yet,  
To trouble the poor with begging.’

This phrase must not be construed in the ordinary sense of the word ‘ poor.’ It was the poor in spirit to whom he alluded ; and poor, indeed, were they who could condemn a high-minded man to so unworthy a task as Coriolanus felt his to be,—deeming that, in the mere emblem of power, power itself resided ; but the fuller, at any rate, replies to the purpose :

‘ You must think, if we give you any thing,  
We hope to gain by you.’

It is ever thus. No human being gives any thing to another human being without hoping to gain something in return. One gives sympathy, and expects sympathy in return, or the sympathy

will not last long. Another gives money in charity, and it may be with various motives. It may be ostentation, in the hope that people will administer to vanity by talking about it. It may also be in the spirit of bargain-making, *i. e.* the desire of buying a large pennyworth of what is called gratitude, and being ever disappointed in the amount, be it great or small. One who confers a favour in this spirit, perhaps giving away that which he cares not for, and which is no sacrifice to him, is usually an everlasting talker about ingratitude. Or it may be solely to obtain that sweetest of all rewards—self-approbation, connected with promoting the happiness of a fellow-creature. Or it may be, in the spirit of some Catholics, and Protestants also, who atone for a life of roguery by giving a small per-centage on their robberies to the poor, by way of quieting their consciences. Or it may be merely with the desire to get rid of importunity, and thus attain quiet. Another may give away honours, but it is in the hope of obtaining attached retainers. Candidates at modern elections give away their money to purchase irresponsible power over their fellow-creatures; and, stranger still, those very fellow-creatures will call them generous for it. But whatever may be given, it is certain that the giver must have a motive for the gift, and whenever his self-gratification is in unison with the welfare of others, it is praiseworthy. Even when a public man is cheered by a crowd, the cheers are given, either because they hope for benefits through his agency, or because they feel pleasure in his oratory. Our friend, the poor fuller, hoped for the gain of good government and good times under the consulship of Coriolanus, with plenty of work and good pay for it; thinking that a man who had fought well, must necessarily legislate well. But Coriolanus misunderstands him in the blindness of his impatience, and catching at the word ‘gain,’ at once treats him with the scorn which would be due to a mercenary elector :

‘ Well, then, I pray, your price o’ the consulship?’

The honest fuller, in the fulness of his heart, makes answer,

‘ The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.’

‘ Kindly!’ ejaculates the noble Roman, and his thoughts turn to his ‘ poor host’ of Corioli, who used him ‘ kindly.’ The fuller, in his rough way, has claimed sympathy by the phrase ‘ kindly;’ but Coriolanus has mistaken him, and supposes it to mean a demand for base submission to the unthinking populace, a bowing of the head, to sue as a fawner for that office, whose duties, being honestly discharged, would have made him the benefactor of the people. His voice now loses the tones of indignation, and he scoffs in plain terms at those whom he despises :

‘ Kindly !

Sir, I pray, let me ha’ it : I have wounds to show you.’

The fuller's friend takes it literally, and pushes forward to gape at the cicatrized chest of the warrior, who, however, stops him short with a contemptuous wave of the hand, and,

‘ Which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir ;  
What say you ? ’

The fuller makes no reply ; but his companion, proud of having been asked for his vote, rushes to seize the patrician hand, saying,

‘ You shall have it, worthy sir.’

But the patrician (according to Mr. Macready's version) withdraws his hand ; and to express his intense abhorrence at having condescended to ask for that which should ever be freely given or freely withheld, affects to cleanse it on the skirt of his tunic from the pollution of the contact, and continues his scoffs :

‘ I have your alms, adieu.’

He turns away from them, and the fuller says his manner is ‘ something odd,’ while his comrade wishes he had not given his vote. Two other citizens enter, and Coriolanus is bitterly satirical, when he alleges as a reason why they should elect him, that he has ‘ the customary gown.’ In England a man tells the electors that he has the customary *money* ; and that is as germane to the purpose. One of the citizens tells him,

‘ You have not, indeed, loved the common people.’

Half mournful, half scornful, is his reply ; and were it in England even now, it would be, alas, but too true ! The only remedy for it is education :

‘ You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them ; ’tis a condition they account gentle : and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my cap than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitingly ; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers.’

The voices are given ‘ heartily’ upon this showing, and Coriolanus is left to soliloquize as follows :

‘ Most sweet voices !—

Better it is to die, better to starve,  
Then crave the hire, which first we do deserve.  
Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,  
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,  
Their needless vouches ! Custom calls me to’t :—  
What custom wills, in all things should we do’t,  
The dust on ancient time would lie unswept,  
And mountainous error be too highly heap’d  
For truth to overpeer.’

Does this savour of the Tory, of the aristocratic defender of vested abuses? It is true that he anathematized a popular abuse; but he does it upon sound radical principles, equally applicable to all abuses; and, whatever nuisance might have fallen in his way, he would have tried it by the same standard, without making question of its godfathers. A 'venerable institution' would be of no value in his eyes unless it were also a good institution. With a heavy heart he exclaims,

' Rather than fool it so,  
Let the high office and the honour go  
To one that would do thus.'

Then suddenly he seems to recollect the disappointment it would cause his mother, and he is again determined:

' I am half through;  
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.  
Here come more voices,—'

He seems half humorous in his scoffs, as if the ridiculous nature of the business had suddenly struck him in a new light. He greets the new comers:

' Your voices: for your voices I have fought;  
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear  
Of wounds two dozen-odd; battles thrice six  
I've seen,—and heard of; for your voices, have  
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:  
Indeed, I would be consul.'

All this the citizens seem to have taken as a token of good fellowship; and universal acclamation hails him as consul, when the tribunes enter with Menenius. His noble nature instantly chafes at the sight of the tribunes, whom he abhors, from an instinctive knowledge of their baseness; and upon their telling him that he is elected, he fiercely inquires,

' May I then change these garments?'

On receiving the assent of the tribunes, he departs with Menenius, and then the tribunes fall to work insidiously to stir up the people against him, exulting in the thought that the indignant spirit 'is warm at his heart.' The fuller's comrade, whose importance has been mortified by the withdrawal of the patrician hand, is the first to cry out against him; but the fuller manfully speaks out his opinion, that Coriolanus was sincere:

' No, 'tis his kind of speech: he did not mock us.'

But he has no firmness of mind; and the arts of the tribunes, together with the clamour of the other citizens, who resolve to annul the election, alter his resolves. The election spirit stirs him, and when his comrade says,

‘ We will deny him :  
I’ll have five hundred voices of that sound,’

he even outdoes him, and replies,

‘ I, twice five hundred, and their friends to piece ’em.’

Thus it ever is. A public man, chosen without reason, on the score of mere feeling, is turned out again, with as little reason, on the score of an opposite feeling. The applause of one’s fellows is precious to the heart, but it is only wholesome and profitable when it is based on the exercise of the judgment. The conduct of Coriolanus was not wise: it was not calculated to conciliate the minds of ignorant men; and those who possess knowledge are, above all others, morally bound to avoid causeless offence to their ignorant fellows: but his errors were the result of an overboiling nobleness of spirit; and, when compared with the cool, cunning, deliberate, mean, calculating malice of the crafty tribunes, he shows like a god. The tribunes were also cowards, making the people serve as their tools to screen themselves from the patrician indignation; and we should loathe, did we not scorn them.

The third act opens with a kind of walking conversation in the streets, between Coriolanus and some of the patricians, on the subject of the Volscians and Aufidius, who are supposed to be so worn that their banners will scarcely wave again for an age; and Coriolanus expresses his longing for a cause to meet his adversary in Antium, just at which time the two tribunes appear. He has hardly expressed to his companions his antipathy to them, when they inform him of the change in the minds of the people. Well may he say in the bitterness of scornful indignation,

‘ Have I had children’s voices ?

\* \* \* \*

Are these your herd ?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,

And straight disclaim their tongues ?

\* \* \* \*

Have you not set them on ?’

Ignorance alone caused the people to act thus, and become the tools of designing demagogues, called tribunes. But the way to remedy it was to allow them to go on, and learn their errors through the evil consequences. It was of far more importance that the people should be instructed, than that Coriolanus should be spared a mortification; and had this result been clearly shown to him, he would have considered it as noble an exercise of patriotism, to suffer undeserved odium for the welfare of others, as to jeopard his life for them in the open field or the walled town,—nobler, inasmuch as it must be the most painful to the generous mind. The Athenians were proverbial for being some-

what fickle to their great men, but the Athenian people were nevertheless free and intelligent. Cominius is right in saying, that

‘ This paltering  
Becomes not Rome ; nor has Coriolanus  
Deserved this so dishonour’d rub, laid falsely  
I’ the plain way of his merit.’

But you should have caused the people to be instructed, good Cominius, equally with yourself, and then they had not done it.

Menenius was right in attributing ‘choler’ to Coriolanus: but even that choler was justifiable, so far as such a temporary madness can be justified, by the baseness of the tribune, Sicinius Velutus; and, notwithstanding the choler, Coriolanus talks sound sense where he says,

‘ By Jove himself,  
It makes the consuls base : and my soul aches  
To know, when two authorities are up,  
Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
May enter ’twixt the gap of both, and take  
The one by the other.’

Our venerable English constitution, composed of three authorities—king, lords, and commons, is worse even than this. The two first hold their authority only by the ignorance of the last. When the knowledge of all shall be on a par, the numbers of the last will make such a preponderance of power as to cause the two former to kick the beam.

‘ This double worship,—  
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other  
Insult without all reason.’

However this might be in Rome, in England the matter is changed. The people ‘disdain with cause,’ the aristocracy ‘insult without all reason;’ but their insults will not last long. The growing intelligence of the people will not long bear

‘ The ill which doth control it.’

The remainder of the scene consists principally in the display of the magnificent indignation of Coriolanus, and the base urging of the tribunes, who are goading to violence the very nobleness of his nature. How like a ‘thundering Jove’ he looks, while that ‘bald tribune’ lays his polluted hand upon him! Now his nervous fingers gripe the shoulder of the offender like the closing of a rock in an earthquake: the withered flesh shrinks, and the dry bones crackle, while he shakes the trembling creature as though he were a willow twig:

‘ Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones  
Out of thy garments.’

Life seems scarcely to remain in him when he is flung away in scorn, like a cast-off garment. The kind of justice which inhabited the breast of the tribunes may be gathered from the speech of Brutus, who, while the passionate excitement of himself and the people is at its height against Coriolanus, not in cool deliberation, but in hot blood, pronounces sentence of death against him. This was a case in which it was a moral act to resist the officers of the law, for they were perverting the law in order to gratify private malice and ignorant cruelty. Coriolanus makes the hearts of his assailants quake within them, when, drawing the heavy blade which had hewn down many a Volscian, and perchance the same which 'struck Tarquin on the knee,' he exclaims

' No, I'll die here.  
There's some amongst you have beheld me fighting;  
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.'

Menenius sums up well the defects in his character :

' He has been bred i' the wars  
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill schooled  
In bouted language ; meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction.'

It is mostly thus. Soldiers rarely make good civilians. Washington is one example how a successful warrior may be a good legislator ; but there have been few Washingtons in the world, and, moreover, Washington was no regularly trained soldier. It is a lamentable thing to think, that the very qualities of patriotism, which sometimes impel men to become soldiers, have thus a tendency to work their own ruin. *Esprit du corps* becomes a characteristic, even of the most exalted minds, when they have been long accustomed to act in unison after a despotic fashion, such as the constitution of a regular army requires ; and the attempt to establish the military order of Cincinnati, in America, after the revolution, was most wisely discountenanced by the nation. If a revolution of force be needful,—and very rare are the cases,—then should it be in the fashion of the French revolution of July ; sharp and short ; fierce while it lasts, and humane when it is over ; fought too by men in plain clothes, wearing only a temporary badge, to distinguish them from the enemy during the heat of the combat : after the struggle is over, the next best thing is to forget all animosity.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

(To be continued.)

# MARCH.

## *Winds and Clouds.*

VOICE.

PIANO-  
FORTE.

*ALLEGRO.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano-forte. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked *ALLEGRO.* The score consists of three systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece. The second system includes the lyrics "A wizard is he! D'ye" and features a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The third system includes the lyrics "see, d'ye see? Temples a-rise in the up-per air." and features a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The piano-forte part is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

*p*

Now they are gone, And a troop comes on, Of plu-med knights and

*p*

La-dies fair . . . . . They pass and a host of

*dim* *p*

spirits grey, A host of spi-rits grey, Are

*p* *dolce*

float-ing on-ward, Float-ing on-ward, Float-ing onward, A-

*p* *dolce*

A handwritten musical score for a piece titled "The Way". The score is written on three staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and contains a melody with various note values and rests. The middle staff uses a treble clef and contains a melody with various note values and rests. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and contains a melody with various note values and rests. The lyrics "The Way" are written below the middle staff. The handwriting is in ink on aged paper.

2<sup>d</sup> Verbo. 8<sup>th</sup> Verbo.  
 D.C.

Handwritten musical score for the song "Blow March Blow! Your time is now". The score is written on three staves. The first staff is a single melodic line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The second staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the third staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time. The lyrics "Blow March blow! Your time is now" are written below the second staff. The score includes a double bar line with a repeat sign and a "D.C." (Da Capo) instruction. The first verse is marked "1. Verse." and the second verse is marked "2. verse." with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The score ends with a final double bar line.

Soon you must hush your noi-sy breath Soon shall we listen, While

*pp*

rain-drops glisten for the airs that will murmur of Spring's sweet wreath.

*espress:*

Harm not the buds! Harm not the buds that dare to

*lento.*

peep, Lest April a-way her sweet life weep —

*lento.*

*tempo.*

Harm not the buds that dare to peep, Lest April away her sweet

*tempo*

*lento.*

life should weep.

*lento.*

## SONGS OF THE MONTHS,—No. 3, MARCH.

## WINDS AND CLOUDS.

A wizard is he!  
 D'ye see, d'ye see?  
 Temples arise in the upper air;  
 Now they are gone,  
 And a troop comes on  
 Of plumed knights and ladies fair;  
 They pass—and a host of spirits grey  
 Are floating onward—away, away!

His sun-beams are light'ning,  
 The black clouds brightening,  
 Grand is the world in the heavens to see!  
 His winds are the thunder,  
 Scattering asunder  
 The world he has made—but what cares he?  
 In a chariot of storm he rolls along,  
 While the whirlwinds shout a triumphal song.

Blow, March, blow!  
 Your time is now;  
 Soon you must hush your noisy breath;  
 Soon we shall listen,  
 While rain-drops glisten,  
 To the airs that murmur of Spring's bright wreath;  
 Harm not the buds that dare to peep,  
 Lest April away her sweet life weep.

S. Y.

NOTES ON SOME OF THE MORE POPULAR DIALOGUES OF  
PLATO.

## No. I.—THE PROTAGORAS.

*(Continued from p. 99.)*

PROTAGORAS here ceased speaking: and Socrates, after making many acknowledgments and professing himself almost convinced, said that one little difficulty still remained in his mind, which no doubt Protagoras could easily remove. For if a man were to apply to Pericles, or any other of the famous orators, he might hear from them as fine a speech as that which Protagoras had made: but if he were to put a question to them, they could no more answer, or ask again, than an inanimate book; but, like brass, which if struck makes a long reverberation unless we lay our hands upon it and stop it, they make answer to a short question by an inordinately long harangue. Protagoras, however, is able not only to make a long speech, but to give a short answer to a short question: I therefore wish to have one difficulty explained. You say that virtue

can be taught; and you have several times put together justice, prudence, temperance, and holiness, and called them collectively by the one word virtue. Is virtue then one thing, and are all these parts of it, or are they all names for one and the same thing? Protagoras answers—Virtue is one, and all these are parts of it.—Are they such parts as the parts of gold, all of them exactly resembling the whole, and one another? or (like the parts of the face, viz. eyes, nose, ears, and mouth) extremely unlike?—They are like the parts of the face.—May the same man have one of these parts of virtue, and be destitute of the others?—Yes: many are courageous, but unjust, and many are just but unwise.—Then wisdom and courage are also parts of virtue?—Yes.—And unlike each other, as you said of the other parts?—Yes.

Let us consider further of this matter. Is justice a just thing or an unjust one? surely it is a just thing.—Undoubtedly.—Is holiness a holy or an unholy thing? most assuredly a holy one.—Yes.—But you say that the different parts of virtue are unlike one another. Then since justice is a just thing, and holiness is not like justice, is holiness an unjust thing? Since holiness is a holy thing, and justice is not like holiness, is justice an unholy thing? I should affirm the contrary; that justice and holiness are either the same, or very nearly alike, and that nothing is so holy as justice, nor so just as holiness. It does not appear to me, replied Protagoras, so simple and obvious that justice and holiness are the same thing. There seems to me to be a difference; but let us call them the same thing, if you will.—I have no use, said Socrates, for ‘if you will.’ I do not desire to examine or confute an ‘if you will,’ or an ‘if you think so,’ but what you think, and what I think, leaving out the ‘if.’—No doubt, said Protagoras, justice and holiness are somewhat alike: all things, even black and white, hard and soft, and all other contraries, are alike in some respects. The parts of the face, which were the comparison we used, are somewhat alike. You might prove, in this way, all things to be alike. We must not call things like or unlike merely because they have some little points of resemblance or of difference.—Do you then consider holiness and justice to have only some little points of resemblance?—Not exactly so, but yet not as you seem to think.—Since this discussion seems to displease you, let us consider another part of what you said.

Socrates, accordingly, dropping the subject of justice and holiness, but still endeavouring to drive Protagoras to an acknowledgment of the identity of all the virtues, now chooses as his example *σωφροσύνη*. This word, which was in very popular use, and which conveyed to the mind of a Greek associations of the highest praise, is untranslatable into English, because we have no single word by which we are accustomed to express the same combination of qualities and of feelings. Names of what Locke calls mixed modes, and especially the names of moral attributes, have very rarely any exact synonymes in another language. There are few things by which so much light would be thrown upon the ideas and feelings of a people, as by collecting from a large induction, and clearing up by an accurate analysis, the niceties of meaning of this important portion of their popular language. We should thus learn what moral and intellectual qualities the people in question were accustomed to think of in conjunction, and as forming part of one and the same character; and what, both in kind and in the degree of strength, were

the habitual sentiments, which particular moral or intellectual qualities excited in their minds. How great would be the difficulty of making an ancient Greek understand accurately what the nations of modern Europe mean by *honour* ; a Frenchman, what the English mean by the *feelings of a gentleman* ; any foreigner, what we mean by *respectability*. It is equally difficult for an Englishman to enter into the conception of *σωφροσύνη*, and throw himself into the feelings which that word excited in a Greek mind. Sometimes it seems as if it ought to be translated *prudence*, sometimes *temperance*, sometimes *decency* or *decorousness*, sometimes more vaguely, *considerateness*, sometimes *good sense*. The French word *sagesse* has nearly the same ambiguities, and expresses nearly the same mixture of moral and intellectual qualities.\* The connecting tie among these various attributes seems to be this: The word *σωφροσύνη* denoted, in the mind of a Greek, all the qualities or habits which were considered most contrary to *licentiousness* of morals and manners, in the largest sense of the term. In a state of society in which the control of law was as yet extremely weak, in which the restraints of opinion, even in the democratic states, acted with little force upon any but those who were ambitious of public honours, and in which everywhere (even at Athens, where person and property were far more effectually protected than in the other states of Greece) the unbridled excesses of all sorts committed by the youth of the higher classes, endangered the personal security and comfort of every man, it is not wonderful that self-restraint, and the habits of a thoughtful, regulated life, should be held in peculiarly high esteem.

The great difficulty to an English reader, of following an argumentative discussion which turns chiefly upon the meaning of a word having no synonyme in English, will scarcely in this instance be rewarded by the intrinsic merit of the discussion itself. Socrates forces Protagoras successively to admit, that *σωφροσύνη* is the same thing with wisdom, that it is the same thing with justice, or at least inseparable from it, and is pressing him still further, when Protagoras flies off into a long speech, filled with illustrations from the material universe, on a topic very distantly connected with the subject which they were discussing. At the conclusion of this oration he was loudly applauded.

Socrates hereupon observed, that he had a short memory, and if a man made a long speech to him, he always forgot what it was about. As, therefore, if he were deaf, Protagoras would think it necessary to speak to him in a louder than his ordinary voice ; so, as he was forgetful, he hoped that Protagoras would shorten his answers, and accommodate their length to his capacity. Protagoras demurred to this, and lost his temper ; and there are several pages of excellent comic dialogue, at the end of which the matter is accommodated by the intervention of the bystanders ; and it is agreed, at the instance of Socrates, that Protagoras should interrogate and Socrates answer, in order that Socrates might afford a specimen of what he thought the proper mode of answering. It turned out an unhappy specimen, however, for Socrates was led by it to make as long a speech as any in the dialogue.

\* The interesting dialogue of Plato, called the Charmides, of which the quality of *σωφροσύνη* is expressly the subject, affords ample illustration of all the varieties and shades of association connected with that word.

Protagoras, who appeared anxious to change the subject, said, that he thought criticism on poetry to be one of the most important parts of instruction, and he would interrogate him concerning poetry, keeping, however, on the subject which they were discussing, that of virtue. Simonides, in one of his poems, says, 'It is difficult to become a good man.' In the same poem he afterwards expresses his dissent from a saying of Pittacus, Χαλεπὸν ἐσθλὸν εἶναι, (it is difficult to be a good man). Is not this inconsistent with what he had himself affirmed in the previous passage?

Socrates pretends at first to be puzzled by this question, and calls in Prodicus, with his nice distinctions, to help him in finding a difference between γένεσθαι (to become) and εἶναι (to be), and in finding a double meaning for the word χαλεπὸν. After playing with the subject for some time, he gives his own account of the matter thus:—

The scope and object, says he, of the poem of Simonides, is obviously to overthrow the dictum of Pittacus, 'It is difficult to be a good man.' The wisdom of the ancients, continues he, was couched in these little pithy sentences, like those of the Lacedæmonians in our own day, of whose institutions and mode of education the sages of old were great admirers. This sentence of Pittacus, among others, was much quoted and praised, and Simonides thought that if he could demolish it, he would obtain the same sort of reputation which is obtained by defeating a celebrated athlete.

Socrates then adduces some philological proofs, that the sense of Simonides was as follows:—It is difficult to be *becoming* a good man,—to be in progress towards it; but it is not, as Pittacus says, merely difficult to *be* a good man—it is impossible; the gods alone are capable of actually realizing the conception of goodness. He adduces subsequent passages of the poem in support of this interpretation. They are to this effect:—'Every man upon whom an irretrievable misfortune falls, becomes bad. I will not seek for that impossible thing, an entirely blameless man: I praise and love those (willingly) who do not commit any thing evil.' Here, says Socrates, he cannot mean, according to the ordinary collocation, I praise and love those who do not willingly commit any thing evil. Simonides was too wise to suppose that any man willingly commits evil: he knew that they who commit evil commit it involuntarily. He meant, I praise and love willingly those only, who do not commit any thing evil: meaning that a good man sometimes forces himself to praise and love those whom he does not love willingly; as for instance, an ill-doing parent, or his country when ill doing: and the poet accordingly adds,—'I am satisfied when I find a man not wicked, nor entirely inactive, and well versed in civil justice. I will not blame him: there are enough of fools to blame.'

Socrates having made this commentary upon the poem of Simonides, invites Protagoras to resume the former discussion; saying, that to converse on poems seems to him like the resource of men of vulgar minds, who, at their social meetings, being unable, from ignorance, to converse with their own voices, call in singing women and musical instruments, and use *their* voices in the room of conversation. But men such as most of us profess to be, do not heed the voices of others, nor poets, whom we cannot interrogate about their meaning, and may dispute about it for ever. Let us rather discuss with each other, and make trial of our

own powers, and of the possibility of our attaining truth. Having softened Protagoras by some compliments, and by disclaiming any design in conversing with him, except that of facilitating the attainment of truth, by seeking for it in conjunction with the wisest man whom he knows, he at length prevails upon Protagoras to make answer to his interrogations : and again asking Protagoras whether he adheres to his opinion, that wisdom, temperance, courage, justice, and holiness, are different things, he receives this answer,—That four of the five are very closely allied, but that courage is altogether different from the others, since there are many men who are extremely unwise, intemperate, unjust, and unholy, but highly courageous.

By the courageous, said Socrates, you mean the daring?—Yes; those who will encounter what others are afraid to face.—Virtue is a beautiful thing, is it not?—The most beautiful of all things.—Is all virtue beautiful, or only some virtue?—All, and in the highest degree.—Who are they who dive daringly?—Divers.—Is it because they understand diving?—It is.—Who fight on horseback daringly? good riders or bad?—Good riders. In short, said Protagoras, those who know most are the most daring.—Are you acquainted with persons who, although they know nothing of all these matters, are yet extremely daring?—But too much so.—Are these to be deemed courageous?—Courage would not be a beautiful thing if they were, since they are out of their senses.—Then if those who dare without knowledge are not courageous, but are out of their senses, while the wise are not only daring but courageous, are not wisdom and courage by this account the same thing?

You have not, said Protagoras, correctly remembered what I said. I affirmed that the courageous were daring, but not that the daring were courageous : had you asked this, I should have answered, Not all of them ; and you have not shown me to have been wrong in affirming that the courageous were daring. You conclude that wisdom is the same thing with courage, because those who know are more daring than those who know not : but in this manner you might prove bodily strength to be the same thing with courage ; for the strong in body, it cannot be denied, are powerful ; and those who know how to wrestle, being undoubtedly more powerful than those who do not, you might infer that they were more muscular. But I do not admit that the powerful are strong in body ; only, that the strong in body are powerful. Power is not the same thing with bodily strength ; power may proceed from knowledge, from passion, or from insanity ; but bodily strength, from nature, and good acquired habits of body. In like manner, I say that daring is not the same thing with courage. Daring may proceed from scientific skill, from passion, or from insanity ; courage, from nature, and good acquired habits of mind.

Here commences the last, and most interesting and most philosophical, of the discussions in this dialogue :—On the true nature of courage ; and, incidentally, on the proper test of virtue and of vice.

Do not some men, asks Socrates, live well, and others ill?—Without doubt.—Does a man live well if he lives in pain and vexation?—No.—But if he passes his life pleasantly to its very termination, he lives well?—He does so.—To live pleasantly then is good, to live unpleasantly is evil?—If he lives pleasantly by honest pleasures.—You call then some pleasant things evil, and some painful things good, like the generality

of mankind?—I do.—But are not all pleasant things good, in so far as they are pleasant, and all painful things bad, in so far as painful?—I am not sure, answered Protagoras, whether it can be universally maintained, that all pleasant things are good, and all painful things evil. I think that I should answer in a manner more safe for the present discussion, and more conformable to the tenour of my life, if I were to say that some pleasant things are not good, some painful things not evil, and some are neither good nor evil.—Are not pleasant things those which cause, or which partake of, pleasure?—Undoubtedly.—And is not pleasure a good?—Let us inquire, and determine whether the good and the pleasant are identical.—Unfold, then, to me another part of your mind, and as we have seen how you are minded on the subject of the good and the pleasant, let us see whether your opinion on the subject of Knowledge is the same with that of the common of mankind. Knowledge, according to the vulgar opinion, is not a controlling and governing principle. Whatever may be a man's knowledge, it is not that, they think, which governs him, but sometimes he is governed by anger, sometimes by pleasure, sometimes by pain, or love, or fear; and knowledge is dragged about by all these, and used by them as their slave. Is this your opinion; or do you, on the contrary, think that knowledge is a grand and ruling principle, which, wherever it exists, governs; and that he who knows what is good and evil is overmastered by nothing, but does that which his knowledge commands?—I think as you now say; and it would be disgraceful to me, if to any one, to maintain that wisdom and knowledge were not the most commanding of all human possessions.—You speak nobly and truly. But the common herd do not agree in your opinion; they say that many who know what is best, and have the power to practise it, do not; and if you ask why, the answer is, Being overpowered by pleasure, or by pain, or so forth.—Men say this, as they say many other foolish things.—Let us then instruct them what that state is, which they style, being overcome by pleasure.

When you say, my good friends, that a man is overpowered by pleasure, you mean, that, being overpowered by delicious meats and drinks and other delightful objects of sense, knowing that these things are bad, he yet partakes of them?—Certainly.—Let us then ask them, In what view do you say that these things are bad? Is it because they are pleasant, and afford immediate delight; or because they afterwards occasion diseases and poverty? If they only conferred enjoyment, and produced none of these remote effects, would they be bad merely by causing enjoyment? They would surely answer, that these things are not bad for the immediate pleasure they afford, but for the diseases and want which flow from them in the end.—They would.—But diseases and want are painful things?—They are.—It seems then that these things are bad only because they produce pains, and deprive us of other pleasures?—It appears so.—And when, again, you say that there are good things which are painful, you mean such things as bodily exercises and the toils of military service, the painful operations of surgery, and the like?—Certainly.—And are these good, on account of the acute suffering with which they are immediately attended, or on account of the health and good habits of body, and the public safety, empire, and wealth, which are their ultimate consequence?—On account of the

last.—They are good, therefore, because they terminate in pleasure, and in the prevention of other pains ; and there is nothing on account of which things can be called good, except pleasure and pain.—Admitted.—Then pleasure is the same thing with good, and pain with evil : and if a pleasure is bad, it is because it prevents a greater pleasure, or causes a pain which exceeds the pleasure : if a pain is good, it is because it prevents a greater pain, or leads to a greater pleasure. For, if this were not so, you could point out some other end, with reference to which, things are good or evil : but you cannot.—Granted.

But if all this be true, (still addressing the vulgar,) how absurd, we may tell them, was the opinion you expressed, that a man often, although knowing evil to be evil, practises it nevertheless, being overpowered by pleasure ? How ridiculous this is, will be plainly seen if we drop some of the terms which we have hitherto used, and since the pleasant and the good are but one thing, call them by one name ; as likewise, the painful and the bad. You say, that knowing evil to be evil, a man yet practises it, being overpowered ; by what ? They cannot now say, by pleasure ; since we have now another name for it, viz. good. Being overpowered by good ! It is strange, and absurd, if a man practises evil, knowing it to be evil, being overpowered by good. If we ask whether the good is worthy or not worthy to overpower the evil, they must answer, Not worthy ; for, otherwise, to be so overpowered would be no fault. How, then, we must answer, can good be unworthy to overpower evil, or evil to overpower good, but by reason of its smaller amount ? It is clear, then, that what you call, to be overpowered by pleasure, is to choose a greater evil for the sake of a less good. If we now drop the words good and evil, and resume the words pain and pleasure, we find, in like manner, that he who is said to be overpowered by pleasure, is overpowered by a pleasure which is unworthy to overpower : and a pleasure is unworthy to overpower a pain, only by being less in amount. For, if it be said, The immediately pleasant differs greatly from the ultimately so, I answer, only in the degree of pleasure and pain. If we sum up the pleasure and the pain, and place them in opposite scales, we ought to choose the greater pleasure, or the less pain, whether they are immediate or remote.

Now, is it not true that magnitudes appear smaller at a distance, greater when close at hand ? that sounds appear louder when nearer, fainter when more distant, and the like ?—Undoubtedly.—If, then, our well-doing depended upon our possessing great magnitudes, and avoiding small ones, what would our safety depend upon ? Upon the faculty of seeing things merely as they appear, which leads to perpetual errors in the estimation of magnitudes ; or upon the art of measurement, which teaches us to detect false appearances, and ascertain the real magnitudes of bodies ?—Upon the latter.—If our safety in life depended upon always choosing the larger number, and eschewing the less, what would be our safeguard ? surely knowledge : one of the kinds of knowledge of measurement, since it relates to excess and defect ; and (since it relates to numbers), the knowledge of arithmetic ?—Undoubtedly.

Since, then, it is upon the proper choice of pleasures and pains that our well doing in life depends, viz. upon choosing always the greater pleasure, or the smaller pain, what we here stand in need of is likewise measurement, since this also relates to excess and defect. But if it be

measurement, it is art, and knowledge. What particular art and knowledge it is, we shall hereafter inquire ; but that it is knowledge, we have clearly shown, in opposition to that opinion of the vulgar which we set out with combating.—Protagoras, and all others who were present, assented, and it was agreed that doing evil always arose from ignorance, and doing well from knowledge.

Since, then, no one chooses evil, knowing it to be evil, but mistakenly supposing it to be good, no one, who is compelled to choose between two evils, will knowingly choose the greatest.—Allowed.—But what is fear ? Is it not the expectation of some evil ?—It is.—Let Protagoras then defend himself, and show that he did not err, when he said that courage differed greatly from the other virtues. Did he not say, that the courageous were they who will encounter what others are afraid to face ?—Yes.—Who will encounter not merely what the coward will encounter ?—Certainly not.—The coward will encounter only what is safe ; the courageous man what is formidable ?—So men say.—They do : but do *you* say, that the courageous man will encounter what is formidable, knowing it to be formidable ?—Your previous argument has shown this to be untenable.—It has : for, if we have reasoned correctly, no man encounters that which is formidable, knowing it to be so : for to be overpowered, and lose command of himself, we have shown to be a mere case of ignorance.—We have.—But all, whether brave or cowardly, are ready to encounter what they consider safe.—Very true : but the brave man and the coward differ even to contrariety in what they encounter. The brave man will encounter war, the coward will not.—War being a noble or an ignoble thing ?—A noble thing.—And, if noble, good ?—Certainly.—And, if noble and good, then, by our admission, pleasant ?—Granted.—Are cowards, then, unwilling to do what they know to be the better and the more pleasant ?—To admit this would be to contradict our former admissions.—But the courageous man ; *he* too does what is better and more pleasant ?—He does.—The courageous man, in short, is neither bold when he ought not, nor fearful when he ought not ; cowards are both.—Yes.—But if cowards are bold, and are fearful, when they ought not, is it not from ignorance ?—It is.—Then men are cowards from not knowing what is formidable ?—They are.—But what makes men cowards, must be cowardice ?—Agreed.—Then cowardice is the ignorance of what is and is not formidable ; courage, being the contrary of cowardice, consists merely in the knowledge of what is, and what is not, formidable.—Protagoras with much difficulty allowed that this consequence followed from what they had previously agreed upon.

Socrates finally remarked what a whimsical turn their discussion had taken. Protagoras and he had changed parts in the course of it. *He* had begun by denying that virtue could be taught, and yet had engaged himself in a long argument to prove that all virtue consisted in knowledge, and therefore *could* be taught ; while Protagoras, who had begun by asserting that virtue is capable of being taught, had as strenuously laboured to show that it is not knowledge, and therefore not teachable. Seeing all this, said Socrates, I am entirely thrown into confusion, and would be most eager to engage in further discussion, and clear up the question of what virtue is, and whether it can be taught. Protagoras applauded his wish, and complimenting him on

his powers of argument, said, 'I consider myself not to be in other respects a bad man, and least of all an envious one. I have already said to many persons that I admire you above all whom I have met, especially above those of your own age; and I should not be surprised if you became one of those who are celebrated for their wisdom. We will pursue the discussion which you suggest another time; but now other business calls me away.' And thus the conversation terminated.

It is the object of these papers not to explain or criticise Plato, but to allow him to speak for himself. It will not, therefore, be attempted to suggest to the reader any judgment concerning the truth or value of any of the opinions which are thrown out in the above dialogue. Some of them are so far from being Plato's own opinions, that the tendency of his mind seems to be decidedly adverse to them. For instance, the principle of utility,—the doctrine that all things are good or evil, by virtue solely of the pleasure or the pain which they produce,—is as broadly stated, and as emphatically maintained against Protagoras by Socrates, in the dialogue, as it ever was by Epicurus or Bentham. And yet, the general tone of Plato's speculations seems rather to be favourable to the opinion that certain qualities of mind are good or evil in themselves, independently of all considerations of pleasure or pain. That such was the predominant tendency of his mind is, however, all that can be affirmed; it is doubtful whether he had adopted, on the subject of the original foundation of virtue, any fixed creed.

But we have already remarked, that when the subject-matter of the discussion is the nature and properties of knowledge in the abstract, the opinions of Plato seem never to vary, but to proceed from a mind completely made up. And of this the above dialogue is an exemplification. For, whatever are the particular arguments used as media of proof, there appears throughout the dialogue, as there does in the other works of Plato, a distinct aim towards this one point, the inseparableness, or rather absolute identity, of knowledge and virtue: an attempt to establish, that no evil is ever done (as he expresses it both in this dialogue and elsewhere) voluntarily; but always involuntarily, from want of knowledge, from ignorance of good and evil; that scientific instruction is the source of all that is most desirable for man; that whoever had knowledge to see what was good, would certainly do it; that morals are but a branch of intelligence. It may with some certainty be affirmed that this was Plato's deliberate and serious creed.

A.

#### NYMPHS.

BEAUTIFUL Things of Old! why are ye gone for ever  
 Out of the earth? Oh! why?  
 Dryad and Oread, and ye, Nereids blue!  
 Whose presence woods and hills and sea-rocks knew—  
 Ye've pass'd from Faith's dim eye,  
 And, save by poet's lip, your names are honour'd never.

The sun on the calm sea sheddeth a golden glory,  
 The rippling waves break whitely,  
 The sands are level and the shingle bright,  
 The green cliffs wear the pomp of Heaven's light,  
 And sea-weeds idle lightly  
 Over the rocks ; but ye appear not, Dreams of Story !

Nymphs of the sea ! Faith's heart hath fled from ye, hath fled ;  
 Ye are her boasted scorn ;  
 Save to the poet's soul, the sculptor's thought,  
 The painter's fancy, ye are now as nought :  
 Mute is old Triton's horn,  
 And with it half the voice of the Old World is dead.

Our creeds are not less vain ; our sleeping life still dreams ;  
 The present, like the past,  
 Passes in joy and sorrow, love and shame ;  
 Truth dwells as deep ; wisdom is yet a name ;  
 Life still to death flies fast,  
 And the same shrouded light from the dark future gleams.

Spirits of vale and hill, of river and of ocean—  
 Ye thousand deities !  
 Over the earth be president again ;  
 And dance upon the mountain and the main,  
 In view of mortal eyes :  
 Love us, and be beloved, with the Old Time's devotion !

\*W\*

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PEL. VERJUICE.

### CHAPTER VIII.

THERE are things which you do not enjoy in these northern latitudes ; you cannot see them, for they are so seldom here to be seen : you cannot feel them, because, when they are here, you are scarcely ever free from some discomfort, or apprehension of discomfort, spite of great coats and lined cloaks, in the foggy or misty night air, though it be the meridian of summer : therefore you will not know how balmy and delicious the scene and its circumstances are, unless you go some fifteen or twenty degrees southward ; then you will find in them a taste of Elysium, if your memory of other things do not fasten on and scathe your mind ; and even then you may be anodyned into forgetfulness, and fancy and imagination will envelop your spirit in a mantle of creations, so vivid, rich, and soothing, so invigorating, and yet composing, that you will wish to dream on for ever : and, when you are aroused from the dream, the returning reality of bitterness will be soothed and softened by the yet lingering and mingling spiritual sweetness. Do not imagine that an excursion in one of your dandy-craft, not the best of the Clubs' yachts, however

compact, neat, well-finished, well-manned, well-ordered, and belly-timber-stored she may be, will give you the true relish. They are all too small, too bladdery-light, too feathery under their canvass; they are all too crank; they leap about, toss, dip, heave, bore, pitch and lurch too loosely and riotously: the demand which they make on more than half your senses in holding on, and the effort to rivet your drunken feet to the mad deck, will not give you the necessary freedom of body and soul; or, if you do catch a transient glimpse, or a good draught of the loveliness and glory, just as you would exclaim, in your sudden rapture, ‘how beauti—’ full your distended jaws are of the salt water from that splash of a wave which has reached up to the main catharpen-legs. No, no! nothing like a good spanking eight-and-thirty gun frigate, (she’s a four-and-forty now-a-days;) such a frigate as my old, glorious, darling ship, the A——; peace be to her manes! if the oysters and crabs have not used up all her ribs and knees, or the coral-worms built pyramids over them. A frigate is the carriage in which, to the completeness of grasp and fulness of enjoyment, your senses may rise and revel amid such beauties.

What beauties?

Those which for the last half-hour my mind’s eye has been looking on, and my spirit dancing and floating in, as my memory leaped back to a night in early January, 1808, when the A—— spread her wings for a flight from the bay of Funchal, rounded the point SW. of Loo rock, and, with a fresh south-eastern breeze, swept over the liquid wrinkled ribs of the Atlantic. On the star-board hand you saw the twinkling lights from the dwellings which dotted the hill-side like glow-worms on a moss-bank, on a Brobdignag scale; and the dark mountain, bearing up its lofty crown, seeming to hold communion with the millions of stars which looked out of the deep blue concave, so bright, so clear, so full: legions and legions of lovely spirits were they, gazing down on earth and ocean with their golden and gladdening eyes—brighter, fairer, deeper, fuller, more lustrous than any we can see here; and the air was so congenial, so softening yet exhilarating, as it swept across the brow; while the deep-toned anthem of the rolling waves, dissolving among the whispers of the snowy foam, which danced in flaked lines as the ship rode over them, lulled the soul into a dreamy joy: and then there were myriads of phosphorescent sparks that shot, leaped, vanished, rose, glittered, and faded, in the clear dark waters; the fishes, elves, mermen and mermaids, fairies of the deep, and *all*, had illuminated their green sea-groves for a festival. And I, while I sat stooping to look into this bright pageantry, was as quiet, as happy, as blessed as when, in my eighth year, I used to lie on the o’erfringing green-sward on the banks of Rushton’s pool, (a small pellucid lake, a mile from my common in Worcestershire.) nestled in by entirely

surrounding woods and hazel coppices, and there look into the trees which grew downwards, and gracefully waved their branches and shook their foliage, as the fleecy clouds sailed through them into the inverted sky: when I used to trace the double trees meeting at their roots, and fancy the road to heaven was through that mirroring water which showed all things so transparently and clear. And so it was; but the world would not allow me to go to heaven that way. And then the little fishes would come gliding up, by ones, and twos, and threes, till thousands had collected, to say 'how d'ye do?' to me, and, 'are not we very happy here?' And they flirted about, and flashed their silvery spangled sides in sport, and each turned a glancing sapphire and emerald eye up to mine, and then, at a move of my face or finger, the whole troop would dart away, flashing their beauty at me, affecting to be afraid, and then come creeping back again—for I would not hurt them, and they knew it—and I utterly forgot the purpose which called me to those woods, which was to hunt birds' nests, and chase butterflies, and catch grasshoppers: and I walked away tongueless, letting the grasshoppers, butterflies, and birds' nests alone, as I communed with my nature, and what I had seen, in strolling, with feet that felt no ground, towards my home. I think I ought to have been happy; but folks spoiled me in the making. And here, on this night, I inhaled new delight, as I sat now in the larboard fore-chains, (as I said,) bending my eyes and soul down on the beautiful visions there: now over on the starboard side, tracing the dark and bulky form and changing outline of the hill, from which stars following stars rolled out, after their holier salutation, from the mountain's head. I gazed, and thought, and dreamt, till all the universe was as happy as I wished it to be: and that wishing does not exceed the limits of likelihood: there is abundance of material for universal beauty and universal happiness, if man did not take such pains, in his skill, to mar it.

'Hurrah! for a feast of oranges,' was the voice-subdued exclamation on the fore-castle, as the rumour ran through the first watch, after coiling down the ropes—all snug and a leading wind for 'St. Michael's.' More excitement! another bit of stranger-land for me to gaze on. I knew the Azores, and their verdant summer all the year round, from books; and there is St. Michael's under my vision—a low, dim, grey-looking town, and some broad ragged batteries projecting towards the sea: it looks like a timber-wharf, neglected and in confusion; the old barks begrimed with age, as if no speculator has had dealings there for half a century. But there is a turret or two; half-a-dozen beams lashed together and stuck on end, as a sort of sign-board; and bells jingle and clamour from their summits. This ugliness runs off from the troop of snug, clean, round knobs, smooth hummocks, semi-spheroids, as regularly sloped as if they were so

many eggs cut laterally, painted green, and set up on their bases. The sea has been in a boil here, and there are some of the huge bubbles that have taken a stubborn freak into their heads, to consolidate; but there is much beauty and good-nature in the freak, and so greater-beautied and better nature indulged them in it, and garlanded them over with her most gladdening and refreshing green. Green, green, green every where; light, mellow, or deep, as the grass, grain, and groves, and the sun's laugh, and their own shadows, present it in diversity to the eye; all gradations of green; and all looks as fresh as if the rain had just washed it over; and the speckled blue sky looks down upon it with serenity of blessing; and the loveliness which that sky canopies throws back, with its thankfulness, a blessing and a song. This is the Island of the Golden Fruit, and it is not guarded by 'Hesper, the dragon, and sisters three:—

‘He with the silver hair and silver eye;’

for, look, yonder they come! boats—one, two, three, five, a dozen! all laden up to the gunwales with the juicy balls. Now, don't you be cockneyish in your selection: those deep-coloured ones are not the thing; not half so luscious as those with one side of their cheeks tinged with green just ebbing into yellow; you may drain them and munch them, rind and all; so much the better; the pungent bitter corrects the effect of too free indulgence, to which you are prone, after a sea voyage: they are fresh from the tree, and are quite as ripe as the others were when they were gathered. There is no suspicion upon them; a taint, from which the others are not free; for, observe, they lie too orderly, having been packed for, but failed to find, an earlier market. Have no trade with them: and of those lighter, but truer fellows, an old clasp-knife will purchase a purser's broad bag full to choaking. What a perfume fore and aft, and atween decks! The whole ship, even to the cable-tier, from forehold to bread-room, is all ORANGE! Suck, suck; squeeze, squeeze, from stem to stern, and orange-peel flying in yellow showers through the ports. Eat away: good oranges are fruit on which you can neither cloy nor surfeit; and here you have them good.

Some hundreds of cases were taken on board, to be served out gratuitously, daily, to the ship's company, as an antiseptic, when salt junk and rusty pork made such qualification valuable; and with these, and a score of diminutive bullocks, as fat as greyhounds in a consumption, for the fleet, we weighed, and steered for Cadiz, with nothing but cloudless sky, fair breeze, and rippling sea, till the snow-white walls and towers of the city, the tall masts of the enemies' fleets lying in the harbour, and the twelve noble and beautiful ships of the line of our own, rose upon us like faint flashes of light, and then grew more distinct and substantial. And what a sight it was when the whole magnificence of the scene was unfolded—laid out to the gaze! when, at the

distance of about three miles from Cadiz lighthouse, making that a centre, the eye ranged along an outstretched fore-ground of some twenty-five miles, (for I won't call the *sea* fore-ground, though it is the nearest object in the picture,) from Point Chipiona on the one hand, towards Cape Trafalgar in the SE.; the former dwindling off into a low, fine line, as it projected into the sea, and the blue-vapour-looking hills about Seville rising over it; the latter (towards Cape Trafalgar) leaving the slopes and hillocks of sand, where the waves gently and sportively broke, and rising into a perpendicular and dark, rocky wall, against which the billows dashed angrily, as at a barrier that coldly scorned and spurned the assault. From glancing the eye along the bare line thus spoken of, we return again to the NW., and mark the objects that checker the scene on the beach and shore, where the yellow sand lies basking under the southern sun, and Rota elevates its rough front and embattled walls—the frowning and watchful guardian of that side of the entrance to the harbour of Cadiz, which from that point indented and drew back in a noble and beautiful semicircular sweep, as if holding out an embracing arm of welcome to the long-absent bark and the ocean wanderer, which here were bid to repose on the secure and unruffled bosom of the haven, after toil and peril: and the whole of that shore, from Rota to Puerto Santa Maria, embellished with the deep and luxurious tinting of the glowing clime; less beautiful and pastoral than the landscape-green in England, but voluptuous, heated, and glittering in its picturesque of russet, golden, grey, and blue variety, with here and there a little island of green, lying as a carpet on the sand, between two stately-looking mansions, whose walls were of dazzling whiteness; and far, far back, towering up in solemn dignity, massively dark at first, then fading away into dense vapoury remoteness, those far-famed mountains of Estremadura,—Cervantes' immortalized hills,—the Sierra Morena, like intense meditations, gazing on the world, which they saw not. Then, starting out from the creek under St. Mary's walls, the market, water, and passage boats, with snowy wings or splashing oars, standing across the bay, careless of our watchful gaze, till the walls of the city shut them in. And there, too, the combined Spanish and French fleet; the tricolor floating amicably in the same fanning breeze with the golden ensigns of Spain, which so soon afterwards were swung against each other in deep and deadly animosity. Then, to an Englishman who has never seen an assemblage of houses and churches, all built of pure white stone, and shining beneath a warm sky, the city of Cadiz is an object which fills him with wonder, delight, and admiration; looking, as it does from this point of view, like a gathering of marble palaces: he knows not of the narrow and filthy streets, and the thousands of abominations which beset the passenger at every step within its walls: he

sees nothing but beauty, grandeur, and splendour—a realization of one of those romantic pictures which his imagination has painted while he read. Projecting out of the sea was the strong bulwark of defence, Fort St. Sebastian, on the extreme point of which, the lofty watch-tower looked out upon the ocean, and gazed down on the splintered billows, which foamed and whirled round the Porcus reefs, and fixed the sight of a gazer from the sea, in spite of himself, for a while. Then, glancing upwards, the eye rested on and ran along the thousands of little turrets or Miradors, which give to Cadiz so singular an aspect—beautiful indeed, even though they are used as posts for the Spanish washerwomen's clothes-lines; but magical when appropriated to their original and more agreeable use of supporting tinted, striped awnings, under which the black-eyed and silken-footed Andalusian damsels parade or sit screened from the sun's fierce rays, to inhale the sea-breeze, and gaze upon the flashing mirror and the Sierra Ronda; or sometimes wafting a rich, fond look, or a wistful sigh over the sandy isthmus, up to Medina Sidonia, which lies, like a flock of sheep, herded on the mountain's side, and to those ragged, jagged, whimsically shaped, uplifting, dusky, dark, dim, and sober hills, which lead the spirit over into that paradise of the old Moors, the Vega of Grenada. But, reader, there was one ingredient in the finishing glory of these assembled objects, which, if you now take a trip to Cadiz, you will not find: doubtless, it was that which called many a glance from many a lustrous eye under those awnings on the roofs; viz., that ever-moving and ever-splendid array of magnificent ships of war, twelve sail of the line, and the scattered frigates, which spotted the blue and glistening waters with their gorgeous pride and graceful glory; at one hour studding the distant horizon with their white sails; now sweeping along in stately majesty away to the westward; then mingling among the shadows of the dark rocks and hills to the eastward; now riding over the billows in gallant order, full before the city's ramparts, and pausing to be gazed on while they frowned defiance; then slowly rolling away in calm contempt.

Frequently the fleet stood far away out of the sight of land, probably in the futile hope of luring the enemy from their secure harbourage: but they were too wise to allow themselves to be caught in such a trap. Napoleon's policy with his navy was much deeper than, at that time, it was by our government conjectured to be. He, perhaps, anticipated wearing us out by a continually increasing expense. In every harbour where there was convenience for laying down a man-of-war's keel, he was building ships; and at the period of which I speak, the whole northern division of the Mediterranean was his: his aim was to make it necessary for the English to send ships to watch them. Thus the French naval force was increasing with astonishing rapidity, and the resources

were inexhaustible, and accessible at an outlay almost as nothing in comparison with the mighty swallowing up of means to which England was liable. For every new vessel that was launched in each of the enemy's ports in the Mediterranean and Adriatic, and on the Atlantic and channel boards of France, an equality of strength must necessarily be kept up in front of it by the English, at all the vast expense to the nation which was thereby incurred: while, lying snugly in harbour, Napoleon's fleets were maintained at less than one-third of the cost which was sustained, and remains to be felt by England; and had the war continued but a few years longer, it is not very foolish to suppose that Napoleon's *lie-still* manœuvres would have mastered our activity and vigilance,—that our resources would have been crippled, and the French sufficiently strong to cope with us on our own element. Sometimes, for several days, the fleet was out of sight of Cadiz: but the inshore squadron was left to look into the harbour, and to pick up, occasionally, any bold, but unlucky adventurer, who might take that opportunity of running towards Cadiz; for, in nine cases out of ten, he, that is she, was almost certain of being chopped up by the wary and watchful dragons. These matters rendered our inshore station in the A——, one of constant excitement and alert occupation; and many were the instances of cruelty, for the paltry purposes of gain, and private injury of individuals, which we thus perpetrated according to orders, and under the sanction of the honourable laws of war. When will nations abandon the practice of piracy and robbery on the high seas? Never while war is the trade of honour. Justify, if you will, the custom of seizing and destroying vessels armed for the purpose of conflict and depredation; but oh! remove that foul stain from the name of enterprize, which eagerly seeks and fattens on the ruin of the defenceless, merely because they belong to a nation against the power of which the madness of our rulers has issued its murdering ban. What! forego our prospects of prize-money and booty? Forego your silly boast of belonging to an honourable profession, then! No, no; for such is the honour that is linked with the profession—take away the magnets of prize and booty, and how wonderfully will the profession of arms diminish in its attractions! Oftentimes the capture of a small craft, carrying crockery-ware or vegetables to the market, has been purchased by the loss of many lives and mangled limbs; and the seamen engaged in the 'noble and perilous adventure,'—for these captures were made within range of the forts and musketry on the beach,—were remunerated by a sixpence, as their share of the proceeds of prize-money. I did not think, then, so closely on the subject, when I was, with so many others, mingled in these truly disgraceful and inhuman acts. I had caught the excitement which was so general, and, let me say, it was soul-stirring. The foul-

ness was hidden by the glare which surrounded me; and it was, indeed, most exhilarating to be running along the land, inviting the whistle of a shot from the batteries; to fasten my eyes on the ever-varying picture—making a moving diorama, new every hour, which land, and towers, and battlements, and cities presented in our course; and clutching at that which endeavoured to escape. It was on one of these temporary absences of the fleet that I had my first practical lesson of ‘shot in anger,’ as it is called; though there was more laughing, and cheering, and hurraing, on our side, than anger. The A——, Mercury, and Grasshopper, were lying at single anchor off the lighthouse, when a large drove of small craft, bold in the convoy of a flotilla of gunboats, and the great distance of the English fleet, came swaggering round Point Chipiona, from San Lucar and other parts NW. of Cadiz, standing with fair wind for the latter place; apparently confident that we were too weak to venture on attacking them; while another flotilla of gunboats stood out from Cadiz to strengthen them, and the combined French and Spanish fleets were at such an easy distance, that they could intercept and destroy us, if we did stand in to annoy them. We lay very quiet; but no sooner had they advanced sufficiently far to leeward to render retreating round Chipiona before we could be in amongst them, impossible, than each anchor was tripped, and instantly, at once, our little squadron heeled to the load of canvass with which they were crowded. While we were lying so innocently still, every thing had been prepared—bulk-heads down—a clean sweep, fore and aft, of the main deck—shot-racks ranged—breechings cast loose—tompions out—gun-tackles coiled down—fearnought screens suspended over the hatchways, through which powder was to be handed—fires out—my friend, the goat, sent down to the cable-tier—the captain’s ducks and geese left in the coops, to cackle and quake, and take their chance—the doctor’s saws, and knives, and probes, and bandages, and tourniquets, all laid in order, in the cockpit, and I devoutly hoping, as, tempted by curiosity, I looked at them, that I might be blown away altogether, rather than that he should exercise his skill on my limbs or carcase. And every man and boy was mute as he stood at his station. Here and there might be seen one drawing the knot of the handkerchief, girt around his loins, or that of his head-bandages: all grim in lip and glistening in eye. Luckily there was not much time to think; and, in ten minutes from our getting under way, the flotilla, which came out of the harbour, let fly a thundering compliment from a score of four-and-twenty pounders: some of the shot of which phizzed and whizzed and split through the sails and rigging, like the bursting of a legion of ‘scape-valves in steam-engines; others fell just alongside, with a short sharp *chop*, as if they were cutting the ocean into splinters; and threw up a deluge of spray, which

fell like a shower of rain over the whole hull, from stem to stern, and rattled like a hail-storm. 'Go on, my fine fellows; you will catch it presently: we shall speak to you in a minute, when our tongues can be better heard. Now for it! 'Shorten sail!' Up run the courses. Top-gallant-sails and royals are in with the word. Nothing on her but three top-sails and a jib. 'Stand to your guns,' rings like the full diapason burst of an organ in a void church: all is hushed. Another tightening twitch at handkerchiefs, and more rows of set teeth shown, or lips hardened together—smack! bang! crack! whizz! They are pouring it into us across our larboard bows, from the other division of gun-boats; then it is high time. So, 'Watch her as she comes up to the wind.—Luff!' 'Fire!'—and a thousand pounds of iron is rained from her twenty-three sulphur fountains; round-shot, grape, and canister, all hissing and banging together; the huge bulk recoils, and every mast, rib, and beam in her quakes in the thundering weight of the blow she has given: and, the next instant, what a horrible confusion of screech and howl rises above the cannons' bellowing! it is frightful! 'The whole shower fell in the very midst of them; and scores of men are swimming about for dear life; one gun-boat sinks beneath the boiling whirl. 'Over to the larboard guns;—stand by;—take good aim, as she falls off. Up with the helm!—fire!' Another recoil, and a similar quaking fore and aft, alow and aloft. So, we are at it, 'hammer and tongs;' 'all order is orderless.' Two minutes since all was so death-like quiet—now such yelling, hurraing, hallooing, leaping, tugging, clattering of ropes, and grumbling of blocks, as if all the tenants of the lower regions, black from the smoke, had broken loose and gone mad. Now the rookery on our starboard side gives us a second edition, embellished with bar, grape, and canister; but it falls harmless; nobody is hurt by it, except the tough oak; two-thirds of the intended pelting either goes over us, or falls short. The fellows point their guns badly; there is a little wabbling sea, which, though it does not shake our steadiness, causes them to roll and reel to it; let but the breeze continue half an hour, and we shall make fishes' meat of most of them, if they will stay so long. I cannot resist the invitation of curiosity, but poke my head through an idle port. Well done, little Grasshopper! she skips among them, as if she were hunting fillets of sunshine in a crocus-meadow; and Mercury flings his wings about, as if he were shaking the dew from his feathers. Bursting forth from the many black iron mouths, and whirling rapidly in thick rings, till it swells into hills and mountains, through which the sharp red tongue of death darts flash after flash, and mingling fire, the smoke slowly rolls upward like a curtain, in awful beauty, and exhibits the glistening water and the hulls of the combatants beneath; while the lofty mast-heads and points of yard-arms seem as if cut away from the bodies to which they belong,

and sustained, or resting, on the ridges of the dense and massy vapours alone. The ensigns are partially enveloped in the clouds; so much of them as is visible shivering in the multiplied concussions, as though they fluttered in the anticipation of victory, or trembled in the expectation of defeat. And ever and anon, amid the breaks of the cannons' peal, the shrieks and cries of the wounded, mingling with the deep roar of the out-poured and constantly reiterated 'hurra! hurra! hurra!' a chorus of cataracts, sweep over the rippled smiles of the patient, passionless, and unconscious sea. Sulphur and fire, agony, death, and horror, are riding and revelling on its bosom; yet how gently, brightly playful is its face! To see and hear this! what a maddening of the brain it causes! yet it is a delirium of joy; a very fury of delight! And that loud exulting shout again, which now beginning at once in each, is echoed and reduplicated from ship to ship, announces more destruction, more human slaughter: yes, two other of the gun-boats are gone down; many men with them sink to death in the whirlpools; and the poor wretches who are scattered on the waste of waters, amidst descending missiles, are swimming for their comrades' vessels, in the agony of fading hope; some scramble on board safely; others, too distant, are struggling for life. 'Lower the quarter boats; cutters and yawlers away, and pick as many up as you can;' and in a few minutes our boats are among the poor fellows. Fifteen are thus saved, and brought on board; yet to be prisoners. 'Hurra, hurra!' another rattling cheer rings upon the air, and rolls through the welkin. They are off—scudding for the shore, to get under the batteries of Rota. After them we go, ploughing the fore air with fire and iron, whenever a gun can be brought to bear. In a few minutes the storm bursts anew, and with increased fury and force, for the gun-boats have formed in line under the land, and Rota opens upon us. Attend to the leadsman in the chains: he chaunts out in a clear high tone, 'and a half three,' twenty-one feet of water! *and the ship draws nineteen!* if we stand on a minute longer we shall be hard and fast, and they may do what they please with us—so, 'Ready, about, down with the helm! let them have the broadside while she's in stays!' So said, so done: and now, wheeled round on the starboard tack, let her fall off, to lie beam on to the land, with her nose snuffing Cadiz harbour: here we continue pouring it after them as long as a shot can reach; till having retreated to the edge of the surf, the gun-boats are directly under the shelter of the batteries, which the guns of the A—— cannot reach: but Grasshopper and Mercury, being of less draught, close in, and receive to themselves our share of the good things which are there distributed, and we cannot avail ourselves of the bounty. But now, out boats—man them, and away to pick up as many as possible of the dispersed vessels, which are endeavouring to escape under the smoke into the harbour. While we

are thus employed, hot work indeed it is for the little Grasshopper: she, from her light draught, is enabled to get in so closely that she seems mingled in the fire and smoke of the enemy: but the fury of the turmoil diminishes—the gun-boats slacken fire, and let fly at intervals, each wider and more prolonged than the former. Still Rota, for a time, maintains its vigour of salutation, and then grows weary. And, ‘hurra! hurra!’ Several of the gun-boats are stranded, and their crews are scampering on the beach, and scudding into the town;—others of them, with the utmost speed of sail and oar, are running into Cadiz. Turn your eyes to the harbour, there is something a-stir there; ay, a seventy-four and two frigates are in motion. No matter, the wind is in their teeth; they must beat out, and we are to windward of them three miles. We have done as much mischief as we could do. Mercury and Grasshopper are called off; and with seven captured vessels under our wings, we stand out to the southward, where now the mast-heads of the fleet are visible in the horizon. Doubtless the admiral has heard the noise, and they are all coming up to see what has been the matter.

Reader, I have, in part, told you what were my sensations. I had no time to be frightened during all this, for I was not in my right mind—I was in a whirl: the bustle, hallooing, hurraing, crashing, cracking, rattling, thundering, whizzing, and whistling, made me drunk and delirious; like a fellow in a tavern, who, when he is in the third heaven of jollity, smashes tables and chairs, dishes and glasses—dashes his fists through the door-pannels and the windows, all senseless of the scarifying and bruises he inflicts upon himself in the indulgence of his fun: mine was an excitement even to frenzy, from the strangeness, and wondrous novelty of my position; and, I dare say, if any one had set me the example, I should have ran away and hid myself if I could; only, it happens, that there are no back doors to escape by in these affairs.

After making report to the admiral, we were ordered to Gibraltar with the prizes, and to refit; and that night we bore up for the entrance to the Straits, with a fair wind: and, no doubt, each man on board, from the captain to the scavenger, lay awake a little, during the first watch, calculating; taxing his arithmetical skill on the proceeds and divisions of eighths, and third of eighths, five shares, three shares, share and half, single, and half shares, from the day’s hard, bad work, and that agreeable, but unfortunate flock of chickens, (our plunder,) that fluttered within the ship’s shadow. But the calculations were somewhat premature: the arithmetic proved to be faulty; for, at about twelve o’clock, a world of black mountain clouds, apparently as solid as the Sierra Ronda itself, came marching towards us from the SE. and gave solemn warning of the elemental rage which would soon

assail us ; and all hands were called on deck, in preparation for its burst. Each of the little vessels was hailed, with an order to shorten sail, and make all as snug as possible, and to keep the ship's lights in sight. All our smaller sails were taken in, the courses furled, and hands were stationed by the topsail sheets and halyards, ready to let go at the instant it should be necessary : clewlines and buntlines were manned ; and we lay for some minutes in a death-like and ominous calm ; not a breath of air moving ; even the feathers of the dog-vane hung stirless on the staff ; while on came the mass of cloud in magnificent and terrible array, as it advanced swallowing every thing up in a wide, dense, and impenetrable blackness ; till, sweeping, like one vast enveloping mantle, over the mast-heads, it descended compactly on the other side of the concave, and shut out every star and every patch of sky : then, as if the whole canopy were an ocean, the cataract torrents poured perpendicularly down, like millions and millions of steel rods shot from heaven, sparkling and glistening in the lightning's sharp and rapid flashes, which scathed the eyes, and plunged all our universe in palpable, thick, heavy, solid darkness, for one moment, and at another exhibited, all around, the sea one sheet of smoke, through which myriads of updashed spikes broke in sparkling bubble : the torrent comes rattling down on the ship's decks, as if it were raining tons of pebbles ; yet all the sails lie sleeping, drenched, and dead, against the masts, for not a sigh of wind breathes into them. But now the black mass of mountain over head rolls slowly off ; and, between its jagged roots, a star or two appears in the grey sky, and the sails begin to nod. Hear the distant muttering : it comes, sharpening into a howl :—'tis here ! ' Let fly the topsail sheets and halyards ! clew down the yards ! away aloft, men, and furl the sails ! ' and the ship rides in a cauldron of foam, though she heels to it as if she were close-hauled, and under a press of sail, in a stiff breeze ; while the fierce wind, catching at the white crests of the sea, mows them like a scythe in a grass-meadow, and scatters them, in showers of mist, as far as the eye can reach, into that blackness to leeward : but the very force of the wind keeps the billows down ; they do not rise higher than the stubble in a reaped wheat-field. Oh, the poor unfortunate men in the prizes ! it is impossible such fragile and ill-found vessels can live in this furious howling and hurtling of the wind. And look around ; cast your piercing and anxious eyes every where : hundreds do so at once, with the word :—they are not to be seen ! Happily the fierce gale lasted but a very short time ; it was but a sudden and soon-spent squall ; for the clouds gathered up again in detached and smaller masses, and the descending rain subdued the wind. At length, when morning broke, three poor dismantled things were descried, far away to leeward. We bore up towards them, and found two fast sinking ; filled, literally, to the hatches

with water ; but their deck-cargoes, of fir timber, luckily had not broken adrift from their lashings, and thus the vessels were buoyed up ; but the other four, with all on board, had foundered. Spars and barks of timber were every where floating around. We hastened to take out the men from the two sinking craft, and as much of the timber as we could secure from their decks ; and then set to, to bale out the water to get at the cargoes. Many crates of crockery-ware we thus recovered, which, being much damaged, was distributed, or taken *ad libitum*, among the seamen and marines ; and the whole 'tween decks looked like an earthenware warehouse : each mess was furnished with cups, platters, and dishes sufficient for a cruise of half a century to come. One vessel, laden with olive-oil, had stood out the storm undamaged, except in masts and rigging : and the wind shifting to the westward, we stood in for the Straits again ; slipped between Cape Spartel and Tariffa Point, keeping the African shore on board, and glided along the watery bosom of that deep, magnificent, and sublime glen, with the Andalusian hills on one side, bright in the moon's glory, and breaking the mellow, clear, star-spangled sky with abruptnesses and undulations ; and, on the other, the mountains of Atlas, (in whose engrossing shadow we moved,) rising, in their vast grandeur, up, like a black wall, shutting out every glimpse of the heavens which hung above their zenith, as if they (the mountains) were an immense curtain suspended thence by some invisible agency : and so soft, so genial was the breeze that blew, it invited the gazer to linger, linger yet, in spite of weariness, the warning of time, and the wooing of necessity, to sleep awhile. How intense was the solitude ! till the breeze, becoming fainter and fainter, called up remarks and murmured apprehensions that it would fall calm before we had passed the confines of the Straits ; and then, doubtless, the Spanish gun-boats would be out upon us : and if so, why, our late work would be mere child's play and frolic gambol, compared to what we should encounter ; for we should lie motionless, while they, with rowing, could take whatever attitude and change of position they pleased, and pour destruction into us, without ability, on our side, to return more than occasional shot from the bows or stern. Well, this talk disturbed the deep serenity and beauty of my rapt meditations, and I went below to sleep out the time, as the best means of forgetting fear ; for, indeed, I was afraid ; and, I'll warrant you, so were a good many others : and many more *good* others, who have been in like situations, have been afraid too ; for, a flotilla of gun-boats, lying under the quarter of a becalmed ship, when she is as helpless as a log, (terrible as she may be at other times,) is no joke, reader, for the people on board that ship ; though it is fine sport for the men in the gun-boats.

My rest, however, was not disturbed by any 'discordant drum's

beat' to quarters; and I forgot the late hubbub, storm, drowning men, Andalusian hills and African mountains, and Spanish gun-boats, in dreams of fern and blossom, gorse-bush commons, rutted lanes, and hazel coppices, till a full hour after day-light; and then hurried on deck, to take a look round, and see where we were. And what an entirely new world was every where! What stupendous wonders, varied beauty, and diversified grandeur, rushed at once on my sight! We were close to Europa Point; it bearing NE. from us, not a mile distant; with a speckless blue sky, and a shining sea, as smooth as a mirror, not the least ruffle or ripple upon it, as far as the eye could stretch around; but it heaved and sank, and heaved, like some immense creature breathing in a deep sleep: and there the impregnable rock snatched the eye up to its loftiest ridges, where each object was as clearly visible in the morning sun, save that it was diminished by distance, as if it concentrated all light upon itself. In every direction, downwards, ranges of batteries and barracks looked out in their formidable strength and preparation; and the numerous white dwellings, which, scaling the precipitous sides of the rock, were perched on every projecting ledge on which space could be found for them, looked even more like little fairy habitations, than those which I had worshipped at Madeira; and though the absence of verdure and trees diminished the pleasing beauty, the shadowed yellow, and brown, and white, of the rock, added greatly to the grandeur of effect: all looked heated and parched; yet sternness and haughty confidence of strength, were the attributes of the mountain; till, running the eye downwards and along its base, the forest of masts, the dock-yard, the mole, the town, and the grey walls of the ancient Moorish castle, spoke of old romance and white-bearded El Zagal, silent and dreamy sad, as they mingled with modern bustle and commercial and warlike activity. But, so far, here was a feeling of something like satisfaction, that, strange, utterly new, as these objects are, so unlike anything we see in England, yet the place is English. The sense that it is English, is rendered more tenacious by looking across that low neck of sand, to the towns and villages beyond, St. Roque, &c. which are planted on the mountains' sides; and were so placed to facilitate watchfulness and defence in the olden time of Moorish and Spanish foray. Every rock and cliff, valley and glen, thereabout, and round to Algesiras and the now unseen Tariffa, has been the scene of some adventurous exploit; and, if it could speak, would be eloquent in tales of Mahomedan chivalry, and ferocity, and courtesy, and Spanish mercilessness and cunning, and fraud, and indomitable daring. There are verdure and cultivation, flocks of sheep and herds of cattle grazing now in easy quiet, with no armed watchman near them, on a commanding point, to give notice of the dreaded enemy's approach; and richly do they beautify and soften the scene. And that town of Algesiras, lying

at the foot of the mountain, and stretching itself on the beach, like a wolf in the sulks it looks, spitefully casting up its half-closed and blinking eyes at yonder huge rock opposite, and at the intruding banner which flaunts there. Leaving Algeiras, and following this course of sight to the southward, we see the channel to the Atlantic, through which we lately came, closed in by Apes' Hill, with Tangier nestled in a bay at its foot. Westward from Tangier, look along the dark bulwark of the waves, and opposite to Europa Point, dimly seen in the distance, is Ceuta, the only remnant of the olden Spanish prowess and chivalry in Africa. By the way, I know not why Gibraltar should be called the key of the Mediterranean, except that it makes up a sounding phrase for John Bull. It locks up nothing but itself, and can prevent neither egress nor ingress to the 'great sea,' to any comer and goer that chooses. Nor how it *commands* the Mediterranean, can I see. If it could contrive to stride or sail about, as occasion required, it might indeed command; but now, all that it locks or commands, is a good huge heap of official patronage: and all that is necessary to convince grumbling John Bull of the value, utility, commercial advantage, safety, honour, and glory, of keeping Gibraltar, is the jingle of the *key* in his ear; which, to him, is sounder argument than a voice from heaven would speak.

Throwing the eye off Ceuta, it rests on, or shoots round, the expanded Mediterranean, till the meeting sky and water limit the scope of vision. But the most perfect of the novelties which my gaze encountered, was a privateer, of the build, rig, and trim of the regular xebec, (the antique galley,) the most picturesque of all coursers of the sea, little or nothing changed in shape and action for 2000 years; the realization of one of those ships which we build in imagination, when reading of Actium and Pompey, Antony and Cleopatra; but very unlike those tub-round stem and stern machines which were also then known. The high, outstretching, overhanging poop, and the low beak pointed to the horizon, and sharp as a ploughshare, to cut its passage through the waves; painted and gilded fantastically, if not always in fine taste, with white bottom, carved quarters, sides, and prow; from which sides, projecting in even lines, were two rows of twenty long oars, dipping uniformly into the bright water, and lifting, with each stroke, a curving mirror of molten silver: each of her three short masts supporting a long bending yard, from which hung idly a snow-white cotton sail, a thousand times bleached in the hot sun, and showers and wind; and of that triangular shape, (the human scapula,) called latine: onwards she lifted along on the smooth highway, and passed us in ceremonial silence, except with such sounds as were made by the dipping and rumbling of the oars, and the sharp tinkle of the dropping water from the oars' blades: leaving us to wait till the breeze should come to waft us to our destiny, she passed on, and anchored before the

town. About eleven o'clock, a slight fluttering in our light sails, and a dark line on the sea-resting sunbeams, (the presence of the on-coming ripple,) gladdened us with a prospect of advancing; and, in a few minutes more, the sails filled, and the ship glided along towards the mole: we anchored, warped along side it, and fell to, to strip her of every thing; and, by sunset that evening, the A—— was as naked as she was born; that is, as when she was launched from the stocks: and that night, I went to sleep, serenaded with a lullaby from the musical throats of Gibraltar cuckoos, *alias* donkeys.

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#### A BOAR HUNTER.

SIR,—You, of course, have seen in the papers, the account of an Indian boar, which lately escaped from its iron cage, and left the estate of its owner, Mr. Shard, to wander and commit havoc in the neighbouring woods of Lord Grenville, at Dropmore, in this county. You must have heard too, what a commotion he has caused among the unfledged sportsmen in this neighbourhood; how they sallied out to meet it; how, as soon as they saw its frightful tusks, some turned their horses heads homewards, galloping back faster than they came, while others clambered for safety up into high trees! So he is still at large, which I, as a dear lover of *manly* sports, sincerely hope he will remain, and be the means of re-establishing a species of hunting more resembling the noble chase of our hardy ancestors, and better suited to the boasted courage of Englishmen, than the paltry, chicken-hearted, nanby-pamby sport called hunting, in these degenerate days.

The origin of hunting was clearly to rid the land of savage or noxious animals, whose existence was inimical to the peace or safety of mankind. The excitation of the chase was admirably enhanced by the danger; for man feels a pride and satisfaction in meeting an enemy worthy the honour of subduing; his skill, aided by efficient weapons, being scarcely sufficient to place him on a par with the wild animals of the forest, unless he have the assistance of numbers. Mark how we once brave islanders have declined in hardihood and valour; from beef and ale at six, A.M. to tea and toast at noon; from a coat of mail and a hunting spear, to silly stays and a riding whip; from facing the savage wolf or boar, to cantering after a draggled hare!

I don't like to talk of myself, sir; but, I suppose, it may be as well just to say, that although I am not a squire Western, I am a chip of the old block, and with my father's mansion and sporting estate have inherited—I'm quite conscious of them—many of his peculiarities. The chase is my passion—my wife

knows this too; and never has her good-humoured face been sullied by a frown, when I have returned to her covered with mud, and hours too late for dinner.

I have hunted tigers and elephants in India, have galloped, as well as Captain Head, over the Pampas in South America, in pursuit of the flexile puma; have travelled to Germany expressly to chase the boar, (this was all before I married though,) and now, here have I been for years ingloriously running after such trumpery vermin as foxes, and shamming to feel that a stag hunt is a noble pastime, all because I married. Ah, my wife is not aware how much enjoyment I have relinquished for her sake! I am a young man, Sir—yes, still a young man, although my youngsters, who are just come from Eton, with their trim waists and mincing gait, would fain persuade me that I am “Mr. D. senior:” this is very presuming in Dick and Bob—I mean Richard and Robert—there are no Dicks and Bobs now! No *boys* left on the earth—nothing now, but young men and old men! No girls neither—Nel is come home (I used to call her Nel, because of that glorious Mrs. Jordan) from Blackheath, — *Miss Eleanor* — with wide plaits on each side of her cheeks, like a hideous sphinx. ‘The other young ladies wear their hair so.’ The very reason, as I tell her, why she should not. We don’t want our daughters to look the same, like files of soldiers—but they are alike, sir—they *are*! All girls,—I should say, young ladies, are as much alike as flocks of sheep; all talk alike, look, dance, play, write alike, sit with the left foot out, and enter a room, alike. I don’t *now* ask my daughter to *play* to me, on the piano, as I used to do, before she went to this finishing school; but I request her to ‘take exercise,’ she feels the satire, laughs prettily at ‘papa’s wit,’ but sits down; and though the rogue positively strives to moderate her violence, by playing as softly as she can, the keys crash, the instrument rocks, her cheeks burn, her huge sleeves flutter, her feet work the pedals like a treadmill—you’d suppose a grenadier was setting his strength against my Broadwood—and she finally rises in such a heat, you’d think my Tippoo had carried her ‘in at the death.’ I tell her *this* will supersede horse-exercise, to keep her in health.

Then, sir, I’m vexed with Dick: the little dandy fancies it grand to follow the hounds; but could you believe it of a son of mine, he *will* sneak after every miserable inoffensive hare, which my valiant neighbours please to set their wits against: now this is one of my peculiarities, which they style whims,—I can’t, nor I won’t run the breath out of the body of a poor little terrified hare; ’tis so cowardly—so cruel! I’d rather boot and spur to chase a weasel.

I must try and get Dick off to India, where he might talk with propriety about ‘*blazing scents*,’ and ‘*bruising riders*,’ and stand a chance to be made a man of, by sharpening his courage on a

lion or a tiger: if I can't do this, I suppose I must either make a tailor of him, or disinherit the dog!

I was going to tell you, sir, that I reside in Leicestershire, and hearing of this boar, have come hither in the hope of finding the fellow, and renewing my acquaintance with his interesting species.

I have ridden over every part of the Dropmore, Cliefden, Hedsor, and Taplow woods—where access could be attained—hitherto in vain; and to beguile an hour this evening, at my inn at M—, have scribbled these few lines to you. Should the fine animal be caught, I'll let you know.

I sent Dick off to a friend in London though, before I left home—no hare hunting for him while I am away!

I am, sir, yours, &c.

A BOAR HUNTER.

*Bucks.*

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AN AULD MAN'S SANG.

O LEAD me where the wild flowers grow,  
The bonnie heather bell,  
Where Nature's buds in beauty blow,  
And scent baith moor and dell;  
O let me gaze before I die  
On Yarrow's fairest lea,  
Where ilka breeze in whisp'ring sigh,  
Breathed love wi' you and me,  
Lang syne.

O let me see that sunny knowe,  
We aft hae trod in youth,  
Where 'neath the fragrant haw-tree bough  
We pledged our love and truth;  
When every tree was clad in green,  
And birds o' varied hue,  
Sweet smiles in every flower were seen,  
There stown, my Bess, frae you,  
Lang syne.

O weel mind I that simmer night  
When you and I were there,  
Thine eyes outshone the starry light,  
My lips they breathed a prayer;  
And thy saft voice in whisper low  
Tauld me that you were won,  
Twa' hearts embraced in happy glow,  
Which love said were but one,  
Lang syne.

My Bess, ye were a gleesome quean,  
 As e'er adorned a mind,  
 Few peers had ye, on hill or green,  
 Sae canny, sweet, and kind;  
 But flowers live to bloom and die,  
 The shrub, and forest tree,  
 And a' that owns an earthly tie  
 Maun fade—sae you and me,  
Lang syne.

Mine eyes grow dim, and runneth slow  
 The throbbing stream at last,  
 And life seems but as visions now,  
 Or faint dreams o' the past;  
 But there is still that promised land  
 Where age is not, nor pain,  
 Oh, yes! we'll join yon happy land,  
 And talk o' days by-gane,  
Lang syne.  
 DAFT WATTIE.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Tales and Popular Fictions; their resemblance, and transmission from Country to Country.* By Thomas Keightley, London. Whitaker.

THIS is a volume full of the most pleasant philosophy and criticism. The author views man 'as an inventive and independent, rather than a merely imitative being,' and finds very agreeable media of proof and illustration in various popular legends, which he shows must have been of independent origin, notwithstanding their many *marvellous* coincidences. He has succeeded in demolishing many romantic genealogies. His observations are valuable from their bearing on the evidence of many supposed migrations of portions of the human race; and also for the light they shed on the philosophy of the mind. Nor does his theory render him blind to the curious instances of transmission which presented themselves to him in the course of his researches into the history of fiction. He has traced the Arabian Nights (as they are called) to Persia; and ascertained at what an early period some of these tales made their way into Europe. We feel him to be rather hard-hearted, especially after his sarcasm on 'the narrow-minded and intolerant disciples of Utility,' in robbing history even of the very shadow of Tell's apple and Whittington's cat; and yet it is impossible to quarrel with a writer who tells his stories with all the glee of a child, and comments on them with all the acumen of a critic. We beg to assure him that we esteem him a Utilitarian of the very first order, and should so rank him, were it only for his translation from the *Pentamerone*.

*Church and School ; a Dialogue in verse.* By the Rev. James White, Vicar of Loxley, Warwickshire. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS is a Moderate-Church satire on High-Churchism. It is by the author of the 'Village Poor-house;' but seems to us to lack much of the spirit of that publication. A dialogue on the effects of popular education upon the Establishment, between a Whig clergyman and a Tory clergyman, in rhymed ten-syllable verse, does not present a very promising bill of fare. Many nervous lines, and some powerful pictures, there must needs be from such a writer as his former poem had evinced him to be; but we cannot help wishing his powers had been more efficiently employed.

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*Some Memoirs of the Life of John Roberts.* A New Edition; with an Epistle Dedicatory to the Public. By Wm. Howitt. Darton.

JOHN ROBERTS was one of the early Quakers, and possessed his full share of the zeal, courage, intelligence, simplicity, and purity, by which so many of the patriarchs and martyrs of that denomination were characterised. His adventures and colloquies are full of interest and entertainment. We hope the name of his present editor will make him known far beyond the Society of Friends; and that the letter of introduction to the public, now prefixed, will reach its destination, and be duly honoured. If the memoirs be worthy of the editing, the 'Epistle Dedicatory' is not less worthy of the composition, of William Howitt. It is plain, fearless, eloquent. Nor could the history of John Roberts be better prefaced than by this vigorous and truthful exposure of the mischiefs of that State-religion against which he bore his testimony, as should every friend of pure religion, and human freedom and happiness.

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*The Sacred Classics ; or, Cabinet Library of Divinity.* Vol. 1, Taylor's Liberty of Prophesying. Vol. 2, Cave's Lives of the Apostles. 3s. 6d. each.

THE publishers claim for the works to be comprised in this series the pre-eminence of being 'the cheapest ever offered to the public.' The first two volumes support their claim well. The list of those which are to follow is creditable to the judgment and liberality of the conductors. Many works in the selection are such as any religious person, of whatever denomination, must desire to be possessed of; and it will not, we apprehend, be possible elsewhere to procure them in a form at once so cheap, readable, handsome, and convenient.

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*Spirit of Peers and People.* A National Tragi-Comedy. By the Author of 'The Exposition of the False Medium,' &c. London, Wilson.

THE bold conception of illustrating by a series of dramatic scenes the spirit of Peers and People, and indeed of all classes, from royalty to

pauperism, is what cannot surprise us from the writer of so extraordinary a book as the 'Exposition.' The execution is as bold as the conception. Dramatic interest there is none; nor perhaps could there be; but of poetry, character, eloquence, satire and humour, both broad and delicate, there is abundance. Both the Drama itself, and the 'Historical Introduction necessary to be read,' are rich in those decisive expressions which, at the first glance, prove that we have to do with a writer of originality and genius.

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\* \* \* Notices of several Publications sent to our Office are unavoidably postponed.